

AWA FIGHT NIGHT ON FOX

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
NEW YORK CITY

6.24.17

PART TWO

[We start on a black screen as most shows do. We fade up into a black screen with white uplighting shining on large ovals that spin by, highlighting the individual sports that Fox Sports presents. A strong instrumental track plays as a voiceover begins.]

"Home to the GFC... the UEFA Finals... the U.S. Open Championship... the MLB All-Star Game... the NFL... Big Ten Football... and the FIFA World Cup.]

[The final oval falls away, leaving the Fox Sports logo center screen.]

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

[The music drops off...

...and a giant CGI robot appears, holding up another version of the FOX Sports logo with the signature line.]

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and we fade up on the interior of a pitch black Madison Square Garden. The crowd is already cheering, flashbulbs popping as people try to catch a glimpse of what's going on in the ring.

After a few moments in the dark, a voice rings out.]

"Ladies and gentlemen... 30 SECONDS TO MARS!"

[A burst of pyro rockets up from all four ringposts as lighting floods the arena, splashing over the ring-styled stage where the aforementioned band is standing in the middle of the squared circle.]

#Oh oh, oh oh

Oh oh, oh oh
Oh oh, oh oh (do you believe?) walk on water
Oh oh, oh oh#

[A huge white spotlight hits the stage where we see front man Jared Leto in a horizontally-striped rainbow poncho and shimmering gold pants gripping the microphone.]

#Can you even see what you're fighting for?
Bloodlust and a holy war#

[Leto leans back, pulling the mic towards him.]

#Listen up, hear the patriots shout
"Times are changing"#

[He thrusts a fist into the air, shouting "COME ON!" as we switch to intercutting the performance with clips from AWA shows.]

#In the end, the choice was clear
Take a shot in the face of fear#

[Jordan Ohara dives off the top rope onto Maxim Zharkov who is on the floor, knocking down the Russian along with several others.]

#Fist up in the firing line
Times are changing#

[Daniel Harper catapults Howie Somers over the top rope onto a prone Derrick Williams.]

#Oh oh, oh oh
Do you believe that you can walk on water?#

[Cut back to Leto pointing to the fans enthusiastically.]

#Oh oh, oh oh
Do you believe that you can win this fight tonight?
(Do you believe?)#

[We get a clip of Michelle Bailey in the gym, squatting an impressive amount of weight.]

#Look at the sky, see a dying star
White lies, it's a man on fire#

[Ayako Fujiwara throws a helpless opponent up and over with a spine-rattling German Suplex.]

#Making love with the devil hurts
Times are changing#

[Back to Leto, now standing back to back with his guitarist.]

#A thin line, the whole truth#

[Cut to a shot of a handful of fans, obviously big fans of 30 Seconds To Mars as they are singing along with every word in a song that's only appeared in an AWA commercial so far.]

#The far right, the left view#

[Back to Leto standing tall, singing into the mic.]

#Breaking all those promises made
Times are changing#

[Cinder gleefully puts the scissors to work on Victoria June, snipping off a handful of hair.]

#Oh oh, oh oh
Do you believe that you can walk on water?#

[June leaps into the air, barreling over an opponent and repeatedly smashing her head into the canvas.]

#Oh oh, oh oh
Do you believe that you can win this fight tonight?#

[June and Cinder are trading wildly thrown blows, AWA officials shouting all around them.]

#Oh oh, oh oh
Do you believe that you can walk on water?#

[Back to Leto, waving his arm in the air towards the cheering crowd.]

#Oh oh, oh oh
Do you believe that you can win this fight tonight?#

[And with another burst of pyro, the song ends, the fans roar, and the lights cut out.

A moment later, the lights come back on, the music playing over the PA system, and we get a panning shot of the Mecca of Sports, Madison Square Garden. The crowd is loud and proud, screaming their lungs to the limit as we see that the entrance stage, now being cleared of the band's equipment is considerably smaller than we're used to seeing at major AWA events - just a bit larger than a wrestling ring and made to look that way complete with ring ropes on three sides, ringposts in all four corners, and a video wall hanging above the rear of the entrance stage.

An elevated ramp has been set up, our standard sloping ramp running the distance from the stage to the ring. It's been dressed to impress with a large AWA FIGHT NIGHT ON FOX logo splashed across it and bursts of pyro firing from launches on either side, set up every ten feet or so down the length.

The ring is dressed in all black ropes with a white canvas with the same FIGHT NIGHT ON FOX airbrushed onto the canvas. Matching black ring aprons are around the squared circle along with protective mats on the floor and metal barricades keeping the fans at bay.

A voice rings out over the dull roar from the crowd and music. It is loud and strong, cutting over the ruckus with ease. And it is familiar to fans of the all-new Power Hour airing every other week on Fox Sports X - the voice of Salvatore Albano... big Sal to his friends.]

SA: IT IS A NIGHT TO REMEMBER HERE IN THE BIG APPLE BECAUSE AWA FIGHT NIGHT ON FOX IS ONNNNNNNN THEEEEEEE AIIIIIIIIIR!

[Another burst of pyro goes up from around the ring.]

SA: Whooooa my! The fans are rocking! The arena is rolling! And it is my distinct pleasure and honor to be here with you all in the city that never sleeps. I am Salvatore Albano and I'll be here with you for the next two hours... and my co-host here... well, he's ALWAYS in a New York state of mind... former World Champion, Colt Patterson!

[We cut to the announce table where we see Albano is wearing a bright white tuxedo with a bright red tie. His ample midsection is putting some strain on the buttons of his dress shirt. His dark black hair has a bit of a shine to it - professionally styled perhaps?

By his side is the one and only Colt Patterson who looks like a fashion magazine land mine blew up when he stepped on it on the way to work. He's wearing violet leather pants, a silver belt with a large buckle on it shaped like a curled bicep, and a leopard print skin-tight shirt with the sleeves cut off to reveal his still-massive arms. His facial hair is recently trimmed, leaving a dark mustache and a goatee. A dangling earring hangs from his lobe with a feather on the end of it. And the capper is purple sparkly top hat and a pair of violet-tinted sunglasses.]

CP: Big Sal, it's a hell of a night to be in NYC... and by the time this night is through, they just might rename this joint the "Big Colt."

SA: Is that right?

CP: Oh yeah, they LOVE me here in New York. I won my third World Title right here in this building - a little show called the Rumble In The Big Apple, jack!

SA: Well, Big Colt or not, this building will certainly be rumbling here tonight as we've got four big matches announced for this one. Later tonight, we're going to see the major leagues of wrestling return of the one and only Michelle Bailey as she takes on the Olympic gold medalist, Ayako Fujiwara!

CP: The eyes of the wrestling world - hell, maybe even the WHOLE world - is on Michelle Bailey here tonight. We know what she was able to do it in the past... but that was a different Michelle Bailey, Big Sal... and getting in that ring with an Olympic gold medalist ain't an easy night at the office for anyone let alone someone who hasn't been actively competing with the top stars in a long, long time.

SA: In addition, we've got the Running of the Bulls coming up a little later... and there's a whole lot of mystery surrounding that one.

CP: We don't know the players, Sal, but we know the game. Javier Castillo says that match is about opportunity and someone - when that one is all said and done - is gonna have the biggest opportunity of them all, a World Title shot at Johnny Detson!

SA: We've got our Main Event much later tonight - Hair versus Hair, Caballera contra Cabellera as they'd say down South of the Border - with Cinder taking on Victoria June!

CP: The first major show women's Main Event in history, jack! A lot of pressure on these ladies in that spot... and I hope they're set to deliver! Oh, and don't forget, it ain't Cinder's hair on the line in that one... it's her Fairy Godmother, Ricki Toughill's and I can't imagine Ricki would be too thrilled with walkin' the streets of the Big Apple tonight a cueball!

SA: And coming up in just a few moments now, we've got six man tag team action kicking things off with a Liberty Or Death preview! Jordan Ohara and the World Tag

Team Champions, Next Gen, will take on the National Champion, Maxim Zharkov, and System Shock! Any predictions in that one, Colt?

CP: You better believe it... Next Gen may be on a roll right now but nothing stops The Axis. Zharkov, Hunter, and Williams are gonna send a message tonight and give us a sneak preview of what they're going to do in those two title matches in Philly!

SA: That's coming up in a few moments but first, we want to thank our friends in 30 Seconds To Mars for being with us here tonight and for lending us their brand new song - not even out yet, Colt - "Walk On Water" as the official anthem of AWA Fight Night On FOX!

CP: Hey, you know... I think Jared Leto was digging around in my closet before the show. That outfit of his looked awfully familiar.

SA: Jared Leto may have played The Joker in last year's Suicide Squad, Colt... but I think he knows it would be LEGITIMATE suicide to try and steal some of your clothes.

[Colt flexes a muscle with a grin.]

CP: And don't you forget about it, Leto!

SA: Right now, we're going to meet another member of our broadcast team here tonight as we go out to the parking lot of MSG where our own Theresa Lynch is standing by!

[We cut to the parking lot area of the arena where Theresa Lynch in a black form-fitting dress is standing.]

TL: Thanks, Big Sal! Just like Saturday nights for us, huh?

[She looks up at a big sign reading "MADISON SQUARE GARDEN" with a grin.]

TL: Well, maybe it's a little different. But I'm out here in the parking lot area awaiting the arrival of the AWA World Champion who we're told is...

[She trails off as she spies a limousine that has just pulled up to the arena.]

TL: Maybe this is him now.

[The limo driver gets out, walking around to the back door and swinging it open as the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson emerges to loud boos from those watching inside the arena. Detson is wearing a grey suit with a blue tie and he throws the AWA World Title over his right shoulder. As he looks around, he sees Theresa Lynch approaching microphone in hand.]

TL: Johnny Detson... a word?

[Detson raises his eyebrows, curious.]

TL: As you know, the Running of the Bulls is tonight, and we have been informed that Javier Castillo has invited you personally to sit with him at ringside to watch the event unfold.

[Detson gives a slight roll of his eyes as he grimaces at the news.]

TL: Also, and this may be news to you, but we've been told that Javier Castillo is actually about to head to the ring to address this sold-out New York City crowd... and your presence for that address has also been requested.

[Detson smirks.]

JD: Requested?

[Theresa grimaces.]

TL: More like demanded.

[Detson nods for a moment before he exhales a long sigh, looking down at his bare wrist.]

JD: You know something, Theresa... would you look at the time? I have... a thing... totally forgot... I have to go.

[A shocked Theresa Lynch follows after him.]

TL: You're leaving?

[Detson simply motions to the shocked driver who hurries to reopen the back of the limo. Detson puts one foot in as the driver speaks again]

D: Where to, sir?

[Detson gives a quick glance at his surroundings.]

JD: Not here.

[Detson frowns, sitting down as the door closes. The driver hurries back to the front and soon takes off, leaving a stunned Theresa Lynch behind.]

TL: Well, it appears as if the World Champion has declined Javier Castillo's invitation and has, in fact, left the building altogether. Who knows what this means, but it can't make Castillo too happy. Fans, let's go down to the ring right now and hear from El Presidente himself!

[We cut from the parking lot area to the ring, where the crowd is focusing a ton of boos and chants of "OUT-LAW!" at a lone, towering figure. His modified motorcycle helmet still on his head, a frown is all we can see of JOHN LAW's head to convey what the gigantic lawman is thinking. He holds up his left hand, waiting for the crowd to die down before speaking.]

JL: Citizens, please. The right to protest is one I support and enforce with my every breath.

[LAW extends an index finger.]

JL: But in this case, you are mistaken. I have already heard the accusations. That I am in Javier Castillo's back pocket. That I will do anything he says, break any rule he wishes.

[LAW shakes his head.]

JL: All I have done, is hold up the ideals he's espoused to me. To see that justice is done. To see that a title match is called fairly. To see that anyone looking to settle disputes outside a legally sanctioned bout is removed. And in the case of someone attacking my brother in arms with a fireball?

[LAW nods at his right bicep, where he is wearing a black armband with "MAWAGA" in bold white text.]

JL: Then an outlaw... will be treated like one.

[The boos return with increased volume and ferocity. LAW once again holds up a hand.]

JL: Do not mistake me bringing the hammer of the law down on a criminal for me being a criminal myself. I have no allegiances except for one.

Ensuring the scales of justice remain forever balanced.

[LAW nods.]

JL: Regardless of your personal feelings, Javier Castillo makes the rules here. Until that changes, to attack him is to attack the law. And I?

I AM THE LAW.

[LAW lowers the mic from his lips, using it to gesture to the top of the entranceway...

...and with the snarl of a jungle cat and 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 New York City faithful. Castillo, with a gleaming bleached smile guiding the way, pauses at the top of the ramp, raising his arms towards the fans with a loud "WONDERFUL!" as he slithers down towards the ring wearing all black from head to toe.]

SA: El Presidente is in the house and, Colt, what about those words from John Law right there?

CP: John Law telling it like he sees it... I gotta respect that. And he's right, Sal. El Presidente is the rules... he is the law... and that makes John Law on Javier Castillo's side.

SA: Conspicuous by his absence is the mighty MAWAGA who we understand was badly burned at the hands of Bobby Taylor two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling. We send our best wishes for a speedy recovery to the Suited Savage though.

[Castillo climbs the steps, ducking through the ropes and with a grin, he takes the offered mic from John Law who steps into a protective stance behind El Presidente.]

JC: NEW YORK CITY!

[The crowd cheers themselves.]

JC: Center of the universe.

[He grins, shaking his head.]

JC: It is a beautiful night here in your Big Apple... and the AWA is here to... how you say... tear the house down!

[Another big cheer!]

JC: But before we do, we have some business to address. First...

[He turns, gesturing to John Law.]

JC: ...as you can see, John Law has temporarily taken over as my protective detail as MAWAGA is tended to by Korugun doctors for the burns he suffered two weeks ago by that maniacal savage Bobby Taylor!

[Another big cheer. This time, Castillo's face twists into anger.]

JC: Yes, yes... cheer your heroes. I only hope your dear Outlaw has heeded my warning. I understand healthcare in your country is quite expensive - doubly so when two members of the same family require hospitalization and extensive treatment.

[The crowd jeers as Castillo grins at his implied threat.]

JC: Now, let's move on to someone else who believes assaulting me is the way to get somewhere. The man you call Supernova.

[The crowd ROARS for Supernova.]

JC: While the bruise on my face left by Supernova has started to fade, the wound on my heart for his total disdain for authority will never heal. While a competitor under suspension by my office, Supernova defied that suspension, went under a mask, and secretly assaulted Johnny Detson on several occasions... going so far as to enter the 2017 Rumble...

[He wags a finger.]

JC: This... none of this... can be tolerated. Therefore, after several conversations with AWA Legal, I have decided that from this day forward, Supernova is NO LONGER suspended...

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers as Castillo smirks.]

JC: HE! IS! FIIIIIIIIRED!

[And just like that, the overwhelming cheers turn to boos as Castillo nods emphatically.]

JC: Fired! Gone! No more! Supernova is out of here forever!

[The boos continue to pour down on Castillo who - quite frankly - seems to like it.]

JC: And therefore, I have considered the request made by Kerry Kendrick and his very lovely girlfriend...

...and I have determined that the Masked Outlaw - the illegal Supernova - is NO LONGER your winner of the 2017 Rumble... no more!

[Even more boos from the New York City crowd who knows where this is going.]

JC: And effectively immediately, the winner of the 2017 Rumble is... KERRY KENDRICK!

[Just when you think the passionate New York fans couldn't get any louder.]

JC: And that match... between the World Champion and Mr. Kendrick... will go down at the Battle of Saskatchewan for the World Heavyweight Title.

Now... I was hoping to have Johnny Detson out here with me to address this decision... but I'm being told that Mr. Detson had a...

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: ...personal emergency and could not join us here tonight.

[The crowd cheers that announcement as Castillo stands mid-ring without reacting.]

JC: Convenient timing, no doubt... and if Johnny is watching, I just want him to know that we are all thinking of you, Johnny... and hope that those personal issues - whatever they are - disappear in a...

[An angry-looking Castillo raises his arm and makes a show of snapping his fingers in front of the nearest camera. He holds his pose, his eyes burning into the lens for several moments...

...and then he abruptly brightens, raising his arm to the air.]

JC: ENJOY THE SHOW!

[The music kicks in again as Castillo waves to "his adoring fans" and John Law follows him out of the ring. We cut back to Big Sal and Colt at ringside.]

SA: A whole lot to take in there, Colt, but the big news is Supernova's been FIRED?!

CP: It's about time, Sal. That guy's been causing nothing but trouble for MONTHS now! Good riddance to bad rubbish!

SA: Supernova's fired? Kendrick's the new winner of the Rumble?! What else is gonna happen here tonight? Fans, right now, let's head backstage and hear from the participants in tonight's opening match!

[We cut over to the backstage AWA interview area, where standing in front is our very own "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, flanked on both sides by the 3 members of the Axis: "The American Ninja" Riley Hunter in his black leather jacket with green and black "Borg"-themed detailing, Zharkov in his red satin robe, hood drawn, AWA National title held tantalizingly on his shoulder, finally "The Future" Derrick Williams, in his silver and gold gear and his full length ring coat.]

SLB: Thanks, Sal... my guests at this time, the AWA National Champion Maxim Zharkov, "The American Ninja" Riley Hunter, and of course "The Future" Derrick Williams, collectively known as the Axis, and gentlemen, it's been a while since I've talked to all of you at once!

[Williams nods.]

DW: You're right, Lou... too long since we've stood together as one cohesive unit. Too long since we've reminded everyone just who we are, just what we did to the AWA for over a year... what we've silently accomplished while other matters got all the attention.

Tonight, we remind everyone that Maxim here has been a dominant National Champion, and has continued in the Axis' favorite pastime, making Jordan Ohara look like a fool.

[Williams grins as Zharkov nods his head approvingly.]

DW: Tonight, we remind everyone that Riley and I have been the World Tag Team Champions, that we ended the stranglehold the Fortunate Sons had over the Tag Team Division, and now it's a thriving land of competition. A Tag Team Division that we should STILL be champions of, if it weren't for the indiscretions of El Presidente's newest bodyguard. And thanks to remembering a few lessons and building in a rematch clause... to the good people of Mooselips beer pushing to contest this match in a fair backdrop that ensures there will be no way for Next Gen to have fortune smile on them again... in ten short days, we'll be the champions of again.

[Hunter leans in.]

RH: It is inevitable... and to resist it is futile.

[Williams claps his partner on the back before continuing.]

DW: Ohara, Somers, Harper... all three are facing us, focused, without distraction. You are our targets, there's no banana peels, no outside distractions. Tonight we prove that we are as strong as ever... and we give a preview of what we'll prove at Liberty or Death... that we're past you, and you were a blip.

[Williams leans back as the mic shifts in front of Maxim Zharkov.]

MZ: Da, Comrade Williams. They claim to have a taste for your... how you say... Moose Lip Beer. The only thing a champion should have a taste for is GLORY.

I hunger for more glory. I hunger to dominate my opposition.

These... these "frat boys" I believe they are called here... that are Somers and Harper. They do not know hunger like The Last Son of the Soviet Union knows hunger. Like the Axis knows hunger and need. On your Independence Day, when they are tasked with the riddle of steel, they will fail their test.

[Williams nods as Zharkov glowers.]

MZ: They must be crushed under the boot of the Axis, like I must crush Ohara for the glory of the National Championship.

[The mic shifts over to Riley Hunter.]

RH: Yes, yes. Next Gen will have no excuse, and no escape clause in ten days. There will be a winner and a decisive finish. Of that, there is a guarantee. But tonight... tonight's the night! Tonight the Axis stands as one. Do you remember a year ago? The tour of Europe and Steal the Spotlight, Duke?

[Williams chuckles out loud. Even the normally taciturn Tsar smirks.]

DW: Heh, heh. Oh yeah...

RH: Oh, how we betrayed poor— what do you call him, Max?

MZ: Little Phoenix.

RH: Oh, Little Phoenix, how you resisted... how you fought the Future... how you swore that one day I would pay for betraying you, but to quote the late great Leonard Cohen, "the blizzard of the world has crossed the threshold and it's overturned the order of the soul." When you said, 'repent,' I wondered what you meant. The powerful don't need repentance. Tonight, the Axis reminds you, and the AWA and the world of wrestling that...

[He puts on a cybernetic-looking half-mask that covers the side of his head, over one eye. He clicks a switch on the side and a red laser pointer activates from the covered eye.]

RH: ...Your Resistance... is futile.

MZ: LIGHTS OUT TOVARISCH!

DW: And that, my friends, is truth.

[Hunter points the laser directly at the camera lens until the image becomes a red blur...

...and we cut to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing with Jordan Ohara and the World Tag Team Champions, Daniel Harper and Howie Somers, also known as Next Gen. Ohara stands to Stegglet's right. The sophomore sensation is dressed in his snow white winged ring jacket and his Carolina blue wrestling tights. His hair is pulled back into two pig tails and his facial hair has been shaped into a Van Dyke beard.

Harper is to Ohara's right and he is wearing his wrestling attire, a white singlet with the words "NEXT GEN" written across the front in navy blue lettering, white kneepads and wrestling boots. He has his World Tag Team Title belt slung over his right shoulder. Somers is to Stegglet's left and is dressed in his wrestling attire, a navy blue singlet with the same lettering as Harper's, but in white lettering, with navy blue kneepads and boots, and he has his World Tag Team Title belt slung over his left shoulder.]

MS: We are set for six-man tag team action, in which these three men will take on The Axis. Now, Daniel Harper, it was two weeks ago that you and your partner announced that you would stand beside everyone who has opposed Javier Castillo and Korugun. Tonight, you'll be joining one of those men, Jordan Ohara, but it won't be Korugun you're facing. Still, all three of you have had your issues with members of The Axis, so I think it's safe to say you still share a common enemy.

[Harper gives a quick nod.]

DH: Let me make one thing clear: I am not backing down from what I said two weeks ago, just like I know my partner Howie isn't backing down, and that Jordan isn't backing down, either! Not from Korugun, not from The Axis, not from anybody!

And I know Jordan has plenty on his mind after what happened to his mother at Memorial Day Mayhem. But, believe me, despite everything that happened, there was still a little light to be found.

[He slaps the belt on his shoulder.]

DH: This, right here, shows that those who fight for what's right can prevail! And there's no doubt in my mind, when Jordan gets the shot at the National Title, that he'll show he can prevail, too! But as for tonight, the three of us are going to show what a unified front can do against those who only are concerned about their own selfish interests! Whether that's Korugun, or The Axis, or anybody else, we are going to demonstrate that, as we fight for what's right, we will prevail!

MS: A lot of confidence from one half of the tag team champions. Howie Somers, do you share your partner's confidence, especially knowing you are facing The Axis as a collective?

HS: You talk about confidence, Mark, but why wouldn't we be confident when it's my partner and I who have beaten System Shock both times we've faced them in

the ring. Now, I'm sure System Shock is confident in themselves, and maybe more confident now that they have their partner in The Axis joining them tonight. Heck, they may even be confident that they're going to use tonight's match to prove that they can win the belts back from us, when we meet in the rematch at Liberty or Death in Philly on the Fourth of July.

[He gestures to the belt on his shoulder.]

HS: But right now, Daniel and I are riding high on confidence, not only in that we can beat System Shock in the rematch at Liberty or Death, but that we can prevail tonight. And even though Maxim Zharkov hasn't had his shoulders pinned to the mat yet -- and I'm sure that gives him a confidence boost every single time he steps into the ring -- that doesn't mean he's unbeatable. And for as much as System Shock wants to prove they can beat my partner and I...

[He gestures to Ohara.]

HS: This man right here wants to prove he can beat Zharkov. And just like Daniel and I, he has all the confidence that he can get the job done.

[Stegglet steers the mic back towards the Phoenix.]

JO: Mark Stegglet, for a long time now it has been my mission to eliminate the Axis. I beat Juan Vasquez, but I couldn't put him out of the AWA. Thankfully Ryan Martinez did that. But his evil proteges are still here, still causing trouble. And tonight we're going to break them down once again.

Riley Hunter, you betrayed me in a tag team match. Derrick Williams, you betrayed me after the Battle of Boston. And Maxim Zharkov, you put my mother in the hospital. If you don't think the Once in a Millennium Talent isn't writing out receipts for your actions you're crazy. So you better be ready with all the tricks and gimmicks that your former master taught you because Next Gen and I are together and you've never been able to win when the odds were even. So we're going to go out there, focused and ready, and show you that all your tricks, all your dirty deeds they have never been enough. System Shock, you can't beat Next Gen and Zharkov... you and me have unfinished business.

[Ohara points towards the camera.]

JO: So tonight I'm sending you a message. You won't beat me tonight and on July 4th at Liberty or Death, I'm taking that National Title from you and breaking the Axis once and for all. Brothers, can we whoop their asses? Oh yes we can!

[The three team members each stack their hands on top of one another in the middle of the huddle.]

MS: It's go time here on AWA Fight Night On Fox as we get set to kick things off in a big, big way! Rebecca Ortiz, the floor is yours!

[We fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Wrestling fans, the opening contest on AWA FIGHT NIGHT ON FOX is a SIX MAN TAG TEAM MATCH scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first...

[From the rafters, we get a wide shot of the arena. The sounds of a choir brings the crowd to a state of enmity.]

"KOR-AH"

"MAH-TAH"

"KOR-AH"
"RAH-TAH-MAH"

[And then, the urgent drums and orchestra, from Michael Giacchino's "Imperial Suite," begins blaring throughout the arena. Three figures emerge from the entryway to massive jeers (although, to be fair to them, there are a dozen or so black t-shirt wearing fans who seem to adore them). They stand in a line at the entryway. The camera pans over them from left to right...]

RO: Introducing first, The AWA National Champion MAXIM ZHARKOV...

[First, Maxim Zharkov-- the towering specimen from Siberia. Zharkov strides into the light, covered in a red satin sleeveless fighter's robe, hood drawn up over his bald head. His thickly eyebrowed and bearded face is mostly stoic, occasionally belying a disdain for the American spectators. The National Title Belt glitters on Zharkov's shoulder, a red hammer and sickle decal over its center plate.]

RO: "THE AMERICAN NINJA" RILEY HUNTER

[Riley Hunter draws his thumb across his throat, and points his finger like a pistol down the aisle. His eyes are partially obscured by the "cybernetic" facial appliance and his unruly black and silver curly hair. He wears long tights with matching boots, knee pads, and shin guards: all "Borg"-themed: tights textured with a dark grey and bright green cybernetic circuit pattern. He swiftly points down, forming a '7' with the back of his hand.

RO: ...and "THE FUTURE" DERRICK WILLIAMS, they are THE AXIS!

[Then finally the leader, fists balled up in front of him, "The Future" Derrick Williams. He's wearing a large, heavily decorated ring coat, duster length, colored a glossy gold with silver designs all over, mainly the "Axis" logo and "Future" down the back, gold and silver epaulettes with gold cords sit on the shoulders, and the outside of the coat itself is lined with silver colored fur. Under that his singles ring gear; shiny gold tights going to his mid thigh, trimmed in silver, with the Axis logos and "Future" script adorning the tights in the same pattern as his coat. His knee pads are matching gold, with the Axis logos in purple. Gold boots with silver trim match his ensemble, with the laces being the same purple as the logo on the kneepads. He also wears gold wrist tape, and has his usual black compression sleeve over his right arm, covering mid bicep to mid forearm. He opens his arms to the side towards his stablemates, who each nod, then the three begin their walk to the ring.]

SA: You talk about awe-inspiring trios in wrestling history, this has gotta be on your list, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. Three of the best in the world heading down the aisle, looking to compete as one unit for the first time in quite a while... and this isn't just about one night... one match... this is about sending a message that come Liberty Or Death on the 4th of July, the Axis will come to Philly... the Axis will dominate... and the Axis will leave Philly dripping in gold!

SA: Two big title matches coming up on that show ten days away but if they're focused on that, they're making a mistake because Ohara and Next Gen are coming to fight.

[Williams climbs the ring steps, Hunter slides through the ropes, and Zharkov displays his shocking athleticism by leaping onto the apron from the floor. The Axis takes turns fist bumping and chest pounding to pump each other up.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The opening notes of Nas' "I Can" fill the air as the AWA faithful ROARS to life in support of the trio coming into view.]

RO: First, they are the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... DANIEL HARPER... HOWIE SOMERS...

NEXXXXXXXXXXT GENNNNNNNNNNN!

[Big cheers for the new World Tag Team Champions.]

RO: And their tag team partner... he is the PHOENIX...

JORRRRRRRDANNNNNN OOOOOOOHAAAAAARAAAA!

[The crowd noise gets louder as Ohara, Harper, and Somers emerge into view, looking out on the crowd and saluting the cheering fans. Ohara drops down into a little bit of air piano, nudging Harper with his shoulder. Harper smiles, shaking his head as Somers does a little bit of air drumming along with the song. After a few moments, Ohara grins and claps his partners on the shoulders, waving them down the aisle.]

SA: What a popular trio this is, fans! Three of the most popular competitors in the entire AWA are heading down the aisle, ready for the battle to come.

[About halfway down the aisle, the trio breaks into a sprint.]

SA: And they're ready for a fight!

[The crowd cheers as Ohara, Harper, and Somers hit the ring, sending the Axis scrambling out to the floor. The Phoenix marches across the ring, stepping up on the ropes to shout a threat to Zharkov as Somers and Harper mount the midbuckles, saluting the cheering fans.]

SA: And this six man tag - while sure to be explosive in its own right - is a little bit of a sneak preview, Colt, of what we're going to see go down in Philadelphia on the Fourth of July for Liberty Or Death.

CP: You mentioned the two big title matches there already signed. We're going to see System Shock REGAIN their rightful place as the best tag team in the sport when they beat Harper and Somers inside the cage. And then we're going to see Maxim Zharkov send Ohara crying home to his mommy with the National Title on the line.

SA: That all remains to be seen but what we're seeing right now is that these six man are hotter than the smash hit film - Wonder Woman - starring our old pal, Gal Gadot, which is the number one film for all of June, Colt.

CP: The only thing hotter than Gal Gadot this summer, Sal, woulda been if she invited me as her date to the world premiere! Now THAT'S a power couple, jack!

[Ohara settles down, moving back to his corner as Hunter and Williams huddle up on the floor, Zharkov angrily stomping back and forth alongside the ring apron as he stares up into the ring.]

SA: And as angry as Jordan Ohara is over what went down at Memorial Day Mayhem about a month ago, Colt, I'd say Maxim Zharkov is just as upset.

CP: Absolutely. That line-jumping punk Ohara cost Zharkov his shot at winning the Rumble... and that means he cost him a shot at the World Heavyweight Title. Zharkov is fuming mad and who can blame him.

[Hunter moves over to the angry Tsar, saying something to him and getting a silent nod in response. The Seven Star Athlete slides under the bottom rope, coming to his feet as Williams leads Zharkov over towards the corner.]

SA: We're getting ready to get this one underway, fans, and it appears as though it'll be Riley Hunter looking to start things off against Daniel Harper in this one.

[Harper talks to his partners, trading high fives with both as referee Koji Sakai steps to center ring, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell has sounded and the action here on Fight Night is set to begin!

[Harper and Hunter come out of their respective corners, circling one another as the crowd begins to clap in rhythm, urging them forward.]

SA: Hunter dives in, looking to pick a leg... Harper stuffs the takedown...

[Spinning across the back, Harper snatches a waistlock, rolling Hunter over onto his shoulders for a quick one count before Hunter lifts free, Harper keeping the waistlock in place.]

SA: Nice amateur wrestling by Harper... keeping that hold on, earning that riding time...

CP: Riding time... like Hunter's a horse or something. Here in the pro ranks, hanging on like that don't mean squat unless you can do something with it, Albano.

[Hunter manages to get back to his feet, grabbing at Harper's wrists as he tries to pry the hands apart and free himself...]

SA: Hunter on the hunt for a way out, living up to his name as-

[The American Ninja gets the hands apart, swinging around for an attempt at a short-arm elbow that Harper ducks, re-hooking the waistlock, lifting Hunter off the mat, and tossing him down!]

SA: Waistlock takedown and a gem by Daniel Harper, one-half of the World Tag Team Champions...

CP: For now.

SA: The eyes of tag team wrestling are currently aimed in two directions, Colt. July 4th in Philadelphia when Next Gen defends the titles against the former champions, System Shock, inside the steel cage. And July 22nd and 23rd at the Battle of Saskatchewan and the return of the Stampede Cup.

CP: So, what happens when System Shock regains the titles AND wins the Cup?

SA: They truly would be able to say they're the best team in the world IF that happens.

[Hunter comes up to his feet, getting free of the waistlock again but Harper wrenches the arm around into an armwringer before backing to his corner, slapping his partner's hand...]

SA: The tag is made to Howie Somers who steps in... steps up...

[Somers leaps off the middle rope, dropping a double axehandle across the trapped arm as Hunter cries out, shaking his limb as Somers grabs the arm, reapplying the armwringer and giving it a couple of yanks.]

SA: Nice doubleteam on the part of Next Gen, continuing to refine their talents as a team even after capturing the World Tag Team Titles at Memorial Day Mayhem.. and now it's Jordan Ohara who gets the tag...

[Ohara quickly scales the turnbuckles from the outside, leaping high into the air, and bringing an overhead chop down on the trapped arm!]

SA: Ohhh! High flying Tomahawk chop by Ohara... and he locks up that arm into an armbar...

CP: Like 'em or not, Albano... you gotta be impressed with the early teamwork out of Ohara, Harper, and Somers. Working very well together with those quick tags and keeping Riley Hunter on their side of the ring.

[Ohara wrenches on the arm as Hunter grabs a handful of hair, dragging him back towards the ropes.]

SA: The referee warning Hunter to let go of the hair and... now calling for a break on the ropes...

[But as Hunter lets go of the hair and Ohara releases the arm, Hunter swings a knee up into the midsection.]

SA: Whammo! Right in the breadbasket of Ohara... these two are no strangers to one another, Colt.

CP: Not at all. In fact, with the exception of Zharkov, the entire Axis team came together by turning on Ohara. They made it a tradition almost!

SA: A tradition that Jordan Ohara isn't soon to forget.

[Hunter grabs the arm, looking to whip Ohara across the ring but the muscular Phoenix reverses, shooting the American Ninja into the ropes instead.]

SA: Ohara reverses... down down.. Hunter goes up and over...

[Hunter builds up speed as Ohara leapfrogs him on the way back...]

SA: Ohara goes up and over himself... ohh! Blind leapfrog the other way!

[Hunter is FLYING now as he bounces back...]

...and Ohara twists sideways, uncorking a nasty knife edge chop that sends Hunter flying off his feet and down to the canvas!]

SA: OHHHH! OHARA THROWING BLADES LIKE HE'S THE GREAT THROWDINI!

[Williams comes through the ropes with Hunter down, charging at Ohara...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets blasted right off his feet with a second knife edge chop to a huge cheer!]

SA: DOWN GOES WILLIAMS AS WELL! THE AXIS IS STOP, DROPPIN', AND ROLLIN' IN THE NYC!

[Ohara turns towards Zharkov, extending a hand, beckoning him into the ring next as the AWA faithful roars their approval of this challenge. The Tsar steps through the ropes, ready to strike...

...when Riley Hunter CLUBS Ohara from behind with a forearm smash to the back of the head, knocking the Phoenix off his feet to loud jeers!]

SA: AND THE SEVEN STAR ATHLETE STRIKES HARD FROM BEHIND!

[Hunter quickly launches an attack on Ohara, kicking and stomping him into the canvas as Williams and Zharkov retake their spot in the Axis' corner.]

SA: Harper and Somers are complaining to the official.

CP: What's he gonna do about it? Hunter was the legal man, Albano - that was TOTALLY legal!

SA: Legal perhaps but not exactly sporting.

CP: Sporting? You want a sporting, go watch a fencing match. The Axis came to win!

[Hunter drags Ohara off the mat to his feet, shoving him back against the ropes.]

SA: Ohara's on the ropes now, a little bit dazed from the- ohh! Forearm across the jaw!

[Hunter pivots, throwing a left-armed forearm strike as well before squaring up for a series of rapid palm strikes to the chest followed by a leaping palm strike uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Seven Star Athlete breaks into a dash, hitting the far ropes, bouncing back and DRILLING Ohara with an elbowstrike across the temple as he goes by, still running to the opposite ropes.]

SA: Off the ropes again and-

[As Ohara stumbles off the ropes, Hunter leaps into the air, pumping his legs...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: INNNNNNSTANNNNNT KARRRRMAAAAAA!

[The bicycle kneestrike wipes out Ohara on the canvas as Hunter leaps to the middle rope, springing off with an impactful moonsault across the chest!]

SA: Hunter hooks the legs for one! For two! For-

[Ohara kicks out, drawing cheers from the NYC crowd as Hunter rolls off, slapping his partner's hand.]

SA: The tag is made... in comes Derrick Williams for System Shock double teamwork...

[Williams and Hunter haul Ohara off the mat by the arms, whipping him across the ring...]

SA: System Shock shoots him across...

[The former champion dip down, laying in a double back elbow to Ohara's midsection, doubling him up. Hunter comes up, using a snapmare to flip Ohara over into a seated position. Williams dashes to the ropes in front of Ohara as Hunter goes to the ones behind him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sandwich him between a pair of soccer kicks, one to the back and one to the chest!]

SA: DEVASTATING DOUBLE TEAM DESIGNS BY SYSTEM SHOCK!

[Hunter bails out as Williams dives across the torso for a cover, earning another two count before Ohara escapes.]

SA: Another two count on the Phoenix. His former friend and partner, Derrick Williams, now dragging Ohara off the mat...

[Williams throws a right elbow to the side of the jaw, sending Ohara spinning away and falling chestfirst into the buckles near the Axis' corner...]

SA: And Jordan Ohara finds himself in the wrong part of town, Colt!

CP: This is exactly where the Axis wants him!

[The referee shouts a protest as Hunter loops to the tag rope around Ohara's throat, blatantly choking him as Williams charges in, laying in a heavy shoulder tackle to the midsection.]

SA: Williams throws all his body weight behind that tackle... and there's a tag to the Tsar!

[The crowd jeers loudly as the National Champion comes through the ropes but then buzz with anticipation for a possible showdown by Jordan Ohara a couple of weeks before their big title match.]

SA: On July 4th, these two will go one-on-one with the National Title on the line but tonight, this one is personal.

[Zharkov steps in, snatching Ohara by the hair, and smashes his skull into the Phoenix!]

SA: HEADBUTT!

CP: Nothing fancy about that, Sal. Just pure, unadulterated nastiness.

SA: And another one!

[Hanging onto the hair, Zharkov slams his skull into Ohara's over and over again, driving him down to his knees...]

SA: Ohara's putting up no defense against these headbutts and-

CP: He might be out, Sal. The referee needs to get a closer look there.

[The official does indeed step in, pushing Zharkov back for a moment as Ohara slumps down to all fours, breathing heavily. Sakai kneels beside the Phoenix, checking to see if he can continue.]

SA: This would be a disappointing way to end this one but the safety of the wrestler is so very important to all...

[Ohara nods his head to the official who waves for the match to continue to cheers from the crowd.]

SA: But Ohara says he can go on.

CP: We'll see about that. He's gotta do something quick to turn this around because Zharkov is on the warpath.

[The Tsar steps back in, lifting Ohara up to his feet where he promptly flings him towards the nearest ropes...

...and FLATTENS him with a shoulderblock on the rebound!]

CP: Oooh! Look at that, Sal! Zharkov barely moved an inch and he STILL dropped Ohara! It's gotta feel like running into a brick wall.

SA: Maxim Zharkov is perhaps a different kind of brick house. However, he is indeed mighty mighty!

[The Tsar stands over Ohara, glaring down at him.]

SA: And somewhere in this great nation of ours, you have to imagine one of its proudest defenders, Sergeant Maxine Ohara, is looking on with concern for her son who she is so very proud of.

CP: Oh, I'm gonna puke.

[Zharkov leans down, dragging Ohara up to his feet, shouting something in his face in Russian...

...and Ohara winds up, throwing a wild knife edge chop across the chest!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OHARA STRIKES AGAIN! PERHAPS TRYING TO GET A FIRE LIT UNDER HIS-

[But Zharkov responds in kind, jamming a devastating palm strike into the jaw of Ohara, causing his eyelids to flutter as Zharkov shouts "PUSHKA!" He snatches the dazed Ohara, flipping him over with a snapmare...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS him in the back of the head with an open-handed slap!]

