

# ETERNALLY EXTREME II

JULY 9TH, 2017  
2300 ARENA  
PHILADELPHIA, PA

**PART ONE**  
**PART TWO**  
**PART THREE**  
**PART FOUR**

[We fade up from black on a screen that looks somewhat familiar to long-time EMWC fans: The Parental Advisory warning... classic yet refreshed for a modern era.]

WARNING!

THIS SHOW CONTAINS AWESOME ATHLETICISM, BLOODY VIOLENCE, INSANE HIGH SPOTS, SEXUAL INNUENDO, AND ACTION SO EXTREME, IT MAKES MILITANT ATHEIST YOUTUBE COMMENTATORS YELL "JESUS CHRIST!"

AS SUCH, THIS SHOW HAS BEEN RATED TV-M, BUT LET'S BE HONEST, ANYONE OF ANY AGE COULD GOOGLE 'BIG TIDDY GOTH GIRL' AND FIND WHAT THEY'RE LOOKING FOR IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, SO THERE'S NO POINT IN GETTING YOUR PARENT'S/STEP PARENT'S/GUARDIAN'S PERMISSION. JUST SIT DOWN, STRAP ON, AND WATCH THIS!

[We fade from the black screen...

...and up on the parking lot. The camera hits a sign that reads "2300 Arena" to set the stage for this one. We can see several cars in the lot as well as a fairly large man in an AWA Security t-shirt standing in front of a door that presumably leads backstage. The familiar form of Mark Stegklet is standing in the parking lot.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen... it is my distinct pleasure to welcome you to South Philly... to the 2300 Arena... and to a very special night known as Eternally Extreme 2! And now... it is even more of an honor to introduce-

[Slowly, a limo pulls up in the parking area. Not your average limo. A Rolls Silver Phantom. Silver with chrome trim. Fully tinted windows. On a small pole, on the bonnet of the carriage, sits a British flag.

The driver's door opens, a chauffeur steps out and rolls out a red carpet in front of the rear passenger door. He opens the door, and with a sweep of the hand, beckons to his charges inside... ]

Driver: Gentlemen, your destination for the evening...

[Before the occupants can step out, the security guard comes up to the door and stops them from exiting.]

Security: Excuse me, gentlemen... are you on the guest list this evening?

[The guard looks into the car and does a doubletake.]

Security: No. I'd say you definitely are NOT. I'm going to have to ask you gentlemen to leave.

[The driver noticeably starts cracking his knuckles as the cameraman goes to take a peek inside the car only to be shoved back with a loud voice coming from inside.]

?: Get that damn camera out of here!

[Stegglet must have caught a glimpse of someone as he quickly turns with a shout.]

MS: HEY! WE NEED SOME HELP OVER HERE!

[The driver approaches the camera and obscures the field of view. Signs of struggle are evident as the camera bobs and weaves wildly. Loud voices are heard, shouts from off-camera just before the camera hits the ground, and the scene cuts to black...

...and right up inside the 2300 Arena where Korn and the Dust Brothers' "Kick The PA" is blasting over - fittingly - the PA system.

The crowd? Roaring.

The building? Different but same. Permanent lighting rigs now hang over the ring. We can see the familiar floor seating. A new entranceway has been created - a very small stage with a decent-sized video screen above it and an almost non-existent ramp leading to the concrete floor of an aisle. Metal barricades line both sides of the aisle leading to the ring.

The ring? Black ropes, a black apron, and a white canvas with "ETERNALLY EXTREME II" airbrushed on the middle of it. Thin black mats are protecting the concrete floor all around it with barricades keeping the fans back. A pair of small tables are ringside, shoved right up against the ring.

Inside that ring?

Two very familiar smiling faces. They speak.]

JS: Hello everyone and welcome to the 2300 Arena in South Philly!

[BIG POP!]

JS: AND WELCOME TO ETERNALLY EXTREME 2!

[BIGGER POP!]

JS: I am Jon Stegglet...

[The crowd roars, breaking into a "STEG-GY!" chant that causes Stegglet to chuckle, shaking his head at his colleague who waves his arms in the air, causing the chant to get louder and longer.

Jon Stegglet is dressed in a very nice black suit, white dress shirt, and a bright red tie. The former EMWC Play By Play man and current AWA co-owner enjoys the moment provided by the rabid Philly fans, nodding and mouthing "thank you" to them before he tries to continue.]

JS: ...and my partner here in the ring with me...

[The "STEG-GY" chant breaks down into a sharp "TODD! TODD! TODD!" Stegglet has the mic jerked from his hand.]

TM: That's it? That's what I get? This guy gets two syllables and I'm just Todd?

[Michaelson smirks.]

TM: You're damned right I'm Todd! I'M TODD!

[More "TODD! TODD! TODD!" chants ring out as Stegglet jerks the mic back.]

JS: Now where was I? Ah, yes... okay. Obviously, we're thrilled to be here tonight... to go back to our roots at the announce table... to get back to where it all started for us - the Land of Extreme!

[Another big pop goes up from the crowd!]

JS: And it's great to be back here with you! The fans of the EMWC!

[Another big pop for the Philly fans for themselves!]

JS: And it's important to note that this IS an EMWC show.

[The crowd roars as Stegglet nods!]

JS: Yeah, the suits at FOX and Korugun may be paying for it... yeah, the AWA brass-

[Michaelson leans over the mic.]

TM: That's us.

[And leans back as Stegglet continues with a smile.]

JS: -may have greenlit it but this IS an EMWC show.

[Another big cheer!]

JS: Which means we need to make a few things clear. Tonight, you will see violence.

[Pop!]

JS: Tonight, you will likely see blood!

[Bigger pop!]

JS: TONIGHT, YOU WILL SEE WRESTLING TO THE EXTREME!

[BIGGEST POP! A fired-up Michaelson snatches the mic.]

TM: So, buckle up, motherfuckers, 'cause it's gonna be a bumpy ride!

[HUUUUUUUGE POP! Stegglet's jaw drops.]

TM: What's the problem?

JS: Well, I was about to do the whole "parental discretion is advised" thing and you're out here yelling "motherfucker."

[Todd's jaw drops.]

JS: What's the problem?

TM: You said "motherfucker!"

JS: So did you!

TM: Yeah, but I'm the heel commentator with a sense of humor who constantly drifts towards the line of decency and often leaves it far behind.

JS: And?

TM: And you're the strait-laced play by play guy who says things like "OH MY STARS!"

[Stegglet arches an eyebrow.]

JS: Gordon's gonna kick your ass for that.

TM: Hey! You swore again!

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: Look here, motherfucker. For over 20 years, we've sat out here at ringside sometimes and I've listened to you say "motherfucker" over and over. This may be the last time we ever get a chance to do this so if I want to say "motherfucker," I'm gonna say "motherfucker." You get me...

[Stegglet looks to the crowd, waiting...]

"MOTHERFUCKER!"

[Stegglet nods as the crowd cheers for their sing-a-long.]

JS: Damn straight.

[Todd's mouth is hanging open now as Stegglet gets another round of "STEG-GY!" chants.]

JS: With that said, if you parents still have your kids watching after all that...

[Stegglet throws up his hands.]

JS: ...what the hell is wrong with you? Can't they watch Moana or something?

[The crowd cheers as Todd laughs, draping his arm over his partner's shoulders.]

TM: Oh, I've missed this. This is gonna be a hell of a night, partner.

JS: It definitely is... and to kick things off, we're going to-

[And before we find out where we're going, the sounds of L7's "Shitlist" - the uncensored version unlike what we heard on the Preview Show - begins to play to a HUGE ROAR from the EMWC faithful. Stegglet and Michaelson look a little surprised at one another as the former EMWC owner and operator, Chris Blue, emerges from the curtain to stand on the stage, a huge grin on his face.

Blue is dressed in a navy blue suit with a white dress shirt and matching blue tie. He nods at the reaction of the crowd, taking a slight bow before he starts walking down the aisle towards the ring. He pauses to smirk at a few fans bowing in his direction, waving a dismissive hand at them.

As he reaches the ring, he climbs up the steps, pausing on the apron to take a deep breath, soaking it all in before he ducks through the ropes to join Stegglet and Michaelson. He walks up to his two longtime friends, placing a hand on each of their shoulders.]

CB: Damn, it feels good to get the band back together, doesn't it?

[Stegglet grins as he slaps his former employer on the back.]

JS: Well, boss... can I still call you that?

[Blue smiles with a nod.]

JS: This is your show... so I believe these people want to know why you're out here.

[Blue nods, taking the mic from Stegglet who backs off towards the corner, giving Blue the ring. The former EMWC owner again takes a deep breath, looking out at the cheering fans with a grin.]

CB: Damn, I didn't realize how special this was gonna be.

[A big cheer goes up!]

CB: I knew I was excited for this night... have been for a while. But I had no idea how THIS would feel... standing here right now... being in that locker room with so many of my old friends... this whole weekend with the banquet last night and... man, this is something else. This is special.

[Blue nods as the fans politely cheer.]

CB: It's crazy when you think about it but at this point, I've been with the AWA longer than I was with the E.

[There's a mixed reaction to that - some cheers and some boos.]

CB: I know, I know. But no matter how many great things the AWA does... I imagine my name will always be associated with the E.

[A big cheer goes up as Blue grins.]

CB: I'm proud of my time with the E. I'm proud of what we accomplished together. I've made no secret of it... there are things we did that I'm ashamed of... that I'm embarrassed by... that keep me up at night sometimes. But we've all got flaws, right? The E had flaws... but I'm not afraid to talk about those flaws anymore. I don't hide them away in the shadows. You want to talk about ECW? Let's fucking talk about it!

[Big "extreme" pop!]

CB: I'm grateful to be here tonight... and I'm grateful to everyone here with me. The boys in the back... all my old production team who came in for this... all our old friends from the refs... to the announcers...

[He gestures to Todd and Stegglet.]

CB: To... you.

[He points to the fans.]

CB: And you at home watching. This... all of this... is for you. The E was ALWAYS for you. Yeah, I know there were times when it felt like it was for me and my overbearing ego... but it was always for you.

Tonight... is for you.

[He smiles.]

CB: Every single person behind that curtain that I pulled every fucking string I had left to pull to get here tonight... they are here... for you. Everything they do tonight... is for you.

[He pauses.]

CB: The E never got a final show... a true final show for you guys to come to and watch and show your love to the guys who meant so much to all of us for so long... and while this might be a weird way to go out with so many talented AWA superstars on the card... I also know that those guys and gals will come out here tonight and they will live up to the E's legacy... the spirit of the E.

And so... one more time... I say thank you to everyone. Thank you to the people who are here. Thank you...

[Blue pauses again, taking a deep breath and looking up, pointing to the sky.]

CB: Thank you to those who can't be with us tonight. We can feel your presence. We know you're with us too.

[He lowers his arm, looking ahead.]

CB: I've been looking forward to this night for a while now. I hope you have too. Again, I want to thank everyone in the back who is here tonight. Now, let's get this show started! One night only... ONE... LAST... TIME... the AWA and the EMWC coming together proudly to present to you-

[As Blue yells "ETERNALLY EXTREME," his mic cuts off and the lights drop down.

JS: What the hell?

[A voice is heard over the PA system. A slightly familiar voice is arguing with a completely unfamiliar voice.]

?: Look, I said play it! Play the music! Hit the graphics!

[The unfamiliar voice protests.]

?: Man, I don't... I can't! You know how he is! You know what he'll-

[He's cut off by the slightly familiar voice again.]

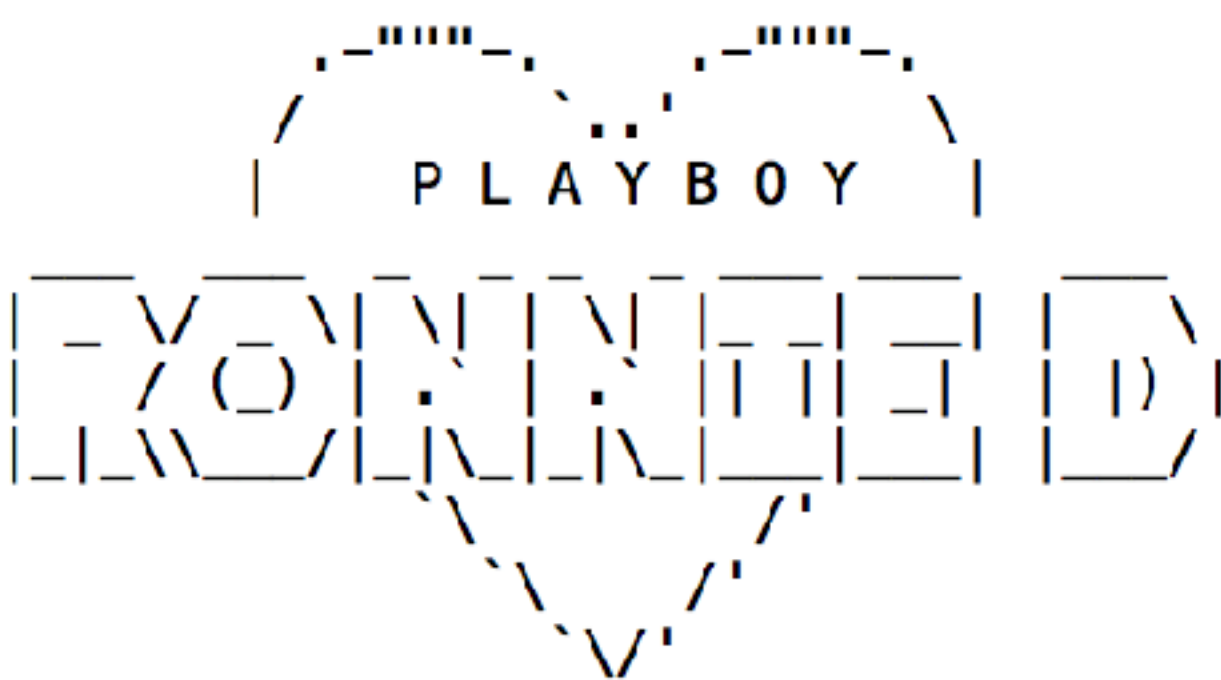
?: I DON'T GIVE A \_SHIT\_ WHAT HE'LL DO! HIT IT!

[There's a moment of silence in the total darkness of the 2300 Arena until the video screen lights up.

First with static...

And then?

Perhaps the most instantly recognizable graphic in wrestling history.



Fuck.

The opening notes to Right Said Fred's "I'm Too Sexy" come on before being interrupted by a record player needle scratch which leads to the opening chords of "Who Made Who" by AC/DC sounding out over the PA.

Inside the ring, Blue's mic might be dead but apparently someone else's isn't because as the arena lights come on, we see Blue snatch a mic into his hands, dropping the other one and instantly shouting.]

CB: Is this someone's idea of a joke? 'Cause it's real fucking funny!

[But as a voice cuts through the PA system again, it becomes clear that this is not a joke - this is all too real.]

D: That's right! For one night only, live and in person... the man, the myth, the icon, the legend, the Marquee Man himself...

"PLAYBOY" RONNNNNNIE D!!!!!!

[The cameras cut to the entranceway as out walks a face familiar to any EMWC fan, for better or for worse. The boos rain down, and a few not-so-PG words can be heard coming from the crowd. He stands at the top of the ramp, microphone in hand, and looks out at the crowd, smiling and chewing his gum casually as the boos keep coming.

As we cut back to the ring, we can see Todd Michaelson and Jon Stegglet in a huddle off to the side, Stegglet listening through an earpiece as Chris Blue glares down the aisle, shaking his head - not so much in disbelief, but in quiet, seething anger.

A full can of beer flies from the crowd, skittering to the top of the entranceway, leaking beer in every direction before being crushed by Ronnie D's snakeskin boot. D spits his gum in the direction it came from. He stands in a well-fitted black suit, with a snakeskin necktie matching his boots. In his early fifties now, he's got a little less hair than he used to, his blonde hair now brown with grey streaks and thinned, pulled back in a ponytail. He seems to have kept up on his Botox and teeth-



whitening, and smiles and winks once for the camera before setting his face seriously and putting the mic back to his lips.]

D: If you think tonight is about these people here in this crowd, and for everyone out there watching on TV, and for all your friends that are here and the ones who aren't, I've got news for you, pal - tonight is going to be about ME, and nothing but ME... whether you like it or not!

[The crowd erupts in boos again as D begins to pace the small stage at the head of the ramp.]

D: How DARE you, Christopher Blue... How DARE you organize a final show for the EMWC, and not send me an invitation?

How DARE you not invite the man that put you on the map, that made you who are, and that made the EMWC what it was?

[The fans let Ronnie D know what they think of that assessment, jeering the hell out of the egotistical Playboy.]

D: Probably the same way that you dare operate a wrestling Hall of Fame without an entire wing devoted to me, the man that showed you all what fame was.

[Boos rain down again, as Stegglet makes a throat-cutting motion to the ringside team, indicating he wants the mic cut. Chris Blue puts a hand on him, shakes his head, and stops him.]

CB: As much as I'd love to see security toss him out of here, Jon... we both knew there was a chance of this, right? We both knew there was a chance that this... pathetic... piece of shit...

[Big pop!]

CB: ...would worm his way through a hole in the wall somewhere to try to ruin this night by making it all about him.

[Blue smirks.]

CB: For twenty years, you've been waiting for your chance to tell the world how you feel about me, Ronnie...

Well, we've got a rule around these parts these days.

Do NOT throw away your shot.

[Blue nods.]

CB: You got something to say? Let's hear it.

[Blue lowers the mic, beckoning D forward.]

D: What a surprise, Chris. After all these years, you still can't let go of a grudge.

You put together an entire night devoted to the EMWC, and managed to invite every two-bit has-been that never was in the EMWC to come out and congratulate you for being the most manipulative, scheming, smug little scumbag this industry's ever seen... But you couldn't find my phone number or my address in the AWA's payroll system to send me an invite?

[The crowd cheers the snub.]

D: It's just so like you. Each and every time we try to do what's best for business and find a way to work together... no matter what, your petty jealousy and your insecurities manage to dig in and take hold of you and you need to stab me in the back.

[D shakes his head.]

D: I sent you my son! I sent Jayden to come work for you because like it or not, I know that if anyone is going to make him a superstar in this business - it's gonna be the three of you in that ring... and again, I put aside our differences so I could be there by his side, managing him... being there for him like I couldn't be when I was busy busting my ass for this business. And what happened?

He got injured, and suddenly the bookings stop. No phone calls, no flowers, no nothing.

"Thanks, kid. We'll be in touch when you heal up."

[D looks disgusted towards the ring.]

D: Just like after I put you and the EMWC on the map, and you got so carried away with your delusions of grandeur that you forgot why you needed me.

[Blue smirks, waving for D to continue.]

D: Ohhhh, you know, Chris... You're right. It really IS special being here tonight. It's like taking a walk down memory lane. Almost 20 years later, and here I am once again, watching you take credit for everything and thanking everyone but me.

[Blue smirks and rolls his eyes. Stegglet again looks over for permission to cut off the mic but Blue shakes his head, mouthing "not yet" to his former play-by-play guy.]

D: I watched your little Preview Show the other night - there were a few highlights missing - every single one of mine. You glossed my career over - every highlight, every Main Event. Then, you glossed over the moment that I pulled the rug out from under you by making everyone see what a divisive, manipulative, lying schemer you really are, by saying "Ronnie D was a problem in the locker room, and had to go."

[Blue mouths "it's true, right?" towards him.]

D: You're damn right I had to go. I couldn't put up with your BULLSHIT one second longer. And once I exposed it to everyone else, they couldn't, either.

[The crowd "OHHHHHHHs" as Blue's smile fades a bit.]

D: You think it's a coincidence that everyone on the roster had to leave for mental health reasons and because "things were toxic," and the ones that stayed got so high they couldn't work anymore?

[The smile is gone now.]

D: You think that was all me, Chris? The only man that was there for all of that, the common denominator, is you, Christopher Blue.

You can try to bury the past, but you know, and I know, deep down, who made who. And who destroyed the EMWC.

[The fans keep booing as Blue cuts D off.]

CB: Ah, here we go now. Once again, we're at the crux of the matter. We're at the reason you're here. You want to blame someone else for the FAILURE your career was.

[D glowers at the ring.]

CB: Because let's face facts, Ronnie. You want to know why you're not in the Hall of Fame? It's because we don't honor self-centered loser BURNOUTS who couldn't hack it in the business more than a couple of years.

[The crowd responds with another "OHHHHHHHHHHH!"]

CB: You had a good run. Beat some big names... somehow...

[He finger quotes "somehow" for all to see.]

CB: Made a name for yourself. "Playboy" Ronnie D. Everyone will always remember that name. It comes with as a story for every kid breaking into this business... including young Jayden.

It's a cautionary tale filled with egos, lies, burned bridges, and a chuckle when someone mentions your name as people wonder what the hell ever happened to that guy.

[Blue stage whispers.]

CB: Spoiler alert - he's over at the convention hall down the street taking Polaroids for ten bucks a pop.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd goes wild, as D rolls his eyes.]

D: Is that so, Chris? Is that really, really so? Seeing as you want to revisit history so much, pal, maybe the fans here need a bit of a history lesson.

You mention the Legends Beatdown as the turning point for the EMWC, when you were so proud of yourself for getting JW Hardin to personally enforce his copyright on Bobby Taylor's gimmick. Then you skip straight to getting Kowalski to show up. You forget the entire reason any of these guys knew who you were or were willing work your show, but I don't.

[D nods his head.]

D: Back when you and I were both bright-eyed bushy-tailed money marks trying to make names for ourselves in this business, you met me backstage at No Imitations Accepted '97, in Toronto, at the SkyDome. I was there for my own business - signing the contract to bring MY event to that building.

You remember how nice you were to me back then? Yeah, you remember.

And so talkative, so needy, telling me how big EMWC's gotten because JW Hardin gave you the time of day. How you wanted EMWC to be involved in IIeW in a big way, that you really wanted to make a splash.

And do you remember... Now this is something that no one's heard before, so put PVR on record right now...

[D leans forward, letting the world in on what he's about to say.]

D: Do you remember how you told me that you would bring me in to the EMWC, and let me do whatever I want, just so long as I put the EMWC's matches on equal billing to the IIWF's, and put you on the IIeW Committee?

Yeah, that's right, you were my best friend, pal, numero uno - because I was your ticket into the big leagues.

[Blue seems agitated now.]

CB: You want to talk about revisionist history? You think YOU were my ticket to the big leagues?

Before the E gave you the time of day... before I showed you the brass ring... who the HELL was Ronnie D?

Some overhyped underskilled piece of garbage that was working the lowest rung of the smallest promotions. Some punk who knew how to post on a message board and convince the world he was bigger than reality.

[Blue smirks at D.]

CB: It's time to face facts, D. You were nobody then. And you're nobody now. In fact, the only time you were ever NOT a nobody...

...is when I made you a god damn superstar.

[The crowd pops for the shot as D fumes and Blue makes a dismissive gesture.]

CB: Now run along. Maybe your kid can get you five more minutes of air time down the road.

[D angrily shakes his head.]

D: No, no, no... I'm not going anywhere. Not at all. Back then? I did go somewhere though, didn't I? I went somewhere where I learned the truth... the reality of the world we were both in in this business.

For all the time I worked for you, you had one obsession... you said it yourself in your little interview the other night. You had one goal. To take down the Double Eye. And you had us all convinced. It HAD to be done.

And you know what, Chris? I bought into it. I believed they were the enemy, too. And together, we did it. We pulled out all their best talents. We put on better matches, more exciting shows... we gave this business an edge it's never had before or since. There's never been as much going on in this business as when you and I ran it.

[D shakes his head.]

D: But when it was over? And the Double Eye was gone? Daniel Spreadbury called me up and asked me to work their last show, ever — IIWF Forever. And that's when you started to get jealous.

That weekend I spent in Portland, Blue, that was the beginning of the end for us. You lost your control over me. I saw what Daniel saw, that I was bigger than the EMWC, or the IIWF, or any of it. Who else could co-main event the IIWF's last show, on his second appearance? Only the guy that main evented the biggest supercard of all time in his pay-per-view debut, "Playboy" Ronnie D.

You always thought you'd made me, you always secretly thought that you were responsible for my fame. But you know what, Chris? It was always the other way around.

[D points accusingly at the ring.]

D: You rode my coattails as the most over act in professional wrestling — half of your viewers were just there to see what Ronnie D was going to do next. When you wanted Trey Porter back, who did he come for? When you wanted Brody Thunder, he said he'd only wrestle one man... Who was that? You think asses were in seats to watch Bobby Taylor and Curtis Hansen and Kevin Slater? You deluded narcissist... Heh. Narcissus. That's what you had going for you before you met me, pal.

[D spits on the stage.]

D: I lost my smile that day, realizing I worked for a psychopath that didn't give a shit about anything except being number one.

You didn't have any remorse that you helped destroy the gold standard in professional wrestling and replaced it with an extreme wrestling garbage show. In fact, you reveled in it and built a Killing Box.

[Blue grimaces, shaking his head as Jon Stegglet is practically begging him to cut the mic now but still Blue persists.]

D: You never gave a shit about the friendships you ruined, the people you cheated, the lies you told.

You didn't care when half your locker room was on painkillers and Prozac to keep up with your extreme wrestling and the backstage politics. You didn't care whose career you ruined... whose bodies you broke... whose marriages... families... lives you destroyed.

[Blue looks down at the mat, eyes closed as D continues.]

D: And then, when I finally had enough and exposed you for what you are, and everyone scattered, you went and consoled yourself with your friends who chased me out...

...and then you brought in a bunch of bush-leaguers like Devon Case and Chris Courtade and Eddie Van Gibson and Alex Martinez and Jeff Matthews and Mike Justice, a bunch of bush-leaguers I wouldn't let you hire when I was helping you, and you pushed a bunch of third-rate hacks that couldn't draw flies to their own dead body, and ruined the legacy of this company.

[D shrugs]

D: Who the hell is Adam Rogers, anyways?

[The crowd jeers LOUDLY at that one as Blue finally looks up. At this point, it's too much. The accusations. The painful truths and blatant lies. The disrespect for him. For his company. For the men who broke their bodies for the E. It's too much. And Blue speaks.]

CB: You're right.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as Blue nods and D's jaw drops.]

CB: You're right, Ronnie.

I made mistakes. A lot of them.

I did sacrifice the health of my wrestlers for the sake of being successful. I own up to that.

I did ruin people's marriages... left kids all alone with their parents on the road for weeks and months at a time. I own up to that.

I set up my own personal meat grinder as top level talent came in and got destroyed by working our style. I own up to that.

Yeah, I played politics. Yeah, I burned bridges. Yes, I took a god damn blowtorch to the Double Eye and left it a smoldering fucking wreck because I got slighted by Spreadbury and my ego couldn't handle it. I own up to all of that too.

I. Own. My. Mistakes.

[Blue pauses.]

CB: And I'm looking at one of my biggest right now.

Ronnie, as I stand here right now, on what's supposed to be a happy nice... a night of tribute... to honor... to celebrate...

I look at you and I wish I'd never fucking laid eyes on you.

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: I wish I could take back all of it. The first time we met in Toronto. The IIeW. The politicking. The backstabbing. The roster raids. The backroom dealings. I wish I could forget it all.

I wish I could forget the months where I thought I could count on you... that I could rely on you. The months where I bought the hype that maybe you were the next big thing.

But you weren't, Ronnie. You weren't at all.

[Blue shrugs.]

CB: And that's on you. It's always been on you. Your ego. Your backstabbing. Your double-dealing. You. You. You.

And yet for your entire life - yeah, I've seen the shoot interviews - you've always blamed someone else.

It was my fault. It was Claw and James' fault. It was Simon Ezra's fault. It was Brody Thunder's fault. It was Mike Beeby's fault. It was... the god damn mailman's fault. Whoever's fault it was... you never thought it was yours.

You never owned YOUR mistakes.

[Blue smirks.]

CB: And so here we are... telling the same old stories we've told for twenty years, acting like we're going to convince someone that we're right... finally. But after twenty years, Ronnie... I'm tired of it all.

Shit, I'd rather talk about ECW and Mike Justice and watermelons and Bill Clinton and Vagina Matches and whatever the fuck else people want to throw at me all god damn day...

...than to spend one more second talking about "Playboy" Ronnie D.

[Blue reaches up, brushing "dirt off his shoulder."]

CB: It's over, Ronnie. More over than you ever were.

Oh, and on that note... Adam Rogers is fifteen billion fucking times the wrestler - and the man - that you've ever been... and if I gave him three minutes in this ring, he'd tie you into so many fucking knots, we'd need the Jaws of Life to cut you apart.

[The crowd cheers for the final EMWC World Champion as Blue sighs.]

CB: And with that... Jon, you can turn off his mic. We're done here.

[D shouts.]

D: NO! NO! NO! We're NOT done here, Blue! WE'RE NOT DONE HERE!

We may not agree on much, Blue... but we agree on one thing.

[D nods.]

D: That's enough of our history lesson. The people - they've seen the shoot interviews too... they know the story - both sides of it. And they know that there's never going to be one story they can believe.

We'll never settle who was right then... or who is right now.

We'll never settle who the better man was then...

[D pauses, a smirk crossing his face.]

D: But now? We can settle it... like men.

[With a gesture from Jon Stegglet, we see AWA security guards starting to walk out behind D who looks around frantically as the crowd cheers.]

D: Whoa, whoa! This is how you're going to do me, Chris? This is how you're gonna stick up for yourself? You're gonna get your security to throw me out of the building?

You're gonna let me walk out here on your special night, tell everyone in this audience what a phony pile of sycophant second-rate garbage you are, and all you're gonna do to stick up for yourself is pay a couple of minimum-wage meatheads to kick me off the property? That's your legacy? That's how you're going out on your last show?

Be a man for once. Be a man instead of a pencil-pushing money mark fanboy geek for once in your life, Blue...

[D holds up a clenched fist.]

D: ...and FIGHT me like a man.

[The crowd ROARS as Blue glares down at D. Stegglet insistently shakes his head "no", beckoning to security again.]

D: Come on, Blue... come on... do it! Be a man!

[Blue chews on his bottom lip, looking down at the mat as the crowd buzzes. Stegglet again grabs Blue by the shoulder, shaking his head.]

D: Don't listen to him! Don't listen to your hangers-on who've been kissing your ass for twenty years! You look at me, Blue!

[Blue is still looking down.]

D: LOOK AT ME!

[Blue snaps his head up.]

D: You fight me.

[D gestures for the security to get away, waving a hand at them.]

D: Not right now... not.. not me running down to the ring, getting in a couple of shots until some...

[D sneers.]

D: ...White Knight shows up to save you... no, no, no... that's not what tonight is all about.

Tonight... I want you to fight me, one on one... NO HOLDS BARRED!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the idea of this as Blue glares at D, a burning gaze ripping into his former friend.

Stegglet and Michaelson are very clearly trying to persuade Blue to not accept this ridiculous challenge. This awful idea.

A few moments pass before Blue slowly raises the mic to his lips.]

CB: You're on.

[HUUUUUUUUUUUGE POP! Blue suddenly reaches up, yanking off his sportscoat, flinging it angrily aside.]

CB: YOU WANT TO FIGHT, D?! YOU GOT IT!

[Blue moves on to his tie, ripping it off as well as Michaelson tries to talk him down.]

CB: You want to come out here and disrespect the legacy of all the work I've done, of the blood, sweat and tears that I've put into this company? The blood, sweat, and tears that EVERYONE has put into this company!

That won't work for me, D. Not tonight. Not this night of all nights.

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: Nobody wanted you here, D. No one invited you. No one asked for you to be here.



But now? Now you're booked!

[Another big pop!]

CB: So you go back there... find a god damn janitor's closet to change in... and meet me in this ring later tonight.

One last time, D... I'm gonna give you exactly what you want.

The spotlight. In my ring.

[Blue smirks.]

CB: You're fucking welcome.

[He tosses the mic aside as D nods gleefully.]

D: Oh, Chris... You're still smarter than me. You just booked yourself the biggest match this company's ever seen, and you're not even gonna have to pay me one red cent.

I don't need a paycheck for this one, I don't need a World Championship, I don't need a spot in the Hall of Fame. All I need is your dignity, your sweat, your blood, your tears and the look on your face when you acknowledge to all of these people, once and for all... Who made who.

But since I'm not taking a paycheck... don't expect me to work either.

[D winks.]

D: This one's gonna hurt.

[With that, "Who Made Who" by AC/DC starts up again and D throws his mic to the ground and heads to the back.

Stegglet and Michaelson are still speaking to the fuming Blue who is angrily pacing the ring, ignoring his longtime friends, muttering to himself as the Philly fans continue to cheer the idea of this added attraction.

Suddenly, we cut down to ringside to find Jason Dane and Colt Patterson standing down by the announce table.]

JD: Folks, this is unbelievable. We already had a stacked card, but now we're adding one more. Perhaps the longest-running, deepest grudge in the history of our sport comes to a head tonight, in Philadelphia. Former friends, former business partners, and forever enemies... It's "Playboy" Ronnie D vs Chris Blue!

[Patterson whistles through his teeth as Dane shakes his head with a grin.]

JD: We're off and running to a wild start already... and while Jon Stegglet and Todd Michaelson are unmistakably the voices of the E, it is my distinct honor and pleasure to be here tonight to call some of the matches as well. And to be here with you, old friend.

[Colt Patterson gestures to his quite-vintage t-shirt (with the sleeves cut out - check out the guns!) that reads "EMWC: IT'S SHOWTIME."]

CP: I was there at the beginning, Dane - I might as well be there at the end.

[Dane chuckles.]

JD: It's been a while for me to be behind the mic like this...

CP: Which is a crime on its own.

JD: Well, I certainly appreciate that but you can hardly blame the fine folks at Korugun for taking a dislike to me... I know the feeling is certainly mutual... but that's not why we're here tonight, Colt.

CP: No, it's not. We're here to celebrate the E! We're here to celebrate the land of Extreme! And we're here to do it the only way we know how - BY BREAKING SOME DAMN TABLES!

[Colt grins as Dane shakes his head.]

JD: Our tribute is about more than that... but that's certainly how we're going to get things started so for our first match of the night, let's go up to the ring to our good friend, Ken Graham! The floor is yours, Kenny!

[We cut to the ring where Ken Graham is standing in his signature hot pink tuxedo, looking to be fresh out of mothballs as he grins and raise the mic.]

KG: Ladies and gentlemen... WELCOME... TO ETERNALLY... EXTREEEEEEEEEEME... TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[HUGE POP!]

KG: Tonight's opening contest is a tag team contest under DOUBLE TABLES RULES!

[TABLE-BREAKIN' POP!]

KG: There are no countouts! No disqualifications! No pinfalls! No submissions! And the only way to win is to put BOTH of your opponents through tables!

[The crowd pops at getting their first taste of violence right off the bat, and with that the lights in the Arena go out. Across the video screens flash shots of the haunted overly shadowed eyes of Charisma Knight and the surrounded in paint solid black eyes of Leah White, while the voice of Jordan Reyne sings over the PA]

#Go tell Aunt Rhody...

#Go tell Aunt Rh-o-dy...

#Go tell Aunt Rhody, that every-body's...

#Dead

[The screens go dark again, and the haunting intro of In This Moment's "Sick Like Me" fills the arena, white strobes flashing on every base drum kick]

KG: Introducing Team Number 1... currently in the care of the Oberon Sexton Mental Health Care Facility in Fort Worth, Texas.

The team of LEAH WHITE and CHARISMA KNIGHT...

They are THE ASYLUM!

[The intro kicks in proper as the strobes turn into red and white spinning lights throughout the building, where stepping through the entrance first is Charisma Knight, unevenly colored black and red hair framing her haunted face, eyes overshadowed with black make up, mouth area over done with dark red. She's dressed in what's become her usual gear of heavily scuffed Docs, black cargo pants

with various holes and frays, a black and red tank top, and her black and red leather gauntlets, going from mid palm to just below the elbow. She saunters through in pace to the music.

Following behind is Leah White, once a mental health professional with her doctorate, now something far more sinister. White and black painted face framed by black and green hair, she's dressed in black boots, black flared vinyl pants with green "claw marks" added throughout, and a black and green vinyl halter tank top. Her wrists and hands are taped black, her nails green, matching the hue of her hair. Her most disturbing feature though, is her once blue eyes are now jet black.]

#Is it sick of me  
#To need control of you?  
#Is it sick to make  
#You beg the way I do?

JD: And here come Charisma Knight and Leah White, calling themselves the Asylum... and perhaps there is no more fitting of a name for this duo who certainly seems to have an issue with their mental health at times.

CP: What makes you say that? Just because Knight did time in an institution and White used to work in one until she turned into... this?

JD: That pretty much sums it up, yes. Nevertheless, we're kicking things off here at Eternally Extreme 2 with a Double Tables Match and the two women coming down the aisle right now have been tormenting their opponents for a while now... and when it comes to Skylar Swift and Charisma Knight, that torment has been going on for almost a year.

CP: Knight and Swift have had their share of problems going back to Knight basically stalking Swift and trying to break her mind... then there was SuperClash and the beating there... the Table of Peace... you name it and Knight's had it out for Swift for a while now. But as much as Skylar Swift wants payback here tonight, she needs to keep one one thing in mind.

JD: Her upcoming shot at the Women's World Title and Kurayami.

CP: That's right, Dane. That title match is just a few weeks away and if Swift gets hurt tonight trying to get some sort of vengeance on Knight and White... all those Canadian Dreams may go bye bye.

[Knight holds her hands out as she heads to the ring, almost dancing along to the music. She's much more animated than her partner, who just slowly follows along, betraying no emotion. ]

#Is it sick of me  
#To want you crawling on your knees?  
#Is it sick to say  
#I want you biting down on me

[Knight slides into the ring, crawling over to the opposite side of the ring, as White climbs to the ring apron, stepping through the ropes and walking to the center.]

#Are you sick like me?

[Knight leans back on her knees, arms outstretched as White stoically stands behind her.]

#Am I beautiful  
#As I tear you to pieces?

#Am I beautiful?

#Even at my ugliest, you always say

[Knight brings her head to face the camera, a sinister grin across her face, looking around and laughing.]

#I'm beautiful

#As you tear me to pieces

#You are beautiful

#Even at your ugliest, you always say

#You're beautiful and sick... like... me

[The lights come up as Knight returns to her feet, both women turning around and looking toward the entrance, awaiting their opponents for the evening.]

KG: And their opponents...

[Graham lowers the mic as we hear the signature sound of Repartee's "Dukes" kick in mid-song with the belting voice of Meg Warren ripping across the airwaves.]

# 'CAUSE YOU'RE WORTH FIGHTING FOR! #

KG: At a total combined weight of 291 pounds... they are the team of...

"T-BONE" TRISH WALLACE and... SKYYYYLARRRR SWIIIFT!

[As the poppy anthem continues to blast along with some red and white lighting, the duo of Wallace and Swift stride into view, looking down the aisle with focus towards the women who've been the bane of their existence for months.]

# C'mon over and we'll settle it right

Put your dukes up

`Cause I'm ready to fight

For you

I'll fight for yooooou #

[Swift raises both fists into the air which draws a resounding pop from from the crowd. Her honey-brown hair is still tied up into a bun with a few errand strands rolling down her cheeks near her baby blue eyes. Skylar Swift is bedazzled to the nines as has become the norm as she makes her way to the ring...she has glistening silver suspenders with little fleur-de-lis symbols running down them over a white crop top with "DREAM GIRL" written across her chest. Her ring trunks are just as shiny, sparkling silver with a blue line down the side that expands as it flares out around her ankles over her black boots.

Wallace on the other hand is far less... Swifty.

At the entranceway, she slaps her palms together, causing an explosion of chalk-dust to fly up in the air. On hearing the cheers of the fans, she pounds her chest with her fist and intensely makes her way down the aisle. Trish Wallace, though barely over five feet tall, moves with a predatory power that shows her strength. Her long honey brown hair is braided into two pigtails that hang down behind her head. Thick arms and legs emerge from a halter-neck leotard covered in a dark blue and magenta galaxy print with gold trim.]

# Don't want the pain  
But I'll take it in stride

Put your dukes up  
'Cause I'm ready to fight

For you

I'll fight for yooooou #

[Pausing out on the floor, Swift and Wallace huddle up for a moment and then with a fist bump, they climb up on the apron...

...which is when Knight and White surge forward to attack before the bell!]

JD: HERE WE GOOOOOO!

[Knight and White both make contact with their opponents, sending Wallace and Swift off the apron to the floor. Referee Shari Miranda signals for the bell to officially start the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[White quickly dashes to the ropes, bouncing back towards a waiting Knight who lifts her into the air as if for a belly-to-back suplex...

...spins with her in her arms, and then CHUCKS her over the top rope onto Wallace and Swift, knocking down both opponents for a second time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: What a doubleteam right out of the gates by the Asylum, showing that even in their short time together, they've developed the skills to make them an effective - and dangerous - tag team!

[With her partner and opponents prone on the floor, Knight ducks through the ropes to stand on the apron, waving a hand mockingly towards the downed Skylar Swift.]

JD: The Canadian Dream Girl, just a few weeks away from the biggest match of her career, is coming back to her feet but she's not gonna like what's waiting for her, Colt.

CP: Not a chance. These two have been tangled up since well before last year's SuperClash and this is it! This is the final showdown you gotta believe! And Charisma Knight would love nothing more than to ruin Swift's big title shot at the Battle of Saskatchewan by injuring her here tonight.

[As Swift gets to her feet by pulling on the apron, Knight runs down said apron, swinging her leg forward for a big kick...

...but Swift does a NBA-esque spin move, avoiding the kick as Knight goes by, hooking the ankle, and giving a yank!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: AND KNIGHT GOES DOWN FACEFIRST ON THE RING APRON!

[With the crowd still buzzing from the hard fall, Swift pulls Knight off the apron by the hair, dragging her along the apron...]

JD: WHAM! FACEFIRST INTO THE APRON GOES CHARISMA KNIGHT!

[Knight staggers away from Swift, moving around the ringpost along the apron as the Dream Girl pursues.]

JD: And this is Skylar Swift's chance to get a little bit of much-deserved payback on the woman who has been haunting her every waking moment for months - she was literally STALKING Swift at one point, Colt.

CP: All's fair in love, war, and professional wrestling, jack!

[Swift snatches another double handful of hair, shouting to Ken Graham to get clear before she SMASHES Knight's head down onto the timekeeper's table!]

JD: Facefirst to the table now as well! And remember, that's what this is all about. No pinfalls, no submissions, nothing like this. You've gotta put BOTH members of the opposing team through a table to win this one.

[We cut to the other side of the ring where Dr. Leah White has Trish Wallace backed against the apron, lighting her up with chops across Wallace's powerful torso.]

JD: All four are legal at all times too. There will be no tagging in and out in this one.

[White steps back, swinging her arms around in a dramatic-looking kata...]

JD: Big chop!

[But Wallace brings up her hands and...]

JD: What the...?!

CP: She caught it! She caught the chop! I don't know if I've ever seen that, Dane!

[Wallace does indeed have White's wrist and forearm trapped in her powerful grip...

...and with a grin on her face, she starts to squeeze!]

JD: AHHHH!

[White cries out, jumping up and down as Wallace tries to crush her opponent's forearm within her grasp...

...which is when White goes to the eyes with the offhand!]

JD: A blatant eyegouge on the part of Dr. Leah White but there are no disqualifications in this one either so it's all legal tonight in South Philly, fans.

CP: Just the way they like it.

JD: White grabs Wallace by the hair now and... ohh! Facefirst off the apron goes Wallace this time!

[Wallace slumps to her knees against the apron as White moves to help her partner who is back inside the ring with Skylar Swift. Swift has Knight trapped in the corner, working her over with kicks to the body to the cheers of the crowd.]

JD: Swift's got Knight exactly where she wants her but she has no idea that she's about to have company!

[White again swings her arms around dramatically before bringing her hands crashing down on the back of Swift's neck and shoulders with a Mongolian blow!]

JD: Mongolian double chop from the blind side... and as Knight steps out of the corner, the Asylum puts Swift back in...

[With the Dream Girl trapped in the corner, White and Knight take turns throwing kicks to the body repeatedly...]

JD: And now the Asylum is doubleteaming Swift in the corner, working over the Canadian Dream Girl ruthlessly.

CP: Dane, there's nothing but rumors about an AWA Women's Tag Team title popping up at some point in the future so we may getting a glimpse right now at a future title match.

JD: Boy, I'd love to see that... double whip on the way here...

[The double whip sends Swift CRASHING into the opposite corner before she stumbles out, falling to all fours on the canvas. Knight nudges White and with a grin on her face, she points to the outside.]

JD: And don't look now but I think we're about to see some lumber introduced into the ring for the first time tonight.

CP: But definitely not the last.

JD: Absolutely not. Knight and White out to the floor, digging under the ring until they find a...

CP: TABLE!

[The Asylum pulls the table into view, dragging it up to chest level as they go to push it under the ropes into the ring.]

JD: They put the table in... and now they'll start looking for a way to put Swift THROUGH.

[Back inside the ring, Knight and White lift the table up across their chests again, waiting for Swift to rise...

...and as she does, they run right into her, smashing her back down to the mat with the wooden weapon!]

JD: Ohhh! Hard shot to the Dream Girl with that table... and if the table had broken there, I imagine that would've counted, Colt.

CP: The rules say you have to put your opponent through the table. Anything beyond that is referee's discretion. Shari Miranda may not be counting pins or checking for submissions in this one but her role is just as important as it always is.

[Knight and White continue to hold the table up across their torsos as they wait for Swift to rise to her feet again...

...and charge at her a second time...]

JD: TABLE CLOTHESLI- no! Swift ducks under, sliding down to the mat...

[She springs up, running to the ropes, bouncing back off as Knight and White clumsily turn around still holding the table...

...and Swift scores with a running dropkick to the table, sending it down to the canvas as both Asylum members go flying through the ropes and out to the floor!]

JD: The dropkick dispatches of them both! And that puts Swift back on the attack as her opponents look to recover on the outside...

[Swift looks down at the table... then outside where Knight and White are trying to get back up...

...and she dashes to the ropes again, bouncing back off...]

JD: BASEBALL SLIDE!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The sliding kick connects with the edge of the table which sends it sliding under the ropes...

...where it JAMS into the chests of Knight and White, sending White to the floor as Knight stumbles backwards, grabbing at her torso.]

JD: Innovative offense on the part of Skylar Swift, using that table against White and Knight twice now...

[Swift climbs to her feet, stepping through the ropes. She pumps a fist, takes aim, and runs down the apron before leaping off with a crossbody that takes down Knight again!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: Flying crossbody from the apron to the floor and Skylar Swift is not wrestling like someone trying to play it safe with her future title shot just weeks away, Colt.

CP: It's a balancing act for her tonight. She wants to win this. She wants payback on Knight for all the crazy stuff she's been put through over the past several months... but in the back of her head, she's gotta be thinking about Kurayami and the Battle of Saskatchewan just a few weeks away.

JD: Swift pulling Knight up off the floor by the hair... and DOWN facefirst on that table still on the apron!

[Back on her feet, Trish Wallace turns her attention to a downed and crawling Leah White. She drags her to her feet, tossing her towards the ring as Swift shoves the table back inside before joining her partner.]

JD: And this may be Swift and Wallace's first chance to put someone through a table.

CP: And that "someone" is Dr. Leah White, Dane. They've got her in the ring... Wallace setting up that table leaning against the corner...

[Swift pushes White up against the buckles, lighting her up with a pair of chops while waiting for the table to be put into position. Wallace walks over to join her, both women grabbing an arm on White...]

JD: Look out for the double whip here...



[The double whip sends White across the ring but she slides to a halt just before reaching the table. She regains her footing, turning towards a charging Trish Wallace...

...and drop toeholds her facefirst into the table!]

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Someone might need to check Trish's dental work after that one! She got a face full of lumber and-

[Swift charges right after but White ducks a clothesline attempt, sending Swift stumbling off-balance towards the propped up table as well.]

JD: Swing and a miss by Swift...

[White spins back, her leg coming up and stretching out...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: SUPERKICK ON SWIFT!

[The Canadian Dream Girl falls back through the ropes to the floor as White promptly backs up, Wallace in her sights. She falls into a crouch, jerking a thumb across the air and pointing down...]

JD: White's on the hunt! She's got Wallace in her sights!

[Wallace pushes up, staggering in a circle...

...which is when White barrels across the ring, leaping into the air, her knee catching Wallace in the face, shoving her back...]

"CRAASH!"

"OOHH!"

JD: AND WHITE PUTS HER THROUGH THE TABLE WITH THAT RUNNING KNEE!

CP: That's one, Dane!

JD: It certainly is! Dr. Leah White gets the first big hit in, landing that running kneestrike we've seen from her in the past... putting Trish Wallace through the table in the corner... and that puts the Asylum just one more table away from winning this thing!

CP: And I'm gonna chalk that up to Trish Wallace's inexperience and overly-aggressive nature, Dane. Wallace got lured into that drop toehold which set the stage for the running knee!

JD: I'm not sure it matters what's to blame right now... what matters is what Skylar Swift and Trish Wallace can do to get back into this thing.

[Out on the floor, a cackling Charisma Knight pulls Skylar Swift off the ringside mats, dragging her towards the aisle.]

JD: And just like that, Charisma Knight is back on the attack, pulling Swift up and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

JD: -and BOUNCING Swift's skull off the ringside railing!

CP: All legal here in South Philly.

[Knight snatches Swift by the hair, dragging her further up the aisle towards the entrance.]

JD: Where the heck are they going, Colt?

CP: Beats me. Maybe Charisma spotted a special table in the back she thought might be useful.

[Nearing the entrance stage, Knight rushes towards the video screen, still holding Swift by the hair...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: AND SWIFT GETS SENT HEADFIRST INTO THE STEEL FRAME AROUND THE VIDEO SCREEN!

[The screen rocks a bit, sure to be sending a chill up the spine of the former EMWC owner backstage and half the production team but it holds together as Knight puts a hand on it, sneering at the now-downed Swift.]

JD: We talked about Swift needing to stay physically sound for the Battle of Saskatchewan, Colt, and Charisma Knight is going to do her best to make sure that doesn't happen.

[Knight stomps Swift a few times before pulling her up by the hair again, dragging her to her feet. The former mental patient leans closer, speaking softly to Swift before she yanks her into position...]

JD: She's looking to give Swift One Bad Day up on that steel stage!

[Standing chest to chest with Swift's head and neck trapped by her arm, Knight leans close to plant a kiss on her cheek...]

...and with a quick and violent swing, Knight DRIVES Swift face back into the steel structure again!]

JD: OHH! ONE BAD DAY INTO THE STEEL FRAME INSTEAD!

[She giggles, covering her mouth with her hand as she watches the video screen swing perilously again.]

JD: I think she was going to do it on the ramp but she likes the idea of bringing that whole screen down on top of them!

[Inside the ring, Dr. Leah White gestures towards Knight, rolling out to the floor to retrieve another table from under the ring.]

JD: And it looks like the Asylum's on the hunt for a clean sweep here... White's pulling another table out, trying to get it into position...

[Grabbing Swift's legs under her armpits as she turns her back on her, Knight slowly drags the Canadian Dream Girl back down the aisle of the 2300 Arena, making sure the back of her head bumps and drags and scrapes the steel stage before smacking sickly down on the concrete floor.]

JD: And Knight dragging Swift up the aisle like some kind of a dead animal!

[White gets the table set up, slapping her hand down on it before tugging into position so that it's diagonal, lined up with one of the ringposts.]

JD: I don't like the looks of this one, Colt. White's got that table by the post and... here comes Knight now, dragging Swift up and shoving her down onto the table...

[Knight smashes her forearm down onto Swift's chest once... twice... three times as White goes back into the ring, slowly climbing the turnbuckles...]

JD: This might be it! This might be all it takes right here! Dr. Leah White is going up top!

[Knight pushes Swift's torso down, trying to keep her steady as White steps to the top rope...]

JD: Knight's trying to hold her down! Swift's trying to get back up... she knows she's in trouble... she knows-

[The crowd ROARS as Trish Wallace crawls to the corner, reaching up to grab White by the ankle...]

JD: OH! WALLACE CUTS HER OFF!

[White frantically tries to kick her way free as Swift tries to do the same, swinging her knees up into the ribs of Knight.]

JD: Two women trying to fight their way free! Who can get there first?!

[A well-placed kick to the mouth knocks Wallace back to a seated position as White steadies herself up top...

...and LEAPS!]

JD: WHITE TAKES FLIGHT!

[But Swift swings a knee up, catching Knight in the temple, knocking her clear as Swift frantically rolls aside...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OOHHH!"

JD: THROUGH THE TABLE GOES DR. WHITE! BUT SKYLAR SWIFT GETS CLEAR IN TIME!

CP: Does that count?!

JD: No, no! It only counts if someone gets put THROUGH a table by their opposition! That one is Dr. Leah White putting HERSELF through the table with that flying splash off the top rope but that doesn't count against the Asylum!

[A furious Charisma Knight walks back towards the wreckage, swinging a hard kick up into the ribs of Skylar Swift.]

JD: Knight taking out some frustration on Swift there. She thought they were about to end this match but now she finds herself in a potential two-on-one situation since her partner just crashed through a table out here.

CP: She's definitely in some trouble and she needs to isolate one of these women and do some damage so she can focus on the other one.

JD: She might be taking your cue on that one, Colt... check this out...

[Snatching a piece of broken table off the floor, she winds up with it...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES it down across Swift's back!]

JD: A PIECE OF TABLE DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!

[With Swift down on the floor, Knight HURLS the table fragment down on her before heading back to the ring, rolling under the ropes where she finds Trish Wallace on her feet and heading in her direction...]

JD: Wallace on the move... ohh! Rolling sole butt by Knight cuts her off!

[Grabbing at her black wrist tape, Knight quickly unloops it a few times, ripping off a piece...

...that she promptly loops around the throat of Wallace!]

JD: AHH! She's strangling T-Bone Trish with that wrist tape!

[Knight maniacally cackles as she drags Wallace around by the tape, choking her all the while...

...until Wallace turns into the pressure, burying an elbow back into the midsection once... twice... and a third one sends Knight down to a knee as Wallace yanks the tape off, coughing and gasping as she tosses it aside.]

JD: Wallace elbows her way out... and now she turns things around on Knight...

[A big clubbing blow down on the shoulder area puts Knight down on both knees. A second one puts her on all fours... and the hits keep comin', kids.]

JD: FOREARM AFTER FOREARM, WALLACE POUNDING KNIGHT LIKE A RATHER CROOKED NAIL DOWN INTO THE CANVAS!

[The crowd is roaring as Wallace's cloudburst of forearms flattens Knight out completely as a red-faced and raging Wallace lets loose a roar to the fans!]

JD: And T-Bone is fired up, fans! Trish Wallace is fired up!

CP: She can pound away and scream and shout all she wants, Dane, but unless she gets a table in there and puts Knight through it... all that is worthless.

[Wallace paces around the ring, almost looking flustered as she tries to figure out her next move with Knight recovering on the canvas and White still laid out on the floor, clutching her ribs in pain.]

JD: You're right, Colt. Trish Wallace is in a unique position here with White laid out... she needs to try to take advantage of it and get Knight through a table to tie this thing up.

[Wallace drops to the mat, rolling under the ropes where she pulls a table into view and sets it on the apron with ease.]

CP: Look at the strength of Wallace there, Dane. I don't care how much she can squat, that girl may be as strong as her old man.

JD: Battlin' Burt Wallace was one of the toughest and strongest I ever saw compete inside a wrestling ring... and your dad went toe to toe with him on more than one occasion, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. They used to say when Blackjack Patterson and Battlin' Burt hooked 'em up, you didn't need to put any chairs in the building because ain't nobody sittin' down for that one, jack!

[Wallace shoves the table in, rolling in after it as Knight struggles to get to her feet. T-Bone beats her there though, throwing a big forearm to the jaw... and another... and a third beats her back towards the corner.]

JD: Wallace hammering away on Charisma Knight... and now she's going to set up that table... looks like she's setting it right up in the middle of the ring...

[With the table in position, Wallace turns back to Knight, grabbing her by the hair and hauling her out to the middle of the ring...]

JD: Wallace gets her in position...

[Wallace whips Knight towards the ropes, setting up...]

JD: Irish whip shoots her in...

[...and as Knight rebounds, Wallace lifts her up in a fireman's carry...]

JD: SHE LIFTS AND-

[...but as Wallace drops back for the Samoan Drop, she hits nothing but canvas as Dr. Leah White just BARELY gets there in time to pull the table towards her, dragging it back towards the corner as Wallace and Knight hit the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: What a save by the not-so-good Doctor!

[Wallace angrily gets up, looking around for where the table went...

...and as she spots White, she barrels across the ring towards her...]

JD: Wallace on the move and... OHHH!

[The crowd groans as Wallace lowers her torso, pushing the edge of the table and DRIVING the other side of it back into White's already-damaged ribcage as she smashes her back into the buckles!]

JD: WHITE HITS THE CORNER WITH THAT TABLE SLAMMED INTO HER RIBS!

[The width of the table is between White and Wallace as Wallace backs off...

...and then SLAMS into the table again, jamming it home a second time!]

JD: Wallace reaching over the table, hammering her with right hands!

[Wallace swings around, spotting an incoming Knight who she lifts up in her powerful arms, walking out towards the middle of the ring, going into a spin to show Knight off to the entire 2300 Arena...

[Knight extends her arms, beckoning Swift towards her. Swift shakes her head, speaking angrily from across the ring. She lowers her arms, balls up her fists...

...and sprints across as Knight steps forward to meet her!]

JD: LET'S DO THIS THING!

[Swift is swinging for the fences immediately, big right hands finding the mark over and over and over - "the mark" being the skull of Charisma Knight.]

JD: SWIFT IS POUNDING AWAY ON KNIGHT!

[With Knight trying to cover up and defend herself, Swift grabs an arm, jerking it straight and whipping Knight across the ring...]

JD: Knight off the ropes...

[Swift goes into a backspin, twirling around with a flourish...]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Knight with a spinning back elbow up under the chin, knocking her flat!]

JD: OH! WHAT A SPINNING BACK ELBOW!

[Swift dives on top of Knight, taking on a makeshift mount as she starts raining down elbowstrikes from above!]

JD: ELBOW... DOWN! DOWN! DOWN TO THE SKULL OF KNIGHT!

[Again, Knight raises her arms, trying desperately to cover up from the months' worth of anger and frustration pouring out of the Canadian Dream Girl!]

JD: SWIFT IS POUNDING HER INTO PASTE IN THE MIDDLE OF SOUTH PHILLY!

CP: And these degenerate Philly fans are loving it, Dane!

JD: They sure are!

[With the fans roaring their support, Swift postures up, letting loose a whoop to the crowd...]

...which is when Knight reaches up, snatches a handful of hair, and quickly rolls to the side, flipping Swift over onto her back!]

JD: Oh! Knight flips it over, getting the reversal!

[Knight rifles home a series of stiff right hands before rolling to her feet, bouncing to the ropes as Swift tries to recover...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: RUNNING KNEE LIFT BY KNIGHT!

[Swift stumbles back as Knight keeps on running, hitting the far ropes and rebounding back towards Swift...]

JD: CLOTHESLI-

[The crowd "OHHHHHHS" as Swift arches back, deftly avoiding the clothesline attempt...]

JD: OHH! It looks like something out of The Matrix every time she does that!

[Knight is off-balance as she slams on the brakes, spinning back towards Swift who charges, leaping up for a flying elbow strike...

...but Knight sidesteps, shoving her in the back, sending her into the ropes...]

JD: Swift hits the ropes, stumbles back and-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: SNAP GERMAN SUPLEX! OH MY!

[The suplex rolls Swift straight over onto her knees. Knight moves quickly, yanking her up to stand in front of her, hooking her head and neck...

...and twists around, SMASHING Swift's face into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: ONE! BAD! DAY!

[Knight rolls to her knees, a twisted smile on her face as the fans grumble at the big attack.]

JD: And if this was a regular match, it might be over, Colt!

CP: That's right. That One Bad Day is a devastating move and you're absolutely correct, Dane. If this was a regular match, that'd be the one-two-three for sure... but it's not! She's gotta put Swift through a table! She's gotta put her through a table... which would just add to the list of all the other crazy things she's put Swift through over the past year!

JD: Swift is down and stunned from One Bad Day... and Knight is getting up, looking around...

[Knight spots Dr. Leah White struggling to get to her feet, grabbing at her back as she looks in to her Asylum comrade who shouts in response...]

"DR. WHITE! I THINK WE'RE GOING TO LOSE HER... ON THE TABLE!"

[Knight giggles madly as White obliges, throwing up the ring apron to pull another table into view. She yanks it clear of the ring, leaning over to try to pick it up...

...when Trish Wallace stumbles into view, hammering home a big forearm smash to the back of the head!]

JD: Ohh! And just when Knight and White thought they had this well in hand, Trish Wallace gets into the mix once again! Another big shot... and look at this now!

[The Philly fans roar at a slugfest breaking down on the floor with T-Bone Trish and the not-so-good Doctor hammering away at one another...]

JD: White's fighting but Wallace is fighting harder! The fists are flying in Philly!



[The barrage of haymakers sends White staggering backwards as Wallace reaches down, yanking the table up off the floor, straightening back up as Knight gives a shout of "NOW!"]

JD: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd ERUPTS as White clutches her throat, spewing blinding green mist from her mouth aimed at Trish Wallace...]

...who slides the wooden table right in the path of the spray just in time!]

JD: TRISH BLOCKS! TRISH BLOCKED THE MIST!

[White looks shocked but recovers quickly enough to snap off a superkick, smashing the table back into Wallace's face!]

JD: OH! White caught her!

CP: Trish was celebrating blocking the mist and got hit with the kick instead!

[The blow to the head knocks Wallace down to a knee as White catches the table before it falls, tilting it up to rest on the middle rope. She leans down, picking the table up off the ringside mats...]

JD: And now White's putting the table in for Knight, shoving it between the top and middle ropes and-

[Wallace suddenly lets loose a roar, racing forward with a tremendous shoulderblock that sends White sailing through the air, crashing down to the mat several feet away!]

JD: WALLACE TACKLES WHITE RIGHT OUT OF HER SCRUBS!

[Knight is yanking on the table, trying to muscle it through the ropes...

...which is when Wallace reaches up, yanking down the back legs of the table which bounce against the ropes!]

JD: Oh!

CP: What a brilliant move by Wallace! She puts the legs down and Knight can't get the table in now!

[Knight screams angrily, repeatedly pulling on the table as the legs bump the ropes, blocking its path in any further. She lunges forward, leaning through the ropes towards Wallace who winds up and SMASHES a perfectly-placed fist between the eyes of Knight, sending her falling back through the ropes, stumbling in a circle...

...towards a waiting Skylar Swift!]

JD: BEAUTIFUL DREAMER!

[The tornado roundhouse kick lands flush on the skull of Knight, sending her flopping back...

...right across the table in perfect position to catch her!]

JD: SHE'S ON THE TABLE! SHE'S ON THE TABLE!

CP: Wallace is holding it from outside! It's only partways inside the ring but she's got the bulk of it inside!

JD: Look at Skylar! Look at the Dream Girl!

[Swift takes one look around at the cheering crowd before a “WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!” from her partner kicks her into motion, ducking through the ropes, quickly climbing...]

JD: SWIFT'S GOING TOP! KNIGHT IS LAID OUT ON THE TABLE AND-

[Swift steps to the top, looking down at Knight. She smiles, raising her hands over her head with her fingers twisted into the "I love you" gesture...

...and LEAPS FROM THE TOP!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"  
 "OHHH!"

JD: AND KNIGHT GOES THROUGH THE TABLLLLLLLLLLE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Swift rolls out of the wreckage of the splintered table, a huge grin on her face as she leans back against the ropes.]

JD: She's done it! After nearly a year of hell, Skylar Swift has come out the other side and she has sent her Devil straight back to the flames!

[The Dream Girl laughs as Trish Wallace reaches through the ropes, touseling Swift's hair before she rolls under the ropes to join her. The two women sit against the ropes for a bit, conversing as the fans roar for the big finish.]

JD: The flying double knees off the top by Swift sent Knight crashing through the table and... wow! How that must feel for Skylar Swift, Colt.

CP: It's gotta feel tremendous to get that sick little monkey off her back once and for all... but there's no time to celebrate, Dane.

JD: Oh no?

CP: No time at all. 'Cause she's got a date with Kurayami!

JD: Oh. No. No time to celebrate at all... well... maybe just a moment.

[Swift and Wallace get to their feet, arms raised as Dr. White drags Knight from the ring, helping her partner back up the aisle as the crowd continues to cheer for T-Bone and the Dream Girl]...

...we fade to another part of backstage where we find Mark Stegglet walking down a hallway.]

MS: Fans, we're going to see Jack Lynch take on Supernova later tonight, and Supernova hasn't been in the building yet -- but I'm told he just arrived. I'm hoping to catch him before...

[That's when Stegglet walks around a corner and we can see a door open. Indeed, Supernova walks through that doorway. He's dressed in a black shirt and blue jeans. Given that he's not carrying a bag, it doesn't appear he's brought his wrestling attire. Stegglet hurries toward him.]

MS: Supernova -- it's Mark Stegglet. I'd like to talk to you, if I could.

[Supernova stops and turns to face Stegglet. Nova's hair is now darker, almost black, and has grown longer since we last saw him, hanging just past his ears. He also wears a pair of sunglasses. Nova stares at Stegglet for a minute, but never removes the glasses.]

S: Go ahead -- ask your question.

MS: I guess the first question I would ask you is this... why would you attack Jack Lynch?

[Supernova looks at Stegglet for a moment, still not removing the glasses.]

S: Jack thinks that I'm still upset about how he thought I stabbed everyone in the back. I won't deny what I said a few weeks back, about how I didn't know who I could trust any more.

But if Jack thinks this is what it's all about, it's not that -- not entirely, anyway.

It's about him.

[Stegglet seems puzzled and is about to speak, but Supernova holds up his hand.]

S: I watched Jack and James exchange words. James was talking like his brother would cast his lot with Javier Castillo and company and not give it a second thought. And Jack... he may have stood there and watched while Demetrius Lake knocked James around, but I saw enough to realize that Jack still thinks he can get through to his brother.

But I watched James for several months, when he impersonated me, and I can tell you this: No matter how many times Jack pleads with him, no matter how times Jack stands by and lets somebody like Lake slap him around, thinking that will cause James to come to his sense, one thing is clear.

The James Lynch you grew up around is gone, Jack.

[Supernova takes a deep breath, but as Stegglet is about to say something, Nova holds up his hand again.]

S: I'm not mad at you, Jack, for not seeing through James' impersonation. I'm not mad at you for not having my back, for not speaking out when Castillo fired me.

But when I see you with that look in your eye, thinking that somehow, some way, things will go back to the way they once were, that James will realize what he's done, I'm only feeling one thing.

Disappointment.

[He raises a finger to the camera.]

S: James Lynch has made up his mind... he sold his soul to Korugun. And when I watched and realized you couldn't see your brother for what he has become, that's when I dropped you, in the hopes I'd knock some sense into you.

But you made the challenge, Jack. You want me in that ring, tonight, at Eternally Extreme 2, and get this settled between us. Fine, Jack.

[He spreads his arms to the side.]

S: Let's settle this.

[With that, Supernova turns and walks away from Stegglet...

...and we fade to a simple shot of Adam Rogers. Sitting alone in front of a white backdrop. The years have been kind enough to him, it seems, as he - from the view we have at least - looks like he could step back into the ring at any time.

AR: What's my favorite moment in the history of the EMWC?

[He pauses, looking into the camera for two beats before shifting his gaze downward...and reaching down beside him as well. Slowly, he raises what was once the greatest prize in the world of pro wrestling.

The EMWC World Heavyweight Title.

Without a word, without a sound even heard in the background, the final EMWC World Champion holds the title in front of him toward the camera and utters only two words.]

AR: Winning THIS.

[And he continues to hold it there, the look on his face clearly showing how much the title means to him still today, as we slowly fade out...

...and back to a shot inside the 2300 Arena, the fans immediately breaking out into a roar at seeing themselves on camera.]

JD: "The Natural" Adam Rogers was the final man to wear the EMWC World Heavyweight Championship, Colt, and of the few competitors who know what it's like to wear that particular piece of hardware, you're one of them.

CP: Absolutely. It was a different time back when I held it... a different EMWC. I wasn't in there with the likes of a Caleb Temple or a Jeff Matthews... but I still fought the best of our times - guys like Lorenzo Vasquez... like Trey Porter. Wearing that title three times - the only guy to wear it three times, mind you... was the thrill of a lifetime.

JD: And there has been speculation all week long that Adam Rogers just may be here tonight looking for a match of his own.

CP: Johnny Detson had a little run-in with Blue and Rogers at Liberty Or Death and... well, this is going to be one hell of a night, pal.

JD: It certainly is... and here to take us forward on this journey through the heart and soul of Extreme are the legendary commentary duo - it is an honor and a thrill to be calling this show with them tonight - the voice of the E, Jon Stegglet, and another former World Champion, Todd Michaelson! Gentlemen, welcome to ringside!

[We cut away from Dane and Patterson to Stegglet and Michaelson who are all grins as the camera lands on them.]

JS: Thank you for that, Jason. Our thanks go out to you and Colt for helping us out on this show... right, Todd?

TM: That's right. I don't know if anyone noticed but we're not as young as we used to be and I don't know if my voice would survive calling every match on this show. But I'm glad Jason's here to help us out.

JS: And Colt, right?

TM: Who?

[Stegglet chuckles, shaking his head.]

JS: Some things never change and-

[Suddenly, the PA system in the 2300 Arena kicks in, playing a song that has not been heard inside of a professional wrestling arena in many, many, MANY years. It's a song that makes even the most stodgy and cynical of Internet wrestling fucks jump up out of their seat like they're an eight year old mark once again, cheering the good guys, booing the bad guys, and not racing to Twitter to complain about someone's push.

I... whoa, sorry about that. I went somewhere else for a minute. Better now.

Anyways...

The song?

"Outlaw Blues" by Pat Benatar.

And the 2300 Arena has lost their ever-lovin' minds!]

JS: OH MY GOD! COULD IT BE?! COULD \_HE\_ BE HERE?!

[With fans literally jumping up and down, the curtain parts to reveal...]

TM: It's Maniac Jack.

[Of course it is. Who were you expecting?]

JS: Well, yes... yes, it is.

[The perennial EMWC jobber comes slowly into view, having gained quite a few pounds since he was last on television. He grins at the crowd who've gone from losing their minds to just being happy to see an old friend. He's wearing a t-shirt that reads "Not QUITE The Outlaw" along with a pair of black athletic pants and a pair of leopard print boots. Jack looks like the happiest guy in the building as he heads down the aisle, slapping every outstretched hand he can find.]

JS: Maniac Jack may not have the name value that a lot of guys you'll see here tonight possess. He's not a former World Champion. He's not a future Hall of Famer. He doesn't have every big promotion on the planet on his phone trying to sign him but if there was ever any man who represented the heart and soul of EMWC, it's this guy right here, Todd.

TM: You're right, Steggs. He's not any of those things although he's carved out a heck of a career for himself in Japan over the years... but what he is is a guy who started at the bottom... as low as you can do... and became an eternal fan favorite. This guy... if you see him at a comic convention or something, the fans line up to get an autograph and a picture. You'll never find a nicer guy... never find someone who loves and lives this business more than Jack does.

[Maniac Jack reaches the ring, hands on his hips, a big smile on his face as he rolls under the ropes. Climbing to his feet, he raises a hand to a big cheer, producing a mic in the other.]

MJ: Thank you.

[The crowd cheers politely.]

MJ: No, no... I mean that. Thank you. Thank you all.

[Jack smiles.]

MJ: I owe you all so much. The people in the back of course. All the people who gave some skinny kid with big dreams a chance to live them on camera. But to you... the fans... I owe you my all.

[Another big pop!]

MJ: You all gave me the chance to do what I always wanted to do - to be in this ring. When I got into this business, I knew it was a long shot. I wasn't the biggest guy... the strongest... the quickest...

[He pauses, laughing.]

MJ: The most good looking... the most athletic... the most marketable... in fact, if there's a prototype for a professional wrestler, I gotta say I'd be the opposite of it. But yet, all these years later... here I am... one more time... in this EMWC ring.

[The crowd cheers as Jack bows his head, looking a bit emotional.]

MJ: It means everything to me that they asked me to be here tonight. It means that I wasn't just a joke. I wasn't just the guy on the losing end of every highlight reel. It means that I mattered... and for my wife and kids in the back watching... it means that their husband... their dad... wasn't just the butt of the joke. He mattered. And so again, I have to thank you all for that. And I-

[The screen goes black while the arena lights up with a good color. As the crowd murmurs, the sounds of constant dripping play louder and louder...]

Drip

Drip

Drip

The screen then shows the source, a tipped over bottle dripping out a golden drop...

As the drips continue, thuds can be heard, louder and louder...

Thud

Thud

Thud

The screen then badly Photoshops light green chunks falling and bouncing all over. Why... Is that? Could that be?

Is it... Honeydew? The crowd starts to cheer as a mask slowly fades onto view of the golden drops and falling honeydew. A mask that's caused... Uh.... Well, not fear in opponents, but some sort of emotion, surely...

A half black, half white, and all golden dewdropped-front. The mask of the legend himself...]

JS: DADEW~! IS! HERE!

[Indeed! The crowd cheers as the masked man of EMWC lore, Mister Honeydew, steps back into the 2300 Arena. Dew is clad in a black and white Adidas track suit, his trademark mask and his trademark golden dewdrop spiked boots. He holds a basket with him full of cups of honeydew to hand out to nearby fans as he steps down the aisle. After handing a fan a honeydew cup, he enthusiastically gives a thumbs up to them before moving on to the next and the next and the next.]

TM: Mr. Honeydew has arrived at Eternally Extreme 2 and... well, apparently he's brought some snacks for the EMWC faithful.

JS: That's one way to get on their good side.

TM: I don't know, Steggs. Take a look around. These people don't strike me as the fruits and veggies type.

[Finally, after a good couple of minutes of this, Honeydew gets to the ring stairs and stomps his way up. The former EMWC Television Champion hits the ring with flair by... Stumbling slightly through the ropes.]

JS: As athletic as always.

[But don't worry, the Dew is okay! He's ready! He's set as he looks to the camera... Slowly reaching his right arm up... Bringing his fist high in the air... Readying his thumb...

...and gives the camera a thumbs up to a big cheer!]

JS: And it looks as though Mr. Honeydew approves of Eternally Extreme, Todd!

TM: Well, thank god for small miracles, I guess.

[Dew slowly turns towards Maniac Jack, his hand still held high overhead, thumb raised. Jack grins over at the masked man who steps forward...

...and then jerks his thumb down in Jack's direction to a shocked burst of jeers from the crowd and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: HE KICKED HIM RIGHT IN THE GROIN!

[Jack slumps to his knees, wincing in pain as Honeydew sticks the thumbs down right in his face.]

JS: I can't believe it! Mr. Honeydew spoils this emotional moment for Maniac Jack and-

[The Philly familiar sounds of "Frankenstein" by the Edgar Winter Group come across the PA system to a shocked reaction...

...which gets even louder as John Law walks out on the stage, red sirens flashing all around him.]

JS: Uh oh.

TM: RUN, HONEYDEW, RUN!

[John Law tugs down his mirrored sunglasses, staring down the ramp at Mr. Honeydew who has turned to face him. He does not look frightened to see the Korugun Corporation's "personal security"... of course, he's wearing a mask so...]

JS: The Law has arrived... and he's heading for the ring!

TM: Think he's any relation to Roscoe Law?

JS: I don't think so.

TM: Maybe Little Law?

JS: Todd. Please.

TM: Just checking.

[John Law clears the aisle swiftly, climbing up on the ring apron before stepping over the top rope into the ring. The crowd is buzzing with concern for Mr. Honeydew and Maniac Jack. Dew stares down Law, hands on his hips...]

JS: No, no... please don't...

[Dew steps closer, the crowd getting louder.]

JS: Somebody stop this guy. He knows not what he does!

TM: Never stopped him before.

[Dew takes another step closer, Law not budging and keeping his gaze locked on the masked man.]

JS: Please... for the love of...

[Dew takes one giant step forward, clearing the distance between he and Law as he bumps up against him, staring through his mask at the special Korugun enforcer.]

JS: Don't do it, Dew. Please don't...

[The most popular masked man since Darky Devil (he wore a mask, right?) raises his arm to the sky, fist clenched...]

JS: Can't someone stop this?! Can't anyone stop this?!

[...and TURNS HIS THUMB DOWN TO A HUGE CHEER!]

TM: THUMBS DOWN! THUMBS DOWN!

[Which results in Law wrapping his massive hand around the throat of the masked man, lifting him effortlessly into the air...]

...and HURLS HIM DOWN violently to the canvas!]

TM: DEW'S DOWN! DEW'S DOWN!

JS: THE CHOKESLAM CONNECTS AND DOWN GOES HONEYDEW!

[The crowd is jeering loudly as Law steps over Honeydew's motionless form. Maniac Jack is barely on his feet but he's still standing, throwing a pair of weak



right hands at Law as he approaches which seems to register as much as a haymaker from a fly...

...and then he's caught too!]

JS: LAW'S GOT MANIAC JACK ALSO! HE'S GOT-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The second chokeslam is even worse than the first, causing Jack to literally bounce off the canvas on impact. Law stares down at the two EMWC cult favorites as the crowd jeers loudly...

...and gets louder as he pulls a microphone out of his jacket pocket, leaning over it.]

JL: Criminals of America's birthplace...

[Law pauses.]

JL: You have been introduced to justice... the hard way.

[He gestures to the downed Honeydew and Jack as the fans boo louder.]

JL: And now you must meet... authority.

[He lowers the mic.]

JS: Authority? What is he...?

[And suddenly, the question is answered as we hear the snarl of a jungle cat and with the sound of "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez creeping across the PA system, Javier Castillo makes his presence known to a shower of overwhelming boos from the very partisan crowd.]

JS: Oh, damn it.

TM: You knew he was gonna be here.

JS: I suppose but I still had hope he'd not show up where he's not wanted.

TM: If he did that, he wouldn't be able to go anywhere.

[Castillo, with a gleaming bleached smile guiding the way, pauses at the top of the ramp, raising his arms towards the fans as he slithers down towards the ring wearing all black from head to toe.]

JS: Javier Castillo, for those who don't regularly watch AWA programming, is the current AWA President... and resident slimeball.

TM: Easy, Steggs. We still have to work with that slimeball after tonight.

JS: It's only fitting that he'd show up here tonight... on a night celebrating something he had absolutely NOTHING to do with... to try to spoil this evening. But we're not going to let him do it, right?

TM: You got that right. We're going to let the Outlaw and his buddies do it later tonight in the Main Event.

JS: That's right. That big ten man tag later tonight pitting Bobby Taylor, Kevin Slater, Robert Donovan, and two mystery partners against the Korugun Corporation team that Castillo has refused to disclose.

TM: Maybe that's about to change.

[Castillo climbs the steps, ducking through the ropes and accepting the microphone from John Law. He claps his personal enforcer on the back before gesturing to the bodies in the ring.]

JC: Mr. Law... you have made quite a mess. Could you please clean up after yourself?

[Law obliges, lifting Mr. Honeydew off the mat and tossing him over the top rope, sending him bouncing off the ringside floor.]

JS: Oh, come on!

[With an approving smirk from Castillo, Law turns to Maniac Jack, lifting him off the mat...

...and pressing him slightly overhead before tossing him to the ropes to the floor as well to even louder jeers!]

JC: Very good! Very good indeed! Completely worthy of the honor that I am about to bestow upon you.

Because you see...

[He turns back to the crowd.]

JC: When I see trouble, I have no need to call 911... no, no... because I CALL... THE LAW!

[He gestures to John Law who nods to even more boos.]

JC: And John Law... John Law is the FIRST man on Team Korugun later tonight.

[The boos pick up again as Law adjusts a thick black glove on his hand.]

JC: Now, let's get down to business... welcome... TO ETERNALLY EXTREME!

[There are cheers for the event but the boos for Castillo are louder.]

JS: Who the hell does-

TM: Easy, champ.

[Stegglet bites his tongue as Castillo addresses the crowd again.]

JC: Because, you see... while this may not be OFFICIALLY my show... never doubt for a second that this show is happening under MY authority.

[The boos get louder.]

JC: It is I who allowed this show to happen! You have seen my authority over the past months. Do you honestly believe that if I didn't want this show to happen, it would be happening right now? I would've stopped it...

[He snaps his fingers deliberately.]

JC: ...like that.

I'm the reason you're allowed to be here to celebrate your beloved E! I'm the reason any of you are here! I'm the reason there are all these broken down has-beens in the back waiting to entertain you!

[The boos are getting intense now.]

JC: I'M THE REASON THIS IS ALL HAPPENING!

[He pauses, taking a deep breath.]

JC: And for what? To pay tribute to a company that failed miserably and washed out in financial ruin... twice! To honor a company that left a trail of broken bodies... of shattered dreams... of broken bank accounts...

OF DRUG ADDICTION!

[The boos are getting louder again.]

JC: This is not a place to be honored...

[He gestures all around.]

JC: We are in this rat-infested den of depravity that should've been demolished long ago! They should've taken a wrecking ball to this- no, no! That's not enough... what does it need? What does it...?

[He snaps his fingers.]

JC: IT SHOULD BURN! Like the EMWC did to the mighty IIWF so long ago... Javier Castillo should stand in the middle of this building... of this shell of a forgotten company...

...and BURN! IT! DOWN!

[The crowd is practically rabid as Castillo rants.]

JC: And tonight... after my army has laid your heroes to waste...

[He digs into his pocket, pulling out a well-polished silver Zippo lighter. El Presidente gives it a flick, causing a small flame to break out above the metal. He stares into the fire, his eyes glazing over.]

JC: ...that's exactly what I'll do.

[With the "CLICK!" of a closing lighter, Castillo grins once more as his music starts up and he and John Law make their exit from the ring.]

JS: That son of a...

TM: It's not gonna happen, Steggs. None of it. Bobby's not going to let it happen. He's going to put down Korugun. He's gonna crack that son of a... he's going to stop all of this.

JS: But what if...

TM: No. Don't even think about it. This night is NOT going to be ruined by the likes of him... not a chance.

JS: I hope you're right, Todd. I really hope you're right.

[As Law and Castillo disappear through the curtain to big jeers from the EMWC faithful, we fade to the backstage area where Chris Blue is standing with Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Big news here in the 2300 Arena, Mr. Blue... Javier Castillo is in the building!

[Blue sighs with a shrug.]

CB: I practically begged him to show up, right? We all knew he'd be here.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: But the question is - are you concerned over his threats to "burn down" the EMWC... and the 2300 Arena?

[Blue smirks.]

CB: I suppose it would be fitting, right? I remember an arrogant young man deciding the best way to forget a former rival would be to burn down their house. So, yeah... I guess it makes sense that Castillo might try to do the same thing tonight. But... uh... well, in case you haven't noticed, Mark... I got myself into something else here tonight... and Bobby asked me to leave Castillo to him so for one night at least, that's exactly what I'll do.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Of course, you're referring to your match later tonight with "Playboy" Ronnie D - a match twenty years in the making.

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: Make no mistake, Mark. This isn't a match. It's not going to be a match because I'm not a professional wrestler. This is going to be a fight. And I've been in plenty of those.

MS: But can you compete with someone who IS a pro wrestler in Ronnie D?

[Blue sighs.]

CB: Honestly, Mark... I have no idea. But what I do know is that it's taken every single ounce of professionalism in my body to not punch that piece of the shit in the mouth before tonight... and finally... at long last... I get to do exactly that.

MS: Even if you get absolutely destroyed in the process?

[Blue glares at Stegglet.]

CB: You better believe it.

[Blue turns to exit as we fade back to ringside.]

JS: Chris Blue, our friend and former boss, Todd... has a date with destiny here tonight.

TM: That's a good way to describe it, Steggs. For twenty years, those two have hated each other. Yeah, they've tried to do business together from time to time...

but the bottom line is - they hate one another with the fire that burned in Lori's loins the first time she met me.

JS: Jesus. That's your wife!

TM: Hey, it was in my deal for this show. "Must make sex jokes about your wife." It's in my contract! I'm obligated!

JS: She's going to be obligated to slap the hell out of you when she hears that.

TM: Mmmm.

JS: Ew. Gross. Okay... But the bottom line is that when Blue and D collide later tonight, I'd expect twenty years of anger, frustration, and aggression to spill all over the 2300 Arena.

TM: I can't wait to see it.

JS: You aren't the only one, my friend, because we've got all sorts of familiar faces joining us here tonight in South Philly.

[We cut to a shot of Steve Spector in the front row, grinning as he waves a familiar set of googly eyes on a light tube.]

JS: TUBEY!

TM: You know they're selling those at the merch stand for \$50 each? I knew I needed a gimmick.

JS: Special Eternally Extreme 2 commemorative Tubeys... get yours now at [AWAShop.com](http://AWAShop.com) before they're sold out.

TM: You're gonna turn this joint into South Shilly, Steggs.

[We cut to another shot, this one of a face that's familiar to Global Fighting Championship fans but less so to pro wrestling fans. He looks to be in his early 20s - dark hair, dark skin. His "KING OF THE DEATH MATCH" t-shirt has had the sleeves cut out to reveal some tattoos on his upper arms. And a pair of ever-present dark sunglasses rest on his face.]

JS: The GFC is in the house as well! They're always looking to see a good fight and that's Jesus "Shades" Valiente right there in the crowd. He's a long time pro wrestling fan and a friend of several AWA competitors.

TM: I talked to this kid before the show. He told me that he grew up watching a lot of old wrestling tapes and DVDs including the first Eternally Extreme and he wasn't about to miss the second one.

[Another cut gets a cheer from the EMWC faithful.]

JS: And we remember this guy right here... one of the longest reigning EMWC Television Champions ever, Pietro Sandini!

[Sandini gets up from his seat, giving a slight bow before waving to the crowd and retaking his seat.

Another cut sends the Philly fans into a fit of barking.]

JS: The GFC Heavyweight Champion's is here as well!

[Rufus Harris gets up from his seat, flanked by a pair of suited and very large bodyguards. Harris nods to the cheering crowd, pumping his fist a few times before gesturing to his "OUTLAW RULES" t-shirt, nodding to the camera before he sits back down.]

JS: Rufus Harris told me he wouldn't miss this show for the world, Todd.

TM: Rufus had a period of time where he thought about being a pro wrestler instead of a MMA guy. I'd say his decision has worked out pretty well for him though, wouldn't you?

JS: Absolutely. Harris will be defending that title in just a-

[Abruptly, we kick the PA and the crowd ERUPTS with an honest to God FACE POP for the music that comes from it.

It is not DMX nor Pete Rock.

No, instead we go way way back into the EMWC old school and "Conceited Bastard" by Ras Kass plays over the PA system for the first time in damn near fifteen years.]

TM: Jesus. Did we stop ANYONE at the door tonight?

[As the music plays, the crowd reaction reaches a feverish peak as they unleash a "Holy crap, this is the sort of reaction people use to pretend Jake Shaw matches, Dan Kauffman promos and Corey Irons used to get!" FACE POP~! at the sight of the most famous wrestler currently walking on the face of the Earth.

Yes folks, this is the EMWC era fourth wall breaking, overly talkative narration bracket and it's here to tell you that the Philly crowd is going absolutely apeshit for the man that's prettier than 10000 Instagram thots and more over than the Fappening. Because right there in living color and on your television screen is "El Cholo" himself, Juan Vasquez!]

JS: Well, if there was ever any doubt that this is NOT a true AWA show, you can flush those down the toilet because Juan Vasquez... that son of a bitch... is here.

[Todd chuckles.]

TM: Of course, he's also going to be at an AWA show in a few weeks so...

JS: Don't remind me. Wasn't my idea.

[Looking like he hasn't aged a single day since SuperClash or hell, 2003, the Hall of Famer is dressed in a black hoodie, zipped up for absolutely no good reason, black pants, and a pair of Yeezy's that probably cost more than Sid Osbourne's last ten paychecks combined. He actually slaps the hands of the mutants in the crowd as he makes his way to ringside. Stepping through the ropes, Juan is given the floor, as the crowd erupts with a familiar chant...]

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

[Vasquez chuckles.]

JV: Jeez guys, try to keep it down. If you popped any louder for me, Ryan Martinez might start getting a little jealous.

[Hyuk, hyuk.]

JV: But tonight ain't about the AWA, amigos. Tonight is-

[Juan is cut off as a group of people in the crowd try to start a "One more match!" chant. An annoyed look forms on Juan's face.]

JV: Are you kidding me? You expect me to wrestle tonight? Dream on. Just like old times, a Canadian has decided to pay me a HELL lot more to wrestle on THEIR show.

[Boos. Juan shrugs. But not like Konoe. Like a normal person.]

JV: That was me sneaking in my contractually obligated Battle of Saskatchewan plug by the way, guys. I'll kindly shut the hell up about carrying Youth Gone Wild and how glorious those UWF paychecks were, now.

[Laughter all around. Shoot, Cholo, shoot!]

JV: Anyways, like I was saying, tonight ain't about all that crap. Nah, tonight is about celebrating the E.

And if we're gonna celebrate the E, I ain't doing it alone.

[The crowd begins to buzz. Could it be?]

JV: Before The Axis was even a glimmer in my eye, I was in a little group that some people say was the greatest collection of young talent the world of wrestling has ever seen.

[Vasquez unzips his hoodie to reveal the Ego MAX shirt he's wearing underneath, eliciting a monstrous roar from the crowd as DASONG~! begins to play. You know the one.

"Hate to Say I Told You So" by The Hives

And the crowd once again loses their freaking minds.]

JV: We were called Ego MAX! And I think you know these men...

[There's a huge cheer as the crowd sees the man with the single most infamous senton in the history of wrestling, Tommy Stephens, appear at the entrance way. He's also wearing an Ego MAX T-shirt. Stephens turns and does a double point as he's joined at the entrance way by former World Champion and Hall of Famer Luke Kinsey!

Kinsey is also wearing an Ego MAX shirt. However, he seems to struggle making his way out, as we see his eyes are bandaged and he's wearing sunglasses. Stephens places a hand on his shoulder, helping guide him down to the ring.]

JS: Well, whether or not I'm happy to see Juan Vasquez, I have to admit this is one hell of a moment, Todd.

TM: That's right. Vasquez says they might've been the greatest collection of young talent in wrestling history and that would be a hard one to deny.

JS: Tommy Stephens is out here along with Luke Kinsey... and for longtime fans who may not be avid AWA watchers, Todd... Luke Kinsey's appearance may come as a bit of a surprise to them.

TM: Four years ago, Luke Kinsey came to the AWA to stand by his best friend - Juan Vasquez' - side in a WarGames match... perhaps the most ill-fated WarGames match in wrestling history. Barely anyone is left from that match... and you can see what happened to Luke Kinsey who dove in front of an attack that was aimed at Juan Vasquez.

JS: Blinded by black mist and left a shell of what he was in the ring, Kinsey was forced to retire from the ring and hasn't been seen since. So... well, like I said... even if I think Juan Vasquez is a piece of garbage, I'm happy to see Luke Kinsey join us here in South Philly tonight. He deserves this moment.

[As Stephens and Kinsey make their way to the ring, Juan sits on the second rope, holding them open for Kinsey, as Stephens helps him step through and into the ring.]

JV: Goddamn, people! Do you realize how crazy and amazing this is? Did you ever think you'd see us together in a wrestling ring again?

[Stephens nudges Juan with his elbow.]

TS: Well, there was that deal in Toronto...

JV: Hey! Save it for the Dave Garcia podcast! We're strolling down memory lane here! Me. You. Luke. That guy that went crazy on us, so we don't mention him anymore...

TS: Seishuki?

JV: No, shorter. A lot less charismatic.

TS: JOEY~! ?

JV: No, no...threw a bunch of suplexes. Stalked Jake Shaw. Drew a bunch of low buyrates.

[Stephens strokes his chin in thought for a second.]

TS: Devon Case?

[The crowd winces at the cheapshot. Everyone's trying to hold in their laughter.]

JV: Sure, let's go with that! Me. You. Luke. And Devon Case...

...Ego MAX! Every single one of us, future champions, trendsetters and innovators in this sport! We were great, guys. We made something special. We made people relevant just by having them cut promos in front of our dressing room door.

But seriously...I've been stroking our egos in this circle jerk way too much.

How about we let Luke say a few words?

[The crowd roars, as Juan hands Kinsey the mic.]

LK: Damn, I'm-

[As the former EMWC North American champion is about to speak, he's suddenly interrupted by...



... notes from an electric sitar, the beginning of Metallica's "Wherever I May Roam. The crowd cranes their necks and look to the entrance, some with a shocked look on their face, some confused...

... the sitar gives way to thundering drums and electric guitars as a man steps out through the curtain in all black, with a t-shirt that reads:

GOD

of

Wrestling

... and Nick Demola stands with a microphone in hand as the crowd lets out a HUGE "What is he doing here/holy crap this is insane!" POP! He's got some gray in his slicked back black hair and his mustache. He rubs his chin and chuckles.]

JS: I'm... so confused.

TM: Nick Demola?! At Eternally Extreme?! Alright, somebody's gonna have to explain this one to me. We really didn't stop anyone at the door, did we?

[Demola raises a mic.]

ND: This is such a great moment! Look at you guys, prancing around your old home base like you never left. This is really touching-

[Demola holds a finger up and shakes his head.]

ND: Wait a second. I just realized something. There are probably some people watching this show who don't know who the fuck I am.

[A small "WHO ARE YOU?" chant starts.]

ND: See, I kind of expected that. Because here's this show with a bunch of guys who are household names. Who people have been trained to believe are the greatest legends this sport has ever seen. Guys like...

[Chuckle.]

ND: Juan Vasquez and Luke Kinsey.

[Demola shakes his head as the crowd boos loudly.]

ND: And I have this t-shirt on with merch that's like 10 goddamn years old saying who I am. But a more formal introduction is probably in order.

[Demola begins walking to the ring.]

ND: To the people who know me, I am the man who puts the headlines in the papers and the asses in the seats. The most controversial, straight-talking, no bullshit man in the business. The Man... the Myth... the Legend... and THE GOD OF THIS DAMN SPORT!

[Big heel pop!]

ND: But to you, I'm the King of the Shitfeds. The one who was never accepted by the EMWC. Or the IIWF. Or the AWA. Or anyone who writes the history that you morons celebrate here today. Even as I was making people like Luke Kinsey into a goddamn superstar.

[A fan yells at Demola. The mic picks up the fan yelling, "Get the fuck out of here!" and Demola turns to the fan.]

ND: Yeah, I should get out of here! I don't belong here!

[He turns back to the ring.]

ND: But neither do they! Neither does any of this! None of this belongs here!

[Demola gets on the ring steps.]

ND: This whole damn operation is a fraud, and I'm not leaving here until...

You...

[Demola points at the crowd.]

ND: You...

[Demola points at the entrance curtain.]

ND: And most certainly you...

[Demola glares at Kinsey and Vasquez and points at them.]

ND: ... give me the fucking respect I deserve.

[Kinsey looks over to Vasquez, shrugging before saying something off-mic. Juan chuckles, grabbing the mic.]

JV: No, I don't think it's like Return Of The Jedi when Han knocks Boba Fett into the Sarlacc... not at all.

[Kinsey shrugs again as Juan takes the mic from him.]

JV: Look, Demola... I don't know who let you in here... and I don't know why. But there's one thing that's going to happen right now...

[He smirks.]

JV: You're going to turn around and walk out the door with your tail between your legs because in case you missed it, I don't fight for free anymore. I make too much money off Canadian money marks and Texas-based whores who need me more than they'll ever admit.

[There's a pop from the crowd as Juan grins.]

JV: So, please... make yourself scarce, kid, before things get-

[Demola angrily steps forward, slapping the mic out of Juan's hand to an "OHHHHHHHHH!" from the fans.]

JS: Uh oh.

TM: I'm guessing that'll get a reaction.

JS: Probably a bad one.

TM: Depends on who you ask.

[Juan glares at Demola for a moment... lets loose a sigh... and to the roar of the crowd, he starts to pull his Ego MAX t-shirt off.]

JS: Oh yeah! It looks like Juan Vasquez plans to give Nick Demola what he came for! He's gonna give him the chance to be a big deal in an EMWC ring.

TM: Demola's waited his whole career for this, Steggs.

JS: He certainly has and- wait a second.

[As Vasquez starts to pull his shirt off, Kinsey puts a hand on his best friend's shoulder, shaking his head.]

JS: What's this about now?

[Kinsey points across the ring... nowhere near Demola actually... and then jerks a thumb at himself.]

JS: Are you kidding me?!

TM: Oh, come on. He can't do that.

[Vasquez shakes his head, twisting his face into shock.]

JS: Luke Kinsey apparently wants this fight himself but... Juan Vasquez is telling him no thankfully.

TM: He can't even see! He's legally blind now!

JS: Kinsey's pleading his case here but... oh, come on!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Kinsey apparently convinces Vasquez who shrugs, exiting the ring alongside Tommy Stephens, leaving their friend behind as Nick Demola smirks, still holding his mic.]

ND: I'm not above kicking the shit out of a blind guy. Let's do this.

[Demola tosses the mic aside, staring across the ring as Kinsey grabs the ropes, using them to orient himself as he slowly turns around, his back against the turnbuckles.]

JD: I don't like this - not one bit - which is just another of the latest things that Juan Vasquez has done that I don't like, fans.

TM: How is this even...?

[Todd trails off as Kinsey spits on his hands, rubbing them together..

...and then points across the ring, missing Demola's location by about six feet. The crowd groans then jeers.]

TM: Huh.

JS: Well, that might...

[Kinsey cups his hand to his ear, nodding his head...

...and then twists his hands around before pointing a second time, a few feet away from Demola this time who looks incredulous at what's going on. Again, the crowd boos as a frustrated Kinsey puts his hands on his hips.]

JS: Luke Kinsey is trying to get the fans to guide him to Nick Demola and... here we go again...

[Kinsey winds up like he's throwing a baseball and points again...

...and gets a HUGE CHEER for his efforts!]

JS: There he is, Luke! Get him!

[Kinsey suddenly rushes forward towards where he's pointing...

...which is when Demola just steps to the side, sticking out his foot, causing Kinsey to trip over him, falling down to the mat in a heap!]

JS: THAT SON OF A...

[The crowd jeers Demola who just tripped a blind man, knocking him down to the mat.]

JS: Tommy Stephens is up on the apron now, shouting at Demola...

[Demola turns towards Stephens, closing his eyes and fake stumbling towards him as the fans boo even louder...

...which is when a kneeling Kinsey pulls off his sunglasses, tucking them onto his collar. He yanks the bandages clear as well, smirking as he gets to his feet, pointing to his eyes to a HUGE POP!]

JS: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

[Kinsey extends his hand as Vasquez obliges, tossing a Singapore cane over the top rope into Kinsey's waiting hand. A grinning Kinsey turns around, strikes a baseball hitter's stance...

...and as Demola turns to mockingly face him...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow comes down between the eyes of Demola, a shot so hard it sends the "God of Wrestling" tumbling through the ropes and straight out to the floor to a DEAFENING ROAR from the Philly faithful. Kinsey grins, using the Singapore cane as a walking stick as Vasquez and Stephens join him in the ring, the crowd roaring as The Hives kick the PA once more.]

JS: Oh yeah! And Luke Kinsey has seen the light here in South Philly, fans!

[Kinsey smiles at the crowd's reaction, leaning into embraces from Vasquez and Stephens. He clutches his fist, pounding on his chest and gives a point to the sky as Vasquez retrieves the mic.]

JV: Well, I guess that's that.

[Stephens nods as Kinsey takes the mic from him with a grin.]

LK: Almost. See, Tommy and I already got paid...

[Kinsey shrugs as the crowd laughs.]

LK: Hey, I know who we're dealing with. Anyways... turns out that while our work here is done... yours is just getting started. Blue's paying you very well to sit there in the crowd and cheer like the rest of these people.

[The crowd cheers as Vasquez smirks.]

LK: But since they've already seen the REAL Main Event...

[Another big pop as Kinsey bows to the crowd.]

LK: ...Tommy and I are going out drinking while you stay here and earn your paycheck...

[Kinsey smirks.]

LK: ...the hard way.

[Vasquez shakes his head with a chuckle as Kinsey turns back to the cheering crowd.]

LK: Philly, I love ya. Thanks for having me back one last time. See you on the other side.

[He winks to the crowd, giving Vasquez a fist bump before throwing an arm around Stephens and making his exit as the fans continue to cheer loudly. Kinsey and Stephens make their way up the aisle, Vasquez applauding his friends...

...and walk through the curtain as we fade to the backstage area where AWA President Javier Castillo is casually strolling through the hallways of the 2300 Arena, his personal security John Law walking behind him. Castillo has a giant smile on his face - some would say too big of a smile to be genuine - as he strolls the building, glancing at unfamiliar faces working busily.]

JC: Seriously, Mr. Law... who would CHOOSE to run a building like this? It looks like a real arena threw up and someone decided to charge admission to the pile of vomit.

[Law smirks at Castillo's comments as they continue to walk.]

JC: It must be around here somewhere. You! Yes, you!

[Castillo's shout is aimed at someone off-camera who slowly turns around as the camera pans towards them. A cheer goes up inside the arena at another pair of popular EMWC underdogs, Jim and Jack Towel. Both are little older than the last time we saw them, sporting matching "TOWELZ CLEAN IT UP WITH STYLE."]

JC: Do you two know where my office is?

[The brothers throw a glance at one another.]

Jack: I'm sorry. And you are?

[Castillo sneers.]

JC: Don't be stupid. You know damn well I'm Javier Castillo, the AWA President.

[Jim nods.]

Jim: And last I checked, this isn't an AWA show so you should run along and-

[Jim doesn't get the word out of his mouth before John Law shoves him back against a wall.]

JL: And last I checked, you're in no position to tell Mr. Castillo anything.

[Castillo smirks at the Towelz as Law lets go and they keep moving on down the hallway.]

JC: "Last I checked." Who the hell were those two anyways?

JL: No idea, sir.

[The duo continues on for a few more steps before Castillo furrows his brow, stopping abruptly.]

JC: What in the...?

[The camera pans to the unseen person and reveals Dirt Dog Unique Allah staggering down the hallway, chugging something out of a brown paper wrapped bottle.]

DDUA: What in the yourself, muhfun?! Oh! Hey! Wait! I know you!

[Dirt Dog nods wildly, nearly falling over as he does.]

DDUA: You're that Joaquin Ortega fella! The boss man! Yeah, I know you!

[He clutches at the wall, trying to keep his balance as he wobbles towards Castillo.]

DDUA: Hey. HEY! AAAAAAAAY!

[He nearly falls into Castillo before Law extends a hand, grabbing him by the shoulder and holding him there.]

DDUA: Can you get me a job, Joaquin? Can ya? I'll go out there right now... I saw those muhfuhs out there breakin' tables earlier... I can break every damn table in this place! I BROKE ELEVENTY-SEVEN TABLES AT RING WARS 3! I- oh oh...

[And suddenly, Allah retches, flinging himself forward as Castillo looks away in disgust. The sounds of gagging and retching are plainly audible as Law and Castillo stalk away.]

JC: These are two thousand dollar shoes, Mr. Law. Make sure someone is available to clean that filth off them when we get to-

[The sound of Dirt Dog muttering in the background is heard.]

DDUA: Is it something I said? COME BAAAAAAACK!

[Castillo shakes his head again, continuing to walk down the hallway.]

JC: This is the kind of people Blue employed? No wonder he went out of business... TWICE!

[Castillo chuckles to himself as they keep walking... and then come to a stop again, looking up. The camera pans over to find the seven footer in a Hawaiian shirt, Edwin Lopez leaning against the wall.]

EL: Can I help you?

[Castillo eyes Lopez warily, his eyebrow raising.]

JC: Don't I know you?

[Lopez smirks, shaking his head.]

EL: I don't think so.

[Lopez simply walks away, leaving Castillo and Law to keep going.]

JC: You know who he looks like? He looks like-

[Castillo stops so abruptly, John Law almost falls into him...

...and as the camera pans, we see exactly why.]

JC: What. The. Fu-

[Sitting on a chair in the middle of the hallway all alone is (almost) everyone's favorite bit of stuffed fluff - Lamby.]

JC: Mr. Law, are you seeing this?

[Law looks over Castillo's shoulder.]

JL: Some kid must've left it.

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: Yes, of course. Let's go...

[They continue walking.]

L: ...

[Castillo stops short, turning to look at Lamby again.]

JC: Did you hear something?

[Law looks puzzled back in Lamby's direction.]

JL: I... no. No, sir.

[Castillo slowly nods... and then starts walking again.]

L: ...

[El Presidente stops short again, turning back with a little more fire this time.]

JC: You! It was you!

[He points to the unmoving stuffed animal.]

JC: You heard that, right?!

[Law looks confused.]

JL: I don't... there's no way, sir. It's just an echo or something.

[Castillo glares at Lamby defiantly.]

JC: An echo. Right. Sure.

[He turns.]

L: ...

[Castillo rips around, tearing across the hallway, making a lunge.]

JC: I'M GONNA RIP YOUR HEAD OFF, YOU LITTLE-

[The loud sound of someone clearing their throat is heard off camera.]

"HARRRRUMPH!"

[And as Castillo turns, his hands still wrapped around Lamby's throat as he tries to throttle the stuffed animal, he sees the other contender for everyone's favorite bit of stuffed fluff - The Robfathah.]

RC: Put... the lamb... down.

[Castillo looks down at Lamby, an embarrassed expression on his face as he drops it. El Presidente turns back towards the former EMWC VP of Talent Coordination, eyeing him warily.]

RC: Can I help you with something?

[John Law speaks up.]

JL: Mr. Castillo is looking for his office.

[Christie smirks.]

RC: Oh, is he? Well, my former employer, Mr. Blue, has asked me to make sure that you're aware that this is HIS show... and as such... you've got no office here, brother man.

[Castillo glowers at the smirking Christie.]

JC: Is that right? Well, maybe you can pass a message back to MISTER Blue for me...

[He nods to Law who lunges forward, wrapping his hand around Christie's thick neck. Christie lets loose a gurgle as Law shoves him back against the wall.]

RC: Tell... me... something.

[He gasps for air.]

RC: Do you... believe... in... euth... anasia?

[The crowd inside the arena cheers as the two beasts known as Killdozer and Kraken step into view, staring down John Law who eyes them for a moment...]

