



The Golden Grapples

December 31st, 2017

[We fade up as a very grand and booming instrumental is heard - something that could've been composed by John Williams... and in fact WAS composed by John Williams as the Walt Disney Company spared no expense for its newest content provider. We get a shot of what appears to be a film strip on screen, the AWA World Title the first image... but others quickly flash by - Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright at SuperClash VI... Julie Somers moonsaulting onto Kurayami from SuperClash IX... Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez squaring off all the way back at SuperClash I... quicker shots of Marcus Broussard, City Jack, Calisto Dufresne giving way to Jack Lynch, Jordan Ohara, and Kerry Kendrick... a glimpse of Melissa Cannon fading to Michelle Bailey fading to Harley Hamilton... Jim Watkins battling Joe Petrow... Ron Houston using a Fade To Black on an opponent... Hannibal Carver diving off the video wall at Eternally Extreme 2... Ayako Fujiwara delivering a German Suplex to Lauryn Rage... Violence Unlimited brawling with the Lynch Brothers... Shadoe Rage jumping off the top of a massive steel cage... Jackson Hunter swinging a shovel... Derrick Williams catching Ohara with a Future Shock as Ohara dives from the top... Next Gen using a Doomsday Device on the Soldiers of Fortune... and on... and on... and on...

...until they all explode into a logo that reads "THE AWA ON ESPN."

A voiceover.]

"ESPN welcomes you to the following presentation of the American Wrestling Alliance."

[The music and imagery fade and are replaced with a 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."

[Back to black for a moment...

...and then up on what sharp-eyed and practiced awards show viewers would recognize as a red carpet scene. A drone shot from above shows a driveway filled with stretch limousines. A red carpet has been set up from where one would exit the car and make their way into the ballroom for tonight's festivities. A voiceover from the AWA's own Theresa Lynch is heard.]

"It is a night of celebration here for the AWA as we begin a whole new era right here on ESPN!"

[We cut down onto the red carpet itself where Theresa is standing in front of a backdrop that is splashed with the AWA logo, the ESPN logo, and the Golden Grapples logo.]

TL: The stars are out and so am I! We're live here on the red carpet here at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas, Nevada! For those who don't know me, I'm Theresa Lynch - the host of the Power Hour - which will come your way every other week during AWA season in 2018 right here on ESPN... and tonight, I also have the honor to be your red carpet correspondent as we count down the minutes...

[She snaps her fingers with a grin as a clock appears on the screen that reads "15:00."]

TL: ...fifteen of them to be precise - until we head on inside the ballroom for what promises to be a very fun night here - an unusual night for the AWA where our superstars have traded their spandex for tuxedos and ballgowns. It's a night where the fists won't be flying... we hope... but the congratulations will! The champagne is already flowing inside and... well, here we go... here's the first person I want to talk to right now...

[The camera cuts to where a red Porsche has pulled up alongside the red carpet. In the driver's seat is none other than the AWA World Champion, Supernova. The fan favorite opens the door and steps out of the car. He is dressed in a black suit coat, unbuttoned, over a white button-down shirt. He also wears black pants, black shoes and a pair of shades. His dark brown hair hangs just past his ears.]

TL: ...and the AWA World Heavyweight Champion has arrived, fans!

[There are quite a few fans cheering as Supernova hands the keys over to an attendant and walks up the red carpet. He acknowledges the fans with a quick wave and heads up the carpet to where Lynch is standing.]

TL: Welcome to the Golden Grapples, Supernova!

S: Thanks, Theresa. Glad to be here.

TL: You are up for quite a few awards tonight. Any thoughts about your chances?

S: Theresa, I'm just here to enjoy the evening. I certainly appreciate being nominated, but I already achieved my main goal, and that was to become the AWA World Champion. Anything else at this point is a bonus.

TL: Anything you want to say to the fans who are out here?

[She gestures off camera, and we can guess she pointed to the fans who gathered, given the cheers and screams that go up.]

S: Just that for those who stood by and never stopped believing in me, I will always appreciate your support.

[He gives another quick wave to the fans and the cheers keep going.]

TL: I'm sure your fans will be excited if you do win.

S: Thanks again, Theresa.

[The champion strides out of view, leaving a grinning Theresa behind.]

TL: Like I said, the stars are out in full force here in Las Vegas and... oh, here's another one now... two as a matter of fact... I see Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser, let's see if I can get them to speak with us!

[Theresa thinks for a moment.]

TL: Well, let's see if I can get Dana, anyway.

[Theresa motions off-camera as Dana Kaiser and Raphael Rhodes walk into frame. Rhodes looks uncomfortable, tugging at the cuffs of his royal blue suit jacket as he wears a white button down shirt with no tie, along with royal blue slacks. His hair is tied back in a ponytail, and his beard is neatly trimmed. Kaiser is wearing a royal blue gown, a rare step outside of athleisure for her, and she's even wearing her hair down.]

TL: Dana, Raphael... it's great to see you here tonight!

DK: Thank you, Ms. Lynch.

[Rhodes nods his head, looking around.]

DK: That might be the most acknowledgment you'll receive from him today.

TL: That's okay. Raphael, I know these events aren't exactly your favorite.

[Rhodes' head snaps towards Theresa.]

RR: Yeah, that's an understatement that these ain't my bloody favorite, lass. But it's part of the scene and I'll get through it.

DK: That's right. Besides, who knows, maybe you'll win one of the awards you're up for and have to make a speech.

[Rhodes rolls his eyes as Kaiser smiles.]

RR: Brilliant.

TL: You had a few of these while you were in Japan, right?

DK: They were common at the end of the year for Rising Pro. Just part of the environment, really.

RR: Food was bloody good, though. That's all I can ask for. That and to not be at a table with some bunch of prats like the Wallace brothers.

[Rhodes looks off-screen, staring at someone(s) we can't see. Based on the shouted insults barely audible, one can presume it was the Wallace brothers.]

TL: I can't help but ask this, Super Saturday is in Minneapolis. Dana, of course, that's your hometown, and Raphael, that's where you've been residing for the last few years. Do you have plans for that event?

[Rhodes looks back at the camera, a grin slowly crawling across his face as Kaiser slightly shakes her head.]

DK: Ms. Lynch, I think that tells you all you need to know. There are big plans in store for Super Saturday. But I think that gives the audience a great reason to tune into ESPN on February 3, don't you?

TL: I would agree! Dana, Raphael, I'll let you get to your table, but thank you for your time.

DK: Any time, Ms. Lynch.

[Rhodes and Kaiser leave the frame.]

TL: Alright... as Dana said, the AWA's official debut on ESPN - this is more of a sneak preview really - will be on Super Saturday in Minneapolis, Minnesota - the day before the big game. It's the AWA's Season Premiere and you know all hands will be on deck for that one. Ryan Martinez will be there. The new World Champion Supernova will be there... the...

[She trails off a moment, a grin crossing her face.]

TL: Here comes my old tag team partner now...

[A hand reaches in from off-camera, trying to muss Theresa's hair but she skillfully ducks and dodges it, giving the hand a yank to pull Ricki Toughill into view.]

TL: ...knock that off!

[Theresa gives her a once over, looking her up and down.]

TL: And I have to ask, Ricki...

[Pan over to Ricki Toughill, shoulders slouched in what is most certainly not formal wear, a pink bubble snapping and being chewed back into her mouth. Her undercut is starting to grow back, and her hair is freshly bleached, with a lavender colored combover on top. Theresa flashes a wry, snarky grin at her pal.]

TL: ...who are you wearing?

RT: Well, they did tell me "dress up," so I didn't exactly hit up the thrift store. The hoodie is from Lululemon.

TL: Uh-huh.

RT: And that stuff ain't cheap. And the leggings I picked up this afternoon from the Ross Dress for Less, because I know the Golden Grapples are a classy affair and it wouldn't feel right showing up with the sweats with the mustard stains on them. And the shoes-

TL: They're the same shoes you always wear.

RT: [defensively] Nuh-uh!

[The camera pans down as she raises one of her Chuck Taylor hightops off the ground a few inches to show it off.]

RT: I got these brand new gold glitter shoelaces from Target. I think a classy broad like me fits right in with the Ver-says and the Lewis Vitton. I'd challenge Sandra Hayes to a Runway Battle right now, but I guess she and her man Kerry didn't show up tonight, did they?

[Theresa smirks.]

TL: You're right, Ricki; Sandra Hayes and Kerry Kendrick are no-shows tonight. I know you're no longer associated with him, but any idea why Kerry Kendrick is ducking out of this event?

RT: Ya know what? It's probably his usual, whiny, "it's just a popularity contest" reasoning that I had to hear for months on end. It's too bad too, because I voted for him in the "Most Popular" category.

TL: You voted for Kerry Kendrick in the "Most Popular Wrestler" category?

RT: Hey, SOMEONE has to vote for him. I felt sorry for him.

[Theresa grins, resting a hand on Ricki's shoulder before quickly pulling it down to put behind Ricki's back.]

TL: You are too much, sometimes. But, to get serious for a minute, you're back from Japan. You're back from the Empress Cup...

[Ricki's flippant mood becomes sour and she emits a quiet grunt.]

TL: ...we've read the news of how you fared at that big event. You've had time to digest what went down; I have to think you have thoughts on Cinder and... her 'gang,' it would seem.

RT: Well... I'm not going to go too deeply into it; I'm still riding high off of SuperClash, and... I thought my return to one-on-one competition would be... a little more auspicious. And I'm not going to get too deep into it now. I'm just going to say I'm really disappointed and really bummed. And...

[The Ricki Toughill of old starts creeping back into her cadence.]

RT: ...next month, at Super Saturday... I'm going to do something about it.

TL: Okay, I know you've got things on your mind, so I'll just leave it at wishing you good luck at the Golden Grapples tonight.

[They pull each other in for the briefest of hugs before Toughill walks up the red carpet into the gala.]

RT: Hey, good luck to you too, dolly.

[Theresa grins as her friend walks out of view.]

TL: Everyone's talking about Super Saturday which is gonna be a huge night for the AWA but everyone's also talking about the Golden Grapples which I'm being told is currently trending worldwide on Twitter!

[The red carpet correspondent cranes her neck.]

TL: Looks like someone else is pulling up here...

[We see a new limousine in place as the chauffeur has already arrived at the back door and opened it.]

The first person to step out is Howie Somers of Next Gen. Somers is dressed in a gray suit coat with matching pants, a white button-down shirt, a blue-and-gray striped necktie and brown loafers. He turns toward the door and holds out his hand.]

TL: It looks like Next Gen has just arrived. Not sure who Howie Somers is waiting on but...

[She stops as we see the next person take Somers' hand and step out. Lynch will tell you who that is.]

TL: Wait, that's "The Knockout" Kelly Woods!

[Woods is wearing something she doesn't normally wear: A dress. It's a simple one, a sleeveless yellow dress that flows down to just above her feet, upon which she wears a pair of white flats. Her dirty-blond hair, usually pulled behind her back when she's wrestling, has been weaved into a simple braid that goes down her back.]

TL: I didn't expect to see Woods here tonight. Wonder what that's about?

[The next person then to step out of the limo is Daniel Harper. The other member of Next Gen is dressed in a white button-down shirt, a red necktie and a pair of tan slacks. He also wears white loafers. He then turns to the door and holds out his hand.]

TL: And there's Daniel Harper... now I wonder if...

[Then a woman steps out and Lynch is quick to let you know.]

TL: Sure enough... there's Julie Somers!

[The Spitfire is dressed in a sleeveless red dress that is split down the sides along the legs and comes down just above her feet, upon which she wears red heels. Her wavy brown hair falls down onto her shoulders.]

TL: The AWA World Tag Team Champions and the Women's World Champion are here, along with a guest. Let me see if I can get a few words with them.

[Howie Somers and Woods are linked arm in arm, as are Harper and Julie Somers. The four walk up the red carpet, where they meet up with Lynch.]

TL: Welcome to the Golden Grapples! Howie, I have to ask you this: What is Kelly Woods doing with you?

HS: [glances at Woods] Should we tell her?

KW: It's your night, you tell her what you want.

HS: [grins, then turns back to Lynch] Well, I've known Kelly for a couple of years. Met up with her while she was training with Stephanie Harper, we've dated off and on, and I'm pleased to say we just got engaged.

[Theresa's jaw drops... a slight pink flush hitting her cheeks.]

TL: En- engaged, you say? Wow! Congratulations!

[She pauses... and then suddenly turns towards Woods.]

TL: Kelly, I imagine you must be excited.

KW: Well, he proposed to me a couple of days after SuperClash. I just thought I was there to celebrate his title win, and then he popped the question.

[She glances at Howie.]

KW: Of course, he's a Red Sox fan and I'm a Yankees fan, so we'll have to work on that.

HS: [shakes his head] You know I'm not changing my fandom, right?

JS: [laughing] And that's why the two of you are the perfect couple!

[Theresa grins, turning towards the Women's World Champion.]

TL: So, Julie, what about you? You're here with Daniel tonight and...

JS: [holds up her hand] No, we're just friends.

DH: Yeah, she's like a big sister to me.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: Still, it could be an exciting night for all of you. After all, you've been nominated for multiple awards.

JS: Yeah, right here, you are looking at the favorites for tag team of the year! At least, that's how I see it.

[Harper shakes his head.]

DH: Aw, come on, if anybody's a favorite for an award, it's you, Julie. [Turns to the fans on hand.] Who wants to see The Spitfire win women's wrestler of the year?

[There's a lot of cheers going up for that remark. Julie blushes.]

JS: Hey, I appreciate the support, but I'm just living the dream right now, having won the Women's World Title. I'm happy to be nominated, though.

TL: Well, best of luck to you tonight with the awards, and Howie and Kelly, best of luck to you and hope you have many happy years together.

HS: Thanks, Theresa.

[Theresa smiles as the quartet departs, leaving her standing and watching.]

TL: The time continues to tick down as we get closer and closer to showtime...

[The countdown clock reads "7:34" as Lynch grins.]

TL: ...and I'm told we've got a special surprise to kick off the night - one that longtime fans of the AWA will not want to miss. Now... who else is here? Who...

[Theresa trails off as she sees another car pull up - a blue Ford Mustang that has a valet opening the door...]

TL: And Laura Davis has arrived, fans.

[The All Around Athlete steps out of the car. She is dressed in a black tuxedo pant suit over a white blouse and black flats. Her long brown hair is pulled back behind her head. She hands the keys to the attendant, then notices the fans. Some of them are cheering, perhaps caught up in the excitement. She gives a quick nod to them, then walks up the carpet.]

TL: Laura Davis, welcome to the Golden Grapples.

LD: Lynch.

TL: I'd like to get your thoughts about the awards show tonight.

[Davis looks around at the scene with a satisfied nod.]

LD: First of all, I give credit where it's due. The AWA went all out to put on this show and I am quite impressed.

TL: What about the awards themselves? You are up for a few.

LD: What matters the most to me are championships. However, I will never turn down any award that comes my way.

TL: Anything else you'd like to share with everyone?

[Davis tilts her head back, as if she's thinking.]

LD: I suppose you can be the first to know that I signed an endorsement deal with Subway. You see, wrestlers like myself who exhibit class and excellence gets deals like that. You should be seeing the ads real soon.

TL: Well, that is interesting news, Laura. Best of luck you to tonight.

LD: Thank you, but The All Around Athlete doesn't need luck.

[Theresa rolls her eyes... well out of sight of Davis. She might be willing to tangle with Sandra Hayes but the All Around Athlete is another story altogether.]

TL: So many superstars out here on the red carpet - a lot already inside as well. It's going to be a joyous night here in Las Vegas... and don't forget that in addition to all the festivities, we're also going to be seeing the first wrestling match of 2018 when the clock strikes midnight. I'm told those participants have been informed of the match and... well, we're going to be announcing it just after the show begins in...

[She points to the clock in the corner of the screen that reads "6:11" remaining until the Grapples begins.]

TL: ...just about six minutes now. Which means I've still got time to get in a few more interviews before the show and...

[Theresa suddenly pauses, her eyes going wide.]

TL: ...Mr. Myers.

[With a smile, Gordon Myers steps into view, chuckling softly.]

GM: Theresa, I've known you since you were a baby. Gordon. Please.

[Theresa quietly nods.]

TL: Mr. My- Gordon... you... you made headlines all over the world when you announced... when you said...

[Gordon smiles again.]

GM: When I announced my retirement.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: There's been such an outpouring of... of...

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: It's love, Theresa. There's been an outpouring of love from... from the fans... from my friends and family... from... well, from people like you, Theresa.

[She nods again.]

GM: It's meant to the world to me. It truly has.

TL: So you're staying?

[Gordon chuckles again.]

GM: No, my plans haven't changed. But... but there's plenty of time to talk about that later, Theresa. Tonight, I'm here for all the tremendous stars of the AWA who will be getting their much-deserved honors here in Las Vegas.

[Theresa arches an eyebrow.]

TL: And to pick up your Announcer of the Year award?

[Gordon smiles at her.]

GM: Let's not get ahead of ourselves. It could be you picking that prize up.

[An off-camera voice or two is heard as Gordon looks in that direction.]

GM: I see my broadcast partner has gotten himself into a photo session with some Las Vegas showgirls. Perhaps I'd better...

TL: Perhaps you'd better. I'll see you inside, Mr... Gordon.

[Gordon nods, giving a little wave to the cheering fans as he walks off camera and Theresa grins big at the next person she sees.]

TL: Oh, here's someone I'm definitely glad to speak with!

[Theresa waves off-camera.]

TL: Michelle Bailey! Could you come over here and speak with us for a moment, please?

[A smile grows across Theresa's face as Michelle Bailey enters the camera frame, her hair worn up for the occasion. She is in a shimmering black dress, fitted to her torso and flared out around her hips, with the hemline stopping just above her

knees. She wears light makeup, opting to let her two-toned eyes stand out this evening.]

MB: Of course, sweetheart.

TL: You look fantastic, this is a very classy look for you.

[Michelle blushes and gives a little spin.]

MB: Well thank you. I don't have much opportunity to attend events like this with my client schedule outside of my AWA commitments, so I figured... why not?

TL: If you don't mind, there are a couple of things I'd like to discuss with you?

[Michelle nods.]

MB: Anything for you, Theresa.

TL: As you know, someone close to you was invited to Super Saturday on February 3 to make an announcement regarding the future of his career. That is, of course, Juan Vasquez. The rumor mill has been running non-stop regarding his decision, and if anyone here will know what direction he's leaning, it'd be you. Am I right?

[Michelle gives a smile as she shakes her head.]

MB: Sorry to say, Theresa, but no, you aren't.

[Theresa's jaw drops.]

TL: Really?

MB: It's rare that we talk wrestling, to be honest. Our relationship for the last decade or so has been about way more than that. And really, for the last month, I've been more focused on helping him rebuild what he feels he's lost after what Korugun did to him than anything else.

[Michelle gives a slight shrug.]

MB: But I'll be there in Minneapolis, and whatever he decides, he knows he has my support 100%.

[Theresa nods, and holds up a finger.]

TL: Well, that's not the only thing related to Super Saturday I wanted to ask you about, Michelle. There is a rumor that AWA matchmakers wanted to give you an opportunity to avenge a loss that you incurred prior to SuperClash by scheduling you to face Donna Martinelli in Minneapolis, but that you have not yet committed to the match. Is that true?

[Michelle nods.]

MB: That's true. I've asked for time to think about whether I should accept that match, and fortunately, they've granted me the time to do so. Theresa, I'm sure you can appreciate what I'm struggling with, considering what you and your family have been through with Jack and James.

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: As much as Donna can be a handful, as distant as we've been... she's still family. She's still my cousin. And I just struggle with the concept of fighting my own

family. At the same time, if it will finally settle whatever her issue is with me, then... maybe.

[Michelle looks at Theresa, tilting her head somewhat.]

MB: But I just now realized that I have a question for you, sweetie.

[Michelle points to Theresa's finger.]

MB: Is that ring new?

[The crowd surrounding the two lets out a surprised "oooooooooh!" as Theresa blushes and shrinks within herself. Michelle motions for the crowd to calm down.]

MB: No, no, shhhh. It could just be a cute little ring I've never seen before. Theresa has always been fashionable.

[Theresa's grin widens as Michelle grasps Theresa's hand, bringing it closer to inspect.]

MB: Correction. That's not a little ring at all. That's a big ring.

[Michelle winks at Theresa and lets go of her hand.]

TL: Okay, okay... I guess I should have called you and told you. It's just been such a busy time of year, and I figured I could tell you here.

[Theresa shifts side to side, obviously excited.]

TL: Supreme proposed over the holiday.

[The surrounding crowd lets up a resounding cheer as Michelle puts her fist under her chin, unable to contain her joy.]

MB: Well? What did you sayyyyyyy?

[Theresa playfully slaps Michelle's shoulder.]

TL: Oh, come on.

MB: I don't think you said "oh, come on". You know, I have to be thorough.

[Michelle can barely contain her giggles as Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Fine, fine, I said yes.

[Michelle motions to the crowd, saying off-microphone "now you can cheer!" as the crowd roars. Theresa puts her hand over her face, but is unable to hide her smile.]

MB: That is wonderful, Theresa! You two have so many great things ahead of you, and I'm very happy for you both.

TL: Thank you, Michelle. That really means a lot.

[Michelle gently touches Theresa's shoulder and grins.]

MB: Of course. I should go take my seat, but let's talk this week, okay?

TL: Yes, please, let's do that.

[Michelle walks away with a broad smile as Theresa tries to compose herself...

...only to find herself face-to-face with someone else. The triumphant co-owner of the AWA, Jon Stegglet.]

TL: Mr. Stegglet!

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: Theresa, it sounds like congratulations are in order. My very best to both you and Supreme.

[Theresa grins, nodding.]

TL: I... we... thank you, sir. I... you understand why we didn't...

[Stegglet waves a dismissive hand.]

JS: Think nothing of it. I'm sure we'll figure out plenty of ways to market your once-in-a-lifetime moment and maximize our profits from it.

[Stegglet chuckles until he notices Theresa absolutely not laughing.]

JS: Sorry. Joking.

[Stegglet shrugs.]

JS: Sort of.

[Theresa puts on a fake frown and then laughs herself.]

TL: Mr. Stegglet, what a night this is already shaping up to be.

[Stegglet looks around at the cheering fans, giving a wave and a nod.]

JS: This is tremendous, Theresa. To be honest, I don't know why we never thought of doing this before. We might even give the ESPYs a run for their money here tonight. It's a night of celebration and... we've got a lot to celebrate, don't we?

[Theresa smiles, nodding.]

TL: We sure do, Mr. Stegglet. The Korugun Corporation is gone.

JS: Quite literally if you believe the rumors. Such a shame.

[Stegglet's grin lets us know he believes it's far from "a shame."]

TL: There have been lots of rumors of new talent... returning talent... do you want to speak to any of that?

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: Hmm. I think we'll hold off on that, Theresa. But I will say you might get some answers to that tonight... and some more at Super Saturday.

TL: Well, that oughta keep 'em tuned in, boss.

JS: That's the idea.

TL: How about the rumors surrounding the person who will run this place day-to-day? We've heard Emerson Gellar... we've heard Landon O'Neill... we've heard Kai Alana...

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: And I can tell you it will be none of those people.

TL: So, who will it be?

JS: Gonna have to go with a "no comment" on that one too, Theresa... but I will say that the entire world will know soon enough.

[Lynch nods.]

TL: I suppose that'll have to do. Mr. Stegglet, it looks like we're just about out of time and I know you don't want to miss a moment of this show.

JS: You're right about that. I'll see you in a bit, Theresa.

[Stegglet gives the cheering fans a wave before he starts to walk quickly towards the entrance.]

TL: And we're down to mere seconds to go now! I hope you've enjoyed this special preview - this Red Carpet special look - and it's just about time...

[Theresa snaps her fingers, pointing to a clock now down to ":11"]

TL: ...for me to get to the Grapples! So long everybody and enjoy the show!

[Theresa grins, giving a little wave at a fan shouting "WE LOVE YOU, THERESA!" as we cut back to the overhead drone shot of the busy scene...

...and then fade to black.

And as the opening notes of Debussy's "Clair de Lune" begins to play, we slowly... very slowly... fade up from black on a shot of Daniel Harper looking straight ahead, the lights of the Las Vegas strip in full bokeh behind him.

The camera pans to Harper's right, showing Howie Somers - a slight smile on his face as a bright light flashes on it.

And keeps on panning to Jordan Ohara who nods, his eyes shifting back and forth at whatever is in front of him.

To Michelle Bailey who grins, nudging the person next to her as another bright light flashes on her face.

To Julie Somers who chuckles at the nudge, gesturing with her head at whatever they're looking at.

To Hannibal Carver who is hunched over, likely leaning on something as he pours the contents of an unlabeled bottle down his throat before leaning back like he's going to throw it straight ahead...

...only to have Jack Lynch, a smile on his face still showing the signs of the bloody war he went through on Thanksgiving Night, grab Carver by the arm, chuckling as he wrestles the bottle away from him, looping one arm over the Boston Brawler's neck while extending the other off-camera as a smoldering cigar hangs from his mouth...

...and as we keep on panning, we find Supreme Wright getting the other arm around his neck. Wright looks a little pained at the show of emotion, grimacing in the Iron Cowboy's direction as he looks into the distance with satisfaction.

To Shadoe Rage who nods his head emphatically, the muscles in his neck rippling as he points a stabbing finger towards the camera, turning slightly to say something...

...to Ryan Martinez, the White Knight himself, who smiles, the bright light flashing again upon him before his eyes sink down towards the ground, his shoulders slumping with a sigh of relief...

...and finally to KING Oni who is turned sideways, looking away from Martinez as he... devours what appears to be a whole chicken, bones and all. He rubs his shirtless belly with greasy fingers, leaving a slimy trail before he too looks up with satisfaction.

The shot fades to a wider shot, revealing all eleven looking on, the lights somehow growing brighter as they flash upon them, the neon lights of Vegas in the background...

...and slowly they exit the frame... first Carver... then Rage... Ohara and the Next Gen boys... Somers and Bailey arm in arm... Oni lumbering out of view...

...until it's only Jack Lynch, Supreme Wright, and Ryan Martinez remaining. They stay a while, the lights flashing on their faces as Lynch reaches an arm up, slapping Martinez on the back before he too makes his exit, leaving the former-rivals-turned-friends behind.

Wright nods his head again... then turns slightly, shaking the White Knight's hand before he too takes his leave, leaving Martinez all alone on the Las Vegas Strip.

And as the lights flash again, we slowly pan from a shot of Martinez to point in the direction he's facing...

...a giant video screen that is showing Javier Castillo taking a fireball to the face before plummeting off the WarGames cage...

...over...

...and over...

...and over...

...until we fade to black.

And then fade back up on a tall skyscraper-esque building on the streets of New York City. You can tell it's NYC from the hustle and bustle of course. The screech of brakes, the honks of horns, the foul language of Uber drivers. Our camera shot pans down from the building to show two shoes on the ground. They're bright red Air Jordan tennis shoes...

...and they're walking, right into the building... into the elevator... up, up, up they go as we hear a Muzak version of "Simply The Best." The door opens... the shoes go out, marching across the plush carpeted floor, through a doorway marked "AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE, INC."

Right up to a desk where we pan up to show a lovely receptionist, a surprised look on her face... that quickly turns into a big smile.]

"Welcome home, sir."

[And the camera whips around to show the beaming face of Sweet Daddy Williams.]