SA: Ohhh! And I don't know if that's designed to hurt or humiliate.

CP: Why stop with one when you can do both with one blow?

SA: Ohara drops like a rock again... and-

[At a shout from his partner, Zharkov throws a glare backwards... and then steps back to the corner, slapping Riley Hunter's outstretched hand.]

SA: Perhaps a reluctant tag by Zharkov but Hunter's coming in... actually, he's going up!

[Hunter steps to the top rope, looking down on his prone opponent...

...and leaps high into the air, his body actually twisting into position in mid-flight as he pumps his arms and legs...]

SA: FROG SPLAAAAASH!

[...but Ohara brings up the knees in time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THE LEGS ARE UP! THE KNEES ARE UP! AND HUNTER'S IN TROUBLE!

CP: He sure is, Sal. Those knees just JAMMED right up into his ribcage and...

SA: And Ohara's looking for a tag!

[The crowd cheers as Ohara rolls to his hands and knees, trying to crawl towards the corner where his allies are waiting for him.]

SA: Ohara's trying to get to his partners, on his hands and knees like a man dying of thirst crawling through the hot desert sand!

[Ohara stretches out a hand towards the corner but finds himself short, his partners shouting for him to get there...]

CP: HUNTER MAKES A TAG!

[Derrick Williams slips through the ropes, charging across the ring...

...and THROWS himself into a running elbow strike to the skull of Howie Somers, driving him off the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SOMERS GETS NAILED AND- HERE COMES HARPER! HERE COMES HARPER!

CP: He's not legal, ref!

[But Williams backs off, shouting to the official who throws himself between an incoming and shouting Daniel Harper and a backpedaling Derrick Williams.]

SA: And look at the grin on the Future's face, fans! Derrick Williams using the emotions of young Daniel Harper against him... and now he's dragging Ohara back across the ring...

CP: What a brilliant move by Derrick Williams! Somebody taught this kid well on how to be a ring general and I ain't namin' any names, jack!

[Williams pulls Ohara to his feet, shoving him back into the Axis' corner. The Future squares up on his former partner, snapping off a quick one-two pair of elbows to the side of the head, leaving Ohara hanging onto the top rope in an effort to stay on his feet.]

SA: The Phoenix is not flying right now, fans... the Phoenix is barely standing right now as Derrick Williams attempts to pluck those feathers and bring him crashing down to Earth.

[Dragging his former friend out of the corner, Williams whips him across the ring. As Ohara bounces off, Williams lifts him by the upper thighs, pivots...]

SA: SPIIIIIINEBUSTER SLAAAAM WITH AUTHORITAAAAY!

CP: Better than Kevin Slater ever DREAMED of doing it!

[Williams swipes his arms outward to indicate it's over before he slides into a cover, nodding along with the count.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT'S-

[The crowd ROARS as Ohara lifts a shoulder before the three count falls!]

SA: NO! NO! Ohara lives to keep fighting!

CP: That looked like a slow count to me, Albano!

[Williams angrily claps his hands together, looking up at the official who holds up two fingers. The Future climbs off the mat, looking over at an insistent bark in Russian.]

SA: It looks like the Tsar's not done with Ohara... not yet.

[Williams nods to his partner, walking across and slapping the insistently-offered hand.]

CP: Oh yeah, the big man wants another piece of Baby Ohara.

SA: The National Champion back in on the exchange...

[Zharkov lifts Ohara off the canvas, pulling him into a rear waistlock...]

SA: Zharkov looking for that devastating East German Suplex here... hooks him up...

[But Ohara fights it, grabbing the hands gripping his waist, trying to pry himself free...

...which causes Zharkov to break his grip before clubbing Ohara in the back of the neck!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Zharkov hammering Ohara like he's hammering an American nail!

[The champion reapplies the waistlock, looking for the big suplex...]

SA: SUPLEX!

[But Ohara flips over the top, landing on his feet as Zharkov hits the canvas!]

SA: REVERSAL! OHARA LANDS SAFELY! THE PHOENIX ON THE MOVE!

CP: Somebody's gotta stop-

[And as Zharkov gets to his feet...]

SA: OHARA MAKES THE TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Howie Somers comes through the ropes, charging hard.]

SA: Somers ducks the clothesline... off the far side!

[The Boston native leaves his feet, throwing his 265 pounds into a flying tackle that knocks the National Champion down to the canvas to a HUUUUUUGE ROAR!]

SA: SOMERS PICKS UP THE SOVIET SPARE!

[Somers gets up to find Riley Hunter charging in on him...

...but Somers sidesteps, whipping Hunter towards the corner where Daniel Harper grabs him by the back of the head, dropping off the apron and snapping Hunter's throat down on the top rope strand!]

SA: OHH! HUNTER GETS HUNG UP TO DRY!

[The Seven Star Athlete staggers back towards Somers who grabs a handful of hair...

...and runs across the ring HURLING Hunter over the top rope and down HARD with a thud on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: WHOOOOOA!

SA: SOMERS CLEARS OUT HUNTER!

[With that, Derrick Williams comes back through the ropes, ignoring the protesting referee as he races towards Somers, throwing a right hand that Somers blocks before looping off three haymakers of his own, forcing Williams back into the Axis' corner...]

SA: Somers puts Williams back into the corner...

[He leans over, grabbing the middle rope as he SLAMS his shoulder into the gut once... twice... three times!]

SA: The wind powering the Future's Flux Capacitor is being spewed all over this arena as Somers goes to work on him!

[Somers wheels around, rushing towards Zharkov, lowering his shoulder and driving him back into the other corner!]

SA: And Zharkov hits the buckles as well... shoulders downstairs on the Last Son of the Soviet Union... and a tag to Harper!

[The crowd cheers the other half of the World Tag Team Champions as he steps in, Somers staying with Zharkov as Harper runs across to grab Williams by the arm...]

SA: Corner to corner, the target's in sight!

CP: This is illegal doubleteaming! Do your job, Sakai!

[The championship duo whips the Axis members towards one another where they CRASH together in the center of the ring!]

SA: THE NIGHT TRAIN OUT OF MOSCOW RUNS INTO THE FUTURE!

[The duo staggers back from one another...

...and Harper follows up with a running dropkick to Williams' back, sending the Axis into one another again as they crash down to the canvas!]

SA: The fans in NYC are lovin' it and Williams rolls to the floor!

[Somers ducks out as Harper dives atop down the downed National Champion!]

SA: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- NO!

CP: Zharkov lives! He ain't done with these American punks yet!

[Harper grimaces as he pulls Zharkov to his feet, pushing him back into the ropes with a pair of European uppercuts.]

SA: Harper firing off with his weapon of choice, leaving Zharkov in a bad way on the ropes...

[Harper grabs Zharkov by the arm, whipping the National Champion across the ring...]

SA: Harper shoots him across... but Zharkov hangs on to the far side!

[Clinging to the ropes, Zharkov holds his ground as Harper sprints towards him. The big Russian lowers his head, lifting Harper over the ropes where he lands standing on the apron...]

SA: Harper goes over but hangs on as well!

[As Zharkov turns, Harper reaches over, clapping his arms together on the Russian's ears!]

SA: OHH! AND THE RUSSIAN CAN HEAR THE BELLS ON THAT ONE!

CP: Look out for Williams!

[The Future slides down the apron, looking to strike but Harper sees him coming, throwing a hard forearm shot that cuts him off...

...and a big European uppercut that lifts him off his feet, knocking him to a seated position on the apron!]

SA: OH! HARPER JACKED HIS JAW WITH THAT ONE!

[Harper spins back towards the ring where the National Champion is incoming, ducking down as he swings through the ropes shoulderfirst into Zharkov's midsection!]

SA: Harper goes downstairs... AND GOES UPSTAIRS!

[The crowd cheers as Harper slingshots over the top, trying to drag down the mighty Russian with a sunset flip!]

SA: SUNSET FLIP! TRYING TO DRAG ZHARKOV DOWN!

[But the National Champion reaches out, wrapping his hands around the top rope, trying to block the pin attempt as the crowd cheers Harper on!]

SA: Harper's trying to bring the mighty Siberian pine down to the forest floor!

CP: Zharkov's trying to hang on to those ropes, Sa! Harper's got him going the other way though and-

[Sliding along the apron to his feet, Williams stretches out with one hand on the tag rope, slapping one of Zharkov's clenched hands!]

CP: WILLIAMS GOT THE TAG!

[Zharkov suddenly lets go, rolling back into the sunset flip position.]

SA: HARPER PULLS HIM DOWN! SUNSET FLIP!

CP: NO, NO, ALBANO! THE FUTURE GOT THE TAG!

[Williams drops to a knee as the referee waves off the pin, refusing to count as Harper angrily gets to his feet, barking at the referee.]

SA: Harper's shouting at referee Sakai! He thought he had the sunset flip and-

CP: Look at this! Williams is in!

[The Future is down on his knees behind Harper, the crowd urging him to be wary...

...but Williams suddenly pops up, swinging Harper around, leaping into the air as he snatches a three-quarter nelson!]

SA: FUTURE SHO- NO!

[The crowd gasps with relief as Harper surges forward, shoving Williams chestfirst into the ropes, rolling back...]

SA: ROLLING REVERSE CRADLE BY HARPER! HE'S GOT WILLIAMS STACKED UP!

[Referee Sakai dives to the canvas, ready to count...

...but Riley Hunter slides into the ring, moving fast...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: INSTANT KARMA!

[The bicycle knee connects FLUSH under the chin of Daniel Harper, sending him staggering backwards...]

...towards a waiting Maxim Zharkov!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: EAST GERMAN SUUUUUUPLEX!

[Zharkov rolls back to his feet, shoving Harper towards Williams as Hunter races towards the corner, leaping up to the midbuckle, and SNAPS a foot off the skull of Howie Somers, knocking him off the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And to punctuate the sentence, Derrick Williams leaps into the air, snatching a three-quarter nelson...

...and SPIKES Daniel Harper's skull into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FUUUUUUTUUUUURE SHOOOOOOOCK!

[And Zharkov throws himself into a full tackle of Jordan Ohara who is coming through the ropes as Williams dives into a back press, wrapping up both legs!]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT... ISSSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd noise deflates as the bell sounds and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here are your winners... THEEEEE AXISSSSS!

[Williams pops up, arms in the air to celebrate as his System Shock partner - Riley Hunter - embraces him. Zharkov nods contentedly as he gets to his feet, looking down at a disappointed Ohara.]

SA: Daniel Harper comes up short after taking an Instant Karma... AND a East German Suplex... AND a Future Shock!

CP: Nobody's getting up from all three of those in a row, Sal. Nobody.

SA: I've gotta agree with you there, partner... and as the Axis picks up this win, it would be hard to deny that momentum is solidly on their side heading into Liberty Or Death and those two title matches.

CP: Absolutely. The gold is comin' home to the Axis, jack!

SA: It's an hot start to AWA Fight Night On FOX, fans, and we've got a lot more action still to come but right now, let's head up the ramp to Mark Stegglet who is standing by!

[We fade from the ring to the top of the entrance ramp where we find Mark Stegglet standing in the center of the "ring", mic in hand.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, it's been an exciting night already here in New York City and I'm betting it'll only get better from here. And right now, I am out here by special request from my guest at this time who says she has a big announcement to make. So without further adieu... representing the Korugun Corporation...

VERONICA WESTERLY!

[A moment passes before Veronica Westerly walks through the entrance curtain, the masked behemoth Polemos lurking behind her. Westerly is in a black gown that billows out as she walks, the Eye of Tyr hanging on a metal chain dangling on her chest.]

MS: Mrs. Westerly, welcome to MSG!

[Westerly looks out on the crowd, sneering at the boos of the AWA faithful.]

MS: Now, you asked me to come out here tonight because you have an announcement to make... so let's hear it.

[Westerly glares at Stegglet.]

VW: Patience, Mr. Stegglet. Patience. In due time, you'll hear the big announcement... and you can be promised that it's a big announcement, Mr. Stegglet, because Korugun doesn't make small announcements.

But before we get to that, I have some special guests of my own.

[Stegglet looks surprised.]

MS: What? No one told me anything about-

[Westerly raises a well-manicured finger, stabbing it towards Stegglet.]

VW: I don't answer you, Stegglet... and neither does anyone else associated with Korugun. Is that clear?

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Crystal clear. So, who are your guests?

[Westerly smiles.]

VW: As was promised on the Power Hour, Mr. Stegglet... I am about to make professional wrestling history by bringing together two men who are bonded by blood... and separated by it as well...

[Westerly stabs a finger towards Stegglet again.]

VW: Now, the last time you had a chance to speak with my first guest, you were very rude... so if you value your job, you will behave yourself.

[Stegglet nods.]

VW: Please welcome... the "biggest" free agent signing... DEREK RAGE!

[Westerly claps as Public Enemy's "Black Steel in the Hour of Chaos" plays over the PA system. The sinister and relentless piano loop introduces the 7'2 giant, Derek Rage. He strides out onto the stage in a slim fitting black suit, shirtless with a heavy rose gold chain around his neck and size 22 turquoise dress shoes. Rage's face is hard and unsmiling as he stares down at Stegglet. His hazel eyes bore through the man until Stegglet unconsciously steps back. Rage nods, confirming Stegglet made the right choice.]

VW: Derek, I know you're unsure about this... but I assure you... it is necessary.

[Derek glares at Westerly before nodding.]

VW: Stegglet, you were also rude to this gentleman and I would advise against it if you value your health. Please welcome... the Sensational... SHADOE RAGE!

[Derek Rage's expression darkens. He bites his lip and his fists clench as Johnny Cash's "God's Gonna Cut You Down" ushers in Shadoe Rage. The 6'3" wildman steps out onto the stage in hot pink Rage T-shirt cut into a V-neck and with the sleeves cut off to show his muscular ultra-veined physique. He wears torn skinny black jeans and untied black combat boots. His crazed golden eyes stare a hole through his brother as he strides right up into his face. Well, his chest as he stares up at his brother, running his mouth. Stegglet gets close enough that his mic can pick up the words.]

SR: You got a lot of guts showing up here after the crap you pulled?

[The seven footer glares down at his brother.]

DR: You better back up out of my chest, you little rat soup eatin' bastard before I finish what we started before you cried to get me fired.

[Rage nods, his eyes wide and wild.]

SR: Back up off you. No problem.

[Shadoe Rage sniffs exaggeratedly.]

SR: That ammonia smell is getting to me anyway. What smells like-

[Derek Rage snatches up his older brother by the shirt and hauls him onto his tip toes. He cocks back his right hand, ready to let his fist fly but Veronica Westerly intervenes.]

VW: Put him down! Now!

[Derek continues to hold his fist cocked. Shadoe is balanced on one foot. His other foot raised and cocked to lash out with a kick.]

DR & SR: DO SOMETHING!

[Westerly shouts again.]

VW: I SAID ENOUGH! PUT! HIM! DOWN!

[She glares at Derek for emphasis.]

VW: NOW!

[Both men turn their attention to Westerly. She braves the hostility in their steely glares. She gives it right back.]

VW: I won't say it again.

[Derek Rage reluctantly shoves his brother away. Shadoe Rage's shirt tears away in his hand as if it were made of tissue, leaving Shadoe bare-chested as Derek Rage tosses the shreds of fabric down on the staging. The two brothers continue to glare at each other.]

VW: I demanded you two out here to listen to me... not to fight with each other.

[The Rages are still staring each other down.]

VW: I came out here to make an announcement that will affect BOTH of your careers.

[And those gazes turn onto her as Westerly smirks.]

VW: Now that I have your attention...

The AWA President, Javier Castillo, and I have pledged to bring the fans the greatest competition in the world in every division. Korugun is here for the people as Javier has said before...

...and Korugun has decided to make a MAJOR investment in the AWA Tag Team Division especially with the Stampede Cup coming up in just about a month.

[Westerly lets the drama build.]

VW: So, I am here on behalf of Javier Castillo and Korugun to announce that at the Stampede Cup at the Battle of Saskatchewan...

For the first time in many years...

THE REUNION... THE REFORMATION...

[She gestures to the Rages.]

VW: ...OF THE PROPHETS OF RAGE!

[The fans go crazy at the announcement as the Rage brothers point and yell and shake their heads! Derek Rage snatches Mark Stegglet by the wrist, yanking it towards him.]

DR: No way in Hell I ever team with this son of a bitch!

[Shadoe grabs the wrist of Stegglet, pulling the mic towards him.]

SR: I'd rather die than team with this disloyal bastard! I'm not doing it! The Prophets are dead and they will stay dead!

DR: As dead as your championship aspirations.

[Shadoe lunges to fasten both hands around his brother's throat. Derek Rage breaks the grip by smashing his hand down across Shadoe's forearms. He slaps a huge right hand over Shadoe's forehead, catching him in the claw hold but Westerly physically grabs Derek Rage by the arm, pulling on it as Stegglet sticks the mic under her mouth.]

VW: STOP! STOP! STOOOOOOOOOP!

[The Rages break apart for a moment, glaring at Westerly.]

VW: You two seem to think this is a request - it is not!

This, gentlemen... this is an ORDER from Korugun!

[Westerly glares at both men.]

VW: Unless you want both of your careers to end in some rundown high school gym like your old man wrestled in... this IS happening.

This WILL happen at the Stampede Cup.

[Westerly pauses, a smirk crossing her face again.]

VW: And if you have a problem with that, you can take it up with Javier.

[She smiles as Shadoe Rage sticks a finger in her face.]

SR: Take it up with Castillo, huh? Yeah, that's EXACTLY what I'm gonna do! THIS AIN'T HAPPENING, I PROMISE YOU THAT!

DR: You cryin' soft ass punk.

[Shadoe Rage storms past Veronica Westerly, leaving her standing on the stage with Derek and Stegglet.]

MS: A huge announcement made there... you weren't kidding, Mrs. Westerly! The Prophets Of Rage have been reunited for the Stampede Cup and- wow! That's huge news! Fans, we've gotta take a break but when we come back, it's time for the Running of the Bulls!

[The crowd cheers as we fade to black...

...and then fade up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black...

We fade up from commercial to find Shadoe Rage stalking angrily through the backstage area of Madison Square Garden, still bare-chested from his encounter with his brother, Derek Rage, and Veronica Westerly. He angrily swipes at a pile of plastic cups on a table, sending them flying as mutters to himself. He shoves past an incoming stagehand who shouts "HEY!" and then keeps walking away with his head down as he sees who he's shouting at.]

SR: Give me orders, huh? Give ME orders?! Nobody gives me orders!

[He pauses, glaring at a door...

...and then angrily lashes out with a kick, causing it to swing open wildly. Rage stomps through and we cut to one of the ever-present ACCESS 365 cameras inside the office of Javier Castillo who gets up, obviously startled. Rage storms in.]

SR: YOU!

[Rage takes two quick steps towards Castillo... and then suddenly finds himself blocked by the intimidating presence of John Law.]

SR: Move or I'll chop your head off! I don't have time with you, big man! I'm here for El Presidente!

[Castillo peeks out from behind Law.]

JC: Careful, Mr. Rage. You are fortunate that MAWAGA is at a Korugun facility with his burns being tended to. If he were here, you'd already be on the ground. Mr. Law is more... fair-minded... than that. But...

[He snaps his fingers.]

JC: Mr. Law, I think Mr. Rage and I need to have a discussion. But... don't stray too far.

[Castillo smirks as Law steps to the side, allowing Shadoe Rage to move past, a little slower now. Law keeps his eyes on him and Rage returns the gaze for a moment before stepping forward, turning his crazed stare on Castillo. He slams the heels of his hands on the edge of President Castillo's desk with a sharp report. John Law steps forward again until Castillo gestures that it is all right.]

SR: Listen here, man... as much as I may respect you, I don't take orders from anybody around here. Not you! Not Westerly! Nobody! I play ball because I want to play ball, but I'm not playing ball on the Prophets! That part of my life is over! Finished! I am NOT teaming with that man at the Cup. I'm not teaming with him ever! Do you understand me? EVER!

[Castillo has retaken his seat at this point, gesturing for Rage to do the same... but the longest-reigning former World Television Champion stays standing, glaring down at El Presidente.]

JC: I see.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Well, Mr. Rage... everyone has their choices in life to make. Look at me. I was on top of the world in Mexico. I was powerful. I was rich. I had women lined up for miles to be near me. No one could touch me, Mr. Rage... no one! I was a GOD there.

[He pauses.]

JC: But when Korugun made me an offer... I simply couldn't refuse. Do you believe in those, Mr. Rage? Offers that you cannot refuse?

[Rage shrugs, his body posture a little less tense now.]

JC: Because I believe when I'm done, you'll find this to be an offer you cannot refuse.

You see, all week here in New York, the AWA has been meeting with FOX. High level meetings, you know. And one thing that came out crystal clear is that FOX... is big on Shadoe Rage.

[Rage grunts in acknowledgement.]

SR: It's about time they recognized my greatness. For too long they've been ignoring me for the Lynches, Martinez, Ohara, Wright ... I can do everything they can. I'm the best there is around here and nobody will ever acknowledge it.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Yes, yes... I agree. And so do they. In fact, they said the feedback they've gotten from their focus groups and viewer feedback and social media teams over the past few months told them one thing clear. They wanted MORE Shadoe Rage and Jackson Haynes.

[Rage shakes his head.]

SR: Been there, done that, not interested. They can have more Shadoe Rage. Jackson Haynes is a loser.

[Castillo raises a hand.]

JC: I agree. If we were going to go back to it... we'd need a twist. And so I came up with one. Because not only is FOX high on Shadoe Rage... but they're high on the Stampede Cup. They're very eager to see that show... and they implored me to put the best tag teams in the world on it... even the ones who haven't been seen in many years.

And that's what I've done.

[Castillo raises his hands.]

JC: I've made it possible for a Hall of Fame team like the Prophets of Rage...

[Rage's eyes flash as Castillo cups a hand to his mouth.]

JC: Oh... my apologies. You and your brother are not in the Hall of Fame... yet. Nevertheless, the Prophets of Rage - one of the greatest tag teams of all time - in

the Stampede Cup... fighting for a million dollars... fighting to prove they are the best team that ever exist-

[Rage interrupts gruffly.]

SR: We proved that in 1997! Get to the point, Castillo!

[Castillo pauses, arching an eyebrow, the slightest flash of annoyance on his face.]

JC: The point, Mr. Rage... is that at the Stampede Cup, I have put the Prophets of Rage in the ring... against one of the greatest tag teams in the world... a TWO-TIME winner of the Stampede Cup... VIOLENCE UNLIMITED!

[The crowd back inside the arena ROAR at that announcement.]

JC: Do we have a deal?

[Castillo extends a hand towards Rage who glowers, staring at the open hand. He leaves the hand hanging in the air.]

SR: Castillo

[Castillo raises his open hand towards Rage.]

JC: Then allow me to sweeten the deal, Mr. Rage. You see, when I was a... businessman... down in Mexico, I became known for something. I don't like surprises at my expense. And that remains true to this day. I don't like surprises that make me look like a fool - do you understand?

[Rage nods.]

JC: So, I don't want to get to Canada for the Battle of Saskatchewan and get surprised by something between you and your brother. So, in order to make sure that the two of you have ironed out all your differences before the Cup... I will allow you to have ONE match against each other... ONE MATCH to make sure everything is fine for the Cup...

[The hook is baited now. Castillo smirks as he goes to reel him in.]

JC: ...in whatever rules you choose.

[Rage's eyes flash with surprise and then excitement as he sits silent for a moment before rising, sticking out his hand.]

SR: Whatever rules, I choose?

[Rage laughs sinisterly.]

SR: Mr. Castillo, you should have said that in the first place. We have an accord.

[His hand goes out, shaking Castillo's who is smiling wide. Rage turns to exit and suddenly Castillo looks confused.]

JC: Wait. What match do you want? When? Where?

[But Rage slowly walks out of the room, leaving without an answer as Castillo looks on puzzled and we fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is THE RUNNING OF THE BULLS!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Eight participants have drawn numbers to determine their order of entry. In just a moment, the competitors who have drawn Numbers One and Two will enter the ring to compete under normal singles match rules. Whoever wins will advance to face the person who drew Number Three. This will continue until all eight participants have entered the ring and the LAST MAN STANDING will be your winner, moving on to Liberty Or Death to face Johnny Detson for the WORRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of that.]

SA: I've been waiting all week for this one, Colt!

CP: Someone completely unranked is about to get the chance of a lifetime! Another brilliant move by El Presidente!

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: And now... the competitor who drew #1...

[The first guitar chords hit. Then that voice leading into "A Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr hits over the PA. Almost immediately, pacing in tune with the music is a tall, strongly structured gentleman. He has simple green trunks with double yellow vertical stripes on each side. Black knee pads and tall black boots finish off the simple wrestling ensemble.]

RO: Hailing from Portland, Oregon and weighing in at 258 pounds, this is...

SHAAAAAAAAAANE LOCKE!

[Locke wastes little time heading to the ring, not bothering with exchanging high fives, not bothering with jibes, simply keeping an eye on the ring. Locke's reddish-brown mullet is capped with a heavily worn John Deere cap and his strong looking but not necessarily "jacked" frame is wrapped with a sleeveless flannel work shirt. He has a thick neck, wide chest and back, body hair evident. He has a frame powered by a lifetime of hard work rather than a gym. His forearms as especially thick, capped with gnarled, thick hands and fingers.]

SA: Wow! Can you believe this? One week ago, Shane Locke was on the all-new Power Hour trying to change his life by winning \$10,000 in one night... and now he has the chance to REALLY change his life by earning a shot at the World Heavyweight Title.

CP: Yeah, but did you hear Rebecca? Eight competitors in this thing, Sal. It's gonna be a long night at the office for anyone to go from Number One all the way through.

SA: If anyone can do it though, it just might be this rugged tough competitor from the Pacific Northwest.

[Locke takes no time at all to hit the steps and walk on in, wiping his boots on the apron before stepping in and heading right to his corner. He discards his shirt, throwing it to the side, taking off his hat with some reverence.]

SA: And now we wait to see who has drawn Number Two...

CP: This is crazy, Sal. We don't even know who's in this thing. It could be you!

SA: I am certainly not ranked to contend for any AWA title but I did not draw a number either... but it could be you.

CP: Not me, Sal. I'm retired... and Johnny Detson should be very happy about that.

[Locke tugs at the ropes, awaiting his opponent as his music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd the man he drew Number Two...

[The sounds of a trumpet blare out over the PA system, leading to a military war march-sounding song.]

RO: He hails from the battlefield... weighing in at 197 pounds...

ARRRRRRRRRRMINIUSSSSSSSSSSS!

[The curtain parts to a mixed response from the AWA faithful... a bigger cheer coming from those who are familiar with the world of lucha libre... as Arminius storms onto the scene.]

SA: Oho! One-third of the trio we saw disrupt the Rumble on Memorial Day, Arminius is the second one in!

CP: We haven't seen him officially in AWA action since... what? Back in February?

SA: That sounds about right. Super Saturday, I believe, when he took on Kaz Konoe. Arminius out here representing Guerreros del Mundo and Angelica Westerly no doubt. One of the finest high flying luchadors in all the world - we'll be seeing him in action on September 4th in Mexico for sure - but tonight, he's set to compete in this gauntlet match with a shot at the AWA World Title dangling in the balance.

[Arminius wears a blood red mask with holes cut for eyes, nose, and mouth but that conceals the rest of his identity. A small hole in the back allows braided black hair to escape and hang down the back of his head to hide neck. His torso is also covered with a skin-tight black bodysuit with a golden Celtic Cross that covers the entire front of the outfit. Matching gold and black tights go to his boots which also match.]

CP: And what a clash of styles this is going to be, Sal. Arminius is going to flip, flop, and fly all over the ring while Shane Locke's whole game is to get 'em down and keep 'em down.

SA: It'll be very interesting to see if Locke can ground the high flyer for sure.

[Arminius gives a celebratory fist pump as he jogs down the aisle. He scampers up on the ring apron, grabbing the top rope where he slingshots up, springboarding off into a front somersault that he lands on the mat, rolling through and up to his feet with a hop to the cheers of the crowd.]

SA: And typically, Arminius is one of the most popular competitors in the world... but with his talents aligned with those of dastardly individuals like Destro Star, Logan Blackburn, and Angelica Westerly...

CP: He might get to trade cheers for success?

SA: Not exactly what I was going to say but it's certainly a possibility.

[Arminius slides back into his corner, watching as referee Davis Warren steps to center ring, speaking to both competitors before he calls for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[And Arminius promptly charges across the ring, throwing himself into a front dropkick that connects firmly with the chest of Shane Locke, knocking the man from the Pacific Northwest back to the corner.]

SA: Arminius not wasting any time, starting things off quickly...

CP: He's giving up over fifty pounds, he's gotta try to keep Locke off-balance.

[Arminius peels up in the corner, swinging a roundhouse kick into the ribs of Locke once... twice... three times...

...and then leaps up, spinning to drive his boot up into the chin of Locke, snapping his head back!]

SA: OH! Spinning back kick on target... and this isn't the start Shane Locke was looking for!

[Arminius grabs Locke by the wrist, looking for a whip...

...but Locke reverses it, sending Arminius charging towards the corner where he drops down into a baseball slide under the ropes to the floor. Locke, who was charging in behind him, is unable to hold up, smashing chestfirst into the buckles before Arminius reaches under the ropes, yanking out the legs and putting Locke down on his back.]

SA: Quick move by Arminius - Barry Allen has nothing on this luchador!

[Arminius scrambles back up on the apron, grabbing the top rope, slingshotting over the ropes into a seated senton down on the chest of the prone Locke! The luchador reaches back, grabbing a leg from his seated position.]

SA: Quick pin attempt by Arminius... but out at two is Shane Locke.

CP: You gotta work quick in this one. If you're someone like Arminius, you know you've got six other opponents still ahead of you and if you're going to have ANY shot to win it, you've gotta get some quick wins.

[Arminius scrambles back to mid-ring, beckoning Locke to his feet. As the man from the Pacific Northwest regains his feet, Arminius charges him, leaping up again for another dropkick...

...but Locke simply slaps it aside, causing Arminius to SLAM down on his back near the corner.]

SA: Simple but effective!

[Locke snatches the legs, pulling Arminius' feet up under his arms...]

SA: CATAPULT!

[But Arminius counters in mid-flight, landing on the middle rope safely. He takes a step up to the top, leaping off, twisting through the air to catch the rising Locke across the chest with a flying standing senton!]

SA: OHH! TWISTING SOMERSAULT ATTACK OFF THE CORNER!

[Arminius springs back to his feet, charging to the ropes, rebounding back, and DRILLING Locke with a sliding dropkick to the side of the head before Locke can get off his hands and knees!]

SA: LOW DROPKICK! ANOTHER COVER!

[And the luchador picks up another two count before Locke muscles out, escaping in time. Arminius is immediately back on the attack though, pulling a rising Locke to his feet and peppering him with a pair of short forearms...

...and then DRILLS him with a superkick that knocks him back into the buckles!]

SA: Arminius is a blur of motion in there, striking faster than we can call the action!

CP: Speak for yourself, Sal... you just won't let me get in a word.

[With Locke in the corner, Arminius runs out to mid-ring before spinning and charging back in, throwing himself into a somersault...

...and SLAMS his heel into the sternum of Shane Locke!]

SA: KOPPO KICK IN THE CORNER!

[Arminius leans down, boosting Locke up onto the top turnbuckle.]

CP: And now he's putting Locke up there, Sal... he's REALLY looking to end this quickly.

SA: Any number of things could be coming with Shane Locke up on the top turnbuckle like that.

[Setting his feet, Arminius leaps up to the second rope on one side of Locke, then springs to the top on the other side, springing up one more time to wrap his legs around Locke's head...

...but Locke simply shoves the legs off, sending Arminius flipping backwards, landing safely on his feet on the mat...]

SA: Nice counter by Shane L-OHHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd ROARS as Locke leaps off the middle rope and CRUSHES an off-balance Arminius with a flying clothesline that flips the luchador inside out before dumping him inelegantly down to the mat!]

SA: LOCKE WITH THE FLYING CLOTHESLINE OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE AND-

[Locke gets to his feet, grimacing down at the downed luchador, reaching down to grab him by a limp arm...

...and YANKS him off the mat into his powerful arms, twisting around and DUMPING the luchador on the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BALE TOSS! RIGHT ON THE HEAD AND NECK!

CP: That's gotta be it! Ain't nobody getting up from that!

[Locke grabs the wrist, pulling the luchador back to his feet again, looping an arm around the neck, flipping him over Locke's own body and DRIVING him chestfirst down to the mat as Locke drops down, yanking back on a tight headlock!]

SA: LOCKE DOWN! LOCKE DOWN!

[With Arminius' head and neck cranked back at a sickening angle, the luchador slaps the canvas to end it.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Your winner of the first leg of the Running of the Bulls... SHAAAAAANE LOCKE!

[Locke lets go of the hold, climbing to his feet and staring down at the laid out luchador.]

SA: An impressive showing from Shane Locke there. He took quite a bit of offense out of Arminius but all it took was a big shot, a bigger slam, and the Locke Down to lead Locke straight to victory. But now, we wait to see who the next opponent will be for him.

[Locke watches as Arminius is helped from the ring...

...and then turns towards the entrance, waving his hand towards it.]

SA: And look at Shane Locke. No rest for the weary but he wants none! He wants his next opponent right now!

[The opening notes of Eminem's "Til I Collapse" begins to play over the PA system as Rebecca continues.]

RO: And now, the man who drew Number Three... he hails from the Twin Cities... weighing in at 225 pounds...

LARRYYYYYYYYYYYY WALLLLLLLLAAAAACE!

[The crowd cheers as Wallace comes through the curtain, clad in a black sleeveless hoodie, unzipped to reveal his toned and tanned chest. His ever-present gold chain is dangling over his oil-slicked pectorals as he heads down the aisle in white trunks and boots, looking focused.]

SA: Larry Wallace - Flawless no more - is the third man in the Running of the Bulls and he's looking to stay in it - like the song says - til his bones collapse!

CP: Not a good draw for the formerly Flawless One, Sal, but he's a threat no matter what position he's in.

SA: Absolutely. And you talk about a guy who can rack up wins quickly, Larry Wallace is that man with his greatest weapon coming in the form of that dropkick he can break out at any time against any opponent.

CP: The best damn dropkick in the world.

[Wallace makes his way quickly to the ring, shedding his hoodie and tossing it aside before he steps through the ropes into the squared circle, shouting something at Shane Locke.]

SA: Sounds like Wallace is taking issue with some of Locke's more aggressive tactics we've seen from him in the past. He just told him to try slapping him around and see what happens.

[Wallace tugs the ropes, loosening up one more time as the referee signals for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: And the second leg of this Running of the Bulls is underway! Shane Locke and Larry Wallace who we heard from the on the Power Hour, Colt. He seemed very determined to win this thing and get his shot at Johnny Detson.

[Wallace rushes out Locke, apparently filled with fire as he throws a big right hand... and another... and another...]

SA: The son of Battlin’ Burt is showing that toughness and inner fight, throwing fists with ferocity at Shane Locke, battering him back against the ropes...

[Wallace grabs Locke by the arm, whipping him across the ring. He sets his feet under him as Locke hits the ropes...]

...but Locke hangs on, looping his arms over the top rope to hold his ground as Wallace prepares to take flight.]

SA: Ohhh! And Wallace had his eyes on that dropkick...

[Wallace charges at Locke who ducks his head, upending Wallace over the top rope to the apron where he lands on his feet. He grabs the middle rope, slinging himself between them with a shoulder to the gut...]

...but Locke sidesteps and...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: MYYYY OH MYYYY! A big ol’ knee driven right up into the heart and soul of Larry Wallace!

CP: Locke saw it coming and caught him in a vulnerable position.

[With Wallace dangling over the ropes, Locke goes to the ropes, rebounding back with a running kick to the side of the head, causing Wallace to go falling back through the ropes, flopping down on the floor as the crowd groans.]

SA: Sounds like Larry Wallace is the man of the people in this particular confrontation.

CP: That and a strong case of noseblindness will get him a trip on the subway.

SA: Not a fan of New York public transit, Colt?

CP: The only thing that smells worse than the New York subway system was the locker room back when Bucky’s hillbilly nephews still worked here.

[Locke paces the ring, trying to control himself enough to not go out to the floor after the formerly Flawless One, waving for the official to count.]

SA: And there it is again, Colt. For the second week in a row, we’ve seen Shane Locke trying to hold back his hot temper.

CP: A dumb move if you ask me. That temper gave him the kind of killer instinct you need if you’re gonna be a top star in this business. He should be out there on

the floor, putting the boots to Wallace, putting him into the railing... the post... whatever that's heavy and hard!

SA: A different sort of strategy suggested by three-time World Champion Colt Patterson for sure... but Locke has elected to try and keep his cool. We'll see how long that'll last.

[With a grimace, Larry Wallace regains his feet, grabbing the ropes to try to get back inside the ring as Locke comes towards him, pulling him into a front facelock, lifting Wallace with ease, and dropping him down with a vertical suplex.]

SA: Locke brings him up and over with authority... and with ease. That country boy strength is certainly deceptive, Colt.

CP: He certainly doesn't look like a bodybuilder. But I've seen these rednecks in there before, Sal. They spend a lifetime tossing around bales of hay... muscling cows and horses into pens... it's a different kind of strength but as we've seen from Locke so far, it's definitely effective.

[Locke watches as Wallace rolls over onto his stomach, grabbing at his lower back, and then drops down, jamming his knee into the small of Wallace's back, reaching down to hook him around the chin, pulling back hard.]

SA: Oh! Look at Locke bending that back, stretching out that spine... doing a little bit of amateur chiropractory...

CP: This a bit of physical torture. Breaking down an opponent's body.

[Wallace cries out, trying to get the fingers out from under his chin.]

SA: Wallace trying to pry that hand off... trying to get loose...

CP: That might be his only way out if he can get the hand off.

[After a few more moments, Wallace does exactly that, slumping down on the canvas as Locke pops to his feet, dropping his 260 pound frame down across the lower back with an elbowdrop.]

SA: Ohh! Shane Locke stoppin' and droppin' elbows down on the spinal column of Larry Wallace!

[Locke climbs back to his feet, watching as Wallace tries to crawl across the ring to get away from him...

...but the man from the Pacific Northwest reaches down, snatching a handful of trunks, hauling Wallace up to his feet, and burying his forearm into the small of the back, sending Wallace staggering towards the corner, grabbing the top turnbuckle to stay on his feet.]

SA: Wallace's back is taking a beating from the brute from Rip City...

[Locke spins Wallace back into the buckles, squaring up and rearing back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Overhand chop and that'll leave a mark, wrestling fans!

CP: Makes me glad I retired for sure.

[With Wallace cringing in the corner, Locke grabs him by the arm...]

SA: Big whip on the way!

[With a grunt and a fall to a knee from exertion, Locke ROCKETS Wallace across the ring where the second generation star SLAMS into the turnbuckles, staggering out grabbing at his back before falling to his knees.]

CP: Did you see the power behind that whip, Sal? A lot of times when we see an Irish whip, it's almost like going through the motions... just putting enough effort into it to get your victim where you want him to go... not with Shane Locke though. That was all effort and pure power that just launched Wallace into the buckles.

[Locke regains his feet, stalking across the ring towards Wallace who is down on his knees. He grabs Wallace around the throat, lifting him right up off the mat and HURLING him in one motion back into the turnbuckles!]

SA: Locke tossing him around like a sack of chicken feed!

[The Portland native steps in towards Wallace who pushes off the buckles, throwing a big forearm to the jaw!]

SA: Oh! Wallace with a heavy blow of his own! And another! And a third!

CP: Wallace is trying to get back in this, trying to fight his way out of the corner!

[But Locke simply shoves him back into the corner, twisting around to press his back against Wallace's chest, snapping an elbow back into the temple, hooking his leg around to sweep out the leg, putting Wallace on his butt in the corner..

...and then comes charging in hard, DRIVING his knee into Wallace's chin, snapping his head back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Grabbing Wallace by the ankle, Locke drags him out of the corner before dropping to his knees in a lateral press.]

SA: The running knee scores a brutal bullseye! But is it enough for three?

[The referee counts once... twice... but Wallace kicks out before the pin.]