JC: Stand down, Mr. Law.



[Law lets go of Christie, leaving him gasping for air as he squares up, staring down both Kraken and Killdozer as the crowd in the arena buzzes for a fight that might be about to break down when...]

JC: I SAID STAND DOWN!

[Law's shoulders slump as he backs up, taking his spot next to Castillo.]

JC: You can tell Blue that I'm not going anywhere... and I'll see him soon. Real soon.

[Castillo turns and with Law backing down the aisle, keeping his eyes on the hulking forms of Kraken and Killdozer..]

...and we fade to another part of the backstage area where Jack Lynch is standing in an otherwise empty locker room. Tonight, there is no one here to interview the former AWA World Heavyweight Champion. Tonight, the Iron Cowboy is by himself. He holds a microphone in his hand, his white hat tilted forward, his eyes focused on the camera in front of him.]

JL: Normally, I'd have someone here askin' me questions. But tonight, I'm just gonna speak what's on my mind. Tonight, I don't need no one promptin' me.

I know what I got to say.

[Lynch draws a deep breath, exhaling slowly.]

JL: Wasn't that long ago in this very city that I was tryin' to explain why Supernova did what he did. Tryin' to find some reason why Nova came at me from behind and laid me out.

Maybe I was wrong, maybe I was right. But tonight?

[Lynch shrugs his shoulders.]

JL: Well Supernova, I can't say that I care.

Ya wanna come out here and tell the world that I shoulda turned my back on Jimmy. Ya think I should disown my own blood. Ya think lettin' Lake have a chance to knock some sense into Jimmy's thick skull ain't enough.

Ya say you're disappointed, Nova. I say that ya just don't know what kinda man I am.

And I find that very disappointin'.

[Lynch reaches up, tilts his cowboy hat back, giving the camera a full view of his face.]

JL: I ain't the kinda guy, Nova, who turns his back on his blood. People know this about me, or at least I thought they did, but maybe I gotta say it one more time.

There ain't nothin' in this world that means more to me than family.

Blackjack, Travis, Theresa... and yeah, even Jimmy. That's my family, my blood. And I'd do anythin' for any one of 'em. In this life, in this business, friends come and go. But family? That's forever.

And I ain't the man that's gonna be forgettin' that.

So no... I ain't gonna fight my brother. And no, I ain't gonna write him off. I ain't gonna believe that all the good is gone from him.

You want me to abandon Jimmy? Ya want me to turn my back on the man that had my back from Frisco to Australia? The man that fought with me against the likes of VU? The man that stood in my corner through that damn towel match?

[Lynch scoffs.]

JL: Like I said. You don't know the man I am.

And hell, that's probably why ya jumped me from behind.

Somewhere along the line, you decided that lovin' my brother makes me a sucker. It makes me the kinda chump that you can just lay out.

But I ain't the one, Nova. I ain't the one.

Ya come at me like that? You're damn right I'm gonna challenge ya to a fight. Because I don't take what ya did lightly. I don't let backstabbin' go unanswered.

So tonight, in the place where anythin' goes and where the only thing on the menu is blood... you and me are gonna settle this.

And it ain't gonna be over a bottle of whiskey and a plate of wings.

What you did to me? That gets answered with my fist goin' in to your face. They say we're here to honor the legends of the EMWC.

I'll do that by kickin' your ass.

Ya may think you're the aggrieved party here, Nova, but the way I see it, ya came after me. So now all you're gonna get is what ya asked for.

I just hope you're ready.

[With those words, Lynch steps away...

...and we fade out to the ring where Ken Graham is standing.]

KG: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first...

[The opening notes to Bon Jovi's "Wanted: Dead Or Alive" ring out over the PA system, a haunting melody to kick off what's about to go down. The fans ROAR as you might expect for one of the AWA's most popular superstars.]

KG: He hails from Dallas, Texas and weighs in at 265 pounds... the Iron Cowboy...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The King of the Cowboys walks into view as the music kicks in, pulling off his white Stetson and giving it a wave to the EMWC faithful. He stands in black jeans and a white t-shirt with the sleeves partially cut off. A heavy leather belt holds his jeans in place and a pair of cowboy boots rounds out the ensemble as he heads towards the ring, the fans still cheering loudly as the voice of Jason Dane cuts back in.]

JD: Don't look now, Colt Patterson, but I believe Jack Lynch has come to South Philly for a fight!

CP: No wrestling gear on the Iron Cowboy tonight, JD.

JD: Absolutely not. And while these two men aren't known for some great rivalry - there are certainly some issues between them as of late.

CP: Jack's own brother, James, seems to be at the crux of them though. James, of course, masqueraded as Supernova... a better Supernova if you ask me... for months... and now Jack seems to be torn on whether or not he should punch his own brother in the mouth.

JD: Supernova assaulted Jack recently at Liberty Or Death and that was the breaking point for Jack Lynch who challenged Nova to this match - this fight - here tonight in the 2300 and... well, it's just about time to go to battle.

[Lynch pulls himself up on the apron, pulling off his white Stetson as he steps through the ropes. He gives it a wave to the fans, depositing it out on the ringpost as he settles in and waits. Ken Graham raises the mic as the music fades.]

KG: And his opponent... from Venice Beach, California and weighing 260 pounds... here is SUPERNOVA!

[There's no entrance music, no special lighting, nothing of the sort. All we see is the man known as Supernova walking out from the entranceway. He is still dressed in the black T-shirt and blue jeans we saw him in earlier. His hair is dark brown, almost black, and hanging past his ears. And he's still wearing the sunglasses.]

JD: A very different look for Supernova tonight than we're used to seeing. Gone are the bright colors... the facepaint... the incredible enthusiasm...

CP: It's a different look for a different man, Dane. Supernova seems to have changed in his time away from the AWA... in fact, he's not even an AWA employee! Javier Castillo fired him recently and the only reason this match is happening at all is because it's outside of the AWA's control. I know for a fact that Castillo's not happy about it - not one bit.

JD: Well, for one night at least, Javier Castillo can stick it because he's NOT in control.

[Supernova walks down the aisle, his face fixed upon the ring, though the sunglasses hide whatever look he has in his eyes. He pays no attention to the fans, some who are cheering, some who are jeering, and some who aren't sure how to react to the man.]

JD: A little different reaction than Supernova is used to hearing as well.

CP: Hey, nobody ever accused wrestling fans of being loyal. I've gone online, I've been on social media - some of these trolls are viciously going after Supernova for what he's done lately.

JD: And rightfully so some might argue. Supernova's attack on Jack Lynch seems horribly misdirected, Colt. His grudge should be with Javier Castillo... with Johnny Detson... with James Lynch...

CP: Who the hell are you to tell the man who he should be mad at?

[Supernova reaches ringside, ascends the steps and ducks between the ropes. He walks toward the center of the ring, removing his sunglasses, and we can see his face, free of any face paint and free of any particular expression. His brown eyes are locked on his opponent, Jack Lynch.

And the two meet each other, face to face, in the center of the ring and simply stare at one another.]

JD: Well, you talk about your Dream Matches, this has gotta be one of them for a lot of fans. These two have been in the same locker room for many years now and I know a lot of fans and experts alike have "what if'd" this match many times. What would happen if Supernova and Jack Lynch went one-on-one... well, we're about to find out.

[The stare is intense, the crowd cheering loudly for it as we wait for the bell and the action...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and as soon as referee Davis Warren calls for the bell, Nova lashes out with a right hand on the jaw that seems to catch Jack Lynch by surprise, knocking him around and sending him stumbling back towards the turnbuckles.]

JD: Hard right hand to the jaw, right out of the gate...

[Supernova pursues, spinning Lynch around...

...and getting an uppercut up under the chin in response to big cheers!]

JD: Lynch with a hard right of his own, giving Nova a little chin check action!

[The uppercuts keep coming... a second then a third backing Supernova across the ring to the opposite turnbuckles. Lynch promptly grabs a wrist...]

JD: Cross corner whip by the Iron Cowboy on the way- no, reversed by Nova!

[Nova promptly drops back in the buckles, foregoing the howl as he sprints across the ring, leaping into the air...]

JD: HEAT WAVE IN THE CORN- NO!

[Lynch pulls himself clear...

...but Nova extends his arms, catching the top rope and preventing himself from smashing into it!]

JD: Supernova able to halt his momentum there to keep from hitting the corner...

[But as Lynch turns around, Nova runs him right down with a clothesline!]

JD: Ohhh! Big clothesline by Supernova takes Lynch down... and sends him rolling right out to the floor!

[Supernova steps towards the ropes but the referee steps in, making a protest.]

JD: These AWA officials aren't used to the lack of rules here at Eternally Extreme 2 - back off, Davis! This isn't your night!

[Nova has a few words for Warren as well, forcing the official to back away as he grabs the top rope with both hands...]

JD: Look out below!

[...and slingshots himself over the top rope, wiping out the Iron Cowboy on the floor!]

JD: AND DOWN GOES LYNCH OFF THE BIG DIVE!

[The crowd is buzzing for the dive as Supernova climbs back to his feet, looking around...]

CP: And with no rules out here in this one, Dane, Nova might be trying to figure out what comes next. Sure, he could put him in and pretend it's just another night at the office but why do that when you can waffle him with a chair and make your night a little easier?

JD: Why indeed. And as Supernova digs under the apron, he may be looking to do exactly that... yes, here comes the first steel chair of this one, exactly as you predicted.

[But instead of using it to "waffle" Lynch, Supernova slides it under the ropes into the ring before turning his focus back to the slowly-rising Lynch.]

JD: Jack trying to get to his feet out here... Nova grabs him and WHAM! Headfirst into the ring apron goes the Iron Cowboy!

[Nova shoves Lynch under the bottom rope into the ring, rolling in after him as the referee gives a weak complaint about the chair in the ring.]

JD: Davis Warren really seems uncomfortable with these rules - or lack thereof, I suppose. But there's little he can do about it tonight in South Philly.

[Climbing to his feet, Supernova pulls Lynch with him, stepping towards the chair. He ducks low, scooping him up with the intent of slamming him down on the steel seat...

...but Lynch slips out over Nova's shoulder, landing on his feet behind him!]

JD: Lynch goes out the back door... right hand... another... make it three!

[With Supernova dazed and standing over the chair, Lynch grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring, doubling over...]

JD: BACKDROP ON THE-

[But Supernova pulls up, kicking Lynch in the face, straightening him up. The former World Television Champion grabs Lynch by the arm, whipping him across and doubling over as the crowd buzzes...]

JD: Leapfrog by Lynch! Off the-

[The crowd cheers as Lynch rebounds, Supernova leapfrogging over him in kind.]

JD: Back and forth around that steel chair they go...

[Lynch bounces off the far side towards Supernova...

...who shoves the Iron Cowboy straight up into the air, backing off and allowing Lynch to plummet facefirst down on the chair!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: AND IT'S LYNCH WHO HITS THE STEEL FIRST!

[Lynch rolls to his back, grabbing at his face as he kicks his legs in pain. Supernova stands over him for a moment and then takes a knee over him, grabbing a handful of hair...]

JD: Big right hand by Nova! And another! Just pounding away where that chair hit Lynch in the face!

CP: Well, if he wants to knock some sense into Jack Lynch, I guess punching him in the face is a good start. Maybe Blackjack should've tried that one.

JD: You don't think he did? Blackjack Lynch may be a loving father but he doesn't strike me as a particularly enlightened one. I'm sure all the kids paid a visit to the woodshed.

CP: Even Travis? Never woulda guessed.

[Supernova peels off of Lynch, pulling him up by the hair. He walks him across the ring, smashing him headfirst into the corner.]

JD: Into the buckles goes Lynch... and now Supernova's going back after the chair.

[Picking the chair up off the mat, Supernova walks towards the corner with it, twisting it around and jamming the edge of the chair back into the midsection.]

JD: Oof! That'll knock the wind out of the Iron Cowboy...

[Nova turns back to the middle of the ring, walking over to unfold the chair, setting it up into a seated position.]

JD: I'm not sure what Supernova's got in mind here but I've got a feeling it's not good news for Jack Lynch whatever it is.

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Supernova charges out of the corner, leaping into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS Lynch's face down onto the seat of the chair!]

JD: FACE MEETS STEEL!

[Lynch again rolls to his back, clutching his face as Supernova stands over him, staring down.]

"He's not on your side anymore, Jack! He's not your brother anymore!"

[Jack Lynch does not respond to the painful words uttered by his opponent, continuing to writhe in pain on the canvas as Supernova shakes his head.]

CP: What does he want, Dane? Does he want Lynch to disavow James here and now?

JD: I'm not exactly sure... but whatever it was, Jack Lynch's silence wasn't it.

[Supernova folds up the chair, gripping it in his hands, looking down uncertainly at Lynch...

...and then raises it over his head...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”  
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: STEEL CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!

[Lynch cries out, arching his back in pain as he flattens out on his chest on the canvas. The referee shouts at Supernova, begging him to make a pin attempt but Supernova defiantly raises the chair again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”  
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: OHHH! DOWN ACROSS THE BACK A SECOND TIME!

[The crowd groans on the impact as Supernova flings the chair aside, staring down at Lynch who has the referee checking to see if he wants to continue.]

JD: Jack Lynch telling the referee that he wants to keep going - to the absolute shock of no one.

CP: Especially Demetrius Lake and Supreme Wright... both of whom thought they'd taken Lynch to his limits and were proven wrong.

JD: Jack Lynch has become the stuff of legend for his SuperClash Trilogy of total wars - the Texas Death Match against Demetrius Lake, the Towel Match with Supreme Wright, and last year's Street Fight with the Syndicate. A lot of folks have slapped the Mr. SuperClash label on him in recent months and that's a hard one to deny, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. Makes you wonder what kind of madness he'll get himself into this year.

[Supernova pulls Lynch off the mat, shoving him back into the corner.]

“I don't want to hurt you, Jack. I want you to face reality.”

[But Supernova's words get a defiant shake of the head from Lynch who throws a gloved right hand to the jaw to cheers from the crowd!]

JD: Oh! What a right hand!

[But it doesn't have a lasting impact on Supernova who throws a right hand of his own before grabbing the top rope, lacing in kick after kick to the gut of the trapped Jack Lynch.]

JD: Repeated blows downstairs, again trying to take some of the tremendous wind out of Jack Lynch...

[Supernova stomps back out to the middle of the ring, opening up the chair again and setting it down on the mat.]

JD: And it looks like Lynch's defiance has sent Supernova back to the chair... looking to perhaps beat some more sense into the Iron Cowboy...

[The Venice Beach native walks back to the corner, looking to whip Lynch out to the middle of the ring where the chair sits...

...but Lynch comes out, twisting around and sending Nova back into the buckles!]

JD: Reversal by Lynch! Supernova staggering out and-

[Lynch executes a drop toehold, sending his opponent's face CRASHING down onto the set-up chair!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: AND NOW IT'S SUPERNOVA WHO GETS A MOUTHFUL OF METAL!

[Supernova rolls off the chair, clutching his mouth and kicking his feet repeatedly.]

JD: A timely and effective reversal by the Iron Cowboy turns this one around... and this could be a major turning point in this match for Jack Lynch!

CP: IF he can take advantage of it. He's still down himself right now.

[With the Philly fans cheering their respective favorites, both men attempt to stir off the canvas...]

"SU-PER-NO-VA!"

"LET'S GO JACK!"

"SU-PER-NO-VA!"

"LET'S GO JACK!"

"SU-PER-NO-VA!"

"LET'S GO JACK!"

[The dueling chants seem to fill the lungs of both competitors, driving their fighting spirit to another level as they both struggle to get to their feet before the other.]

JD: It's a footrace to a standing position... and it's a tie, fans! They're both up and...

[The crowd roars!]

JD: ...and they're both swinging!

[The slugfest quickly unfolds between the two long-time AWA superstars - a right hand by Lynch... a matching haymaker from Supernova... an uppercut by Lynch... a backhanded blow by Supernova...]

JD: They're letting the fists fly in South Philly - just the way these fans like it!

[A rally of blows by Lynch puts Supernova on his heels, driving him back across the ring to the ropes...]

CP: He's got 'im on the ropes! Rope-a-dope, Supernova! There's the ropes and Lynch is the dope!

[Supernova throws a weakened blow at Lynch who ducks it and SNAPS off a big uppercut that lifts Supernova over the top rope, causing him to fall in a heap on the floor!]

JD: AND ALL THE WAY TO THE FLOOR GOES SUPERNOVA!

[A fired-up Lynch leans on the ropes for a moment, shouting down over them.]

"GET UP, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"



[The crowd "oooohs" at the angry Lynch as he climbs through the ropes, hopping down to go after Supernova.]

JD: I think this situation with his brother has got Jack Lynch even more aggressive than usual. Maybe since he can't get physical with James, he's gonna take out some of that aggression on Supernova.

[Lynch pulls Supernova to his feet, grabbing him by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: IRISH WHIP INTO THE STEEL!

[Supernova slumps against the railing as Lynch glares across the ringside area at him.]

JD: Lynch moving right in on him too - not wasting any time in letting Supernova recover out on the floor..

[With Nova draped back across the steel, Lynch lights him up with a knife-edged chop across the chest... and a second... and a third... the crowd roaring with every blow as Lynch turns, walking away...]

CP: Where's he going, Dane? It's not over yet.

JD: It's certainly not. I have no idea where-

[The crowd ROARS to life again as Lynch spins, charges, and uses a running clothesline to flip Supernova over the barricade and into the area just beyond the railing where the Philly fans are going wild at the fight spilling into the seating.]

JD: INTO THE FRONT ROW OF THE PHILLY FANATICS GOES SUPERNOVA!

[The Iron Cowboy leans against the railing, hands on top of it as he takes a short breather with the fans screaming, shouting, and chanting all around him.]

JD: The Iron Cowboy has completely turned this one around now, Colt.

CP: He has but the question is whether he can take advantage of it. He's in a match where there are no rules essentially... and we've seen him use that very well against opponents he had a strong grudge against. I'm not sure that's the case tonight. Can Jack Lynch use these weapons and this environment to try and hurt Supernova over a difference of opinion?

JD: It's more than that though, Colt. Don't forget it was just five nights ago that Supernova attacked Jack Lynch from behind!

[Leaning over the railing, Lynch hauls Supernova off the exposed concrete and into a front facelock, slinging Nova's arm over his neck...]

JD: Lynch has got him hooked... this could be bad for Supernova, fans!

[And the lanky Texan hoists Supernova into the air and DROPS him down on the barely-padded floor with a spine-shaking suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: STRAIGHT DOWN ON THE FLOOOOOR!

[Supernova cries out, instantly rolling to his hip as he cradles his lower back in pain. Lynch sits up on the floor, again getting a thunderous ovation from the EMWC/AWA faithful in the 2300 Arena.]

CP: Hell, Dane... maybe he IS willing to hurt Supernova to win this thing. That's the kind of move that'll send you straight to a chiropractor for sure.

[Lynch slowly gets to his feet, throwing a glance down at Supernova while figuring out what he wants to do next. After a few moments pause, Lynch hauls Supernova off the floor, shoving him back into the ring.]

JD: Lynch shoves Supernova back in, perhaps looking to take advantage and pick up the win...

[Lynch starts to go for a cover and then pulls back with a grimace.]

JD: No cover. What's this about now?

[The big Texan shouts down on Supernova.]

"YOU WANT TO BEAT SOME SENSE INTO ME?!"

[Shaking his head, Lynch reaches down and grabs at his belt buckle.]

JD: Uh oh.

CP: We talked about getting taken to the woodshed, Dane! Looks like Supernova just booked himself a first class seat! Well... make that coach 'cause the Lynches never do anything first class unless it's the Champagne Room at the local strip joint.

[Lynch yanks his heavy leather belt from around his waist, folding it up as the Philly fans continue to cheer...]

JD: These fans in South Philly love their violence and they're about to get a heaping helping of it, I think!

[Lynch grabs the looped strap, looking down on Supernova who is up on all fours...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and LASHES the belt down across Nova's back!]

JD: HE WHIPS SUPERNOVA WITH THAT LEATHER BELT!

[Supernova flattens out, arching his back in pain as Lynch looks down on him...

...and raises the belt overhead again.]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: Another shot across the back with that strap!

[The camera cuts closer, showing a red welt forming on the back of the former World Television Champion.]

JD: And you can see the damage being done right there by Jack Lynch.

CP: Hey, don't stop now, Cowboy... I kinda like this side of Jack Lynch.

JD: A product of the situation... of the environment here at Eternally Extreme. This is NOT the Jack Lynch that we're used to seeing most of the time and-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: A THIRD shot with that belt and Supernova finally rolls over onto his back, grimacing in pain as-

CP: That might not have been a good idea either, Dane.

JD: No, no! Not across the-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Another lash of the belt comes down, this one on the chest of Supernova as his whole body contorts on the canvas, clutching his blistered skin as Lynch continues to look down on him...

...and then slowly drops one end of the belt, the rest hanging from his hand still.]

JD: It looks like - for now - the whipping has come to an end.

CP: It's a good thing that idiot Dylan Westerly isn't here.

JD: There'd be plenty of shouting about whipping Supernova like a dog... I have no doubt about that.

CP: If that's how they treat their pets around the Westerly house, it's no wonder all those kids turned out the way they did.

JD: What's Lynch doing now though?

CP: He's wrapping that belt around his right hand.

[With the belt wrapped around his fist, the belt buckle right across his knuckles, Lynch takes aim...

...and then drops to his knees, DRIVING the belt buckle into the forehead of Supernova!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: OHH!

[Supernova grabs at his head, rolling away from Lynch who stays on his knees a few moments, watching as the Southern California native clutches his forehead.]

JD: Jack Lynch perhaps looking to draw first blood here in Philly tonight as Supernova covers up, trying to shield his head from another attack by the big Texan.

[Climbing to his feet, Lynch allows the belt to slip off his hand, dropping it down on the canvas...

...and then his eyes come to rest on the discarded steel chair.]

JD: Uh oh again!

CP: It looks like Lynch is getting into a little of the Extreme spirit, Dane!

JD: Like fellow Texans JW Hardin, Blackwater Bart, and Chris Courtade before him! The former World Champion is going after that chair... and this is NOT good news for Supernova!

[Lynch grabs the chair off the canvas, ignoring a protesting Davis Warren as he folds it up, smacking it against the mat a few times as he waits for Supernova to stir...]

JD: Supernova's struggling to get off the mat.

CP: And when he does, he's gonna have a hell of a surprise waiting for him, jack!

JD: Nova's almost to his feet and-

[Lynch winds straight back over his head with the steel chair, stepping towards Supernova, ready to let it fly...]

...and Supernova snakes a boot into the midsection, cutting off Lynch before he can swing!]

JD: Oh! Supernova goes downstairs to block it!

[Supernova throws a series of jabs to the jaw, staggering Lynch who is still holding the chair... then switches to backhand blows to the side of the head, knocking Lynch back against the ropes...]

JD: And just like that, Supernova's trying to turn this around!

[With Lynch on the ropes, Nova throws hard rights and backhands in quick combos, leaving Lynch staggered and off-balance. A whip sends Lynch across the ring as Nova scoops up the discarded steel chair, sidestepping the Texan on the rebounds...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF LYNCH!

[Lynch crumples to his knees, grabbing at his lower back as Supernova takes aim a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: AND ANOTHER BLOW TO THE SPINE!

[With Lynch down on the canvas, Supernova angrily throws the chair aside. He stomps the back once... twice... three times...]

JD: Supernova continuing to turn his focus onto the back of Jack Lynch... perhaps thinking ahead to the Solar Flare... perhaps getting a little payback for that suplex on the concrete floor...

CP: Or being whipped like Dylan Westerly's dog.

JD: Or that.

[An angry Supernova flips Lynch onto his back, leaning down to grab his legs...]

CP: And you called it, Dane! He's going for the Solar Flare!

[But as he pulls Lynch's legs up, a desperate Iron Cowboy kicks off, sending Supernova flying backwards into the buckles!]

JD: Oh! Lynch escapes, kicking his way free!

[Supernova glares angrily at Lynch, stomping across the ring and leaning down...]

JD: And now Supernova's got Lynch's leather belt!

CP: Say it, Dane. Come on.

JD: I'm not going to say it.

[The Venice Beach native winds up with the belt, taking aim...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lashes the leather belt down across Lynch's back!]

JD: Turnabout is fair play, I suppose!

CP: Everything is fair play in Philly, jack!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A second lash lands as Lynch cries out, a red welt forming under the blows from the strap.]

JD: Lynch is trying to crawl away from Supernova, trying to give himself room to-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: Gaaaah! Right down across the back a third time! Absolutely brutal!

CP: You could hear that one in Pittsburgh!

[Lynch continues to crawl, dragging himself under the bottom rope out onto the apron, breathing heavily as he lies on his chest on the apron.]

JD: Lynch gets a reprieve for the moment, trying to recover as Supernova stalks around that ring, still holding that belt.

CP: He may not be done with it yet.

JD: You could be right... we're about to find out, I think, because here he comes and-

[Leaning over the ropes, Supernova loops the belt around Lynch's throat, dragging him to a seated position on the apron...]

JD: HE'S CHOKING HIM! HE'S CHOKING JACK LYNCH WITH THE BELT!

CP: IT'S ALL LEGAL!

[Lynch claws at the belt looped around his throat, trying to get enough separation to get a clear breath but Supernova is pulling hard on it, dragging Lynch to a fully seated spot against the ropes!]

JD: He's choking the air out of Jack Lynch! The Iron Cowboy's looking for a way out but I don't know what that is!

CP: I do. Quit!

JD: There's no quit in Jack Lynch, Colt. Ask Demetrius Lake or Supreme Wright!

[Lynch continues to struggle against the belt wrapped around his throat but reaches his right down towards his legs, pulling his foot towards him.]

JD: What is Jack Lynch doing now? He's struggling to breathe but he's also...

CP: He's taking off that boot! Jack Lynch is taking off that big cowboy boot and-

[With the boot off his foot, Lynch steadies himself for the one swing he's likely to get at this...

...and swings the boot upwards, CRACKING Supernova right between the eyes with it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Great shot, kid! That was one in a million!

[Supernova dead man falls down to the canvas as the belt falls free and Lynch leans against the ropes, grabbing at his red throat as he tries to pull air into his lungs as quickly as he can.]

JD: Jack Lynch saved himself with that boot! He was in serious danger there but the boot saved him!

CP: For now. Supernova may be down but I bet he's not done.

JD: That seems like a safe bet to me as Jack Lynch continues to try and recover, unable to take advantage of the shot he landed with his signature cowboy boot - now available at [AWAShop.com](http://AWAShop.com).

CP: As our broadcast colleague tonight would say, "shill, baby, shill!"

[Lynch, hanging onto the ropes to steady himself, slowly drags himself up off the mat, the color starting to normalize on his face as he steps through the ropes, boot still in hand, waving a hand at Supernova to get up off the mat.]

JD: Lynch coming back in, ready to continue this hellacious fight between two of the most popular competitors in the entire AWA. He's got that boot in hand and-

[As Supernova slowly gets off the mat, Lynch takes aim and CLUBS him between the eyes with the boot a second time!]

JD: OHH! What a shot! Supernova goes down again... and...

[The Philly fans cheer as Supernova rolls to his back, revealing a trickle of blood coming down his face.]

JD: And he got busted open with that boot!

[Lynch angrily pulls Supernova to a seated position in front of him, slipping his hand inside his own boot and repeatedly drives the heel of the boot down into the forehead of Supernova, busting the cut open even wider with every blow!]

JD: AND WE'VE GOT BLOOD NOW, COLT!

CP: We sure do! That vicious bloodthirsty savage Jack Lynch just split Supernova's head wide open and these mutants in Philly are loving it!

[The referee again shouts at Lynch who finally backs off, flinging his bloody boot aside to stand over Supernova who has crimson draining from his skull as the fans cheer.]

JD: Jack Lynch busts Supernova open with his boot and... that might be the beginning of the end for Supernova, Colt.

CP: Hey, blood don't mean done. He's gotta get up and he's gotta keep fighting.

[Lynch walks around the ring in one boot, grimacing.]

JD: And if I'm being honest, Colt, it looks like Jack Lynch may be a little upset with himself there. Perhaps letting his temper get the better of him when he used that boot to bloody Supernova.

CP: Maybe, maybe not. You could argue that Supernova had it coming after choking him with the belt. This whole thing got ratcheted up to another level of violence when they agreed to fight at this event where rules are optional.

JD: No rules in this one. Extreme rules, you might say... but the EMWC was not known for keeping violence in check and we're seeing plenty of it right about now.

[Lynch stands, hands on his hips, watching the bloodied Supernova trying to drag himself to his feet using the ropes...]

JD: Supernova's getting up - you've gotta be impressed by the guts of that man to get to his feet at this point of this brutal brawl and-

[As Supernova slumps back against the corner, Lynch charges in towards him...]

JD: The Iron Cowboy looking to put an end to-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The running clothesline attempt gets cut off as Supernova swings his leg up, catching the incoming Lynch under the chin with a big boot!]

JD: Nova CAUGHT HIM COMING IN!

[Supernova steps out of the corner, grabbing the wrist, twisting around to whip Lynch from one corner to the other...]

JD: Lynch to the buckles... Nova leans back!

[And the former World Television Champion sprints from one corner across the ring...]

JD: HEAT WAAAAAAVE!

[...where Jack Lynch comes barreling out, leaping into the air before Supernova can do the same and CRACKS the bloodied Californian across the collabone!]

JD: LARRRRRIAAAAATOOOOOOOOOO!

[Lynch scrambles across, hooking the legs and rolling into a side press.]

JD: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-  
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: SHOULDER UP! SUPERNOVA KICKS OUT IN TIME!

CP: JUST IN TIME!

JD: And the match keeps going! This fight rages on!

[Jack Lynch slams a fist down into the canvas with frustration, climbing back to his feet...

...and slowly holds up his gloved right hand to big cheers from the Philly fans!]

JD: He’s calling for the Claw! He’s looking for that Lynch family legacy right here in South Philly!

[Nodding his head, Lynch goes to pull Supernova up off the mat by his bloody hair...

...when suddenly, an appearance at the top of the aisle causes the crowd to ROAR in surprise and Lynch to stop cold in his attack!]

JD: What’s HE doing out here?!

CP: Of all the people in the world who’d have an interest in this one, it’s this guy, Dane.

JD: James Lynch has arrived in the 2300 Arena - he’s arrived at Eternally Extreme!

[James Lynch looks down the aisle at the ring to where Jack is about to apply the Iron Claw on Supernova. Jack is suddenly distracted though, shouting down the aisle at his brother.]

“Get out of here, Jimmy!”

[But James Lynch doesn’t heed his brother’s command. In fact, he stands stoic, staring down the aisle at the ring where Jack has allowed Supernova to slump down to the mat as Jack leans over the ropes.]

“You got no business out here! This isn’t your fight!”

[James starts edging down the aisle slowly towards the ring. Jack shakes his head, pointing out James to the official who shouts “Go back to the locker room!” to no avail as well.]

JD: Both Jack and the referee trying to get James Lynch out of here - James Lynch who so coldly betrayed his family and everyone who ever cared about him when he turned his back on them to ally himself with the Korugun Corporation earlier this year. And of course, James Lynch who masqueraded as Supernova for months and had us all believing the worse of one of the AWA’s most popular superstars.

CP: See, he’s got business out here with BOTH of them.



JD: This isn't the time or place for that business though... and Jack Lynch's distraction could be costing him this match right now. He had Supernova right where he wanted him, ready to lock in that Iron Claw, but now the former World Champion's focus is on his little brother and he's giving Supernova much-needed time to recover.

[With James down at ringside now, Jack finally turns away, going back towards Supernova, dragging him off the mat...]

JD: INSIDE CRADLE! INSIDE CRADLE! ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: And this time, it's Jack Lynch who just BARELY kicks out in time!

[The crowd is buzzing now as Lynch and Supernova are racing to their feet, trying to get there first.]

JD: Both men trying to stir - and as James Lynch looks on, you've gotta wonder who he's rooting for!

[James is staring at the ring - obviously with a vested interest in one or the other - as the two battle to their feet, ready to throw hands once more.]

JD: Right hand by Supernova! Lynch returns fire though!

[The slugfest continues as James Lynch looks on intently.]

JD: Supernova with another right... and another!

[But Lynch cracks him with an uppercut... and then a right hook that sends Supernova down to a knee. Lynch holds up his right gloved hand, giving a shout as he grabs Supernova by the back of the head...]

JD: THE CLAW IS COMING!

[As Lynch attempts to lock his fingers around the bloodied forehead of Supernova, Supernova swings his arms up, grabbing the wrist!]

JD: BLOCKED! SUPERNOVA BLOCKS THE CLAW!

[Lynch struggles to push through it, fighting to get the Claw locked in but Supernova's power is holding it at bay... for now.]

JD: Lynch can't get his signature hold applied and...

[Supernova pushes up to his feet, still holding the wrist...

...and uses that grip to hurl Lynch to the corner where he slams chestfirst against the buckles again!]

JD: Ohh! Whip to the corner... Supernova backs up!

[With Lynch's back to him, Supernova backs to the far corner...

...which is when James Lynch comes up from behind on the ringsteps, swinging Jack Lynch's bloodied cowboy boot!]

JD: OHHH! RIGHT ACROSS THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[The blow from James Lynch - which draws huge jeers from the crowd - sees Supernova stumbling out of the corner, totally out on his feet as Jack Lynch turns around in the corner...

...and then charges out!]

JD: Jack doesn't know what happened and- LARIAT! LARIAT AGAIN!

[The leaping clothesline finds the mark, knocking Supernova down to the mat once more. James drops to the floor, a smirk on his face as his unaware brother covers a motionless Supernova!]

JD: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

JD: Jack Lynch picks up the win!

[A weary Lynch rolls off the downed Supernova, raising his hand in the air in victory...

...but not quite getting the response from the crowd that you might expect.]

JD: The boos are cutting through the cheers here in Philly and... well, it's a little unfair to me, Colt. Jack Lynch has no idea that his brother interfered in the match. He has no idea that James Lynch is partially responsible for this victory.

CP: It's a fair point, Dane, but the fans don't seem to care... or believe it.

[Lynch gets to his feet, looking a little confused at the fans' reaction...

...and gets even more confused as James Lynch steps into the ring, clinging to a piece of black fabric in one hand and the house mic in the other.]

James: Congratulations, Jack. A big win on a big show.

[He pauses, applauding softly.]

James: But that's not the only reason I'm out here saying "congratulations."

[Jack looks puzzled at his brother.]

James: I know we've had our differences lately. I know things are... strained... between you and I because of the family.

But I'm here to make things better, Jack.

I'm here to make things right.

[Jack arches an eyebrow.]

James: You see, I heard what you said earlier... and you're right. I am the brother who went to San Francisco with you... who fought Morton and Haynes with you...

I'm the brother who has ALWAYS been there for you.

[James sneers.]

James: And it's time for you to return the favor...

[James tosses the fabric to his brother who catches the black cloth, quickly shaking it out to reveal the Korugun logo splashed across the front of it.]

James: This is me and you, Jack. This isn't Javier. This isn't Veronica. No one else knows about this... but they'll agree if you do.

You come to Korugun. You join me in Korugun.

[The crowd is jeering loudly now.]

James: You want to be brothers again? You want to be family again? This is how you can do it. This is the way!

[Jack looks at the Korugun logo, running his fingers across it.]

James: Forget about Martinez. Forget about Carver and the rest. This is you and me talking, Jack. This is about us.

Put that shirt on... shake my hand...

...and we can make this right. We can-

[James is cut off in mid-sentence by Supernova - back on his feet - yanking him into an inverted facelock and DRIVING the back of James' skull into the canvas to a HUGE POP!]

JD: OHHHHH!

[An angry Jack tosses the shirt aside, rushing towards Supernova who ducks a wild haymaker...

...hooks Jack in the same inverted facelock, and drives him down alongside his brother!]

JD: AND MAKE IT A DOUBLE FOR THE LYNCH FAMILY!

[Supernova angrily rolls out of the ring, stomping back up the aisle and leaving the Lynch brothers prone on the canvas, the Korugun t-shirt... and James Lynch's offer... left dangling behind.]

JD: Jack Lynch picks up the win here in Philly but...

CP: He certainly doesn't look like a winner right now, Dane.

JD: Unfortunately, I'd have to agree with you there, Colt.

[And as the shot holds on the two Lynch brothers, we fade to a shot of Sid Osborne sitting on a stool in front of a black backdrop. The Sin City Savior is dressed in a black hoodie, the hood actually up over his head.]

SO: You kidding me? I wouldn't miss this night for the world. I was just a kid when the E was in its prime but I've heard the stories... you couldn't be in this business and not hear the stories.

[Osborne grins.]

SO: Of course, I've heard about things like the Killing Box... like the Frozen Ghost... like the King of the Death Match... but the hardcore stuff? That's never been my style.

What I loved about the E was the attitude.

[He runs a hand up over his hood, pulling it back to reveal his mohawk up in red spikes.]

SO: The utter balls it took to do some of the stuff they did. Just not giving a shit what people liked or what they thought.

What was it they said?

[Sid smirks, nodding his head.]

SO: "Fuck you, you're wrong. Fuck you, we're right."

[He points to the camera.]

SO: Words to live by right there. I may not be about thumbtacks and barbed wire but that attitude right there... I'm all the way about that.

[We fade from a grinning Osborne out to an area of backstage where the 2300 Arena's normal bar acts as both catering and an "Eternally Extreme" watch party where various past EMWC and current AWA personalities are mingling around the area. Mark Stegglet is standing there as well as the camera comes live.]

MS: Welcome, fans, to a very special VIP area here backstage... a lot of your favorite AWA and former EMWC superstars hanging out back here with a cold beverage catching the show.

[Stegglet grins as he spots a familiar face.]

MS: "Golden" Grant Carter, how's it going? Welcome to South Philly!

[Carter grins, wearing a "GOLDEN GOD" t-shirt.]

GGC: Hey Marky Mark... it's a beautiful night to be in Philly, ain't it? The arena may have some spit and polish on it but it's still the same joint I've seen countless guys go to war in over the years.

MS: Got a favorite EMWC memory you'd like to share?

[Carter strokes his chin thoughtfully.]

GGC: What about the night the guy from my hometown of Jersey showed up to fight Hansen? Champion versus champion, bro. Never seen it before, never seen it since.

[GGC grins as Stegglet nods.]

MS: A memorable night, for sure... let's see who else is here tonight...

[Stegglet walks a little further along and comes to a sudden halt as he spots, beer in hand, "The Future" Derrick Williams, looking rather different than we're used to. He's in casual dress, wearing a "Walk On The Wild Side" throwback T-Shirt, available now on AWAShop.com, but strikingly different is his hair, that is to say his head is shaved down to a short fade, with his facial hair changed to a chinstrap beard/goatee combo.]

MS: Derrick Williams... I gotta say I'm a little surprised to see you here.

[Williams puts down his beer as his eyes rest on Stegglet and the camera.]

DW: Really, Stegglet? 'Cause you shouldn't be. The EMWC means a lot to me... more than it does to a lot of guys who took a little bump in pay to be here tonight. The E was the promotion I watched as a kid, Mark... just like you... way back when most people were watching the Double Eye or those clowns up in Baltimore... the E was setting the standard for me.

[The Future cracks a slight smile.]

DW: First Pay Per View my parents ever let me get was Showtime V and it changed my life. Without that show, I don't get inspired by the guys doing what they did that night, from Langseth, Brown, Shakespeare, LOCO, Howard, Whitecross, Starks, Taylor, Hardin, Hansen, and Slater... they all came up huge.

And even beyond that, the E changed the landscape of wrestling for years to come afterward. There are a lot of great memories watching the E... Ezra versus Claw, Whitecross versus Langseth, the Frozen Ghost Death match... so much awesome over the years.

[He pauses to take a drink.]

DW: It's great we're having this night - a final sendoff. And honestly, I'm just happy to be able to be backstage at this party, just picking the brains of some of the guys in the house tonight. It's like being a kid again.

[Williams grimaces.]

DW: Of course, I'd love to actually compete in an EMWC ring... just once... but since a certain Canadian and his pumped-up buddy didn't show tonight... I guess I'll have to settle for sitting on the sidelines for this one.

[A familiar voice rings out from off-camera.]

"I believe that I can help you with that."

[The camera pulls back to see El Presidente, Javier Castillo, standing nearby flanked by his bodyguard, John Law. Williams visibly tenses up, setting his drink down again as he stands up straighter and locks eyes on the henchman for the boss. He speaks, still staring at Law.]

DW: Mr. Castillo.

[Castillo smirks at Williams' gaze still on John Law. He slowly raises a hand.]

JC: No need for concern. You can relax, my friend. Mr. Law... please.

[Law reluctantly takes a step back as Castillo moves closer to Williams.]

JC: I believe I can grant your wish tonight, Mr. Williams.

[Williams throws a glance over his shoulder at the ring, jerking a thumb back towards it.]

DW: Don't think so. I don't see Hunter and Colton in that ring waiting for me... and I don't see a tire iron in my hands to take them out with so...

[Castillo smiles.]

JC: No, no... nothing like that. From my understanding, Mr. Hunter decided it was in his best interest to not appear here tonight.

[Williams nods.]

DW: Then I don't think we have anything to discuss. If you'll excuse me-

[Williams picks up his beer, taking a step past Castillo...

...only to find John Law blocking his path.]

JC: Mr. Williams... please.

[Williams eyeballs Law for a moment before stepping back to the table, looking expectantly at Castillo.]

JC: You speak of a desire to compete in an EMWC ring. I can oblige. Join Team Korugun... tonight.

[Williams smirks.]

DW: You want me to climb into the ring against a bunch of EMWC legends... including the guy who got me into this business... into the AWA...

[Williams turns slightly, looking at Law again.]

DW: ...and team with him?

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Yes. I know you two had a... shall we say... misunderstanding... back at Memorial Day Mayh-

[Williams cuts him off.]

DW: A misunderstanding? Yeah, I guess you can say that. See, I thought he was supposed to be an impartial enforcer... he thought his job was to put his hands on me and Ri. In fact, you could say he was instrumental in Riley and I losing the titles that night...

[Williams shrugs.]

DW: ...or maybe that happened because I did a favor for you.

[His eyes bore into Castillo who returns the stare without blinking.]

JC: I'd advised you to watch your tone, Mr. Williams.

[Williams shrugs again.]

DW: Duly noted, boss man. So, let's say I forgive and forget ol' Johnny's actions here. Let's say I forgive and forget that your idea of returning a favor is to let that Canadian snake back in the door and put my best friends in a god damn hospital a couple of miles down the road...

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: I had nothing to do with the actions of Jackson Hunter. I had no idea he was going to be there.

[Williams cracks a smile.]

DW: No? I thought you knew everything that happened around here, Javier. But maybe not. Maybe Fawcett's right. Maybe someone's keeping secrets from you. Maybe it's Veronica. Maybe it's whoever shook your chain on the phone the other night. I don't know... and I don't know if I care.

But what I DO know, boss man... is that Steal The Spotlight title matches have to be approved ahead of time.

[Williams shrugs.]

DW: That means someone with stroke knew... and gave it the green light. And since we've been on friendly terms...

...until now...

I would've thought I was owed the courtesy of a heads up that Hunter was going to be in Philly.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: If I had known, Mr. Williams, you would've known as well. I assure you of that. I have no desire to make you an enemy of Korugun... as I'm sure you have no desire to put yourself against us.

The matter of Jackson Hunter's return and what that meant for your friends is unfortunate to be sure... but it's a matter we'll need to discuss another time.

[Castillo points at Williams.]

JC: This time... I will again make my offer..

Join Team Korugun.

[Williams arches an eyebrow.]

DW: Permanently?

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: For one night. Tomorrow, we can discuss... the future of The Future.

[Castillo extends his hand towards Williams who looks at the offered hand. He waits a few moments.]

JC: This does not seem to be a difficult decision, Mr. Williams.

[Williams nods, lifting his hand...

...and then abruptly shifting it over to the table alongside him where he picks up his drink, chugs the rest of the beer in the bottle, and then slams it back down.]

DW: You're right there, boss man. The difficult decision for me tonight is when I'm done here - do I go to Cheerleaders or Risque?

[Williams pauses with a shrug.]

DW: Your offer is tempting, Javier. I'll admit it.

But until we have things Saskatchewanian sorted, I'm disinclined to acquiesce to your request.

[Castillo looks puzzled.]

DW: It means no.

[Castillo smiles.]

JC: Yes, I know what it means. My confusion stems not from your vocabulary, Mr. Williams... but from your judgment. I believe you are making a mistake.

[Williams nods.]

DW: Could be right, boss. There's a lot going on right now and frankly, I don't know a whole lot for certain. But I'll tell you what I believe.

I believe someone let that snake back in the door and he put my two best friends in the hospital - one of them in a fucking halo.

[Williams' eyes go cold as he glares at Castillo.]

DW: Now, given how everything with the Kings and Detson went down, when you tell me you had nothing to do with it, I BELIEVE... that you... are full of shit.

[Williams smirks as the fans in the arena cheer as Castillo's smile fades.]

DW: Until someone proves me wrong on that, I also believe that I'm a solo act.

Now... if you'll excuse me...

[Williams starts to step past Castillo again and pauses...]

DW: Oh, and I also believe that any team stepping into the ring with Slater, Taylor, Donovan, and whoever else they've got... with no rules... especially a team with...

[He points to Law.]

DW: ...THAT asshole... are in for a rough night at the office.

Good luck, boss.

And if your night ends up going the way I expect... make sure you say "what's up" to Riley and Max for me.

[Williams winks at Castillo before walking out of view, leaving a disgruntled Castillo and Law behind...]

...and we fade back to the announce desk to a grinning Jon Stegglet.]

JS: Ahhh.

TM: What?

JS: Don't you just love seeing El Presidente called out for his crap?

[Michaelson shakes his head with a chuckle.]



TM: You sure do love poking the bear, old pal.

JS: What do the kids say these days? "Come at me, bro."

[And suddenly, over the loudspeakers, comes the unmistakable voice of Dorothy Martin, breaking into a very recognizable chant backed up by a thunderous drumbeat.]

#A aaa aaa, a aaa aaa, a a aa aaa a aa a aaa#

[There's a minor buzz in the crowd from those fans "in the know," though many of the fans are not quite sure who is about to come out. A moment later, Dorothy's "Wicked Ones" kicks into full gear.]

#This night ain't for the faint of heart  
For the faint of heart, for the faint of heart  
This night ain't for the faint of heart  
Cause the faint of heart gonna fall apart#

TM: Wait a minute - who invited her?

JS: Todd, you should know by now, there's No Invitations Accepted!

TM: Steggs, now you're just embarrassing yourself.

[The camera cuts to the entranceway as a single spotlight falls over one of the newest members of the AWA's women's roster – the Jersey Devil herself, Kelly Kowalski. Kowalski stands at the top of the entranceway. Her appearance evokes a loud cheer, as the fans both old and new show their appreciation for the woman who's always willing to fight.]

#This night ain't for the holy man with the holy plan  
For the promise land  
This night we got the evil hand  
And the evil hand gon' raise the damned#

[The red haired, green eyed hellion races down the entranceway, wearing a black hoodie with the Boss' words – "Chrome wheeled, fuel injected and steppin' out over the line" emblazoned on the back, the hood pulled up but strands of hair visible. Kowalski moves to the guardrail at ringside and puts her back to it, reaching up to pull her hood back as fans work themselves into a frenzy behind her.]

# Ain't no sleep when the wicked play  
All we do is yodel, ay ayy hoo y hoo  
Ain't no love when the wicked run  
All we do is  
Yodel ah a ay ya ay ya  
We the wicked ones, the wicked ones#

[Kowalski, her nose crooked and her eye already black, shoots a grin at the camera, and then turns to the fan, making a "give it here" gesture to one of the fans. The fan obliges, handing over his beer.]

JS: Kelly Kowalski clearly comes from the Hannibal Carver School of Unsanitary Habits.

TM: She definitely has a dual major in Fighting Everyone and Not Giving a Damn.

JS: Don't you mean a "duel" major?

TM: That joke only works if people can read it, Steggs.

[Being careful not to spill a drop, Kowalski steps into the middle of the ring, as the fans join in with the chanting that blares over the loudspeakers.]

#A aaa aaa, a aaa aaa, a a aa aaa a aa a aaa#  
#A aaa aaa, a aaa aaa, a a aa aaa a aa a aaa#

KK: Philadelphia!

[As the fans react loudly, Kowalski drains the beer in a single pull.]

KK: How you liking Eternally Extreme so far? I gotta say... I'm enjoying the hell out of it!

You got Ronnie D comin' out here running his big mouth in a way that proves some people don't ever change. You got Supernova beating the hell outta every Lynch who isn't currently in rehab. And you even got that little Barbie Doll Skylar Swift breaking tables like it's going out of style!

It's all the things that you loved, and that I loved about EMWC.

And make no mistake, I LOVED EMWC.

[Kowalski nods as the crowd cheers.]

KK: Just like everyone here, my whole life got put on hold when the EMWC was on. I stopped doing everything to make sure I saw stuff like King of the Death Match. Or Alex Martinez kicking Mark Langseth's ass.

EMWC made me want to get into wrestling.

And every time I get into a fight. Everyone time I bust someone's lip or...

[Kowalski smirks.]

KK: ...Split a brow... I'm thinking about EMWC.

So that's why I'm a little bit pissed off right now. Because you'd think a show dedicated to the toughest, meanest fighters that ever got put on God's Green would include me. You'd think after spending a month going around the horn having fights with people like Toughill, I would've earned a spot here tonight.

But somehow... no one ever invited me.

But all those times I watched EMWC? I don't remember seeing anyone playing by the rules. I don't remember anyone sitting around waiting for someone to give them something. What I remember is a bunch of maniacs who weren't there to do what they were told or to play nice.

And following rules and playing nice has never been what Kelly Kowalski was about.

So, I ain't letting this night go by without doing what I do best and what EMWC was the best at giving you people.

[A big pop goes up from the Philly crowd!]

KK: I'm talking about having a one hell of a fight that everyone is gonna remember for the NEXT twenty years!

[Kowalski pulls off her hoodie, revealing her ring gear - black bicycle style shorts with a green "KK" emblazoned on both hips, a black sports bra top covering her chest, leaving only a bit of midriff bare. Both her hands are covered in white tape from knuckle to mid forearm, while she wears black boots with white laces.]

KK: Look, I never cared who it is I gotta fight, and that ain't changing tonight. Whoever is in the back, whoever wants to give the Philly fans... and the EMWC fans... a night they'll never forget?

Come on down!

[Kowalski spikes the mic, pacing around the ring shouting "COME ON!" as the Philly faithful rise to their feet, waiting to see just who will be coming down the aisle...]

JS: An open challenge laid down by Kelly Kowalski who certainly fits the Extreme atmosphere here in South Philly... but now all eyes are on that door to see who it's gonna be.

TM: A lot of tough women in the building tonight, Steggs. It could be just about any of...

[Todd's voice trails off at the sound of music that causes the Extreme faithful to EXPLODE into cheers.

That music is the quiet panflute introduction of Zamfir's "The Lonely Shepherd" playing over the PA system.

A pale yellow lighting fills the American Airlines Arena, covering the crowd... the ring... and, of course, the entryway where someone walks into view, holding a Singapore cane over her head with both hands.]

TM: Oh. My. God.

JS: Is that who I think it is?!

[The spotlights blast the entranceway to reveal her identity.]

JS: Todd! That's your wife!

TM: It sure is.

[It sure is. Former EMWC Women's Champion "Luscious" Lori Dane is standing at the top of the aisle in a pair of black athletic pants and a "REAL WOMEN DO IT EXTREME" tanktop that's been cut to reveal ample cleavage.]

JS: THE QUEEN OF EXTREME IS IN THE HOUSE!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers for the former Women's Champion as she lowers the cane, pointing it down the aisle where Kelly Kowalski's got a HUGE smile on her face, nodding her head approvingly as the music switches to "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity" and Dane starts down the aisle towards the ring.]

JS: A former Women's Champion from the early days of the E, Lori Dane has spent the last several years becoming a wife...

TM: ...and mother.

JS: Let's not talk about that. But she's also been a wrestling trainer as well as a wrestling promoter as a partial owner of the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Reaching the ring, Dane sets her Singapore cane down on the apron, quickly climbing the ringsteps and ducking through the ropes to another large pop from the Philly crowd!]

JS: Well, this is a nice surprise.

TM: Is it? Come on. You saw her backstage. We had breakfast together this morning.

JS: Yeah, but I didn't know she was going to wrestle!

TM: Join the club.

JS: Why, Todd Michaelson... is that concern I hear in your voice?

TM: Shut it, Steggy.

JS: Don't call me-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And as the bell sounds, a still-grinning Kowalski nods her head across the ring at the former EMWC Women's Champion who jumps up and down, swinging her arms across her torso.]

JS: Lori Dane trying to get loose before this match gets underway.

TM: ...

JS: No?

TM: There are some lines even I won't cross when talking about my wife.

[Dane gives the top rope a tug and circles sideways out of the corner, Kowalski matching her movements as the crowd cheers this unexpected encounter.]

JS: Kelly Kowalski burst onto the AWA scene with a pinfall over Ricki Toughill-

TM: Poor Ricki.

JS: -in a mixed tag team match but has been a little stuck in the mud since then, Todd.

TM: The AWA Women's Division has been widely acknowledged as the fastest rising - the hottest division in all of wrestling. You already had top stars like Julie Somers, like Charisma Knight, like Ayako Fujiwara... and then recently we've seen the addition of names like Harley Hamilton and Michelle Bailey and Margarita Flores.

JS: Not to mention Kurayami, the Women's World Champion, who we'll see in action a little later tonight.

TM: Exactly. So anyone who debuts in the Women's Division right now has their work cut out for them to make a splash.

JS: Well, Kelly Kowalski has all the skills and fire in her gut to make such a splash... and may even do so here tonight at the expense of your wife, Todd.

TM: I can definitely attest to the fact that Lori loves a good fight and I'm sure Kelly Kowalski is going to give it to her... much like I-

JS: And here we go! Dane and Kowalski locking up in the center of the ring here in South Philly, jockeying for position...

[The veteran Dane twists the arm out of the tieup, wrapping it around into a rear hammerlock.]

JS: From the tieup to the hammerlock by Dane... and in this "extreme" environment, you'd usually give the nod to Lori Dane who is the Queen of Extreme... but Kelly Kowalski is no stranger to a fight.

TM: Not at all. Kowalski's from the mean streets of Jersey and you better believe she's willing to throw down whenever the need arises... or even just to kill a few hours.

JS: Kowalski recently made an appearance at an event held by AWA affiliate promotion P\*WIN - owned by an old friend of ours, Shane Destiny, Todd.

TM: That's what I'm talking about. There's so much top flight women's talent out there in the business right now, the AWA couldn't hold them all in the AWA and CCW so they made a deal with another promotion to help them develop more talent for the Women's Division.

[In the meantime, Kowalski's been looking for an exit from this hammerlock, reaching for the ropes, trying to hook an ankle...

...and finally, she decides a firmly-placed back elbow to the side of the jaw is her best answer!]

JS: Ohh! The elbow finds the way out for Kowalski...

[She spins around, fists raised and ready...

...but finds Dane in the same pose, prepared to throw down if needed. Kowalski cracks another grin, stepping back with a slight bow.]

JS: And Kelly Kowalski seems to be loving this, Todd.

TM: You gotta think this is a dream come true for her. Every wrestler has dreamed of competing in this building and for people from the Northeast, it's even more ingrained in your head as a major landmark in the history of our sport.

[The two women circle one another once more for a bit before lunging into a second tieup...]

JS: Back to the lockup... and frankly, I'm a little surprised to see these two trying to actually wrestle instead of just beating the hell out of each other.

TM: Give it time, Steggs. You gotta take the eggs out of the carton before you crack 'em open.

JS: You can cook?

TM: I dabble.

[The tieup this time sees the younger Kowalski forcing Dane back against the buckles. Referee Shari Miranda slides in, calling for a break. After a three count, Kowalski obliges, stepping back...

...and lets a right hand fly that Dane ducks under, swinging a knee up into the ribcage before she forces Kowalski back instead.]

JS: Dane turns it around in the corner... knees to the body, showing that striking prowess that both members of the Michaelson-Dane household are known for.

[With Kowalski trying to shield her ribs, Dane steps back, throwing a pair of elbowstrikes to the side of the head before the referee again forces her out of the corner, leaving Kowalski reeling against the buckles.]

JS: Lori Dane, using those veteran wiles to get Kowalski in the corner and inflict some damage... and Todd, I'd have to think Lori's going to be looking to end this one quickly.

TM: Sure, she's no spring chicken anymore.

JS: ...

TM: I'm going to regret that, aren't I?

JS: I'd imagine so.

[Dane stands back as Kowalski steps out of the corner, nodding her head with a smirk on her face.]

"It's like that, huh?"

[Dane returns the smirk with a nod of her own as Kowalski rolls her neck, shrugging her shoulders a few times, balls up her fists...]

"LET'S DO THIS, BITCH!"

[Kowalski rushes forward, fists flying as the Philly fans roar to life again!]

JS: KOWALSKI BRINGING THE THUNDER HERE IN SOUTH PHILLY!

[A trio of quick haymakers has Dane backpedaling but Kowalski doesn't relent, throwing clubbing hammerfists with both hands to the head, knocking Dane back towards the buckles.]

JS: Lori Dane wilts under the shower of fists from Kowalski... she grabs the ropes now...

[Kowalski lays in a half dozen kicks to the gut, forcing Dane down to a seated position in the corner...

...which is when Kowalski starts stomping her into the mat!]

JS: Big stomps to the gut, putting some shoe leather on the former Women's Champion!

[Grabbing two hands full of Dane's hair, Kowalski lays a little trash talk on her as she drags her up...]

"Normally, I'd feel bad about doing this to someone old enough to be my mother... but in this case, I'll make an exception!"

[...and she HURLS Dane across the ring with a hair mare, sending her smashing down on the mat!]

JS: Kowalski throws Lori Dane halfway across the ring and-

[As Dane wobbles to her feet, clinging to the top rope for balance, Kowalski lets loose a scream, sprinting across the ring and connecting with a wild clothesline that takes both she and her opponent tumbling over the ropes and out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: A hard fall over the top, right down to the floor goes Lori Dane!

TM: That was a real hard fall, Jon.

JS: Why, partner. That sounds like some genuine concern in your voice right there.

TM: Of course I'm concerned. The schtick is one thing but the reality is that my wife probably shouldn't be getting in the ring any more...

JS: Like you?

[Michaelson simmers as Kowalski is the first to come to her feet on the outside of the ring, shaking her head to clear the cobwebs as she moves towards the still-downed Dane.]

JS: The Dane-Michaelson family never one for listening to Father Time... or doctors... or friends... or...

TM: Knock it off.

JS: Just pointing out the truth of the situation as Kowalski pulls Lori Dane up to her feet...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: DANE GETS THROWN INTO THE BARRICADE!

[Dane's ribs, having smashed into the steel, now rest against it as she hangs onto the top of the railing, Kowalski still trash talking.]

"You want to fight now, huh? Well... THIS IS PHILLY! WE CAN FIGHT!"

[A big cheer goes up from the Philly fans as Kowalski lands a pair of haymakers before pulling Dane back to a standing position, taking aim as she grabs Dane by the arm...]

JS: Look out here... another whi- no, reversed!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Dane reversed the whip and she sends Kowalski into the post!

TM: Good, good. Now get back in this...

JS: Todd Michaelson, I never thought I'd see the day where you'd drop all the misogyny and sex jokes to actually cheer for your wife in the ring.

TM: Yeah, well... she wouldn't be in this situation if she'd just come out here with us to begin with. God, she can be such a bi-

JS: Moving on.

[Dane reaches over the railing towards a fan holding up something towards her.]

JS: Lori Dane looking for some extreme fan support... what in the world?

TM: It's a frying pan! Well, 2002 Todd would've made some comment about a woman belonging in the kitchen.

JS: 2002 Todd? Who the hell refers to themselves like that?

[Dane stomps across the ringside area towards a reeling Kowalski, winding up and taking aim...]

"THUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES it down between the shoulderblades, causing Kowalski to sink to her knees as Dane tosses the kitchen instrument aside. She grabs Kowalski by her strawberry blonde hair while she's down on her knees...]

JS: OHH! KNEESTRIKE!

[Dane winds up...]

JS: AND ANOTHER!

TM: That's my girl. Take it to her!

[A third kneestrike connects as Dane lets go of the hair and Kowalski sinks down to a prone position on the floor. Dane leans against the apron, showing some signs of fatigue as she shouts "LET'S DO IT EXTREME!" to the Philly fans who predictably go wild at the idea of that. Dane pulls up the ring apron, digging underneath as the fans buzz with anticipation over what she might find.]

JS: Lori Dane digging for something underneath that ring... some hardcore treasure no doubt here in the 2300 Arena...

[She pulls something clear to a big cheer!]

JS: And she's got a Singapore cane, fans! Lori Dane's got herself a Singapore cane and... well, things are about to pick up here in South Philly for sure.

[Dane shoves the wooden weapon under the ropes - a pair of them in fact - and then shoves Kowalski back into the ring as well.]

JS: Kelly Kowalski being pushed back in... and now Dane's climbing back in...

[With both women back in the ring, Dane picks up one of the canes, grinning as she swings it around like a sword, beckoning for Kowalski to get back to her feet. The Asbury Park native does, wobbling in a circle towards Dane who rears back...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: SINGAPORE CANE DOWN BETWEEN THE EYES!

[Kowalski's eyelids flutter as she stumbles backwards, her back hitting the ropes lightly as she bounces back off towards Dane who winds up again, this time like she's swinging a baseball bat...]



JS: BIG SWING!

[...but this time, Kowalski drops into a front roll, avoiding the blow from Dane...]

JS: Uh oh.

[...and snatching up the second cane that Dane brought into the ring to a huge cheer!]

JS: Well, well, well... what do we have here?

TM: You know, Jon... usually I'm a big fan of scenes where two women are handling wood but...

JS: Can you believe you used to say shit like that every week in front of your future wife?

TM: It feels a little weird to even say it in front of just you - I gotta admit.

JS: We're old men now, my friend. Maturity is a son of a bitch.

[Kowalski climbs to her feet, a smirk on her face as she slaps the cane into her open hand a few times, staring across at Dane who grins as well. The fans roar as the two women approach one another, Singapore canes at the ready...]

JS: SWORDFIGHT! SWORDFIIIIIIIGHT!

[Dane swings her cane downwards, aiming at the head of Kowalski who actually brings up her own cane to parry the swing, blocking it. She lashes out with a kick to the gut, doubling up Dane...]

JS: Kowalski goes downstairs and now it's Dane winding up...

[But as Kowalski leans waaaaaaaay back, Dane drops down, swinging her leg around to sweep the New Jersey Knockout's legs out from under her, putting her down on her back.]

JS: Nice counter by Dane, back to her feet now...

[She swings the down down at Kowalski's prone form...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

JS: Swing and a miss as Kowalski rolls out of the way!

[She rears back and lets it fly again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

JS: Strike two by your dear Missus, Todd.

TM: This is awesome.

[A frustrated Dane rears back a third time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...but Kowalski rolls again, this time under the ropes to the floor, still holding onto her Singapore cane. Quickly, Kowalski is on her feet and swinging again, this time

going under the ropes at the ankles of Dane who leaps over the swing once... twice...]

JS: The Philly fans are going wild for this one!

[Dane drops the cane for a moment, grabbing the top rope, leaping into the air...

...and swings back through the ropes, smashing her feet into the mouth of Kowalski!]

JS: Wrecking ball dropkick by Dane sends Kowalski staggering back...

[The former EMWC Women's Champion picks up the cane, stepping through the ropes...

...and with a shout, she leaps off the apron, rearing back to smash the cane over Kowalski's head...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...but Kowalski catches her across the exposed abdomen with her own cane, leaving Dane doubled up on the floor in pain!]

JS: And with one swing of the Singapore cane, Kelly Kowalski has taken over in this one once again.

[Tossing her own cane into the ring, Kowalski then tosses Dane under the ropes... and then tosses her cane back in as well.]

JS: Kowalski keeping things in the ring for the most part so far. A little unusual for her because we know she loves her street fights.

TM: Tell me about it. You wouldn't believe the number of late night phone calls I'd get to tell me she'd gotten into it at some Dallas dive bar again with a local with an attitude problem.

[Kowalski climbs back into the ring, ducking through the ropes and retrieving her cane again.]

JS: And once again, the Asbury Park native picks up her Singapore cane... perhaps looking to take Lori Dane to Badlands.

[Dane is on her feet, stumbling back into the corner, her cane on the canvas as Kowalski rushes in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

JS: A second blow across the torso - and a running one at that!

[Kowalski turns her back, snaring Dane around the head and neck, and flipping her over into a seated position with a snapmare.]

JS: The rare wrestling move right there in this one and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

JS: -RIGHT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!! HOLY...

TM: That one did some damage, Steggs. That might be it.

[And for the first time in the match, Kowalski drops to her knees, shoving Dane prone and makes a cover.]

JS: AWA official Shari Miranda counts one... she counts two... she... no, just a two count there. Your wife may be tougher than you thought.

TM: No way is she tougher than I thought... but I'm also a realist. And I don't know how much she's got left in her here tonight. She didn't train for this match. She didn't prepare for this match. So, coming out of retirement to fight someone like Kowalski, she's not ready for this.

[Kowalski climbs to her feet, looking down at Dane with a bit of surprise on her face.]

JS: We're about ten minutes into this one, Todd... and you're right. Lori Dane did not prepare for this match. She is no longer an active competitor so the gas tank could potentially be a major problem for her here tonight.

TM: Look, she didn't come off the couch drinking wine and popping Bon Bons... but she's also not in the ring five days a week get bumped around and knocked down. This is not her life anymore... so she needs to be careful in there.

[A weary Dane pushes up off the canvas to her knees, looking up at Kowalski who is standing over her...]

"That... all you got... bitch?!"

[The crowd "ohhhhhhhhs" as Kowalski's expression changes from bemusement to annoyance. She quickly rears back with her Singapore cane, ready to crack it over Dane's skull...]

...but Dane is a step quicker at this moment, snatching up her own fallen cane and swinging it quickly and effectively into the shins of Kowalski!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: THE SHINS! THE SHINS!

TM: Great band and a hell of an effective move by Mrs. Michaelson.

JS: Dane.

TM: Fine.

[As Kowalski hobbles backwards, Dane moves quickly to her feet, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: DOWN ACROSS THE BACK OF KOWALSKI!

[Kowalski arches her back, stumbling towards the ropes as Dane pursues her.]

JS: And don't look now, fans, but Lori Dane may be getting a second-wind here... trying to find a way to finish off Kelly Kowalski and give herself an Extreme moment she'll never forget...

[Grabbing Kowalski by the arm, Dane whips her across the ring...]

JS: Irish whip by the Queen of Extreme and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Big shot down across the stomach and chest... wrapping her up...

[And using the Singapore cane for extra leverage, Dane SNAPS her back with a cane-assisted Russian legsweep!]

JS: Lori Dane innovating some offense here in South Philly with that takedown... and now Dane makes a cover!

[A two count follows from Miranda before Kowalski's shoulder pops up.]

JS: Dane gets two off the Russian legsweep, Todd... and as this match goes on, I've gotta wonder what my old friend - your wife - has left in the gas tank.

TM: It's a great question and probably the most important one when it comes to deciding who is going to win this match. We know Kowalski can go. She's proven that in CCW... but Lori's another story.

[Climbing to her feet, red-faced and breathing a little harder, Dane kicks her Singapore cane aside. She has her hands on her hips, looking down at Kowalski and then turning to look at her husband at ringside. With a smirk, she points to Michaelson...]

TM: I think she needs my help in there to double-team Kowalski.

JS: Todd!

TM: Wrestling double team, Steggs! Like a double clothesline or something!

JS: Oh... err... okay, sure. I knew that. But you stay right there! With your history of back issues, I don't want you getting involved.

TM: Awww, I knew you cared.

[Pulling Kowalski off the mat, Dane tugs her into a standing headscissors.]

JS: Maybe she doesn't need your help after all. Dane hooks one arm...

TM: I love this woman.

JS: ...and hooks the other! Dane's setting up for the Billion Dollar Bomb!

[And with great effort, she muscles Kowalski up into the air, flipping her over, and sits out in a Tiger Driver!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: BILLION! DOLLAR! BOMMMMMB!

[Dane hangs on to the legs, trying to get her own legs over Kowalski's arms to hold the shoulders down as Miranda drops down to count.]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: SHOULDER UP! KOWALSKI KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Dane rolls over to all fours, slamming a hand down on the mat.]

JS: Some frustration apparent on the part of Lori Dane. She thought that might be enough to put an end to Kelly Kowalski’s dream of getting the big win here at Eternally Extreme but Kowalski’s still in this thing!

[Dane climbs off the mat, leaning against the ropes, breathing much heavier now.]

JS: And it looks like the wind may be coming out of the sails of Lori Dane. That Billion Dollar Bomb took a lot of effort and she may be running out of steam, Todd.

TM: I haven’t seen her that blown up since our honeymoon.

JS: TODD!

TM: It’s in my contract! I swear!

[Dane pushes off the ropes, a little bit of stagger in her step as she leans down, dragging the dazed Kowalski off the canvas...

...and ducks low, trying to get her up into a fireman’s carry!]

JS: Lori’s looking for the Dane Driver! She’s trying to get her up for that Death Valley Driver, fans!

[Struggling with great effort, Dane grunts and lets loose a scream as she manages to stand up, holding Kowalski up on her shoulders in the middle of the ring...]

JS: SHE’S GOT HER UP! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE! RIGHT UP THERE AND-

[...but a pair of well-placed elbows by Kowalski finds the mark, connecting firmly on Dane’s ear. Dane stumbles from the blow as Kowalski slips out, landing on her feet behind Dane.]

JS: Kowalski slips out the back door... spins her around...

[She spins Dane around into a boot to the gut, doubling her up.]

JS: DOUBLE UNDERHOOK AND...

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: ...DOWWWWWWN ON THE SKULL WITH THE BROKEN SKULL DDT!

[The double underhook DDT flattens a weary Dane as Kowalski flips her over, diving across...]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Kowalski rolls off of Dane, flattening out next to her on the mat, whispering something to the defeated Queen of Extreme.]

JS: Kelly Kowalski picks up the win in this one... a hard-fought battle against the legendary Lori Dane and... well, Todd... you must be disappointed to see your wife fall in defeat.

TM: I've never been disappointed in my wife, Steggs... and I ain't starting tonight.

JS: Not even with the whole Sandra/Wise Men thing?

TM: Let's not talk about that.

[Kowalski continues to speak to Lori Dane for a few moments before she pushes up off the mat, raising her arms in victory to cheers from the Philly crowd.]

JS: A nice ovation there for Kelly Kowalski. A big win for her here at Eternally Extreme 2.

[Kowalski mounts the midbuckle, soaking up some cheers from the crowd as Shari Miranda kneels down next to Lori Dane, checking her condition.]

JS: Todd, I can tell you're concerned. Go ahead, my friend.

TM: Thanks, Steggs.

[A "CLUNK!" is heard as Michaelson drops his headset on the table, sliding under the ropes to go check on his wife as Kowalski salutes the crowd again just before we fade...

...and come up backstage where AWA World Heavyweight Champion Johnny Detson is leaning against a wall in the hallway. He's dressed in his ring gear - obviously prepared for whatever comes his way later tonight. Detson is occupied with his phone, furiously texting something, when a familiar voice is heard off camera.]

"You proud of yourself?"

[Detson looks up from his phone, and as he does, the camera swings around to reveal the source of that voice - Hall of Fame manager and the man behind not only the Syndicate, not only the James Gang, but Detson's former group, the Kings of Wrestling - none other than Brian Lau.

Lau is dressed in a black suit with a white shirt and black tie. His hair is slicked back, and he wears a pair of limited-edition Bentley Platinum sunglasses. Detson grimaces at the sight of Lau, straightening up.]

JD: What did you say?

[Detson's puts some menace behind his voice but despite what went down the last time these two men were near one another, Brian Lau does not back down.]

BL: You heard me. I asked if you were proud of yourself.

[Detson scoffs.]

JD: Usually. And why wouldn't I be? I'm the World Champion. Something that mindless ape you stuck with me with caused me to lose.

[Lau nods angrily.]

BL: Oh yeah, you're the World Champion. And how is that working out for you? Because every time I see you on TV, that buffoon Castillo is telling you what to do

and you're spending all your time asking him "how high?" every time he says "jump!"

You like that, Johnny? You like being at someone else's beck and call? You like jumping through hoops?

[Detson angrily steps forward, pointing at Lau.]

JD: I'm at NO ONE'S beck and call! Not yours and not that... buffoon? But hey, last time I checked, that same buffoon was giving you a pink slip!

[Lau nods.]

BL: You're right. And that was your fault too!

Because it had to be all about you, didn't it? It had to be all about Johnny Detson, right?

You sold out your brothers. You sold them out to Castillo and you called in the Dogs of War. But where are they now? Where are all the people to pull your ass out of hot water every time that big mouth of yours gets you into trouble?

No one is around, because you turned your back on the Kings!

[Detson looks away as Lau continues angrily.]

BL: You betrayed everyone! You sold out the Kings of Wrestling! Do you understand what you did? The Kings of Wrestling could have been The Axis, minus the big-headed ego of Juan Vasquez and Derrick Williams' penchant for failing upwards!

You could have been standing at the head of the most dominant force in the history of wrestling, but no...

No, you just had to take the easy way. You just had to sell your soul, didn't you?

[Detson continues to look away, not meeting Lau's glare.]

BL: I could have guided you to anything you wanted, Detson. Why do you think Castillo was so hot to fire me?

Because he knows I'm smarter than him, stronger than him, have more connections than he does, and that he'd never, in a million years, be able to get one over on you. Not until I was out of the way.

And not until all the men I put around you, keeping your ass safe, were gone.

[Lau shakes his head.]

BL: You didn't do anything but play right into Castillo's hands, Johnny. You gave him everything he wanted, while you THOUGHT you were getting everything you wanted.

You sold us out... and now you stand alone.

And that title you love so much? Well, Castillo is doing everything in his power to make sure that when he wants it off you, you'll be ripe for the plucking.

[Lau's voice lowers in volume but the tone is still strong.]

BL: All you had to do was, for once in your life, listen to someone not named Johnny Detson. Right now, you could be the man everyone is talking about.

Instead, you're just Korugun's little bitch!

[Detson's head snaps back towards Lau, fire in his eyes...

...but just for a moment. The fire fades as Detson looks shockingly shamed by Lau's words. The World Champion sits silent for a moment, taking it all in before speaking]

JD: Is that all you have to say?

[An angry Lau nods his head.]

BL: I guess it is. I just wanted you to know that this is your bed and you better enjoy laying in it!

[Detson has no retort, he just nods his head. Lau lets out a breath and then shakes his head in anger and disappointment. With another huff, Lau turns around, and takes a step away. Detson rises and grabs Lau's arm, the manager turning around to glare at Detson.]

JD: I just want to know...

[Detson sounds surprisingly sincere, there's no trace of his usual arrogance.]

JD: ...how's Wes?

[Lau does not pick up on Detson's sincerity and snarls at the two-time World Champion.]

BL: Like you give a damn!

[Lau pulls his arm away and stalks off, leaving Detson alone in the hallway. Detson shakes his head and sighs, before returning to his phone...

...and we fade from the backstage footage to a shot of the cheering South Philly crowd.]

JS: A tense scene backstage between the AWA World Champion, Johnny Detson, and his former manager, Brian Lau... good to see Brian back in the building here tonight. But fans, right now, I'd like to welcome the newest member of our announce team here at Eternally Extreme 2...

[We cut down to ringside where we see Lori Dane, toweling herself off with a grin.]

JS: ...Lori Dane, old friend, welcome to South Philly!

[Dane puts the towel down on the table.]

LS: Thanks, Jon. It's so amazing to be here tonight... to be a part of all of this. It was incredible being in that ring in front of these fans and it's just as incredible to be back out here at ringside with some old friends.

[She grins at Stegglet and Michaelson - the latter of which slips an arm around his wife's shoulders, pulling her close.]

TM: You did good in there.



LD: Thanks.

[He plants a kiss on the top of her head as Stegglet continues.]

JS: Of course, you're not the only former women's champion in the house here tonight, Lori... take a look who's got a front row seat to catch all the action.

[The camera cuts to reveal Hall of Famer Stephanie Harper sitting at ringside - her appearance causing a big cheer from the crowd.]

LD: Stephanie Harper! Now there's a match I never got to have and wish I could've. It would've been a barn-burner, Steggs.

JS: It certainly would have. All the stars are out here tonight in South Philly - even ones who didn't compete in the AWA. That's how much buzz this show has generated over the past several weeks.

[Harper is dressed in a black San Antonio Spurs t-shirt and blue jeans. She has blonde/light brown hair that just touches her shoulders. She's signing an autograph for a young girl in a "CANADIAN DREAM GIRL" t-shirt and her friend in a "SPITFIRE SQUAD" tee. Harper notices the camera, pulling the two girls closer as they all wave at the camera together.]

TM: Steggs, why IS she here?

JS: What do you mean?

TM: You said yourself - she wasn't in the E. Her boy Daniel isn't wrestling tonight to the best of my knowledge. What's she doing here?

JS: Just... taking in the show as far as I know, Todd.

TM: Uh huh. I think there's more going on here than that. I think-

[Suddenly, "Stronger" by Britney Spears starts playing over the sound system, as the crowd gives out a recognition pop.]

JS: Pardon the interruption, Todd... but that is very familiar music for someone who just resurfaced recently in the AWA, but... I have to admit, after that interview she gave last month, I didn't think we'd see Michelle Bailey using it tonight.

TM: We have a lot of throwbacks tonight, maybe she felt like doing the same?

LD: I don't think that's quite who we're going to get.

[Lori's right. The person who walks from the entrance is indeed not Michelle Bailey. She may be dressed like Michelle Bailey circa 2001, wearing a pink halter top, black miniskirt, black kneepads, and black wrestling boots. She may have glittery pink eye shadow on, and a glittery pink lipstick on her bottom lip. She may even have blonde hair again, and it may be in unbraided pigtails. But the fact that the word "meow" is printed across the chest of the halter top, along with the catface makeup, gives away the true identity of who's really entering to this music.]

JS: Molly Bell?!

TM: You got me, Steggy. Everything this pussy does confuses me.

JS/LD: TODD!

[Molly seems to have her EMWC-era Michelle Bailey cosplay down, skipping down to the ring. She considers jumping over the top rope like Michelle used to, but thinks better of it, instead climbing through the ropes and somehow procuring a microphone, twirling one of her pigtails with her finger as the music fades.]

Molly: Nyaaaaaaaaa... I have a little bitty kitty problem. Hear meow-t.

[The crowd seems displeased with this tease by Molly, as Molly pouts.]

Molly: All I've heard about these last few weeks is Eternally Extreme. And you know, I was just a kitten when the first one happened. I wasn't allowed to watch it back then! I was...

[Molly counts on her fingers... ]

Molly: ... not old enough! But I asked about it, and someone was like... "oh Molly, you should be happy, there was a catfight!" Like, yeah, ha ha, catfight, sure. Everyone picks on me. Then they got me a copy of the show, and oh my GOSH, there really was supposed to be a catfight!

[Molly looks sad.]

Molly: ... but there were no CATS!

[Molly sniffles.]

Molly: I mean... there was Michelle. She's like... an honorary cat. But I don't know who that other person was, and I can tell you... she's NOT. A. CAT. MEOW.

[Molly hisses.]

Molly: There was FALSE.

[Another hiss.]

Molly: ADVERTISING.

[Molly resumes her pout.]

Molly: And purrrsonally... I just want an apology. Or a chance to make it right. So if there's another cat out there who wants to have a REAL catfight? Here I am! Come on meow-t!

[Molly hands over the microphone and paces in a circle, then sits down in the middle of the ring.]

TM: So... let me get this straight, she thought a catfight was supposed to contain actual cats?

LD: I guess from her perspective, it did seem a little misleading.

JS: Well, either way, we've got a problem here. Molly Bell is engaging in a bit of a sit-in.

TM: Yeah, and she'll bite anyone who tries to move her, I bet. I've seen feisty cats like her before.

LD: ... have you, now?

TM: ... I don't feel comfortable discussing further.

[Molly yowls out "I'M WAITINGGGGGGG" before... ]

# NOW GET TO WORK BITCH! #

[... it appears her challenge may get answered, via "Work Bitch" by Britney Spears starting to play.]

JS: I'm not sure who this could be...

LD: ... oh, I think I have an idea, and I don't know if Molly's going to like it.

[But the crowd certainly does, as out from the entrance steps a woman wearing a sleeveless black T-shirt, cropped to expose her midsection, along with a pink and black plaid skirt, different colored kneepads (one black, one pink), black glittery shinpads, and pink and black wrestling shoes. She's wearing glittery black eye shadow and a glittery pink lipstick. On the T-shirt is a design of a white cartoon cat wearing a golden wrestling mask, and encircling the cat are the words "RIBERA KITTEN", with "June 3, 2001" underneath. Her hair is back in unbraided pigtails. She's also carrying with her a gold and black wrestling mask that has some slight blood stains.

Michelle Bailey, for one night only, is "Brattitude" once more.]

JS: I think Molly may end up regretting proclaiming Michelle Bailey an honorary cat!

TM: We don't know for sure! For all we know, she could be here to apologize! After all, aren't these two friends?

LD: Trust me on this, I know Michelle well. They may be friends, but if Molly's itching for a fight, Michelle's more than willing to scratch that itch, especially with how Molly's acting tonight.

[Michelle spots Juan Vasquez sitting in the crowd, and after a brief moment of shock, a broad smile crosses her face. She underlines the word "Ribera" on her shirt with her finger a couple of times, then points to Juan.]

"I've got my eye on you, Juan!"

[And she winks at him, a playful little gesture between old friends. Michelle climbs up onto the ring apron, then hops over the top rope, almost surprised that she sticks the landing, taking a small bow. She then puts the mask on the ringpost and points at it, with the camera picking up a "I'll deal with you later". As the music fades, she requests and receives a microphone, and walks over to a pouting Molly, who has folded her arms.]

Michelle: Molly... kitten. What's the matter?

[Michelle goes to scratch Molly behind the ear, but Molly swipes at her and hisses. Michelle seems taken aback.]

Michelle: Whoa. Okay. You're upset.

[Michelle pauses for a moment.]

Michelle: So let me make sure I understand this... you went through all this trouble to use my old music, dress like how I used to dress, make a big scene about something that happened back at the first Eternally Extreme wasn't an authentic catfight...

[Michelle squats down so she can look at Molly in the eye.]

Michelle: Molly, honey, you know you could've just talked to me about this, meow?

[Molly perks up, now that Michelle is speaking her language. In the background, we can see Ayako Fujiwara has also arrived at ringside, obviously concerned about what's unfolding between her friend and her pet catgirl.]

Michelle: And I don't know if I'm qualified to apologize for how that match was billed. But meow you've laid out this challenge...

[Molly's eyes brighten, as Michelle keeps using catspeak on her.]

Michelle: ... and since you've called me an honorary cat, I'm the only one here who seems to be qualified to answer it... I guess we just have one resolution to this whole matter.

[Michelle frowns.]

Michelle: But no biting, okay? Biting is bad, and you're not a bad kitty.

[Molly nods and stands up. A referee rushes down to ringside as Michelle and Molly go to respective corners.]

JS: So Michelle Bailey is going to answer the challenge of Molly Bell, and I think... Todd, this may be a radically different catfight than the one she had against Erin McCoys sixteen years ago.

TM: Hmph. I'll say.

LD: Well, don't act so disappointed!

[The referee goes to signal for the bell, but Molly bolts out of the corner... ]

"WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIT!!!"

JS: ... has she changed her mind?

LD: For her sake, that might not be a bad thing. Nothing against Molly, but Michelle has a lot of advantages over her... experience, training, height, weight...

TM: ... sanity...

JS: Todd, be nice.

[Molly pouts for a second, and asks for a microphone again.]

Molly: ... don't we get introductions? The last catfight had introductions! This is more anti-cat bias! I swear, I'll call the ASPCA!

[Molly's eyes narrow.]

Molly: ... I might even call PETA.

[Michelle gasps. The referee, frustrated, motions for Ken Graham to get into the ring to make Molly happy. Molly, purring audible, hands Graham the microphone, and says "introduce her first, I'm a real cat, she's honorary!" Graham looks at Michelle, who shrugs, and says "let her have her way".]

KG: Our next match is an Extreme Catfight, and it is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... fighting out of Northampton, Massachusetts... she says "you never ask a girl for her weight"...

[The crowd pops at the one-night-only return of Michelle's old signature weight announcement, as Michelle winks and points at Graham, a smile beaming across her face.]

KG: ... this is... "BRATTITUDE"...

MICHELLE BAAAAAAIALEYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[Graham looks at Molly, mouthing "I don't really know you". Molly goes over and whispers in his ear. Graham nods, and returns to his announcement.]

KG: And her opponent... she hails from the shelters of Richmond Animal Care and Control... and she wouldn't stay put on the scale, so we don't know how much she weighs...

[Suddenly, Ayako Fujiwara's voice rings out from Molly's corner.]

"SHE'S 69 KILOS!"

[And, as the crowd laughs, Molly's face turns a bright red, as she mutters "mommmy" to her corner.]

LD: ... not a word out of you, Todd.

TM: What?! I wasn't saying anything!

JS: ... I just did the math, Ayako's right. Molly is usually 152 pounds, that's actually 69 kilograms.

TM [chuckling]: That is...

LD: TODD.

TM: ... statistically coincidental.

[As Molly regains her composure, Graham continues on.]

KG: This is... "CATTITUDE"...

MOLLY BELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[Michelle looks exasperated at Molly's one-night nickname, as Molly gives a sheepish grin to her friend.]

JS: I think the imitation game here may have gone a bit far!

[Graham exits the ring as the crowd buzzes... not quite knowing what to expect out of this impromptu battle... and the referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

JS: Hey, take a look at this... our old pal, Dick Longfellow, draws the honor of calling this one.

TM: Well, if you're going to have a match with a pussy... cat... you've gotta have Dick too.

LD: Not always.

JS: Ahem. On that note... let's call the action, shall we?

[At the sound of the bell, Molly steps from the corner, a smile on her face as she edges out towards the middle of the ring. Bailey seems a little reluctant, audibly asking "you sure you want to do this?"...

...and getting her answer as Bell lunges into a collar and elbow tieup.]

JS: Lockup in the center of the ring, Bell and Bailey jockeying for an advantage...

[Bailey twists out of the hold into a wristlock, wringing the arm of Bell who grimaces.]

JS: Armwringer locked in by Michelle Bailey... former EMWC Junior Heavyweight Champion AND former EMWC World Television Champion.

[Bailey slowly twists the arm a second time, yielding a loud "ROWWWWR!" from Bell who grabs at her arm as Bailey abruptly lets go, a concerned look on her face as she asks "are you okay?"]

JS: Michelle Bailey is obviously not comfortable with this matchup. Bailey's made fast friends with both Molly and Molly's so-called "mom," Ayako Fujiwara, since her return to wrestling and she seems like she doesn't want to hurt her friend here tonight.

TM: That's touching, it really is. But if she goes light on Molly Bell, Bell could shock the world here like she did against Victoria June a few nights ago.

JS: Of course, you're referring to Bell's stunning upset win over Victoria June, one of the top contenders to the AWA Women's World Championship. This is a big match for both of these competitors despite the way we ended up getting this showdown. Both women are on the cusp of being a contender to that same title and a win here might seal the deal on that front.

[Bell retreats to the corner, licking at her wrist as Bailey looks on from a few feet away, showing concern...

...and then Bell comes charging out, throwing an awkwardly wild right hand that Bailey easily sidesteps, shaking her head.]

JS: Nowhere close to connecting on that one.

[Bell angrily turns, swinging again but Bailey sidesteps again, shoving her friend towards the corner where Bell hops up to the middle rope, leaping off, twisting into a crossbody!]

JS: Whoa ho! Nice move there by Bell gets one but that's all as Bailey rolls her right off.

[Bell rolls right to her feet, snatching a side headlock on the rising Bailey.]

JS: Bell snatches the headlock... is she nuzzling Bailey?

[The crowd laughs as Bell rubs her cheek lightly against the top of Bailey's head, purring softly. Bailey backs to the ropes, shoving Bell across the ring to the far side...]

JS: Bailey shoves her off... Bell to the ropes...

[As Bell rebounds back, Bailey sidesteps into a go-behind, snagging a rear waistlock as they run to the ropes, bouncing back...]

JS: Rolling reverse cradle by Bailey, looking to end it early...

[A two count follows before Bell kicks out.]

LD: Jon, I don't think it's so much that she wants to end it early... she wants to end it without having to hurt her friend too badly. Molly's a tough competitor... when she wants to be... but she's also a gentle soul. Bailey knows this match isn't the best idea for Molly and she wants to end it without making Molly suffer.

[Bailey is on her feet as Bell gets up, grabbing a side headlock of her own.]

JS: It's Bailey now with the headlock... and you're right, Lori. That headlock doesn't seem to be applied with the usual amount of force we see out of Bailey.

TM: She's going soft on her? This is Eternally Extreme, damn it! Smash that kitty cat with a chair!

JS: ...

TM: What?

JS: You see that look your wife is giving you right now?

TM: Huh? Oh. Jeez. Okay, sorry.

[This time, it's Bell who backs Bailey up into the ropes, bouncing her across the ring...]

JS: Bell escapes by shoving her off this time...

[Bell falls to her back, legs up in the air...]

JS: Monkey flip by Bell...

LD: Kitty flip.

JS: Whatev- no!

[A quickly-approaching Bailey sees the lifted legs and leaps into the air, snatching the legs and rolling into a double leg cradle.]

JS: Cradle for one! She's got two!

[Bell again kicks out to cheers from many in the crowd.]

LD: This is already better than the performance McCoys put on at the first one.

TM: After all these years? Still?

LD: Can't stand that woman. They called her Exotic Erin 'cause she looked like a giraffe, you know.

JS: It was Erotic Erin, I'm pretty sure, but nevertheless...

[Bailey scrambles up, dashing to the far ropes as Bell gets up as well...]

JS: Drop down by Bell... Bailey goes up and over... off the far side...

[Bell dives to the mat again, but this time dives closer to the feet of Bailey, tripping her up and putting her down on the mat.]

TM: I don't know if I've ever seen that work before!

JS: Nice trip-up by the AWA's resident Cool Cat... and now Bell's up... what's this...?

[Bell slips her feet up under Bailey's armpits, rolling to the side and using her feet to apply downward pressure on the shoulders.]

JS: Unique pin attempt gets one! Gets two! No! Kickout at two!

TM: Would you call that a Cat's Cradle?

JS: ...no. No, I wouldn't.

LD: She might.

JS: Let's not give her any ideas, okay?

[Bell again scrambles up, grabbing the rising Bailey by the wrist, looking to whip her across...]

JS: Irish whip reversed by Bailey, shoots Bell to the ropes...

[Bailey winds up with her right arm, looking for a forearm smash but Bell takes advantage of the widely-set base to baseball slide between the legs, popping up behind her..

...and RAKES her "claws" down the back of Bailey who cries out, arching her back and staggering away.]

JS: Oh!

TM: She's hardcore! She's hardcore!

[Lori can be heard sighing as Ayako slaps her hand down on the mat.]

"No, Molly! Bad kitty!"

[Molly looks stricken by Fujiwara's words, her jaw slack as she looks down at her.]

JS: Looks like Ayako Fujiwara was less than pleased by that questionable attack by Bell.

LD: I think Molly just got caught up in the moment. I don't think she meant to actually hurt Michelle.

[A remorseful Molly walks over to Bailey, reaching out to place a hand on her shoulder...

...and Bailey whips around, smashing a hard forearm into the sternum that sends Bell sprawling backwards tail over flea collar.]

JS: Whoa! And that backrake may have sparked a fire in Michelle Bailey, fans.



[Bailey grimaces as she looks down on Bell, getting a harsh glare from Fujiwara as well.]

JS: And if Fujiwara didn't like Bell's backrake on Bailey, she definitely didn't like that forearm.

[Bailey moves quickly across the ring, pulling Bell off the canvas...

...and wraps her arms around Bell's torso, pulling her in tight.]

JS: Belly to belly on the way, perhaps trying to end this now...

[But Bell simply twists her head and...]

JS: What the...?!

TM: She licked her, Steggs! She licked Bailey!

[Bailey recoils in shock, falling back a few steps, twisting around, and wiping her cheek as Bell leans down, pulling Bailey's feet out from under her...]

JS: Bell looking for an STF here! Wrapping up the leg and...

[As Bell kneels down, she leans forward...

...and starts kneading Bailey's back.]

JS: What in the world?

TM: You know, the E had its share of weird matches...

JS: Hall of Mirrors?

LD: That fight in a church?

JS: The time Dave Bryant and Ronnie Paris fought in a strip club?

LD: McCoys' dirty ass p-

JS: LORI!

TM: All of those! But I don't know if I've ever seen anything as weird as this.

JS: I don't know, Todd. At least there's no woodgrain alcohol involved.

[Bell's still working over the skin... sort of... of Michelle Bailey when Bailey suddenly shrieks "CUT IT OUT!" and breaks out of the "hold" with ease, rolling to her hip and climbing to her feet, looking down at Bell with her hands on her hips.]

JS: Michelle Bailey may be getting a little frustrated with the antics of Molly Bell here in South Philly...

[Bailey steps towards Bell, speaking to her off-mic.]

JS: Bailey seems like she's trying to settle Bell down... trying to get her to-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[An open-handed slap across the face snaps Bailey's head around as Fujiwara looks on with surprise at the attack.]

TM: Whoa! Where did THAT come from?!

LD: I'm telling you both. Put away some of the antics and Molly Bell is a tough, tough competitor.

[Grabbing Bailey's wrist, Bell whips her across the ring, sending her crashing into the buckles where Bailey slumps down to a seated position in the corner...]

JS: Down goes Bailey in the corner... look at Bell here!

[Molly gets a running start, charging from corner to corner...]

JS: CANNONBALL!

TM: Don't you mean "cat-nonball?"

JS: NO, I DO NOT!

[Molly throws her 69... heh heh... kilograms into a cannonball senton, crushing Bailey against the buckles.]

JS: High impact offense on the part of Molly Bell...

[Bell stays on her back, throwing her feet at the top turnbuckle a few times playfully. A shout from Ayako Fujiwara seems to get her back on track though as Bell scrambles back up, pulling Bailey with her...]

JS: Fujiwara shouting at Bell to stay focused and she's trying to oblige...

TM: Anybody got a laser pointer?

LD: Don't you dare!

[Grabbing the arm again, Bell goes to whip Bailey across...]

JS: Reversal sends Bell crashing back to the corner... Bailey charging in!

[But Bell leans back, kicking her legs up, hoping to catch the incoming Bailey under the chin...

...but Bailey pulls up short, catching the feet as Bell's eyes go wide and she madly starts swiping at Bailey!]

JS: Bailey with a veteran move there, countering the counter...

[Holding the feet, Bailey pulls Bell out, holding her parallel to the mat as Bell hangs on to the top rope, hissing loudly...]

JS: Bailey pulls her out!

[With a yank, Bailey causes Bell to come off the ropes into the air...

...where she lands on her feet!]

JS: WHOA!

LD: A cat always lands on their feet!

[A shocked Bailey looks on, just barely managing to duck in time as Bell lunges forward, throwing her arm out for an impactful lariat!]

JS: LARICAT DUCKED! JUST BARELY!

[Bailey straightens up, swinging around as Bell stumbles off-balance to mid-ring...  
...and then turns around as Bailey charges, leaping into the air with a pump kick!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: BICYCLE KICK RIGHT IN THE MUZZLE! BELL GOES DOWN HARD!

[Bailey dives across, hooking a leg...]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: She kicks out! Molly Bell kicks out!

LD: I told you, Jon! She’s tougher than people give her credit for!

[Bailey looks a little shocked at the official who holds up two fingers. She gives a nod, climbing to her feet.]

JS: Bailey getting up... she seems as surprised as I was by that kickout.

LD: I hope Michelle isn’t taking Molly lightly because that would be a HUGE mistake.

JS: Bailey looking down on Bell... and now out to the fans here in South Philly...

LD: Oh, I’m having some deja vu here, Steggs.

JS: What do you... are you kidding me? She’s not!

LD: Oh, I think she is!

[Bailey climbs to her feet, mouthing “I’m sorry” to Ayako as she pulls Bell off the mat...

...and points to the crowd!]

JS: Oh my! We saw this sixteen years ago in this very building, fans! Michelle Bailey looking to relive a little Extreme history herself!

[Bailey lifts Bell up for a slam... trying to push her up into the gorilla press...]

JS: She’s trying to get Bell up, trying to get her over her head like she did to Erin McCoys all those years ago!

LD: I don’t know if she can do it, Steggs. Michelle’s talked about not having the upper body strength she had back then and... Molly’s definitely heavier than McCoys was...

[Bailey struggles and strains, trying to get Bell overhead...

...but she just can't do it, stumbling forward to kinda toss her over the top instead to disappointed groans from the crowd!]

JS: Well, the fans in Philly wanted to see the big slam but it wasn't to be.

LD: And no one is more disappointed by that than Michelle, Steggs.

[Bailey turns away from the ropes, shaking her head...

...and missing the fact that Bell grabbed the top rope on the way over and is now hanging from it!]

JS: Wait a second! She's gonna-

LD: Don't say skin the cat... please don't say skin the cat...

[With Bailey's back turned, Bell uses her own upper body strength to pull her legs up, trying to get back inside the ring...

...which is when Bailey spots her, dashing across the ring into a baseball slide dropkick...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: DROPKICK TO THE FACE AND DOWN GOES BELL TO THE FLOOR!

[Fujiwara circles around the ring to check on her cat as Bailey sits on the mat, looking down as well.]

JS: A bit of a hard fall to the floor for Bell... and again, Bailey pauses to check on her friend also.

TM: This is great, Steggs. It truly is.

JS: What's that, Todd?

TM: You know... in the weeks leading up to this show, I saw a lot of old footage of the E... a lot of old matches that the three of us got to call and... well... we... I... wasn't always the nicest person back then.

LD: No shit.

TM: I wasn't the nicest to Lori... to you, Steggs... or to some of the wrestlers. And looking back, I was especially disappointed in the way I treated Michelle Bailey. It was a different time, sure... none of us understood the world the way we should have... but I was mean... I was cruel... I was vicious at times. And I'm just glad that we're in a spot where Michelle Bailey is back in the ring, doing what she loves, loving who she is... and that we can sit out here and do our best to make sure she's treated with the respect she deserves.

LD: That's my husband right there.

JS: Amen to that, Todd... and as Molly Bell gets back to her feet on the floor, she looks a little shaken up by that fall. Ayako Fujiwara is right over there checking on her. Bailey's still in the ring and... what is Bell doing now?

[A mischievous smirk on her face, Molly wobbles over towards the ringside barricade...

...where Juan Vasquez is seated.]

JS: Uh oh.

[Molly Bell leans over the railing, extending her face towards Vasquez who looks bemused by the situation.]

JS: Is she...?

LD: It looks like she wants some ear scratches from El Cholo.

JS: Well, as long as it's not a Right Cross...

TM: Don't give him any ideas.

[Vasquez waves a dismissive hand towards Bell who more insistently shoves her head towards the former World Champion...

...which is when Bailey's eyes flash and she stomps towards the corner, promptly climbing the turnbuckles...]

JS: What is... where is Bailey going?!

LD: I think Michelle has had enough of Molly's antics and-

[Bailey stands up top, arms raised as Juan smirks, pointing Molly back towards the ring. The AWA's favorite kitty turns...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Bailey leaps from the top rope, wiping out Molly with a flying crossbody off the top rope!]

JS: HOLY... WHAT A DIVE FROM THE TOP BY BAILEY, COMPLETELY WIPING OUT MOLLY BELL!

LD: And that's not really Michelle's game anymore, Steggs... so you know she's gotta be hot under the collar a little to pull that one out of mothballs!

[Bailey gets up, throwing a look at Vasquez who smiles, shaking his head.]

JS: Juan Vasquez certainly knows how to cause a disturbance everywhere he goes.

TM: Hey, but when he does it in a few weeks in Canada, we'll get paid for it at least.

[Stegglet actually manages a chuckle at that one as Bailey pulls Bell off the floor, speaking angrily to her off-mic as she grabs her by the arm...]

JS: Bailey grabs the wrist... big whip to the post!

[...but as Bell approaches the post, she somehow manages to leap up, catching the post in her arms, and swings around it to land on the apron!]

JS: Wow!

[Bell smiles at the ringpost she just swung around, Bailey looking shocked on the floor...

...and then starts scratching it!]

JS: Uh-h.

TM: It's not a scratching post, you dumb pussy!

LD: Be nice.

[Bailey quickly comes around the ringpost to where Bell is standing, making a lunge at her legs but Bell leans back, slipping over the ropes into the ring... landing on her feet (of course.)]

JS: Bell's back in... to the ropes...

[Bailey rolls back in, getting to her feet...

...and getting FLATTENED with a huge running clothesline!]

JS: LARICAT! LARICAT! SHE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Bell wraps up the legs, rolling into a pin...]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: KICKOUT! BAILEY SLIPS OUT IN TIME!

[Bell squawls at the referee who jumps back, holding up two fingers as Bell gets to her feet in a full-on pout... but another shout from Ayako Fujiwara seems to snap her out of it. She gives a quick nod, moving back towards Bailey, pulling her to her feet...]

JS: Whip to the ropes... where's Bell going?!

[Bell runs to the perpendicular ropes, building up speed as Bailey comes off...]

JS: POUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNC-

[But Bailey sidesteps, flinging Bell into the ropes as Bailey runs to the same set, hitting them just behind Bell who stumbles backwards as Bailey comes charging towards her...

...CUTTING HER IN HALF WITH A MASSIVE SPEAR!]

JS: BRITNEY SPEAR! BRITNEY SPEAR!

[Bailey pushes to her knees, grimacing and shaking her head as she leans into a cover.]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The music starts up again as Bailey rolls off of Bell, shaking her head again as she sits on the mat.]

JS: Michelle Bailey picks up the win here in South Philly - one of only a few superstars here tonight that were at the first Eternally Extreme as well.

LD: And she won here just like she won there... except she had a better opponent.

JS: Nevertheless, this is a big win for Michelle Bailey who checked in at Number Nine in the contenders to the Women's World Title the last time that ranking was published. This win could certainly bump her a few notches up the ladder.

TM: We'll have to wait and see about that... but it's definitely a big win against someone who just defeated the Number Two contender a few nights ago.

[Michelle gets up from the mat, looking a little sad. She rubs the top of Molly's head and tries to help Molly to her feet, but Molly sinks down to her knees, pouting. Michelle asks for her music to be cut, then asks for a microphone, which she receives.]

Michelle: Kitten... are we okay meow?

[Molly, on all fours, rushes over to Michelle, grasping her in a hug around the waist and nuzzling Michelle's wrist with her head. Michelle gets a broad smile on her face as she starts to scratch Molly behind the ear.]

Michelle: Awww... that's a good girl! That's a good kitty. Hey... you're a tough fighter, nyaaa. I'm proud of you.

[Molly starts to happily sniffle due to Michelle continuing to use the catspeak on her. Michelle gets Molly to stand, and gives her kitty friend a hug, along with another ear scratch.]

Michelle: Now if you could, go with your mommy, please. I have something I still need to do out here.

[Molly nods, rubs her side against Michelle's hip, then rushes out to meet with Ayako Fujiwara in the aisle, who gives her a vigorous scratch behind the ear as the two leave the ringside area. Michelle smiles again at the crowd.]

MB: Well... that wasn't quite what I was here for, even though Molly meant well, but I hope y'all enjoyed it. No... what I was here for... is that.

[Michelle points to the ringpost, where the mask she placed just before the catfight started still sits.]

MB: ... I need to address that. Pardon me.

[Michelle walks over to the ringpost and stands on the bottom rope so she can grab the mask, then walks back to center ring.]

MB: For those of you who watched the first Eternally Extreme... maybe this mask looks familiar. But if you've only seen highlights? Well...

[Michelle puts the mask on, then looks directly at the hard camera.]

MB: ... maybe it's time for me, after sixteen long years, to finally explain why I decided to be the Ribera Kid on that night.

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: This show's about closure, right? Let's get some closure. I'd really like some closure, because even after all I've been through... heck, even after my transition, after finally becoming what I knew I was all this time, I still get asked why I wore this mask on that night. I've had a lot of demons that have haunted me, and I want this one exorcised finally. So here goes.

[Michelle takes a deep breath.]

MB: You saw my old boss asked on the Preview Show, was the Ribera Kid supposed to be Tommy James. I wish I could give everyone an answer to who Ribera Kid was supposed to be that night, because it's still this big mystery. I really do. I just know I was new to the company at the time... I had only been here for like, two? Three months? I never saw the Ribera Kid without his mask, so I had no idea who he was supposed to be. If the Ribera Kid was supposed to be Tommy James... I never knew for sure.

[Michelle shrugs, mouthing "sorry" to the audience.]

MB: And all everyone ever knew me as was an indie darling, this big deal on the tape trading circuit, but nobody knew quite what to make of me now that I made it to the big time. So I was a valet while they tried to figure out what to do with me. I was just Nurse Bailey. Heck... all I was supposed to do on that first Eternally Extreme was have the catfight with Erin McCoys, and then be by the side of Dave Bryant. I was never supposed to go an hour with two of the best wrestlers in the world at the time.

[Michelle, still wearing the Ribera Kid mask with her pigtails sprouting out from the bottom, smirks.]

MB: Until a couple of hours before that first bell rang, someone came up to me... and I wish I could remember who, but after all these years, it's a blur. I was told... "Ribera Kid's not going to be here tonight. You're about the same size. We have a copy of the mask, and we want to try and deliver on what's advertised. Do you want to do it?" And all I could think to myself was... this is my big chance to finally make it here in the EMWC. As much as I respect Dave Bryant, and as much as I was having fun being his nurse... to get a chance to wrestle Devon Case and Jake Shaw? How could I turn that down? All I could think was "opportunity is calling, girl, you need to answer."

[Michelle pulls the mask up, now resting it on the top of her head, a morose look washing across her face.]

MB: Besides... I had to wear masks all my life anyway to protect my identity, when nobody believed who I was anyway. What was one more? What was one more mask to prove myself to the world that, yeah... that little indie darling with the gimmick that wasn't really a gimmick... she actually can go in that ring? And maybe, if I believe in myself like nobody else would... I'd capture that EMWC Television Title and REALLY shock the world.