"Ain't no place I'd rather be, sugar."

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"What are you doing here?!"

[The camera whips over towards the voice to reveal Todd Michaelson.]

SDW: Didn't you hear, Toddy Mike?! I'm back, baby!

[Michaelson shakes his head.]

TM: Oh, I know. But you're not supposed to be here! You gotta get to the Grapples!

[Whip pan back to Williams, his jaw dropped. And he turns to rush from the building...

...and we cut to a shot of map of the United States. We see New York City marked with a big Statue of Liberty as a blue line appears, a screech of tires as the line moves away from NYC...

...to Boston?

Cut from the map to the field at Fenway Park. Sweet Daddy Williams finds himself on the grass, a confused expression on his face as we hear the crack of the bat. Williams jerks his head in that direction.]

SDW: BIG PAPI?!

[Whip pan over to David Ortiz, fresh off a big rip in the cage, standing in an AWA-style baseball jersey with flames on the sleeves.]

DO: SWEET DADDY?! You gotta get to the Grapples!

[Williams turns to head out of sight as Ortiz takes another swing...

...and we cut back to the map where we find the blue line tearing away from Boston, heading down the road and coming to an abrupt halt in Philadelphia...

...and we cut to a shot inside the 2300 Arena where Williams is standing.]

SDW: I just don't get it. Hardin got a payday. Taylor got a payday. Hell, even Spreadbury got a payday. What about good ol' Sweet Daddy?!

[The camera pans to a janitor sweeping the floor, a trademark red glove on his hand.]

"I didn't get to work that night either. I could've worked! Anyone! Anywhere! Anyti-"

[Sweet Daddy suddenly slaps his forehead.]

SDW: What a goof! What am I doing?! I gotta get to the Grapples!

[Williams rushes out of sight as the janitor chokeslams his broom on the ground... maybe reverse... hard to say...]

...and back to the map we go, zooming out of the Northeast, screeching across the flyover states, barreling through Arizona... and right on through Nevada...]

SDW: Where the heck?!

[...and coming to a screeching stop in Hollywood - which we know thanks to the big Hollywood sign on the map.]

Cut to the interior of what appears to be a voice recording booth. Williams appears in front of the mic.]

SDW: Where are we?

[A booming voice replies.]

"We're going to need better than that, Mr. Williams."

[Williams looks shocked at the voice.]

SDW: Who are you?!

[A sigh is heard over the overhead speakers.]

"Once more... with feeling please."

[Williams furrows his brow.]

SDW: Now you wait one stinkin' second here, partner... I don't know who-

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

"Alright, alright... see, if you want to be a part of Ralph Breaks The Internet coming to theaters worldwide this fall, you're going to need some help. Maybe some of the stars of our movie can give you a hand."

[Williams looks puzzled as the door swings open and two familiar faces to AWA fans come walking in... already in conversation.]

"I'm telling you... at least I got nominated for Best Moment, you weren't even on the list!"

[By now, they have entered the frame to reveal themselves as John C. Reilly and Gal Gadot who uttered the line above. Williams' jaw drops.]

SDW: RICKY BOBBY!

[Reilly grimaces.]

JCR: Well, no... but close, buddy. We hear you could use a hand.

[Williams' attention is no longer on Mr. Cellophane as his gaze is firmly entrenched on Gal Gadot who looks alarmed.]

SDW: You're... you're... Wonder Wom-

[And we abruptly cut to a graphic that says "WE APOLOGIZE FOR TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES" as we hear "When You Wish Upon A Star" for several seconds...]

...and then cut back to the studio where Gadot looks nervously at the camera.]

GG: Pretty sure you can't call me that... here... in the Walt Disney Animation Studios.

[Williams seems to have the light bulb go off suddenly, nodding emphatically.]

GG: Wait... what are you even doing here at all? You gotta get to the Grapples!

[Williams looks alarmed and about to run out of view when John C. Reilly puts a hand on his chest...]

JCR: Please. I always wanted to do this.

[...and tugs on a NASCAR style helmet that should look familiar to Talladega Nights fans...]

JCR: Let's get you to the Grapples... brother.

[And Reilly and Williams rush out of view as Gadot stays behind, smiling and shaking her head...]

...and with one final screech of tires on the ground, we cut back to the map that covers the distance from Hollywood to Vegas in near record time...

...and then cut to the outside of the MGM Grand where a racecar comes tearing into view. After a moment, Sweet Daddy Williams - somehow magically changed into a tuxedo - comes out of the car, giving a wave to his driver, and then goes jogging up the steps, pushing open the doors...

...and we cut to the inside of the MGM Grand ballroom, most of the crowd on their feet cheering for the return of longtime AWA fan favorite, Sweet Daddy Williams, as he jogs through the crowd, slapping the occasional offered hand as he runs right up the steps into the ring in the middle of the room.

The ring is your standard AWA ring with the ropes missing on one side and with a podium with microphone set up in the middle. Williams leans heavily on the podium, his face red with exertion as he waves an arm at the cheering crowd at the round banquet tables surrounding the ring. He leans over the mic, panting into it.]

SDW: I told 'em. I told 'em it was a bad idea to make me run. I'm blown up before the first award of the night already.

[Laughter comes from the crowd as Williams pulls a handkerchief into view, mopping at his brow a few times before he tucks it away with a chuckle.]

SDW: Well...

[He throws his arms out to his sides.]

SDW: ...it's good to be home, I tell ya that.

[Another big cheer goes up as Williams nods.]

SDW: I sure do appreciate that from all of ya... even that rascal Bucky Wilde... he's here somewhere, yeah?

[The camera cuts to Bucky who has a scowl on his face despite Gordon Myers being at the table with a huge grin on his.]

SDW: As sour as that fancy little drink the bartender tried to make me earlier. We got an open bar here?

[Someone shouts in the affirmative.]

SDW: Sounds like trouble with this gang. Keep it cool, kids. We got new broadcast partners to impress. So... like I said, I appreciate the cheers... the love that y'all showed me over the past year when I was sittin' at home. All those Comic-Cons I went to and met y'all... everyone wanted to know when I was gonna get to come back...

[He smiles again.]

SDW: Well, I'm back... and I couldn't be happier 'bout it.

[Another burst of cheers goes up.]

SDW: Now, when the AWA called me up and offered me a gig to come back as a special "brand ambassador"... well, I had to go find me a dictionary and figure out what that does...

[Williams chuckles.]

SDW: ...but then they told me... go out, smile, shake hands, make the people happy, and represent the company the same way you always have. Heck, I can do that AND get paid? You're on, brother.

But then they told me there was a catch.

They wanted me to host the Golden Grapples.

[He waves an arm across the room.]

SDW: I told 'em I didn't know nothin' 'bout this... but they said I was perfect for it and I learned a long time ago that you don't argue with the guy who has got the pencil... and who signs the checks. So, here I am.

And honestly, it's great to see you all...

[Williams gestures into the crowd.]

SDW: My old friend City Jack is here somewhere...

[The crowd claps as the camera shot cuts to City Jack and Tin Can Rust sitting at a table in something resembling formal wear. Jack waves a beefy hand at Williams.]

SDW: ...there he is there. They told me that City Jack retired this year..

[He nods his head.]

SDW: ...twice actually.

[Jack chuckles as the crowd laughs.]

SDW: Turns out that that ol' redneck's word is his bond... and can only be broken by the number of zeroes on a SuperClash paycheck.

[More laughter as Williams grins.]

SDW: Ah, I'm just giving Jack a hard time. Heck, after all the oldtimers we saw this year, can you blame anyone for wanting to make a comeback? I'm waiting for O'Connor versus Wright at SuperClash X...

...Karl O'Connor versus Roosevelt Wright!

[Williams smiles as the crowd cheers.]

SDW: I bet those two would STILL put on a heck of a fight.

2017 was the year of Korugun, I guess.

[Boos pour down from all around.]

SDW: Come on now... come on. We gotta give 'em 2017.

After all, from the sound of things, it may be 20 years to life before they have another good one.

[An "ohhhhhhhh!" rings out as Williams whistles innocently.]

SDW: That's for showin' me the door... and too many other good people. But this night... this night ain't about them. It's not about Korugun... it's about you...

[He gestures to the assembled wrestlers and staff.]

SDW: ...and it's about you.

[He gestures to the limited number of fans in the VIP seats in the building.]

SDW: That's right. That's who made this place what it is. In 2017... in 2008... and every single step of the way in between. And you better believe that the same thing will be true in 2018. It'll be guys like you, Ryan Martinez...

[Cut to the White Knight in the crowd as the fans cheer.]

SDW: ...who led the team to save this company from the unthinkable... simply unthinkable. It'll be guys like you... and like Jack Lynch... and Supreme Wright... and Julie Somers and Next Gen and Jordan Ohara and Hannibal Carver and... and...

[Williams grins.]

SDW: My old friend, Supernova, who got to the top of the damn mountain that so many of us always knew he'd get to.

[Big cheers go up for the new World Champion as he nods his head in respect to Williams.]

SDW: There's too much to be happy 'bout here tonight. Too much to be excited about. Too much to celebrate to think about Korugun... and Castillo... and all that other garbage. Tonight, we're here for you... and you... and all of us... and to get down and party like OOOOONLY Sweet Daddy Williams can do, baby!

[Another big cheer goes up, many in the crowd standing and cheering this time.]

SDW: That's right... that's right. We're gonna party tonight and I already feel like I've talked too much so let's get down to business with our first category of the night. Now, if we'd voted for this after tonight, I might be walkin' out with this award but since we didn't... let's see who did. Let's see who knocked it out of the park when it came to comin' back...

[The shot of Williams cuts to a graphic promoting the "WEL-COME BACK!" award as that chant is piped in over the image. A voiceover kicks in.]

"The Welcome Back award...

Number Five... James Lynch."

[We get a shot of James Lynch sitting at his table, a scowl on his face.]

"Number Four... Bobby O'Connor."

[Cut to Bobby O'Connor at a different table, bowing his head while saying "I forgive you all" off-mic to the camera.]

"Number Three... Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez."

[Cut to a quite-raucous table where Martinez is balancing a girl on each knee as Cain Jackson chews an unlit cigar with a nod.]

"Number Two... Michelle Bailey."

[Cut to yet another table where Ayako Fujiwara is slapping Michelle Bailey on the shoulder. Bailey is smiling, her hands clasped to her chest with a "thank you all so much!"...

...and then with a swirling graphic, we end up back on "stage" with Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: And the winner of the Welcome Back award...

[He rips open a golden envelope, pulling a piece of paper into view.]

SDW: ...HANNIBAL CARVER!

[A siren is heard as we zoom in to a table where Hannibal Carver is chanting "CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!" at Derek Williams when he notices his name has been called. "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys begins in earnest as Carver shrugs, collecting a couple of beers from the table and makes his way to the ring. He's wearing his usual black boots, along with black cargo pants and a black t shirt with the graphic of a tuxedo top printed on the front.

Carver comes jogging up the steps into the ring where Sweet Daddy Williams is waiting with an Oscar-size golden trophy on a stained wooden base in his hand.

The crowd laughs as there's an awkward moment when Carver has a beer in each hand and has none free to accept the award. He shrugs again, quickly chugging the beer in his right hand. He tosses the cup to the floor before accepting the award with a smirk.]

HC: This is--

[Carver is cut off mid-thought as the crowd starts up an appropriate chant.]

"WEL-COME BACK! WEL-COME BACK!

WEL-COME BACK! WEL-COME BACK!"

[Carver shakes his head with a grin, waiting for the chants to die down before continuing.]

HC: Now, I know yeh all did that to try and get me all misty eyed... but yeh've got the wrong guy for that.

[Some laughter from the crowd for that mental image alone.]

HC: The way I left here, it ain't how I like to do business. Screwed around by the office, dropped on my damn head...

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: Well, the getting dropped on my head is another day at the office for me. But yeh get what I'm saying. So to be back here was a gift on its own.

[Carver nods at the applause from his fellow wrestlers.]

HC: But to win my first American championship in years and kick some scumbag suits out of here, that's something important.

Because at the end of day, I'm just another working stiff. Just like every person filling those arenas and cozying up to the TV with a cold beer. So if that's who voted and who's happy see me back. Then here's to yeh.

[Carver hoists his remaining beer high, with most in attendance doing the same.]

HC: Now, there's gonna be plenty of people out here talking forever and puffing their chests out. So the hell with that.

[Carver chugs his remaining beer. He then reaches into the pockets of his pants, taking out two cans and popping them open.]

HC: LET'S GET TANKED!

[The siren sounds again as Carver toasts the crowd, chugging the two cans to rousing applause...]

...and we fade away from a shot of Carver to a wide shot of the crowd with a voiceover.]

"Who will be in the first match of 2018? Find out when the Golden Grapples returns after these messages!"

[Fade to black.]

After a moment, the ESPN 30 For 30 logo comes up on the screen with the words "COMING IN EARLY 2018."

We come up on a shot of Lori Dane - a talking head shot.]

LD: They told me repeatedly - "there's no room for women's wrestling in the AWA." It wasn't even up for debate really. I mean... I wasn't surprised. Look at what happened in the E.

[We get a brief still photo publicity photo shot of "Luscious" Lori Dane holding the EMWC Women's Title.]

LD: Yeah, I held the title but for the life of you, could anyone remember who I beat for it? Or if I even defended it on TV? I was a house show gimmick. Someone

they could trot out there to get whistled at and make the guys drop money for bikini 8X10s at intermission.

[Cut to a talking head of former AWA competitor Melissa Cannon.]

MC: Most of the talented women's wrestlers in the 80s and 90s were in Japan. There were a handful here but for every Jessica Starbird, you had an "Erotic" Erin. For every Lori Dane, a Satin Sheets. The women in the States were being treated as a sideshow and everyone knew it. The Throbbing Mattress Kittens? Give me a [BLEEPING] break!

[Cut to Laura Davis with a smirk on her face.]

LD: The UWF took it pretty seriously but very few other places did. Even the so-called biggest promotions on the planet didn't give us the time of day. Hell, some of the best women were better in the ring than the top men at times... but you'd never know it by the way they promoted us.

[Back to Dane.]

LD: I was a friggin' co-owner of the company and I still couldn't get it done for a long damn time. But when it changed...

[Dane raises her eyebrows as we fade to a graphic that says "THE BIRTH OF THE AWA WOMEN'S DIVISION."

The "Coming Soon" graphic returns for a moment...

...and then back to black.

As we fade back up from black, we get a brand new "AWA on YouTube" logo splashed across the screen...

We open to footage of "The Professional" Dave Cooper, who is dressed in a pair of brown slacks and a white button-down shirt. He is standing in a gym, as evidenced by the weights and benches about the room. He gestures toward whoever it is filming him.]

DC: Now all you have to do is keep that phone steady and do exactly what I tell you. Are we clear on that?

[We hear a voice off camera that says, "Yes, sir."]

DC: Good... and good to see you have manners. Now then... for those of you watching at home, you probably are asking yourself what is going on here? Allow me to enlighten you.

I'm here in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and have a young man who spotted me and asked me what I was doing here and why I wasn't in Toronto or Atlanta for SuperClash. I said to this young man, if you want to know, all you have to do is film me.

First of all, let me say that I'm glad that Javier Castillo and Korugun are out of the AWA. It's been no secret that I don't see eye to eye with those that founded the AWA, but that's nothing compared to what Castillo did. I will never forgive him for firing me, then turning around and luring the Samoans in with the promise of a tryout. The way I see it regarding Castillo, the best thing that ever happened to AWA was for him to be sent back to whatever hellhole he came from.

[Cooper nods with emphasis.]

DC: Second, let's get to why I've been up here. This is all about one man and I think you know who he is by now.

[He directs whoever is filming him to follow. We then follow Cooper over toward one section of the gym, where we find none other than "The Big Man On Campus" Trey Carson. The big man is dressed in a white muscle shirt and a pair of black sweats. Carson is standing in front of a squat rack, with a number of weights already placed on the bar. Cooper gestures toward Carson.]

DC: They say the average man at 25 years old can squat 2.3 times his body weight. Well, the Big Man On Campus is no average man, so we're going to do more than that. Watch now as the Big Man does a 950-pound squat. That's more than 2.9 times his body weight, which you would know if you understand how to do math.

[He turns to Carson, who steps back and moves underneath the bar. Two other men approach each side of the rack.]

DC: Show them how it's done, Big Man.

[Carson grasps the bar with both hands, spreads his feet just beyond shoulder width and steps back. He then lowers himself into a squat, his muscles tensing as he brings himself toward the ground. Carson then pops back up, letting loose a grunt, and the two men by the squat rack applaud. Carson then steps forward and lowers the bar back over the rack.]

Cooper turns toward the person filming him and grins.]

DC: You saw it right there -- like I said, the Big Man On Campus is no average man. And this is what I've been doing with the Big Man for the past few weeks. I've had him work out, get stronger and tougher, while keeping an eye on the rest of the competition in the AWA.

Now, you may be asking yourself, when is the Big Man On Campus gonna come back to the AWA? I'll tell you this much: He'll be back on the Power Hour, February 10th, for a match and, when that time comes, you just might find out who he has in his sights.

[Off camera, you hear "does the Big Man have anything to say?"]

DC: Hey, Big Man, you got any words for the people watching?

[Carson, who appears ready to do another squat, stares at the camera for a moment, then waves a dismissive hand.]

DC: Doesn't look like it, and who can blame him. The man is in the middle of a workout, after all. Now, young man, you did your job well, so consider yourself fortunate you got the privilege. But now, your work is done.

[And that seems to be the cue for whoever's filming to lower the phone and the feed cuts off...]

...and we come back up to a graphic that reads "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" with an accompanying voiceover.]

"NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE... TRISH WALLACE SLAMS KURAYAMI"

[And we cut to footage from Fright Night On Fox where we find Trish Wallace letting loose a roar as she pounds her fists aggressively into her own chest...]

SA: And look at Wallace! Look at Trish Wallace! SHE! IS! FIRED UP!

[Wallace leaps up, spinning around and landing with her hands on her powerful thighs... and then leaps up, stomping again... and again... and again...]

SA: Trish is ready! Trish is set!

[...and as the World Champion comes to her feet, Wallace surges forward, wrapping her powerful arms around the body of the stunned and off-balance Kurayami...]

SA: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...lifting her into the air just enough to bring her CRASHING DOWN!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THE SLAM! THE SLAM! TRISH JUST SLAMMED THE WORLD CHAMPION! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!

[Wallace looks around at the crowd in disbelief that she actually pulled it off...]

...and with a flash of the "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic, we move onto...]

"NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR... MADAME X UNMASKS!"

[...and come up on footage from Memorial Day Mayhem where the masked and mysterious Madame X is dragging a screaming Ayako Fujiwara to the middle of the ring...]

GM: And I think Madame X smells blood in the water, fans! She's got her down, she wraps up the leg... figure four perhaps?

[Madame X leans over, ready to pull the other leg up and lock in the submission hold...]

...when Fujiwara reaches up, hooking her fingers into the eyeholes of the mask, and pulls Madame X down into a tight cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: SHE GOT HER!

[The pin breaks apart, a defeated Madame X going one way and Fujiwara rolling the other...]

...but as Fujiwara sits up, a grin on her face... we quickly realize that she's still holding the mask!

And as Madame X suddenly pushes up to her knees, a mix of humiliation and pure anger crosses a very familiar face...]

GM: THAT'S LAURA DAVIS!

BW: It sure is!

[The crowd reacts in shock as "The All-Around Athlete" glares at the kneeling Fujiwara...

...and we get the "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic again before the voiceover comes up...]

"NUMBER TWENTY-THREE... THE FALL OF JAVIER CASTILLO"

[...and then to footage from SuperClash IX near the conclusion of WarGames where we find Javier Castillo standing over Veronica Westerly menacingly on top of the cage. His fists are balled up, fury in his eyes when suddenly the lights go out.]

GM: What the...?!

[The crowd is buzzing for the "lights out" moment...

...a buzz that turns into a rabid ROAR as one of the most familiar songs in all of wrestling rings out!]

GM: THAT'S... THAT MUSIC!

BW: OH MY GOD!

[The Atlanta crowd has a similar reaction to the sound of “O Fortuna” blasting across the PA system. The lights come up slightly, just enough to show a shocked Javier Castillo staring down the aisle in disbelief...]

GM: IS IT...?! IS HE HERE?!

[...but with no one coming from the entrance, Castillo suddenly smells a rat, jerking his head back towards the kneeling (and now grinning) Veronica...]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

[...who HURLS a fireball right up into the face of the Korugun Generalissimo and AWA President who staggers backwards, screaming in pain as he stumbles back... and back.. and back...]

GM: VERONICA THROWS FIRE! IT WAS ALL A RUSE AND-

BW: GORDO! GORDO! G00000RRRRDD0000000000!

[...and right back over the edge, dropping straight down towards the timekeeper's table up against the side of the cage!]

"CRAA
AA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HH
HH!"

[And the announcers are silent, enjoying the moment as the crowd reacts to the horrific fall of the man they've hated for an entire year as he has taunted them... tormented them through causing pain for their favorites... threatened the very existence of their favorite wrestling promotion...

...and we get another “MOMENT OF THE YEAR” graphic with...

“NUMBER TWENTY-TWO... JACKSON HUNTER IS KICKED OUT OF THE AXIS!”

[...and then to footage from Super Saturday 2017 where Jackson Hunter is standing in the ring with his Axis allies, ranting into the mic...]

JH: I couldn't rescue you, Juan. I couldn't salvage this for you. We could have been perfect, and you... BLINKED, Juan

I did my part. MAWAGA did his part. The Ninja did his part. The Future did his part. Zharkov did his part. You did not do yours, a-mi-go.

So as we stand on the cusp of another year, this is a New Model Axis, fans of the AWA. Leaner... meaner... and whole lot-

[Hunter's suddenly cut off by another voice.]

“Ah... not so fast there, Jax.”

[Hunter spins around with a bit of an incredulous look on his face as Derrick Williams has produced his own microphone and now stands across the ring from him...]

...and we cut ahead into the action where Williams is speaking.]

DW: If anyone has "dropped the ball" around here, Jax... that person was YOU.

[The crowd begins to murmur with excitement over the newly-discovered tensions in The Axis...]

...and we cut ahead again, this time to where an irate Hunter is advancing on Williams from behind...]

JH: Where... where do you get off talking to me like that you little-

[Without turning back, Williams reaches back, hooking a three-quarter nelson as he leaps up, and DRIVES Hunter's head into the canvas with a Future Shock!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Zharkov and Riley Hunter both seem to leap out of their skin as Jackson Hunter quivers face-down on the mat...]

...and we cut again to Riley Hunter dragging his cousin off the mat, slipping Jackson's arm over his neck to keep him standing...

...just in time for Zharkov to blast Jackson Hunter with a Peacemaker lariat!

And we cut again to show Zharkov, Williams, and Riley Hunter stomping Jackson Hunter into the canvas...

...and to another “MOMENT OF THE YEAR” graphic with...]

“NUMBER TWENTY-ONE... THE MASKED OUTLAW STRIKES!”

[...and back up to footage from Memorial Day Mayhem where the Masked Outlaw and Kerry Kendrick are battling near the ropes. The masked man lifts Kendrick into the air in a belly-to-back suplex, falling backwards towards the ropes...]

...but Kendrick hangs on to him, both men tumbling over the ropes backwards!]

GM: THEY BOTH GO!

[But as one man falls to the floor, the other manages to loop an arm over the top rope, just BARELY hanging on, his feet dangling inches from the floor...

...and the referee points to that man, raising a hand.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: OUTLAW WINS! OUTLAW WINS! OUTLAW WINS!

[The crowd ROARS at the result as we cut ahead to a very angry Javier Castillo stomping down the ramp towards the ring...]

JC: NO! NO! NO! THIS IS NOT HAPPENING!

[Castillo rolls under the ropes, not even bothering with the ringsteps. He gets to his feet, straightening out his jacket as he sneers at the downed Masked Outlaw.]

JC: This is NOT happening. Not on this night. Not in MY ring.

There is NO WAY that I’m awarding a future World Title shot to someone who is HIDING who they are.

This was NOT supposed to happen!

[The Outlaw pushes up to his knees, glaring up through his mask at Castillo.]

JC. No. Just... no. It’s as simple as that. It will NOT happen. You do NOT get a shot at the World Title while you’re wearing that... thing.

[He gestures at the mask. The Outlaw pushes up to his feet, staring at Castillo.]

JC: I want answers! I want the truth! I want to know if you’re Brian James! I want to know... WHO!

[He stabs his finger into the Outlaw’s chest.]

JC: THE HELL!

[Another jab of the fingers to the chest.]

JC: YOU!

[The finger climbs higher, right below the chin.]

JC: ARRRRRRRRRRE!

[One more stab of the finger...

...and with a shrug, the Masked Outlaw LAYS HIM OUT WITH A RIGHT HAND!]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! HE PUNCHED CASTILLO! HE KNOCKED OUT CASTILLO!

[The crowd is absolutely going nuts as the Masked Outlaw stands over the motionless Castillo.]

BW: FINE HIM! SUSPEND HIM! FIRE HIM! ARREST HIM!

[And we get one more "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic...

...and then fade back up into the MGM Grand ballroom where a grinning Supernova is nodding with approval, holding up a clenched fist, at the footage we just saw on the screen. He gives a thumbs up to the camera as we go back up on stage to Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: Vengeance? Justice? Or just plain ol' entertaining? I'll go with that one for sure... and it couldn't have happened to a more deserving fella. Now, speaking of deserving... let's get someone up here to present our next award. This presenter... well, he knows what he's talking about with this category. He's the only manager currently in the Hall of Fame... you know who I'm talkin' 'bout... Brian Lau, come on down!

[The sounds of Dog Eat Dog's "Who The King?" rings out over the ballroom's PA system as an impeccably well-dressed Brian Lau steps up from a table, making his way to the ring and climbing up inside as Sweet Daddy Williams steps to the side, leaving Lau room at the podium.]

BL: For once, I've gotta agree with that man right there. I AM someone who knows what I'm talking about with this category. Because even when I'm not currently managing someone, I'm STILL the greatest managerial mind in professional wrestling. This award - by nature - belongs to me... and is just on loan for this group of pretenders until I decide it's time to come back and reclaim my crown. Got me?

[Lau nods, straightening up and giving his lapels a tug as a graphic spins up for "MANAGER OF THE YEAR" and the voiceover begins.]

"NUMBER FIVE - JAVIER CASTILLO!"

[We get a still photo of the former AWA President in a black suit with a sneer upon his face.]

"NUMBER FOUR - DANA KAISER!"

[Cut to a shot of Kaiser sitting alongside Raphael Rhodes in the crowd. Rhodes reaches over, giving Kaiser's hand a squeeze as she smiles at the applause from the fans.]

"NUMBER THREE - MISS SANDRA HAYES!"

[Also not-present, Miss Hayes appears in still photo form with a hand on her hip as she glares at the camera.]

"NUMBER TWO - "DOCTOR" HARRISON FAWCETT!"

[We cut to a table where Fawcett is seating, a slight disappointed look on his face as he runs a finger around the rim of a wine glass on the table...

...and we cut back up to Brian Lau on stage.]

BL: And the Golden Grapple for Manager of the Year goes to...

[Lau rips open the envelope, peering inside...]

BL: ...ah, a rogue after my own heart... "Hotshot" Stevie Scott!