SA: Two count and that is all...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Locke breaks the pin by slapping a meaty paw down across Wallace's chest, leaving a red welt behind.]

SA: Shane Locke showing no mercy for his opponent... although he HAS been able to keep his cool so far!

CP: The way he's punishing Wallace, Sal, I'd hate to see him when he's angry.

SA: Oh, you wouldn't like him when he's angry, Colt. It's incredible.

[Locke climbs off the mat, dragging Wallace up with him. He grabs the wrist, whipping Wallace towards the ropes, drawing back his right hand...]

SA: Wallace to the ropes...

[But as he comes back, Wallace drops into a baseball slide between the widely-set legs of Locke...

...and but stops himself halfway through, reaching up to snatch a schoolboy!]

SA: ROLLUP! ROLLUP! ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE ALMOST GOT HIM! HE ALMOST GOT HIM!

CP: Close call there for Shane Locke... he almost had his night ended by Larry Wallace!

[Wallace scrambles up to his feet, getting there before Locke has managed to get off the mat. The Portland native is up to a knee, head down, as Wallace rushes forward...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: KNEELIFT!

CP: Just like his old man!

[The high impact kneelift snaps Locke's head back, sending him stumbling backwards into the ropes as Wallace pursues, looking to take advantage of the running attack.]

SA: Wallace staying on him, whips him- no, reversed!

[And as Wallace bounces off the far side, Locke winds up, throwing a wild clothesline at Wallace who ducks under it, hitting the far side...

...and lands a big flying forearm as he bounces off again!]

SA: The leaping forearm connects! Locke goes down! Wallace down to cover! It could be! It might be! It- no!

[Locke's shoulder pops up off the mat before the three count as Wallace slams a fist down on the mat.]

SA: Wallace couldn't keep him down but he's got Locke in jeopardy and he may need to phrase his next answer in the form of a question - "What do I have to do to finish off Shane Locke and advance in the Running of the Bulls?"

[Wallace grabs the arm, dragging Locke to his feet...]

SA: Wallace shoots him across again... here we go!

[Wallace squares up, watching as Locke rebounds off towards him...

...and leaps high into the air, extending his legs at the peak of his lift!]

SA: DROPKICK!

CP: THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD!

[The feet POP under the chin of Locke, knocking him flat as Wallace hits the canvas as well!]

SA: DROPKICK ON TARGET! COULD THIS BE IT?! COULD THIS BE-

[The crowd begins to buzz as someone comes hopping over the railing, sliding into the ring...]

SA: WHAT THE-?!

CP: IT'S HOGAN! IT'S HOGAN!

[Wallace comes to his feet as Hogan winds up, steel chair in hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS Wallace over the head, the formerly Flawless One trying to get his hands up to block just before impact!]

SA: OHHHH!

[And at the sight of the steel chair blow, Davis Warren whips around, waving to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: What the...? Oh no!

[The referee waves a hand in the direction of Shane Locke, leaning through the ropes to speak to the timekeeper and ring announcer who makes it official.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... due to outside interference... Shane Locke has been DISQUALIFIED!

[Boos ring out from the crowd for the decision as Hogan sneers at the jeering New York fans...]

...and then dives to the mat, digging his fingers into the eye area on Larry Wallace!]

SA: HE'S GOING FOR THE EYE! HE'S GOING FOR THE EYE, COLT!

CP: What the heck did Larry Wallace do to deserve this?!

SA: If you think back to Wallace's days as a young rookie here in the AWA, he was aligned as a part of Team Supreme! This has GOT to be a message being sent to Supreme Wright!

[The camera shot cuts to Hogan, his tongue lolling disgustingly out of his mouth as he goes to work digging his fingers into the eye area.]

SA: We're going to need some help out here! Hogan is trying to gouge out the eye of Larry Wallace just like he did to Supreme Wright at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Hogan is screaming madly now as he digs in.]

"GIVE IT TO ME! GIVE IT TO MEEEEEE!"

[And suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

SA: MATTHEWS! THE MADFOX IS COMING FOR HOGAN!

[The Hall of Famer comes sprinting down the aisle towards the ring, diving headfirst under the bottom rope where Hogan has abandoned his efforts to blind Larry Wallace at the first sight of Jeff Matthews!]

SA: THE FIGHT IS ON IN N...Y...CEEEEEEEEE!

[The MSG crowd ROARS as Matthews and Hogan throw down in the middle of the ring, fists flying as fast as they can throw them!]

CP: You know, people might think Matthews is at a disadvantage in this one, Albano... but Jeff Matthews wrestled for years in the EMWC against the likes of Alex Martinez and Caleb Temple! He's not gonna back down from a fight if it comes to him!

[The cheers get louder as Matthews digs his own fingers into Hogan's eye, causing wails of pain from the Korugun monster!]

SA: MATTHEWS IS GOING FOR HOGAN'S EYE!

CP: PAYBACK IS A...

[Hogan falls back through the ropes, sprawling out to the floor as Jeff Matthews angrily looks around...

...and then steps out to the apron, taking aim!]

SA: What's he...?! SAINT SAN LORENNNNNZOOOOOO!

[The crowd EXPLODES as the Madfox runs down the apron, hurling himself into a somersault off of it onto Hogan, wiping the wildman out! A flood of AWA officials suddenly come pouring from the locker room, racing down the ramp towards the ring as Matthews grabs a handful of hair, repeatedly driving his knuckles down near Hogan's eye!]

SA: MATTHEWS IS POUNDING THE EYE! HE'S LOOKING FOR PAYBACK FOR HIS FRIEND, SUPREME WRIGHT!

[The officials quickly surround Matthews and Hogan, trying to pull them apart as an angry Shane Locke tries to get in as well.]

SA: Locke may have just realized what happened! It looks like he wants a piece of Hogan as well! Fans, we've got to take a quick break to get this under control but the Running of the Bulls will continue when we come back!

[With Matthews and Locke both trying to get at Hogan, we fade to black...

...and then fade up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then back up on the still-buzzing Madison Square Garden crowd as we see Larry Wallace is back on his feet in the corner, leaning against the buckles with a trickle of blood coming from the corner of his eye matching one from his hairline as well.]

SA: IT! IS! FIGHT NIGHT ON THE AIR ONCE MORE! And New York, I love you but you are bringing me down as Larry Wallace struggles to stay on his feet after a brutal assault by King Kong Hogan that went down just before our commercial break. That assault caused Shane Locke - who had nothing to do with it - to be disqualified. Larry Wallace is reeling as he tries to get his wits about him to stay in this because we're about to find out who is going to join him in-

"NO EVIL CAN ESCAPE..."

"...OMEGA!"

[With a flash of light, accompanied by John Barry's majestic "Overture" from "The Black Hole," a caped figure in black, royal blue, and gold emerges from the entrance. He crooks his elbows, places his wrists just above his hips, and turns his palms upward.]

RO: The next entry in the Running of the Bulls... from Neptune...

THIS.

IS.

OOOOOOOOMEGAAAAA!

[The weedy Omega charges down the aisle, his cape billowing behind him, occasionally outstretching his hands to slap palms with the adjacent fans.]

SA: Danger Will Robinson, the man from outer space has arrived here in New York City where he'll likely blend in in Times Square but he's a horse of a different color here in MSG where he tries to outlast them all and earn himself a shot at the World Heavyweight Title at Liberty Or Death on the 4th of July in Philadelphia!

CP: The only place this lunatic would fit in is in a New York shrink's office, Sal! This kid's got serious issues - he legitimately believes he's from outer space!

SA: Who are YOU to doubt Omega?!

[Omega slides into the ring, leaving his cape on the floor. He climbs onto the middle robe and cuts another of his trademark "Omega poses," before nodding and giving a cool "thumbs up" to the fans...

...and then one to a dazed Larry Wallace who is clinging to the ropes still, referee Davis Warren by his side trying to gauge if he can legitimately continue.]

SA: Omega is the next one in... that makes him number four... which means we are officially halfway through this gauntlet match for the greatest opportunity in the careers of any of these men!

[Wallace again signals the referee that he's good to go.]

CP: You gotta credit the heart of Larry Wallace trying to keep going after taking a steel chair right across the top of the skull. He's gotta be seeing stars... legit stars, not some kind of make-believe garbage like this Omega clown.

[The referee gives one last look to Wallace as he struggles out of the corner towards Omega who looks concerned.]

SA: And Omega looks like I feel right now, Colt.

CP: You feel as a goofy as a guy who says he's from Neptune?

SA: Well, I meant more that Omega looks concerned for the well-being of Larry Wallace who, I think, needs to call it a night and seek some medical attention.

[Omega eyes Wallace as the formerly Flawless One stumbles towards him. He looks questioningly at the referee who waves for the match to continue.]

SA: And... well, whether we think it's the right call or not, Larry Wallace is apparently going to attempt to continue to complete.

[The Neptunian looks around at the sound of the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Omega approaches slowly, reaching out towards Wallace, placing a hand on his shoulder...

...and gets a right hand to the mouth in response!]

CP: HAH! Right in this goof's kisser... not that he's ever used it!

[Omega stumbles backwards, grabbing at his face...

...and then lunges forward, snatching a standing side headlock, grunting as he muscles it in.]

SA: And I'm told he calls this Pluto's Potency.

CP: This?

SA: Yes.

CP: It's a side headlock, Albano.

SA: A powerful one, no?

CP: Well, no... probably not from the looks of this pipsqueak. My arms are bigger than his legs. But even if he had my arms, why in the world would you name a side headlock?

[Omega's face is twisted with effort, trying to squeeze the skull of Wallace who backs him to the ropes, shoving him off...]

SA: Wallace shoots him off to the ropes!

[Wallace again sets his feet as he did to Shane Locke moments ago, lifting off and extending his legs...]

SA: DROPKICK!

[...but Omega hangs on to the ropes, causing Wallace to SLAM down on the canvas with a thud that causes the crowd to groan!]

SA: Ohhh! Omega hangs on and Wallace... CRASHES... AND... BURNS!

[Omega clings to the ropes, grinning broadly as he straightens up, looking across at the prone Wallace.]

SA: And that might be it for Larry Wallace, fans.

CP: I'm telling you right now that Larry Wallace is going to change his name if he loses to this twerp.

SA: Colt, that's really not-

CP: No, I'm serious, Albano. Battlin' Burt's not gonna let any son of his lose to a goofy runt like Omega! He'll disown him first!

SA: Colt, I really don't think-

[But as Omega approaches the downed Wallace, reaching down towards him...]

CP: HEY!

[...Wallace plucks the unsuspecting Omega into a small package, tightly wrapping up the legs!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers as Wallace breaks the pinfall, rolling to his rear end and raising his arm wearily.]

SA: Larry Wallace scores the win! And Omega can't believe it!

CP: I can. I'm pretty a sure sharp-witted second grader could outsmart this moron.

SA: Nevertheless, Larry Wallace lured him in, got that inside cradle, and picks up the win to move on to the next leg of-

[The arena goes dark as "Kaze ni Nare" by Ayumi Nakamura begins to play over the PA system.]

SA: Oh. Dear. God.

[As it plays, images of Takeshi Mifune beating the living hell out of various people(Wrestlers, referees, fans, Japanese celebrities, mascots...anyone and everyone) are shown on the video wall.]

RO: The next entry into the Running of the Bulls...

He is the SHADOW WOLF...

TAAAAAKESHIIIIIIII MIIIIIFUUUUUNEEEEEEE!

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

[The crowd then breaks into a very respectful burst of cheers as they see "The Shadow Wolf" Takeshi Mifune emerging from the entrance, looking like everyone's worst nightmare. Mifune, a thick, stocky Japanese male, is wearing simple black trunks and short black boots with white tape on his wrists. On his head is a porkpie hat and in his hands is a black towel.]

SA: And right about now, the entire locker room is cursing whoever the hell left the Gold Standard off this week's tag team rankings! Takeshi Mifune is in the Mecca of Sports and I can't think of a place more suited for him. He is proficient in pain, he is top notch in torture, the Harbinger of Horror, the walking Fear Factory, and the Builder of Bad Dreams!

[Mifune steps into the ring, standing menacingly, arms crossed over his chest, at the exact moment the song hits its climax and the MSG crowd sings along...]

"KAZE NI NARRRREEEEEE!!!"

[Mifune nods in approval as he whips his black towel down over the top rope, tossing his hat aside as he stares across at Larry Wallace who pulled himself to the corner, propped up against the ropes, looking up through glazed eyes at Mifune who drops into the corner, grabbing the top rope and leaning out at full extension as if the ropes are chains holding him back...]

SA: This is a bad scene, fans. Larry Wallace may have survived Omega after that chairshot to the head but against the Shadow Wolf...

[A weary Wallace grabs the top rope, hauling himself to his feet, giving the official a nod...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and Mifune lets go of the ropes, sprinting across the ring towards Wallace who is dazed and in trouble...]

SA: MIFUNE CHARGING IN AND-

[Wallace suddenly leaps up, raising both legs...]

SA: OHHH! MIFUNE GETS A FACEFUL OF BOOT LEATHER!

CP: He's stunned, Sal! This is Wallace's chance! Right here!

[Wallace hops up to the middle rope, moving quickly before Mifune recovers from the boots to the mouth...]

SA: WALLACE IS ON THE MIDDLE ROPE! MIFUNE'S IN TROUBLE!

[The formerly Flawless One leaps off, extending his legs...]

SA: DROPKICK!

[...but Mifune simply turns and walks away, causing Wallace to crash and burn on the canvas as Mifune, cool as a cucumber, walks to the ropes, turning back towards the downed Wallace!]

SA: But Mifune saw it coming... and now he's-

[As Wallace pushes up to all fours, Mifune launches himself forward, swinging for the fences...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: PENALTY KICK! PENALTY KICK!

[The massive head kick snaps Wallace's head back before he slumps facefirst down to the mat where Mifune promptly leaps on his back, wrapping his arms around Wallace's head and neck, cranking back on it...]

SA: JAPANESE SLEEPER! TAUGHT TO HIM BY ROOSEVELT WRIGHT!

CP: This is it, Sal! Wallace ain't gettin' loose this time!

[Mifune gleefully pulls back on the neck, wrapping his legs around Wallace's torso, and rolling to the side as he nods emphatically. The referee drops to a knee, lifting Wallace's arm...

...and as it drops, the official leaps up and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd groans for the quick stoppage as Mifune holds for a few more moments, just to make sure, and then lets go. He rises to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his hand as he gestures for Wallace to be rolled out of the ring.]

SA: Takeshi Mifune, the dreaded Shadow Wolf, chokes out Larry Wallace and he's moving on in the Running of the Bulls. Just three more men in that locker room waiting to compete in this match.

CP: And if Mifune can string together one or two more wins that quick, he could go the distance, Sal.

SA: A fact that very likely is sending a chill down the spine of our World Champion, Johnny Detson right about now. I'm sure, Colt, that Detson wants no part of a match with Takeshi Mifune.

CP: Who the hell does? Mifune's the stuff of nightmares like you said. Everyone's heard the horror stories coming out of the Tiger Paw Pro dojo. He'll hurt you and have a good time doing it... and if the World Title is on the line, I expect he'll hurt you to a degree we haven't even seen out of him yet.

SA: We talk about Johnny Detson not wanting to face Mifune. There's three more men in the back who are having the same thought right now and-

[The synth tones that can only mean one song kick in, bringing an instant smile to the face of Takeshi Mifune.

The song? "The Final Countdown."

And the man who uses that song to arrive to?

Mifune's own tag team partner.]

SA: YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

CP: Oh, hell yeah... this just got knocked up to a whole other level, Sal!

[A heretofore unseen trapdoor on the entrance stage opens up, a pillar of steam emerging from it as red, white, and blue lights flash repeatedly throughout Madison Square Garden.]

RO: The next man in to the Running of the Bulls... BREEEEEEEET GRAAAAAAAAYSON!

[The Olympic gold medalist is raised through the trapdoor, kneeling on the stage with his arms raised, gripping the United States flag over his head as he rises into view to big cheers from the patriotic NYC crowd.]

SA: Bret Grayson is the next man in... and would you look at the Shadow Wolf's face?!

[The grinning Mifune gestures towards his partner, calling him to the ring.]

CP: That's a pretty big smile, Sal.

SA: You think he knew?

CP: No, I think Mifune loves a good fight... and in the Olympic gold medalist, he's gonna get one!

[The trapdoor locks in place as Grayson begins the walk down the aisle towards the ring where his tag team partner and the mother of all opportunities awaits him.]

SA: The Gold Standard have not made many appearances on television together as of yet due to Mifune's extensive commitments in Japan but when they have competed in the AWA - on and off television - they've been quite the treat to watch.

CP: Two of the most intimidating physical presences in all of wrestling together in one team? Think about the level of matches we might see these two in with teams like the War Pigs... like Ringkrieger... like System Shock...

SA: The Shooting Stars!

CP: Please. Grayson would tie those two in knots with each other while Mifune kicked them both into submission! But tonight, this isn't about tag team wrestling. Tonight, this is about an opportunity I'm sure NEITHER of these men saw coming their way anytime soon.

SA: I'd imagine you're right. Grayson is still a relative newcomer to the AWA and Mifune's international commitments prevent him from being a steady presence on the AWA roster.. but tonight, if they can win this thing, they're going to get the chance of a lifetime against Johnny Detson on the 4th of July with the World Heavyweight Title on the line.

[Grayson reaches the ring, handing off the American flag to a ringside attendant before he runs up the steps, ducking through the ropes, going into a spin with his arms spread wide...]

...and Takeshi Mifune RUNS HIM DOWN WITH A RUNNING BIG BOOT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Still laughing, Mifune backs off to the corner, pointing at his downed partner and waving for the referee to start the match.]

SA: He's enjoying this, Colt! He's enjoying beating up his opponent - his partner!

CP: Both of 'em! And I like that, Sal. Tag teams are great. I loved teaming with my big buddy Scott Pain... but I also knew that when it came down to it, the only one I could rely on was myself. And that's why I'm a three-time World Champion.

[Mifune angrily shouts at the referee who wisely obliges this time.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: There's the bell - this one's underway!

[Mifune charges towards Grayson is on his knees, trying to get to his feet...]

...the Olympic gold medalist SURGES forward, lifting Mifune up by both legs, twisting around, and THROWING him down to the canvas with a HUUUUUGE double leg takedown!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: NOW THAT'S A TAKEDOWN, BROTHER!

[Grayson slides into the mount with ease, balling up his fist and letting it fly on his tag team partner's skull!]

SA: RIGHT HANDS! RIGHT HANDS ON MIFUNE!

[Grayson springs to his feet, pulling Mifune up with him.]

SA: Grayson with a handful of hair, tossing him to the corner.. follows him in... ohhh! Back elbow JACKS! THAT! JAW!

[The Olympic gold medalist steps back, watching as Mifune stumbles towards him, wrapping his arms around Mifune's torso...]

...and LAUNCHES him halfway across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly throw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WE'RE OFF TO SUPER SUPLEX LAND!

[Grayson kips up to his feet, giving a shout as he turns back towards Mifune who has rolled out to the apron. The Olympian marches across the ring, leaving over to haul Mifune up to his feet...

...and gets a cross-armed thrust to the throat!]

SA: OH!

[Grayson falls back, coughing and gasping as Mifune ducks through the ropes back into the ring, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and chops his own partner right off his feet!]

SA: DOWN GOES GRAYSON!

[Mifune stands over Grayson, barking at him in Japanese before he buries a boot into the ear area!]

SA: Mifune stomping Grayson like he owes him money.

CP: Not outside the realm of possibility. That's another reason I never liked tag team partners.

[Mifune leans down, grabbing Grayson by the wrist, spinning it around once and then kneeling down on the shoulder, pinning it to the mat.]

SA: Unique armtwist... maybe even an armbar...

CP: Intelligent offense by Mifune, keeping that arm isolated and essentially turning Bret Grayson into a one-armed man...

[Grayson claws at the mat, looking for an escape. He sits up slightly...

...and gets a vicious palm strike to the ear that knocks him right back down!]

CP: Mifune's just vicious in there. This is a guy who just really knows how to hurt someone - it's like an art form to him.

SA: A Van Gogh of Viciousness. A Picasso of Pain.

[Still kneeling on the shoulder, Mifune shouts something in Japanese at Davis Warren who leans in, checking to see if Grayson wants to submit but the gold medalist defiantly refuses...

...at which point Mifune grabs him by the wrist, pulling his fingers apart!]

SA: AHHH! AHHHH!

CP: It ain't everyone who enjoys a little small joint manipulation but-

[The crowd groans as Mifune yanks HARD on the fingers, causing Grayson to cry out and cradle his hand as Mifune gets back to his feet.]

SA: Did he just try to break his fingers?!

CP: Probably more of a dislocation. After all, they still have to team up and he wouldn't want to take them out of action long-term.

SA: How... kind... of him.

[Grayson rolls over onto his stomach, cradling his hand underneath him as Mifune stands over him...

...and suddenly, a look of remorse washing over his face. He grimaces, his hands on his hips.]

SA: What's this about?

CP: If I didn't know better, Sal... I'd say he regrets what he just did.

SA: Takeshi Mifune? The Shadow Wolf? Regrets? Bite your tongue, Mr. Patterson.

[Mifune kneels down beside his partner, patting him on the shoulder as the referee checks to see if Grayson can continue.]

SA: Mifune kneeling beside Bret Grayson... and I have to say, if you had described this scene to me before tonight, I would think it was something out of one of those fan fictions you read online.

CP: I don't want to see your browser history, Albano.

[Mifune gives his partner a nudge, rolling him over onto his back. He pats Grayson lightly on the chest, sliding a hand behind his neck and pulling him up into a seated position.]

SA: Mifune helping Grayson up now... earning some cheers from this New York City crowd...

[The Shadow Wolf says something to Grayson, earning a nod in response...

...and with a smile, he reaches out, grabbing Grayson's left hand, twisting the fingers again!]

SA: AHHH!

[Grayson cries out again as Mifune breaks his grip, pops up to his feet, throwing a soccer kick to the mouth!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Mifune dives across his partner's prone chest, nodding along with the count.]

SA: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- no! Grayson slips the shoulder!

[Mifune grabs the arm on the kickout, scissoring it as he falls back to the canvas...]

SA: And look at that transition to the cross armbreaker!

CP: Smooth as silk! Mifune knows exactly what he's doing in there at all times and he's always a few steps ahead of his opponent... even when his opponent is an Olympic gold medalist.

SA: With Ayako Fujiwara in action later tonight, that's two Olympic gold medalists on the same show, Colt.

CP: That's why the AWA is the premier organization in pro wrestling all over the globe, Albano. We recruit the best, we sign the best, we promote the best. When you're watching the AWA, you know you're watching the best there is.

SA: Someone had a pre-show meeting with marketing!

[Mifune leans back, trying to straighten out the arm as Grayson desperately tries to lock his fingers together to prevent it.]

SA: Grayson looking for the most effective counter to the jujigatame - locking those hands together but with Mifune attacking the fingers, you have to wonder if he has the grip strength to hang on.

CP: Which raises an interesting point - maybe he wasn't going after the fingers because he's mean... maybe it was strategy.

SA: Nah, it's because he's mean.

[So far though, the tenacious Grayson has been able to keep his hands locked, preventing the elbow from being hyper-extended by Mifune.]

SA: Grayson's fighting this hold - he knows how effective it is. Mifune and Grayson spar almost non-stop while training from what I'm told so you better believe Grayson knows exactly how painful a hold like this can be when Takeshi Mifune slaps it on.

CP: I saw Ryan Martinez backstage before the show, Sal... you think he's drenched in a cold sweat right now watching Mifune go for that arm.

SA: The White Knight has told many a tale of his time training under Mifune.

CP: Literally. I'm told Mifune was on top of Martinez so much in the ring, they called him the Eclipse since he blocked out the sun for the so-called White Knight.

[Grayson rolls his hips, ending up on a knee as he yanks his arm free, switching to a makeshift schoolboy. A two count follows before Mifune slips out.]

SA: Mifune out the back door, both men coming to their feet now and-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to Bret Grayson slapping his own partner across the face...

...and as Mifune turns back towards Grayson, he's again got a huge grin on his face!]

SA: This man may be certifiably insane, Colt! I think he likes it!

[Mifune nods at Grayson, grinning as he gestures at him to do it again.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Grayson goes upside his partner's head again!

[Mifune recoils from the blow but this time when he comes back, he comes back with ill intent.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND MIFUNE RETURNS THE FAVOR!

[The open-handed blow lands on Grayson's cheekbone, staggering him under the shot...

...but the Olympic gold medalist is fired up, anger in his eyes as he pushes his skull against Mifune's, the two men talking trash with the crowd roaring for the showdown!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The barrage of blows by both men has them staggered when Mifune gets an advantage, driving Grayson down to a knee with a well-placed slap to the ear!]

SA: OHH!

CP: Raphael Rhodes, eat your heart out!

[Mifune stands over the kneeling Grayson, winding up again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The third blow stuns Grayson, causing him to wobble under the attack, dropping down to all fours. Mifune spins away, dashing to the ropes, rebounding back...]

SA: PENALTY KICK!

[...but a swing and miss sends Mifune stumbling by off-balance as Grayson pops up, locking his hands around the waist!]

SA: WAISTLOCK BY GRAYSON!

CP: Hang on, Shadow Wolf, you're going for a ride!

[Grayson pops his hips, launching Mifune into the air, and DROPPING him down on the back of his head and neck with a German Suplex!]

SA: GERMAN SUPLEX BY THE GOLD MEDALIST... AND HE'S HANGING ON!

[The crowd buzzes as Grayson maintains the waistlock, rolling right back to his feet and pulling Mifune up with him...]

SA: HERE WE GO AGAIN!

[...and tosses the Shadow Wolf over his head a second time, bouncing him off the canvas from the impact!]

SA: MAKE IT A DOUBLE FOR MIFUNE!

CP: Mifune's looking a little dizzy, Sal - he'd better close his tab!

SA: BUT THE BARTENDER SAYS IT'S TIME FOR LAST CALL!

[Grayson rolls up to his feet again, maintaining the waistlock...

...but as he attempts to lift Mifune up, the Shadow Wolf reaches down, grabbing the hands at his waist...]

SA: AHHH! HE'S BENDING BACK THE FINGERS!

[The small joint manipulation forces Grayson to let go of the waistlock as Mifune spins around, scissoring the ankle between his legs, dragging Grayson down to the mat with a drop toehold!]

SA: And a beautiful counter out of Mifune, back to his feet and-

[The crowd ROARS as Mifune grabs the foot, twisting it in his grip!]

SA: ANKLELOCK! MIFUNE TAKING A PAGE OUT OF HIS OWN PARTNER'S PLAYBOOK!

CP: And not just that, Albano, but Mifune is going right after the ankle that was broken when Grayson won the gold medal in the 2004 Olympics!

SA: And that ankle HAS given Grayson trouble from time to time! It's the reason that his AWA debut stalled out after he signed back in 2015! But his concern at the moment is the here and now and the here and now is Takeshi Mifune twisting that ankle with his bare hands, trying to force a submission out of his own tag team partner and continue on in this gauntlet match with a shot at Johnny Detson's World Title on the line!

CP: And I'd love to see EITHER of these guys taking on Detson, Sal.

SA: As would I, my friend.

[Grayson claws at the canvas, crying out in pain as Mifune nods his head, shouting in Japanese at the official who stays close to Grayson, checking for a tapout or a verbal submission...]

SA: Mifune's got a nice wide base, keeping perfect balance as he tries to force that submission! Can Grayson hang on?

[A few more moments pass before Grayson abruptly rolls to his side, ending up on his back as he draws his knees towards his chest, pulling Mifune towards him, and then kicks off, sending the Shadow Wolf flying through the air and crashing down on the canvas.]

SA: GRAYSON KICKS HIM OFF! He saves himself!

[Both men scramble up, trying to beat the other to their feet and-]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And Mifune comes up swinging, smashing a straight right hand into the jaw!]

SA: OHH! What a right!

[The blow causes Grayson to spin in a circle...

...which is when Mifune lunges for him, wrapping his arms around his neck!]

SA: JAPANESE SLEEPER! MIFUNE LOOKING FOR THE CHOKEOUT!

[Grayson's arms instantly starting pumping in the air, looking for a way out as Mifune tries to keep him away from the ropes, twisting him away from the set that Grayson was reaching out for..]

SA: Mifune trying to keep him in the middle, hanging on to that neck. If he chokes him out, he's moving on with two competitors standing between he and a shot at the World Title!

CP: I know we talked about it but imagine that marquee - Johnny Detson defends the World Title against Takeshi Mifune! Gives me chills just imagining it, Sal.

SA: It certainly could happen and as the arms of Bret Grayson start to slow, you start to wonder if absolutely MAY happen! Grayson's fighting this hold but Mifune's still hanging on... still holding him in his deadly grip... still-

[But as Grayson drags Mifune towards the corner, the Olympian suddenly leaps up, kicking off the buckles...

...and rolls right over onto the shoulders of Mifune!]

SA: REVERSAL! REVERSAL! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Grayson falls to the side of his partner who sits up angrily, shouting in Japanese at Davis Warren who insistently holds up three fingers even while backpedaling out of reach.]

SA: Bret Grayson with a beautiful reversal on that sleeperhold... turned it into a pinning predicament... and he's moving on in the Running of the Bulls with only two

opponents standing between him and a shot at the World Heavyweight Championship.

CP: If this one's over, Sal. Mifune's hot!

[Takeshi Mifune climbs to his feet, stomping towards the referee who wisely bails from the ring to the floor, still holding up three fingers as the Shadow Wolf angrily kicks the bottom rope before turning back to his partner who is now kneeling on the canvas, looking up at him.]

SA: You could be right, Colt. We may be about to get a rematch right here and now...

[Mifune stomps across the ring towards Grayson who forces himself to his feet, ready to defend himself again if need be...

...and Mifune lightly pats Grayson on the chest before turning to exit.]

SA: Well, it's not a handshake or a hug but-

CP: A hug? You thought Takeshi Mifune was going to hug another human being?!

SA: You never know, Colt... and as Mifune makes his exit, leaving Bret Grayson to face his next-

[The crowd ERUPTS at the familiar sound of three very strong notes.]

SA: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" fills the air in Madison Square Garden as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: The next participant in the Running of the Bulls...he is "The Hammer"...

JACKSOOOOOOONNNNNNNNN
HAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYNNNNNNEESSS!

[The opening to Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" whips the NYC crowd into a frenzy!]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[And as the main lyric kicks in, the crowd EXPLODES at the sight of "The Hammer" Jackson Haynes tearing through the curtain. Haynes is dressed in his "THE HAMMER" t-shirt and navy blue wrestling trunks, along with his trademark floppy cowboy hat. In his left hand, he carries his trademark bullrope.]

SA: The last time any of us saw Jackson Haynes, he was in one of the damndest fights we've seen in the parking lot in Chicago! Haynes and Shadoc Rage went to war and even though Haynes came out on the short end - thanks to Derek Rage - he showed the world that he's a serious threat to anyone he comes in contact with.

CP: And we talked about Mifune sending a chill down Johnny Detson's spine. Imagine his reaction to THIS!

SA: Jackson Haynes has competed all over the world. He's been a champion everywhere he's gone... including here!

CP: Former AWA National Tag Team Champion. Former AWA World Tag Team Champion. Two-time winner of the Stampede Cup. He's never wore AWA singles gold but that's from a lack of opportunity not talent.

SA: And you mention the Stampede Cup, Colt. We found out just a short while ago that Jackson Haynes is going to get another chance to get his hands on Shadoe Rage at the Battle of Saskatchewan when Violence Unlimited - arguably the greatest tag team in AWA history - takes on the Prophets of Rage - one of the greatest tag teams in WRESTLING history... in a first round Stampede Cup showdown!

CP: That's the first round? What the hell is is gonna happen in Mosaic Stadium in Regina?!

[As soon as Haynes steps through the ropes, he throws down his bullrope and makes a beeline straight for a game Bret Grayson who is ready to go.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The two meet in the middle of the ring, Haynes throwing a heavy right hand that rocks the smaller Grayson...

...but the Olympic gold medalist doesn't back down, throwing one of his own!]

SA: We've got a standoff in the middle! Haynes and Grayson, throwing themselves into some mighty ferocious fisticuffs!

CP: This isn't a sound strategy for Grayson though, Sal... he ain't gonna outfight the Hammer...

[A fact that Grayson is quickly discovering as Haynes backs him towards the ropes with a series of heavy haymakers that has the crowd roaring.]

SA: Haynes is putting every bit of his 310 pounds into those blows, pretending Bret Grayson is Shadoe Rage and-

CP: LOOK AT THIS!

[And somehow, the crowd gets even louder as Grayson starts firing off blows in response... a wild swung right hand... and another... and another, each bouncing off the jaw of Haynes and each doing the unthinkable, backing down the Tennessee Madman!]

SA: GRAYSON'S TAKING THE FIGHT TO JACKSON HAYNES!

[Haynes swings a knee up into the midsection, cutting off further offense from Grayson...

...and then yanks him into a standing headscissors!]

CP: Haynes is trying to end it early, Sal!

SA: Haynes perhaps thinking he's got one more opponent left after this - maybe looking to finish Grayson quickly so he's got plenty of time to tangle with the last obstacle in his path to Johnny Detson and the World Title.

[Haynes lifts Grayson up onto his shoulders, looking to powerbomb him down into the canvas...

...but Grayson starts hammering his fist down between the eyes of Haynes, stunning the big man enough for Grayson to throw his momentum back the other way, hanging on to Haynes, and taking him down with a makeshift rana!]

SA: OHHHH, WHAT A MANEUVER BY THE OLYMPIAN!

[And with Haynes pinned down under him, Grayson lands a few more big shots to the head before Haynes simply reaches up, shoving him off.]

SA: Quite the exchange there between these two men to get us going in this penultimate leg of the Running of the Bulls. And like you said, Colt, somewhere in this city, the World Champion is looking on and he's gotta be concerned by what he's seeing.

CP: If I'm Johnny Detson, I want no part of EITHER of these guys at Liberty Or Death on the 4th of July.

SA: But that's what he's gonna get... well, unless the final participant takes the winner of this leg out. We, of course, have no idea who that is, Colt.

CP: It could be the South Philly Phighter... the Golden Grappler... even-

SA: It can NOT be me! If Johnny Detson wants no part of these two, I second that emotion, my friend.

[Grayson greets the rising Haynes with a boot to the midsection before grabbing a handful of his long, stringy dirty blond hair and SMASHING his head into the top turnbuckle, turning him around with his back to the buckles.]

SA: Grayson trying to take advantage of this opportunity... trying to keep Haynes in the corner and away from all of his big power moves...

CP: Grayson's gotta work this one smart, Sal. He's already been in there for some thirteen or fourteen minutes while Haynes is as fresh as a daisy.

[Grayson smashes a forearm down across the sternum before grabbing the top rope, repeatedly lacing kicks into the midsection as the referee calls for him to back it up.]

SA: The official trying to keep this one on the straight and narrow and... well, it may be break down before too long. Jackson Haynes is not one to back down from a fight... or to start one.

CP: Danny Morton told me a story one time about he and Haynes out at a bar in Tokyo after a big match. They had a little too much to drink and when they got back to their hotel, the door was locked and Haynes couldn't find his key... so he just laid out the door with a running tackle. He went to sleep, the door in the bed next to him, and when security came in the morning and discovered what he did... and WHO had done it... they actually apologized to HIM for the door being locked! That's the kind of reputation for toughness that Jackson Haynes carries with him, Sal.

SA: I think everyone who has ever worked with Jackson Haynes has a story like that, Colt. Grayson now grabbing the arm, big whip out of the corner...

[Grayson charges in after him, twisting around for a back elbow but Haynes pulls himself clear and Grayson SLAMS backfirst into the buckles!]

SA: Ohhh! Grayson hits the corner hard!

[Haynes grabs the Olympian by the arm, whipping him across to the opposite corner, charging in after him...]

SA: CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!!!

CP: Haynes likes these in sets, Big Sal! He shoots him back to the other corner, charging like a runaway freight train...

[But Grayson pulls himself clear as Haynes did moments ago, sending the Hammer crashing chestfirst into the corner as Grayson slides in behind him...]

SA: HE HOOKS HIM! SUUUUUUPLEX!

[The crowd ROARS as Grayson lifts the 310 pounder and drops him on the back of his head with a released German Suplex!]

SA: Look at the power!

CP: That ain't just power, Albano. That's technique! That's skill! That's knowing how to take advantage of things like leverage and how to use Haynes size against him!

[Grayson climbs back to his feet, giving a whoop to the cheering MSG crowd as he leans over, beckoning Haynes back to his feet...]

SA: Haynes looks a little wobbly as he gets up...

[Grayson swoops in, hooking the waistlock again...]

SA: AND HE DUMPS HIM ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD A SECOND TIIIIIME!

[Grayson pops back to his feet, yanking down the straps on his double-strapped singlet, circling the downed Haynes, shouting "GET UP, PUNK!" at the big man who is trying to stir off the canvas.]

SA: Grayson may be looking for the kill here! Haynes looks like he might be out on his feet!

[Haynes pushes up to a standing position, nearly falling down as he does. Grayson swoops in behind him, ducking down low...]

SA: GOLD MEDAL SLAM- NO!

[The Hammer lives up to his name, smashing the point of his elbow down repeatedly into the back of Grayson's muscular neck, causing him to abandon his lift attempt, staggering away from Haynes who surges forward...

...and SMASHES his skull into Grayson's sternum, sending the Olympic gold medalist flying backwards into the buckles!]

SA: GAHHH! That headbutt made me reach for the Tylenol, Colt!

CP: Right into the chest. Most guys go skull-to-skull with the headbutt but a blow to another part of the body can be just as effective and not cause as much damage to the guy throwing it.

[Haynes approaches the corner, throwing a big right hand that lifts Grayson's feet off the mat, leaning back over the ropes before he comes back down...

...and Haynes steps up on the second rope, raising his fist to the air to cheers!]

SA: HERE WE GO!

[Haynes starts pistoning his punches into the skull of Grayson, the crowd counting along with each blow.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEV-"

[But on that final blow, Grayson slips out from under Haynes, twisting around...

...and LIFTING THE THREE HUNDRED POUNDER UP ON HIS SHOULDERS FOR AN ELECTRIC CHAIR!]

SA: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM WAY UP HIGH...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...AND BRINGS HIM WAY! DOWN! LOOOOOOW!

[Grayson rolls over, stacking up Haynes' legs in a jackknife cradle!]

SA: TIGHT CRADLE GETS ONE! GETS TWO! GETS-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: NO! NO! HAYNES SLIPS OUT IN TIME!

[Grayson rolls off onto his back, breathing heavily as he looks up at the lights of the historic Madison Square Garden.]

SA: Grayson's been in this gauntlet against two VERY tough competitors for over fifteen minutes at this point.

CP: And everyone is approaching this gauntlet with a very fast hard-hitting style. No one's looking for chinlocks and armwringers to wear someone down. They want quick wins and with both Haynes and Grayson just one more opponent away after this to a shot at the World Title, they're holding nothing back right now.

SA: But you've gotta wonder who is waiting in the wings, Colt. Who got the lucky draw in this one and is going to go in there completely fresh against one of these two?

[Grayson climbs to his feet, dragging Haynes up with him. He wraps an arm under Haynes' armpit, reaching around to clasp his hands together...]

SA: Grayson looking for the head and arm suplex...

[But Haynes cuts him off, smashing his skull sideways into Grayson's!]

SA: OH! That was skull on skull!

CP: It sure was. And both of them are reeling after that one.

[A dazed Grayson reaches out a hand, grabbing Haynes by the wrist, winging him quickly to the corner...

...but as Haynes hits the buckles, he comes charging back out, running Grayson down with a leaping clothesline!]

SA: HAYNES WIPE HIM OUT WITH THAT ONE!

CP: And now it's Haynes looking to end this, folding up a leg...

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

SA: And Grayson kicks out in time!

[Haynes vigorously shakes his head as he pushes up off the mat, blinking several times.]

SA: Haynes may still be feeling the effect of his own headbutt, Colt. He looks like he's trying to clear the cobwebs as he gets back up... but he's still going, pulling Grayson up too...

CP: You can't take time to recover in a match like this, Sal - 'cause you're giving your opponent time to recover too.

[The crowd buzzes as Haynes pulls Grayson into a standing headscissors again.]