[Michelle looks at her feet, and rocks back and forth on her heels.]

MB: Y'all know how it turned out, though. I didn't make it the full hour. I got eliminated 58 minutes in. But when I took that mask off, the world knew for sure... Michelle Bailey was for real. And I probably could've done it without this mask, too. But I took a shortcut, and that shortcut's been haunting me for my entire career. And it was going to keep haunting me until I finally talked about it. And... now I have.

[Michelle takes the Ribera Kid mask off her head, staring at it in her hand.]

MB: But now I have this second chance, now that I'm in the division where I belong. I decided to stop wearing masks to hide my identity when I transitioned, and I don't think I need them in wrestling either. And that means... I don't need this anymore. I think it's time to let it go.

[She balls up the Ribera Kid mask, looking into the crowd. And then, almost



impulsively, she throws the mask several rows deep into the crowd. She takes a deep, healing breath, and her grin spreads across her face once more.]

MB: I've lived with that for a long time, and I'm ready to move on. But there's one last bit of closure I want to get. You see, if everyone can do a little head canon with me... that Three Way Dance everyone loved at the first Eternally Extreme wasn't Devon Case vs. Jake Shaw vs. Ribera Kid. It was Devon Case vs. Jake Shaw vs. Michelle Bailey. And even though I've changed, my career's going a different direction...

[Michelle gives a sly look out to the crowd, briefly biting her bottom lip.]

MB: I think maybe... just as a treat... I can pay a little tribute to my own past, just for a night. Don't you think?

[Michelle's smile returns as she awaits the crowd's approval, and is greeted with resounding cheers.]

MB: Fortunately, I've had some conversations with a few folks, and I think we can have a little tribute. But if we're going to pay tribute to that Three Way Dance from Eternally Extreme... I need a Television Champion, don't I? I just so happen to have one standing by, and I don't think he needs an introduction...

[Michelle motions to the entrance and there's noticeable cheering and yeah, some booing as well at the notion of the Television Champion and sure enough the all too familiar feed kicks in...

Static.

The tumultuous clash of horns and string instruments from "Dance of the Knights" by Sergei Prokofiev layers in over the piercing noise and soon followed by the extreme dynamics and the harsh dissonances which set the scene as Terry Shane steps into view. As the crowd continues that kinetic buzz, the pulsating brass instruments kick in as the string melody begins to play out as Shane begins to walk towards the ring. A blast of the horns repeats itself as Shane spins around, the tail ends of his magnificent green robe whipping around as he pivots his body around with his arms spread wide and allowing the title around his waist to shimmer underneath the arena lights. He runs his fingers through his jet black hair, then flicking the moisture off his fingertips as he steps into the ring, mic in hand, raising his hand out to the crowd and gesturing for them to settle in as he presses the mic upwards you can hear a fan belt out "You suck!" which draws a grin from Shane.]

TS: Yeah?

[Michelle's eyes widen up, not sure how the Champion is going to respond to that.]

TS: I guess I owe you that one. Michelle, it's an honor to share the ring with you here tonight.

[She nods.]

TS: It truly is. I'm not sure how much you know about me, Michelle, but I haven't exactly been an outspoken cheerleader for that unique [air quotes] style you embodied at one time. Ask that guy...

[Shane points back out to that fan who belts out again, "You still suck!"]

TS: See? You can ask him, you can ask my dear old friend Hannibal Carver how many times I called him a garbage wrestler and he'd need a few prosthetic arms and fingers to count em' out for you. Steve Spector...

[A big pop for the former EMWC World Champion who is seated at ringside. Shane grins as he approaches the ropes, looking down at Spector.]

TS: Hey Steve... Michelle, Steve will tell you I called him a hardcore junkie who took one too many chair shots to the dome. How else would you validate naming your own light tube?

[Shane shrugs as a raucous "TU-BEY!" chant breaks out and Spector holds up the light tube to big cheers. The TV Champion waits for the crowd noise to die down before he speaks again.]

TS: Fact is, I came up in this business watching my old man in the ring go sixty minutes every week and he never lifted a chair, never swung a bat, never needed to put someone through barbed-wire and well, I think you catch my drift. It was pure, it was graceful, it was a master class on wrestling every time he stepped foot in the ring. I watched it in awe, I admired it not just because I was a young kid or his son but because it was special. I knew it then and I still recognize it when I come across true beauty and art in the ring.

[Shane turns back towards Bailey.]

TS: Which brings me to you.

[Bailey grins.]

MB: I was beginning to wonder if you still needed me out here for this.

[Shane nods.]

TS: I do. Because I've got something to say to you.

[Michelle arches her eyebrow and nods her head, mouthing "interesting".]

TS: What I remember most about Eternally Extreme besides sitting in the back of my living room with some dumb kid named Bobby blocking half of the television wasn't The Gremlin making history by finally retaining the World Title or Alex Martinez getting thrown by Caleb Temple through four tables or even the boss having his head grated like...

[Shane grins.]

TS: ...Blue cheese.

[Bailey rolls her eyes at the pun as the crowd groans.]

TS: But it was you...

[He waves his finger in her direction.]

TS: It was your match, Michelle.

[Michelle's body language changes, and she slightly blushes.]

TS: Mask or no mask. Fifty-eight minutes or sixty. It didn't really matter. You put the heads of the wrestling world on a swivel and spun them around that night and you didn't need to resort to any stunts or fireballs or over the top theatrics. You walked into a ring you weren't supposed to be in in a match you weren't supposed to be a part of and you changed the wrestling world as we know it.

You didn't just inspire little boys or little girls, if they're transgender or not.

You inspired everyone.

[Big pop from the Philly crowd!]

TS: You did it because despite whatever you were going through... you belonged.

You proved it that night.

You proved it again later when you finally won the title.

And tonight, in this ring, I hope the three of us make you proud. I hope we put it all on the line tonight just like you did for these fans...

[Some cheers.]

TS: For our next generation of wrestlers who want to make a difference. I know there's another Michelle Bailey sitting at home right now watching this who feels like she is ready to tackle the world head on because of you. I can only hope there's someone out there watching now who feels the same way not because of what I've done...

[A slight pause.]

TS: ...but perhaps for what I'm about to do.

[Michelle nods.]

TS: Perhaps for what the three of us are about to do.

And perhaps...well, I just gotta ask... I know we talked about this a few week ago but maybe...

...just maybe...

[Shane grins.]

TS: ...you'd want to join us and make this three way have a fourth?

[The crowd instantly buzzes. You can hear some chants for "Michelle!" Bailey smirks, shaking her head.]

MS: You sure know how to put a girl on the spot, don't you?

[Shane shrugs.]

TS: I've been known to lay down an ultimatum or two.

MS: And how has that worked out for you?

TS: Not great. But...

[Shane turns, pointing to the fans.]

TS: ...I think we owe it to these fans. To the world. You want to rob these great fans of this once in a lifetime experience?

[She can't help but to grin as Shane puts on the pressure.]

MS: Well, we DID talk about this... and as much as I'm honored that you'd consider me worthy of a shot at that TV Title around your waist...

[Shane unfastens the title, holding it out, almost trying to magnetically lure her in with it. Michelle puts the microphone down to her side and takes in a couple of breaths, her eyes darting back and forth as she struggles to contemplate the offer. She closes her eyes, almost talking to herself, before taking a deep breath and opening her eyes again. She brings the microphone up to her lips, and a smile forms on her face.]

MB: So... what you said... it's really kind. And I just... I appreciate it. I really do. It's hard for me to grasp that people might see me in that sort of light, just because of, well... how everything went my entire career, you know?

[Shane nods his head.]

MB: And I've had a long time to come to peace with what my career prior to my return meant to me. I feel like I've reached that moment of peace, and what you said just enforces it. I'm satisfied with what I've done in my past, but... it's just that. It's my past. I'm where I belong now, like I said I'm in the Women's Division, and the only title I want to be wrestling for right now belongs to Kurayami.

[Big cheer from the crowd as Shane bows his head in acceptance.]

MB: Who knows though, maybe sometime, you and I could have a sparring session. You know, like Rocky and Apollo did at the end of Rocky III, just to satisfy our own curiosity about how it would have gone.

[The crowd seems surprised at Michelle somehow knowing how Rocky III ended. She doesn't seem like a Rocky fan!]

TS: Perfect, I'll take it but just know if you EVER change your mind....the door is always open. Now then, since it seems your mind is made up.;

MS: It definitely is.

TS: Then I guess we only have one thing left to do... let's get down to business.

[Michelle grins.]

MS: I guess it's time to bring down some friends for a little...

THREE! WAY! DANCE!

[The crowd pops for the rarity of a three-way dance!]

MB: I just so happened to have two people here tonight more than willing to give you and your gold a run for their money and that would just love to step in the ring with you and take you on, and they know all about wrestling in its purest form. You ready?

[Shane nods, and takes his robe off, as the crowd roars its approval!]

MB: Well then! I'd say its time to get things started! Let's bring out your first opponent, hmm?

[Michelle smiles, biting her bottom lip.]

MB: Gosh, I'll be accused of nepotism for this one, I'm sure. But I can assure you, he's qualified to be in this match, because not only is he a former EMWC Television Champion... he was the LAST EMWC Television Champion. I'm sorry, announcers, for the name confusion you're about to experience... but I couldn't assemble this match without my best friend.

Please welcome... SHANE DESTINY!

["Light Will Keep Your Heart Beating in the Future" by Mike Doughty starts to play as the crowd pops for a man not seen on United States television in nearly seven years. And sure enough, out of the entranceway walks Shane Destiny, looking leaner than AWA fans may remember him from his last appearance at SuperClash II.]

JS: Are you kidding me?! The one and only AWA Triple Crown Champion, Shane Destiny, has come to South Philly... and he's coming to fight Terry Shane!

TM: Wait, wait, wait... is this a title match?!

JS: It sure sounded like it from what Michelle Bailey was saying... apparently she put this match together to pay tribute to the Three Way Dance she competed in back at the first Eternally Extreme.

TM: Castillo's going to lose his shit over this.

[Destiny's hair is dark brown and shaggy. He's wearing royal blue trunks that stop mid-thigh, along with white kneepads, and white boots with royal blue SK lettering down the sides. Both knees are encased by a royal blue metal knee brace on each knee. His trunks are covered in Japanese sponsorships, as well as the name "KUJAWA" in white print across the seat. He wears a sleeveless bright yellow T-shirt from Rising Pro, bearing a manga-style drawing depicting himself fighting Raphael Rhodes, and the words "THE FOREIGN CLASH AT KORAKUEN!!" in black. He stops at the entrance stage, though, and holds up a single finger to the crowd. He then reaches back to the entrance... and out walks someone not seen in well over a decade.

Oh hi, Roxie's back too! This makes Michelle quite happy in the ring.]

MB: Oh! I forgot to mention Roxie! Hi Roxie!

[Roxie smiles as she takes Destiny's hand, and the two start walking to the ring together. Roxie is dressed in a royal blue blouse and white sequined midi skirt, along with white sandals, and her dirty blonde hair hangs loose down to her shoulders. When Destiny and Roxie reach the ring, Destiny boosts Roxie up to the apron, then climbs up himself. He then holds open the middle and bottom ropes for Roxie to step through. Roxie immediately rushes over to grasp Michelle in a hug after stepping through the ropes.

Destiny, still standing on the bottom rope, decides there's no better time in his life to feel like a giant and steps over the top rope, hopping into the ring with a grin on his face. The excitement from Roxie's hug quickly washes away from Michelle, though, and she places her hand on her hip as a disappointed look spreads on her face while the music fades.]

MB: Um... Shane Destiny, excuse me. Are you forgetting something?

[Roxie is handed a wireless microphone, and hands it to Destiny so he can respond. He arches an eyebrow at Michelle.]

SD: What did I forget, Momchelle?

[The crowd laughs at Destiny's wordplay. Michelle, face flushed, glares for a second at Destiny.]

MB: You're supposed to be wearing something important tonight, Shane!

[Destiny, scratching his head with his free hand, looks down at his legs, then looks up.]

SD: ... look, I don't care what the internet says, you can't wear more than one of these knee braces per knee. I already feel like a cyborg wearing two of them, and these things weigh like four pounds a piec-...

MB: NOT THAT. Shane... where's the EMWC Television title belt? You were supposed to bring that with you tonight! You live like... fifteen minutes away from the building! It's not like you had to bring a bag on an airplane!

[A look of confusion spreads across Destiny's face.]

SD: What? Why would I have that tonight?

MB: Because you were the last champion... ?

SD: I was?

[Michelle, with a pleading look on her face, looks over at Terry Shane, then back to her best friend.]

MB: Yes. You were. It was the last match ever held for the first EMWC.

[Destiny grins.]

SD: You're ribbing, Michelle. I'd remember something like that.

[Michelle's jaw drops, and she shakes her head.]

MB: ... no, you wouldn't. Your memory is terrible.

[Destiny's grin turns into a contemplative look.]

SD: Hrm. That's true. I did do a lot of drugs then.

[Destiny has a wave of shock run over him.]

SD: WAIT. I thought they gave me the belt as like... a make good because our last paychecks bounced! I actually won it?!

MB: Yes! And our last paychecks in Michigan bounced, not EMWC!

[Roxie leans in to speak into Destiny's microphone.]

R: Yeah, that's why you hate going to Detroit so much.

[Shane smacks his forehead, saying "ohhhhhhhh" off mic.]

SD: I'm sorry, Michelle. 2003 is... kind of a blur.

MB: Yeah, for a whole lot of you, it seems.

[Michelle sighs. She looks at Terry Shane, head tilted apologetically.]

MB: I'm sorry. I guess that moment's out the window. You know, the AWA Television Champion and the last EMWC Television Champion in the same match. I wonder if it's too late to get Tommy Stephens back out here to represent EMWC Television Champions from the past. Does anyone know what bar he and Luke went to?

[Destiny holds up a hand in protest.]

SD: Hold on! I'm still here, you know. Just because I don't have the belt with me doesn't mean I wasn't the last champ...

[Destiny looks out at the audience, slightly confused.]

SD: ... apparently! I still think she's messing with me. Do y'all remember any of this?!

[The crowd cheers in the affirmative, as Destiny looks surprised. Destiny rubs the back of his head as Roxie pats him on the back.]

SD: Okay, wow. I'm sorry for doubting you, Michelle. So who else are we wrestling, anyway? You never told me who the other person was.

[Michelle gets a silly grin on her face. Destiny immediately looks suspicious and turns to Terry Shane who points back at Michelle.]

SD: ... Michelle. Did you not tell me on purpose? Why did you not tell me?

[Michelle looks over at Terry Shane and shrugs, mouthing "he's not gonna like this."]

SD: Wait. Why am I not going to like this? Who is it?!

[Destiny's eyes open wide in panic.]

SD: ... it's not... that one guy, is it?

[Michelle holds her hand up.]

MB: Oh heavens no. Definitely not. It's a different guy. Come here, I'll tell you.

[Destiny walks over to Michelle, who steps up on tip-toes to whisper into his ear. Destiny scowls, taking a step back.]

SD: Ohhhhhh no. No no no.

MB: Ohhhhhh yes.

SD: Come onnnnnn. No way, Michelle. Why him?

MB: Because he's one of your greatest rivals! I thought the fans would really like to see you two go at it one more time! Especially after how your last match with him ended!

SD: For real? I hate that guy!

[There it is. Emotional guitar chords. Moody. You knew this was coming...

..."Rain When I Die" by Alice in Chains.

The crowd is on fire immediately cheering loudly for the first American appearance in quite some time of the longest reigning EMWC Junior Heavyweight Champion ever. Sauntering out of the entrance, through the blue laser tinged smoke clouding the platform comes a different looking November. He's larger with a thicker upper body with more muscle definition than in his younger E heyday or even his AWA return. His hair is shaven on the left side, the length tossed over to the other. He sports a short beard and mustache, his left eyebrow pierced in a couple places along with his bottom lip.

The moody cruiserweight sneers, rolling his eyes before very obviously forcing a sardonic smile and thumbs up to the crowd.]

JS: And when Michelle Bailey talks about history between Shane Destiny and this man, November, she means it. It was Destiny who defeated November at Showtime IX to become the final man to wear the Junior Heavyweight Title, ending a record-setting 322 day title reign.

TM: Although a lot of people would argue that it should've been November in that Triple Crown match since he beat Destiny to win the Extreme J tournament in 2003 just before the Triple Crown match went down.

JS: It's a fair point.

[His lower body is covered by dark blue tights shot through with a silver slickened design down one leg. Over this he wears a sleeveless long jacket of the same design, a giant hood hanging back and loose. Heading to the ring, he ignores reaching fans, booing or cheering, and gives a sarcastic clap to the three in the ring before slowly walking up the stairs and stepping into the ring. He is quick to grab a mic, tapping it over and over.]

N: Awww, that's cute. They even used my old music. So... hugs and reach arounds? Is that the deal here? All make up, do some cool wrestling and kip up together? Sound sweet, guys? Come on! Right here!

[He reaches out high for a return... and knows he won't get any.]

N: But seriously, I am so glad I got to be a part of this event. Really... I am. Despite suuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuch a new lucrative contract just being signed by myself, I was still loved backstage. The agents, the office, the boys, all checking on me, making sure my room was great, making sure I had some water, taking care of me like they always did back in the day.

[He pauses.]

N: No. Wait. That's not right. That's not right at all.

[A single slender finger is raised, as if he found the right path.]

N: Nooooo... wait. I remember now. I remember not being in the intro... again. I remember not being mentioned... again. I remember my massive, massive, massive title reign being completely ignored. I mean it WAS only the longest ever in Junior history and what? Second longest ever in any division in the E, only beaten by some guy in Asiics? But yeah, why have myself in any memories, right? Forget me, right? No, it's cool guys. I'm used to it from this place.

The new place? Way different.

[November smirks as the fans start to jeer him a bit.]



N: But here's the thing, "fans". "Friends". I was asked to be part of this event, so at least they remembered I existed for the first time ever. They remembered my matches with you, Shane. Some of the best ever. You... man... YOU were one of the best ever. Then they mentioned Terry here and I thought... yo. I would totally be down for a TV title match straight out of history. I mean, I made history for like 400 days... but regardless, let's relive some history.

But when done it'll be different. It'll be memorable. People will remember me for a long time and you know why? Do... you... know... why?

[November walks right up to Shane, staring into his eyes.]

N: Because I'll win this TV title and for years and years it'll be played all over the place, it'll become a meme... when I take that title to my new home and drop it in the fucking garbage.

[November pifaces Shane backwards, sending him falling into the ropes. Shane steps forward, fists raised but Michelle Bailey steps in as a chuckling November steps back across the ring.]

N: Come on, let's do this. I have some media I have to do.

[The former Extreme J and Junior Heavyweight Champion throws the mic through the ropes to the floor, shedding his jacket and tossing it aside.]

JS: Well, so much for a nice, clean, sportsmanlike match, huh?

LD: What a jerk.

TM: You know, I've always been a fan of November. Hell, I was the one who got him to the AWA to begin with.

JS: But?

TM: But if he thinks he's walking out of here with OUR title so he can make his new employer's shorts rise up, he's gotta another thing coming.

JS: Shane Destiny, November, and Terry Shane... for the World Television Title... and all thanks to Michelle Bailey who exits the ring, taking a seat out here at ringside to watch what she's brought to the dance - the Three Way Dance!

[Referee Davis Warren steps to the center, holding the AWA World Television Title over his head for all to see. The fans cheer the impromptu title match as Warren hands the title out to the floor and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

JS: And this one's underway! Three Way Dance under elimination rules with a sixty minute time limit according to this note I've just been slipped by Michelle Bailey - thank you, Michelle.

[Bailey can be heard with a loud "You're welcome, Jon!" off-mic as the crowd buzzes, waiting for the action to begin...

...which is when November drops to his back, rolling out of the ring to jeers from the Philly fans.]

LD: Well, so much for that. We're down to two already.

JS: That's not exactly how that works... but it appears that November has no interest in starting things off with either of these men... which probably comes as no surprise after the words he aimed at both of them.

[Destiny looks out at November who gestures for the two in the ring to come together. Terry Shane stares out at him as well, hands on his hips...

...and then with a shrug, he turns towards Shane Destiny who immediately dives into a tieup.]

JS: Collar and elbow for these two mat grappling greats.

TM: It's an excellent point, Steggs. Shane Destiny's game has changed over the years with his injuries and age but there's no doubt at one time, he was one of the best mat wrestlers on the planet and we all know what Terry Shane is capable of in there.

LD: Just ask TORA.

JS: Or any number of other challengers that Shane has put down during his title reigns as AWA World Television Champion. The third-generation grappler is out of his element in the Land of Extreme but the Land of Extreme isn't always about ladders and tables and barbed wire. Some of the best technical wrestlers of all time competed in the E. Men like Lord Byron... like Chris Quigley and Dan Kauffman... like-

TM: I'm sorry. Did you just say Dan Kauffman's name on this show? And I thought "motherfucker" was the worst thing you'd say tonight.

[Shane and Destiny... yeah, it's gonna be that kind of match... are tangled up as they battle for an edge around the ring, bouncing off the ropes a couple of times as November looks on from the floor..

...and Destiny abruptly spins out, holding a wristlock on the TV champion.]

JS: Nice spin-out into the armwringer... Destiny, who I believe hasn't competed under that name in years, wrenching on the arm, torquing that wrist...

[Shane ducks under, twisting around into a wristlock of his own.]

JS: And an equally nice counter by the champion.

[Holding onto the wrist, Shane cranks it around in an armwringer, causing Destiny to go up on his toes as he winces in pain, feeling his way for an escape as November mockingly yawns out on the floor.]

LD: November doesn't look too impressed yet.

JS: November has been competing in Japan and Mexico for the past few years but from what he said before the match and the rumors we've all been hearing, it sounds like he may have signed a major contract with a company here in the States.

TM: We're really not going to say their name?

JS: We're not giving them free promotion, no.

[Grabbing Shane's wrist, Destiny goes back the other way with it, locking on another armwringer of his own... and quickly cranks it a second time, leaving Shane

doubled up and grabbing his shoulder as Destiny hangs on, throwing a glance at November to make sure he's staying put for now.]

JS: Back and forth they go with the armwringers and wristlocks - a bit of a feeling out process for these two competitors who probably have very little knowledge of one another.

TM: Terry Shane is such a student of the game, Steggs, I'd be surprised if he hadn't watched Shane Destiny on tape many times.

LD: But that's not the same as being in the ring with him.

TM: Definitely not.

[With Destiny looking over at November, Shane takes advantage of the slight distraction to front roll out of the pressure once.. twice... and then is right back up, twisting Destiny's arm around instead.]

JS: And Terry Shane goes back the other way again. Both men trying to get a chance to do some damage to the arm of the other...

[Destiny ducks low, yanking a leg out from under Shane, diving across him.]

JS: Quick cover gets one! But Shane's out!

[Shane scrambles to a knee, ripping the rising Destiny's leg out in a takedown as Shane makes a cover of his own.]

JS: One... but that's it!

[The two competitors scramble up off the canvas, fists raised...

...and come to a halt, staring each other down as the crowd cheers.]

JS: And we've got a standoff!

[An obnoxious "THIS IS AWE-SOME!" chant comes from November who shouts "COME ON! LEMME HEAR YA!" to the jeering fans as Shane and Destiny stare each other down from inside the ring...]

JS: Both men back on their feet... both men ready to keep this one going...

LD: When are both men going to shut November up? He's starting to annoy me.

JS: I'm sure they'll get to him in due time, Lori.

[With the crowd still cheering, Shane and Destiny make a lunge at one another again, quickly tying up as they shove each other back and forth, looking for an edge again...

...and this time, the AWA World Television Champion gets pulled right into a side headlock by Shane Destiny.]

JS: Destiny, the first and only EMWC Triple Crown Champion, working on Shane with that side headlock... and Todd, what do you think? If Destiny or November win this match, will they defend the title?

TM: November says he's going to dump it on the lap of K-

JS: Destiny flips Shane over with the headlock takedown... both men down on the-

[A loud "BORRRRR-ING!" chant rings out... a one-man chant.]

JS: November getting on the case of both men from outside the ring.

LD: If he's so tough, get in there and prove it.

[The "BORING!" chant continues as Shane slides to a knee, forcing Destiny back up to his feet...]

JS: Right back up they go... Shane shoves him off to the ropes and-

[The crowd jeers as November snakes an arm under the bottom rope, tripping up Destiny and causing him to faceplant on the canvas.]

JS: Tripped from the outside by November!

[A smirking November turns away from the ring, spreading his arms as he taunts the ringside fans...

...which allows Shane Destiny to roll from the ring, grabbing one of those spread arms, and swings him around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a devastating knife edge chop knocks November off his feet, his arms hanging over the ringside railing!]

JS: What a chop by Shane Destiny, one of the hardest hitters I've ever seen in this business!

"You still bored?!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The third chop has November's chest turning bright red as Destiny yanks him up, tossing him under the ropes back into the ring.]

JS: Destiny puts November back in...

[November scrambles quickly to his feet, shouting something at Destiny as he slowly tuns away...

...and gets POPPED with a Terry Shane European uppercut!]

JS: Big ol' uppercut by the TV Champion! A second one as well!

[Shoving November back into the ropes, Shane whips him across the ring where he rebounds back, ducking under a swinging back elbow by Shane...

...and THROWS HIMSELF into a tope on Shane Destiny!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: NOVEMBER SENDS DESTINY BACK INTO THE RAILING!

[November lands on his feet, turning back towards the ring where Terry Shane is approaching the ropes. The moody cruiserweight makes a lunge at Shane's ankles but Shane jumps up, avoiding the swipe, and swinging his legs through the ropes in a wrecking ball dropkick!]

JS: Ohh! Shane drives his feet into the mouth of November...

LD: Maybe that'll shut him up.

JS: I wouldn't bet on it.

[Shane slips through the ropes to the apron, walking down it as November leans over, arms on the apron...]

JS: Here comes Shane!

[The Television Champion charges down the apron, swinging for the fences with a soccer kick but November ducks down, causing a big whiff as Shane stumbles forward...]

JS: November up on the apron...

[November grabs the top rope, swinging his leg up to catch the off-balance Shane on the ear, knocking him off the apron to the floor...]

JS: And now we've got both Destiny and Terry Shane out on the floor... November measuring up Shane here...

[But Shane Destiny grabs November's ankles from behind, pulling hard enough to sweep out both legs and cause November to crash facefirst down on the apron. With a swing of the legs, Destiny spins November so that his upper body is hanging out across the apron, facing the ceiling...]

JS: Destiny's got November down and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A series of clubbing blows across the chest sends November rolling to the side, clutching his sternum as Destiny looks on. We cut to a shot of his wife, Roxie, seated next to Michelle Bailey, both with smiles on their faces.]

JS: Roxie out here at ringside... her first wrestling appearance in over a decade from what we're being told... cheering her husband on right there.

[But Destiny quickly finds himself spun around by Terry Shane.]

JS: Ohh! Big uppercut by Shane again - those forearm uppercuts repeatedly finding the mark and doing major damage.

[Shane shoves Destiny under the ropes into the ring, rolling in after him as November recovers down on the mat.]

JS: All three men in the ring now for the first time since the opening bell. Remember, this one has a sixty minute time limit.

TM: Just like the first Eternally Extreme, Steggs. Sixty minute time limit. Elimination rules. Last man standing walks out as the AWA World Television Champion.

JS: Of course, the first time around Devon Case, Jake Shaw, and Michelle Bailey went the distance - they went the hour. Could that happen tonight?

TM: It absolutely could, Steggs. If you look back over the past fifteen years or so of this business, these are three of the best during that period. Look at the resumes. Look at the titles. Look at the tournaments won. The achievements, the glory!

[Shane pulls Destiny to his feet, using a pair of knife edge chops to send Destiny falling back into the turnbuckles before grabbing the wrist...]

JS: Irish whip by Shane, sends Destiny to the buckles...

[Destiny staggers out into Shane's waiting arms, taking him up and over with a Northern Lights Suplex!]

JS: Bridging suplex by the TV Champ! Destiny in trouble!

[Roxie shouts her support for her husband as the referee counts once... twice... and Shane Destiny kicks out before the three count.]

JS: Two count only right there for Terry Shane, trying to get one of his two challengers out of this one early...

[Shane scrambles up, making a grab for Destiny's foot...]

JS: And Shane's looking for that spinning toehold early!

[But before Terry Shane can get his family's signature hold locked in, Destiny lashes out with a pair of kicks to the head, forcing Shane to abandon his efforts, wobbling away from Destiny.]

JS: Destiny kicks him away! And with the speed at which he did that, you have to wonder how much scouting of Terry Shane that Shane Destiny did. He saw that spinning toehold coming and got out of it in a hurry.

TM: You know, we talked about Shane Destiny being the first and only EMWC Triple Crown Champion. He unified the EMWC North American, Television, and Junior Heavyweight Titles to win that honor.. so he's no stranger to being a top champion. And can you imagine Shane Destiny winning the TV Title here tonight? What would that mean for the division that has seen so many challengers step forward as of late?

JS: Men like TORA and Michael Aarons are watching this one with great interest, I'm sure.

[Destiny rolls under the ropes to the floor, giving his left braced leg a shake as Shane tries to clear the cobwebs.]

JS: Shane coming after Destiny, leaning through the ropes...

[The champion makes a grab at Destiny who POPS him in the jaw with a forearm shot, leaving him hanging over the middle rope...]

...which is when November comes charging across the ring, hopping up on the middle rope, leaping over the ropes, and drops a knee down on the back of Shane's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The kneedrop sends Shane sliding through the ropes, flopping out to the floor as November stands on the apron...

...and swings a back kick to the mouth, sending Destiny stumbling backwards!]

JS: Look out here!

[November smirks at the buzzing crowd as he leaps to the second rope...]

JS: November's gonna fly!

[...and then slingshots over the top into the ring, flashing middle fingers at the fans who were anticipating one of November's signature dives!]

TM: Maybe not.

JS: November teasing these fans with one of his high-flying maneuvers but he got back in the ring instead.

[November rubs his hands at his eyes, mocking the "crying" fans as Shane Destiny pulls himself up on the apron. Spotting his former rival, November sprints towards Destiny...

...and throws himself into a kopro kick that knocks Destiny right back off the apron to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: DOWN GOES DESTINY!

[November promptly rolls under the ropes to the floor, pulling Destiny up by the hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and RAMS him into the ringside barricade!]

JS: INTO THE STEEL GOES SHANE DESTINY!

TM: And if I'd told you about this match ahead of time, would either of you have predicted that November would be the first one to take things to an Extreme level?

LD: Not a chance.

[November pulls Destiny off the railing by the hair, spinning around and smashing his head down into the ring apron!]

JS: Off the apron now as well! November taking advantage of his surroundings out there on the floor... and now he's shoving Destiny back in.

[Climbing up on the apron, November heads towards the corner, stepping up on the middle rope...]

JS: And now November looks like he's going to fly for real this time, Todd.

TM: We'll see about that.

JS: Destiny is down... November is up... and he may be looking to put away his long-time rival here tonight in South Philly!

[Stepping to the top rope, November looks down at the prone Destiny...]

JS: November might be looking for that Shooting Star Press - the November Reign - his long time finishing attack!

[The crowd is buzzing as November stands up top, a big shit-eating grin on his face as he looks out at the fans who used to adore him...]

...and that look turns to disgust as he looks back down and sees Shane Destiny rolling out of range.]

JS: Destiny rolling for his life, getting clear from that Shooting Star..

LD: Is he? We've seen November clear longer distances than that.

TM: In his prime, maybe. Fifteen years ago maybe. But high flyers are one of the biggest victims of the years in the ring. The knees go. The ankles. The hips. How many high flyers do you see still around? Devon Case is gone. Juvenil Infierno is gone. Takezo Musashi. We'll see what Youth Gone Wild's got left in the tank in a few weeks.

[An irate November hops down off the turnbuckles, stalking across the ring towards the still-down Destiny.]

JS: November pulling Destiny back to his feet, shoving his former rival back into the corner...

[A fired-up November winds up, smashing his forearm into Destiny's sternum with a loud "HAH!"...]

...and then the forearms keep coming, each one with the same shout!]

"HAH!"

"HAH!"

"HAH!"

[The blow keep Destiny in the corner as the referee asks November to back off... but gets a few words aimed from the moody cruiserweight instead.]

JS: I'd apologize for the language but...

TM: Fuck it.

JS: You said it, buddy.

[But the moment that November takes to shout at the official gives Shane Destiny a split second to respond, lashing out with a ferocious elbow strike to the jaw... and another... and another...]



JS: Destiny's trying to fight his way out of the corner - the former Bastard Messiah trying to lay a beating on the man he beat for the EMWC Junior Heavyweight Title fifteen years ago!

[Destiny's blows send November backpedaling out of the corner.]

"YOU STILL HIT LIKE A MOPEY TEENAGER!"

[Destiny grabs November by the hair, stopping his retreat as Destiny lights him up with more elbowstrikes...]

JS: Destiny's beating the hell out of November and these fans are loving it!

[Destiny winds up again...

...which is when November rakes his fingers across the eyes!]

JS: OHH! TO THE EYES GOES THE MOODY CRUISERWEIGHT!

[Destiny grimaces, staggering in a circle as he wipes at his eyes and the fans jeer the cheapshot.]

JS: Destiny can't see a thing, Roxie screaming to her husband as November grabs him from- no!

[The crowd cheers as Terry Shane slides back into the ring, swinging November around by the arm to face him...

...and BLASTS him with a European uppercut... and another... and another!]

JS: And now it's Terry Shane taking the fight to November!

[Shane's uppercuts are snapping November's head back repeatedly as he stumbles backwards...

...and gets swung back around by Shane Destiny who looks enraged at the eyerake, winding up and letting his elbow go!]

JS: And Destiny back into the mix as well!

[A few elbows land before Destiny shoves him back towards Terry Shane who throws another forearm uppercut, sending him staggering back towards Destiny who lands an elbow...]

JS: Shane and Destiny are battering him back and forth, playing a game of pinball with November!

[The fans are roaring as they beat November back and forth... back and forth...]

JS: November's the monkey in the middle and getting absolutely pummeled for it!

[Shane gestures to Destiny as they each grab an arm, whipping November a short distance into the ropes. He bounces back as each sidestep...

...and HURL November HIIIIIIIGH into the air and down to the canvas with a double hiptoss!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

TM: THE LAST TIME I SAW SOMEONE THAT HIGH IN AN EMWC RING-

JS: Maybe don't finish that one.

TM: Buzzkill.

[After the high flight and hard fall, November rolls out to the floor as a grinning Terry Shane turns to Shane Destiny, offering up a high five... and gets one in response to cheers from the crowd. Michelle Bailey grins out on the floor, clapping for the action she put into motion...

...and then her jaw drops as Destiny grabs Shane by the hair, yanking him into an inverted facelock!]

JS: Wait a second! Wait a second!

TM: DESTINY STRANGLE!

JS: Shane Destiny's trying to get his signature submission hold locked in on Terry Shane! Shane got fooled a bit there by Destiny - a bit unusual for the so-called Ring Leader!

[Destiny tries to step on the back of Shane's knee, attempting to force him down onto his stomach.]

TM: Look at Destiny, trying to break down the TV Champion... trying to get him down into position for one of the most painful holds I've ever seen in my career...

JS: But Shane's fighting it! An eternal student of the game, Shane knows what's coming and-

TM: Shane's actually USED this hold in his career before, Steggs. He knows it very well...

[A struggling Shane manages to slip his fingers under Destiny's arm enough to loosen the grip, spinning around and wrapping his arms around the only EMWC Triple Crown Champion's waist...]

JS: Northern Lights!

[...but as Shane lifts Destiny up into the air, Destiny swings his knee up into the sternum, forcing Shane to set him back down on the mat where Destiny slings the arm over his neck and SNAPS him over with a suplex!]

JS: Ohh! Snap suplex by Shane Destiny!

[Destiny shakes out his leg as he gets to his feet, a slight grimace on his face.]

JS: And you can see those heavy metal kneebraces on Shane Destiny... obviously trying to protect knees that have seen better days, Lori.

LD: I talked to Roxie backstage a little earlier. She told me that Shane's torn the ACL in both knees and the meniscus in both knees too! That's why he's a little slimmer now. His doctors told him to drop some weight or hang up the boots. He's about 225 pounds now but those braces are holding the knees together for a match like this.

[Destiny pulls Shane off the mat, shoving him back into the corner...]

JS: Destiny puts the TV Champion in the corner... coming in after him...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Big chop in the corner by Destiny!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Shane reeling in the corner, Destiny grabs him by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner where Shane SLAMS into the buckles before stumbling back out towards him...]

JS: Shane hits the corner hard, barely on his feet here...

[Destiny steps up in front of Shane, flipping him over with a snapmare out to center ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Shane with a soccer kick to the spine!]

JS: Ohh, brother! What a kick that was!

[Shane grimaces, arching his back as he leans forward. Destiny dashes to the ropes that Shane is facing...]

JS: SOCCER KICK!

[...but Shane drops back, hooking the ankle as Destiny tries to kick his block off and rolls right up to his feet, the leg trapped under his arm!]

JS: WHOA! ROLLING HALF CRAB OUT OF TERRY SHANE!

[On his feet, Shane leans back, torquing the heavily-braced knee as Destiny screams out in pain!]

JS: Shane's got it locked in! Destiny screaming in pain! Could this be it right here for Shane Destiny?!

TM: It certainly could be. Shane's a submission master in there and that hold is expertly applied!

JS: Destiny's screaming in pain! The torque on the knee is cranked up!

[We cut to ringside where Roxie is looking on with great concern, Michelle Bailey leaning forward in her chair as well.]

JS: Destiny's family and friends showing their nervousness over this situation. Destiny's knees - we just talked about them - and now one of them is being punished by the World Television Champion!

[Destiny screams a refusal to give up, lifting his hand like he's ready to tap out...]

JS: This could be it! Destiny looks like he's about to tap! Destiny looks like-

[The crowd starts buzzing as November rolls back into the ring, coming to his feet...]

JS: November's in and he's not alone!

[...and winds up with the steel chair in hands!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

JS: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF TERRY SHANE!

[Shane crumples from the blow to the back, dropping to his knees as Destiny takes a deep breath at being free from the punishing hold.]

JS: November just striving for maximum damage there, I think... but in the process, he may have saved Shane Destiny from elimination in this Three Way Dance as we cross the fifteen minute mark in this match.

[A sigh of relief from Roxie as she leans back in her chair, Michelle Bailey patting her hand softly as November walks across the ring, unfolding the chair in the corner.]

JS: And it looks like November is not done using those seats of steel to his advantage... he's got another chair over on the other side as well, one in opposing corners.

[With the chairs in place, all that's left is to put his victims there. Shane goes on one, Destiny on the other as the crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

JS: November...

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

JS: He SLAPS Shane Destiny across the face!

[Turning with a smirk, November rushes across the ring, leaving his feet with a shotgun dropkick that DRILLS Terry Shane in the face, sending him tumbling out of the chair and down to the mat!]

JS: High impact dropkick in the corner for the former EMWC Junior Heavyweight Champion...

LD: Here we go again!

[November runs back across, leaving his feet a second time, and puts Shane Destiny down with a second running dropkick!]

JS: Both men laid out at the feet of November! November looking to take advantage of this...

[Dragging Shane from the corner, November rolls into a back press, cradling a leg...]

JS: November covers for one! He's got two! He's got- no! Shoulder up on the part of the AWA World Television Champion, staying in this match and keeping the title around his waist.

LD: For now.

JS: For now, indeed.

[November glares at the official before stomping across the ring, dragging Destiny out as well for a pin attempt... and gets another two count.]

JS: Two count on Destiny as well... and November is irate!

TM: He thought that might be enough but it's obviously not. Shane and Destiny both are very resilient competitors and it's going to take more than a couple of dropkicks to put them down for the count.

[Grabbing Destiny by the foot again, November drags him further out towards the middle of the ring, leaving Destiny and Shane side-by-side on the canvas...

...and then he walks back to the corner, retrieving the steel chair.]

JS: November's got that chair again and with both of his opponent prone on the canvas, I worry about what he'll do with it.

[Leaving it open, November sets it down on the mat near Destiny and Shane. He takes several steps back, standing near the corner as he stares at the chair, breathing sharply...]

JS: What's he got in mind here?

TM: Haven't got a clue.

[Suddenly, the 2003 Extreme J tournament champion comes charging out of the corner, steps up on the chair, propelling himself into the air forward as he flips backwards and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: SHOOTING STAR PRESS OFF THE CHAIR!

TM: Holy...

JS: HE'S COVERING THEM BOTH! DOUBLE PIN ATTEMPT HERE!

[The referee dives to the mat to count.]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And a double kickout rolls November off of Shane and Destiny to cheers from the Philly faithful!]

JS: Incredible move by November but not enough to end this match, Todd!

TM: We've seen November use that Shooting Star from the top rope... to the floor... and back in his heyday, he'd even snap off that standing version of it. But like we said earlier, time is cruel to high flyers and that chair gave him just enough of a boost... just enough hang time to snap off that one right there.

[November climbs back to his feet, looking down with disdain at Shane and Destiny, the former of which has rolled over once, creating a little bit of space between the two...

...and with a couple step running start, he leaps up, driving both feet down into Shane's torso before flipping over in a somersault, bringing all his weight down across the chest of Shane Destiny!]

JS: OHHH! What a combination! And November makes the cover again!

[The referee dives to count once more.]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: And a kickout by Shane Destiny saves him from being eliminated! What a battle between these three men we're seeing here in South Philly!

TM: Michelle Bailey wanted to see a Three Way Dance to pay homage to the one that made her a superstar - well, she's getting exactly what she wanted right about now!

[Bailey is all smiles at ringside as she applauds the kickout by her friend, Shane Destiny. Back in the ring, November hauls Shane Destiny off the mat by the hair, walking him back towards the corner...]

JS: November backs him up to the buckles...

[Leaning low, November boosts Destiny up, setting him down on the top turnbuckle...]

JS: November puts his long-time rival up high and...

[...and then ducks low, EXPLODING upwards with a palm strike uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: METEOR PUNCH!

LD: That'll ring Destiny's bell!

JS: And November may be looking to finish off Shane Destiny right about now, climbing up the ropes...

[Stepping to the middle rope, November lays in a little trash talk on Destiny...]

"I'll give you something to remember, Destiny."

[...and then leaps up, his legs wrapping around Destiny's head and neck!]

JS: TOP ROPE HURRICANRANA AND-

TM: BLOCKED!

[November's rana attempt goes nowhere as Destiny wraps his leg around the ropes, blocking the effort. He hangs on to the legs tightly with both hands, letting a shocked November dangle from his grip...

...and with a shout of effort, Destiny pulls November up onto his shoulders!]

JS: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP AND...

[Destiny stands tall, making November absorb exactly what's about to happen...

...and LEAPS OFF THE TURNBUCKLES!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: SIT OUT SUPERBOMMMMMMMMB!

[Destiny stays on November, holding the legs as the referee dives to the canvas to count.]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

[Destiny slumps backwards, shocked at November's last second kickout of the superbomb...

...which is when Terry Shane rushes across the ring, grabbing Destiny's raised legs, flipping through into a double leg cradle!]

JS: SHANE OUT OF NOWHERE! HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM!

[But just before the referee hits the mat a third time...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: KICKOUT! DESTINY KICKS OUT AS WELL!

[Shane grimaces as he sits up, shaking his head.]

JS: Terry Shane tried to snatch the quick elimination there but comes up just a little bit short... and look at this now...

[Shane quickly gets up, pulling Destiny up with him and flinging the first and only EMWC Triple Crown Champion through the ropes to the floor.]

JS: Shane tosses Destiny out of the ring, trying to focus on getting rid of November now.

TM: That's a good strategy, Steggs... let's see how it works out for him.

[Shane moves to November, pulling him off the mat, slipping him into a half nelson...]

JS: Half nelson applied and...

[Shane muscles November up into the air, flinging him down across a bent knee!]

JS: HALF NELSON BACKBREAKER BY TERRY SHANE!

[The AWA World Television Champion dives across the downed November, hooking a leg...]

JS: Shane's got one! He's got two! He's got thr- no! November kicks out in time!

[But Shane is quickly up to his feet, grabbing a struggling November by the legs...]

JS: He's going for the- no, Boston Crab! I thought he was going for the spinning toehold but it's a Boston Crab!

TM: And after the superbomb and the backbreaker, this might be even better than the spinning toehold! Shane cranking back on the hold, wrenching the lower back of November, trying to force a submission out of him and eliminate him from this Three Way Dance!

LD: November's fighting it!

JS: He certainly is, clawing at the canvas, stretching towards the ropes, trying to find a way to escape this painful submission hold!

TM: And Shane's REALLY sitting back on this, Steggs. He's trying to get this submission in a hurry before-

JS: Too late!

[The crowd cheers as Shane Destiny comes back into the ring, hooking Terry Shane by the back of the tights and HURLS him through the ropes to the floor!]

JS: Ohh! Out to the floor goes Terry Shane, the AWA World Television Champion!

[Destiny throws a glance at Shane to make sure he's on the floor before he turns back to November who is still down on his chest...

...and steps in, wrapping his arm around the head and neck of November as the crowd ROARS!]

JS: DESTINY STRANGLE! DESTINY STRANGLE APPLIED!

[Destiny grimaces as he tries to lower himself to sit in the dragon sleeper camel clutch...]

TM: Look at Shane Destiny though. We've talked about the bad knees, Steggs... I don't think he can sit down far enough to make this as effective as it once was.

LD: Maybe he should've tried a few more kneebraces.

JS: Nevertheless, the hold is definitely still effective as you can hear November crying out in pain!

LD: The pain that November's back has gotta be in right now must be unbearable. The superbomb, the backbreaker, the Boston Crab, and now a Destiny Strangle?! I'm surprised he hasn't given up yet!

TM: Hey, we all know where he's headed when this night is over. You think he wants to show up having tapped out on our show?

JS: November's desperately trying to hang on! Desperately trying to stay in this match! He's clawing at the mat, looking for a way out of one of wrestling's most punishing holds!



TM: And again, I say if Destiny was able to fully sit out in this, this match for November would be over but the bum knees are making it so he can't do it and therefore, the match continues and-

[Terry Shane slides back under the ropes into the ring, starting towards Shane Destiny's exposed back...

...and then with a shrug and a smirk, Shane scoops up one of the fallen steel chairs, folds it up...]

LD: When in Rome...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF SHANE DESTINY SENDS HIM RIGHT THROUGH THE ROPES TO THE FLOOR!

[Shane tosses the chair aside, shouting down over the ropes at the fallen Destiny as the crowd responds with a mix of cheers and boos.]

LD: Looks like Shane Destiny might be the sentimental favorite here in Philly tonight as Terry Shane hears it a bit from the crowd for that chair to the back.

TM: Shane's laying a little bit of trash talk on Destiny too but he needs to keep his eyes on November who is trying to get up and-

[But as Shane turns back to November, a spinning leg lariat sends Shane spilling through the ropes out to the floor as well.]

JS: And now Terry Shane goes out to the floor too! We've got Destiny and Shane outside the ring, November on the inside... and he's got that chair again!

[But instead of using it as a weapon, November opens the chair up, putting it down near the ropes...]

TM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

[The Philly fans ROAR for the scene they've seen many times in the past as November slaps his hand down a few times on the seat of the chair with a loud "LET'S FUCKING DO THIS!"]

JS: November setting up for something - to the ropes now!

[The former Cruiserweight Champion bounces back, running hard towards the open steel chair. He steps up on it, springing off as he twists around, landing precariously on the top rope, facing inside the ring...]

JS: ON THE TOP!

[...and HURLS himself backwards in a breathtaking moonsault onto both Terry Shane and Shane Destiny!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: TRIPLE JUMP MOONSAULT BY NOVEMBER WIPES OUT EVERYONE!

[The crowd is roaring for the big dive as all three competitors are laid out on the barely-padded mats at ringside.]

JS: Wow! What a highlight reel moment that was for November as these three cross the twenty minute mark in this sixty minute time limit.

TM: Still a lot of time left potentially.

JS: Todd, you don't really think we're going to see another hour Three Way Dance all these years later, do you?

TM: It's the E, Steggs. You just never know what's going to happen next.

LD: Having been backstage for the first part of the show, I can guarantee that this night's going to live up to that statement.

[November gets up off the floor, nodding his head emphatically to the crowd as he reaches over the railing, grabbing a chair whose inhabitant is standing. The moody cruiserweight sets it up on the floor, pulling Shane Destiny up and shoving him down into it...]

JS: What's this now?

TM: We saw this before in the ring. Now we're gonna get it on the floor?

[With a length of the ring between he and Destiny, November points at his former rival from a distance "pulling the trigger" before he breaks into a sprint, leaping into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: SHOTGUN DROPKICK STRAIGHT TO THE HEART SENDS DESTINY BACK INTO THE RAILING!

[Again, the crowd is buzzing as November gets to his feet, striding across the ringside area to retrieve Terry Shane...]

...and deposits him in a steel chair as well, nodding his head as he walks away.]

JS: Here we go again, fans! November taking aim at Terry Shane... here he comes!

[The moody cruiserweight sprints the length of the ring...]

...but Terry Shane is ready for him, coming out of the chair, doubling over before November can leap...]

JS: What the-?!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: BACKDROP ON THE CHAIR! BACKDROP ON THE CHAIR! BACKDROP ON THE DAMN CHAIR!

[November is sprawled out on the floor, a mangled steel chair underneath him!]

LD: Now THAT was Extreme, boys.

TM: Hell yes it was. November is down after getting backdropped onto an open steel chair... he may not even walk again tonight after that one. And the AWA World Television Champion senses blood in the water.

JS: Shane rolls November back in...

[The champion rolls in after him, coming to his feet...]

JS: Shane's back in as well... November still down...

[Shane grins as he points out towards the downed Shane Destiny, reaching down to pull November's head off the mat by the hair...]

...and sinks in an inverted facelock, sitting down on November's back!]

JS: DESTINY STRANGLE BY TERRY SHANE!

TM: We've seen it before, Steggs! This isn't a new move to him!

JS: And November is SCREAMING in pain! The back that just wrecked steel is now being wrecked by the Destiny Strange applied by Terry Shane! November's in trouble! Serious trouble!

TM: His night may be just about over, Steggs!

[Shane leans back, screaming "TAAAAAAAAP!" at November whose arm hangs over the mat, very near to doing exactly that!]

JS: November looked like he was going to tap out right there but he stopped himself! He's trying to hang on! He does NOT want to walk into his new employer having tapped out to the AWA World Television Champion!

[November grimaces, screaming again as Shane cranks back further...]

...and the crowd ROARS as Shane Destiny slides into the ring and cocks his head at the sight of Shane using HIS move...]

"You've gotta be kidding me."

[...and BLASTS Shane with an elbowstrike to the back of the head, breaking the "Shane Strangle" before Destiny hooks him in a waistlock!]

JS: Destiny from behind... up annnnnnnnd... DOWN! GERMAN SUPLEX!

TM: No bridge on that suplex - not sure the knees would hold up for it... but he's rolling through it, getting right back to his feet...

[Destiny hangs on to Shane who is struggling to get free before the former EMWC Triple Crown Champion lifts him up again...]

JS: A SECOND ONE!

[...and DUMPS the AWA World Television Champion down on the back of the head and neck with a second German Suplex!]

JS: Could that be enough to beat the champ?! Destiny with two devastating suplexes on the back of the head and... he's not done!

LD: No he's not! Rolling right back up to his feet!

[Back standing and still holding the waistlock, Destiny lifts Shane into the air one more time...]

JS: MAKE IT A HAT TRICK!

[Destiny lets go of the waistlock, leaving Shane prone on the canvas as Destiny climbs to his feet, waving his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture...

...which is when November comes rushing towards him, throwing a right hand that Destiny ducks under...]

JS: WAISTLOCK?!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!"

JS: AND DESTINY WITH A GERMAN SUPLEX ON NOVEMBER!

[Hanging on tight to his former rival, Destiny rolls back to his feet, still holding the waistlock...]

JS: UP AND OVER GOES NOVEMBER AGAIN!

[Destiny rolls up again, obviously winded as he hangs on to November. He stands still for a moment, working up the strength as the fans begin to chant.]

"ONE MORE TIME!"

"ONE MORE TIME!"

"ONE MORE TIME!"

[And with a nod, Destiny obliges as he lifts November into the air, smashing him down on the back of his head and neck again... and this time, Destiny holds the bridge as the referee dives to the mat to count!]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

TM: The bridge collapsed! Destiny couldn't hold the bridge and that allows November to slip out at the last moment!

LD: I thought he had him there, boys.

JS: So did I, Lori. But Todd is right. The bridge fell thanks to the bad knees of Shane Destiny and that momentary falter was enough to keep November in this match as we cross the twenty-five minute mark of this sixty minute time limit!

[A disappointed and annoyed Shane Destiny rolls to a knee, grimacing as he pushes himself to his feet, shaking his head at the downed November.]

JS: The suplex might not've been enough to keep November down but November is STILL down and Shane Destiny is back on his feet, looking to finish off his long-time rival...

[Destiny hauls November off the mat by the arm, rocketing him towards the corner where the 2003 Extreme J tournament winner smashes into the buckles.]

JS: November hits the corner.. here comes Destiny!

[A weary Destiny charges in on November...

...who leans back at the last moment, swinging his feet up to catch Destiny under the chin!]

JS: Ohh! November caught him! Both of these guys are running on fumes right now, both looking for a way to eliminate the other... and November hops up to the middle rope...

[A tired November leaps from his perch, landing on the shoulders of Destiny, looking for a rana...

...but Destiny holds strong, keeping November aloft as he turns around...]

JS: TERRY SHANE!

[Shane leaps high in the air, grabbing November from behind, pulling him back onto raised knees as Destiny DRIVES him down!]

JS: POWERBOMB BY DESTINY! LUNGBLOWER BY SHANE! WHAT A COMBINATION!

[Shane scrambles to a knee, looking to cover...

...but Shane Destiny shoves him aside, diving on November himself!]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[An angry Terry Shane smashes a double axehandle down on the back of Destiny, falling to his knees to deliver the blow!]

TM: Shane breaks it up! He's pissed that Destiny stopped HIM from covering November!

[Shane pulls Destiny to his feet... and gets a two-handed shove in the chest, knocking him backwards...]

JS: And Destiny's less than thrilled with Shane for breaking up that pin!

[The two men trade angry words for a moment before escalating to angry blows!]

JS: HERE WE GO!

[The crowd roars as Shane and Destiny trade forearms in the center of the ring, battering one another back and forth...]

JS: The forearms are flying in South Philly and these fans are loving it!

[The trade-off of forearms is pretty even...

...which is when Destiny decides to level up the exchange.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

JS: KNIFE EDGE CHOP!

[The blow staggers Shane so Destiny follows up with another...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and another...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and some more.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The blow force Shane all the way back across the ring, ending up with him against the turnbuckles where Destiny winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Shane is reeling from the blows when Destiny obeys a referee's order to step back... but when he steps back in, Shane hooks him around the back of the head...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS home a stiff European uppercut!]

JS: FOREARM UPPERCUT BY SHANE!

[Hanging on, Shane keeps on going...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Destiny is stumbling backwards as Shane keeps control of him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The series of forearm uppercuts leaves Destiny in the corner, arms draped over the top rope to stay on his feet..

...but then Destiny starts firing back with forearm uppercuts of his own!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Destiny batters Shane back out to the middle of the ring, shoving him back to the ropes. Shane bounces off towards Destiny...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And a spinning elbow strike sends Shane falling back into the ropes again...

...which is when November approaches quickly from behind, leaping high into the air, snaring his legs around Destiny's head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: REVERSE RANA! RIGHT ON TOP OF HIS HEAD!

[With Destiny head-spiked and motionless on the mat, November quickly gets back up, charging Terry Shane...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: PALLLLM STRIIIIKE! TO THE FLOOR GOES TERRY SHANE!

[With Shane out on the floor and Destiny prone, November drags a thumb dramatically across his throat, ducking through the ropes. He rushes down the ring apron, quickly scaling the ropes...]

JS: NOVEMBER GOING UP TOP! THIRTY MINUTES INTO THIS BATTLE AND NOVEMBER IS UP TOP!

[He brings his hands together in front of him, then points to the sky...]

TM: Get your cameras ready!

[...and LEAPS high into the air, tucking his arms and legs for a quicker rotation...]

JS: NOVEMBER REIGN!

[The Shooting Star Press plummets downwards towards the prone Destiny...

...who brings up the knees at the last possible moment!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: KNEES! KNEES!

[Shane Destiny shoves November aside, scrambling up off the canvas, yanking November up by the back of the tights...]

JS: Destiny pulls him up! Waistlock!

[Destiny lifts November up into the air, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck!]

JS: Another German Suplex! Destiny rolling through, getting right back to his feet...

[But the one and only EMWC Triple Crown Champion switches his grip, hooking a double chickenwing...]

JS: Wait a second!

[...and SNAPS him over with a lightning quick Tiger Suplex! This time, Destiny holds the bridge again, his knees shaking with effort...

...which is when Terry Shane rushes in, folding up November's legs in a jackknife to apply more pressure to the pin!]

JS: DOUBLE PIN! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

JS: They got him! November’s eliminated!

[But almost immediately after the bell, Shane stands up, steps back, and grabs Destiny’s raised legs...]

JS: WAIT A SECOND!

[Destiny looks up at Shane, shaking his head, and shouting “OH, YOU MOTHERFUCKER!”]

[Shane grabs the foot, twisting it around!]

JS: SPINNING TOEHOLD! SPINNING TOEHOLD!

[Shane cranks on Destiny’s leg that has seen years of punishment... years of abuse... multiple surgeries. He cries out in pain, shaking his head in stubborn defiance, clawing at the canvas as Michelle Bailey and Roxie both stand near the apron, looking in with concern...]

JS: Destiny’s trying to hang on! Destiny’s trying to fight down the pain!

[Shane spins around a second time, leaning in for more pressure...

...and narrowly avoids a swing from Destiny who is on his back, now clawing at his hair!]

JS: Can he do it, fans?! Can Shane Destiny hang on?! Can he...?

[Destiny screams one more time, making one last grab for Shane who stays just barely out of reach...

...and as Destiny collapses onto his back, he screams “YES! YES! I QUIT!”]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Shane immediately lets go of the hold, dropping back and falling tiredly into the ropes as the Philly crowd reluctantly cheers Shane’s victory.]

JS: Shane gets the win! He defeats both November and Shane Destiny in the Three Way Dance and he successfully defends the title!

TM: That’s a hell of a night for Terry Shane, Steggs.

JS: It certainly is. One hell of a night indeed.

[Shane is handed the title belt by the official, thrusting it towards the sky as more fans cheer this time and Ken Graham makes it official.]

KG: Your winner of the match... and STILL AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

TERRRRRRYYYYYY SHAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[Shane grins at the now more positive reaction of the fans, using the title belt in a little salute to them as he looks across the ring, surveying his downed opponents.]



JS: Terry Shane keeps the title here at Eternally Extreme 2 in South Philly... and this Three Way Dance may not have gone the distance but it was a thrilling battle between three elite level competitors, Todd.

TM: Absolutely. Tremendous battle. Tremendous match. And Michelle Bailey certainly seems pleased with the match she put together.

[The camera cuts to Bailey at ringside applauding the three competitors inside the ring as the Philly faithful joins in clapping...

...and as we cut back to the ring, we see Shane Destiny, from the ring mat, asking for a microphone while unlacing his boots. It's handed to him by the referee, and he breathes in a sigh before speaking.]

SD: Can I just have a moment, please? Just a few minutes? I know I'm not supposed to say anything, but the time feels right.

[Destiny, still seated, continues to tug at the laces of his boots, then points to Terry Shane.]

SD: You. You're a damn fine wrestler. And I know you've done a lot of good things in the AWA already, but you're riding on this incredible streak right now, and if you keep it up, you've got a really bright future. I just had to tell you that, okay? Thanks for wrestling me tonight.

[Destiny gets himself to a standing position, his boots now barely on his feet, as he points to November.]

SD: You. I... still don't like you very much.

[Destiny smirks as the crowd laughs.]

SD: But I know we've had some great matches over the years, and if there's anything I can say about you, it's that I respect you. If I was going to do what I'm doing tonight, if it wasn't going to be with Luke Kinsey, or that asshole out in the crowd...

[Destiny points to Juan Vasquez, who makes a "who, me?" gesture. Destiny smiles.]

SD: ... you know I'm kidding, Juan. Even if I did go crazy on you. Sorry about that, by the way. Don't do drugs, folks. They may retcon you into being Devon Case! I never even won a World Title!

[Michelle shouts "YES YOU DID!" from ringside. Destiny shrugs and smiles as the crowd laughs, then turns his attention back to November.]

SD: But November, if it wasn't going to be with either of those two, I'm glad it was with you. Thanks for being here tonight.

[Destiny motions for Michelle Bailey and Roxie to get in the ring.]

SD: Hey. I need you two up here for this. Please.

[Michelle gets in the ring, looking somewhat confused, as Roxie follows. Destiny takes Michelle by the hand.]

SD: So... nineteen years ago this month, give or take a week, this woman and I walked into a gym in Raleigh, North Carolina together, and we told Jeremy Rhodes and Billy Classon that we wanted to be pro wrestlers. And I know I've said stuff to

the contrary on television before, but just so y'all know the score and to set the record straight... Michelle Bailey has been, and will always be my best friend. I know I've said and done some awful stuff to her, like when I joined Ego MAX and dropped her on her head, but she's always been there for me when I needed her. She's my sister. I love her, I'm so proud of her, and I hope y'all keep supporting her as she keeps on this journey she's on with the AWA Women's Division. She deserves it. And I'm glad she's here for me tonight.

[Destiny gives Michelle a hug, then goes to take Roxie's hand, looking her in the eyes.]

SD: And this woman here has always been the love of my life, even when I wasn't always so easy to love. When I was battling addictions, mental health issues, injuries, she was with me through it all, and I put her through hell. Until finally, she told me that the only way I was going to fix myself was if I lost her. And she was right. But I'm very fortunate that she's forgiving, and willing to give me the second chance I don't deserve. Roxie, thank you for being here for me tonight. I love you.

[Roxie, tears in her eyes, mouths "I love you too." Destiny, smiling, keeps hold of Roxie's hand, as he looks out to the crowd.]

SD: Jeez. The only one that's missing is my little sister Kylie. She couldn't be here tonight. I wish she could have. Well... here goes nothing. Maybe everything.

[Destiny takes a deep breath, and lets it out.]

SD: For those of you who listen to my podcast, y'all know that when I interview someone, I always talk about how time is undefeated, and how wrestlers need to plan for life after our bodies eventually fail us before they start to fail. And I know y'all haven't seen me on American television for a long time, because frankly, my body hasn't been able to keep up with the pace that companies like the AWA set. The touring schedule in Japan is a little more forgiving, even though the wrestling style takes a lot out of you.

[Destiny nods his head.]

SD: And these last couple of years, I've thrived on being honest with y'all. I'm staring down 40 years old and what will eventually be a couple of knee replacements. I'm at the point where quality of life is a major concern for me, and I have to look at how much I can continue to give in the ring. And... I don't know how much that is. So tonight, here at Eternally Extreme 2, with my best friend and my partner by my side, now's the best time for me to say...

[Destiny takes a swallow. Perhaps his pride, or the emotion of the moment, or realizing that he's about to end the only thing he's known for his entire adult life.]

SD: ... I've wrestled my last match. I'm retiring.

[The crowd groans, many booing as Destiny takes a moment to let the words settle in his own head, as a wave of relief washes over his face.]

SD: But hey. I want y'all to know something... this isn't a sad moment for me. As much as I've struggled through, with my addictions and my mental health issues, and how my career turned out... I'm not bitter about any of it. I got to see the world on someone else's dime. I got to spend so much time with my best friend. I got to travel with my partner for years. Pro wrestling gave me a lot. Maybe I pissed a lot of it away, but that's on me. I'm always going to be grateful for what I had. And even though I won't be stepping through these ropes and doing it myself

anymore, I've been trusted to help shape the future of the sport via something I care a lot about, and that's women's wrestling.

[Destiny finds a camera to look directly into.]

SD: And by the way, P\*WIN will be right here in Philadelphia on July 27. Kelly Kowalski against Danielle Graves, plus Honey Kobayashi against Michiko Sanada in a double main event. It's going to be great. If you can't be there, we're streaming live.

[And he winks. What a promoter.]

SD: But there's one last thing I need to do. And Michelle, you remember this, right? When Jeremy told us, the last thing a wrestler should do before they leave the ring for the final time... take their boots off and leave them behind?

[Michelle, fighting back tears, nods her head. Destiny looks up to the sky.]

SD: ...I didn't forget, Jeremy.

[Destiny places the microphone down, bows to the crowd, then steps out of his boots to leave them in the middle of the ring. And with that, Shane Destiny, followed by Roxie and Michelle Bailey, leaves the ring for the last time.]

JS: I... well, fans... we didn't expect that here tonight. An... a very emotional moment for Shane Destiny... his best friend, Michelle Bailey... his wife, Roxie... all of his friends in the locker room... all of his fans here in the arena and watching all over the world. Shane Destiny has.. he's hung 'em up, fans. He's walked away from the ring. He's competed in his last match and... well, Todd... if anyone knows what that feels like, it's you.

TM: Absolutely. Shane said it himself. Time is undefeated. Eventually, every pro wrestler's career comes to an end. Some of us see it way too soon but Shane's had a hell of a career, Steggs. That resume is full. That legacy is secure and to go out on a night like this in a match like that... well, it doesn't get much better than that.

JS: Absolutely. Terry Shane taking a knee in the ring, applauding Shane Destiny as he makes his way up the aisle... and well, at least November didn't ruin this moment.

[November stands on the floor, holding the back of his neck as he stares up the aisle after the man he just faced for the final time... giving the slightest of nods.]

JS: Shane Destiny. Thank you for taking us on one last ride together.

[Destiny, Bailey, and Roxie disappear through the curtain as we fade...

...back to the locker room area where a cameraman has been hijacked by Javier Castillo and John Law, finding himself being dragged along by Law.]

JC: Come! I want the whole world to see this. Blue thinks he's got all the power here... pssssh.

[Castillo rounds a corner, the cameraman following voluntarily now but Law still in pursuit to keep him coming.]

JC: There are rules, you know. Rules that MUST be followed.

[Castillo comes to a halt in front of a door that clearly reads "THE BOSS." El Presidente sneers, shaking his head, and abruptly shoves the door open, shouting at he does.]

JC: BLUE, I DEMAND A WORD!

[Castillo comes to an abrupt halt though as he storms in and finds the former EMWC President sitting behind a desk. And sitting across from him is former two-time AWA World Champion Dave Bryant. Blue smirks at Castillo's reaction at seeing Bryant.]

CB: Dave, can you give us a second?

[Bryant nods, rising from his seat and turning to exit. Castillo stares at him.]

JC: Don't make a mistake you'll regret, Mr. Bryant.

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: Go fuck yourself, Castillo.

[With a chuckle, Bryant makes his exit as a flustered Castillo looks around.]

JC: Him?! Is he on Taylor's team tonight?!

[Blue shrugs.]

CB: I've got nothing to do with Bobby's team tonight. You'd have to ask him.

[Castillo waves a dismissive hand towards the now-gone Bryant.]

JC: I'm not here to talk about Taylor. I'm here to talk about the match we just saw.

[Blue nods.]

CB: Okay. It was a hell of a match. Sounds like Shane's hung 'em up though. Sorry. He would've been a hell of an addition to the roster.

JC: It's not Mr. Destiny that concerns me.

CB: Oh?

JC: I saw November out there.

[Blue shrugs.]

CB: He's a former EMWC champion.

JC: A former AWA competitor as well.

[Blue nods.]

CB: So he was.

JC: So he was... and he's also one of a very small few to compete in an AWA Loser Leaves Town match - a match that he lost. Now, you may not take that seriously but I do.

CB: I see.

JC: Do you? Because the way I see it, November has no business on an AWA show.

[Blue chuckles.]

CB: I agree, Javier. But what you keep forgetting is - this isn't an AWA show. This is MY show. I get to decide who comes into the building and who doesn't. I get to decide who gets an office and who doesn't.

[Castillo grimaces.]

CB: And I get to decide who wrestles... and who doesn't.

Are we clear?

[Castillo glares at Blue for several long moments.]

JC: Mr. Law, let's go.

[Law swings the door open as Castillo walks towards it and we fade out to the ringside area where we find Jason Dane and Colt Patterson back at the announce desk.]

JD: Javier Castillo finding out repeatedly tonight that this is NOT his show and he does NOT control what's going on here in South Philly.

CP: Look, I don't have the hate-on for El Presidente that a lot of you do but even I can tell he's frustrated at what's happening here tonight - and to me, that makes him dangerous.

JD: Dangerous or not-

[Suddenly, a ruckus from behind the announcer table happens as Raphael Rhodes hops over the railing, followed closely behind by Dana Kaiser. Rhodes is wearing a white T-shirt with the Minnesota United FC crest on it, along with jeans and construction boots, and Kaiser is wearing a blue Minnesota Lynx tank top, along with jeans and sneakers. Kaiser seems to be asking Rhodes to return to their seats, but Rhodes can be heard saying "just trust me, I need to do this."

JD: What's this about now? AWA superstar Raphael Rhodes coming over the railing... he was sitting out in the crowd watching the show and- his wife, Dana Kaiser is with him as well.

CP: She's trying to talk him down, Dane. Trying to get him back in his seat but...

JD: But it doesn't seem to be working.

[A brief but intense conversation goes down before Kaiser nods her head and remains on the floor as Rhodes slides into the ring, asking Ken Graham for the microphone, and he can be heard saying "don't make me hurt you". Kaiser can be audibly heard at ringside saying "what are you doing?" Graham gives Rhodes the microphone and leaves the ring. Rhodes takes a moment, eyes closed, to collect his thoughts, before opening his eyes and speaking.]

RR: They told me not to be in the locker room tonight. They told me, "do us a favor... there's nothing for you at Eternally Extreme 2. If you're going to show up, just sit in the crowd and enjoy the show." Now...

[Rhodes scratches the side of his nose, looking at the hard camera.]

RR: ... I'm going to be frank with you, I hate these things. I grew up in a family that thrived on nostalgia, that loved looking back at its past so much that...

[Rhodes punches his hand.]

RR: ... it never saw that concrete wall coming that it eventually crashed into. And yeah, there's some co-workers of mine who are coming out here tonight to settle grudges. Some people that are getting closure. I get that. But there's people in that locker room who are lacing up boots for the first time in... what? Ten years? Fifteen years? Trying to hold onto some fragment of their dreams of fame? Trying to hold onto some little sliver of stardom that they pissed away with whatever they snorted up their nose?

[Rhodes scoffs.]

RR: Okay, maybe I'll be charitable. Maybe some of them are out there to show their kids what kind of a star their daddy used to be before he was some broken down sod, living off whatever meager earnings he collected. But me? I get told... stay away. All while I got a mouthy lad like Sid Osborne telling me I've been handed everything... the nerve! The absolute nerve!

[Rhodes glares at the hard camera.]

RR: I broke free from the shackles of a family that only lived to repeat its past, and now that I'm here to prove myself to the world once again, I show up just in time for us to be kowtowing to a bunch of people that weren't worth a bloody shit in their prime, much less a decade after it. I'm here to bury the past, not praise it, and the only way I plan to move after tonight is forward. But there's just one thing I need to resolve first, and it's the only reason I bothered to show up tonight at this celebration of faded memories and broken bodies...

[Rhodes smiles, his eyes looking at a specific spot in the crowd... ]

RR: ... and that's you.

[... the spot right where Juan Vasquez is sitting. Rhodes walks over to the turnbuckles, climbing up to the middle to make sure he gets a good sightline right at Vasquez. The camera cuts to Kaiser at ringside, cringing and covering her eyes, almost knowing what's about to happen, then back to Rhodes.]

RR: You and me, Juan. What a history we have. How much blood did we spill? How many scars did we give each other? The only reason I'm here tonight is because I'd heard a rumor about you being here. Nice to see some rumors are true. Good to see your friend can see, too. I may be a bastard but even I thought Kinsey deserved better than that.

[Rhodes nods his head.]

RR: But I've got to admit something, Juan. I left the AWA because of you. Not because you ran me off, but because I knew... after we had our cage match at No Escape all those years ago, there was no way they'd ever sanction anything like what we did to each other. No two men with our own bare hands should have brutalized each other the way we did. And even after all that... even you have to admit, we never really settled things, did we? You pinned me that night, but I took a piece of your soul as my reward. When you left that cage that night, you were forever changed by me. It may have taken a few years for everyone else to realize it, but you were never the same after our battles.

[Rhodes sighs.]

RR: And back then, nobody brought out the best in Raphael Rhodes like Juan Vasquez. There wasn't any way Stevie Scott was ever going to get in the ring with me after what he saw the two of us do to each other. He may have hoped you still had a soul so he could survive you, but me? I was irredeemable. No way would he ever try it against me. So once I realized there was no way I was ever getting another shot at you, no way to truly become great, not in an AWA ring... I had to leave. I had to travel the world. I had to find a way to bring that greatness out of myself, without the best opponent, the greatest rival I ever had to bring it out of me. And now that I know how to do it... well...

[Rhodes puts the microphone under his arm, cracks his knuckles, and brings the microphone back to his mouth.]

RR: ... this ain't an AWA ring tonight, is it? As far as I'm concerned, the only thing separating you and me is that guardrail... and you still seem spry enough to hop it, mate.

[The crowd is roaring at the idea of that... and with a smirk on his face, Juan Vasquez rises out of his seat to a HUGE POP from the Philly crowd. He moves his gaze from Rhodes, looking around the ringside area with his hand extended. A couple of moments pass before someone hands over a microphone.]

JV: You're giving me a live mic for a second time? You guys must love living on the edge.

[He turns his attention back to Rhodes.]

JV: My, my, my... somebody must've got an extra shot of wheatgrass in their protein shake this morning because I've NEVER seen you talk this much. But seeing how you're more hyped up than Hannibal Carver at a Denny's, I'm gonna keep myself a safe distance away from the ring and stay right here for the moment.

[Juan points an accusatory finger at Rhodes.]

JV: As for you and me? That's gonna be a "No." from me, dawg.

[This brings out the boo birds.]

JV: 'Cause let's be honest... why should I? I'm days away from wrestling for one of the biggest single paychecks of my life and you expect me to risk it all to wrestle you? Maybe you need to cleanse your soul, maybe you need to convince the Missus that you really were the badass you say you are once upon a time, but I have nothing to prove.

I see you back in the AWA, doing Juan Vasquez cosplay with a younger, fatter Raphael Rhodes wannabe to get your Vasquez fix, but I wrestled you when you had a chip on your shoulder bigger than Alex Martinez and a mean streak that would've struck fear in any man... and I beat you in all the ways that mattered. And while you might've taken a piece of me in that cage, I did the worst thing anyone could've done to a wrestler.

I tamed you.

I took that wild, uncontrollable beast into that cage and when it crawled back out, it was a broken little puppy.

And if you disagree with that assessment...

[Juan cranes his neck, searching for something...and then he points right at her.

Right at Dana Kaiser.]

JV: Right there, amigo. You took my soul? I one upped you.

[A grin.]

JV: I gave you one. And just like I told Stevie, before I closed the book on his in-ring career, once you've been domesticated, you're just not the same.

You say you want to bury your past? Amigo... if I step into that ring, you might as well hand me a shovel, 'cause this part of your past is gonna bury YOU.

So tell the Missus she can put your balls back in her purse, because we're not wrestling tonight.

[Even the crowd felt that one. Rhodes however, grins from the ring.]

RR: It's funny, mate. I always heard there were two versions of Juan Vasquez, but I thought those were just internet rumors. But sure enough, there was the Juan Vasquez I fought, the guy who'd fight me to the ends of the earth, the Juan Vasquez I may never have liked but at least I could have respected...

... and then there's you. The Juan Vasquez that showed up today. Juan Vasquez the coward.

[Rhodes' grin turns into a frown.]

RR: You see, mate, you can say you're not going to wrestle me. That much is true. I didn't say nothing about wrestling. Ain't nothing about what you and I ever did to each other that could be called wrestling. You and I ARE going to fight tonight. It's just a matter of when. But since you seem to like hearing me talk... let's talk more, yeah?

[Rhodes points to his head.]

RR: You think this wasn't already broken before we got in that cage? You think you can take credit for breaking me? You were a couple of decades too late to take credit for that one. But you know what, I'll say something you've been waiting since 2008 for me to say...

[Rhodes smirks.]

RR: You're right. You did give me a soul. You did send me out on a quest to find it. And yeah...

[Rhodes motions to Dana Kaiser.]

RR: I found my soul all right. But do you seriously think that makes you more capable of beating me? Because the way I see it... you're sitting out there talking about how much money you stand to lose by hopping that rail. You know what'll happen if you get in here with me, don't you? You had no problem thinking about getting your hands dirty just an hour ago when your buddies were here... but now that you're all alone? Maybe I scare you that much more, huh?

[Rhodes grins again.]

RR: But hey, let's not scare the big bad champion, huh? Let's celebrate him! After all, this is a night of celebration and remembrance for the EMWC. So let's talk about the EMWC accomplishments of... "El Cholo", was it?



[Rhodes counts on his fingers, looking confused.]

RR: Wait... there really weren't many, were there? I mean... getting bounced from the quarterfinal of a World Title tournament? Being the fourth-tier member of Ego MAX? Being the second-most remembered version of the Ribera Kid? Why exactly are you here tonight, anyway? Is it to make people forget that for one period of your life... Juan Vasquez was a bleeding failure?

[Rhodes touches his index finger to his lips, then a thought comes to him.]

RR: Wait! I know! I don't know if we should have a title belt or a plaque made for you... but there was a title you DID hold.

Being the guy who grabbed the arse of Michelle Bailey the most.

[The crowd gasps and "oohs" at that one as Vasquez' expression changes. The humor seems to be gone.]

RR: What? That's what gets you mad? I thought that was the one you were most proud of!

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez makes his way to the guardrail and climbs over. Their excitement reaches a delirious peak as Vasquez enters the ring and walks right up to Rhodes, the two now staring face to face for the first time in a long time.]

JD: Well, as entertaining as this war of words between two longtime rivals has been... this just got even more interesting.

[Vasquez and Rhodes are speaking to one another off-mic, the crowd buzzing with anticipation...

However, Rhodes notices something off-camera.]

RR: Hey look, the production guy is pointing at his watch.

[Vasquez rolls his eyes.]

JV: They gave that warmed over garbage at the beginning of the show more time than the last three matches combined. I think the most successful wrestler in the history of this sport and you can talk a little longer.

[Rhodes shrugs.]

RR: I was just going to tell him "Don't wrap me up." but okay, Mr Big Time.

[There's some laughter from the crowd as Vasquez continues.]

JV: So it's come to this. Me and the runt of The Rhodes family wrestling dynasty inside a wrestling ring again.

[Juan shakes his head.]

JV: No, that ain't right. 'Cause there ain't a damn thing special about having eighty years of wrestling tradition... when it was eighty years of absolute shit.

[The crowd ROARS for the verbal harpoon but Rhodes doesn't seem to care, nodding his head emphatically.]

RR: I know! We're bloody terrible!

[Rhodes shakes his head sadly.]

RR: They were all a bunch of bleeding alcoholic louts and I'm glad to be free of them. Jeremy was the only one with the sense to get out of the country, rest his soul.

[Juan, not looking sympathetic at all, strikes Rhodes where he knows it'll hurt most.]

JV: But apparently not enough sense to know when to get out of the ring.

[The crowd winces at that one.]

JD: For those at home that don't know... Jeremy Rhodes was an EMWC wrestler who tragically passed away in the ring.

CP: This is getting a little too personal.

[Rhodes' eyes narrow.]

RR: ... excuse me?

JV: Did I stutter? You heard me. The old bastard was too stupid to know when to hang it up and you're-

[Raph rares back...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... and headbutts Juan right across the bridge of the nose! But Juan doesn't go down. He takes a step back but shakes it off, just glaring at Raph. Juan stares at Raph, rears back...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... and connects with a headbutt of his own, also to the bridge of Raph's nose. But... Raph doesn't go down either. The two stare at each other, with a smile forming on Rhodes' face. You can hear Raph shouting... "give me another!"

The crowd is on their feet, hooting and hollering for this rivalry being revisited. The idea of Rhodes versus Vasquez one more time has them roaring, desperate to see more of it...

Until...]

JD: Oh my god.

[Vasquez, Rhodes, and every single audience member suddenly jerks their heads in the direction of the entrance as the heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" reverberates off the walls of the 2300 Arena drawing both an anticipatory and a negative reaction from the capacity crowd.

Coming first, it's the manager, the AWA legend, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Eschewing his former casual attire, Scott is much more business-like now with a perfectly-ironed pair of deep blue pants to match a khaki jacket over a light gray button-down. As he steps to the front of the small entrance stage, he pauses... grins... and looks behind him awaiting the entrance of his prized client.]

JD: "Hotshot" Stevie Scott has arrived in South Philly...

CP: And these days, he does not walk alone.

[A few moments pass before the arrival of the Alpha Beast himself. Max Magnum is dressed to wrestle - to fight - in black trunks, black knee and elbow pads, and black boots that reach halfway up his calves. The massive physical specimen is intense but emotionless as he takes his place beside his manager and pauses at the top of the ramp, Magnum hopping side-to-side, the video wall above them cutting between Magnum's power moves and dramatically-produced shots of him looking generally pissed off at the camera.]

JD: Juan Vasquez and Raphael Rhodes have stopped their confrontation inside the ring because they recognize a problem when they see it... and that's a BIG problem heading down the aisle towards them.

CP: But why are they here, Dane? Stevie Scott and Max Magnum have no serious EMWC affiliation... what are they doing here in South Philly at the 2300 Arena?!

JD: I'm pretty sure we're about to find out, Colt.

[The edited song skips the first few lines and cuts directly into Gene Simmons' strikingly accurate description of Magnum 40 years prior.]

# I WAS BORN ON OLYMPUS  
# TO MY FATHER, A SON  
# I WAS RAISED BY THE DEMONS  
# TRAINED TO REIGN AS THE ONE

[Stevie points toward the ring and leads the way with Magnum trailing a step behind.]

JD: Stevie Scott leading his man down the aisle - obviously in no rush. They're taking their time and letting the world see exactly what's coming.

[Vasquez nudges Rhodes, pointing to Magnum. Rhodes shrugs, squaring up with the entrance as the undefeated monster approaches the ring. As they arrive, Scott takes the conventional route of climbing the steps into the ring, Magnum chooses to display his freakish athleticism by simply jumping to the apron from a standing position.]

# I'M THE LORD OF THE WASTELANDS  
# A MODERN DAY MAN OF STEEL  
# I GATHER DARKNESS TO PLEASE ME  
# AND I COMMAND YOU TO KNEEL

[Magnum stands on the apron for a few moments, staring in at Vasquez and Rhodes who are now standing side by side as Scott smirks at the scene in the ring, showing no fear of the two men united against his charge...]

"NOW!"

[At the bellow from the Hotshot, Magnum ducks through the ropes into the ring...

...and gets swarmed before he can do a thing!]

JD: IT IS ON IN SOUTH PHILLY!

[The former AWA World Champion, Juan Vasquez, leaps into the air with a clubbing blow to the side of Magnum's ear. Raphael Rhodes is right behind him, throwing an open-handed slap to the side of the face. The blows are flying fast and furious, hammering Magnum about the head, driving him back against the ropes!]

JD: Two of the very early AWA superstars are going after the rookie who has taken the world of wrestling by storm... and it's working, Colt! It's working!

CP: They've got him back on the ropes, still swinging for the fences... and Stevie Scott suddenly looks a little nervous, Dane!

[Scott does indeed look concerned, having dropped to the floor where he's fidgeting with his tie as his charge takes a pounding from Vasquez and Rhodes. Rhodes nudges Vasquez as Magnum leans back against the ropes, clearing space as he grabs Magnum by the head...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: HEADBUTT BY RHODES!

[Rhodes grimaces, stumbling a step or two back as the blow lands. Vasquez smirks, grabbing Magnum by the head as well...]

CP: Another one?!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a headbutt of his own on Magnum, the Philly fans roaring as Magnum staggers under the pair of headbutts but does not fall!]

JD: Magnum's still standing! These two are hammering away at him but they cannot drop the Modern Day Man of Steel! The Alpha Beast! The God of Thunder!

[Vasquez grabs Rhodes, giving him a quick shake...]

JD: And who would have thought Juan Vasquez and Raphael Rhodes would end up on the same side after what they just said to one another but...

[Rhodes gives a curt nod, both men grabbing Magnum's head now...]

JD: Are you kidding-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: DOUBLE HEADBUTT!

[Magnum falls back against the ropes, clinging to them to stay on his feet as Stevie Scott shouts in at him.]

JD: They rocked him! For perhaps the first time, Max Magnum is rocked!

CP: But he's still on his feet, Dane!

JD: Just barely!

[Vasquez and Rhodes each grab an arm on Magnum, whipping him across the ring...]

JD: Double whip!

[The two rivals clasp hands, looking for a double clothesline...

...but a rampaging Magnum runs right through it, breaking the clothesline apart, sending both men stumbling off-balance as he bounces off the ropes, running right back...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: DOUBLE CLOTHESLIIIIINE!

[The devastating blow takes both Vasquez and Rhodes off their feet, leaving them down on the canvas at the feet of Max Magnum. The nerves all gone, Stevie Scott is all smiles as he looks in...]

“You know what to do, Max.”

[Magnum gives his manager a nod, dragging Raphael Rhodes off the canvas first. Dana Kaiser shouts into the ring as Magnum glares at Rhodes angrily...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and HURLS him headfirst into the steel ringpost!]

JD: MY GOD!

CP: Magnum tossed him towards the buckles but Rhodes CLEARED them and hit his head RIGHT on the steel post!

JD: And did you hear that sound? Did you hear that sickening sound when his head hit the- oh god.

[Dane’s exclamation comes as Rhodes flops over onto his back, blood pouring from a wound on his forehead.]

JD: Raphael Rhodes has been busted wide open, fans. Max Magnum has drawn first blood on Rhodes here in South Philly and... god, what a cut on the head.

CP: It’s a nasty one.

[Magnum looks down mercilessly at Rhodes, looking as though he’s going to do more damage but Scott’s voice rings out again.]

“Forget about him. He’s not why we’re here.”

[Magnum again nods to his cornerman, using the heel of his boot to shove the bloodied Rhodes under the ropes, dumping him out to the floor where Dana Kaiser rushes to his side...

...and then Magnum dramatically turns towards Juan Vasquez who is trying to get to his feet off the canvas.]

JD: It looks like Max Magnum has come for Juan Vasquez... and the former World Champion is attempting to rise to meet that challenge!

[Back on his feet but a bit unsteady, Vasquez rushes towards Magnum, throwing a chop... and a forearm... and a chop... and a forearm, a flurry of offense that has the Philly crowd roaring for this massive showdown...

...but Magnum simply reaches up, piefacing Vasquez and shoving him back down to the mat. The athletic Vasquez backrolls with the momentum though, ending up back on his feet where he charges right back in, leaping up to land a forearm shot to the jaw!]

JD: Vasquez is all over him! All over Magnum!

[Another flurry of forearm shots has Magnum reeling...

...and Vasquez steps back, cocking his right fist for all to see!]

JD: RIGHT CRO-

[But the signature blow of Juan Vasquez never lands as Max Magnum easily lifts him up onto his massive shoulders. The former World Champion struggles, trying to break free as Magnum walks to center ring with him but it's not to be as Magnum goes into an airplane spin...]

JD: Around and around he goes and...

[...and he SHOVES Vasquez skyward, stepping clear as Vasquez keeps spinning in the air before CRASHING down on the canvas!]

JD: BOMBSHELL BY MAGNUM!

[Magnum steps back, the crowd jeering loudly as a grinning Stevie Scott nods his approval... and then shouts one word.]

"AGAIN!"

[Magnum gives a nod, not even letting Vasquez stay on the mat unharmed for a moment, pulling him right back up as he muscles him up onto his shoulders a second time...]

JD: There's no fight in Juan Vasquez this time! He's at the mercy of Max Magnum and that particular trait has left town!

[Magnum again steps to mid-ring, looking out on the jeering crowd, a half-empty beer flung towards the ring bouncing off his muscular chest as he stands ready to make a highlight reel for years to come...

...and goes into another spin, faster... longer... with more ferocity...]

JD: He's going to... BOMBSHELL!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez gets flung into the air a second time, crashing down even harder on his face and chest than before. Magnum roars, his arms in front of him in a pose that shows off his tremendous physique. The fans are letting him have it as a grinning Stevie Scott comes back up on the apron...]

"That'll do, Max. That'll do."

[Magnum backs off a few steps, looking down as Stevie Scott comes through the ropes to join him.]

JD: Max Magnum has completely LAID OUT both Raphael Rhodes and the legendary Juan Vasquez! Can you believe that, Colt?!

CP: He's a damn monster in there, Dane. I can believe that for sure.

[The jeers pour down as Magnum and Stevie survey the damage caused by the Modern Day Man of Steel, ruining what could have been a long-awaited battle between two old foes. Magnum smirks, almost satisfied with the carnage, while Stevie...and this is really shocking...produces a microphone.]

HSS: Ah, Juan Vasquez. Mi compadre. Mi hermano.

Mi...amigo.

[Stevie chuckles while the jeers rain down, then flashes a very disingenuous smile.]

HSS: How ya been, buddy?

[He laughs quietly, shaking his head.]

HSS: I've gotta give it to you, man. You always had guts. Even when you matched me for being the most devious, underhanded man in the locker room...you always had guts.

After all, it unquestionably took guts for you to show up tonight when you knew we'd be here...

[The Hotshot rubs his neck for emphasis.]

HSS: ...and you knew some receipts had to be coming your way.

Show your face again, Juan? I promise you, you won't get off nearly as easily as you did tonight. Because while you and I have history, Max here?

He just doesn't like you.

In fact, Max thinks you're a piece of shit.

[Mixed reaction for that, given Juan's last AWA stint but also his status as the biggest name in the sport over the last several years.]

HSS: So a word of advice from an old friend and adversary, El Cholo. The same advice that Calisto Dufresne failed to heed and that Dave Bryant seems destined to ignore as well.

Walk. Away. While you still can.

Otherwise, you won't have to worry about someone bending the knee.

[A point to Magnum.]

HSS: Because Max here will gladly BREAK your knee.

[Stevie pauses, giving a good hard glare to the camera for emphasis while Magnum cracks his neck. He then turns his attention to the crowd, facing the hard camera and pointing upward to the fans in attendance.]

HSS: And you people!

You all DISGUST me.

[Ignoring the boos that suddenly increase - and the object that just went whizzing by his head - Stevie continues this diatribe.]

HSS: I said this months ago in Portland. I said it again in Madison Square Garden. And I'll say it once more tonight in Philadelphia because it's abundantly clear that a reminder is warranted.

Stop. Living.

[And the voice raises.]

HSS: IN THE PAST!

You see, you keep wanting to cheer and chant the names of your old heroes. Your...legends...to use a completely worn-out term.

Ladies and gentlemen, why do you continue to look in the rearview mirror when the true FUTURE of professional wrestling...

[Stevie points at Magnum.]

HSS: ...stands RIGHT HERE in front of you tonight?

[Pause. More boos.]

HSS: You can cheer your Juan Vasquezes, your Luke Kinseys, your Shane Destinys as they show up here before you...you can long for your Outlaws, your Furies, your Blackhearts, your Blood Angels, your E-Vivvy-Gees, and all of those names that once graced the RSPWF Top 200 lists.

But know this, that beyond a shadow of a single, solitary doubt.

Max Magnum would have decimated every...single...one of them.

[Magnum scowls, hopping side-to-side, as Stevie points to his client.]

HSS: All those men, all those names who are considered to have been the very best the sport had to offer can count their lucky stars that Max Magnum was born about 20 years too late to reassign each and every one of them to the forgotten pages of wrestling history.

Forget the past. Leave it where it belongs.

[Stevie again motions toward Magnum.]

HSS: And instead, feast your eyes on the man who will be remembered at THE most dominant...THE most terrifying...THE most unbeatable competitor that professional wrestling has ever seen.

And that, my friends, is not a threat.

[Stevie pauses, a sly Steviegrin~! taking shape on his face.]

HSS: THAT...is a guarantee.



[Scott literally drops the mic on his old rival's chest, gleefully looking on as it bounces off Vasquez' chest. The fans are livid, letting Scott and Magnum have it as the Hotshot nudges his client, pointing to the exit.]

JD: Max Magnum absolutely DESTROYING Raphael Rhodes - who is a bloody mess out on the floor - and Juan Vasquez... and then Stevie Scott with a warning to all to forget the past.

CP: You talk about making a statement? With the eyes of the wrestling world on South Philly, Max Magnum and Stevie Scott may have just made the biggest statement of all, Dane.

JD: You may be right about that, Colt.

[As Scott and Magnum walk up the aisle towards the back, the crowd still booing loudly...

...we fade backstage where Javier Castillo is pacing in a hallway, his personal security - John Law - lurking nearby. Castillo is angrily muttering to himself.]

JC: Magnum out there... Vasquez... threatening my shows...

[He pauses, his voice lowering to the point where he can barely be heard.]

JC: Gotta do something... something... something...

[He suddenly leans forward, slamming an open hand against the wall.]

JC: DAMN IT!

[Castillo recoils back, shaking his head as a ringtone is heard. He reaches into his pocket, pulling a phone into view. El Presidente glances at the screen, his face going white as he sees the name on it. With a quick look around, chewing on his lip, he answers it.]

JC: Hello?

[He nods his head a few times.]

JC: You're almost here? Good, good... that's great news, sir.

[Law throws an almost imperceptible glance at his boss at the sound of "sir." Castillo's voice is on edge as he speaks... almost jumpy.]

JC: Should I come out to- okay... no... no, that's fine. I'll wait until...

[He trails off, listening.]

JC: Yes. Yes, it's all taken care of. Yes, both of them. Uh huh.

[Another pause.]

JC: Well, I-

[A longer pause this time.]

JC: Five, I think. Yes, five.

[Castillo puts his hand on the wall, tapping his finger in a nervous fidget.]

JC: Okay. I will see you later tonight then. Yes. Goodbye.

[Castillo taps the phone, sliding it into his pocket.]

JC: Shit.

[And we fade from Castillo and Law back out to the ringside area where Jason Dane and Colt Patterson are standing.]

JD: A mysterious interaction there between Javier Castillo and... well, someone. But before that... an explosive ending to what we thought was going to be a showdown between long-time rivals Raphael Rhodes and Juan Vasquez... but when you talk explosive, you certainly have to talk about our next match.

CP: In more ways than one, Dane.

JD: Of course, we're talking about Death In Darkness with the Brothers Rage going one-on-one. The history between these two is the stuff of locker room talk and Internet chatter. One of the most successful tag teams in the history of our sport, the Prophets of Rage, fractured into pieces over disagreements both personal and professional.

CP: Arguments over whether the team was more important than their respective singles careers. Personal issues regarding romantic relationships and stolen significant others. There is talk that when Derek Rage spent a short period of time in the AWA last year that it was Shadoc Rage who got him fired after a locker room skirmish.

JD: So much bad blood between these brothers... and with a Javier Castillo-sponsored reunion just a few weeks away in the Stampede Cup, you have to wonder if this explosive battle will leave either of these men standing for the Battle of Saskatchewan. We caught up with both men earlier tonight to get their last minute thoughts on this long-awaited grudge match - let's take a look.

[We fade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" as we go backstage into Derek Rage's dressing room. He is sitting in a chair, wrapping his huge fists in tape. He stares into a dressing room mirror, an inscrutable expression across his face. He is both here and not. He pushes out his lips as he meticulously tapes his hands, making sure the digits are protected.]

"There's still time not to go through with this."

[Derek's eyes angle off towards the corner of the mirror where the voice came from. A woman's face emerges into the light. The woman is Dalbello Rage, Derek's older sister, one of the original Misfits. The honey-skinned woman puts a hand on his huge biceps and rests her chin on his shoulder.]

Dalbello: We're family. He's your brother. I know things have happened between you over the years. I know being in the Prophets wasn't something either of you ever really wanted, but the team did its job. It saved the family.

[Rage considers her words. Dalbello studies his face, seeing if there is any effect. She lifts her chin from his right shoulder and rests it on his left. Rage's body blocks her light, casting her in shadow.]

Dalbello: So you fight. What is they say around here? Brothers fight. It's happened before, it'll happen again, and the AWA will profit enormously and you'll probably make a load of money. The Prophets collide in a Death in Darkness match ... one of the most deadly matches ever. A match he created. You can make your point about who's better in his match.

[Rage smiles at that idea. He wriggles the fingers of his right hand, satisfied at the tape job. Dalbello looks down at it, placing her hand over his and interlacing her fingers as she moves to whisper into his right ear.]

Dalbello: We were always close, you and me. My little big brother. The one who thought I was so tough, so wonderful, so perfect. Even though I think I was looking up at you from the time you were five.

[They both chuckle.]

Dalbello: You and that basketball. Always dribbling, always shooting. You were magnificent. You were going to be the next Wilt, weren't you? And then you had to go work for the family. We needed you. I needed you. Mom needed you. Was it so bad? Was it so bad being in the Prophets? I mean, you got to see the world at a young age. You got to become a champion nearly everywhere you went. People adored you. People were in awe of you. How were you so big and so agile. How were you so talented in the ring? They didn't know it was because you were learning from me, your perfect big sister. So why debase yourself in this barbaric match? This isn't you. This is him.

[Rage scratches his face with his left hand. He sets to work wrapping that hand.]

Dalbello: Let me help.

[She moves to his left, working on taping the hand.]

Dalbello: I get it. You're mad because when he went solo he didn't worry about you or your dreams. He wanted this. He wanted the Prophets. You wanted the NBA. And you've been taking everything from him ever since. World titles. Millions around the world. Hell, you even took Pizzazz, you brute. Now you're going to go out there and take his pride by giving him these hands and bouncing him around that ring. Literally blowing him to pieces. That's going to make you feel better. That's going to take that fire out of your gut? No. No it won't. It's just going to make you meaner. More dangerous. I mean, if this is what you would do to your brother... then what would you do to anybody else who dared get in your way.

[Rage nods and signals that's a good point.]

Dalbello: The AWA would have to take you seriously. And you get closer and closer to at least making some of what you might have in the NBA. Castillo and Westerly would realize that you're that a bad man... a really bad man... badder than Hogan even. Badder than their first wave of monsters. The Intelligent Thug. The Hammer of God. Murder his own flesh in the Death In Darkness match. Make your niece cry for her fallen father. How about that?

[Rage smiles.]

Dalbello: So this is really what you want.

[Rage's eyes tighten. He nods imperceptibly.]

Dalbello: That's a fiendish smile. Just promise me something.

[Rage looks at his sister curiously, actually turning his head.]

Dalbello: Just don't kill him.

[She recedes out of the shot, leaving Rage to mull over that request. He chews his lip and stares at himself. His face grows colder and devoid of emotion. He shakes

his head 'no.' He pushes himself to his feet, walking away from the mirror and grabbing his satin boxer's robes. He shrugs them on, leaving Dalbello Rage staring after him. The concern is clearly etched across her face as she swallows hard...

...and we fade to another part of backstage into Shadoe Rage's dressing room. He is sitting in a chair, wrapping his fists in tape. He stares into a dressing room mirror, an inscrutable expression across his face. He is both here and not. He pushes out his lips as he meticulously tapes his hands, making sure the digits are protected.]

"There's still time not to go through with this."

[Shadoe's eyes angle off towards the corner of the mirror where the voice came from. A woman's face emerges into the light. The woman is Marissa Monet, Shadoe's partner, mother of his child. The chocolate-skinned woman puts a hand on his muscular biceps and rests her chin on his shoulder. ]

Marissa: We're family. He's your brother. I know things have happened between you over the years. I know being in the Prophets wasn't something either of you ever really wanted, but the team did its job. It saved the family.

Shadoe: Saved the family... but it tore us apart, man. He's always been jealous of me. He's always wanted my spot. My position. My name.

Marissa: He wanted to be the next Shaquille O'Neal, the next Kareem, the next Wilt. That's what he really wanted. Hoop dreams. I had them, too.

[Rage takes Marissa's hand in his. He squeezes it affectionately.]

Shadoe: But you're here now. And you had a great career. World Champion.

Marissa: Not without controversy.

Shadoe: But you did it and you found happiness here with me.

Marissa: And you, my dear, found happiness here with me.

Shadoe: He thought he could with Pizzazz, didn't he? Thought he could find happiness stealing my ex-wife. How'd that work out for him?

Marissa: Is that what this is about? Is it about her?

[Rage shakes his head fiercely.]

Shadoe: No, she was terrible for me. And she was terrible for him. It's not about her at all. It's about me and it's about him. He's been pushing me and pushing me and pushing me for years. It's time for him to learn exactly who I am. He wants to believe he's better than me. Well, let him prove it. Death In Darkness, my indelible contribution to the business. No one can take that from me. He can't take that from me. Yeah, when the lights go and the bombs go off. Let's see how tough you are, Intelligent Thug. Let's see how tough you are.

Marissa: But why does it have to be this match? You know how hard this one was on your body. And you've only wrestled in one. I've wrestled two. It doesn't get any easier.

Shadoe: You know I don't break down. I've been doing this how long and I'm better and better.

Marissa: (smiling) You do look good and age isn't touching you. But you know, I like touching you. I don't relish the idea of any part of you missing. I don't want Adriana seeing her father bloody and bruised and mangled.

[Rage examines his hands.]

Shadoe: I'm going to win, Riss. I'm going to hurt him. He didn't want to do what was right for the family. He wanted to be selfish. He wanted to do his own thing. Well, now he's going to learn why I was the breakout star of the Propjets, why I got the accolades and the opportunities and it didn't matter how big he was. His heart isn't in this like mine. His body isn't in this like mine. And when it gets down to it he'll quit. He'll run away and give up.

[Rage stares into her eyes.]

Shadoe: I never will, Riss. You know. You know that I won't quit and you can't talk me out of this. It's been twenty years coming and tonight is the night. And once I put him in his place. Once I teach him the error of his ways then it'll be all right. Then everything will be all right and the family can heal. My little brother is out of line and you know it. It's time he got to understand what the Angel of Death is really all about. It's gonna be all right, baby. I'm coming home tonight whole. Adriana will not see a monster when she wakes up. I promise you.

[He turns his head for a kiss. Marissa kisses him deeply.]

Shadoe: And now it is time. I don't want you to watch tonight. Love you.

Marissa: Love you, too. This how it has to be?

Shadoe: This is how it has to be.

Marissa: Promise me something.

[Rage looks curiously at Marissa.]

Marissa: Just don't kill him.

[She recedes out of the shot, leaving Rage to mull over that request. He chews his lip and stares at himself. His face grows colder and devoid of emotion. He shakes his head 'no.' He pushes himself to his feet, walking away from the mirror and grabbing his leather robes. He shrugs them on, leaving Marissa Monet staring after him. The concern is clearly etched across her face as she swallows hard...

...and we fade from the interior of a locker room in the 2300 Arena to an outdoor shot.]

JD: And there you see it, fans - the South Philly Supersite down the road here in Philadelphia. A lot of local high schools play their athletics here but tonight, this is the home of Death In Darkness. We had no desire - despite Javier Castillo's words earlier - to blow up or burn down this legendary professional wrestling arena so we've gone down to this football field and set up a ring to host this dynamite showdown.

CP: Alright, explain the rules of this one to me again, will ya?

JD: I'll do you one better, Colt. Let's toss this one over to our good friend Sweet Lou Blackwell who is on site to do exactly that. Lou?

[We fade to a tighter shot of the setup for this matchup. We do indeed see a wrestling ring set up on the 50 yard line, bathed in portable lighting. It's a beatup

looking ring, obviously having seen better days. Surrounding the ring is football field grass with no padding on top of it but there a handful of tables surrounding the ring as well.

Sweet Lou is standing by one of those tables as the camera comes on him.]

SLB: Thanks, Jason... and somehow I gotta think this is Stegglet ribbing me for him always getting that Tower of Doom gig... but here I am... at the South Philly Supersite that we've rented out tonight for this explosive battle. Now, you can see the ring has been set up on an empty field... our insurance asked for no fans to be a part of this due to the unpredictable nature of the event. While you and Colt are safely down the road, the only people here for this one are our production staff, myself, referee Scott Ezra, and the two combatants.

Now... let's go over the rules...

[Blackwell takes a deep breath.]

SLB: This is the Death In Darkness match - given that name for a few reasons. First thing's first, we've been told there is a twenty minute time limit for this one - you can win by pinfall, submission, or knockout... or disqualification... that's right... disqualification. This match will be contested under "Virtue Rules" that will be strictly enforced - no choking, no closed fists, no hair pulling... the typical minor fractures of the rules you might see in every match. Tonight, any of those things will result in a disqualification at the referee's discretion.

Also, the match will be conducted under Locked Door rules... which means that if anyone interferes in the match, they will be suspended indefinitely from the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Despite the Virtue Rules, we have tables set up surrounding the ring... and those tables are completely legal. You can throw your opponent into them... through them... whatever you want... and that will NOT result in a disqualification.

[Blackwell gestures upwards.]

SLB: These lights have been brought in specifically for this match and have been set up to be operated by a computer in our remote production truck. They are on a randomized timer and at various intervals throughout the match, the lights will go off, cloaking the ring in total darkness, and making it impossible to see what happens during those intervals.

And lastly...

[Blackwell sighs as he strides over towards the ringsteps, walking up them slowly. He steps onto the apron.]

SLB: This ring has been set up with concussion mines sprinkled randomly underneath it. Some spots have mines, some spots don't... no one will know the location of them. Now, the areas with mines have been rigged so that a footstep will not activate them...

[Blackwell makes the sign of the cross before stepping through the ropes, gingerly putting his foot down on the canvas. As no explosion goes off, Blackwell straightens up, letting loose a long exhale...]

SLB: ...whew. However...

[Blackwell steps back out on the apron, placing a hand on a large sandbag that is resting across the top turnbuckle...]

SLB: ...with... enough...

[One more hard shove with great effort.]

SLB: ...force!

[The heavy sandbag drops straight down in the corner, smashing down on the canvas...]

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!”