[As “Everything About You” by Ugly Kid Joe plays over the PA system, the camera cuts to Stevie Scott, sitting alone without the presence of his client and the Alpha Beast, Max Magnum, at his side.]

Strangely, his reaction is one of...almost?...disappointment as he slowly stands up. Dressed in a blue pinstripe suit, his sandy blond hair pulled back into a ponytail, he takes his time stepping into the ring and receiving the award from Brian Lau who gives a slight bow of the head before stepping back to give the former National Champion room.

He curls his lips and looks down at the Golden Grapple trophy as the smattering of applause dies off.]

HSS: So...

[He glances down again at the award in his hand.]

HSS: Manager of the Year, huh?

I suppose I should be grateful. Thank the Academy and all that. But as I stand here, holding this Golden Grapple in my hand, all I can feel...

...is anger.

[Stevie sneers.]

HSS: Oh, there is so much to say. So many grievances to air. But this is not the appropriate time and place for that. So I will simply leave you all with this.

[He pauses, setting the award on the podium.]

HSS: What Max Magnum and I have accomplished is only the beginning. Castillo, he did everything he could to keep Max placed in the middle of the pack, feeding us washed-up hangers-on like Dave Bryant and not-ready-for-prime-timers like Brett Bryant. And as for Stegglet and friends?

[Stevie scoffs.]

HSS: They won't be any different.

But Max Magnum will not be held down. WE will not be held down. The plan has been firmly in motion for a year and in due time, it will come to pass.

And that, my friends, is not a threat.

[Stevie pauses, leaning in toward the mic.]

HSS: THAT...is a guarantee.

[Scott arrogantly steps off stage, holding his trophy in hand as there's a very small smattering of applause...

...and we fade to Theresa Lynch who is standing on the ballroom floor.]

TL: Stevie Scott picks up the Manager of the Year award... and to the shock of no one after what he pulled at SuperClash, he won't be contending for Most Popular anytime soon. Ain't that right, GGC?

[Lynch turns, sticking a mic in the face of the popular fan favorite who sits at the table in a gold-colored suit, a grin on his face.]

GGC: You got that right, Theresa. Team AWA may have won at SuperClash but what Scott pulled that night coulda spoiled everything and it's gonna be a long time before any of us forget that.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: I know that you're good friends with Kelly Kowalski. Any thoughts on her actions last month at SuperClash?

[Carter sighs.]

GGC: You're right, Theresa. Kelly is a good friend of mine and has been for a long time... and really, if she wants to hang around those three... I may not like it but I've gotta believe my friend feels she's doing the right thing and let her make her own choices.

TL: Not a fan of Harley Hamilton, Cinder, and Casey Cash?

[Carter shrugs.]

GGC: Don't know Casey Cash that well but the other two? After what they pulled at SuperClash - making a mockery out of Steal The Spotlight - nah, they're not on my Christmas card list, Theresa.

[Theresa chuckles.]

TL: And I'm sure they love hearing that. Thanks for your time, GGC... now, let's take a moment to hand out some of our "unofficial" awards submitting by you - the fans of the AWA.

[Theresa pauses for a moment...]

TL: Alright, our first one up is the award for Most Likely To Arrest Himself For Impersonating A Police Officer... which, of course, goes to John Law who is not here tonight but I'm sure he's watching. Congratulations.

[The youngest Lynch daughter grins.]

TL: How about this one? Best Kiss! There are a few contenders for that I'm sure but in the eyes of this particular fan, this one goes out to shippers across the world who love them some... Sonovan!

[We cut to show Tony Donovan sitting alongside Wes Taylor and Brian Lau at a table. Lau nudges Donovan who shakes his head, covering his face with one hand.]

TL: Aww, Tony... don't be shy... it was cute! Okay, how about one more of these... we've got the award for Most Embarrassing Moment which goes to...

[Lynch pauses.]

TL: Jayden Jericho for his... encounter with Eddie Van Gibson at SuperClash. Is Jayden even-

[We cut to show Jayden Jericho, stylishly dressed but with rapidly reddening cheeks, sitting in the crowd.]

TL: -there he is! Congrats, Jayden... embarrassing or not, it sure was entertaining for all of us to see Eddie Van Gibson back... well, maybe not for you but...

[Theresa shrugs as the crowd laughs and Jericho sits and fumes.]

TL: Well, that's enough of that for the moment... now let's go back to tonight's host, Sweet Daddy Williams!

[We cut back to the ring where Williams is standing, grinning.]

SDW: Thanks, Theresa. Now, we've got a lot more awards still to give out but before I go any further, I want to talk about what's gonna happen here tonight at the stroke of midnight. In NYC, the ball is droppin'... the kisses are comin'... but here in Sin City, we're kickin' off 2018 the only way we know how - with the first pro rasslin' match of the year. Ever since this show was announced, you fans have been Tweetin' your picks for the match ya wanted to see here tonight. The suits took 'em, looked 'em over... and now they picked y'all a winner.

And when I say it's a winner, you know I mean it.

The first match of 2018 tonight will be...

[Williams pauses for dramatic effect.]

SDW: The Dogs of War versus...

[And even more dramatic pausing.]

SDW: ...the superteam of Jack Lynch, Supreme Wright, and Ryan Martinez!

[There's a buzz throughout the ballroom as we cut to the table where first, the Dogs of War are seated. Pedro Perez is talking to his allies, gesturing madly as they listen in...

...and then to the table where Lynch, Martinez, and Wright are seated. That shot draws big cheers from the AWA faithful as Lynch gives a fistpump towards the camera.]

SDW: Can't wait for that one but we've got a ways to go before we get there. Right now, we're gonna hand out our next award and to do it in high style. Who better to give it the Best Newcomer Award than someone who has been with the AWA since Day One... come on, Shark... get on up here!

["Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing begins to play over the PA system as the former National Champion Marcus Broussard gets to his feet, heading up towards the ring as he walks in his very classy custom suit. The San Jose Shark shakes Williams' hand before standing behind the podium.]

MB: It's an honor to be here tonight. As most of you know, ever since I ended my active career inside this ring, I've spent most of my time as a trainer for the Combat Corner, helping to prepare the next generation of competitors for the AWA... and so it's only fitting, I suppose, that I be here tonight to honor one of those competitors who make up the future of this company.

[Broussard steps back as we get a "NEWCOMER OF THE YEAR" graphic with accompanying voiceover...]

"NUMBER FIVE... KELLY KOWALSKI!"

[We cut to a shot of Kelly Kowalski at the table with her friends who are booing and jeering, shouting "SHE WAS ROBBED!" as Kowalski looks on with a sullen glare towards the ring.]

"NUMBER FOUR... WHAITIRI!"

[The fans cheer as the screen lights up with a shot of Whaitiri, grinning from ear to ear as he flashes the hand signal for "I love you" towards the camera.]

"NUMBER THREE... MAX MAGNUM!"

[Cut to a still photo of the hulking Magnum who is not in attendance tonight.]

"NUMBER TWO... HARLEY HAMILTON!"

[More boos and jeers from "that table" as Hamilton crosses her arms and sulks at being shut out...

...and we cut back to Marcus Broussard.]

MB: All worthy. All tremendous competitors. But there can be only one winner..

[A bellow from off-camera.]

"IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME!"

[Broussard shakes his head.]

MB: Always a class act, Miss Hamilton. Your father would be proud.

The winner... of the 2017 Golden Grapple for Best Newcomer is...

[Broussard tears open the envelope, peering inside...]

MB: ...SID OSBORNE!

["Chip On My Shoulder" by Slapshot as Sid Osbourne walks out of the crowd and up onto the makeshift stage. He's dressed in what appears to be newly shined black combat boots, black Dickies work pants and a black polo shirt with a green stripe on the collar. He nods at the assembled crowd of his co-workers as he makes it to the ring, walking up the steps.

Broussard hands over the Grapple trophy which Sid looks at with a sneer on his face.]

SO: Well, here we are. It took me a while to get here for sure. From living in my car while training everyday to finally getting a shot at the big show. But as I look at this...

[Osborne lifts the award in his left hand up, nodding at it. The crowd responds with applause out of respect for the work he's put in... if not admiration of the man himself.]

SO: I guess this means it all paid off. I made enough noise to get noticed. More than that, in the eyes of everyone I was the best newcomer of an entire year. And with all the new faces that popped up, I admit that covers a lot of ground.

[Osborne points at the assembled tables around the ring, acknowledging some of his fellow AWA rookies.]

SO: But when I look at this, and I think of the fans that got me to where I am, standing in front of you all... I'm not sure if this award represents them.

[Osborne's demeanor suddenly changes, as he throws the award down as the sound of an entire crowd of people gasping in shock is heard. The reaction grows louder and more heated, as Osborne begins stomping on the award. Security begins making themselves known as several wrestlers get up from their seats, loudly cursing Osborne's name. Osborne finally and mercifully stops amidst a chorus of boos. He bends down, picking up the now thoroughly ruined award.]

SO: Now this... this is more like it. This represents everyone that voted for me. Everyone in the crowds every week, and everyone watching at home.

[Osborne grins.]

SO: Mangled and ugly. Because as disgusting as Raphael Rhodes is, the thing that disgusted me the most at SuperClash was hearing all of those slobs chanting my name.

[Osborne rolls his eyes at the mounting boos as he continues.]

SO: Am I the best thing to happen to this dungheap in forever? You bet I am. Do I need some spraypainted gold piece of tin to know it?

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: Not on your life. So thank you so much for this incredible honor..

[Osborne's words drip with sarcasm as the crowd, mostly comprised of his fellow wrestlers, really let him have it.]

SO: ...but I'm probably gonna toss it at some wino so he can pawn it for a ham sandwich.

[Osborne gives an incredibly sarcastic thumbs up, as he walks away. Broussard watches him go, giving a disappointed shrug towards the camera as we fade from that to a wide shot of the entire ballroom and a voiceover is heard.]

"Coming up next on the Golden Grapples... the awards for the Most Hated and Most Popular Wrestlers! Plus, a special sitdown interview with one the AWA's newest superstars! All of this plus much, much more when the Golden Grapples continues right here on ESPN!"

[We fade to black.

And fade back up as the quintessential American family of four walks up and down the snack aisle of Anyplace grocery store in Anytown USA. The father wears khaki dockers and a golf shirt that would make him look like a State Farm agent if it weren't navy. The wife is in jeans and a quilted jacket. Her curly hair drops a little bit. The kids, a daughter and a son, trudge along behind them, seemingly on the verge of a meltdown tantrum. The mother searches the snack aisles, picking up chips, candies, candy bars. She sighs in exasperation.]

M: Kids, I know you're hungry. But none of this stuff is right. It so bland. It isn-

[Suddenly, the racks of candies fly apart and Shadoe Rage bursts onto the scene dressed in fuchsia and gold. He holds up two handful of jerky sticks.]

SR: Wanna feel Sensational? Tired of bland cured meats? Tear into Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky!

[Rage tears a chunk of jerky from the pack in his hand. The sound reverberates through the screen. The family is suddenly transformed and energized into hip looking versions of themselves.]

SR: The signature herbs and spices! The smoky flavor! The lean turkey jerky! It's the perfect snack!

[Rage hands out the packs of jerky.]

SR: Ohhhh man, that's good. When I get my hands on Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky, I feel SENSATIONAL!

[Rage tears into another bite along with the family. Everybody seems even more amped as Rage turns towards the camera.]

SR: And so will you.

So will you!

SO WILL YOU!

TEAR INTO IT!

MR. BERKELEY'S TURKEY JERKY... IT'S SENSATIONAL!

[Rage savages the remaining piece of jerky before he stares straight into the camera, smiling as we fade to black...

...and we come back up to a live shot of Shadoe Rage sitting at his table alongside Marissa Monet and their daughter Adriana. The crowd cheers at the sight of the "savior of Team AWA." He looks surprised at first... and at a little nudge from Marissa, Rage climbs to his feet, nodding his head and pointing to the crowd.

We cut up to a smirking Sweet Daddy Williams on stage.]

SDW: If you told me I'd ever see a day when the people would react like that to that guy right there, I'd think you were as crazy as... well, as he is at times.

[Laughter abounds as Williams chuckles, shaking his head.]

SDW: A whole lot of things happened in 2017 that I never could've imagined. Just think about it. We saw two guys fight in a parking lot with a ring of cars around them. We saw people we never thought we'd see again show up at a former bingo hall in South Philly. We saw Theresa Lynch wrestle!

[We cut to a grinning and blushing Theresa as a brief "SHE WANTS IN!" chant breaks out.]

SDW: Oh, she got in... and whupped Sandra Hayes so bad, she didn't even show up here tonight!

[Another cheer goes up as Theresa tries to shield her face with embarrassment.]

SDW: But we also saw some nastiness, yeah? We saw some people do some truly terrible, horrible things. And that's what this next category is all about... the Most Hated Wrestler in the whole dang joint. And here to give out that award is someone who knows exactly how it feels to be hated... Veronica Westerly.

[There are a surprising amount of cheers for the former Korugun executive as Westerly rises from a table where she's sitting with her daughter, Truth Marie

Temple, making her way towards the stage. She climbs the steps, giving a nod to Williams as she takes her place behind the podium.]

VW: You're right. I DO know what it's like to be hated... but judging by what I just heard right now, I also know what it's like to be loved... and now I know the only thing it takes to be loved is to burn the face of someone who is more hated than you...

[A big cheer goes up.]

VW: ...send him crashing off a cage through a table...

[A bigger cheer goes up.]

VW: ...and turn in horribly incriminating documents and testimony against your former employer!

[An even biggerest cheer goes up as Veronica grins at the reaction.]

VW: So, there's a lesson in there somewhere for the names that are about to be called out. It's not too late to change your evil ways.

[Veronica straightens up as we get the Golden Grapples graphic that says "MOST HATED WRESTLER" with the accompanying voiceover.]

"NUMBER FIVE... SEDUCTIVE & DESTRUCTIVE!"

[We cut to the table where Harley Hamilton's jaw has dropped, clutching her chest in fake shock. A loud "US?! HATED?!" is heard as Cinder giggles madly and Casey Cash beams at her allies while Kelly Kowalski looks on with a sullen expression on her face.]

"NUMBER FOUR... JACKSON HUNTER!"

[We cut to another table... where Jackson Hunter is lying with his face down sideways in his salad plate. A shake of his arm from someone else sees him sit up for a moment. His face is unshaven, his hair in bad need of a wash, his eyes red and bleary...

...and he flops right back down on the table.]

"NUMBER THREE... KERRY KENDRICK!"

[Cut to a still shot of the absent Self Made Man.]

"NUMBER TWO... THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!"

[The horrific sound of Marty Meekly's whistle is heard as we cut to the Soldiers' table where Flint nods approvingly and Stephens pounds his fists down on the table repeatedly, shaking the silverware...

...and we cut back up to Veronica Westerly who is sliding a well-manicured fingernail under the envelope.]

VW: And the Most Hated Wrestler of 2017 is...

[She opens it up, peering inside... and a smirk crosses her face.]

VW: ...ah, my old friend... James Lynch.

[Upon hearing his name called, James Lynch rises, the VIP's in attendance reinforcing the vote with their boos. Lynch mockingly bows to the crowd. The Demon Cowboy is in a black suit with a white shirt, and a bolo tie around his neck. And over his dirty blonde hair, he's wearing a pristine white Stetson hat. He makes his way up from his table, climbing up the steps. He acknowledges Westerly with a smile, shaking her hand as she hands him the award. He gives it a quick hoist for heft before speaking.]

JL: Wow, you hate me, you really hate me...

[Lynch smirks.]

JL: I imagine you think that I am feeling chagrined. That you think this award will bring so much shame that I'll change my ways. But let me explain something to you-

I've never been happier in my life.

Gordon Myers can shed all the crocodile tears he wants... I'm not changing.

[The shot cuts to Gordon Myers who looks disappointed at what he's hearing...

...and then cuts back to a sneering James Lynch.]

JL: Not for him, not for you, and not for anyone. For the first time in my life, I'm free.

And this...

[Lynch gestures to the award.]

JL: This is just a symbol of what I've accomplished this year. And one of those things I accomplished, the thing that you all probably hate me for is doing something that no one else could do.

I broke the streak of your so-called "Mr. SuperClash."

[More boos.]

JL: So thank you for this trophy commemorating my achievements. And all I really want you to know is this...

If you think I'm hated now?

Well, you ain't seen nothin' yet.

[James again lifts the award, earning some more boos as the music plays him off stage...

...and we cut back out to the crowd where Mariah Wolfe is standing.]

MW: It's been an exciting and eventful night here in Las Vegas already and I'm happy to be out here in the crowd, trying to get some interviews... trying to talk to as many AWA superstars as we can and...

[Wolfe comes to a halt, trailing off as she looks down at the table she's beside.]

MW: Omega! Polemos! Welcome to the Grapples!

[We catch a glimpse of everyone's favorite resident Neptunian along your friendly neighborhood God of War. Polemos nods at Mariah, BBQ sauce dripping from his chin as he holds a large beef rib in each hand. Omega is dressed in a bedazzled jumpsuit reminiscent of a certain King of Rock and Roll as he looks up.]

O: Greetings, Fairest Mariah. The Grapples of Gold are underway and Polemos and I have the distinct honor to be honored.

MW: Well, you two haven't won anything just yet... however, I think I do have a piece of footage from before we came on the air tonight that you might find quite interesting. Guys in the truck... do we have that to...

[She pauses, listening through her earpiece.]

MW: Perfect. Let's roll it!

[We fade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" as a Lincoln town car pulls up to the red carpet at the MGM Grand Hotel for the AWA Golden Grapples. A valet immediately opens the back door and out steps the newcomer, Odysseus Allah. He is dressed sharply in a belted aqua double-breasted belted tuxedo, teal velvet tuxedo slippers and no shirt. His skin glistens with a mix of baby oil and lotion. He wears Versace shades and his locs are twisted back into four eight thick cornrows with a fresh undercut. His patchy beard shines with a little bit of beard oil. Allah primps his suit lapels as he waits expectantly to be addressed by Theresa Lynch.

What the AWA newcomer gets, however, is Sebastian McIntyre as the AWA's mild mannered cub reporter leaps into frame with a microphone in hand. Allah looks around in surprise, wondering where the Hell he came from.]

SM: wwwwwwWHAT'S UP, guys? Seb Mac reporting from the Golden Grapples red carpet and I'm here with the Winner of SuperClash's Open Invite Battle, Odysseus Allah!

OA: Man, where the Hell did you come from? The sky?

[Allah shields his eyes as he looks up up and away.]

SM: Odysseus, tell us your thoughts on coming out of almost nowhere to win such a prestigious tournament.

OA: (smiling smugly) I made my statement in Toronto, didn't I? Had all them in the palm of my hand chanting "OD Brown!" "OD Brown!" and I yanked that rug out from underneath them. I came out of nowhere and showed 'em that maybe they aren't as smart as they think they are. You know what I mean?

SM: Well, on that night last month we quickly discovered that you were the son of Dirt Dog Unique Allah--

OA: (sniffing and turning away from McIntyre) Listen, I'm not really here to discuss my pops, nawmean? I'm here to enjoy my night and make sure everybody knows who Odysseus Allah is because next year I expect to be bringing home some of these awards myself.

SM: Okay-doke, but I wouldn't be doin' my job as a serious journalist for the AWA if I didn't ask you about your unique father and his... even more unique odor...

[Allah starts to get annoyed. His eyes get wild and bright. He leans in close to Seb Mac's ear as he speaks with an urgent and threatening tone.]

OA: Wat did you say? Better watch your mouth.

[Allah breathes deeply, trying to regain his composure.]

SM: Can you do the yell he did?

OA: Naw.

[McIntyre looks around nervously, whispering his next question.]

SM: Are you going to call people the 'M' word like he did?

[Allah is obviously upset now, jabbing a finger into McIntyre's chest.]

OA: Look man, I've been telling you, I'm not here to discuss my pops with the likes of you.

[The AWA's cub reporter backpedals away, begging off.]

SM: Well, that may be but we didn't get much a chance to really get in depth with you in between all the Korugun stuff last year.

[Allah nods, waiting.]

SM: Are you afraid of a not-quite-as-good-as-it-should-have-been career like he had?

[Allah reaches out, grabbing McIntyre by the suit lapels.]

OA: Aren't you supposed to be some sort of mild-mannered reporter or somethin'? Yet here you are asking question after question. You think I'm a fool? You think I'm a joke?

[He shakes McIntyre violently.]

OA: You may have everybody else fooled, but I know exactly who you really are. You're-

[McIntyre looks around nervously. He chuckles and draws his index finger across his neck anxiously. Allah grimaces, nodding slowly.]

OA: You're one of those investigative reporters.

[Is that a collective sigh we hear?]

SM: Exactly. Just Sebastian McIntyre, cub reporter for the AWA. But, seriously...

[Allah lets go as McIntyre steps back again.]

SM: ...what was it like for Unique carpooling with Henri LaMarques?

[Allah exhales sharply. It might be 2017 but Allah brings it all the way back to the Chappelle Show in 2003 and answers the question "What did the five fingers say to the face?"]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[McIntyre crumples backwards, falling to a knee as Allah stands over him.]

OA: Keep my pops name out your mouth! You hear me? Keep his name out your mouth!

[Allah storms off down the red carpet. After a few seconds, the camera pans to one side to reveal the towering dragon-masked Polemos and his Neptunian partner.]

O: To quote the great Earth poet and philosopher, "of course you realize, this means WAHHR."

[Polemos wearily exhales in response...

...and we fade back to live action inside the Ballroom.]

MW: Omega, any comments?

[Omega looks up in puzzlement.]

O: I'm not sure... why... that would have... anything to do with me, Fairest Mariah.

[Omega scratches his chin.]

O: Ah! It is because I - Omega - am a defender of the meek and innocent! Yes, yes, I see now... that rapsCALLION Allah must be made to suffer for his encroachment on your world's press liberties.

[Mariah smirks.]

MW: Yes, that's exactly right. Changing gears though, Omega... what in the world are you wearing?

[Omega nearly leaps to his feet, puffing out his chest as he shows off his bedazzled jumpsuit.]

O: Do you like it?

[Wolfe looks him up and down a moment, gesturing for Omega to do a spin which he obliges with a swirling arm flourish.]

MW: Not bad, Omega. I see you truly love Las Vegas.

[Omega frowns, shaking his head.]

O: The poorly-described city of sin seems lovely but-

[Omega shrugs.]

MW: While I appreciate the spirit, Omega... you know this isn't a costume party, right?

[Omega slowly turns, glaring at Polemos who has BBQ-sauce covered hands covering his face as his shaking shoulders show his stifled laugh.]

O: No. I. Did. Not. Know. That.

[Mariah giggles.]

MW: So, you're a big Elvis fan?

[Omega turns back to Mariah, looking puzzled.]

O: Elvis? Who in the Farazian Pools of Neptune is Elvis? I am quite obviously dressed as a hero of our industry, the legendary- mmpfh!

[Omega's words are stifled as Polemos leaps from his seat, clamping a BBQ sauce-covered hand over Omega's mouth, shaking his head as he leans closer, whispering in Omega's ears. Mariah looks puzzled as Omega's eyes go wide, staring off into nothing...

...and as Polemos removes his hand to reveal Omega's sauce-soaked face, Omega softly speaks.]

O: Fairest Mariah... are you familiar with the theory... of the multiverse?

[Mariah looks even more confused now.]

MW: I... uhh... I'm being told we've got to move on. Omega, thank you for your time.

[A confused Omega looks down to find a guitar clutched in his hands. He reacts with a startle, sliding it out of view as Mariah walks away, leaving Omega to gesticulate wildly at Polemos in the background as Wolfe continues.]

MW: Well, with that in mind, we've got a very special presentation right now. For quite some time, there has been a young lady who I know quite well down in Combat Corner Wrestling, working hard and training with the best in the world to get ready to become an AWA superstar.. and I'm happy to say that as 2018 begins, she's been added to the Women's Division roster. Now, I'm also happy to say that in honor of that, she'll be appearing in a special interview on ESPN Sportscenter over the next couple of days... but we got the interview first. So, let's take a special look at the newest member of the AWA Women's Division... she's America's Sweetheart... Amber Gold!

[Mariah is all smiles as we fade to black...

...and then back up to a set with a pair of tall stools standing in front of a large ESPN Sportscenter Face to Face logo.

The stool on the right is occupied by ESPN reporter Hannah Storm, dressed professionally in a black pants suit with a white blouse. The stool on the left holds a stunning blond woman who looks nearly toy-sized by comparison. She's wearing a red and white striped halter top, a pair of blue bottoms, and white wrestling boots with red, white, and blue stars on the side as she looks uncomfortably at the veteran anchor.]

HS: And welcome back. Next up on Face to Face we have someone we've seen before during her years at Texas A&M as a top-ranked NCAA gymnast, then later as a member of the Dallas Cowboys Cheer Squad.

I'm speaking, of course, of Amber Gold, a newly-arrived athlete here at the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Amber forces a smile and nods. Then replies with the slightest hint of a Texas drawl hinting at the edges of her words and phrases.]

AG: Thanks for having me, Ms. Storm

HS: Please...Hannah. Now, Amber, I'm going to get right into it and ask the question that's on everyone's mind: Why combat sports? Why wrestling? You nearly qualified for the US National Gymnastics team a few years ago. You had a spot with the most famous cheer squad on the planet. Why throw it away and dip your toe into a wrestling ring?

[Amber clears her throat, a quick frown flashing across her features before her smile professionally re-asserts its place.]

AG: An' those are all valid questions, Ms. Storm.

HS: Hannah.

AG: Ah know that this isn't what people expected from me, but doin' what people expect hasn't ever really been what I've been lookin' to do. After college, a lot of folks pushed hard for me to stay with cheer. I'd done all-star cheerleading growin' up, and it seemed like a natural transition. In a lot of ways, it was, but there was somethin' missing.

HS: What was that?

[Amber pauses, taking a deep breath and slowly letting it out.]

AG: Have you ever been to a wrestlin' show? Sat there in the crowd, electricity buzzin' through everyone? Seen the kids in the seats lookin' out at the athletes while they're comin' down the aisle? When they're in the ring? Wrestlers are the closest thing in the world to real-life superheroes. Kids look up to 'em. Worship 'em. They give 'em something to aspire to. That's what was missing.

HS: But do you think that's a smart move? You're a cheerleader, Amber, not a superhero. There are people in this business that have been fighting their whole lives, and your experience is limited to gymnastics and cheerleading. What makes you think you can stand in there with them?

AG: Nothin'. Nothin' at all.

HS: Excuse me?

AG: If ah'd just jumped here straight from cheerleadin' I'd have gotten turned into dog food before thirty seconds had gone by in my first match, but that's not what happened. Ah came in an' talked to the folks here at AWA, and they sent me to the Combat Corner. The school. I've been workin' there for the past two years tryin' ta take in everything they can teach me. Workin' with the other girls and learnin' the ropes about how things are supposed ta be done. About what's expected. About livin' up to what AWA means to folks.

HS: But that's still only two years compared to a lifetime for some of your competitors.

AG: An' you're right, they've got a lot o' knowledge on me, but I'm excited to learn an' see what's next.

HS: Aren't you worried about getting injured?

AG: (shaking her head) No. Ah've been gettin' hurt my whole life, Ms. Storm...

HS: Hannah.

AG: ...when Ah was 6 I twisted my ankle before regionals in cheer. Ah still competed an' we still won. When I was 11, a girl missed her catch, so me an' her bumped heads. Ah had a fractured nose, but finished the routine.