SA: Well, Bret Grayson is going to need LOTS of recovery time if Haynes hits this powerbomb!

[Haynes clenches his jaw, lifting the smaller competitor up into the air...

...but at the peak of the lift, Grayson leans forward, flipping over Haynes' head, grabbing him by the upper thighs!]

SA: SUNSET FLIP!

CP: I don't think so, Albano!

[And the Tennessee powerhouse reaches down, snatching Grayson by the throat with both hands...

...and YANKS him right up into the air before flinging him into the nearest set of turnbuckles where Grayson slams into them before stumbling out into Haynes' waiting arms, lifting Grayson up...]

SA: SPINEBUSTER!

[...and SLAMS him straight back down with authority, bouncing Grayson off the canvas!]

SA: WHAT A SLAM OUT OF HAYNES! And this might be it!

[Again, Haynes drops to his knees, wrapping up a leg in a side press as Davis Warren counts.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT'S-

[The crowd cheers again as Grayson just barely gets a shoulder off the mat before the three count falls.]

SA: Only two! Just a two count there for Jackson Haynes... and he looks surprised by that.

[A slightly-shocked Haynes throws a look back over his shoulder at Grayson, shaking his head.]

SA: Haynes can't believe it... slowly getting back to his feet...

CP: He's gotta hit that powerbomb, Sal. Or maybe the Whiskey Lullaby.

[Haynes leans down, dragging Grayson to his feet. He throws a right jab... then a left jab... then a right jab...]

CP: Haynes popping his jaw with those jabs, throwing them with intent...

[And gripping a handful of Grayson's hair, Haynes winds waaaaaaaay back...]

SA: BIG LEFT!

[But Grayson ducks down, avoiding the blow while swinging his left arm up to catch it, leaping up to snare the off-balance Haynes' right arm with his legs, dragging him down in a crucifix!]

SA: CRUCIFIX PULLS HIM DOWN AND PINS HIM DOWN! ONNNNNNNE!
TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: GRAYSON WINS! GRAYSON WINS!

CP: And I gotta call that an upset, Albano!

SA: I gotta agree with you there, Colt. Jackson Haynes' resume is a mile long and Bret Grayson is still comparatively inexperienced... but he caught him and it just goes to show that anyone can win any match on any given day.

CP: That's why they wrestle the matches, Sal.

[Grayson rolls away from Haynes, wearily raising a hand as a shocked Haynes glares at him from across the ring.]

SA: Haynes is in shock! He thought he had it well in hand and...

[With a grimace, Haynes angrily turns away, ducking through the ropes to the floor where he slams his hands down on the ring apron before stalking back up the aisle.]

SA: An upset win puts Bret Grayson in the final match of this gauntlet. One more win and he's got himself a shot at the World Title in Philadelphia. One more win and he's got the biggest chance of his career.

CP: Yeah, but who's he got waiting for-

[And suddenly, music kicks in that causes both announcers to react identically.]

SA/CP: OHHH!

[The music is from the climactic scene of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." The fans rise to their feet and look to the entryway where we see, standing at ease, the leader of Ringkrieger himself - Der Oger aus Innsbruck - MISTER.]

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

SA: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! MISTER IS THE FINAL ENTRY!

CP: And listen to these fans, Albano! They're all over this idea!

SA: When Javier Castillo said he wanted the best of the unranked in this thing, he wasn't kidding! MISTER has arrived and Bret Grayson looks as shocked as Jackson Haynes did moments ago!

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

SA: MISTER heading to the ring - six foot five, 305 on the LBs... and this is NOT good news for Bret Grayson who has been in that ring for about twenty minutes against the likes of Takeshi Mifune and Jackson Haynes!

CP: It definitely isn't, Albano... if Bret Grayson wants to cash his ticket to Philly, he's gonna have to survive THREE of the toughest men this business has to offer back to back to back!

SA: The odds are long for the Olympic gold medalist but he's been fighting tall odds his entire life, Colt!

CP: Hey, you can't count Bret Grayson out because this is a guy who knows how to win, Sal. You're talking four-time All-American at Iowa. Two-time NCAA National Champion. He lost SEVEN matches total during his entire collegiate career. He won the amateur wrestling World Championship in 2003... and in 2004, he won the Olympic gold medal on a broken ankle!

[Upon climbing the ring apron, MISTER wipes his boots before stepping through the ropes where he stands, facing out to the audience. MISTER stands upright clasps his hands behind his back, standing at ease before bellowing "RESPEKTIERE DIE LEINWAND" and walking to his corner, turning to face his opponent.]

SA: Respect The Canvas. The ethos of the man known as MISTER who has been a dominant physical presence since arriving in the AWA and who is now one victory away from a shot at the World Heavyweight Title.

CP: Grayson's proved a lot of doubters wrong here tonight already... can he do it one more time against perhaps the biggest threat of the trio?

[MISTER swings around, staring at Bret Grayson who is leaning against the buckles, trying to regroup as Davis Warren steps closer, ensuring the Olympian can still continue.]

SA: Grayson says he's good... he says he can go...

CP: We're about to find out.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[MISTER comes tearing across the ring at the sound of the bell as Grayson steps out as well. The 305 pound Austrian leaps into his air, DRIVING both feet into the chest of Grayson in a blow that sends the Olympic gold medalist sailing backwards, smashing HARD in the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: And the big man is movin'!

SA: You would think a man of his size would not move like that but MISTER defies all the expectations with a dropkick like that!

[MISTER gets quickly to his feet, moving towards Grayson who is still reeling.]

SA: He's got Grayson in the corner..

CP: And you do NOT want to be there against MISTER!

[Pushing Grayson's head back, MISTER winds up his right hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AN OVERHAND CHOP THAT YOU COULD HEAR AT YANKEE STADIUM!

CP: Sounds like he got smacked with a cast iron skillet!

[MISTER grabs Grayson by the arm, whipping him across the ring with enough force that the Austrian drops to a knee from the effort as Grayson leaves his feet, SLAMMING spinefirst into the buckles before collapsing in a heap on the canvas.]

SA: Gaaaah! You could FEEL the ring shift on that one.

CP: A whole lot of force, a whole lot of impact, and a whole lot of pain for Bret Grayson right now as MISTER is just dominating him.

[MISTER wastes no time or motion, walking directly across the ring to where Grayson is writhing in pain on the canvas.]

SA: MISTER pulling Bret Grayson off the canv- SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE!

[Grayson plucks MISTER into an inside cradle, snatching him tightly!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! TH-

[But MISTER powers out of the pinning situation, breaking the count at two and change.]

SA: No! MISTER kicks out!

CP: With those massive legs, I'm not shocked by that... but I'm shocked that Grayson had enough left in him to get him wrapped up in that in the first-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A ferocious slap across the face by a rising MISTER whips Grayson around, his back to the Austrian who snatches a rear waistlock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND MISTER LAUNCHES HIM ACROSS THE RING WITH A... I GUESS WE'LL CALL IT AN AUSTRIAN SUPLEX!

[MISTER climbs off the mat, dusting off his hands as he gets to his feet, Grayson rolling to his chest, breathing heavily.]

SA: MISTER did not appreciate that small package from the looks of things, going right upside the Olympian's head and... well, the Olympic rings may be a distant memory compared to the ringing going on in Bret Grayson's ears after that slap and that suplex!

CP: Grayson's gotta find a way to get back into this, Sal. He's taking a beating right now and if it goes on much longer, there's absolutely no way he's getting to Philly.

[MISTER takes a long walk around the ring, circling Bret Grayson as the Olympic gold medalist gets his arms underneath him, trying to push himself up off the mat...

...which is when MISTER raises both arms, swatting down violently!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: TWO-HANDED HAMMERCHOP DOWN ON THE BACK!

[Two massive red welts start to form on the upper back of Grayson as MISTER straightens up, looking down on Grayson.]

SA: One hand, two hands, two feet... MISTER's like the Dr. Seuss of pain in there and no matter how he hits you, you end up hurting.

CP: MISTER again taking a walk. If I'm managing this guy, I tell him to turn it up a bit. The intensity is there... now he needs the killer instinct. If you get someone down, try to finish 'em off.

SA: You offering to manage this big man?

CP: You're talking to the wrong AWA color guy, Albano.

[MISTER circles back towards Grayson, reaching down to hook a handful of singlet, lifting Grayson up to his feet by it, yanking him right into a back suplex position, hoisting him up into the air...]

SA: MISTER looking for another suplex and-

[...but MISTER steps forward, tossing Grayson high into the air where he SLAMS violently down on the canvas!]

SA: SPINE ON THE PINE YET AGAIN!

[Grayson arches his back, grimacing as MISTER gets a running start, leaping into the air, and DROPS his 300 pounds down on the sternum with a sitting splash!]

SA: OHHH! And that might do it there!

[MISTER defiantly crosses his arms across his chest as he stays seated, the referee diving down to count.]

SA: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[But Grayson kicks out, breaking up the pin in time!]

SA: No! Grayson out the back door again!

CP: All the weight was up on the shoulders but MISTER didn't both with a leg at all and it cost him there. Grayson's lower half of the body was free to do whatever he wanted to get him loose.

[MISTER rises to his feet, burying the heel of his boot into the lower back of Grayson before he can up. A second stomp keeps him down on his chest as MISTER sizes up his foe.]

SA: Grayson continues to take a pounding from MISTER as we cross about twenty-five minutes with the Olympic gold medalist inside the ring.

CP: Everything MISTER does is so devastating, Sal. Simple but oh so effective!

[MISTER watches as Grayson regains his feet...]

SA: MISTER grabs Grayson by the wrist, whip to the corner...

[And as Grayson hits the buckles, he bounces back out towards MISTER who leans into a big lariat, dropping to a knee as he flattens Grayson!]

SA: LAAAARIAAAATOOO!

[With Grayson prone on the canvas, MISTER settles into a lateral press, jamming his forearm into the cheekbone, grinding it home as the referee goes down to count once again.]

SA: MISTER gets one! He gets two! He gets- no! Again, Grayson kicks out in time!

[MISTER pushes up to his knees, his hands on his hips as he silently broods for a moment.]

SA: MISTER looks like he thought he'd wrapped it up there... he thought he was on his way to face the World Champion in Philly.

CP: Sal, I ain't gonna lie... I'm over here salivating at the idea of EITHER of these guys getting a shot at Johnny Detson. You know, you take a look at the Top Ten contenders to the World Title... a lot of top competitors... a lot of high level challengers... but to sneak in the back door in a match like this, Bret Grayson or MISTER could beat Johnny Detson, Sal. I know they could... and that's coming from someone who has all the respect in the world for the World Champion.

SA: I gotta admit, Colt... when I heard about this match, I was afraid it was Javier Castillo looking to stack the deck with a bunch of joke challengers to give Detson an easy night at the office at Liberty Or Death.

CP: No way.

SA: Certainly not. There are some - as you said - high level challengers - in this match... much to the likely dismay of the World Champion if you ask me.

[MISTER climbs to his feet, letting loose a heavy exhalation as he leans down to lift Grayson off by the mat by the wrist...]

SA: MISTER pulling him up, keeping wrist control...

[...and with a yank of the trapped limb, MISTER pulls Grayson towards him for a short-arm clothesline!]

SA: CLOTHESLI- ducked by Grayson!

[Grayson suddenly lunges forward, slipping his arm up between the legs of MISTER, hoisting him off the canvas...]

SA: HE'S GOT MISTER UP!

[...and twisting around in a modified torture rack, Grayson quickly spins and SLAMS MISTER down to the canvas to a ROAR from the crowd!]

SA: GOLD MEDAL SLAM! GOLD MEDAL SLAM!

[Grayson flips over, throwing an arm across MISTER's massive chest!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICKOUT! MISTER SLIPS THE SHOULDER UP! MISTER SLIPS OUT IN TIME!

[The crowd buzzes for the near fall as Grayson rolls to his back, his chest heaving as MISTER lies on his hip, stunned by the sudden slam by the Olympic gold medalist!]

SA: Grayson's down... and now MISTER is down as well!

CP: I wouldn't go so far as to call that Gold Medal Slam an equalizer... but it definitely did some damage and took a step towards evening the odds on this one!

SA: Both men down... Grayson's been in there for... what? Twenty-five plus minutes now.

CP: Definitely in the deep for Grayson. He's been primarily a tag team wrestler for a while now... and going twenty minutes plus in a singles match just ain't what he's used to... not yet at least.

SA: There may be some changes in opinion about Bret Grayson after this performance tonight, Colt.

CP: Definitely, definitely.

[A weary Bret Grayson rolls to his chest, sliding his arms under him to try to push up off the mat.]

SA: The Olympic gold medalist out of Youngstown, Ohio is trying to get to his feet before MISTER can beat him there. Grayson's gotta get back on offense... gotta find a way to sink some damage onto MISTER. The Gold Medal Slam is gonna help but he needs more than that, right Colt?

CP: Absolutely. This match is about six or seven minutes deep - this leg of this match, I should say - and it's been almost all MISTER so far. Grayson's had a sparkle of offense here and there but not enough to put MISTER down for a three count... or maybe even a submission.

[Grayson grimaces as he pushes to his feet, breathing deeply as he moves towards MISTER, lifting the 305 pounder off the mat...]

SA: Grayson gets him up to his feet, pushing MISTER back to the corner...

[Pausing for a couple deep breaths, Grayson snaps off a hard right hand to the jaw!]

SA: Right hand all the way from Hell's Kitchen!

[Grayson pauses, again breathing deeply before throwing another.]

SA: Another heavy blow by the Olympian...

CP: And he didn't learn those right hands on the mats in Iowa, I guarantee you that!

SA: Grayson trying to batter MISTER into jeopardy... those right hands perhaps all he can muster right now...

[But MISTER reaches out, grabbing Grayson around the head and neck, swinging him back to the corner...]

SA: No, no, no, NOOOOOOOO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MISTER MAY NOT HAVE A HAMMER BUT THOR'S GOT NOTHIN' ON HIM WITH THE CRACK OF THUNDER I JUST HEARD!

CP: Holy...

[Grayson crumples to his knees, a rapidly-reddening welt on his chest as MISTER shakes his head, angrily lifting Grayson to his feet and shoving him back into the buckles.]

CP: Again?!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS for the CRACK of skin on skin that comes from one of MISTER's infamous knife edge blows!]

SA: Bret Grayson's chest must feel like it's been cracked clean in half, fans!

[MISTER looks out on the buzzing crowd, eyeballing the New York natives, and raises his hand, holding it high for all to see...]

SA: One more perhaps!

[The Austrian winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO!

[Grayson falls forward again but MISTER grabs him by the back of the head, running across the ring and flinging him bodily into the buckles. The Olympian hits the corner, grabbing the top rope to stay on his feet as MISTER lopes back across to the far corner, turning to face Grayson...]

SA: He might be looking for that dropkick again!

[MISTER shifts it into gear, charging across the ring faster than his 305 pound frame should allow, leaping into the air, extending his legs...

...and JAMMING his feet into the turnbuckles as Grayson DIVES clear just in time!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! MISTER MISSED THE DROPKICK IN THE CORNER!

CP: And his feet slammed into the buckles, jamming his-

SA: ANKLE!

[The Madison Square Garden crowd ROARS to life as Grayson grabs the foot, flipping MISTER onto his stomach...

...and WRENCHES the ankle in his grip!]

SA: ANKLELOCK! THE LIBERTY LOCK IS APPLIED!

[MISTER cries out, slamming his arm down on the mat as Grayson cranks on the foot and ankle, shouting “TAP! TAAAAAAP!” at his trapped foe!]

SA: GRAYSON’S TRYING TO BOOK MISTER PASSAGE ON A ONE WAY TRIP TO TAP OUT CITY!

[MISTER again claws at the canvas, grimacing as the referee checks to see if he wants to submit...]

SA: MISTER’S trying to hang on! I don’t know what it’ll take to get a submission out of MISTER but this might do it!

CP: The ankle ain’t supposed to bend that way, Big Sal!

SA: Grayson’s got the ankle twisted, trying to bend it until he hears a tap or he hears a snap!

[MISTER cries out again, clawing at the mat as the referee tells Grayson that the Austrian doesn’t want to submit...

...when MISTER suddenly rolls to his back, kicking Grayson off and back into the corner!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: MISTER survives! He survives the Liberty Lock!

CP: Yeah, but what kind of damage is done there, Albano? That anklelock is immediate high pressure on the joints and ligaments of the ankle and MISTER could be hurt severely despite getting loose!

SA: We’re about to find out. He’s trying to get off the mat. Fans, I’ve just been told that Bret Grayson has been in this grueling gauntlet match for a half hour now! Thirty minutes and counting for Bret Grayson as he tries to get the chance of a lifetime - a World Title showdown with Johnny Detson on the 4th of July!

[MISTER climbs to his feet, wincing visibly as he puts weight on the ankle that Grayson went after. He steps closer to the corner...

...and a desperate Grayson ducks low, lunging in at MISTER, lifting the 305 pounder into the air, twisting around, and DRIVING him back into the turnbuckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: GRAYSON TRYING TO SURGE!

[Grayson grabs the middle rope, aggressively slamming his shoulder into the midsection once... twice... three times...

...and with a guttural roar of effort, Grayson hoists the 305 pounder into the air, setting him down on the top turnbuckle!]

SA: GRAYSON PUTS HIM UP TOP!

[The Olympic gold medalist steps up to the middle rope, stretching out his arms around the torso of MISTER...]

SA: HE’S GOING FOR A BELLY TO BELLY OFF THE TOP!

[But MISTER swings his right hand, smashing his palm into the ear of Grayson... and again... and again... and as Grayson’s arms drop, MISTER snatches him and SMASHES his skull into the Olympian’s, sending him flying backwards off the middle rope and down to the canvas!]

SA: OHHH! MISTER HAMMERS HIM BACK DOWN!

CP: What the hell is MISTER doing now?!

[The 305 pound MISTER straightens up, looking down at Grayson...

...and then steps up to the top rope, the crowd buzzing with anticipation...]

SA: MISTER IS UP TOP! MISTER ON THE TOP ROPE! GRAYSON IS-

[The crowd ROARS as Grayson pops up to his feet, rushing towards the corner, leaping from the mat straight up to the top rope where he wraps his arms around the standing MISTER’s body again...

...and with flashbulbs firing all over New York City, Grayson pops his hips and HURLS MISTER over his head, halfway across the ring, and down HARD onto the canvas!]

SA: BELLY TO BELLY OFF THE TOP! BOOM GOES THE CANNON!

[Grayson flips over, crawling across the ring, throwing himself across a prone MISTER, tightly snatching a leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: HE GOT HIM! GRAYSON WINS! GRAYSON WINS!

[An exhausted Grayson rolls off of MISTER, staring up at the lights as the Madison Square Garden crowd roars their approval for the winner.]

SA: After a grueling half hour plus in this ring against Takeshi Mifune, against Jackson Haynes, against MISTER... Bret Grayson has someone survived!

CP: Not just survived, Albano - he's thrived! And he's earned himself a shot at the World Title at Liberty Or Death in ten days!

SA: Johnny Detson is somewhere in the Big Apple watching - you know he is - and he's thinking about how he's gotta walk into Philly on the 4th of July and put the World Title on the line against an Olympic gold medalist! Incredible!

[With the aid of the referee, Grayson gets to his feet, "The Final Countdown" blasting over the PA system as the Olympic gold medalist marches to the corner, stepping up to the midbuckle with his arms up over his head!]

SA: What a moment for this American hero from Youngstown, Ohio! Bret Grayson is heading to Philly to challenge for the World Title!

[Grayson pumps his fist in the air, celebrating his hard-fought triumph as we cut the announcers down at ringside.]

SA: Bret Grayson versus Johnny Detson for the World Heavyweight Title will go down ten days from now at Liberty Or Death. But that's not the only World Title match coming very, very soon to AWA television.

CP: What's that supposed to mean?

[Sal grins, pointing to the camera.]

SA: Watch this!

[We fade to black...

...and then fade back up to a darkened studio, somewhere offsite.]

Voice: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.

[A slow zoom out as the lights rise slowly further reveals a man seated in front of a large announce desk, sitting on a black stool. His hair is a little greyer, but the bespectacled man is recognizable to wrestling fans all over the world, which makes his appearance all the more shocking on this particular show.

David Rogers, longtime broadcast announcer.

The lights remain somewhat dimmed as he speaks.]

DR: Fans of the American Wrestling Alliance in particular, my name is David Rogers. Some of you may remember me as the lead announcer for a wrestling company that has not existed for close to five years now. As well, as many of you are probably aware, the AWA is looking ahead to an event coming up in just about a month's time, the Battle of Saskatchewan.

Now the wrestling world is never at a loss for shocking developments, and I can promise you that tonight I am here to bring you an announcement that few, if any, saw coming. The Battle of Saskatchewan will bear witness to some of the best in professional wrestling today, but as this event was organized a request went out.

A request to include a tip of the hat to the very best of Canadian wrestling of the past. That request led to discussions and negotiations, and at this time I am very proud to announce that on the Battle of Saskatchewan there will be a special attraction match. On this evening, for one night only...

The UWF will live again.

[The lights come up full in the studio now, and a large monitor on the back wall comes to life bearing three unexpected letters in a logo not seen in some time.

UWF.

Rogers smiles at the camera.]

DR: Now while the UWF has not been in operation since 2012, the majority owners of the company, the family of the late Paul Reed, have been in contact with AWA officials and are working to allow for the signing of a special championship match. The last reigning UWF World Heavyweight Champion is a man known very well to the AWA audience and to wrestling fans around the world. He will be defending title against perhaps the most popular wrestler in UWF history, himself a two-time UWF World Heavyweight Champion.

Ladies and gentlemen, in one month's time at the Battle of Saskatchewan it will be JUAN VASQUEZ defending the UWF Heavyweight Championship of the World against YOUTH GONE WILD.

Thank you, and we'll be bringing you more information about this historic match-up in the weeks ahead. Back to you, Sal and Colt.

[We fade back to ringside where the Madison Square Garden crowd is roaring and Colt Patterson looks stunned.]

CP: WHAT THE HELL?! Did you know about this, Albano?!

SA: I had a clue.

CP: And you didn't tell me?! Nobody told me?! I gotta be hearing things, Albano. Did I hear that right? Did I hear that not only is the UWF coming back for one night only... not only is the UWF World Title going to be defended again for one night only... not only is Youth Gone Wild coming back to professional wrestling for one night only...

[Patterson shakes his head.]

CP: But Juan Vasquez - the man who nearly cost this company EVERYTHING - is coming back as well?!

[Sal shrugs.]

SA: That's the way I hear it, Colt. For one night only, an invitation has been extended for Juan Vasquez to make a special appearance on AWA television to defend a title he never lost - the UWF World Championship.

CP: This is unbelievable! Who agreed to this?! Who made this happen?!

SA: The offer was extended to the former owners of the UWF - as David Rogers mentioned - for a special UWF presentation at the Battle of Saskatchewan... and this is the match they wanted to put on for all those UWF fans all over the world. Juan Vasquez versus Youth Gone Wild for the UWF World Title and... wow! And if the Stampede Cup wasn't enough of a draw for that huge show going down in Regina at Mosaic Stadium, Vasquez vs Youth Gone Wild is going to drive interest through the roof, Colt!

CP: Don't talk to me, Albano. I can't believe they're telling you stuff and not me.

SA: Well, fans... while my broadcast colleague cools off a little, we're going to take a quick break and when we come back, it's going to be Bucky Wilde right up there in that ring with James Lynch on The Call of The Wilde!

[We fade to black.

Fade in to the Schutzmans. In the background, Mooselips' elderly brewmaster Lorne Schutzman stands beside a 15-foot-long red paperclip. "Savory" Avery Schutzman, president and CEO of Mooselips Brewery is in the foreground. Beside him is a whiteboard on an easel. Obviously Mooselips has its own criteria for tag teams, as the whiteboard is covered with team names: 'NEXT GEN,' 'SHOOTING STARS,' 'SYSTEM SHOCK,' 'SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE,' 'GOLD STANDARD,' and, perhaps most troublingly, variations of the letters, 'POE,' 'OPE,' and 'OEP.']

AS: Greetings from Mooselips Brewing, coming to you from Kipling, Saskatchewan; population 1,140! And home of the World's Largest Red Paperclip. Everyone knows the story of how a young man from Montreal was able to barter a single red paperclip to a house right here in Kipling. And soon everyone will know the story of how the AWA, in nine short years, was able to grow from a little studio in Texas into a worldwide promotion that will sell out Mosaic Stadium in Regina in only a few short weeks!

[Avery Schutzman points his marker at the whiteboard.]

AS: And with Howie Somers and Daniel Harper capturing the AWA World Tag Team Championship, that puts them in the lead over System Shock for Mooselips' top team! Myself and my uncle Lorne will be attending the AWA's pay-per-view extravaganza on July the 4th called...

[He checks his notes.]

AS: ..."Liberty or Death"...?

[He folds the note up and puts it back in his jeans pocket.]

AS: I'll take the "Liberty," thanks. Uncle Lorne and I will be present to give our official Mooselips sponsored team a special prize. And thank you for your support.

[Lorne Schutzman begins muttering something in the background.]

AS: What? No Uncle Lorne, we can't give them two red paperclips.

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we find ourselves in the ring with a familiar face.]

BW: I'm tellin' ya... first, they shelve Gordo and I for the likes of the pizza guy down there and now we're hosting another company's World Title matches on our shows.

[Bucky shakes his head.]

BW: It's enough to make a man seek out other employment... but every time I think that maybe I've had enough, something goes down to make me think "no, I'm EXACTLY where I need to be!" Ladies and gentlemen... welcome to... THE CALL OF THE WILDE!

[Big cheer from the NYC crowd as Bucky grins, standing in a sparking gold sportscoat and matching pants.]

BW: And one of those moments to make me rethink everything happened just about a month ago in Chicago when the man we all thought was Supernova was attacked by the real Supernova and his facepaint removed to reveal... James Lynch.

[The crowd jeers as Bucky shakes his head.]

BW: I couldn't have been more surprised if it was my own mother under that paint, I'll tell ya that. But the question everyone has asked since then is... why? Why did James Lynch - a Boy Scout since birth - stick the knife handle deep in the backs of his family? Why did he betray his own brother? And my own personal question - why the heck didn't he do it sooner? Because Lord knows if I was in that family, I'd have been looking for a place to stick the blade years ago.

[Bucky grins.]

BW: Tonight, we're hoping to get the answers to some of those questions and to help us get to the bottom of this...

[The cheers that Buckthorn P. Wilde, their raucous cheers turn to cacophonous boos. As the camera pans away from the ring, we understand why.]

BW: Let me introduce one of my guests... Veronica Westerly!

[Westerly stands at the top of the entrance ramp, her chin tilted upwards, her eyes narrowed in disdain as she surveys the crowd. In a change from earlier tonight, she now wears a skintight red dress, cut low in the front to display a generous amount of cleavage, and cut high on the left hip to reveal just as much leg. Her hair, dyed jet black, has been curled into tight ringlets and then piled high atop her head, with two tendrils pulled down to frame either side of her face. Around her neck is a black satin choker with a gem set in the center. And the ever-present Eye of Tyr, hanging on a black metal chain, dangles from around her neck.]

SA: Someone went for a costume change and she may be dressed as the red priestess, but Colt, this woman definitely does not serve the Lord of Light!

CP: Watch yourself, Sal - that's a lady you're talking about!

SA: She was once called Lady Veronica, but a more fitting moniker for Mrs. Westerly would be Jezebel, or Circe, or Delilah. Take your pick, this temptress has managed to turn the mind of James Lynch and in doing so has driven a stake right through the heart of House Lynch!

[Westerly makes her way down to the ring at a deliberate pace. She enters the ring and gives Bucky the once over before turning her contemptuous gaze to the crowd.]

BW: Welcome to the Call Of The Wilde, Veronica... but.. uhh...

[Wilde looks past her.]

BW: ...but I was expecting you to be accompanied by someone else.

[Westerly smiles at the colorful color man and interviewer for the evening.]

VW: Well, Bucky, I knew that it would wound you to have to introduce your other guest. So I thought I would spare you that pain.

BW: Well, thank you, I guess.

[Westerly turns back towards the fans.]

VW: So without further hesitation. I bring to you a man who single-handedly won the Stampede Cup. Who, without no aid at all, overcame the mighty Violence Unlimited to win the National Tag Team Championship. A man who inspired a much, much lesser man to defeat Supreme Wright at SuperClash VII. The one, the only.... JAMES LYNCH!

[As the machine gun like drum solo of Judas Priest's "Painkiller" thunders over the loudspeakers, the curtain is pulled aside and out steps James Lynch.]

Lynch wears a long black leather duster, open to show beneath it a long black shirt with gold buttons. His black jeans are covered in black leather chaps, held up by a black belt with a silver belt buckle. Both of Lynch's hands are covered in black gloves, while the lower half of his face is covered in a black bandana with a white skull design. Lynch's long, dirty blond hair is pulled back into a tight ponytail and his brown eyes stare straight ahead, their gaze cold and merciless.]

SA: And there he is, fans. For the first time since his shocking betrayal, James Lynch has made his way into an AWA arena and... well, to say he looks different from the last time we saw him would be an understatement, Colt.

CP: A new look and perhaps a new man, Sal. This ain't the same guy that AWA fans remember teaming with his brothers - the nice little family man... I don't think that guy exists any longer.

SA: I, for one, refuse to believe that's true... but we may be about to find out.

[Lynch makes his way to the ring slowly, turning his head once to dodge a cup thrown at him. Entering the ring, Lynch moves to stand in front of Bucky, staring a hole at him, as his music dies down. Bucky takes a step back, looking a bit nervous as he raises the mic to speak.]]

BW: You know, I never thought I'd be happy to see a Ste... umm... a Lynch. But you may be the exception. Everyone has been wanting to know what was behind what happened at Memorial Day Mayhem. And... well... the floor is yours!

[Lynch yanks the bandana down, letting it rest around his neck. We can see that Lynch has grown a beard.]

JAMES: What was behind my actions? You want to know why I dressed up as Supernova and why I attacked my...

[Lynch shakes his head, trailing off.]

JAMES: Why I attacked Jack Lynch.

[The crowd cheers the mention of the Iron Cowboy's name as James looks out in annoyance.]

SA: You hear that, Colt? James Lynch refuses to even acknowledge Jack Lynch as his brother!

CP: Can you blame him? If a doctor told me Jack Lynch was my brother, I'd ask for a second opinion.

[James Lynch continues speaking.]

JAMES: The answer, Bucky, is fear. Not my fear, because I have never been afraid.

The fear of the AWA.

[Lynch pauses, letting that sink in.]

JAMES: I have spent YEARS wanting to return to the AWA, but fear kept me away. Oh, you ask Stegglet, Michaelson or Taylor and they would tell you that they were afraid that I would get hurt again. But I know that was a lie. If that is what they were really afraid of, then why has Ryan Martinez been allowed to wrestle?

No, they were afraid of James Lynch.

[The crowd jeers as Lynch nods.]

JAMES: They were afraid that I would overshadow my weak younger brother. You know the one I am talking about. The one that made the girls scream and the women weak at the knees. The same one who is now hidden away in some hospital, working to overcome his personal weaknesses.

[The crowd "ohhhhhhs" at the personal attack.]

JAMES: And they were afraid of what would happen if the man they love, their Iron Cowboy, their so-called King of Cowboys, had to be measured against me.

They were afraid that everyone would see Jack Lynch for the imposter that he truly is. They were afraid of me overshadowing him.

Of me proving to the world that I am the greatest Lynch of them all!

[The crowd responds with a chorus of boos so loud that when Lynch begins to speak again, he can't be heard.]

JAMES: Your boos only mean one thing – that you're all afraid too.

So when I heard Veronica Westerly vow to put an end to the lies of the Lynch family. When I heard her say that she was going to destroy every false hero in the AWA, I asked her if she would give me the chance to help her.

And let me tell you something – Veronica Westerly is not afraid! And neither...

[Lynch chuckles.]

JAMES: ...is the Korugun Corporation.

[The crowd jeers the mention of the dastardly conglomerate as Lynch simply glares out at them.]

JAMES: I pretended to be Supernova because I knew that all of the sheep in the audience and in that locker room, would turn their backs on him, just as they turned their backs on me. I know how fickle fans are and I know that Jack Lynch and Ryan Martinez are nothing but hypocrites who will turn their backs on a person the moment they can't use them anymore.

And now Supernova, you know too.

[Just as James Lynch is about to say more, the crowd ERUPTS, this time with cheers, as a determined Jack Lynch makes his way down the ring.]

SA: The Iron Cowboy is here!

CP: Things are about to get ugly, Sal.

SA: Judging by what James Lynch has had to say so far, you may be right unfortunately.

[Jack Lynch enters the ring and storms forward. Bucky stands in his way, but Lynch sidesteps him and keeps moving forward. His forward momentum is finally halted by Veronica Westerly, who stands between Jack and James, the latter remaining behind the raven haired Westerly. Lynch comes to a halt, glaring down at Westerly who has her own mic in hand.]

VW: Easy, Mr. Lynch. Easy. As a sign of good faith, I left my protector - Polemos - in the locker room. But I can call him out here...

[She snaps her fingers.]

VW: ...just like that.

[Jack Lynch grimaces, stalking back across the ring where he snatches the microphone out of Bucky's hand and begins to speak.]

JACK: Jimmy... what the hell is goin' on here? You're listenin' to her?

[James Lynch does not respond, not even looking at his brother.]

JACK: Damn it, talk to me, Jimmy! This ain't you, I know it!

[Westerly raises the mic again.]

VW: Mr. Lynch...

[Jack angrily interrupts.]

JACK: No, you shut the hell up!

[The crowd cheers as Veronica's cheeks turn red with a mix of embarrassment and anger.]

JACK: Jimmy, don't listen to her! She's poison. She's never done anything but use men and throw 'em away. You think she's good for you?

Wise up, Jimmy and listen to me. Listen to your family!

[Westerly smiles.]

VW: Korugun is his family now.

[Jack grimaces, shaking his head.]

VW: And James Lynch is DONE listening to you.

[Jack again tries to ignore Westerly, speaking over her to his brother.]

JACK: You think she's gonna help you, Jimmy? You ain't this stupid, Jimmy. She's nothin' but-

[And Westerly has finally heard enough, stepping forward and cutting off the Iron Cowboy.]

VW: You know who I am, Lynch?

I am the woman who took a man who was going nowhere, and I made him into a Hall of Famer! I am the person who guided Alex Martinez to three World Titles.

[She holds up three fingers insistently.]

VW: I am the woman who told Caleb Temple how to defeat the unstoppable Alex Martinez and guided him to a World Title of his own.

[She turns back to James Lynch, approaching and lightly placing her hand on his chest.]

VW: And I am the woman who is going make sure that everyone knows how great James Lynch is.

[Jack glares at her for a moment... then shifts his gaze to James.]

JACK: This is what you want, Jimmy? This is who you want in your corner?

[James again refuses to respond as Veronica speaks up.]

VW: Let me tell you what James Lynch wants.

James Lynch wants the world to know that when you talk about being a Stampede Cup winner, that when you talk about being a National Tag Team Champion, that it was James Lynch who carried you to both of those.

[Jack shakes his head.]

VW: James Lynch wants the world to know that your so-called reputation as "Mr. SuperClash" is all because of him.

It was in his name that you, your brother and your father defeated the Beale Street Bullies. It was James' selfless aid in training you that allowed to eke out a victory over Demetrius Lake. It was James Lynch's inspirational presence that allowed you to defeat Supreme Wright in the Towel match.

And it was James Lynch that you SHOULD have asked for help when you took on Casey James and Tiger Claw!

[Westerly jabs an accusatory finger at Jack Lynch who grimaces, again looking to his brother.]

JACK: Jimmy, I'm askin' ya one more time. Just tell me what I gotta do to make this right. Don't listen to her. Talk to me, Jimmy...

[An evil expression comes across Westerly's face.]

VW: You want to make this right? There is only one way to do that. In Philadelphia, at Liberty or Death...

You must face your brother, one on one!

[There is an audible gasp from the crowd. The camera cuts to James Lynch who looks shocked and speaks in halting words.]

JAMES: Veronica... I.... are you sure? I don't think...

[Westerly rests a reassuring hand on James' chest.]

VW: James, this is the only way.

[Veronica's lips curl back into a feral grin.]

VW: Trust me.

[But the camera cuts back to Jack Lynch, who is shaking his head.]

JACK: No. It ain't happenin'.

I don't care what ya done. I ain't fightin' you, Jimmy.

[He looks to James, pleading now.]

JACK: You're my brother, and I love ya. And I won't do it.

[Westerly sneers.]

VW: You will... or you will face the consequences!

[Jack Lynch continues to shake his head.]

JACK: No, Jimmy... tell her no.

[The camera cuts to a stone-faced James Lynch, who refuses to contradict Westerly.]

JACK: No... just... no...

[Jack Lynch exhales slowly, looks at his brother and then at Westerly. Seeing neither of them are going to budge, Jack Lynch does something he's never done before.

He backs down.

Lynch exits the ring and walks up the ramp slowly, his head low as the crowd murmurs with shock at the scene before them.]

SA: A challenge has been issued, fans, for Liberty Or Death but... but Jack Lynch is walking away from it. He wants no part of it.

CP: And that means that James Lynch is the better man, right?

SA: What? No!

CP: That's the way I see it. Jack just backed down from a fight and-

SA: Against his brother! His family! His blood! Would YOU fight your own brother?

CP: Depends on the size of the paycheck, jack!

[Sal sighs.]

SA: Fans, we're going to take another quick break but we'll be right back so don't go away.

[The camera stays on Jack Lynch walking up the ramp as we fade to black.

Cut to a college library where two students have a physics textbook open.]

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

STUDENT #2: "Matter that produces and/or emits ionizing energy can be described by what adjective?"

[Student #1 looks up from the book and slams it shut. Cutaway as he stands up, now suddenly wearing Derrick Williams' gold "Future" coat from SuperClash VIII through the miracle of editing. He takes out his phone and presses a "play" button.]

[A wide shot of the entire library as the student spreads his arms to the chorus of Imagine Dragons.]

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

[Cut to a sushi chef with a white towel over his head and a kimono with a Claw Academy logo. To Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call," he bursts through curtains to serve a platter of sashimi to a table.

In a gym, a woman does sit-ups in and out of frame to "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest. After her third sit-up, her face is spontaneously painted with a black and yellow 'S'. She cups her hands to her mouth and howls.

A man and two school-aged children step through the automatic glass door of a big box retailer to "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West. They are all in hooded fighter's robes, and they stoically nod at the camera in unison as they pause by the shopping carts.

A woman prances through a maze of cubicles to "I'm The Best" by Nicki Minaj, twirling a red braid and balancing a cup of coffee.

A civic worker in a visibility vest tries to move a dead tree branch into a truck to "Brian Boru's March" by The Chieftains. With part of the branch under his arm and his other hand, you'd swear he was giving the branch an armbar.

On a playground, a little girl with a distinct scowl stomps up to home plate to "Another One" by Night Club. She swings her bat wildly at the ball resting on a tee.]

STUDENT #2: [voice] Yeah, I think that's right.

[Cut back to library. Student #1 still has his arms open, but now to the sounds of library ambience. Someone in the background coughs. He sits back down.]

STUDENT #1: Okay... uh... Question 11?

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

"The Official AWA Playlist, available now on Apple Music and Spotify."

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...

The camera cuts back to some unidentifiable place, perhaps in the arena, or maybe it's just prerecorded - we can't quite tell as it's pretty dark. The camera also appears to be tilted, making the room look off kilter.

Standing to one side, is a figure clad in black and green, covered in a torn white lab coat, face covered in a black plague mask, black and green hair flowing out from behind it. The second figure is instantly recognizable, spinning around in an office chair with many tears in the fabric, leather coat covering a black tank top, her black and red hair framing Charisma Knight's haunting face.]

CK: So, Sweet Skylar and Good Ol' T-Bone are besties now. That just warms my heart. Deep down, I'm super happy for them... aren't you, Lee?

[The mask covered Dr. White makes no noise or motion]

CK: I know, you're right. It's just inspirational! Them putting aside their differences to get to us... and get beaten into the ground by Kurayami. But let's not wax poetic and cut to the chase.

Girls, we know you want a shot at us. We know, deep down, you just want to try and break us apart. And we've decided, we're going to give you that chance. No tricks, no bait and switches, no using fakes and decoys, no just setting you out there to get powerbombed through a ring again.