[...which triggers one of the aforementioned mines, the impact blasting the sandbag back up into the air, its material scorched a dark black as the night sky fills with smoke and a brief flash of light. As it falls back to the mat, a hole has been torn in the side, now spilling sand on the canvas as Blackwell grimaces, holding his ears.]

SLB: Yeah. That happens.

[Blackwell shakes his head, still standing on the apron.]

SLB: This is what these two men have agreed to fight in. This is why we're set up miles away from the 2300 Arena. Jason... Colt... this is Death In Darkness... and it starts right now.

[Blackwell mutters “can someone get a broom over here?” as we cut to a shot up from the bleachers, showing the ring from an elevated distance.]

JD: Wow. You know, as an avid wrestling fan, I've seen Death In Darkness on tape before... but this is the first time I've seen it in person.

CP: You're not even in person! We're miles away!

JD: You know what I mean. This one should be something else... and as our referee gets into position... Death In Darkness is set to begin.

[On cue, all of the lights in the stadium kick in for the first time, showing off the empty stands in full. It's almost haunting to see a completely empty football field except for one lone pro wrestling ring with a few people milling around it.

A quick cut zooms down from about the ten yard line to underneath the home team's goal posts where the impressive figure of Derek Rage stands. The towering seven foot monster stares at the turf for a moment, slamming his taped fists together twice before he raises his face towards the lights. He throws back the hood of his boxer's robes as “Black Steel in the Hour of Chaos” blares over the field PA system.]

JD: This seven foot monster made his return to the AWA in the employ of the Korugun Corporation back at Memorial Day Mayhem when he interfered in his brother Shadoe's Ring Of Iron match against Jackson Haynes. He actually helped his brother win but Shadoe did not appreciate the assist.

CP: And how crazy is it that AFTER these two blow each other up, they've gotta find a way to TEAM together against Haynes and Danny Morton in a few weeks at the Stampede Cup!

JD: If there's enough left of them.

CP: Good point.

[The larger Rage brother marches towards the ring, climbing up on the apron. He stands there for a moment and with a nod, he steps over the top rope, gingerly putting his foot down on the canvas.]

JD: Heh... Derek Rage perhaps with some nerves about how much pressure it takes to set off one of those landmines, Colt.

CP: Can you blame him? We're just lucky Blackwell's wearing dark pants.

[Rage stands on the canvas, stepping to mid-ring, raising his arms over his head with a roar before he turns to stare at the visitor's goal posts.

The lights cut to black.

The music cuts to silence.

We sit in total absence of light and sound for a few moments before Derek Rage bellows.]

"WHERE ARE YOU, BROTHER?!"

[The guitar and clap of Johnny Cash's "God's Gonna Cut You Down" begins to play over the PA system, still in darkness.]

#You can run on for a long time#

#Run on for a long time#

#Run on for a long time#

#Sooner or later, God'll cut you down.#

[And with that, the lights come on to full effect. The camera swings over to the goal post where we see that Shadoe Rage is now perched between the uprights, glaring down at the ring where his brother stands.

With a confident nod, Shadoe swings down from the goalposts, landing in the super hero crouch before he springs to his feet.]

JD: The Wildman of the AWA, Shadoe Rage has made his AWA legacy in fighting in some of the craziest matches in the company's history. The scaffold match with Donnie White. The Escape The Cage match a few years back as well. And of course, the Ring of Iron. Tonight though, he goes to a completely different level. He risks going through tables and being slammed down on landmines...

CP: But not having his hair pulled, right? That's illegal in this one. What kind of a lunatic made these rules anyways?

JD: You're looking at him, Colt.

[The dreadlocked warrior marches to the ring, his black leather robes swirling as he climbs the ring steps and slingshots himself over the top rope, not showing any fear that the mines might trigger. The referee visibly flinches as Rage lands on the canvas, breathing a sigh of relief at the lack of explosion...

...but then surges forward, trying to intervene as Shadoe lunges forward to go nose-to-nose or more accurately nose-to-chest with his brother.]

JD: Whoa, whoa, whoa! The referee's trying to keep these two under control!

CP: Why? Turn 'em loose! Isn't that what we're here for anyways?!



JD: Referee Scott Ezra trying to get them to a... fair start, I guess.

[They glare at each other, jawing back and forth as the violence grows more and more intense while Ezra wedges himself between, getting them just a few feet apart before he gives up, waving to the air...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

JD: And we're underway! Twenty minute time lim-

[Derek Rage strides forward, clearing the distance in one step as he palms Rage's face, driving him back across the ring into the turnbuckles, laying the badmouth on his big brother...]

JD: Derek backs Shadoe to the corner, the referee calling for a break...

CP: Give ME a break, Dane.

[Derek suddenly winds up, his right fist clenched...]

JD: Whoa, hang on here!

[The referee's shout stops Derek in mid-swing, realizing he's about to be disqualified if he lets the fist fly...]

...and instead, he swats his open hand down on the chest of Rage like he's swinging at a bug!]

JD: Ohh! Big chop down across the chest of Shadoe Rage... Derek moving quickly here...

[The larger Rage grabs the former Television Champion by the arm, whipping him across the ring towards the turnbuckles. Shadoe slams into the corner, staggering out as Derek doubles over...]

JD: Backdrop! Backdrop!

[...but Shadoe pulls up, dropping to his knees as he smashes the point of his elbow down onto the back of Derek's head!]

JD: No! Shadoe with a counter - saving himself from a potential fall onto the landmines.

CP: I just got handed a note saying that there are eight mines in this ring... well, seven after Blackwell's little demonstration... so there are plenty of them in there and we just don't know where they are.

JD: It's best to avoid any fall on the canvas if you can - just like Shadoe Rage pulled off right there.

[Grabbing Derek by the back of the head, Shadoe marches him into the corner where he smashes Derek's face into the top turnbuckle.]

JD: Facefirst into the corner... and I was saying, we've got a twenty minute limit in this one.

CP: That seems a little short to me, Dane. What's the story there?

JD: I don't know. Maybe the suits thought it wouldn't take more than twenty minutes to win after putting each other through tables and blowing each other up.

CP: They could be right... Rage again smashing his little brother's face into the buckle...

[Shadoe spins Derek around in the corner, squaring up and balling up his fist...

...and again, the referee intervenes, waving off the closed fists.]

JD: And now both competitors have been warned against using the closed fists - a little reminder from referee Scott Ezra...

[Shadoe angrily swings a knee up into Derek's midsection instead, grimacing as he goes to grab an arm...]

JD: And now it's Shadoe whipping Derek across the ring... charging in after him...

[Shadoe buries a back elbow up under the chin, snapping Derek's head back...]

JD: Ohh! And that'll ring the bell of Derek Rage...

[Shadoe pulls his much-larger brother out of the corner, pulling him into a front facelock...]

JD: Shadoe Rage looking for a suplex in the middle, perhaps in search of a land mine early on in this one!

CP: Can he get the seven foot, 340 pounder up?!

JD: He's trying! Shadoe struggling... straining... annnnnnd...

[And without warning, every single light in the South Philly Supersite field goes off, engulfing the entire scene in darkness.]

JD: Out go the lights in South Philly! And remember, no one can see what's going on at this point... no one can-

[The lights come back on fairly quickly this time, revealing Shadoe Rage staggering backwards, clutching his eyes as Derek Rage straightens up with a smirk on his face.]

JD: And from the reaction of Shadoe Rage there, I think Derek Rage went to the eyes during that blackout.

CP: You're not the only one. Ezra's asking Derek Rage about it but... well, this time, I guess you can't call what you LITERALLY don't see.

JD: You got that right.

[Derek Rage grabs Shadoe by the back of the tights, flinging him over the top rope where the former Television Champion crashes down on the football grass!]

JD: No padding surrounding this ring - just cold, firm Mother Nature.

[The seven footer steps over the top rope, standing out on the apron as he watches Shadoe Rage try to regain his feet on the outside...]

JD: Shadoe fighting up to a standing position and-

[Derek Rage leaps off the apron, hands clasped as he brings them down over the skull of his big brother!]

CP: And that's a different kind of Death From Above by Derek Rage on Shadoe but it's no less effective!

JD: You said it, Colt. Seven feet tall, 340 pounds of double axehandle puts the former champion down... and when you look at this duo in there together... you can see the intensity... the physicality... and while we all know how accomplished the Prophets of Rage were as a tag team, it's hard to imagine they were ever partners at all, Colt.

CP: It's hard to imagine they're even brothers! Look, we heard it earlier and we've said it before - brothers fight. But like this? Trying to blow each other up?

JD: Such a unique situation for these two... and when you look at Jack Lynch fighting so hard to not physically assault his brother, James, and compare that situation to this one, it's even harder to process how it got to this point.

[Dragging Shadoe off the grass by the arm, Derek walks him a few feet over towards one of the tables already set up at ringside...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

JD: And FACEFIRST down onto the wooden table!

[Derek pulls Shadoe up by the back of the neck...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

JD: DOWN ONTO THE TABLE A SECOND TIME!

[Shadoe stumbles away this time, falling to his knees as Derek grabs the table, twisting it around...]

JD: What's Derek Rage got in mind here?

CP: I'm not sure but as long as it's with that table, I guess it's completely legal. So bizarre.

[The larger Rage brother throws a glance at his kneeling brother as he grabs the table again...]

...and with a roar of effort, he lifts the table up into the air...]

JD: What's he...?!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[...and suplexes the table on top of the kneeling Shadoe Rage, the wood smashing Rage in the skull before leaving him prone on the grass with the table draped over him!]

JD: In the words of Gordon Myers, good grief!

CP: Totally legal and totally brilliant! Shadoe Rage just had a table bounced off his head by his brother and... that had to do some serious damage.

JD: Absolutely. Shadoe Rage is down on the grass again after that one... and look at Derek Rage, wasting absolutely no time here as he pulls that table up off his brother, setting it up near the apron now...

[Derek drags Shadoe off the football field, tossing him on top of the table.]

JD: Shadoe's laid out across the table like a 4th of July picnic... and now Derek's looking to wreck the party perhaps, climbing up on the apron...

[He measures his downed brother, taking aim...]

JD: Derek Rage moves well for a man of his size, remember his hoop dreams of being a big basketball star!

[...and leaps high into the air, coming off the apron with his legs extended!]

JD: LEGDROP!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

JD: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Shadoe Rage, rolling for his life, just barely cleared the table before his brother's 340 pound frame went crashing through it with a legdrop that misses the mark!]

JD: Derek Rage puts HIMSELF through the table as we creep close to the five minute mark of this brother versus brother battle here in South Philly!

[Dragging himself off the grass, Shadoe Rage mutters to himself as he wobbles over towards his brother who is sitting on the grass, having gone tailbone-first through the table...

...and Shadoe scoops up a chunk of wood in his hands...]

JD: Wait a second! Can he-?!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

JD: HE CLUBBED HIM WITH A PIECE OF TABLE!

CP: Hey, it's part of the table! It's totally legal!

JD: I... it looks like referee Scott Ezra is waving it off so you appear to be right about that, Colt. Shadoe Rage took a bit of a risk there if you ask me but I suppose Shadoe Rage is well-known for his risk-taking.

[Rage flings the piece of splintered wood aside, tossing a couple more aside as he digs through the wreckage and...]

JD: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

[...and grins maniacally as he holds a metal table leg up in the air!]

JD: He's got a table leg now! And fans, if you go way back in the memory banks to March of 1998... Ring Wars V for the IIWF... the first Death In Darkness between this man, Shadoe Rage, and the legendary Steve "The Fury" Kowalski... there was a table leg used in that one too and-

[With his little brother back in a seated position, Shadoc slips the metal leg across the throat and yanks back, his tongue lolling out madly as he strangles the air out of the seven footer!]

JD: He's choking him, fans! He's choking the air out of his own flesh and blood!

[The referee shouts from the ring, encouraging Rage to let go of the table leg and get the match back into the ring but a few more moments pass before Shadoc tosses the metal weapon aside, dragging his brother off the grass field and shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

JD: Derek gets put back in... and now Shadoc rolling back in with him...

[Shadoc shoves Derek's torso down on the mat, leaping up with a kneedrop down across the chest that makes everyone's heart stop for a moment for a possible explosion...

...but with no explosion, Rage drops into a lateral press instead.]

JD: Shadoc covers for one! He gets two!

[But the powerful Derek Rage PRESSES his own brother off him, flinging him a couple of feet away!]

JD: Wow!

CP: That takes a lot of power to do that, Dane. That ain't easy and I should know!

JD: Could you do it?

CP: In my prime, kid. In my prime.

[Derek Rage rolls to a hip, climbing up off the canvas as his brother storms him again...]

JD: Overhead elbow down between the eyes of Derek Rage... and another one... third time's a charm!

[With Derek staggered, Shadoc sprints to the ropes, rebounding back towards his kneeling brother...

...who surges upwards, catching Shadoc and shoving him skyward!]

JD: DEREK POPS HIM UP AND-

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

[With a flash of light and a burst of smoke, Shadoc Rage smashes down chestfirst on the canvas, howling loudly on impact and rolling to his back where we can see burned and slightly-charred flesh on the chest of the former Television Champion!]

JD: FACEFIRST ON THE LANDMINE!

CP: That's one, Dane! There's still six more in there!

JD: Hopefully they don't get to all of them, Colt. That might be career-threatening if they do! One of them was bad enough... and Derek Rage leans back against the ropes, taking a little breather as his brother smokes on the canvas.

[The referee waves his arms back and forth, clearing the smoke as best he can while Derek Rage stands over his downed brother, a satisfied smile on his face.]

JD: One land mine goes off and leaves Shadoe Rage up in smoke.

CP: But you get the feeling that Derek Rage's not done, Dane.

JD: Absolutely. Not even an attempt at a cover right there.

[The seven footer beckons his smaller brother to his feet, waiting to inflict more long-awaited punishment.]

CP: Derek Rage has been waiting years for this moment, Dane... and you get the feeling it'll be over when he says it's over!

JD: You could be right, Colt... but Shadoe Rage is a man who is hard to put down and keep down. He continues to fight. He continues to get back up and keep going. Can Derek Rage keep him down? We're going to find out.

[Reaching down, Derek grabs Shadoe by the wrist, dragging him up to his feet...]

JD: GORILLA PRESS! THE SEVEN FOOTER SHOVES HIS BROTHER TOWARDS THE HEAVENS AND...

[Rage holds him there for several moments, showing off his power...

...and then steps forward, DROPPING Shadoe facefirst towards the mat a second time!]

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

[Again, Rage slams down on the mat, swallowed by a flash of light and a cloud of black smoke. He rolls to his back almost instantly, showing off the damage from the second explosion, leaving his chest nearly raw from the impact. He is wincing in pain, blood tricking down his chest as Derek Rage looks out into the nothingness in the stadium.]

CP: Two mines down! Five to go!

JD: And again, for the sake of these two men, I hope they don't go through all five of those. We've seen two go off so far and you can already see just how badly they've scorched the upper body of Shadow Rage!

[Derek Rage slowly turns back towards his brother, looking down at him...]

"Had enough?"

[Shadoe grimaces but does not respond, rolling back onto his chest, shielding it from his much-larger brother as the seven footer hovers over him.]

JD: Shadoe Rage needs to get away, Colt. He needs to create some distance... maybe even get outside the ring... give himself some room to recover.

CP: Good luck with that. Derek Rage doesn't seem about to give Shadoe Rage ANY time to try and recover. He knows his own brother's resiliency perhaps better than anyone from their time together as tag team champions in the E... in the Double Eye... all over the globe.

[Shadoe grabs his brother around the ankle, using Derek's own legs to drag himself his knees, staring up at the seven footer...

...who reaches down, pulling Rage up by the throat.]

JD: The referee waves that off - I thought it might've been considered a choke but apparently the referee thinks otherwise...

[Derek quickly lifts Shadoe up into the air again... and presses him high overhead a second time!]

CP: He's gonna do it again! Here comes Number Three!

[But with Shadoe held high in the sky, Derek steps from the middle of the ring...

...and makes a dash towards the ropes!]

JD: DEREK ON THE RUN AND...

[The seven footer HURLS his smaller brother over the top rope, sending him CRASHING down on the grassy field, causing Shadoe to grunt and moan from the impact on the ground.]

JD: He throws him over the top to the floor! Derek Rage with another devastating attack to his own brother, putting Shadoe in a bad, bad way as we start to close in on the ten minute mark of this one.

CP: The halfway point of the time limit.

JD: Derek Rage wants no part of that time limit though, again stepping over the ropes to go out after his brother...

CP: And don't forget we've got these tables out here for him to take advantage of.

JD: I haven't forgotten and I'm sure Derek Rage hasn't as well.

[The seven footer hops down off the apron onto the grass, striding towards his brother who has rolled further away from the ring, trying to create that much-needed space for recovery.]

JD: Shadoe Rage looking to get away, looking to get a breather... but there's no chance of that here as Derek Rage again drags him to his feet...

[Holding him up by the neck, Derek lays in a few comments unheard by our cameras before tugging him into a front facelock...]

JD: Rage out there on the grass with his brother, looking for a suplex of some-

[And out go the lights.]

JD: The lights are out in South Philly! Those randomly activated blackout periods and... well, we can't see a thing, fans. Your guess as to what is going on is absolutely as good as ours is right now.

CP: I kinda like this, Dane. Maybe we can call a whole match like this.

JD: The lights are out a little bit longer than last time now. The timing is also randomized.

CP: So they could be out for like five minutes?

JD: I'm not sure on that... but I hope that won't be-

[The lights come back on... and we see Derek Rage sprawled across a table with his brother hauling ass towards the ring...]

JD: Wait a second! Derek's down! Derek's down and Shadoe's back in the ring and he's climbing as quickly as he can!

[Shadoe Rage, quick as a cat, is to the top rope in a flash, looking out on Derek down on the table at ringside. He raises his arms over his head, pointing towards the heavens...]

...and leaps off, clasping his hands together!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

JD: DEATH FROM ABOVE THROUGH A TABLE!

[The Brothers Rage are sprawled out on the football field's grass, having just gone crashing together through a table with a modified flying double axehandle where Shadoe put his whole body behind it... almost a splash version of the move... to get his brother down.]

JD: Shadoe Rage took a big chance there but it seems to have paid off!

CP: That table absolutely splintered underneath them, Dane... and that might be enough to turn things around for the former TV Champion.

[Hauling Derek Rage off the grass by the arm, Shadoe drags him back towards the ring...]

JD: And you would think the next step after going through that table would be a respite for Shadoe Rage who has been through a lot of physical punishment already in this one... but instead, he's quickly moving to try and take advantage of this, pulling his little brother towards the ring...

[Shadoe gives the 340 pounder a big shove, rolling him back inside the ring.]

JD: Derek gets rolled back in... and where is Shadoe going?!

CP: I'll give you three guesses but you're only gonna need one!

JD: He's going up top!

CP: See?

[Shadoe Rage steps to the middle rope... then to the top...]

JD: Shadoe Rage is on the top rope, looking down at Derek Rage... ready to take flight once again...

[But again, just before Rage can strike, the lights go off!]

CP: What?! Again?!

JD: The randomly-timed lights have shut off once again at South Philly Super Site! We can't see a thing and...

CP: Is Shadoe Rage still up top?! Is he gonna jump?!

JD: He can't see his target, Colt! He can't jump!



CP: I don't know if that would stop him... I'm not sure it would at all. He might do a blind jump, Dane.

JD: In a ring filled with landmines?! I don't think even Shadoe Rage is THAT crazy!

[A few more moments pass before the lights come back on...

...and we see the seven foot Derek Rage back on his feet, grabbing hold of his brother who is still up top!]

JD: What the...?!

CP: He's got him! He's got him, Dane!

[And with a mighty toss, Derek sends Shadoe flying through the air with a mighty slam from the top rope...]

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

[This time Shadoe Rage is thrown down onto his back, again swallowed by smoke and fire as Rage's skin burns and blisters from the impact. Wailing in pain, he rolls over onto his already-burned chest as Derek Rage stumbles across the ring, flipping Shadoe over onto his back.]

JD: Derek Rage makes a cover!

[The referee drops to his knees, cringing as he does...]

JD: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[But Shadoe Rage's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking up the pin before the three count comes down.]

JD: Two count! Two count only!

CP: Shadoe Rage showing you can put him through a table and blow him to Hell and back but the son of a bitch is NOT going to quit fighting until he's got no fight left in him to give!

[Derek Rage pistons a fist down into the mat, showing frustration at not being able to get the win.]

JD: Derek Rage thought he had him there but maybe he doesn't know his big brother as well as he thought!

CP: Well, he's got four mines left in there to try... maybe that'll be enough.

JD: A couple of tables left outside the ring too. Derek Rage has no lack of weapons of mass destruction if he needs them to take out his own flesh and blood.

[The monster climbs to his feet again, looking down at Shadoe Rage who has barely moved since kicking out. He grabs Shadoe's limp arm, dragging him to his feet where he uses a one-armed whip to hurl him into the corner...]

JD: Shadoe goes smashing into the corner...

[Derek lumbers in after him, crushing him underneath 340 pounds of hard-hitting clothesline!]

JD: Big clothesline! Shadoe barely able to stay on his feet...

[Grabbing the arm, Derek sends him across to the opposite corner...]

JD: Derek charging in a second time...

[And this time, he twists his body at the last moment, crushing Shadoe into the buckles with a running hip attack!]

JD: Ohhh!

CP: He calls that the Box Out - a little throwback to his basketball days!

[He stays in the corner, leaning all his super heavyweight poundage against Shadoe's torso.]

JD: And that'll just squeeze more of the air out of Shadoe Rage, doing further damage to his ribs and chest that have been through the proverbial wringer here tonight in South Philly after repeatedly landing on those land mines!

[Twisting around, Derek Rage shoves his brother's face back, laying the badmouth on him...]

"You ain't so bad! You ain't so bad! You ain't nothin'!"

[...and then SLAMS a vicious back elbow to the side of the jaw, leaving Shadoe's arms hanging over the top rope in an attempt to stay on his feet.]

JD: What a shot by Derek Rage! He may not be able to use his fists but that was a devastating back elbow... and Shadoe Rage is out on his feet from the looks of him, Colt.

CP: I don't know, Dane. If he's breathing, he's still got a chance.

JD: Derek Rage grabs the arm, shoots him across again...

[Shadoe slams back into the buckles, again hooking the ropes to stay standing. Derek Rage.]

JD: Derek Rage is a different kind of monster in there tonight with his brother, Colt.

CP: He's a wrecking machine! And he's hungry! He's been on the outside looking in for a long time while his brother's been making the big money here in the AWA! This is his chance to prove he belongs and he's proving it in a big way so far in his brother's own match.

[Derek Rage leans against the far buckles, taking a few deep breaths before he tears across the ring...]

JD: Derek Rage on the move once more! Shadoe in the corner and-

[Shadoe Rage suddenly curls up, lifting up off the mat so that Derek runs RIGHT into his raised knees!]

JD: OHHH! SHADOE WITH THE COUNTER! SHADOE WITH THE COUNTER!

[Derek goes stumbling backwards out of the corner as Shadoe Rage, perhaps sensing an opportunity, leaps through the ropes...]

JD: Shadoe's on the move, moving quickly, climbing those ropes as fast as he can!

[Shadoe steps to the top, arms raised over his head as Derek staggers in a circle...]

JD: DEATH FROM ABOVE-

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

JD: OHHHH!

[Derek Rage leaps into the air, showing off those former basketball skills, as he lashes out with a big overhead slap... channeling his inner Dikembe Mutombo as he SWATS his own brother's head!]

JD: WHAT A SHOT! THAT MIGHT BE IT!

[Shadoe Rage crumples in a heap on the canvas as Derek Rage stands over him, wagging a finger at his fallen brother.]

CP: Whatever he hits, he destroys! Derek Rage just laid out his big brother with one of those massive paws and...

JD: Is he going to cover him?

CP: Doesn't really look like it, does it?

JD: Shadoe Rage is rolling back and forth on the mat...

CP: At least he's conscious.

JD: He may be seeing double after that one though, Colt.

CP: Well... hit the one in the middle.

JD: Good advice.

[Rage leans down, dragging a limp Shadoe Rage to his feet by the arm, flinging him recklessly into the corner again...]

JD: Back to the buckles... we're about fifteen minutes into this battle...

[Derek Rage steps to the corner, swinging a leg up to smash his boot into Shadoe's chest.]

JD: Ohh! Hard kick!

CP: But with the flat of the boot - totally legal!

[A second kick to the body lands... then a third... and then the lights go out!]

JD: Oh! The lights are out here again...

[A howl of pain is heard...]

JD: What in the world is that?

CP: That can't be good.

[...and as the lights come back on, Derek Rage is backpedaling across the ring, holding his eyes as Shadoe Rage staggers after him, his fist drawn back...]

JD: Shadoe's got him on the run! I think he went to the eyes and-

CP: Watch the fist, Shadoe!

JD: I think he forgot the rules - he's too shaken up!

[A wild swing from Shadoe Rage luckily comes up empty as Derek Rage ducks down, lifting Shadoe up...]

CP: Lucky for Rage, he missed the closed fist so no disq-

JD: Wait, wait, wait!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

[...and both men come crashing down on the canvas with a back suplex that results in another flash of sparks and smoke!]

JD: OHHHH!

[Both men are motionless on the canvas, smoke pouring out from under the blackened canvas underneath them.]

JD: The time here in South Philly is running down! I don't think any of us ever thought they'd make it the full twenty minutes but we are getting pretty close, Colt.

CP: This is when you gotta lower your head and push your way through! It's not over yet!

JD: Both men are down after that last attack... both men reeling but trying to get up off the canvas! Battered, broken, and burned to a crisp - the fight continues here in South Philly!

[Surprisingly, Shadoe Rage is the first one up, balling up his fist for a moment before realizing his error and smashing an elbow down between the eyes of his kneeling brother... and again... and again!]

JD: Three big elbows! Shadoe Rage backs off...

[He points at the kneeling Derek with both hands, having given himself plenty of room to maneuver before slapping his knee a few times...]

JD: He's looking for the Eclipse! We've seen him put opponents on the shelf... even knock them completely out of the business with this very move! Who has seen Tony Sunn since he got hit with this?

CP: Who the hell is Tony Sunn?!

JD: Oh, how quickly they forget, fans! Rage taking aim! Derek's dazed - he might not even know where his brother is!

[Shadoe suddenly breaks into a sprint, letting loose a horrific scream as he bears down on his brother who is still on a knee, hoping to drive his kneecap right through the Intelligent Thug's skull!]

JD: IT'S ABOUT TO BE A TOTAL EEEEEEECLIPPPPP-

[But Derek Rage is suddenly on his feet, extending one of his lengthy arms, and wrapping his hand around Shadoe's skull in a clawhold!]

JD: CLAW! CLAW!

CP: LOOK OUT HERE!

JD: THERE'S ARE STILL MINES LEFT AND-

[Just before Derek Rage lifts his brother into the air for the Hammer of God clawslam, the lights go out once again...]

JD: OH! The lights are out!

CP: Damn it! Turn `em back on!

JD: They're on that random timer and-

[A loud groan is heard from the ring. A moment later, the lights come back on to reveal Derek Rage doubled over, holding his groin.]

JD: I THINK HE WENT LOW! I THINK SHADOE RAGE WENT LOW WHEN THE LIGHTS WERE OFF!

[A smirking Shadoe Rage is on his feet, grabbing his brother by the back of the head. He races across the ring, leaping over the top rope...]

...and SNAPS his throat down on the top rope, sending Derek sprawling back down on the canvas as Shadoe lands firmly on the football field grass!]

JD: Shadoe with that unusual clothesline, taking Derek Rage down... and Shadoe's going for it, fans! Shadoe knows that time is ticking and he's going for it!

[Shadoe Rage quickly gets up on the apron, pointing to the sky as he starts to climb again...]

JD: The former World Television Champion is on his way to his favorite perch and you know he's got bad intentions when he gets there, Colt! You know he does!

CP: He's gonna try to put his elbow right through his own brother's heart!

[Rage gets to the top rope, raising his arms over his head...]

JD: He's up top! He's gonna fly! He's gonna-

[And out go the lights.]

CP: DAMN IT!

JD: For the second time in this match, Shadoe Rage was on the verge of dropping that elbow, I believe, only to have the lights in the stadium go out! He was going to drop it all and-

CP: The last time he tried this, Derek Rage threw him onto a landmine when the lights came back on!

JD: This time, we don't know what-

[A very loud "FUCK IT!" is heard before a grunt...]

...and the lights come back on JUST before Shadoe Rage CRASHES down onto his brother with a flying elbow!]

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

[The landmine seemed to be right between the Brothers Rage and upon impact of the flying elbow, it blows up right underneath both. The cloud of fire, light, and smoke catches both Rages flush, knocking them apart from one another as the referee looks on in disbelief.]

JD: A blind attempt at the flying elbow - he couldn't see a thing, Colt!

CP: Yeah, but he got all of it! Pure instinct, Dane... from having dropped that elbow a million times in his career! Shadoe Rage with the flying elbow off the top and- BOOM! Both men got hit. Both men are down. But the question is - can either of them take advantage of this?

JD: That's a great question. The referee is checking on both men, trying to make sure they can both continue and-

[Abruptly cutting off Jason Dane is the sound of a shrill, loud siren blaring as the bright white lights in the South Philly Supersite get joined by swirling red spotlights from all over the stadium.]

JD: What the hell?

[A moment later, a clock appears on the corner of the screen reading "0:59" in white text.]

JD: There's a siren blaring... red lights... what is this countdown clock on our screen all about?

[Obviously caught off-guard, referee Scott Ezra covers his ears, wincing in pain at the volume and pitch of the noise, looking around frantically...

...when an arm-waving production guy on the floor gets his attention.]

JD: I don't understand. What is going on?

[The camera shot switches to show the referee and the production guy talking. Ezra's jaw drops as he shouts "AN EXPLODING RING!?"]

JD: WHAT?!

CP: Did he just say...?

JD: He did! He said "an exploding ring!" Did we get an added stipulation to this match that no one knew was coming?!

CP: Someone had to know!

[The referee frantically turns back to the ring, looking at the downed Rages as the production guy hauls ass away from the ring. Official Scott Ezra races over to the two Rages, shaking Derek Rage as much as he can before moving over to Shadoe to do the same.]

JD: The referee is trying to revive both of these men! This is not what they signed on for! The Rages need to know and more importantly, they need to get the HELL out of that ring, Colt!

[The countdown clock reads "0:40" as the official shakes Shadoe with all he's got. Shadoe Rage blinks a few times, looking puzzled at the referee who starts pointing dramatically to Derek, miming an explosion with his hands.]

[illegible]

[In a massive explosion of flash, fire, and smoke, the ring “explodes.” It is quickly engulfed a cloud of smoke, making it completely invisible to the camera’s eye as the cameraman falls to the side, nearly knocked over from the impact of the blast.]

JD: Oh. My. God.

[There are several moments of silence as the smoke literally clears, leaving the ring behind...

...where we see the motionless forms of Shadoe and Derek Rage inside the ring, side by side on the canvas.]

JD: We’re going to need... we need medical help there now! We need medical help there RIGHT now!

CP: This is bad, Dane. This is real bad.

JD: The referee - Scott Ezra - back on the scene, checking both men... he’s...

[Ezra waves his arms in the air first then throws them up in a “X” as we see production team members sprinting towards the ring.]

JD: The match... well, obviously the match is over.

CP: Now we know why it had a twenty minute time limit.

JD: I suppose we do. Wow, I- well... I never expected this one to end like that, Colt. Never. Both men down. Both men likely hurt and hurt badly. And we speculated a lot in the days leading up to this as to whether or not there would be enough of them left to team up at the Stampede Cup... and right now, we just don’t know the answer to that.

CP: The medics are coming in now. Thankfully.

JD: The ambulance actually driving directly onto the field. I’m guessing both of these guys will be the guests at a local hospital tonight.

CP: I just saw Derek Rage move a little...

JD: Shadoe too. At least we know they’re... yeah, well... at least we know they’re somewhat okay. Fans... we’re going to come back here to the arena now but as soon as we know anything... anything at all about the condition of Derek and Shadoe Rage... we’ll let you know.

CP: Shadoe was out, Dane. He was out of there and Derek... he...

JD: He pulled him back in. I saw it too. Derek Rage seemed like he could’ve gotten out too but he would rather hurt his own flesh and blood to that degree... to that extreme if you’ll pardon the expression... than to escape himself. Incredible.

[As the ambulance pulls to a stop near the ring, we fade back to...

...the parking lot area of the 2300 Arena which we saw at the top of the show. It’s not much to look at it but it’s got it where it counts, kids.

Which means you can park cars there. Sort of.

Anyways... a long black stretch limo is pulling into view as we fade up, a large Korugun Corporation logo on the side of it.]



JD: And it looks like whoever Javier Castillo has been speaking to on the phone as of late... he or she has arrived...

CP: Maybe it's a they.

JD: Maybe it is. And maybe we can get a glimpse of...

[Two black suited and sunglassed-up men step in front of the camera. From the outfits and their size, assuming they are security is probably a safe bet.]

JD: Maybe not.

[The cameraman pulls back, showing the limo waiting for... something...

...and we fade back inside the arena backstage where Michelle Bailey is pacing in front of the closed door of an office. She's somehow made a costume change from earlier in the show, as she's washed off her makeup from earlier, and has changed her hairstyle into a side ponytail that hangs over her shoulder. She has changed out of her ring attire, into an old Ego MAX T-shirt with the neck widened, so it drapes off her shoulder and makes her bra straps visible. The shirt has been cut into a crop top, revealing that she puts her navel piercing back in after her matches. She's also wearing a blue and yellow plaid skirt and a pair of black combat boots.]

MB [muttering to herself]: ... it's no big deal, girl. You're there to check on him. He's a friend, you're going to be there for him like he's been there for you. It's no big deal. Just... go talk to him.

[Michelle sighs, and impulsively yet softly knocks on the door. She stares at her hand for a second, a look of nervousness coming over her face.]

MB: ... hmph.

[The door opens, and a security guard walks out, head lowered, trying to ignore Michelle, but she stops him.]

MB: Hey... is he okay? Is it safe to go in and see him?

SG: Lady, why would you want to see that asshole?

[A hurt look spreads across Michelle's face, and the security guard softens.]

SG: Look, you can go in if you want, but you're on your own if you do. He's shaken up, and when he comes around, he's not going to be pleasant to deal with.

[A sly smile replaces the hurt look on Michelle's face.]

MB: Oh, you don't know him like I do. I'll be fine.

[The security guard scoffs.]

SG: Sure. If you say so. Good luck!

[Michelle pouts at the security guard as he walks away, poking her tongue out at him once she's sure he's not looking back. A small gleam of light reflects off of her tongue piercing, another piercing she puts back in after her matches. Michelle then takes a deep breath once the security guard is gone.]

MB [muttering to herself again]: ... that guy definitely doesn't know him like I do.

[And Michelle opens the door just slightly, leaning against it so she isn't looking in but so whoever's inside can clearly know it's her...]

MB: Hey... it... it's Michelle. Can I come in? Are you decent? ... were you ever decent?

[Michelle smiles at her joke. No response comes from the inside. Michelle rests her head on the door, and tries again.]

MB: Look, I just... I heard what happened a few moments ago while I was dressing out. I figured maybe you needed a friend right now. I just wanted you to know that I'm here for you. You know... if you want me to be.

[Still silence. Michelle snuffles and pokes her head in. Her body stiffens in momentary shock.]

MB: ... oh.

[And she walks in, as the camera cuts to an interior shot of the office. Michelle walks into the room and finds the barely conscious form of Juan Vasquez laying on a makeshift trainer's table, a towel underneath his neck. Nobody else is in the room aside from Michelle and Juan.]

MB: Oh no. This is where they left you, here all alone? What the heck?

[Michelle looks at Juan, unsure of what to do next. She looks at Juan's hand, takes hold of it, and squeezes gently. She gets no response, so she lets go and softly pats Juan's hand. She pauses for a moment, then starts talking again, almost to herself.]

MB: This wasn't quite how I was hoping we'd meet up again, corazón. I mean... I know you were in the crowd for my match, and that was great, but I was hoping maybe we could've gotten dinner or something and catch up that way. Why is nothing about us normal?

[Michelle sighs, moving to the head of the trainer's table and facing the wall away from Juan, putting her hands on her hips.]

MB: ... you probably can't hear me anyway.

[Just then, a noise can be heard. A groan of pain and then a single whispered word.]

JV: Blue.

[Michelle looks confused.]

MB: Do you want me to get him? I can go get him...

[Vasquez waves a weary hand.]

JV: I wasn't talking about him. You know what I meant.

[Michelle blinks, and suddenly her face becomes flushed. She fidgets a little, adjusting the waist on her skirt as he slightly sits up, a smirk on his face.]

MB: You're the worst! How did you... how do you always know?

JV: It's one of my many talents. Heck, if I was younger, I could also probably tell you they were lacy with flower embroidery, cross straps and a cute little bow knot-

What's wrong?

[Michelle's face is now a nice shade of tomato.]

MB: You really are the worst!

JV: Sorry?

[With another groan, Juan sits up further on the trainer's table, holding his head.]

JV: Oh god, my head...

MB: Are you okay?

[He ignores the question as he stretches his neck, trying to get the kinks out.]

JV: I should've known better. I should've known I couldn't trust that son of a bitch, Blue. Him, Michaelson and especially Stegglet. It wasn't enough to just banish me from the AWA. Those assholes set me up. How else would Stevie know to bring Magnum here? They fuckin' set me up and like an idiot I walked right into their trap...

MB: Look, Juan, I...

JV: ...I gotta get out of here...

[Juan tries to get off the table, but he's still unsteady on his feet, as Michelle catches him.]

MB: Whoa, easy there. You're still woozy.

JV: Thanks, I...

[She helps stand him up. As she does so, Juan notices something, frowning. His eyes narrow. He holds his hand over Michelle's head, comparing heights.]

JV: Did you shrink?

[She exaggeratedly tosses her hair, looking rather proud of herself.]

MB: About three inches. Thanks for noticing!

JV: Well, you said you changed, but you didn't tell me you Poké-volved.

MB: My kiddo compares me to a legendary Sylveon. I have absolutely no idea what she's talking about.

[The two chuckle, as Juan suddenly grabs his forehead in pain.]

JV: Sorry Michelle, but I'm going to have to cut this reunion short. My head feels like how Johnny Pleasance speaks and...it's just not safe for me to be here...

[Juan tries to move past Michelle, but she blocks his way. In fact, she grabs him by the shoulders and muscles him back into the wall, before slamming both of her hands on either side of his head so he's forced to stare straight at her. Noticing the close proximity of their bodies, Juan blinks.]

JV: Is it just me or are we having a very serious case of déjà vu?

[Michelle, realizing what she's just done, frowns and sighs.]

MB: Juan... I'm sorry, I just need to talk to you for a moment, okay? I haven't heard from you for a year and a half, and I've been worried. Why have you been ignoring me? What have you been doing?

JV: Knocking over liquor stores with Ed Salazar.

[A beat.]

JV: No, shoot me if my life ever got that pathetic. I've actually been...-AH!!

[He flinches in pain and holds his head, sliding down onto his butt as a startled Michelle takes a step back.]

JV: It hurts even trying to think about it. Sometimes it doesn't even feel like what I did last year was even real. But whatever terrible thing you've heard, from Martinez or Ohara, or especially from that bastard Stegglet, it ain't the whole truth.

[He rubs his temples.]

JV: I was doing important things, Michelle. Some people might say I was doing TERRIBLE things, but you know how this business is. I didn't mean to ignore you, but if you want the real truth, you can ask Williams. Stay the hell away from Jackson Hunter... but Williams is a good kid. Don't believe what they tell you about him, either.

[He laughs bitterly.]

JV: Why the hell does it even matter? I saw your little interview with Theresa Lynch. Don't I actually make you sick, anyway? Just let me get the hell out of here, before they decide to send Magnum or Carver to finish me off.

[A look of shock is on Michelle's face. She shakes her head furiously.]

MB: ... oh gosh. No. No, corazón, you don't make me sick. Not at all.

[Michelle takes a seat on the floor beside Juan. She pulls her knees closer to her chest, her voice becoming a little bit quieter.]

MB: ... I make me sick. Okay? There's a lot of things I think about, and what I should have acted on... and I just... get sick with how I screwed it up. How it was my fault. Not yours, okay? That's all on me.

[Michelle grabs Juan by the wrist.]

MB: Corazón... if... if I swear I'll tell you everything, promise you'll listen?

[Juan hesitates, before slowly nodding. Michelle lets go of his wrist, takes in a deep breath and exhales. She resumes holding her knees to her chest, then looks at the floor.]

MB: I just... look, I remember when I first saw you, wrestling in the matches before the television shows started. I knew you had all this potential, and I couldn't understand why you weren't being given the chance to show it. I always thought you were going to become what you eventually became, and I would tell you that every chance I could. But there was also something else about you that I felt, and I never really felt that for anyone else before. I remember when we'd talk, things were just... different. I felt safe around you. You made me feel like a human being.

Not too many people treated me like that back then. You were one of the very few who did. Some days it felt like you were the only one.

[Michelle turns her head away from Juan, bringing her knees even closer to her chest.]

MB: Then you got on TV finally, and we started teaming together. We were already traveling together across the country. And yeah, you turned on me... but you wanted to be something bigger than what you were. This business sucks sometimes for that. I mean... look at how often Shane dropped me on my head. But we got over it, right? And you apologized to me eventually. You never meant to hurt me, you needed to get ahead and you thought that was how you could do it. It was never fair that this business pitted us against each other, and I never held you responsible for that. Deep down... if you were happy, then I was happy for you.

[Michelle takes a second to wipe her eyes.]

MB: I knew how everyone else treated me. I knew how they laughed at me. I knew how they made fun of me. I knew how much I didn't belong. And yeah, we had our rough patches, but... you always knew who I was. You always saw me for me. I still remember that time on the road, late at night, when you told me you knew I was a woman. I remember how hard I cried when I realized you saw the real me. How you tried to calm me down and tell me it was okay, that you didn't see me any differently, that there was nothing wrong with me in spite of what everyone else said. I don't know if that's why I felt how I felt about you, or if it's just because there's something about you I couldn't seem to shake loose from my head. For years, I always thought about you and wanted us to be something more.

I loved you, corazón. I always did.

[Michelle looks back at Juan, her eyes glassy, trying to hold back tears.]

MB: But if I told you I loved you back then, and you told me you loved me too... what would have happened to you? You would've ended up just like me... everyone saw me as a joke, and you would've gotten treated just the same way, just like how they treated you when we were a team. All that talent, all that potential... you would've wound up on the indies or on the occasional Japan tour, just like me. Not only that... but what if you didn't love me back? What if you said we couldn't be friends anymore? I don't know what it would've done to me. I was a mess. I was too scared to do anything. And I just couldn't lose you in my life. I needed you... some days when I felt like I was subhuman, nothing more than scum, I knew I could call you, and you'd make me feel like I was an actual person. No matter what you were doing, or how busy you were... you were there for me.

[Michelle sniffles again, wiping her eyes once more.]

MB: Everyone thought I was fearless in the ring, or brave in my personal life, but I don't feel that way. I couldn't tell the man I loved how I felt... I was scared. I had lost so much with my career, and my personal life had already collapsed. I didn't want to risk your career too, because I worried about how people would punish you for loving me... if you even felt that way! So I kept it bottled up inside me, trying to find the right time, or the right way. Even as everything was falling apart for me, and you tried to talk me through it all, and I'd say to myself "this is the time, just tell him"... I couldn't make the words come out.

[Michelle turns her head away from Juan again...]

MB: Then you met Marisol.

[... and then turns back to him once more.]

MB: You told me how happy she made you. You told me you were going to marry her. And even though I was so happy for you, I knew that I lost my chance at you. When you brought Marisol to meet me, I knew there was no way I'd ever get you to feel the same way about me. And I was really angry... not at you, not at Marisol, but at myself. Angry at myself for waiting so long, for not being honest about who I was with the rest of the world, if they'd even understand me like you did. Just hating that I was cursed with this stupid body and how it ruined everything for me. Hating that I'd never have a normal life, and that I'd never be happy, and it was all my fault because I couldn't just be... not this.

[Michelle sighs, her body relaxing a little.]

MB: But then I stopped being angry, because it was pointless to be angry about this. I couldn't keep being angry at myself for who I am. I couldn't change that, and even if I could, what good would it do? Having you in my life in any form was better than nothing. I could still love you as my friend, even if we can never be more than that. I've learned how to be okay with that. After all these years, the best thing in my life, aside from my daughter and folks like Shane and Roxie, had been you and Marisol as my friends. I remember how happy you two were for me when I told you I was finally going to transition, how you flew out the very next day just to come see me and celebrate with me, even though you were still hurting from what happened to you at Wrestlerock. But...

[An involuntary whine squeaks out of Michelle's mouth, and she seems briefly startled by it, but keeps on rolling with her explanation.]

MB: ... I just... I don't want you to hate me because I said something stupid. And we already haven't talked in like... a year and a half, ever since you two came to see me after surgery. I don't know if you seeing me in that hospital bed upset you, and you just didn't want to tell me why, and we haven't talked since then because of that, or what. It feels like there's been this void in my life without you. I've been trying so hard not to be sad about it. I've missed your friendship so much, and now I feel like I've screwed it up by talking about you in that interview. Just like I would've screwed it up if I had told you all those years ago about how I felt about you.

[A few tears roll down Michelle's cheeks, as she desperately tries to control herself, and appears to be losing that battle.]

MB: So no, corazón, you don't make me sick. If anything, you make me healthy. And I don't know why I couldn't have just told you all of this before. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry...

[Michelle finally dissolves into tears, softly weeping, burying her head into her knees. Juan seems unsure what to make of all of this.]

JV: Michelle...

[He reaches over and pats her on the head. This seems to have a calming effect on her.]

JV: ...what the hell am I going to do with you?

MB [sniffing]: ... I'm sorry.

JV: Don't be sorry. Be happy. Someone around here should be.

[He sighs.]

JV: Michelle, you remember what I called you back when we were in EMWC, right?

My muse.

[Michelle's eyes open wide, stunned.]

JV: Because maybe you didn't think you were fearless or brave, but I sure as hell thought you were. Here was someone brave enough to fight to be who she really is, every single waking moment of her life. And if Michelle Bailey could hold her head up high despite what the world thought... If Michelle Bailey could scratch and claw for every little bit of respect from her peers... If Michelle Bailey could do this day in, day out and never give up trying...

Why couldn't I?

Michelle... You ARE brave. You ARE fearless. You ARE an inspiration.

MY inspiration.

[Michelle just stares. In shock. In awe.]

JV: Being an idiot with your love life doesn't change any of that, you know? If that was the case, they'd kick Alex Martinez's overgrown ass out of the Hall of Fame.

[They both chuckle.]

JV: You said it yourself, right? No more masks. Maybe you can't change your past, but you're finally who you've always wanted to be, and she sure as hell can decide her own future.

[Juan laughs.]

JV: Shit, if Shane can find a happy ending after fucking up for all these years, why can't you?

[Juan pushes himself to his feet.]

JV: Now stop the waterworks and save them for a time when you can cry tears of joy...

[He holds out his arms.]

JV: ...and give me a hug.

[Michelle gets to her feet and holds out her arms to receive the hug. However, they both stop just short and point at each other.]

JV and MB: Hands above the waist!

[They laugh, before embracing.]

MB: So, I guess I'll see you in Saskatchewan, right?

[Unknown to Michelle, at the mention of Saskatchewan, the expression on Juan's face turns cold.]

JV: Right...

[He breaks the hug and puts on his best smile for her.]

JV: I'll see you in Saskatchewan.

[Michelle turns and leaves. As soon as she does, the smile disappears from his face.]

JV: Saskatchewan.

[Juan laughs to himself and shakes his head. He stands there for moment, before grabbing his head in pain once more. Suddenly, he spins around...]

"CRAAAAACCCCKKKKK!!!"

[...and embeds his right fist into the wall, leaving behind an impressive dented, cracked and crumbling piece of drywall, before walking off as we fade through black...

The camera opens to bare concrete and pans up and back. First you see the expanse of the mottled grey, workers in the back ground setting up chairs and barriers, bustling about for the start of a wrestling show. Then it's a duo of shoes. Asiics of course.

"Taped earlier"

Matching black track pants give way and we see two men standing in the back of the expanse that is Viking Hall... 2300 Arena... enjoying what they are seeing. To the right is "Cannonball" Lee Connors, wearing an Eternally Extreme shirt from the first edition. To the left, masked of course, is Downpour. He wears a well worn orange Juvenil Infierno t-shirt.]

LC: \*deep exhalation\* Wow.

D: Wow.

LC: Just... wow.

[Downpour nods, solemnly almost. The pair exude reverence for the place they are in.]

LC: We don't belong here. We really don't. Holy moly, man. Think about.

[He palms his forehead in exasperation, the moment overwhelming.]

LC: Let's be real. The Frats, the Down Boys, Strictly Business, E-Oh-Cee, Dynasty, Zokugun Sangai.

[The two exchange looks at the last name.]

LC: Sam Willis and Blackwater Bart, Dave Bryant and Ess-Vee-Ess, Future Force at the last Eternally Extreme. Think about the roster of tag teams that graced the E. Think about that history of greatness! Think about all the tag teams that never won a title and are still remembered today, years later. Dude...

[Both exchange a look. The look like... "We shouldn't be here."]

LC: And then there's us. And then there's...

[He clears his throat, a guttural growl overriding it.]

LC: And there's them.



[Deep breath. Downpour reaches over and pats Connors on the shoulder.]

LC: Yeah. Yeah.

Alright, my friend. Are you ready? Am I ready? Are the Idols ready? Are WE ready?

[Downpour shrugs.]

LC: We gotta be ready to take it... to the... extreme.

[We fade from the shot of Connors and Downpour.

The camera opens to bare concrete and pans up and back. First you see the expanse of the mottled grey, workers in the background setting up chairs and barriers, bustling about for the start of a wrestling show. Then it's a duo of shoes. Bedazzled Chuck Taylor Converse of course.

"Taped earlier"

Matching black track pants give way and we see two men standing in the back of the expanse that is Viking Hall... 2300 Arena...

To the right is Chaz Wallace wearing an old school GI Joe Crimson Guard t-shirt cut slightly to reveal a tanned and toned midriff... or... is that Chet? Well, the other one is sporting a very old EMWC t-shirt promoting a tag team known as the Suicide Blondes with "Erotic" Erin scantily clad and standing between them.]

Chaz: \*deep exhalation\* Wow.

Chet: Wow.

Chaz: Just... wow.

[Chet nods, solemnly almost.]

Chet: We don't belong here. We really don't. Holy moly, man. Think about...

[Chet looks around, shaking his head.]

Chet: Think about all the STDs that have been contracted... right... here.

[He points to the ground under their feet as Chaz noticeably steps back.]

Chet: All the drugs that were done over there...

[Chaz looks wistfully in that direction.]

Chet: That locker room was overflowing with men's men, yeah? Guys who knew how to take a beating but give one out that hurt even worse.

Chaz: Like who?

Chet: Chris Courtade.

Chaz: Mmm. Preach it.

Chet: The Gremlin.

Chaz: Sho'nuff.

Chet: Mike Justice.

Chaz: Once stole a title in a match he wasn't even in. Respect.

Chet: Ribera Kid!

Chaz: Who was that masked man? Or... woman apparently.

[Chet shakes his head.]

Chet: You know the one thing though that separates us from them?

Chaz: What's that?

[Chet holds up a finger dramatically, standing silent for a moment... okay, several moments.]

Chaz: I said, what's-

Chet: Talent!

[Chet breaks out into a grin.]

Chet: We're THE talent in this business. Hotter than a night in Roppongi and cooler than being a charter member of the brand new Experience Fan Club.

[He turns towards the camera with a wink.]

Chet: Join now, kids.

Chaz: You know, you're right. I mean... we wanted this match because they said it was the only place we could fight the Shooting Stars again... not because we wanted to honor this place.

Chet: Nope.

Chaz: Pay homage to it.

Chet: No way.

Chaz: Show it some love.

Chet: Hell to the no, bro. Everyone's walking around tonight talking about their favorite EMWC memory, well... here's mine...

[He stares into the camera.]

Chet: The day... it... died.

[He trembles with intensity, his finger shaking...

...and holds there for a few moments before Chaz speaks up.]

Chaz: Dude. Which one?

[The Wallaces break into laughter.]

Chet: Good one, good one. But Connors and Downpour, they're not like us at all. They're here fanboying out over all this stuff. Trying to get people to sign pieces of broken table or used ring gear...

[Chaz fans his nose.]

Chet: Well, boys... never let it be said that the American Idols are above giving you.. an experience... you'll never forget. 'Cause we're going to climb in that ring... a loop of barbed wire hanging from the roof above us... and we're going to give you your EMWC experience.

Chaz: It'll be almost like the real thing. And who knows - maybe your little girlfriend Betty will even show up and give the two of you herpes for old time's sake.

[Chet grimaces.]

Chet: Dude. That's wrong.

Chaz: She's not my type either but...

[Chaz shrugs.]

Chet: Too far, bro. Too far.

[Chet turns, walking off as Chaz stands behind looking puzzled.]

Chaz: Was it something I said?

[A loud "YES!" is heard from off-camera as we fade to black...

...and then out to the ring where Ken Graham is standing.]

KG: The following contest is your STAIRWAY TO HELLLLLL LADDER MATCH!

[HUGE EXTREME POP!]

KG: Above the ring is hanging a loop of barbed wire. This match CANNOT end until one team has retrieved the barbed wire. Once that happens, the match can end by pinfall or submission.

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.]

KG: 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 with white tassels hanging from their boots, 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.]

JD: The American Idols heading towards the ring for this Stairway To Hell match and Colt Patterson, as a former three time EMWC World Champion, what do you

have to say about the Idols' disrespect they showed the E during that interview earlier tonight.

CP: You know, Dane... these kids are brash, they're bold, and they don't play by anyone's rules except their own. They may not want to admit it but that means they would've fit right in in the E.

[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.]

JD: Remember, fans... this match came about because when the Shooting Stars defeated the Idols earlier this year, it was stipulated it would be the final meeting between the two teams but the Idols just couldn't live with that. They kept planning and plotting, trying to get another shot at the Stars and... well, tonight is that shot.

CP: And the whole time you're talking, Dane... I'm looking at that barbed wire hanging over the ring and thinking about how BOTH of these teams have the Stampede Cup ahead of them in a few weeks' time and neither can afford an injury brought on by that barbed wire.

JD: Absolutely not... and with the Prophets of Rage literally blowing up here tonight, who knows if they'll be able to make the Stampede Cup tournament which has already seen one of the top seeds, System Shock, have to vacate their spot in the tournament due to injury.

[The music dies down as the Idols eye the barbed wire loop hanging above them warily...

And with that, the lights go down in the 2300 Arena and cutting blue lasers "drip" from above with a rain like effect as a smoke machine starts jettisoning a white cloud. A crash of thunder and then an electronic-synth beat hits, rising in crescendo and drops...

...into "You're The Best" to a loud cheer from the gathered crowd. Running around comes a barefoot "Cannonball" in his familiar white gi. He snaps out a sidekick and falls into a horse stance.

Rising from the gathering fog, right behind him, is Downpour. His masked head is bowed and as his upwards motion tops, he snaps up an arm to the sky, Connors with a "KEEE AIII!" punch accompanying another crash of thunder. Downpour is dressed in a full shimmery dark blue body suit, cut through with silver jags. His mask is full face, silver eyes and a full "hair" of silver and black tassels coming from the back and down onto his shoulders. He has similar tassels hanging from his boot tops and wears a paneled "skirt" that looks like water drops of varying sizes.]

KG: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents... at a total combined weight of 383 pounds... they are "Cannonball" Lee Connors and Downpour...

THE SHOOOOOOOTIIIIIIING STAAAAAARRRRRRRRS!

[The two make their way down to the ring, reaching out to exchange claps with fans of all ages.]

JD: The Shooting Stars have certainly been on a hot streak since coming together a few months ago, Colt. In fact, many think they may in fact be the top contenders to the World Tag Team Titles in the very near future.

CP: A win tonight would help but it's all going to come down to the Stampede Cup, Dane. With System Shock out of action indefinitely, the tag title scene is wide open and this tournament couldn't come at a better time.

JD: You're absolutely right about that. The best tag teams in the world will be in Regina at Mosaic Stadium for the Battle of Saskatche- WHOOOOOA!

[The crowd ROARS as Chaz and Chet Wallace hurl themselves between the ropes in twinning topes!]

JD: SUICIDE DIVES BY BOTH OF THE IDOLS AND DOWN GOES THE SHOOTING STARS OFF THAT ONE!

[Chaz and Chet Wallace come to their feet, exchanging a high five before they go to work putting the boots to Connors and Downpour as referee Andy Dawson signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

JD: And this one is officially underway in South Philly. Remember, this is a ladder match in that you have to retrieve that barbed wire hanging over the ring but once you do, you can win by pinfall or submission.

CP: It's almost like two matches in one, Dane.

JD: Or like an old Coal Miner's Glove on a pole match. Gotta retrieve the weapon of choice before you can go for the W.

[Chaz pulls Lee Connors off the floor, tossing him under the ropes into the ring as Chet puts Downpour into the ringside steps!]

JD: Ohh! Downpour, the lucha libre superstar, goes crashing into the steel steps and it looks like the Wallaces are going to turn their attention to the Canadian Karate Kid!

CP: Smart move, Dane. Isolate and attack. The key to good tag team wrestling.

[The Wallaces toss Connors into a corner, alternating kicks to the body as the fans jeer the doubleteam. Chaz grabs the gi, yanking it apart to reveal Connors' torso...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: Solid overhead chop by Chaz Wallace, right down across the chest...

[Chet grabs the sleeve of the gi, yanking it off of Connors. He mimes wiping his ass with it before throwing it out into the crowd.]

JD: Such disrespect shown by the American Idols who recently aligned themselves with Michael Aarons - a group now known as The Experience.

[The Wallaces each grab Connors by the arm, whipping him across the ring...

...where Connors runs right up the buckles, backflipping off the top to land on his feet behind a charging Chet Wallace who slams chestfirst into the buckles!]

JD: Connors avoids Chet...

[And as Chaz charges him from the blind side, Connors pulls off a nice spin move, shoving him into his own brother!]

JD: Big crash in the corner between the Idols!

[Connors goes low as Chaz staggers back, snapping off a legsweep that puts him down on the mat. He grabs Chet, lifting him for a back suplex...

...and shoves him all the way over into a backflip, dropping him into a makeshift splash on his own brother to big cheers!]

JD: "Cannonball" Lee Connors taking on both Idols right now... and succeeding!

[With the Idols stacked up on each other, Connors hops up on the middle rope, leaping off, twisting and flipping into a somersault senton on the pile!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: Connors squashing them both under his weight!

[The Canadian Karate Kid gets to his feet as Chet rolls off his brother, both men reeling as Connors looks out and sees his partner not just back on his feet but shoving a ladder under the bottom rope.]

JD: And the Shooting Stars are wasting no time here, looking to climb that ladder and end this one early!

[Connors grabs the ladder that his partner put in the ring, lifting it up to set it up under the loop of barbed wire.]

JD: Connors getting that ladder into position... and he's looking to climb!

[Connors gets a couple of steps up the ladder before Chaz Wallace comes to his feet, grabbing Connors by the leg, stopping his ascent. Downpour slides into the ring, throwing a forearm to the jaw of Chaz Wallace... and a second... and a third...]

JD: Downpour pounding away on Chaz Wallace, trying to give his partner a chance to get up that ladder..

[Chaz Wallace though jabs out a thumb, driving it into the eye of the masked man.]

JD: Ohh! Eyegouge by Chaz and-

[Grabbing a handful of mask, Chaz SLAMS Downpour into the ladder, causing Connors to drop off onto his feet on the canvas while Downpour staggers towards the corner.]

JD: Connors comes down off the ladder..

[Chaz winds up, throwing a haymaker that Connors blocks with ease before throwing a half dozen alternating-hand blows to the stomach in a lightning quick fashion. Chaz doubles up as Connors snaps off a front kick to straighten him back up...

...and then a leaping enzuigiri, snapping it off the back of Chaz' head, taking him down to the canvas!]

JD: Leaping enzuigiri by Connors... and again, he's looking to climb that ladder..

[Connors gets up on the second rung when Chet Wallace wanders into the frame, reaching up to grab Connors by the back of the tights...

...and YANKS him backwards, causing Connors to crash down on the canvas!]

JD: A hard fall to the canvas for Connors there...

CP: It's pretty clear that no one in this match has been softened up enough yet to make the climb up that ladder. Someone's gonna need to do some more damage before they can do it.

JD: And it seems like Chet Wallace agrees with you... folding up that ladder now...

[Chet seems to have some struggles with the large ladder with his smaller frame. He muscled it up around his chest, holding it like he's going for a front powerslam...

...and then SLINGS it down onto Lee Connors!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: Chet Wallace throwing that wood and metal ladder down on top of Lee Connors!

CP: That's what I'm talking about right there, Dane.

JD: Absolutely. That'll do some damage and...

[Chet Wallace snaps off a crotch chop on the downed Connors before Downpour grabs him by the shoulder, swinging him around into a forearm shot to the jaw...]

JD: Forearm! Another!

[A spinning back chop catches Chet on the side of the neck as Downpour dashes to the ropes...

...and gets tripped up from the outside by Chaz!]

JD: Oh! Chaz from the outside, taking Downpour down... and out! He yanks him right out to the floor...

[Downpour lands a few blows on Chaz on the floor when Chet comes rushing in towards him, leaping up...]

JD: AND A FLYING DROPKICK THROUGH THE ROPES KNOCKS DOWNPOUR DOWN!

[Chet lands on his feet, all smiles as Downpour goes down hard from the flying dropkick through the ropes. Chaz kicks Downpour a few times hard as Chet grabs a second ladder outside the ring...]

JD: What on Earth are the Wallaces doing now?

CP: They're setting one end of the ladder up on the ring apron... and the other on top of the barricade, basically making a bridge.

JD: This looks dangerous, Colt.

CP: It IS dangerous, Dane.

[Pulling Downpour off the floor, Chaz and Chet turn towards the bridged ladder, each grabbing an arm...]

JD: DOUBLE WHIP AND-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Downpour's face SLAMS into the bridged ladder, wiping him out completely as the Wallaces exchange another high five before heading back inside the ring where Lee Connors is stirring off the canvas...]

JD: The Idols back in - again, using your isolate and attack methodology.

[Chaz Wallace grabs the dazed Connors, scooping him up and slamming him down on top of the ladder!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: Body slam ON the ladder! Imagine the pain shooting through the body of Lee Connors after that!

[And with Connors laid out on the ladder, Chet runs towards the ropes, bouncing back towards his brother who doubles over...]

JD: BACKDROP!

[...and backdrops Chet onto the prone Connors on top of the ladder!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Connors kicks and flails on the canvas as a smirking Chaz throws a crotch chop in his direction.]

JD: Devastating double team maneuver by the Wallace twins leaves Lee Connors in a bad way down on the canvas after that one!

CP: But that's what I was talking about, Dane. You gotta do some damage to give yourself the time to climb that ladder and grab that barbed wire.

[Chaz grabs the ladder off the mat as Chet tries to recover from the hard fall onto Connors.]

JD: Chaz may think he's done enough now, setting up that ladder underneath the barbed wire...

[Chaz looks up a few times, adjusting the ladder to get it in position before he starts to climb...

...and spies Downpour climbing up on the apron, looking to intervene...]

JD: Downpour's up on the apron and-

[Chaz Wallace leaps off the ladder, charging the dazed Downpour, and throws himself into a dropkick that sends the luchador off the apron and back down on the floor!]

CP: Not anymore!

JD: Chaz Wallace clears out Downpour... and he's heading back to that ladder..

[Turning back to the ladder, Chaz begins to slowly climb up it once again...]

JD: Chaz Wallace starting that climb, looking up at that barbed wire. Remember, you have to retrieve the barbed wire before the match can end - this, likely the final showdown between these two teams.



CP: Never say never, Dane. They could meet at the Cup!

JD: Well, that's true. You never know what'll happen at the Stampede Cup coming up later this month at the Battle of Saskatchewan.

[Chaz is about halfway up the ladder, the crowd growing concerned as we see Lee Connors coming to his feet, clutching at his lower back.]

JD: But don't look now, Chaz Wallace... "Cannonball" Lee Connors is coming back to his feet...

CP: And I'm not surprised by that at all, Dane. This kid trained with the Coltons and that means he got put through the wringer physically. They don't let people out of the Colton camp without a first class education and some pretty severe beatings.

[Connors is moving towards the ladder when Chaz spots him, leaping off the ladder, lashing out with his legs at full extension...]

JD: Ohhh! Flying dropkick off the ladder on the mark! Down goes Lee Connors again!

[As Connors hits the canvas, Chaz gets up, striking a double bicep pose over him to jeers from the Philly faithful...]

JD: Chaz Wallace wasting some valuable time if he's planning on climbing that ladder, Colt.

CP: He is, he is... but he's also playing some mind games in there. He's letting the entire tag team division know that the American Idols are on top and they've got all the time in the world to put these two punks down.

JD: We'll see about that. Chaz turning back to the ladder now, starting his climb again...

[Chaz slowly moves up the ladder, keeping his eyes on the barbed wire loop hanging above the ring...

...which makes him unaware that the masked man from Mexico, Downpour, is back on his feet and looking to strike!]

JD: Downpour's back in now...

[The crowd cheers as Downpour gets a running start, running right up the ladder about three-quarters of the way up, matching Chaz Wallace's elevation...]

JD: Wow! Great show of athleticism by- oh! Hard right hand by Downpour!

[The blow stuns Wallace who clings to the ladder, trying to keep from falling down.]

JD: Downpour and Chaz Wallace, about even on that ladder, still JUST out of reach of the barbed wire!

[Downpour throws an overhand chop down on the chest, causing Wallace to cringe, still clinging to the ladder as Downpour sets his feet, moving up one more rung, stretching upwards...]

JD: Downpour's going for it! He's making his move, Colt!

CP: Looks like he's still out of reach to me! He's trying though!

JD: He sure is and... wait a second!

[The crowd buzzes as Chet Wallace re-enters the fray, sliding up behind Downpour...

...and lifting him right off the ladder and onto his shoulders in an electric chair!]

JD: Look at this! Look at Chet Wallace! He's got Downpour off the ladder, opening the door for his brother to get the rest of the way up there!

[Chaz gives his twin brother a big thumbs up as he steps up another rung, stretching his arm upwards...]

JD: Just out of reach for Chaz!

[Downpour reaches his arms out towards the ladder but Chet steps back, creating some space between the luchador and the ladder where Chaz is climbing!]

CP: Brilliant move right there from Chet, keeping him back from the ladder and-

[The masked man starts raining right hands down on the skull of Chet Wallace to cheers from the crowd, causing Chet to stagger which allows Downpour to slip off his shoulders, landing on his feet behind Chet...]

JD: Downpour slips out and-

[The luchador delivers a two-handed shove to Chet's back, sending him back towards the ladder but Chet extends his arms, catching himself as Downpour hits the ropes, rebounding back towards Chet as he turns...]

JD: Downpour moving fast, trying to get back into...

[Chet ducks down, lifting the rapidly-incoming Downpour up, popping him up into the air, over his head...

...where Downpour lands on the ladder rungs again!]

JD: WHOA!

[Downpour snaps off a back kick to the back of Chet's head, sending him stumbling away as Chaz desperately reaches up again...

...and the masked man leaps back into the air, snaring his legs around Chaz' head!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: HURRACANRANA OFF THE TOP OF THE LADDER!

[The hard fall off the ladder takes both Chaz and Downpour temporarily out of the mix as the Philly crowd roars for the big move...

...and Chet Wallace rushes the masked man, sliding to his knees as he slams home a hammerfist to the ear... and another... and another, now rapidly clubbing with both fists and arms to the head and neck of Downpour!]

JD: Look at Chet Wallace, all over Downpour!

CP: He knows his brother was close right there, Dane. Chet's hot under the proverbial collar!

[A furious Chet gets to his feet, adding some stomps to the head of Downpour as well before turning towards his brother.]

JD: Chet's shaking Chaz, trying to revive him enough to help...

[Chet literally drags Chaz to his feet, pointing at the downed Connors. Chaz gives a weak nod as the twin brothers pull the Shooting Stars off the canvas, walking them to opposite corners...]

JD: What's this about now?

[Chet and Chaz pick up Downpour and Connors respectively, hanging them upside down in the corners...]

JD: Two Trees of Woe - a forest of Woe if you will!

CP: And this forest is about to get some steel added to it, jack!

[Chet and Chaz each grab a ladder, moving them to their respective corners and putting them down in front of the faces of the Shooting Stars...]

JD: Uh oh. If you're a fan of the Shooting Stars, this is NOT a good picture!

[The Wallaces walk out to mid-ring, reaching up to touch fingers before turning back, facing their respective victims...]

"DROPKICK PARRRRRTAAAAAY!"

[...and after shouting in tandem, they sprint towards the corner, leaving their feet.]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: DOUBLE DROPKICK PARTY TO THE LADDERS! OHHHH MY!

[The American Idols do a little dance... do a little jig... making their way back to the middle of the ring where Chaz strikes a double bicep pose as Chet squats low doing the same...

...and then both leap up, Chet twisting to face his brother, and they crotch chop at each other to big jeers!]

JD: The American Idols certainly feel like they have this match well in hand, fans... but they still need to climb those ladders...

CP: And they're about to do exactly that.

[The Wallaces drag one of the ladders out to the middle of the ring, setting it up under the barbed wire...

...and after exchanging another high five, they start climbing the ladder together, one on each side.]

JD: They're BOTH climbing the ladder now, Colt!

CP: The way I hear it, they do EVERYTHING together, Dane.

JD: Everything?

CP: You got it, jack.

JD: I don't think we need to know anything else about that... and now we've got both Wallaces scaling these ladders, looking to bring down that barbed wire and see if they can finish off the Shooting Stars!

[Now free from the Forest of Woe, Connors and Downpour are slowly trying to recover in their respective corners as the Wallaces continue their climb, working their way towards the top of the ladder...]

JD: The Shooting Stars, trying to get up off the mat, but that Dropkick Party had to do some major damage...

CP: They're trying but now it's a footrace, Dane.

JD: It is and the Idols have a head start!

[The Wallaces are about halfway up the ladder when Lee Connors gets to his feet, trying to shake the cobwebs as he staggers along the ropes, using them for support as he looks up at the Wallaces...

...and bounces off the ropes, charging the ladder as the Wallaces move another step or two up...]

JD: Running kick to the ladder!

[The Wallaces grimace but hang on as Connors' kick does little to budge it.]

JD: Connors trying to knock it down but he didn't have enough behind that kick and-

[Downpour stumbles to the other side of the ladder as well, standing next to his partner as the Wallaces reach up, making a grab for the barbed wire...]

JD: The Shooting Stars... to the ropes together...

[And they come charging off, swinging their legs up in a double Yakuza kick to the side of the ladder...

...which abruptly sends the ladder tipping sideways!]

JD: THEY KNOCKED IT DOWN! AND THE WALLACES GO SPLATTERING DOWN OFF THE MAT!

[Chaz and Chet quickly roll out to the floor after hitting the canvas, leaving the Shooting Stars all alone in the ring in front of the cheering crowd...

...and as Connors signals his partner, Downpour starts setting the ladder back in place as Connors strikes up a fighting defensive posture on the other side of it!]

JD: Downpour's looking to climb and Connors is looking to defend!

CP: Maybe taking a lesson from the Wallaces trying to climb together. This seems like a smart move, Dane.

JD: It certainly does. Downpour climbing that ladder, Connors standing guard! This could be the Shooting Stars' chance to advance this match to the next level by getting that barbed wire down - remember, the match cannot end until that barbed wire comes into play!

[Downpour takes another step up the ladder, pausing to look up to make sure he's in the right spot. Connors' eyes are scanning back and forth, keeping an eye out for the Wallaces.]

JD: Downpour is about halfway up this ladder, making a reach to see how far away he is.

CP: He's gotta get at least two more rungs up... maybe three...

JD: Downpour climbing again...

[But as Downpour moves up another rung, we can see the Wallaces getting to their feet out on the floor. Connors gives his partner a warning shout as Chet Wallace rolls under the ropes.]

JD: Chet's back in, coming to his feet...

[Chet making a wild swing at Connors who blocks it, throwing a backhand blow to the cheek followed by a thrust kick to the sternum...

...but with Chet tying up Connors, Chaz slides in on the back side, coming to his feet behind the climbing Downpour who moves up one more rung, stretching his fingers upwards... just out of reach of the barbed wire...]

JD: So close! So very close!

CP: Just one more rung!

JD: Downpour's trying to get there and-

[Chaz steps up on the ladder, springing into the air to snatch Downpour by the shoulders, yanking him off the ladder as he brings his knees up into the back of the masked man!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: LUNGBLOWER OFF THE LADDER! WOW!

[Downpour flails about on the canvas as Chaz lies flat on his back unmoving for a moment. The loud sound of flesh on canvas causes Connors to whip around, his jaw dropped when he sees his partner down on the mat...]

JD: Connors can't believe it! He had no idea Chaz was in there and he thought his partner was about to grab that barbed wire!

CP: The Idols ain't going down without a fight, Dane.

JD: That much is clear. We're closing in on the fifteen minute mark of this battle and what a battle it is. Hard falls, high flying, big blows and now we've got bodies down on the mat...

CP: But a clear path for Connors! He needs to stop gaping at his partner and start climbing!

[But before he can, he turns back to check on Chet Wallace...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: LADDER RIGHT TO THE MOUTH! MY GOD!

[Connors flops backwards onto his back, clutching his mouth and flailing about in pain as Chet stumbles towards the corner, laying the second ladder down on the top turnbuckle at a slant.]

JD: Chet Wallace putting one ladder down... that other one is still standing and maybe this is Chet's chance to climb that ladder and grab that barbed wire... no, he's going to get Chaz up on his feet.

[Chet again gets Chaz up off the mat, shaking him a few times and pointing at the downed Connors. Chaz gives a nod as Chet pulls the standing ladder out of the way. Chaz pulls Connors up by the hair, slapping him across the face a few times as he stands near the tilted ladder...]

JD: The American Idols looking to do some damage... some more damage, I should say... on "Cannonball" Lee Connors...

[Each grabbing an arm, the Idols whip Connors across the ring, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles where he staggers back out towards the waiting Wallace twins...]

JD: UP HE GOES...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: ...AND DOWN HE GOES ON TOP OF THE LADDER!

[Connors rolls off the ladder, clutching his lower back as the Wallaces grin at the jeering crowd. Chaz points up at the barbed wire while Chet jerks a double thumb over his shoulders...]

JD: The Wallaces again taunting this Philly crowd... setting that ladder down on the mat now...

[With the ladder down on the canvas, Chaz retrieves Lee Connors before he can roll under the ropes to the floor to regroup.]

JD: Connors was looking for a way out but the Wallaces aren't gonna give it to him. Chaz pulls him towards the ladder... scoop!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: BODYSLAM ON THE LADDER!

CP: They continue to batter the back of Lee Connors - and this is when you start to wonder if that kind of a beating could have Stampede Cup implications, Dane.

JD: It certainly could... and they're not done yet...

[Chet steps out on the apron as Chaz dashes to the ropes behind him, going into a front roll as Chet slingshots over the top...

...and Chet drops a leg as Chaz snaps off a somersault senton onto Connors' prone form!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: A LITTLE ROLLING THUNDER ACTION FOR THE IDOLS!

[That doubleteam sends Connors rolling under the ropes, dropping off the apron to the floor as the Idols turn their attention back towards the other ladder, dragging it into position...]

JD: The Idols getting the ladder ready- no! Downpour from the blind side!

[Coming back into the mix, Downpour lands a right hand on Chet Wallace... then one on Chaz... one on Chet... one on Chaz. The crowd is ROARING as Downpour struggles to fight both men at once...]

JD: Downpour's at a numbers disadvantage but he's fighting it! Oh! Backfist on Chaz!

[Chaz stumbles back as Downpour swings a knee up into the gut of Chet, grabbing him by the back of the trunks...]

...and HURLS him shoulderfirst into Chaz's gut!]

JD: Downpour's fighting them both off!

[Downpour pulls Chet out of the corner by the back of the tights...]

JD: Looking for a suplex here, lifts him up!

[But as Downpour gets him up for the back suplex, Chet backflips over the top, landing on his feet behind Downpour and delivering a shove to the back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: SUPERKICK!

[Downpour stumbles backwards towards a waiting Chet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: AND ONE TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[He stumbles back towards Chaz who ducks a wild haymaker, sliding out to stand alongside his brother...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: DOUBLE SUPERKICK ON DOWNPOUR! DOWN GOES DOWNPOUR!

[Chaz fist pumps wildly as Chet collapses against the ropes, breathing heavily.]

JD: The Wallaces score with that superkick... and with Connors still down on the floor, you have to wonder if that might be enough for them to get up that ladder.

CP: I don't think they're even going to try, Dane. They're gonna REALLY lay it on the Shooting Stars. You know, this has been a pretty contentious rivalry over the past few months and they may want more than a win here.

JD: That could be a mistake, Colt.

[Folding up the standing ladder, Chaz Wallace gestures his brother over towards the corner where Chet rolls Downpour onto his back, standing over him with a slap across the face... and another...]

JD: Chet Wallace slapping Downpour across the face! Just total disrespect out of these American Idols!

[Chet loops his fingers into the eyeholes of Downpour's mask, dragging him up to his feet, and shoving him back against the ropes before he turns to go back to his brother. Together, they lift the ladder up between them, holding it as they wait for Downpour to come towards them...]

JD: Downpour's in a bit of a daze, Colt. He may not have a clue what's going on!

[But as Downpour staggers off the ropes, Chaz and Chet rush towards him, the ladder held up between them...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASH the ladder into Downpour, sending him stumbling through the ropes and out onto the ring apron!]

JD: Ohhh! That'll leave a mark on the masked man from Mexico!

CP: He may be wishing he was already there, Dane.

JD: The AWA, of course, has their very first major event in Mexico coming up later this summer and- CONNORS!

[As the Idols turn around, still holding the ladder, "Cannonball" Lee Connors springboards off the top rope on the opposite side of the ring, soaring through the air with his legs pulled back tight...]

JD: METEORA!

[...and DRIVES his knees into the middle of the ladder, knocking both Wallaces down and pinning them beneath it!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Connors rolls off, grabbing at his knees as the Wallaces shove the ladder off themselves. Chaz rolls out to the floor immediately, grabbing at his chest as he stumbles around the ring.]

JD: A death-defying move by Lee Connors puts both of the American Idols down on the mat and...

[On his feet, shaking out his knee, Connors spots Chaz outside the ring, and sprints in his direction...]

JD: What's he...?!

[...and RUNS up the leaning ladder in the corner, HURLING himself into a somersault OVER THE STEEL RING POST!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



JD: WHAT A DIVE! WHAT A DIVE! WHAT A GOD DAMN DIVE!

CP: How in the hell did he do that, Dane?!

JD: Lee Connors ran UP a ladder that was leaning on the turnbuckles! Incredible!

[With Connors and Chaz out on the floor, Downpour sets the other ladder up back under the barbed wire again, pointing up to cheers as he starts to climb...]

JD: Downpour is all alone in there! It's him, the ladder, and a loop of barbed wire!

[The masked man clears the first couple of rungs easily, pausing to take a look around for anyone trying to interrupt him.]

CP: What's he stopping for?

JD: With the number of times that he's been stopped from climbing, can you blame him for keeping an eye open?!

CP: It's a clear path, you ninny! Keep on climbing!

[Downpour goes up another rung... and another, reaching up towards the barbed wire only to find it still out of reach.]

JD: He's not there yet! The Philly fans are on their feet, cheering him on! Can he get there in time?! Can he make it to that barbed wire before someone-

[But as he steps up one more rung, stretching up, Chet Wallace reappears on the apron, leaping into the air, springing off the top rope...]

JD: SPRINGBOARD!

[...and STRIKES with a missile dropkick that sends Downpour flying sideways off the ladder, crashing down HARD on the canvas as Chet falls to the mat a few feet away!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: WHAT A MOVE BY CHET WALLACE... AND BOTH MEN ARE DOWN ONCE AGAIN!

CP: Chet's down! Downpour is down!

[Big pop!]

JD: But Lee Connors is up! Lee Connors is up on the outside... What's he doing?!

CP: He's putting Chaz Wallace back in! Why?!

JD: I have no idea! Chet's down, Downpour is down... and you would think that with Chaz down on the floor, Connors would have a clear shot at climbing the ladder but...

CP: But he's not gonna take it! And maybe this is Connors looking to inflict extra punishment!

[With Connors and Chaz back in the ring, "Cannonball" pulls the ladder leaning on the buckles down, dropping it on the mat.]

JD: Connors puts the ladder down... putting Chaz on top of it...

[But he's not done as the Canadian Karate Kid turns back to the ladder still set up mid-ring... and folds it up as well!]

CP: What an idiot, Dane! What a moron! He had a clear shot at the barbed wire and...

[The crowd buzzes nervously as they see Connors put the second ladder on top of Chaz Wallace, effectively sandwiching him between the two ladders. Connors nods, satisfied with what he's done...

...and then points to the corner!]

JD: Oh no.

CP: Oh, this is either going to be spectacular or it'll be a spectacular failure, Dane! No middle ground here!

JD: Chaz Wallace has been sandwiched between two ladders and "Cannonball" Lee Connors is heading up top...

[The Philly crowd is on their feet, going nuts as Connors steps to the top rope, looking out on the cheering crowd...]

JD: CONNORS IS UP TOP! THE CANNONBALL IS UP!

[The fans are SCREAMING for Connors as he pauses, taking a few deep breaths, perched on the top rope...

...and leaps high into the air, snapping forward into a somersault!]

JD: SOMERSAULT!

[And Connors keeps on spinning before FINALLY crashing down backfirst onto the ladder, driving it fiercely down into Wallace's trapped body!]

JD: 630! 630! THE ATOMIC CANNONBALL OFF THE TOP!

[Connors flops off the ladder, clutching his back and crying out in pain as Chaz Wallace rolls limply over to his chest, both men down on the mat as the crowd ROARS for what they just saw!]

JD: WHAT A MOVE! WHAT A SPECTACULAR MOVE OUT OF LEE CONNORS!

CP: But at what price, Dane! Forget about the Stampede Cup for a moment - Connors may be done for THIS match off that!

JD: You could be right, Colt! The very definition of high risk offense right there out of Lee Connors and... wow! We've got all four men down now!

[The crowd is on their feet, roaring for what they've seen so far!]

JD: Almost twenty minutes into this total war between these two magnificent teams and I don't know if anyone's getting up! The Wallaces are down! The Shooting Stars are down! Nobody's up and-

CP: Somebody's up!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers at the sight of someone jogging down the aisle quickly.]

JD: Well, nobody in the damn match is up! What's HE doing out here?!

CP: Hey, the Idols said they were going to give these two an experience they'd never forget!

[The jeers get louder as Michael Aarons arrives at ringside, shouting to his Experience allies.]

"I got this, boys! I got this!"

[Aarons snakes an arm in under the bottom rope, grabbing Lee Connors by the ankle, dragging him out to the floor...]

JD: Michael Aarons is going after Lee Connors!

CP: He's not about to let his buddies get shown up on this big show, Dane.

JD: It was the Idols who helped Aarons back at Memorial Day Mayhem, cementing their alliance... and this might be Aarons paying them back for that as he- ohh! He smashes Connors facefirst off the bridged ladder!

[A smirking Aarons shoves Connors up on the bridged ladder, flat on his back as Aarons lands a handful of clubbing blows to the chest, keeping Connors down on the bridged ladder...]

...and then Aarons ducks down, pulling up the apron.]

JD: What in the...?!

CP: No idea.

[The crowd ROARS as Aarons pulls another ladder out from under the ring - a very, very big ladder.]

JD: Oh my god!

CP: How big is that damn ladder, Dane?!

JD: It's gotta be fifteen feet at least!

[Aarons quickly gets the ladder opened up, moving it around a bit to adjust the positioning. He smirks at the jeering crowd just before he starts the very long climb to get to the top...]

JD: Aarons is climbing! He's climbing this massive ladder! We've got bodies everywhere, fans, but the two to watch right now are Lee Connors laid out on that damn ladder... and Michael Aarons climbing some fifteen or twenty feet into the air!

CP: They call this match Stairway To Hell but Michael Aarons is channeling his inner Robert Plant right now, climbing the Stairway To Heaven!

JD: A long climb to the top! Aarons is almost there... looking a little nervous now... maybe having second thoughts about this idea.

[Aarons takes a seat on the very top of the ladder, swinging his feet over onto a slightly lower rung...]

...and with a deep breath, he stands! The Philly fans are on their feet, roaring loudly as Aarons looks down on the prone Connors!]

JD: Don't do it, Aarons! Don't do it!

[Aarons raises his arms over his head, soaking up the moment...

...and then LEAPS OFF the top of the ladder, plummeting down... down... down...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: AAAAAABUUUUUNAAAAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIII!

[The flying elbow brings Aarons RIGHT DOWN on top of Connors, the bridged ladder buckling under the weight and impact of both, dumping them down on the ringside floor in a heap as the Philly fans responds appropriately.]

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

JD: MY GOD ALMIGHTY, WHAT A MOVE OUT OF MICHAEL AARONS WHO ISN'T EVEN IN THIS DAMN MATCH!

[Inside the ring, the crowd continues to roar as Chet Wallace struggles to his feet, shaking his head in disbelief as he yanks a ladder into position, opening it up under the barbed wire...]

JD: Chet Wallace is up! Chet Wallace is all alone!

CP: Go for it, kid!

[Chet nods his head emphatically as he starts climbing... fast.]

JD: Chet's trying to get there before anyone else can intervene! He's gotta climb fast to do it though! He's gotta climb and get that barbed wire so the second part of this match can get going!

[Chet is halfway up the ladder, a huge smirk on his face as he keeps climbing, looking up at the hanging barbed wire...]

JD: Chet's got a clear path! There's no one between he and the barbed wire! Chaz is down! Connors is down! Downpour is-

CP: HE'S ON THE APRON!

[Chet steps about two-thirds of the way up the ladder, ready to make a grab for the barbed wire when Downpour leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...]

JD: SPRINGBOARD AND-

[The crowd EXPLODES as Downpour lands gracefully on an upper rung of the ladder. Chet's eyes go wide as Downpour SMASHES his hands down on the neck...]

JD: MONGOLIAN CHOP!

[Downpour reaches up, grabbing the loop of barbed wire...

...and YANKS it free to a huge roar...]

JD: DOWNPOUR'S GOT THE BARBED WIRE! HE'S GOT THE- AHHHHHH!

[The crowd has a similar reaction as Downpour shoves the strand of barbed wire into Wallace's forehead, raking it violently across...

...and then flings it down to the canvas!]

JD: HE USED THE BARBED WIRE ON CHET! CHET'S BEEN- OH GOD, HE'S BEEN BUSTED OPEN!

[And with Chet bloodied and stunned, Downpour wraps his arms around Chet's head and neck...]

JD: WHAT'S HE-?!

[...and without hesitation, Downpour leaps into the air, flipping backwards and dragging Chet with him...]

JD: OHHHHHH MYYYYYYY GOOOOOOOOD!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: FLIPPING URANAGE OFF THE LADDER! OFF! THE! LADDERRRRRR!

[The impact flings the two competitors apart, giving no chance for a pin attempt as Downpour and a now-bloody Chet Wallace lie on the canvas...

...which is when Chaz Wallace rolls back in, dragging himself towards the downed Downpour!]

JD: Chaz is trying to take advantage of it! He's trying to-

[Chaz flips Downpour over, diving across his chest...]

JD: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! MY GOD, HE KICKED OUT JUST IN TIME!

[Chaz Wallace rolls over, staring up at the referee in disbelief. He shakes his head, holding up three fingers but the referee holds up two in response.]

JD: Two count only! Chaz Wallace thought he had him but-

[Chaz Wallace gets to his feet, shouting at the referee...]

JD: What the...?! Colt, look out on the apron! LOOK OUT ON THE APRON!

CP: CONNORS?!

[The crowd is ROARING as a battered and broken Lee Connors pulls himself up on the apron...]

JD: The Shooting Stars refuse to stay down! Refuse to lose! We heard them before this match started! They know how much this night means! They know how much this match means for them! Longtime EMWC fans! They know the history of tag team wrestling in the E and they want to live up to that legacy here tonight!

[Chaz Wallace turns towards Connors, looking on in disbelief as the Cannonball pulls himself limply onto the apron and wearily yells...]

“INITIATION!”

[Chaz Wallace looks completely puzzled...

...until Downpour YANKS his legs out from under him!]

JD: What the...?!

[Downpour pulls Chaz into wheelbarrow position, the Philly faithful going nuts as an exhausted Connors pulls himself up on the apron...]

JD: You heard what Connors said! Connors looking to pay tribute to one of the greatest tag teams in EMWC history - the Fraternity Boys! Connors looking to-

[He shouts “NOW!” and Downpour lifts Chaz up in the wheelbarrow as Connors leaps up, springing off the top, snatching the side headlock...

...and DRIVES Chaz Wallace FACEFIRST ONTO THE BARBED WIRE!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Connors rolls clear as Downpour flips Chaz over, a laceration across his cheek. Downpour flips over, holding the legs in a double leg cradle!]

JD: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

JD: IT’S OVER!

[Downpour collapses out of the cradle, the crowd ERUPTING at cheers for the Shooting Stars’ victory.]

JD: A hellacious battle - a firestorm of pain and bloodshed - but the Shooting Stars have come out on top and... wow.

CP: You can say that again.

JD: Wow.

CP: Don’t ever do that again.

JD: Two tag teams came to South Philly to make an impression on the world and boy, have they done exactly that!

CP: Who knows what kind of shape they’re gonna be in later this month in Mosaic Stadium but for one night at least, they don’t care because the Shooting Stars have climbed the ladder and are on top of the world!

JD: Connors and Downpour celebrating their victory now, back on their feet... these fans letting them know how proud they are of them... and you’ve gotta wonder,

Colt, if a win like this might propel the Stars to heights they've yet to see in the Stampede Cup.

CP: We'll see, Dane... we'll see.

JD: And right now, we're going to head over to my best friend, Mark Stegglet, who is in our VIP area checking in with some special guests. Mark?

[We fade from our shot of the ring to Stegglet in the aforementioned area.]

MS: Thanks, Jason... and it's fantastic to have you back on the mic if only for one night. But speaking of fantastic, how about that match we just witnessed, huh?

[Stegglet wades through the cocktail tables, coming to a halt.]

MS: Lorenzo Vasquez! Are you kidding me?!

[One of the early EMWC champions smiles with a slight incline of the head, sipping from a glass in front of him.]

MS: Lorenzo, as one of the EMWC originals, this has to be a memorable night for you.

LV: Absolutely, Mark. It's a special night and I'm just so honored to be made a part of it.

MS: I'm sure my good friend Colt Patterson is wondering if you've got enough left in you for one more match with him...

[Vasquez chuckles, raising a fist.]

LV: You ask ol' Narcissus if he's got enough left for one more match with ME!

[Stegglet smiles, moving along...]

MS: All the stars are out here tonight... such a fantastic evening and... Kentucky's Pride is also here, taking in the action before their big comeback match at Battle of Saskatchewan's Stampede Cup. Welcome!

[Jack shakes Stegglet's hand while Rust eyes him over while downing a beer.]

CJ: Jack, Rust... how about that match we just saw? You could run into either one of those teams in the Stampede Cup later this month!

[Jack nods.]

CJ: Both of those teams are lookin' tough, Mark, but you know who else is tough... you're lookin' at 'em right now.

[Rust nods his head in agreement as Stegglet continues.]

MS: Any favorite thoughts or moments from EMWC you'd like to share?

[Jack taps his index finger to his temple, thinking... Thinking...]

CJ: Favorite EMWC memory? Man, oh man... Say, you know this here ol' sob was in the E?

TCR: No, no, you ain't never been in no EMWC ring, Jack.

CJ: I swear to all that's holy, Rust! I swear, one match, I know it! I...

TCR: Jack, you ain't in no ring for -

[Jack shows a moment of his memory failing him.]

CJ: I think I remember it, at least... Or maybe it felt like I was there, watchin' the action from the boonies and backwaters all them years, you hear?

[Rust shakes his head.]

TCR: Ok, then, besides this here supposed E debut you had, what you got?

CJ: Oh, easy, Hardin and Taylor, no question no doubt! My eyes - gooduns then too-

[Jack winks.]

CJ: Glued, just glued to the teevee! You, Crusher?

TCR: Courtade and Rogers, Stairway to Hell.

[Rust takes in some beer before walking away, leaving Jack to smile and shake Stegglet's hand again.]

MS: Two great picks no doubt... and as memorable as the E's past was, we're all about making some new memories here tonight. Right, guys?

[We fade back to our OG announce team at ringside.]

JS: You've got that right, nephew. It's been a hell of a night here in South Philly. They're finally getting the wreckage cleaned up from the ladder match and... well, Todd... we're nowhere near done.

TM: Tell me about it.

JS: This is like one of those shows back in the day that always felt like they took weeks to finish but were really only a few hours long.

TM: Yes. Exactly like that.

JS: Some things never change, huh?

[Suddenly, there's four cymbal crashes before a familiar guitar rift cuts through the arena. It takes a second for the crowd to recognize the music as AC/DC's live version of "Money Talks" comes over the PA system.]

JS: Todd, is that... is that what I think it is?!

TM: It sure sounds like it to me!

LD: These guys? Really?

[The cheers become deafening as "Acme" Andrew Sterling appears from the entrance portal and walks onto the stage. Sterling smiles broadly at the response, putting his hands on his hips and scanning the crowd. Sterling's dressed in a pair of jeans and powder blue golf shirt.]

JS: There's one-half of, arguably, the greatest tag team of all time.



TM: That's one hell of an argument - one that has filled many a message board, ignited many a Twitter fight, and even some bars over a post-show drink or two...

LD: ...or three... or four...

[Sterling takes bends at the waist, pointing with his left hand at the entrance portal. Sterling raises his right arm over to point at the entrance portal as well as Dan "Cool Cat" Thomas emerges onto the stage getting the crowd to raise the decibel level in the building.]

JS: And there is the other half of the team!

[Thomas raises his pair of sunglasses onto the top of his head and gives a huge grin at the response. Thomas is wearing a pair of black dress slacks and a blue button-down shirt with the sleeves rolled up halfway to his elbow.]

TM: Well, the boss said we'd see a lot of stars from the past tonight, Steggs, and I'm damn glad these two were able to make it out to South Philly.

JS: Andrew Sterling and Dan Thomas - the Epitome of Cool for you uneducated swine out there - were two-time EMWC World Tag Team Champions and were the longest reigning for a couple of years until Dynasty broke their record.

TM: Whenever you bring up the Mount Rushmore of tag team wrestling, I guarantee you most of the teams picked competed in the E. Our tag team division was stacked over the years.

LD: You mentioned Dynasty right there... what about Zokugun Sangai? The Rich and Infamous? The Rapturers way back in the day. Strictly Business!

TM: Anyone craving some watermelon? I'll be right back.

JS: You stay right there, Todd Michaelson, because whatever the EOC has come to South Philly to say, I'm sure you want to hear it.

[Thomas walks and stands next to his partner, soaking in the cheers. Sterling walks to the left edge of the stage and raises his arms in the air. Sterling heads back to where Thomas is standing and the duo head down the aisle. Each man takes a side of the aisle and slaps hands with fans as they get to the ringside area. Sterling ascends the ring steps to the ring apron first and steps into the ring between the top and middle rope. Thomas ascends to the ring apron and climbs the outside of the turnbuckle raising his arms in the air. ]

JS: It's been close to twenty years since their heyday, but it's evident this building is full of Coolios, Todd.

TM: Absolutely. We talked about them being one of the best tag teams ever... they're also one of the most popular and if you don't believe me, listen to these fans!

[Thomas drops into the ring as their music cuts off. Sterling reaches over the top rope and is handed a mic. The buzz from the crowd doesn't die down, which causes Sterling to lower the mic after raising it to speak. Sterling smirks and nods as the chant picks up.]

"E-O-C! E-O-C! E-O-C!

E-O-C! E-O-C! E-O-C!

E-O-C! E-O-C! E-O-C!

E-O-C! E-O-C! E-O-C!"

JS: These fans are letting Sterling and Thomas know exactly how much they are loved.

TM: Fitting chant, Steggster. These fans appreciate the antics of these two guys seemed to get into on a weekly basis. Who cuts a promo while auditioning for an adult film?

LD: In the E? I'm surprised it didn't happen every week.

TM: Well, it didn't except for when these guys were involved!

[Sterling raises the mic as the chant dies down.]

AS: WOW!

[More cheers.]

AS: I was not expecting a reaction like that when I came back here tonight. It's only been a few years since any of you have seen either of us. It was only a few years ago we lost at SuperClash. We lost that match...  
unlikethatmatchatMasteroftheRingwedon'ttalkaboutandreallywon..

[Thomas smirks.]

AS: One thing I can say for myself and Dan... [looks at his partner] ... thank you.

[More cheers.]

AS: Thank you for all the support, all the laughs, all the tears... from laughing so hard, all the tears... because who in their right mind would call themselves fans of us... and everything else you all did to show your support for us. All of that... and then the response we got when we showed up here tonight. It's very humbling.

[Sterling pauses.]

AS: I'm at a loss for words to try to describe it. It's just humbling.

[Another pause.]

AS: It's so humbling to know we touched you in such a way... any way... that will probably end up in litigation like every one of you were our altar boys, and Dan-o and I were Catholic pries...

[HUGE cheers as Thomas yanks the mic from his partner. Thomas glares at Sterling who innocently holds his arms out and gives a look to his partner asking what he did wrong.]

DT: Dude, it's 2017! You can't make those sorts of references anymore!

[Sterling puts his hands up in protest like he didn't know.]

AS: It's 2017? I thought it was 2020.

[Thomas gives Sterling a look.]

DT: Didn't Bill give you the run down of things we couldn't say tonight!?

AS: Bill who?

DT: Bill Master-

[Now it's Sterling who yanks the mic away from Thomas and shakes his head as the cheers turn to boos.]

AS: Dude, can't say that name.

DT: Why not? He's dead?

[Sterling shakes his head frantically. Michaelson and Stegglet laugh.]

AS: No, no, nononononono! He's very much alive and well. He... uh... he... works for the competition.

DT: And who's that?

[Sterling leans in and whispers in his partner's ear. Thomas takes the mic and looks perplexed.]

DT: What kinda stupid name is that!?

[HUGE CHEERS!]

DT: That's like opening a wrestling promotion and calling it "The Wrestling Promotion." If you're still alive and kicking, why on Earth would [dramatic pronunciation] "He who shall not be named" [/dramatic pronunciation] use a Ouija board to communicate with me?

AS: Huh?

DT: Yeah, he was talking to me through one of those things after we got done in catering. That's what took me so long. Was listing out the dos and don'ts for tonight.

AS: Oh, I didn't realize that. I just thought you ate too much and needed to purg..

[Thomas yanks the mic away.]

DT: Uh uh! I just told you, it's 2020.

AS: 2017.

DT: Sure. We have to be... polite.

[Sterling shrugs.]

AS: I ran into Billy K. in the back, and he said it's fair game.

DT: Billy K.?

AS: Yeah, the dude we were going to wrestle in an Escape from Disneyland Match against?

[HUGE POP!]

"BIL-Y-K! BIL-Y-K! BIL-Y-K!

BIL-Y-K! BIL-Y-K! BIL-Y-K!

BIL-Y-K! BIL-Y-K! BIL-Y-K! "

AS: Funny enough, he threatened to have the match if I didn't say inappropriate things tonight.

DT: I know who Billy K. is. And he's not here tonight.

AS: Wait, he's not!?

DT: No. Why would he be? He invented social media.

[Sterling looks shocked.]

AS: What happened to Corey Atari!?

DT: Quadrillion eleventy billionaire. Soooooo... pretty sure he's not here either.

AS: Good for them! Although... "Super Rad" didn't send me a friend request. Maybe we do need to have that Escape from Disneyland Match.

DT: Enough, we're getting off track here.

[Thomas turns back to the crowd.]

DT: We had some great times. We made you laugh. We made you cringe. We had some kids.

AS: Well... mine was more kinda... forced on me.

DT: Whaddya mean?

AS: Didn't know about him until 2010. I believe we call that a retcon.

[Thomas pinches the bridge of his nose with his thumb and middle ringer.]

AS: Nah, dude. It's cool. My creative control says only one retcon ever. It was used. But hey, they're doing pretty well...

[Sterling trails off as Thomas shakes his head in disapproval.]

AS: ... right. Forgot. That does remind me to let Tex know that I was able to have kids after the ballshot with his walking stick. Of course... they're all right-handed...

[Sterling ponders as as Thomas shakes his head.]

DT: Let's move on, Drew. I'm sure the crowd is happy to see us, but would love to have seen ELK and Jessie too.

AS: Jessie couldn't make it out here. Neither could ELK.

[Huge round of boos.]

AS: BUT... ELK did leave me a voice mail to play for you guys.

[The boos turn into cheers. Sterling pulls his phone out. He taps the screen a few times and then holds the mic up to the phone speaker.]

ELK: Hioiwueroiuer, everyonelalskjflasdf.

[Laughter which quickly turns to a deafening cheer. The announcers are heard laughing over the headsets.]

ELK: I'm soooooo sorry I couldn't be there tonight. I wanted to say thank you to all of you for supporting us. If you didn't like us? Well... that makes me angry... and makes me think you deserve a... foiuwerpouiasf! Fapoisdpaisoufpaoisuf! FPOISUDFPOISDUFPSOIUDF!

[Sterling hangs the phone up as the crowd cheers for ELK's signature line.]

DT: That was really sweet. On that note, I think it's time for us to head out, Drew. These fans have seen the greatest tag team in wrestling and the greatest tag team to ever set foot in the E.

AS: I know. I'd hate to be the guys walking down to the ring next, 'cause how do you follow us?

[Sterling lowers the mic, looking down the aisle expectancy. Almost as if he knows something. Almost.]

"YEEEEEEEAH!"

DA-DUNNN...

■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■

..."KICK IT!"

TM: And there goes the neighborhood.

[At the opening chords of "Fight For Your Right (To Party)" blare over the PA, the crowd, simply put, goes wild.

Inside the ring, Thomas and Sterling shake their heads, unfazed and unsurprised by this turn of events. At the entrance portal, two legends of tag team wrestling appear, drawing a substansial cheer as they come into view. They're a little older, there's a bit of gray in their hair, one of them has a goatee, and the beginnings of a Dad Bod are evident on both men.

## The Fraternity Boys.

And they're accompanied by a man in a suit & tie.]

JS: To steal a line from the great Gordon Myers... OH MY STARS! The Fraternity Boys are IN! THE! HOUSE!

LD: Now we're talking.

JS: Three-time EMWC World Tag Team Champions - they hold the record for that - titleholders all over the world, first-ballot Hall of Famers-

LD: Did they hire you to do their promotions?

JS: What? I didn't even know they'd be here!

TM: Right. Sure. This is all impromptu and unexpected.

LD: Yes. I too am surprised.

JS: This is why I retired from commentary, isn't it?

["The Drunken Icon" Chris O'Brien and "The First American Badass" Brian McKenzie scan the crowd with...neutral looks on their faces. Oh, the clothing is still the same - McKenzie is dressed like he was caught in an Abercrombie & Fitch explosion and O'Brien is in a Pittsburgh Penguins hockey jersey, this time with the name CROSBY and #87 proudly displayed. But the looks are somber. The man in a suit & tie casually adjusted the knot around his neck before beginning to walk down the aisleway, followed by the Fraternity Boys, who do not reach out and slap hands, or even acknowledge the crowd]

JS: Something seems a little odd here, guys. O'Brien and McKenzie seem to be... incredibly subdued. I don't think I've ever seen the Fraternity Boys looking so...so...

TM: Sober?

LD: Can we say that?

TM: It's the E. How can we not? We made a lot of money off wrestlers being drunk and disorderly... especially these two.

JS: Indeed. McKenzie and O'Brien drank enough during their time here to blow above the legal limit five years after retirement. I don't know if being sober would make them easier to handle, or worse.

TM: That was always the thing about the Frats. You never knew what you were doing to get. McKenzie's wrestling style was "hit them, hit them again, hit them again, why haven't you fallen down" and O'Brien made his name simply by being too stupid to quit. Hell, to be honest, I thought they'd both be dead in a ditch by now.

JS: I always thought they'd become urban legends. Say "Chris O'Brien" three times into a mirror and he'd show up to hand you a Killian's Red.

TM: And in his high school yearbook, Brian McKenzie did answer the question "where do you see yourself in ten years" with "engulfed in flame."

LD: If the E had stuck around a little longer, we probably could've made that happen, you know.

[The EoC hang back, leaning against the far ropes, as the man in a suit & tie steps into the ring, followed by O'Brien and McKenzie. The two men move to the center of the ring, faces impassive, flanking the man in a suit & tie as he receives a microphone from the ring announcer]

MIAS&T: Good evening everyone. My name is Clarence Smith from the law firm of Edgar Snyder and Associates. Remember, there's no fee unless we get money for you. I am currently representing Mr. Christopher O'Brien and Mr. Brian McKenzie, also known as the Fraternity Boys.

[POP for the name! He said the tag team's name!]

MIAS&T: My clients were happy to receive their invitation to tonight's event. And while they would have enjoyed nothing more than to engage in some verbal sparring with these fine men over here, gestures to the Epitome of Cool...

[The MIAS&T does just that]

MIAS&T: ...my clients have become respectable family men in the past twenty years. And as such, they are afraid that engaging in said verbal sparring would see one or both of them make an offensive comment. Such a comment might result in online cancellation and possible criminal proceedings. So, in lieu of such engagement, the Fraternity Boys have instead chosen to issue a formal statement.

[The man in a suit & tie pulls a folded piece of paper from his jacket. O'Brien and McKenzie continue to stand motionless behind him as the man in a suit & tie began to read from the paper]

MIAS&T: We, Chris O'Brien and Brian McKenzie, known together as the Fraternity Boys...