Cheerleaders and gymnasts get hurt. They get hurt a lot, but they keep pushing through because their teams are dependin' on them. The people that came to see those teams are dependin' on them, an they...no...we don't let them down. Every

cheerleader is plenty tough. Ah'm plenty tough. What I'm not is deservin' of an ESPN feature on me before I've ever stepped into an AWA ring.

HS: What do you mean?

AG: There's at least a dozen folks back in the locker rooms here that have set the world on fire, but Ah don't think a one of 'em got an interview before, during or after they did it. There were half a dozen other girls down in Combat Corner who have the talent to step into that ring just like me, but they're not even up here right now.

HS: Are you saying you don't belong here?

AG: (shaking her head again) No. Ah worked hard and Ah earned my spot, but when Ah leapfrog over folks for kudos, it sends the wrong messages ta them, an' to their fans. Ah belong in AWA. Ah don't belong on this set bein' interviewed right now.

[Hannah Storm looks at Amber awkwardly for a moment. The blond girl shrugs.]

AG: Ah'm not stupid. Ah know that my background opens doors for me. Ah know bein' pretty gives me opportunities that Ah might not get otherwise. It's up to me to make sure that anything Ah get, I show that Ah've earned it by givin' it all Ah've got. Anythin' less is an insult to the folks who would have had that chance in my place, an' to anyone that came out to see what I could do.

[Amber hops off the chair, coming to the floor and looking that much smaller compared to the reporter than she already did.]

AG: So, Ah guess Ah'm sayin' "Thank you for the opportunity an' thank everyone out there for believin' in me." It's up to me to make sure that Ah justify everone's faith in me. But mostly thank you to all those little girls out in the seats and watchin' at home.

Ah'm lookin' to be the hero ya'll need and the hero ya'll deserve.

[And we fade to black...

...and get the Golden Grapple graphic promoting the "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" once again...]

"NUMBER TWENTY... RICKI'S AWAKENING!"

[...and up we go on footage from Fight Night On Fox where we see Ricki Toughill planting herself in a chair after Cinder's loss to Victoria June, 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...

...and we cut to a few moments later when Kerry Kendrick has arrived in the ring, glaring with glee in his eyes at his bodyguard's state.]

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.

[And we cut again, this time to Kendrick berating the kneeling Toughill.]

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...

...and we cut again to where the crowd is wildly chanting "RIC-KI!" as Kendrick lies on the mat, begging for mercy as his now-former bodyguard stands over him, steel chair in hand and raised overhead...]

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!

[And one more cut, showing Ricki down and at the feet of the duo attacking her as Kendrick retrieves a 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 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.

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. 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!

[And we fade to the "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic again...]

"NUMBER NINETEEN... BLUE GOES EXTREME!"

[...and up to footage from Eternally Extreme 2 where Chris Blue has dragged a bloodied "Playboy" Ronnie D off the mat and deposited him a wooden table.]

JS: Chris Blue has set the table and... my god, he's going up!

[Bloodied and battered but perhaps not as broken as we thought, Chris Blue starts climbing the massive ladder in the corner, going up rung after rung as the decibel level cranks higher and higher...]

JS: Halfway up the ladder... and he's still going!

[The cheers turn to a nervous buzz, energy burning through the rabid crowd as he goes higher and higher...]

[Hanging on tight, the bloodied former EMWC owner turns, standing facing the ring, his knuckles white as he holds the steel behind him, looking down at the prone and bloodied Playboy...]

[He looks out at the crowd... then points to his wife and daughter standing in the aisle, his wife's hand covering his daughter's eyes as Ellie tries to peek through her fingers...

[The referee is looking long and hard into the ring as Martinez' arms start to slow, his body drifting off into unconsciousness...]

GM: He's fading! The White Knight is fading fast! Somebody's gotta stop this! Somebody's gotta-

[And another voice - strained and full of anguish - rings out.]

"CASTILLO!"

[Castillo's head snaps back around, his eyes locked on "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett who has risen to his feet, holding the crystal tightly in his hand...]

GM: What's going on out here now? Fawcett holding up the Eye of Tyr and-

[...and slowly a smile grows across the face of Fawcett as Castillo's eyes go wide...]

GM: What's he...?

[...and with a shove of the referee guarding it, Fawcett opens up the cage door...

...and CHUCKS the crystal inside, sending it bouncing across the canvas to a halt as the crowd ROARS in shock!]

GM: Fawcett just tossed the Eye in there! He threw it into the cage and-

[And as Castillo tries to absorb what just happened, we hear a roar of anguish escape from Torin The Titan as he sinks to a knee, letting go of the ring rope that was holding Martinez aloft by the throat!]

GM: He dropped Martinez! Torin's grabbing at his head, down on a knee!

BW: Gordo, I KNOW you don't believe in the mysteries of the Eye but... can YOU explain what just happened there?!

GM: I don't even KNOW what just happened! Torin's down! Martinez is down! Fawcett... my stars, he looks like a new man out there!

[Fawcett is standing tall now, wiping the sweat from his forehead, a taunting smirk on his face as Javier Castillo stares wide-eyed at him...

...and then throws himself at the "Doctor," knocking him down on the floor with a sloppy Fierro Press that gets the crowd ROARING!]

GM: CASTILLO TAKES DOWN FAWCETT!

[The camera stays on the floor, showing Fawcett and Castillo throwing some ugly ass punches at each other as the Atlanta crowd goes wild as we fade back to another "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic...]

"NUMBER SEVENTEEN... VASQUEZ STRIKES BACK!"

[And up on footage from Saturday Night Wrestling earlier this year where Ryan Martinez has knocked MAWAGA out of the ring with a clothesline only to have Javier Castillo smash him across the back with a steel chair!]

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK BY... CASTILLO?!

[A fired up Javier Castillo throws down the chair, pumping his arms triumphantly as Martinez slumps to a knee...]

GM: Javier Castillo from behind with the chair on Ryan Martinez and...

[...but the AWA's White Knight gets... back... up!]

GM: UH OH!

[Castillo is still celebrating, waving his arms for the fans to get louder... and they do but not for the reason he thinks.]

GM: MARTINEZ IS UP! MARTINEZ IS STANDING!

BW: TURN AROUND, BOSS!

[Castillo is still pumping his fists in celebration when Ryan Martinez spins him around by the shoulder. There's a brief flash of panic on Castillo's face before the White Knight boots him in the gut, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! MARTINEZ IS LOOKING FOR THE BRAINBUSTER!

[A grin crosses Martinez' face as he slings Castillo's arm over his neck, turning to look at each side of the roaring sold out crowd around the ring!]

GM: And the White Knight wants EVERYONE to see this! He's got Castillo in the middle of the ring and-

BW: Gordo, who's that?!

[A masked man comes hurdling over the barricade, sprinting past the announcer table, diving headfirst under the ropes, and rising up to stand behind an unaware Martinez. The change in crowd reaction seems to alert Martinez though as he shoves Castillo aside, spinning around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a ripping right hand tears across the cheekbone of Martinez, smashing hard into his face and knocking him down to the canvas!]

GM: DOWN GOES MARTINEZ!

BW: Gordo, was that...?

[Bucky trails off as the masked man grabs at his own mask, pausing dramatically for a moment...

...and then yanks off the mask, hurling it aside to reveal...]

GM: JUAN VASQUEZ?!

[The former AWA World Champion smirks at the crowd's stunned reaction as he stands over the prone Martinez. Javier Castillo is all smiles as he steps to Vasquez' side, lifting his arm into the air, pointing to him...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: HE'S GOTTA BE THE NUMBER ONE DRAFT PICK, GORDO! HE'S GOTTA BE!

[And back to the "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic before...]

"NUMBER SIXTEEN... THE SOLDIERS STRIKE GOLD!"

[...and up on footage from Homecoming where Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens are working over Howie Somers.]

GM: ...and this is a blatant two-on-one with referee Mickey Meekly not doing a damn thing about it!

CP: Hey, Somers just tried to rough up the ref! Can you blame Meekly for not wanting to protect him?!

GM: I want him to do his damn job, Colt! Is that so tough?!

[Flint and Stephens drag Somers out of the corner, whipping him across the ring and taking him down with a double back elbow under the chin...

...as Meekly again turns to check on Harper.]

GM: Ohhh! Down goes Somers... and what is Meekly doing now?!

CP: He's checking on Harper! Maybe he's thinking of stopping this match since Somers is by himself out here. He'd certainly be at his discretion to do that!

GM: If he was going to do it, wouldn't he have done it long ago?!

CP: I'm not Mickey Meekly... thank god... so I can't answer that, Gordon.

[With the referee's back turned, Stephens and Flint take turns stomping Somers into the canvas...]

GM: This is a damn mugging!

[Flint drags Somers to his feet, nodding his head at Stephens as he wraps his arms around the upper thighs, lifting Somers up as Stephens dashes to the ropes, building up speed... then hitting the ropes again to get even faster...]

GM: Stephens off the far side! They've got him set and-

[Stephens leaps into the air, whipping out his arm for a bulldog lariat, dragging Somers down to the canvas!]

GM: SECOND AMENDMENT CONNECTS!

[With Somers prone on the canvas, Stephens crawls on top, Flint standing guard...]

GM: Not like this... please not like this!

CP: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THEY GOT 'IM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

CP: WE'VE GOT NEW CHAMPIONS!

GM: Are you kidding... this is a shame... a damn crime is what it is!

[Stephens pushes up to his knees, a huge grin on his face as Flint throws his arms up in triumph as the overwhelming majority of the Dallas crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: A robbery! Thievery at its worst! Describe it however you want but the Soldiers of Fortune just STOLE these titles!

[And we get the full-screen "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic before we fade back inside the ballroom where we find the Soldiers of Fortune grinning at the footage we just saw. Charlie Stephens takes the opportunity to shout into the camera.]

"We're gonna get 'em back too! It's just a matter of time, you PUKES!"

[And then fade to Mariah Wolfe who is standing in what appears to be one of our the VIP section where a limited number of fans were able to buy some very expensive tickets to the night's festivities.]

MW: The big moments keep on coming... and we keep on counting them down all night long as all roads lead to the Moment of the Year later tonight. Shout 'em out - what's it gonna be?

[Mariah grins as she cups a hand to her ear and the VIP section bursts out with shouts of their choice for Moment of the Year!]

MW: Some good choices in there... but if I was a betting woman...

[She grins, spreading her arm out.]

MW: ...and in this town, I better be... my choice would be something involving this guy right here...

[The camera shot cuts to reveal Ryan Martinez, the AWA's White Knight, sitting at a table. Martinez grins as the fans cheer, waving a hand towards them.]

MW: ...Ryan Martinez. Former World Champion. The White Knight. And the man who led Team AWA to victory inside of WarGames just about a month ago.

[The crowd cheers as Martinez looks sheepish, shaking his head with a "it was a team effort!"]

MW: A team effort it was, Ryan... but you led that team and a lot of us that work for this company want to thank you for that.

[Another big ovation goes up for Martinez who nods again, mouthing "thank you" back at them.]

MW: And as it turns out, Ryan... we weren't the only ones. Fans, right now, I want you all to take a look at a brand new commercial that's going to start airing tonight. I'm told they wanted it to air right after SuperClash but there were some legal issues with that so... better late than never, right? Let's take a look...

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of Ryan Martinez walking down the aisle. From the scenery around him, we can see this slow motion footage is from right before WarGames at SuperClash IX.]

#When you wish..#

[Dissolve to the White Knight throwing knife edge chops at the towering form of Torin The Titan...]

#...upon a star#

[...to Martinez and Derrick Williams working together to use a double clothesline to take the giant off his feet...]

#Makes no difference who you are...#

[...to a closeup of a bloodied Martinez, looking up in shock as a hobbled Shadoe Rage joins him in the cage...]

#Anything your...#

[...to the White Knight driving Vasquez' skull into the canvas with his signature brainbuster...]

#...heart desires will...#

[...to Martinez hooking John Law in a crossface, wrenching back with all his might as Law struggles to hang on...]

#...come to you.#

[...to a crowd shot of a group of young fans holding up a banner that reads "THE WHITE KNIGHT FOREVER!" as a voiceover begins...]

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

[Cut to a shot of a bloodied but smiling Ryan Martinez standing triumphant with his teammates...]

"...Team AWA just won the Main Event at SuperClash! Now what are you gonna do?"

[...to a regular speed shot of Martinez still in the double cage, looking into the camera's lens with a grin...]

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

[...and we fade to a shot of the Disneyland logo before fading to black.

And we fade back up to the MGM Grand ballroom applauding what they just saw as an embarrassed Ryan Martinez tries to turn away from all the attention as a couple of other AWA competitors slap the White Knight on the back.

We cut back up to the podium where Sweet Daddy Williams is clapping along with the others as someone shrieks "WE LOVE YOU, RYAN!" which is immediately followed with "SIT DOWN, CASEY!" But Williams ignores all that as he leans over the mic.]

SDW: Couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. Ryan Martinez... my hat's off to you, kid.

[Williams steps back, clapping again as Martinez mouths "thank you" up at him.]

SDW: Now... not to be a spoilsport but we've got some more awards to give out and heck, I think I'll take this one myself. Our next award tonight is for the Most Popular Wrestler of 2017. Let's hear it, invisible voice man!

[We get a Golden Grapple graphic that reads "MOST POPULAR WRESTLER" with the accompanying voiceover.]

"NUMBER FIVE... MICHELLE BAILEY!"

[Cut to Bailey's table where Bailey grins at the result, waving a hand at the cheering fans as Molly Bell licks her paws in the background.]

"NUMBER FOUR... JORDAN OHARA!"

[Cut to the National Champion's table. The good-looking Phoenix grins at the camera, flashing the "I love you" hand signal at the camera as the crowd cheers.]

"NUMBER THREE... HANNIBAL CARVER!"

[The shot cuts to Carver sitting at his table which has way too many "empties" scattered on it to be safe. The Boston Brawler gets a nudge to tell him the camera's on him and he shouts "DID I WIN?!" and starts to get up before a chuckling Derrick Williams pulls him back down.]

"NUMBER TWO... SUPERNOVA!"

[Cut to the new World Champion who again salutes the cheering fans, looking on at the ring as he waits for the winner's name to be called as we cut back to Sweet Daddy Williams in the ring.]

SDW: And the winner of the Golden Grapple for Most Popular Wrestler...

[Williams opens the envelope with a smile.]

SDW: ...to the shock of no one... it's Ryan Martinez! Come on up here, kid!

[Ryan Martinez, dressed in an understated black suit, climbs to his feet as his music begins to play. He gives a wave towards the VIP section as he walks up towards the ring, and steps up to the podium. The AWA's White Knight has a wide smile on his face as he lifts the Golden Grapple award overhead, to the cheers of the crowd.]

RM: You have no idea how much this means to me.

[Martinez sets the award down on the podium, and looks at it for a moment.]

RM: From the bottom of my heart... thank you.

To me, this award means that you believe in me, and there is nothing that is dearer to my heart than that. Your belief in me.

I say words like "hold the line" or "count on it," not because I think they're cool or dramatic, but because those are the words that inspire me. They're the words that I tell myself so that I be worthy of this.

Your faith and your belief.

[The crowd cheers as Martinez nods.]

RM: And so this award is dedicated to you. To everyone who has ever clapped their hands or stomped their feet. Anyone who has ever joined their voice in the chorus and answered the call to arms.

This is for you. And this is my hope that I will always be worthy.

And...

[Martinez clears his throat, and reaches up, brushing something out of his eye.]

RM: There's one other person that this award is for. The first person in the AWA who really believed in me. The person who heard a punk kid shooting his mouth off and found something to believe in the words I was speaking.

Gordon Myers... this is for you.

[We cut to a shot of Gordon Myers in the crowd, a surprised look on his face as the crowd cheers the retiring play-by-play man.]

RM: Every Saturday, you were there. The voice of the people. You've been there for my triumphs and my failures. You stood up and you said "I believe in Ryan Martinez" when no one else would.

You saw something in me that I didn't even know was in myself.

You were there to remind to be a good man when I faced Caleb Temple. You were there when I went into the Woodshed and you were there in Madison Square Garden when I fought the greatest wrestler there's ever been.

You spoke for the people, and you spoke to me. I wouldn't be here if it weren't for you. And Gordon, I just want to say two things.

Thank you.

And I love you.

[As the crowd erupts in cheers, this time Martinez doesn't try to hide the fact that he's choked up.]

RM: Thank you everyone.

And once more... thank you Gordon.

[Martinez steps back from the mic as - perhaps predictably but no less impactful - the crowd (and many of the assembled wrestlers and staff as well) break into a chant.]

"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"

clap clap clapclapclap

[Myers smiles, mouthing "no, thank you" as we hold for a few moments before fading to black...]

...and back up on a shot of an AWA ring in what sharp-eyed viewers might recognize as the old Crockett Coliseum. Dust mites float in the air as we see two unnamed grapplers doing battle - a hiptoss... a backdrop... a dropkick...]

"What started with humble beginnings..."

[...a bodyslam... a flying headscissors... a vertical suplex...]

"...has become a global phenomenon."

[Cut to big crowd shots from recent events - the Battle of Saskatchewan... both venues from SuperClash IX...]

"And on Saturday, February 3rd, the American Wrestling Alliance goes to the next level right here on ESPN!"

[...and cut to a series of aerial shots of Minneapolis, Minnesota.]

"On a weekend reserved for the very best in professional sports, the AWA is coming to Minnesota to prove they belong..."

[A quick series of shots of faces that casual pro wrestling fans might recognize: Juan Vasquez, Michelle Bailey, Bret Grayson, Ayako Fujiwara, Tiger Claw, and Shadoo Rage.]

"...and you do NOT want to miss it!"

[The screen fills with the Super Saturday logo promoting the "season premiere" of the AWA on ESPN...

...and we fade back to black.

We fade back up to Theresa Lynch who is at the open bar to the back of the banquet hall. She is standing next to "The Professional" Dave Cooper. He is dressed in a black tuxedo outfit with black dress shoes.]

TL: Welcome back to the 2017 Golden Grapples... and as you can see, I am here with Dave Cooper, who I must say I'm surprised was willing to grant me a few minutes to visit. Dave, do you have any thoughts on tonight's proceedings thus far?

DC: Theresa, I do take a little offense to you acting like I'd just brush you off. This is a special night for everyone and the AWA did something right for a change -- certainly long after Javier Castillo had been running this place into the ground. But I will say it's a good thing to recognize the talent for the work they've put in.

[He then gets a slight smirk on his face.]

DC: Of course, in the coming year, there's gonna be one talent who will get his recognition for the work he'll put in, and that's The Big Man On Campus.

[Then, turning away from the open bar is the man in question, "Big Man on Campus" Trey Carson. He is dressed in a brown leather jacket over a black shirt, white slacks and brown loafers.]

TL: And there he is... Trey Carson. Excuse me, Trey, but do you have anything to say about tonight's show.

[Carson holds a beer in his hand and takes a sip. He stares at Lynch for a moment, then turns and walks off.]

DC: Sorry, Theresa, but the Big Man is a man of few words. However, he'll be doing his talking in the ring and, in one year's time, it's gonna be the Big Man who is going to clean up at the Golden Grapples. And, who knows, I may be Manager of the Year next year. Now, if you'll excuse me, I need a drink.

[He then turns away and approaches the bar.]

TL: A man of few words indeed. I don't even think we've heard him say ONE word yet.

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: But I'll keep trying - each and every week on the Power Hour. Now, let's go back up to our host, Sweet Daddy Williams!

[Cut back to the ring where Williams is standing.]

SDW: Thanks, Theresa... and you just remember, if you ever need someone to show up on that Power Hour and call the action, ol' Sweet Daddy is ready to do his duty and shake this booty!

[He jerks a thumb over his shoulder to some squeals from the ladies in the crowd.]

SDW: Ohhh, how 'bout that now? Now, when I hear that... it really makes me wonder why I didn't get the call to just automatically win this next award, ya hear? Best Moves? Best Moves?! Sweet Daddy's got all the best moves, baby!

[And on that note, Williams turns around and starts shifting his ample rear from side to side... to more squeals? Hey, we don't judge...

...but we do go to a graphic that reads "MOVE OF THE YEAR!" with the accompanying voiceover.]

"NUMBER FIVE... JULIE SOMERS' MOONSAULT!"

[We cut to video of Somers executing said moonsault at SuperClash onto a prone Kurayami en route to winning the Women's World Title.]

"NUMBER FOUR... MICHELLE BAILEY'S BRITNEY SPEAR!"

[And then onto footage of Bailey tearing across the ring, lowering her shoulder, and plowing into a stunned Laura Davis!]

"NUMBER THREE... SUPERNOVA'S SOLAR FLARE!"

[Back to video from SuperClash where the new World Champion cranks back on his signature Texas Cloverleaf, bending Johnny Detson in half until he has no choice but to submit.]

"NUMBER TWO... BRIAN JAMES' BLACKHEART PUNCH!"

[Cut to a quick montage of shots of James delivering the devastating blow to the chest to a string of opponents...

...and then back to Sweet Daddy Williams who is again... or perhaps still... shaking that thang. He abruptly turns around with a chuckle.]

SDW: Sorry 'bout that. I forgot what I was here to do and that's present the Golden Grapple for Move of the Year which goes to...

[He opens the envelope, peering inside...]

SDW: ...Hannibal Carver and Derrick Williams for the Blackout and the Future Shock!

[As their names are announced, Williams, dressed in a dark red tux with a black shirt and tie, holds his arms out and laughs, standing up planting a kiss on the hispanic woman next to him dressed in matching red, then shaking Carver's hand before heading up to the stage. Carver follows suit, before stopping for a moment upon realizing he left his drink on the table. He shrugs, reaching into his pocket and fishing out a can of beers to some laughs and applause. He pops the top, stopping to wipe some of the beer that flew on his tuxedo t-shirt dry.

The two get to the podium, while SDW hands Williams the one trophy. He holds it and smiles].

DW: Ahh, we got an award... the two of us nominated for the same move even though... it kinda isn't.

HC: It is.

DW: Not quite, there's differences.

HC: Like what?

DW: Well, you're old. You kinda just grab it and, well, fall.

HC: So do yeh!

DW: No, no, no... I'm younger, more spry. I jump and grab it. More momentum, hurts more, it's science.

HC: It's bull-

DW: We can straw poll!

[Williams holds an arm out in the direction where Ohara is sitting.]

DW: J, you took both.. one's better, right.

[He turns his attention to Martinez.]

DW: Ryan... c'mon, you know what I'm talking about.

[Martinez looks less than amused as Williams turns his attention toward.. Jackson Hunter.]

DW: JAX! You know what I'm talking about... Bahd!

[Pause for some laughter and some nasty comments from Hunter's direction that got bleeped out. The camera cuts back to Williams and Carver.]

DW: Oooh, guess I was too soon? Anyway, thanks to the voters for the award.

[Carver nods, high fiving Williams as he steps up to the podium microphone.]

HC: Like I've said before, if the working stiffs liked it enough to vote... then that's good enough for me, no matter who was nailing people.

But really, the best part?

[Carver nods.]

HC: Is that even when I was gone, some poor slobbs were getting dropped on their damn faces. So thanks for keeping that bit of violence in circulation, kid.

[Williams smirks, nodding at the praise.]

DW: So, Han, then only gave us one trophy. Who takes it home?

HC: Usual?

DW: Usual.

HC: Well, we ain't getting a damn thing figured out this far away from the bar.
Cheers.

[Carver raises his can of beer to the applauding crowd, chugging it as the two make their way to the nearest alcohol distributor. We cut away from Carver and Williams to Theresa Lynch who is standing in the crowd.]

TL: Those two are something else, aren't they? To still be friends after all this time... after all they've both been through is truly something else. In fact, there are bonds like that all over the AWA... Carver and Williams... Martinez and Wright... Lynch and Toughill...

[She grins.]

TL: ...and yeah, even Hamilton and Cinder. There are so many great friendships that come to mind when you think of the AWA, we thought we'd pay a little tribute to them all. Take a look...

[Theresa lowers the mic as we fade to black...

...and then back up as the sounds Jackson Browne and Clarence Clemons' "You're A Friend Of Mine" begins to play.]

#Striking out?
Well, count me in#

[Daniel Harper and Howie Somers embrace following their victory at SuperClash to regain the tag titles.]

#I'm gonna stand right by your side through thick or thin#

[Ricki Toughill smashes a steel chair across Violence Jacobs' back to prevent her from powerbombing Theresa Lynch.]

#Ain't no doubt,
Gonna win#

[The Peach Pits strike a pose as they walk the aisle for a match on the Power Hour.]

#A walk through hell ain't bad compared to where we've been#

[Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan use their elevated DDT combo to spike the head of Cody Mertz into the canvas.]

#Oh, you can depend on me#

[Shadoe Rage throws himself off the top of the cage, smashing a double axehandle down across the skull of Torin The Titan to save Ryan Martinez from further damage.]

#Over and over...#

[Kelly Kowalski and "Golden" Grant Carter trade a fistbump in the middle of the ring fresh off her debut.]

#...over and over.#

[Ayako Fujiwara comes to the rescue for Molly Bell, chasing off a pair who mean no good for the Feline Fatale.]

#Know that I intend to be#

[Skylar Swift and Trish Wallace do battle with the Asylum at Eternally Extreme 2.]

#The one who always makes you laugh until you cry#

[Omega and Polemos interact with John C. Reilly at SuperClash.]

#And you can call on me...#

[Jack Lynch and Hannibal Carver sitting on stage at a small venue in Atlanta, each with a beer in hand and a smile on their faces.]

#...until the day you diiiiie#

[Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, and Paris Crawford celebrate their SuperClash win over the Dogs of War.]

#Years may come and go#

[Michelle Bailey and Theresa Lynch share an embrace at a public appearance somewhere, surrounded by children.]

#Here's one thing I know#

[Harley Hamilton, Cinder, and Casey Cash berate a referee at a live event before sharing a group hug.]

#All my life#

[Hannibal Carver and Derrick Williams share a clashing of beer bottles inside the double cage at SuperClash.]

#You're a friend of mine#

[A three shot of Jack Lynch, Supreme Wright, and Ryan Martinez standing with their arms raised inside a ring together, the crowd going wild all around them...

...and as the music fades, we fade to black.

And fade back up on a sepia shot of an empty Center Stage Studios, slowly panning across the bleacher seats with the flags of nations around the world hanging behind them....

...up onto the elevated stage where an announce table and an interview podium are set up...

...and then down onto the ring... all in silence until...]

#I've got the power#

[Snap's "The Power" begins to play as the footage instantly colorizes as we pop into a jam-packed Center Stage Studios where the fans are shouting and waving their arms...]

#Like the crack of the whip, I "Snap!" attack#

[...to footage from a Power Hour show of Atlas Armstrong pressing a helpless foe overhead before tossing them down to the mat...]

#Front to back, in this thing called rap#

[...to Omega diving off the top rope to the floor with a crossbody...]

#Dig it like a cymbal, rhyme devil on the heavenly level#

[...to Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer putting the boots to a victim...]

#Bang the bass, turn up the treble#

[...to Victoria June planting an opponent with her front powerslam...]

#Radical mind, day and night all the time#

[...to Whitiri wrecking someone with a running spear...]

#7:14 a.m., wise, divine#

[...to Odin Gunn planting someone with a reverse chokeslam...]

#Maniac brainiac, winnin' the game#

[...to the Peach Pits posing on the ramp...]