No, just the four of us straight-ish up to finally get everything out of the way and on the table. Scout's Honor!

[She chuckles.]

CK: That's providing, of course, if you make a little agreement.

You see, Lee and I will face you. We'll get in the ring with you, Not in 10 days at Liberty or Death though. No. In 14 days, just a couple turns down the road... at Eternally Extreme!

BUT...

[She grins maniacally.]

We'll only tell you HOW... if you agree. Or else the whole deal is off. Savvy?

So girls, what do you say? We're waiting.

[Charisma starts spinning around again, cackling as the camera fades from the unknown locale...]

...and back up on the Madison Square Garden crowd where our own Mark Stegglet sits beside a man who needs no introduction to fight fans. GFC World Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris and his posse are out in full force tonight as his crew sits behind him while the Champ slings his arm around the chair back that Stegglet sits in. Harris is decked out in gold and we aren't talking about titles as he has a slew of thick gold chains around his neck, a watch that must have a two inch gold face on it, and rings for every day of the week.]

MS: What a night so far and while we still have so much left to come we are taking a break from the action to have a word with the GFC World Heavyweight Champion. Two shows in a row, Champ? You're either spoiling us or trying to give the kids on the internet an aneurysm. You know how rumors get started, people might think you are looking to try your hand in an AWA ring again.

[Harris shakes his head.]

RH: Nah, homie. I been there, done that, got the t-shirt, ya feel me? The Rottweiler is here because Fox can't put on a Fight Night without having a real bonafide butt-whoopin' machine around to put their money behind, ya dig?

MS: I'm not sure I'm following. So no, I don't... dig?

[This draws a chuckle from Harris.]

RH: You're a silly man, Stegglet. I ain't here to just watch these boys and girls put on a show though I gotta admit I do wanna see which badass chick gets her head shaved clean. I'm here because I've got some news, homie. Some big, big, news.

MS: Now we're getting somewhere.

[Harris holds up a fist.]

RH: Labor Day weekend, homie. The deal is done, it's gonna be a payday for the ages. The Champ is puttin' his GFC Heavyweight title on the line and we ain't gonna be havin' no parade of bulls to see who I knock out next. Evan England, that British wanker...i t's time to shut that fool up, ya feel me? He's been runnin' his mouth on the sidelines for months now and I'm gonna knock that stupid accent outta it when my knuckles connect with his jaw.

MS: Wow! That IS big news, Rufus. The fans have been begging GFC President Jamie Redmond to make that match for over a year and we are finally going to get it!

[Harris nods.]

RH: Damn right we are, it's just too bad for that punk England that fightin' Rufus Harris is like ridin' the Matterhorn. You wait hours to get on the ride and it's over in two minutes. He better write a letter to himself about how much he loves his mama cause I after I put his lights out he ain't even gonna remember her name.

MS: Well, there you have it. Labor Day weekend, folks, the undisputed GFC World Heavyweight Champion, Rufus Harris, will be defending his title against the "The Great Hope of Britain" Evan England. Champ, it's always an adventure with you, back to you guys in the booth!

[We cut from the crowd to Sal and Colt sitting behind the desk.]

SA: Big news there for fight fans as the GFC Heavyweight Champion has his next fight set. It'll be against Evan England, Labor Day weekend and Colt, as a fan of the GFC, I certainly don't want to miss that one.

CP: Two of the best heavyweights on the planet climbing into that Hexagon - it'll be something else.

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"YOU TWO DONE FLAPPIN' YER GUMS YET?!"

SA: Fans, none other than "Slim" Jim Colt is in the ring. What do you think he wants, Colt?

CP: Well, Shane Locke took him to the limit on the last Power Hour, maybe he's looking to bounce back.

SA: Just call him John Marston, as the man with the fully loaded Haliburton seeks out some redemption!

[The camera cuts to "Slim" Jim Colt, who is holding a microphone.]

JC: Last time I was out here, I was handin' that no good Shane Locke his lunch!

And after the butt whippin' I gave him, I'm bein' told that there ain't nobody in the AWA that wants to face me.

And I don't blame 'em.

See, I came lookin' for a fight, but can't nobody actually beat me. So tonight, this is officially everyone's last chance at my ten thousand U.S. government dollars!

And since no one was brave enough to sign on the dotted line, this here is an Open Challenge. C'mon boys, one of ya must have the guts to face me. And get a chance at ten thousand bucks!

[Colt pats his Haliburton, which now has a dent in the shape of Shane Locke's head on one side.]

JC: No one? I knew y'all were a buncha sis-

[But before Colt can finish his thought, the unmistakable strains of AC/DC's "Thunderstruck" blare over the loudspeakers, and the fans in MSG come to their feet and then they come unglued.]

CP: WHOAH!

SA: Someone has answered the call, Colt, and New York City is about to have an unseasonable thunderstorm!

[Barreling down the entrance ramp is the blue chipper, the man some consider the "Chosen One" of the Combat Corner. The handsome half Maori named after his people's god of Thunder. The one, the only Whaitiri.]

SA: And Jim Colt does not look happy!

CP: Can you blame him? Who was expecting him?!

[With looks pulled straight off a movie poster, Whaitiri sprints to the ring.]

SA: We haven't seen him since November 24th, 2016 at the Mercedes Benz Superdome, but he's here tonight!

[As Whaitiri slides under the bottom rope, Colt begins to stomp on his back. Left little choice, the referee turns and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: HERE WE GO!

CP: And Colt is putting the boots to the Golden Child. He might handle him easier than he handled that chump Locke!

[Colt continues to stomp on Whaitiri's back until the New Zealander forcibly lifts himself off the mat, sending Colt scrambling backwards.]

SA: Whaitiri is unfazed by those heavy cowboy boots!

[Colt charges Whaitiri and throws a right-hand punch, only to be blocked by Whaitiri. Colt throws a left-hand punch and is blocked again. Left open, Colt is sent flying backwards by a huge headbutt from Whaitiri.]

SA: "Slim" Jim Colt is learning firsthand why so many people think Whaitiri is the future of the AWA.

CP: Don't count Colt out so quickly! He's just pacing himself. You mark my words, that kid doesn't have the gas tank that Jim Colt does.

[Whaitiri lifts Colt up and whips him into the corner. Moving to the diagonal opposite, Whaitiri garners a head of steam and leaps into the air.]

SA: WRATH OF WHAITIRI COMING UP... WAIT A MINUTE!

[At the last second, Colt grabs hold of the referee and pulls him in the way, so that the top prospect ends up splashing the referee.]

SA: I don't believe it! The referee is down.

CP: What'd I tell you? Jim Colt always has a plan.

[Jim Colt slides out of the ring, and when he returns, he's got something in his hands.]

SA: He's got the Haliburton! We saw him do this to Shane Locke! Is history about to repeat itself.

CP: Well, that briefcase is about to have matching dents!

[Whaitiri has his back to Colt, as he's been checking on the referee. He rises, turns around and as he does, Jim Colt is winding up.]

SA: SWING AND A MISS! WHAITIRI DUCKS!

[Whaitiri ducks behind Colt and grabs him from behind, dropping him to the mat with a German suplex that sends the briefcase flying out of his hands.]

SA: Jim Colt's master plan just failed!

[Pumping his arms up and down, drawing energy from the crowd's vocal support, Whaitiri strides to the far corner. He throws his arms all the way up, drawing them down with a loud "HAAAAAA-OOOOOOOOH-AHHHHHHH!" before he turns back around, planting his fists down on the canvas and staring across the ring, watching and waiting as Colt starts to rise...]

CP: Look out Colt!

[Whaitiri barrels across the ring.]

SA: CHARGE OF TŪMATAUENGA!! WHAITIRI HAS ALL BUT SPEARED JIM COLT OUT OF HIS BOOTS!

[With Colt motionless in the center of the ring, Whaitiri ascends to the top rope.]

SA: Like the mighty eagle, Whaitiri is perched and ready to fly!

[As the fans lift their cell phones and illuminate Madison Square Garden, Whaitiri flies through the air, phone cameras flashing as the audience catches him in flight. And just as Whaitiri lands, a second referee slides into the ring to count.]

SA: RANGINUI'S PRAYER! COVER!! ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!
THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[As the bell rings, Whaitiri pops up head thrown back as he soaks in the cheers of the crowd.]

RO: HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... AND OF THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! WHAITIRI!

[Whaitiri is handed the briefcase and, in a shocking move, he lifts it up over his head and then throws it over the top rope and onto the concrete below.]

CP: What is this idiot doing?!

[The action causes the briefcase to pop open, and Whaitiri slides out of the ring, grabbing handfuls of money and he begins to run around ringside, tossing money into the stands. Fans surge forward, hands outstretched, as Whaitiri continues to scatter the money.]

CP: He can't do this! That was Colt's money! Someone stop him!

SA: Just call him Rudy Baylor, because Whaitiri is making it rain all over Madison Square Garden tonight!

[The camera catches Whaitiri as he plays Santa Claus. Finally, he has one last stack of hundred dollar bills, which Whaitiri hands to a ten year old girl in the front row, while the fans cheer him on.]

SA: Theresa Lynch has gone down to the ring to get a few words from the winner of the 2016 Brass Ring tournament, and the man with the world's most generous heart!

[Cut to ringside, where Theresa Lynch stands with Whaitiri, both of them flashing radiant smiles.]

TL: It's been over six months since last we saw you. Where have you been?

[Whaitiri draws in a deep breath and exhales loudly.]

W: First off, kia ora Theresa and kia ora to all my fans in the AWA!

Where have I been? Well, it's no secret that I got banged up pretty badly in the Brass Ring Tournament. So I went back to New Zealand. To train and to get ready to come back.

And I am back... and here to stay!

TL: And now that you're here, what are your plans.

W: Well, Theresa... there's two things that I'm here for.

The first is that there's people I look up to. People like Jack Lynch. People like Hannibal Carver. People like Ryan Martinez. People who are fighting the good fight.

And I want them to know... if you ever need help, then I'm here for you.

And the second reason... well, that's because after winning the Brass Ring... I want some gold.

I want the belt that a whole lot of people are talking about.

I want that World Television Title.

[Big cheer from the New York crowd!]

W: I have lot of respect for the champ, Terry Shane. And I know what Kaz Konoe can do once he starts caring about things. And I can't say that I like this new attitude of TORA's, but I know he's a dangerous man.

But boys? The thunder is here, and he's coming for that gold!

TL: Well, I wish you luck, and after tonight, I wouldn't count against you!

W: Thanks for that, and thanks to all the fans who have been writing me emails, tweeting at me, and posting on Instagram.

Your support means everything to me.

And I promise you, I will always work hard to prove that I'm worthy.

TL: Waitiri making a surprising return to action tonight on Fight Night On FOX, fans! We'll be right back with Max Magnum and Stevie Scott, don't go away!

[With a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we end up back in the office of Javier Castillo. El Presidente has a far-off look in his eyes, nervously fingering a large metal key hanging from a chain on his desk. Veronica Westerly is standing nearby, her own finger tapping the crystal hanging around her lovely neck. Suddenly, the door swings open. Castillo looks up as John Law moves to intercept... and with a sigh, Castillo waves Law off.]

JC: It's alright. Let him in.

[Law steps aside and in walks the grinning form of current member of AWA ownership Chris Blue. Blue is in a navy blue sportscoat and slacks as he approaches the desk.]

JC: You again? Didn't we say enough the last time we met?

[Blue raises a hand.]

CB: You know, Javier... I was in the building here tonight - big night for the company, you know - and I just wanted to come over here and congratulate you.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: Congratulate me? For what?

[Blue flops down in the chair across from Castillo.]

CB: This stuff with the Prophets? Master stroke, Javier. You know how long the AWA's been trying to put them back together? They were the "golden goose" for many a Stampede Cup but you... you got it done... and against Violence Unlimited?

[Blue shakes his head as Castillo puffs out his chest with pride.]

CB: Real genius stuff, Javier. I applaud you.

[Blue leans back, literally clapping as Castillo beams... and then abruptly stops, leaning forward.]

CB: I just hope there's enough left of them to team up in Canada.

[Castillo's brow furrows.]

JC: What does that mean?

[Blue shrugs as he gets to his feet.]

CB: I ran into Shadoe backstage a little earlier. He was a little riled up after your conversation but we got where we needed to get. He told me about the little deal you made him too... another brilliant move.

[Castillo eyes Blue nervously.]

CB: Any match he wants. Any place he wants. Any time he wants.

Well, he picked July 9th in Philadelphia... at Eternally Extreme 2...

[Blue turns towards the ACCESS camera.]

CB: Exclusively available on Pay Per View...

[And then back to Castillo.]

CB: Death... In... Darkness.

[The crowd inside the arena erupts at that announcement as Castillo's face goes ghost white.]

CB: It's gonna be a hell of a show, Javier. You should stop by.

[Blue turns to make his exit as a fuming Castillo watches him exit, shoving through the door. He angrily slams his fist down on the desk.]

JC: That son of a...

[He trails off.]

JC: Veronica, I think the time has come to get some extra help around here.

[Veronica steps forward, looking towards Castillo.]

JC: Yes, yes... you've done a fine job in... acquisitions... for me and for Korugun but... we need something more.

[Castillo turns towards Veronica, locking eyes with her.]

JC: Bring him to me in Philly.

[Veronica looks confused for a moment but then suddenly looks annoyed.]

VW: Javier, I hardly think-

[Castillo interrupts.]

JC: You're not paid to think. You're paid to do what I say, no?

[Veronica's burning gaze is locked on Castillo at this point who is holding her eyes for several intense moments before...]

VW: Fine.

[And in a huff, Westerly storms across the ring, shoving through the door and out of sight. Castillo sighs as he lifts the key on his desk, staring at it.]

JC: Maybe it's time for you too.

[And with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell backstage.]

SLB: It's been a thrilling night here in NYC as it always is, AWA fans, and we've still got more to come. Michelle Bailey in her long-awaited pro wrestling return taking on Ayako Fujiwara plus our big Main Event - Hair versus Hair - Cinder versus Victoria June. That's all coming up later but right now-

[Blackwell seems to get distracted by something off-camera. He pauses, arching his neck.]

SLB: Ah yes, I see a cat sneaking around behind the camera. Molly Bell, young lady, none of your tricks. Step over here, I have a question to ask you.

[Molly Bell slowly shifts into frame, wearing a blue sundress decorated with a pattern of maneki-nekos. She's also wearing a collar around her neck, and her cat

face makeup has been applied. Her hair is a bright pink for the weekend. She seems slightly confused about why she's been called into frame.]

SLB: That's gotta be a first, fans, a cat that comes when you call her.

MB: Nyaaaa, I can be a polite kitty sometimes! But what do you want me for meow?

SLB: Well, there is a big match tonight between someone you're familiar with, Ayako Fujiwara, and a wrestler making her AWA debut, Michelle Bailey. Now there's a rumor on the street that you may know a little something about what Michelle Bailey wrestles like these days, is that true?

[Molly tilts her head quizzically.]

MB: Do... you... hear something?

[Molly's eyes grow wide, as a stomping and pounding sound interrupts her interview. The camera pans over to see Victoria June seated on one of the equipment boxes, holding onto her Doc Marten boots in her hands and pounding the heel of the boot against the metal as she shakes her bushy blonde afro and rocks out to music on her headphones. For some reason she is wrapped in a tarp. She pounds out the beat on her headphones, singing:

#There must be some way out of here!
Said the Joker to the thief!
There's too much confusion!
And I can't get no relief!#

The camera pans back to Molly and Sweet Lou. Molly is pouting.]

MB: Didn't I hear her say she was a dog person, Sweet Lou?

SLB: I believe she said that on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, yes.

MB: Saturday Night Wrestling, you mean. And... I don't know. You can't trust dog people.

[Molly's eyes narrow.]

MB: Dog people are WEIRD.

[Molly starts to hiss a little bit, as Blackwell realizes things are getting out of control.]

SLB: Molly, Molly, please, back to the matter at hand!

[Molly snaps out of her hissy fit, eyes opening wide again.]

MB: Oh! Um... I don't remember wrestling Michelle Bailey. That seems like something I'd remember, you silly goose.

SLB: She was under a mask, I do believe.

MB: Oh! THAT match! Oh yeah, I remember wrestling a masked person once. Mom even asked me about that match.

[A look of realization spreads across Molly's face.]

MB: ...wait. WAIT. That was Michelle Bailey?!

SLB: I believe so!

MB: ...huh. She smelled nice.

[Molly's voice drops to a mutter.]

MB: ...didn't smell like a DOG person, that's for sure.

SLB: But what did she wrestle like, Molly?

MB: ...welllllll... she won, so she's pretty good. Hit pretty hard. Not in a mean way, like Kurayami, but in a fair way, like... um... not... Kurayami? She scratched me behind the ear afterwards! And and and did I mention she smelled nice?!

SLB: Indeed you did. Well, I guess that's about what I expected to get from you, Molly. Thank you.

MB: Speaking of scratches...

[Molly nudges Blackwell.]

MB: Little treat for your kitty friend?

[Blackwell sighs.]

SLB: I can't believe the things I do for a scoop.

[Blackwell scratches Molly behind the ear, and her eyes light up with glee.]

MB: Thank youuuuuuuu! I can definitely tell you're not a dog person.

[Molly, happy, bounds off in the opposite direction from where Victoria June is located. Blackwell looks exasperated at the camera.]

SLB: Well, folks, about as much inside knowledge as I suspect we're going to get on that Michelle Bailey/Ayako Fujiwara encounter which is coming up later tonight but right now, let's go out to the ring.

[We fade from the backstage area to a panning shot of the Madison Square Garden crowd, cheering and shouting as they try to get on camera when suddenly the heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" reverberates off the walls of MSG, signifying the arrival of one of the AWA's brightest new stars.]

SA: Here he comes, Colt, one of the hottest - and maybe becoming one of the most controversial figures - in the AWA. We're talking about Max Magnum!

CP: I'll tell you, Sal, I saw this guy's raw ability on display in the Combat Corner, but something was always missing back then. With Stevie Scott by his side? It ain't missing now.

[Coming out first, it's the manager, the AWA legend, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Eschewing his former casual attire, Scott continues his new theme of business-like appearance with a deep blue suit over a white shirt and charcoal gray tie along with a rather smug look on his face. His long dirty blond hair is pulled neatly back into a ponytail.]

As usual, Max Magnum emerges a few steps behind Stevie clad simply in black trunks and a black t-shirt with "SPLX BCHS" in a white block font on the front. 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 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

SA: Remember, the executives at FOX made sure that President Javier Castillo left room on Fight Night for an appearance by Magnum. Stevie said he issued an open challenge on behalf of Magnum for tonight, but there were no takers.

CP: Can you blame them, Sal?

SA: Personally, I have my doubts that Stevie issued any such challenge because I know there are some guys in this locker room willing to go toe-to-toe with Max Magnum, Colt.

CP: Well, if they do, that may be all that's left of 'em when he's done - a toe.

[The duo wastes little time in striding toward the ring side-by-side. Stevie takes the conventional route of climbing the steps into the ring while Magnum displays his athleticism with an effortless plyometric leap from the floor to the ring apron before stepping through the ropes.]

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

[Stevie moves toward the ropes on the production side, taking a microphone from an assistant, and strides back into the center of the ring to take his place beside Magnum as the music fades out.]

HSS: You'll notice that we have no opponent tonight. Why, you ask?

[Stevie smirks and points at Magnum.]

HSS: Because no one wanted to get a piece of THAT.

[Magnum sneers, shaking his head in disappointment. Stevie cuts a glance over to his protege.]

HSS: I mean, I can't really blame them.

[The Hotshot shrugs and continues.]

HSS: After all, in only a short time in the AWA, everyone has already gotten a taste, a glimpse into what this behemoth can do.

Calisto Dufresne? Sent packing like the news of yesteryear that he is.

The Mighty Tumaffi? Tossed over the top rope like he came straight out of the cruiserweight division.

Dave Bryant?

[Stevie pauses, chuckling.]

HSS: Ended his glorious comeback before it even BEGAN.

[That elicits a chorus of boos from the NYC crowd.]

HSS: See, this is what I'm talking about. You people, you LOVE to live in the past. You love your nostalgic acts. Hell, you even cheered ME when I came back last fall.

It's time for you people to quit living in the past! Your Dufresnes, your Bryants, hell, even your Supreme Wrights and your Jack Lynches... time has passed them by and now they have no choice but to step aside for a superior athlete, a physical specimen unlike ANYTHING the AWA has ever seen!

But Stevie, aren't you a nostalgia act too?

[The AWA original shakes his head emphatically.]

HSS: No... because nostalgia is about living in the past. And me?

I adapt.

[And a point to Magnum.]

HSS: I know the future of the business when I see it. Max Magnum IS that future. Not Ryan Martinez. Not Johnny Detson. Not Jordan Ohara. And certainly not Derrick Williams.

That's why we are here to rid the AWA of all its relics of the past and clear the path for the NEW avenue of annihilation that will be paved by the Modern Day Man of Steel...

MAAAX MAGNUUUUUUMMMM!

[Magnum smirks, hopping side to side, clearly ready for someone to come try him out.]

HSS: And that, my friends, is not a threat...

THAT...is a guaran-

[But before Stevie can finish, a surge of excitement from the crowd tips him off that something's going on.]

SA: COLT, FROM BEHIND! FROM-

CP: TURN AROUND!

[The Hotshot whips around in time to find Dave Bryant sliding under the bottom rope - having come from the crowd. and popping up to his feet behind Max Magnum. Stevie shouts something to Magnum before bailing out of the way as Bryant surges forward...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CALL ME IN THE MORNING!

[The legendary superkick finds the mark on Magnum, hitting him FLUSH on the underside of the jaw...]

...but unlike so many who have fallen to this signature strike, Magnum somehow stumbles back a few steps... but stays standing. Wobbly but standing!]

SA: I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

CP: He's been throwing that superkick for two decades, Sal, and I don't know if he's ever failed to knock someone flat with it!

SA: Times they are a-changin' apparently because the Modern Day Man of Steel is still standing!

[Bryant looks just as shocked as Sal, Colt, and the fans as he suddenly rushes forward, ducking low and sweeping Magnum's tree trunk-like legs out from under him...]

SA: HE PICKS THE LEGS... WE KNOW WHAT COMES NEXT!

[But as the former World Champion attempts to roll Magnum onto his stomach for the Iron Crab, Magnum kicks Bryant off, flinging him across the ring into the ropes as the crowd groans!]

CP: HE CAN'T GET THAT EITHER! WHAT THE HELL, ALBANO?!

SA: I... I'M IN SHOCK, FANS!

[Magnum is quickly to his feet as Bryant pushes off the ropes again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throws ANOTHER superkick that connects on target, causing Magnum to go falling backwards half the distance of the ring, catching himself on the ropes...]

SA: AND IN THE CITY OF BILLY JOEL, MAX MAGNUM IS THE ONE WHO IS STILL STANDING LIKE ANOTHER PIANO MAN, ELTON JOHN!

[Bryant's jaw drops, looking around in shock as Stevie Scott runs alongside the ring towards where Magnum is, shouting into his charge as the MSG crowd implores Bryant to do it again!]

SA: Bryant's eyeing Magnum! He can't believe his eyes and I can't blame him!

[Bryant shuffles his feet, staring in on a dazed but standing Magnum...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND THE THIRD TIME IS A CHARM, KNOCKING MAGNUM THROUGH THE ROPES AND OUT TO THE FLOOR!

CP: WHERE HE LANDS ON HIS FEET, SAL!

[Magnum does indeed manage to land on his feet as he hits the floor, grabbing the ring apron to steady himself as Stevie Scott sprints to his side as the New York crowd ROARS their approval for Dave Bryant who stands in the ring, fists balled up, ready for the fight to continue...]

...but Stevie Scott wedges himself between a furious Max Magnum and the ring, preventing him from getting in!]

SA: The Pinnacle of Physicality, Max Magnum, wants to get back inside that ring!
He wants to keep fighting!

CP: No, no, no... it's like the Hotshot says, Sal... there's no money in it.

SA: Stevie Scott trying to get his man away from the ring... trying to get him back up the aisle...

[The boos pour down on the Hotshot and Magnum as Magnum reluctantly heads back up the aisle, looking as though he might run past Stevie at any moment. Bryant stands in the ring, waving a hand at Magnum, calling him back to the ring.]

SA: Dave Bryant wants this fight to continue, fans!

CP: Seriously? Why? He gave Magnum everything he had and like you said, Sal, Max Magnum is STILL standing!

SA: For now, Colt. For now. Somewhere, sometime - these two are going to meet in the middle of that squared circle and I can't wait for that one. Dave Bryant, making his return to the ring after quite some time... but recently, we saw the return of someone else who came back to the AWA after years of absence. For those of you unfamiliar with him during the early days of the AWA, and why many are glad to see him back, please take a look at the following career retrospective of one Raphael Rhodes.

[We cut to a music video, set to "Walking at Midnight" by Honeyblood, starting with a slow motion view of Rhodes walking out of the entrance at Memorial Day Mayhem X, returning to the AWA just before his iron man performance in the Rumble.]

It's a wonder to see you here #
Any sign of light you disappear

[The scene crossfades to the WKIK studios on October 25, 2008, when Rhodes debuted, finishing off Willy Morgan with his Nothing Fancy superplex.]

Blood kept, been back on the prowl #
From dusk until the morning howls

[We see the headbutt exchange between Rhodes and Juan Vasquez from their cage match, the first one-on-one cage match in AWA history, at No Escape in 2009, which resulted in Rhodes busting himself open to floor Vasquez.]

Toughest break, it's harsh #
Early bright creeping in cruel

[The Southern Syndicate turns their back on the Rhodes Brothers from June 26, 2010, injuring Raphael's knee with a tire iron. From there, Brian Von Braun and MAMMOTH Mizusawa force Raphael to watch as Stevie Scott, Calisto Dufresne, and Adrian Freeman spike piledrive Simon Rhodes, breaking his neck and ending his career.]

And I can't tell where you're from #
But I know what you're going through

[Back to present day, just two weeks ago, where we see Rhodes give a quick smile to Dana Kaiser before climbing up the ring steps.]

No one dares to ask where you've been #
Feared of what you might tell them #
No one dares to ask where you've been

They can only dream

[We see handheld camera footage of Rhodes wrestling in front of barely a hundred fans in Manchester, England, circa October 2012, in an attempt to get back to his roots.]

Walking at midnight, midnight #
Sink into the evening tide #
Walking at midnight, midnight #
Let the nighttime be a disguise

[We see highlights of Rhodes' four eliminations from the Steal the Spotlight match from SuperClash II on November 25, 2010, as he eliminates Wade Kennedy, Jack Holland, Johnny Casanova, and Adrian Freeman, only to fall victim to MAMMOTH Mizusawa just seconds after eliminating Freeman.]

Sun down and you slink off #
The devil's work, it can be tough

[Multiple clips air from early 2010 of Rhodes, under orders from Ben Waterson, attacking wrestlers on behalf of the Southern Syndicate.]

But who am I to judge? #
Everybody has something they can't shake off

[A clip once again from No Escape, this time with Juan Vasquez jumping off the top of the cage to connect with a splash, pinning Rhodes presumably to end their blood feud. We crossfade to Raph at the Jeremy Rhodes Memorial Show circa June 2012, very visibly crying during the tribute to his late uncle, as Michelle Bailey tries to comfort him.]

No one asks where you've been #
Feared of what you might tell them #
No one dares to ask where you've been #
They can only dream

[With a "courtesy of Rising Pro Wrestling, Japan" appearing on the top left of the screen, we see Rhodes wrestling Ryo Yamamoto in August 2014 at Tokyo's Korakuen Hall, choking him out with a sleeperhold, and being presented with the Rising Pro Championship along with the customary winner's trophy.]

Walking at midnight, midnight #
Sink into the evening tide #
Walking at midnight, midnight #
Let the nighttime be a disguise

[Rhodes and Vasquez, during their blood feud, fight in the parking deck at Death or Glory on July 4, 2009, a fight that only ends when the two go through the canvas roof of a convertible.]

Let the moon light up our playground #
The stars will be the jewels in your crown

[And a shot, again with the "courtesy of Rising Pro Wrestling, Japan" notation, where Rhodes is trading punches with Shane Destiny in Korakuen Hall circa November 2013. Kaiser is visible in the front row.]

Our velvet sky will keep us warm now #
Until dawn breaks the bow

[A home video of Rhodes and Kaiser at their wedding in December 2014, a small affair in front of only a few people held at a Minneapolis courthouse.]

Walking at midnight, midnight #
Sink into the evening tide

[We see handheld camera footage of 20-year-old Raphael Rhodes, making his pro wrestling debut at the P*WIN Center in Raleigh, North Carolina in December 2003, in an exhibition match against his uncle Jeremy.]

Walking at midnight, midnight #
Let the nighttime be a disguise

[The last shot is a previously unseen ACCESS 365 shot of Rhodes standing behind the entrance curtain at Memorial Day Mayhem X, awaiting his music to play. Kaiser is to his side; although she doesn't join him for the Rumble, she's clearly hyping him up. Before his music plays, he leans over and gives her a quick kiss, then turns back and bursts through the entrance as "Walking at Midnight" ends. We fade back to Theresa Lynch.]

TL: And now, joining me for a few words is Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser.

[Rhodes and Kaiser walk into frame, Kaiser wearing a Kaiser Nutrition and Fitness T-shirt, and Rhodes wearing a England National Team zip-up hoodie with the hood worn up.]

TL: Dana, on Saturday Night Wrestling, you mentioned that Raphael's goals were to challenge for the National Title. He's now among the ranked contenders, so what's next on the horizon?

DK: Ms. Lynch, we were glad to see that Raph was included in the most recent rankings, even though it did disqualify him for this Running of the Bulls event tonight.

[Rhodes shrugs his shoulders.]

DK: We figure that World Title opportunities will come in due time as Raph gets himself reestablished. But you asked what was next on the horizon for Raph, and I thought about opportunity. You know, we were provided a contract for Liberty or Death in Philadelphia on July 4, and told we could have a say in picking Raph's opponent. Now I'm sure this won't be much of a surprise, Ms. Lynch, but Raph doesn't care all that much about July 4 as a holiday.

[Even with his hood up, you can still see Rhodes rolling his eyes.]

DK: But the AWA doesn't let a good marketing opportunity go to waste when they see it, you have to give them credit. Their premier English wrestler, in Philadelphia, wrestling on July 4? But who exactly should he wrestle?

[Kaiser smiles.]

DK: Maybe you should ask him who he'd like to wrestle, Ms. Lynch. He might answer you.

[Theresa seems surprised by the offer, and decides to take the shot.]

TL: Well, Raphael... how about it? Who do you want to wrestle on July 4?

[Rhodes turns his head towards Theresa, pulling the hood from his sweatshirt down.]

RR: Last week, I was watching television. You never know who you might be up against, yeah? I watch all the footage I can, because it's good to prepare for anything. So I watched the Power Hour to see who's out there, and I watched a man who I shared a ring with for an hour, smarting off about how he's the best in the world, acting like it's an insult to be on the show. Trying to act like he's earned something better.

[Rhodes turns his eyes towards the camera.]

RR: Sid Osbourne. Hi. You remind me a lot of me... at least, the me I used to be, back when I was a right prat. Now, I ain't going to stand here and say you ain't talented. You lasted an hour right there beside me last month. But you standing there saying you're owed something... lad, you're going to have to keep fighting for it.

[Rhodes turns his eyes back to Theresa.]

RR: What'd he say about you, anyway? Something about your dad handing you a microphone?

[Theresa nods, and Rhodes turns his eyes back to the camera.]

RR: You think her social media doesn't get lit up every single day saying the same thing, Sid? This lass is here because she worked for it. Just like I'm here now because I earned my spot too. Being born into the business ain't a blessing, lad. Sometimes it's a curse. I know, because I lived it. I don't know Theresa's experience. Maybe her childhood was better than mine. I sure hope it was. I don't know her, but she seems nice.

[Rhodes looks over to Theresa and says "you do" as Kaiser nods, saying "she does", then Rhodes looks back at the camera.]

RR: And what did all your talking get you, Sid? Were you in Running of the Bulls tonight? No. Free advice from someone who used to be just like you, Sid... get to the point where you're integral to the company planning, THEN shoot your mouth off. But... I don't hate you, Sid. I know what it's like to be you.

[Rhodes runs his hand through his hair for a brief second, thinking about his own past.]

RR: The suits you talk about? They don't believe in you. And you running your mouth is just going to run you out of the business, kid. In a year's time, on the path you're on now, you're going to be some bitter never-was with a YouTube channel. Maybe try showing up and doing your talking in the ring instead, against anyone that will sign to fight you.

[Rhodes pauses for a second, a thought entering his head.]

RR: How about this, Sid... fight me at Liberty or Death. I'm always itching for a fight. You say step up and shut you up? How about you show up and prove that you're worthy by fighting someone who's taken some of the best wrestlers this company has ever seen to their absolute limits? Or do you not want to be "handed something" by a fourth-generation wrestler?

[Rhodes scoffs.]

RR: You want to have a revolution on the Fourth of July? This time, the English win.

[Rhodes grins, and puts his hood up.]

DK: That's your question, Theresa. Thanks for having us.

TL: Thanks for being here. Raphael Rhodes with a challenge issued to Sid Osborne for Liberty Or Death...

[Theresa gets an odd expression on her face.]

TL: I wonder if THAT show is big enough for the Sin City Savior. Fans, the AWA's Summer Sizzler Tour is hot and heavy here in the Northeast. We've got Fight Night tonight. Liberty Or Death on the 4th of July. Eternally Extreme 2 on July 9th... and so much more all summer long. But when September 4th rolls around, we're going to make history as the AWA heads to Mexico for the very first time. And I'm not the only one excited about that. Earlier today, we received this very special footage from "The Spitfire" Julie Somers as she spent some time South of the border promoting this historic event! Let's take a look!

[We cut to footage outside Estadio BBVA in Guadalupe, Mexico, where we see "The Spitfire" Julie Somers standing on a stage before a large crowd. The stage has banners around the side, sporting the AWA logo, the SWLL logo and "Estrellas En El Cielo" with the date in Spanish "4 Septiembre." Somers is dressed in a white T-shirt with "AWA" printed across the chest in baby blue lettering and a pair of blue jeans. She has her long, brown hair pulled back in a ponytail. She is addressing the crowd, but first, we hear a voiceover from Theresa Lynch.]

TL: The AWA will make its way to Mexico Sept. 4 and "The Spitfire" Julie Somers was on hand to meet with fans at Estadio BBVA and get them excited for the first day of ticket sales for the show jointly promoted by SouthWest Lucha Libre.

[We now cut to the audio of Somers talking.]

JS: I can't tell you how exciting it is to be here today, to see so many people who look forward to AWA action, and to get a chance to meet you all. It's a honor to be here.

[She then speaks some more, only this time in Spanish.]

JS: No puedo decirles lo emocionante que es estar aquí hoy, ver a tanta gente que espera la acción de AWA, y tener la oportunidad de reunirse con todos ustedes. Es un honor estar aquí.

[That draws cheers. We then cut to Somers sitting at a table and signing autographs for fans. We hear Lynch's voiceover again.]

TL: Somers took the time to meet people who were in attendance, and plenty of people wanted to meet one of the top stars of the AWA Women's Division.

[Cut to another shot of Somers kneeling down to pose for a picture with two kids. We then cut to Somers standing before the camera, talking.]

JS: It's been great to come down here, meet with our fans in Mexico, learn more about them and their culture, learn about SouthWest Lucha Libre, and most of all, get them pumped for Sept. 4.

[We cut to another shot of Somers signing autographs, a smile on her face as she hands over photos and shakes hands. Lynch's voiceover is heard again.]

TL: But it wasn't just the Mexico show that The Spitfire wanted to talk about.

[Cut back to Somers before the camera, talking once more.]

JS: I saw what Kurayami tried to do Xenia Sonova, how she tried to put her out of action again. Thank God for Margarita Flores and I'm proud she stood up to Kurayami. But believe me, the one thing I want more than anything is to get the Women's World Champion in that ring and prove that I can beat her for the title.

[Cut back to Somers on the stage, talking up the crowd some more. We hear Lynch's voiceover.]

TL: The question some may be asking, though, is when Somers will get the shot. But if what she said to the fans in Mexico is any indication...

[We then hear the audio of Somers talking.]

JS: ¿Cuántos de ustedes quieren ver a The Spitfire ver a Kurayami el 4 de septiembre?

[We see the translation: "How many of you want to see The Spitfire take on Kurayami Sept. 4?" And we also hear cheers from the crowd.]

We cut back to Somers standing before the camera.]

JS: Believe me, I'm going to find a way to get the shot at the champion. In fact, I actually have some ideas to get Kurayami in the ring against me -- and it may happen sooner than people think.

[We cut back to Somers taking a selfie with a pair of wrestling fans and hear Lynch's voiceover once more.]

TL: It remains to be seen what The Spitfire means by that, but one thing is certain: She is focused on one goal, and that's to face Kurayami in the very near future.

[We fade from the pre-recorded video package back to the backstage area of Madison Square Garden where Mark Stegglet is standing by with Michelle Bailey. Bailey has a goofy smile on her face, seemingly mesmerized in the moment. Her eyes lined with black winged eyeliner, and wearing a simple matte red lipstick. She's also wearing a beaten up T-shirt from a B-52's concert tour from years ago over what we presume is her ring gear.]

MS: Here with me is someone who will be making her AWA Women's Division debut in just a few minutes... Michelle Bailey, I have to ask, how are you feeling?

MB: Do you want the honest answer to that question, Mark, or a polite "we're on national television" answer?

MS: I appreciate you asking. The latter.

[Bailey gives a thumbs up to the camera.]

MB: I feel fantastic!

[Bailey giggles, as Stegglet smiles.]

MB: But really, I'm... nervous. I mean, I'm about to wrestle one of the best wrestlers in the world in my first match on national television in over a decade, in the most famous arena in the world, on a really important weekend for my community. I mean... an Olympian! I know I asked for this, but just the thought of it... still makes me super nervous, you know?

MS: I don't think anyone could blame you for that. What is your gameplan for tonight when the bell rings?

[Bailey puts her hand on Stegglet's shoulder.]

MB: Mark, do you remember when we first met?

MS: I think so...?

MB: I certainly do! You were just a kid, and it was the summer of 2001, and your uncle brought you to an EMWC show in Los Angeles. I had just become the Junior Heavyweight Champion, I was still pretty new to the company, and I was a nervous wreck then. Kind of like now, really.

[Bailey laughs to herself, trying to calm her nerves.]

MS: I'm surprised you even remembered I was there. You got busted open pretty bad in the Rumble that night. I remember being pretty scared for you.

MB: Yeah, I did get pretty hurt that night. But you know what, Mark? Even though I lost that night, I was bloodied, and things on the surface seemed like they went totally bad... here I was, a 23 year old with only two years of experience, getting to live her dream on a huge stage. How many 23 year olds got to do that? Especially 23 year old wrestlers that looked the way I looked back then? And maybe it didn't go exactly the way I thought it would, considering I needed stitches that night. If you look real close at my eyebrow, you can still see the scar. Life doesn't always go the way you planned it, you know? It sure didn't for me most nights.

[Bailey pats Stegglet's shoulder.]

MB: And now that you're meeting me again tonight, Mark, sixteen years later... it's the same exact situation. Whatever happens against Ayako tonight? I'm living my dream, except now, I'm doing it the right way. The way I should have been doing it all along. Mark... I win just by showing up and getting in that ring. I make history tonight just by stepping through the ropes. I'm not ignoring the implications of what it means for a woman like me to wrestle on this stage.

[Bailey takes in a breath.]

MB: So what's my gameplan? Do the best I can and hope it's good enough to beat an Olympian. And if it's not...? At least I tried, Mark. At least I can say I tried. How many can say that? I just know that tonight, I'm finally going to put to rest a part of my heart that's been hurting for a really long time. I just want to thank Ayako Fujiwara for being willing to be my opponent. It means a lot to me.

[Bailey smiles at Stegglet.]

MB: I'm also proud of you, by the way. You did good for yourself.

MS: Thanks, Michelle. Good luck tonight.

MB: Thanks. Kinda think I'm going to need it.

[Bailey giggles and walks off.]