[Another "THEY SAID THE NAME" pop]

MIAS&T: ...wish to apologize for the following. Any and all comments made that could be construed as sexual harassment. Any and all comments made that could be construed as homophobic. Any and all comments made that could be construed as transphobic. Any and all comments that could be construed as being fans of the Chicago Cubs. Arguing for artificial turf. Global warming. Bob Nutting. Our year-long attempt to make "fetch" happen. Calling Cher Horowitz a virgin who can't drive. The "Saw" movies after the third one. "Dungeons and Dragons" fourth edition. The widespread property damage after the 2013 Iron Bowl, popularly known as "Kick Six." The iCrotch. The time Chris Blue told us his swimming pool needed water so we filled it with Nattie Ice. The time Chris Blue told us his swimming pool needed water so we filled it with Bud Light. #IRC. The state of Arizona. The fact that the Mon Fayette Expressway still hasn't been completed. Lalafells. And finally, to anyone and everyone we offended, ticked off, pissed off, or hurt...we apologize.

Unless you deserved it.

[The man in a suit & tie folds the paper back up and slips it back into his jacket. He nods to the Epitome of Cool, but before he can leave the ring, McKenzie leans forward and whispers something in his ear]

MIAS&T: Oh yes. The Fraternity Boys would like to add that, despite, popular rumors, the final season of "Game of Thrones" was not their fault...

COB: HOW DO YOU [BLEEP] THAT UP?!?

JS: Wait. Did he just get censored? We've been swearing all night.

LD: No shit.

TM: No, he literally said [BLEEP.]

JS: Huh. Have we all been doing that all these years?

[While the announcers ponder their new reality, Brian McKenzie continues... quite angrily.]

BM: SERIOUSLY, DID YOU SEE THAT [BLEEP]?!?

[He did it too.]

BM: I COULD HAVE WRITTEN A BETTER ENDING! CHRIS COULD HAVE WRITTEN A BETTER ENDING! O'BRIEN, BLUE, HOPPER, OR BUSE!

[The camera cuts to the audience...and a mother, her hands over her son's ears, staring in shock at the "foul language" used by the two men. Realization slowly dawns on the Fraternity Boys, while the man in a suit & tie somehow vanishes without a trace, as all extraneous wrestling characters do when their presence in a promo is no longer needed]

COB: So much for not getting sued.

BM: Yeah. But worth it to get all that out.

COB: Seriously. Hey, look, the Epitome of Cool. Sup?

[Sterling nods.]

AS: COB. Kenz.

BM: Kenz?! What the hell?!

[Sterling shrugs.]

AS: Hey... uhh... can I ask a question?

[Sterling looks nervously at Thomas before proceeding.]

AS: How... how did you guys see the Game of Thrones final season?

COB: On HBO with the rest of the world, duh.

[Sterling shakes his head.]

AS: No, no... what I mean is...

[He gestures all around him.]

AS: They keep telling me it's 2017.

[O'Brien throws a look at McKenzie who shrugs.]

COB: Seriously? Man, I knew I shouldn't have taken that cracker from Rupert Temple. I need to sit down.

[O'Brien staggers off to the corner as Sterling continues.]

AS: I think I know what happened. Did you guys happen to run into a pair of rainbow haired goofballs who kept talking about Senator Wilde?

[O'Brien's eyes go wide.]

COB: Did you take a cracker from Rupert too?

[The crowd laughs.]

AS: Seriously, guys... they told me some... stuff. And then they asked me to go for a ride with them in this really sweet DeLorean and then... well... Bran Stark happened.

[The crowd gasps as McKenzie covers the mic.]

BM: DUDE! SPOILERS!



AS: But it's 2020.

BM: NO! IT'S NOT!

AS: NO! IT'S NOT! IT'S 2017! THEY KEEP TELLING ME THAT! I FORGOT!

[More laughter from the crowd as the EOC and Frats crack grins at each other.

After a few moments, Andrew Sterling lets loose a sigh.]

AS: Damn, it's good to see you guys.

[Big cheer! The Frats bow to the cheering Philly crowd.]

AS: And being here like this... well, it reminds me of something. All night long people have been talking about their favorite moments in E history... well, let me show you all one of MY favorite moments...

[Sterling tucks the mic into his waistband, drawing a raised eyebrow from his partner. Sterling very visibly cracks his knuckles, the crowd beginning to buzz as he walks forward and carefully eyes up COB and then McKenzie. Sterling looks back at his partner and then back at the Frat Boys. COB and McKenzie spread out just a bit as the tension becomes palpable. Thomas leans against the top rope and watches the scene unfold. Sterling looks out the crowd, the tension growing with each passing second. Sterling makes eye contact with COB as he lifts the microphone to his face.]

AS: There comes a time. When we heed a certain call.

[COB lifts his mic.]

COB: When the world, must come together as one.

[The crowd erupts into cheers blowing the roof off the arena.]

JS: Who could forget? Who could forget at Blood, Sweat and Tears in 2001 when the Epitome of Cool and Fraternity Boys match ended in the two teams and their legions of fans breaking out into a rendition of We Are the World?

TM: I don't think anyone can, but many have tried, Steggs.

[The song continues.]

COB: There are people dy...

DT: No, no, no, no, no, nononono NO!

[Thomas steps forward interrupting the song and getting some cheers to turn into boos.]

DT: Not this time. You don't walk down here and interrupt the GREATEST tag team in the history of wrestling.

[COB and McKenzie look at one another and look back unimpressed at Thomas.]

DT: That didn't do the trick? What if I told you the last season of Game of Thrones - that we totally saw with those rainbow haired guys - was the \_BEST\_ season.

[More boos as the Frats look at one another and drop their mics.]

JS: We may find out who the better team is tonight!

[Sterling steps between his partner and the Frats trying to diffuse the situation.]

DT: And you know what? The \_GREATEST\_ of the Star Wars movies? Know what those three were?

[Sterling stops and turns, looking at his partner.]

DT: The \_SEQUEL\_ trilogies!

[O'Brien's jaw drops.]

COB: TRILOGIES?! THOSE RAINBOW GUYS TOLD ME THERE WAS ONLY ONE! YOU BASTARRRRRRRDS!

[Sterling screams bloody murder as the Frats grab Sterling and keep Sterling from charging his partner. Sterling yells over the mic, "YOU TAKE THAT BACK! YOU TAKE THAT BACK!"

And while the two teams are shouting - mostly off-mic thankfully - at one another...

[Suddenly, a familiar guitar riff? I think?]

TM: Oh, you've gotta be...

[I mean, it's familiar if you're of a certain age, I guess. And even if you're familiar with the band Warrant, you'd probably say that it's a Joey Allen or Erik Turner riff, but real fans know that Mike Slamer got called in on the DL to do the heavy lifting for the Dirty Rotten Filthy Stinking Rich album. Real fans like these guys.]

JS: OH MY STARS AGAIN!

LD: Holy...

TM: How in the hell did they convince them to show up?

JS: I have no idea but... damn it... THE DOWN BOYS ARE HERE!

[As Jani Lane (RIP) wails the vocals, "Superstud" Adam Peterson and "Dazzling" Dan Oliver make their way through the curtain. It has... been some time. The dad bods (to be generous) are in full effect, though the airbrushed denim jackets still seem to fit. Peterson's brown mullet is now a traditional haircut for a man his age, while Dan's blonde mullet is still there, but on closer inspection it looks like it might have been purchased at a local Spirit Halloween store.]

TM: God, we don't look that old, do we?

LD: Yes. Well... you two do. I still look great.

TM: Yes you do... yes you do.

[The DBs take a few steps, soak in the nostalgia cheers, then look back at the curtains to see a third man appear – a team needs their manager.]

JS: It's Tommy James!

TM: Who?

JS: "Mr. Workrate" Tommy James is in the house!

LD: Finally, he shows up. We've been waiting almost 20 years!

TM: I'm sorry, I don't follow.

[Stegglet clears his throat.]

JS: The Down Boys have brought along their manager, Awesome T!

TM: Ahhhhhhhh, OK. I see it now.

[T wears a retro Seattle Mariners #19 Jay Buhner jersey and has his trademark baseball bat on his shoulder. He exchanges fist bumps with the Boys, and the three make their way to the ring.]

JS: Three of the greatest tag teams in EMWC history, back in the ring tonight, a combined seven World Tag Team Title reigns between them...

TM: Seven? Are you sure?

JS: I mean... I think?

[Silence from the commentary table as both men check their phones, allowing the viewers to take in more of the crowd cheering all three teams]

JS: HoneyBadger469's Tripod page has it at seven...

TM: Every link I go to just redirects to porn.

[Dan Oliver grabs a mic, saving us from that rabbit hole.]

DO: I have to say, it is incredible to be able to walk into this ring and hear the cheers of you fans again.

[Crowd POP~!]

DO: It's been a good, what – 15 years since we've been in this ring? And the energy we're feeling right now makes us think that we could probably clear this ring \*right now\*.

[Dan and Adam go for a running high five, which goes poorly. T picks up the mic as the Boys collect themselves.]

AT: Right, anyway... it's not like these two have been just at home, watching TV and falling asleep on the couch. Danny here is teaching the youth of today, back in California teaching high school science.

TM: Sweet Jesus.

AT: While Danny's son has been training with me to be a second-generation wrestler after playing football for four years at Fresno State University.

[Adam Peterson leans in]

AP: I've been doing some stuff too.

[Dan and T both look over at Adam, impressed, and share the spotlight]

AT: Absolutely, Adam, let the people know what you've been up to.

AP: Astronaut training.

[T pauses and gives a look.]

AT: I don't think so.

AP: Forming my own football league.

[T shakes his head]

AT: Probably not in your best interest.

AP: Continuing to serve the great state of South Carolina in the House of Representatives!

[T looks directly at the camera]

AT: Pretty sure that didn't happen.

[Peterson looks over at Oliver, who gives a kind of grimace.]

AT: Wait, what?

DO: He's serving his third term.

[Todd Michaelson loudly sighs on commentary]

JS: Welcome to America.

[The Downies and T suddenly look across the ring and see the EoC and Frats ready, seemingly, to tear each other apart.

DO: Wait, are you guys still doing this? This I've got to see. SOMEONE THROW ME A CHAIR!

[Crowd POP~! for the violence trigger until T quickly grabs the mic away]

AT: Nonononononono – that's cool, friends. No chairs necessary. But seriously guys – is it necessary to compete for second best tag team in EMWC history? Can't you just share custody every other week? I mean you guys have been in front of enough judges that you should understand how the terms work.

[The crowd grumbles... more for the fact that they didn't get to throw in chairs than anything else as the three teams stare each other down - the wrestling equivalent of a Mexican standoff.]

AS: So... uhh... what do we do now? Do we fight or...?

COB: I say we drink.

DO: Heh... you've ALWAYS said we drink.

COB: And I've always been right. Besides, I saw Hannibal Carver backstage, I think. I'm sure he's got-

AP: No, no... as a proud Congressman, I can't do that stuff anymore.

[Six sets of eyeballs roll down the aisle.]

AP: Well... not so... publicly at least.

DT: That's more like it. But... uhhh... seriously. Did someone tell us how to end this?

[Shrugs all around.]

DT: Should we... have a match?

BM: God no. No one needs to see that at our age.

DT: I guess we could follow his advice and go drink.

[O'Brien nods gleefully.]

AS: OR...

[He grins madly.]

AS: We could give these people a show that they'll never forget. One more song for the road, boys?

[HUUUUUUUUUUGE POP!]

BM: I really don't sing... publicly at least.

AP: Yeah, you know how quickly that'll go viral for me?

AS: Do we get paid more if that happens?

AT: Couldn't get paid less.

[Seven sets of eyeballs turn towards the camera in unison.]

COB: A song, huh? Any ideas?

AS: Well, seeing as it's 2017...

[He clears his throat.]

AS: It seems only fitting to go with a little... Despacito.

[The crowd cheers... sort of.]

DO: Don't know it.

AS: Seriously? Alright... how about Bad And Boujee?

COB: Never heard of it.

[Sterling looks shocked.]

AS: That's What I Like? I'm The One?

[Negative, captain. Head shakes all around.]

AS: What DO you know from this year?

AT: Did Warrant release anything this year?

COB: The Beasties?

AS: Seriously... shit.

[Sterling glares at them all in turn.]

AS: Are we really all stuck in the 90s?!

[Again, all eyes turn towards the camera.]

ALL: YES!

[A big ROAR goes up from the crowd as laughter breaks out in the ring.]

AS: Alright, we're going to get the hell out of here. At this rate, we shoulda made Blue pay us by the minute. You've been great. This has been a lot of fun and we'll see you in another twenty years...

COB: Or whenever we run out of money!

AS: That. Yes. Definitely that. See you aro-

[And just before Sterling literally drops the mic, we get the sounds of Freddie Mercury cutting him off.]

# Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.  
# I feel Alllllllll---lllll---lllll---vvveee  
# And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.  
# I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.  
# Don't. Stop. Me..

[And bursting out onto the aisleway on cue is Alphonse Green to a confused reaction as Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now" kicks in. Green is wearing a huge smile on his face and... clothes. He's definitely wearing clothes. This show may have had a lot of drug references but we're not usually that kind of show, people. I swear. Oh, and Green's got a mic... that he's now using as he walks towards the ring and the music fades as quickly as it started.]

AG: Wow. This is an honor, guys. It really is.

[Some confused faces are in the ring as Green gets there quickly, climbing up on the apron.]

AG: I was just here tonight to be a fan. And oh, what I fan I was. You guys... you guys are the best, you know that?

[Sterling shrugs.]

AS: We kinda do. It was kinda the whole point of the last twenty minutes.

[Green keeps talking as if Sterling had said nothing.]

AG: Like... remember that time you guys sang We Are The World?

[O'Brien speaks up.]

COB: We... uhh... dude, we talked about that already.

[Green starts laughing.]

AG: And what about EL?! FIERWOURUERUREIER!

[Green slaps his knee.]

AS: Hey, have you been watching this bit at all, man? We already-

[Green turns towards the Down Boys.]

AG: And you guys! No one thought you'd be here tonight after the thing with the guy and the... well, we don't need to talk about that. It's all in the past, right?

I mean...

[Green looks around the ring.]

AG: I guess we could say you're ALL kinda in the past, right?

[The crowd jeers Green who looks startled.]

AG: No, no! Nothing personal! I love all of you guys! Like... I could be out in the crowd with your groups. I could be a Coolio!

[Big cheer from one rowdy portion of the crowd!]

AG: I could be a Downie!

[Another cheer from another part of the crowd!]

AG: I could even be part of Greece!

[That cheer is louder... but they're drunk so...]

AG: But if you put all of those together these days, you know what you've got... Gang Green! My peeps! My fans!

[He grins as there's a cheer... not as loud as any of those that came before it. He turns towards Dan Oliver.]

AG: Hey, remember when you put on that glove with the googly eyes?! It be Jivvy, fool! Classic!

[Green laughs to himself, shaking his head.]

AG: But seriously... I just wanted to come out here tonight and tell you all how great you are... and how happy I am seeing old-timers like yourselves back here for one more ride...

[Green smirks.]

AG: And speaking of one more ride... I think what these people really want to hear is the seven legends in here answer the question on everyone's mind...

[Sterling leans over, whispering to Dan Thomas who nods and then leans over to Dan Oliver... and so it goes...]

AG: ...and that question is... of course... WHO WANTS TO RIDE... WITH ALPHONSE... GREEEEEEEEEEEEEN?!

[Green grins as he turns...

...and gets DROPPED with a right hand by Adam Peterson to a HUGE POP!]

AP: My campaign manager is gonna kill me.

[A smirking Brian McKenzie puts the boots to Alphonse Green as Dan Thomas moves in, pulling him off the mat, whipping him from one corner to the other. Green smashes into the corner before flopping down in a seated position in the corner. Thomas waves a hand around, charging across the ring slowly, and leaping into one ugly Bronco Buster...]

COB: Hey! It still works! They still pop for it! I'll be damned!

[Thomas gets up, grabbing at his lower back as he hobbles away with a "I'm okay! I'm okay!" Andrew Sterling moves in, pulling him to his feet, whipping him across the ring towards Dan Oliver boots him in the gut...

...and then reaches into his pocket, pulling out the aforementioned googly-eyed glove...]

JS: IT'S JIVVY! IT'S JIVVY! HE'S HERE!

[...and BLASTS Green between the eyes, knocking him off his feet to another big cheer!]

COB: NOSTALGIA POP! NOSTALGIA POP!

[He looks around frantically.]

COB: What can I do?!

[And in unison, six sets of hands in the ring point to the top rope.]

COB: FUCK... THAT!

[But the fans are insistent now...]

"MOON-SAULT!"

"MOON-SAULT!"

"MOON-SAULT!"

[O'Brien shakes his head.]

COB: Not a chance. I'm nowhere near drunk enough for-

BM: BARTENDER!

[And from out of nowhere, Adam Peterson produces a flask, sticking it in O'Brien's hands with a shrug.]

AP: Some of those Committee meetings are long, okay?

[O'Brien looks around at the roaring crowd, shaking his head...]

"MOON-SAULT!"

"MOON-SAULT!"

"MOON-SAULT!"



[...and he sighs, unscrewing the flask and downing a big mouthful of...]

COB: ACK! Is this Gaines' moonshine?!

[Peterson chuckles as O'Brien frantically wipes at his mouth... and then suddenly grabs at the ropes.]

COB: Jesus. That stuff works fast.

[He hands the flask off as he stumbles across the ring...]

"MOON-SAULT!"

"MOON-SAULT!"

"MOON-SAULT!"

[...and steps to the bottom rope...]

"MOON-SAULT!"

"MOON-SAULT!"

"MOON-SAULT!"

[...and to the middle rope, nearly toppling over before Andrew Sterling grabs his ass... for support... right.]

"MOON-SAULT!"

"MOON-SAULT!"

"MOON-SAULT!"

[He puts a foot on top, taking a deep breath...]

"MOON-SAULT!"

"MOON-SAULT!"

"MOON-SAULT!"

[...and gives himself the sign of the cross to a yelp from Brian McKenzie.]

BM: If lighting strikes right now, it ain't Ezekiel Craven, boys.

[And with one more deep breath...]

"MOON-SAULT!"

"MOON-SAULT!"

"MOON-SAULT!"

[...he leaps... or kinda... falls... he plummets backwards basically, falling in a weird sort of tumble that doesn't quite make it all the way around. I mean... we've called this moonsault ugly before but that might be an understatement this time.

This is Vagina Match ugly. Meatman Challenge ugly. This is Fake Bill Clinton ugly. This is Toshiaki Cutwada ugly. This is Chickenfucker Dallas Reed ugly. This is

Requiem fucking his sister ugly. This is Andrew Tucker's accent ugly. This is Sebastian Jericho ugly.

I mean... it's ugly.

But it's also beautiful. Sort of. If you squint and drink more of that Gaines moonshine.

It's Ben Franklin with a key and a kite... you see it, right?

It's... well... IT'S THE UGLIEST DAMN MOONSAULT IN PRO WRESTLING HISTORY!

And it connects... sort of!

And everyone in the ring leaps up and takes one bump for the road!

And the fans reach their part of the script where they do that thing they do.]

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

[And with the crowd still chanting, the wrestlers all get up one by one to applause...

...except Alphonse Green. Fuck that guy.

And they have a group embrace in the center of the ring...

...and as "Despacito" begins to play over the PA, they exit the ring together, making their way back up the aisle...

...as we fade through black to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing next to "The Spitfire" Julie Somers. She is dressed in a red jacket over a red halter top, matching Spandex shorts, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Her long, wavy brown hair is pulled behind her head.]

MS: I can't believe what I just saw.

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: No, seriously. I can't believe what I just saw... but nevertheless, in just a few minutes, we'll have more women's tag team action, with the AWA Women's World Champion, Kurayami, and a partner of her choosing, will face this young lady with me at this time, "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, and a partner of her choosing. First of

all, Julie, you have made it no secret you want a shot at the Women's champion, with the title on the line. Instead, it's tag team action tonight. What are your thoughts about that?

[Somers bites her lip.]

JS: Let's make one thing clear, Mark. I have no doubt that El Presidente and those who serve him don't think I'm capable of beating a woman like Kurayami. I've heard the arguments before, time and again, and it seems no matter what I do in that ring, the same arguments keep coming back -- that I have no chance against somebody like Kurayami.

Then I heard that Chris Blue was willing to put me in the ring with Kurayami in a tag match. And I thought at first that Blue was thinking the same way -- that I'm not big enough, not strong enough, to face a woman nearly twice my size, who has taken women built like me and made quick work of them.

[She pauses for effect.]

JS: But I thought about it some more and I realized, the people who have worked for Blue in the past, the people who have built the AWA and made it the best wrestling promotion on the planet, they believed in me. People like Jon Stegklet, Todd Michaelson, Bobby Taylor and all the rest who listened to my pleas to bring an actual women's division to the AWA, to take it seriously, and to give me that chance in that ring, night after night.

So then I thought about Blue's offer again, and you know what I realized?

MS: [shrugs] You tell me.

JS: I thought that maybe -- just maybe -- that this is Blue's way of finding out how serious I am.

Now, I didn't watch a lot of EMWC when I was young, because I was more focused on the promotions where my uncle worked. But I heard enough from those who worked for Blue, who told me that, yeah, he could be a pain in the rear, but he expected you to give no less than 100 percent and, if you thought you were the one who could be the top person in the company, he'd want you to prove that in the ring.

[She gives a quick nod.]

JS: So consider this my chance to show anyone who still has their doubts, that I can be the one to beat Kurayami for the Women's title.

MS: But what about Kurayami's partner? How do you prepare for somebody when you have no idea who it may be?

[Somers gets a slight smile.]

JS: I may not know who Kurayami's partner is, but she doesn't know who my partner is, either. So I guess you can say we're even.

But I can tell you a few things about my partner, though. She believes in me, I believe in her, we believe we can get it done tonight, and we know all the fans in the AWA believe we can get it done tonight.

For me, that's enough.

[She points to the camera.]

JS: And Kurayami, after tonight's match, you'll be a believer, too, that I can be the woman who takes that title from you!

[She puts her hands on her hips, a serious look on her face.]

MS: A confident Julie Somers, fans! Let's head down to ringside!

[We fade over to Jon Stegglet, Todd Michaelson, and Lori Dane.]

JS: Thanks, Mark... and a special thanks once again to Jason Dane and Colt Patterson who are helping us out here tonight. Tremendous work all night, boys, and when the show's over... well, Todd's got first round.

TM: What?!

[Stegglet chuckles.]

JS: Let's go up to the ring for more tag team action!

[We fade to the ring where Ken Graham is standing.]

KG: The following contest is your MYSTERY PARTNER tag team showdown! Introducing first...

[The 2300 Arena is suddenly and harshly filled with the shredding guitars that kick off Judas Priest's "Demonizer." The word "FEAR" appears on the black video screen in stark white bold font and when Rob Halford's voice kicks in, a giant burst of steam erupts from the top of the entranceway and the monster known as Kurayami strides through it to stand at the top of the aisle.]

JS: And I don't think it's any kind of an exaggeration to say that the mouth of hell just opened up and spat out one of its worst demons.

LD: Uhh... I think that's very much the definition of an exaggeration.

JS: I quit. Again.

TM: You can't quit. You want to be sitting right here with me when Ronnie D gets punched in the mouth seventy-three times.

LD: That's very specific.

TM: A man's got dreams.

[The Queen of the Kaiju stands on the ramp, looking down the aisle towards the ring as the crowd jeers her arrival. The monster's pear-shaped body is covered up in layers of clothing - first a basic black wrestling leotard with black knee high boots. Over that she wears a ripped and torn t-shirt that reads "IRON MAIDEN" and the final layer is a black leather jacket with one large silver spike emerging from the left shoulder. The Women's World Title rests over the other shoulder... and as she slowly raises her right hand to point to the ring, she begins her march down the ramp.]

JS: The AWA Women's World Champion, Kurayami, heading down the aisle... getting ready for battle against the current Number One Contender to her title, Julie Somers... of course, on this night, both of these women will have mystery partners with them. But if Somers gets her way, Lori, she'll be facing the champion one-on-one very soon.

LD: That's right. Julie is looking on this match as a kind of proving ground... wanting to show she can compete with Kurayami as few have managed to do so far. But of course, Kurayami's got a title defense of her own coming up against Skylar Swift at the end of the month in Mosaic Stadium which may change the complexion of the Women's Division completely.

[Kurayami gets to the ring swiftly, tossing the belt over the ropes into the ring where it clatters off the canvas. The Lady of Pain grabs the middle rope, pulling herself up on the apron where she shouts something in Japanese before stepping through the ropes. She stomps across the ring, snatching up the title belt as Shari Miranda steps back... waaaaaay back.]

JS: Kurayami in the ring now... asking for the microphone presumably to introduce us to her mystery partner.

TM: And I gotta wonder... who teams with a demon?

JS: It looks like we're about to find out.

[As her music fades, the Women's World Champion is standing center ring, staring out on the hostile crowd who are still buzzing over her entrance...

...and then barks a single word. Short, to the point, and with great ferocity.]

K: QUIET!

[The command only seems to incense the crowd, causing them to jeer louder as Kurayami raises an eyebrow, looking out with disgust upon them.]

K: I was ordered here tonight by my Korugun allies to prove two points.

[She raises her arm, a single finger emerging from a fingerless leather glove.]

K: One... to show the world that Julie Somers is no threat... to this.

[She slaps a hand across the face of her title belt, smirking as the fans jeer again.]

K: And two...

[The champion looks out on the crowd with disdain.]

K: ...to show the world that a once mighty Empire has fallen... burned... and been left in ashes... and yet you people still worship the dust that remains.

[The boos from the EMWC faithful are loyal and lusty.]

K: I am not here to pay tribute to that Empire.

[She slowly turns, her eyes coming to rest on Lori Dane sitting at ringside.]

K: An Empire that was short-sighted... mocking women's wrestling while shoving women out of the ring and into a short skirt for the amusement of weak, depraved men.

Some women would let that happen to them.

[Kurayami sneers at Dane.]

K: But some are too strong for that.

Some are better than that.

Some...

[She holds the title belt up, showing it to Dane.]

K: ...are born to be champions and will not settle for less.

[Kurayami slides the title over her shoulder, turning her gaze back to the crowd...

...and specifically to one woman sitting at ringside.]

K: Some women are born to dominate. And some are born to watch from the front row.

[She smirks at Stephanie Harper who throws a dismissive hand in her direction.]

K: For days, I've heard the question - who could team with you, Kurayami? Who would you consider worthy?

[Kurayami chuckles without humor - a dark, frightening laugh.]

K: Only one.

[She lowers the mic, inclining her head towards the entrance. All eyes turn in that direction, waiting to see who it will be...]

JS: All eyes in the 2300 Arena are on that entrance, expectantly waiting for the partner of Kurayami. Any word on this, Todd?

TM: Not a peep.

JS: Any ideas, Lori?

LD: Just one but I hope that I'm-

[And suddenly, a song familiar to pro wrestling fans starts up - a song not heard in a long, long time. But it's a song that makes no sense at all in this context.

It is "Dusted" by Sepultura.

And for the more "educated" fans in the building, it elicits a ROAR from the crowd!]

JS: What the-?!

LD: Oh... my... god.

[As the song really gets going, a figure emerges from the entryway. Standing about five and half feet tall and north of 200 pounds, this woman is a striking image. The sides of her head are shaved clean but the top is spiked up in a mohawk several inches high. White makeup encircles her eyes, dragging downwards in "teary" streaks to her cheekbones. She shoves her tongue from her mouth, revealing a bright coloring.

She thrusts her arm up into the air, revealing a barbed wire bullrope clutched in her heavily taped right hand.]

JS: Lori?

LD: Steggs, I know you're busy in the office these days but we REALLY gotta get you watching some stuff from Japan! This... thing... is Violence Jacobs! One of the most terrifying... horrifying... monsters to ever step foot into any of the Joshi promotions in Japan!

JS: Violence Jacobs.

TM: I can't help but notice some striking similarities to one of the most dangerous and fearsome brawlers in the history of our sport - Tex Violence, Lori. The music. The name.

LD: Absolutely. She worships Tex. Her every move... every action in the ring... and out of it... are inspired by Tex. She's left a path of blood in every ring she's stepped in... all dedicated to Tex.

JS: I gotta say she looks familiar too.

LD: That's because she's the younger sister of former AWA champion, Brad Jacobs, too! Brad used his star power here in the AWA to get her into training in Japan when every training school in the States tossed her aside because they were looking for cheerleaders and fitness models to turn into pro wrestlers. She loves this business, boys. While her brother was playing football at the University of Miami, she was in her grandma's basement watching tapes from South Laredo, going crazy for the blood-covered dirt in the Rodeogrounds!

[Jacobs swings that barbed wire bullrope back and forth, making the fans jump back as she approaches the ring.]

TM: Hey, Steggs... what's our insurance look like on this show if she hits someone with that thing?

JS: What insurance? We can barely get covered after that piece of sh-

TM: 'Nuff said.

LD: Forget about that, guys. What if she hits Julie Somers with that thing?! Kurayami bringing one of the most fearsome wrestlers in all of Japan to Eternally Extreme isn't a coincidence either. Jacobs and Kurayami are one of the most dominant tag teams to ever compete in Joshi.

JS: Was this who you were afraid of?

LD: Absolutely. I've been thinking non-stop since this match was announced. This was a trap by that rat Castillo. He set this up knowing this is who Kurayami had in mind. This is the only person Kurayami would EVER team with willingly. South Philly, you better get ready 'cause the Fallen Angels have come to fight!

[Jacobs steps through the ropes, dropping her bullrope on the mat before coming together with her "sister" with an exchange of brutal clubbing forearms down across the chest with a roar to match!]

JS: The Fallen Angels, huh?

TM: It suits them.

JS: I suppose it does... and if Julie Somers didn't do the homework you did, Lori, she may be in for quite a rough night as she looks down that aisle from the back.

LD: I've got faith in the Spitfire, Steggs. I'm sure she's ready for this one.

JS: We're about to find out as the music fades and... well, let's see what she's got for us.

[Jacobs and Kurayami turn, standing side by side as they stare down the ramp as the opening riffs that kick off "Is She With You," the Wonder Woman theme from the DC Cinematic Universe kick in over the PA system.]

KG: And their opponents... introducing first, hailing from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing 135 pounds... this is "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[Julie Somers emerges from the entranceway. She wears a red jacket over her red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She stands at the top of the ramp, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans to cheer.]

JS: One of the most popular athletes in the AWA, Julie Somers will get her shot at Kurayami tonight!

TM: It may be a tag team match, Steggs, but it's still a tall task to take on the most dangerous woman in the world today... and when you add Violence Jacobs to the mix, all I can say is Somers better have found a partner who is tough enough to take on the Fallen Angels, because I don't know if someone like Somers is that kind of woman!

JS: As Somers herself has said, people have underestimated her before and she's proven them wrong. But it does raise the question... who is her partner?

[After a moment, she strides down the ramp and along the aisle, reaching out to slap hands with fans. Upon reaching ringside, she stops for a moment, raising a finger toward Kurayami and Jacobs.

Then she switches her gaze to the crowd, pointing toward the fans at ringside.

To the area where Stephanie Harper is standing.]

JS: Wait a minute... don't tell me...

TM: What, Steggs? You actually think Stephanie Harper is going to be Somers' tag team partner? Lori?

LD: Well, I know that Harper was a mentor to Somers. In fact, Somers told me she was like a mother to her... so maybe...

[Somers strides toward Harper, who has a sheepish grin on her face. The two share an embrace, then Harper climbs over the railing.]

TM: Steggs, Harper hasn't wrestled in more than a decade! She had a knee injury that forced her into retirement. Now you're telling me that she's going to step into the ring to be Somers' partner against somebody like the Fallen Angels?

JS: Well, we don't know for sure if Harper is her partner, but if so, it would explain why she's here tonight when she never wrestled for EMWC!

[Somers and Harper climb up the steps and duck between the ropes. There, Somers motions to Graham for the mic. He seems surprised, but hands it to her.]

JS: Cut the music.



[The music is cut. Somers then passes the mic to Harper and motions to her. Harper shakes her head, but smiles and gives a quick wave to the crowd, before raising the mic.]

SH: First of all, I know... I never wrestled for EMWC. I wrestled for UWF and...

[That gets a few heckles. Harper just nods.]

SH: Yes, I know. The E and the U never got along. Seemed to be a running pattern with a lot of promotions in those days.

But I'm not here to talk about that. What I want to talk about is, despite the differences we had, the EMWC raised the bar for wrestling, and that, in turn, made the UWF and everyone else raise the bar right back. And that's a credit to the man who brought the EMWC to new heights, Chris Blue.

So I want to thank Blue for that, because it was his drive and his mindset that not only made EMWC better, but made everyone else better, because everyone else wanted to prove who was really the best.

[And that gets a round of applause.]

SH: Now, before anyone asks... no, I'm not her partner.

[Some boos come up from the crowd, bringing a smile to Harper's face.]

SH: I'm here because, yes, Chris Blue invited me, given that I'm a Hall of Famer and have family connections in the AWA, and I accepted.

Then this little Spitfire here [gestures to Somers] thought it would be great if I would her introduce her tag team partner for her.

And knowing who she picked, I told her it would be a privilege.

So without further ado, here's Julie's partner for tonight...

[Somers grins as Harper points to the top of the aisle as again, all eyes turn to the entrance...]

JS: Who's it gonna be?

[...and as the Philly crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the quiet panflute introduction of Zamfir's "The Lonely Shepherd" as a pale yellow lighting illuminates the 2300 Arena!]

JS: Oh my!

TM: Oh jeez.

LD: Oh hell yeah.

[Kurayami grimaces in the ring as Julie Somers smiles as wide as we've ever seen her smile. The crowd is going wild as Somers' partner steps through the curtain into view - a quite familiar face.]

JS: Well, when Chris Blue said he was in charge of the talent on this show, he CERTAINLY meant it!

LD: And if the people didn't believe that when Juan Vasquez showed up, I'm guessing they believe it for sure right about now.

[Standing in a black coat at the top of the aisle, taking in the crowd's reaction with a huge smile of her own on her face, Melissa Cannon shrugs off her coat to reveal yellow full-length tights with a black "belt" around her waist. She's also wearing an old school EMWC t-shirt that reads "REAL WOMEN DO IT EXTREME" that causes her to smirk when the crowd roars even louder at her.]

TM: Aww, one of your old shirts.

LD: Who do you think gave it to her?

JS: Why, Lori. I think you were holding out on us.

LD: I pinkie swore not to tell her secret. Sorry, boys.

[The music abruptly changes to "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity" as Cannon starts walking with purpose down the aisle towards the ring.]

JS: Melissa Cannon - banned from the AWA for her politics - is very much welcome at Eternally Extreme to stand by her Superfriend, Julie Somers' side, against the Fallen Angels and this just went from "very interesting" to "holy hell, this is gonna be something else!"

LD: The words "Main Event Anywhere In The World" come to mind, Steggs.

JS: Indeed they do...

[Cannon pulls herself up on the apron, staring across the ring at the Fallen Angels.]

LD: Violence Jacobs and Melissa Cannon have had several brutal, hard-hitting matches in Japan over the past few months so... this one is personal for her as much as it is for Somers.

[Jacobs shouts something off-mic at Cannon, pointing a threatening finger as Cannon comes through the ropes, immediately starting to move towards her but getting cut off by Shari Miranda who sticks out an arm, trying to block her path.]

JS: Jacobs and Kurayami, the Fallen Angels, taking on Cannon and Somers, the Superfriends... and we've just been given the honor of sitting ringside for what will no doubt be one of the most talked-about matches of the night, Todd.

TM: No one better to call it than us, right?

LD: I'm sure my brother disagrees. He's probably furious right about now.

TM: Even better.

[Miranda manages to get the two teams separated and sent back to their respective corners, still exchanging words from across the ring.]

JS: And it's obvious that this isn't just some random dream match, Todd. These two teams have some serious issues with one another.

TM: Somers is on a mission here tonight. She needs to make it clear she can handle herself with Kurayami and see if she can force the powers that be into giving her a shot at the title.

LD: And with Melissa and Jacobs' recent history, this could get rough in a hurry.

[Cannon and Somers exchange a quick embrace, huddling up in their corner as Kurayami stares across menacingly...

...and then steps from the ring, leaving Julie Somers in the squared circle across from Violence Jacobs.]

JS: Well... Kurayami seems to be avoiding Somers right there with that move.

LD: Hard to argue that.

TM: The question though is why, Steggs. Is she actually afraid of the Spitfire or is she trying to play some mindgames with her? I'm going with the latter because I don't think Kurayami is afraid of anything.

LD: Everyone's afraid of something.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell sounds as Julie Somers breaks into a sprint, giving a shout as she leaps up, throwing a dropkick to the chest that knocks Jacobs back into her own corner!]

JS: Whoa! Hot start by the Spitfire! Right back to her feet, going downstairs on Jacobs...

[Somers gets the crowd going in a hurry with repeated rights and lefts to the body of Jacobs who absorbs them all without making an effort to block them...

...and then Somers goes upstairs, repeatedly throwing a looping haymaker into the mohawked skull of Violence Jacobs, rocking her over and over!]

JS: Somers not backing down! The referee ordering her back but she's all over Violence Jacobs! Completely all over her!

[Somers backs off finally, letting loose a shout as she walks out to the middle of the ring, pumping her fists to cheers from the Philly faithful...

...and turns on her heel, running back in, leaping into the air!]

JS: LEAPING FOREARM IN THE CORNER!

[Grabbing Jacobs by the arm, Somers whips her across the ring, making sure to step out of Kurayami's reach as she turns away from her. Jacobs slams into the opposite corner where Melissa Cannon has walked down the apron to give her room...

...and then both Cannon and Somers charge in on Jacobs, Somers leaping up for another dropkick as Cannon leaps up, snapping her foot off the back of Jacobs' head to a big cheer!]

JS: Ohhh! Nice doubleteam by the Superfriends... quick tag in to Cannon... and listen to that reaction!

[The crowd roars as Cannon steps into the ring.]

JS: Melissa Cannon climbing into a ring here in the States for the first time in some seven months and...

[The chant is clear from the outset.]

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

[Cannon gives a nod before stepping in on the dazed Jacobs, grabbing a handful of mohawk...]

JS: ELBOW! ANOTHER ONE! MAKE IT THREE!

LD: Looks familiar.

TM: Sure does.

JS: You taught her well.

LD/TM: Thanks.

[Cannon pulls Jacobs out of the corner by the hair, swinging her knee up into the skull once... twice... three times... four... five...]

JS: NOTHIN' BUT KNEES BY CANNON, DRIVING JACOBS BACK INTO THE ROPES!

[Again, the referee steps in, calling for a break...

...and Cannon peels away, running to the far ropes as Jacobs pushes off the other ropes.]

JS: Cannon to the ropes, bouncing back...

[Jacobs swings an arm, looking for a clothesline but Cannon ducks low, bouncing back off behind her...]

JS: Jacobs swings around and- ohh! Cannon with a low dropkick! Right to the knee!

[Jacobs hobbles back, grimacing as she sinks to a knee, grabbing her kneecap as Cannon scrambles up, running to the ropes again...]

JS: Off the ropes again and... ohhh! Dropkick right in the mouth!

[The second low dropkick connects with Jacobs' face, knocking her flat as Cannon scrambles on top...]

JS: Pin attempt... no!

[The crowd ROARS as Cannon starts raining down forearms from the mount, pounding her rival into the canvas as the Philly fans roar for her efforts!]

TM: The beatdown is on, baby!

JS: Jacobs is getting hammered by Cannon down on the mat...

LD: Yeah, but Violence Jacobs is double tough. She's down for now but she won't be for long, Steggs.

[Cannon peels off of Jacobs, giving a shout and pumping her arms as the fans cheer again...]

JS: Melissa Cannon is FIRED UP, guys!

LD: She was kicked out of the company she's been with since the beginning, Steggs. She was fired for expressing her opinion - an opinion that a whole lot of people agree with that for that matter - so yeah, she's probably pretty excited to be here tonight.

TM: Careful.

LD: Fuck them. I own part of this place - they can't fire me.

[Cannon grabs Jacobs by the leg, hooking it under her arm as she drags her rival across the ring, getting near her corner before flipping the Iron Maiden over into a half Boston Crab.]

JS: Half crab applied by Cannon, cranking back on that leg, trying to torque the knee of Violence Jacobs!

[Jacobs claws at the canvas, grimacing in pain as Cannon holds onto the trapped limb, pulling on it.]

JS: The half crab expertly locked in... Melissa Cannon never lacking for technique inside that ring...

TM: She was always a perfectionist when she was training, Steggs. Working twice as hard as some of the people in her class. Staying late. Wanting extra sessions. Watching tape endlessly. She's living her dream and I couldn't be prouder of her.

[Jacobs loudly screams "NOOOOO!" at asking if she wants to quit... which leads to Cannon reaching out and slapping Julie Somers' outstretched hand.]

JS: Tag to the Spitfire...

[Somers grabs the top rope, slingshotting from the apron...

...and DROPS a leg down across the back of Jacobs' head!]

JS: Ohhh! Nice doubleteam by the Superfriends!

[And Somers picks up right where her partner left off, grabbing the leg and flipping Jacobs back into the half Crab.]

JS: This strategy may have been put together by Melissa Cannon who has a couple of submission holds that target the knee that she favors. But right now, it's Somers executing it, bending that leg back...

TM: And you gotta admire Somers being able to focus on Violence Jacobs when you know she wants to get her hands on Kurayami instead.

[Speaking of whom, the Women's World Champion paces the apron, staring coldly inside the ring at the action...]

TM: Kurayami looks like a caged animal waiting for some poor fool to open the door.

JS: I wouldn't want to be Somers or Cannon when Kurayami gets unleashed.

LD: Did we learn nothing from Medusa Rage earlier this year? You can't be afraid of her... you gotta take the fight to her. Just like Julie Somers wants to do tonight... just like Skylar Swift wants to do in Regina... and just like someone like Margarita Flores has tried to do every time they've crossed paths.

[Somers pulls back with a loud "ASK HER!" and when Jacobs refuses to quit again, Melissa Cannon gets tagged back in, slipping through the ropes, dashing across the ring...]

JS: Cannon back in, to the far side...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: SLIDING DROPKICK! RIGHT TO THE SIDE OF THE HEAD!

[Somers exits the ring as Cannon nods approvingly at the sight of Jacobs rolling to her hip, cradling the side of her face...]

JS: Another great doubleteam by the Superfriends... and Cannon's not about to let up. She knows how resilient her rival is, pulling her up- oh! Hard forearm to the jaw by Jacobs!

[Hobbling on foot, Jacobs throws a second but Cannon absorbs it and fires off one of her own... and a second one knocks Jacobs back a hopping step before Cannon spins, dashing to the ropes...]

JS: Cannon to the ropes for momentum, coming back strong and-

[Standing on one leg, Jacobs SHOVES the 145 pounder straight up into the air, catching her on the way down...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES her back with a one-legged Samoan Drop!]

JS: MY OH MY! DID YOU SEE THAT?!

TM: It takes some SERIOUS power to pull that off on one leg, Steggs. Serious power!

JS: Violence Jacobs apparently has that power much like her brother before her! Brad Jacobs, of course, has become one of the top gaijin stars throughout all of Japan - we wish him the best from his old pals here in the AWA... and we're so excited to have his sister here tonight competing at Eternally Extreme!

[Jacobs rolls to a knee, grimacing as she puts weight on her bad leg, getting up to her feet as Cannon rolls around in pain on the mat. The Iron Maiden wobbles across the ring, slapping the offered hand.]

JS: And in comes the Women's World Champion after that devastating Samoan Drop!

TM: A better way to put it might be - here comes trouble!

[Kurayami physically tears Cannon off the mat by her long brown braid, throwing her violently back into the buckles where she SLAMS against the corner.]

JS: The champion on the warpath here... she's got Cannon trapped in the neutral corner...

[Squaring up, Kurayami swings her right arm, the wrist and forearm cuffing Cannon upside the head as the champion shouts "KIII-HAAA!"...]

...and then throws a left back the other way with a "HAAA!"

And so it goes...]

"KIII-HAAAA!"

"HAAA!"

"KIII-HAAAA!"

"HAAA!"

"KIII-HAAAA!"

"HAAA!"

[Clubbing Cannon back and forth in the corner, the referee screaming at the champion to back off...

...and back off she does, just as Miranda threatens a disqualification.]

TM: Shari threatened a DQ there - can she do that at Eternally Extreme?

JS: She's the referee, Todd. I suppose she can if she wants.

TM: This crowd might riot.

LD: Wouldn't be the first time.

[Grabbing Cannon by the wrist, Kurayami fires her across to the other neutral corner, Cannon slamming back and looping her arms over the top rope...

...as Kurayami comes barnstorming across the ring after her!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: AVALANCHE IN THE CORNER!

[Kurayami glares across at a concerned Julie Somers as she grabs Cannon by the hair, flinging her out of the buckles and down to the canvas. She points a threatening finger at Somers...]

"THIS IS ON YOU!"

[...and drags a thumb across her throat menacingly. The fans jeer the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo as she slides alongside the ropes towards the middle, turning to rest her back on them.]

JS: Kurayami is measuring Cannon, sizing her up for whatever she's got in mind here...

[Kurayami comes marching off the ropes, raising her right arm high, and then leaps into the air...

...and DROPS her 250 pounds down in an elbow to the kidneys!]

JS: Ohh! Spine-shaking elbowdrop by the Women's World Champion... rolling Cannon to her back now...

[Planting her palms on the chest of Cannon, Kurayami stares up at Somers as the referee counts once... twice...]

JS: Out at two! Cannon slips out at two in time!

[Kurayami kneels on the mat, staring at the official who holds up two fingers towards her...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A GIGANTIC overhead slap down across the chest gets the crowd cringing as Kurayami continues to stare at the referee who has averted her eyes in a desperate attempt to avoid eye contact.]

JS: Kurayami didn't get the three count there and she doesn't seem too pleased about that... taking out a little of her anger towards the referee on Melissa Cannon there...

[Pulling Cannon back to her feet, she holds a handful of hair as she throws a trio of hooking forearms to the cheekbone area, refusing to let Cannon fall to the mat...

...and then uses that grip on the hair to toss her back into the Fallen Angels' corner.]

JS: Again to the corner... and with this one being the Angels' corner, this is NOT where Melissa Cannon wants to be!

[Cannon seems to quickly realize that, throwing a forearm at an incoming Kurayami to cheers from the crowd!]

JS: Cannon trying to fight out!

[A second forearm sends Kurayami stumbling back...

...but Violence Jacobs grabs the braid with both hands and YANKS Cannon back into the buckles!]

JS: Oh!

TM: The referee's on her case about that one.

JS: Does Jacobs even care?! She's wrapping Cannon's braid around the top rope, holding her head down by the ropes and- oh! Forearm of her own down across the cheekbone! And another!

[The referee shouts at Jacobs who lets go as a smirking Kurayami approaches, throwing a pair of right hands to the gut of Cannon, doubling her over...]

JS: Kurayami grabbing her by the hair now...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cannon goes sailing high into the air with a hair-assisted biel and then SLAMS down on the canvas in a heap as the fans buzz with concern for the AWA Original.]

JS: Cannon goes sky high on that one but has a rough landing more than halfway across the ring!

LD: That might be a mistake though, Jon. Melissa's near her corner now!

[Somers desperately sticks out her hand, shouting to her partner.]



"HEAR MY VOICE! COME TO MY VOICE!"

[Cannon flips over onto her chest, doing exactly that as Kurayami starts moving quickly towards her...]

JS: Cannon's trying to get to the corner and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Again, she drops the elbow down onto Cannon's back!

[Having cut off the tag, Kurayami sits up on the mat, raising a middle finger salute in the Spitfire's direction. Somers shouts over the ropes at Kurayami who laughs darkly as she climbs to her feet...

...and makes a sudden lunge at Somers, lashing out with a right hand that knocks her right off the apron!]

JS: KURAYAMI KNOCKS SOMERS TO THE FLOOR!

[The crowd jeers as the Women's World Champion leans over the ropes, glaring down at Somers for a moment before she turns back towards Cannon, kicking her in the ribs, sending her rolling away from her own corner.]

JS: And just like that, the champion sends Cannon away from help and back to the middle of the ring.

[The champion throws a look towards her corner where Jacobs nods, gesturing to herself.]

TM: Smart move there. A lot of times in tag matches, you see someone tag their partner back in way too early. Kurayami actually checked there to make sure Jacobs was good to go before even attempting a tag.

[Walking to her corner, Kurayami slaps Jacobs' hand, tagging her sister in brutality back into the ring...]

JS: There's the tag to Violence Jacobs... and the Fallen Angels are looking for a double team here...

[Pulling Cannon off the mat, Kurayami shoves her back against the ropes as Jacobs comes in to join her, each grabbing an arm...]

JS: Double whip sends Cannon across...

[And the pair of two hundred plus pounders stand tall, lifting the rebounding Cannon up in their powerful arms...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and THROWING her down in unison with a standing spinebuster!]

JS: ANGRY WOMEN SPINEBUSTER! OH MY!

[Jacobs sneers at the jeering crowd as she slowly lowers to a knee, leaning over into a lateral press.]

JS: Jacobs covers for one... she's got two... and that's all! Cannon slips out again!

[The Iron Maiden gets back to her feet, visibly hesitant to put weight on one leg as she does. She grimaces, breaking to the ropes...

...but pulls up after a couple of steps, shaking her head before pausing to rub at her knee.]

JS: I don't know what she had in mind there, fans, but the damage to the knee done by the Superfriends earlier put a halt to it right away.

[Jacobs steps closer to Cannon, angrily looking down...

...and then leaps slightly into the air, dropping backfirst across her chest!]

JS: Ohh! I think she was hoping for a running version of that, trying to get more elevation and impact...

TM: The standing one did pretty well on its own.

JS: It certainly did. Some... what do you think, Todd? 200? 220 pounds?

TM: Close. The Internet's got her at 217.

JS: When did you learn how to use the Internet?

TM: 1994! We were the E-Mail Wrestling Council, Steggs!

JS: How could I forget?

[Jacobs sits up on the mat, rubbing at her knee again as Kurayami extends a hand.]

JS: Kurayami may be losing some patience with her partner and that banged-up knee... demanding a tag already...

[Jacobs gingerly regains her feet, ignoring her partner's demand as she pulls Cannon up by the hair, tossing her back into the neutral corner...]

JS: Cannon sent to the buckles... Jacobs moving in after her...

[With Cannon trapped, Jacobs squares up and unleashes a series of fast and furious palm strikes to the torso of Cannon...]

JS: A flurry of shotay by Violence Jacobs and-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: -AND SHE GOES UPSIDE CANNON'S HEAD WITH THAT SLAP!

[Grabbing the arm again, Jacobs whips Cannon from neutral corner to neutral corner. She leans back into the buckles, shaking her leg a couple of times...]

JS: Jacobs trying to shake some life into that knee, looking to suck down the pain shooting through her leg right about now...

[...and with a shout, she charges across the ring, twisting around into a running hip attack to the torso of the stunned Cannon!]

JS: OHHH! 217 pounds - according to the Internet - goes CRASHING into Melissa Cannon and Cannon slumps down in the buckles, leaning against them to stay sitting...

[Jacobs hobbles back quickly across the ring, shaking her knee a few more times before turning to face Cannon again...]

JS: Here we go again!

“SHIIIIHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!”

[The charging Jacobs looks to do it again...

...and SLAMS her hindquarters into Cannon’s face, snapping her head back against the buckles with great impact. Jacobs drags Cannon from the corner, rolling through into a side press.]

JS: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[But Cannon’s shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking up the pin to cheers from the Philly fans again. Jacobs grimaces but nods as she pushes up off the mat, looking back to the corner where Kurayami insistently sticks out her hand again.]

JS: Jacobs moving to the corner... and another tag to the Women’s World Champion.

[Kurayami comes quickly through the ropes, marching past Jacobs to the downed Cannon, pulling her off the mat by the hair...]

JS: HEADBUTT!

[Still holding the hair, Kurayami repeatedly slams her skull into the back of Cannon’s head, landing a half dozen headbutts until Cannon’s knees buckle underneath her...

...and the Women’s World Champion shoves her towards a waiting Jacobs who lunges forward...]

JS: OHH! HEADBUTT BY JACOBS!

[The no-hand, all-body lunging headbutt sends Cannon staggering back towards Kurayami who grabs her by the scruff of the neck, lifting her off the mat and THROWING her facefirst to the canvas!]

JS: REVERSE CHOKESLAM! NO ANTELOPE, ALL CANVAS!

[Cannon rolls onto her back as Kurayami stands menacingly over her, allowing Jacobs to exit the ring before she makes her next move.]

JS: The Women’s World Champion has Melissa Cannon exactly where she wants her... and right now, Julie Somers looks shell-shocked. This match is NOT going the way she wanted it to go.

TM: She’s barely been in the ring since the opening few minutes, Steggs. Melissa’s trying but she just can’t get to her.

LD: She’s got to, Todd, or this match is gonna be over real soon.

[Cannon lifts an arm, trying to shield herself from Kurayami as she scoots backwards, trying to get to her corner where Somers is pleading with her to make a tag.]

JS: Somers knows her partner needs to get out of there, look at that stretch but Cannon's nowhere near her!

[Cannon blindly reaches backwards, not wanting to take her eyes off the smirking Kurayami who mockingly applauds...]

JS: Kurayami is toying with Melissa Cannon now!

[The champion leans over, grabbing a struggling Cannon by the boot.]

JS: Kurayami's got her again, Cannon trying to get loose and make that tag!

[Kurayami's fighting to keep her grip on the foot as Cannon wriggles wildly...

...and LASHES OUT with a boot up between the eyes of Kurayami!]

JS: OH!

[A second one causes Kurayami's eyelids to flutter.]

JS: She's fighting back! She's trying to get loose!

[The crowd is cheering as Cannon lands a third upkick, catching her flush between the eyes with the flat of the boot, sending Kurayami stumbling backwards.]

JS: She's loose! She's loose!

LD: Come on, girlfriend! Make that tag!

[Cannon flips over onto her chest, crawling on her forearms towards Somers whose arm is out as far as she can reach...

...but Kurayami rushes back in, grabbing Cannon by the legs to cut her off just inches away from her partner!]

JS: KURAYAMI CAUGHT HER! SHE STOPPED THE TAG AND-

[And powering Cannon up into the air, Kurayami holds her high...

...and then sits out, throwing her facefirst down to the canvas in a powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

TM: Steggs, that wasn't a Fallen Angel - that was a Blood Angel!

JS: A little taste of The Fall from Kurayami, rolls her over onto her back... this could do it!

[The referee counts once... twice...

...and then Somers, standing on the bottom rope, leans over far enough to slap Kurayami on the back of the head!]

JS: OH!

[The Women's World Champion angrily breaks the pin, charging the corner where Somers is waiting with a right hand... and another... and another... the crowd roaring for every blow thrown by the Spitfire!]

JS: Somers got Kurayami going the wrong way and-

[Hanging onto the top rope, Somers swings a leg up, catching Kurayami in the forehead with a boot!]

JS: OHH!

[Kurayami stumbles back towards Melissa Cannon who has manages to push herself to her knees...

...and gets pulled down in a desperate schoolgirl rollup!]

JS: ROLLUP! ROLLUP! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO!

[But a powerful kickout by Kurayami sends Cannon sailing away...

...right towards a waiting Julie Somers!]

JS: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS for the tag as Julie Somers slingshots over the top rope into the ring...

...and sprints across the ring, throwing herself into a flying forearm that knocks an intruding Violence James off the apron, sending her back out to the floor!]

JS: THE SPITFIRE STRIKES HARD IN SOUTH PHILLY!

[Somers whips around, racing back the other way as Kurayami struggles to get her mass off the mat...

...and leaves her feet again, throwing a dropkick that knocks Kurayami back into the Superfriends' corner!]

JS: Somers sends her to the corner...

[The Spitfire gives a shout as she shifts her feet, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: BIG CHOP BY SOMERS!

[Winding up, Somers throws it again and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Kurayami reeling, Somers grabs an arm, looking to whip the World Champion across the ring...]

JS: Irish whip- no, reversed!

[Somers goes flying across the ring towards the Fallen Angels' corner, hopping up to the middle rope instead of hitting the buckles. She stands up, beckoning Kurayami forward with both hands...

...but then leaps up to the top rope, springing off to catch Violence Jacobs who is back on the apron in a headscissors, snapping her off the apron to the floor with a rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: WHAT A MOVE OUT OF SOMERS!

[Somers pumps a fist as she gets to her feet...

...and Kurayami reaches over the top rope, snatching a handful of hair, dragging the Boston native up onto the apron!]

JS: The champion's got her and-

[Somers slaps away the grip once on the apron, rocking Kurayami with a forearm to the jaw. Somers steps up on the bottom rope, then to the top, springing off...]

JS: CROSSBODY!

[The flying crossbody knocks Kurayami down to the mat but Somers rolls right off, not even attempting a pin yet.]

JS: No cover?!

TM: She must not think she's done enough damage to keep her down yet.

[Somers gets to her feet, moving back in on Kurayami who is struggling to get up off the canvas...]

JS: Hard right hand! And then a front kick to boot!

TM: Literally!

[Somers steers Kurayami back to her feet, peppering her with a few short forearms before turning and sprinting to the ropes.]

JS: The Spitfire bouncing back...

[A leaping forearm smash seems to stun the Women's World Champion as Somers get back to her feet, looking to finish her off...]

JS: Somers to the ropes again... leaps up!

[But as the Spitfire attempts a flying huracanrana attempt, the power of Kurayami is too much for her, holding steady...]

JS: Kurayami blocks the rana, hanging on for dear life!

[Somers frantically pounds away at the head of Kurayami, sending her stumbling back towards the Fallen Angels' corner where she pivots and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

TM: BUCKLE BOMB!

JS: She powerbombs Julie Somers HARD into the corner!

[Shaking her head to clear the momentary cobwebs, Kurayami slaps the offered hand of Violence Jacobs who slips back through the ropes, immediately moving towards the cornered Somers...]

JS: Big kicks in the corner, roundhouse blows to the chest of the smaller Somers!

TM: She's giving up close to a hundred pounds there, Steggs - definitely outgunned.

[Stepping up on the middle rope, Jacobs snaps off a final kick, this one landing across the temple of Somers, causing her to slump down slightly in the corner but Jacobs grabs her by the hair, shaking her head defiantly as she refuses to allow Somers to fall to the mat...]

...and then HURLS her out of the corner by the hair, sending her bouncing off the canvas!]

JS: Another hair-assisted biel by the Fallen Angels, just tossing their two smaller opponents around the ring at times in this one...

[Jacobs strides across the ring, her eyes locked on Cannon who is on the apron, stretching out an arm towards Somers...]

JS: It's only been a couple of minutes rest for Cannon but she's got that hand out there, willing to come back in if her partner needs her...

LD: And to get her hands on Jacobs again.

JS: That too. Jacobs standing over Somers now, taunting Cannon, begging her to get back in the ring with her...

[Suddenly, Jacobs leaps high into the air, dropping a very large thigh across the throat of Cannon to an "ohhhh!" from the South Philly crowd!]

JS: LEGDROP! Could that be enough?

[Jacobs stays sitting, staring up at Cannon as she shouts "COUNT!" to the official who quickly obliges.]

JS: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- no, Somers is out at two!

LD: And we know how resilient Julie Somers is, Steggs. Anyone who doesn't didn't see that Falls Count Anywhere war between her and Ricki Toughill back at SuperClash.

TM: Poor Ricki.

[Jacobs climbs off the mat, still barking at Cannon who is shouting encouragement to her partner...]

...until a right hand knocks her off the apron!]

JS: Oh! Cheapshot by Jacobs!

[A sneering Jacobs looks out on the jeering crowd, actually encouraging them to boo louder as she turns her focus back to the downed Somers...]

JS: Jacobs dragging Somers up off the mat, right into a front facelock...

[With ease, she hoists Somers up into the air into a vertical suplex...

...and then just kinda throws her down into a bodyslam!]

JS: Disrespect on the part of Jacobs, not even fully executing the move...

LD: But still doing damage to the back of Somers. Jacobs may not like her but make no mistake, Jon... she knows she's gotta lay the damage on if the Fallen Angels are going to win this one.

[Jacobs again turns towards the other corner, taunting Melissa Cannon, daring her to come into the ring. A fuming Cannon stays in her corner though, gripping the tag rope tightly as she shouts to her partner.]

JS: Somers is trying to get back up but Jacobs is right there to cut her off with a boot to the ribs... and another!

[Jacobs continues stomping the ribs of Somers, forcing her under the ropes and out onto the apron...]

JS: Julie Somers getting driven out onto the apron by the wild woman from Japan, Violence Jacobs, who has certainly made an impression on these fans here in Philly tonight...

TM: Her style is right up their alley, Steggs. If she wasn't beating up one of their favorites, she might be getting a standing ovation right now.

[Jacobs steps out on the apron with Somers, looking out on the jeering crowd with a sneer as she leans over, dragging Somers to her feet by the hair...]

JS: Both women out on the apron now... ohh! Hard right hand by Jacobs... and another!

[Somers staggers back, hanging onto the ropes as Jacobs steps towards her...

...and the Spitfire yanks the ropes, propelling herself into a stiff elbowstrike to the jaw!]

JS: OH! And Somers is fighting back! Another forearm and now it's Jacobs who is staggered!

[Rocking and firing with fists and forearms, Somers sends Jacobs backpedaling all the way up against the ringpost in the neutral corner. Somers backs off, pumping her arm a few times to the cheers of the crowd...]

JS: Somers giving herself room to work here... here we go!

[Somers starts running down the apron towards Jacobs who is back against the post...

...and Jacobs boots her in the gut, cutting off whatever she had in mind.]

JS: Jacobs goes downstairs... and I don't like them fighting on the apron like this, fans. It's a dangerous place to be!



[Jacobs approaches Somers, ducking low...]

JS: What's she...?!

[The crowd ROARS in horror as Jacobs lifts Somers up, pressing her straight overhead in a gorilla press on the apron!]

JS: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

[Jacobs sneers out at the crowd but is obviously having difficult, her leg shifting rapidly a few times to keep Somers aloft...]

...and as the knee buckles, Somers slips free, landing on her feet inside the ring where she promptly leaps up, snapping a foot off the back of Jacobs' head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The enuzigiri sends Jacobs flying forward off the apron, splashing facefirst down on the thin mats surrounding ringside...]

...and with Jacobs disposed of for the moment, Somers rolls to her chest and starts crawling across the ring toward her Superfriend!]

JS: And with that one big counter, Julie Somers has a window of opportunity to make that tag and get the fresh member of her team into the ring!

TM: She's got a long way to go though, Steggs.

LD: Melissa's waiting for her! She's ready to get in there and fight some more with these two monsters!

TM: The kid's got heart, I'll give her that much.

LD: I thought you said they don't give banners for heart.

TM: They don't. But you don't win them without it either.

[Somers continues to crawl as Kurayami bellows at her partner who is still floored on the outside of the ring, demanding she get back in and punish Julie Somers some more...]

JS: Somers is on the move, about half the distance to the goal line. The fans are on their feet! Cannon is pumped! She's ready!

[Somers drags herself a couple feet closer as Violence Jacobs regains her feet on the floor, looking a bit dazed as she turns towards the ring...]

...and spots Julie Somers crawling towards her corner. Jacobs quickly rolls under the bottom rope, climbing to her feet...]

JS: Jacobs trying to cut Somers off! Moving quickly and- yes! She grabs the ankle before Somers can get there! She cuts off the tag and-

[But Somers rolls to her back, drawing her legs in and KICKING Jacobs off, sending her sprawling on the canvas to HUGE cheers!]

JS: SOMERS KICKS FREE! JACOBS IS DOWN!

[Somers flips back over, pushing up off the mat... just out of reach of the corner...

...which is when Kurayami comes through the ropes, letting loose a bellow as she charges across the ring!]

JS: LOOK OUT BEHIND-

[Somers spins to her left, twisting around as Kurayami goes stampeding past, smashing chestfirst into the corner to another huge cheer!]

JS: SHE MISSED! SOMERS MOVES AND-

[The crowd ROARS as Somers lunges and slaps the outstretched hand!]

JS: TAG!

[Cannon comes storming through the ropes, immediately lighting up Kurayami with a series of stiff elbowstrikes to the side of the head, sending the super heavyweight staggering backwards...]

JS: Here comes Jacobs now!

[Trying to aid her Fallen Angels sister, Jacobs makes a lunge at Cannon who snaps off elbows in her direction as well, driving her back across the ring towards the corner...]

JS: CANNON IS UNLEASHING HELL WITH THOSE ELBOWS HERE AT ETERNALLY EXTREME!

TM: We're twenty minutes into this and this is a wild one, Steggs!

JS: It certainly is...

[A dazed Jacobs suddenly twists around, throwing a wild spinning backfist that Cannon ducks...

...and snaps off one of her own, SMASHING it into Jacobs' cheekbone and knocking her flat!]

JS: DOWN GOES JACOBS! DOWN GOES JACOBS!

[Cannon grabs the leg, rolling through...]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: KICKOUT! JACOBS KICKS OUT IN TIME!

TM: We've seen Melissa hit that before and win matches with it - we know what kind of stopping power it has!

LD: She's hit ME with it when training so I can tell you from personal experience that it's not an easy one to get up from.

[Cannon grimaces as she nods to the cheering crowd, dragging Jacobs up off the mat...

...and tugs her into a standing headscissors!]

JS: Wait a minute! Todd!

TM: Oh yeah. Every kid I've ever taught to wrestle knows one move.

LD: Headlock?

TM: Well, yeah, but...

JS: SHE'S GOING FOR THE BILLION DOLLAR BOMB!

[But as Cannon reaches down to hook the arms, Kurayami SMASHES a double axehandle across her shoulderblades, breaking up the move!]

JS: OHHH! But Kurayami makes the save for her partner!

[Kurayami lands a second clubbing blow... and a third drives Cannon down to her knees, the crowd jeering loudly!]

JS: She's not the legal woman, Shari! Get her out of there!

[The official is attempting to do exactly that but Kurayami and Jacobs are ignoring her, both hammering down blows onto Cannon now...]

JS: This is a two-on-one! It's a two-on-one and-

LD: Not for long!

[The crowd ROARS as Julie Somers come rushing back into the fray, obviously fatigued as she leaps on the back of Kurayami, wrapping her arms around the champion's neck in a sleeperhold!]

JS: SLEEPER! SLEEPER! SOMERS HOOKS KURAYAMI FROM BEHIND AND-

[Kurayami goes rushing backwards, smashing Somers against the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: SOMERS GETS SQUASHED IN THE CORNER!

[The referee steps in, shouting at both Kurayami and Somers to leave the ring...

...but Kurayami again ignores her, stomping out to mid-ring, snatching Cannon off the mat and tugging her into a standing headscissors!]

JS: Wait, wait, wait!

[Jacobs nods with a sick grin as Kurayami lifts Cannon into the air, holding her high as Jacobs grabs two hands full of hair...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: SPIKE POWERBOMB BY THE FALLEN ANGELS! AND THAT'S GOTTA BE IT!

[Kurayami sneers at the downed Cannon, ducking through the ropes as a gleeful Jacobs wraps up the legs, rolling into a back press!]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: AND A SOARING SPITFIRE MAKES THE SAVE!

TM: Holy... that was TOO close, Steggs.

JS: It doesn't get any closer! A hair's breadth away from a three count but Julie Somers saves her partner and-

[The save brings Kurayami back into the ring, rushing at Somers with a clubbing blow to the side of the head. Violence Jacobs comes off the mat, turning her attention to Somers as well...]

JS: Somers is in illegally but so is Kurayami now and referee Shari Miranda is quickly losing control of this one, fans!

[Jacobs and Kurayami bully Somers back against the ropes, hammering her about the head and neck with forearm blows and fists to the jeers of the South Philly faithful...]

JS: Double whip across...

[Jacobs and Kurayami duck down for a double backdrop as Somers rebounds back, lifting her up into the air...]

JS: HIGH IN THE SKY GOES SOM-

[...but the Spitfire counters in mid-lift, hooking a double front facelock and swinging her momentum back the other way!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: DOUBLE DDT! DOUBLE DDT! WHAT A MOVE BY SOMERS!

[Somers moves over to her partner, helping her up off the mat. A dazed Cannon nods as the Spitfire tries to direct traffic...

...but Cannon seems to ignore her friend's instructions, diving on top of Kurayami, battering with hammerfists to the skull!]

JS: CANNON ON KURAYAMI! CANNON ON KURAYAMI!

LD: Melissa needs to focus on Jacobs - they're the legal competitors right now!

TM: I think Melissa's a little out of it after that powerbomb. Julie was telling her to go after Jacobs but... well, that didn't happen. She may be shaken up a little.

[Somers looks a little exasperated as Cannon hammers away on Kurayami on the canvas...]

JS: Somers wanted her another shot at Kurayami but right now, it's her Superfriend partner taking the fight to the Women's World Champion!

[Kurayami reaches up, digging her fingers into the eyes of Cannon, shoving her off as she rolls under the ropes onto the apron.]

JS: Kurayami goes to the eyes! She's trying to catch a breather on the outside and... no chance! Cannon's going out after her again!

[Cannon, wiping at her eyes, steps out on the apron where Kurayami is getting to her feet. Inside the ring, Julie Somers has taken the mount on Violence Jacobs and is hammering her with haymakers...]

JS: This has completely broken down into one hell of a fight, fans!

[With Kurayami in her sights, Cannon winds up for an elbowstrike...

...and gets a hooking left forearm to the temple in response!]

JS: Oh, what a shot by the champion!

TM: I don't think I'd want to trade shots with Kurayami, Steggs. This is Melissa fighting with her heart and not her head!

[Cannon throws another elbowstrike...

...and gets another left hook in kind!]

JS: This is one heck of a battle on the apron! These two are tearing into one another and-

[A third elbowstrike lands but this time, Kurayami boots her in the gut while standing on the apron still...]

JS: Oh no... no, no, no!

[...and tugs her into powerbomb position...]

JS: She's gonna-

LD: Somebody's gotta stop this!

TM: You sit the hell down! You're not getting in there with Kurayami!

LD: Todd, I've gotta-

TM: NO!

[And with the announcers bickering, Julie Somers comes rushing into view, jumping up on the middle rope, springing back and DRILLING Kurayami with a dropkick right to the mouth, sending her falling off the apron as Cannon slumps to a knee on the apron!]

JS: SOMERS SENDS KURAYAMI TO THE FLOOR AND- OHH! JACOBS FROM BEHIND!

[A hard blow to the back of the head knocks Somers through the ropes out onto the apron as Jacobs sneers at the jeering crowd...]

JS: Somers cleared out the Women's World Champion, saving her partner from potentially career-ending damage in the process... but Violence Jacobs from the blindside's got her rocked!

[Jacobs though turns her attention back towards her rival and fellow legal competitor, Melissa Cannon. She reaches over the top rope, snatching a handful of hair to pull Cannon to her feet...]

JS: Jacobs has got Cannon... look at this now!



JS: INTO THE STEEL A SECOND TIME!

[Somers and Cannon exchange a high five but as Somers turns back towards the ring...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: HOLY SHIT! JACOBS OFF THE TOP TO THE FLOOR ON SOMERS!

TM: 217 POUNDS OFF THE TOP ONTO JULIE SOMERS! AND THE SPITFIRE MAY HAVE JUST BEEN EXTINGUISHED, BABYDOLLS!

LD: Ew. Don't ever... EVER... say that again.

[A fuming Cannon yanks Jacobs off the floor, battering her with elbowstrikes before tossing her back into the ring!]

JS: The action is red hot in this one and a mile a minute! No rest for the weary tonight in South Philly.

TM: I'm getting blown up just watching this. Maybe we should have done some cardio to get ready for this show.

LD: What do you think I was trying to get you to do all those nights you wanted to watch old EMWC shows?

JS: On that note, Cannon's got Jacobs back in... coming in after her...

[And the former Combat Corner student dives on top of Jacobs, winding up and letting big elbows from the mount drop on her!]

JS: ELBOW AFTER ELBOW AFTER ELBOW BY CANNON!

[She peels off of Jacobs, letting loose a roar to the Philly fans who echo in response!]

JS: Melissa Cannon is fired up! These fans are fired up! I think I might even be a little fired up, Todd!

TM: It's hard not to be with action like this, Steggs.

JS: Cannon pulls Jacobs off the mat...

[The crowd ROARS again as Cannon yanks Jacobs into a standing headscissors...]

JS: Here we go again! Cannon hooks one arm... she goes for the oth- NO! BACKDROP! JACOBS BACKDROPS OUT OF IT!

[The crowd grumbles with disappointment...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: DOUBLE STOMP! RIGHT IN THE GUT!

[Jacobs drops to her knees, grimacing at the impact the double stomp had on her injured knee as she attempts a cover.]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: KICKOUT! CANNON JUST SLIPS THE SHOULDER UP AGAIN!

"FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!"

[Jacobs suddenly shouted swear startles.]

JS: Jacobs showing some frustration there... but she's getting back up... taking it easy on that knee still...

[But Jacobs approaches the corner, turning to step up on the middle rope. She gingerly stands, wincing with each movement...]

LD: She might be looking for another double stomp, guys.

TM: From there? That might do it if she hits it!

JS: It certainly might and-

[And out of nowhere, Julie Somers comes tearing down the length of the apron, leaping to the middle rope, springing up high into the air where she snatches her legs around the head of Jacobs...]

...and SNAPS her off the top rope with a rana that EXPLODES the crowd! Like... almost literally! Flying bodyparts and everything! LITERALLY!]

JS: OHHHHHH MYYYYYY GOD, WHAT A MOVE OUT OF THE SPITFIRE!

[Somers rolls back out to the apron, extending her hand towards her friend who slowly crawls towards the corner annnnnnnnnnd...]

JS: TAG! THE TAG IS MADE! THE SPITFIRE IS LEGAL!

[Somers comes in quick, holding her hands up in the air and giving a signal towards a weary Cannon who nods...]

JS: Cannon's back on her feet somehow, pulling Jacobs with her...

[Cannon and Somers whip Jacobs across the ring, bouncing her off the ropes. The Superfriends scatter as Cannon ducks down, lifting Jacobs up by the legs...]

JS: WHAT THE-?!

[...and Somers LEAPS into the air, snaring a three-quarter nelson and DRIVING Jacobs facefirst into the canvas!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: JACOBS EATS CANVAS! THAT'S GOTTA BE ALL!

[A weary Cannon has collapsed on the canvas as Somers dives across Jacobs, hooking a leg...]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



[The crowd ERUPTS in shocked horror as the 250 pound Kurayami leaps into the air, dropping all her weight down on the back of Somers... and squashing Jacobs under her as well but... shit happens.]

JS: SPLASH! BIG SPLASH BREAKS THE PIN IN TIME!

[With Cannon down on the mat and Somers in a heap, a furious Kurayami grabs her partner by the wrist, literally dragging her 217 pounds across the ring to the corner...]

JS: Kurayami steps out and... she tags herself in! The champion's looking to finish this now!

[The Women's World Champion comes back in, dragging Somers off the mat and putting her near the corner...]

JS: Somers is down...

[And Kurayami points to the corner...]

JS: ...AND THE CHAMPION IS GOING UP!

[With the 2300 Arena crowd buzzing with anticipation, Kurayami begins climbing the ropes, heading up to the top as Somers lies prone on the canvas...]

JS: Somers is down... Kurayami is up and she's looking to put an end to Julie Somers right here and now! Kurayami on the second rope... now with one foot on the top...

[The crowd is on their feet, roaring loudly for Somers as Kurayami drags a thumb across her throat, stepping to the top with the other foot...]

JS: MOONSAULLLLLLLLLT!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[And Kurayami SLAMS down on the canvas with the missed moonsault off the top, actually bouncing up to her knees...]

JS: KURAYAMI MISSED! SHE MISSED! SHE-

[With Kurayami kneeling, Cannon raced across the ring, hitting the ropes for extra juice...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and leaps up, DRIVING her knee into Kurayami's face!]

JS: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

[Cannon rolls to the side, shouting "JULIE! NOW!"]

JS: The Spitfire's on her feet... and now she's climbing! Somers is climbing... to the second... to the top!

[Somers points a lone finger to the sky before leaping from her perch...]

JS: MOOOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLLLLLLLLLT!

[...and CRASHES down across Kurayami's prone form, reaching over and snatching up a tree-trunk leg with great effort!]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

JS: SHE DID IT! SHE DID IT! SOMERS HAS PINNED THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[Somers springs off of Kurayami, throwing her arms into the air, a huge grin on her face as Melissa Cannon lunges at her, diving into an embrace with her friend and partner as the crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

JS: SOMERS CAME TO PHILLY TO PIN THE CHAMP AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT SHE DID!

LD: Hell yes. They can't deny her a shot at the title now, Steggs.

JS: I certainly would agree with that, Lori. Julie Somers may have just CEMENTED her chance to win that World Title - whether it's from Kurayami or Skylar Swift or whoever else - with one fantastic tag team victory here in South Philly.

[Cannon helps Somers to her feet, again embracing as Somers starts to get a little emotional over the win. Cannon lifts her friend's hand, pointing to her...]

JS: Melissa Cannon and Julie Somers with a hell of a win here tonight over a very dangerous and formidable team in the Fallen Angels... but in the 2300 Arena, this night belongs to the Superfriends!

[Cannon and Somers embrace again as the crowd continues to cheer...]

...and we fade backstage - to the interior of Chris Blue's office for the evening. Blue is sitting behind a desk, feet up on it, his eyes closed when a voice rings out.]

"You're crazier than I thought, you know that?"

[Blue grins without even opening his eyes. When he finally does, the camera pans over to reveal "The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor standing in blue jeans and an old black "OUTLAWS RULE" t-shirt with the sleeves cut off revealing Taylor's farmer-tanned arms.]

CB: You're one to talk. You're heading into a match tonight against that serpent Castillo and he STILL hasn't told you who's on his team except for one guy.

[Taylor shrugs.]

BT: He doesn't know my whole team either. I've got a couple of surprises up my sleeve for him.

[Blue nods... a smirk slowly growing on his face.]

CB: So I've heard.

[Taylor arches an eyebrow, glaring at his former boss.]

BT: Is that right?

[Blue's smirk breaks into a full-blown smile as Taylor slaps a hand down on the desk.]

BT: Damn it! I should've known someone would stooge it off to you. Well, now that you know... what do you think?

[Blue sighs.]

CB: Remember that time you dropped a lighting rig on Casey?

BT: Sure.

CB: Do you remember what I said afterwards?

BT: You said... "You're a crazy motherfucker."

[Blue nods.]

CB: I did, that's right. You know what I said when I heard what you had up your sleeve tonight?

"He's still a crazy motherfucker."

[Taylor chuckles.]

BT: Trust issues?

CB: Always. You?

[Taylor shrugs.]

BT: It's going to be fine. But I didn't come here to talk about me... I came here to talk about you.

[Blue puts on a look of fake confusion.]

CB: Me? What about me?

[Taylor rolls his eyes, hands on his hips now.]

BT: Look, this whole show was your idea... and the E... it was your baby... so if you want to get in that ring tonight and fight someone, not a single one of us in this locker room has a problem with that. You deserve that chance.

[Blue smiles.]

CB: But?

BT: But this piece of shit is going to try and end you, my friend.

[Blue nods.]

CB: He's gonna try.

[Taylor shakes his head.]

BT: We've all put on the years. He's no different. He's not the guy who was a heartbeat away from the World Title in '99 before he took his ball and went to Canada, okay? We can all see that.

CB: I sense another "but..."

BT: But... he's a trained pro wrestler... and he's got a grudge... and frankly, boss... he's got nothing to lose. That makes him dangerous.

[Blue nods.]

CB: All of this is true, Outlaw. I can't argue any of it.

BT: So why do it then? Why give him exactly what he wants?

[Blue pauses.]

CB: Did your father ever give you the old "I brought you into this world, I'll take you out of it" line?

[Taylor chuckles.]

BT: Actually, yeah.

[Blue nods.]

CB: It's kind of like that. He wants to stand out there talking about who made who... but to me, that question was answered twenty years ago. Ronnie D walked out the door on us... and we were better than ever. We flourished without him, right?

[Taylor nods.]

CB: But where was he without us? He went nowhere. He was nothing. Tonight is about closure. About making amends in some ways.

I brought Ronnie D into this world. I made him a name. I made him a superstar. And I made this industry have to deal with him... and his bullshit... for twenty years.

Tonight, I'm gonna take him out of it...

[Blue cracks his knuckles.]

CB: ...or at least I've gotta try, Bobby.

[Taylor sighs again, nodding.]

BT: I know. I just...

[Taylor pauses, shaking his head.]

BT: Just be careful... okay? And be ready for anything.

[Blue smirks.]

CB: You're not the only one with some surprises up his sleeve. He'll never know what hit him.

[Taylor chuckles, extending his hand.]

BT: One more time, boss man.

[Blue nods with a smile.]

CB: One more time.

[A handshake goes down between the longtime friends before we fade back out to ringside...

To the buzzing of what sounds like household electronics being tortured, the lights in the arena dim, then cycle through blue, green, and red hues...]

JS: What's this about now?

["The Business of Emotion" by Queen blares to life over the PA system as a young man emerges in a pool of light, lit from beneath. He has a toned, muscular physique with stringy dirty blonde hair to just past his shoulders and a stubble beard. He wears an orange and white throwback Ron Hextall Flyers jersey. Beside him, Miss Sandra Hayes looks smugly at her man, hand on her hip, a pink baseball bat resting on her shoulder.]

TM: Oh look... it's our little Princess.

LD: Stop.

[Kerry Kendrick reaches ringside, a serious look on his face. Kendrick extends his hand to Sandra Hayes, and boosts her onto the ring apron, pausing to drink in Miss Hayes's figure in her revealing black romper. Once she's through the ropes, Kendrick climbs the ring apron. Miss Hayes and the self-proclaimed "Foundation" turn to each other and softly plant a kiss on each other's lips for the benefit of all in attendance.]

JS: Kerry Kendrick and Miss Sandra Hayes were almost certainly NOT on the guest list tonight but I don't suppose that would ever stop them. Sandra Hayes was gone from the AWA for quite some time before making her recent return and Lori, I'd be a sham as a broadcast journalist if I didn't ask for your opinion over your daughter's recent return to action.

[Lori sighs.]

LD: I don't think we've got the time to analyze my relationship with Sandra... but everyone wants their kids to be happy, right? So, if she's happy... I'm happy for her.

TM: Sort of.

LD: STOP.

[Once Hayes breaks the kiss after an uncomfortably long public display of affection, The Self Made Man melodramatically goes weak at the knees, as though overcome with passion.]

MSH: Don't mind us, Philadelphia: we're just passing through on our way to Canada in a few short days.

"WE WANT RIC-KI! \*clap clap clap-clap-clap\*

"WE WANT RIC-KI! \*clap clap clap-clap-clap\*

"WE WANT RIC-KI! \*clap clap clap-clap-clap\*

[Hayes sneers at the chant but eggs it on.]

MSH: Well, of course you want Ricki! A chubby girl with low self-esteem? That's well within your wheelhouse.

[Boos pour down on Hayes who smirks - pleased at that reaction.]

MSH: Now, I'm afraid to bear the bad news that Kerry Kendrick will NOT be wrestling tonight, as he has an AWA World Title shot at the Battle of Saskatchewan coming up, and he needs to prepare, and not get bogged down in a Devil's Dead Man's Haunted Hell surrounded by hundreds of doughy, middle-aged sex offenders.

Yeah. We saw what you did to Erin McCoys fifteen years ago. Nothing like celebrating sexual assault, is there? And, really, if I were to give the keys to my Ferrari--

[She places her hand on Kendrick's chest.]

MSH: --to the organizers of this Wild-Turkey-and-bath-salts-fueled sausage party, the first thing they'd do is wrap it around a telephone pole. So I will point out that I am here under Eternally Extreme Duress... but... the Self Made Man...

[She brushes her fingertips across Kendrick's stubbled cheek, oblivious to the jeering crowd. They smirk at each other.]

MSH: ...agile, powerful, technically innovative and boasting razor-sharp intellect... all business in and out of the ring... a man who exhibits dominance and excellence in everything he does... the next AWA World Heavyweight Champion...

[She sighs and her expression changes once she looks away from Kendrick.]

MSH: For some ungodly reason, he wants to lower himself to talk to you.

[She passes the microphone to Kendrick who smirks at the negative reaction he gets for simply touching the mic.]

KK: You know I can't help but think, as an old Philly boy, what it means to be here in South Philadelphia, and even though this arena is only marginally larger than the luxury box that Javier Castillo gifted me with a couple of days ago at the Wells Fargo...

[The boos pour down again. How dare you slight the 2300, sir?! HOW DARE YOU?!]

K K:...I still feel this arena in my heart and soul. I still feel the same way I did staying up late to catch the replay of An Evening To The Extreme, and I still feel the same way I did when I rolled into Dallas nine years ago on the first edition of Saturday Night Wrestling the day of the taping with my faded EMWC t-shirt. And when I watched the Preview Show last night, I heard Chris Blue and Todd Michaelson quote chapter and verse about every single business decision that led us to this point.

And then you people get your panties in a bunch when I say I don't realize what the big deal is. That's what makes you the simpletons that you are: the fact that this is even a thing! You are the guys who peaked in high school! You are the guys who once scored four touchdowns in a single game at Polk High and are now shoe salesmen!

[The crowd jeers lustily at Kendrick as he paces around the ring, aching to get further under their skin.]

KK: Please explain to me why exactly you people get so hot and bothered about people with names like "Tubby" or "Buffy" or "Mr. Nectarine" or whatever the hell their names were. I'll tell you why: it's the sunken cost fallacy. You invested in this shit fifteen years ago, and it aged about as well as Macauley Culkin.

You people peaked fifteen years ago, and you just can't acknowledge that THE DAY is over. Same reason the Table of Peace gets invoked every eight months in the AWA, because you can't even let the terrible stuff die. Shit left in the sun for fifteen years is still shit!

[The boos are pouring down as Hayes smirks at Kendrick's ability to get the crowd riled up.]

KK: And I'm not even going to bother running down the people who are stepping into the ring tonight.

[Kendrick shrugs.]

KK: Well, yes I am. Listen up, braindeads. I was all ready with my notebook and my pen ready to take notes on the participants tonight, but after hearing "Playboy" Ronnie D and Chris Blue weave their webs of witticism, I decided to crumple up my notes and hop on Twitter.

Yeah, it's called "Twitter," you old fucks. It's where all your nieces and nephews migrated when they saw your friend request on "the Facebook."

Because if all I'm going to hear tonight is verbal masturbation, I don't need to engage in anyone else's exercise in hand-to-gland combat. Just know this, EWMC faithful: if you're going to come down to the ring tonight and drop your pants and jerk off one last time for nostalgia's sake, have the common courtesy to use your own dick. But hey, you gotta respect the hustle of fat, beer guzzling, balding men who are trying to pay back thousands of dollars of arrears in child support by standing in a wrestling ring and acting like they're twelve.

[Kendrick is fuming now, pacing madly around the ring.]

KK: I don't do any of this crap.

I've got a World Championship title shot, and you don't. I've got a hot stick of dynamite, and you don't.

I draw money, and you don't.

Basically, LOSERS... I got game, and you don't.

[Kendrick smirks, waiting to drop the final verbal bomb.]

KK: And let me be the first person to say this tonight: FUCK... THE EMWC.

\*whoOOOOSH-KHSSHHHH!\*

[Kendrick and Hayes pause in the ring as the hall fills with a metallic crashing noise, which transitions into "Army of Me" by Bjork.]

# Stand up #  
# You've got to manage #  
# I won't sympathize #  
# Anymore #

[There's a little bit of confusion from the fans, not to mention the Self Made Man and Miss Hayes; who enters to "Army of Me" by Bjork?]

# And if you complain once more #  
# You'll meet an army of me #  
# And if you complain once more #

# You'll meet an army of me #

[Then, Kendrick realizes he knew someone who was into Bjork. The fans cheer as she steps through the entryway, staring daggers at Sandra Hayes and Kerry Kendrick as she blows a pink bubble from between her lips.]

“RIC-KI! RIC-KI! RIC-KI!”

[Erica Toughill, her hair still freshly shorn to a stubble, rolls into the ring under the ropes. Even though it looks like she got dressed in a hurry and slapped on a pair of plain black capri leggings and battered sneakers, she still managed to find a Caleb Temple “Vengeance Is Mine. Romans 12:19” t-shirt with the sleeves ripped off, knotted above the navel, exposing a couple inches of shapeless midriff. She inadvertently herds Kendrick and Hayes into the corner, Hayes waving the baseball bat overhead.]

KK: What are you doing here?! Get out of here! You’re fired! Who the hell invited you here?!

[Toughill smiles.]

ET: So glad you asked.

[She throws a gaze over towards the announce table where Lori Dane is standing, mic in hand.]

“I did!”

[Kendrick glares down at her as Sandra Hayes screeches “MOOOOOOOM!” in her direction. Lori shrugs.]

LD: This isn’t personal, Sandra. This has nothing to do with us.

[Dane points at Toughill.]

LD: This has everything to do with her getting SCREWED by the two of you... by Castillo... and by every man who ignored her talent for years because they didn’t think they could put her on a poster or a magazine...

[Dane is fuming.]

LD: It’s been said before and it’ll be said again... FUCK them, they’re wrong...

[Dane shrugs.]

LD: ...and that includes the two of you. So, the Queen of Extreme and the Queen of Clubs put their heads together and... welcome to Eternally Extreme, Ricki. Have fun!

[The crowd ROARS for Dane as she sits down in a huff.]

TM: We’re not having them over for Labor Day, right?

LD: Fuck no.

TM: Whew.

[Hayes throws a tantrum, but dares not get too close to Toughill as Kendrick raises the mic.]



KK: Fine! FINE! If the Extreme SLUT herself wants to bring you to the dance-

[Todd Michaelson abruptly gets up from his seat, Stegglet and Dane both grabbing an arm.]

KK: What?! WHAT, OLD MAN?! I didn't say anything worse than you did for YEARS sitting next to her! But if you want a piece of me, I'll be glad to take what's left of your broken-ass back... and your dignity.

[Kendrick gestures towards Michaelson who tugs one arm free from Stegglet.]

JS: Hey! He's not worth it, Todd.

LD: He's not! He's not! Let Ricki handle it!

[Michaelson is still fuming as he sits down and Kendrick chuckles.]

KK: That's right... let your old woman tell you what to do, Michaelson.

So, Rick... how about it?

[Toughill glares at her former employer.]

KK: You want to get your hands on me so badly; this is your chance! This is your window of opportunity! They're throwing out all the rules here tonight, so how about it? You and me... Intergender match!

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of it as Kendrick smirks.]

KK: I can do to you physically what I did to you mentally at Fight Night last month!

[Hayes twirls the bat with a smirk on her face. Toughill just coldly glares back at Kendrick.]

KK: You know what the difference between you and the Stay-Puft Marshmallow Man is? One is a fluffy, pasty, waddling, dopey-looking tub of goo that melts down when the heat is on...

...And the other one tastes good on graham crackers.

[Toughill shakes her head as the crowd jeers loudly.]

ET: Oh GOD NO! I wouldn't want "Duh Self Made Man" SHOOTING on me! Call the police and tell them to bring the white chalk and yellow tape, because "Duh Foundation" might verbally murder me!

[Toughill stares across the ring.]

ET: Kerry, as badly as I want to hear that bell rung, and get my chance to knock you and Miss Hayes flat on your respective asses and put the boots to you so hard you'd need air crash investigators to put you back together...

...I've been asked - politely and respectfully by Lori Dane - that I not take you up on your offer, Kerry.

[The crowd boos that idea.]

ET: And that I am NOT to lay a finger on you... Miss... Hayes.

[The crowd boos that idea even more!]

ET: I'm just here tonight to do what everyone else has done: put themselves over and shill.

[She turns to the crowd and says rapidly...]

ET: My book hits the streets on August 4th, "Baseball Bats and Body Glitter: A Memoir of the Weird Weird World of Women's Wrestling"; preorders available now at [AWAshop.com](http://AWAshop.com)!

[She turns back to Kendrick and Hayes.]

ET: And basically to say that I am now going to be a spectator and enjoy watching what has now become the richest, deepest Women's Division in wrestling history. Even if the Champion is Kurayami. Goes to show you how good Javier Castillo's taste is.

Now, President Castillo, don't get mad. I like you a lot. But I liked you a lot better when you were the creep who ran "The Pitt."

[Some "oooh"s for Toughill casting shade.]

ET: And THAT, Kerry... is shooting. Not your insecure bullshit, self-indulgent bitching that's characterized as "edgy" in this day and age.

[The crowd cheers Toughill as she gets a few steps closer to Kendrick who instinctively moves to shield Hayes... or hide behind her... the world may never know.]

ET: So the answer is a regretful "no," to your request for a match, Kerry. And you... Miss... Hayes... I have receipts. Every one of those shots you gave me to the ribs... every one of those open contracts I sent for Kurayami to sign that you made sure got lost in the system - yeah, I know about those.

[Hayes shrugs.]

MSH: You're lying through your teeth. And like you'd send the office anything that wasn't written in crayon or spray paint, you cheap piece of trash!

[Toughill steps forward, fist raised as Hayes yelps and ducks behind Kendrick.]

ET: Hayes, I swear on my parents' GRAVES that I will not rest until I send you back to the temp agency where you belong. And I turn Kerry Kendrick back into Keith Smith, wrestling for a hot dog and handshake!

[Toughill shrugs.]

ET: But alas... it's not to be tonight. I made a promise. No match. No beating up the Billion Dollar Princess... trademark pending...

Basically, I can't touch you, Kerry.

[She sulks...]

ET: I can't touch you.

[...and slowly, that sulk turns into a smile.]

ET: But that's me. Turns out, I ran into an old friend who is under no such obligation.

[Toughill lowers the mic, a big grin on her face as she waits... and waits... and waits...]

"If I were to LET you suck on my tongue... would you be grateful?"

[A woman's voice follows close behind,.]

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, Oooooooooohhhh... OoOOoOOooOOOoOoh! OH EDDIE!"

[SCREECH~!]

"WHO'S YOUR DADDY?!"

[The bass line of Monster Magnet's "Space Lord" begins to pulse out of the speakers as Kendrick and Hayes freak out.]

JS: OHHHH MYYYYY GOOOOOOD!

LD: I love it when a plan comes together.

[Toughill grins at the reaction of her former employer and his main squeeze as the 2300 Arena EXPLODES into cheers and spotlights flood the top of the stage, lighting up a lone man standing at the top of the aisle. Above him, the video wall shows a proudly-waving Canadian flag lit up at all four corners with classic footage of his many battles.

The Man, the Myth... The Bloody Idol O' Millions himself stands with his hands on his hips, resplendent in a golden colored pimp coat. With a big ol' sh!t-eating grin on his face, Eee Vivvy Gee takes a moment to spin around and begin to strut towards the ring.]

JS: EDDIE VAN GIBSON IS IN THE HOUSE!

TM: It couldn't be a party without the Idol O' Millions!

[Van Gibson is all grins as he heads down the aisle towards the ring, Kendrick still shouting off-mic in his direction.]

JS: The former World Champion is heading towards the ring... and I don't know why but frankly, my dears, I don't give a damn because Eddie Van F'n Gibson has arrived in South Philly!

[EVG climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes with a flourish, going into a spin with his coat spinning all around him...

...and comes to a halt, staring Kerry Kendrick dead in the eye.]

TM: This... should be fun.

[Van Gibson extends his arm, waiting for Toughill to slap a mic into his hand.]

EVG: Thank you, darling.

[He turns, eyeballing Toughill up and down.]

EVG: See? I told you earlier when I saw you all pissed off backstage that EVG's got a way to turn all the ladies' frowns upside down...

[Toughill grins.]

EVG: ...but we'll get to that a little later.

[And with a wink, the crowd "ooooooooohs" as Ricki... holy shit, is she blushing?]

EVG: Now, Mr. Smith... if that is indeed your real name...

[Toughill leans over, whispering to Eddie.]

EVG: It is? Holy shit, that's unfortunate. Anyways... see, I was supposed to have an easy night at the office. Blue made it quite clear - "you don't even have to do anything... just show up... I'll do all the work."

Show up. Don't work. Get paid. My kind of deal.

And so, I was lounging backstage waiting for my check- I mean, waiting to check out a top notch night of action featuring the best in the world and the best of all time!

[Big pop!]

EVG: Marks.

[Bigger pop!]

EVG: And I ran into Ricki here. And she told me a little of what's been going on. And speaking as someone who once beat up a chick with a World Title on the line, I gotta say you're STILL the biggest asshole towards a woman I've ever run into.

[The crowd roars and predictably chants...]

"ASS-HOLE!"

"ASS-HOLE!"

"ASS-HOLE!"

[Eddie nods, pointing to the crowd.]

EVG: They got it. But Keith...

[Kendrick fumes.]

EVG: I can call you "Keith," right?

[Sandra Hayes starts screaming into the mic.]

MSH: NO, YOU CANNOT CALL HIM KEITH! HIS NAME ISN'T FUCKING KEITH!

[Eddie looks confused.]

EVG: His name isn't Keith?

[Ricki grins.]

ET: His name isn't Keith.

[Eddie shrugs.]

EVG: I thought his name was Keith. Anyways...

[Eddie pauses.]

EVG: Where was I going with all this? I swear to God, Keith... my memory is trash these days... and I don't know if it's that time Joe Reed hit me in the head with a chair after he caught me offering to show the Lady In Red how to do the Canadian Three-Legged Credenza... or if it's because I spent too much time in a Mexican bar with Casey James, Tex Violence, and a bottle of mezcal bigger than you.

[Eddie shakes his head.]

EVG: But I digress... see, you upset my friend here... and I know Ricki's my friend because she let me call her Iron Beaver in front of thousands of people and still showed up for post-show drinks at the hotel bar...

ET: And beat you in quarters.

[EVG waves her off.]

EVG: We don't talk about that. I have a reputation to uphold. Although...

[Eddie looks Ricki up and down... and yes, she looks like she's blushing a little again.]

EVG: ...with your new hairstyle - diggin' it by the way - I'm not sure you're still the Iron Beaver...

[Van Gibson grins... oh, your dirty Canuckian.]

EVG: I think you're the...

[Eddie waits... and soon, the crowd fills in the blank.]

"BALLLLLLLLD BEA-VER!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

"BALLLLLLLLD BEA-VER!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

"BALLLLLLLLD BEA-VER!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

[Okay, now I really think she's blushing. Eddie grins.]

EVG: See, when they called you guys smart marks, I thought it was just because you subscribed to Garcia's newsletter but you catch on fast.

Unlike Keith here... because if Keith was half as smart as he thinks he is, he'd realize that I came out here to talk shit...

[He shrugs out of his coat.]

EVG: Hang on to that for a moment, Ricki...

[She takes the coat, dropping it on the mat with a grimace.]

EVG: Fair enough. Not the maid. Women's lib, I get it. See, Keith... if you were smart, you'd know that all of this was just window dressing for when I-

[Not waiting any longer, Kendrick lunges forward and DRILLS Van Gibson with a right hand, knocking him off his feet to the canvas as the crowd ERUPTS in jeers!]

JS: Oh! Cheap shot by Kendrick!

TM: Not sure he knows any other way, Steggs.

[Kendrick turns, shouting at Toughill who backs up a step as Hayes cheers her man on, "GET HIM! HURT HIM! GET HIM, KERRY!" Kendrick nods, turning back towards a rising Van Gibson...]

JS: Right hand by Eddie! Another! A third!

[The Idol O' Millions is rockin' and firin' all over the Foundation, battering him back across the ring towards the ropes...]

JS: Irish whip...

[But Kendrick reverses the whip, sending the Hall of Famer into the far side. As Eddie bounces back, Kendrick puts a boot into the gut...]

JS: Kendrick goes downstairs on Eddie and...

[He takes the bat from Hayes, winding up with it...]

JS: EDDIE! NO!

[...which is when Toughill drops to her knees and SWINGS her arm up into the groin of Kendrick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!

LD: Well, I said she couldn't have a match with him. Not that she couldn't scramble his eggs!

[Kendrick grimaces, doubling up as Van Gibson straightens up, a grin on his face...]

JS: And now it's Eddie Van Gibson who has Kendrick right where he wants him!

[Van Gibson grabs the discarded bat, twirling it around a few times, winding up with it...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: LOW BLOW! LOW... huh?!

[But unlike Kendrick who crumpled to the mat from the low blow, Eddie Van Gibson stays standing, looking a little puzzled...]

...and then turns around to look at Hayes who is laying on the mat clutching her arm in pain. Ricki raises an eyebrow as EVG looks out on the crowd roaring with laughter with a shrug...

...and then yanks Kendrick into a standing headscissors!]

JS: HE HOOKS ONE ARM! HOOKS THE OTHER!

TM: Do we have to censor the name?!

JS: FUCK THAT! IT'S THE ASSHOLE DRIVERRRRRR!

[Van Gibson leaps high, dropping out into the split-legged facedriver to a HUUUUUUUUUGE ROAR from the South Philly faithful!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hayes rolls to the floor, clutching her arm in pain as Van Gibson gets back to his feet, a big grin on his face as the crowd pays tribute.]

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

[Van Gibson gives a bow... and then points to Toughill who looks confused.]

JS: What's going on now?

[Van Gibson steps closer to Toughill, whispering into her ear. She grins, nodding as they walk back towards the downed Kendrick, Ricki flipping him onto his back with her toe...]

JS: Uh oh!

TM: You can't have one without the other!

[With the Philly crowd ROARING, Van Gibson and Toughill sprint to opposite ropes, bouncing back off. Van Gibson stands at the feet of Kendrick as Toughill stands near the feet. Both raise a fist to the sky, hooking a thumb at themselves...]

JS: THE BEST \_DAMN\_ FISTDROP IN WRESTLING TODAY!

[Van Gibson BURIES his fistdrop down between the eyes of Kendrick who flails and kicks his legs into the air on impact...

...and then with a smirk, Toughill drops to her knees and DRIVES her fist down into the groin of Kendrick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Van Gibson mimes pain in his groin, stumbling around the ring as Toughill blows on her knuckles and Hayes drags Kendrick under the ropes to the floor. A grinning Eddie bows to Toughill, pointing to her as the crowd pays tribute.]

"RIC-KI!"

"RIC-KI!"

"RIC-KI!"

"RIC-KI!"

"RIC-KI!"

"RIC-KI!"

"RIC-KI!"

"RIC-KI!"

[Van Gibson turns to ringside, making a drinking gesture and someone pops the tops on a couple of Coronas, handing them into the ring to Eddie and Ricki who step to mid-ring, clanking the bottles together...]

JS: Don't look now but it's Happy Hour here in South Philly!

TM: Isn't it pretty much ALWAYS Happy Hour in South Philly?

[Toughill and Van Gibson drain their first bottle and start looking for another when suddenly someone comes running down the aisle, sliding into the ring to join them...]

JS: What in the...?

[Van Gibson, back with a second round of beer, looks puzzled at the interloper. Toughill cocks her head at him as well. The interloper... quite obviously in hindsight... shrugs!]

JS: Kaz Konoe?!

TM: Did WE drink Coronas too?! I'm so confused.

JS: You're not the only one. It looks like... yes, Kaz Konoe is asking for a beer of his own!

[Van Gibson looks over at Ricki, eyebrows raised. Toughill tilts her head again... and then shrugs!]

JS: Looks like Ricki's okay with it.

[EVG looks at Konoe again, eyeballing him and then...]

"SHRUG!"

[Van Gibson looks startled by the crowd shout, shaking his head as he gets another beer, handing one to Kaz Konoe. The three stand mid-ring in a triangle, all holding their beer...]

JS: Now what?

[The crowd starts chanting...]

"CHUG!"

"CHUG!"

"CHUG!"

"CHUG!"



[Van Gibson, Konoe, and Ricki oblige, draining another round of Coronas mid-ring as the Philly fans cheer for it. Ricki chuckles as she sets the beer down, turning around to find Eddie looking at her.]

JS: An enchanted moment.

[Lori actually giggles as Ricki and EVG stare one another down... and a new chant starts...]

"HUG!"

"HUG!"

"HUG!"

"HUG!"

[Van Gibson raises his eyebrows expectantly and batting her eyelids, Toughill leans in to embrace the Idol O' Millions to a big cheer. As the hug breaks up, Eddie gathers up another round of Coronas, walking back to Konoe who looks expectantly at them...]

JS: You've gotta be...

"SHRUG!"

"SHRUG!"

"SHRUG!"

"SHRUG!"

[And all three oblige, striking the signature Konoe shrug pose before raising their bottles to drain them once more...]

JS: The beer is flowing in South Philly and-

[And as Konoe lowers his bottle, Van Gibson SPEWS a mouthful of beer into his face...]

TM: BEER MIST! BEER MIST!

[Konoe swings blindly at Van Gibson who buries a boot into the gut, quickly hooking him up...]

JS: ASSHOLE DRIVER PART DEUX!

[Van Gibson scrambles to his feet, looking down with a smirk at an unmoving Konoe. He walks out to mid-ring, picking up his Corona...

...and strikes a Konoe signature shrug before offering Toughill his arm.]

JS: Eddie Van Gibson out here as ONLY Eddie Van Gibson can be...

[A grinning Ricki shakes her head before taking Van Gibson's arm, exiting the ring and walking back up the aisle with him as the crowd ROARS with chants of "RICKI!" and "EDDIE!"

LD: Poor Kaz.

[The announcers chuckle.]

JS: Fans, we said all night long this would be a memorable evening and there's no doubt that that's EXACTLY what we're getting... and we're not close to done yet. We've still got Supreme Wright vs King Kong Hogan... that's gonna be a wild one. We've got Chris Blue and Ronnie D in a match twenty years in the making...

TM: Bust him up, bossman.

JS: Amen to that. We've got the ten man tag as well and-

[Without warning, the 2300 Arena's PA system rips to life with the sound of the rock and roll classic "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin, prompting an immediate DEAFENING explosion of jeers from the Philly faithful as this song can mean the arrival of only one man.]

JS: You've gotta be kidding me.

TM: Well, we knew he was here... and we knew that Chris Blue implied he had a match in mind for him. Obviously, the AWA World Champion got tired of waiting.]

[After several moments, out from the back walks AWA World Champion Johnny Detson. Detson is wearing his standard long gold tights with black boots without a shirt or his regular sweat jacket, the AWA title is prominently displayed around his waist. He looks around the crowd as he makes his way to the ring, rolling in and yanking a house mic into view.]

JD: I...

[Detson pulls the microphone away as the crowd begins to get louder and shouting insults towards him.]

JS: Johnny Detson will find no fans here in South Philly.

TM: Well, look... Detson's a big enough asshole on AWA television but the people in this building know the kind of crap he's talked about the E for years now. So, for him to be here tonight of all nights... it's a slap in the face to a whole lot of people.