#I'm the lyrical Jesse James#

[...to Sandra Hayes shoving Theresa Lynch off the elevated stage...]

#Oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, yeah, yeah, yeah-eah#

[...to Molly Bell swiping at a cameraman...]

#Oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, yeah, getting kinda heavy#

[...to a wide shot of the stage with the AWA Power Hour logo spinning on the television monitors...]

#I've got the power (power, power)#

[...and as the final lyric echoes out, the footage is replaced by the same logo on the screen, promoting the Power Hour on your TV screen every other Saturday night on ESPN...]

We fade to black...

...and then back up into the MGM Grand Ballroom where we find the lights have been turned down for some reason. The assembled crowd is buzzing a little as black curtains have been draped around the ring to hide what's inside it. A voiceover breaks through.]

"AWA fans around the world..."

[Hey, I think I recognize that voice. You too?]

"...prepare to have your worlds ROCKED!"

[Oh dear.]

"With the debut of their new hit single... 'Peach Pits Rule The World'..."

[Yeah, that's what I thought. The boos are loud for this one before we even get to hear one note.]

"...the PEACH PITS!"

[The curtains fall in unison... one of which quickly entangles one of the Peach Pits who is struggling to get free. We can assume the trapped Peach Pit is Shannon Walsh as Kelly Taylor rushes across the ring to help free her and Donna Martinelli stands out front, totally oblivious to everything going on behind her.]

DM: Gimme a beat!

[What ensues is the most annoying, horrific, cheesy dance pop beat you can imagine. It sounds like it was purchased from a music library after being selected by some poor schlub who was given the task of "find something that sounds like Britney Spears in her glory days... but cheaper." Well, they succeeded... sorta.

In the background, an irritated Shannon Walsh spikes the offending curtain down on the mat, standing in a peach-colored spandex skirt and matching bedazzled sports bra... did I mention she looks annoyed? Kelly Taylor's in a matching ensemble and as she rushes back into position, she strikes a pose with her chin tilted up, her butt pushed out, and her fist planted on her hip. She's trying.

Donna Martinelli stands out front, a headset mic on her sparkly hair. She's gone for the uber short peach shorts and equally uber revealing skin-tight top. Martinelli has a literal peach in her hand as she strikes what we must assume she thinks is a seductive pose.]

DM: What would an award show be without a musical perform-

[Donna is in mid-sentence when the "background music" suddenly has lyrics. Donna's eyes go wide, throwing a panicked look offstage before she tosses the peach underhanded into the crowd.

She whirls around in a pirouette move...

...and promptly bumps right into Shannon Walsh, causing her to cry out as they both go flopping backwards down on the mat. Kelly Taylor's eyes go wide as she rushes to help.]

DM: Stop it! Stop! You're RUINING everything!

[Donna angrily slaps Kelly's hand away, pushing up off the mat...

...at which point her too-tight shorts actually tear. She spins around, grabbing at her wardrobe malfunction...]

DM: #Peach Pits... Peach Pits rule the worrrrrld... Peach Pits... Peach Pits rule the worrrrrllld...#

[From behind, Kelly Taylor tries to wrap the discarded curtain around the waist of Martinelli to hide her potentially-exposed assets...

...a move that just causes Donna to faceplant down to the mat when she tries for her next bit of choreography...

...and as Donna pushes up to her knees, she angrily shouts.]

DM: TURN IT OFF! TURN! IT! OFFFFFFFFF!

[The “backing track” comes to a screeching stop as Martinelli kneels on the mat, her pouty mouth on display. Walsh is on her feet, hands on her hips, shaking her head at her partners as Kelly tries to apologize to Donna who is having no part of it as she hears the laughter from the crowd.]

DM: You’re sorry, Kelly?! You’re sorry?! It’s not YOU who should be sorry, Kelly!

[Martinelli gets to her feet, Kelly again trying to pull the curtain around her.]

DM: IT’S THEM!

[Donna angrily points at the laughing crowd!]

DM: You think this is funny?! You know what I think is funny?!

[She points angrily into the crowd again.]

DM: I think it was a RIOT when everyone turned on Lauryn Rage and eliminated her from Steal The Spotlight!

[She points again.]

DM: I thought it was HYSTERICAL when Tony Donovan sacrificed a year of his career because he had a crush on Xenia Sonova who DUMPED him anyways!

[She laughs as the crowd starts to quiet.]

DM: Oh, you didn’t think it was funny? I thought it was a real knee-slapper when James Lynch hit his old man in the back of the head!

[Donna is looking through the speechless crowd now as she continues her rant...

...and then her eyes flash as she spots something.]

DM: You. Of course YOU would think this is funny.

[Martinelli sweeps up the curtain, wrapping it around her waist as she rushes off the stage, Kelly trying to keep up like she’s holding the train of someone’s dress. Donna stomps across the ballroom to confront the victim of her anger.]

DM: My... dear... cousin.

[The camera cuts to show Michelle Bailey sitting at a table next to Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell, her hand up over her mouth but her shaking shoulders giving away that she’s been laughing. Fujiwara is making no attempt to hide it, laughing loudly as Molly mews by her side.]

DM: I should’ve known you’d take such great joy in my problems.

[Bailey shakes her head, lowering her hand now.]

DM: You and your little pal, Ayako, here... having a good time at my expense, right? All the while you’re too AFRAID to accept a rematch with me for Super Saturday!

[Bailey grimaces, trying to reason with her cousin.]

DM: And then...

[Martinelli turns slightly, frowning as Molly Bell licks at her own wrist, using it to smooth back her hair...

...and then freezes, returning the stare...]

DM: What's new, pussycat?

[Bell hisses in Martinelli's direction, causing Donna to take an obvious step back before turning her fury back towards Bailey.]

DM: You. You sit here laughing at me. You think it's SOOOO funny... well, you know what I thought was funny, Michelle?!

I thought it was A... LAUGH... RIOT when your little boytoy Vasquez spent the better part of two years being led around by the nose because a sparkly little crystal made him weaker at the knees than you EVER did!

[Bailey's face changes dramatically as she glares at her cousin.]

DM: You know what else was funny? I just about cracked a rib laughing when I saw dear lil' Kimmy get SPIKED ON HER HEAD by my mentor!

[Michelle gets to her feet, the crowd buzzing with anticipation as Ayako grabs her by the wrist, trying to talk her down...]

DM: Oh, what?! Now you want some?! You want some of the Peach Pits?! Come get it, cuzzo! Let's do this thing! Let's do it now!

[...but Michelle, biting her lower lip, lowers herself back into her seat, shaking her head as she literally tries to turn the other cheek...]

DM: Oh yeah?!

[Donna suddenly gets hit with a flash of inspiration as she spots a nearby desert car, scooping up a cream pie in her hand, twisting around...

...where Molly Bell suddenly springs up, swatting at Donna's hand, a move that sends Donna recoiling backwards...

...and falling right into the desert cart where she finds herself covered in whipped cream and fruit filling in an instant to ROARING laughter from the Golden Grapples crowd.

And now Michelle Bailey joins in, not even bothering to hide it as she looks down on her embarrassed cousin who sits up, running her hands through her cherry-filling soaked hair...]

DM: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[And we abruptly cut to black.

The ESPN Films logo comes across the screen, with "COMING IN EARLY 2018" following. We see a packed Korakuen Hall from the mid-2000s, banners proclaiming the name "UNIVERSAL PUNCH!" hanging from the balcony, along with support banners for several wrestlers. We focus on one in specific - Michelle Bailey.

We then hear the voice of Todd Michaelson.]

TM: I always thought she had talent, but I could never understand why she was so attached to who she presented herself as.

[Cut to a talking head shot of Michaelson, modern day, sitting next to Lori Dane, glaring at him.]

TM: I mean, I get it NOW. But back then, it was just a mystery to me.

[Dane seems satisfied with that, turning back to the camera.]

LD: I didn't understand her back then, but I always wanted her to feel welcome. I figured if anyone wanted to be one of the girls, knowing what we went through - especially back then - then I wanted her on my side.

[We cut back to the archival footage, as we see Michelle Bailey emerge from a hallway, walking through the crowd, as seconds and trainees keep the crowd from reaching out to her. Following behind her, a giddy look on her face, is a teenage Miyuki Ozaki, keeping close to the gaijin that would serve as her mentor in her early years.

We hear the voice of Luke Kinsey as Michelle walks to the ring.]

LK: Our careers in the EMWC were intertwined, really. I won the Junior Heavyweight Title from her... we had the cage match at Redemption. Something about wrestling against her just brought my game to a new level.

[We cut to a talking head shot of the former Ego MAX member, taking in a deep breath.]

LK: I wish I had known this was what she wanted all the time. I don't know. Maybe things would've been different. Maybe it wouldn't have been so harsh between us for so long.

[Cut back to Japan, and Michelle being showered with pink and white streamers upon her introduction, a broad smile coming across her face as a streamer gets caught on one of her pigtails. We cut to a shot of Juan Vasquez, who leans towards the camera.]

JV: What was so hard to get about who she was? Why did she have to go to Japan for years because nobody here could get it?

[Vasquez shakes his head.]

JV: It was a damn shame.

[We cut to grainy home video footage of Michelle, circa her EMWC days, sitting in the passenger seat of a car, trying not to cry, as someone we cannot identify tries to comfort her. We hear the voice of Shane Destiny.]

SD: I could see every day how much it was tearing her up inside, but I didn't know how to help.

[We cut to Shane Destiny and Roxie.]

R: We wanted her to feel comfortable and happy, but she saw it as being better to live a lie that everyone can accept, than live a truth that nobody knew how to handle.

SD: She really got a taste of how she'd be treated if she went forward with being herself... it really pushed her inward. We were really worried about her for a long time.

[We have a rapid series of cuts of Michelle somersaulting off the top rope onto a Japanese opponent in Universal Punch!, the promotion she wrestled in most frequently. We then see home video footage of her with a young Ryan Martinez backstage at a EMWC show, as the future AWA World Champion and a giggling Michelle throw a wadded up ball of tape at Alex Martinez to try and get his attention.

Following that, we see a bikini-clad Michelle with a sarong around her waist in a Japanese waterpark, a Super Soaker resting against her shoulder, as she listens to Miyuki Ozaki giving her, Ayako Fujiwara, Michiko Sanada, Yumi Akari, Kiyomi, and HANA instructions for an impending water battle against a team from Universal Punch! in 2010 in a special that aired on national Japanese TV.

We cut to more home video footage, circa spring 2002, of Michelle at an autograph signing with Juan Vasquez, Luke Kinsey, Shane Destiny, and Roxie, as an unknown voice asks Michelle how much longer they'll let her be a woman. "As long as they'll let me!", she says with a smirk. Vasquez gives her a nudge, as she turns her head to him and appears to sigh.

We see another piece of home video footage, this time from 2007, as Michelle wrestles in a rare American appearance in between Japanese tours, in front of an audience so sparse that the empty chairs outnumber fans tenfold. We cut to after the match, as Michelle is walking from the ring, shaking her head and looking at her fingernails, a couple of which appear to be broken, saying aloud "why am I still doing this?"

We cut to a sobbing Michelle in the backstage area, grasping Ayako Fujiwara in a hug, moments after the conclusion of their June 2017 match at Madison Square Garden, Michelle's comeback match after revealing her transition.

We then cut to the modern day Michelle Bailey, sitting before us.]

MB: So... what would you like to know?

[Michelle's smile, genuine and beaming, comes across her face.

We cut to the ESPN 30 For 30 ticket graphic, displaying the words "THE LOST GIRL, FOUND - THE STORY OF MICHELLE BAILEY. COMING IN EARLY 2018, ONLY ON ESPN."

And we fade from the graphic back into the ballroom where we see a grinning Michelle Bailey, waving at the cheering crowd as we see a few staff members rapidly trying to clean the mess left behind by Donna Martinelli near the table...

...and we cut to Theresa Lynch standing in another part of the ballroom.]

TL: Welcome back to the Golden Grapples... and if you first-time AWA viewers are thinking THIS show is wild, just you wait until Saturday, February 3rd in Minneapolis for the season premiere of the AWA on ESPN - Super Saturday. I've seen some of the early promotional materials for that show and I can promise you, it's a loaded lineup to kick things off in 2018. We'll have more on that later tonight but right now, we wanted to go through a few more of our Unofficial Awards here tonight - brought to you by the AWA faithful around the world on Twitter over the past few weeks.

[Theresa consults her notecards with a chuckle.]

TL: The Most Likely To Reverse Chokeslam An Antelope award goes to Omega!

[We cut to Omega who leaps from his seat, lifting his arm in the air as if he's ready to assault a large animal at any moment.]

TL: Congrats to our favorite Neptunian... oh, here's a good one... the "Blink And You Missed It" award for goes to... John Shock's cameo at Eternally Extreme 2! Way to go, John!

[We cut to another part of the ballroom where backstage employee John Shock stands up, waving a cowboy hat in the air before retaking his seat.]

TL: And this last one will get quite the reaction so I'm glad I'm far away from a certain table... the "Outfit of the Year" winner is... Casey Cash for her title belt top!

[We cut over to the Mean Girls table where Casey Cash leaps from her seat, reaching for the bottom of her shirt with a "WHO WANTS TO SEE THE WINNERS?!"...

...but our camera shot quickly cuts away from they can see what happens next. Sorry. This is a family show. Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Classy every time with those girls, I tell ya. We've got some more Unofficial Awards to come later tonight but right now, we're going to head over to Mariah Wolfe who has one of tonight's presenters standing by. Mariah?

[We cut to another part of the ballroom where Mariah Wolfe is standing next to the table currently holding Veronica Westerly and Truth Marie Temple.]

MW: Thanks, Theresa... and as you can see, I've got Veronica Westerly here with me... former manager, former executive... you've worn a lot of hats in your time in this business, Veronica, and I've gotta wonder what's next for you now that you've been cleared to continue your employment here.

[Veronica smiles.]

VW: Mariah, I don't have all the answers for you yet but I promise, the AWA hasn't seen the last of Veronica Westerly.

[Mariah arches an eyebrow.]

MW: So, no truth that you're going to retire from wrestling and go back to domestic life?

[Veronica throws a look at Truth Marie who smiles, nodding.]

VW: I think my daughter and I have reached an agreement about the separation between our family and this business. So, retirement? Honey, I'm in my prime.

[Mariah grins as she turns back to the camera.]

MW: There you have it. No retirement for Veronica Westerly who says we haven't seen the last of her. And now, let's go back to Theresa who I'm told has a special guest of her own... Theresa?

[We cut back across the ballroom where Theresa Lynch is standing... near but not entirely next to... Shadoe Rage which draws cheers from the AWA faithful in attendance. Rage grins at the cheers, pointing a muscular arm at the crowd.]

TL: Thanks, Mariah... and... after what happened at SuperClash VIII last year between this man and my father, I hardly thought I'd be here a year later saying how grateful I am for what he did last month in Atlanta but...

[Theresa shrugs.]

TL: ...here we are! Shadoe Rage, there are a lot of us who owe you a great deal for what you did in WarGames and I don't think we'll forget it anytime soon.

[The crowd cheers as Shadoe acknowledges them with a nod.]

SR: Everybody likes to think I'm crazy and bad. I'm not. I'm a man who believes in himself and is willing to do anything...ANYTHING... to achieve my goals and defend what's mine. The AWA feeds my family. The AWA makes Ms. Marissa Monet happy. Do you think I'm going to ruin her happiness? Do you think I will take food out of my daughter's mouth for a man like Javier Castillo?

[Rage shakes his head back and forth.]

TL: A lot of people have talked about the sacrifices you may have made physically climbing into the cage on Thanksgiving. How are the knees?

TL: Moving forward though, how are the knees?

SR: I'm still hurting but I've hurt before. I'll be as good as new by Super Saturday. The pain don't mean a thing to me. I'm going to make a statement in 2018! The Sensational Shadoe Rage isn't done yet! Right, Marissa?

MM: Absolutely.

[Monet reaches up, placing a hand on her man's arm.]

TL: So, do you have big plans for 2018 as we get ready to ring in the New Year here tonight?

SR: Sand runs through the hourglass, Theresa. You know what I mean?

[Lynch shakes her head nonplussed.]

SR: Twenty years ago, I was in the main event of the IIWF blowing myself to smithereens with Steve Kowalski. I thought the sky was the limit. It took twenty years to get back to the main event. But I was the main event of the IIWF's biggest show and the ANA'S biggest show. Nobody else can say that.

But that means most of my career is behind me.

[Rage nods his head.]

SR: I'm a father now. I'm a grown man. There's more road behind me than there is in front of me. I know that. You don't think I know that? But it doesn't matter to me. It doesn't matter at all. Do I look like a man with a plan, Theresa. I'm a man who will do what he wants when he wants until I can't do it anymore.

And it's gonna be one hell of a ride!

[Theresa nods.]

TL: Sounds like it's your opponents who might need a plan to deal with you. Speaking of your opponents, is there anyone-

[Theresa is cut off as someone comes wobbling into the camera's view...]

SR: Watch it, man!

[...and then promptly trips over his own feet, lurching forward as a glassful of liquid goes flying through the air, splashing down on the torso of the seated Marissa Monet!]

MM: HEY!

[The drunken fool pushes up off the table, nearly falling down again as he does, revealing the unshaved face of Jackson Hunter who has seen better days.]

TL: We're in the middle of - Marissa, are you okay?

[Monet nods, using a napkin to blot at her dress with disgust as Shadoe Rage balls up a fist...

...and then Marissa gets out of her seat, grabbing him by the arm...]

MM: No, no... not tonight. He's not worth it.

[Rage eyeballs Hunter who bumps into a shocked Theresa Lynch as he staggers away.]

TL: I've gotta agree with Marissa there. He's DEFINITELY not worth it.

[Rage's eyes are burning into Hunter as he stumbles off, slowly nodding his head as Marissa tries to talk him down...]

TL: Alright, let's get out of here before this gets any worse... and can we get security out here to show Jackson Hunter the door for Pete's sake?!

[We cut from an agitated Theresa to the graphic reading "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" with the appropriate voiceover.]

"NUMBER FIFTEEN... SHADOE TAKES FLIGHT!"

[We cut to footage from the Javier Castillo/Ryan Martinez steel cage match on Saturday Night Wrestling where the interfering Torin The Titan has the White Knight trapped in the biggest bearhug ever...]

GM: Ryan Martinez trapped in a damn bearhug by this... the king of all monsters, Torin The Titan!

[The massive giant is squeezing the life out of Martinez who cries out, his face etched in agony as he flails at the head, neck, and shoulders of the Titan who doesn't seem to feel any of it.]

GM: Torin The Titan... at the bidding of... what? Javier Castillo? Harrison Fawcett? Who the hell knows at this point? He's trying to take out Martinez! He's trying to take Martinez - the heart and soul of Team AWA - out of WarGames!

[Torin has Martinez' feet dangling off the mat as he continues to squeeze... and squeeze... and squeeze...]

GM: Torin's trying to break the ribs... injure the back, the sternum, who knows...

[The mighty Titan ragdolls Martinez back and forth, swinging him to and fro as Martinez is helpless to resist...]

...and the crowd starts buzzing.]

GM: You can hear the fans here in Charlotte... obviously concerned... very concerned for the physical well-being of Ryan Martinez...

[Torin stops swinging Martinez as he wraps his arms tightly around the White Knight's torso again, causing a scream of pain to emerge from Martinez as the crowd's buzzing gets louder...]

GM: You heard Castillo - if anyone comes out here to help Martinez, they're fired! Ryan's got no one to help him! No one to save him from this!

[...and louder...]

BW: GORDO! GORDO!

[...and still louder...]

BW: LOOK UP THERE!

[The camera cuts to the top of the cage where we see a familiar face climbing as quickly as they possibly can...]

GM: Is that... it is! It is! IT'S SHADOE RAGE! SHADOE RAGE IS CLIMBING THIS DAMN GIANT CAGE!

[While many in the crowd have seen him... and the announcers have now seen him... it does not appear that anyone in the cage nor at ringside have seen him...]

GM: SHADOE RAGE IS... MY GOD, HE'S STANDING ON TOP OF THIS DAMN TWENTY FOOT CAGE, BUCKY!

BW: No one in their right mind would climb this damn thing... so there's no wonder it's Shadoe Rage who is doing it!

[Rage raises his arms over his head, turning the buzzing into a deafening roar as Javier Castillo finally looks up, shock in his eyes...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...and Rage leaps from his way too high perch, clasping his hands together as he comes plummeting downwards...]

GM: DEATH FROMMMMMMM AAAAAAAA...

[...and SMASHES his hands down in a double axehandle on the skull of Torin The Titan!]

GM: ...BOOOOOOOOOVVVVVVVEEEEEEE!

[The crowd ERUPTS in a shocked reaction as Shadoe Rage hits the canvas, his legs immediately collapsing under him as he screams out in pain...]

...and Torin The Titan immediately falls backwards, flat on his back, unmoving from the blow delivered from an unthinkable height!]

GM: TORIN'S OUT! TORIN'S OUT!

[Martinez falls to his knees, clutching his ribs as his jaw drops at what just happened. His eyes drift from the motionless Titan to the wailing Shadoe Rage who is grabbing his knee in pain!]

GM: We've got bodies everywhere! Martinez' ribs are hurt... Shadoe Rage... my god, what kind of damage could he have done to his knee jumping off this twenty foot cage?!

BW: HE KNOCKED OUT THE GIANT! HE KNOCKED OUT THE DAMN GIANT, GORDO!

[And with a spinning "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic...]

"NUMBER FOURTEEN... THE SOLDIERS WIN THE CUP!"

[...and we go to footage from Night 2 of the Battle of Saskatchewan where Howie Somers has lifted Joe Flint into his arms...]

GM: They're looking for the Soldiers' own finisher! They're looking for the Second Amendment - formerly the Patriot Missile!

[And at this sight, Stephens REALLY loses it, screaming and shouting. He comes through the ropes to intervene...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets DRILLED with a Harper right hand that sends him spilling over the ropes to the apron!]

GM: OH! Stephens gets clocked!

BW: He landed on the apron though! He landed on... what's he doing?!

[The crowd is watching Harper lean against the ropes, measuring up what could be a match-ending strike, roaring their support for the World Tag Team Champions as Stephens grabs hold of the Don't Tread On Me flag adorning one of their flagpoles, ripping it off...]

GM: Stephens is- he just threw that flag in the ring!

BW: Why?!

GM: I don't know!

[Harper looks confused at Stephens but ignores him as he bounces back against the ropes as Davis Warren goes to kick the flag out of the ring so no one slips on it.]

GM: Harper to the far side... here comes the clothesli-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock as Charlie Stephens SLAMS the wooden flagpole on the back of Harper's head, cracking the flagpole in HALF on impact! Harper falls forward, collapsing on the canvas as Stephens throws down the flagpole, ducking through the ropes...]

...and THROWS himself at the back of Somers' knee with a clip just as the official turns around!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE CLIPPED HIM! STEPHENS WAFFLED HARPER AND HE JUST CLIPPED SOMERS!

[Somers falls to the mat, grabbing his knee in pain as Stephens spins around, pulling up Harper, throwing him to Flint who lifts him up in the bearhug...]

GM: Wait, wait, wait!

[Stephens charges the ropes, bouncing back off with momentum...]

GM: NO!

[...and leaps up into the air, DRIVING his arm into the collarbone of the barely-conscious Harper, dragging him down to the canvas!]

BW: SECOND AMENDMENT!

[Stephens rolls out, watching as Flint drops down onto Harper, wrapping up his legs...]

GM: YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

BW: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ROARS with a mix of shock... dismay... disdain... take your pick as Joe Flint wearily rolls off of Harper...]

...and nearly gets tackled to the mat by Charlie Stephens who rushes in, falling to his knees as he embraces his partner!]

GM: I... after all this, that's how it ends? With Charlie Stephens and that damn flagpole?!

BW: It ends with the Soldiers of Fortune as the 2017 Stampede Cup Champions, daddy!

[We get another spinning "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic before...]

"NUMBER THIRTEEN... KORUGUN STRIKES FIRST!"

[...and come back up as Johnny Detson delivers the Wilde Driver on Ryan Martinez as the count is counting down... "THREE!" "TWO!" "ONE!"]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We're out of time! We've gotta-

[Suddenly, a loud "THUNK!" is heard.]

BW: What the hell?!

[A voice replaces Gordon Myers... an angry voice.]

"NO! NO! NO!"

[The camera cuts down to ringside where a furious Javier Castillo is wearing Gordon's headset, stalking past Wilde.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, the time limit has expir-

[Castillo rips off the headset, snatching the mic from Rebecca Ortiz' hand.]

JC: NO! I DECIDE! I DECIDE WHEN THE TIME LIMIT HAS EXPIRED! THIS IS _MY_ SHOW!

[The crowd is all over Castillo, jeering loudly. He turns towards the camera, pointing a finger at it.]

JC: I DECIDE WHEN THIS SHOW ENDS! YOU! IN THE TRUCK! AT FOX! YOU LEAVE _MY_ SHOW ON UNTIL I TELL YOU IT'S OVER! COMPRENDE?!

[The cameraman backs off from the enraged AWA President who turns towards the timekeeper.]

JC: You! Ring the bell! Restart the match!

[We cut a little deeper into the action...]

GM: He's trying to restart this match and- I can't even believe we're still on the air! What kind of power does this guy have?!

[Suddenly, the arena lights go to black.]

GM: What the hell...?

[And a spotlight lances through the darkness, lighting up the Staples Center rafters...]

GM: OH MY GOD!

[...where we find a familiar painted face standing, pointing a black baseball bat down at the ring.]

GM: IT'S SUPERNOVA! IT'S SUPERNOVA!

[The lights come back on as Javier Castillo and Johnny Detson are staring up at the rafters...

....where Supernova rapidly comes down, hanging from a cable as he's quickly lowered to the ring, getting put down right between Detson, Castillo, and the downed Ryan Martinez!]

GM: SUPERNOVA IS HERE! SUPERNOVA HAS ARRIVED!

[Supernova unhooks himself from the cable, letting it go back to the ceiling as he stands, staring at Detson and Castillo...

...and slowly raises the baseball bat, pointing right at them!]

GM: OH YEAH! SUPERNOVA'S COME TO HIS HOME OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND HE'S COME TO GET HIM SOME OF JAVIER CASTILLO AND JOHNNY DETSON!

[Supernova stands protectively over Martinez, daring Detson to come for him again...]

GM: This is horrifying. Supernova... he's been here forever, Bucky! Always here! Always standing on the side of justice... of honor... of the people! And now... what? He's betrayed all of that for... money... for power?!

BW: Fortune and glory, kid. Fortune and glory.

[And with another spinning "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic...]

"NUMBER TWELVE... JACKSON HUNTER STEALS THE SPOTLIGHT!"

[...and up on footage from Liberty Or Death where Jordan Ohara, fresh off winning the National Title from Maxim Zharkov is looking on with confusion at Blake Colton as Zharkov raises the new champion's hand...]

"CLAAAAAANG!"

[...only for Zharkov to fall forward to the mat...]

GM: No!

[...when he is stuck in the back of the head by a shovel...]

GM: Not him again!

[...a shovel covered with dozens of initials etched into the blade...]

GM: Jackson Hunter has struck again!

[...wielded by the man who brought Zharkov to the AWA.]

GM: The Scourge of the AWA has just taken out the former National Champion! Someone needs to stop this madman!