MS: Michelle Bailey, nervous but ready for her first televised match in a long, long time... and now, we go across the arena to Theresa Lynch who is standing by with Bailey's opponent tonight here in Madison Square Garden! Theresa?

[Cut to another part backstage, where Theresa Lynch stands with Ayako Fujiwara.]

TL: Thanks, Mark. It's been an action packed night here in New York, but coming up next is a match that's been the talk of the wrestling world for weeks. We will have Michelle Bailey's highly anticipated return to professional wrestling against the woman standing next to me now, Ayako Fujiwara! Ayako, your thoughts heading into this match?

[The Olympic gold medalist is dressed in a pink and purple floral furisode kimono. Her hair is tied up in a high ponytail with two side bangs covering the sides of her face. Noticeably, she has a new dye pattern: a pastel blue to cotton candy pink ombré.]

Ayako: It's a tremendous honor. Words can't really describe the gratitude I feel towards Bailey-san for choosing me for this moment. I still really can't believe she chose me to be her opponent!

[She slaps both her cheeks, looking like she's ready to squeal.]

Ayako: I don't want to sound like a silly child, but I've admired Bailey-san for many years! And as much as I admire her...

[Ayako slowly lowers her hands from her face and she recomposes herself.]

Ayako: ...that doesn't mean I will show her any mercy inside the ring! She chose me specifically to test her own capacity as a wrestler and I am fully aware of what she is capable of. It would be an insult to her if I gave her anything less than my very best.

TL: Well, we always expect you to put forth your best effort inside the ring, Ayako, and you've never disappointed.

[Ayako nods.]

Ayako: Hai. But tonight, just giving my best effort will not be enough! It is not enough to only do my best. I must also see Bailey-san's best! It is my responsibility to draw out every last ounce of skill in her body and last drop of determination in her heart so she knows exactly where she stands in our world today.

Michelle Bailey rose from out of the ashes like a Phoenix. Reborn and resurrected, tonight she takes flight, ready to soar among the stars. And she expects me to be right there, fully prepared to strike her down with all my might, sending her crashing and burning back to the Earth for daring to fly too high.

[Ayako closes her eyes for a moment, seemingly psyching herself up for the moment.]

TL: But do you really think you can do that, Ayako? Do you think you have it inside you?

Ayako: It's like you said, Theresa.

[She smirks.]

Ayako: I never disappoint.

[And with that, Ayako gives Theresa a wink and walks off.]

TL: A very determined Ayako Fujiwara is ready to put Michelle Bailey to the test! Back to you guys in the booth!

[We cut back down to the ringside area where Sal and Colt are seated at their announce table.]

SA: Thanks, Theresa... and some strong emotions on both sides of this one, Colt.

CP: Listen, that two-part Michelle Bailey interview was the talk of the sports world and even beyond lately. She truly is making history here tonight and... well, after so long away from the bright lights, I'm not surprised that she's running on nervous energy here in MSG.

SA: And on the other side of the coin, you have Ayako Fujiwara who certainly doesn't want to spoil any potential future shot at the Women's World Title by getting knocked off by an unranked newcomer... but at the same time, it's obvious that Fujiwara has a lot of respect for Bailey and wants to give it every she's got here tonight to defeat her. Who wants it more? We're about to find out. Rebecca, take it away!

[We fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following Women's Division contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... she is making her AWA Women's Division debut!

[A recognition pop, as fans realize what match is coming up next.]

RO: Weighing in this evening at 171 pounds, and fighting out of Northampton, Massachusetts... this is... MICHELLE BAAAAAAILEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

["Sleepwalking" by Bleached starts to play over the sound system, the guitar introduction playing through until we hear...]

Sleepwalkin' -- my whole life #
Wasn't until now I finally see the light

[...and out from the entrance comes Michelle Bailey, stopping at the top of the entrance to stare out in awe at the packed Madison Square Garden. Her hands impulsively cover her mouth, in shock at the size of the crowd, as her eyes begin to water up. A camera closes in on her, as she uncovers her mouth, looking at the camera, her two-toned eyes watering up with the realization that she's about to wrestle in front of a national audience again for the first time in close to 15 years.]

"Good thing I used the waterproof eyeliner, huh? Oh my gosh. Here we go!"

[And with that, she begins striding down the entrance aisle, a slight bounce in her step and a huge grin on her face. She's wearing a sleeveless black crop top with the word "pride" across the front, each letter a different color, in blue-pink-white-pink-blue lettering. She's also wearing spandex shorts that are various animal prints in a rainbow of neon colors, along with different colored kneepads (both neon, one pink and one green). She also is sporting silver shinpads with a glittery finish over neon green and pink wrestling shoes, and light reflects off of them as it hits them. Her long hair, bleached blonde in the front and left its natural dark brown in the back, hangs loose over her shoulders. She approaches the commentators' table.]

"Please say good things about me tonight! I'm trying my best, I swear!"

[She winks at both with a grin on her face and hops up to the ring apron, then climbs through the ropes, spreading her arms open wide, shouting at the top of her lungs...]

"I'M FINALLY HOME!"

[The music fades as she offers a handshake to Rebecca Ortiz, thanking her for the introduction. Bailey grins, looking out on the crowd...

...which progressively grows louder, a chant ringing out.]

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

[Bailey clasps her hands to her chest, bowing slightly and mouthing "thank you" to the New York City crowd as the chant fades.

"The Cyborg Fights" by Makoto Miyazaki begins to play as the Madison Square Garden crowd rises to their feet with cheers. The roar grows even larger once the crowd sees Ayako Fujiwara emerging from behind the curtains, dressed in an elegant pink and purple furisode kimono with patterns of chrysanthemums and peonies embroidered on it, emerging from behind the curtains. She stops at the top of the aisle and lowers her head momentarily to soak in the crowd's reaction, before throwing her arms back and letting loose a loud roar.]

RO: From Fujinomiya, Shizuoka Prefecture, Japan... weighing in at 73 Kilograms... she is a former Olympic Gold Medalist...

AYAAAAKOOOOO FUJIWARRRRRRRA!

[Stopping as she reaches the ring, Ayako grabs the edge of the apron with both hands and bows deeply, before sliding in under the bottom rope. As she pops up to her feet, Ayako lifts her arms into the air and is suddenly bombarded by blue, pink and white streamers from all sides by the ringside fans!

As the ring attendants clear out the streamers from the ring, Fujiwara removes her kimono, revealing a powerfully built, thickly muscled body with broad shoulders, large thighs and an athletic frame. She is dressed in a sleek, sleeve-less black catsuit with a corset-like top tied together with red string, fingerless elbow-length gloves, an elaborate gold embroidered belt sash, and knee-high boots. Fujiwara then interlaces her fingers and fixes her eyes on her opponent, calmly rotating her wrists in a way that can only be described as chilling.]

SA: We're all set for this one to begin. Like we said, a lot of pressure on both of these competitors here in this Women's Division collision.

[Referee Shari Miranda pauses, giving final instructions to both women before waving for a bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell has sounded and we're underway here in Madison Square Garden.

[With a grin on her face, Bailey steps out of the corner to mid-ring, extending her hand to the former Olympian. Fujiwara matches the movement, accepting the handshake with a bow to cheers from the audience.]

SA: A mutual show of respect there for these two... and here we go... the two women circling one another... looking for their initial attack...

[Bailey surges forward, looking for a collar and elbow tieup. Fujiwara meets it, tangling up and jockeying for position.]

SA: Bailey's got about four or five inches on Fujiwara - a big leverage advantage for her that she'll need to take advantage of if she hopes to be successful here tonight.

[Fujiwara abruptly changes levels, snatching a leg under her arm and lifting it off the canvas.]

SA: Single leg pickup... could be leading to a takedown attempt...

[Bailey bounces on one foot, struggling to keep her balance as she throws a couple of wild right hands that Fujiwara is easily able to avoid. The amateur wrestling expert slides leg behind Bailey's plant leg, shoving her in the chest and down to the mat.]

SA: Nice takedown by Fujiwara... and she dives right into a side headlock, Colt.

CP: It was a great amateur style takedown... and the one thing Bailey needs to know right off the bat is that you don't want to mat-wrestle with Ayako Fujiwara, no matter how good you think your grappling is.

SA: And Bailey's grappling is pretty good, Colt, having trained back in 1998 with the likes of Jeremy Rhodes and Billy Classon.

CP: Those two could go on the canvas for sure.

[Bailey rolls over to her chest, sliding her arms around Fujiwara's torso while still trapped in the headlock...

...and then suddenly pushes off the mat with her legs, rolling the Olympian sideways onto her shoulders.]

SA: Bailey rolls her over for one... but Ayako is right back into a control position with that side headlock, grinding down on the skull of Bailey. You know, it's a big weekend for Michelle Bailey, Colt. Not only does she have this match but it's Pride weekend here in New York City this weekend and I'm told Bailey along with some other AWA superstars will be in attendance at the NYC Pride parade tomorrow. Her ring gear actually has the word "Pride" on it in the trans flag colors.

CP: And that's heartwarming even for a cold-hearted snake like me, Sal. To see Bailey so happy in her own skin... so comfortable with who she is after so many years of struggling with herself like she talked about in that interview.

SA: In the meantime, Bailey trying to escape this headlock again, this time fighting her way to her feet...

[Back on her feet, Bailey backs her way towards the ropes, getting a little extra spring to shoot Fujiwara across the ring.]

SA: Ayako tossed out of the headlock, hits the far side...

[Bailey leans over for a backdrop but Fujiwara twists around, using Bailey's own back to launch herself into a backflip up, over, and behind Bailey...

...who she quickly waistlocks!]

SA: Waistlock is on and you know what comes next!

CP: Everyone knows what comes next - including Michelle Bailey - who is pounding away the clasped hands around her waist. She wants no part of finding out why they call Fujiwara "Miss Germany."

[The surge of strikes to the hands manages to break Bailey free as she dashes to the ropes in front of her, bouncing back towards Fujiwara who raises her arm for a clothesline...]

SA: Clothesline by Ayako... no! Bailey raises her own arms to block!

[Fujiwara winces, staggering back, shaking out her arm as Bailey pursues, snatching the limb, twisting it around in an armwringer.]

SA: And now Bailey's going right after the arm... elbow down across the tricep... and again...

[Hanging on, Bailey twists it around a second time, causing Ayako to go up on her tiptoes, wincing in pain.]

SA: This seems like a sound strategy to me, Colt.

CP: Absolutely, Sal. So much of Fujiwara's power comes from those arms. If you can take away both arms... or even just one... you reduce the likelihood of getting hit with one of those suplexes she loves to throw. You might even take away the Kanpekina and that would greatly limit Fujiwara's effectiveness.

[Sliding her hand behind Fujiwara's neck, Bailey manages to flip her over onto the canvas, immediately dropping a leg down across the arm!]

SA: Bailey staying on that arm... not giving Fujiwara an opportunity to breathe and recover...

[Bailey scrambles to her feet, grabbing the arm again as Fujiwara tries to get up, twisting it into a hammerlock.]

SA: And as they both look to get up, Bailey goes right back after the arm with this hammerlock...

CP: You've gotta wonder how much Fujiwara was able to prepare for this match, Sal. There's plenty of tape on Michelle Bailey from her days in this sport way back when but this is a different Michelle Bailey in there.

SA: I'm told that Bailey has had exactly seven matches since last December for various independent promotions... including one working for her old pal and former AWA competitor, Shane Destiny. She was under a mask, trying to avoid any attention and to figure out if she still wanted to be a part of this business.

CP: One of those matches, we know was with Molly Bell... who theoretically could've given Fujiwara some tips... but also could've been distracted by a laser pointer.

[Sal chuckles as Bailey manages to keep the hammerlock applied for a bit, using her experience to avoid Fujiwara's attempts to escape. She's able to stay far enough back to avoid the back elbow, using her reach advantage to keep her distance...

...so Fujiwara drops to the mat, scissoring the ankle with a drop toehold to take Bailey facefirst to the canvas!]

SA: Nice counter by Fujiwara to escape...

[And as Bailey starts to get off the mat, getting to a knee, Fujiwara again slides in behind her, snatching the waistlock...]

SA: There it is again! The waistlock applied and-

[But Bailey grabs the wrist, twisting her way out of the waistlock and back into an armwringer...

...and she YANKS the limb, pulling Fujiwara into a pair of short-arm tackles to the shoulder area.]

SA: Bailey with the tenacity of a bulldog with a bone, fans... refusing to let up on that arm...

[She slides in alongside Fujiwara, clutching her around the waist...]

SA: ...but perhaps a shift in strategy here, looking for a suplex!

[Bailey lifts Fujiwara into the air for a back suplex...

...but the Olympic gold medalist flips out of the lift, landing on her feet...]

SA: Nice escape by-

[But Sal gets cut off by a cry of pain from Fujiwara who immediately sinks to the canvas, grabbing at the injured knee.]

SA: Uh oh.

CP: Oh, what a break for Bailey, Albano! We know that Ayako Fujiwara has been nursing a bum knee for weeks now thanks to Laura Davis and it looks like that knee took a hard impact on that landing! Fujiwara's in trouble and this is Bailey's big chance!

SA: Fujiwara down on the mat, sitting on the canvas grabbing her knee. The referee is there to check on her, trying to find out if she can continue.

[Bailey stands back, letting the official do her job as she tries to get an answer from Fujiwara who seems to be in great pain, shouting in Japanese at no one in particular.]

SA: Fujiwara... you have to wonder if that knee was worse than she let on, Colt. This is a very bad reaction to what looked to be a pretty standard drop onto that leg.

CP: It wouldn't be the first time that an athlete has tried to hide the severity of an injury, Sal... but I don't understand what Michelle Bailey is doing right here.

SA: What do you mean?

CP: Her opponent is down! Her opponent is hurt! This is her chance! Go, go, go! Grab that leg and go to work on it before she's able to shake off the effects of dropping down on it.

[Bailey again stands back, hands on her hips as she watches. She leans in, asking the official if Ayako is okay.]

SA: I... I just don't think that's in Michelle Bailey's nature, Colt. She seems genuinely concerned about Ayako's condition here, asking referee Shari Miranda if Fujiwara is going to be able to go on.

[And with this scene unfolding in the ring, we cut to a shot in the locker room of a smug Laura Davis watching the action on a monitor.]

SA: And you mentioned Laura Davis, Colt... there she is now.

CP: Maybe she should be the one in that ring and not Bailey if Bailey's too much of a bleeding heart now to take advantage of an injured opponent. We know Laura Davis wouldn't hesitate.

SA: She certainly would not.

[We cut back to the ring where Fujiwara has managed to get off the mat, leaning against the buckles, shaking out her leg as the referee continues to make sure she can go on.]

SA: Fujiwara - never one for a lack of heart - is insisting she can continue... and the referee waves for the match to go on.

[Bailey still looks a little anxious about going after an injured opponent though, slowly stepping towards the corner, muttering some attempts at comforting words to Fujiwara.]

SA: I couldn't catch everything there but I believe Michelle Bailey just told Ayako not to worry about the knee... that she won't attack it.

CP: What kind of a dumb boneheaded strategy is that?! It's bad enough that you won't take advantage of your opponent's weakness but to TELL them that! Maybe this sport has passed Michelle Bailey by, Sal. Maybe she should stick to her day job now instead of trying to moonlight with the pros!

SA: Colt, this IS her day job now. Her social work is still important to her but-

[Suddenly, a frustrated Fujiwara reaches out, snatching Bailey by the head and neck, tossing her back into the corner where she was just leaning.]

SA: Oh! And it certainly looks like Ayako is ready to go... elbow! Another one!

[The crowd groans as Fujiwara rocks Bailey with a series of devastating elbow strikes in the corner.]

SA: Usually we see her finish this sequence off with a running elbowstrike but that knee is too sore, Sal. She's waving it off, pulling Bailey out of the-

[But Bailey suddenly slaps the hand away, showing a flash of anger at Fujiwara before she rocks her with an elbowstrike of her own!]

SA: Oho! And now Bailey's returning the favor!

[A trio of elbows has Fujiwara backpedaling as Bailey twists around, throwing a spinning back elbow to the chin that sends her falling backwards, ending up against the ropes.]

SA: What a shot that was!

CP: Perfectly executed spinning back elbow - and that coulda turned Ayako's lights out, Sal!

SA: Ayako falling to the ropes, Bailey staying on her...

[Going back to the arm, Bailey twists it around again.]

SA: And right back to the armwringer... ohhh! Elbow down across the bicep... and one more for good measure!

[Hanging onto the limb, Bailey throws a pair of forearm uppercuts to the underside of the arm...]

SA: Bailey throwing those heavy shots to the arm... and Ayako Fujiwara suddenly finds herself in a bad position, Colt.

CP: Fighting with one good arm and one good leg ain't no way to fight at all, Albano.

[Bailey twists the arm around a second time, increasing the pressure on the limb before she locks her fingers with Ayako...]

...and LIFTS her into the air, Fujiwara's arm at full extension with tremendous pressure being put on the wrist, elbow, and shoulder!]

SA: LOOK AT THAT!

CP: That's a good way to pop something out of place... maybe even tear a ligament...

[Bailey holds Ayako's body in the air for a bit, showing off her power, before she drops her down to the mat where Fujiwara sinks to her knees...]

...and where Bailey wraps her up and drags her down in a La Majistral!]

SA: BAILEY TAKING AYAKO DOWN TO MEXICO! SHE GETS ONE! SHE GETS TWO! SHE GETS-

[The crowd groans as Fujiwara kicks out, just barely breaking the hold in time.]

SA: How close was that?! We were SO close to seeing a major upset in Michelle Bailey's return to the big time in professional wrestling.

CP: If she knocks off Fujiwara, Sal... I don't know what that does to the rankings but you can imagine a major shift.

SA: It would shake the Top 10 from the top to the bottom, I'm sure. Fujiwara, of course, is currently the Number Three contender to Kurayami's Women's World Title behind Julie Somers and Victoria June - the latter of which we'll see in action later tonight against Cinder. Bailey is, of course, unranked but that would change quickly and dramatically if she knocks off Fujiwara here tonight.

[Bailey scrambles back to her feet, staying a step back though as Fujiwara struggles to get off the canvas, shaking her arm and trying to avoid putting weight on her banged-up knee.]

SA: Fujiwara struggling to get up about eight minutes into this twenty minute time limit...

[As Fujiwara staggers in a circle towards Bailey, Bailey unloads with a heavy forearm smash across the sternum... then spins into a rolling sole butt to the midsection, doubling up Fujiwara...]

SA: Bailey's got her in trouble again, Colt... to the ropes she goes...

[And as she rebounds, Bailey leaps into the air, extending her leg, and SNAPS it down across the back of Fujiwara's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AX KICK AND A BEAUTY!

[A kneeling Bailey flips Fujiwara onto her back, reaching out to wrap up the good leg.]

SA: Bailey with a cover - for one! For two! For- no! Again, Ayako escapes in time!

[Bailey pushes to her knees, looking up at the lights of the world's most famous arena for a few moments before taking a deep breath and climbing up to her feet.]

SA: And as we creep closer to the ten minute mark of this match, Colt, I've gotta wonder how much gas is in the tank of someone who has had seven matches... this would be her eighth... in six years.

CP: It's been said a million times, Sal. You could do all the treadmill work you like... all the stairmaster... all the elliptical... there ain't nothing you can do to be truly ready for ring cardio. It's certainly going to be a problem for her as she works herself back into ring shape.

SA: Bailey also perhaps a little mentally fatigued. This is a big night for her - a big weekend for her. She's been running on pure adrenaline for most of the week no doubt and you have to wonder if perhaps that might be starting to fade.

CP: She's been in spots like this before, Sal. Some things never change even when everything else does. She knows how to compete. She knows how to win. And she's gotta remember those things right now against Ayako Fujiwara.

[Bailey is on her feet now, taking a little walk to compose herself as Fujiwara again struggles to get off the canvas...]

SA: Ayako up on her feet and- OHHH!

[The crowd groans as Bailey unleashes a ferocious push kick to the sternum that sends Fujiwara FLYING backwards into the corner, her head and neck snapping backwards on impact!]

SA: THIS IS SPARTA!

CP: And Bailey cribbing a page out of Fujiwara's playbook, Sal. We're used to seeing that kick out of Ayako.

SA: Bailey's got incredible leg strength... we've heard tale of some tremendous work in the gym out of her on Leg Day...

[With Fujiwara draped back, arms over the ropes, Bailey charges the few steps in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES her palm into Fujiwara's chin in an uppercut!]

SA: RUNNING PALM STRIKE!

CP: Ayako may be seeing stars after that - Bailey got all of it!

SA: And Michelle Bailey certainly looks to be getting more and more comfortable in there as the match goes in, perhaps falling back on those old instincts like you said, Colt.

“TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!”

SA: The ten minute call there by Rebecca Ortiz. Halfway through the time limit for this one and Bailey looks like she’s not done with Ayako, fans!

[Bailey holds up a finger to the cheering crowd, calling for “one more time!” as she backs out to mid-ring before charging in again...

...and running RIGHT into a raised boot from Fujiwara!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: AYAKO CAUGHT HER COMING IN!

[Bailey stumbles backwards as Fujiwara shakes out the bad leg, nodding to the cheering crowd. Bailey falls to her hands and knees, clutching her chin as Fujiwara steps out of the corner towards her...]

SA: Uh oh! I think we know what’s coming here!

CP: Yeah, but can she do it? That knee... that arm... she needs the whole package to get this going!

[Fujiwara hobbles out towards mid-ring where Bailey awaits, leaning down to wrap her powerful arms around Bailey’s torso...]

SA: She’s looking for the Karelin lift! We’ve seen this so many times and-

[But Fujiwara’s efforts cause her to cry out, grabbing at the arm that Bailey has attacked all match. She spins away, grabbing at her elbow...

...and Bailey snatches her into a schoolgirl rollup from behind!]

SA: ROLLUP! ROLLUP! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT’S- NO!

[The crowd is buzzing for the nearfall though as Bailey grabs at her hair, grimacing.]

SA: She thought she had her! Bailey thought she’d shocked the world here in NYC!

[Scrambling up, Bailey beckons her off the mat. Fujiwara is quick to oblige and...]

SA: ROUNDHOUSE!

[But a big swinging kick misses the mark, leaving an off-balance Bailey with her back to Fujiwara who snatches a rear waistlock!]

SA: WAISTLOCK!

[Bailey again tries to escape, battering the grasping hands...]

SA: She’s trying to fight it!

[Bailey drops to her knees, shaking her head as she tries to pull the hands apart.]

SA: Great counter by Bailey, refusing to go over for that suplex... staying low to the canvas where...

[But a determined Olympic gold medalist will NOT be denied, steeling her jaw as she maintains her grip...

...and DEADLIFTS Bailey off the mat!]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?!

CP: THAT'S 170 POUNDS OF MICHELLE BAILEY IN THE AIR, SAL!

SA: WITH ONE BAD ARM... WITH ONE BAD LEG... HOW IS SHE DOING THIS?!

[Bailey is shaking her head, her eyes wide as saucers as she realizes the pure power of her opponent who holds... holds... holds...

...and then DUMPS her on the back of her head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO!

[The impact of the suplex flips Bailey over onto her stomach as Fujiwara rolls to her knees, pumping a fist at the cheering crowd...]

SA: Fujiwara to her feet! The crowd is going nuts for her!

[She leans down, lifting Bailey off the mat, lifting her up across her chest...]

SA: And the whole world knows what comes next!

[Holding her in position, Fujiwara swings to the side, dipping down so low that Bailey's head almost touches the canvas before Fujiwara swing back the other way...

...and DRIVES her into the mat with a ring-rattling reverse-spin powerslam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KANPEKINA! SHE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Fujiwara applies a cover, snatching a leg tightly as Miranda drops to count.]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Fujiwara pops up off the mat, thrusting a fist into the air.. then promptly wincing, grabbing at her elbow as she looks down at Michelle Bailey who is still laid out on the canvas.]

SA: Big win for Miss Germany here tonight in New York City.

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official as Fujiwara hobbles towards the corner, gingerly stepping up on the midbuckle to salute the cheering fans. Her music kicks in again as Fujiwara smiles, pointing to a sign that reads "AYAKO FOR CHAMP!" nodding her head.]

SA: Ayako Fujiwara keeps herself right in line for a future Women's World Title opportunity with this win, fans. It was a tough battle for her - Michelle Bailey really showing up here in the Big Apple to show the world exactly what she's still capable of inside that ring.

CP: Fujiwara got the win but Bailey's got nothing to be ashamed of, Sal. Not one thing.

SA: Absolutely... and as Bailey sits up on the mat... obviously very emotional here.

[Bailey grimaces, holding her ribs with one hand as she wipes at her eyes with other.]

SA: Completely overwhelmed by the emotion of this night... this match... this weekend... all of it. The fans are letting Michelle Bailey know how much they appreciate her efforts in this one as well and-

[Sal cuts himself off as Fujiwara requests the house mic, waving a hand towards the back.]

SA: It looks like Ayako Fujiwara has something to say, fans.

["The Cyborg Fights" stops playing, as Ayako Fujiwara, with microphone in hand, stands in front of Michelle Bailey, who is still kneeling on the canvas, clutching her midsection. Ayako offers a hand to Bailey, helping pull her to her feet as the crowd claps in appreciation to the two athletes.]

Ayako: Bailey-san...

[We can hear Bailey clearly say "Call me Michelle!" as Ayako smiles.]

Ayako: Okay, Michelle... after that performance, I think you deserve to be called whatever you want. I just wanted to say, thank you for the match.

[Another round of applause for good sportsmanship!]

Ayako: And I'm not sure if anyone has officially said it to you already, but...

...welcome to the AWA!

[Still holding onto Bailey's hand, Ayako bows her head to her in a sign of respect as the crowd cheers. Bailey returns the bow... and then pulls Fujiwara in for an embrace. Ayako seems surprised by the gesture but smiles as the crowd cheers...

...until they suddenly don't!]

SA: WHAT THE-?!

CP: KURAYAMI!

[As the Women's World Champion comes charging into the ring, she focuses her attention on Fujiwara...

...who Bailey **SHOVES** clear just before Kurayami leaps into the air, clashing her arms together on Bailey's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Bailey collapses to the canvas from the attack and Kurayami throws a menacing glare down at her before turning back towards Fujiwara who lunges at the Women's World Champion!]

SA: ELBOW! ANOTHER ONE! A THIRD!

[The crowd roars as Fujiwara throws a flurry of elbowstrikes at the skull of the Women's World Champion, sending her staggering back. Fujiwara spins, dashing to the ropes for momentum as she barrels back towards Kurayami...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the Queen of Kaiju HURLS herself at Fujiwara, arm outstretched as she connects with a MASSIVE lariat that flips the Olympic gold medalist inside out before dumping her to the mat in a heap!]

SA: LAAAARIAAAAATOOOOOO!

[Kurayami stands over Fujiwara, looking down on her...

...and then slowly raises her clenched fists into the air, letting loose a terrifying bellow!]

SA: Kurayami The Hunter has struck again and struck with tremendous force here in New York City, fans!

CP: She laid 'em both out! Incredible!

SA: Bailey is down! Fujiwara is down! Kurayami stands alone and... fans, we'll be right back with more Fight Night On FOX!

[We fade to black...

...and then up as The Tragically Hip's "Blow At High Dough" plays in the background as we fade to a field. A wrestling ring rests in the golden wheat as deep as the apron. The horizon in the distance spans the entire length of the screen in a straight line, and the setting sun paints the sky in a vivid mixture of blues, oranges, and yellows. Fade to a closer shot of the ring where the silver Stampede Cup stands, reflecting the vibrant prairie sunset. The instantly recognizable voice of Gordon Downie keens...]

"They shot a movie once..."

[Fade to System Shock, Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter, at the 55-yard line of the empty Mosaic Stadium, site of the Battle of Saskatchewan. They stand back-to-back, their right arms extended outward, palms open to the vibrant sky.]

"...in my hometown..."

[Fade to Daniel Ross and MISTER, both in "Ringkrieger" apparel. They stand in the middle of a gravel road that stretches in a straight line to infinity, hands clasped behind their back.]

"...Everybody was in it..."

[Fade to the War Pigs in full regalia and face paint on either side of a barbed wire fence; Havoc behind, Ripper in front. Ripper pounds his fist into his palm while Havoc unfurls his tongue.]

"...from miles around..."

[Bret Grayson slowly descends the steps of a small jet; his partner Takeshi Mifune is already on the tarmac, scanning the infinite horizon with his steely gaze.]

"...Out at the speedway..."

[In front of a rusted and ancient tractor, "Cannonball" Lee Connors and Downpour both kneel, eyes closed, deep in meditation.]

"...some kind of Elvis thing..."

[Chet and Chaz Wallace both stand in silhouette, posing against the setting sun.]

"...Well, I ain't no movie star..."

[Charlie Stephens extends his arm to light the cigar clenched in Joe Flint's teeth. As the lighter sparks, nine Snowbirds (Canada's answer to the Blue Angels) roar past in the sky behind him.]

"...But I can get behind anything..."

[Fade to Next Gen, Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, emerging from the hip deep wheat field to enter the ring in which the Stampede Cup rests... along with every other AWA team...]

"...Yeah, I can get behind anything."

[Just as the brawl is about to begin...]

V/O: The Stampede Cup returns this summer! The AWA in association with Mooselips Beer and Tourism Saskatchewan presents the Battle of Saskatchewan, live from Regina, Canada, July 22 and 23rd, only on Pay-Per-View!

[We fade from the promotional material...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves back in the office of El Presidente, Javier Castillo.

And he's not alone.

In fact, there are a half dozen women jammed into his office, all speaking at very loud volume as Castillo grimaces, his head buried in his hands down on his desk as even John Law looks uncomfortable at the scene.

Finally, Castillo rises up from his desk, cupping his hands around his mouth.]

JC: QUIET!

[The room goes silent for a moment.]

JC: Now... please... one at a time... what do you want?

[Castillo's eyes fall on Xenia Sonova first. She nods and begins to speak.]

XS: Mr. Castillo, you stood by when Kurayami put me out of action three months ago. In fact, I believe you encouraged her.

[Castillo continues to stare at Sonova, not denying the accusation.]

XS: And I am sure you approved of her coming after me last week. And if you are not stopping her, nobody will, so I say let me end this. Kurayami wants her revenge for what we did to her on Memorial Day? Well, I want mine for what she did to me, and I think she should put the title on the line, too! You allow me to square this up and maybe I'll forget that my injury was by your or-

[Sonova is cut off by Margarita Flores.]

MF: With all due respect, Xenia, it was a shot at the Women's Title that led to your getting injured. I know you've got what it takes to bring some sort of fight to Kurayami, but you still needed a bit of help from me last week. I understand your need for revenge, Xenia, but I have something that knocked the Queen of Kaiju off her feet. I have something that sent the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo on the retreat. Señor Castillo, déjame tener la oportunidad. Let me have a fair shot at the Women's World Champion!

[Another voice peeps up from across the room, that of Trish Wallace.]

TW: Welllll, uh... I tend to bottle things up, as I'm sure you might have noticed. I hold grudges for longer than I probably should. If you ask me, President Castillo- and you haven't--wouldn't it be better if I got my anger out of my system in a normal, healthy way? Like, the confines of a wrestling match where I could express my anger against Kurayami in a normal, healthy way. You know, like, throwing her like a medicine ball to the ground over and over. Normal. Healthy.

[Castillo shakes his head at Wallace, turning towards Ayako Fujiwara who is still in her ring gear, gingerly rubbing at her collarbone.]

Ayako: Normally, I'm not the type of person to demand things, but Kurayami's pushed me too far! Not only did she cost me the AWA Women's World Title at SuperClash, but she ruined a special moment between Bailey-san and I! I've seen and experienced her wrath before in Japan. She ruins and destroys everything she touches and I'm sick of it! I will NOT let her do the same in the AWA! Kurayami thinks she is a hunter, but she's more like a rabid dog that needs to be out of its misery. Put me in the ring with her Mr. Castillo...

...so I can put her down!

[Ayako slams her fist into an open palm, causing Castillo to startle a bit as Skylar Swift begins speaking.]

SS: All of these ladies deserve an opportunity to achieve their dreams but for me it's more than that, Mr. Castillo. Kurayami is a bully and tonight the entire world is watching us. What kind of message are we sending to all the little girls out there if we let Kurayami do whatever she wants? Those girls are your future stars. We need to make a stand. I'm tired of being bullied, Mr. Castillo. First it was Charisma Knight. Then it was Dr. Leah White. Now her? Your champion?!

I am not going to sit on the sidelines anymore and let people run me over. If you don't put me in the ring with her then I'll have no choice to put myself in there just like she did to me.

[Castillo sighs, turning towards the newest member of the AWA Women's Division, Michelle Bailey. Bailey rubs her temples, eyes wide with frustration.]

MB: Everyone here has a great point, and I'm not going to denigrate them to try and get what I want. Kurayami's nothing but a bully, and she can't handle that people are finally standing up to her, so she's trying to divide us by taking us out one by one. Whether she attacks us from behind when we're exhausted, or she gets us screaming at each other in front of the people in charge.

[Bailey turns to Castillo.]

MB: Look. All I want is a chance to defend my honor. Whether you put me in a match against Kurayami herself, for the title or not, or if I have to wrestle a qualifier to do so because I'm not currently ranked, whatever. But what she did to me and Ayako out there isn't cool, and I think it's only right that I get a chance to redeem myself. That's all I want, is a chance.

[Castillo pauses, staring at Bailey for a moment.]

JC: A chance?

[Bailey nods.]

JC: Of course! You all make a good case... and you all deserve a chance!

[Castillo nods, grinning at his idea.]

JC: So, in ten days at Liberty Or Death, we'll have a six woman match - Six For A Shot - with all six of you in one match... the first pinfall or submission wins... and the winner will face Kurayami for the Women's World Title...

...at the Battle of Saskatchewan!

[There are cheers from inside the ring as Castillo nods confidently.]

JC: Everybody happy?

[Nods all around.]

JC: Good. Now get out.

[And with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we end up taking a look at a familiar bank of television monitors which can only mean the return of one thing.

The Control Center.

A deep voice makes it official.]

"Here with your Summer Sizzler Tour Control Center... Mark Stegglet!"

[We fade from the bank of monitors to Stegglet standing in front of a similar bank, a smile on his face.]

MS: When the AWA announced this Summer Sizzler Tour, I think we all knew it would be big... we all knew it would be exciting... but I don't think any of us knew it would be THIS big... and THIS exciting... and fans, it's only going to get bigger! I'm Mark Stegglet here in the Control Center to run down some big news surrounding the event on the 4th of July in Philly, Liberty Or Death plus some exciting news surrounding the Stampede Cup coming up in about a month's time. First, let's talk Philly on the 4th!

[We cut to a shot of Stegglet with a Liberty Or Death graphic over his right shoulder.]

MS: Look out, Philly! The AWA is coming to town for the very first time to the Wells Fargo Center which has been SOLD OUT for weeks so if you're going to join us for this big event, you'll be joining us LIVE on Fox Sports X for what promises to be a jam-packed night of action!

[Fade to a graphic of Xenia Sonova, Michelle Bailey, Ayako Fujiwara, Margarita Flores, Skylar Swift, and Trish Wallace.]

MS: El Presidente called it Six For A Shot! Six of the finest competitors in the AWA Women's Division competing to see who will get a chance at the AWA Women's World Title at the Battle of Saskatchewan! Kurayami, we've been told, will spend the first week of July in Japan defending the World Title there but she'll be watching and waiting for the winner of this one!

[Fade to a graphic of the AWA World Television Title with Terry Shane on one side and TORA on the other, his two title belts on his shoulders.]

MS: Another match added here tonight - the World TV Title on the line when Terry Shane defends against someone he's had his share of problems with as of late, TORA! That should be a good one, fans.

[Another graphic shows the words "NO COUNTOUTS" with Atlas Armstrong and Alphonse Green on the screen.]

MS: The first time these two met, it ended in a double countout... but not this time as Atlas Armstrong and Alphonse Green collide in a rematch where the match CANNOT end by countout!

[The graphic changes again, this time showing Raphael Rhodes and Sid Osborne.]

MS: In singles action, the two who went the longest in this year's Rumble will meet one-on-one in Philadelphia when Sid Osborne answers the challenge of Raphael Rhodes! This one could have major title ranking implications, fans!

[Another change shows the words "#1 CONTENDER'S MATCH!"]

MS: How about this one just announced? The AWA World Tag Team Champions will have new Number One Contenders when this night ends... but will it be the Soldiers of Fortune or the Shooting Stars? I can't wait for this one.

[The graphic fades and is replaced by the words "GRUDGE MATCH."]

MS: I can't even believe I'm going to say this, fans... but by order of Veronica Westerly, this match has been added to the lineup... despite one half of the match REFUSING to compete. That's right. Jack Lynch vs James Lynch is on the card... or is it? We'll find out in Philly!

[Another change to show "NATIONAL TITLE MATCH."]

MS: The long-awaited showdown is coming as Maxim Zharkov puts the National Title on the line against The Phoenix himself, Jordan Ohara! There's a lot of bad blood between these two and I expect the action to be hot and heavy in Philly for this one!

[The graphic dissolves to read "STEEL CAGE MATCH."]

MS: The AWA World Tag Team Titles will be on the line inside a solid steel cage when the new champions Next Gen defend against the former champions System Shock. And you get the feeling that: win, lose, or draw... this may be the final time these two teams compete for the gold!

[One more graphic says "WORLD TITLE MATCH."]

MS: How about this one, fans? The AWA World Title on the line as Johnny Detson defends the gold against the winner of tonight's Running of the Bulls gauntlet - Bret Grayson! Grayson, an Olympic gold medalist... an American hero... has the odds solidly against him in Philly but if stories about Philly have taught us anything, it's that you never count out an underdog.

[The graphic fades to leave Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Now, that's Liberty Or Death. Before we go back to the ring though, let's talk about the Stampede Cup. Earlier tonight, we learned that Violence Unlimited - the two-time Stampede Cup champions - will try to make it a trifecta when they enter the tournament once again. But their first round opponents? One of the most legendary teams in the history of our sport - the Prophets of Rage!

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: If you thought those two announcements were big... wait 'til this Monday night. On Monday night, there will be a very special broadcast out on the AWA's social media channels - the Stampede Cup Selection Show where we'll announce EVERY team going into the tournament... we'll announce the Top 8 seeds who will get that important first round bye... and most importantly, we'll reveal - for the very first time - the full bracket for the tournament!

[Stegglet grins gleefully.]

MS: Also next week, we'll finally hear some details surrounding one of the most mysterious - and anticipated - shows of the year... Eternally Extreme 2!

[The camera pulls back to Stegglet in front of the bank of monitors.]

MS: The Summer Sizzler Tour is coming right at you, fans, but we've still got more match to go here tonight in New York so as we exit the Control Center, let's go backstage to Theresa Lynch who is standing by with one of the competitors in this big Hair vs Hair showdown!

[We fade from the Control Center...

...and up to the backstage interview position with Theresa Lynch. On either side of her are the team known informally as the "Weird Sisters." Cinder is giddy with sinister excitement, her eyes wild under her flame red hair. Ricki Toughill is quite the contrast in a plain t-shirt and leggings that look like they came from American Apparel; her inky black sidecut that was wagered on her behalf hangs off the right side of her head like a raven's wing.]

TL: Tonight is indeed a night of firsts: this is the first time that a one-on-one Women's Division match has main evented an AWA show. Cinder, you've won the Empress Cup, and you are riding a six month undefeated streak. You'd got to be feeling very confident right now.

[Cinder nods.]

C: Aye, now it comes down tae you an' me, Vekki! Fir wye? So, what is it really between you an' I, eh? Am I motivatin' ye? Are ye driven by bloody vengeance? Is that why we've been doin' this heavy ragin'?

Or... Could it be that yer afraid of little Cinder surpassin' ya? Ye cannae have that, can ye? You called in your high-rankin' elite friends like Spitfire Somers, and your Hollywood friends like that reprobate Gal Gad-dot, didn't ye? You wanna maybe humble me, is that it? She wiz like, 'batter this wee Cinder so she knows her place, aye?'

Not so much, Vekki. 'Cause ye can knacker the trophy that I earned, ye can melt it down and turn intae tacky accessories. But ye cannae change history, Vekki. Ye cannae change who won the Empress Cup, love. But ye change the future. That's why I want your glamorous head of lustrous, golden Afropunk hair! I want you walking around the AWA for months to come, and I want people tae point at you and say, "that's what happens to people who think that they can cross Cinder!"