[Smirking, he raises the microphone again only for the chants to get louder and then lowers the mic again.]

JS: Might as well shout over them, champ... don't think it's going to get any better.]

[Detson quickly raises it and then lowers it and suddenly, his playful smirk turns into a scowl.]

JD: Will you people just SHUT UP?!

[That only makes them louder but Detson seems to care little.]

JD: You know what... after earlier, I'm not in the mood! Oh wow... I get it, it's an EMWC crowd... and I'm DAMN sure not an EMWC wrestler!

I don't worship this stupid barbaric crap like you all do. I could try to win you over, but really? I just don't care enough about any of you to try.

[Detson looks out into the crowd as they yell back at him not with disgust but almost with disappointment.]

JD: All I ever heard about when I started in this business was how everyone was praying at the altar of EMWC. Nothing was anything in wrestling unless Chris Blue produced it. I was putting out lights out work down South, out West, up North, but none of that mattered because it didn't have blood, chairs, barb wire, light tubes... kitchen sinks!

[Detson's brow lowers as his face gets red.]

JD: Each and every night, the wrestlers of EMWC came out here and did the most awful horrific things to each other. And for what? To pop a buyrate?

[Detson scoffs as the crowd ROARS at the line.]

JD: But it's not their fault. I used to blame them...

...but the fault really lays with each and every one of you!

[The fans boo louder as Detson angrily points an accusing finger.]

JD: You and your incredible bloodlust. You and your never-ending need to be entertained by bigger and better which to you means horrific and bloody.

You're the reason this show is twenty years in the making because that's how long it took every one of them to recover from the last one!

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: You took at least ten years from every single person that competed in this place! So let me tell you what I'm going to take...

[Detson points to the back.]

JD: Adam Rogers... I know you're here. You take such pride... some honor at being the last guy to wear the EMWC World Title, I know you wouldn't be anywhere else in the world but right... here... in the midst of this SHITHOLE!

[Another huge burst of jeers!]

JD: And I've never understood that, Adam Rogers... because unlike the guys who got over in Los Angeles by hitting people with a brick... or a light tube... or by wrapping their arm in barbed wire to hit someone with it... you, you son of a bitch... you could actually wrestle! I know! I've watched the tapes!

In fact, you might be one of the best in-ring competitors I've ever seen...

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: But instead of making them work your style. Instead of lifting that place up and making them WRESTLE instead of fight... you got down in the mud and the SHIT with the rest of them.

And every day since the day you took a job with the AWA, I've asked you... "Hey Adam... when you gonna put those boots on one more time in get in the ring with me?"

[He grimaces.]

JD: And every day, you'd say, "Johnny, I'm too old for that shit now. But in my youth..."

But tonight, Rogers... tonight is the night where the old and decrepit WALK AS GODS AGAIN!

It's a god damn Fountain of Youth right here in the middle of South Philly, Rogers...

[Detson nods.]

JD: So, why don't you come out here and have a drink of it? Why don't you come out here and face me? You bring that World Title out here... that prize you hold so dear...

...and you put it on the line against me tonight!

[HUUUUUUUGE ROAR at the idea of that!]

JD: Yeah, yeah! Listen, Rogers! They want it! They're begging for it! Because they believe... they think that if you got in the ring with the best wrestler in the world today, you'd suddenly be twenty years younger and you'd BEAT me in the middle of this ring.

They believe it, Adam. Do you?

[Detson smirks.]

JD: Because if you do... you'd come on down here and make this happen... and when it's all said and done...

...and after I beat you...

[The crowd begins to roar and Detson turns his attention to them.]

JD: AND AFTER I BEAT HIM... you'll have ME as the last... but still the greatest... EMWC WORLD CHAMPION!

And then I'll take that title belt...

[Detson smirks.]

JD: ...and I'll break it into a million god damn pieces in front of all of these assholes who love it so much!

[Detson spikes the mic down, waving to the back, calling for Adam Rogers.]

JS: An impromptu challenge from the World Champion here... the AWA World Champion that is... to Adam Rogers. He wants the EMWC World Champion - the final man to wear that title - to come out here and defend it.

TM: Well, as exciting of an idea as that is, I know Adam Rogers isn't about to accept that challenge. Adam's physical condition isn't suited for the ring anymore and-

[Despite Todd's words, the sounds of Deep Purple's "Smoke On The Water" kicks in to a HUGE ROAR from the EMWC faithful.]

LD: You were saying?

TM: There's no way, guys. No WAY he takes this challenge.

[Adam Rogers emerges from the entranceway as his music continues to play. He's wearing black athletic pants and an old t-shirt that reads "NATURAL CHAMPION" across the front...

...and he's carrying the EMWC World Title which he proudly raises over his head to a big reaction!]

JS: The last man to hold the EMWC World Title is here... and he's heading for the ring. He's definitely not in ring gear, Todd... but he could go in that.

TM: Adam's heading for the ring. I'm sure he'd love to shut Detson's mouth here in South Philly... but much like me, he knows that he shouldn't.

LD: Doesn't stop you from doing the wrong thing from time to time.

TM: I... well... shit.

[Rogers climbs the ringsteps, taking a mic before ducking through the ropes to get into the ring. He strides across, standing just a couple feet away from Detson, giving the crowd plenty of time to snap their shot as the two champions stand toe to toe, both raising their title belts over their heads...]

JS: You talk about a moment. You're witnessing one right now, fans.

[As the music fades, Rogers steps back, depositing the title belt over his shoulder as he eyes Detson from across the ring, raising the mic...]

AR: Johnny, I hope you know you're not the first guy to threaten to break this...

[He nods to the title belt on his shoulder.]

AR: ...into pieces.

[Detson smirks.]

AR: But I hope you also know that I kicked that guy's ass so bad, no one's seen him in almost twenty years.

[Big pop!]

JS: Oh yeah. Whatever happened to that guy?

TM: Football.

JS: Oh really? Coaching?

TM: Watching.

[Rogers nods as Detson waits for him to speak.]

AR: Now, Johnny... I came here tonight to enjoy the show... and that's exactly what I've done. And at no point did I come here thinking that I'd be in a match...

[The crowd jeers as Rogers smiles.]

AR: I appreciate that. And no matter how much I'd love to see if I've still got it in this ring against the best in the world today... the man who wears that AWA World Title over his shoulder... I know that my body won't let me do it. So, I'm afraid I'm going to have to pass.

[Detson is furious now, stepping closer.]

JD: WHAT?! Then what the HELL am I doing here, Rogers?! Blue invited me here! He said he had a match that I've been waiting for for a long time! I thought it was with you!

[A smirk crosses Rogers' face as he raises the mic again.]

AR: Not... quite.

[That's when the drums really kick in. A few seconds later, the guitars kick in, and then a voice howls...]

#LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!

[As "A Warrior's Call" by Volbeat kicks in, the South Philly crowd EXPLODES in a roar as Detson's eyes go wide!]

JS: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[The curtain parts as the AWA's Engine of Destruction comes into full view. Over the head of Brian James is a white towel. The towel covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl beneath a dirty blond goatee.

James' chest is bare and well oiled, the muscles rippling under the overhead lights. Both of his hands are wrapped in heavy black tape, leaving only the space between his fingertips and the first knuckle of each finger bare. The tape extends to mid-forearm. On his right hand is a black compression glove type elbow pad, with a red stripe that runs along the underside.

He wears a pair of red and black Muay-Thai style shorts. The fit over the legs is baggy, but elastic bands at the bottom cinch them tightly just over James' knees. Eschewing wrestling boots, James legs are instead tightly wrapped in the same black tape that covers his fists.]

JS: BRIAN JAMES! BRIAN JAMES HAS ARRIVED!

TM: I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

LD: Blue said he could book whoever he wants and... holy fuck!

[James whips the towel off his head, staring down the aisle at Detson, trembling with rage as sweat drips off his head...

...and he breaks into a sprint, charging down the aisle as the crowd sings along with the appropriate lyric.]

#FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

[Showing poise and balance to match his surprising speed, the Son of the Blackheart leaps from the floor to the apron and then steps into the ring. Detson screams at Rogers who steps back, yanking off his t-shirt to reveal a referee's shirt underneath and a smirk on his face...]

"YOU! YOU PIECE OF SHIT, YOU TRICKED ME!

[Detson accuses Rogers who shrugs as the World Champion lowers the title belt off his shoulder into his hands...

...and SPRINTS at James, swinging for the fences as Rogers signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

JS: WAIT, WHAT?! THIS IS A MATCH?!

TM: OH HELL, YES IT IS!

JS: The title's not on the line but-

[Detson's swing at James comes up empty, James front rolling under him, popping up to his feet as Detson falls awkwardly into the ropes, stumbling backwards...

...where James uncoils and wraps his python-like arms around the head and neck of Detson!]

JS: KATA HA JIME! THE JUDO CHOKE IS ON!

[Detson's arms swing wildly in every direction, batting at James' iron grip!]

JS: BRIAN JAMES HAS GOT IT LOCKED! DETWON'S FIGHTING IT! TRYING TO GET FREE!

[Rogers is right there... checking... checking...]

JS: JAMES WON'T LET GO! HE'S GOT HIM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING AND-

[James leaps up, wrapping his long legs around Detson's torso, dragging him down to the canvas...]

JS: OH MY GOD!

[The crowd is ROARING for the scene in the ring as James tries to choke out the World Champion!]

JS: JAMES IS CHOKING OUT THE CHAMPION! DETSON'S ARMS ARE SLOWING! HE'S FADING! HE'S TRYING TO HANG ON BUT-

[Rogers abruptly gets up, swinging towards the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

JS: HE CHOKED HIM OUT!

TM: Oh my god.

[The crowd EXPLODES as James lets go, climbing to his feet, looking down coldly at Detson's unconscious form...]

JS: BRIAN JAMES, EXILED FROM THE AWA, HAS JUST CHOKED OUT THE AWA WORLD CHAMPION! HE CHOKED OUT THE CHAMPION WITH THE ENTIRE WORLD WATCHING!

[James stands over Detson, the crowd still roaring as Rogers raises his arm, pointing to the winner.]

JS: Brian James has defeated the AWA World Champion! I'll say it again - Brian James, suspended by the AWA, has just defeated the AWA World Champion! Incredible!

[James leans down towards Detson...

...and then reaches just a little bit further, wrapping his fingers around the gold and leather strap...]

TM: Uh oh.

[...and then lifts the title belt up, holding it overhead as the crowd continues to roar!]

JS: I... uhh... well, if Javier Castillo is still backstage, he may have just punched a wall as hard as that drama queen Vasquez because the AWA World Title is in the hands of a man who he suspended!

TM: The title doesn't belong to James but...

JS: Are you gonna take it from him, Todd?

LD: No. No he's not.

JS: Brian James has choked out and beaten the AWA World Champion, Johnny Detson, and... well... what the hell else is gonna happen here tonight?!

TM: You sure you want to ask that?

[James stands over the still-prone Detson, still holding the title over his head as we fade to backstage where Mark Stegglet is in the VIP room.]

MS: Fans, we're getting closer to the Main Event for the evening, so you can imagine the many legends and guests on hand will have their attentions drawn to that one.

[He walks past somebody with his back to the camera. This somebody is wearing a cowboy hat, a white shirt and blue jeans. Stegglet stops, noticing the individual.]

MS: Wait a minute... here's somebody I didn't expect to be here tonight.

[That remark draws the attention of the individual, who turns toward Mark. This man has dirty blonde hair, blue eyes and a thick mustache. He holds a bottle of beer in his hand.

Yeah, he's a Texan, and he's one you should all be familiar with.

We'll let Stegglet identify him for you.]

MS: Oh... it's John Shock.

[Shock raises an eyebrow and cocks his head.]

JS: Ya sound disappointed there, Mark.

MS: Oh, no... it's just that I that I thought you were... uh...

[Shock takes a pull from his beer.]

JS: Ya thought I was some othah Texan, didn't ya?

MS: Well, yes.

JS: Ya do realize I work fer the AWA, just like Slater and Rogers, right?



MS: Yes, I'm sorry... but this was the VIP room and I...

JS: [holds up his hand] Ya forgot I had a stint in the E-Em-Dubya-See, did ya?

MS: No, I meant no offense, John.

JS: Never said I took offense... whatevah gave ya that idea?

[We can see somebody walking by in the background.]

"Hey, John... that's a great hat!"

[Shock turns in the direction of that person and gives him a wave.]

JS: Thank ya, Edwin... yours is great, too.

[Meanwhile, Stegglet is silent -- like awkward silence. Shock takes another pull from his beer, then turns back to Stegglet.]

JS: So... ya need anythin' else?

MS: Well, any thoughts on the matches happening later tonight?

JS: Sure... I'm lookin' forward to seein' Taylor and company kickin' Korugun's asses later t'night.

[He takes another pull from the beer bottle, glances at it, then gestures to Stegglet.]

JS: Now if you'll excuse me, I've got somethin' important to do.

MS: What's that?

JS: I need anothah beer.

[Shock walks off...

...and we fade to a dark and dirty looking room buried somewhere in the bowels of the 2300 Arena. The video was likely recorded earlier in the day although there's nothing to signal that. From the looks of this joint, it's a janitor's closet complete with an old hanging light bulb on a chain and a sink that has seen better days.]

KKH: Suuuuupreeeeeeeeeme. Welcome back, chum of mine...

[He looks around, running a hand through a wet and tangled messy beard.]

KKH: I'd say "welcome home" but a man like you would never be at home in a place like this, would ya?

Dirty. Smelly. Dank. Disgusting.

No, no, no... it would never do for Roosevelt's chosen one.

[Hogan grins, showing a gap in his teeth and a couple of more that might not be long for this world.]

KKH: But for me...

[He spreads his arms wide, bumping into a shelf which causes a clatter of metal on metal.]

KKH: This is where I belong, little puppy. In the dirt. In the stink.

I didn't train for this business in a spotless gym throwing elbows and chops at brand new punching bags...

[He holds up two heavily taped fists.]

KKH: I taped these up myself and found the nearest wall to punch... and then, when they said I'd... paid my dues... I got to punch real people.

[He swings a right hand, smashing it into the concrete wall.]

KKH: Ahhh, just like old times.

Back then, when I'd punch the wall, my hand would bleed...

...but then, they'd turn me loose on the others who'd dropped five grand for the "privilege" to be there and they'd bleed too.

Oh, how they'd bleed. I wish you coulda been there to see how they bled, little puppy.

[Hogan smirks again.]

KKH: But it's like the commercial says - now you can!

Tonight, you're here with me in this building baptized in blood... practically drowning it. This haven of hardcore. This den of danger. This capital of carnage.

South Philly may not be where I was born, Supreme... but it's where I belong.

[He smiles, grabbing the swinging light bulb and nuzzling the hot glass to his cheek.]

KKH: And there's no place like home... there's no place like home... there's no place like home...

[He keeps saying it... over and over... slipping to a throaty whisper before suddenly jerking the chain of the light, sending it to black...]

KKH: ...there's no place... like home.

[And we fade back out to the ring where Ken Graham is standing, the crowd buzzing over what they're about to see.]

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

[The signature opening to Led Zeppelin's "Immigrant Song" rips across the PA system to a huge mixed reaction from the Philly faithful.]

"Ahhh-ah-ah! Ahhh-ah-ah!"

[A few moments pass before the lyrics kick in and the Korugun monster known as King Kong Hogan tears through the curtain into view, carrying a large metal trash can in his hands.]

KG: From Parts Unknown... weighing in at 283 pounds...

KING! KONG! HOOOOOOOOOGAAAAAAAAN!

[He smashes the can down into the steel stage a few times, leaving a healthy dent in it before he stalks down the aisle towards the ring. Hogan is barefoot on this night, clad in horribly stained blue jeans that have seen many, many better days. A white tanktop - also stained and grubby - covers his hairy torso. His hair is a tangled mess, sloppily yanked back into a ponytail. His snagged beard is wet and nasty as he sneers at the crowd over it.]

JD: King Kong Hogan on his way down the aisle, burrowing deep into the heart of South Philly for what could be the nastiest fight of the night and that's saying something, Colt.

CP: Hogan said it himself, Dane... he wasn't born here in Philly but this is where he belongs. When you think of all the tough, hardcore fighters who've come through this joint, Hogan's name would be at the top of that list and... well, if ever anyone represented the words "eternally extreme," it's gotta be this guy.

[Hogan tosses the trash can over the ropes into the ring before he rolls under the bottom rope, slowly taking a knee in the center of the ring. The crowd's cheers and boos pour down upon him as he smiles, nodding his head at their reaction...]

JD: This one has been brewing for a while now, fans... but it took a very serious and dangerous turn back at Memorial Day Mayhem when King Kong Hogan used the Golden Spike on Supreme Wright's eye, attempting to rob the former World Champion of his vision forever.

CP: A slight that I can promise you Supreme Wright has NOT forgotten.

JD: Absolutely not. Now, the wild card in this one is the rules, Colt - or lack thereof.

CP: That's right. You're talking about a guy in Wright who simply does NOT use weapons. He's a guy who went into a bloody war in that Syndicate Street Fight last fall and wouldn't even throw a punch!

JD: Which begs the question of - if Hogan comes for the eye again, will Wright be able to defend himself without lowering himself to Hogan's own methods?

CP: There's no Jack Lynch by Wright's side tonight. He's all alone against one of the most dangerous men in our sport with a weapon in his hands.

[Hogan stays on a knee, looking down the aisle for Wright's arrival...

...and as the fading music is replaced by Kanye West's "Black Skinhead," the Philly faithful ERUPT into cheers!]

JD: And here comes one of the most dangerous men in our sport WITHOUT a weapon in his hands!

[Wright emerges from the curtain, Jeff "Madfox" Matthews trailing a few feet behind him.]

KG: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[Wright keeps on walking, not even breaking stride as he heads down the short aisle towards the ring...]

KG: He hails from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing at at-

[Graham sees Wright coming under the ropes and quickly bails out of the ring as the former World Champion comes to his feet, his Hall of Fame cornerman taking up a spot out on the floor..]

Hogan comes off his knee, the two men coming together in the center of the ring, face to face. The wildman brawler is already talking as Wright draws near, the crowd ROARING for the showdown!]

JD: Neither of these guys backing down! We've got ourselves a face-off in the center of the ring and-

[Referee Koji Sakai steps in, trying to get them separated...

...and gets SHOVED DOWN by Hogan to a HUGE REACTION!]

JD: OH!

CP: Bell hasn't rung yet, Dane. Hogan can do that all he wants!

[Hogan turns back to Wright, still barking at the former World Champion who doesn't back down an inch as Jeff Matthews looks on from the floor..]

...and as Sakai struggles to his feet, he wobbles back towards the duo, looking to intervene once more...]

JD: You gotta give Koji Sakai credit here, trying to-

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock as Wright grabs the official by the back of the head and FLINGS him through the ropes to the barely-padded floor of the 2300 Arena!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: SUPREME WRIGHT TOSSES THE REF TO THE FLOOR AND-

CP: THEY DON'T NEED A REFEREE!

[Turning back to Hogan, Wright SMASHES an elbowstrike into the jaw of the bigger brawler...]

JD: Wright with an elbow... and Hogan with an elbow in kind!

[The Philly fans are on their feet as the two rivals stand center ring, throwing alternating elbowstrikes with all the force they can muster...]

JD: ELBOW AFTER ELBOW! WRIGHT WITH ANOTHER! HOGAN WITH THE SAME!

CP: Nobody's moving, Dane! They're just standing toe to toe and trading these massive bombs!

[Hogan, however, does look a little stunned after a particularly fierce elbow by Wright...]

JD: Wright caught him good there... Hogan grabs him by the head...

[Holding Wright by the head, Hogan snaps off a trio of vicious elbow strikes, stunning Wright...]

...and then whips away to the ropes, bouncing back towards a stunned Wright who throws himself into a front somersault, snapping his heel off the sternum of the incoming Hogan!]

JD: OHHH! KOPPO KICK FINDS THE MARK AND TO THE FLOOR GOES HOGAN FROM THAT!

CP: Hogan's reeling early, Dane! Wright's coming out strong, looking for payback and-

JD: LOOK OUT HERE! AAAAAABUUUUNAAAAAAAI!

[The crowd ERUPTS into a roar as Wright bounces off the ropes, charging across the ring, flinging himself between the ropes with a dive, cracking his forearm off the jaw of Hogan and sending him sprawling backwards into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: OH, WHAT A DIVE! WHAT A DIVE FROM THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION!

CP: You don't see that too often out of Wright, Dane. He's more of a pin you down, beat your ass senseless, and tap you out kind of guy.

JD: It just shows how angry Supreme Wright is at what Hogan tried to do to him back in Chi-Town about six weeks ago! Hogan tried to take his eye... tried to take his career! And now Wright's here to get his pound of flesh.

[We cut to ringside where the Madfox looks on, nodding his head eagerly, giving a few claps and a "LET'S GO, SUPREME!"]

JD: Jeff Matthews out here, offering to watch Supreme's back - to keep any Korugun interlopers at bay.

CP: Can't think of anyone I'd rather have in my corner than a Hall of Famer who knows how to fight when needed, Dane.

JD: Matthews, a former EMWC World Champion, certainly belongs here at Eternally Extreme as well so it's good to see him here tonight...

[As we cut back to the competitors, we see that King Kong Hogan has flopped over the railing, pushing and shoving his way through the crowd before falling into a chair in the fourth row. The crowd is scattering as Wright comes over the railing too.]

JD: And again, this is not the usual tactics we see out of Supreme Wright. Wright would certainly prefer to keep the action inside the ring most of the time and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: Hard kick across the chest of the seated Hogan by Wright!

[The former World Champion winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: A second kick, right across the sternum!

CP: Dane, I never heard a bell after the referee got flattened but is this match official?!

JD: I believe it is, Colt... but you're right, the referee is still down on the floor out by us and... well, the fight is on!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: A third kick to the chest by Wright and-

[Gritting his teeth, Hogan gets up out of the chair, the fans encircling the brawling duo as Hogan SLAMS his skull abruptly into Wright's!]

JD: OH! Headbutt finds the mark!

[Hogan grabs Wright by the back of the head, landing a big haymaker...]

JD: Big right hand by Hogan... make it two...

[Grabbing the head with both hands now, Hogan SMASHES his skull into Wright's again...]

JD: A second headbutt! And a third!

[And with the crowd groaning for every blow landed, Hogan unleashes a horrific barrage of skull-splitting headbutts onto Wright...]

JD: Hogan trying to drive his head THROUGH Supreme Wright's!

[Wright stumbles back, falling towards the railing but catching himself on a chair as Hogan advances on him, grabbing at his own head...]

JD: Those headbutts are incredibly dangerous, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. It would be real easy to split yourself open or even give yourself a concussion.

JD: Wright got rocked though, showing some ill signs of-

[But as Hogan draws near, Wright whips around, arm snapping out...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hogan drops back a step as Wright uncoils...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A series of slaps - both right and left handed - dance off the cheekbones of Hogan, causing him to stumble back as Wright steadies himself and advances on him, grabbing two hands full of tangled, matted, wet hair...]

JD: OHHH! And this time, it's Wright with a headbutt!

[A second headbutt lands and a third sends Hogan staggering away, a smear of blood on his forehead...]

JD: And just like that, King Kong Hogan has been busted open, fans!

CP: That had to be from one of those headbutts... skull on skull - something's gotta give!

[Wright advances on Hogan who is doubled over, the fans around him shouting at both men...]

...and as Wright grabs Hogan, the six foot eight brawler pops up, throwing a right hand to the jaw... and a left to the ribs... and a right to the ribs... and a left to the ear...]

JD: HOGAN'S FIGHTING BACK!

[The crowd is absolutely ROARING for opening moments chaos of this battle as Wright stumbles back under the barrage of blows, sinking into a chair as Hogan pounds him down...]

JD: HOGAN'S GOING TO TOWN ALL OVER THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION!

[The smear of blood turning into a trickle, Hogan peels away from Wright, snatching up a chair off the floor, folding it up...]

JD: And here comes our first sign of weapons being-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Hogan HURLS a chair at the seated Wright, bouncing it off his head and shoulder...]

JD: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT!

CP: Get the fans away from there, guys! These two don't give a damn who is in their way at this point!

[With Wright reeling from the flung chair, Hogan scoops up a second one...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sends that one bouncing off Wright again, the former World Champion barely getting up an arm this time, causing a partial deflection as Hogan angrily snatches a third chair in his hands...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: MAKE IT THREE! And King Kong Hogan, flinging those chairs outside the ring, has taken an advantage - for the moment at least.

[With Wright dazed on the chair from the repeated steel seats flung at his head, Hogan backs off, taking aim...]

JD: Wright trying to get to his feet, having avoided full force from those chairs thanks to getting his arm up and-

[Hogan sprints towards Wright, swinging a chair that Wright ducks under, snatching a rear waistlock as he goes by...]

JD: WAIT! NOOOOOO!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd GROANS loudly as Wright lifts Hogan into the air, dumping the near 300 pounder down on the back of his head with a German Suplex!]

JS: ABSOLUTELY DEVASTATING RELEASED GERMAN SUPLEX ON THE FLOOR!

CP: That wasn't on the ring canvas! That wasn't even on those mats around the ring! That was on cold, unforgiving, exposed concrete and Hogan just got DUMPED on the back of his damn skull, Dane!

JD: Wright may not be willing to use a weapon but he's more than willing to use his body and his surroundings in whatever way necessary.

CP: Right on the head. Right on the neck! Hogan's down and I don't know if the son of a bitch is getting up, Dane.

JD: Falls count only in the ring. This is not a Falls Count Anywhere match so if Wright wants the win, he's gotta get Hogan back inside the ring after that career-shortening German Suplex on the cold, hard concrete!

[Wright climbs to his feet, staggering back to lean against a row of vacated chairs as the fans all around him are going nuts. Referee Davis Warren hops over the railing, rushing to take a knee next to Hogan...]

JD: We've got a second referee out here now. Koji Sakai is still down on the floor so Davis Warren comes out from the back, checking on Hogan... trying to see if the wildman can still continue...

CP: I think you'd have to kill that son of a bitch to keep him down.

JD: Don't say that too loud.

[Wright pushes off the chair, shoving Davis Warren aside...]

JD: Are you kidding me?! Davis Warren was trying to figure out if Hogan could keep going but Wright's not even going to allow it! He wants no part of this match being stopped until he's gotten his pound of flesh!

[Wright pulls a limp Hogan off the floor, flinging him down into a chair near the barricade...]

JD: Wright tosses Hogan into a chair... backing off... taking aim...

[And a running big boot connects, smashing into the side of Hogan's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright leans over the railing, nodding his head at the reaction of the crowd as Jeff Matthews look on, clapping for his ally.]

JD: The blood is starting to flow a little heavier from the forehead of King Kong Hogan... and after that German Suplex on the floor, I'm going to be surprised to see him get back into this at all.

CP: Don't count him out, Dane. If you've watched any of his matches - and I know you have - you know he's as tough as they come... and maybe even tougher.



[Wright stands over Hogan who is hanging limply in his head, the blood streaming down his forehead. The former World Champion reaches out, his palm moving across Hogan's bloodied skull...

...and then wipes a streak of it across his chest, causing the crowd to buzz with enthusiasm...]

JD: Wright getting some warpaint on - made out of Hogan's own blood!

CP: This is a side of Wright we rarely see... hell, I don't know if we've EVER seen it, Dane.

[Wright grabs a handful of hair, yanking Hogan's head back...

...but the wildman - still seated on the steel chair - weakly throws a left hand into the ribcage of Wright!]

CP: Look at Hogan trying to fight back!

JD: Not much behind that right hand and-

[Wright grabs two hands full of hair this time and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: KNEESTRIKE! KNEESTRIKE!

[The ferocious kneelife connects flush, sending Hogan back over the railing, bouncing down onto the barely-padded floor around the ring. The crowd is roaring for the brutal knee as Wright scrambles over the railing after him.]

JD: Hogan's gotta be out after that knee, doesn't he?!

CP: You could hear that one down in Pittsburgh... good lord.

JD: Wright, dragging the bloodied Hogan off the floor, tosses him back into the ring... and could we about to see Wright go for the first pin attempt of the match?

[A weary... and wary... Koji Sakai rolls into the ring, taking a knee as Wright rolls in after Hogan, crawling towards him. He jams an elbow into the cheekbone as he applies a lateral press...]

JD: ONE!! TWO!!

[...but pulls Hogan off the mat before three, shaking his head back and forth.]

JD: Oh god.

CP: Supreme Wright - the man who cherishes victory over everything else in life - just passed up what would have been an almost CERTAIN victory there... so he can punish King Kong Hogan?!

JD: That's gotta be it, Colt. He wants more. Hogan came for his eye... came for his career back at Memorial Day Mayhem inside the Tower of Doom and now he wants his sweet, sweet revenge on him.

CP: But how far is he willing to go to get it?

JD: That remains to be seen... Wright on his feet, looking down at Hogan...

[Hogan rolls to his chest, trying to push himself up off the mat...]

JD: Ohh! Short kick to the head!

[Hogan flops back down, barely able to move as his bloodied face plants down on the canvas...]

JD: There wasn't a lot of force behind that but at this point in the match, it's not gonna take a lot of force. Hogan is hurt badly and Wright just needs to take advantage of it to get the win.

CP: I'm not sure he wants the win right now, Dane... and that's saying something.

[Snatching a handful of hair, Wright drags Hogan off the mat, keeping him doubled over as he snaps up his boot into the face of Hogan... and again... and again...]

JD: Short kicks to the face of King Kong Hogan, trying to kick that skull into oblivion!

[But the short kicks seem to fire up Hogan who straightens up, throwing a fierce straight right hand to the jaw that rocks Wright!]

JD: What the-?!

[Wright stumbles back and Hogan LUNGES at him, smashing his bloodied skull into Wright's again!]

JD: OHHH! WHAT A HEADBUTT!

[Wright's eyes go glassy as he falls back, landing on the ropes, gripping them tightly as Hogan swipes at his blood-stung eyes, rushing to the far ropes with a wobbly gait...]

JD: Hogan trying to pick up some speed here and-

[...and THROWS a running big boot to the jaw, knocking Wright back through the ropes outside the ring!]

JD: HOW IN THE HELL IS HE EVEN STANDING!?

[Leaning over the ropes, Hogan cracks a grin, breaking up the crimson mask with a sadistic smile as the fans deliver an ever stronger mixed response.]

JD: The AWA fans in the building are solidly behind Wright, Colt... but King Kong Hogan seems to have won the hearts of some of the Philly fans as well... maybe some of those EMWC fans who love his style.

CP: Love his style, his guts, his insanity - you name it... you want to know how he's still standing, pick one of those and hang on! I told you this guy's not done, Dane. He's not done at all. This guy is gonna fight Supreme Wright 'til he's got absolutely nothing left in the tank!

JD: Hogan rolling to the outside... and unlike Supreme Wright, this is where King Kong Hogan wants to be...

[Pulling Wright off the floor by the tights, Hogan spins him around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him headfirst into the ringside railing!]

JD: WRIGHT HITS THE RAILING!

[Hogan falls against the apron, breathing heavily as he hangs on to the ropes, keeping himself on his feet as the fans buzz over Wright's hard crash into solid steel.]

JD: Hogan trying to get himself back into this and sending someone skullfirst into the railing is a good step in the right direction.

CP: What a battle this is, Dane... and it's just getting started.

JD: Almost ten minutes into this war and you really do get the feeling it could go all night OR it could end at any time. That's the kind of heavy artillery these two are breaking out in this one... but it's also a testament to the resiliency of both of these incredible warriors.

[Hogan stumbles as he pushes off the apron, wobbling towards the still-downed Wright...

...and his eyes light up at a discovery.]

JD: What's he... wait a second!

CP: When Wright hit the railing, the damn thing got disconnected, Dane!

JD: It did! It did! The fasteners that hold the barricade in place got broken by the impact and... oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Hogan grabs the steel railing in both hands, lifting it into the air...]

JD: Hogan's got the railing! He's got that barricade!

CP: But what the hell is he going to do with it?!

[Hogan shoves the railing between the ropes into the ring, the crowd noise picking up audibly as he does.]

JD: Well, this is Eternally Extreme, fans... and to some degree, anything goes!

CP: To some degree? You were only a part of the second E... the Wrestle Clean Era...

JD: Please don't call it that.

CP: ...so maybe you missed the days of thumbtacks and weedwhackers!

JD: Weedwhackers?

CP: Sho'nuff.

[Hogan shoves a dazed Wright into the ring as well before he opts to climb in after him...]

JD: The always-raucous Philly fans are roaring for this one. We've seen some chaos here tonight, some wild action with tables and chairs and Singapore canes and ladders but this is getting taken to a whole other level by King Kong Hogan with this barricade...

[The near 300 pounder muscles up the railing across his chest again, waiting as Wright stirs off the canvas...

...and rushes forward, throwing the railing at Wright!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The barricade bounces off Wright, knocking him down to the canvas again as the railing clatters to a halt on the mat, still standing as Hogan slumps to a knee.]

JD: This war of attrition has taken a lot out of both of these competitors, fans. Both men are down after Hogan just HURLED that railing at Supreme Wright!

[A huge bloody grin washes across the face of King Kong Hogan as he nods at the downed Wright, dragging himself to his feet and moving back towards the steel barricade again...]

JD: This railing coming into play is a major problem for Supreme Wright who seemed well on his way to victory just moments ago... but the resiliency of King Kong Hogan plus his willingness to do absolutely ANYTHING to himself and his opponent has opened the door to- NO, NO, NOOOOOO!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[After lifting the barricade overhead, Hogan FLINGS it down on top of Wright, the steel railing SMASHING down on the former World Champion's prone form...]

JD: HE THROWS THE RAILING DOWN ON WRIGHT! HOLY HELL!

[Hogan sneers down at Wright who has been temporarily pinned down by the heavy steel barricade...

...and then leaps into the air, bringing his near 300 pounds CRASHING down on the railing, pinning Wright underneath!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: 280 PLUS POUNDS DOWN ON THE STEEL!

[Hogan stays on the steel, keeping Wright pinned down.]

JD: And is this a cover?!

[The referee drops to his knees, ready to count...

...but squeals in shock as Hogan instead shoves his hand between the bars of the railing, trying to get his fingers towards the eye of Wright!]

JD: No, no! He's going for the eye!

CP: This is brilliant too, Dane! He's got Wright pinned underneath the railing - he can't use his arms... his legs... he's got him trapped!

[Wright writhes back and forth, trying to keep his head out of Hogan's grasping fingers.]

JD: There's not a ton of room between those bars on the barricade but Hogan's trying to get his arm through there and-

[Suddenly, he finds his grasp and Wright cries out in pain as Hogan tries to dig his fingers into the eye...]

CP: He's got it! He's gonna rip the damn thing right out and-

[Planting his feet on the canvas, Wright bridges up, kicking hard...]

JD: And Wright kicks free!

[Sliding the railing off his torso, Wright rolls out from under it as Hogan seethes down on his knees on the mat.]

JD: King Kong Hogan had Supreme Wright exactly where he wanted him but the always-resourceful Wright finds a way out before Hogan can do too much damage.

CP: But some damage was done, Dane. Wright's grabbing at that eye, trying to create some distance... give himself some time to recover..

JD: I'm not sure that's gonna happen as Hogan climbs back to his feet...

[Hogan immediately goes to work, lifting the barricade off the mat again.]

JD: Look out here... Supreme Wright in a vulnerable position and... wait, no... I thought he was going to throw that barricade down onto Wright again but it looks like the wildman from Parts Unknown has different ideas.

[Holding the section of railing across his chest, Hogan walks to the corner, setting it down and sliding it into position on the middle rope.]

JD: Uh oh. I don't like the looks of this, Colt.

CP: Hogan sets up the railing - almost like a table - bridging across the middle rope in the corner and whatever he's got planned in that twisted mind of his, it's going to be get ugly here in a hurry for Supreme Wright.

JD: The two-time World Champion is trying to get up off the mat, rubbing at the eye that Hogan went after...

[Hogan snatches Wright by the head, pulling him off the mat and delivering a pair of hard right hands before he drags him across the ring towards his evil construction project.]

JD: Hogan pulling Wright over near that railing...

[Wright fires off a desperate elbowstrike, trying to free himself from Hogan's grasp but a short headbutt and a knee to the gut cuts his rally short...]

JD: Hogan and Wright with a brief exchange there but Hogan remains in control as he... oh no...

[The Philly crowd starts to buzz anew as Hogan yanks Wright into a standing headscissors, looking gleefully out on the fans...]

JD: No, no, no! Don't do this! Don't you dare do this!

[...and then hoists Wright into the air, flipping him over...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and POWERBOMBS him right down on the bridged barricade!]

JD: HOLY...

CP: POWERBOMB ON THE RAILING! POWERBOMB ON THE RAILING!

JD: Wright's down! He may be out! And Hogan makes a cover!

[The referee dives down to the canvas...]

JD: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP! WRIGHT SLIPS FREE IN TIME!

CP: It don't get any closer than that, Dane. And Wright's in a bad way right here about fifteen minutes into this war!

JD: These two came to fight, they came to do damage, and if possible, they came to try and seriously injure their competition!

CP: And with Wright landing right on the back of his head and neck on that railing, they may have just accomplished the latter there, Dane.

[With the crowd still buzzing over the nearfall, Wright somehow manages to roll his body under the ropes, ending up out on the apron...]

JD: And rarely do you see Supreme Wright looking for a breather... looking for an escape from the action... but that's exactly what we see right there.

CP: This ain't Supreme's usual kind of showdown, Dane. King Kong Hogan's a different beast altogether. He'll maim you and not blink twice about having done it... and Matthews is right over there with Wright now, trying to make sure he can continue.

[A concerned Madfox is whispering to Wright, pointing to the ring...]

JD: Jeff Matthews out here to watch Wright's back but right now, he's watching his comrade get pummeled by the- oh! Watch out!

[Hogan steps out to the apron, throwing a kick at Matthews who just barely backpedals away in time. Matthews and Hogan trade a few words as Hogan stands on the apron, looking down on him.]

JD: Hogan needs to keep his focus though, Colt. He doesn't want a fight with the Hall of Fame Career Killer as well.

CP: I don't know. He seemed pretty happy to fight him the last couple of times they got together.

JD: Hogan leaning down now, pulling Wright up to a knee... ohh! Hard right hand! And another!

[With a dazed Wright on a knee, Hogan just keeps rearing back and firing with vicious haymakers to the jaw...]

JD: Hogan trying to knock Wright into the middle of next week...

[Grabbing the ropes, Wright tries to pull himself to his feet as Hogan steps back, cocking his fist again, nodding enthusiastically...]

JD: Hogan setting up for another big right hand... putting a little extra mustard on this one, it appears...

[Hogan rushes towards the now-standing but wobbly Wright, swinging for the fences...]

JD: BIG RIGHT HAND!

[...but Wright shifts his weight slightly, sliding out of the way of the right hand that rockets past him as Wright loops his arm around Hogan's head and neck, bringing his other arm up to secure him...]

JD: What the...?!

[...and LIFTS the 280 plus pound Hogan off the apron, twisting around...]

JD: OH MY GOD!

[...and THROWS him violently down on the barely-padded concrete floor with a uranage slam that ends in a sickening thud!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: WHAT A MOVE! WHAT A SUPLEX OUT OF WRIGHT!

CP: That might be it, Dane! I don't know if even Hogan can get up from that!

JD: He was looking for a big haymaker but Wright sidestepped, hooked him, and threw him down like a sack of potatoes on that unforgiving concrete floor! The back of his head hits the floor! His spine SMASHES down into the floor! And you could be right, Colt. That could be the end of this one.

[Wright slumps back down on the apron, sitting against the ropes as the referee slides out to check on Hogan...]

JD: Koji Sakai right out there, making sure that Hogan isn't too severely injured to continue this match.

CP: This is the point of the match where a normal guy would call it a night. Hogan and Wright have both taken each other to hell and back in this one. Hogan's bleeding, he's taken several hard shots to the head and neck. No one would think any less of him if he walked away from this thing while he still can... but that's not in his DNA, Dane.

JD: It certainly isn't. King Kong Hogan is built for war and he will not stay down until he's PUT down. Wright certainly gave it his best shot to put him down right there but will it be enough.

[With a reluctant shake of his head, Koji Sakai rises to his feet, waving for the match to continue...]

JD: And the fight will go on according to official Sakai... and these fans are overjoyed. They're loving every second of this!

CP: Savage animals.

[A weary Wright shoves off the apron, catching his balance as he wobbles towards the still-downed Hogan...]

JD: And if the fight must go on, it looks like Supreme Wright realizes he's got a chance to try and end this right now, pulling Hogan off the floor... he can barely do it... Hogan's like dead weight at this moment in time...

[Dragging Hogan to his feet, Wright manages to shove him back under the ropes, rolling him into the ring...]

JD: This is where Wright wants him, fans... inside the ring where he can do what he does better than perhaps anyone in the world. He wants to finish him off and he's got so many weapons that he can potentially do it with in there.

[Wright rolls himself back in as well, moving very slowly as he does...]

JD: The two time World Champion back in, trying to get to his feet...

CP: You can just see the effect this battle's had on both of them, Dane. Neither one of them are moving very well at all at this point... although I suppose they're lucky to be moving PERIOD right about now.

JD: You got that right. Both men are back in... both men trying to get off the mat although Hogan's barely moving so it certainly seems that Supreme Wright will be the first one up.

[And with great effort and a lot of help from the ropes, Dane's prediction comes true as the former leader of Team Supreme rises off the mat, leaning heavily on the ropes as he eyes the downed Hogan, waving a hand to beckon him up. Jeff Matthews looks on anxiously from ringside, pounding a gloved fist into the canvas.]

JD: The Madfox rooting his ally on as Wright looks to find a way to finish off King Kong Hogan.

[Wright pushes off the ropes, stumbling across the ring to where Hogan has managed to roll to a hip. The former World Champion snatches the Korugun wildman by the hair, dragging him to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: KNIFE EDGE CHOP BY WRIGHT... AND YOU COULD FEEL THAT ONE IN NEW YORK CITY, FANS!

[Wright rears back and fires again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The second chop sends Hogan stumbling backwards, falling back against the ropes as Wright moves in...]

JD: Hogan in the corner, Wright moving in for the kill...

[But a desperate Hogan throws a hard right hand to the ribs of the approaching Wright.]

JD: Hogan trying to fire back!



[Hogan throws another... and another, causing Wright to stumble back, falling to a knee. The crowd buzzes as the man from Parts Unknown steps out, rearing back...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: RIGHT HAND TO THE JAW!

[With Wright still kneeling, Hogan winds and throws repeatedly, blasting Wright over and over...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Wright surges to his feet on the last blow, winding up for some payback of his own...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The devastating open-handed blow sends Hogan reeling backwards as Wright rocks and fires...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The barrage of right and left slaps leaves Hogan falling back against the ropes where Wright snatches him in a Muay Thai clinch...]

JD: KNEES!

[And again, the crowd reacts as perhaps the most feared striker in all of professional wrestling opens up on Hogan with ferocious and brutal kneestrikes - first to the body...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...then to the head...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And Wright steps back, getting a little extra room as he winds up one more time...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: HOLY...

JD: BIG KNEE! DOWN GOES HOGAN! DOWN GOES HOGAN! HE MAY BE OUT, FANS!

[The referee steps in, pushing Wright back as he stands over Hogan.]

JD: Referee Koji Sakai is right there, checking to see if Hogan's been knocked out. Remember, this match COULD end in a knockout like that... but let's see if it will.

[Sakai takes a knee next to Hogan, lifting his arm off the mat and watching it drop. He nods as he gets to his feet, starting a ten count that would end the match as the Philly crowd buzzes over what they just saw...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

JD: The referee starting his ten count. If Hogan can't get to his feet by the count of ten, this one is all over.

CP: And maybe it should be, Dane. As much as I'd love to see this one keep going, they've both put their bodies through hell tonight.

"THREE!"

[Wright stands back, ready to strike if needed as the referee continues his count.]

JD: Supreme Wright looking on, waiting to see if his rival can keep this fight going...

"FOUR!"

JD: We're up to four now. Almost halfway to the magic number and still no signs of life out of King Kong Hogan who just found out firsthand exactly why Supreme Wright is considered one of the most dangerous competitors on the damn planet.

"FIVE!"

[The crowd's buzz starts to get louder as Hogan flops over onto his side, still barely moving but the simple sign of ANY movement gets the crowd hopeful that this brutal war will continue.]

JD: He moved! King Kong Hogan with the first sign of movement since that devastating kneestrike by Wright and can he get there, Colt? Can he beat the count to get to his feet and keep on fighting?

CP: He's going to try! The son of a bitch won't stay down!

[Hogan flops over again as "SIX!" rings out, now over onto his chest as Wright begins to pace a little, suddenly aware that his rival may be able to beat this count and come back for one more flurry...]

JD: Wright looks like he's ready to pounce if somehow, somehow Hogan is able to beat this count...

CP: It's up to seven now... he's trying, Dane... trying to get those arms underneath himself and push himself to his feet...

JD: Referee Sakai is right there, making sure he's close enough to see if Hogan breaks the count...

"EIGHT!"

JD: Up to eight! Two more and it's all over! The Philly fans are on their feet! Has Supreme Wright done the unthinkable and KNOCKED OUT King Kong Hogan?!

[Hogan plants his fists on the mat, letting loose a grunt of effort as he shoves himself off the canvas...]

"NINE!"

JD: HOGAN'S UP! HE'S UP!

[And Wright does indeed pounce, ducking low to drive Hogan back against the buckles. He rises up, ready to throw...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A blur of motion, Wright lights up the dazed Hogan with a series of knife edge chops before switching to throw elbows...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...open-handed slaps...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and another barrage of knees to the head...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...before finally grabbing the arm, whipping Hogan from corner to corner where the Korugun hired gun smashes into the buckles before stumbling back out towards a waiting Wright who muscles him up onto his shoulders...]

JD: Fireman's carry!

CP: He's looking for Fat Tuesday!

JD: Out to the center and- AHHHHH!

[The crowd ROARS as Hogan digs his fingers into the injured eye of Wright - some in shock, some in disgust, all in horror as Hogan slips out of the fireman's carry, getting on his feet behind Wright, grabbing him by the head...

...and FLINGS him facefirst into the still-bridged barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: FACEFIRST INTO THE STEEL!

CP: He may have re-injured that eye, Dane!

[Wright is down on the canvas, rolling back and forth, clutching his eyesocket in pain as the referee slides to a knee, checking to see if the former World Champion needs the match stopped...

...and as he does, King Kong Hogan rolls under the bottom rope, moving over towards the ringside announce table...]

JD: What's he..?! HEY!

[Dane's exclamation comes as we cut to a ringside camera showing Hogan shoving Dane out of his chair, digging underneath the table...]

CP: Take it easy, brother. I ain't here for none of this.

[Hogan slowly pulls his hand out from under the table, a lustful expression on his face as he stares at what's now gripped tightly between his fingers...

...the Golden Spike.]

JD: Oh my god.

[Hogan grins, nodding his head as he shows the Spike to one and all in attendance before rolling under the ropes into the ring.]

JD: Hogan's got that Spike! The Golden Spike that was once the property of Anton Layton, one of the most twisted and disturbed individuals in the history of the AWA!

[Hogan climbs off the mat, still holding the Spike in his hands as he watches Wright try to recover from the collision with the ringside barricade. The referee backs off at the sight of the Spike as Wright grabs hold of the ropes, trying to use them to get off the canvas before Hogan has a chance to strike...]

JD: Wright's stirring off the mat but he's got no idea what's waiting for him once he gets there! Hogan's got the Golden Spike, lying in wait and-

[The wildman pushes out of the far corner, stalking towards Wright who slowly turns to face him as the Spike gets drawn back...]

JD: LOOK OUT!

[...but as Hogan goes to swing the Spike, a shout from Jeff Matthews warns him of impending doom, causing Wright to pivot slightly, twisting away from the swinging arm...]

JD: HE MISSED!

[...and the former World Champion snatches the same arm, dragging Hogan down to the canvas!]

JD: FUJIWARA! FUJIWARA! FUJIWARA!

[The crowd ERUPTS and Jeff Matthews gives one big glove-covered fist pump at the sight of Wright locking in the former Career Killer's signature submission hold!]

JD: WITH THE MASTER OF THIS VERY HOLD AT RINGSIDE, SUPREME WRIGHT HAS TRAPPED HOGAN IN THE FUJIWARA ARMBAR!

CP: Now the question is, Dane - can Hogan hang on?!

[Hogan grimaces in pain, clawing at the canvas as the referee moves into position, checking to see if the wildman wants to submit. The Korugun soldier lets loose an anguished "NOOOOOOOO!" as Wright attempts to plant his feet and bridge back on the hold...]

JD: The Fujiwara Armbar - a little tribute to the Hall of Famer watching his back at ringside - is locked in! Wright's wrenching back on the arm - the elbow, the shoulder - trying to force a submission out of his rival!

CP: But so far, Hogan is hanging on! So far, he's refusing to give it up!

JD: Wright's giving it everything he's got and-

[Hogan again screams at the official, responding with a "BREAK IT, MOTHERFUCKER!" that causes the Philly crowd to POP at the audacity!]

JD: Well, you heard that.

CP: Sure did... and Wright might have to do exactly that if he wants to force a submission out of Supreme Wright here in Philadelphia!

[Wright suddenly spins out of the hold, ending up with Hogan on his side as Wright slickly hammerlocks the off-arm, slipping his legs around it to hold it in place as he pulls back on the wrist, fully extending Hogan's arm against the grain...]

JD: Wait! Wait!

[The crowd buzzes in recognition of this position.]

CP: We've seen this before, Dane!

JD: This is how he broke Bobby O'Connor's arm! This is how-

[The referee instinctively lunges forward, grabbing Supreme by the shoulder, shaking his head...]

JD: Sakai's trying to stop him and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as an angry Supreme Wright throws his arm back, trying to get loose from Sakai's grasp...]

...and throws him down to the canvas accidentally!]

JD: DOWN GOES SAKAI! The referee gets knocked flat by Wright!

CP: He's down! He hit hard!

JD: Wright turning to look... he obviously didn't mean to do that...

[Wright grimaces as he looks at the downed Sakai, letting go of Hogan's arm, letting the wildman curl up on the canvas, clutching his injured limb.]

JD: Supreme Wright's got King Kong Hogan right where he wants him but the referee is down...

[From out on the floor, Jeff Matthews reaches under the ropes, trying to shake the referee...]

JD: Matthews trying to get the referee up...

[The Madfox slides under the bottom rope, waving a hand for Wright to stay on Hogan as Matthews shakes the ref repeatedly.]

JD: Matthews trying to get the ref up...

CP: Sakai's showing signs of life... he didn't get knocked out thankfully...

JD: Matthews has managed to get him up, heading back out to the flo-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And the crowd ERUPTS in shock as Jeff Matthews, back on his feet and heading for the ropes, grabs Supreme Wright by the shoulder, swings him around...]

JD: FOXDEN! FOXDEN! WHAT THE HELL?! WHAT THE HELL, COLT?!

CP: I don't know!

[Matthews slowly gets up off the mat, being drowned in boos by the crowd as he looks down with a smirk at an unconscious Wright...

...and then promptly grabs Hogan by the arm, dragging him on top of Wright before bailing out of the ring.]

JD: No! Not like this!

[A dazed Sakai crawls over...]

CP: ONE! TWO! HE GOT HIM!

[The crowd groans as the bell sounds.]

[A smirking Matthews slides back into the ring, climbing to his feet as he soaks up the jeers of the hostile crowd. He raises an arm, staring down at the prone Wright as a confused Sakai looks at him.]

JD: Jeff Matthews just... he just stabbed Supreme Wright in the back and... what does this mean, Colt?

CP: I've got a hunch we know EXACTLY what it means, Dane.

[Matthews slowly reaches up to the raised arm, grabbing the black glove and pulling it off. He lifts his arm to the camera, showing a "5" written in black on his palm...

...and then drops the glove down on Wright's chest before turning to make his exit.]

JD: King Kong Hogan defeats Supreme Wright here at Eternally Extreme... a shocking headline in its own right... but the betrayal of Jeff Matthews... what the hell does that 5 on his hand mean, Colt?

CP: I've got no idea, Dane... but when Wright wakes up, you better bet he's going to be out for blood.

JD: No doubt about that at all. Not one bit.

[The shot cuts from the ring to the ringside area.]

JD: Fans, it's been an honor... an extreme honor - if you pardon the pun - for Colt and I to be a part of this show here tonight. But the rest of this night belongs to the originals. Jon, Todd, Lori... it's all yours... and thank you.

[We cut to another part of the ringside area where the "original" EMWC announce team stands.]

JS: Thanks, Jason, for your and Colt's hard work here tonight... and as we get set for the home stretch of this wild night in Philly, it's OUR honor to be a part of what could be the final matches to ever take place under the E banner, Todd.

TM: Two more matches to go and... whew. You talk about a double Main Event.

JS: Of course, we've got that huge ten man tag coming up a little later... a lot of intrigue surrounding that one... but coming up next, Lori, is a match I don't think any of us ever thought we'd see.

LD: Hoped might be a better word, Steggs. I don't think any of us ever wanted to see this... and you know, there are a ton of reasons for that. Of course, none of us here tonight who this company meant so much to ever wanted to see that asshole Ronnie D show up and try to steal a single second of spotlight from the people who worked so hard for the E over the years. None of us. And when you add in the fact that Chris Blue - love him or hate him and there are plenty of both - is not a god damn pro wrestler, I'm legitimately worried about what happens here tonight.

JS: I don't think you're alone in that. We've all talked to him tonight. Bobby Taylor has talked to him. Countless others. And no one can talk him down from this. No one can convince him to walk away from this fight. This fight is nearly twenty years in the making, fans... and it is - without a doubt - the most unpredictable situation I think I've ever been a part of. I don't know what's going to happen here. I don't think any of us do. Except we know it's going to happen... and it's going to happen right now apparently.

[Stegglet lowers the mic as we fade to the backstage area where we see a closed door in a hallway backstage. The door has a 8.5 x 11" piece of paper saying "'PLAYBOY' RONNIE D" taped to the door, and underneath it, a large handicap sticker. It's the bathroom. We can hear Prince's "1999" playing from inside the restroom, and we can hear muffled voices inside as well.]

The camera pans slightly to the side as Mark Stegglet edges up to the door, leaning forward to listen at it as he holds up a finger to his lips for the benefit of the camera as a round of evil, conspiratorial laughter is heard.]

RD: Now, you all know the plan... You just wait until the time is right. But for me, gents...

[Suddenly, the bathroom door bursts open and out struts “Playboy” Ronnie D, almost pulling off the illusion of turning back time as he steps out in his entrance attire — black and gold snakeskin chaps and a snakeskin vest to match his snakeskin boots, black and gold patterning all over, with gold chains and studs decorating the outfit and holding it together. His sunglasses, rims in the shape of hearts, have a snakeskin pattern on the lenses.

D’s hair looks freshly washed, just blow-dried, and quite a bit blonder — and there are no more greys. He’s spent his time in the back getting ready, and other than the crow’s feet and the creases around his smile, he looks like it’s 1999 all over again.]

D: IT’S SHOWTIME, BABY!

[D’s throws a glare at Mark Stegglet who jumps back, cracking a smirk in his direction.]

D: Hm. You didn’t hear anything you weren’t supposed to hear, did you?

[Stegglet shakes his head. D nods.]

D: That’s good. That’s real good. Because if you had...

[D holds up a threatening fist as Stegglet raises the mic.]

MS: I assure you, Mr... D?

[The Playboy nods.]

MS: I assure you that I just got here. I heard nothing.

[D eyeballs him for a second before his attitude and demeanor abruptly changes and you can tell he’s buzzing with energy, and nostalgia, as he smiles a thousand-watt smile at Stegglet. The cameras. The attention. The buzz backstage. The buzz in his head. The anticipation. The nerves before the big performance. The ceremony of the pre-match interview.]

D: Oh, it’s been too long! Way too long! Let’s do this thing! For old time’s sake!

[Stegglet looks a bit more grumpy than usual... a lot more really.]

MS: Before we start, let’s be clear I’m here under protest. You’re not welcome here. You’re not welcome here. And in my opinion, we’ve already let you spew enough garbage here tonight.

[D seems caught off-guard by the young man’s aggressive tone.]

MS: But... I’m a professional. And as a professional, I’ve been told to come here and get this interview.

[Stegglet pauses, composing himself as D still looks a little taken aback.]

MS: Fans, we are counting down the moments now to one of our featured attractions of the evening. Possibly one of the most anticipated matches in the history of the EMWC... and some might even say the history of this sport.

But to call it a match is a mistake, I think... because one of the men in this match is not a trained professional wrestler.

[Stegglet nods.]



MS: This is a fight. This is a fight and in just a few moments, we will see these two men who once held the world of wrestling in the palms of their hands tear each other apart as they fight to determine, in the words of this man right here... who made who.

[Stegglet turns his gaze towards the Playboy.]

MS: The moments tick away now as we draw closer to your historic confrontation. No Holds Barred. Nearly twenty years in the making.

Now, after two decades, all your frustrations with Chris Blue come to a head tonight, and you will finally get to tangle with the man, one on one.

What do you have to say to Chris Blue before the bell rings?

[D takes a deep breath, and smiles to himself. He rubs his hands together, and savors the moment, the cameras on him one more time.]

D: What do I have to say to Chris Blue? What do I have to say to Christopher Blue?

The time for talking, Steggy, is over.

Actions speak louder than words.

And history, my dear friend, is written... by the winners. And tonight, I write the final chapter in Christopher Blue and the EMWC's 'illustrious' history.

Blue and I already aired our dirty laundry tonight... There's nothing more to say there.

But there is one more thing to say.

Being backstage tonight, seeing everyone I haven't seen in years... makes me realize that I'm extremely fortunate. And I could never have done what I have done, and been who I have been, without the help of some very special people back here, and I'd like to dedicate my performance tonight to them.

[Stegglet appears surprised that Ronnie D is making a gesture of contrition. A little suspicious, as well.]

D: If it weren't for them, I would never have achieved the fame I have achieved. I would never have drawn the buyrates that I did. I would never have been the object of fascination, the center of attention, the topic of conversation. And without them, my legacy would never have been preserved for the last two decades.

Tonight, once again, Ronnie D takes center stage — it doesn't matter if you put me on first or last, when Ronnie D makes an appearance, **THAT** is your Main Event.

And I want to thank all the little people that make sure that holds true every... single... time.

Tonight ... is for everyone in this industry that has ever called me overrated.

Tonight ... is for every hack in the back that thinks they're better than me.

[Stegglet rolls his eyes as he sees where this is going now.]

D: Tonight ... is for everyone that has talked behind my back, that has talked to my face, that has taken sides against me, that has tried to bury my legacy... For

everyone that fails to understand exactly what it is that separates me from the pack, that makes me so special — thanks to you, I am where I am today.

Because like it or not, when the dust settles tonight, the only thing anyone is going to be talking about is this match. I don't need World Titles — you all know I already won it, deep down, and that everyone else in that title lineage is a Plan B. I don't need a Hall of Fame plaque, because every single Hall of Famer in the back is playing second fiddle to the Playboy tonight, while I take center stage for the last singles match in EMWC history.

And the reason for that is simple:

Because you are all moths... drawn to the flame... of my ETERNAL heat.

[D smiles and laughs to himself before looking into the camera seriously.]

D: You made me what I am. If you could have kept your big mouths shut and never given me the attention I deserve, I wouldn't be here tonight. If you could have stopped making jokes about me, could have stopped criticizing my legacy, my memory would have faded long ago. If you could tear your eyes away from what I do, I wouldn't steal the show everywhere I go. But you can't. I live rent-free in your heads. You need to know what I'm going to do tonight, what I'm going to say. You need to see it. You love to see it.

Why? Because I do something for you, and for these fans, that none of you will ever truly do -- I make you feel. I make you care. And it's real.

Deep down, under your skin, you can't stand that whenever Ronnie D is on the show, everyone and everything else is a footnote.

[D smirks as Stegglet tries to steer the mic away before the Playboy grabs the wrist, steering it back.]

D: And when I walk away from this sport again, I'm not going off into the sunset to be an unfulfilled, overweight, overstressed failure like the rest of you — working all day to go home and hear your daughter say "you're a good daddy." I'm still the Playboy when the cameras are off — I go home to someone else's daughter telling me, "you're so good, Daddy!" None of you live this life, none of you are good enough for it — I'm flying first class, wearing tailored suits that you could never dream of fitting into, and eating Kobe beef at the Ritz while the rest of you curtain jerkers stand in line at the Ribera just hoping to get a free jacket.

So I say to all my friends backstage, new and old, tonight — Watch. Listen. Learn.

For those of you in the back who've never seen me in action, get ready to have an informed opinion about the Playboy for the first time in your lives, and a sense of the true greatness that built the foundations this sport stands on. And for the sake of this business... based on the over-acted soap opera crap I've seen here tonight... I hope you all learn a thing or two by watching a real wrestler tonight.

And for those of you Legends that have been trying for 20 years to draw as much of a reaction as the mere sight of my logo on a screen, here's one more lesson for you. One more lesson in how to make an entrance, how to set the scene, and how to steal the show. Take notes, because you're about to see — one... more... time — just how it's done.

[D laughs to himself contentedly.]

RD: And Christopher... As you remember well, Creed said to you once, "all things end and most end badly, otherwise they wouldn't end." That man was no fool.

Tonight, things end. Badly. This will be the worst weekend of your life. And tonight, Christopher Blue, I guarantee that I will bury the hatchet with you — right next to you, after I use it to put you and the EMWC into the ground.

[D cackles and rubs his hands together. He starts to walk off the set, but turns back to the camera to add.]

RD: And with that, Steggy... Excuse me while I go make history once again.

[D tosses his hair and struts off to go make his entrance, as Stegglet shakes his head slightly and finishes the segment.]

MS: I see... Well, there you have it folks, strong words for Chris Blue, and a dedication... of sorts... from the Playboy. Now, let's go over to my broadcast colleague, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, as he attempts to get final thoughts from the man who brought us all here tonight, Chris Blue himself. Sweet Lou, take it away.

[We fade to another part of the building where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing outside a room with a closed door. The sign on the door reads "THE BOSS."]

SLB: Thanks, Mark. We are moments away, fans, from one of the most eagerly anticipated matches of the night. As we came on the air, we had no idea this match would happen here at Eternally Extreme but soon enough, we found out and-

[Loud voices come from behind the door. Blackwell cringes.]

SLB: I... uhh... I'm standing outside the dressing room - the office - of former EMWC owner Chris Blue just moments before heads to the ring for his No Holds Barred battle with "Playboy" Ronnie-

[Suddenly, the door flies open and a pair of unknown faces come stomping through. A woman and a young girl. The woman is wearing an EMWC jersey with "Extreme" across the front, unbuttoned to reveal a red t-shirt underneath. Her dark hair is pulled back and held into a ponytail... and she looks agitated. The young girl is wearing the same style of jersey and a look of total innocence as she looks up at Blackwell who beams down at her.]

SLB: Oh. I didn't mean to... guys, please...

[Blackwell gestures to the camera, asking them to move it off the pair but the woman speaks.]

"No. It's fine, Lou. You're just doing your job."

[Blackwell grimaces, looking at the door.]

SLB: He's going to be mad if I...

[She interrupts.]

"He can be mad all he wants. It's nowhere near how pissed I am at him."

[Blackwell grimaces again.]

SLB: Well, uhh... okay. Fans, for those unaware... this is the wife of former EMWC owner Chris Blue... Belinda.

[Belinda nods at the camera.]

SLB: And... well, this is their young daughter, Ellie.

[Ellie smiles silently at Lou, looking intrigued by the camera.]

EB: Hello.

[Lou pats her softly on the head.]

SLB: Hello, sweetheart. Mrs. Blue... I couldn't help but notice... it seemed as though there was a very heated conversation going on behind that door.

[Belinda Blue chuckles.]

BB: Yeah, I'm sure everyone in the building heard that. And that's fine. Because if he's going to do whatever the hell he wants, I'm okay with people knowing that I think he's lost his damn mind.

[Blackwell smiles.]

SLB: Not a fan of this match tonight?

[The Missus shakes her head.]

BB: Not one bit, Lou. Look, I get it... for twenty years, I've been hearing him rant and rave about Ronnie. A chance to finally get some payback for that... I get it. But... there's gotta be another way. Get Ryan to do it. Or Hannibal. Or Jack or...

"It doesn't work that way."

[The door swings open and the former EMWC owner stands with Blackwell and his family. He's dressed for action. Royal blue athletic pants, black boots, a white t-shirt with a golden Lakers jersey over it sporting the number 34. He looks nervous to be honest.]

CB: I can't let someone else do this... you have to understand that.

BB: Well, I don't.

[Blue gingerly sticks out an arm, putting his hand on his wife's shoulder before she jerks away. He grimaces.]

CB: I know. I don't blame you. I know this is crazy too... you're not wrong about that either.

[Belinda looks up at her husband with a pleading expression.]

BB: Then why?

[Blue pauses, taking a deep breath, shaking his head.]

CB: I... don't know.

[He shrugs. His wife looks at him incredulously.]

BB: Are you serious? You don't know why you're doing this?

[Blue shrugs again.]

CB: There are a lot of reasons. It's everything but it's nothing at the same time. Could I walk away and just let it be, yeah? Could I let him walk in here tonight and

disrespect EVERYTHING that I've done in this business... let him disrespect EVERYONE who ever laced up boots for me... let him disrespect all of those who EVER bought a ticket...

[He shakes his head.]

CB: I could but...

I want my damn respect.

[His wife stares at him for a few moments and then sighs deeply, shaking her head.]

BB: You're never going to get it.

[Blue nods.]

CB: I know that too. But I have to try, right?

BB: No! You don't have to try! You can walk away from this right now! He'll make fun of you... he'll call you a coward on the Internet but... you can walk away. That's your decision to make.

[The former EMWC owner nods his head.]

CB: I... can't do that.

[His wife sighs again.]

BB: I know. Just... promise me you'll be careful?

[Blue nods with a smile.]

CB: I'll be careful.

[She smiles in response.]

BB: Liar.

[A chuckle is shared between the spouses as their daughter looks up at them.]

CB: I need you to do me a favor though... you can't be here for this.

BB: What?! Why?!

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: I don't want you to see it... and more importantly, I don't want her to see it.

[He nods towards his daughter.]

CB: I... please. Do this for me.

[His wife takes several deep breaths, staring at her husband before finally...]

BB: Fine.

CB: Thank you.

[His wife leans in, sharing an embrace.]

BB: I just hope you know what you're doing.

[Blue chuckles.]

CB: Me too.

[She peels back as Blue sinks to his knee, embracing his young daughter before planting a kiss on her forehead.]

CB: You go with Mommy. Daddy has something he has to do.

[Ellie nods, turning to embrace Mommy's leg as Blue straightens up.]

BB: I love you.

[Blue smirks.]

CB: I know.

[She glares daggers, hands on hips.]

CB: Oh, come on. I've always wanted to do that. I love you too... both of you...

[She nods, a concerned look on her face, and turns to exit with a "come on, Ellie." Ellie turns back, giving one more wave before they disappear out of sight with Blue looking on with a smile.]

SLB: I hate to interrupt but-

[Blue mutters something unheard by the mic and apparently by Blackwell as well.]

SLB: What was that? I missed-

CB: It's him or me... the world will never be the same.

[Blackwell nods.]

CB: Lou... I... well, I guess it's time to do this.

SLB: It is.

CB: Can you do me a favor?

SLB: What's that?

[Blue reaches around to his waistback, pulling a sealed envelope into view. The words "To Ellie and Belinda..." are scrawled across the front in a messy blast of handwriting.]

CB: If... something happens... if this doesn't... if he does something...

SLB: Oh.

[Blue sighs.]

CB: You understand?

SLB: Yes, I think I do.

[Blue nods, pressing the envelope into Blackwell's chest.]

CB: And tell them that I love them... always.

[Blackwell nods, taking the envelope from the former EMWC owner who reaches up, wiping quickly at an eye before clearing his throat.]

CB: Thanks.

[And one of the most controversial figures in the history of our great sport strides out of view, leaving Blackwell behind in silence as we fade back out to the arena where our announcers are standing.]

JS: The time, as they say, for hype is over. The time for fighting has arrived.

TM: Steggs, I'm going to be honest. As I stand here right now, I've got a giant knot in my gut, just chewing me up. I'm concerned... no, screw that... I am scared for our friend. We all know he's not a wrestler... that's a given at this point. But sometimes you can tell people, "He's not a wrestler but he's a fighter." Chris Blue is one of the toughest fighters I know... but not in a physical sense. He'll never give up. He'll take no prisoners. He'll go to whatever lengths needed to win. But this? This is a whole different ballgame.

LD: I've gotta agree. This might be the first match I've ever been on duty for that I have no desire to call at all. After seeing Chris back there with his wife... with his young daughter... this isn't right, Jon.

JS: I can't argue with either of you. Look, we all know his reputation. We know how a lot of people in this business feel about him. But he is our friend and has been for over twenty years. As much as I'd love to see Ronnie D's mouth shut once and for all... I don't want our friend seriously injured... or worse... to make it happen.

[Stegglet pauses and lets loose a sigh.]

JS: But that's not our call to make, guys. We've made our arguments. We tried to talk him down. Everyone has... even his wife. And he's told all of us that he's going to fight. So... fight he will... and we just have to hope... and pray... for the best. Fans, we do not know what to expect here. We do not know what's going to happen at all. But we do know it's likely to be something we'll never forget.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: Let's go to the ring.

[We fade from the announce team to where Ken Graham stands in the ring.]

KG: The following contest is NO... HOLDS... BARRRRRRRRRRRED!

[The crowd ROARS!]

KG: There are no countouts. No disqualifications. No time limit. The only way to win is by pinfall, submission, or referee's stoppage.

[Longtime EMWC referee Mike Barnes nods at the rules as Graham calls them out.]

KG: Introducing first...

[The lights dim.]

Gold spotlights pan over the crowd. There's a palpable sense of anticipation in the crowd, as the entrance of this man means that this match... this clash of two of the industry's most fabled frenemies will finally take place.

This is it.

"Who Made Who" by AC/DC starts up, the drums beating insistently...

The video screen comes to life as the opening verses of "Who Made Who" play, and on the screen the clips play fast and furiously.

- A young Ronnie D enters the Skydome at the IIeW, fireworks showering from the entrance, and walks to the ring where Brody Thunder waits for him in the steel cage.

- Ronnie D stumbles to his feet and chases Thunder up the side of the steel cage, grappling the Lone Wolf at the top of the cage before he can finish climbing over, hooking a double underhook and lifting him up in the Ronnieplex, from the top, dropping almost 15 feet and bringing Thunder's face crashing to the mat. Cut to D standing victorious outside the cage, celebrating his victory over the biggest name in the game.

- Ronnie D enters the arena at Showtime V, driving a Cadillac to the ring with Simon Lebec.

- Brody Thunder's eye is raked with a cowbell in their Last Man Standing Match.

- D stands over Brody, having permanently injured the cowboy's eye, as he celebrates with Lebec and 'Dreamlover' Trey Porter, before DTP attacks them with his Hall of Fame plaque.

- Steven Spector & Trey Porter take on Simon Lebec & D at Blood, Sweat and Tears

- Porter and D sign the contract for their epic Ladder match for the original EMWC Universal Title that D had stolen.

- D and Porter fight at the top of the ladder, both hanging onto DTP's original EMWC Universal Championship belt as the ladder falls out from under them... They fall to the ground, and the camera cuts to D, the winner, the belt having fallen on top of him.

- Ronnie D brawls with Casey James, and Tiger Claw and Serge Annis in the lead-up to the Rumble in Sin City.

- Steve Kowalski, the guest referee, stands between D and Brody Thunder as they stand nose-to-nose at IIWF Forever, the flashbulbs and the wrestling world popping as D takes to the ring for the first time on Pay Per View in Portland.

- Ronnie D enters the Legends Battle Royale a few years back, trading blows with Brody Thunder before being attacked by Thunder, Claw and James.

- D and Chris Blue, in the ring, confronting each other, pointing fingers at each other, back in 1999...

- ... and Blue and D, confronting each other earlier tonight.]

KG: He stands at 6 feet tall and 215pounds. Hailing from Toronto, Ontario, Canada...

Ladies and gentlemen...



“PLAAAAAYBOOOOOOY”

RONNIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

[The crowd boos vociferously as Graham’s voice echoes throughout the 2300 Arena.]

JS: Love him or hate him... and I’m pretty sure where most of our viewers land on that scale... Ronnie D is here, folks, and we’re about to get down to business.

TM: Are we? I don’t see him.

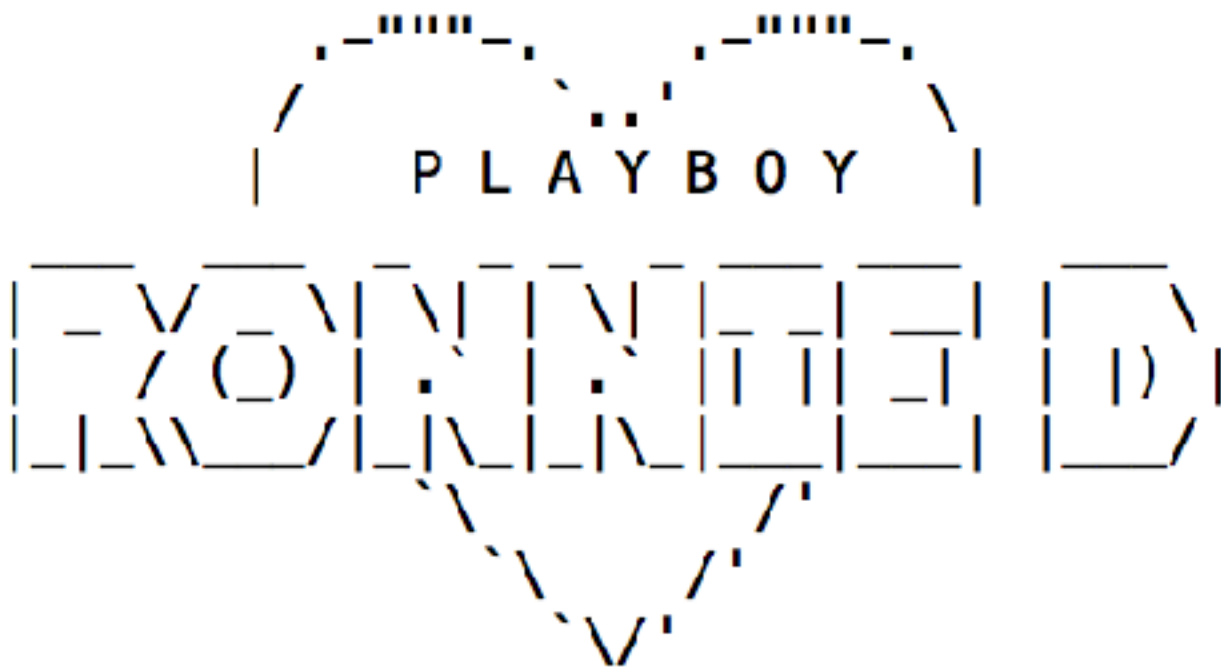
[Graham looks confused as no one emerges from the entrance, and the top of the ramp sits empty, the music playing on as we look at curtains that have not parted.]

LD: Seriously, where is he, guys?

TM: Maybe he took his ball and went back to Canada... again? I mean, I know this show is built around nostalgia but that might be a little ridiculous.

JS: I can’t see him anywhere... Don’t tell me...

[As Graham raises the microphone back up to his lips, about to say something, the video screen flickers back to life...



As the chorus of “Who Made Who” plays, “Playboy” Ronnie D appears, wearing his best entrance attire. Gold on black snakeskin chaps and a snakeskin vest to match his snakeskin boots, black and gold patterning all over, with gold chains and studs decorating the outfit and holding it together. His sunglasses, rims in the shape of hearts, have the same snakeskin pattern on the lenses. He looks almost like he did in his prime, his hair dyed blonde, not a wisp of grey left.

The spotlights are shining on him as he heads down the ramp, shimmying and shaking like it’s 1998. The reflections dance off the studs and chains on his chaps, hiking his thumb towards himself as he mouths the words “Who Made Who?”

On the big screen, three words appear as the music plays...

# WHO MADE WHO

D scrambles up the steps, ducking through the ring ropes where he promptly goes into a spin for one and all to see. The flashes are firing throughout the 2300 Arena to capture this once in a lifetime battle.

As Angus Young's frenetic solo plays in the background, D removes his chaps and vest, showing off his ring gear for this, his biggest match in decades.

His black and gold snakeskin boots are matched with white full-length tights with a gold snakeskin pattern printed on them, a plethora of small gold studs accenting the tights, and completing the look, the "Playboy" Ronnie D logo printed on the seat. He wears a big gold kneebrace on his right knee — a souvenir from his legendary battles with Brody Thunder -- with the D logo printed on it as well. His wrists are taped with black and gold snakeskin, matching the rest of his gear. This is his biggest match in two decades, and he's dressed for the occasion.

The sounds of AC/DC fade and are replaced by a deafening roar as D hands his gear to the ring attendant and turns back to the ring as Ken Graham raises the mic to continue...]

KG: AND... HIS... OPPONENT...

[There's a moment of silence... a growing buzz from the crowd for what they're about to see go down for the first and only time.

And as L7's "Shitlist" breaks out over the PA system, the Philly fans go WILD!]

KG: From Irvine, California... the man that EXTREME built...

CHRISSSSSSSSSSS BLUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUE!

[The EMWC faithful show their love for “the boss” as they await his arrival. Ronnie D paces back and forth in the ring, grimacing as the fans cheer the man he hates more than any other on the planet.

And then he arrives.

Chris Blue walks through the curtain, looking very much like a deer caught in the headlights.]

JS: There he is, guys. He has walked this aisle many times before but never for something like this. The boss is here but... quite frankly, he looks like he’d rather be anywhere else.

[Blue nods his head at the cheering fans, standing his golden Shaquille O’Neal Lakers jersey over a white t-shirt. His royal blue athletic pants and black boots round out the much-different ensemble as he looks down the aisle towards the man who wants nothing more than to ruin this night.]

JS: In our time in this sport, Todd... Lori... you two and I have seen just about everything... And I’ve always believed I was ready to see anything, on any given night... But this is a sight I never thought we’d actually see, “Playboy” Ronnie D and Chris Blue getting set to square off in essentially an EMWC ring... in 2017!

TM: This must be one of the signs of the apocalypse... The Cubs are World Series Champions, Donald Trump is the President, and Ronnie D and Chris Blue are going to settle their grudge, in this very ring, once and for all.

[With a deep breath that he slowly exhales, Blue starts the short walk down the aisle that’s gotta feel as long as a football field right now. He keeps his eyes on the ring, ignoring the fans reaching out for a high five alongside the railing. D smirks at the expression on Blue’s face, sensing the anxiety... feeling the fear and feeding off it. As Blue reaches the ring, he pauses, looking up from the floor as D stands over him, taunting him with an old school crotch chop.]

JS: No respect out of Ronnie D there... none at all.

TM: This delusional asshole really thinks he made the E, doesn’t he?

JS: He certainly does... and tonight, he hopes to prove it.

[Blue shakes his head as he approaches the ringsteps, edging up them onto the apron before he ducks through the ropes, coming up quickly with his fists at the ready... just in case. The Playboy visibly laughs at Blue’s nervousness, mockingly putting up his own fists as he stands across the ring.]

JS: This is it. The end of the line. No more talk. No more pomp and circumstance. No more speculation about what might happen. This. Is. It.

[Blue steps away from the corner at Mike Barnes’ instruction, walking to the middle of the ring...

...and then D does the same, smiling as he steps up to Blue still wearing his snakeskin sunglasses, and chewing his gum as the two lock eyes and size each other up.

The flashbulbs erupt as D and Blue stand, almost motionless, save for the grinding of Blue’s teeth and the chewing of D’s gum. D lowers his glasses, and lowers his gaze, to make eye contact with Blue in the most condescending of ways possible. In this moment, we can see that the two men are essentially even in height with Blue perhaps an inch taller. The weight difference is noticeably tilted in Blue’s

“favor” but there is no mistaking that as an advantage. He’s an overweight man in his 40s... plain and simple... without an athletic background to fall on.

The camera cuts to a close up of their faces. There’s no trash talk, just Blue raging silently, and D somehow sneering and smiling simultaneously...

...and after a few words from Mike Barnes, making it official...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[...lightning strikes.]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[As Ronnie D starts to say something to Blue, sunglasses go sailing across the ring, and an absolutely shocked look and a bright red handprint are left on the face of Ronnie D — the slap heard ‘round the world, or at least the 2300 Arena.]

JS: HE’S BEEN WAITING ALMOST TWENTY YEARS TO DO THAT!

[D angrily spins back towards Blue who is waiting for him, throwing himself forward in the ugliest attempt at a spear tackle you can imagine. But there’s enough weight and enough aggression behind it to take the Playboy right off his feet, knocking him down to the canvas as the Philly crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

JS: HE TAKES HIM DOWN! HE TAKES HIM DOWN!

TM: Can you believe it?!

LD: Maybe he picked up a few things over the years.

JS: AND CHRIS BLUE IS DISHING OUT AN EXTREME ASS-KICKING TO THE MAN WHO DESERVES IT PERHAPS MORE THAN ANY OTHER PERSON IN THIS BUSINESS!

[No one’s ever going to show this clip as an example of punching prowess but the former EMWC owner’s got a lot of enthusiasm behind these wildly-thrown fists bouncing off the head and face of his longtime rival...]

JS: Ronnie D’s going to be feeling these for days, fans! Blue’s all over him and-

[But a momentary pause for a breath gives the experienced Playboy the opportunity to flip Blue over onto his back. His fists come next - much more precise and well-delivered than the sloppy street fighting style we saw moments ago...]

JS: And now it’s Ronnie D on top - and these Philly fans do NOT like that!

[D’s fists are landing easily and with great force on Blue who is desperately trying to cover up as quickly and effectively as he can. A well-placed shot to the jaw snaps Blue’s head back to the canvas as D pauses, taunting him from the mount.]

“WHO MADE WHO, YOU PIECE OF SH-”

[But Blue suddenly manages to reach up, snatching a handful of hair to a shout from the Playboy, twisting to the side as he yanks the hair, dragging him back over onto his back...]

JS: And Blue flips it over! The boss fighting hard from the outset of this one!

[Blue again throws a flurry of blows, rights and lefts, putting as much effort into them as his untrained body can manage. With the crowd feeding into his enthusiasm, Blue climbs to his feet, letting loose a roar as he walks away from the downed Playboy...]

JS: Ronnie D, pushing his way up off the canvas...

[...and then charges back in, BURYING a soccer kick into the ribcage of D, knocking him right back down on the canvas!]

TM: Doesn't take a lot of skill to kick someone in the ribs like that!

LD: Come on, boss. Put this piece of garbage out of our lives for good.

JS: Hey! Look at those boots!

[A quick camera cut does exactly that.]

JS: Those aren't wrestling boots - those are steel-toed Doc Martens!

TM: No holds barred, baby!

[Blue backs off, beckoning D to get back to his feet. Ronnie starts to do another push-up, climbing off the canvas...]

JS: D trying to get up again... and AGAIN Blue boots him in the ribs!

[Ronnie rolls to his back, clutching at his ribs with a grimace on his face as Blue shouts at him.]

"GET UP, YOU PIECE OF SHIT!"

[The crowd POPS for the verbal assault as D rolls to a hip, trying to get up off the canvas and keep on fighting.]

JS: Ronnie D climbing to his feet again where he'll find the former EMWC owner waiting for him...

[And as the Playboy stirs to standing, Blue rushes towards him, throwing out his arm and taking D off his feet with an awkward-looking clothesline!]

JS: Running clothesline takes him down!

LD: Would you call that the Bluesplittah?

TM: Jesus, fuck... no, I wouldn't. And you shouldn't either. Ever.

[Jon Stegglet chuckles at his broadcast colleagues as Blue waves an arm at D, calling him back up again...]

JS: Ronnie D trying to get back up once again but Blue is still there waiting for him, giving his all in the early moments of this one since - quite simply - he has no idea how long of a match he can survive in there!

TM: It's important to note, Steggs, that while Ronnie D hasn't been a full-time pro wrestler in about eighteen years, he still appears to be in decent shape. He still appears to have some of his natural athleticism in the tank. Blue on the other hand...

LD: Looks like his workout regimen consists of high speed walks to the fridge and remote control curls?

TM: Exactly.

[And as Ronnie D gets to his feet, he stumbles slightly, twisting around to end up with his back against the ropes as Blue rushes towards him again, stretching out his arm once more...]

JS: CLOTHESLINE!

[...but Blue's best efforts to send D over the top rope and to the floor come up empty as he gets him about halfway over before D just awkwardly falls to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor instead!]

JS: Oh! Blue looked like he was trying to use that clothesline to take D over the top but it wasn't meant to be there.

TM: Well, he got him outside the ring... just not how he intended.

[Blue grimaces before sitting down on the mat, dropping to his back and rolling under the ropes to the outside.]

JS: Now both men are outside the ring - remember, No Holds Barred so anything and everything is legal in this one!

[Ronnie D is again coming to his feet on the ringside mats as Blue clutches his wrist...]

JS: Irish whip!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: SPINEFIRST INTO THE BARRICADE GOES RONNIE D!

TM: The boss is holding his own in there pretty good so far, Steggs.

JS: He certainly is... but let's see how long he can keep it going.

[Nodding to the cheering fans, Blue approaches the barricade, extending his hand and asking the front row for something...]

JS: The fans here in Philly are always willing to get involved in a match whenever they can... and here we go... if you thought the man behind the E was going to stick to fists and clotheslines in this one, you misread the situation badly!

[The crowd ROARS as Blue holds up the item handed to him by a fan in the front row - the fan's own front row seat.]

TM: CHAIR!

JS: The former EMWC owner has got a steel chair in hand and...

[As Ronnie D staggers away from the railing, Blue winds up and takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF RONNIE D!

[D violently pitches forward, staggering badly but manages to keep his feet.]

JS: The Playboy doesn't go down though... even a steel chair in the hands of someone as inexperienced as Chris Blue won't have the same effect!

[D falls into the apron, hands bracing himself as Blue winds up a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: A SECOND HARD SHOT ACROSS THE BACK!

[...and this blow causes D to dive back under the ropes into the ring as Blue nods his head at the cheering fans. He holds up the chair as he shouts to them.]

"LET'S TAKE THIS ASSHOLE TO THE EXTREME!"

[The crowd ROARS in response as Blue tosses the chair between the ropes into the ring. He reaches up, grabbing the middle rope to drag himself up onto the apron...]

JS: Blue's coming back in as well, looking to take the fight to Ronnie D... and perhaps take it in a hardcore direction!

[But as Blue tries to come through the ropes, "Playboy" Ronnie D charges across the ring, throwing his full body weight behind a running haymaker that catches Blue flush on the jaw. The impact of the blow sends Blue flying off the apron...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: GOOD GOD! HE CRASHES DOWN HARD ON THE BARELY-PADDED CONCRETE FLOOR!

[The crowd buzzes at the hard fall as D leans over the ropes, a huge smirk on his face as Blue lies motionless on his hip on the barely-padded floor.]

JS: A lot of bodies have gone crashing down onto the floor of the 2300 Arena over the years, fans, but I think few have hit THAT hard.

LD: Should we go check on him or...?

TM: As much as I hate to say it, I think he'd hate for that to happen. He wants to do this on his own, Lori... as much as he can anyways.

LD: I hope he knows what he's doing.

JS: I think we all do, Lori.

[D drops down to his back, rolling under the ropes to join his former employer and friend out on the floor. He marches over to Blue, dragging his prone body up by the hair...

...and SMASHES him facefirst into the ring apron!]

JS: OHH! He BOUNCES the boss' face off the apron!

[Blue slumps over on the apron, clinging to it to stay on his feet as Ronnie D plots his next move. D turns towards the fans, a few choice words aimed in their

direction before he grabs Blue by the hair, hauling him down the length of the apron...]

JS: Oh jeez, he's coming our way...

LD: Todd, control yourself.

TM: I'll try.

[D is all smiles as he approaches the announce team...]

"HOW AM I DOING, STEGGY?! YOU LIKE WHAT YOU'RE SEEING?!"

[...and SMASHES Blue's face down onto their wooden table. Lori Dane jumps back, Todd Michaelson by her side as they glare at the Playboy who returns the stare.]

"Steggy may not like what he's seeing but I'm sure you do, sweetheart."

[He winks in Dane's direction as he reaches out a hand quickly towards Stegglet.]

JS: HEY! THAT'S MY-

[There's loud rustling sound over the audio and the next thing we hear is not the voice of Jon Stegglet but rather that of Ronnie D who has apparently snatched the headset right off Stegglet's head.]

D: What a match we've got going on right here, fans! The best in the world - the best there ever has been - is beating the holy living DOG SHIT out of that piece of trash, Chris Blue! And if you've never seen a massacre before, lock your god damn eyes on your screen because I'm about to take this son of a bitch to the depths of hell and leave him for DEAD! HAHHAHAHA!

TM: You had your fun. Now let us do our job.

[D turns towards Michaelson.]

D: Your job? Your job? Your job has been kissing this fat piece of crap's ASS for the better part of twenty years! A broken down has-been who never truly amounted for a god damn thing after REAL wrestlers showed their faces in the E! A second rate Soundbite wannabe on the mic! How does it feel, Todd? How does it feel to know you're the biggest charity case this business has EVER seen?!

[Michaelson takes a step towards D but Lori Dane wedges herself between them, holding her husband back.]

LD: He's not worth it, Todd. He's not worth it. Your back... think of your back...

[D sneers.]

D: Speaking of backs, Mrs. Michaelson... how does your husband sleep at night knowing the only reason you've got a job at all is because you EARNED it on yours?!

[Michaelson makes a lunge at the Playboy who wisely yanks off the headset, dancing out of reach as Dane and Stegglet try to keep Michaelson from getting physically involved.]

TM: I'll rip his damn throat out myself!

LD: TODD! STOP!



[Michaelson slowly settles down at his wife's demand as Ronnie D rolls back under the ropes into the ring after shoving Blue in as well.]

JS: Alright... can everyone hear me? Am I on?

LD: We got you, Steggs.

JS: Both men back inside the ring once again...

[Grabbing Blue by the hair, D hauls him to his feet and SMASHES a right hand right between the eyes!]

JS: Big right hand by the veteran, looking to do some more damage now to his long-time enemy... and another right hand!

TM: Blue's not even defending himself.

LD: It's like we said, Todd... who knows how much he's got in him to do that.

[D drags Blue by the hair to the corner, smashing him headfirst into the turnbuckles before spinning him around to bury a kick into the midsection.]

JS: Now he's going downstairs on the former EMWC owner, boots to the gut...

[With Blue hanging onto the ropes, trying to stay on his feet, D pulls him out of the corner, measures him nice and good... and DRILLS him with a right hand that sends Blue spinning away, falling facefirst down on the canvas.]

JS: Another big right hand. And we talked earlier about Ronnie D's ring rust - that he hasn't competed on a regular basis in a long, long time.

TM: It may not matter in this one, Steggs. You don't have to shake ring rust to throw a right hand and Ronnie D may not need more than a haymaker or ten to leave our friend in the dust.

[D walks around the ring, a huge smirk on his face as the Philly faithful let him have it. He waves his hands, calling for the jeers to get louder. As it does, he actually cups a hand to his ear, "listening" to the reaction.]

JS: He's loving every second of this, isn't it?

TM: Sure is. He's loved being hated his entire career... and he may not be any more hated than he is on this night at this moment.

[The Playboy slowly circles his enemy, looking down on him...

...and then finds himself standing by Blue's discarded steel chair.]

JS: Oh no.

[With the smile getting even wider, D leans down, lifting the metal weapon into his white-knuckled hands. He nods his head at the jeering crowd, stepping back to stand over Blue who is trying to push up off the canvas...]

JS: No, no!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: STEEL CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!

[Blue collapses in a heap on the canvas, unmoving as a gleeful Ronnie D tosses the chair aside. He drops to his knees, flipping Blue onto his back.]

JS: This might be over already, fans.

[The Playboy leans across, not bothering to hook a leg...]

JS: He's got one! He's got two! He's got... of course.

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as D yanks Blue's head and shoulders off the canvas by the hair, smirking as he does so. He shakes his head, wagging a finger at the fans.]

JS: I should've known better, Todd.

TM: No way he's letting it end that easy. If he's going to win this, he's going to hurt Blue along the way... and he's gonna hurt him bad. That's the real victory to him.

[The sneering Playboy climbs back to his feet, dragging Blue up with him where he grabs him by the wrist...]

JS: Big whip sends Blue CRASHING into the corner!

[The AWA co-owner manages to loop his arms over the top rope, hanging on for dear life as D stares him down from halfway across the ring.]

JS: Nearly ten minutes into this and Blue's already exhausted... he's sucking wind badly in there... barely able to stand...

[D picks the chair up again, approaching the corner where he promptly shoves the business end of the chair seatback into the throat of Blue, leaning into it!]

JS: And now he's being choked with a damn chair!

[Blue is loudly coughing, gasping for air as D leans on the chair, strangling the air out of his former friend.]

JS: He's choking the life out of him!

LD: Maybe literally in this case.

TM: Over my dead body.

LD: You stay right there.

[A few more moments pass before D lets go, mockingly coughing as he walks back to the middle of the ring, tossing the chair aside again...]

...and then charges right back in, crushing Blue against the turnbuckles with a running clothesline!]

JS: Ohhh! Big clothesline in the corner!

[D chuckles as Blue tries to fall over but the Playboy catches him, shaking his head...]

"If I want you down, I'll PUT you down!"

[...and proceeds to do exactly that, lifting Blue up into the air and SLAMMING him down on the canvas several feet out of the corner!]

JS: Scoop slam by the Playboy, putting Blue down where he wants him and... oh no.

[The crowd begins to buzz with concern for the former EMWC owner as Ronnie D points to the corner...]

JS: He's not. He can't!

TM: It's been a long time since we've seen this, Steggs. I don't know if he's got it in him but he certainly seems like he's going to try!

[The Playboy approaches the corner, ducking through the ropes as the crowd noise gets louder, increasing with tension as one of the most hated men in wrestling history starts to climb...]

JS: "Playboy" Ronnie D planted Chris Blue right where he wanted him and now he's going up top! Now he's starting to climb!

[D is a little slow about it, obviously showing some signs of the aforementioned ring rust as he stumbles a bit...]

JS: Ronnie D taking his time to scale the corner turnbuckle, perhaps looking to end it all right here...

TM: And for those who missed his god damn fifteen minutes of fame, Ronnie D's most famous move was a flying kneedrop off the top rope called the Heartbreaker...

[D complete his climb, planting one foot on the top rope, looking out with disdain on the jeering crowd...]

...and then points both fingers like pistols down at the prone Blue, stepping to the top rope and "pulling the triggers."

JD: THE PLAYBOY UP TOP AND... HE LEAPS!

["Playboy" Ronnie D sails through the air - a little less lift and grace than the old days - but high enough to have a lot of impact as he plummets down towards the prone Blue...]

...who somehow manages to roll to the side at the LAST possible instant!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE FLYING KNEEDROP!

[The crowd EXPLODES for the near miss as Blue pushes up off the mat to his knees, looking tired as can be. He nods to the cheering crowd, looking over at where Ronnie D has rolled to his back, clutching his knee in pain...]

...and with a surge of energy, Blue LUNGES for his enemy... or more specifically... his enemy's kneebrace!]

JS: What the...?!

TM: A second wind for the boss perhaps!

LD: Get him, Chris! Get that knee!

[Blue pummels the knee with a hammerfist a few times before turning his attention back to the heavy metal brace itself!]

JS: Blue's going after the kneebrace, a souvenir from Ronnie D's legendary battles with Brody Thunder! He's trying to rip that damn brace right off of Ronnie D's leg!

[D is struggling against it, trying to pull his leg out of Blue's IRON GRIP~!...]

JS: BLUE'S GOT IT! HE PULLED OFF THE BRACE!

[Ronnie D's eyes go wide as his leg is now fully exposed...

...and then he SCREAMS as Blue SLAMS the metal brace down onto the knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And winds up and does it again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And so on... and so on...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Blue finally throws the kneebrace aside, leaving Ronnie D howling in pain, clutching his knee on the canvas as the EMWC faithful are ROARING, urging Blue to do more damage! Struggling to get up off the mat, Blue looks down at D... looking a bit puzzled for a moment...]

JS: What's he gonna do now?

[...and then with a shrug, he makes a lunge for both legs, pulling them into his grip...]

JS: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[Blue steps through the legs, crossing them over one another...]

TM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...and he FLIPS Ronnie D over onto his stomach, finishing the application of the ugliest scorpion deathlock you've ever seen!]

JS: LAST RITES! HE'S LOCKED IN CALEB TEMPLE'S SIGNATURE SUBMISSION!

TM: I guess we'll call that the Last Rites. It's not expertly applied by any stretch of the imagination, Steggs...

JS: But it IS locked in! He's wrenching back on the knee! Maybe he learned something watching all those years of action after all!

LD: Oh my god, if he makes Ronnie D submit, I'm buying drinks at the post-show party for everyone!

TM: You know Carver still works here, right?

LD: Shit. Well, we've been bankrupt once before...

[Ronnie D in the meantime is in horrible pain as his injured knee is bent at an awkward angle, Blue applying as much pressure as his makeshift submission hold can manage...]

JS: Ronnie D's trying to hang on! That knee has never been one hundred percent for many years!

[The Playboy is screaming in pain, clawing at the canvas, desperately looking for a way out...]

JS: Come on! Make him tap, boss! Make him-

[And suddenly, the lights in the 2300 Arena go out.]

JS: What the...?!

TM: Oh, this can't be good.

[There's several moments in darkness, flashbulbs popping as people try to cut through the blackness to see what's going on...

...and as the lights come back full blast, the 2300 Arena crowd ERUPTS in a shocked pop!]

JS: WHAT THE-?!

[The scene in the ring is like something out of a bad dream... or considering who is involved maybe a bad acid flashback.

As Chris Blue keeps his hold on Ronnie D, we see his eyes go wide and his jaw drop at the appearance of the other man now in the ring with him.

If you thought Blue looked like someone just walked over his grave, it might be because he's locked eyes with a man who he - and the rest of the world - thought was dead.]

TM: DEAD MAN WALKING!

[But as the man once known as the Showstopper... then the Savior... stares at Chris Blue with a glimmer in his eye and an evil grin on his face...]

JS: HIDE YOUR KIDS, IT'S SIMON LEBEC?!

LD: I thought he was dead!

JS: We all did! But he's alive and he's standing in the ring with...?!

[...and a clear plastic cup of yellow liquid in his hand...]

JS: Lebec with a cup of beer...

TM: I don't think that's beer.

[Oh fuck. No. Please.

Lebec HURLS the contents of the cup DIRECTLY into the face of the former EMWC owner, sending Blue down to his knees as the crowd ERUPTS in a disgusted pop!]

TM: He didn't... please tell me he...

JS: He did, damn it. Simon Lebec, a man plagued in controversy who was once known for some of the most disgusting words and actions in all of wrestling... just hurled what I believe to be a... a... I can't even say it, Todd.

[Lebec grins, tossing the cup into the crowd... because he's fucking disgusting. He reaches down towards his groin, making an obscene gesture at the crowd as Blue crawls on his hands and knees towards the announce table, coughing and retching the whole while.]

LD: Fucking pig... Chris, over here!

[Blue leans through the ropes where Lori Dane thankfully hands him a bottle of water off the table that the former EMWC owner quickly upends, pouring it all over his hair and face...]

TM: That son of a bitch.

JS: What a sick piece of trash this guy is.

[Lebec continues to taunt the fans, screaming "YOU WANT SOME FROM THE SOURCE?!" at them as he mimes yanking something out of his pants and the Philly fans let him have it.]

"YOU SICK FUCK!"

"YOU SICK FUCK!"

"YOU SICK FUCK!"

[Lebec then angrily jerks around, stomping across the ring to where Blue is finishing his makeshift shower...]

LD: Boss, behind you!

[Lebec snatches Blue's leg, dragging him back inside the ring where he promptly stomps him in the back of the head to jeers from the Philly fans.]

JS: There's no disqualification in a No Holds Barred match, fans! This is totally legal!

[Climbing up off the mat with a noticeable limp, Ronnie D grins at his former Snake Pit brethren, giving him a high five over the laid out body of their former employer...

...and then they start stomping the downed Blue together!]

JS: What the hell?! It isn't bad enough the guy has no wrestling experience, you need to doubleteam him too?!

TM: Somebody's gotta stop this.

LD: This isn't your fight!

TM: Yeah, but-

LD: No buts! You stay right there!

[Michaelson goes silent again as D and Lebec take turns stomping the downed Blue for several moments before the Playboy gestures to Lebec who nods, rolling out to the floor...]

JS: Ronnie D just sent Simon Lebec outside the ring... but I don't think he's leaving.

[Instead, Lebec tosses back the apron, digging underneath as D pulls Blue into a seated position, pounding his skull with closed fists...]

JS: Oh jeez... really?!

[The crowd buzzes with concern for the Southern California native as Lebec pulls a ladder into view, shoving it under the ropes into the ring...]

LD: Look at the size of that thing. That's gotta be a fifteen foot ladder, guys - at least!

[A smirking D nods as he moves over to Lebec, the two twisted allies lifting the ladder off the canvas and setting it up near the corner.]

JS: That's a long way up there. Of course, one of the most famous matches in the career of "Playboy" Ronnie D was a ladder match and he may be reliving that moment right now...

[Still with a noticeable hitch in his get-along, D hobbles over towards Blue, stomping him a few more times, making sure he stays down before he turns back towards the ladder...]

JS: Ronnie D's got Blue down on the canvas... and it looks like Simon Lebec plans to keep him there this time. Lebec choking Blue down on the canvas as D climbs the ladder from the inside, slowly backing his way up it...

[On the side of the ladder facing Blue, D steps his way up it, moving slowly but steadily as he scales to about the ten foot mark, standing on a rung high above the ring, looking down on his enemy as Lebec shouts "DO IT! FINISH THE FUCKER!"]

JS: Ronnie D's up high above the ring on that ladder! He's got the boss in his sights! He's looking to end this now and end it in spectacular fashion! He's looking to-

[But as Ronnie D seems prepared to jump...

...the lights go out.]

JS: What the hell?! Again?!

[And again, the lights stay out for a few moments, the crowd buzzing with anticipation, waiting to see what comes next...

...and when the lights come back on, the crowd again ROARS in shock!]

JS: WHAT THE...?!

TM: Well, I'll be damned!

[Ronnie D's eyes go wide as he sees a familiar face who has placed himself right between the ladder and the prone Chris Blue...]

JS: IT'S TREY PORTER! THE DREAMLOVER'S IN THE BUILDING!

[Porter looks up at D with a grin as the Playboy shouts angrily at him...]

"DIE, MOTHERFU-"

[...and LEAPS off the ladder towards Porter who steps back, takes quick aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and superkicks that piece of shit out of the sky!]

JS: SUPERKICK! DTP WITH THE DREAMKICK!

[The superkick puts Ronnie D flat on his back, completely unmoving as the EMWC faithful go nuts for the Hall of Famer!]

JS: IT'S LIKE 1998 ALL OVER AGAIN!

[Lebec comes off the mat, looking enraged as he winds up, throwing a right hand aimed at Porter who blocks it...]

...and then leaps up, snatching a three-quarter nelson on Lebec...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: HEARTBREAKER! HEARTBREAKER ON LEBEC!

["Dreamlover" Trey Porter climbs to his feet, a big grin on his face as he soaks up the roaring cheers from the EMWC faithful. He winks and gives a slight bow before he pulls Lebec off the mat...]

...and HURLS him over the top rope, sending him bouncing off the ringside mats!]

JS: And DTP just took out the trash in old school E style, fans!

TM: Maybe he's not such a bad guy after all.

LD: Really?

TM: Nah, just looking at him makes me want to come out of retirement.

JS/LD: NO!

[Porter exits the ring, pulling Lebec up off the floor and using a flurry of fisticuffs to drive him back up the aisle towards the locker room as the fans continue to roar for the flashback to 1998...]

JS: We're back down to one on one and...

[With the ring clear of all but he and Ronnie D once more, Chris Blue slowly rises off the mat, looking around in confusion...]

JS: Blue was down during all that - I don't know if he's got a CLUE what just happened out here!



TM: Oh, I think he does, Steggs. He told Bobby Taylor earlier that he had some tricks up his sleeve here tonight and I think we just saw it!

[Blue looks around, again showing signs of not knowing what to do next.]

TM: You know, we talk about wrestlers often knowing what move to do three, four, five moves down the line...

JS: Yeah?

TM: I'm pretty sure Blue can't even remember what he did last let alone know what he should do next.

LD: Then maybe we should help him.

TM: Huh?

[Lori Dane gets up from her spot at the announce table, taking off her headset and pulling up the ring apron near her...]

JS: Lori Dane just got up from the desk and... what's she...?!

[The crowd ERUPTS as she pulls a Singapore cane into view.]

TM: God, I love her.

[And with a grin, she scrambles up on the apron, offering it up to a grateful Blue who mutters a quick thank you as he takes the offered cane by the handle, holding it up to a ROAR from the crowd. Dane gets back down, retaking her seat as Blue turns back towards a rising Ronnie D...]

TM: I thought we weren't getting involved.

LD: I am. You're not.

TM: Double standard.

LD: Damn right.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: OHHH, WHAT A SHOT!

TM: The boss may not know how to wrestle but he's played his share of baseball, Steggs. BATTER THE FUCK UP!

[Blue wheels around, getting in position behind Ronnie D.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: ANOTHER SHOT ACROSS THE BACK!

[The blow sends Ronnie D pitching forward, falling over the second rope, hanging over it as Blue gets a wicked grin on his face...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ronnie D's body recoils in pain with each blow landed, red welts starting to form across his Canadian flesh as the crowd gets louder for every crash of the Singapore cane across the back...]

JS: RONNIE D IS GETTING WORN OUT BY THE BOSS!

[Pulling D off the ropes by the hair, Blue slips the cane across his windpipe, shoving his knee between the shoulderblades as he pulls back!]

JS: And now it's the Playboy getting choked!

[D coughs and gags, trying to push the cane off his throat as Blue strains to keep it there!]

JS: Ronnie D's seeing stars as Blue tries to choke him out in the middle of South Philly!