[Ohara tries to intervene but Blake Colton stops him, dropping with an elevated sitout powerbomb...]

...and we cut further ahead into the action...

...where Blake Colton has lifted Zharkov off the mat like a small child. Hunter, gasping for breath on the ropes, looks at Colton and extends his arm to him, pointing his thumb downward. He stabs his thumb downward agitatedly to Colton. Colton nods.]

GM: What is this? What is this?!

[With Zharkov inverted, held belly-to-belly against Colton's giant torso, Colton hops into the air...]

GM: ...NO...

[...throwing his legs out from beneath him...]

GM: ...NO!!!

[...and lands in a seated position, transferring all of his and Zharkov's weight onto the Tsar's neck.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[In what feels like horrifying slow-motion, Colton pushes Zharkov away from him, and the former National Champion crumples to the mat, more like an object than a living person.]

GM: MY GOD IN HEAVEN!

BW: Oh... oh my god, Gordon. Look at him.

[Ohara, rolling to his side on the mat - a previous victim of Blake Colton's power - looks on. His face is contorted by horror...]

...and we cut again a few moments later...

In the ring, Jackson Hunter merely takes a couple of deep breaths, grits his teeth at the scene before him, and barks out a command to Rebecca Ortiz.]

"READ IT!"

[Ortiz, voice almost quivering, speaks over the microphone to the hushed arena.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen...

...per the rules...

[She gulps hard.]

RO: ...of the Steal the Spotlight contract...

[The fans buzz, one shock after another.]

RO: ...The following contest, set for one fall...

...is...

...is for the AWA National Championship...

BW: WHAT?!

GM: ACK!!!

RO: ...Introducing first...

"RING THE BELL!"

[Having given the order, Hunter has already started stomping away at the fallen Jordan Ohara, when the bell rings.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...this is...

[Ohara tries to crawl to the ropes, his match instincts beginning to kick in, but he finds himself dragged by the ankles to the middle of the ring.]

GM: I... I am in shock...

[Hunter laces Ohara's legs around his, and for the second time in the evening, turns an adversary into the Mindflayer.]

GM: Jackson Hunter... with that Mindflayer... Fight it, Jordan! Fight it!

BW: He's fading, Gordo.

[The chants of "O-HA-RA!" fill the air as we cut one more time...]

Ohara's arm reaches out in the direction of the motionless Zharkov, his previous adversary, like he's reaching for assistance...

...but Ohara's arm goes limp, as the pain wracks his body...

...and he begins to go slack.

The referee has to yell instructions.]

"Jordan! Jordan! If you cannot respond, I will end the match, Jordan!"

[The Phoenix has joined The Tsar in being unable to fight back.]

"That's it! That's it!"

[The referee waves his arms frantically at the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There are no words, fans.

BW: Did that just happen, Gordo?!

[Hunter releases the hold and drops to his knees, cackling toward the rafters. Blake Colton grabs the National Championship belt and slides into the ring with it. With a shake of his head, the referee tries to raise Hunter's arm, but the Axis Mastermind is more interested in the physical gold as he presses the center plate of the National belt to his hawk-like face in a state of malicious joy.]

GM: I am... as flabbergasted as you, fans.

[Colton boosts Hunter up onto his broad shoulders and circles the ring for the world to see. Hunter cradles the National Title across his chest.]

BW: The landscape of the AWA has changed, Gordo. No other way to put it.

[And we get one more spinning "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic before...]

"NUMBER ELEVEN... THE BOOP HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD!"

[...and up on footage from SuperClash where Harley Hamilton eyeballs Cinder who is starting to get up off the mat, the crowd buzzing at this confrontation between the two Seductive and Destructive members. On the outside, Casey Cash - dazed and confused - is on her feet, looking in at her two allies.]

GM: Cinder trying to get up... she just got flattened by Ayako Fujiwara and she's got Harley Hamilton waiting for her...

[Cinder crawls to the ropes, using them to help herself off the mat where she slowly turns around...

...and stares across the ring at Harley Hamilton, the crowd reacting at the surprise showdown.]

GM: The fans in Atlanta - this might not be the final two they were hoping for but they'll take it! They'll take seeing these two beat the Thanksgiving stuffing out of each other in the final pairing in this historic matchup which we're told is just over sixty-five minutes in length right now!

[Cinder looks around at the crowd... who start... cheering?]

GM: Are these people cheering Cinder?!

BW: They're out of their minds!

[Cinder looks shocked as slowly but surely, the fans start to rally at the idea of someone smacking the attitude out of Harley Hamilton.]

"CIN-DER!"

"CIN-DER!"

"CIN-DER!"

[Cinder's jaw drops, shaking her head as Hamilton looks around as well... a very different expression on her face.]

GM: Harley Hamilton looks upset, Bucky.

BW: Upset? She looks steamed - and can you blame her?! These people are cheering for Cinder, chanting her name!

[Outside the ring, Casey Cash looks on the verge of a panic attack as Cinder points a finger across the ring at Hamilton, drawing a big cheer.]

GM: I can't believe it either. These fans want to see Cinder - of all people - take the fight to Harley Hamilton!

[Cinder steps away from the ropes, moving gingerly towards Hamilton who angrily steps away from the ropes, marching out to mid-ring where she delivers a HARD two-handed shove to her partner's chest, drawing an "OHHHHHHHH!"]

GM: Oh! Hamilton shoves Cinder!

[Cinder looks shocked... then looks angry!]

GM: Cinder can't believe that happened but... oh my! They're nose to nose now!

[The two Seductive and Destructive members square off in the middle, shouting at each other as they push back and forth using their foreheads.]

GM: Like two bulls pushing each other around!

[Hamilton says something not audible to Cinder who backs off, a shocked expression on her face...]

"NO WAY!"

GM: What... what did Hamilton just say that caused THAT reaction?!

[Hamilton looks insistent, nodding her head...]

GM: Hamilton telling her... what exactly?

BW: I don't know.

[Cinder looks down at the mat... and then back up, shaking her head at Hamilton.]

"NO! I'M NOT DOIN' IT!"

[Hamilton nods her head again, pointing down...]

GM: Is she... is Hamilton telling her to lie down?! She is! I think she is, Bucky!

BW: What?! You've got no proof of that!

GM: She's telling Cinder to lie down so she can win this match!

[Cinder defiantly shakes her head again, shouting "NOOOOO!" to a roar from the crowd...]

GM: Cinder refusing to do it! You go, girl!

[Hamilton glares at her partner, her hands on her hips...]

"DO IT, CINDY!"

[...and Cinder slowly turns away, shaking her head, looking down at the mat.]

GM: Don't do it, Cinder! Stand up for yourself! Fight for yourself! You've accomplished so much in such a short time here in the AWA... you can beat her! You can win this! You can make history!

[The crowd is getting louder, trying to urge Cinder on...

...and she slowly turns, glaring at her best friend...]

BW: What's she gonna do, Gordo?!

[...and STOMPS angrily across the ring towards Hamilton, rearing back a right hand...]

GM: Yeah! Yeah!

[...and reaches out...]

"BOOP!"

[The light BOOP on the nose sees Hamilton flop backwards to the mat, dropping motionless on the canvas...]

GM: What the...?

[Cinder looks out on the confused crowd, a grin on her face...]

GM: Oh, what the hell?! Damn it... what the hell is this crap?!

[...and then drops to her knees, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Oh, everything's a damn joke to these two.

[The puzzled referee drops down at the shouted insistence of Cinder and Casey Cash, slapping the mat once... twice... and three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: She did it, Gordo! She did it! What a war Cinder just went through with Harley Hamilton to win it!

GM: Laugh it up, fuzzball. You, them... everyone have a grand ol' time, you clowns.

[Cinder leaps to her feet, dragging Hamilton up with her into an overjoyed embrace as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner of Steal The Spotlight... CINNNNNNNNDERRRRRRRRRR!

[The fans are POURING down boos on the dastardly duo as an elated Casey Cash rolls in, rushing to join the group hug in the middle of the ring.]

GM: This makes me sick. The Steal The Spotlight is an annual tradition since the beginning of SuperClash. We've had winners with honor and winners who were not the greatest of sportsmen but... they've all treated this match with respect... they've all treated this contract with respect. They gave it their all... they gave it everything because it's worth fighting for. It's worthy of the respect and honor. And these two... they throw it all away and for... for what, Bucky? A joke? A little "haha" garbage they can post about on the Internet?

BW: It was a master plan! It was strategy! It was-

GM: It wasn't any of that. It's garbage. Nothing but garbage. These two should be run out of the AWA on a damn rail. They don't respect the company... the fans... this match... nothing.

[And with one more "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic, it spins away to reveal a live shot of Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Casey Cash, and Kelly Kowalski sitting at their table. Cinder is fake crying as Hamilton screams "WHY DON'T YOU CRY ABOUT IT, OLD TIMER?!" as she sneers at the camera. Even Kowalski has a smile for the camera this time as the VIP section lets this quartet have it...

...and we hear a voiceover.]

"Here to present our next award... someone who knows quite a bit about this category... JON STEGGLET AND TODD MICHAELSON!"

[We cut up to the ring where Stegglet and Michaelson are standing, both in black tuxedos and both with grins on their face.]

JS: Together again, huh?

TM: Wouldn't miss it.

JS: How we doin'?

TM: Same as always.

JS: That bad, huh?

[Michaelson chuckles as Stegglet pumps a fist.]

JS: I always wanted to do that. Todd, it's been a hell of a night here at the Grapples, hasn't it?

TM: It has, Steggs... but I gotta admit, I'm a little surprised we're already out here.

JS: Oh?

TM: After the performance we put on at Eternally Extreme, I assumed we were a LOCK for Male Tag Team of the Year.

JS: Oof. Highly unlikely, my friend.

TM: Do I at least get Moment of the Year for shutting the Soundbite up once and for all?

JS: You obviously haven't heard his new podcast.

TM: Nope. But neither has anyone else so...

[Michaelson smirks, turning away as a brief "SHOOT TODD SHOOT!" chant starts up. He holds a finger to his lips, waving them quiet as Stegglet sighs.]

JS: Ah... truly same as always. And of course, we're not up here to accept the tag team of the year award... we're here to present the award for Announcer of the Year.

TM: You've got a few of those, right?

JS: You as well as I recall.

[Todd and Stegglet both take a moment to "dust their shoulders off."]

JS: But that's not our business anymore. We're retired.

[Todd arches an eyebrow.]

TM: Are we?!

JS: We're retired!

TM: ARE WE?!

JS: WE'RE RETIRED!

[Todd shrugs.]

TM: Alright, fine... we're retired. But I think Saturday Night Wrestling with Toddy Mike and Steggy on the table is money in the bank.

JS: DON'T CALL ME-

[And the crowd shouts out "STEGGY!" to finish the catchphrase to cheers for all, even Jon Stegglet who simply shakes his head.]

JS: Can we get down to business please?

TM: I'm waiting on you, pal.

JS: Let's take a look at the top contenders for Announcer/Interviewer of the Year.

[Stegglet steps back as we get a graphic promoting that category.]

"NUMBER FIVE... COLT PATTERSON!"

[We cut to a shot that can best be described as the announcer B-Team table with Colt Patterson striking a double bicep in his cut-off tuxedo vest as Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly look on with grins.]

"NUMBER FOUR... THERESA LYNCH!"

[Cut to a shot of a genuinely surprised Theresa Lynch standing, looking on in disbelief at her name. Her cheeks redden as she waves a hand at the camera.]

"NUMBER THREE... SWEET LOU BLACKWELL!"

[Cut to another table where Blackwell... strategically hiding a glass of something behind a centerpiece... waves a hand with a grin.]

"NUMBER TWO... BUCKY WILDE!"

[Cut to another seat at that table where Bucky Wilde shouts "TWO?! WHY I OUGHTA..."

...and we cut back to the stage where Stegglet and Michaelson stand.]

JS: And I suppose that kills all suspense in this one, huh?

TM: Just read the card.

[Stegglet tears open the envelope, taking a look inside...]

JS: The Grapple goes to... GORDON MYERS!

[With a clap on the back from a grinning Bucky Wilde, Gordon Myers climbs to his feet, slowly making his way towards the ring where Stegglet and Michaelson are applauding as well. The AWA's longtime Play By Play man scales the steps, joining his friends in the ring. He gets an embrace from both before settling in behind the podium, looking at the Grapple award before setting it down.]

GM: Thank you. Thank you all so much.

[Another big cheer goes up along with a scattered "THANK YOU, GOR-DON!" chant. Myers smiles, shaking his head as he waits for it to die down.]

GM: I don't want to take too much time. As I said recently, I never wanted to take away from the real stars of the show. I do want to let everyone who voted for me know how much I appreciate it. I want to let my friends and family know how much I appreciate all of their support as well.

[Myers pauses, shaking his head.]

GM: I've still got a handful of shows to call before I hang up my microphone and knowing these two...

[He jerks a thumb at Michaelson and Stegglet.]

GM: ...I'm sure there will be plenty of time for speeches no one wants to hear. So, I'm gonna cut this one short here tonight and just say... your love and support means so very much to me... and I-

"Well, I'M not gonna cut it short!"

[Jackson Hunter is rearing his unshaven, sweaty head again, only this time stumbling on stage.]

JH: Gordo... it's nice, but I know you an' I have never seen... eye to eye so to speak, so congrats, but... Fans of th' AWA, please attend carefully!

[It's not so much jeering that Hunter elicits, more awkward murmurs.]

JH: I--I know a lot of you guys on th' stage! Jon, Bobby... I-I made you guys a lot of money last year, didn't I? I mean... mean an' Mosselips, we filled that stadium for ya, basically for free! And I see Gordon Myers here getting an award for... for talking, ya know, and... and I've had spinal fusion surgery... Tommy John surgery... swallowed like a billion stem cells just so I could come back and get the crap kicked out of me some more for the AWA!

Sooo... I see all these peoples getting statues.

[Hunter waves an arm at the crowd.]

JH: I want a statue! I want a little gold statue that I can put up my fireplace to say, "by golly, this was all worth it!" It doesn't have to be for anything good! I want an award for "Worst Wrestler of the Year!" That's what I want! I remember when Brian Potter called Erica Toughill the Worst Wrestler back in '06 and she cried all night over it!

[Cut to Ricki Toughill in the audience, mortified. She pulls the top of her hoodie over her head and laces it to hide in her seat.]

JH: I worked like crazy last year! I did... Everyone's... everyone's so worried about Johnny Detson, what about me? I think I deserve the "Worst" Award!

[Myers briefly wrangles back control of the award podium and mutters into it.]

GM: ...For mercy's sake, someone help him.

JH: That can be my tribunal! Gimme the worst wrestler award! That's what you people think of me! Tell me how much of a worthless scumbag I am!

[Finally a member of event security takes the inebriated Hunter by the elbow firmly and shunts him away. The former two-time National Champion shouts his innocence as he is dragged away.]

JH: Nooo! You can't do this to me! I KNOW who did it! You have to believe me! I'm the only one who saw it happen!

[As more members of security arrive to drag Hunter out of view as he keeps screaming "I KNOW! I KNOOOOOOOW!", we abruptly cut to black.]

Cut to some random guy sitting in a recliner. He's got the remote in one hand, a burger in the other. You know the type of man we're talking about.]

RG: Nothing like sitting back to watch Saturday Night Wrestling.

[As he is about to take a bite out of the burger, that's when "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis enters the picture. She is dressed in her red and blue track suit and points to the random guy.]

LD: Excuse me?

RG: [looks confused] Uh, Laura Davis... what are you doing in my living room?

LD: Better question... what are you doing eating another burger?

RG: How did you even get in here?

LD: How did you even decide to eat the same old burger every night? Aren't you tired of that?

[Random guy stares at the burger, then back at Davis, who shakes her head.]

LD: Do we women have to teach you everything?

[We then cut to footage of delicious sandwiches being prepared, like the roasted chicken breast, the meatball marinara and the steak and cheese. Rock music plays and words flash on the screen.]

"Skip the same old burger. Get a sandwich that's different."

[More footage of sandwiches, then these words:]

"MAKE IT WHAT YOU WANT."

[The Subway logo then appears, along with the reminder that they now deliver...

...and we fade through black to the "AWA ON YOUTUBE" graphic that lets us know that viral video is incoming...

We go to footage of what appears to be a Subway restaurant. It's where we find "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis seated at one of the tables. A few fans are at the table and she is signing autographs. A Subway sandwich and a drink in a Subway cup are conveniently placed for this promotional appearance. Whoever is filming this footage comes up to the table and starts asking questions.]

"Hey, Laura Davis... can I ask you a couple of things?"

[Davis looks up from whatever it is she's signing.]

LD: Make it quick. I'm a little busy, you know.

"Tough deal about Steal the Spotlight. What happened there?"

[Davis frowns.]

LD: You all saw what happened. I asked those who I selected to be part of the team and at least a couple of them had their own ideas. Maybe I should have seen what happened with Ayako Fujiwara coming, but regardless, that should have been me among the last women standing.

[She hands over whatever it is she signed to a fan, then glances back at whoever is filming her.]

LD: And before you ask about what I thought about Harley Hamilton and Cinder did to end the match... no comment.

[She says that "no comment" like she's quite pissed off.]

"What about the Women's Tag Team Title tournament? You thinking about entering?"

[Davis is about to grab something else to sign, but she stops there, as if giving it some thought.]

LD: Good question. I haven't actually thought about that... after all, I've always been focused on the singles ranks. However, I'm never one to turn down an opportunity to win a title and I'm open to the idea of forming a team. Maybe that's what I need to do.

As for the tournament itself, I can imagine that Hamilton and Cinder will be there, and I still think they have potential for true greatness. I'm sure Fujiwara will be there... maybe she and Bailey team up. Oh, and there were a few who impressed me at SuperClash... and to be honest, one of them was Skylar Swift. I imagine she'll want to enter as well.

Who else might get in? The Peach Pits, though I know Donna wouldn't like facing me. Maybe the Serpentes... maybe Lauryn Rage will...

[At that point, Davis pauses. She then shakes her head.]

LD: No, forget that. Nobody wants to team with Lauryn. Nobody will _ever_ want to team with her.

[The footage cuts out...

...and we get one more "AWA ON YOUTUBE" graphic before we go back to live action where we see a smirking Laura Davis seated at her table. The crowd boos the appearance of the All Around Athlete...

...and we cut up into the ring where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: We are back here live on the Golden Grapples on ESPN and... just like Laura Davis right there, the whole world is talking about the announcement at SuperClash IX that the first new championship in almost two years is coming to the AWA on March 17th, 2018. That'll be the date of the Tenth Anniversary Show for the AWA - a very special night for sure and a night that will be made even more special by hosting the Finals of the tournament to crown the first champions.

[The crowd cheers as Theresa beams.]

TL: Now, I've been asked to come up here for two reasons - to present the award for the Female Tag Team of the Year..

[A shout of "RIGHT HERE! RIGHT! HERE!" is heard, drawing a grimace from Theresa.]

TL: ...and to give you all the details on that tournament.

This eight team tournament will begin on Super Saturday and will take place on both Saturday Night Wrestling and the Power Hour leading up to the tournament final which - as mentioned - will take place on the Anniversary Show.

[Lynch pauses.]

TL: And now I've been given the honor of announcing seven of the eight teams that will be competing in the tournament.

[We get a split screen shot with Theresa on one side and a graphic on the other revealing the teams one by one...]

TL: Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell.

Harley Hamilton and Cinder.

Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift.

Laura Davis and a partner to be named later.

The Peach Pits.

Kayla Cristol and Victoria June.

And The Serpentes.

[Theresa pauses again.]

TL: The final spot in the tournament will be filled by an invitational gauntlet match that will be held at Super Saturday. Calls are out all over the globe to invite teams to come participate and I can confirm that the team of Margarita Flores and Betty Chang have accepted the offer to compete. We'll learn more details about the other teams who will compete in the weeks ahead and I know you all are as anxious to see this tournament go down as I am.

[Theresa waits as the on-screen graphic shifts to show several show dates.]

TL: So, Super Saturday will have the qualifying gauntlet match... so by the time we go off the air on February 3rd, we will know all eight teams competing. I can also tell you the first two first round matches will take place on the February 17th edition of Saturday Night Wrestling in Milwaukee. The second two first round matches will happen on February 24th on the Power Hour. The two Semifinals will both go down on March 3rd at the United Center in Chicago for Saturday Night Wrestling. And the Finals, of course, will happen in New Orleans at the Tenth Anniversary Show.

[Theresa pauses as the graphic fades.]

TL: And while anything can happen in a tournament like this, since we're in Las Vegas, you may want to put some money down on one of these five teams making it all the way to the end. Let's take a look at the top vote-getters for Female Tag Team of the Year!

[We fade to a "FEMALE TAG TEAM OF THE YEAR" graphic with accompanying voiceover.]

"NUMBER FIVE... THE PEACH PITS!"

[We cut... surprisingly... to a backstage shot where Kelly Taylor is diligently working to get cherry pie goop out of Donna Martinelli's hair while Shannon Walsh looks on with a smirk as Donna shrieks.]

"NUMBER FOUR... JULIE SOMERS AND VICTORIA JUNE!"

[Cut to a table where Julie Somers flashes a smile, Victoria June nowhere to be seen.]

"NUMBER THREE... TRISH WALLACE AND SKYLAR SWIFT!"

[Cut to a table where Skylar Swift is all smiles, waving to the crowd as Trish can be seen mouthing "three?! Are you kidding me?!" angrily at her.]

"NUMBER TWO... AYAKO FUJIWARA AND MOLLY BELL!"

[Cut to another table where Molly perks up at the sound of her name as Ayako nods in response...

...and the graphic spins away to leave Theresa Lynch on stage, a lop-sided grin as she shakes her head.]

TL: And I suppose it's no surprise as I announce the winner of the Golden Grapple for Female Tag Team of the Year... Harley Hamilton and Cinder!

[We see a spotlight shine on the table where Harley Hamilton and Cinder are seated with Casey Cash and Kelly Kowalski. The two besties turn to each other and give a loud ear-splitting squeal of delight...]

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!"

[...as they slap their hands limp-wristed at each other excitedly. They stand up and simultaneously compose themselves by taking a deep breath as an ecstatic Casey Cash can be heard shouting "OH MY GOSH! THIS IS THE GREATEST MOMENT IN THE HISTORY OF EVER!" as she hands the two their "AWA World Tag Team champions of the Universe" title belts. The two sling the belts over their shoulders and then link pinkies, beginning their graceful walk towards the ring as the crowd claps politely, but mostly boos our Female Tag Team of the Year. As they walk past the table where Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift are seated, Cinder distastefully sticks out her tongue at the duo. Skylar places a hand on Trish's shoulder, keeping her from making a scene. Harley is equally gracious in victory, making the shape of an "L" on her forehead with her fingers and mouthing "Loser!" at Michelle Bailey, who simply rolls her eyes. As the two enter the ring and reach the podium, Cinder is the first to take the mic, bumping Theresa Lynch aside as Theresa attempts to hand her the award.]

C: AWRITE!!! Ain't thees a right belter, then? Mah Harley and me, we're not just TAG-team-CHAMPEENS-o'th-UNIVERRRRRRSE... but we're the best tag team in all the AWA. Ah did th'math, bytheway! An' since technically Harls and me 'ave a stronger win-tae-loss ratio than both the Next Jam and Soljah Boys Tell 'Em... we're technically the best team of the year, coz we're PURE... DEAD... BRILLIANT!

[The crowd is in stunned... confusion at Cinder's outburst, but Harley claps ecstatically.]

HH: That was beautiful, Cindy! Excuse me... I-I think I got some dust in my eye.

[Harley wipes away tear. Whether there actually was a tear there to begin with is another story.]

HH: But holy freakin' cow... you like us! You really, really like us!

[The smattering of boos seems to contradict that statement. Harley turns to Cinder.]

HH: Oh, Cindy, you've changed my life. I can't begin to tell you how much our friendship means to me. Who would have ever thought that when I took you out for that first iced mocha frappucino, that we would be where we are today? Me, the simple and humble daughter of the greatest World Champion in the history of professional wrestling and you...

C: ...An' me! Made o' anti-matter, adamantium an' ready to steal any spotlight! An' not lip gloss!

[Cinder has realized she may have stepped in it on live TV.]

C: I dunnae shoplift... any more. Despite what that dafty at the CVS accused me of. I'm not strong enough tae lift shops.

HH: I know. We're just two impossibly talented and breathtakingly beautiful girls out here trying to make it in this crazy world! But I just know that with you, Casey and Kelly by my side-

[Suddenly, Harley gets an annoyed look on her face.]

HH: I see you, music man with a stick! Don't you even THINK about starting your violins! I'm almost done! Get him, Casey!

[We hear sounds of struggle, as Harley turns back to Cinder as if nothing happened.]

HH: We're not just the Female Tag Team of the Year, Cindy... we are the Tag Team of the Year. Period. Now and forever. There's not a single man, woman, or cat, out there that can stop us from running roughshod all over the AWA and this past year has proven that. 'Cause nothing's gonna stop us... nothing's gonna stop us now!

[Harley then turns to the crowd and takes the faux title belt off her shoulder as Cinder does the same and the two proudly hold them and their Grapple awards high into the air. A shout of "THOSE BELTS AREN'T EVEN REAL!" can be heard from the audience as the two are booed out of the ring and we fade to an aerial shot of the entire ballroom.]

"Coming up next on the 2017 Golden Grapples... the award for Male Tag Team of the Year! Don't go away!"

[Fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

Black screen. White text appears. "Claws of Life" by Last Rites. Copyright 2015 Nocturnal Records. Text fades.

A staccato black metal guitar riff with a slow drum beat plays, invoking images of bleak, frostbitten landscapes. We fade in on the band playing the song. The singer is a young man who looks to be in his late teens or early twenties. His hair is shaved at the sides, long on top but tied back. His face is adorned with black and white "corpse paint" makeup. His anguished screams are subtitled.]

The Father gives the Child the choice to die

[As the music continues, we cut to another shot of the band playing onstage. The young singer is involved in a scuffle with an over-enthusiastic stage diving fan and appears to headbutt him square in the nose, sending blood spattering everywhere. He puts his hand to the fan's bloodied face, and then slaps it to his own bare chest, leaving a smeared, bloody handprint.]

Either do as I say or live an eternal lie

[We cut to a montage of clips as the song continues. The young singer being led handcuffed to the back of a police car. A shot of him training in some form of kickboxing art, launching a series of quick, high kicks at a heavy bag. A clip of him stumbling out of a club and into the back of a waiting car.]

Now I scream your name into the winter sky

[A video taken from a cellphone of the young man, obviously wasted and nodding out. A screenshot from TMZ reading "DeVille Kicked Out of Last Rites!". Tabloid shots of him in cuffs again. A video of him being led into a rehab clinic.]

Abandoned at the claws of life

[The young man sits alone in a darkened room, his head in his hands. He looks to be in poor health. He looks up. His skin is pale. There are dark circles under his eyes. As we fade to black, we hear his natural voice as he makes a phone call.]

"I have nobody left to turn to. I need your help... I need... just... help me. Please."

[Caption: "The Bad Seed. Damian DeVille"]

...and we fade back up to the ballroom where Mariah Wolfe is standing with a smile.]

MW: Welcome back here to Las Vegas and the Golden Grapples where right now, let's do our last set of unofficial awards for the evening!

[Mariah reads from a card in her hand.]

MW: This is a fun one. The award for Power Couple of the Year is... well, it's a four way tie apparently as it goes to Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser...