Vekki... Victoria June... bald. Victoria June... broken.

[Cinder turns to Theresa Lynch.]

C: No one crosses me, Theresa. No one!

[She arches dangerously close. Her lean, pale fingers reach for Theresa Lynch's hair, before Erica Toughil, of all people, places herself between Cinder and Lynch. Cinder storms off with a disgusted...]

C: Ahhhhcchhh...

TL: Well... Ricki, from what we've seen, you're a factor in this match as well, albeit against your will. What could be going through your mind heading into this match between your protege and one of your rivals?

ET: Uh... I try... not to think about it. Obviously it's in my best interest to see Cinder win.

TL: Is it?

ET: ...What kind of... What do you mean, "is it?"

[That two word question seems to stop Toughill's train of thought dead in her tracks.]

ET: "Is it?" Is it? I hadn't...

[Toughill places a palm on either side of her head. One on the shaved side and one on her inky black hair.]

ET: Theresa, can... you do me a favor and take us out?

[Lynch nods nervously.]

TL: Uh... of course. We are moments away from this Hair vs Hair showdown... but before we go to the ring, let's go over to Sweet Lou who is standing by with Victoria June!

[We fade to another part of backstage in Madison Square Garden in the interview area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by.]

SLB: Oh my, what a night of action it has been here on Fight Night On FOX. What a great night of action that can only be brought to you by the American Wrestling Association right here in Madison Square Garden. These New York City fans have already been given a tremendous night and we've got one more huge match to go! It's Main Event time in what promises to be a knock down drag out Hair versus Hair battle between Cinder and my guest at this time, the "Afro Punk" Victoria June!

[Victoria June enters from stage right, banging her head and flicking her tongue in rhythm with music in her own head. Sweet Lou looks confused as he flinches back a little bit. June grabs him around the shoulders and forces him to mosh with her

until she lets him go. Shaken, Blackwell tries to compose himself as June laughs her horsey laugh and settles her energy.

Tonight, the Tennessean grappler is dressed in her ring gear of shredded denim shorts, Doc Marten boots and fishnet stockings. She's got a leather biker vest on over a spandex halter top printed in swirling tie-dye mixes of pink and turquoise. The freckle-faced wrestler has her face-painted with a turquoise stripe across her forehead and diagonally across her cheek. But most impressive is her puffed out afro of reddish blonde hair. It surrounds her pale-skin in a halo of curls except for a shorter piece that stands out obviously at her temple. June finger-combs her hair, puffing it up even more.]

SLB: My goodness, that's quite a lot of hair, Victoria June!

[He runs a hand on his own fringe of short hair, surrounding the rest of his bald pate.]

SLB: You're making me jealous. And all that hair is on the line tonight against a woman who has been a thorn in your side since last December, the Empress Cup winner, Cinder!

[June nods. Her jovial expression fades and hardens. Her fingers linger in the short patch, playing with the length that is gone.]

VJ: Sweet Lou, it is a lot of hair and it's been a lot of hair all my life. It's been months now since that little she devil cut a piece of my afro off and it's starting to catch up but you see no matter how much ah pick my afro daddy it's a little off. And that puts me a little off, Sweet Lou. See, Cinder, she's ah untamed little brat backed up by her "mummy", Erica Toughill. And ah can't help but think that she needs ah little parenting, you know what ah mean? You know what happened to me if ah was bratty back home in Jackson, Tennessee, Sweet Lou?

SLB: No. What happened?

VJ: My momma took me out back of the woodshed and made me cut mah own switch and then she'd whoop my behind with that switch until ah wasn't bratty no more. Toughill shoulda done that to her little brat the moment she demanded this match and Cinder put up Ricki's hair against mine. But it's clear she didn't. So ah'm gonna have to take the switch to Cinder's behind in that ring and teach her some manners.

SLB: Whoa! Those are some strong words!

[June grows even more temperamental.]

VJ: Sweet Lou, Cinder's been ah brat her whole career so far. Her fairy Godmother has gifted her everything. Ah shoulda been the one to win the Empress Cup. But her fairy Godmother put me through a table and took me out of the tournament. Ah was hot about that, but that was between me and Toughill. But then on mah show, Power Hour, Cinder had to betray me and lay me out and cut mah hair. All because that whiny little brat needs endless attention and validation. So ah tried to teach her another lesson to leave Victoria June alone by smashing her Cup and Toughill's bat. Ah lost mah religion as ah been known to do from time to time, Sweet Lou, and ah thought that was that.

SLB: But that wasn't that.

VJ: Nah, because Cindy can't take not havin' attention on her all the time. So ah had to give her a whuppin' at Memorial Day Mayhem. And that still wasn't lesson

enough. So we got the biggest stage ... the Main Event of Fight Night right here in Madison Square Garden!

[June turns towards the camera, addressing Cinder directly.]

VJ: Is this a big enough stage for yuh, Cinder? Huh, you got the millions and millions of eyes on yuh that yuh wanted? It can't get much bigger than Fight Night On FOX. And now that we on the biggest stage there is, ah'm a whup yer butt for tha whole world ta see. And ah'm gonna embarrass you in front of the world then beat you into submission and make you squeal for mercy in front of all of them. Ah'm gonna teach you some manners that your fairy godmum shoulda. This Afro Punk ain't nobody to mess with, you hear?

SLB: Even more tough talk, Victoria June, but I've got to say, Cinder has stacked the deck against you. If you lose, you lose your hair but if she loses then Erica Toughill has to give up her mane. And that means Erica Toughill will be motivated on the outside to make sure Cinder wins. It's basically two-on-one tonight!

[She throws her arms around Sweet Lou's shoulders, rubbing his bald head.]

VJ: You know, Sweet Lou, you look mighty damn good with a bald head. Ah wonder if Erica gonna look the same.

SLB: So you're saying you're not worried at all.

VJ: I'm saying that ah want Ricki to get involved. Ah want her to try to protect her hair. Ah want a chance to get my hands on both of them without Jamie around. Let me really unleash this crazy Afro Punk on 'em. Ah'm a stomp a mudhole in' em and mosh it dry, Sweet Lou. They don't know who they messin' with. Victoria June ain't the one ... not at all. It ain't mah fault that Cinder was too scared to put her own hair up. And it ain't mah fault that Ricki is too stupid not to get rid of that psychotic little weirdo. None of this is my fault, but ah'll be damned if I don't put the Weird Sisters down for the count once and for all on Fight Night.

[June kisses Blackwell on top of his head.]

VJ: Yup, ah hope you'll show Ricki how to rock it in style because these here locks ain't goin' nowhere.

[She runs her hands through her bushy reddish-blond afro.]

VJ: Later, Sweet Lou.

[She rubs his head once more.]

VJ: Yeah, it's a damn good look for you.

[June moshes off towards the ring.]

SLB: Well, there you have it. Victoria June is determined to beat Cinder and shave Erica Toughill bald tonight. Let's hope she's right because I don't know if she can handle being bald like me.

[June wanders back into the frame.]

VJ: Yup, it's a damn good look. Ricki, ah hope you like it.

[And then she charges off in the other direction, leaving Blackwell bewildered, befuddled and blushing.]

SLB: Sal, Colt, back to you.

[Sweet Lou absent-mindedly rubs his head as the camera cuts back to ringside.]

SA: Thanks, Sweet Lou! And as we get ready for our huge Main Event, we can see the stars are certainly shining in the AWA Galaxy here tonight!

[The camera pans across a section of seats where we see TV and film star Melissa Joan Hart at ringside in a Victoria June t-shirt waving to the camera.]

SA: There's a young lady who may not be a legitimate teenage witch but she certainly drives me crazy with her performances - Melissa Joan Hart is with us...

[The camera cuts to another part of the arena, revealing another familiar face.]

SA: The former host of the Daily Show and a big pro wrestling fan in his own right, Jon Stewart joining us here in MSG!

[Stewart smiles and waves as we cut again.]

SA: And of course, the man himself... Regis Philbin, fans!

[The Reeg hops up out of his seat, putting on a show for the ringside fans with a flurry of poses, flexing his non-existent muscles.]

CP: One of the biggest wrestling fans in Hollywood, jack!

SA: You ever get a chance to go on Regis And Kathie Lee, Colt?

CP: No but that was politics, you know?

SA: Politics?

CP: Yeah, because they knew if Kathie Lee got one look at Colt Patterson, ol' Regis would be flying solo the rest of the week!

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: Let's go to the ring.

[We fade from Regis giving a thumbs up to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

RO: It is a HAIR VERSUS HAIR match!

[Another big cheer! We cut to the timekeeper's table, showing off all the hair-cutting tools at ringside.]

SA: There you see the official professional barber's tools.

CP: They're missing something, Sal.

SA: What's that?

CP: From the size of Victoria June's afro we just saw, we're gonna need some hedge trimmers out here!

[Cut back to the ring.]

RO: Introducing first...

[The industrial electronica of "Banshee" by Dance With The Dead sound through the arena, which is bathed in a blood red light.]

RO: From Kilmarnock, Scotland... weighing in at eight-and-one-half stone... being accompanied to the ring by Erica Toughill... she is the 2017 winner of the Empress Cup...

[Through the entrance slinks a hooded, ghostly and grinning grappler. Her hands are clasped behind her back.]

RO: ...CINNNNNNNNNNDERRRRRRR!

[She tears back the hood revealing the mane of orange and blood red hair that drips over her shoulders and over her dark, heavily-shadowed eyes. Erica Toughill walks out behind her, dressed as we saw her moments ago, looking on as her proteges glides down the aisle in wide steps, then circles the ring.]

SA: And as the so-called Weird Sisters make their way down the aisle, we have to remind you all that it is not Cinder's hair on the line in this long-awaited grudge match. It is - in fact - Erica Toughill's. If Cinder were to lose to Victoria June tonight, Ricki's head will be shaved as clean as a cue ball, Colt.

CP: Not bloody likely... they say that in Scotland, right?

[Cinder slithers onto the ring apron; she is ghostly pale, quite a contrast from her black velvet and blood red ring attire. She climbs to the middle rope, hooks an ankle underneath the turnbuckle, crosses her arms over her chest and inverts her body, hanging upside down like a bat, licking her cherry red lips. Toughill climbs up on the ring apron, softly applauding her ally as Cinder drops from the buckles, smirking as she slides around the ring, shouting at the ringside fans as her music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd her opponent...

[The signature opening lick from The Ramones' punk classic "Blitzkrieg Bop" kicks in to a HUGE cheer from the New York City crowd.]

SA: Queens' own Joey Ramone may be gone but you gotta think he'd be proud to have this song blasting in MSG to lead this young lady down the aisle!

RO: From Toronto, Canada by weigh of Jackson, Tennessee... weighing in at 160 pounds... she is the AFRO PUNK...

VICTORRRRRRRRRRIAAAAA JUUUUUUUUUUUNE!

[And with a loud "WHOOOMP!", Victoria June comes BLASTING into the air through the trapdoor in the stage, landing solidly with a grin on her face. Her picked out Afro is standing tall and proud for all to see as she starts head banging to the music, throwing up those rock and roll horns before she heads down the ramp towards the ring!]

SA: WOW! What an entrance for the young lady from Toronto looking to make a big impression in the Big Apple tonight!

CP: I'm just glad she got her hair all up like that, Sal. Oughta make it REAL easy for Cinder to cut off her head!

[June is rocking down the aisle as Toughill and Cinder huddle up. Cinder looks to be quite upset, pointing and stomping her feet at the approaching June.]

SA: This one's been raging for months, fans, and tonight it's finally coming to an end right here in the city that never sleeps as-

[June comes through the ropes into the ring...

...and Cinder rushes right at her, swinging a kick up into the torso!]

SA: Oh! Cinder with the attack before the bell!

[A second kick lands as Cinder shoves June back against the ropes.]

SA: The match hasn't even started yet and the wild Scot is going to work... big chops against the ropes here...

[Grabbing June by the arm, Cinder goes to whip her across the ring but June reverses it, sending the 19 year old into the far ropes, rebounding back out as June ducks down...]

SA: Backdrop... no! Cinder caught her with a boot to the mouth!

[June staggers backwards, leaning against the ropes as Cinder turns, running to the far ropes, rebounding back as quickly as she can...

...but June drops her head again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and LAUNCHES the 119 pound Cinder over the top rope, sending her flipping through the air before she CRASHES down hard on the barely-padded ringside floor!]

SA: CINDER JUST DEVELOPED A CASE OF SPINAL SHOCK AS HER BACK SLAMS DOWN ON THE FLOOR HERE AT RINGSIDE!

CP: That's gotta be illegal! Ring the bell! Disqualify her, Miranda!

SA: The match hasn't even officially started yet, Colt! That sneak attack before the bell by Cinder ends up costing her as-

[The crowd ROARS as June ducks through the ropes, ignoring a protesting referee.]

SA: AND JUNE'S GOING AFTER HER!

[June drops down onto the floor, circling around the ring to go after Cinder...

...and instead finds herself face to face with Erica Toughill who is standing in front of her downed protege.]

SA: Uh oh.

CP: Uh oh is right, Sal. June may think she's a tough girl but Ricki is a REAL tough girl and she is NOT someone Victoria June wants to tangle with.

SA: June's shouting at Ricki to get out of her way. Ordinarily, I'd say the risk of a disqualification wouldn't be a problem for Ricki Toughill but tonight, with her hair on the line, she's gotta be on her best behavior.

[Toughill steps aside with a grimace as June moves quickly towards a rising Cinder...

...who surges forward, smashing her head into the gut of the incoming June!]

SA: Ohh! Cinder goes downstairs, right in the bread basket of the Canadian...

[Snatching two handfuls of afro, Cinder SMASHES June's head into the ring apron before gleefully shoving her under the bottom rope.]

"Thanks, mummy!"

[Cinder pauses to blow a kiss to Toughill who visibly sighs, walking along the apron as Cinder slides in after her opponent as Shari Miranda signals.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Well, the extracurricular activity has come to an end as the match is now officially underway.

[Cinder is on her feet quickly, walking after June who is trying to crawl away and create some distance. The Scot grabs a handful of June's afro, dragging her to her feet as the referee warns against the hairpull.]

SA: Cinder on the attack as the bell sounds, headfirst into the turnbuckles!

[Swinging June around, Cinder smashes an elbow back up under the chin, snapping her head back. She grabs the top rope, screaming manically as she repeatedly kicks June in the midsection, driving her down to sitting against the buckles.]

SA: Cinder's off to a quick start, Colt.

CP: She took that hard fall to the floor though, Sal. You can see her wincing with some of these kicks. That back has gotta be bothering her already.

[With June down on the mat, Shari Miranda backs Cinder out of the corner, forcing her back out towards the middle of the ring as the NYC crowd jeers her actions. An out of control Cinder spins around Miranda, running back to the corner where June is down...]

"LET'S DAAAANCE!"

[Grabbing the top rope again, Cinder unleashes a ferocious series of stomps to the chest of June, driving her down into a prone position...

...and with one more shriek, Cinder steps on the middle rope, springing high into the air, and STOMPS down on the face of June!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Nothing fancy about that one, Colt.

CP: Absolutely not. Cinder may come from a family of wrestlers but sometimes, it looks like she comes from a family of bar room brawlers.

SA: I would say the odds are high that she's both based on what I know about that European wrestling scene. Cinder, much like Callum Mahoney, got her start on the

holiday carnival scene. In fact, they say she wrestled her first match at the age of 13 when someone didn't show up, Colt.

CP: Against her own mother! That family took the business VERY seriously.

SA: Still does from what I hear.

[Cinder grabs June by the foot, dragging her out to the middle of the ring. She grabs the leg, rolling into a back press.]

SA: Cinder with the early cover for one! She gets two! But that's all.

[Cinder howls with irritation at the count, rolling over into a sloppy mount...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Big slap! Right across the mouth!

[Cinder winds up again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: If you're in need of silver, check the front row because Cinder might've just slapped the fillings out of Victoria June's mouth!

[The referee warns Cinder to let June up off the mat but Cinder winds up again, ready to throw a third slap...]

...when June reaches up, snatching her by the hair, and flips her over onto her back to cheers from the crowd!]

SA: JUNE REVERSES!

[And as the fists start to fly from the Afro Punk, the Madison Square Garden crowd roars in response!]

SA: AND NOW IT'S JUNE ALL OVER CINDER!

[June's pounding punches leaves Cinder shrieking, trying to cover her face and head with her arms as the referee warns against the clenched fists!]

SA: June's trying to punch her right through the mat - a little more fire out of June than we're used to seeing! I think she realizes how important this match is as well, Colt.

CP: We talked about Bailey and Ayako being aware of the Top Ten Rankings for the Women's World Title, Sal... well, June checks in at #2 on that list, right behind Julie Somers... and a win here COULD springboard her over Somers in my opinion.

SA: It's certainly a possibility... and with Cinder at #5, a win over June could bump her up the ladder as well in that all-important chase to earn a championship match with Kurayami.

[June gets up, stomping angrily around the ring as the referee checks to see if Cinder can continue.]

SA: Look at June, not giving Cinder a chance to recover...

[Dragging Cinder off the mat by the hair, June shakes her around by it a few times...

...and then swings her up into the air, swinging her by the hair to a loud cheer!]

SA: OHHH! HAIR THROW BY VICTORIA JUNE!

[June stomps around the ring again, pumping her fist to the roaring crowd as Cinder slowly gets back to her feet, grabbing at her hair.]

SA: June's coming on her again and-

'WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

SA: CINDER WITH AN OVERHAND CHOP!

[The blow slams down across June's chest...

...but the fired-up Afro Punk holds her ground, shaking her head.]

SA: UH OH!

[Cinder's eyes go wide as June shouts "COME ON! AGAIN!"

SA: Victoria June is-

'WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[A second blow lands on June's chest...

...and June shakes her head again, wagging a finger at Cinder!]

CP: Cinder can't believe it! She's hitting her with all she's got and-

[Cinder looks around nervously, throwing a glance out to Erica Toughill who swings a fist at the air...

...but instead, Cinder backpedals to the ropes, diving between them to the floor as the crowd jeers.]

SA: Where's she going, Colt?

CP: I don't know. Cinder may be calling it a night, Sal.

SA: Calling it a night?! She can't do that - can she?!

[Cinder stands on the floor, waving a hand at the ring as Shari Miranda leans over the ropes, waving her back in...]

SA: Cinder's out on the floor and... there... there's the referee starting a count. And it's important to remember that a countout or a disqualification is as good as a pinfall or submission. If Cinder gets counted out...

[As Shari Miranda calls "TWO!", Cinder simply laughs.]

"COUNT ME OUT! SEE IF I CARE!"

[Cinder turns to exit, waving at the referee again as she starts up the ramp.]

SA: She's taking a walk and... hang on now!

[Erica Toughill, wide-eyed and obviously concerned, hustles up the ramp, swinging Cinder around by the shoulder. Cinder draws back a fist, unsure of who's coming from her but lowers it as she sees her Fairy Godmother pointing at the ring...]

SA: That's right! If Cinder leaves, Ricki's getting a haircut!

[Toughill pleads her case to Cinder who throws her arms over her head and shouts before the camera catches her words to Ricki.]

"Ach, right. The hair thing. Okay, I do care if I'm counted out."

[With a shrug, Cinder walks past her "mummy" back towards the ring where Victoria June is waiting for her. The Scot angrily shouts up at her, ordering her to step back...]

CP: You heard her, ref! Get June back!

[The referee's trying to get exactly that done but an overly-aggressive June lunges over the ropes, grabbing a handful of Cinder's hair!]

SA: SHE'S GOT HER! SHE'S GOT HER BY THE HAIR AND SHE HOPES SHE CAN CUT THAT OFF VERY SOON!

[Cinder howls as June tries to pull her off the floor to the apron...

...and then reaches under the bottom rope, yanking June's legs out from under her, putting her down on her back!]

SA: Oh! An incredibly sharp move by Cinder takes June down... and she drags her out to the floo-

'WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT A CHOP!

[With June reeling from the overhand chop, Cinder grabs her by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND SHE WHIPS VICTORIA JUNE INTO THE BARRICAAAAADE!

[June collapses against the steel, her arms draped over the railing trying to stay on her feet, face etched in agony as Cinder cackles gleefully and Erica Toughill looks on stoically.]

SA: You would think Ricki Toughill might be a little happier for Cinder, Colt.

CP: She's just focused, Sal. She knows what Cinder needs to do to get the job done and she doesn't want to serve as a distraction. Think about it, Sal... Cinder is all of 19 years old - about a month shy of 20... and even if she started wrestling in tents as a teenager, that doesn't mean she knows how to compete on this level... not yet.

[The fiery Scot moves in on June who is trying to pull herself up using the railing for support...]

'WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Another overhand chop connects solidly on the chest of June, leaving her reeling against the barricade. Cinder grabs the staggered June in a front facelock, slinging June's arm over the back of her neck...]

SA: What's this now?

CP: Cinder's gotta be mindful of the count. Hey, if it's a double countout, do we shave BOTH their heads?!

SA: You sound awfully excited about that idea.

[With a shout, Cinder attempts to lift June up for a suplex...

...but June struggles and shakes against it, kicking her legs and forcing Cinder to set her back down on the other side of the ringside barricade!]

SA: Oh! June blocks it... out in the crowd now...

[And suddenly, June looks to do the same except her goal is to bring Cinder over the railing onto the exposed concrete!]

SA: JUNE WITH THE SUPLEX!

[But Cinder also shakes and shimmies, forcing June to set her back down.]

CP: Blocked again! They're both fighting for this suplex!

SA: June's would do more damage as spine would meet concrete in the most unforgiving of fashions!

[Cinder clenches her jaw, lifting June up into the air again, trying to bring her up and over...

...but June again fights free, precariously landing with her feet on top of the barricade now...]

SA: Whoooooa... that is not where June wants to be, Colt! That is not-

[Cinder suddenly breaks out of the front facelock, snatching June by the leg and YANKING hard!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as the makeshift legsweep ends up taking June off her unbalanced stance atop the railing and down HARD on the barely-padded floor!]

SA: THE CRACK OF THE BACK IS AUDIBLE FOR MILES!

CP: We talked about Cinder taking a hard shot to the back in the early moments - before the bell even rang! Well, June just took a nasty fall as well. Her back has gotta be jacked up but good after that fall too, Sal.

SA: I would believe you're right... and as the referee's count gets up to seven...

CP: Miranda's giving these two a lot of leeway, Albano. She doesn't want to see it end anyway but clean as a whistle in the middle of the squared circle.

SA: I think that's how we all want to see it go down... but Cinder pulls June up, shoving her into the ring...

[Cinder rolls in after her, getting an earful from Shari Miranda as she gets to a knee. The fiery Scot shouts back at Miranda, getting up in her face as Toughill shouts at her to "focus! Make the cover!"]

SA: Toughill trying to keep her protege under control...

[Cinder stomps across the ring, flipping June to her back as she applies a lateral press.]

SA: Cinder makes a cover! She gets one! She gets two! She gets-

[But June kicks out, breaking up the pin... and Cinder pushes to her knees, shouting angrily at the official who holds up two fingers.]

CP: So much emotion in Cinder... in both of them really...

[Cinder slips a knee across June's torso, pinning her down as she rears back...]

'WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!'

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Cinder's chops are unusual, Sal. Most wrestlers these days favor those knife edge chops like Ryan Martinez and so many others throw. But Cinder likes the overhead chop. The open-handed blow. Kind of like a slap but with a lot more authority.

[The fiery Scot climbs back to her feet, stomping June a few times, keeping her from getting back to her feet...]

SA: June trying to get back to her feet, trying to get back on offense...

[But as she does, Cinder shoves her in the back, sending her bouncing off the ropes...

...and goes into a spin, connecting with a high roundhouse across the chest, putting her back down on the mat!]

SA: High kick on the mark!

[Cinder starts to cover but instead, she opts to roll June over onto her stomach, taking aim...]

SA: Cinder stomping the lower back, trying to increase the damage she did out on the floor and-

[With Toughill nodding approvingly, Cinder leaps into the air, dropping a knee down into the lower back.]

SA: Ohhh! Kneedrop right down across the back...

[Snatching a handful of afro, Cinder yanks back on June's head, stretching the spine with her knee pinning her down.]

SA: That's a submission hold but the hairpull means it won't be on long...

[The referee's count is swift and efficient, forcing Cinder to break at a four count. She gets to her feet, sneering at Miranda as she walks around the ring.]

CP: Cinder's showing the kind of killer instinct you need to succeed in this business, Sal. She's taking a little breather here, regrouping... planning her next move... but she's painted a bullseye on the back of Victoria June, trying to do a number on it.

[June crawls across the ring, trying to get away from Cinder who sizes her up from a distance. The Afro Punk grabs the ropes, dragging herself to her knees...

...and Cinder comes running in from across the ring!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RUNNING KICK TO THE SPIIIIIINE!

[Grabbing two hands full of afro, Cinder hurls her backwards to the mat before applying another cover.]

SA: Cinder puts her down again for one! For two! But again, June kicks out.

CP: I like the aggression here, Sal. I like making June fight to stay in this. But I also think Cinder may be underestimating her opponent a little bit here. June is a tough cookie and I think it's going to take a lot more than what we've seen from Cinder so far to put June down for a three count.

[Cinder climbs to her feet, glaring at the official as Toughill again shouts at her to stay on her opponent.]

SA: Ricki Toughill trying to advise Cinder to keep her eye on the ball.

CP: Good luck with that. Cinder's emotions make her a ball of energy... but also a ball of chaos.

[As June rolls over onto her stomach, again trying to crawl away from Cinder, the Scot grabs her by the hair, hauling her up to her feet. She swings her all the way around once...

...and then HURLS her over the top rope, June falling over, her back SLAMMING down on the ring apron before she falls the rest of the way to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HARRRRDD FALLLLLLL TO THE FLOOOOOR!

[June curls up in a ball on the floor, cradling her lower back as Cinder leans over the ropes, a sinister smile on her face.]

SA: Cinder's gameplan has become quite clear - "attack the back!"

CP: It's a sound strategy, Sal. June's got two big weapons in her arsenal, right? She's got that scoop powerslam and she's got that scorpion crosslock. Both of those require her to be able to lift someone up and hold them up for maximum effectiveness. If her back is acting up, she's not gonna be able to use either of those, Sal.

SA: An excellent point... and Cinder in the ring taunting these fans now...

[The fans jeer as Cinder looks out on them, gesturing with her fingers as scissors.]

SA: And Cinder's telling the Madison Square Garden crowd that she intends to cut some hair here tonight.

CP: If she shaves June's head, will June be the Bald Punk?

SA: It doesn't quite have the same ring to it, does it?

CP: I don't know, I kinda like it.

[Cinder drops to the mat, rolling under the bottom rope where June is using the ringsteps, climbing back to her feet as Cinder approaches.]

CP: And I like this move a lot, Sal. Going back out on the floor. This is where Cinder's done the maximum amount of damage so far and she obviously feels like this her house out there right now.

SA: She's gotta be wary of the count... and of doing anything that would be disqualification-worthy in the eyes of referee Shari Miranda.

[Cinder grabs a handful of hair, pulling June the rest of the way to her feet. She leans in on her...]

"Yer goin' home in an ambulance, girlie!"

[...and SWINGS June's head down towards the steel steps!]

SA: BLOCKED!

[The crowd roars as June gets a Doc Marten up on the steel steps, blocking the faceslam into them...

...and she buries a quick elbow back into the gut, grabbing Cinder by the hair instead...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HEADFIRRRRRST TO THE STEEEEEEEEEEL!

[Cinder staggers backwards, grabbing at her head as June sits down on the steps, taking some deep breaths as she reaches around, grabbing at her back.]

SA: Victoria June with a timely counter there... and she's trying to buy herself some time to get back into this. That back has taken some punishment as we pass the ten minute mark in this battle... this brawl that will end with one of these women out here having their heads shaved clean!

[Cinder falls against the ringpost, hanging onto it as June climbs to her feet, hobbling a bit as she moves alongside the apron towards the fiery Scot.]

SA: Cinder's got no idea but June's coming right up on her here...

[Grabbing Cinder by the hair, June yanks back on it...]

SA: TO THE POST!

[But Cinder extends her arms, grabbing the ringpost to block the faceslam!]

SA: And now it's Cinder who blocks a slam into steel!

[June goes stumbling back as Cinder snaps a back elbow up into her chin!]

SA: Ohh! Cinder caught her good there...

[Cinder makes a dash at June, extending her arm...]

SA: CLOTHESLI- DUCKED BY JUNE!

[Cinder nearly runs into the steel steps herself, slamming on the brakes just before she hits them. She swings around to find June charging towards her..

..and she pivots swiftly, snatching June under the outstretched arm, flipping her through the air...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SPINE MEETS STEEEEEEEEL!

[The makeshift hiptoss into the side of the steel steps leaves June down on the barely-padded concrete floor howling in pain as Cinder sits down on the steps, a huge sadistic smile on her face.]

CP: An unbelievable counter right there, Albano - a hiptoss into the side of the steps! June's back hit steel and I'm not sure but... can we get a camera shot of June's back? Can we see...

[The camera cuts to show June's back, a nasty gash now on display that apparently tore through her gear and cut into her back.]

CP: Whoooooa. That's not good, Albano. That's not good at all.

SA: The back of Victoria June with a heavy laceration and... it's bleeding pretty badly from the looks of things, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. You know, when you climb into the ring on any given night, you expect you might get busted open. Your forehead... your eyebrow... your nose, your mouth... maybe even an arm or a leg. But your back? That's something you're never quite ready for.

[Cinder climbs off the steps, looking in at the referee who is shouting for them to get the match back inside. The mad Scot climbs up on the apron, still glaring at Miranda as she ducks through the ropes... and then ducks right back out, successfully breaking the count.]

SA: Well, the count is reset once more as Cinder stands on the apron, looking down on June...

[Cinder looks over to Toughill...]

"WATCH ME FLY, MUMMY!"

[...and LEAPS into the air, lifting both legs high, and CRASHES down on the back of June with the double legdrop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN POUNDS SQUARELY DOWN ON THE SPINE OF VICTORIA JUNE!

[Cinder falls back on the floor, reaching under to grab at her tailbone as she howls in pain a bit.]

CP: I'm not a fan of something like that, Sal. That's putting your own body at risk unnecessarily in my book. Yes, she got the damage in on June but what did she do to herself in the meantime? She might've busted her tailbone and if she did, she might not even be able to continue.

SA: Perhaps taking a page out of her Fairy Godmother's playbook there, Colt. She's been known to risk her own health to do damage to an opponent a time or two.

CP: Or three... or four... or five hundred times.

[Toughill walks towards her downed protege, squatting down and speaking softly to her.]

SA: Ricki might be checking on Cinder here as the referee starts that double count again. You gotta wonder if either of these women are going to be able to beat this count, Colt.

CP: And if you're wondering that, I'm still wondering what happens if they both lose.

[Cinder rolls to a knee, in obvious pain as she does so. Toughill encourages her on, pointing back to the ring as the referee's count reaches "THREE!"]

SA: The count is up to three now... Cinder trying to make her move but she's very slow to stir. That tailbone must've taken a serious shot and it's inhibiting her movements, Colt.

[The Kilmarnock, Scotland native grabs the bottom rope, dragging herself to her feet. As the count hits four, she rolls under the ropes into the ring, grimacing with each movement.]

SA: Cinder back in, she beats the count...

CP: And now all eyes are on Victoria June to see if she can do the same. If she can't, snip snip snip, jack!

[We cut to a panning shot of the barber's tools at ringside.]

SA: There you see those tools again. And there are no magazines out there to pick a style from. It's all coming off! You ever get in a match like this, Colt?

CP: No chance, Albano. Nobody's touching these golden locks!

[The count hits "SIX!" as we cut back to Victoria June who is now up on all fours, crawling towards the ring apron.]

SA: June's making her move! She's got time... but not a lot of it! She's gotta move quick!

CP: I don't know if she CAN move quick, Sal. Her back is taking a beating!

SA: Shari Miranda is up to seven now. If June doesn't make it, Cinder's going to shave her head, fans!

[The crowd is screaming and shouting, chanting now...]

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

[And the shouts of the crowd seem to get a little more fire in the belly of Victoria June, driving her to go quicker towards the ring apron as the count hits eight!]

SA: We're up to eight! June grabbing the apron!

[June's pulls as hard as she can on it, dragging herself up to her feet...]

SA: She's up! She's up! She just needs to roll back-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But before she can even try to get back in, June is DRILLED with a baseball slide by Cinder!]

SA: TWO FEET TO THE MOUTH, NO WAITING!

[The sliding dropkick sends June falling backwards, flopping back onto the floor again as Cinder slides the rest of the way to the floor.]

SA: Both of these women back out on the floor now... and Victoria June certainly needs to get back in there, Colt.

CP: Like we said earlier, Cinder's been able to do a lot of damage outside the ring in this one... maybe channeling Ricki Toughill a bit... and June staying out there with her can NOT be good for her chances to win this grudge match.

[Cinder walks towards June, reaching down to pull her to her feet, showing off the rapidly-growing red stain on the back of her gear...]

...and Cinder SLAMS the point of her elbow down on that red stain!]

SA: Ohh! The bloodied back of Victoria June serving as a bullseye to Cinder as she targets it with those devastating elbows of hers.

[A second elbow lands before Cinder grabs the back of the tights, tossing June under the ropes into the ring...]

SA: Cinder puts June back in... a bit surprising if you ask me.

CP: I gotta agree there. Again, maybe a youthful mistake out of the 19 year old.

[Cinder rolls back into the ring, slowly getting up as June again crawls away from her, tugging on the ropes to pull herself up to her feet.]

SA: June in the corner, Cinder trapping her there...

[Turning her back, Cinder presses her back into June's chest, holding her in place...]

SA: OH! BACK ELBOW! ANOTHER! ANOTHER!

[The crowd groans as Cinder unleashes alternating back elbows from the right and left, battering June's head in both directions...]

SA: June is stunned in the corner... Cinder's got her rocked...

[Stepping out of the corner, Cinder grabs June by the wrist.]

SA: Corner to corner, shoots her across...

[Cinder leans back, grabbing the top rope, arching her back as she lets loose a horrific shriek...

...and then tears across the ring, steaming in towards a stunned June!]

SA: CINDER ON THE MOOOOOVE...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as June leans back, lifting her Doc Marten as high as she can and Cinder runs MOUTHFIRST into it!]

SA: RIGHT IN THE TEETH! JUNE CAUGHT HER COMING IN!

[Cinder stumbles backwards, grabbing her mouth with both hands...

...and June comes charging out of the corner, leaping into the air...]

SA: FIERRO PRESS! JUNE TAKES HER DOOOOOOWWWWN!

[A fired-up June tackles Cinder down to the canvas, grabbing two hands filled with red and orange hair, and repeatedly smashes the back of the Scot's hair into the canvas!]

"AH'LL SNATCH YA BALD TOO!"

[The crowd roars for the exclamation as June finishes off a half dozen slams of the skull into the canvas...

...and then switches to right hands!]

SA: AND NOW JUNE'S POUNDING THE SKULL OF CINDER!

[Toughill looks on with concern as the Afro Punk batters Cinder repeatedly until the cries of the official forces June to abandon her attack, climbing to her feet and stumbling around the ring, cradling the small of her back.]

SA: June's in obvious pain, fans. Wincing with every step she makes and every breath she takes! But Cinder's shaken up after that Fierro Press... she's rolling across the ring...

[Cinder grabs the ropes, pulling herself up, staggering out as June forces herself into a short run...]

SA: CLOTHESLINE TAKES DOWN CINDER!

[June falls back against the ropes, cradling her lower back as she waves with the other hand, calling Cinder back up...]

SA: June's calling for her to get up!

[The dazed Scot drags herself back up as June storms forward!]

SA: Another clothesline takes her off her feet again! Victoria June trying to build some momentum, trying to find a way to get back into this thing!

[June leans against the ropes, grimacing as she hangs on to the top rope, sucking wind into her pain-wrecked body.]

SA: June's in extraordinary amounts of pain from the way she looks, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. Look at the short breaths. It hurts too much to take anything deeper right now. Injuries to the torso are hard to battle through, Sal. Your back, your ribs... every breath hurts... every move hurts. June can't lift. She can't walk. She can't swing. All of it hurts. All of it KILLS right now.

SA: But she's got incredible heart, Colt. Could she fight through all of this and come out the other side?

CP: Maybe but I wouldn't lay odds on it right now.

[June again waves a hand, calling for Cinder to get to her feet.]

SA: June wants her on her feet! June wants to try to string some offense together and put herself into position to win this thing and shave Ricki's head!

CP: Pretty sure she'd rather shave Cinder's head but that's not an option tonight.

[And with June shouting "GET UP, GIRL!", Cinder decides to disobey, rolling under the ropes to the floor to big jeers from the AWA faithful.]

SA: Ahhh, and Cinder rolls out to the floor! She's looking for a breather of her own...

[Cinder staggers along the apron, shouting for her "mummy." Toughill almost imperceptibly rolls her eyes as she walks towards her protege.]

SA: Maybe looking for a little advice out there and-

[Cinder throws herself at Erica Toughill, wrapping her pale arms around her, embracing her tightly as she softly weeps.]

SA: What in the...?

CP: JUUUUUUUNE!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Victoria June sucks down the pain, charging across the ring, and DIVES between the ropes onto Cinder and Toughill, knocking them both down on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SUICIDE DIIIIIVE BY VICTORIA JUNE!

CP: That might LITERALLY be a suicide dive there, Albano. Who the hell does a dive like that when their backs are wrecked like Victoria June's in?!

SA: Someone with the guts... with the courage of Victoria June!

[The referee steps towards the ropes, again starting a double count on both June and Cinder as they lay sprawled out on the floor.]

SA: Both women are down! Both women are hurt! But both women know what's at stake at this one. The rankings. The hair. The grudge match that we've been waiting months for! Neither wants to stay down! Neither wants to give in! But only one of them can win this thing, Colt.

CP: That's right. And look at Ricki Toughill. She's the first one up from that dive and she looks HOT under the collar, Sal!

SA: She certainly does... but she's gotta be careful here.

[Toughill takes two angry steps towards June, reaching down towards her..

...but a shout from the referee catches her attention, Miranda bailing out of the ring to get up in Ricki's face.]

SA: The referee's letting her know that if she lays hands on Victoria June, Cinder will be disqualified and Ricki's head will be shaved!

[With a grimace, Toughill turns away, stalking around the ring in a huff as the crowd cheers.]

SA: And that keeps that element out of play. Erica Toughill certainly doesn't want to get her head shaved... and she's going to do all she can to avoid it.

[Out on the floor, Victoria June slowly... very slowly... gets off the floor, grabbing at her lower back. She seems to almost be in tears as she leans down, dragging Cinder to her feet...

...and gets a full-bodily thrown HEADBUTT right between the eyes!]

SA: GLASGOW KISS! GOOD LORD!

CP: Skulls crackin' for sure on that one!

[The headbutt rocks June, knocking her back to a knee as Cinder scampers away, using the ropes to climb up on the apron...]

SA: Cinder's on the apron and-

[June staggers forward, grabbing Cinder by the leg...]

SA: June's got her! Trying to keep her on the apron and...

[But Cinder lashes out backwards, smashing the boot into June's mouth!]

SA: OHH! BACK KICK TO THE MOUTH!

[Cinder twists around, smashing a fist down between the eyes of June. She snatches the afro, smashing a second right hand down to the skull... and a third...]

SA: Cinder pounding away on Victoria June!

[Cinder pauses, balling up her fist theatrically, looking out at the crowd as she hangs onto June's hair...]

"See ma fist?"

[...but before she can throw the blow, June reaches out with both arms, hooking the smaller competitor's legs, and YANKS them out from under her!]

SA: OH! Right down on the tailbone again!

[Snatching Cinder by the hair, June smashes her skull into the Scot's...

...and again...

...and again...

...and again...]

SA: JUNE'S TRYING TO CAVE IN HER SKULL!

[A half dozen headbutts land before June steps back, grabbing her own forehead.]

CP: Sal, I've never seen June this aggressive... but all that aggression is making her sloppy. She hurt herself on those headbutts because she was putting too much oomph on them.

SA: June's in a bit of a daze now... but Cinder is as well!