[Blue lets go, setting the cane down as he drags D off the canvas by the arm...]

JS: Whips him in...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS D across the midsection on the rebound with the Singapore cane. A smile crosses the former EMWC owner's face as Ronnie D sinks to his knees, kneeling at the feet of Blue who stands over him, laying down some badmouth.]

"YOU THINK YOU MADE ME?! YOU THINK YOU MADE THIS?!"

[He gestures to everything surrounding him...

...and with a defiant shake of his head, he winds up, ready to crown Ronnie D right between the eyes with the cane!]

JS: Do it, boss. Do it!

[But before he can...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: LOW BLOW! RONNIE D GOES LOW TO THE SHOCK OF NO ONE!

[The uppercut to the groin causes Blue to crumple down to the canvas, kneeling face to face with Ronnie D for a moment before the Playboy angrily piefaces him down to the mat...

...and gets to his feet, snatching up the dropped Singapore cane.]

JS: Uh oh.

LD: Oh, crap... what did I do?

[Ronnie D watches as Blue rolls to all fours, winding up with the cane...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The wood SLAMS down across the shoulderblades of the Southern California native as D winds up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Tossing the cane aside, D leans down, grabbing the infamous Shaquille O’Neal jersey with both hands...

...and with a mighty yank, rips it off the body of the lifetime Lakers fan to jeers from the crowd. D pulls the shredded jersey up, miming wiping his ass with it before flinging it into the crowd.]

JS: Oh, come on. Now he’s just trying to embarrass him.

[D smirks at the jeering crowd before leaning down again, hooking his hands inside the collar of Blue’s white t-shirt now...

...and YANKS again, ripping it open to reveal a flabby pale torso. He laughs loudly, tossing the shirt aside before he starts mocking his downed enemy, puffing out his cheeks and holding his arms out in front of him to form a “belly.”]

JS: What an asshole.

TM: Truer words have never been spoken, Steggs.

[As D’s laughter rings out, he turns back to the dropped Singapore cane, scooping it back up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: Gaaaaah!

TM: This is too much.

[The blow across the very white skin leaves a nasty red mark as D winds up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Good lord.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

TM: Alright, enough is enough, damn it.

[D peels off, smirking as the red welts are evident on the back of his former employer. The referee implores D to "finish it" but D snaps on him, grabbing Mike Barnes by the collar and shouting, "I'LL DECIDE WHEN TO FINISH IT! I'LL DECIDE WHEN IT'S OVER!" Barnes shoves him away as D spins back towards Blue, Singapore cane at the ready as Blue manages to push up to his knees...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and goes down in a flash at a Singapore cane shot right down between the eyes!]

JS: Good god. That's gotta do it, doesn't it?

TM: I'm sure it could but you heard him, Steggs. He'll decide when to finish it. He'll decide when it's over.

JS: The referee could stop it if he wants to. Official Mike Barnes DOES have the authority to do that in this one.

[Barnes takes a knee down next to Blue, checking to see if he can continue. The referee flips him over onto his back...]

TM: Oh, fuck me.

[The crowd buzzes loudly at the sight of Chris Blue's head split wide open from the Singapore cane shot. Mike Barnes recoils in shock, shaking his head. He glares up at a gleeful Ronnie D, leaning back in to check on Blue again...]

JS: He's gotta stop this. Mike, you gotta stop it. I know he's going to be pissed but you've gotta stop this for his sake... for his family's sake...

[Barnes leans in close, trying to talk to his former employer...]

JS: Mike Barnes is trying to ask Blue if he can continue.

LD: You know he'll say yes.

JS: I do. And that's why I said Mike needs to stop it on his own. He needs to-

TM: I think he's going to, Steggs.

[Barnes gets up off the mat, turning towards the timekeeper, raising his arm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and goes DOWN from a Singapore cane shot to the back of the head!]

JS: OH, COME ON!

TM: That piece of...

JS: Mike Barnes, I believe Mike Barnes was going to stop this match but Ronnie D just attacked him from behind to stop that from happening!

[A grinning Ronnie D flips off the jeering fans before leaning over, flipping Barnes onto his back...]

JS: You already hit him with a damn cane! Isn't that enough?!

[...and makes a grab for the leather belt holding up his pants.]

JS: Oh jeez... what's he doing now?

TM: URGH!

JS: What's that?

TM: Sorry. Something in my throat.

[D unfastens Barnes' belt to the discomfort of the crowd...

...and then yanks it clear from his belt loops, holding it high for all to see.]

JS: He's got Barnes' belt - the leather belt holding up his pants and...

[Pulling Blue to a seated position, D wraps the leather belt around his fist, making sure the buckle is right across his knuckles...

...and SLAMS it down onto the cut forehead!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: OHHHH GOD!

[And again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With the blood pouring down the forehead, D unleashes a quick and furious blitzkrieg of blows to the head...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[D throws Blue back down to the mat, the crimson mask quickly becoming a reality as D holds the blood-covered belt over his head to jeers from the Philly fans.]

JS: I think we were seconds away from this match being stopped by referee Mike Barnes... but now, not only is the match continuing but our friend is a bloody, bloody mess, guys.

LD: This is... well, I was going to say it's getting hard to watch but it's been hard to watch from the beginning. This is our friend, damn it, and he's getting absolutely brutalized by this piece of garbage who shouldn't even be here!

[Looking over at the still downed referee, D lets the belt unfold from his fist, dangling in his hand now...

...and slowly loops the leather strap around the throat of the former EMWC owner.]

JS: Oh god no... come on!

[He drags the bloodied Blue back to his feet by the belt, strangling him all the while...]

JS: He's choking the life out of Chris Blue with that belt! This sick son of a bitch is trying to end the man once and for all before our very eyes - in front of the entire damn world!

[...and with a quick three-step run, he HURLS Blue over the top rope, hanging onto the belt as he does!]

JS: AHHH! AHHHH! HE'S HANGING HIM! HE'S HANGING HIM!

[Blue's eyes bulge as he frantically grabs at the leather belt tightly wrapped around his throat, his legs kicking as they dangle helplessly off the floor. D hangs on for dear life, planting his feet as he pulls back on the strap.]

TM: That's enough! I gotta do something, damn it!

LD: No! Don't get involved! Don't you-

TM: Lori, he's our friend!

[But as D, blinded by rage, pulls back on the leather belt with all his might and Blue dangles helpless off the floor..

...it turns out that Blue might not be QUITE as helpless as it looks!]

LD: Look! LOOK!

[Blue's grasping fingers are reaching out, trying to wrap their hands around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...the handle of the Singapore cane which just happened to be within reach on the apron, swinging it upwards wildly and catching D on the ear, sending him stumbling backwards as Blue slips to a seated position on the apron, coughing and grabbing at his throat as the crowd cheers!]

JS: Chris Blue saves himself with that Singapore cane, just barely able to get his hands on it... and he's out on the apron, gasping for air, blood pouring from that wound on his head.

TM: That's a DEEP cut, Steggs. Ronnie D was out for blood - no pun intended - with that one and he accomplished his goal.

JS: Bloody and barely able to breathe, Blue is still in this but for how much longer? How much longer can he survive the twenty-year wrath of Ronnie D?

[Leaning against the far ropes, D rubs his ear a few times with a grimace, pulling his hand away to check for blood.]

JS: Ronnie D checking the damage.

LD: He could've busted an eardrum with that shot, Steggs.

JS: He certainly could have. And with Ronnie D's knee already giving him trouble, he cannot afford any balance issues for the rest of this match... this fight... this war!

[With a hobbling jog across the ring, D leaves his feet with a baseball slide dropkick, catching Blue in the back of the head and sending him flopping off the apron onto the barely-padded floor...]

JS: And DOWN to the floor he goes again! Right out here by us this time.

TM: He didn't see that dropkick coming at all, Steggs. Completely blindsided.

[D rolls under the ropes, grimacing as he plants weight on his injured knee, reaching down to pull the bloodied Blue off the mat by the hair..

...and yanks him over towards the announce desk, showing his crimson mask to his friends!]

"LOOK AT HIM! LOOK AT HIM!"

TM: Son of a...

[D twists him around and SLAMS him facefirst down on the announce table again, leaving a bloody smear across it as the announcers step back, Dane throwing an arm across her husband's chest reflexively.]

LD: Don't even think about it.

TM: Too late for that.

[A smirking D rubs Blue's face on the wooden table in front of his friends, drawing more jeers from the fans...]

JS: Come on! You've made your damn point, Deschénes!

[D flips Stegglet a middle finger before he laughs obnoxiously, dragging Blue off the table by his bloody hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him by the hair into the ringside barricade!]

JS: Gaaaaaaah. Into the steel goes Blue, bouncing off that barricade...

[The Playboy approaches the railing, slowly winding up his fist as he measures the bloodied Blue leaning on the steel, hanging on to stay standing...]

JS: Big right hand to the forehead, continuing to try and make that cut even worse...

TM: Is that even possible at this point? Blue looks like a damn horror movie extra out here.

[Ronnie D winds up, throwing another right hand as our camera shot shifts to show the fans behind him including Steve Spector just a few feet away...]

JS: Ronnie D pummeling that cut right out here at ringside...

[Suddenly, D straightens up and SHOVES a jeering Steve Spector in the chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[D shoves a finger in Spector's face.]

"WATCH YOUR MOUTH, CRIPPLE, OR I'LL PUT YOU IN A WHEELCHAIR FOR GOOD!"

[The crowd jeers as Spector glares at D...

...and then ERUPTS!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: TUBEY TO THE HEAD! TUBEY TO THE HEAD!

[The googly-eyed light tube breaks apart on impact, sending the Philly crowd into a deafening roar and leaves Ronnie D stumbling away as a cloud of toxic chemicals goes up into the air and Spector smiles.]

JS: Steve Spector did not plan to get involved in this, fans - but Ronnie D GOT him involved!

[Spector holds up the remnants of the light tube to another big roar.]

"TU-BEY!"

"TU-BEY!"

"TU-BEY!"

[Spector nods as he sets his light tube down, turning back towards his seat...

...and folding it up, holds it high overhead!]

TM: CHAIR!

[A grinning Spector gives Blue a shake to stir some life into him and then puts the chair into Blue's hands...]

JS: And now, the boss has got a chair!

[Ronnie D stumbles to the apron, rolling under the ring as he checks for signs of blood from the light tube shot. Blue slides in after him, slowly getting up with the air of the chair...]

JS: Blue's got the chair... both men back on their feet now...

[But Ronnie D still has his back to his former employer who spots his opening, winding up with the chair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: TO THE BACK OF THE KNEE!



[D goes down like a shot, screaming and cursing loudly as the bloodied Blue looks down on him, nearly losing his balance from the blow.]

JS: Chris Blue can barely stand but damn it, he's still fighting!

[Shaking his head at D, wiping a hand across blood-stung eyes, he steps on D's ankle, pinning his leg to the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[The Playboy is SCREAMING with every blow, grabbing at his leg as his former friend tries to put him out of wrestling for good.]

JS: Chris Blue is trying to make sure we NEVER see Ronnie D in the ring again!

TM: Biggest charity donation of all time if he makes that happen.

[With D still down on the mat, howling in pain, Blue opens up the chair, sliding D's leg inside it...]

JS: Oh, now he's REALLY looking to end this!

[...and folds the chair shut, closing the steel seat on the knee!]

JS: I've seen this on the ankle before but... and he's climbing the ropes!

[The crowd in the 2300 are buzzing as Blue forces himself up to the second rope, sitting on the top turnbuckle, again wiping blood from his eyes as he stands up, ready to leap off and crush D's knee inside the chair...]

JS: The fans are behind him! They want to see it!

[...and the lights go out.]

LD: Son of a bitch!

JS: The lights in the arena are out for... what? How many times is this now?!

TM: This place always did have a problem with electricity. Do we have a backup generator?!

[There's a few moments in the darkness before the lights flicker back to full illumination to reveal...]

JS/TM/LD: SEISHUKI?!

[The Silent Assassin grabs at his windpipe before leaning up...]

JS: MIST! THE BLACK MIST INTO THE EYES OF BLUE!

[And the former EMWC owner promptly falls off the middle rope, screaming in pain as he rubs at his eyes vigorously.]

JS: MIST TO THE EYES!

TM: That son of a... of course!

LD: What's wrong?!

TM: If Ronnie knew he was coming here tonight... if he knew he was going to try to bait the boss into this match... OF COURSE he'd call up that piece of garbage Masterson and get him to help!

JS: You're absolutely right, Todd! The former bodyguard of former EMWC Vice President of Talent Relations, Bill Masterson, has hit the ring here in South Philly... and of all people with a bone to pick with Chris Blue, Masterson might be one of the biggest!

LD: That's a big list, Steggs.

[Stegglet chuckles at the comment as Ronnie D climbs to his feet, nearly falling down as he catches himself on the ropes. He grins at the sight of Seishuki, nodding proudly with a loud shout to the crowd...]

"I LOVE IT WHEN A PLAN COMES TOGETHER! THANKS, UNCLE BILL!"

[The crowd is jeering loudly now as D shakes his head, pointing to Seishuki, and starting a chant of his own.]

"WORLD OF COM-BAT!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"WORLD OF COM-BAT!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"WORLD OF COM-BAT!"

clap clap clapclapclap

[The boos are getting louder and louder as Seishuki stomps the downed Blue a few times, forcing him to roll towards the apron near the announcers.]

LD: Christ, does anyone have another water bottle?

JS: Here. Take mine.

[There's another clutter of sound from ringside as Lori Dane gets up from her seat, pouring water over Blue's face, washing out his eyes as Ronnie D continues to taunt the fans from the ring...]

JS: Lori Dane, trying to help clear the vision of Chris Blue - that mist needs to be washed out as quickly as possible to minimize the damage but-

TM: But the mist ain't the only damage Blue has to worry about.

[Ronnie D picks up the leather belt that he stole from Mike Barnes earlier, grinning madly at it as he shouts, "GET HIM OVER HERE!" at Seishuki who obliges, dragging Blue away from the apron to the middle of the ring, pulling him up by his blood-soaked hair to his knees...]

JS: Blue's at the mercy of Ronnie D and Seishuki now... and the Playboy's got that belt again!

[He again wraps the belt around his fist, twisting the buckle onto his knuckles...]

JS: Another right hand to the cut forehead! And another!

[He grabs Blue by the hair, pulling his head back and forcing his former employer to look him dead in the eyes...]

"I'M GONNA TAKE YOUR GOD DAMN EYE JUST LIKE I DID TO THUNDER!"

LD: Did you hear that?

TM: Woulda been hard to miss it. Ronnie D's been stuck in the past for twenty years, guys, and now he's going to try to relive his glory days in here with our friend.

[D shakes the belt loose, adjusting the buckle so that the prong is sticking out.]

JS: Oh my god... he's seriously going to try it, Todd. He's seriously going to try and gouge his eye out with the prong on that belt!

[He leans forward, first digging the metal into the forehead, grinding it back and forth as Blue SCREAMS in pain while Seishuki holds him steady and the fans groan in sympathy!]

JS: Thank god... just the forehead...

TM: Try telling Blue that.

JS: I'm guessing he'd rather be scarred than blinded, Todd.

[D backs off... nodding his head at the jeering crowd...]

"WHO WANTS A SOUVENIR?!"

[He steps forward again, looking down at Blue...]

"SAY GOOD BYE... TO THAT EYE!"

[...and leans in with the belt...]

JS: NO! NOOOOOOOO!

[...and out go the lights again!]

TM: WHAT. THE. FUCK.

JS: This is crazy, fans! The 2300 Arena is engulfed in darkness again and listen to this crowd! This is the kind of insanity they were hoping for when they showed up here tonight! We had no idea this match was going to happen but when the EMWC is on the marquee, you just have no idea what you're going to...

[Stegglet trails off as the lights flicker, coming back on to reveal someone standing in between the kneeling Blue and the belt-wielding Ronnie D...

The Playboy's jaw drops, looking like he's seen a ghost... and not your Simon Lebec style fake ghost.

...and the EMWC faithful ERUPT at the sight of the man there all alone.

A Lone Wolf you might say...]

JS: OH MY GOD, IT'S BRODY THUNDER!

[It is, Jon. It is indeed.]

Oh, and he's holding a bullrope in his hands.]

JS: RIGHT HAND! RIGHT HANDS!

[The crowd is ROARING as Thunder tears into a stunned Ronnie D, lighting him up with right hand after right hand after right hand, backing him towards the ropes. D is staggered as Thunder steps back, a big grin on his face as he pulls the bullrope up...]

"CLANNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lashes out with the cowbell from the bullrope, bouncing it off the skull of Ronnie D, knocking him flat!]

JS: OH HELL YEAH!

TM: FROM BELL TO BELL AND STRAIGHT THROUGH HELL!

[Seishuki throws the bloodied Blue aside, grabbing Brody Thunder from the blind side by the shoulders...

...but a quick and stunned back elbow by Thunder sends Seishuki stumbling backwards.]

JS: Thunder gets loose, turns around...

[The former World Champion buries a boot in the gut of the Silent Assassin, stepping forward into a front facelock...]

JS: OH YEAH! DO IT!

[...and LIFTS Seishuki up into the air before SPIKING his skull into the canvas!]

JS: CATTLE BUSTER! CATTLE BUSTER DDT BY THE LONE WOLF!

[Thunder pops back up, a huge grin on his face as the crowd EXPLODES for one of wrestling's most famous moves. He then lifts his hand...

...and points to the downed Ronnie D to another HUUUUUUUGE POP! We cut to the crowd where we can see fans practically giddy with excitement. Hey! Was that Jeff Berry in the crowd?!

JS: Oh yeah!

[Thunder takes a knee, grabbing D by the head, pounding his skull repeatedly as the crowd goes nuts!]

TM: I don't think any of us would ever turn down a chance to watch Brody Thunder pummel someone... and when it's Ronnie D, it's even better!

[Reaching over to grab his bullrope, Thunder loops it around the throat of Ronnie D who immediately tries to get loose...

...but fails miserably as Thunder gets to his feet, using the rope to drag a choking and gasping Playboy around the ring to another HUGE ROAR!]

JS: Ronnie D wanted to flash back to 1998 - well, Brody Thunder is obliging that wish right about now! These guys had three historic matches over the course of a year or so... and right now, I might be willing to drop some cash to see it one more time... if it meant more of Thunder beating this Canadian ass into paste!

TM: Hey Jon, remember when you used to be all - "Hey guys... we can't be biased out there! Call it down the middle!"

JS: Yeah.

TM: Well, I like this Steggy so much better.

JS: DON'T CALL ME STEGGY!

[Cross that one off your Eternally Extreme bingo card and as Thunder comes to a halt dragging D around the ring, he turns his gaze over towards Chris Blue...

...and with a grin, he tosses him the other end of the bullrope.]

JS: What in the...?!

[The bloodied Blue nods, climbing to his feet as Thunder asks him if he's ready. Blue nods again as the Lone Wolf pulls a struggling D off the mat, throwing him to the far ropes...

...and Thunder and Blue come lumbering forward, the bullrope stretched out between them!]

JS: DOUBLE CLOOOOOTHESLIIIIIINE!

[D hits the mat, flailing about as he grabs at his throat. Thunder smirks, giving a salute to Blue with a "he's all yours, cowboy" before ducking out of the ring, dragging the bullrope with him...]

JS: And just like that, he walked out of our lives...

TM: Not so fast, Steggs.

[The crowd ROARS again as Thunder pauses, using the bullrope to wrap it around Seishuki's ankles...]

JS: He's hog-tying him! He's wrapping him up in that bullrope and...

[Another big pop goes up as Thunder drags Seishuki up the ramp with the bullrope, pulling him up the aisle and out of sight...

...which once again leaves two men in the ring!]

JS: The wrestling world has gotta be stunned by this match! We've seen everything we thought we'd see between these two longtime enemies and my God, have we seen so much more! Simon Lebec, Trey Porter, Steve Spector, Seishuki, and Brody Thunder have all gotten involved and-

[The crowd ROARS as Blue falls to his knees by the Playboy, grabbing him by the hair and pounding away with a series of right hands, each one more weary and obviously exhausted than the one before it...

...and he finally flops over into a pin attempt!]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[D's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the count to groans from the Philly crowd. Blue rolls off, wiping blood from his eyes as he looks up at Mike Barnes who has a bloody smear coming from the back of his head as well. Barnes holds up two fingers as Blue nods his head, climbing to his feet...]

JS: Chris Blue with perhaps one more burst of energy... one more... well, one more "second wind"...

TM: Boy, you ARE out of practice.

JS: Never again, man. Never again. Hanging up my microphone after this one.

[Blue grabs an also-weary Ronnie D by the hair, dragging him up to his feet. D stands limply in front of him as Blue rears back...]

JS: CLOTHESLINE! STANDING CLOTHESLINE!

TM: No, no, no... you know what it was and I want to hear it. Come on.

[Stegglet takes a deep breath.]

JS: LAAAAAAAAAAAAARIAAAAAATOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Blue collapses into another pin attempt, gesturing to Barnes who drops to his knees to count.]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But D's shoulder pops up off the mat again!]

JS: Another two count!

LD: I don't know if Blue's got enough left to keep him down, guys. The lariat hit but there wasn't a lot behind it. He's exhausted. He's probably suffering from severe blood loss. I just don't know if he can do this.

[Climbing off the mat again, fire and determination in his eyes, Blue picks up the nearby steel chair, putting it down on Ronnie's chest. He steps back a few steps...

...and then runs forward, jumping off the mat, and coming down with an awkward-looking senton on top of the chair that rests on D!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: That might do it! That might be enough!

[Blue shoves the chair aside, diving across D again...]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Nope. The shoulder pops up yet again, causing the crowd to groan as Blue rolls to his back, pulling at his bloody hair.]

JS: Blue can't believe it! He thought that would be enough! He thought he'd finally get this asshole of a monkey off his back!

TM: It's time to face facts, Steggs. "Playboy" Ronnie D REFUSES to lose to Chris Blue. He REFUSES to do it. It'll spoil every damn thing he's believed about himself

for twenty years! He might not even be able to live with himself if he loses this match.

LD: And I'm sure if he was able to speak right now, he'd tell you that Ronnie D doesn't lay down for anyone!

JS: I'm sure he would... but Chris Blue's never met a challenge he can't beat, Lori. Every promoter who has ever stood before him, he's beaten! Every company who ever thought they could take him down were wrong! He's said it himself - there are graves all over this country with the bodies of promotions that Blue and the E put there! And if you think there's not a king-sized hole with Ronnie Deschènes name on it, you're sadly mistaken!

TM: They've beaten each other to a damn pulp, Steggs. This one might be about sheer will at this point. Who can survive? Who can outlast? Who can endure?

LD: Who made who?

TM: The marketing people are going to love you for that.

[A weary Chris Blue pulls himself up off the mat, blood pouring down his face onto his pale white skin as he looks out on the crowd. His crowd. His people. The ones who've loved the E for so long. The ones who've supported the E with their own energies... their own money... their own blood, sweat, and tears.

This is his night. This is his moment.

And he'll be damned if Ronnie god damn Deschènes is going to ruin that for him.

Over his dead body.]

JS: Blue with one last surge of strength perhaps... some fighting spirit if you'll excuse the cliché.

[He reaches down, dragging Ronnie D to his feet, staring his long-time enemy in the eye...

...and then YANKS him into a front facelock.]

JS: Oh yeah! We just saw Brody Thunder hit one - why not the boss as well?!

[Blue stands in the middle of the ring, grinning out at the fans with Ronnie D hooked, and bellows in their direction...]

"EEE-EMMM-FUCKIN'-DUBYA-CEEEEEEE!"

[...and out go the lights!]

TM: MOTHERFUCKER!

JS: He had him, guys! He had him right where he wanted him! He was going to finish this piece of trash off with the entire world watching and...

LD: I'm scared, guys. With everyone we've seen tonight... with all the people who've interfered in this match... who in the name of hell is left?!

JS: I have no idea but...

[The lights flicker for a moment...

...but when they come back on...

Unleash hell.]

TM: WHAT THE FUCK?!

[The crowd's reaction - if you could summarize it with three words - would be those same three words.

Because look... Simon Lebec coming back from the dead and showing up? That's one thing.

Trey Porter popping up to superkick Ronnie D in the mouth? Surprising, sure... but hey, Trey Porter's a former EMWC champion so it makes sense, yeah?

Seishuki? Okay, that one's a little weird but "Uncle" Bill Masterson is a conniving piece of shit and so is Ronnie D so that duck quacks.

Even Brody Thunder. The Lone Wolf himself. He was on Showtime V. And hey, we even saw him a couple of years ago in the Legends Royale so... we're good there too.

But this guy.

This piece of work.

This motherfucker as one might say.

This guy who has GOTTA be in his fifties... wearing a pair of spectacles... no, not glasses... spectacles...

This "silver fox" with almost entire white hair.

This guy wearing a fine tailored suit with a pocket square to match the tie and the jacket buttoned up except for the bottom one.

This... this guy who is holding a homemade sign that says, "POP THIS BUYRATE."

No one EVER thought they'd see him.

EVER.

But he's here... and he's swinging that sign behind Blue's back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The sign collides with great impact on the back of Blue's skull - much harder than any paper or cardboard sign should have. Blue immediately crumples to the canvas, rolling to his back, looking up through blood and mist stung eyes...

...eyes that he simply cannot believe as he looks up at the smug, smirking face standing over him.]

JS/TM/LD: SPREADBURY?!

[The 2300 Arena has a roof, right? I mean, it did, right? Because right now, we can't find it because this crowd has BLOWN IT OFF!]

JS: DANIEL SPREADBURY HAS ARRIVED AT ETERNALLY EXTREME!



TM: And I'm gonna say it again, Steggs - WHAT. THE. FUCK!

[A smirking Spreadbury stands over Blue, soaking up the SHEER HATRED from the EMWC faithful. He rips the cardboard sign in his hands, revealing a metal street sign underneath that reads "PORTLAND - 2810 MILES."]

LD: This can't be happening.

JS: Oh, it's happening! Ronnie D has pulled out the BIG GUNS now to try and ruin this night for Chris Blue! Not just Lebec! Not just Seishuki! BUT SPREADBURY?! The former IIWF President! The bitter promotional rival of Chris Blue for so long - even after the IIWF closed up shop!

[Spreadbury continues to look out on the crowd, flashbulbs popping as he keeps his stiff upper lip curled into a sneer, pointing to the street sign before tossing it aside.]

JS: I... this is... I'm in shock, fans. Absolute shock. We know we were in for one hell of a night. We knew we were going to see some big surprises. But this?! Never this! Never anything CLOSE to this!

[And as Ronnie D slowly gets to his feet, hobbling on his bad knee, he looks over at Spreadbury...

...and cracks the biggest shit-eating grin he can manage before he falls into an embrace with the King of Portland. The crowd ERUPTS into a deafening burst of jeers as two of the E's most hated rivals celebrate their moment together.]

JS: You've gotta be kidding me.

TM: This was his plan all along, Steggs. Ronnie D suckered us all in so he could try to ruin this night... and he came prepared with all the ammunition to do exactly that.

[D and Spreadbury break apart, holding one another's arms high...

...and then starts stomping Blue in tandem, the crowd ROARING with disdain for the dastardly duo putting the boots to the former EMWC owner.]

JS: Oh, come on!

TM: Now can I do something about this?

LD: No!

JS: Lori, I'm starting to agree with him. Somebody's gotta stop this.

[After a few moments of this, Spreadbury peels away, pulling off his jacket and handing it out to a ringside attendant. He also removes a pair of cufflinks and rolls up the sleeves on his formal shirt before turning back to the ring where he waves for Ronnie D to pick Blue up off the canvas...]

JS: Look at him. Look at that smug British prick. He's loving every second of this.

TM: Of course he is! He gets to kick the guy who put him out of business when he's down!

JS: I don't know if he'd agree with that assessment.

[As D gleefully drags a bloodied Blue off the mat, pulling his arms behind him to hold him, Spreadbury comes in, throwing an awkward punch to the gut... and another... and then one between the eyes as well. He shakes his hand in pain, grimacing as he backs off...]

JS: Chris Blue is trapped at the mercy of two of his most hated rivals...

TM: And I hate to break it to you, Steggs... but these two don't have any mercy where Chris Blue is concerned.

JS: No doubt about that. Spreadbury is... what's he pointing at? What's he...? Oh god.

[The crowd begins to buzz as the former IIWF President picks up the fallen steel chair, sneering at the jeering crowd as he slowly raises it overhead for all to see.]

JS: Spreadbury's got a chair! He's got that steel chair in his hands and he's been waiting twenty years for this, Todd!

TM: Come on, boss. Snap out of it! Get out of there!

[Spreadbury slowly walks around the ring with the chair, loving every bit of this moment as he circles back to Blue who is struggling to get free but the Playboy is keeping him secure...]

JS: Blue's trying to get loose but Ronnie D is hanging on... Spreadbury sizing him up now...

[Suddenly, Spreadbury draws the chair back, ready to strike...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Blue slips free JUST in time and the steel chair comes CRASHING down on top of Ronnie D's head! The blow sends D stumbling backwards, falling through the ropes to the floor as Blue slides towards the corner, watching as a shocked Spreadbury drops the chair, clasp his hands to his mouth as he walks over to check on Ronnie D who is now out on the floor...]

...and as Blue eyes his former promotional rival through blood and mist stung eyes, the crowd gets even LOUDER!]

JS: OH YEAH! OH YEAH!

[Spreadbury slowly turns, eyes wide at the crowd noise. He spots Blue standing across the ring, raising his hands, shaking his head as the fans get louder and louder with anticipation...]

TM: GET YOU SOME, BOSS!

[Blue looks across the ring, wiping the blood from his eyes again.]

"I'VE BEEN WAITING TWENTY YEARS TO DO THIS! LET'S...FUCKING... GOOOOOO!"

[And Blue lowers his shoulder, sprinting across the ring, catching Spreadbury in the gut with his shoulder, driving him back into the corner to a HUUUUUUGE POP!]

JS: BLUE DRIVES HIM BACK!

[The former EMWC owner straightens up, grabbing a handful of “silver fox” hair and letting his right hand do the work...]

JS: RIGHT HAND!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: ANOTHER RIGHT!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: MAKE IT THREE!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Blue grabs Spreadbury by the arm, whipping his fellow businessman from corner to corner where the Brit smashes into the buckles, staggering back out towards Blue who ducks for a backdrop...]

JS: BACKDR- OHH!

[The crowd groans as Spreadbury buries a dress shoe into the doubled-up Blue, sending him stumbling back before slumping back over...

...and with a nod to the jeering crowd, Spreadbury steps forward...]

JS: Are you kidding me?!

[The crowd ROARS with anticipation as Spreadbury steps into a standing headscissors, reaching down to hook one arm...]

TM: This can’t be happening.

[...and then the other...]

JS: IS HE GOING TO SKULLPUMP THE BOSS?!

[...but just as Spreadbury looks to lift Blue off the canvas, Blue slips out, straightens up, and DUMPS Spreadbury down on the canvas with a backdrop!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: DOWN GOES SPREADBURY! DOWN GOES SPREADBURY!

[The former IIWF President rolls to his side, cradling his lower back in pain as Blue looks down on him...

...and with a grin, he cups his hands to his mouth and shouts...]

“THIS ONE’S FOR YOU, CASEY!”

[...and as he pulls Spreadbury off the canvas, he slowly rears back with his clenched right fist!]

LD: YES! YES! DO IT!

JS: BLACKHEART PUN-

[And one more time... the lights go out.]

TM: There are literally not enough obscenities in the world for how I feel right now.

JS: Chris Blue had him trapped... had him set for the Blackheart Punch... had him set for-

LD: Steggs, if the last time the lights went out, we got Spreadbury, who in the name of all that is holy are we getting now?

JS: I have no earthly idea but I-

[The lights flicker again, coming back to full strength...

...and a god damn tricycle bounces off the back of Chris Blue's head as it's flung by the latest person to get involved with this match.

Wait.

Did you just say...?

A tricycle?]

TM: Oh, fuck THIS!

[The crowd EXPLODES in a STUNNED REACTION as the one and only announcer in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame stands in the middle of the ring, grinning a smile from ear to ear.

Standing in the middle of the 2300 Arena in a leather jacket with "SHOOT SOUNDBITE SHOOT" written across the back and his trademark feather boa around his neck, this man looks like he's clinging to middle age with his hair dyed and an unhealthy amount of spray tan...

...and he's standing for all to see, arms spread wide as he soaks up all the hatred from the EMWC faithful that wasn't burned up by Spreadbury!]

JS: Steve. Motherfucking Soundbite. Roberts.

LD: Jesus christ. How much does Ronnie D hate us?

TM: Do you really need to ask that? How much do we hate him?

LD: Point. And don't even think about it.

[Michaelson exhales sharply through his teeth as "Soundbite" Steve Roberts wipes up every stray drop of hatred with a sponge, squeezing it down his throat and into his very soul...

...and with a smirk at his former employer, Roberts and Spreadbury start kicking the shit out of a bloodied Chris Blue together!]

JS: Hey, Lori... remember all those times you slapped Todd?

LD: Well, I can't remember all of them because... oh, but... yeah, sure.

JS: Can you aim one of those my way?

LD: What? Why?

JS: I've gotta be asleep to have a nightmare like this one.

[The stomps are hard and vicious, landing all over the torso of the bloodied and battered Blue as he desperately tries to cover up.]

JS: Steve Roberts and Daniel Spreadbury, the faces of the mighty Double Eye, are in the middle of the ring at Eternally Extreme... likely the final show for the legendary E... and... I don't even know what to say about it, guys. I feel like I should have some classic line right now to immortalize this moment for the history books... for the highlight reels... but I don't. I'm practically speechless here. This isn't what any of us expected... it's damn sure not what any of us wanted. I'm sure fans all over the world are... pardon the phrase... marking out right now but this is... this makes me sick.

TM: It wasn't supposed to go down this way... and as much as I hate these two, this is all Ronnie D's fault, Steggs. He put this together. He lured Blue into this match. He got all these assholes from the past involved. This is all on him.

JS: And if this one ends with him winning... with him beating our friend...

[Stegglet trails off as Roberts lays a heavy right hand down on the bloodied Blue, sneering at the blood on his hand as he does. He stomps over towards the timekeeper's area, sticking his head through...

...and SNATCHES Ken Graham by the shirt collar, yanking him towards him.]

JS: What the...?! Why is he bullying Ken now?!

TM: The son of a bitch wants the mic. Don't give it to him, Ken.

[But fearing for his safety, Graham produces the house mic, handing it over to Roberts who gleefully taps on it...]

SR: Well, well, well... what have we here?

[Spreadbury continues to kick at Blue every once in a while as Roberts smirks at the fans.]

SR: Eternally Extreme! The final EMWC show!

[He throws a gesture down at Blue.]

SR: And is it any wonder this egotistical piece of shit booked himself to wrestle tonight?

[Roberts shakes his head.]

SR: I never understood it, Spreads. How the hell were WE the bad guys in that war? How did everyone hate us?!

[Spreadbury shakes his head in disbelief as Roberts continues.]

SR: We were the trendsetter! We were the bar! We were putting on the best professional wrestling ANYWHERE on the planet... and then this asshole comes along with his barbed wire and his thumbtacks and everyone falls all over themselves.

They were the underdogs... who were stealing talent off our roster.

They were the little engine that could... who were trashing us on TV every chance they got.

[Roberts shakes his head.]

SR: We took the high road...

[He gestures to the crowd.]

SR: ...and you pieces of shit went as low as you could go.

[Roberts looks around.]

SR: Which I guess is only fitting that we'd end up here, babydolls... in this shitbox excuse for an arena...

Hey Spreads... even burned to ashes, our house was STILL better than this.

[More boos pour down on the duo.]

SR: So, when Ronnie D called and said, "Hey... let's stick it to these fuckers one last time..."

[He tugs a pair of sunglasses on over his eyes.]

SR: ...you're god damned right I was in.

[The boos continue to grow in volume as Spreadbury stomps Blue yet again.]

SR: Keep that piece of shit on the ground, Spreads... I got business to attend to...

[He lifts a finger, twirling it around...]

SR: ...with you.

[...and points RIGHT at Todd Michaelson, the crowd buzzing as Michaelson stares up at Soundbite.]

SR: For twenty years, you've made a career off being one thing...

...a poor knockoff of me!

[The crowd "oooooooohs" as a sprinkling of "SHOOT SOUNDBITE SHOOT" chants break out and Roberts nods.]

JS: Todd... please... don't-

[Roberts interjects.]

SR: Oh, Stegglet... I've been waiting for twenty years to ask you a question. As all good wrestling fans know... I've got a theory when it comes to tag team wrestling.

You see, all great tag teams are made up of two parts...

The tough guy... and the gay guy.

[Roberts smirks.]

SR: Now, Michaelson down there strikes me as kinda tough...

[He points to Stegglet.]

SR: ...so I guess that makes you...

[Roberts laughs to himself as Stegglet shakes his head.]

LD: Homophobic piece of-

[Roberts interrupts again.]

SR: But I gotta say... this so-called rivalry between us, Michaelson... it's been a hot topic for a long time.

Every place I go... every fan I talk to... they all want to know. "Hey Soundbite... who was better with the stick... you or Michaelson?"

[Roberts smirks, shaking his head.]

SR: And I say... I don't know, kids. Why don't you go ask Lori whether she felt that ol' Soundbite was better with the STICK than her husband?

[The crowd "ohhhhhhhhs" again as Roberts winks sleazily at Dane.]

SR: Best weekend of my life, babydoll.

[And he punctuates the remark with a thrust of the hips. Michaelson grimaces as Lori places a hand on his chest.]

LD: Don't do it. He's just trying to get to you.

TM: It's working.

LD: I know, but-

[And slowly, the crowd begins to chant...]

"TODD!"

"TODD!"

"TODD!"

[Lori looks around, shaking her head.]

LD: Son of a...

[Michaelson leans over, planting a kiss on her forehead.]

TM: Sorry. I'll make it up to you.

[And the former EMWC World Champion slowly rises to his feet to a HUUUUUUUUUGE ROAR from the Philly crowd. Roberts' eyes flash with excitement as he backs up.]

SR: Oh yeah, big man? You want a piece of Soundbite? Come on!

[Michaelson slowly takes off his jacket, dropping it on his now-empty chair. Jon Stegglet, his best friend stands up next to him, putting a hand on his shoulder.]

JS: Hey... you said you wanted an easy night at the office.

[Michaelson nods with a smile, putting his own hand on his friend's shoulder.]

TM: It'll still be an easy night at the office, kid. Be right back.

[He winks at Stegglet before removing his headset, the crowd roaring as Michaelson walks over towards the ringsteps, slowly climbing up them. He stands on the apron, staring in at Roberts who waves Spreadbury back to a neutral corner..

...and as Michaelson steps through the ropes, resulting in a showdown between the two most famous color commentators of the 1990s, the 2300 Arena crowd is once again going wild!]

JS: Well, Lori... I know you didn't want to see it but here we go!

LD: I mean... I kinda wanted to see it.

JS: What?!

LD: Didn't you?

JS: Well, yes but...

LD: It's more fun for him without permission.

JS: I love you, Mrs. Dane-Michaelson.

LD: What a god damn night, right?

JS: Indeed.

[And with Roberts and Michaelson standing toe-to-toe in the middle of the ring, Roberts having shed his leather jacket to stand in a plain black t-shirt, there is plenty of off-mic trashtalking going on...]

JS: To be a fly on the wall.

LD: Or on one of their heads.

JS: Ew. Gross.

[...and suddenly, someone strikes a nerve as Roberts rears back and throws a right hand!]

JS: RIGHT HAND BY SOUNDBITE!

[Michaelson responds not with his typical forearm or elbowstrike but with a haymaker of his own...]

JS: RIGHT HAND BY TODD!

[The fists are slowly exchanged for a few rounds...

...but with a roar from both men, the fists start flying rapidly and with evil intent!]

JS: THEY'RE TRYING TO KNOCK EACH OTHER OUT WITH ONE PUNCH!

[Michaelson switches gears, moving to the elbows...]

JS: ELBOW! ANOTHER! A THIRD!

[Roberts backpedals, flailing wildly at the air as Michaelson drives him back...



...and then reaches out, jabbing two fingers into the eyes Three Stooges style!]

JS: OH! He goes to the eyes!

[Roberts smirks at the jeering crowd, grabbing Michaelson and chucking him towards the turnbuckles where Todd slams into the corner before slumping down onto the canvas in a seated position.]

JS: And the Soundbite, a former wrestler in his own right, gets an advantage... getting Todd down...

[Roberts plants a boot on the throat of Michaelson, hanging on to the ropes as he presses his foot down on the windpipe...

...and then scampers across to the far side of the ring, right above Stegglet and Dane.]

"This one's for you, Lori! See you after the match!"

[He blows a kiss in her direction before turning back, charging across the ring, leaping into the air...]

JS: BRONCO BUST-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Steve Roberts' eyes go wide as he throws himself crotchfirst towards Todd Michaelson who simply raises a boot, causing Roberts to SLAM his groin into it!]

JS: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW BY TODD!

[Michaelson scrambles up off the mat, the crowd surging even louder behind him as he grabs the doubled-up Roberts...

...and YANKS him into a standing headscissors!]

JS: OH MY! LISTEN TO THESE FANS!

LD: Steggs, you know how long he's dreamed of doing this?

JS: I certainly do!

[With the 2300 Arena crowd on their feet, Michaelson reaches down to hook one arm... then hooks the other...]

JS: HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED! YES! DO IT!

LD: Come on, baby.

[But just as Michaelson starts to lift Roberts off the mat for the Billion Dollar Bomb...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: THAT SON OF A...

[The crowd ERUPTS into jeers as Daniel Spreadbury, kneeling behind Michaelson, swings his arm up into the groin of the former EMWC champion!]

LD: Ugh. I should've known Roberts wasn't enough of a man to do this one on one.

JS: And now, as Spreadbury gets to his feet...

[The scene speaks all as the former IIWF President and color commentator start stomping and kicking Michaelson down to the canvas.]

LD: I don't know how much of this I can watch, Steggs.

JS: Give him time. He can come back from this. I know he can.

[Roberts lands a well-placed stomp to the back that causes Michaelson to cry out in pain...

...and the Soundbite's grin gets wider.]

JS: Uh oh.

LD: Right on the back. This is EXACTLY why I didn't want him in there.

JS: Of course. Fans around the world know all about the history of back injuries on Todd Michaelson. They know that every time he gets physical, he risks an injury that could leave him in a wheelchair for the rest of his life.

LD: And I'm afraid it's not just the fans that know it, Steggs.

[Roberts suddenly straightens up, shoving Spreadbury in the chest.]

"SPREADS... GET THE TABLE!"

[A confused IIWF President looks at Roberts for a second and then with a gleeful nod, he ducks through the ropes, dropping to the floor...]

JS: Did he just say...?

LD: Damn it, Steggs. I can't let this happen.

JS: I know. But hold on... just hold on...

[Spreadbury lifts up the ring apron, tugging a wooden table into view.]

JS: Daniel Spreadbury... and here comes Steve Roberts now to help him... they're getting a table out from under the ring...

[The buzz of concern in the air is thick as the Portland Pair shoves the table under the apron into the ring. Both men roll back in, the buzz getting louder as they climb back to their feet...]

LD: Where the hell did I put that other Singapore cane?!

JS: Lori, please...

[Roberts leans down, dragging Michaelson up by the hair...

...and gets a right hand in the mouth for his efforts to a big cheer from the crowd!]

JS: THERE! RIGHT THERE! GET HIM!

[Michaelson fires off a trio of haymakers, stunning Roberts...

...who again goes to the eyes and then SMASHES Michaelson's head into the now set-up wooden table!]

LD: Gaaaah.

JS: I thought he... I really thought he could...

[Roberts gleefully shoves Michaelson up on the table, hammering a forearm down into the sternum a few times as the crowd buzz gets louder and louder...]

JS: He's going to try to put him through the table!

LD: His back, Jon.

JS: I know. I... yeah, alright... these two are trying to cripple your husband and my best friend and...

LD: I'm going in there. I gotta stop this... I gotta try...

JS: Lori...

[Stegglet sighs.]

JS: I got this.

[The crowd EXPLODES as the camera cuts to ringside where Jon Stegglet has stood up from his seat at the announce table.]

LD: Jon, are you sure?

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: I've never been more sure of anything in my life. Fans, I do apologize but... Lori, the show is yours...

[And with a "CLUNK!" Jon Stegglet drops his headset on the announce table as Steve Roberts starts to climb the turnbuckles...]

"STEG-GY!"

"STEG-GY!"

"STEG-GY!"

[...but with the crowd ROARING, Roberts' eyes go wide and his jaw drops at the sight of Jon Stegglet now standing in the ring looking across at them!]

LD: Well... uh... okay, I guess... I don't think I've ever done play by play before but... GET 'EM, STEGGS!

[Roberts hops down, nudging Spreadbury and the IIWF duo turns their attention towards Stegglet who is still standing in the corner...]

LD: It's a two on one... typical!

[Roberts nudges Spreadbury a second time and the former IIWF President drops his fists, giving a mighty bellow, and charges across the ring towards Jon Stegglet who looks a little surprised...]

...and not knowing what else to do, he ducks, sending Spreadbury crashing chestfirst into the turnbuckles to a HUUUUUUUGE POP!]

LD: He's got him in the corner!

[Stegglet spins Spreadbury around, rifling his right hand into the jaw a few times!]

LD: RIGHT HANDS! FISTS AND FIRE!

[Stegglet grabs the lapels on Spreadbury's dress shirt and YANKS hard, sending button flying everywhere...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: HE CHOPPED HIM! HAH! HE CHOPPED THE SHIT OUT OF HIM!

[Spreadbury recoils in shock, a red welt growing on his pale flesh as Stegglet clutches his hand in pain, grimacing...]

...and not realizing that Steve Roberts is coming towards him, steel chair drawn back overhead...]

LD: JON! BEHIND YOU!

[Stegglet wheels around quickly, throwing his arms up to defend himself...]

...but the chairshot never comes as someone reaches up, grabbing the chair before it can be swung!]

LD: YES! YES!

[A shocked Soundbite spins around, getting a boot to the gut...]

LD: DO IT!

[He gets one arm laced...]

LD: DOOOOOO IT!

[...and then the other. Todd Michaelson looks out on the crowd, a huge smile on his face as he lifts Steve Roberts into the air, flipping him over...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: THAT'S \_MY\_ MAN!

[Stegglet pumps a fist in celebration as Michaelson bounces Roberts off the canvas!]

LD: A Billion Dollar Bomb and say goodbye to Steve Roberts 'cause he is OUT! OF! HERE! BABYDOLLS!

[Roberts does indeed roll under the ropes to the floor as Michaelson and Stegglet share a high five...]

...and then a bloodied and grinning Chris Blue regains his feet, looking across at his friends...]

[Michaelson grins, slipping an arm around his wife's waist and pulling her into a kiss to another roar from the crowd!]

JS: On that note... hey boss man... let's finish this thing! It's almost time to go home.

[Michaelson ends the kiss, his wife a little flushed from it as the announcers all take a seat at ringside.]

TM: Ahhh... I love Philly.

[Staggered, bloodied, and broken, Chris Blue slowly climbs out of the wrecked table to his feet. Mike Barnes starts kicking table fragments from the ring as Blue steps out to the middle of it...]

"THIS! IS! EXTREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: WHAT THE-?!

[The punctuation to Blue's shouted exclamation comes in the form of a steel chair being SMASHED across his back, knocking him facefirst down on the canvas. First, the crowd reacts with shock at the attack... and then starts to buzz in the direction of the attacker...]

TM: That's Jayden Jericho! Ronnie D's bastard son has come to the 2300, damn it!

[Jericho is indeed in the ring, chair in hand, looking coldly down on the prone Blue.]

JS: It IS Jayden Jericho! And we haven't seen Jayden Jericho - the Prodigy - in MONTHS, fans! He's been sidelined with an injury since last year's SuperClash but... well, he appears to be ready and able to fight now!

[Jericho glares at the jeering fans, still holding the chair as we see "Playboy" Ronnie D slowly roll into the ring, climbing to his feet with the aid of the ropes.]

JS: And now Ronnie D is back in and...

[D stumbles across the ring, barely able to put weight on his injured knee...

...and falls into an embrace with his son that gets big jeers from the Philly fans!]

JS: Oh, how sweet. It's a damn family reunion here at Eternally Extreme!

[Ronnie D suddenly shoves his own son aside, rushing to close the distance towards Chris Blue, having snatched the chair out of Jericho's hands...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK AGAIN!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: AND AGAIN!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: AND AGAIN!

[D angrily throws the chair down on the mat, snatching Blue's legs off the canvas, flipping him over onto his back...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and STOMPS down on the groin of Blue, causing the crowd to ERUPT in jeers again!]

JS: And he kicks Blue low!

[The Playboy shouts something to his son who nods, quickly diving through the ropes to the floor, flinging up the ring apron...]

JS: What are they looking for now?!

[Jericho reaches under, giving a tug...]

JS: He's got another table! He's got another table, fans!

TM: Do we have to get back in there, Steggs?!

LD: No way. You got out once okay... we're not doing that again.

[Jericho lifts the table up, shoving it under the ropes into the ring.]

JS: And the Prodigy puts the table in... exactly what his father was looking for! "Playboy" Ronnie D wants to put him through that table... and with the look of desperation in his eyes, I'm wondering the Playboy is out of bullets in the gun, guys.

TM: We saw Lebec. We saw Seishuki. We saw Spreadbury and Roberts. Now his son is out there! I think Ronnie D is looking to finish Blue off finally... he probably could've done long ago but he wanted to hurt him... he wanted to punish him... he wanted to humiliate him... he wanted to break him...

JS: And he's done all of that... so now he wants to beat him... now he wants to put him through this table and beat him!

[Jericho swings Blue up onto the table as "Playboy" Ronnie D steps to the corner...

...and starts climbing the very large ladder he attempted to use earlier in the match!]

JS: And he's climbing that ladder again! He's not satisfied with coming off the top rope onto Blue to put him through that table. He wants to come off that damn ladder and BREAK IN HIM HALF!

[Nodding to himself, the weary Ronnie D starts climbing the ladder again...]

JS: Ronnie D climbing the ladder, his son down on the mat making sure that Chris Blue doesn't come off that table before the Playboy can do what he's been dreaming of doing for nearly two decades!

[But as the Playboy gets nearly two-thirds of the way up the ladder, the crowd begins to buzz LOUDLY at the appearance of someone sprinting down the aisle at top speed... someone unexpected yet in a completely different way than any of the surprise appearances so far...]

JS: Oh... oh no.

TM: What the hell is she doing out here, Steggs?!

LD: Hey, if it was you on that table, I'd be trying to get in there too... hell, I WAS trying earlier until Jon stopped me!

[The camera cuts to the aisle as we see Belinda Blue sprinting towards the ring, obviously emotional as she charges towards the squared circle.]

JS: Chris Blue's wife, Belinda, is heading for the ring and... this can't be good. Like Lori says, you can hardly blame her for coming out here, Todd... but at the same time, I think we're all VERY worried about how this is going to turn out.

[She doesn't even hesitate, throwing herself under the ropes, climbing to her feet. Jayden Jericho doesn't even see her as she charges past him...

...and puts herself directly between her tabled husband and "Playboy" Ronnie D who is standing high above the ring on this massive ladder, looking down in surprise!]

JS: She's blocking Ronnie D! She's put herself right in the middle of this intense situation and... she's hoping her presence will keep Ronnie from doing the unthinkable right here and now but...

TM: I don't know that it will. He's just as likely to put HER on the table too.

JS: I'm afraid you're right... and listen to him... he's totally irate!

[A red-faced Ronnie D is SCREAMING at Mrs. Blue to get out of the way, waving his arm frantically to get her to clear the path...

...but not only does she not clear the path, she gets closer to the ladder, looking up...]

JS: What's she... OH MY GOD!

[The crowd ROARS as the Missus grabs hold of the ladder and violently starts shaking it back and forth...]

JS: SHE'S SHAKING THE LADDER! SHE'S SHAKING THE LADDER!

[Jayden Jericho looks up, seeing his father losing his balance. He abandons his hold on Blue, running towards the corner...

...but he's too late as "Playboy" Ronnie D slips off the ladder...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CROTCHES himself on the top rope to the delight of the Philly fans!]

JS: OHHHHHH MYYYYYYY!

[D clutches his groin in agony, slipping off the ropes, crashing down on the barely-padded ringside mats...]

JS: BELINDA BLUE HAS COME TO THE AID OF HER HUSBAND HERE IN SOUTH PHILLY AND THESE PEOPLE ARE LOVING IT!

LD: Softies.



[Belinda looks a little shocked at what she did for a moment... and then a smile crosses her face...

...until a rage-filled Jayden Jericho grabs her by the hair from behind, swinging her around towards him...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: AND SHE KICKS JERICO LOW TO BOOT!

TM: The Deschénes family jewels are getting ROCKED tonight, brother!

[She twists around, grabbing Jericho around the head and neck, tucking his chin up against her shoulder...

...and then DROPS down to her butt, jacking the jaw of Jayden Jericho in a most stunning maneuver!]

JS: OHHH! DOWN GOES JERICO AS WELL!

LD: THE BOSS’ WIFE HAS COME TO FIGHT AND SHE IS \_NOT\_ FUCKING AROUND!

[Belinda Blue grimaces, grabbing at her ass as she climbs up off the canvas. She shakes her head as she approaches Blue on the table...]

JS: She’s checking on her husband... her bloodied, battered, broken mess of a husband who is laid out on that table like some kind of a twisted Thanksgiving dinner!

[She is very emotional as she caresses his forehead, holding his hand while speaking to him...

...which is when the crowd begins to ROAR with a warning!]

JS: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[She looks up, hearing the change in crowd reaction, twisting around...

...and suddenly finds herself face-to-face with a Singapore cane wielding Ronnie D who is clutching his groin with his off hand and looking menacing towards her!]

JS: Oh, come on now! There’s no need for this... there’s no-

[Belinda throws a glance at her husband, backing away from the table, trying to draw Ronnie towards her...

...and follow her he does, muttering angry threats as he continues to wield the Singapore cane!]

JS: She’s trying to get Ronnie away from the laid out Chris Blue but...

[He suddenly jerks the cane back, causing her to scream and stumble over her own feet, falling down to her butt. The Playboy smirks, stepping forward, the cane still drawn back threateningly as she scoots backwards, trying to get away from him...]

JS: This isn’t right, damn it! This isn’t right! She isn’t a wrestler! For twenty years, we never even saw her on camera! This isn’t right!

[D continues to walk towards her as she scoots backwards, matching her movements...

...and eventually ending up pushing her into the corner.]

JS: Oh no.

LD: She's trapped in there, Steggs!

JS: Belinda Blue has nowhere to run! She's got nowhere to hide! This sick son of a bitch has that Singapore cane and...

[The crowd ERUPTS again... even more shocked this time...]

JS: Oh god... no, no, no! Get her out of there! Get her-

[The camera cuts to the aisleway where we see Ellie Blue, the young daughter of Belinda and Chris, yanking and twisting free from the grip of Adam Rogers, pounding his wrist with her tiny balled up fist, and then charging down the aisle to help her mother from the imminent threat above her!]

JS: Adam, stop her! Somebody stop her!

[Ellie Blue runs up the ringsteps, stepping under the middle rope, running across the ring towards Ronnie D's back...

...and not even hesitating as she reaches up, smashing her small arms into his back, wailing away on him wildly, screaming angrily!]

JS: Ellie Blue... god, I can't watch this...

[Jon Stegglet gets up from his seat, looking in at the ring where Ronnie D jerks around at the flailing blows to his back. Belinda Blue is in tears now, begging him to leave them alone...]

JS: Deschénes, you piece of garbage! Leave them be! This isn't their fight!

[D sneers down at the young girl in front of him, shaking his head, the Singapore cane now resting on his shoulder...

...and slowly but surely, a huge smile on his face, starts to raise the cane over his head...]

JS: You've gotta be kidding me! You can't! HE CAN'T! SHE'S JUST A KID, DAMN IT!

LD: Motherf-

[Dane's headset abruptly hits the table as she leaps up on the apron, screaming at Ronnie D...

...and providing just enough of a distraction for someone else to grab the cane from behind!]

JS: BELINDA GRABS THE CANE! SHE'S GOT THE CANE FROM BEHIND! TRYING TO SAVE HER CHILD AND-

[D angrily rips the cane out of her hands, taking a swing...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and narrowly missing a shot right between her eyes as she ducks down and he hits the turnbuckle instead! He angrily spins around, cane drawn back again...

...which is when Ellie Blue strikes first and strikes hard with no mercy, sir!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: STRAIGHT RIGHT HAND TO THE-

TM: SHE PUNCHED HIM IN THE DICK!

[D's eyes go wide as he doubles up, staggering in a circle, clutching his groin...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and spins right into a FEROCIOUS slap across the face that spins him right back the other way. Belinda swoops past him, scooping her daughter up in her arms and running clear as D turns all the way back towards mid-ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: BLUE CROWNS HIM WITH A CHAIR!

TM: RIGHT BETWEEN HIS BEADY EYES, STEGGS!

[D's goes down like a sack of shit, his arms coming up over his head as Blue falls into the ropes near his family. He smiles at them and then waves an arm, ordering them out of the ring...]

JS: Yes! Yes! Get them out of there! What a shot that was and-

[And as Ronnie D rolls to his back, we see the damage done by the extreme chairshot...]

JS: Oh my god.

[Blood is spurting from a wound on Ronnie D's forehead, quickly covering his face and starting to pool under his head...]

JS: Ronnie D has been SPLIT WIDE OPEN!

TM: COVER HIM, CHRIS!

[Blue throws the chair aside, stumbling across the ring towards the prone D...]

JS: HE'S GOING FOR THE COVER AND-

[But before he drops to his knees, he pauses, looking down at the badly busted open Ronnie D...

...and then looks at the table...]

JS: No! Just cover him and end this!

[The crowd ROARS as they start to get an idea of what Blue's got planned.]

JS: Chris Blue looking at that table...

[And then turns, looking all the way up at the very large ladder.]

JS: ...oh my god.

TM: Oh, for the love of God... do it please... do it! I'll never ask for anything else in my life.

LD: Promise?

TM: Yeah, but I have my fingers crossed.

[And with an EARSPLITTING ROAR from the crowd, Blue drags the bloodied Ronnie D off the canvas, leaving a deep crimson stain on the mat...

...and shoves him on top of the wooden table that D and his son set up earlier.]

JS: Chris Blue has set the table and... my god, he's going up!

[Bloodied and battered but perhaps not as broken as we thought, Chris Blue starts climbing the massive ladder in the corner, going up rung after rung as the decibel level cranks higher and higher...]

JS: Halfway up the ladder... and he's still going!

[The cheers turn to a nervous buzz, energy burning through the rabid crowd as he goes higher and higher...]

JS: He's two-thirds of the way up that ladder now... maybe twelve to fifteen feet off the canvas...

[Hanging on tight, the bloodied former EMWC owner turns, standing facing the ring, his knuckles white as he holds the steel behind him, looking down at the prone and bloodied Playboy...]

JS: BLUE'S WAY UP HIGH! BLUE'S NEAR THE TOP OF THAT LADDER!

[He looks out at the crowd... then points to his wife and daughter standing in the aisle, his wife's hand covering his daughter's eyes as Ellie tries to peek through her fingers...

A deep breath.

A muttered prayer to whoever might be listening.

And finally, a mighty leap.

Or... well... a sort of awkward jump, plummeting down... down... down...]

"CRAAA  
AA  
AASSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHH  
HH  
HH!"

JS: THROUGH THE TABLE! THROUGH THE TABLE! OH MY GOD, BLUE PUTS HIM THROUGH THE TABLE!

[The crowd is still ROARING as the announcers sit in silence, looking into the ring where "Playboy" Ronnie D lies in the ruined and splintered wreckage of the wooden table he was draped upon. Chris Blue has simply collapsed impact, limply laying over the Playboy's torso as referee Mike Barnes drops down to count...]

JS: ONNE!

TWOO!

THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd gets louder at the sound of the bell - the signal that this war is finally...  
FINALLY... over.]

JS: It's over!

TM: After nearly twenty years of verbal jabs... of locker room politics... of efforts to ruin one another professionally... all that anger... all that bitterness comes pouring out of both men here in South Philly tonight and... wow.

JS: It was a long and brutal war. Ronnie D may be well past his prime... Chris Blue may not be a trained professional wrestler... but what a battle they put on here tonight...

LD: With a little help from some of their friends.

JS: Absolutely. When we started this night, Ronnie D said this one was about "who made who" but I think this one can best be summed up by another famous AC/DC song...

TM: If You Want Blood, You Got It?

LD: Big Balls?

TM: Shoot To Thrill?

LD: Money Talks?

JS: ...did you two rehearse this? No! I was going to say that trained or not... in their prime or not... these two warriors definitely shook us all night long! It was one heck of a battle... one hell of a war... and finally... FINALLY... perhaps we can put this long-standing rivalry to bed, guys.

[Chris Blue, with the aid of referee Mike Barnes, manages to get up on his knees, a mix of dried and wet blood still on his face. He clutches his ribs in pain as Barnes checks to see if he needs immediate medical attention.]

TM: From the looks of him, I'd say Blue never wants to do something like this again, Steggs... so you're probably right. This one is over.

[Blue mutters something to Barnes who slips an arm under Blue's armpit, helping to get him back up to his feet. The EMWC faithful are roaring their tribute to the former EMWC owner who waves a weary hand with a tired "thank you" escaping from his lips. He stumbles backwards, grabbing hold of the ropes to stay on his feet as Barnes goes to check on Ronnie D's condition.]

JS: Both of these men are likely going to need some medical assistance following this one... Blue can barely stand right now...

TM: When you lose as much blood as he lost tonight, that's not surprising.

JS: Both men going through some severe physical trauma here tonight and... wow. I still can't believe it's finally over, Todd.

TM: After nearly twenty years... the longest-standing feud in pro wrestling comes to a spectacular end in blood and carnage in the middle of South Philly... which somehow seems only fitting, guys.

LD: I can't even believe Blue's on his feet.

JS: With the aid of the referee and the ropes, Blue is on his feet, enjoying this moment... and I gotta say he deserves it.

TM: Absolutely.

[Blue stumbles out to the middle of the ring, slowly raising his arm over his head to a louder ovation...]

JS: There's your winner right there, fans. And I never thought I'd be saying that tonight but there's your winner. Chris Blue is victorious... and what a night for him. This emotional night. This tremendous night of action that we've seen. This farewell to the place that meant so much to so many of us - myself included - for so long. The E may be gone but it'll never be forgotten... this guy will make sure of that... and... well, I'm just going to sit here and let him enjoy this moment.

[Blue stands center ring, arm raised for a few moments as a chant starts up from the EMWC faithful...]

"THANK YOU, BLUE!"

"THANK YOU, BLUE!"

"THANK YOU, BLUE!"

[He grins as he lowers his arms, pressing his hands together to his chest and mouthing "you're welcome" as he gives a little bow towards the fans. The chants continue as he soaks up the gratitude of the EMWC crowd...]

...and the lights go out.]

JS: What?! Again?!

TM: What now?!

JS: The lights here in the 2300 have gone out one more time and... is this Ronnie D's last stand? Some final act of vengeance? Some kill switch to be engaged if he lost?

TM: If it is-

[The lights flicker, coming back to life...]

JS: What the...?

[The crowd begins to buzz with confusion at a man seated on a steel chair, staring up at the bloodied Blue. Blue looks puzzled, spreading his arms with a, "What are you doing here?"

The man is Doctor Harrison Fawcett... and he's got a mic in hand as he sneers up at the former EMWC owner.]

"D"HF: Hello, Christopher...

[Blue is still staring down in silent surprise at Fawcett's arrival in the 2300 Arena...

...and as the Doctor stares up at him, a slight smirk on his face, the lights go out again.]

JS: What in the world...?

TM: Steggs, I'm just thinking back to a few days ago when Javier Castillo told Fawcett to...

[Todd trails off as Fawcett's voice is heard again.]

"D"HF: Goodbye, Christopher.



[And with the sound of chaos unfolding in the ring, the lights come back on to reveal a man standing above Blue, having knocked him down to the canvas where he's wildly stomping him into the mat. The individual is wearing black tights with black "scratches" on them - a repeated design of four slashes with a line through them... like you'd see on the wall of a cell where a prisoner is counting the days of his imprisonment. Over his head is a black ski mask, showing his rage-filled eyes through the slit as he continues to pummel Blue. Fawcett is still seated in his chair, looking on with a smile.]

JS: What the hell?! Who the hell is THAT?!

TM: I don't know but he's picked the perfect time to do some SERIOUS damage if that's their goal! Blue is barely able to stand in there and now this guy has shown up with Harrison Fawcett and-

[A well-placed stomp to the back of Blue's head leaves him down on the mat as Fawcett rises from his chair, folding the seat up...

...and handing it over to his warrior.]

JS: Oh no. Come on now. Blue's been through enough tonight, damn it!

[But the masked man wastes no time in putting his new-found weapon to use...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: OHHH! STEEL CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!

[The blow causes what little movement Blue was managing at that point to stop completely as Fawcett looks down on him...]

"I'd say one more for the road..."

[The masked man gives a silent nod, raising the chair over his head a second time...]

JS: No, no... NOOOOOO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: GAAAAAH! RIGHT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[The crowd goes silent at the savage blow to the unprotected skull of the former EMWC owner as Fawcett looks on approvingly. The masked man raises the chair up to eye level, lovingly running his fingers over a dent in the chair...]

JS: An absolutely BRUTAL steel chair blow to the head of the boss and... what's this now?

[A smirking Fawcett reaches into his pocket, pulling a white glove into view. He slips it onto his hand as he gestures to his masked man who rolls a limp Blue over onto his back.]

JS: What are they doing? What are...?

[Fawcett leans over, placing his hand on Blue's face in a makeshift clawhold, and then pulls it back, revealing his white glove now covered in crimson.]

JS: Disgusting.

[The fans are jeering loudly now as Fawcett turns back to the masked man, a twisted smile on his face as he reaches his bare hand out to the ski mask, gripping it...

...and then YANKS it off, revealing his face.]

LD: What in the...?

JS: Lori, is that-

LD: Yeah.

[And as Fawcett places his bloody palm on the man's forehead, we see a blood red handprint left behind on the man with the maniacal eyes and tangled mess of hair on his head and face...

...a man very familiar to AWA fans...

...and even more familiar to a few AWA employees.]

JS: My god, fans... that's-

[Fawcett turns to the announce table, locking eyes with Lori Dane.]

"Look who's back home!"

[And as Doctor Harrison Fawcett stands proudly alongside his man... the Maniac himself... Morgan Dane, one of the most dangerous men in all of wrestling...

...the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of security coming through the curtain!]

JS: Here comes security! Get down there! Get there quick before they can do any more damage!

[But with security tearing down the aisle, the lights go out once more...]

JS: Morgan Dane... Lori, I'm... I can't believe.

LD: Me neither.

JS: Fans, this is... well, Morgan Dane hasn't been seen in the AWA for a few years now. This is... I thought Jason...

LD: Me too. But...

[Lori sighs.]

TM: It's alright. We'll figure it out.

JS: Morgan Dane, the brother of Lori and Jason Dane...

[And as the lights come back on, security has hit the ring...

...but they're all alone as both Dane and Fawcett have disappeared without a trace, leaving a bloodied and motionless Blue behind.]

JS: What? They're gone?

TM: Looks like it.

JS: I... well, fans... in what was supposed to be a moment of triumph for Chris Blue... for the entire EMWC... Dr. Harrison Fawcett and Morgan Dane have spoiled all that with one mighty swing of that now-dented steel chair and... we're going to need medical attention down there right away. Blue's not... well, he's not moving, fans. Not at all.

LD: This is...

JS: I know, I know. Fans, we're going to need some time to regroup out here after this scene... we're going to... okay, let's go back to Mark with... seriously?

[Stegglet sighs.]

JS: Fine, whatever. Just get us out of here, Mark.

[We fade backstage to where a grinning Javier Castillo is standing alongside Mark Stegglet in perhaps the best mood we've seen him in in a few weeks.]

MS: Thanks, guys, and... Mr. Castillo, how can you stand here with a smile like that after what we just saw?!

[Castillo snorts with laughter.]

JC: For months, Mark Stegglet. For months, Chris Blue has told me that this is war. That the fight was coming. He's taunted me. He's goaded me. He's tried to outmaneuver me.

And tonight? I fought back.

You think Fawcett acted alone? He did not. He was given a clear mission here tonight - ruin this night for Chris Blue.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: And he accomplished exactly that. Bravo, Dr. Fawcett, on a job well done. Chris Blue is down. Chris Blue is out. He's going to be wheeled out of this shithole and put in a meat wagon.

He'll be in a hospital while I lead my men to the ring for the final battle of his beloved E. One last night. One final story. One last page in the history books.

But Blue... you will not be writing that page. Not even Bobby Taylor... the so-called Outlaw... will be writing that page.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: This is MY page to write. They say history is written by the winners... by the conquerors... and as you've just seen, Stegglet... I came to South Philly... and I conquered.

So, the history will say that when the superstars and legends of the once-glorious EMWC gathered together for one final night...

I conquered. Javier Castillo and Korugun conquered. And we left the glorious E...

[He produces a crystal lighter with a skull etched on the side of it.]

JC: ...in flames.

[He flicks the lighter, bringing up a large flame dancing in front of his giddy eyes as we fade to another part of the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing.]

SLB: It's been an exciting night of action here in South Philly... a wild night to be sure... but it's not over yet. Ladies and gentlemen... the other half of tonight's Main Event ten man tag... Team... Outlaw?

[The camera pulls back to reveal Kevin Slater rolling his eyes as Robert Donovan smirks and Bobby Taylor chuckles.]

BT: Team Outlaw, huh? I like the sound of that.

KS: You would.

[Taylor laughs again, slapping a grinning Slater on the shoulder.]

SLB: Gentlemen, of course, there's a lot of bad blood going into this one but... in a way, this must feel a little like a high school reunion to the three of you.

[Taylor looks at his assembled friends and nods.]

BT: I guess so, Lou. Only Big Rob here never got voted Most Likely To Put Someone Through A Table.

RD: Should've.

KS: I guess your classmates just didn't know you like we do.

BT: But Lou, in a way, you're right... look, not a single one of us has forgotten why we're here tonight... but when you stop and take a look around, it's hard not to get wrapped up in the nostalgia of it all. It's special... this whole night is... but for the three of us climbing in that ring together...

We're not looking at the world through rose-colored glasses, Mark. And none of us are Mick Jagger... time definitely isn't on our side.

[Taylor shrugs.]

BT: I've said it before and meant it but... this could be the last night in there for the three of us... and especially for the three of us together. So... yeah, it feels good...

[Taylor's mood darkens.]

BT: But like I said, none of us have forgotten why we're climbing in there tonight.

[Blackwell interjects.]

SLB: And climbing in there against an unknown opponent. Even now, moments before bell time, Javier Castillo is holding his cards close to the vest. You have no idea what's coming for you.

[Taylor smirks.]

BT: When Casey James decided to light my head on fire, I had no idea what was coming.

When John Hardin decided to recruit a walking Hall of Fame to beat my ass and put me in my place in Toronto, I had no idea what was coming for me then either, Lou.

I'm not afraid of the unknown.

[A shrug.]

BT: In fact, you could say walking into the unknown is what I do best.

[Blackwell turns his mic towards Kevin Slater.]

SLB: Kevin Slater, it's been quite some time since we've seen you in a wrestling ring ready to compete. The butterflies have gotta be in your stomach tonight going into this one which truly could be your final match

KS: Could be, but then again, you never say never in this business.

I mean, it was just seven years ago, that Bobby and I had our "final match". It was bad, it was brutal, it was our retirements, but it's not exactly like we've been sitting around doing nothing but golfing over the last seven years, has it?

[Slater chuckles.]

KS: Yeah, all three of us here are closer to 50 than we'd like to be, and we've got more miles on us than most, but we're not restarting careers here. We're not looking to make comebacks. This is a one and done.

We've got business tonight. Business with Castillo's group. They hurt Tony, they hurt Wes. Kids I literally watched grow up hanging around backstage. Seeing them tossed aside, as a message? Ain't right. But that seems to be the name of the game under Castillo.

[Slater shrugs.]

KS: So, we need a pound of flesh. We need to give back a little of what they've taken. It's been too long since someone put down one of theirs. Tonight, we do just that.

[Slater nods as Blackwell pivots.]

SLB: Big Rob Donovan, while Kevin Slater is here out of loyalty to one of his best friends for the past 20 years, I'd wager your appearance here tonight has less to do with your friendship with Bobby Taylor and more to do with what happened to your son at the hands of Korugun a few months back.

[There's a long pause and a real unfriendly look on the big man's face at those words.]

RD: Yeah, Lou, considerin' the fact that Bobby and I's friendship has involved us tryin' to beat the life out of each other more than once, you can bet that friendship ain't the ONLY reason I'm here tonight.

[Another pause.]

RD: It's one reason, but it ain't the biggest. Friends are important, especially in this business, but family? That's somethin' else entirely. When his kid --

[Rob points at Taylor.]

RD: ...decided to team up with mine, the first damn thing they did? Send me packin'.

[Donovan smirks.]

RD: Yeah, it pissed me off, and Bobby found out just how pissed I was while I walked out the door, but a little while later, I remember feelin' so damn proud of my son -- an' yours, Bobby -- that my heart almost couldn't take it. They took that ball and they ran with it hard as they could...

[The big man trails off.]

RD: ...well, we all know what happened after all that. One of the best damn tag teams in the business, two of the brightest rising stars the sport's ever seen, snuffed out as easy as you'd blow out a goddamn candle. Maybe forever.

[Donovan's scowl is back and deeper than ever.]

RD: It ain't goddamn right. Everybody in here's been around wrestlin' long enough to know that while we've got a lot of actual written rules, the unwritten rules of our sport are a way thicker volume. There are things you don't say, things you don't do, lines you just don't cross without...

[Rob pauses, looking for the right word.]

RD: ...consequences. Well, Castillo, whoever you bring out tonight, I hope it ain't anybody you care about, because FUCK the lines. I'm gonna bring your god damn SCALP home to my boy.

[Blackwell turns back to Taylor.]

SLB: Outlaw, it seems like your team is ready but-

[Taylor grins.]

BT: But where are our partners? Look, if Castillo wants to play games like these, we can do that too. Our partners are here in the building and they're ready for a fight... they always have been. Castillo may think he's holding the ace in the hole tonight but I've got a couple of jokers to toss on the table to give him a whole lot of headaches out there in that ring.

Castillo has gone to great lengths to find out who we've got as our partners but even if he knew, it wouldn't matter because there's no way to prepare for these guys.

[Blackwell responds.]

SLB: Sounds mysterious.

BT: That's why they call 'em mystery partners, Lou. But the one thing that there's no mystery about... not one fucking bit... is why I'M here tonight. This shit is personal between Castillo and I. I'm not looking to save the AWA from Korugun. I'll leave that to the White Knight, Hannibal Fookin' Carver, and all the rest.

I'm here tonight for blood.

[Taylor nods.]

BT: The blood that runs through these veins...

[He lifts his arm, clasping his wrist.]

BT: ...is the same blood that runs through my son, Wes. The same blood that you spilled all over the Tower of Doom, Castillo... not you personally, of course, because you're too much of a spineless fuck to get your hands dirty like that... but you called the shot... you ordered the hit.

You took out my son to send a message to me...

Well, message received, motherfucker...

...and I'm about to send out the nastiest "Reply All" ever.

[Taylor nods.]

BT: Castillo, you crossed a line you can't step back over. And I get it. You're not like the people in this building... you don't know your history. You know Bobby Taylor the suit... the guy who books the buildings and makes big plans with the others in the office... the guy who hangs out backstage with a sad little smile remembering the good ol' days in places like this...

But tonight, the good ol' days are back for one more night. And that means you don't get Bobby Taylor the suit.

You get the motherfucking Outlaw.

[His eyes go cold, staring into the camera.]

BT: You get the chair-swingin', table-breakin', light tube-smashin', barbed wire mandible claw-usin', thumbtack droppin', Outlaw's Curse throwin', Cattlebusting all over the fucking town Outlaw.

I'm coming for you, Castillo. Yeah, your boys may get in my way but sooner or later, Team Outlaw...

[He smirks.]

BT: I really do like the sound of that.

Sooner or later, Team Outlaw is gonna put those pieces of shit down and when we do, it's gonna be you and me, Castillo. You and me.

And I don't give a damn who has your back then because it won't matter.

I will make you bleed. That's a god damn promise.

[Taylor nods.]

BT: For me...

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

BT: For us...

[He points to his partners.]

BT: For Tony...

[Donovan grumbles, glaring into the camera as well.]

BT: ...and for Wes.

[Taylor taps a taped fist on his heart.]

BT: Blood for blood, Castillo. The way it should be.

[And with that, we fade from backstage out to the ring where Ken Graham is standing.]

KG: The following ten man tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with NO TIME LIMIT and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big pop!]

KG: And now... here to introduce Team Korugun... he is the AWA President...

JAVIER CASSSSSTILLLLLLOOOOOOOO!

[We hear the snarl of a jungle cat and with the sound of "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez creeping across the PA system, Javier Castillo makes his presence known to a shower of overwhelming boos from the very partisan crowd.]

JS: Here he comes, Todd.

TM: There's just something inherently wrong with this guy being a part of the final match on this show... and quite likely the final match in EMWC history.

JS: No doubt about that. Javier Castillo, the AWA President, and the leader of the Korugun Corporation's battle against some of the top stars of the AWA has been at the forefront of AWA television for several months now, fans... and tonight, we see the blowback of Castillo ordering his men... his soldiers... his thugs... to assault Bobby Taylor's only son, Wes, leaving him in a hospital with his career in jeopardy. The Outlaw, as you can imagine, would not stand for that and with this event on the calendar, he's put together a team of old friends to go into battle with him against an unknown team of Korugun hired guns.

[Castillo slips through the ropes from the apron, striding to center ring and snatching the mic from Ken Graham, jeers pouring down onto him.]

JC: MY PEOPLE!

[The boos get louder as the music cuts out.]

JC: What a night we have seen and there's really only one thing I can say about it all...

[He pauses.]

JC: ...YOU'RE WELCOME!

[Another big grin as the fans boos wildly.]

JC: You see, everything you see here tonight... you can thank Chris Blue if you'd like...

...although I'm not sure if he can hear you with his ears ringing from the concussion my man Morgan Dane gave him earlier...

[He sneers as another burst of boos arrives.]



JC: You can thank the AWA if you'd like as well... but when it comes down to the matter at hand, you should thank FOX for bankrolling this nostalgic monstrosity... and you should thank Korugun for allowing it to happen on OUR watch.

[He grins as the fans react as expected.]

JC: Now... the Main Event is at hand... and your so-called heroes are about to go to war with a squad that I personally hand-selected for this battle. There has been much speculation over this group. Much handwringing on the Internet about which "Extreme" legends I would pick.

[He scoffs.]

JC: Why? Why would I sully Korugun with these so-called legends of the past? Why would I lower myself to employing the likes of a... a... Serge Annis?! A Chris Courtade?!

And what the fuck is a Gremlin?!

[The crowd cheers the list of former E World Champions.]

JC: No, no... when I was assembling this team, I did not look to the past. I looked to the present... I looked to the future... I wanted a team that could represent Korugun with pride... with honor... with excellence...

...and I found them.

Oh, how I found them...

[Castillo lowers the mic, smirking as Anthrax' "I Am The Law" rips across the PA system and the accompanying jeers kick in.]

JC: First, the only TRUE hand of justice... my personal protection... JOHN LAaaaaaw!

[Law walks through the curtain just as we saw him earlier in the night, walking with purpose down the aisle towards the ring where a grinning Castillo awaits him.]

JS: Six foot eight, 300 pounds... John Law is fairly new to the AWA but he's had a strong impact as the official bodyguard for Javier Castillo ever since MAWAGA went down due to injury...

TM: And by injury, you mean Bobby Taylor threw a fireball in his face.

JS: Yes. That.

LD: That may be the least of what we see in this one, Steggs.

JS: That's also a possibility, Lori. Looking at the lineup of Team Outlaw, you know they're going to be ready for one hell of a fight.

[Law joins his employer in the ring, tugging a black leather glove into place as he stands behind Castillo who nods his head approvingly. The music fades as Castillo raises the mic again...]

JC: Next...

[He pauses, a big grin on his face...]

JC: The newest addition to the Korugun Army! A former World Champion! A Hall of Famer!

He is the Madfox...

He is the CAREER KILLER...

HE IS JEFF MATTHEWS!

[The boos ERUPT over the PA system at the sound of "One" by Metallica. We're already into the main part of the song as a smirking Matthews emerges on the entrance stage, holding up his hand to reveal the "5" still written on it. Matthews walks down the aisle with Castillo being the only one clapping in the 2300 Arena.]

JS: Well, I guess that answers why he betrayed Supreme Wright earlier tonight, doesn't it?

TM: Matthews is Korugun? Gross.

JS: Whether it was for the money... the power... or if Castillo offered him something else, Jeff Matthews turned his back on Supreme Wright... and the entire AWA in the process. These Philly fans are letting him have it as expected but he doesn't seem to care one bit, guys.

[Matthews reaches the ring, climbing up on the apron, and ducking through the ropes. To even louder jeers, Matthews walks to mid-ring, shaking the hand of Castillo...

...and then leans into an embrace with El Presidente.]

TM: Oh, I'm gonna be sick.

[Matthews breaks the embrace, shaking John Law's hand and standing beside him as the music fades.]

JC: And their partners...

[Castillo's grin gets even larger in a moment of pause...]

JS: Who is it?

[...and as the sound of barking and snapping dogs break out over the PA system. Swirling blue lights illuminate the 2300 Arena crowd as "War Machine" by KISS kicks in.]

TM: Oh holy hell.

[Castillo raises the mic again.]

JC: THE BRAND NEW SOUTHWEST LUCHA LIBRE WORLD TRIOS CHAMPIONS...  
FRESH OUT OF MEXICO CITY THIS WEEKEND...

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL... THE MOST DOMINANT TRIO IN AWA HISTORY...

PEDRO PEREZ... ISAIAH CARPENTER... WADE WALKER!

THE DOGS OF WARRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as the midnight blue-wearing trio walks into view, each with one of the SWLL World Trios titles draped over their shoulders as they head down the aisle.]

JS: There has been a lot of speculation about who Javier Castillo would put together on this squad here tonight, fans... but now that we see it, I wonder how we could have ever expected any other combination. First, you have Castillo's personal protector, John Law... the man he perhaps trusts more than anyone else

TM: Jeff Matthews, the Benedict Arnold, who stuck the dagger hilt deep in the back of the AWA earlier tonight... a psychological attack on everyone involved with the AWA especially those of us like Taylor, Slater, and Donovan who've known the Madfox for so long.

LD: And then the Dogs of War who - as Castillo said - became the SWLL World Trios Champions earlier this weekend... last night, in fact... and must've been rushed to the building here tonight so they could compete. The most successful trio in AWA history... and more importantly to Castillo, part of the group directly responsible for the injuries suffered by Wes Taylor. You talk about trying to get into someone's head... well, this is Castillo looking to move in permanently.

[As the Dogs of War hit the ring, forming up behind Castillo with Law and Matthews, the fans let the assembled Team Korugun have it.]

JS: Well, there you have it, fans. The antagonists in what is likely the final match in EMWC history...

[And just like that, out go the lights.]

JS: ...and it looks like we're about to get the protagonists.

[A few moments pass before the easily identifiable opening notes to AC/DC's "Back In Black" plays over the PA system to a BIG POP!]

JS: And here they come!

[The voice of Ken Graham breaks through.]

KG: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The spotlights hit the entrance as the trio of Robert Donovan, Kevin Slater, and Bobby Taylor walk into view.]

KG: The team of ROBERT DONOVAN... "WILD THING" KEVIN SLATER... and "THE OUTLAW" BOBBY TAYLOR!

[The three EMWC veterans stand at the top of the aisle, soaking up the roar of the crowd as they appear in the same gear we saw them in moments ago. At an unspoken signal, Taylor leads the way as Slater and Donovan follow from behind, keeping their eyes on the ring where Team Korugun awaits them, Javier Castillo still standing with his squad.]

JS: Three of the toughest men you'll ever lay eyes on coming out here together. Kevin Slater, of course, is a former EMWC World Champion. Taylor and Donovan have held tag team titles... Donovan's held several regional titles as well.

TM: Matthews is a former World Champion himself, Steggs. I don't know who these mystery partners are going to be but I know this ain't gonna be a walk on the beach no matter how determined Taylor and Donovan are.

JS: And considering what has happened to their children at the hands of Korugun, they are QUITE determined.

[Castillo extends his arms, backing his team up as the trio climbs into the ring, the crowd roaring their support.]

JS: And now, I think it's just about time to find out who they've turned up as partners for this one.

TM: It's been a big secret... it seems like only a few people know.

JS: In just a few moments, we're all going to know.

[Taylor extends his arm towards Castillo, gesturing for the mic. El Presidente sneers, slipping forward warily to hand it over. Taylor taps it a couple of times before speaking.]

BT: Impressive, Castillo.

[Taylor eyes the five men standing behind the AWA President.]

BT: Most impressive.

[Taylor throws a look back at Slater who nods and at Donovan who shrugs.]

BT: But I think we can top it.

[Taylor smirks back at Castillo as he lowers the mic...

...and one of the most instantly recognizable guitar riffs in wrestling history RIPS across the PA system, sending the crowd into a DEAFENING ROAR before two words are uttered that let those who might not quite know what's about to happen in on the big secret.]

"Whooooooooo, alright!"

JS: Oh. My. God.

[There are literally fans leaping up and down as Javier Castillo's jaw drops and Bobby Taylor nods his head.

We cut to the top of the aisle where the decibel level breaks the meters as two men stride into view.]

JS: THE SYNDICATE IS IN SOUTH PHILLY!

[Indeed they are. Casey "Blackheart" James and Tiger Claw have arrived at Eternally Extreme 2 looking ready for a fight.

Two former World Champions.

Two Hall of Famers.

Two of the best of all time.

The King of the Death Match and at one time, the most dangerous man in all of wrestling...

...and they're coming for Korugun.]

TM: Oh hell yeah. We had our share of trouble with these two last year, Steggs, but if they've come to kick Korugun ass, I've got NO problem with that!

JS: Banned for life from the AWA for their actions in 2016, once again we see that Javier Castillo has NO power here in South Philly tonight!

[A frantic Castillo turns to his men, pointing down the aisle. There's a look of concern all around.]

JS: And as hard as Castillo tried to find out who were the mystery partners, it takes one look at his face to know he NEVER got that answer! Casey James and Tiger Claw are in South Philly and they're coming for his army!

[Taylor, Slater, and Donovan turn to greet their allies as James and Claw reach ringside...

...which is when Casey James slides under the bottom rope, gets to his feet, lowers his shoulder, and making a blind charge towards John Law, taking Castillo's personal protector right off his feet to a HUGE POP as the bell sounds!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

JS: AND HERE WE GO! JAMES GOING RIGHT AFTER JOHN LAW!

LD: He's never been a big fan of any kind of law, Steggs.

JS: There's a pair of sheriffs in South Laredo that can testify to that - and you just gotta wonder how they ever got the smell of slaughtered swine out of their office!

[James is pounding away on Law as a ten man brawl breaks out in the ring...

...well... almost.]

JS: Taylor's outside! Taylor's going after Castillo!

TM: He said he was going to! The Outlaw swore to make Javier Castillo bleed tonight and El Presidente is running for his damn life!

[Castillo is running for it, Taylor in hot pursuit as the crowd roars for the wild scene in and out of the ring...]

JS: Castillo rolls in- watch out!

[Castillo dives to the side, nearly getting clocked by Kevin Slater as Slater trades blows with Pedro Perez...

...and just BARELY avoids getting grabbed by Bobby Taylor!]

JS: OH! Taylor chased him back in but Jeff Matthews catches Taylor coming in with a big right hand, sending Taylor back to the ropes as Castillo manages to get the hell out of there.

TM: For now, Steggs. For now.

JS: I hope you're right about that because I'd love nothing more on the final night of the E than to see Team Outlaw come out on top and to see Javier Castillo bleed buckets for it!

LD: Seems only fitting, doesn't it?

[The 2300 Arena is rocking as the ten men in this match go to war in the middle. You can see fans screaming, shouting, standing on their chairs as they shout for more violence.]

JS: You talk about a South Philly Street Fight - this is it! Taylor fighting with Matthews... Slater and Perez... Claw and Carpenter... James and Law... Donovan and the big man from the Dogs of War, Wade Walker!

[A well-placed right hand from Kevin Slater sends Pedro Perez spilling out to the floor, the Wild Thing pursuing him out there.]

JS: We've got Slater and Perez right out here by us - look out now!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Slater lowers his shoulder, driving Perez back into the barricade to the thrill of the fans!]

JS: It's quickly breaking down out here!

TM: So much for a tag match, huh? Davis Warren should just get the hell out of the way and let 'em fight.

JS: That seems a wise strategy for our referee who is just dodging bodies right now and... ohh! Flying kneestrike stuns Tiger Claw!

[Grabbing Claw by the back of the shorts, Carpenter chucks him through the ropes to the outside. He grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the ropes onto him with a crossbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: BIG DIVE OVER THE TOP BY ISAIAH CARPENTER!

[Across the ring, Walker and Donovan are engaged in an attempt to goozle one another into submission when they both go toppling through the ropes!]

JS: All three Dogs of War outside the ring now - and we're down to Taylor, Matthews, James, and John Law remaining in the ring!

[With Casey James slightly dazed against the ropes, John Law gets a running start, looking for a big clothesline...]

...but the Blackheart lowers his shoulder, flipping Law up, over, and down to the floor with a backdrop that sends the six foot eight, 300 pound Law down on top of Kevin Slater!]

JS: OHHH! LAW GETS SENT TO THE FLOOR!

[Shaking the cobwebs, James stomps across the ring, snatching Jeff Matthews with two hands full of hair, pulling him off Taylor against the ropes...]

JS: And look at this! Casey James coming to the save of Bobby Taylor..

TM: A lot of history there.

LD: You could say that. Taylor once dropped a damn lighting rig on him!

TM: Well, in fairness, that was after James lit his head on fire.

JS: Boy, the way Glenn Miller played...

[James throws Matthews back into the corner... then clears out as Taylor comes barnstorming across the ring, smashing into the traitorous Madfox with a running clothesline...]

JS: CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[Pumping his right arm a few times... and then his left for some reason...]

TM: Is he raising the roof?

LD: It sure looks like it.

[...and then he barrels across the ring after Taylor, landing a big clothesline of his own!]

JS: Make it a pair on the Madfox who just got crushed under James' near... or maybe over depending on your estimation of his current physical condition... three hundred pounds!

[James backs off as Matthews stumbles down the ropes, hanging onto them as Taylor grabs James by the wrist...]

...and they charge Matthews together, using a double clothesline to flip the Hall of Famer over the ropes, dumping him out on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: AND DOWN TO THE FLOOR GOES MATTHEWS AS WELL!

[James yanks his arm away from Taylor, grimacing at his former enemy... and ally for a brief period...]

JS: What's this all about now?

TM: Like we said, these two have a long history... and despite the years, you never know when it might flare up again.

[Taylor looks questioningly at James who glares at him for several uncomfortable seconds...]

...and then breaks into a huge grin, extending his hand to Taylor to a HUGE POP!]

JS: Whew. Close one.

[Taylor smiles, accepting the handshake...]

...and then covers up as James draws back his fist!]

JS: BLACKHEART-

[But James drops his fist, laughing loudly, clutching his stomach.]

JS: Oh, he's a real riot.

TM: Casey James having a little fun here tonight in-

[James SHOVES Taylor to the side as Isaiah Carpenter comes soaring through the air, having snapped off a springboard from the top, aimed at Taylor's back...

...but ends up crashing down into James, knocking the former World Champion down to the canvas where the Blackheart promptly rolls out to the floor!]

JS: James rolls out... and that leaves Taylor in there with Isaiah Carpenter!

[Taylor swings Carpenter around, lighting him up with big right hands that batter the Dog of War across the ring to the corner, the crowd roaring for every blow thrown...]

JS: Taylor backs him down, grabs the arm...

[A whip by the Outlaw shoots Carpenter across the ring where Carpenter deftly runs up the turnbuckles...

...and HURLS himself off the top rope, diving with a somersault onto Donovan and Wade Walker still brawling on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: BIG DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY CARPENTER AGAIN!

TM: Of all the men in this match, Steggs, Isaiah Carpenter is definitely the high flyer!

JS: The risk taker to be sure as he lays out two heavyweights on the floor!

[Bobby Taylor, all alone in the ring, looks around the ringside area, trying to decide where his fists would be most welcome...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK BY PEDRO PEREZ!

[Taylor sinks to his knees as Perez winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: A SECOND TIME! DOWN GOES THE OUTLAW!

[Perez stands over him, chair in hand, laying a trash talking storm down on Taylor as the Philly fans jeer loudly...]

JS: Pedro Perez, that fierce brawler with a long history of some nasty wars fought back home in Puerto Rico, just laid out the Outlaw of Professional Wrestling with a pair of chairshots and now he's letting him hear all about it.

[With Taylor down on the mat, Perez slides the chair under his head...

...and then turns to point to the corner!]

JS: We've seen this before, fans! Pedro Perez heading to the corner, climbing up on the middle rope and taking aim at the Outlaw...

TM: He's looking for that double stomp off the second rope!



[Perez stands on the middle rope, arms raised high overhead. He curls his fingers into "pistols," turning them towards the downed Taylor as the crowd buzzes with concern for the Outlaw...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The seven foot Robert Donovan SMASHES a Singapore cane across the back of Perez, freezing him in his tracks!]

JS: WHAT A SHOT BY DONOVAN!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: ANOTHER SHOT WITH THAT KENDO STICK!

[Perez pitches off the middle rope from the second blow, flopping down onto his chest and just missing the still downed Taylor on the canvas. Javier Castillo grimaces as he shouts into the ring, pounding his fist into the ring apron a few times.]

JS: Javier Castillo came to Philly looking to spoil this night... and he's made every effort to do exactly that with the horrific attack on Chris Blue by Morgan Dane and the shocking betrayal by Jeff Matthews. This is the Main Event... this is his last chance to put a real stinker of a bow on this show. And he's hoping John Law, Jeff Matthews, and the Dogs of War can get that done here tonight.

[Donovan steps over the ropes, cane still in hand as Taylor rolls under the ropes to the floor, leaving his seven foot ally all alone in the ring with Pedro Perez...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: A THIRD SHOT WITH THAT SINGAPORE CANE!

[Perez arches up off the canvas, crying out in pain as Donovan stands over him, looking down on him.]

JS: Robert Donovan looking to exact some payback for what Castillo and Korugun did to his son, Tony, earlier this year. We haven't seen Tony Donovan since the injuries he suffered in that attack... but his legendary father has come to South Philly looking for blood.

[Setting the cane down on the canvas, Donovan reaches down, wrapping his massive arms around the torso of Perez who is up on all fours...]

JS: Look out here! Big Rob may not have time on his side but the power and strength is still there!

[Donovan deadlifts Perez straight up off the mat into the air, flipping him over...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: GUT! WRENCH! POWERBOMMMMMMB!

[Donovan releases it from a standing position, DRIVING Perez down into the canvas to a HUGE POP from the Philly fandom.]

JS: Donovan PLANTS him!

TM: This one might be over already!

[But instead of going for a cover, Donovan snatches Perez by the hair, hauling him to his feet and shoving him facefirst into the corner...]

JS: No cover by Big Rob Donovan. He's not done yet.

[...and then retrieves his fallen Singapore cane.]

JS: Uh oh.

TM: He's about to take Perez out back and pick a switch off the tree!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: SINGAPORE CANE ACROSS THE BACK!

[Perez clings to the top rope, desperately trying to stay on his feet as Donovan winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: And just as there was no love lost between Pedro Perez and Tony Donovan, the same now can be said about Perez and ROB Donovan!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The three brutal shots across the back leaves Perez reeling in the corner, hanging from the top rope as he tries to stay standing. Donovan throws the cane down in the corner, turning with a grin towards Bobby Taylor who has re-entered the ring...]

JS: Taylor's back in - Rob Donovan's former tag team partner!

[Donovan leans down, grabbing Perez by the legs, lifting him off the mat... and then pulling him in wheelbarrow position out of the corner, walking towards a waiting Taylor who beckons him forward...]

JS: Wait a second!

TM: This looks familiar!

JS: Donovan's got the legs, wheelbarrows him out... front facelock by the Outlaw!

[The crowd ROARS for the sight of Donovan The Elder and Taylor The Outlaw setting up Pedro Perez in a position quite familiar to AWA fans who've seen their sons in tag team action together...]

JS: We've seen Wes and Tony use this very move countless times and-

[But the veterans wait a little too long to complete the doubleteam, giving Isaiah Carpenter time to come springing off the top rope again, SMASHING a flying knee into the head of Robert Donovan, causing the seven footer to drop Perez' legs.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Carpenter hits the ground and keeps on going, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back towards Taylor who drops Perez to the mat, throwing a left-armed clothesline at Carpenter who ducks...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DIVES through the ropes with a tope onto Casey James, driving the Blackheart back into the ringside barricade!]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: INTO THE STEEL GOES THE BLACKHEART! ANOTHER BIG DIVE BY CARPENTER!

[Taylor, his back now turned to the ring looking out at Carpenter, quickly finds himself flying through the ropes to the floor thanks to a full-body flung shove to the back!]

JS: Ohh! Perez shoves out Taylor!

TM: You gotta be impressed Perez is even standing after all those Singapore cane shots to the back, Steggs.

JS: Absolutely.

[Cut to a shot of an anxious-looking Javier Castillo watching as Pedro Perez dashes to the ropes, building up speed as he darts back across...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: AND PEREZ WITH A DIVE TO RIVAL CARPENTER’S, PUTTING THE OUTLAW INTO THE STEEL!

[Landing on his feet, Perez slams his hands down on the railing aggressively, shouting into the Philly faithful who immediately erupts in an explosion of expletives, comparisons of Perez to a cat (not Molly Bell), and pointed accusations about Perez’ mother.]

JS: Look at this now... Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter working in tandem, pulling up the apron...

TM: And from what we’ve seen in the past, we know that if you allow the Dogs of War the opportunity to get a numbers advantage on you, it seldom goes well after that.

LD: Ask Wes Taylor.

JS: Yes, it was back at Memorial Day Mayhem when Wade Walker and the rest of the Dogs of War put a serious beating on the neck of Wes Taylor with the aid of James Lynch... a beating that sidelined Wes Taylor right after that match.

LD: We still haven’t seen Wes Taylor back on TV since then, Steggs.

JS: We certainly haven’t... and those actions by the Dogs of War, James Lynch, and the rest of Korugun is why we’re here tonight for this ten man battle. I think there’s no point in calling it a ten man tag anymore, guys, because we haven’t seen a single tag yet and it looks like the official has given up the ghost on that happening.

[And as the announcers discuss that situation, two of the three Dogs of War yank a table into view to a BIG POP from the Philly fans!]

JS: Well, they may not like the idea of the Dogs of War putting one of their favorites through that table but the fans here in Philadelphia love their violence, don't they?

LD: And we wouldn't want them any other way.

[Carpenter walks over towards the ringside barricade, giving it a couple of hard yanks to pull it away from the front row of fans and towards the ring.]

JS: Carpenter pulling that railing into position... look at this now...

[Perez and Carpenter lift up the table, setting it down so that it bridges the gap between the barricade and the ring apron...]

JS: Uh oh.

[Perez scrambles up on the apron as Carpenter pulls Bobby Taylor over to the table, shoving him up on top of it...]

JS: Carpenter's got Taylor up on the apron, clubbing him across the chest to keep him there as Perez climbs up on the middle rope! Looking down on the Outlaw!

[Perez again "fires" those finger pistols in the Outlaw's direction before leaping high into the air...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: THROUGH THE TABLE GOES THE OUTLAAAAAAW!

[Perez and Taylor lay in the wreckage of the table as Isaiah Carpenter gives a fist pump before rolling back inside the ring, looking around for his next target...]

JS: The Outlaw is down and maybe out! Carpenter's back in the ring all alone and...

TM: Not for long.

[...and locking eyes with Tiger Claw who steps through the ropes into the ring, the crowd noise going even louder!]

JS: Now THIS... could get interesting!

[Tiger Claw cracks his knuckles, rolls his neck, and steps to the center of the ring, a slight smirk on his face as the crowd starts a little sing-along.]

"CLAAAAAAW'S GONNA KILL YOU!"

"CLAAAAAAW'S GONNA KILL YOU!"

"CLAAAAAAW'S GONNA KILL YOU!"

[Carpenter looks around in annoyance at the crowd before defiantly stepping up into the face of the former World Champion...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[But there is no resulting "OHHHHH!"... just silence.]

TM: Why in the world would you...?

[Claw's head is tilted from the side from the slap, a look of almost disbelief on his face at the actions of the young upstart.]

JS: Tiger Claw just got slapped across the face and...

LD: Hey guys... remember that movie Gladiator?

JS: Sure.

LD: On my mark... unleash hell.

[And Claw snaps around, throwing a right cross that Carpenter leans back to avoid...

A left jab that Carpenter ducks down to dodge.

A spinning back elbow that Carpenter backflips to miss.

A front kick that Carpenter slaps aside.

A thrust kick that Carpenter front rolls underneath.

A spinning roundhouse that Carpenter bridges back under...

...and then pops up to a standing position, swinging a right hand that Claw ducks under...

...and now the crowd's getting louder.

A knife edge chop that Claw sidesteps.

A rolling sole butt that Claw spins away from him.

A pair of quick short leg kicks that Claw checks with ease, shoving Carpenter backwards.

Carpenter charges back in, leaping up for a flying kneestrike that Claw avoids.

A hop to the second rope, springing off, twisting around...

...and a Tiger Claw straight right hand that knocks him out of the sky!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Holy...

[With Carpenter down, Casey James slides back inside the ring alongside his friend and ally. James throws his arms about in a sloppy kata, playfully mocking Claw...

...and then HEADBUTTS Carpenter as he gets to his feet!]

JS: Not sure what martial art that was.

TM: Tequila Con Karate.

[James and Claw pull Carpenter up, standing him up between them as each grabs him under the arm...]

JS: What in the...?

[...and with a running start, they HURL Carpenter over the top rope in a double hiptoss...

...and with the barricade pulled in, he gets LAUNCHED over it as well, flipping through the air...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: INTO THE THIRD DAMNED ROOOOOOW!

[The crowd goes nuts, spilling into the aisle for Carpenter getting hurled through the air into the assembled hardcore masses!]

JS: THE SYNDICATE HAS CLEARED THE RING AND-

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”  
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: SINGAPORE CANE ACROSS CLAW’S BACK BY MATTHEWS!

[James takes two steps towards him when...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”  
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: AND WADE WALKER CLUBS JAMES WITH ONE AS WELL!

[The two blows leave James and Claw down on the mat, the crowd jeering as Matthews and Walker start putting the boots to them, Javier Castillo looking on gleefully at ringside.]

JS: The Syndicate is getting taken down by Team Korugun and El Presidente is loving it!

[With the beatdown ensuing in the ring, a quick camera cut to the floor shows Kevin Slater and Bobby Taylor retrieving steel chairs, clanking them together in a “high five,” and sliding into the ring...]

JS: And here comes the Wild Thing and the Outlaw!

[The two fan favorites slide into the ring, smiling at one another as they stand behind an unaware Walker and Matthews...]

TM: Just like old times.

[...and wind up in tandem...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”  
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”  
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRIVE those steel chairs into the backs of Walker and Matthews, taking them off their feet!]

JS: DOUBLE CHAIRSHOT BY SLATER AND TAYLOR TAKES DOWN WALKER AND MATTHEWS!

[A shout of "NO! NO! NO!" from Javier Castillo brings a grin to the face of the Outlaw who points out at him...]

"Don't go anywhere... you're next!"

[Castillo defiantly shakes his head but takes a few steps back from the ring apron.]

JS: Taylor with a warning towards Castillo and it looks like this little mini-Cult of Personality reunion isn't done quite yet. Taylor pulls Matthews off the mat... that traitorous son of a...

[A whip sends Matthews into the ropes as Slater runs to the opposite side. Taylor boots Matthews in the gut, doubling him up for a moment but the Madfox straightens up just in time for Slater to jump up, swing around him, and DRIVE him headfirst into the canvas with a Floating DDT!]

JS: OHH! SLATER WITH THE FLOATING DDT!

[A grinning Taylor looks out on the crowd who knows exactly what they're seeing.]

JS: And as Taylor lifts up Myers, holding him across his chest...

[A brief "DIA-MOND-BACK!" chant kicks in before Taylor nods and DUMPS Wade Walker on his head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: RATTLER! RATTLER BY TAYLOR! It IS a Cult of Personality reunion here in South Philly!

LD: Huh. I never knew that was the Rattler. That's a sideways DDT?

[Taylor pops up, pumping a fist and trading a high five with Kevin Slater...

...and then both Slater and Taylor turn to look at the now-standing Casey James and Tiger Claw who look... annoyed?]

JS: What's this about?

TM: I mean... if it's a Cult of Personality reunion, you can understand why the Syndicate might be pissed about that, Steggs. Those two groups didn't exactly see eye to eye.

JS: But that was... what? Twenty years ago! Taylor's been in the Syndicate since then! Myers was in the Syndicate after that too!

TM: As we've seen tonight, pro wrestlers have long memories and aren't the best at letting go of grudges.

[Taylor and Slater stare across the ring at their own partners in this match... taking a few steps towards one another as the crowd buzzes at the idea of this showdown... one... more... time!]

JS: I can't believe this is happening! You guys are in a match... ON THE SAME SIDE!

TM: I don't know if they...

[Suddenly, Robert Donovan gets up on the apron, climbing over the ropes and stomping in between them...]

“KNOCK IT OFF!”

[He points to the downed Matthews and Walker.]

“FIGHT THEM!”

[James looks almost disappointed before giving up a shrug and snatching Matthews off the canvas, pulling him up into an Irish whip to the buckles...

...and lifts him up in an electric chair on the stagger-back!]

JS: JAMES HAS GOT HIM UP!

[Claw quickly scales the turnbuckles, the crowd getting louder and louder as he does...]

JS: CLAW’S UP TOP! THIS IS GONNA BE...

TM: Awesome.