[Cut to their table as Kaiser grins at Rhodes who has a hint of a smile, shaking his head.]

MW: ...Kerry Kendrick and Sandra Hayes...

[Boos burst out for the unpopular duo as a photo of them dejected and defeated at SuperClash comes up on the screen.]

MW: ...Supreme Wright and Theresa Lynch... congrats you two!

[Cut to a shot of Supreme Wright looking stoic... and then to Theresa Lynch who is beaming.]

MW: ...and finally... Ricki Toughill and MAWAGA!

[Cut to a shot of Ricki who is boisterously laughing at that one as the fans join in.]

MW: Now, we've got another award here... this one is... oh, sorry, Theresa... it's the Cain and Abel Brotherhood Award going out to Jack and James Lynch.

[A seething James Lynch is shown as he mouths "I BEAT HIM!" to the camera before we go back to Mariah.]

MW: It's been a fun night here in Las Vegas and these unofficial awards have only added to the mix and now-

[Suddenly, some grand orchestral music starts to play as Ayako Fujiwara walks into the ring and stands in front of the podium. She is dressed in a midnight blue ballgown with a fitted bodice, a modest neckline that with a deep V-neck and a full, flowing skirt made of layers of chiffon that cascade down to the floor. Her dress matches her hair, which is dyed a deep shade of blue. She stands in front of a banner that has been brought into the ring that reads "The Miyuki Ozaki Award for Outstanding Achievement in the Field of Excellence". The audience cheers and applauds.]

Ayako: Thank you, everyone! It is an honor to be standing here today presenting the first annual "Miyuki Ozaki Award for Outstanding Achievement in the Field of Excellence."

[The audience cheers and applauds again.]

Ayako: Miyuki created this award to recognize someone whose contributions extend far beyond just the wrestling ring. She looked for someone who not only excelled in wrestling but who also demonstrated exceptional dedication, perseverance, and a never-say-die attitude. She searched for someone who embodied the true spirit of excellence.

[She pauses for a moment, looking out at the audience.]

Ayako: And let me tell you, she decided that there was only one person who exemplified all the qualities she was looking for. This person has consistently shown an unwavering commitment to excellence. They have inspired countless others to follow in their footsteps and have left an indelible mark in our sport.

[The cameras cut to the audience, where we see many faces looking on in anticipation. In fact, we see Harley Hamilton and Cinder rising out of their seats, apparently in anticipation of being named the winners.]

Ayako: Ladies and gentlemen, it is my great pleasure to present the winner of the "Miyuki Ozaki Award for Outstanding Achievement in the Field of Excellence", along with a check for \$25,000 and a brand new car to...

...Michelle Bailey!

[The camera cuts to a vastly confused Michelle Bailey, who is mouthing "I won what!?", quickly followed by "It comes with what???" as two Japanese women, wearing maid costumes with fox ears and tails, approach her carrying a giant novelty check, with a third carrying an open box containing a set of car keys and an impressive looking trophy in her hands.]

Molly Bell perks up at seeing the three fox maids as they shout "Omedeto gozaimasu, Michi-chan!" in a high-pitched squeal while pushing the check, trophy and box with the car keys at Michelle. They cheerfully surround Michelle as a fourth fox maid, carrying with her a digital SLR camera, appears to take several pictures, then the four scramble off, leaving behind a massively confused Michelle with the award, novelty check and keys, but not before one accidentally thwaps Michelle in the face with her tail due to the swiftness of her exit. Molly goes to follow, but Michelle grasps her wrist, preventing a presumed cat-on-fox disaster. We see Michelle take in a deep breath before smiling and scratching Molly behind the ear.]

Ayako: Hold up the trophy for everyone to see, Michelle!

[Michelle does as Ayako asks and holds up the trophy. We see the award is made of high-quality metal and is about 12 inches in height, with a foundation of black marble and a golden figurine of Miyuki Ozaki herself, at the top, captured in one of her classic cute poses. As the crowd applauds, we can see an annoyed Harley Hamilton, screaming "RIGGED!" as Michelle meekly waves at her adoring public...

...and we cut to another part of the ballroom where Theresa Lynch, obviously stifling a chuckle, is standing.]

TL: Congrats, Michelle on your much-deserved honor. You know, we've said many times that this is a night of celebration for a lot of reasons... one of which is that it's our very first broadcast here on ESPN and as part of the Walt Disney Company family. And with that in mind, we reached out to our new friends at Disney to see if we could borrow another family member or two to help us present our next award... I think the office was hoping for Iron Man and Captain America... I was hoping for Elsa and Anna personally... what we got... was quite different. Take a look.

[We fade through black to a shot of the AWA offices in Dallas, Texas. The camera holds on the AWA logo for a few moments before fading inside where we find Jon Stegglet sitting at the head of a long conference room table, looking at his watch.]

JS: I just don't understand. The guy at the Mouse House said our special presenters would be here a half hour ago.

[Mark Stegglet is standing nearby, looking out a window.]

MS: I still don't understand why they wanted to do it here.

JS: They said that the presenters weren't available the night of the Grapples and-

[Mark interrupts his uncle.]

MS: Wait. A limo just pulled up outside. That must be them. I can't wait to see who they sent us.

[An almost-giddy Stegglets get up, moving quickly towards the door..

...and we fade to a graphic that reads "FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER" to the slightly-disappointed faces of the Stegglets.

A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"Well, let's get this over with..."

[The camera slowly pivots from the Stegglets...

...to show the curmudgeonly, cantankerous duo known as Statler and Waldorf from the Muppet Cinematic and Television Universe, sitting at the other end of the table looking back at the Stegglets.

Cut back to Jon who looks over at Mark.]

JS: It's all yours.

[With a sigh, Jon gets up and leaves the room as we cut back to the our Muppet friends.]

Statler: Where the heck is he going?

Waldorf: Running right out of here.

Statler: You know what that makes him?

[And in unison...]

S/W: SMARTER THAN US!

[...and the duo breaks into raucous laughter as Mark Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Can we bring back Korugun?

[We cut to a shot of Stegglet now sitting near the duo.]

MS: Okay, we're going to have you two present the award for Feud of the Year.

Statler: Oh, good... something we know a lot about.

Waldorf: Yeah, we've been angry at people for YEARS!

[More laughter from the duo as Stegglet grins.]

MS: It's simple, guys. We're going to list off the top five vote-getters and you'll comment on each one as we read it off.

Statler: Sounds good.

Waldorf: Really?

[Statler reaches up to the side of his head.]

Statler: What's that? Forgot to turn on my hearing aid.

[Stegglet facepalms as he waves a hand at the camera...

...and we get the "FEUD OF THE YEAR" graphic to which Statler and Waldorf can be hearing "ooooohing."]

MS: Like that?

Statler: Looks expensive. These Disney people must be paying you more than us. We get paid peanuts.

MS: Really?

Waldorf: Yep!

[And cut to a closeup of Stegglet being pelted with peanuts.]

MS: Hey! Ow! Cut it out!

[The graphic appears again before we go back to the trio.]

MS: Number five was Jordan Ohara versus Maxim Zharkov.

[The Muppet duo nods.]

Statler: Zharkov. That Russian?

MS: Yes.

Waldorf: As is... he was rushin' to the hospital after he got dropped on his head!

[The duo starts laughing wildly as Stegglet's jaw drops...

...and the graphic spins past again.]

MS: Number four... Next Gen versus the Soldiers of Fortune.

Statler: Bravo! Bravo!

Waldorf: You liked that one?

Statler: Nope! Friend of mine, Joe Bravo, just walked by. Hey! Bravo!

[Stegglet sighs as the graphic spins past again.]

MS: Number three was Harley Hamilton and Cinder against Margarita Flores.

Waldorf: Boy, when I see that Harley Hamilton, I'm glad I left my wife.

Statler: You left your wife?

Waldorf: Yeah, I left her at home!

[The apparently creepy puppets burst into laughter as Stegglet bounces his forehead off the table a few times...

...and we get another spinning graphic before going back into the boardroom.]

MS: Okay, we're almost there, gentlemen. Number two... Jack Lynch versus James Lynch.

Statler: I hate seeing families fight.

Waldorf: What did you do during their match?

Statler: Same thing I did during the rest of the show - closed my eyes!

[The duo laughs wildly as Stegglet flops backwards in his chair, his limbs dangling limply as we get one more spinning graphic.]

MS: Alright. The winner of the 2017 Golden Grapple for Feud of the Year... the AWA versus Korugun.

Statler: I like that last one.

Waldorf: What did you like about it?

Statler: It was the LAST one!

[Stegglet throws his notecards in the air, getting up from his seat and storming out of the room.]

Waldorf: What's wrong? Was it something he said?

Statler: You know... there's a lot to be said about this AWA place.

Waldorf: Yeah. Too bad you can't say it on a family show!

[The duo breaks into one final burst of laughter as we fade back into the ballroom where we get a shot of Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde chuckling at what they just saw as a voiceover is heard.]

"Coming up next on the Golden Grapples, the next set of Moment of the Year contenders and the awards for both Male and Female Wrestler of the Year!"

[Fade to black.

And then back up to a shot of a darkened room, a filtered spotlight shining down in the middle of it. We can hear footsteps in the background.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

The steps are drawing closer it seems.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

And they come to a stop revealing the face of Ryan Martinez, still battle-weathered from his bloody war at SuperClash IX.]

"They call me the White Knight."

[A quick shot of Martinez delivering brutal chops to the chest of the King of the Death Match, Caleb Temple.]

"The son of a Hall of Famer."

[A shot of House Martinez - father and son - standing in the ring with Gunnar Gaines.]

"The former two-time World Champion."

[A shot of Martinez standing over Juan Vasquez with the World Title in his grasp.]

"And I am AWA."

[We get an almost identical shot in the darkened room but this time with Supreme Wright standing center stage.]

"The greatest professional wrestler on the planet."

[Cut to footage of Wright cranking on the arm of Casey James.]

"A two-time World Champion"

[Wright holds the title overhead with a defeated Dave Bryant in the background.]

"I am AWA."

[Wright is replaced by Julie Somers.]

"The Spitfire."

[A shot of Somers flipping off the top rope, crashing down on top of Kurayami with the moonsault.]

"The Women's World Champion."

[To SuperClash IX and Somers holding the title over her head.]

"The heart and soul of the Women's Division."

[Somers trading blows with Lauryn Rage inside a steel cage.]

"And I am AWA."

[Somers is replaced by Jordan Ohara, the National Title slung over his shoulder.]

"The Phoenix."

[Ohara dives off the top rope, smashing down with a Phoenix Flame splash.]

"The National Champion."

[Ohara stands on the midbuckle, holding the title up over his head.]

"A once in a millennium talent."

[A series of quick chops lighting up Juan Vasquez.]

"I am AWA."

[The champion is replaced by a grinning Michelle Bailey.]

"The Platinum Princess."

[Bailey tears across the ring, smashing home a Britney Spear on Laura Davis.]

"Former EMWC champion."

[A quick still photo comes up of Bailey holding a championship title aloft.]

"The heart and soul of the- Julie said that?! Grr!"

[A playful Bailey plants her fists on her hips, striking a pose.]

"And I am AWA."

[Bailey is replaced by the face-painted Supernova, the World Title secured around his waist.]

"The icon."

[We get footage of Supernova way back in the day, trading blows with Mark Langseth.]

"The franchise player."

[Supernova using the Heat Wave splash on Shadoc Rage.]

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

"And I... AM... AWA."

[We get quick shots now, individual shots...

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoc Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

[They come quicker and quicker, all repeating the tagline - James Lynch, Victoria June, Cinder, Kerry Kendrick, Ayako Fujiwara...

...and this time, each time they say it, they stay on screen, the framed shot getting smaller as more people are added to it...

Laura Davis. Jackson Hunter. Bret Grayson. Ricki Toughill. And on. And on. And on.

And the photos all disappear, leaving just the tagline behind...]

"I am AWA."

[The graphic fades and is replaced with more text - "The American Wrestling Alliance. Every Saturday Night. ESPN."

Fade to black.

And as we fade back up from black, we come up on the "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic which spins away...]

"NUMBER TEN... O'CONNOR BETRAYS LYNCH!"

[...and up on footage from Fight Night On Fox in October where Bobby O'Connor is seemingly trying to reason with James Lynch.]

JAMES: You think you're better than me, don't you?

[O'Connor again shakes his head with a "James, please..." off-mic.]

JAMES: You think YOU'RE his brother, right?

JAMES: Well, let me show you what happens to his brothers...

[James reaches out for O'Connor only for Jack Lynch to step between the men to cheers! We cut ahead a little bit.]

JACK: For months, I've had to put up with all of your... your BS!

[The crowd reacts to that as James... smiles?]

JACK: But that ends tonight. Ya wanna come out here and cry?

Well, like ya said to our mama, I'm gonna give ya somethin' to cry about...

[Jack reaches out, grabbing James by the collar, pulling his right arm back. James lifts both hands, grasping his brother's wrist.]

SA: Jack's looking for the Claw! Looking to slap his family legacy right on his brother's ungrateful, bitter head!

CP: Ungrateful?!

[Jack is struggling, forcing the Iron Claw closer and closer to James' head...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd reacts with shock as Jack Lynch falls to the canvas...

...thanks to a well-placed forearm between the shoulderblades from the man standing over him, looking down on him.]

SA: BOBBY O'CONNOR JUST NAILED JACK LYNCH FROM BEHIND!

[The crowd is buzzing with confusion as Jack Lynch rolls over onto his hip, propping himself up and looking up with a confused expression on his face. His gaze drifts from a smirking Bobby O'Connor - an expression we're not used to seeing out of the longtime fan favorite - over to a grinning James Lynch who spreads his arms wide...]

"AND THE TRUTH, DEAR JACK... SHALL SET YOU FREE!"

[...and on cue, Jack Lynch's "brothers" in the ring with him being to stomp him, O'Connor violently planting his boot square between the eyes of the Iron Cowboy!]

SA: WHAT THE HELL, COLT!? WHAT THE HELL?!

CP: I can't believe what I'm seeing - but I like it! I like it a lot! Jack Lynch is getting his Texas-sized ego stomped out by two of the men he trusted - that he loved - most in the world!

SA: A horrific betrayal playing out before our very eyes!

[And back we go to the "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic before...]

"NUMBER NINE... ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE IN SOUTH PHILLY!"

[...and back to footage from Eternally Extreme 2 where Chris Blue has Ronnie D on his feet, tugged into a front facelock as he sets for a DDT when suddenly the lights go out...]

JS: He had him, guys! He had him right where he wanted him! He was going to finish this piece of trash off with the entire world watching and...

LD: I'm scared, guys. With everyone we've seen tonight... with all the people who've interfered in this match... who in the name of hell is left?!

JS: I have no idea but...

[The lights flicker for a moment...

...but when they come back on...

Unleash hell.

A man stands in the ring... a man who has GOTTA be in his fifties... wearing a pair of spectacles... no, not glasses... spectacles...

This "silver fox" with almost entire white hair.

This guy wearing a fine tailored suit with a pocket square to match the tie and the jacket buttoned up except for the bottom one.

This... this guy who is holding a homemade sign that says, "POP THIS BUYRATE."

No one EVER thought they'd see him.

EVER.

But he's here... and he's swinging that sign behind Blue's back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The sign collides with great impact on the back of Blue's skull - much harder than any paper or cardboard sign should have. Blue immediately crumples to the canvas, rolling to his back, looking up through blood and mist stung eyes...

...eyes that he simply cannot believe as he looks up at the smug, smirking face standing over him.]

JS/TM/LD: SPREADBURY?!

[The 2300 Arena has a roof, right? I mean, it did, right? Because right now, we can't find it because this crowd has BLOWN IT OFF!]

JS: DANIEL SPREADBURY HAS ARRIVED AT ETERNALLY EXTREME!

[A smirking Spreadbury stands over Blue, soaking up the SHEER HATRED from the EMWC faithful. He rips the cardboard sign in his hands, revealing a metal street sign underneath that reads "PORTLAND - 2810 MILES."

And then we cut deeper into the event as we find Spreadbury stepping into a standing headscissors on Blue, reaching down to hook one arm...]

TM: This can't be happening.

[...and then the other...]

JS: IS HE GOING TO SKULLPUMP THE BOSS?!

[...but just as Spreadbury looks to lift Blue off the canvas, Blue slips out, straightens up, and DUMPS Spreadbury down on the canvas with a backdrop!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: DOWN GOES SPREADBURY! DOWN GOES SPREADBURY!

[The former IIWF President rolls to his side, cradling his lower back in pain as Blue looks down on him...

...and with a grin, he cups his hands to his mouth and shouts...]

"THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, CASEY!"

[...and as he pulls Spreadbury off the canvas, he slowly rears back with his clenched right fist!]

LD: YES! YES! DO IT!

JS: BLACKHEART PUN-

[And one more time... the lights go out.]

TM: There are literally not enough obscenities in the world for how I feel right now.

JS: Chris Blue had him trapped... had him set for the Blackheart Punch... had him set for-

LD: Steggs, if the last time the lights went out, we got Spreadbury, who in the name of all that is holy are we getting now?

JS: I have no earthly idea but I-

[The lights flicker again, coming back to full strength...

...and a god damn tricycle bounces off the back of Chris Blue's head as it's flung by the latest person to get involved with this match.

Wait.

Did you just say...? A tricycle?

[The crowd EXPLODES in a STUNNED REACTION as the one and only announcer in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame stands in the middle of the ring, grinning a smile from ear to ear.

Standing in the middle of the 2300 Arena in a leather jacket with "SHOOT SOUNDBITE SHOOT" written across the back and his trademark feather boa around his neck, this man looks like he's clinging to middle age with his hair dyed and an unhealthy amount of spray tan...

...and he's standing for all to see, arms spread wide as he soaks up all the hatred from the EMWC faithful that wasn't burned up by Spreadbury!]

JS: Steve. Mother[BLEEPING] Soundbite. Roberts.

[And as Spreadbury and Roberts work in tandem, stomping Blue into the mat, we cut again...

...where Spreadbury is still stomping as Roberts grabs the mic.]

SR: Keep that piece of [BLEEP] on the ground, Spreads... I got business to attend to...

[He lifts a finger, twirling it around...]

SR: ...with you.

[...and points RIGHT at Todd Michaelson, the crowd buzzing as Michaelson stares up at Soundbite.]

SR: For twenty years, you've made a career off being one thing... ...a poor knockoff of me!

[The crowd "oooooooohs" as a sprinkling of "SHOOT SOUNDBITE SHOOT" chants break out and Roberts nods.]

JS: Todd... please... don't-

[And again we cut as the crowd begins to chant...]

"TODD!"

"TODD!"

"TODD!"

[Michaelson leans over, planting a kiss on his wife's forehead.]

TM: Sorry. I'll make it up to you.

[And the former EMWC World Champion slowly rises to his feet to a HUUUUUUUUGE ROAR from the Philly crowd. Roberts' eyes flash with excitement as he backs up.]

SR: Oh yeah, big man? You want a piece of Soundbite? Come on!

[Michaelson slowly takes off his jacket, dropping it on his now-empty chair. Jon Stegglet, his best friend stands up next to him, putting a hand on his shoulder.]

JS: Hey... you said you wanted an easy night at the office.

[Michaelson nods with a smile, putting his own hand on his friend's shoulder.]

TM: It'll still be an easy night at the office, kid. Be right back.

[He winks at Stegglet before removing his headset, the crowd roaring as Michaelson walks over towards the ringsteps, slowly climbing up them...

...and we cut again to where Roberts has Michaelson down on the mat in the corner, pressing a dress shoe down on the throat...

...and then scampers across to the far side of the ring, right above Stegglet and Dane.]

"This one's for you, Lori! See you after the match!"

[He blows a kiss in her direction before turning back, charging across the ring, leaping into the air...]

JS: BRONCO BUST-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Steve Roberts' eyes go wide as he throws himself crotchfirst towards Todd Michaelson who simply raises a boot, causing Roberts to SLAM his groin into it!]

JS: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW BY TODD!

[Michaelson scrambles up off the mat, the crowd surging even louder behind him as he grabs the doubled-up Roberts...

...and YANKS him into a standing headscissors!]

JS: OH MY! LISTEN TO THESE FANS!

LD: Steggs, you know how long he's dreamed of doing this?

JS: I certainly do!

[With the 2300 Arena crowd on their feet, Michaelson reaches down to hook one arm... then hooks the other...]

JS: HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED! YES! DO IT!

LD: Come on, baby.

[But just as Michaelson starts to lift Roberts off the mat for the Billion Dollar Bomb...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: THAT SON OF A...

[The crowd ERUPTS into jeers as Daniel Spreadbury, kneeling behind Michaelson, swings his arm up into the groin of the former EMWC champion!]

LD: Ugh. I should've known Roberts wasn't enough of a man to do this one on one.

[And we cut again as we find Spreadbury and Roberts putting Michaelson up on a table inside the ring. Roberts gleefully shoves Michaelson up on the table, hammering a forearm down into the sternum a few times as the crowd buzz gets louder and louder...]

JS: He's going to try to put him through the table!

LD: His back, Jon.

JS: I know. I... yeah, alright... these two are trying to cripple your husband and my best friend and...

LD: I'm going in there. I gotta stop this... I gotta try...

JS: Lori...

[Stegglet sighs.]

JS: I got this.

[The crowd EXPLODES as the camera cuts to ringside where Jon Stegglet has stood up from his seat at the announce table.]

LD: Jon, are you sure?

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: I've never been more sure of anything in my life. Fans, I do apologize but... Lori, the show is yours...

[And with a "CLUNK!" Jon Stegglet drops his headset on the announce table as Steve Roberts starts to climb the turnbuckles...]

"STEG-GY!"

"STEG-GY!"

"STEG-GY!"

[...but with the crowd ROARING, Roberts' eyes go wide and his jaw drops at the sight of Jon Stegglet now standing in the ring looking across at them!]

LD: Well... uh... okay, I guess... I don't think I've ever done play by play before but... GET 'EM, STEGGS!

[Cut again to Jon Stegglet pistoning right hands into the jaw of Daniel Spreadbury before ripping his dress shirt apart and delivering a big chop...

...to Todd Michaelson FINALLY getting his hands on Steve Roberts and delivering the Billion Dollar Bomb...

...to Michaelson and Stegglet giving Spreadbury a boost up onto the shoulders of a bloodied Chris Blue sitting on the top rope before he leaps off, driving his longtime promotional rival through the table...]

LD: HE PUT SPREADBURY THROUUUUUGH THE TAAAAAABLLLLLLLLLE!

[Michaelson and Stegglet are all smiles as Blue flops back down onto his back, lying in the wreckage of the table...]

LD: GOOD GOD, WHAT A MOMENT! RECORD THAT CLIP, PUT IT ON LOOP, AND STICK THAT STRAIGHT IN MY VEINS! OHHHHHH, WHAT A RUSH!

[Stegglet grabs Spreadbury by the arm, dragging him out of the ruined table and with the aid of Todd Michaelson, they roll Spreadbury over towards the edge of the apron, dumping him off on the floor...]

LD: AND OUT GOES THE ROYAL GARBAGE!

[Stegglet looks at Michaelson who puts an arm over his shoulders.]

"Thanks for coming after me. Now I owe you one."

[And the announce duo gives a slight bow to the roaring crowd before exiting the ring, dropping off the apron and walking back towards the announce table...

...and we go back to the "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic...]

"NUMBER EIGHT... SUPREME KNUCKLES UP!"

[...and to footage from Night 2 of the Battle of Saskatchewan where Supreme Wright is trying to get up off the canvas to beat the referee's ten count in No Man's Land...

...when a pissed-off King Kong Hogan marches in, yanking Wright to his feet by the throat, shaking him back and forth with a two-handed choke...]

"YOU WANNA FIGHT, LITTLE PUPPY?! YOU WANT A [BLEEP] DAMNED WAR?! I'LL TAKE YOU TO HELL, SON! WE'LL GO SEE THE DEVIL HIMSELF HAND IN [BLEEP] DAMNED HAND!"

[He lets go of Wright who falls to his knees as Hogan backs off, digging into his jeans again, holding the glittering Golden Spike up for all to see. He turns his back on Wright, nodding to the crowd who are buzzing with concern as Hogan slowly turns around, watching Wright try to drag himself to a standing position...]

GM: HOGAN CHARGES! WITH THE SPIKE!

[The sadistic, cruel, savage wildman barrels across the ring, the sharpened Spike at the ready as he sprints with intent... with the goal of driving the Spike THROUGH Supreme Wright's skull...]

GM: HOGAN WITH THE SPIK-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The noise is deafening. Sudden. Yet it produces no reaction at all. None. Zero. Except shock. Pure, unadulterated shock.

Because as King Kong Hogan attempted to deliver the Golden Spike to the skull... perhaps the eye... of the former World Champion... perhaps the greatest in-ring competitor on the planet...

The man who has never thrown a single blow in his AWA career... ...has thrown one now.]

GM: HE PUNCHED HIM! HE PUNCHED HIM!

BW: WHAT THE HELL?!

[The most picture perfect overhand right hand you can imagine catches the charging Hogan FLUSH, buckling his knees and dropping him down on the canvas. Wright stumbles back from the delivery of the blow, grabbing the ringpost to keep from falling to the floor as the crowd noise slowly starts to build again, the shock of what they just saw starting to wear off as they get louder... and louder... and louder...

...and when the king of scientific wrestling throws himself blindly at Hogan's form, knocking him down onto his back with Wright in the most imperfect mount of his career, they lose their minds...]

GM: HE'S BEATING THE HELL OUT OF HOGAN! RIGHT HAND! RIGHT HAND! RIGHT HAND! HE'S BEATING HOGAN TO HELL AND BACK AND IT'S ABOUT DAMN TIME IF YOU ASK ME!

[The crowd is ROARING with disbelief, clips of fans jumping up and down, screaming themselves hoarse on display as the man who has never thrown a punch in a match is throwing them in bunches and he's throwing them with intent...]

GM: HOGAN'S TRYING TO DEFEND HIMSELF BUT WRIGHT'S PUNCHING THROUGH THE DEFENSE! HE'S BATTERING HOGAN LIKE...

BW: LIKE HE'S A GUY WHO TRIED TO GOUGE OUT HIS DAMN EYE!

GM: OH HELL YES, HE IS!

[With Hogan prone on the canvas, Wright gets to his feet, letting loose a huge roar, throwing back his arms as the sold-out crowd EXPLODES into another roar, breaking into a chant!]

"SUPREEEEEEEME'S GONNA KILL YOU!"

"SUPREEEEEEEME'S GONNA KILL YOU!"

"SUPREEEEEEEME'S GONNA KILL YOU!"

[Wright nods his head at that one, pointing to the fans to acknowledge them for one of the few times in his career...

...and we go back to the MOMENT OF THE YEAR graphic before...]

"NUMBER SEVEN... "SUPERNOVA" COMES CLEAN!"

[...and back up to footage from Memorial Day Mayhem where we see Johnny Detson slipping the Black Beauty glove on his hand, lying in wait as Jack Lynch gets back to his feet...]

GM: Jack Lynch is getting up! Jack Lynch has NO idea what's waiting for him, fans!

[The Texan gets to his feet, slowly turning towards a waiting Detson, the crowd shouting out warnings...]

GM: RIGHT HAND!

[...but Lynch sees the punch coming, ducking low as Detson swings wildly over his head, stumbling from the effort. Lynch straightens up, raising his own right hand...]