[Cinder rolls off the apron, flopping down to her knees as Victoria June staggers forward, grabbing the ropes, pulling herself back up on the apron...]

CP: And again, Albano, I gotta point out that Miranda's letting these two get away with a lot out here.

SA: She's certainly allowed to do that at her discretion.

[June is on her feet, leaning with her back against the ringpost, trying to straighten up as Cinder pushes up to her feet on the floor..

...and June rushes down the length of the apron, THROWING HERSELF into the air...]

SA: FIERRRRRRRROOOOOOOO PRESSSSSSSSSS!

[And the NYC crowd EXPLOOOODES as June WIPES OUT Cinder with a flying Fierro Press off the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BOOOOOOOOM GOES THE CANNON!

[With Cinder down on the ringside mats and June sprawled out on top of her, the Afro Punk pushes up to her knees, grabbing Cinder by the hair...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THE BACK OF CINDER'S SKULL SMASHED INTO THE FLOOR!

[An exhausted and pain-ravaged June lifts Cinder's head off the mat again...

...and SMASHES it down again!]

SA: AGAIN!

[Weariness showing with every movement, June lifts Cinder's head up again...

...and DRIVES it down a third time!]

SA: CINDER'S SKULL IS MEETING AN UNFORGIVING CONCRETE FLOOR - PADDING OR NOT, FANS!

CP: Cinder's trying to get her hands up, trying to block those blows into the floor...

SA: June's up... and listen to these fans!

[June nods her head as the roaring crowd breaks into a chant.]

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

[A weary June raises her arm in the rock and roll horns, banging her head a few times to cheers before she pulls Cinder off the floor, shoving her under the ropes into the ring.]

SA: June puts her back in... and now she's going to try and get there as well...

[June pulls herself through the ropes, still moving very slowly as Cinder crawls across the ring, trying to get away from her.]

SA: The Afro Punk is is... and Cinder's making a run for it, fans! The Scottish Fireball is looking for the back door here in MSG!

[Getting across the ring, Cinder leans between the bottom and middle ropes near Erica Toughill...

...but June catches her before she gets out, grabbing her by the foot!]

"MUMMY!"

[Toughill grimaces at the shout.]

"MUMMY!"

[Ricki bites her lower lip, looking at Cinder pleading for help.]

"MUMMY! HELP ME!"

CP: Whaddya waiting for, Ricki?! Help her out!

SA: Erica Toughill seems torn at the idea of this and-

[Cinder rolls to her back, lashing out with a boot to the gut of June, doubling her up. She scrambles up...

...and SWINGS her elbow down into the small of June's back, knocking her down to the canvas!]

SA: OHHH! CINDER STRIKES AGAIN!

[And with June down at her feet, Cinder ducks under the ropes, rolling out to the floor where she stomps angrily around the ring...]

SA: Where is she going now?

CP: I've got no idea. She's... oh, I know where she's going!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Cinder pulls to a stop...

...right next to the table filled with barber tools.]

SA: Oh no. No, she can't! Not yet! She's gotta beat her first!

CP: Says who?! Who's gonna stop her?!

[Cinder snatches up a pair of scissors, gleefully snipping them back and forth as she looks back into the ring, pointing at the now-kneeling Victoria June!]

SA: Cinder's got the scissors and... she's going after June with them!

[Circling back around the ring near June, Cinder gets up on the apron on a knee...

...when suddenly a powerful grip is wrapped around her wrist!]

SA: WHAT?!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Ricki Toughill grabbing Cinder by the wrist, shaking her head.]

SA: RICKI'S GOT HER BY THE HAND! SHE'S NOT GONNA LET HER USE THE SCISSORS! NOT YET!

[Cinder's eyes go wide as she stares at Toughill. A whining shriek of "MUMMMMMMEEEEEEEE!" fills the air as she struggles to pull her hand free from Toughill's grasp...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHE SLAPPED CINDER! RICKI SLAPPED CINDER!

[The blow stuns the Scot who drops the scissors, falling through the ropes into the ring from the impact of the slap. Toughill grabs the ropes, shouting "PIN HER!" to a rising Victoria June who looks just as shocked as Cinder...

...Cinder whose eyes go even wider, jerking around...]

SA: CLOTHESLI-

[A shout of "DUCK!" by Toughill gets June to do exactly that, causing Cinder to fly past her, bouncing off the ropes towards a waiting June...]

SA: JUNE'S GOT HER UP!

[...and runs right into June who lifts her up, not able to hold her there at all before she DROPS down in the scoop powerslam!]

SA: POWERSLAM! THAT'S HOW JUNE WON IN CHICAGO!

[But on this night, Victoria June isn't done, pushing back to her feet. She takes several deep breaths, steeling herself for what's about to come...

...and then reaches down, tying up the legs of Cinder!]

SA: SHE'S GOING FOR IT! SHE'S GOT THE LEGS TRAPPED AND-

[June tiredly reaches out, hooking the arms as well...]

SA: CAN SHE DO IT?! CAN SHE GET HER UP?!

CP: No way. No way, Sal. The back's been through too-

[...and with a mighty roar, June lifts Cinder off the canvas into the Scorpion Crosslock!]

SA: SHE DID IT! SHE GOT HER UP! SHE'S GOT HER TRAPPED!

[Cinder cries out, screaming in pain...

...locking eyes with Erica Toughill who is standing on the floor watching.]

"YES! YES! I QUIT!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[An exhausted June immediately drops Cinder to the mat, falling to her knees as well as the New York crowd goes nuts!]

SA: VICTORIA JUNE WINS! SHE GETS THE SUBMISSION!

[Cinder promptly rolls across the ring as June kneels on the mat, falling forward onto her elbows, her bloodied back now fully on display for all to see.]

SA: The fruits of victory are great on this night for Victoria June but you can see what it cost her to do it. The bloodied back. The bruised back. The battered back. But a victorious Victoria nonetheless. And they are cheering in Jackson, Tennessee because their Afro Punk has finally scored a decisive victory over the Empress Cup winner!

CP: Cinder is still the Cup winner - trophy or not - but she falls short here tonight... no thanks to Cinder's mentor.

SA: And Colt, speaking of...

[The ring crew are quickly laying down a vinyl mat in the ring, setting up a steel folding chair in the middle of the ring.]

SA: Whether it was her call to make or not, the Queen of Clubs is going to have to follow through on the stipulation of this match! To quote her favorite author, "buy the ticket: take the ride."

[Toughill rolls into the ring, hands on her hips and a blank expression on her face. June finds a handheld electric trimmer thrust into her hand.]

CP: I guess the stipulation means that June gets to do the honors. And I thought she had a tall order in front of trying to beat Cinder. How are you going to placate this wild animal?

[Ricki Toughill and Victoria June spend several seconds staring each other down warily. Then, as if to answer Colt Patterson's question...]

CP: Whoa, she's saying, 'bring it on!'

[Toughill sits down in the chair, her palms placed on her knees in a well-behaved manner. She stares out in front of her, urging June, "come on, get it over with!"]

CP: This I don't get, Albano! Toughill could be raising hell right now, and June looks like she's giving her a chance to get out of paying up.

[Indeed, June is shaking her head, seemingly uninterested in taking Toughill's hair, replying with a, "Ah ain't mad no more, Ricki. You don't have to."]

SA: I think this is Victoria June giving Ricki Toughill a break!

[June's hesitation leads to the trimmer being snatched from her hand by a red leather and black velvet blur!]

SA: CINDER IS BACK IN THE RING!

[As though possessed, Cinder pounces on Erica Toughill!]

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO, SHE'S ATTACKING HER FAIRY GODMOTHER!

[Cinder, tackling Erica Toughill to ground, runs the clippers viciously over Toughill's head; over and over she gouges the clippers' blade onto Toughill's scalp.]

CP: Cinder must be feeling betrayed! That's gotta be what this is about!

[Victoria June springs into action, grabbing the raging and shrieking Cinder off of Erica Toughill and tossing her from the ring!]

SA: Incredible! Victoria June has just saved Erica Toughill from the Caledonian Cutthroat!

[June positions herself in the ring, ready to tussle more. Cinder raises her fists, but has no intention of returning to harm's way. She emits a brief shriek in the general direction of the dazed Ricki Toughill...]

C: "EEECCH!"

[...And shouts...]

C: "Yer DEAD tae me, by the way, Rekki! And you're not even my real mum tae boot!"

[...Before stomping up the aisle like a truculent child going to her room.]

SA: If Ricki Toughill was supposed to be her mom or her big sister or whatever was going on with those two, she spoiled that youngster and now we're going to have to live with her.

[Toughill pulls herself back into the folding chair, putting her hand to her scalp, noticing a few locks of inky, raven hair now littering the mat. She picks up the clippers, pulling a few more locks of black hair away from the blade.]

SA: Cinder, the Sweeney Todd of the AWA, did quite a number there on her alleged fairy godmother.

[June makes sure Cinder clears the arena, and turns around when she hears the fans reacting...]

SA: And Ricki Toughill is finishing the job!

[June is taken aback as Toughill sweeps the electric clippers somberly over her scalp, black hair falling to mat, row after row.]

CP: Why is she doing that, Big Sal? Why is she doing that to herself?

SA: You know, I don't know the Mad Queen of Clubs all that well, but a decade ago, early in my career I called a number of her matches in Chinook Wrestling and Age of Rage. Ricki Toughill may be far from an upstanding citizen in the AWA locker room, but one thing that I observed a young Erica Toughill possess was integrity; if she promised she would do something, she delivered. Maybe she never lost that trait. Fans, I'm being told we've gotta take a quick break but when we come back, I suppose we're going to get our first glimpse of a bald Ricki Toughill.

[Fade to commercial on the image of over half of Erica Toughill's hair shaved off.

Fade in to the Schutzmans. In the background, Mooselips' elderly brewmaster Lorne Schutzman stands beside a 15-foot-long red paperclip. "Savory" Avery Schutzman, president and CEO of Mooselips Brewery is in the foreground. Beside him is a whiteboard on an easel. Obviously Mooselips has its own criteria for tag teams, as the whiteboard is covered with team names: 'NEXT GEN,' 'SHOOTING STARS,' 'SYSTEM SHOCK,' 'SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE,' 'GOLD STANDARD,' and, perhaps most troublingly, variations of the letters, 'POE,' 'OPE,' and 'OEP.']

AS: Greetings from Mooselips Brewing, coming to you from Kipling, Saskatchewan; population 1,140! And home of the World's Largest Red Paperclip. Everyone knows the story of how a young man from Montreal was able to barter a single red paperclip to a house right here in Kipling. And soon everyone will know the story of how the AWA, in nine short years, was able to grow from a little studio in Texas into a worldwide promotion that will sell out Mosaic Stadium in Regina in only a few short weeks!

[Avery Schutzman points his marker at the whiteboard.]

AS: And with Howie Somers and Daniel Harper capturing the AWA World Tag Team Championship, that puts them in the lead over System Shock for Mooselips' top team! Myself and my uncle Lorne will be attending the AWA's pay-per-view extravaganza on July the 4th called...

[He checks his notes.]

AS: ..."Liberty or Death"...?

[He folds the note up and puts it back in his jeans pocket.]

AS: I'll take the "Liberty," thanks. Uncle Lorne and I will be present to give our official Mooselips sponsored team a special prize. And thank you for your support.

[Lorne Schutzman begins muttering something in the background.]

AS: What? No Uncle Lorne, we can't give them two red paperclips.

[We fade from commercial...

...and back up to a close-up of a pile of black dyed hair in the ring.]

SA: Alright fans, we are back with AWA Fight Night On FOX, and if you can believe it, Victoria June has not left Erica Toughill's side during the entire break.

[Fade to Erica Toughill. All that remains of her hair is a mottled peach fuzz of salt-and-pepper stubble. Victoria June stands watch nearby, suitably impressed. Toughill exhales deeply as she runs her palm over her scalp. The camera picks up the dialogue in the ring.]

ET: "Did I miss any spots?"

VJ: "Looks clean to me."

[Toughill stands and faces June.]

ET: "Are we good?"

[June is taken aback again. Toughill tries a different question.]

ET: "One of us?"

VJ: "One of us?"

[They exchange a brief fist bump. June exits the ring, pointing back at Toughill with a grin.]

VJ: "ONE OF US! ONE OF US!"

SA: And how about that? Ricki Toughill and Victoria June breaking bread here at Fight Night. And listen to this!

"RIC-KI! RIC-KI! RIC-KI!"

[Toughill looks around the arena, clearly unfamiliar with any kind of positive reaction.]

SA: That's for you, Ricki! People appreciate good character when they see it!

[Ricki Toughill rubs her hand over her head one more time, still getting used to the thin layer of stubble that remains on her scalp. She smiles to the crowd, and raises a single fist in the air to salute them. She steps through the ropes...]

"I WANT IT ALL..."

[The fans in MSG groan at the intro to Queen's "I Want It All."]

"...I WANT IT ALL..."

[Ricki Toughill stops midway through the ropes.]

"...I WANT IT ALL..."

[She sags and returns to the ring. Back to work.]

"...AND I WANT IT NOW."

[Kerry Kendrick steps down the aisle proudly and confidently.]

CP: And I guess it's time to hear from the RIGHTFUL winner of the 2017 Rumble!

SA: Surely to goodness there has to be a better time and place for this! Kerry Kendrick, in my opinion, has NO business out here right now! None at all!

CP: Are you kidding me? His employee just shaved her own head! He's gotta make sure she's okay.

SA: Somehow, I doubt that's his intention.

[Kendrick, in his AWA-branded 'FOUNDATION' t-shirt, climbs the steps to the ring apron. He beckons Toughill to the ropes, and she dutifully parts them so the Self Made Man can step through. Kendrick solicits two microphones: one for himself, one that he tosses to his henchwoman. It bounces off her sternum and she presses it there with her palm to keep it from dropping: it's hard to catch things when you won't make eye contact with the person throwing them.]

KK: Cut that damn music!

[The damn music is cut.]

KK: This is the Think Tank!

[The Self Made Man and technical Rumble winner seems to have few fans in New York City.]

KK: My name is Kerry Kendrick... and my guest this week is Uncle Fester!

[He chuckles to himself, but he seems to be the only one.]

KK: How are Gomez and Morticia?

[Toughill paces the ring sullenly. She rubs her hand on her forehead, trying to mask her reaction.]

KK: Look at you, Rick. Aren't you a sight.

[Kendrick kicks one of the locks of black hair that litters the ring.]

KK: You know, when we were in MSG this time last year, I beat Supernova for the World TV Title... without your help. Why? Because you were in the Rumble to crown a Women's World Champion.

And that was as close as you ever got to tasting the gold, wasn't it? And here we are... here we freaking are. Now, I've won the Rumble, by beating Supernova... and you're still losing.

[Kendrick pauses, the crowd letting the jeers pour down on him for kicking Toughill when she's down.]

KK: Remember when I first got you this job two years ago? When the AWA first started the Women's Division, they didn't want you. You had to come to them. You had to beg them to get in. So I had to bring you in. I had to sneak you in: in a bandana, sunglasses and hoodie. Like you were some kinda criminal. I brought you in to be my attack dog.

And you promised me that your little moonlighting gig wouldn't be a distraction. "Relaaax, Kerry. I got Julie Somers dead-to-rights!" "Relaaax, Kerry. I got your back against Supernova and Ortiz." "Relaaax, Kerry. This Cinder thing won't be a distraction." "Relaaax, Kerry. GGC doesn't interest me." Oh no?

[Kendrick smirks.]

KK: Hey, remember last month after Memorial Day Mayhem when you got that little pep talk from your gal pal in the Party City wig? That wasn't all that the Access 365 camera caught, was it?

[Toughill's jaw drops.]

ET: What?! Kerry, no! No!

KK: Why don't we show everyone what went down?

[The screen flashes with the Access 365 logo, apparently shown in the arena at the same time. Cut back to the Memorial Day Mayhem post-game show. Erica Toughill is in the locker room with "Golden" Grant Carter finishing her conversation by phone with her friend, Lauryn Rage.]

ET: Yeah, well... when there's overtime to be done, I'm going to be the one to it, and another thing, I've--

GGC: Ricki, she hung up.

ET: Oh. Lauryn gonna Lauryn.

[There's a few seconds of awkward silence.]

ET: Grant, before you go... I know my... uh... posterior is not exactly petite, but... is it... fat?

[Carter grimaces, running a hand over his face.]

GGC: Uhh... is there a right answer to this question...?

ET: It's a 'yes' or 'no,' Carter.

[Carter shrugs with a grin.]

GGC: It's... it's nice, yeah.

ET: Oh, you HAVE been checking me out!

[Carter holds up two fingers a bit apart.]

GGC: Okay, ya caught me. A little bit.

ET: Ohhh, wait'll Kelly Kowalski finds out about this!

[Carter shakes his head.]

GGC: It ain't like that between me and Kelly.

ET: Oh, it's not? If it isn't 'like that' between you and Kelly, that who's it 'like with' for you, Grant?

GGC: I dunno, I-

ET: How 'bout me, then?

[The crowd inside the arena "ohhhhhhhhs" as Carter grins.]

GGC: For real? What about Kendrick?

[Ricki throws a dismissive wave.]

ET: Pfft. Kerry doesn't give a damn what I do. C'mon, Pops Palahniuk told me about this great pizza place out at The Loop that's open till two in the morning. Wanna hit it up, GGC?

GGC: Yeah, you got it, Rick.

[Carter and Toughill walk out of the locker room... arms around each other's waists...

...and with another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we cut back to the arena. To the ring.

Toughill is mortified. Kendrick glares at her sternly.]

KK: Real nice, Rick. Really loyal of you, Rick.

[Toughill shakes her head.]

ET: It-it doesn't change anything... It's just... We didn't...

[Kendrick interrupts angrily.]

KK: What else have you been doing behind my back, Rick? You and MAWAGA, how come I didn't hear about that until a couple weeks ago? We coulda had an in with the Axis! But look at you. All I've ever done... despite the odds constantly being against me... all I've ever done is SUCCEED. And all you've ever done...

[He picks up a wad of black hair.]

KK: ...is fail.

[He drops the hair disgustedly.]

KK: So, as of tonight, we're altering the deal. Remember a couple of nights ago? When you were wrestling Kelly Kowalski in front of your brothers and your little nieces and nephews up in Rochester? And you got beat... again? I want you to cherish that memory.

Because that's the last time you're stepping in the ring as a roster member, do you understand?

[The crowd jeers loudly as Toughill's jaw drops... and yet Kendrick continues.]

KK: Remember how I bailed you out on Black Friday? I brought you into the AWA to be my attack dog, and contractually, I get final say on what your role is with this promotion. From now on, you're pooling your resources with the Foundation. You're my attack dog, because the sad fact of life is that's all you've been useful for.

You are mine, bought and paid for, Rick. Do you understand?

[Without scowling, without raising a voice, and without protest, Erica Toughill utters a broken...]

ET: Yes, Kerry.

[Kendrick sneers at a dejected Toughill.]

KK: I think I made the cardinal mistake of trying to be friends with an employee, so from now on, it's going to be different. I like to be called, "The Self Made Man," or, "The Foundation." But from you, I think I'd like to hear... "Yes, Mr. Kendrick, sir." Let's give that a try.

[The crowd jeers loudly as Kendrick stands, waiting expectantly.]

SA: Oh, don't do it, Ricki.

[The indignation is swelling within Toughill, but she manages a...]

ET: Yes, Mr. Kendrick, sir.

[Kendrick shakes his head, cupping a hand to his ear.]

KK: Sorry, didn't quite catch that. Maybe say it again...

[He points to a spot on the mat.]

KK: ...from down there.

[Toughill dutifully lowers to a knee. Through grit teeth she manages a...]

ET: Yes. Mr. Kendrick. SIR.

[The crowd is rabidly booing this whole scene as Kendrick grins at Ricki's obedience.]

SA: What sin could one woman commit in a single lifetime to bring this upon her, for gosh sake?

[Kendrick turns away from Ricki to the jeering fans.]

KK: You see, people: when you have an attack dog, sometimes you have to remind them who is in charge. Sometimes you have to jerk their chain a bit to make them respect you. Rick, one more time... loud enough that your family can hear it from the nosebleeds...

...on all fours.

[Toughill's fists ball up and her pallid complexion begins turning a beet red.

Then...

Finally...

She utters a simple word...]

ET: No.

[The crowd cheers as Kerry Kendrick turns around, irritation on his face.]

KK: What do you mean, no?!

[But Toughill does not back down, shouting from her knee up at the Self Made Man.]

ET: IT MEANS "NO," YOU CHUNKHEAD!!!

[Kendrick reels back as Erica Toughill rises to her feet to get into his face to a ROAR from the Madison Square Garden crowd.]

ET: God, do you need me to explain that to you too? Like you need me to do everything else for you, you entitled crybaby?

[Kendrick's jaw drops as the crowd cheers Ricki's show of defiance.]

ET: Maybe that's why every time I tried to get you to read the manuscript of my book you showed no interest: you were intimidated by my use of polysyllabic words and pages weren't made of saliva-proof cardboard!

[And then it all comes pouring out of Toughill.]

ET: God, you're so insecure about your place in the hierarchy of the AWA. Two years! Two years of my life I had to listen to your self-indulgent whining and complaining about how unfair everything is. I'm sick of "Duh Self Made Man!" I'm sick of "Duh Foundation!" I'm sick of "hey Rick, hey pal, do one thing for me, I'll get ya back." I'm sick of your SUPER DUPER CEREBRAL SCHEMES boiling down to me hitting your opponents with a baseball bat, and you getting all the credit for my labor!

I'm SICK. OF. YOU!

[The crowd is absolutely ROARING now as Kendrick spirals backwards, obviously stunned by what he's hearing...

...and then suddenly, Kendrick, blind with rage, swings his arm outward toward Toughill's face...]

SA: SWEET SAN-

[...only to find his wrist caught, his palm mere inches from striking Toughill's cheek. Kendrick looks shocked again, looking at a fuming Toughill as the crowd buzzes over what they just saw!]

ET: You were going to HIT me?!

[Suddenly contrite, Kendrick pulls his hand away and backs off, shaking his head in the negative.]

ET: You... were going... to hit me.

[Toughill drops the microphone, and picks up the steel folding chair in the ring. Kendrick sees what's coming, diving backwards as Toughill takes a swipe at him that he avoids.]

SA: Oh, she almost got him!

[Kendrick again begs off, apologizing quickly towards Toughill who takes another swipe with the chair that he just BARELY avoids. The crowd is ROARING once more for Toughill as she pursues the apologetic Kendrick around the ring.]

"RIC-KI!"

"RIC-KI!"

"RIC-KI!"

CP: I don't know what sort of employee manual Kendrick has drafted up, but I'm gonna say this is probably not in there!

SA: The Queen of Clubs has flipped out, and I think the self-proclaimed Foundation of the AWA is going to lose about ten inches of height from the neck up before we go off the air!

[Kendrick is backed into the turnbuckle now as Erica Toughill raises the chair overhead and takes a vicious downward swing with a scream.]

"YAAAAAAAHH!"

[The chair hits only the turnbuckle pad, as Kendrick sneaks out along the ropes. He manages to get a few steps away, but loses his footing and slips on the hair that litters the vinyl mat!]

SA: Kendrick is down! Ricki Toughill has him just where she wants him!

CP: I don't know if I want to see this, Albano. Toughill's laid some of the most savage beatdowns I've ever seen in this sport. I really don't want to see a guy with the bright future of the Foundation beaten to a pulp!

SA: You and Kerry Kendrick may be the only ones in Madison Square Garden who think that way from the sounds of it...

"RIC-KI!"

"RIC-KI!"

"RIC-KI!"

[Kendrick is on his side on the mat, frozen with terror, raising a hand feebly, begging, "no! No, please! No!" Toughill's fury becomes icy calm as she stands over Kendrick, then into a satisfied grin as she savors the moment. She slowly raises the chair over her head...]

SA: She's got him right where she wants him and she's gonna- WAIT! Who is that?!

[...and it's yanked away from her by a third person who has snuck into the ring!]

CP: Someone just made the save for the Foundation!

SA: Who?! Who is that?!

[The chair skitters to the floor as Toughill wheels around to see who disarmed her. She turns around just long enough to see a pink baseball bat thrust into her abdomen, doubling her over.]

SA: OHH!

CP: Felled by her own weapon of choice! You gotta love that!

SA: Someone is in the ring attacking Toughill with a baseball bat!

[Kendrick uses the respite to get back to his feet, clearly enjoying what he is watching. The mysterious attacker has feminine features, judging by the tight running shorts, knee-high socks and high top Chuck Taylor Converse sneakers, but the rest of her features are obscured by a raised hoodie, aviator sunglasses and a bandana across her face. Kendrick waves a hand towards her as she raises the bat overhead...]

SA: No, no!

[...and brings the bat down across Toughill's back.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Across the surgically-repaired back of Ricki Toughill!

CP: Whoever this is knows JUST where to strike.

[Toughill remains standing, but is blinded by pain. She slowly stumbles around the ring. Kerry Kendrick gets into her path.]

KK: "Hey, Rick. Let's hug it out, huh?"

[Kendrick wraps his arms around Toughill's torso...]

CP: Well, that's nice to see, isn't it?

[...but suddenly picks her up, twisting her through the air...]

SA: NO!

[...and plants her to the canvas with his signature belly-to-belly suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Kerry Kendrick just PLANTED his loyal bodyguard to the mat with a belly-to-belly suplex... that sadistic opportunist!

[Kendrick smirks as he backs off, leaving room for the mystery attacker to go to work on Toughill as she tries to roll onto her side, kicking Toughill across the back with her Converse high tops inelegantly, but effectively.]

SA: This is awful, fans. Absolutely awful. Kerry Kendrick and... whoever the hell this is... are putting a beating on Erica Toughill just moments after she suffered the indignity of having her head shaved!

CP: Hey Sal... something just occurred to me. Didn't Kerry Kendrick tell Javier Castillo that his mysterious girlfriend was going to be here tonight? Do you think this is his girlfriend?

SA: I hadn't really thought about it, Colt, but that certainly makes sense... ohh! Another hard kick to the back with those tennis shoes! Whoever this is, she certainly has a mean streak!

[With the fans continuing to pour boos down on the duo attacking Toughill, Kendrick retrieves the fallen mic.]

KK: People of New York... my guest tonight on the Think Tank...

[He grabs the attacker by the wrist and pulls her close to him. Very close. Chest-to-chest close.]

KK: ...is the best thing that ever happened to me. She has a very special place inside my heart. And everything Ricki isn't... she is.

Presenting my new... companion.

[He slowly lowers the bandana. Cherry red lips form a familiar smirk.]

KK: And as we kick off the Summer Sizzler Tour..

[He raises the hood. Silky, smoky black hair is drawn into a ponytail high atop the back of the woman's head. Some people are starting to "oooooh" from recognition.]

KK: ...she and I have the same question...

[Finally, Kendrick draws the mirrored shades from her face...]

CP: WHAT?!

SA: NO! NO!

[She reaches up to place her hand on the back of Kendrick's neck, smugly shoulders the glittery pink baseball bat, and says...]

"Can you feel the heat?"

[They pull each other closer, and lock lips.]

SA: KERRY KENDRICK... AND MISS SANDRA HAYES?!

CP: Wow!

SA: I... I am almost at a loss for words, Colt!

[Toughill, curled up on the ground in a pile of her own shorn hair, watches with disgust as Sandra Hayes makes out with Kendrick for a revoltingly long time as the crowd jeers loudly!]

CP: She's been his fixer for months! We haven't seen Miss Sandra Hayes in almost two years, Albano!

[Hayes and Kendrick finally break their embrace and stand cheek-to-cheek. "The Business of Emotion" by Big Data plays them off. You can briefly hear Sandra Hayes when she turns to Toughill and says down to her, condescendingly.]

"Awww... Sorry about your hair, sweetie! I'm sure it'll grow back!"

[A smirking Kendrick holds the ropes for Hayes to step through, then rolls to the floor, where he picks her up off the ring apron and lowers her to the ground chivalrously. They walk up the aisle arm-in-arm, smugly.]

SA: The mysterious girlfriend in the front office... it's gotta be her, Colt! Miss Sandra Hayes is back! And she's with Kerry Kendrick?! Incredible!

CP: Kendrick has dropped a king-sized bombshell... or should I see queen-sized... here tonight in NYC.

SA: Fans, we've got to take one last break! Don't you go away!

[At the top of the ramp, Kendrick turns back towards the corner, lifting Hayes' arm and pointing to her as she sneers at the jeering crowd...]

...and we fade to black.

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

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

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

“Enter the world of lucha libre!”

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

“Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Fox Sports X. Come get some.”

[We fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where the New York City crowd is booing their hearts out lustily at the sight of the man inside the ring.]

JC: What a wonderful night! My Fight Night On FOX has truly been something, hasn’t it?

[The fans are still booing Javier Castillo as John Law lurks nearby protectively.]

JC: You do not sound grateful, New York. Are you grateful?

[More boos! Castillo glares at the reaction.]

JC: How can you act this way? I have given you my Fight Night and this is how you repay me?!

[Castillo seems to be getting more annoyed now.]

JC: I see. Well, how would New York City feel about having NO AWA shows for a year?! NONE!

[The boos get even louder!]

SA: Can he do that?

CP: He’s the boss, Sal... he can do anything he wants.

[Castillo raises the mic again.]

JC: I am sick and tired of the lack of gratitude around these parts. I have done so much for so many... and yet they still treat me like...

[He waves a hand at the jeering crowd.]

JC: Not only you though. There's Johnny Detson.

[A sprinkling of cheers ring through for Detson being on Castillo's "list."]

JC: Johnny Detson is...

[Castillo trails off, hissing between his teeth.]

JC: ...someone I will address in due time. So much disloyalty from all of you. So much disrespect. It makes me think...

[He turns to Law, arching an eyebrow.]

JC: It makes me think that more people need to see the inside of a hospital, John. More people need to end up like-

[A voice rings out over the PA system.]

"My son?"

[A spotlight lances through Madison Square Garden to reveal Bobby Taylor standing on the entrance stage, staring down the aisle at the ring. The crowd ROARS for the appearance of the Outlaw of Professional Wrestling, a mic gripped in his hand. Taylor is wearing blue jeans and a black t-shirt that looks like it's seen better days with a silver spur on the front of it with the text "OUTLAW STYLE."]

JC: You? Did you learn nothing in Detroit, Taylor? I gave you a warning. I gave you a chance to bow out of this gracefully.

[Taylor chuckles darkly.]

BT: Yeah, you did. You know, Castillo... everyone in life has their weaknesses. Some people smoke. Some people drink. Some people eat too much. Me? I have this nagging problem where I just can't back down from a fight... even if it's in my best interest.

[He shrugs.]

BT: Hell, I got my head lit on fire once back in the day and still came back to fight the guy that did it. Speaking of fire... how's MAWAGA doing?

[The crowd "oooooooohs" as Castillo seethes.]

BT: But Castillo, you weren't the only one giving out chances to back out of this gracefully. I gave you one too. I gave you a chance to say that what happened with Wes was business... that it was part of your plan for global domination. It wouldn't have made it right... but at least I would've understood.

But you wouldn't do it. You wanted this to be personal.

[Taylor gestures to the stage.]

BT: So, here I am. Back again. And as pissed as I think I've ever been.

[Big cheer!]

JC: Then why, Bobby Taylor? Why are you here? Are you coming to try to take another cheap shot at me? At John Law here?

[Taylor grins.]

BT: Not tonight. But soon, Castillo. Real soon.

You made this personal... but I ain't comin' for ya for me.

[He shakes his head.]

BT: I'm comin' for my son... and I ain't gonna stop until you're dripping blood all over that canvas. You hear me?

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: You'll never get to me.

[He steps back behind John Law, placing a hand on his shoulder.]

BT: Ah yeah... I forgot. Your army.

[Taylor nods.]

BT: That was my mistake in Detroit. I was so in my own head... I wanted so badly to break your damn neck, Castillo... I didn't even think about the rest of your thugs. But over the last two weeks, I've had plenty of time to think about it...

I can't fight this fight alone.

[The crowd buzzes at this revelation.]

BT: I need men by my side... men I can trust to take a fight to your army like they've never experienced before.

That's right, Castillo. I'm bringing a team of my own to face down Korugun.

[A big cheer goes up from the crowd as Castillo smirks, showing no fear at all.]

BT: And as much as I respect men like Jack Lynch and Ryan Martinez... they're not the men coming with me for this.

Because I learned a lesson a long time ago that sometimes... to get something done right... sometimes you can't rely on the guys wearing white hats.

[Taylor extends a hand backwards as a stagehand rushing out to hand him something...

...a black Stetson.

He slides the hat over his head to a big cheer from the MSG crowd.]

BT: So, I made some phone calls, Castillo. I reached out to some old friends. And these guys...

[He shakes his head.]

BT: These guys aren't nice guys. They don't wear white hats. They get down and dirty to get the job done.

They get...

[He pauses for dramatic effect.]

BT: ...extreme.

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Castillo's eyes widen a bit.]

BT: So, get your army ready, Castillo. Five on five. I'm coming to Philly... I'm coming to Eternally Extreme 2...

...and I'm bringing hell with me.

[Taylor lowers the mic, standing still for a moment until the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

SA: Oh my! That's Kevin Slater! Former World Champion! The Outlaw's best friend for nearly twenty years now! Slater's gonna ride or die with Bobby Taylor in South Philadelphia on July 9th!

[Slater stands alongside his friend and ally, staring down the aisle at Castillo while wearing a pair of blue jeans and an old "WALK ON THE WILD SIDE" t-shirt. He points down the aisle, saying something off-mic.]

JC: That's it? That's what you've got? That's who I'm supposed to be afraid of?

[Taylor and Slater hold their ground, waiting...

...and the Madison Square Garden crowd ROARS once more as a seven footer walks out on stage to join them!]

SA: IT'S ROBERT DONOVAN! THE SEVEN FOOT HARDCORE ICON IS HERE!

[With his hands heavily taped, Donovan grips a Singapore cane in them, staring down at Castillo who certainly looks a little more nervous now.]

BT: We've got a couple more friends coming to Philly... but they're a little camera shy about being here tonight... so for this night, we'll have to do...

[Taylor throws down the mic and with the New York crowd ROARING, the Extreme allies go stomping down the ramp towards the ring where Javier Castillo REALLY looks nervous now, shouting to John Law who steps in front of him, ready to fight all three men if it comes to that...]

SA: HERE THEY COME! THEY'RE COMING FOR CASTILLO!

CP: They gotta get through John Law first!

[And as Slater dives headfirst under the bottom rope, Law rushes towards him and Castillo bails out of the ring to the floor...]

SA: Castillo's running for it! He sent Law to take the bullet for him!

CP: He's a bodyguard, Albano! That's his damn job!

[Law starts stomping Slater repeatedly as he tries to get up off the mat. Castillo's personal protection yanks the former World Champion to his feet, slapping a hand around his throat...]

SA: Law's looking for the chokeslam and-

[But as Law lifts Slater into the air, Slater slips out of it, ending up behind Law and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SLATER KICKS HIM LOW! HE KICKED HIM LOW!

CP: Well, Taylor said they get down and dirty...

[Slater runs his mouth on Law before tossing him towards Robert Donovan who steps over the top rope, slapping the mandible claw on Law...]

SA: IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE'VE SEEN THIS BUT...

[The seven footer lifts Law into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES him down with the mandible claw slam!]

SA: ...VENGEANCE IS HIS SAYETH BIG ROB DONOVAN!

[With Law laid out on the mat, Bobby Taylor steps in, locking eyes with Javier Castillo...]

"This is for you, El Presidente."

[...and pulls a dazed John Law off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock as the AWA faithful roars.]

SA: Taylor's got him hooked and-

[Taylor lifts Law into the air by the tights, getting him horizontal to the canvas...

...and DRIVES his skull into the mat with one of wrestling's most famous moves!]

SA: CATTLEBUSTER! CATTLEBUSTER! HE SPIKED HIM, FANS!

[Taylor rolls to a knee, pointing a finger towards Castillo who has managed to get to the ramp and is backpedaling quickly back up it, trying to get away from the Extreme Army inside the ring...]

SA: BOBBY TAYLOR, KEVIN SLATER, AND ROBERT DONOVAN HAVE ISSUED A CHALLENGE! THEY'RE COMING TO SOUTH PHILLY FOR A FIGHT! AND THEY JUST GAVE JAVIER CASTILLO A PREVIEW OF WHAT'S COMING THEIR WAY! FANS, WHAT A NIGHT IT'S BEEN! WHAT AN INCREDIBLE NIGHT! WHAT A FIGHT NIGHT ON FOX! FOR ALL OF US HERE, WE WISH YOU GOOD NIGHT... AND SO LONG EVERYBODY!

[Taylor is still threatening Castillo with a pointed finger...

...and the ACCESS 365 logo appears on the screen as we cut backstage somewhere. There's a monitor set high on the wall, and two men are watching.

Which two? Two of the AWA's pillars – Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver. Carver turns towards Martinez, gesturing at the screen.]

HC: This ain't a real good look. The old man rips yeh a new one and then yeh just let him run into the jaws of death without any backup?

[Martinez stares straight ahead at Carver, his face turning red.]

HC: Got nothin' to say?

RM: I was just waiting for you to give me your words of wisdom. Because that's what you do now, isn't it? Show up out of nowhere and decide that you know better than anyone else what needs to be done.

HC: Jack sure seemed to think so. That's why he called me up.

RM: And why he didn't bother to tell me.

[Carver nods.]

HC: I heard what yeh said to Blue. But whether Jack read the Martinez Book of Manners or not, I AM here. So how about yeh stop pouting and listen to what I've got to say?

[Martinez pauses a beat, staring at Carver, who doesn't blink as he stares right back at the former World Champion.]

RM: Listen? To what? Your great plan? And what plan is that? You going to have Jack come out from nowhere and cripple someone again? Is that it? Maybe I should find myself a can opener.

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: Zaire is on the shelf now, and with a permanent limp.

[Ryan shakes his head.]

RM: That isn't how we do things, Carver. It isn't how I do things.

[Carver grimaces, leaning closer.]

HC: I know all about yer way of doing things.

RM: My way got rid of the Wise Men...

HC: Yeah, and it got rid of Eric--

[Carver cuts himself off, scowling as his two fists are at his side, clenched and shaking. He takes a moment to calm himself before continuing.]

HC: Let's just say... yer way tends to have a lot of collateral damage.

[Martinez comes to his feet and Carver shoots up from his chair in response, both men staring at each other.]

RM: Well, I also took out Vasquez while you were on your little vacation fooling around with Driscoll and making easy money.

[Carver nods.]

HC: I was. And I had to come back because yeh've done what yeh've always done – marched loudly down the middle of the streets while there's snipers up on every roof.

Eric's retired because you had to go and be noble.

Bobby got his arm broken, and then yeh went and buddied up with the guy who broke it! And now he's out too!

And don't even make me mention Wes.

[Martinez' hands clench into fists, as he trembles with rage.]

RM: Don't you...

[Carver interrupts.]

HC: That's why it's time for a different play. So that I don't need to visit any more young men that had their careers cut short so that Ryan Martinez can be the big hero.

[Martinez sneers.]

RM: So what, did you become some kind of tactical genius while you were off getting rich off of Alana's fat checkbook? All that easy money make you some kind five star general?

[Carver smirks.]

HC: Way I see it, I've got more done in two weeks than you did in six months. Yer way don't work. So open yer damn eyes and ears. Listen for once instead of giving everyone some damn sermon. Yeh ain't the White Knight now, you're a soldier.

[Martinez stares at Carver defiantly.]

RM: You're forgetting one thing, Carver.

My way put your shoulders on the mat and left you counting the lights.

[Now Carver looks ready to explode.]

HC: I'm talking about fixing this damn mess yeh've let fester and yeh're talking about history? Yeh were the better man that night.

[Carver points at Ryan.]

HC: But that was just one night.

[Martinez nods, looking up at the screen again.]

RM: Well, if that's what you think... and if you think you're better than me. Then lets settle this in the only way that will prove which one of us is right.

You and me... one more time.

And let's do it in a city that does things your way... Philadelphia... on the 4th of July.

And whoever wins... well, then the other fights this fight their way.

[Carver smiles.]

HC: That's the first idea I've heard from yeh that I actually like.

Yeh're on.

[Both men nod, but neither extends a hand. Instead, both turn, leaving in opposite directions...

...and we fade to black.]