[Claw LEAPS from his perch, snatching a three-quarter nelson as he sails through the air...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: SYNDICUTTER! SYNDICUTTER! SYNDICUTTER!

[Claw pops up off the mat, James striking a weird pose behind him as he does...

...and Claw turns around, looking at James’ pose with a “what the fuck is that?” James shrugs... and then shoves Claw aside as Pedro Perez comes rushing towards him...]

JS: PEREZ FROM BEHIND MISSES AND-

[A clubbing double axehandle to the chest sends Perez staggering back towards Claw who...]

JS: KATA HA JIME! KATA HA JIME LOCKED IN!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Claw sinks in the judo choke submission, trying to send Perez into unconsciousness and secure the win for Team Outlaw. Javier Castillo is beside himself at the sight of this, scrambling up on the apron to shout at Davis Warren who leans in to check for a submission...]

JS: CASTILLO IS UP AND-

[Castillo goes flying backwards off the apron, just BARELY avoiding Bobby Taylor who lunges at him...]

TM: Missed him by THAT much!

[Castillo clutches at his chest nervously as Taylor shouts another threat at him...

...and Pedro Perez uses the momentary distraction to rush backwards, slamming Claw into the corner...]



"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which is when Isaiah Carpenter comes running down the apron, leaping up to snap a foot off the back of Claw's head, breaking the hold!]

JS: What a kick by Carpenter! Perez is loose and-

[Suddenly on his feet with the ring distracted by chaos, Wade Walker moves quickly, rushing across the ring, leaping into the air...]

JS: OHHH! SUPERMAN PUNCH ON ROBERT DONOVAN!

[The leaping punch knocks Donovan backwards, causing him to collapse in a heap near the ropes as Walker moves quickly, ducking a Kevin Slater punch to hit the ropes as Taylor pulls in to help his friend...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: DOUBLE SPEAR ON SLATER AND TAYLOR!!

[Walker spins around as Casey James charges him, arm outstretched...]

JS: Walker ducks the clothesline! James hits the buckles!

[Casey staggers backwards as Walker lifts James up onto his shoulders in an electric chair lift of his own...]

JS: And now it's Walker who has got Casey James up in the air! Wait a second!

[Carpenter slides out to mid-apron, wiggling his fingers with anticipation as Walker steps out to mid-ring, somehow keeping the 300 pounder aloft...]

JS: Carpenter on the apron... SPRINGBOARD!

[Carpenter springs off the top rope, flipping in a somersault, snatching James in a three-quarter nelson...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: SOMERSAULT SYNDICUTTER BY THE DOGS OF WARRRRRRRRRRRR!

[The crowd is ROARING for the crazy spot as there are now bodies laid out all over the ring...

...except for Wade Walker who is still standing tall!]

JS: Walker's still on his feet... and look at Castillo! Castillo ordering Wade Walker to finish Wes Taylor!

[Matthews staggers to his feet, gesturing to Walker as well...]

JS: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

TM: Did that son of a... did he just say to do to Bobby what they did to his kid?!

JS: He sure did! He definitely said that!

[Putting a steel chair in position, Matthews points to the ropes as Walker drags Bobby Taylor to his feet...]

JS: Irish whip...

[Walker ducks low, ready to lift Taylor into the air on the rebound...

...but as he does, Taylor snatches a front facelock, using his momentum to twist around...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

JS: TWISTING DDT! TORNADO DDT OUT OF...

[Matthews rushes forward, leaping into the air...]

JS: FOXDE- TAYLOR BLOCKS IT! TAYLOR’S GOT HIM UP AND-

[Backing into the ropes, Taylor DUMPS Matthews right over the top, down onto the barely-padded floor with a spine-shaking belly to back suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: OUTLAW’S CURSE! OUTLAW’S CURSE TO THE FLOOR!

[Taylor collapses against the ropes as the crowd ROARS for the dangerous move aimed at the traitorous Madfox!]

JS: DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN, WHAT A FALL TO THE FLOOR FOR MATTHEWS!

[A weary Taylor walks over to his old friend, yanking him up to his feet.]

JS: Taylor’s got Slater up, pointing to Walker... now out to Matthews... and I have no clue what these two are thinking about now!

[Slater gives a nod, dropping to the mat and rolling outside with his old friend.]

JS: The Wild Thing and the Outlaw, together again, are causing chaos here in the 2300... digging under the ring and...

TM: More tables!

[The crowd ROARS as Slater and Taylor each pull a wooden table into view, lifting them off the floor. Slater shoves his into the ring as Taylor keeps his outside.]

JS: What in the world...?

TM: Slater’s setting up one table in the ring... and it looks like Taylor is setting his up on the floor!

[Castillo is looking on with concern as Slater lifts Wade Walker off the canvas, shoving him up onto the table as Taylor does the same with Jeff Matthews outside the ring...]

JS: We’ve got Walker on one table! We’ve got Matthews on another!

[The crowd noise - already at a high level - climbs even higher as Slater and Taylor start climbing adjacent corner buckles...]

JS: Oh my god! Oh my god! What are they doing?!

TM: Slater up one set of turnbuckles! The Outlaw climbing the other!

JS: At least Slater's facing the ring, damn it! Taylor's looking out on the floor and-

[Slater and Taylor reach their respective perches, throwing a look towards each other...

...before HURLING their aging bodies into the air!]

JS: OHHHHHHH MYYYYYYYY GOOOOOOOOOOOD!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHH!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHH!"

[The crowd EXPLODES - as does the table underneath Wade Walker - as Kevin Slater comes soaring off the top rope with a flying elbowdrop, crashing down onto Walker and splintering the table!

The crowd also reacts to Bobby Taylor leaping from the top rope, leg extended as he plummets downwards...

...where Javier Castillo manages to JUST get Jeff Matthews off the table in time, sending Taylor CRASHING tailbone-first through it!]

JS: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

TM: Castillo got Matthews clear! One backstabbing piece of trash saves another!

JS: And Taylor went right through that table... long time EMWC fans will remember that Taylor suffered a fractured tailbone and was out of action for many months many years ago when he executed that same flying legdrop... but off the top of a production truck!

TM: Ahh, the good ol' days.

JS: Taylor's down... and he's in tremendous pain outside the ring...

LD: But inside... cover him, Kevin!

TM: Pretty nice to a guy who once gave you a Burning Hammer in the middle of the ring.

LD: Eh... he apologized.

[Slater, obviously concerned for his friend, seems to push that concern down as he dives across Wade Walker's powerful torso.]

JS: We've got a cover!

ONNE!

TWOO!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: DIVING SAVE BY JOHN LAW BREAKS THE PIN!

[Slater grimaces, rolling out of the ring as El Presidente's personal protector gets to his feet, looking around...

...and spots Robert Donovan trying to get up off the canvas.]

JS: John Law's going after Donovan, dragging the seven footer back up and...

[Law wraps his hand around the big man's throat, dragging him out to the middle of the ring as Davis Warren kicks some table fragments out of the ring...]

JS: Law's looking for the Peacemaker chokeslam, looking to drive Donovan THROUGH the canvas here in South Philly!

[Castillo is nodding emphatically, shouting "NOW! NOW! NOW!"]

JS: LAW'S GONNA CHOKESLAM HIM! HE'S GONNA-

[But as Law goes to lift the seven footer into the air, Donovan's right hand shoots out and BURIES itself in the open mouth of the Korugun Head of Security!]

JS: MANDIBLE CLAW! DONOVAN LOOKING TO COUNTER!

[Law's eyes go wide, the crowd ROARING at the sight of him being trapped in the mandible claw. He tries to increase his grip strength on Donovan's throat, looking to battle out of the hold!]

JS: We've got a standoff here! Donovan with the mandible claw... Law with the chokehold! Who's going to come out on top?!

TM: And what are they going to do if they do?!

LD: We know that mandible claw, boys! We know what it sets up!

[Donovan clenches his jaw, bearing down, adding more pressure onto the nerves in Law's mouth as he struggles... strains...

...and BREAKS OUT of the chokehold, hand still in the mouth as his free hand slides around behind the law dog!]

JS: DONOVAN'S FREE AND...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS ...VENGEANCE IS MINE, SAYETH BIG ROB DONOVANNNNNNN!

[With Law laid out with the mandible claw slam, Donovan settles on top of him!]

JS: HE COVERS! ONNE!

TWOO!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: PEDRO PEREZ WITH A DOUBLE STOMP TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD BREAKS IT UP!

[The double stomp causes Donovan to roll over onto his back, just as Perez intended. He kneels, pointing to his partner...]

JS: Carpenter on the apron... SPRINGBOARD!

[Carpenter snaps off a full 450, crashing down on the chest of Donovan!]

JS: 450 SPLASH! 450 SPLASH! CARPENTER COVERS!

ONNE!



TWOO!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! DONOVAN KICKS OUT!

[Carpenter rolls off of Donovan, clutching his ribs in pain...

...and the camera pulls back to a thunderous roar, showing bodies laid out all over the ring and ringside area!]

JS: EVERYBODY'S DOWN! ALL TEN MEN ARE DOWN AND WHAT A DAMN WAR THIS IS, FANS! WHAT A DAMN-

[Pedro Perez climbs to his feet in the ring, flipping a double bird to the entirety of the 2300 Arena to HUGE HEEL HEAT!]

JS: Perez is up! I forgot about Pedro Perez being up and...

[The crowd EXPLODES as Casey James climbs to his feet...]

"EVERY...BODY... DIES... MOTHERFUCKER!"

[...and YANKS a bundle of light tubes out from under the apron into view!]

JS: Oh holy shit.

TM: Leave it to the Blackheart to level this one up!

[Pedro Perez looks nervously out at James who goes to slide into the ring with the bundle of light tubes...

...and then the Puerto Rican lunges forward, throwing himself into a baseball slide to cut off James!]

JS: OHH! Perez caught James RIGHT in the chest as he tried to get back in...

[Perez dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back at top speed...]

JS: PEREZ ON THE RUN! HE DIIIIIIIIIIIVES!

[...and HURLS himself between the ropes for a tope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: BLACKHEART PUNCH! BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[James turns to the crowd...]

“WHO WANTS TO SEE THIS FUCKER BLEED?!”

[...and to the shock of no one at all, he gets a HUUUUUUUUGE ROAR in response as he smirks, snatching up the light tubes once again...]

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and SHATTERS the bundle of light tubes over the head of Pedro Perez who is dangling over the ropes!]

“HO-LY SHIT!”

“HO-LY SHIT!”

“HO-LY SHIT!”

“HO-LY SHIT!”

“HO-LY SHIT!”

[James dusts off his hands, rolling under the ropes and dragging Perez back inside. He grabs him by the arm, folding it back behind his head...]

JS: He’s setting him up! Looking for the Blackheart Punch!

[The Blackheart winds up his right arm, fist clenched...]

...which is when Jeff Matthews slides in from the blind side, snatching the arm under his own, and DRAGGING James down in a Fujiwara Armbar!]

JS: FUJIWARA ARMBAR! FUJIWARA LOCKED IN!

[Castillo screams with excitement as Matthews cranks back on the arm, looking to force a submission out of the Blackheart who cries out in pain as he’s trapped in one of wrestling’s most dangerous submission holds!]

TM: The Career Killer strikes again in South Philly! Trying to wrench that arm back further!

JS: James is trapped! We’ve got bodies all over the ringside area... all over the ring... but Casey James is all alone in there with Jeff Matthews who is trying to force a submission out of here and RUIN the end of this insane night for everyone!

[Davis Warren is kneeling right there, checking to see if James gives up...]

...which is when Javier Castillo climbs up on the apron, shouting at the referee to stop the match!]

JS: Get him down from there!

TM: He’s trying to get Warren to end this! He wants him to call for the bell!

JS: That’s not how we do things around the E, Castillo! Get your ass down!

[As Castillo is screaming for Matthews and Warren to end the match, the crowd begins ROARING once again...]

JS: THE OUTLAW! THE OUTLAW LIVES!

[A weary and hurting Bobby Taylor crawls along the floor, using the apron to drag himself up next to Javier Castillo whose eyes go wide...]

...and then go shut as Taylor DRILLS him with a right hand!]

JS: OH YEAH! OH FUCK YEAH!

[Castillo drops like a rock, falling off the apron as Matthews quickly breaks the hold, rushing Taylor from behind and knocking him off the apron to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: Taylor got in one punch on that piece of garbage Castillo before getting knocked flat and-

TM: Worth every second of it.

JS: Damn straight... and I’m sure the Outlaw would agree if...

[Matthews turns around, looking to finish off Casey James when...]

LD: CLAW!

[...the roundhouse shin kick of Tiger Claw catches Matthews FLUSH in the temple, sending him falling limply to the canvas!]

JS: CLAW KNOCKS HIM FLAT! MATTHEWS GOES DOWN!

[From outside the ring, we suddenly see a ladder thrown down on the ring apron courtesy of Kevin Slater.]

JS: OH MY! THE WILD THING’S GOT A LADDER!

[Outside the ring, we also see John Law tangled up with Robert Donovan again, battling their way up the aisle towards the video wall...]

JS: We’ve got Law and Donovan brawling in the aisle! Taylor’s laid out on the floor! The Dogs of War scattered on the floor around ringside as Slater’s got... whoa! Pedro Perez yanks Tiger Claw to the floor...

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: INTO THE RAILING GOES CLAW!

[Claw crashes into the steel as Kevin Slater sets up the ladder inside the ring, Casey James standing guard, kicking Isaiah Carpenter off the apron before he can get involved...]

JS: James is keeping Slater clear as Slater... he’s climbing the ladder! He’s going up top!

TM: You’re not 23 anymore, Slater. Be careful up there!

LD: Anyone can be 23 again for one night, Todd. Just look at this night.

[Slater continues to climb as James now knocks Wade Walker off the apron, keeping the Wild Thing's path unobstructed as Matthews lies prone on the canvas...]

JS: Matthews is down and Slater is up... UP... UP HERE IN SOUTH PHILLY!

[The crowd is buzzing, rising to their collective feet as Slater steps to the very top rung, balancing precariously high above for all to see...]

JS: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! SLATER... ONE MORE WALK...

[...and with a grin on his face, Slater shakes his head before LEAPING into the air...]

JS: ...ON THE WILD SIIIIIIIIIDE!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: FROG SPLASH! FROG SPLASH OFF THE TOP OF THE LADDER ON MATTHEWS!  
MY GOD! MY GOD IN HEAVEN!

TM: MATTHEWS IS DONE!

[Slater rolls off, clutching his ribs, and rolls right out to the floor, leaving Casey James all alone in the ring with Jeff Matthews again... which is when a bloodied Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker get back in, bumrushing James from the blindside, knocking him down to the mat where they start pounding on him...

...and we cut to the top of the aisle where Law has gotten Donovan down on the concrete floor, giving himself time to go to work setting up a table in the aisleway!]

JS: Chaos has broken loose in South Philly once again! The Dogs of War have Casey James down and at their mercy in the ring... Law and Donovan have spilled into the aisle, brawling down there where Law has set up a table for some god forsaken reason!

[Law pulls Donovan up, dragging him over towards the table, trying to shove him down onto it...

...but old school Robert Donovan digs a thumb into Law's eye, breaking it up!]

JS: Law was trying to get Donovan on that table but Donovan's having none of it... ohh! He bounces Law facefirst off the table!

[Law staggers away, heading further up the aisle towards the video wall as we cut back to the ring where the Dogs of War are beating the hell out of Casey James.]

JS: We've got a three-on-one on the Blackheart by the Dogs of War!

[James, down on his knees, is getting hammered in a loose side headlock, fists bouncing off his head before Perez turns to verbally pummel him as well...]

"YOU WANT TO MAKE ME BLEED FOR THESE PEOPLE?! HUH?!"

[Holding James by the hair, Perez turns to the crowd...]

"WHO WANTS TO SEE THIS OLD PIECE OF SHIT BLEED?!"

[The boos pour down on the Dogs of War as Perez stomps away, grabbing a discarded steel chair as Carpenter and Walker each grab an arm, holding James out in a crucifix pose as he kneels on the mat...]

JS: Perez has got a steel chair and Casey James is COMPLETELY at the mercy of the Dogs of War! James is trapped, they're holding his arms and Perez is gonna cave his damn head in! He's gonna-

[Stegglet's cut off by the sound of a gunshot over the PA system...]

JS: What the...?!

[The entire legion of rowdy EMWC fans are INSTANTLY on their fucking feet with a roar as someone appears at the very top of the aisle, just beyond where John Law and Robert Donovan are fighting, as one of the most infamous songs in wrestling history rings out. Yes, it's "Natural Born Killaz" by Dr. Dre and Ice Cube...

...and this crazy motherfucker is dragging a shopping cart full of plunder behind him as he stands in a t-shirt that reads "ALWAYS BLOODY IN PHILADELPHIA."]

JS: AND IF EVER THERE WAS ANYONE WHO COULD CLAIM TO BE ETERNALLY EXTREME, IT IS THAT MAN RIGHT THERE - HANNIBAL CARVER HAS COME TO SOUTH PHILLY!

TM: AND HE'S GOT A CART FULL OF WEAPONS WITH KORUGUN'S NAME WRITTEN ALL THE FUCK OVER THEM!

[Carver pauses by the brawling Law and Donovan, looking into his shopping cart for a moment...

...and yanks out a hockey stick!]

JS: CARVER'S ARMED AND-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: -VERY DANGEROUS!

[Having broken the hockey stick in half on the back of John Law, Carver tosses the broken stick aside with a shrug and starts his walk down the aisle again. Inside the ring, the Dogs of War have tossed Casey James to the floor, turning their attention onto the newcomer to the fight headed their way...]

JS: The Dogs of War are ready and waiting for Hannibal Carver and...

[Carver reaches ringside, looking up at the ring. He reaches back into the cart, digging around for a bit...

...and starts chucking things over the top rope into the ring.

A pair of Singapore canes hit the canvas and bounce with a clatter.

A canvas bag of some sort lands with a "THUNK!"

An old school Jansport backpack goes sailing over the ropes.

A six pack of Mooselips.

A framed and (allegedly) autographed photo of The Gremlin that reads "Wish I Was There."

A framed and (allegedly) autographed photo of Chris Courtade that reads "Couldn't Decided If I Wanted To Be There."

Oh, there is other stuff to be sure. But why spoil the surprise, hmm?

With his cart now mostly empty, Carver dives under the bottom rope, rushing into the ring where Pedro Perez is the first one on the scene. Perez rains down blows as Carver tries to get to his feet, grabbing him by the wrist...]

JS: Irish whip, no- reversal!

[Perez bounces off the far ropes as Carver scoops up his six pack of Mooselips...

...and WINGS a can right at an incoming Perez, drilling him in the kneecap! Perez flips over, crashing on his back as he clutches his knee. He twists around, catching an incoming Carpenter with a beer can to the side of the head before he pops it open in a burst of fizz and hops, downs a mouthful...

...and then SMASHES the rest of the can in Walker's face, sending beer all over the Dogs' big man!]

JS: Carver's making a mess in there but... now what's he got?!

[Carver shakes his head, looking down at the mat where beer has spilled everywhere...

...and pulls a Swiffer mop into view, going immediately to work on mopping up the spilled beverage.]

JS: What in the...?

[Approaching a rising Carpenter, Carver wraps him up with the Swiffer...

...and SNAPS him back in a side Russian leg sweep!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Down goes Carpenter again!

[Perez grabs his knee again, wailing in pain on the mat as Carver shakes his head, snatching up the nearby Jansport backpack. He puts a finger to his lips, audibly shushing Pedro Perez as he reaches into the backpack...

...and pulls out an obscenely large 1980s mobile phone!]

JS: Things just got dangerously here in South Philly and...

TM: Dangerous.

JS: Hmm?

[Carver shouts "SORRY, I GOTTA TAKE THIS!"...

...and then BASHES Pedro Perez between the eyes with it, sending the bloodied Dog of War back down to the canvas.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Carver turns his attention towards Wade Walker as he turns back to the apron, dragging something quite large through the ropes...]

JS: What is that?

TM: It's a... oh no... I told him never to mention that on TV.

[Carver takes the large item, holding it high overhead...

...and revealing a formerly lit up neon Denny's sign.]

JS: Oh god.

LD: Oh my.

TM: Oh shit.

[He smirks as the crowd POPS for the reference, obscenely flicking his tongue towards the camera...

...and then pivots, swinging down...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the neon sign over the skull of Wade Walker, sending the big man bumping through the ropes to the floor! Carver tosses the remnants aside, crossing his arms in the center of the ring as the crowd chants!]

"GRAND SLAM SPEC-IAL!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"GRAND SLAM SPEC-IAL!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"GRAND SLAM SPEC-IAL!"

clap clap clapclapclap

[Pedro Perez is crawling towards Carver now who shakes his head...]

"Don't you ever give up?!"

[He reaches down, opening up the backpack again...

...and pulls a staplegun into view to a HUUUUUUGE ROAR!]

JS: What in the hell?!

TM: Carver didn't come to play around... well, kind of. This IS fun for him.

[With a smirk, he pulls the bloodied head of Perez back, showing it to the world as he pulls out a dollar bill, pressing it to Perez' bloodied head until...]

"KAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-CHINK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Perez flails about on the canvas as Carver stands over him, staplegun raised over his head...]



"CAR-VER!"

"CAR-VER!"

"CAR-VER!"

[...and with a smile, Carver grabs Perez by the bloody hair and drags him out of the ring.]

JS: Where's he going?! In fact, where the hell did Donovan and Law go?!

TM: They're gone! They're fighting through the back! They may be halfway down the block by now!

[A long shot of the aisle shows that they are - in fact- not gone. In fact, in the absence of us watching them, they've managed to get a second table set up in the aisleway closer to the video screen...

...as well as a very tall ladder that ends just a handful of feet from the top of the screen.

A ladder that they're rapidly climbing with Law's hand around Donovan's throat, dragging the seven footer up the ladder!]

JS: THEY'RE UP THE LADDER! THEY'RE CLIMBING THE LADDER!

TM: Law's climbing the ladder and he's dragging Donovan up there with him!

[More than two-thirds of the way up the ladder, Law is gesturing to the table set up between the ladder and the video screen. He grips Donovan tighter with one hand and the ladder with the other...]

JS: Oh my god! He's gonna chokeslam Donovan off the ladder through that table!

TM: That's a long way down! And nothing but steel underneath it with that entrance stage!

[Law nods his head to the jeering crowd as he tries to muscle Donovan up...

...but the seven footer throws a looping right hand that catches Law across the jaw!]

JS: Donovan trying to fight back! Big right hand!

[Donovan throws a second... and a third... and a fourth...]

JS: Donovan's trying to fight his way free! Trying to escape this dangerous situation and-

[A fifth haymaker breaks the chokehold completely, leaving Law with his arms pinwheeling around on top of the ladder...]

JS: WAIT A SECOND! WAIT A SECOND!

[...but just before Law can topple off the ladder, he reaches out, snatching Donovan around the head and neck, pulling on the ladder with the other hand...]

JS: NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...and the ladder suddenly topples backwards, tipping over and carrying both Law and Donovan a long way down...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHH!"

JS: THROUGH THE TABLE ON THE FLOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRR!

[The crowd ERUPTS for the dangerous spot as both Donovan and Law go crashing through the table set up in the aisleway.]

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

[With Donovan and Law laid out in the wreckage in the aisleway, Hannibal Carver drags Pedro Perez through the wreckage, muttering "that was some good shit, pal" in the direction of the cameraman as he pulls Perez past the broken table... past the knocked over ladder...

...and right up on the stage where he spins him around, facing the crowd, shoving him down on his knees...]

JS: Carver's got Perez by the entrance and... AHHHHH!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Carver yanks his most infamous weapon into view!]

TM: HE'S GOT THE CAN OPENER! CARVER'S GOT THE CAN OPENER! HE'S BANNED FROM USING IT IN THE AWA BUT HERE AT ETERNALLY EXTREME... IT'S ALL LEGAL AND...

[The crowd ERUPTS again as Carver digs the metal into the already-bloodied forehead of Pedro Perez, dragging it back and forth as the crowd screams for the bloodshed!]

JS: CARVER IS LIVING UP TO HIS NAME, CARVING UP THE SKULL OF PEDRO PEREZ HERE IN SOUTH PHILLY!

[A few more moments pass before Carver tosses the can opener aside, smashing Perez' head into the wooden table, shoving him up onto it...

...and with a wave to the crowd, he walks through the curtain and out of view.]

JS: And just like that, Hannibal Carver is out of here!

TM: He came... he saw... he beat people up...

LD: Stapled gunned some motherfuckers.

TM: Made some inside references.

LD: Used a can opener.

TM: And he may have ROYALLY fucked up Korugun's party here tonight!

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

JS: YOU SAID IT, PHILLY! HOLY SHIT INDEEEEEEEED!

[Javier Castillo is standing at the end of the aisle, his jaw slack at what he just witnessed. A red mark on his jawline is the reminder of what the Outlaw did to him earlier but Castillo doesn't feel it in this moment... he only feels a growing sense of dread over what just happened...

...and of what might happen next...]

JS: TAYLOR! TAYLOR'S GOT CASTILLO!

[The crowd MOTHERFUCKING ERUPTS as the Outlaw snatches Javier Castillo by the hair, dragging him towards the ring as Castillo shrieks and screams for the aid of his allies!]

JS: CASTILLO BEGGING FOR HELP BUT THERE'S NO ONE TO HELP HIM!  
EVERYONE'S DOWN! EVERYONE'S OUT! IT'S BOBBY TAYLOR AND JAVIER  
CASTILLO ALL ALONE JUST LIKE IT SHOULD BE!

[Taylor tosses Castillo under the ropes, rapidly getting in after him. Castillo attempts to flee, crawling for his life...

...but the Outlaw snatches him by the ankle to huge cheers from the crowd!]

JS: Castillo's making a run for it but the Outlaw's not gonna let it happen! He said it himself, Todd - blood for blood!

TM: The way it should be!

JS: Taylor's got Castillo, he's got him in the middle of the ring!

[Taylor smiles, measuring a pleading Castillo, his fist held up to his face...]

"This one's gonna hurt, Castillo... just like you hurt my boy."

[...and Taylor suddenly yanks Castillo into a front facelock, fans leaping up and down with excitement for what's about to happen to El Presidente...]

JS: WHAT?!

[...which is when someone re-enters the ring, grabbing Taylor by the arm, swinging him around...]

JS: WHAT'S HE-?!

[...and DRIVES his clenched fist into the heart of the Outlaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: BLACKHEART PUNCH! BLACKHEART PUNCH!

TM: That son of a...

[James watches as Taylor crumples motionless to the canvas.]

JS: I can't... I can't believe this!

LD: Really? No?

JS: Not tonight! On this of all nights?! Why, damn it?! Why?!

[James ignores a very grateful Castillo who bails from the ring, grabbing a barely-moving Jeff Matthews by the arm, dragging him across the ring...]

JS: No, no. Please. Not like this.

[...and flings the Madfox down on top of the motionless Outlaw.]

JS: Oh, come on! NO!

[The confused official drops down, Castillo screaming at him to count...]

JS: NO!

[The referee slaps the mat once...]

JS: Somebody get in there! Somebody break this up!

[...twice...]

JS: For the love of... please! Somebody! Don't let it end like this! Don't let it end this way!

[...and finally... and sadly... three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

JS: SON OF A...

[The crowd is still buzzing in shock at the epic betrayal they just witnessed as the bell sounds. Casey James is staring down at his former rival... former blood enemy actually... but one time partner as well.]

TM: What... in the holy... FUCK... just happened?!

LD: Never trust the Blackheart, boys. Never.

JS: Bobby Taylor put his trust in the Syndicate here tonight... hoping they'd help him avenge his son's beating at the hands of Korugun and THIS is what happened?!

TM: He had it, Steggs. He had that son of a bitch IN... HIS... HANDS! He was gonna dump that rat right on top of his head and...

JS: But thanks to Casey James, all that went out the window. But why? Why did it happen?! Why did James yank the rug out from under all of us?!

[James slowly looks up at the jeering fans, a cold look on his face... that gets suddenly jolted as a flung cup of beer smashes into his chest, slopping cheap beer all over the former King of the Death Match.]

TM: Hah! Nice shot!

[James looks enraged as he wipes the beer off, turning towards the crowd angrily...

...and suddenly gets a two-handed shove that knocks him a few steps back. The crowd ROARS at the shove especially because of who did it!]

JS: Claw! Tiger Claw just shoved his own friend! His partner!

[Claw jabs an accusatory finger in the face of Casey James, shouting at him off-mic.]

TC: WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT, CASEY?!

[James rolls his eyes a bit and holds his hands up, shaking his head with a "you don't understand." ]

CJ: Just... easy, let me explain. I just wanna- OOF!

[Claw has shoved Casey a second time, not appearing interested in an explanation. The crowd is really rabid now, anticipating a Claw/James throw down as James grimaces, glaring at his long-time friend and partner.]

JS: This might be a problem for Casey James, fans.

TM: An angry Tiger Claw is a problem for anyone.

[Claw points an angry finger again, shouting a second time when a voice rings out over the PA system.]

"Now, now, now... Mr. Claw..."

[The boos pick up once more as Javier Castillo climbs the ring steps, a massive shit-eating grin on his face as he slithers through the ropes into the ring. Claw turns slightly, keeping an eye on James as Castillo steps closer.]

JC: Don't be angry, Mr. Claw. Don't be mad at your friend. You see, he had BOTH of your best interests at heart.

[The boos are even louder now as the fans immediately suspect that Castillo was behind this Blackhearted betrayal. Claw throws a questioning look in James' direction who shrugs.]

JC: Your... "lifetime ban" from the AWA was before my time, Mr. Claw. In no universe would a man like myself... such a huge fan of the infamous Syndicate... ever turn away your services in this ring. You are legendary... even to someone like me.

[Castillo turns to James beaming.]

JC: You have done an excellent job, Mr. James... and as promised...

[He produces a packet of paperwork from his jacket pocket.]

JC: ...AWA Legal has prepared this paperwork that will LIFT that alleged lifetime ban effective immediately.

[The crowd ROARS in reaction to that - some cheers, some boos, all rabid as Castillo grins and hands over the paperwork to James who smiles in response. Claw looks on in shock, shaking his head as James smiles at his friend, "I did it, Claw! I told you, I got this!" ]

JS: Casey James makes a deal with the Devil to get he and his best friend reinstated to the AWA?!

LD: Lifetime bans just aren't what they used to be when it comes to a snake like Castillo, I guess.

JS: Apparently not. Claw looks shocked by this news... he obviously had no idea that ANY of this was coming, Todd.

TM: I... I'm not sure he would've gone along with it if he knew, Steggs. Claw's a cold-hearted bastard but he's always been above board. He doesn't like treachery and betrayal... he's about honor... it's the way he was taught... hell, it's the way he taught Brian James to be too. Turning your back on someone you gave your word to... that's just not his style.

[Castillo looks out to the floor where John Law has produced a metal briefcase, handing it through the ropes to the AWA President who gladly he takes it...]

JC: And as for that... other matter we discussed...

[He proudly hands the briefcase over to James who gleefully accepts it, hugging it to his chest as the fans boo loudly.]

JS: Money?! He did this for a contract and money?!

TM: You sound surprised.

JS: I just thought... after the way Castillo treated his own son, I thought Casey James would have more in him than that, Todd.

TM: Steggs, he stole a guy's fucking dog once!

JS: Touche.

[Claw's glare is still fixed on James. He looks as though he's put his plans to rip Casey's throat out on pause, but he's quite willing to unpause at any moment.]

JC: Ahh... I'm so happy right now. What a tremendous night!

[The boos are pouring down on Castillo once more who just barely sidesteps a flung beer.]

JC: Casey, I was so pleased when you accepted my offer for... this...

[He gestures at the downed Taylor who is being helped towards the back by Kevin Slater.]

JC: In truth... I have to admit... I wasn't sure you would...

[Castillo smirks as James shrugs, still hugging the briefcase presumably filled with cash to his chest.]

JC: ...but HE said you would.

[James stops hugging his newfound treasure for a moment, arching an eyebrow towards Castillo who smiles, nodding enthusiastically.]

JC: That's right. As you all know, regrettably I am not at the top of the food chain at Korugun...

[He bows his head a moment.]

JC: I am a mere foot soldier in a much-greater army dedicated to a cause. The AWA is my kingdom... but there are others who rule even me. And when this matter came up, Korugun management believed that while my work here was good... was strong... was exceeding all expectations...

...they also believed that it was time for Senior Management to get more involved.

[James has lowered the briefcase now, dangling it from his hand as both he and Claw look puzzled at this turn of events.]

JC: Specifically, the Vice President of Special Projects - the man I answer to - gave me a call and told me that he wanted to be here tonight. As this plan came together, he told me he wanted to be here IN PERSON to see it all go down firsthand...

[The crowd is buzzing now for this reveal that's been teased.]

JC: Ladies and gentlemen... I am honored... I am thrilled... I am beside myself as I present to you the Korugun Corporation's Vice President of Special Projects...

...and MY BOSS...

[A beaming Castillo gestures towards the aisle way, arm slung out to point as the fans rise to their feet, waiting to see exactly who-

Oh.

Holy.

Fuck.]

JS: WHAT IN THE HOLY NAME OF GOD?!

TM: You've gotta be... that can't be. That's gotta be a mistake! There is no fucking way that they found him!

JS: TODD! THE MUSIC! LISTEN TO THE GOD DAMN MUSIC!

TM: I hear it, Steggs, but it can't be. It just can't be... this can't be happening...

[The music rips through the PA system for the third time tonight.

Twice before, a tease of days long ago.

But now...

A cold, hard dose of motherfucking reality accompanied by the man standing on the entrance way to match.]

JS: JOHN MOTHERFUCKING WESLEY HARDIN IS HEEEEEEEEEEEEERE!

[That's god damn right.

The most famous Outlaw that's walked the streets since Billy The Kid, JW Hardin stands at the top of the ramp dressed in an all black suit and tie, complete with the signature Stetson hat...

...and a huge fucking grin on his face as the crowd loses their god damn minds at this moment that NO ONE thought they'd ever see.]



TM: I'm... god damn it, I'm in shock, Steggs.

JS: The word "speechless" comes to mind. This guy?! With Korugun?!

[Claw has a look of shock and surprise that can probably be described as the most emotive expression he's ever shown in his career. Beside him, Casey James manages to top it, at one point looking as though he's about to lose his balance and drop to a knee. They're both in good company, as nearly every person in the building - nay, the entire wrestling world - is figuratively and in some cases literally knocked on their asses.

The reaction of the crowd is off the charts.. ...and the Outlaw loves it.

Hardin starts walking down the ramp towards the ring, Castillo applauding his boss as the fans continue to ROAR in shock. The former World Champion smirks as he soaks up the shocked response of the Philly faithful, making his way to the squared circle where two old friends... and occasional enemies... await him.

Hardin is older than the last time we saw him... heavier too... he's not about to go Broadway with anyone... hell, he might not even be able to lace up a pair of boots at this point.

But he's here, god damn it.

He's here.]

JS: FOR THE FIRST TIME IN EIGHTEEN YEARS, JOHN WESLEY HARDIN HAS WALKED INTO A PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING ARENA... and Todd, this may be trouble for the AWA, but what a moment this is!

TM: This is history! This is a highlight reel being born before your very eyes! If you're a fan of professional wrestling, lock your eyes open for however long this man is out here because those of us in this business thought we'd NEVER see this again!

[Castillo drops into a few half bows as Hardin glares at him a little. Silently, Hardin extends his hand towards Castillo who gleefully shakes it...

...and then realizes that Hardin was demanding the mic instead. With a muttered apology, a nervous-looking Castillo hands over the mic. Hardin takes it, gesturing for Castillo to exit. The AWA President quickly does, leaving Hardin alone in the ring with James and Claw who still look shocked at Hardin's arrival.

The crowd is still roaring, an enthusiastic chant breaking out.]

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

[Hardin bows his head slightly and then looks up, a smile on his face, at his former Syndicate allies.]

JWH: God damn.

[The crowd ROARS again as Hardin chuckles.]

JWH: It's been a while, boys.

[He nods at James and Claw.]

JWH: But it's good to see that even after all this time... we can STILL get a job done right.

[And slowly, Hardin switches the mic to his left hand...

...and extends his right towards Casey James who looks down at the offered hand.]

JS: What a moment this is. Former friends. Former allies. But former enemies as well and... well...

TM: The eyes of the wrestling world are on this ring at this moment. What the hell is gonna happen here?

[Hardin holds his hand out for what seems like an excruciatingly long and awkward moment. The Blackheart just stands there, looking at it, a look on his face like someone trying to figure out a train schedule when they can't remember what day it is. Hardin raises the mic again.]

JWH: Hmm. Tell me somethin', hoss. Tell me that you're not still sore about that time with the thing in the place.

[That gets a response. There's a chance that Casey is in fact sore about the thing that happened in the place that time. The look of surprise leaves Casey's face completely and he locks eyes with Hardin. A cold, dead stare. Claw stands by, eyes going back and forth between the two.]

JWH: That's all behind us, kid. This...

[He gestures at the ring.]

JWH: This is all behind me. I'm not a wrestler anymore. I'm a businessman now. And... I should add...

[Hardin reaches out, rapping his large knuckles on the metal case.]

JWH: ...a businessman who just made you a SUBSTANTIAL sum of money... not to mention got you and your boy here a new contract...

[Hardin shifts his gaze over to Claw, inclining his head.]

JWH: Sorry we couldn't loop you in, Claw. Your best friend thought you'd bristle at the deal.

[Claw's expression hardens as he's reminded of Casey's betrayal. His gaze goes back to the Blackheart with a glare that asks, "What the fuck have you gotten us into?" Casey doesn't seem to notice. Hardin's eyes shift back to James as well.]

JWH: Huh. Well... if I'm being honest, Blackheart... I reckon I expected you just MIGHT have this reaction. That's why I made Castillo keep it a secret...

[He raises a finger.]

JWH: ...and that's why I brought a sweetener. A cherry on top of the deal... for old time's sake...

[Hardin lowers the mic, pointing his raised finger to the top of the aisle.]

JS: What now?

TM: Who the hell knows? Who else is gonna show up toni-

[The crowd ERUPTS into cheers as Dog Eat Dog's "Who's The King" rips across the 2300 Arena's PA system.]

TM: DAMAN~! IS HERE!

[Brian Lau comes rushing through the curtain - just as we saw him earlier tonight - gripping a sheet of paper in his hand. We cut to ringside where Javier Castillo looks quite agitated, glaring up at the ring.]

JS: Uh oh.

LD: Trouble in paradise?

[Lau comes down the aisle quickly, a huge grin on his face. He leans towards a nearby cameraman, showing the paper in his hand that reads "AWA CONTRACT" across the top with a loud "THE MAN IS LEGAL ONCE MORE, BITCHES!"

JS: It appears as though the "cherry on top" is that Brian Lau has been RE-HIRED, Todd!

TM: It sure does... and it appears that Javier Castillo didn't have a damn clue about that!

[Castillo is absolutely fuming as Lau climbs the ringsteps near him, pausing to flip a double middle finger towards the AWA President to laughter from the crowd before Lau pops through the ropes, strutting across where he leans over Hardin's mic with a loud "I'M BAAAAAACK!" to big cheers.

Lau is all smiles as he shakes Hardin's hand, slapping him on the shoulder. He walks over to Claw, draping an arm over his shoulders as he points to something in his new contract... ...but Casey James' eyes are still locked on Hardin whose smile is starting to fade now as much as Lau's music has.]

JWH: Now, Casey...

[He shakes his head.]

JWH: If a new contract... a briefcase full of cash... and your old pal getting re-hired isn't enough the grease the god damn skids and put a smile on that face of yours, there ain't a lot I can do about it.

[He shrugs.]

JWH: But the way I look at it, son... there ain't a lot you can do about it either.

[The crowd buzzes at that as an unflinching James continues to keep his eyes on his former mentor.]

JWH: Because I'm sure you don't want a...

[He gestures at the suit.]

JWH: ...big shot executive at the company that just give you back your livelihood AND a briefcase full of money... you don't want that guy pissed off at ya, do ya?

[James doesn't respond, still staring stoically.]

JWH: So, we're gonna do this one more time... one LAST time...

[He sticks out his hand insistently.]

JWH: Shake my fucking hand, James, so I stop looking like an asshole and let's bury this damn hatchet once and for all...

[There's a moment where time stands still.

Neither man moving.

James' eyes shifting down to the offered hand.

Lau muttering under his breath to Claw who shakes his head.

Hardin's massive hand looms ominous, waiting for the Blackheart to grasp it and seal the deal.

An arena full of fans buzzing, waiting to see what happens next...]

TM: Come on, Casey...

[Slowly, James' right hand comes up from his side, wiggling his fingers anxiously as the crowd gets louder...

He can be heard over the mic in Hardin's hand.]

CJ: I... I can't...

[James looks at his hand as if it were the last thing he expected to see there.]

CJ: I just... can't...

[He looks back to Hardin for a moment, eyes wide.]

CJ: I can't... believe it's you, ya big bastard, where you been!?

[James breaks the shocked act and a big grin spreads across his face. With a quick movement, he grabs Hardin's hand, pumping the handshake a few times as Hardin grins broadly.]

CJ: The Outlaw's back, baby! Holy crap, this is gonna be awesome!

[James seems motivated by this turn of events, almost like fuel has been added to his tank. He nods his head enthusiastically at Hardin as Lau pumps his fists nearby. The crowd reacts - unsure if they're happy at the reunion or disappointed at the lack of hostilities.

James steps beside Hardin and raises his hand, pointing to him and roaring into the hard camera.]

CJ: THE OUTLAW IS BACK, MOTHERFUCKERS!

[Hardin grins even wider, laughing loudly as the fans cheer a little louder at that.]

TM: Damn. I really thought he might-

[And suddenly James twists the arm back behind Hardin's head who exclaims loudly in pain as James winds his right arm back. The crowd falls silent so we can hear the words Casey spits, his face just inches from Hardin's...]

CJ: And so's the fucking Blackheart!

[Hardin lets the mic in his free hand fall in an effort to move his hand over to defend himself... But it's too late. The mic hits the mat at the exact same time Casey's fist makes impact with Hardin's chest]

"THHHHHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUDDDDDD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: GOOD GOD! GOOD GOD! BLACKHEART PUNCH! BLACKHEART PUNCH ON THE DEVIL HIMSELF, JW HARDIN! THIS CROWD IS ELECTRIC!

TM: I swear I felt a shockwave from that!

JS: THE BLACKHEART PUNCH HEARD AROUND THE WORLD! HARDIN HAS COLLAPSED!

[The crowd reaction is absolute chaos. Not so much cheers or boos, but just raw reaction to what has just happened. Slowly, the reaction coalesces into the only kind of reaction a PA enhanced Blackheart Punch deserves...]

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

James, up until this point standing over Hardin, angrily steps back. Lau looks at him, his mouth open wide...]

BL: What the hell have you done!?

[Lau looks to Claw with the same sort of shock, maybe looking for some sort of explanation. Claw simply smirks and shrugs. He shrugs a genuine shrug that actually says, "I have no fucking idea." He steps over to the ropes and walks out of the ring. James still stares down at the motionless Hardin as Lau asks him again...]

BL: WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU DONE!?

[The shock in the ring is nothing... NOTHING... compared to the shock on the face of Javier Castillo who just saw his boss show up and get KNOCKED... THE FUCK... OUT.

Castillo buries his head in his hands, pulling at his hair as James steps over the prone Hardin, ducking through the ropes and walking swiftly up the ramp. The crowd continues their chant...]

"HO-LY SHIT!"

"HO-LY SHIT!"

JS: CASEY JAMES DROPS JOHN WESLEY HARDIN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAMN RING AND HE'S WALKING OUT OF HERE! HOLY SHIT INDEED!

[The Blackheart ignores the fans... ignores the shouting Brian Lau on his heels... ignores the shouts of Javier Castillo at his back...

...and walks through the curtain as the 2300 Arena crowd loses their collective minds!]

JS: I can't believe this!

LD: Which part?

JS: ANY OF IT! I can't believe James turned on Bobby Taylor! I can't believe the god damned Syndicate just got reinstated! I can't believe John Wesley Hardin was here before our very eyes! I can't believe that Brian Lau got rehired! And I DAMN SURE can't believe that Casey James just laid out a member of Korugun Senior Management with a BLACKHEART PUNCH! DID YOU HEAR IT!? HOLY F'N SHIT, GUYS!

TM: Steggs, if the E has to go out tonight... then what a fucking way to do it...

JS: Castillo getting back in the ring, trying to help Hardin up...

[Castillo is making his best effort but getting nowhere at budging a man much larger than him. A bellow towards ringside gets a dazed Wade Walker in the ring, helping to muscle a dazed Hardin off the mat. Hardin blinks his eyes a few times as Walker tries to steady him... and then grabs the mic he dropped on the mat.]

JS: What the...?

[Hardin jerks the mic towards his mouth, nearly falling back over before Walker catches him.]

JWH: James...

[He takes a few deep breaths.]

JWH: ...you're a dead man.

[He coughs, clutching his chest as Castillo can be heard asking if he's okay.]

JWH: You... just made...

[He takes several more deep breaths.]

JWH: ...the last god damn mistake of your life.

[Hardin angrily flings the mic aside, falling back against Law and Castillo again as the crowd ROARS for the threat...

...as we cut down to ringside to our announce trio.]

JS: I... Jesus.

TM: You said it.

JS: What the hell do you say, Todd? What the hell do you say after that?

TM: Like I said, you said it already.

JS: Fans... wow. Well, this was certainly not how we hoped to end this night. We wanted to go out on a high note. We wanted the heroes of the E to be standing tall. We wanted that last shot to be something you'll remember forever... and it will... no doubt it will... but for a very different reason than we'd hoped. Bobby Taylor, Kevin Slater, Robert Donovan... and well, I guess the Syndicate in some way... gave it their all to give us... to give you the fans of the E that moment but...

[Stegglet shrugs.]

JS: Some things just don't work out the way we hoped, you know? This company - the E - closed twice for different reasons and neither time were we able to go out the way we hoped. So, I guess it's only fitting on this night that the same thing happened. We're going to have a lot of great memories of this night. A ton of them in fact. We saw some old friends... we saw some great action with stars from the past as well as the present and future of this great sport... some very memorable moments that I am so proud to have been a part of. And...

[Stegglet pauses, emotion catching the words in his throat as Todd slips a hand onto his best friend's shoulder.]

JS: I guess... I guess that's it, huh? I thought I'd have something wise and witty or something to say right now... but I don't. It's been... Todd, Lori... it's been a hell of a ride.

TM: That it has, old buddy... and even if things didn't work out the way we wanted them to, I'm so happy I agreed to do this with the two of you... one more time.

[Stegglet and Lori smile.]

LD: Now, can I go back into retirement and you two dicks can leave me alone?

TM: Not a chance.

JS: Amen to that. Fans, this was for you. This was all for you... and we hope you enjoyed it as much as we did. For all of us... for everyone that has been ever been-

[And suddenly, the PA comes to life once again...

...and Stegglet's jaw drops at the sound of a song long not heard on any AWA airwaves hits, bringing an immediate reaction from the crowd.]

TM: You've gotta be...

JS: Fucking unbelievable.

[As the announcers express their disbelief, the crowd does likewise at the sound of Stabbing Westward's "Save Yourself" blasting across the sound system and the arrival of the banned and persona non grata Mark Langseth stepping inside the arena. Langseth wears a light blue suit and a black "Team Langseth" t-shirt underneath, makes his way down the stairs of the stands. His hair is more peppery than before and cut shorter than his longer locks in his heyday.]

JS: Fans, on a night filled with shocking occurrences, I don't know if I could be any more shocked than I am right now because... somehow, someway, for some reason, Mark Langseth, back on AWA airwaves-

TM: Yeah, but...

JS: But?!

TM: Look, I know he's an asshole... and if this was an AWA show, yes, I'd be the first to kick his ass out the door, Steggs.

JS: BUT?!

TM: But it's an E show... and he was arguably part of the biggest matches, biggest moments, facing almost everyone who stepped foot in the place. He's a son of a bitch, but he deserves some time tonight.

[Stegglet sighs.]

JS: Maybe. Okay. Maybe through that lens. But let's hear what he has to say first before saying he deserves anything, especially after everything he's done to the AWA.

[Langseth looks on at the audience, smiling at the fans who... Kind of give him a kind of not hated reaction. Not a hero's welcome, but not an enemy of the state reaction. Langseth nods at the fans, looking around, and with a sudden sullen look, speaks.]

ML: You know...

[He pauses, looking around at the crowd, milking the moment with all eyes on him for the first time in a long, long time.]

ML: I'm above all of this. All of it!

[And there's the boos.]

ML: Above you fans!

[Jeer volume up!]

ML: Above the AWA!

[More vocal fans letting Langseth have it.]

ML: And above the grand ol' EMWC and any "welcome" this charade could offer!

[And that completes the total of the crowd for even the E diehards.]

JS: Oh, come on...

[Langseth's disdain is evident in his every word and look at the fans.]

ML: "Honor the E"? Honor the E?!? Give me a break! That place did damage to me and never, not once! Never respected me! I was in all the big matches, held all the big titles, was THE Foundation! And yet? Always passed over, always-

[Hearing Langseth unloading immediately, the crowd tries to drown him out. Langseth smugly signals to the back, to maybe some guy from behind the camera, to turn his mic up.]

ML: You can wear your voices out all you want, you WILL listen to me! Now where was I... Oh...



Above it all! And above every sad sack that's behind those curtains, in that locker room, and especially above the "legends" coming back so they can make this month's rent payments. Like I need this? Like I needed this paycheck?

[The former Foundation, Redemption, and Team Langseth leader scoffs.]

ML: No, I saved and I made my bank. I'm not here for some payment, I'm here for MY restitution! For MY just dues! For MY part of the agreement!

[Crowd quiets a little with confusion.]

ML: Some years ago, when I agreed to part ways with MY AWA National Title - a title I rightly earned... When I agreed after all the begging...

[Langseth shakes his head and looks into the camera.]

ML: So much begging...

[Langseth looks on at the announcer area, where three of the AWA owners are.]

ML: So much pitiful, pathetic begging for my rightful property! My title! MY TITLE!

[Langseth gets hot for a moment as he scowls to the crowd.]

ML: When that bastard Blue cried for me to donate my championship, he promised three things: some money as repayment for the damages AWA caused my reputation-

[Crowd is certainly not buying that one.]

ML: Which I got to say, not enough dough to compensate the tarnish this garbage fire caused my brand. But hey, I'm rolling it in now, so water under the bridge... But I was promised two other things - two things no money could buy or repair. And two things?

[Langseth shakes his head.]

ML: Two things that cost not one dime. Free! One "I'm sorry" and one "Thank you"! And this cheap ass mudpit couldn't be bothered for either! Because of their pride! Shameful!

Shameful!

[The boos are pouring down even louder now.]

JS: I don't know if I can listen to any more of this.

TM: You and me both...

LD: Make it three. We own this place... sort of... can't we cut the mic?

[Langseth, amidst the boos, walks as close as he can to the camera so that only his lips show.]

ML: Shameful.

[Langseth backs up and wears a disappointed face.]

ML: I mean, people ask me everywhere I go - on all the sets of all the top earning, award winning movies and TV shows I'm doing, to the glitzy parties I frequent, and

all the socials... "Hey ML" - and they call me "ML" cause that's the cool thing now. That's my brand now...

[Langseth points to the very bold "ML Brand" logo on the breast pocket of his sports coat.]

ML: "Hey ML, why still carry the hate for AWA? Why not go back, help out the slobs the AWA now calls it's stars, err... Heh... "pillars"...

[Langseth chuckles at that as he holds up his Hall of Fame ring.]

ML: Anyway... Why? Why? WHY? Cause I never got an apology for all the wrong this cesspool caused me! And I never got a thank you.

A simple thank you for me looking past all the awfulness AWA and its management caused me as I selflessly gave up my rightful property in that National Championship.

MY NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Langseth's eyes widen a bit as he starts to lose it a bit.]

ML: My title I FAIRLY won! My title that this hellhole stole from me! My title that AWA hated me holding so much, they went out and looked for pieces of trash I had as MY seconds in Jeff Matthews and that pile of shit Martinez instead of utilizing my name, my stardom, my limitless awesomeness! My title that they blackballed me from doing what I worked for for most of my life!

[Seething, heaving, almost spitting out those words was too much for Langseth as he grabs a nearby rope and tries to cool off, collect himself.]

ML: And now... What do you have? A bunch of punks in the back who don't respect a living legend like Mark Langseth! I walked around back there and no one bothered me! No one asked for my picture, my autograph, my sage wisdom as they became more than the horrible bottom feeders they are... It's shameful. Truly, horribly shameful...

And you know what?

[Langseth pauses, hoping the crowd is with him but just boos on response.]

ML: All you people out there wondering to yourself... "Oh, hey... this is an EMWC show... this isn't an AWA show... why are you bringing this up here?!"

Well, that's some bullshit right there.

[He points to the announcers.]

ML: Right... there. Because the hype machine can tell you this is an EMWC show all they want but we all know who's pulling the strings. We all know who put on this vanity exercise to remember their glory days in some nostalgia-fueled orgy.

If I showed up on Saturday Night Wrestling, they'd have someone drag me out of the door..

...but for this charade?

[He waves to the arena.]

ML: It's totally legal for me to be here. And I'll be DAMNED if this show is going to wrap up with a fond farewell without ME! ME! ME!

[He jerks a thumb angrily at himself.]

ML: I'm not leaving here. Not tonight, no. I'm derailing this already trainwrecked "honor" to the E by sitting down here-

[Langseth motions for a chair, which some guy from behind the camera slides to him.]

ML: And I'm going to wait. I want what should be fulfilled to m -

[Langseth opens the chair and sets it down.]

ML: So this should be an easy choice, AWA... EMWC... whatever you want to think you are tonight...

Either give me what I want, give me my apology AND a gracious thank you for being so generous, or...

[Langseth opens up his sportscoat and plops down on the folding chair.]

ML: Renege on your agreement and give me back MY RIGHTFUL National Championship.

[Immediate thunderous boos from the crowd at the prospect of a titled and entitled Langseth back in AWA.]

ML: That simple, folks. That simple-

[The former World Champion and Hall of Famer is immediately cut off by the rumble of distant thunder and synths from "Vale of Shadows" by GUNSHIP that fill the hall.]

JS: Jesus, I thought this show was over... what in the hell is going on now?

[Through the curtain steps a wiry, stubbled man in a battered black denim jacket with a wool collar. He plays it cool, but he has the demeanor of a velociraptor, and a dangerous smirk on his face.

Mark Langseth wanted the AWA National Championship, now he has the AWA National Champion...]

JS: Well, I'd say this just went from bad to worse but I think it's more like it went from worse to equally worse because Jackson Hunter, the current National Champion... and god how it kills me to say that... has arrived.

TM: Apparently here at Eternally Extreme 2, we've gone and saved the worst for last, Steggs.

JS: You got that right, old friend.

# Open the gates  
# This old dragon's heart is bleeding  
# Your throat, my voice  
# Pull back the years  
# Won't you come inside, there's a fire burning  
# Your teeth, my tongue

[And he's not alone: behind him is the hulking presence of the six-four, 350 pound Blake Colton. His eyes are hidden behind mirrored aviator sunglasses, and a ragged bandana barely keeps his unkempt curly blonde hair out of his face. He sips from a can of Mooselips beer, rivulets of frothy suds dribbling into his beard.]

JS: Jackson Hunter, fans, become the AWA National Champion just a few nights ago in Philly at Liberty Or Death when he made his shocking return to the company and cashed in his Steal The Spotlight contract on the man who had JUST won the title, Jordan Ohara.

TM: Putting two people - including his former friend and his own cousin, his flesh and blood - in the hospital along the way.

JS: Maxim Zharkov and Riley Hunter both are undergoing consults for surgical procedures in the near future from my understanding and... well, this guy is to blame for it. How can he be the National Champion, Todd?

TM: Feels like that title might be cursed.

[Hunter enters the ring and saunters up to Langseth. They eye each other up for a few tense moments. Colton hangs back somewhat, content to merely passively intimidate.]

JH: You don't know us.

[Hunter opens his jean jacket, revealing the National Title around his waist. Langseth reacts with a grin, deluded into thinking he's getting his title.]

JH: But her? You never forget a face, do you, Mark?

[Langseth shakes his head, extending his hand towards the title as Hunter pulls away with a playful swat at the hand.]

JH: Allow me to introduce myself: I am usually referred to as the Mastermind of the Axis. I gave the AWA Maxim Zharkov and Riley Hunter. And a couple of days ago... I took them away.

This time, last year. I was a Pharaoh. A goddamn Pharaoh. I had power over the AWA. I had the Axis at my command. And that little punk that calls himself The Future... took it from me.

So, Mark Langseth, let me also introduce you... to the Death Star.

[Hunter points to Blake Colton, who emits a sadistic snicker as he crushes the can in his fist. He mouths, "armed and fully operational, bahd!" before pulling another can of Mooselips beer from his denim vest. Langseth, sensing he's probably not getting his title, steps back with a little worrisome look.]

JH: I don't know if you caught "Liberty or Death," ML--they call you ML in your little circles, right?

[Langseth nods, pointing to his jacket's ML logo, determined to make this a thing.]

JH: A couple of days ago, I decided to demonstrate the ultimate power in wrestling against the Axis.

Now, tonight, Mark, I would LOVE to defend this title against you...

[The crowd buzzes at the idea of that.]

ML: Wait, "defend"?

[Somehow, the former EMWC legend still thought he was getting the title handed to him. Hunter smirks before continuing.]

JH: But I have no intention of doing so. A National Champion is required to defend the belt every thirty days, you see... and I'm presently working with the AWA... without a contract.

[The crowd's buzzing gets louder at that revelation.]

TM: He's... what?!

JS: It's true. I heard that earlier today. It's a whole... mess. I blame Castillo.

LD: Seems fair.

[Hunter continues.]

JH: My "no compete" clause ends on August 1st, and my ONLY in-ring appearance is set for the Battle of Saskatchewan in the Stampede Cup.

I will NOT defend the National Championship before my "no compete" clause ends! You hear me, Stegglet?! Michaelson?! Dane?! CASTILLLLLLOOOOOO?! DO YOU HEAR ME?!

[Hunter gets an evil grin on his face.]

JH: And fans, tune in August 3rd to WKIK! Because that night, I will be on World of Combat Wrestling, where I will throw this belt, polished and gleaming... into a trash can given to me by Kai Alana!

[The boos pour down at the namedropping of the AWA's competition.]

JH: And I'll douse it in lighter fluid... and IMMOLATE the most storied belt in the AWA on national television!

[Langseth's eyebrows raise and his eyes light up at the thought.]

JH: That'll be a story for your precious Wrestling Watcher Weekly!

[Hunter turns back towards Langseth, sticking out his hand.]

JH: You can join me, Mark! You've worked for Alana before - I'm sure he'd take you back! Come with me! Drop a dagger through the heart of the AWA with me!

[This does pique Langseth's hateful hearted interests.]

ML: Hrm, I won't say I'm not curious...

[Langseth strokes his chin as Hunter continues.]

JH: They say history is written by the winners and the AWA has been obsessed with rewriting history! Not ever in the EMEC? TOUGH LUCK! All my accomplishments as a wrestler! All my achievements! Everything I've done in wrestling means NOTHING to Chris Blue OR Javier Castillo! Or any of these people!

[He gestures to the crowd who jeer loudly. Langseth nods.]

ML: Absolutely! Absolutely! Like all I ever done, all the championships, being a Triple Crown champion! Getting a belt around Mister Honeydew of all things! Being in marquee match after marquee match...

...and I'm the afterthought?

I'm the guy getting crushed in all the EMWC highlights?

The shame!

[Langseth shakes his head. Hunter feeds into it, trying to reel him in.]

JH: The insult of it all! The indignity! We gave our health to this industry! We should be revered like Juan Vasquez! We should be talked about in the same tones as Alex Martinez--!

[Wait. Just a minute. Is that Rob Halford's voice I hear?]

#It's all right...

#It's all right...

[It is!]

#It's all right, I'm...

[And as the music kicks in, the fans get...]

#JUST A LITTLE CRAZY!

[Fans are up on their feet, cheering and losing their minds, as Fight's "Little Crazy" kicks into high gear.]

JS: Jackson Hunter might have put the wrong name in his mouth!

TM: But he's retired!

JS: I seem to recall that he retired with some issues left to settle with Mr. Hunter.

[The camera cuts to the entranceway as a man steps forward. The iconography is exactly as the fans remember. A black leather jacket with silver studs along the shoulders. A pair of mirrored sunglasses. Blue jeans. Black leather biker boots. Slicked back jet black hair.]

JS: Martinez is at Eternally Extreme!

[But not Alex Martinez.]

TM: It's the White Knight!

[That's right, it's Ryan Martinez in Philadelphia. There's a moment where the fans pause as if disappointed, but as Martinez makes his way down the ramp, their ambivalence returns to adoration, the Philly faithful giving it up for the son of the EMWC's Institution.]

Martinez takes his time, moving around the ring, slapping the outstretched hands of the fans and generally soaking in the raucous welcome.

At last, he enters the ring, pulling a wireless microphone out from inside his jacket.]

RM: Let me just address the question on everyone's mind. Why am I coming out here to shut you up and not my dad?

Well, he made a promise to walk away from wrestling at SuperClash.

[Martinez nods as the crowd jeers.]

RM: And... well, he said that if he was here tonight... he might be tempted to go one last round with the likes of a piece of garbage like you.

[Langseth grimaces, shouting something off-mic.]

RM: But there is no way in hell I was going to let there be an Eternally Extreme without a Martinez!

[Another roar from the crowd. Langseth, previously staring and boring a hole through the younger Martinez, rolls his eyes in a very dramatic way.]

RM: And I just got off the phone with my dad, and he wanted me to tell you both something. He says:

[Martinez clears his throat, and when he speaks, his voice is rougher]

RM: Marky Langseth...

[Martinez smirks as the crowd cheers again]

RM: You're still nothin' but a damn jackass in desperate need of gettin' your ass handed to ya by a better man than you'll ever be.

[Langseth points and yells things at the White Knight probably better left off mic.]

RM: And you, Hunter...

[Martinez pulls his sunglasses off.]

RM: If ya want more of what ya got at SuperClash, then keep runnin' your mouth and you'll learn why the Hunters have a legacy of bein' mouthy jackasses and the Martinezes are known for shuttin' those mouths.

[Hunter's jaw juts out in disgust, but he dares not get too close.]

JS: And that, fans, could be true of either Martinez: the elder flattened him, and the younger put him in an ambulance at SuperClash.

[Martinez continues.]

RM: And tell that big Canadian with the dumb look on his face that he needs to stick to what he's best at - lookin' big and doin' nothin'!

[Colton crushes the can of Mooselips in his palm and throws it to the ground, enraged. He takes one step before Hunter stretches out his palm to call him off. Martinez clears his throat once more, his mannerisms returning to what we're used to from the White Knight.]

RM: You know, it seems to me like I'm having a bit of deja vu. It seems to me like I was in the ring with you, Langseth, once upon a time, and ya had that National Title belt with you.

You want to refresh my memory on what happened that night? No, don't bother. You've said enough already.

I beat you.

[The fans cheer as a frustrated Langseth kicks the bottom rope, yelling "you cheated!"]

RM: And yo u,Hunter...

I thought I might come out here and challenge for that title, the one AWA singles title I haven't won yet. Because winning the Triple Crown at Eternally Extreme sounds like the sort of memory I'd want to make.

[Hunter shakes his head wildly.]

JH: You can't just railroad the National Champion into a match because YOU want one; what kind of rotten opportunist does that?

[Martinez smirks, nodding.]

RM: Yeah, tell me about it. You already said you're not defending that title. And fine, I can't make you.

But I CAN challenge you to a fight.

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of this impromptu challenge!]

RM: And I can lay a beating on you so bad that you never make it to that other company... sound familiar?

[The crowd ROARS again at the verbal shot across the bow... amigo. Hunter is fired up in response.]

JH: How dare you! How! Dare! You!

You come out here and you interrupt Mr. Langseth and myself?! Are you just going to ignore the living legend in the ring?

[Langseth beams at this, sticking out his chest before adding in.]

ML: Exactly, THE TRUE living legend! Unlike that pile of trash you call a father, "kid".

[Martinez takes a step forward but Colton steps in his path as Langseth and Hunter huddle up for a moment, discussing things.]

JS: Well, this could get interesting fast. Blake Colton is pretty new to this business but we've seen firsthand the kind of impact he can have... and has already had... imagine him in there with Ryan Marti-

[Hunter breaks the huddle, pointing at Martinez.]

JH: I've made a decision... actually, scratch that... WE'VE made a decision, White Knight. See, I'm not going to fight you... but...

[Langseth steps in, grinning.]

ML: WE'RE going to fight you!



[Langseth and Hunter laugh loudly as Colton sneers and Martinez shakes his head.]

JH: That's right. A tag match. But you know, Ryan...

[He looks around, putting his hand to his eyes like he's looking long and hard.]

JH: I'm pretty sure you don't have any friends left to back you up tonight.

[The crowd jeers as Martinez shrugs.]

RM: You might be onto something there, Hunter... look, I know what they say.

"Ryan Martinez. He's a hothead. He goes off half cocked. He's a terrible planner who leads with his chin."

That's all true.

But what isn't true is that I don't have friends...

And I know someone who'd just LOVE to get into a fight tonight.

[The crowd cheers that statement as Hunter and Langseth look slightly alarmed.]

TM: Man, I hope it isn't Gabriel the Nightmare.

JS: And if you're one of the three people who got that, congratulations!

TM: Hey, if this show was any more inside, we'd be having it back in McCoys' va-

LD: Please don't finish that sentence.

[Martinez looks to the aisle expectantly, and as he does, "Rey de Reyes" by Sporty Locho begins to play over the loudspeakers. A portion of the fans in attendance, those who follow GFC, begin to cheer, as they know what this means.]

At the entranceway, a lanky, muscular hispanic man appears, his long black hair has been braided tightly and then pulled into a ponytail, in exactly the way a mixed martial artist might wear his hair during a fight. He wears tight fitting black compression shorts. Over his eyes are his trademark sunglasses, the ones that give him his nickname. As he moves past the camera, we see that across his back is a tattoo that is half Mexican flag and half American flag.]

JS: We saw him in the crowd earlier, but it looks like Jesus Valiente isn't content to just cheer any longer!

TM: It hasn't been talked about much, but Valiente has spent some time in the Combat Corner, and has been considering transitioning into pro wrestling.

JS: Well, we may be about to see what he's got tonight!

[As "Rey de Reyes" dies down, Valiente enters the ring.]

RM: For those of you who don't know... this is Jesus Valiente. But his friends call him Shades. And just before I came out here, I ran into Jesus and I told him I might need someone to have my back.

And I don't want to put words in someone else's mouth. So why don't you tell them how you're feeling, Shades?

[Valiente takes the microphone.]

JV: Oye, cabrónes. Listen up. You two wanna mess with my compa Ryan? Then you two are gonna mess with me!

And I'm gonna have a lotta fun kickin' your two asses!

[Big pop! Martinez grins, raising the mic.]

RM: I'd say challenge accepted.

[Hunter eyes Valiente up and down before raising the mic.]

JH: You are really not good at this counting thing are you, Martinez?

[Hunter wheels back slightly, making sure to put Colton and Langseth in front of him.]

JH: There's still THREE of us... and only TWO of you.

[The crowd jeers as Martinez shakes his head, hands on his hips. Langseth interjects obnoxiously.]

ML: Heh, yeah, what are you going to do? You got nothing!

[Martinez nods.]

RM: It's funny you say that. You see, Jesus is here because he's my friend, and he's got my back. But Langseth, you underestimate just how many people would love to get their hands on you.

[Langseth waves off Martinez's words.]

ML: Yeah, yeah, and they all barely can walk, so what of it?

[Martinez shrugs.]

RM: Maybe, maybe not. See, I asked Jesus to have MY back, but as I was making my way out here, I ran into someone else in the back who said if I needed any help... he'd be more than happy to come out here and give you a lesson in...

[Martinez chuckles.]

RM: Raising kain.

[Suddenly, a vaguely familiar amalgam of distorted guitar feedback and rhythmic, war-like percussion rises audibly to the fore. As the sonic landscape unfurls, the memories of those in attendance are further jogged; prompting a rising roar of recognition and approval. Langseth's eyes go wide as possible as he steps back toward the ropes, looking for an escape?]

JS: OH MY GOD!

[With Nuclear Assault's "Something Wicked" now in full flight, the still powerfully built 6'4" frame of Gabriel Whitecross steps into view.

The long grey hair from yesteryear may now be cropped much shorter, and the face more weather-worn, but the goatee beard and intense pale blue eyes remain the same. This is indeed "The Era Of Defiance".]

JS: THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION, GABRIEL WHITECROSS, IS HEEEEEEEEERE!

[Bedecked in his classic 'sleeveless black t-shirt/black denim jeans/white boots' ensemble, the heavily tattooed Whitecross slides into the ring. He drinks in the crowd's adulation with a wistful, appreciative smile on his face, before raising the microphone in his heavily-taped fist to his mouth.

Unsurprisingly, he locks eyes with Langseth, and Gabriel's expression changes to that of dark amusement.]

GW: Hello, Mark. It is good to see you again...

...And may I just say how oddly refreshing it is to see that, when it comes to you, the more things change, the more they stay the same.

[Whitecross pauses. His former protege remains stunned and finally silent.]

GW: And that is good, because I, my friend ... I have also not changed at all.

[The fans scream their approval, as Gabriel turns to respectfully address Martinez and Valiente.]

GW: So gentlemen, with that said...

[Whitecross gestures toward their opponents for the night.]

GW: ...Shall we?

[Martinez nods with a grin.]

RM: Now there's no more excuses. You three against us three.

[Another huge pop!]

RM: And when it's all said and done, well, you three are gonna get...

[Whitecross, Valiente and Martinez say it together.]

RM/GW/JV: BURNED!!!

[The mics get tossed and the fists come next as the bell sounds and Mike Barnes hits the ring one more time!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

JS: LET'S DO THIS!

[The six men quickly pair off, Langseth with Whitecross trading fists... Martinez and Hunter trading chops... Valiente getting pushed back into the corner where Colton lowers his shoulder and starts driving it into the midsection of the GFC fighter!]

JS: We've got a six man tag team battle on our hands! Impromptu match to the extreme and- ohhh!

[The crowd roars as Whitecross and Langseth tumble through the ropes to the outside. Colton straightens up, grabbing Valiente by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner...]

JS: Valiente hits the buckles... here comes Colton!

[But as Colton rushes towards him, Valiente steps out, steps up, and PUMPS a kneestrike up under the chin of Colton, knocking him flat to the canvas to a HUGE POP from the Philly faithful!]

JS: VALIENTE WITH THE FLYING KNEE DROPS BIG BLAKE COLTON!

[The burly strongman rolls under the ropes to the floor, Valiente stepping through the ropes to pursue as Martinez gets Hunter back into the corner...]

JS: Ryan's got Hunter cornered! Look out now!

[But as the White Knight turns out, stepping out to mid-ring, soaking up the cheers from this diehard crowd...]

JS: Get him, Ryan! Get him!

[But as Martinez turns back to the corner, Colton pulls the National Champion off his feet, dragging him under the ropes and out to the floor...]

JS: And out to the floor goes Hunter!

[The crowd jeers the National Champion as he huddles up outside with Langseth and Colton, Whitecross and Valiente having taken up their spots in the corner of the White Knight as Martinez shouts at Hunter to get back into the ring.]

JS: Ryan Martinez wants a piece of Jackson Hunter... a long history there dating back to last year and his ongoing battles with the Axis that Hunter was such a big part of.

[Martinez grimaces as the rulebreaking trio takes their spot on the apron...

...and it's Mark Langseth who steps through the ropes.]

JS: Oho! Well, it was referenced earlier but when Mark Langseth was - briefly - the AWA National Champion, he defended that title in other promotions and one of those title defenses was against Ryan Martinez before Ryan ever came to the AWA. It was that match that many believe was one of the main reasons Martinez was signed to an AWA contract.

TM: So, some good came out of that horrible Westwego Incident.

JS: Absolutely.

[Langseth glares at his archrival's son for a moment...

...and then with a smirk, he points to the corner where Gabriel Whitecross is standing.]

"I WANT HIM!"

[Martinez grimaces again and then points to Whitecross to huge cheers.]

JS: Well, it's Eternally Extreme and I can't think of a better way to remember the E than to see one of its oldest rivalries reborn once again.

[Martinez slaps the hand of the Era of Defiance who climbs into the ring, staring across at his former protege.]

JS: Former friends. Former allies. Former student and teacher. But when they broke apart, oh what enemies they were, guys.

LD: Absolutely. One of the hottest rivalries in EMWC history... and I can't wait to see it once again.

[Whitecross edges out of the corner, approaching Langseth warily...]

JS: Here we go... collar and elbow tieup in the middle...

[Whitecross spins out of the tieup into a hammerlock, cranking up on the arm as Langseth grimaces...]

JS: Nice transition to the hammerlock, working on that arm...

[Langseth searches for a way out, reaching back with the free arm for a handful of hair but Whitecross shakes free. He snaps his elbow back, catching Whitecross on the temple...]

...but the former World Champion simply torques the arm again, causing Langseth to cry out, wincing in pain as Hunter and Colton discuss strategy from the ring apron.]

JS: No way out for Langseth yet and...

[Whitecross abruptly lets go of the arm, ducking down to snatch the feet, yanking them out from under Langseth...]

JS: Whitecross trips him up and-

[The Philly crowd EXPLODES as Whitecross grabs Langseth's ankle...]

JS: FAMILY NAME! WHITECROSS LOOKING FOR THE ANKLELOCK!

[...and Langseth rolls to his back, tucking his legs and kicking his way free, sending Whitecross falling back into the ropes as Langseth scrambles to a knee, grabbing at his ankle.]

JS: Close call there for Langseth. Gabriel Whitecross used that Family Name anklelock way back at No Imitations Accepted 1997 - almost twenty years ago - to become the EMWC World Champion when he defeated the legendary technician, Lord Byron, in a tournament final. That was Whitecross' first and only time with the belt although he'd go on to win the North American Title in 1998 and 1999 as well.

[Whitecross edges towards Langseth again as his fellow former World Champion gets up off the mat...]

JS: Another tieup between these long-time rivals... and this time, it's Langseth who grabs the hammerlock...

[But Langseth deftly goes from the hammerlock into a drop toehold, taking Whitecross chestfirst to the mat...

...and then rolls right towards the feet, snatching one in his grip!]

JS: And now it's Langseth looking for Greatness Personified - his version of the same anklelock that Whitecross taught him!

[But Whitecross pushes up off the mat, ducking under, and uses his momentum to throw Langseth across the ring towards the ropes as he rolls to a knee...]

JS: Stalemate so far between these long-time rivals as they each look to lock in their version of the anklelock... and Langseth's had enough, tagging out to Jackson Hunter...

[The AWA National Champion ducks through the ropes, smirking as he does. He pats Langseth on the back with a "don't worry - I got this!"]

JS: Jackson Hunter is in after dropping some serious verbal bombshells right before this one started - saying his contract expires on August 1st and he's walking out of here with our title.

TM: We've heard that before.

JS: A couple of times actually. But Hunter might be the one who is crazy enough to do it.

[Hunter eyeballs Whitecross a bit with a smirk. The legendary grappler stands center ring, ready to engage with the National Champion as the crowd waits to see it...]

JS: Here we go!

[Hunter dives at Whitecross, looking to pick an ankle himself but Whitecross sidesteps, hooking an Oklahoma Roll as he rolls Hunter to his shoulders.]

JS: He's got him down - quick one count but Hunter slips out...

[Whitecross is quickly on the move though, wrapping the arm up...]

JS: La Majistral! Another one count before Hunter escapes!

[The National Champion comes up swinging but Whitecross ducks under, twisting around and burying his boot into Hunter's midsection.]

JS: Rolling sole butt!

[He spins around alongside Hunter, elevating him in his arms, and dumping him down on the back of his head and neck!]

JS: Wow! Back suplex by Whitecross and the former World Champion is ROLLING here in South Philly!

[Hunter quickly rolls out to the floor, shaking his head in disbelief over what just happened...]

...and then lets out a yelp as Jesus Valiente hops off the apron, grabs him by the tights, and chucks him back under the ropes into the ring where Whitecross greets him with raised fists!]

JS: Hunter made a run for it but Valiente wasn't going to let that happen!

[The Era of Defiance lights up Hunter with a pair of right hands, sending him falling back into the neutral corner. He grabs the arm, whipping Hunter from corner to corner. The National Champion crashes into the buckles, staggering out towards Whitecross who doubles up, and LAUNCHES Hunter into the air, bringing him crashing down with a big backdrop!]

JS: WAY UP HIGH GOES HUNTER AND HE GOES DOWN HARD TO THE MAT!

[Cradling his lower back, Hunter rolls to the corner, diving into a tag.]

JS: Uh oh. And here comes the big man!

[Blake Colton steps through the ropes, eyeballing Whitecross for a moment...]

"Nah, nah, nah, oldtimer... I want the fighter!"

[The crowd buzzes as Colton points at Jesus Valiente who is jumping up and down on the apron, eager to get in and show what he's learned. Whitecross nods, backing to the corner where he slaps "Shades'" hand.]

JS: The tag is made... and in comes Jesus "Shades" Valiente for the first time!

[The Global Fighting Championship fighter steps to the ropes, Ryan Martinez giving him a few last seconds words of advice.]

JS: Ryan Martinez has been friends with this young man for some time now, giving a little bit of coaching. Todd, Jesus Valiente has spent some time with you in the Combat Corner. Care to give us a hint of what we're about to see?

TM: Heh. I'd hate to spoil the surprise. But keep your eyes open, Steggs.

[Valiente edges out of the corner, fists drawn up as a MMA fighter might stand, ready to throw down with the burly Canadian.]

JS: Valiente may have learned a few things in the Corner but I've gotta wonder about the wisdom in squaring off with the 6'4, 340 pound Blake Colton... the Death Star? Is that what Hunter called him?

LD: Even the Death Star had a weakness, Steggs.

JS: Indeed it did.

[Colton sticks out his chin, pulling his arms behind his back.]

TM: Oh, you don't want to do that.

[Colton sticks out again, shouting "COME ON, BAHD! GIMME YOUR SICKEST SHOT!"]

JS: Blake Colton defiantly daring Jesus Valiente to let him have it and-

[Valiente looks at Martinez who shrugs...

...and Valiente POPS Colton on the jaw with a right hook that knocks him flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: DOWN GOES COLTON! DOWN GOES COLTON!

[Valiente pounces, easily securing the mount on Colton, raising his right hand up in a clench and swinging it down like a hammer...]

JS: Hammerfists from the top! Colton is stunned! He's trying to cover up and-

[As Colton raises his powerful arm to block, Valiente spins out of the mount, grasping the wrist and pulling back into a cross armbreaker!]

JS: SUBMISSION HOLD!

[Colton cries out, screaming in pain as he stretches out his body to full extension towards the corner...]

JS: Colton's trying to make a tag and-

[The crowd ROARS as Jackson Hunter comes charging into the ring to save his partner...]

...and Gabriel Whitecross meets him, taking him down with a drop toehold before slapping on the Family Name!]

JS: DOUBLE SUBMISSIONS!

[The Philly fans are going nuts as Langseth dives through the ropes, running in to intervene...]

...and gets taken down with a Martinez drop toehold that ends up in an STF!]

JS: MAKE IT THREE!

[The crowd is going wild as the rulebreakers scream and shout, clawing at the canvas...]

...and then all three are released, crawling out to the floor as the fan favorites celebrate in the ring to huge cheers from the crowd!]

JS: And there goes Team Asshole!

[Hunter and Langseth are immediately on their feet, trashtalking up into the ring where Martinez and Valiente give it right back. The referee steps in, trying to restore some order...]

...all of whom miss Blake Colton slide around the ring, rolling back in from the blind side...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRILLS Valiente with a running double axehandle to the back of the head!]

JS: OHH! COLTON FROM BEHIND ON VALIENTE!

[Martinez whips around, trying to get at Colton but the referee holds him back, forcing him back out to the apron as Colton drags Valiente across the ring, throwing him back into the corner...]

JS: And now Valiente finds himself in the wrong part of town, fans!

[With Valiente's back against the buckles, Colton winds up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and CLUBS “Shades” across the chest with a pair of massive bear paw slaps!]

JS: Holy... what a pair of chops by Colton... and he makes a tag to Jackson Hunter.

[Hunter comes quickly through the ropes, pouring it on Valiente with a series of quick kicks to the midsection...]



...and then he hooks a side headlock, opening up with right hands to the skull as he shouts at Martinez!]

"THIS YOUR BOY, WHITE KNIGHT?! HE'S GOT YOUR BACK?!"

[Hunter steps out, hands raised at the official's instructions before he slaps Mark Langseth's hand.]

JS: In comes Mark Langseth, one of only two men in EMWC history to hold the World, North American, and World Tag Team Titles - the Triple Crown Club.

[Langseth buries a right hand into the jaw, sneering at Valiente as he slinks down against the buckles. Lifting his leg, he plants his boot on the throat of "Shades", pulling back on the ropes...]

JS: That's a choke!

TM: The referee seems to be calling this one a little more like an AWA match... which may be a good thing for Shades 'cause right now these three are taking it to him.

[Langseth breaks at four, backing up as the official shouts at him...

...which allows Jackson Hunter to slip the tag rope around Valiente's throat, choking him again!]

JS: Referee, turn around! Get in there!

[But Langseth keeps the referee focused on him as Valiente kicks and flails, trying to get loose. Hunter lets go just before the official turns back, looking puzzled why the MMA fighter is coughing and gasping in the corner.]

JS: Langseth tags Colton back in... bringing in the young powerhouse once more...

[Colton climbs through the ropes, grabbing Valiente and pulling him right back up to full posture, walking him down the ropes...]

JS: Irish whip by Colton...

[And with a couple steps charge, he FLATTENS Valiente with a big running tackle. The crowd jeers as Colton slaps his shoulders a couple of times, nodding at their disdain.]

JS: Wow. A whole lot of impact there... putting those 340 pounds to good use... and Jesus Valiente looks a little overmatched right now, Todd.

TM: He does but that's to be expected. This is his pro wrestling debut and he's in there with two veterans and a powerhouse with loads of potential.

[Colton stands over Valiente, shouting down at him before he turns back to the corner where Jackson Hunter is shouting instructions.]

JS: And here you see the new influence of Jackson Hunter on Blake Colton... a relationship we still don't have the answers behind. The Hunters and the Coltons have been at war for years so this is a major blow to Colton's own family, I'd have to imagine.

[Colton nods to his mentor, dragging Valiente up off the mat...

...and promptly scoops him up, pressing him straight up overhead!]

JS: Military press! Look at the power!

[The Canadian strongman walks around the ring, holding the smaller competitor up with ease. He walks out to mid-ring, staring in at Martinez and Whitecross...

...and then steps out from under Valiente, allowing him to splat facefirst on the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Colton strikes a double bicep pose in the direction of the babyfaces as Jackson Hunter looks on with a smile, applauding his charge’s actions. Langseth is smiling as well as Colton turns back to the corner, dragging Valiente by the hair to the buckles.]

JS: Another tag, keeping the fresh man in as Jackson Hunter is right back in the mix...

[Glaring at Martinez, Hunter launches into a vicious series of stomps and kicks to the downed fighter...]

JS: Jackson Hunter’s got a bone to pick with Ryan Martinez... and he's taking it out right now on Jesus Valiente!

[Hunter pulls Valiente off the mat, backing him into the far corner...]

“YOU WATCHING THIS, WHITE KNIGHT?! YOU FUCKING WATCHING ME, KID?!”

[The veteran lights up the MMA fighter with a knife edge chop... and another... and a third before turning to look at Martinez.]

“Machine gun chops, my ass!”

[Martinez glowers at Hunter as the former leader of the Axis lands three more chops before the referee steps in to back him off.]

JS: Hunter being backed out of the corner again...

[He backs across the ring, trashtalking Martinez the whole while...]

“WATCH THIS!”

[...and then barrels across the ring, leaping into the air, pumping his knee!]

JS: INSTANT KARM- AHHHHHH!

[The crowd ROARS as Valiente front rolls out of the corner, causing Hunter to fly past, smashing his knee into the top turnbuckle...]

JS: MISSED! ANNNNNNNNNND...

[HUUUUUUUUGE POP!]

JS: TAG!

[Valiente slaps the hand of Ryan Martinez and the White Knight comes rushing into the fray, sprinting across the ring...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[The running big boot sends Blake Colton sailing off the apron, crashing down onto the barely-padded mats at ringside!]

JS: COLTON GETS FLATTENED AND-

[Martinez takes a swing at Langseth who drops off the apron, shaking his head up at the White Knight who smirks, twisting around towards Hunter who comes out swinging...]

JS: Big right hand! Another! Hunter rocking Martinez!

[But as Hunter goes to whip Martinez across the ring, the White Knight reverses it, sending Hunter in...

...and DROPS him with a big knife edge chop on the rebound!]

JS: OH MY!

TM: Man, I love those chops out of that kid.

[Martinez pulls the National Champion off the mat, shoving him back into the neutral corner...]

JS: You're about to get some more of 'em, Todd!

[The White Knight steps back in...]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[And as he wraps it up, he grabs Hunter by the arm, whipping him across the ring to the far corner...]

JS: Hunter hits the buckles... Martinez sets...

[The White Knight comes tearing across the ring again, looking for another running Yakuza kick...

...but Hunter is suddenly JERKED clear from the corner, causing Martinez to whiff and SLAM into the buckles in an awkward position!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: LANGSETH PULLS HUNTER CLEAR... TAG!

[Langseth slides into the ring, running to the far corner then sprinting back towards Martinez' turned back...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JS: OH! HE CLIPPED HIM! HE CLIPPED HIM!

[Martinez falls to the mat, screaming in pain and grabbing his knee as Langseth gets up, a wicked grin on his face...]

JS: Langseth clips out the knee from behind... and look at him now!

[The crowd jeers as Langseth pounces like a wild animal, stomping and kicking the knee viciously!]

JS: Langseth trying to break down the knee, obviously trying to do some damage and limit Martinez' ability to counter the anklelock - that Greatness Personified!

[Langseth grabs the leg, flipping Martinez over onto his stomach, lifting the leg high...

...and SLAMMING the kneecap down into the canvas!]

JS: OHHH!

[Langseth repeats the move, driving the knee down a second time as Martinez cradles his leg, trying to scoot away from the Hall of Famer!]

LD: Here's a fun piece of trivia for you guys - Mark Langseth is the only man to wear the EMWC World Title and the AWA National Title.

JS: Seems unlikely anyone will ever break into that club as well.

[Langseth grabs Martinez, preventing his attempt to tag out, dragging him back to the middle of the ring...]

JS: He's going for it! Just like he did to Ryan's legendary father so many times, Mark Langseth has... SLAPPED IT ON!

[The crowd ROARS for the moment as Langseth wrenches on the ankle, trying to twist it into submission as Martinez claws at the canvas in pain...]

JS: MARTINEZ TRAPPED IN THE MIDDLE! TRYING TO HANG ON!

[Langseth can be heard screaming “TAP, YOU SON OF A BITCH!”]

TM: Ryan's trying to hang on but he's gotta think about more than tonight as well, Steggs.

JS: That's right. Ryan's going to be a part of the Stampede Cup in just a few weeks plus his ongoing battles with Korugun continue as well. I know he doesn't want to go out like this on a night like this but-

[Martinez pushes up off the mat, letting loose a scream as he does...

...and then flips over to his back, kicking Langseth off across the ring to the far corner where Hunter slaps the shoulder!]

JS: BLIND TAG! HUNTER IN AND-

[But as Hunter charges across, Martinez makes a lunge...]

JS: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jesus Valiente tags back in, slingshotting over the top rope into the ring. He greets the incoming Hunter with a quick one-two followed by a leaping kneestrike on the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hunter staggers in a circle off the kneestrike, opening up for Valiente to hook him from behind in a rear waistlock...]

JS: WAISTLOCK AND...

[...and Shades SNAPS Hunter over, dumping him on the back of his head and neck!]

JS: ...RELEASED GERMAN! ALL IMPACT, NO BRIDGE!

[Valiente kips up to his feet, showing off his athleticism as Blake Colton comes wildly charging in...

...and he sidesteps, shoving Colton in the back to the corner where he SLAMS chestfirst into the buckles and Gabriel Whitecross DRILLS him with a right hand for good measure!]

JS: Colton goes down, rolling out to the floor...

[Valiente grabs Hunter off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors as the crowd begins to buzz...]

JS: What's this now?! What does he have in mind?! What's he going to...?

[A shout from Mark Langseth draws the referee's attention towards him...

...which is when Jackson Hunter drops to a knee and SLAMS his arm up into Valiente's groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

TM: LOW BLOW!

[The low blow leaves Valiente down on his knees as Hunter backs off, takes aim, and charges in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: INSTANT KARRRRRMAAAAAAAAA!

[The bicycle knee strike knocks Valiente flat as Hunter dives across, hooking the legs...]

JS: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[...but a DIVING save from Ryan Martinez saves his friend from eating the loss in his debut!]

JS: MARTINEZ MAKES THE SAVE!

[Hunter angrily gets up, kicking and stomping Martinez under the ropes to the floor. He spins around, moving back in on Valiente, yanking him up to his feet...]

...and Langseth shouts to Hunter who looks puzzled for a moment and then seems to get it!]

JS: What's he...?

TM: Tag to Langseth!

[Blake Colton climbs up on the apron at a shout from Hunter, waving his arms back and forth, drawing the referee's focus as Hunter pulls Valiente's arms back and Langseth steps in...]

...with the National Title belt in hand!]

JS: Wait a second!

[Langseth looks lovingly at the title belt, running his hand over it as Hunter shouts "DO IT! DO IT!"]

JS: They've got Valiente trapped and-

[Langseth suddenly snaps out of it, rushing at Valiente with the belt drawn back...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd POPS as Valiente spins free and Langseth CLOCKS Jackson Hunter with the title belt, knocking him flat!]

JS: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! AND JACKSON HUNTER GETS ROCKED!

[Langseth spins around, taking another swing as Valiente ducks under it, spinning around...]

JS: ROUNDHOUSE! HEAD KICK BY SHADES!

[The big kick to the temple sends Langseth falling back into his own vacant corner, dropping the title belt as Valiente twists around, diving towards his own corner...]

JS: TAG!

[The crowd EXPLODES as the White Knight steps back in, crouching low as Langseth stumbles out of the corner...]

...and Martinez reaches back out, slapping Gabriel Whitecross' shoulder before he goes thundering across the ring, leaping into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

TM: Son of a...

[Gabriel Whitecross steps to intervene as well but a well-placed chairshot across the back leaves him lying on the canvas... thanks to Morgan Dane!]

JS: Whitecross is down! Valiente is down! Martinez is down! And this is all thanks to... yeah, of course it is!

[The sneering, slithering Javier Castillo walks quickly down the aisle, nodding as Matthews takes the chair from Dane, smashing it down across Whitecross' back a second time before rolling him out of the ring.]

JS: They've got Ryan Martinez all alone in there - and you can bet that's EXACTLY how he wants it!

[Muteesa and Dane drag Martinez off the mat, each holding an arm as they hold him up between them, the White Knight limply hanging there as Matthews taunts him, holding the chair.]

JS: Matthews is gonna try to finish this now! That traitorous piece of garbage is going to try to finish this!

[But as the Madfox rears back, a voice calls out...]

"NO!"

[Matthews comes to a halt, turning to look at Javier Castillo who has a mic in hand.]

JC: No.

[The eyes of Castillo are burning with white hot anger, staring in at the limp Martinez...]

JC: He's MINE to finish.

[Matthews smirks, shrugging as he offers up the chair to Javier Castillo. El Presidente accepts it, a gleam in his eye as he waves for the others to leave.]

JC: Alone at last.

[He uses the edge of the chair to lift Martinez' face up, staring down into his eyes.]

JC: It didn't have to be this way...

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: No, I suppose it always did. You on your path... me on mine... they were always destined to collide, weren't they, White Knight?

[He nods.]

JC: And yet, I had hope... I hoped that someday you would listen... someday it would sink in... but only now...

[He sighs heavily.]

JC: Here... in the end, young Martinez... you will understand...

[Castillo winds up with the chair, ready to cave in the White Knight's skull once and for all...]



JS: Don't do it, damn it! Don't do it, Castillo, you son of a-

[...and out go the lights.]

JS: What the...?!

TM: Again?!

JS: The lights in the 2300 Arena are out! We can't see a thing! Castillo had drawn back that chair, ready to put an end to Ryan Martinez and-

[The lights flicker for a moment before coming back to full illumination...

...and the place is immediately UNGLUED at the sight in the ring!]

JS: What the... my god...

LD: Not quite.

[The EMWC faithful are ROARING at the sight in the ring.

Javier Castillo, the diabolical AWA President with the steel chair drawn back over his head, bloody murder on his mind and reflected in his eyes...

Ryan Martinez on his knees, helpless... defenseless... trapped at the mercy of the merciless...

...and between the two?

The diminutive form of Truth Marie Temple standing in a simple and modest black dress, all of about fifteen or sixteen years old. Her red hair is straight and pulled back into a tight ponytail. Around her neck is a golden crucifix...

...and on her pale face is a look of pleading towards El Presidente.]

JS: Truth Marie Temple is standing between her brother and certain doom! She has come to South Philly... and she has intervened to save her brother!

TM: He's not really her broth-

LD: To her, he is! And family is in the eye of the beholder at times, Todd Michaelson - you should know that better than anyone!

[Castillo lowers the chair slowly - he's not a monster per se. His face is still angry though. His eyes flash with rage as he stares at the person who DARED to interrupt his cold, hard quest for vengeance. He gestures with an arm...]

JS: Castillo's telling her to move!

TM: But she ain't budging!

[Truth Marie shakes her head, defiantly defying the order.]

"MOVE!"

[The verbal order is more direct, more harsh as Castillo's fury is getting stronger as he glares at the unmoving Truth Marie, determined to protect her brother no matter the cost.]

"MOVE YOUR ASS... NOW!"

[Truth Marie again shakes her head, extending her arms to her side in her father's crucifix pose to a DEAFENING ROAR...

...which is when Castillo reaches out and HULRS her down to the canvas to a DEAFENING EXPLOSION OF JEERS!]

JS: THAT SON OF A... THAT PIECE OF SHIT!

[Castillo steps closer, standing over her with the chair...]

"YOU WANT SOME OF THIS?! HUH?!"

[Truth Marie is still on the mat, shaking her head up at the rage-filled Castillo who seems about to club a teenage girl with a steel chair...

...when he suddenly twists away towards the White Knight, winding up a second time...]

JS: NO!

[...and the lights go out.]

JS: What in the...?

[There's a lot of crowd noise, roaring with anticipation as the announcers sit in silence for several moments...

...and then as the lights flicker again, coming back to full light...]

JS: Holy fuck.

TM: That's more like it.

[...and we see Ryan Martinez still down on his knees, Truth Marie still laid out on the mat, Javier Castillo still with a steel chair raised high over his head...

...with his eyes wider than he ever imagined possible as he lays them onto the man standing before him.

A former World Champion.

A Hall of Famer.

The original King of the Death Match.

The Devil himself.]

JS: CALEB TEMPLE! CALEB TEMPLE IS HERE!

TM: And I'll be damned if he's not PROTECTING Ryan Martinez!

[Temple has taken up a spot between Castillo and the kneeling Martinez, standing guard as Castillo slowly lowers the chair, shaking his head...]

JS: And I'd say that Javier Castillo wants NO part of Caleb Temple!

TM: Can you blame him?! Temple's been in Killing Boxes! He's blown up a man and his wife! He's lived rent free in the minds of his victims for years! He was in a match where someone lost a finger!

[Castillo lowers the chair, setting it down on the canvas with a "See?! See?! It's okay! I'm leaving now!"

Temple stares at him unblinking, a death stare if you will when...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: FROM BEHIND! TRUTH MARIE GOES LOW FROM THE BLIND SIDE!

[Castillo clutches the family jewels, crumpling down to the canvas as Truth Marie gets up, standing over him, a dark expression on her face...

...and her father smiles proudly at her.]

JS: Like father, like daughter, I guess!

[Temple grins at Truth Marie who returns the smile...

...and then he POUNCES on Javier Castillo, pounding him with hammerfists as the EMWC faithful go ABSOLUTELY NUTS!]

JS: GET HIM! GET HIM!

[Temple is raining down blows on Castillo as Truth Marie kneels down beside Ryan Martinez in the corner, comforting him with a word or two...

...when the chaos gets even greater!]

JS: WHAT THE-?!

[The jeers pick up as Muteesa and Morgan Dane get back into the ring, ready to attack to save their employer...

...but Jeff Matthews slides in, holding up his arms, and ordering them to stop.]

JS: What's this about now?

[Matthews looks down at Temple... his longtime rival... the man he was so obsessed with, he spent a year of his life masquerading as him... the man who he scarred his own body to become.

The man who led Matthews to some of his darkest moments.

The exploding ring with his wife trapped inside.

The caskets and the mind game that nearly broke him.

All the violence. All the wars.

And this.

One more chance.

One LAST chance.

Caleb Temple rises off of Javier Castillo, leaving El Presidente down on the mat, shielding himself helplessly as Temple locks eyes with his former... no, his eternal rival...]

JS: WHAT A MOMENT!

[The 2300 Arena crowd is buzzing at the idea of this battle... one... last... time...]

TM: Oh hell yes - let's do this!

[But just as the two men seem set to collide...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...the powerful form of Wade Walker HAMMERS a blow to the back of Caleb Temple's head, knocking him down to the canvas!]

JS: Oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Matthews smirks, nodding his head and pointing to his temple... no wordplay intended.

JS: Matthews had NO intention of fighting Caleb Temple again! This was a damn setup!

[And as Walker, Muteesa, and Morgan Dane start stomping Caleb Temple into the canvas, Jeff Matthews sits back and watches the whole scene unfolding, snatching up the steel chair that Castillo set aside...]

JS: Oh, this is a bad scene, guys.

LD: I can't believe I'm actually going to say this - but we need some help out here for Caleb Temple!

[Matthews unfolds the chair, taking a seat and watching as Temple takes his pounding at the hands of the other Korugun soldiers...]

JS: And Jeff Matthews is loving every second of this! He's watching one of his greatest enemies get destroyed by his fellow Korugun SELLOUTS and he's loving every second of it!

TM: Steggs, we've heard the reports from backstage - Supreme Wright and Hannibal Carver taken to the hospital, Jack Lynch left earlier in the night... who can come out here and stop Korugun? Who can stand and fight to save this legend of the ring?

[Matthews gets up to his feet, folding the chair back up, ordering them to stop beating on Temple and to lift him up...]

JS: Oh, Jesus.

[Muteesa and Walker each hold an arm, trapping Temple between them as Matthews says something off-mic, a huge grin on his face as he stares down his enemy...

...and draws back the chair, ready to strike him down with it!]

JS: NO!

[But before he can deliver the blow, he finds himself SPEARED off his feet!]

JS: RYAN! RYAN! RYAN!

[The crowd ERUPTS for the White Knight coming to the aid of the man who once haunted him, battering Matthews with rights and lefts on the canvas as the Madfox tries to cover up!]

JS: MARTINEZ ALL OVER MATTHEWS!

LD: And how many times have you made that call over the years?!

JS: HE'S POUNDING THE MADFOX INTO THE MAT AND-

[A wild-eyed Muteesa lets go of Temple's arm, moving to help the Madfox...

...which is when Caleb Temple SMASHES his skull into Wade Walker's cheekbone, knocking the Dog of War down to the canvas!]

JS: OHH!

[Temple locks eyes with Morgan Dane who gleefully wiggles his fingers in anticipation...]

JS: Oh, I've been waiting to see this one for... damn it!

[The crowd groans as more Korugun soldiers appear in the aisle - the walking wounded in many cases as men like Isaiah Carpenter, James Lynch, and John Law come into view.]

TM: This is like something out of a bad dream.

[Carpenter hits the ring, leaping off the top rope with a flying axehandle to the back of Caleb Temple's head, knocking him down at Morgan Dane's feet. James Lynch dives onto Ryan Martinez, flattening him as John Law comes in, wincing with every movement as Lynch drags Martinez up, tossing him towards Law...]

JS: NO! NO! NO!

[...who grabs Martinez by the throat, glaring into his eyes!]

JS: He's gonna chokeslam him! He's gonna chokeslam him! He's gonna-

[And the lights go out.

The crowd ROARS for a moment... then drops to an anticipatory buzz.

One last time.

Waiting to see one final surprise.

One more moment on a night filled with them.

And as the PA system kicks to life in darkness, the fans do not need their eyes to know who is coming. They do not need the light to see who is coming to save their heroes.

All they need is their ears to know that things in the 2300 Arena on a night filled with insanity is about to get...

...just a little crazy.

And with a flicker of light, he is here.]

JS: OH MY GOD!

TM: HE WAS HERE AFTER ALL!

[With the lights on full blast, we see the seven foot Institution of the EMWC standing center ring...

...and man, does he look pissed off.]

JS: THE LAST AMERICAN BADASS HAS ARRIVED!

[Law shoves Ryan Martinez aside, making his move towards the seven footer who simply lifts his massive leg, delivering a big boot under the jaw that wipes out Korugun's personal protector for Javier Castillo.]

JS: OHH! DOWN GOES LAW!

[Isaiah Carpenter is next, throwing a wild right hand that Martinez absorbs before wrapping a hand around his throat...

...and HOISTS Carpenter high in the sky before throwing him down in a massive chokeslam!]

JS: OHHHHHH, WHAT A CHOKESLAAAAAAAM!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A well-placed steel chair across the back since Wade Walker through the ropes to the floor courtesy of Caleb Temple who sets the chair down on the mat, opening it up like he's going to take a seat...

...but instead, he fights his way through the crowd - a right hand to Muteesa, an eyegouge to Morgan Dane...

...and dashes to the ropes, bouncing back, stepping up onto the chair which he uses to launch himself to the top rope...]

JS: OH MY GOOOOOOOOOOOOOD!

[...and finishes off the Triple Jump Moonsault with a highlight reel dive onto Wade Walker on the floor to a DEAFENING POP from the EMWC faithful!]

JS: HE TAKES OUT WALKER!

[In the ring, Ryan Martinez is now slugging it out with James Lynch, battering him back against the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where a HUUUUUUUGE knife edge chop sends Lynch toppling over the ropes to the floor!]

JS: OUT GOES THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE LYNCH FAMILY!

[From the floor, Caleb Temple snatches Muteesa by the ankles, dragging him under the ropes to the outside where he HURLS him skullfirst into the ringpost, sending him tumbling down to the concrete before sliding back in, scooping up the steel chair...

...and HURLS it down on Muteesa's prone form!]

JS: OHHH!

[And while that's going on, Alex Martinez shoves John Law towards his son who leaps up...]

JS: OHHHHH! EXCALIBUR!!

[Castillo's personal protector falls to the mat, rolling out to the floor to join his boss who is absolutely beside himself outside the ring. Castillo is shouting up at the ring where his men have fought... and lost... but they have been unable to retreat, trying to fight until the end...

The ring is surrounded with fallen Korugun soldiers.

But in the ring...

Ryan Martinez is standing.

Caleb Temple is standing.

Alex Martinez is standing.

And Jeff Matthews is trapped.]

JS: Oh. Hell. Yes.

TM: The Madfox just got his paw caught in the mother of all traps!

[Matthews looks anxiously around the ring, looking for help against two of his greatest rivals... and one who is really not too pleased that Matthews betrayed one of his friends earlier in the night...]

JS: PAYBACK IS A BITCH!

[Matthews decides to go for broke, breaking into an attack on Ryan Martinez who blocks the haymaker and lands one of his own, sending him staggering towards Caleb Temple who smirks as he digs his fingers into Matthews' eyes, sending him stumbling towards Alex Martinez...]

JS: DOUBLE CHOKE!

[The crowd is ROARING as Caleb Temple nods approvingly, jerking a thumb towards the ceiling as Martinez stares into the eyes of the traitorous Madfox. Ryan Martinez grins, leaning back in the corner to watch as the EMWC faithful loses their minds over the scene in the ring...

...and with a mighty lift seen many times over the years, Martinez launches Matthews into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: FIREBOMB! FIREBOMB! FIREBOMMMMMMMMMMMMB!

[Matthews is DRIVEN into the canvas as Alex Martinez hits one of the biggest Firebombs of his career, slowly getting back to his feet and looking out on the

roaring crowd. He smiles, nodding his head as his son moves to his side, draping an arm on the old man's shoulder.]

JS: What a moment! What a god damn moment!

[Caleb Temple moves to the corner, helping Truth Marie back into the ring to join them. The fans are cheering everything now as Javier Castillo loses his shit on the outside of the ring.]

JS: The Temples are here! House Martinez is here!

[Ryan steps away from his father to check on Truth Marie who embraces him warmly. Caleb Temple looks on with a nod towards Ryan who actually sticks out his hand, shaking hands with the Devil himself who came to his aid only moments ago.]

JS: You want to talk about going out with a bang? Well, this is it, people! Twenty-three years of action! Twenty-three years of moments! Twenty-three years of memories!

[Alex Martinez steps towards his longtime enemy, staring down at him as Truth Marie stands by her father's side and Ryan Martinez stands by his...]

JS: Twenty-three years of some of the best damn professional wrestling anywhere in the world!

[...and the Last American Badass - concern on his face - slowly raises his arm, extending his hand to his hated enemy to a HUUUUUUUGE POP!]

TM: Wow.

LD: I can't believe my damn eyes, guys.

TM: I never thought I'd see this... but hell, Temple sacrificed himself to save Martinez' son so... yeah. Let's do this,

[Temple eyes the offered hand for a moment, the crowd encouraging him to accept it...

...and he does to an even BIGGER POP!]

TM: Oh yeah!

[And the two generations of Extreme stand together, looking out on the crowd. Caleb Temple and Alex Martinez stand with their children, bound by blood in a very non-typical way. Truth Marie smiles at her brother who returns the favor, looking awed by the scene unfolding in front them...]

JS: Twenty-three years of the EMWC has come to an end and... damn it, I said I wasn't going to cry.

LD: There, there...

TM: It'll be okay, Steggy.

JS: For the last damn time, Michaelson...

JS/TM/LD: DON'T CALL ME STEGGY!

[And with the scene in the ring still getting huge applause from the fans...]



JS: Good night everyone... and thanks for the memories.

[...we fade to black.]