GM: CLAW! THE CLAW IS ON!

[And this time, Lynch immediately grabs his wrist with his left hand to stabilize the grip!]

GM: HE'S GOT IT ON!

BW: NO, NO, NO!!! JOHNNY, DO SOMETHING!

GM: Detson's arms are flailing! Lynch has got the hold that Johnny Detson feared the most locked in! And he's fading, Bucky! Those flailing arms are slowing down fast!

[The Chicago crowd is on their feet, screaming and shouting... hooting and hollering... leaping up and down at the possibility of a new World Champion being crowned!]

GM: DETSON IS FADING! THE TITLE IS WITHIN REACH FOR JACK LYNCH! BW: SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!

[And on cue...

Out go the lights.]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd starts buzzing with concerned confusion as the lights stay for several moments...

...and when they come back on, we find Supernova standing in the ring, his black Louisville Slugger in hand!]

GM: SUPERNOVA!

BW: YES! YES! I CAN'T BELIEVE I EVER SAID A BAD WORD ABOUT YOU, KID! NOW WAFFLE THIS SON OF A-

GM: BUCKY!

[Jack Lynch lets go of Detson who slumps down to the mat. The Iron Cowboy turns to face Supernova who points the baseball bat at him. Lynch nods, waving a hand, calling him forward into combat...

...and then pauses, a strange expression crossing his face.]

GM: Supernova's come to help Detson keep the title! It's gotta be!

BW: Thank GOD for Javier Castillo! He's send Supernova to SAVE us from another Lynch title reign!

[Supernova draws the baseball bat back, ready to step forward...

...when the lights go out a second time!]

GM: Are you...?!

BW: HIT HIM WITH THE LIGHTS ARE OUT! YOU DON'T NEED TO BE ABLE TO SEE HIM! HERE, GIVE ME THE BAT! I'LL DO IT!

[The lights flicker this time as they come back on...

...and we find the Masked Outlaw standing between the bat-wielding Supernova and Jack Lynch!]

BW: WHAT THE HELL?!

GM: THE OUTLAW IS HERE! THE OUTLAW IS HERE! HOLY-

[Supernova rushes him, swinging for the fences...

...but the Outlaw ducks under, sending him staggering away off-balance. Both men quickly turn to face off and the Outlaw sinks a boot into his midsection.]

GM: The Outlaw goes downstairs... hooks him!

[The Masked Outlaw lifts Supernova into the air, parallel to the canvas...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES him down on the top of his head with a CattleBuster DDT!]

GM: HE PLANTED HIM! HE SPIKED HIM! SUPERNOVA IS DOWN!

[The Masked Outlaw gets back to his feet, staring across the ring at Jack Lynch who has his fists balled up, ready to defend himself if needed. The Outlaw shakes his head though, leaning down to grab Supernova by the hair, dragging him across the ring...]

GM: The Outlaw pulls him over here by us... look out, Bucky...

BW: Hey! That's my water!

[The Outlaw, ducking through the ropes, snatches a bottle of water off the announce table, straightening up...

...and then pours the water right down on Supernova's face.]

GM: What the...?

BW: He's trying to wake him up! I don't get this, Gordo.

[The Outlaw pulls Supernova to a seated position, pulling the face-painted traitor's t-shirt up to wipe at his face...]

GM: What is he doing, Bucky?

BW: He's... I don't really know, Gordo.

[A few moments pass of confusion as the Outlaw wipes off the facepaint of Supernova, holding him up by the hair for all to see.

Jack Lynch's eyes go wide immediately.

And then the camera comes to rest on the face, covered with streaks of paint.]

GM: No. That can't be. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

[The crowd begins to react with the same shock as the face comes into view, now clear as day...]

GM: That's... it's not Supernova at all! THAT'S...

[Jack Lynch's jaw has dropped, his eyes gone wide.]

GM: ...JAMES LYNCH?!?!

[It is indeed, Gordon Myers. It is indeed.]

BW: I... what the hell is going on here?! I'm in shock!

GM: I think the whole world just got turned upside down, Bucky! We're ALL in shock!

[But none more than Jack Lynch who is staring wide eyed at his brother, covered in streaked face paint on the canvas at the feet of the Masked Outlaw...

...and we get another flash of the MATCH OF THE YEAR graphic before...]

"NUMBER SIX... THE OUTLAW RIDES AGAIN!"

[...and then back to footage from Eternally Extreme 2 where Javier Castillo is in the ring addressing Casey James and Tiger Claw.]

JC: Casey, I was so pleased when you accepted my offer for... this...

[He gestures at the downed Taylor who is being helped towards the back by Kevin Slater.]

JC: In truth... I have to admit... I wasn't sure you would... but HE said you would.

[James stops hugging his newfound treasure for a moment, arching an eyebrow towards Castillo who smiles, nodding enthusiastically.

Cut.]

JC: Ladies and gentlemen... I am honored... I am thrilled... I am beside myself as I present to you the Korugun Corporation's Vice President of Special Projects...

...and MY BOSS...

[A beaming Castillo gestures towards the aisle way, arm slung out to point as the fans rise to their feet, waiting to see exactly who-]

JS: WHAT IN THE HOLY NAME OF GOD?!

[The most famous Outlaw that's walked the streets since Billy The Kid, JW Hardin stands at the top of the ramp dressed in an all black suit and tie, complete with the signature Stetson hat...

...and a huge grin on his face as the crowd loses their god damn minds at this moment that NO ONE thought they'd ever see.

And we cut a little deeper.]

JS: FOR THE FIRST TIME IN EIGHTEEN YEARS, JOHN WESLEY HARDIN HAS WALKED INTO A PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING ARENA... and Todd, this may be trouble for the AWA, but what a moment this is!

TM: This is history! This is a highlight reel being born before your very eyes! If you're a fan of professional wrestling, lock your eyes open for however long this

man is out here because those of us in this business thought we'd NEVER see this again!

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

[And slowly, Hardin extends his right towards Casey James who looks down at the offered hand.]

JS: What a moment this is. Former friends. Former allies. But former enemies as well and... well...

TM: The eyes of the wrestling world are on this ring at this moment. What the hell is gonna happen here?

[Hardin holds his hand out for what seems like an excruciatingly long and awkward moment. The Blackheart just stands there, looking at it, a look on his face like someone trying to figure out a train schedule when they can't remember what day it is...

...and we cut again as, slowly, James' right hand comes up from his side, wiggling his fingers anxiously as the crowd gets louder...

He can be heard over the mic in Hardin's hand.]

CJ: I... I can't...

[James looks at his hand as if it were the last thing he expected to see there.]

CJ: I just... can't...

[He looks back to Hardin for a moment, eyes wide.]

CJ: I can't... believe it's you, ya big bastard, where you been!?

[James breaks the shocked act and a big grin spreads across his face. With a quick movement, he grabs Hardin's hand, pumping the handshake a few times as Hardin grins broadly.]

CJ: The Outlaw's back, baby! Holy crap, this is gonna be awesome!

[James seems motivated by this turn of events, almost like fuel has been added to his tank. He nods his head enthusiastically at Hardin as Lau pumps his fists nearby. The crowd reacts - unsure if they're happy at the reunion or disappointed at the lack of hostilities.

James steps beside Hardin and raises his hand, pointing to him...

...and suddenly James twists the arm back behind Hardin's head who exclaims loudly in pain as James winds his right arm back.

"THHHHHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUDDDDDD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: GOOD GOD! GOOD GOD! BLACKHEART PUNCH! BLACKHEART PUNCH ON THE DEVIL HIMSELF, JW HARDIN! THIS CROWD IS ELECTRIC!

TM: I swear I felt a shockwave from that!

JS: THE BLACKHEART PUNCH HEARD AROUND THE WORLD! HARDIN HAS COLLAPSED!

[The crowd reaction is absolute chaos. Not so much cheers or boos, but just raw reaction to what has just happened...

...and with one more "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic, we fade back into the ballroom where we get a shot of Theresa Lynch standing beside a special guest.]

TL: The Blackheart Punch Heard Around The World indeed... and this guy right here was right there when that happened. Brian Lau, welcome to the Golden Grapples.

[A very well-dressed Brian Lau nods at Theresa.]

BL: It's your pleasure to have me here, Lynch... but let's make one thing clear. I'm not here to talk about Casey James or John Wesley Hardin.

TL: Okay, how about-

[He puts a finger up to her lips drawing a startled response.]

BL: I'm not here to talk about Tiger Claw or Brian James either.

[Theresa shoves his hand away in annoyance.]

TL: That sounds like all the subjects you're qualified to talk about to this audience. So, with that in mind, let's go up to the stage for our next award.

[Lau looks flat out shocked at Theresa's brusque dismissal of him and seems to be mouthing "wait... what?!" as we do indeed cut back to the stage as a voiceover calls out over the PA system.]

"Here to present the award for Male Tag Team of the Year... let's welcome back some old friends in Mr. Mensa himself, Manny Imbrogno... and BC Da Mastah MC... BCIQ!"

[There's a pleasantly surprised reaction from the crowd as the duo makes their way up on stage, looking much as they did the last time we saw them... almost. While Mr. Mensa looks almost identical, BC has obviously been spending some time in the gym and no longer looks the part of the Round Mound of Hip Hop Sound. In fact, he's dressed in a black tux with his hair styled to perfection as he and his partner step up into the ring.]

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

[BC grins, nudging Imbrogno.]

BC: See, if we'd done this earlier, we might've beaten out Carver for that award tonight.

[Imbrogno frowns.]

MI: By my calculations, the odds of that occurring are overwhelmingly against us, my colleague in combat.

[BC shakes his head.]

BC: Still no sense of humor, huh? Manny, look at this...

[He spreads his arms wide.]

BC: We're home!

[The crowd cheers as BC grins again.]

BC: We're back where we belong - the same as always...

[He gestures to his new physique.]

BC: ...or maybe not QUITE the same as always.

[A few wolf whistles go up from the ladies. BC smirks, flashing an obvious wink in the direction of the bellows.]

BC: You know BC and Vegas are a match made in heaven so hit me up when this is over. And Manny, I know... I know we're out here for just one reason tonight...

MI: To accurately and precisely declare the winner of the Male Tag Team of the Year award.

BC: Right, right... but I'm just sayin', Manny... I'm startin' to feel some feelings, ya dig? It's feelin' like old times... feelin' like...

[BC reaches into his suit jacket, pulling out a Brooklyn Dodgers hat that he promptly turns backwards before sliding on his head to a cheer..

...and then tugs on some dark sunglasses...

...and hangs a big gold chain around his neck.]

BC: That's more like it. We're kickin' it old school. But something... something's missing, Manny...

MI: You are properly attired to mimic your former persona so I cannot see what it would be.

BC: That's it, Manny. It ain't a sight... it's a sound...

[BC grins.]

BC: Gimme a beat.

[And on cue, a generic hip hop beat begins to play over the PA system, reminding one of the end of 8 Mile as BC pulls a handheld microphone out of his pocket, stepping out from behind the podium.]

BC: Yo, check it... it's award season... they call it the Golden Grapples...

[BC looks around.]

BC: Yo, man... the last time I saw an awards show this hype, they gave 'em all to King Apples.

[The crowd reacts with cheers and laughter.]

BC: They told BC to come out here and give a prize.

Nah, that ain't happenin' 'til I cut some people down to size.

[He nods.]

BC: Donna and the girls came out earlier, calling themselves the Peach Pits.

But from where I was sittin', that performance smelled like the drizzlin' shiiii...

[BC pulls the mic back, not finishing the word as the crowd ROARS!]

BC: Supreme and Theresa got engaged - yo, this is one hell of a night.

[Cut to Theresa looking on.]

BC: Congrats, girl... and I mean it... on findin' your Mr. Wright...

[Theresa beams, throwing a look over at Supreme's table as he looks up at the stage. Cut back to BC.]

BC: But the other Lynches are beefin'... blood on blood no doubt.

But we saw all their blood in Atlanta... hell, they nearly bled out.

[The crowd reacts as BC points a finger at the seated James.]

BC: There he is right now - the last Lynch standing.

[James smirks, nodding.]

BC: But the next time Blackjack sees him, he might be in for a backhanding.

[James fumes, glaring at BC who chuckles to himself.]

BC: Ohhh, hell... there they are... the AWA's Mean Girls...

[Cut to the table where Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Casey Cash, and Kelly Kowalski are glaring up at BC.]

BC: Big winners at SuperClash though they won with a boop.

Our friends down at Disney are glad I call that bull poop.

[BC grins.]

BC: They say they're the queens, they rule with a clenched fist...

...but I say they annoy me. How much? The limit does not exist.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[BC fans himself off as Manny Imbrogno pulls out a pocketwatch and taps it at his partner.]

BC: Uh oh... looks like time is up, they're playin' our song...

But I ain't goin' out like that, that's just plain wrong.

One more rhyme, one more rap before I'll let us say bye.

One more chance to bury someone...

[He jerks a thumb at his partner.]

BC: ...worse than this one did to Jericho Kai.

[Another reaction from the crowd as even Manny chuckles at that.]

BC: One more for the road... Kerry Kendrick? Where's he at?

[He looks around, some people shouting in his direction.]

BC: He's not here? That figures.

Kendrick threw a tantrum in Atlanta when he lost... the boy just can't grow up.

But then again, when it counts... the boy just can't seem to show up.

[BC nods.]

BC: Ricki put him down... kicked his ass... live and in 3D.

[Cut to Ricki Toughill in the crowd who pumps her fist and seems to be shouting "yo baby yo."]

BC: The way I hear it, he's so down...

[BC hangs his arm limply in front of him.]

BC: ...even Miss Sandra can't help his ED.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Manny shakes his head one more time, covering up BC's mic.]

MI: That is enough slander and innuendo out of you, my friend. Let us do what we are here to do and take a ponderous review of the runners-up for Male Tag Team of 2017!

[The graphic for that category comes up...]

"NUMBER FIVE... ALEXANDER KINGSLEY AND CURT SAWYER!"

[We cut to a table where Kingsley is dressed in a very expensive looking tuxedo and Curt Sawyer is surprisingly cleaned up in a dark dress shirt and slacks. Both sneer at the "low" ranking.]

"NUMBER FOUR... THE KABUKICHO ASSASSINATION MANIAC SQUAD!"

[Cut over to the KAMS table where AJ Martinez angrily smashes his hands down on the table with a loud "NO!"]

"NUMBER THREE... RYAN MARTINEZ AND HANNIBAL CARVER!"

[Cut to a split screen shot of Carver and Martinez, both looking surprised at this finish. Martinez shrugs with a chuckle as Carver raises a glass towards the camera.]

“NUMBER TWO... THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!”

[Predictably, we can hear the angry shouting of Charlie Stephens before the camera even lands on him as he berates the second place finish to anyone within earshot...

...and then back to the stage...]

BC: Ay yo... the winner of the Grapple for Men's Tag Team... NEXT GEN!

[[The camera cuts to the table where Next Gen is seated with Julie Somers and Kelly Woods. Howie Somers and Daniel Harper stand up, each accepting a hug from Julie, then Woods give Harper a half hug, then a big kiss for Howie. The members of Next Gen then make their way up to the ring and stand behind the podium where the Grapple awards sit.]

HS: So, Daniel, anything you want to say?

DH: Well, I guess I'd have to start by thanking my mom for all she's done.

[That draws laughter from everyone. Harper just grins.]

DH: Seriously, though, I owe her a lot, my family a lot. I just wanted to make them proud and to be recognized like this... well, I do hope I made them proud. It's always tough to live up to the success that your family members before you have, but I've always been proud to be part of that family legacy.

[That draws applause and Harper grins again.]

DH: And, by all means, I should thank all of our fans for rallying behind us. I know that just about every wrestler out there talk about how the fans are everything, but we really do appreciate that support. It's why we want to go out there every night and do our best.

[He glances at Somers, who nods.]

HS: When we first came to AWA, I'll admit that we took our lumps. We got told a lot about how we needed to get that spark lit under us if we wanted to get to the top. But instead of taking that like we were never gonna make it, we used it to motivate us, to find that spark like they said we needed and make sure, once we got it, that we didn't let it burn out. What I hope we proved is that, when you are struggling, it's always possible to turn things around and realize your goals. I hope anyone who's watched us learns from that, to always ask yourself how you can get better, then achieve those goals you seek.

[He then holds up his Grapple award.]

HS: Also, Uncle Eric, looks like I have something else that you don't have, and that's a Golden Grapple.

[That line draws plenty of laughter.]

DH: I can't possibly top that one. Thank you, everyone!

[The applause goes up as Next Gen takes their awards and heads back to their table...

...and we cut over to Theresa Lynch.]

TL: Male Tag Team of the Year goes to Next Gen and it couldn't have happened to two nicer guys. Congratulations to Daniel and Howie and...

[Theresa Lynch trails off and turns around and sees a slightly perturbed "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash standing beside her. Theresa takes a step back for a moment, startled by Casey's sudden appearance, but quickly composes herself and gets to work.]

TL: Casey Cash, um... hello. I guess you have something you want to say.

CC: Yes. Yes I do. Ever since these awards have been announced, it's just been gnawing at me, and when I was on my way back from calling my father - it's already the New Year in Baltimore, you know, so I had to wish him a Happy New Year - I saw you, and like... I just need answers, Theresa! Answers!

TL: Well, okay, what was concerning you?

CC: Well, it's like... how come I wasn't up for anything?

[Theresa gives Casey a look.]

TL: Casey, you just signed your AWA contract at the end of October, and you didn't have your first official match as a contracted wrestler until mid-November. The awards not only encompass the whole year, but the cutoff for eligibility was before you had that first match.

CC: But my win-loss record was pretty great! I only lost one match before I signed because that stupid cat chased me around and tired me out! And I won at Homecoming!

TL: Casey, you didn't even tag into the match at Homecoming. The Dream Warriors beat the Peach Pits by themselves while you moped about Donna Martinelli tearing your jacket.

[Casey folds her arms and mopes.]

CC: A win's a win. Hmph.

TL: And rules are rules. I'm sorry, Casey, you just weren't eligible. But there's always next year.

[Casey drops her arms down to her sides, then points a finger at Theresa.]

CC: Next year, huh? Next year?! You know, Harley always said that there was a lot of stuff happening, where people were jealous of her and Cindy... and Kelly too! Dare I say it's a conspiracy! A conspiracy based on jealousy! On fear!

A CON-FEAR-ACY!

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: I don't-

[Casey puts her hand in Theresa's face.]

CC: Well let me tell YOU, Theresa, there's a whole lot of stuff coming in 2018. Harley, Cindy, Kelly, and me, we're going to turn the hottest division in wrestling upside down! There's a whole lot of people that want to stop us, well... ooh... they

better get used to disappointment! Because we're going to be dishing out a bunch of it! Now if you'll excuse me, I have to get back to my FRIENDS. HMPH!

[Casey doesn't even wait for a response, stomping off and leaving Theresa flabbergasted.]

TL: That one is way too cocky for someone who's only been wrestling for five months total. Let's go back up to the stage for our next award!

[Cut back up to the ring.]

"Here's to present the awards for Female and Male Wrestlers of the Year... Lori Dane and Marcus Broussard!"

[The duo comes up towards the podium together, pausing to grin at one another before the intro music fades out.]

LD: Double duty tonight?

MB: Think I'm getting paid twice?

LD: Knowing the owners of this place... no.

MB: But you're one of the-

LD: Exactly.

[Broussard grins as Lori pats him on the shoulder.]

MB: Before we get into this, let me make one thing clear.

[He pauses.]

MB: We're not going to rap.

[The crowd laughs as Lori shakes her head.]

LD: Speak for yourself.

[The fans cheer as Lori pulls a hat on backwards... and then quickly pulls it off, waving her hands.]

LD: No, no... I'm just kidding. I wouldn't want to come out here and try and rap or sing and make a fool out of myself with the whole world... oh, sorry Donna... I mean...

[The crowd laughs again as we cut to a fuming Donna Martinelli who still has streaks of red in her now-very messy hair...

...and then back to the stage.]

MB: Let's do this thing. The runners-up for Male Wrestler of the Year are...

[The graphic comes up for "Male Wrestler of the Year."]

"NUMBER FIVE... SUPREME WRIGHT!"

[We cut to the table where the well-dressed Wright is sitting... a very stern expression on his face.]

"NUMBER FOUR... JOHNNY DETSON!"

[Cut to a promotional shot of Detson holding the World Title in his grasp.]

"NUMBER THREE... HANNIBAL CARVER!"

[A loud "WOOOOOOO!" is heard as Carver drains the remnants of yet another bottle, adding to a tower of beer bottles forming on their table as Derrick Williams chuckles nearby.]

"NUMBER TWO... RYAN MARTINEZ!"

[Martinez pauses a moment, arching an eyebrow before nodding his head...

...and then back to Dane and Broussard.]

MB: And the winner of the Golden Grapple is... SUPERNOVA!

[The camera cuts to Supernova, who has risen from his seat and makes his way to the ring, accepting a couple of handshakes from other wrestlers along the way. He stands up behind the podium, stares at the Grapple award for a moment, then looks out to the crowd.]

S: I still remember my first SuperClash, getting the chance to wrestle for the top title, coming up short and, at the time, a part of me wondered if I'd ever get another shot. And back in November, that shot finally came and I finally achieved the ultimate goal of any AWA wrestler.

[He is quiet for a moment.]

S: And then to get recognized by the AWA and the fans in this manner, it does mean a lot. It shows me that the fans never stopped doubting me, even when I wondered if other wrestlers did... even when I started having doubts in myself.

[He picks up the award.]

S: Thank you to those fans who never doubted me. Thank you for all the congrats I've received on becoming the World Champion. And thank you for this award right here. I do hope I continue to show that you fans were right to never doubt me.

[Applause goes up as Supernova takes the award.]

LD: IF you can stay up here for a moment, champ... we'd like to have you here when we announce the other part of this one. We've seen the Male Wrestler of the Year... now let's see the Female...

[Cut to a graphic promoting the "Female Wrestler of the Year" award.]

"NUMBER FIVE... AYAKO FUJIWARA!"

[We cut to the table where Michelle Bailey is congratulating Ayako Fujiwara who nods her head but has a slight disappointed expression on her face.]

"NUMBER FOUR... HARLEY HAMILTON!"

[Cut back to Hamilton's table where she shouts "FOUR?! FOUR?! WHAT A SCAM!" angrily, turning her back on the camera.]

"NUMBER THREE... MICHELLE BAILEY!"

[Cut back to the aforementioned table where Bailey looks pleased as we can hear "OH, YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!" in a voice that sounds like Casey Cash.]

"NUMBER TWO... KURAYAMI!"

[Cut to a promotional shot of Kurayami holding the Women's World Title...

...and then back to Lori Dane.]

LD: Which means I think it comes as no surprise when I announce the winner of the 2017 Golden Grapple for Female Wrestler of the Year... JULIE SOMERS!

[The camera cuts to the table where "The Spitfire" Julie Somers is seated. She's covered her mouth, clearly surprised. Somers stands up, accepting a hug from Daniel Harper, another from Kelly Woods, and a final one from her brother Howie. Somers then heads up to the ring, shaking hands with Supernova and Marcus Broussard before sharing a quick embrace with Lori Dane. She stands behind the podium, picking up the Grapple award and stares at it for a moment.]

JS: Oh my gosh... I mean...

[She takes a deep breath.]

JS: To think that after three years, I'd be standing here not only as the Women's World Champion, but the women's wrestler of the year... it's still hard to believe how far I've come.

[She sets the award down and is quiet for a moment.]

JS: I just want to say that I hope that every girl who has come up to me, asked me questions, told me how much they admire me, that they can be inspired by what I've done in the three years that I've been with the AWA. I hope they all realize that the biggest dreams can come true, that they can truly be whatever they set their minds to achieve.

[She then picks up the award again and holds it up above her head.]

JS: Thank you all so much for recognizing me like this, thank you to every fan who has cheered me on, and to all the girls who are watching at home, always remember to live your dream!

[The applause goes up and Somers smiles... Supernova stepping forward at Broussard's urging as flashes fire all over the ballroom, capturing photos of the male and female wrestlers of the year as we hear instrumental music start to play.]

"When we come back to the Golden Grapples, the awards for Match of the Year, the unveiling of our Moment of the Year, and the big one... the Wrestler of the Year award! Don't you dare go away!"

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of two boys sitting in front of a TV playing video games. The shot is over the TV so we can see the living room behind them. The boys are very into the action on the screen which we cannot see but we can hear the explosions and gunfire of the latest hot first person shooter type game. The girls sitting behind them look bored to tears as the boys trade jabs like "GOT YOU!" "YOU'RE TOAST!" and "GRENADES FOR DAYS, FRIENDO!" A voiceover begins.]

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

"Looking for your next video game to trade bullets for bodyslams?"

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

"Tired of just another boring shoot 'em up?"

[The girls get up from their seats on the couch now, looking eagerly at the screen.]

"Wish there was someone who looked like YOU that you could control?!"

[A white light shines down from the living room ceiling on the two girls...

...and with a burst of shattering glass, the room fills with light.

As the light dies down, we find the grinning form of "Spitfire" Julie Somers in wrestling gear standing in front of the now-smoking television set.]

JS: Step aside, boys... it's Ladies Night.

[And we cut to a series of shots of video game pro wrestling action: Michelle Bailey delivering a Britney Spear to Kelly Kowalski. Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift trading blows. Harley Hamilton and Cinder making their entrance. The voiceover continues.]

"It's AWA 2K17 coming your way just in time for the holiday season. Play as your favorite wrestlers..."

[Victoria June drops Xenia Sonova with a front powerslam.]

"...create your own shows in our new El Presidente mode..."

[A digital Castillo is on stage making a match.]

"...take your created superstar from rookie to SuperClash Main Event!"

[A face we don't know is trading blows center ring with Trish Wallace before hoisting her into a Jackhammer suplex.]

"All in one tremendous game!"

[Cut scene of the digital Julie Somers standing on the turnbuckles, flipping off onto a prone Kurayami...

...and then to a shot of the real Julie Somers.]

JS: Now that's what I like to see.

[Somers looks over at the boys now huddled in the corner of the room.]

JS: Aww, we didn't forget about you two.

[Somers snaps her fingers as we get a barrage of shots from other characters - Supreme Wright using Fat Tuesday on Jeff Matthews. Jack Lynch applying an Iron Claw on Muteesa. Hannibal Carver using a Blackout on Derrick Williams. And finally, Ryan Martinez causing Johnny Detson to pinwheel through the air with an Excalibur. The voiceover continues.]

"AWA 2K17 drops October 26th at game shops, retail stores, and online! Available for your favorite gaming system and on PC!"

[Back to a shot of all four kids playing excitedly now, a tag team match on screen pitting Julie Somers and Victoria June against Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. The on-screen Somers takes a German Suplex from Fujiwara as real life Somers grimaces, grabbing at her neck.]

JS: That had to hurt.

[And with that, we cut to a graphic promoting the release of AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

...and we come back up on the interior of the MGM Grand Ballroom. We get the wide shot for a few moments before cutting to a shot of the podium where another co-owner of the AWA, Bobby Taylor, is standing. The Outlaw of Professional Wrestling looks a little uncomfortable in a black tuxedo but the black Stetson on his head looks right at home.]

BT: Welcome back to the Grapples. It's been a hell of a night... and a hell of a past five weeks or so. We had some big wins at SuperClash, some big moments... and even since then, we've had some more. That ol' bastard Hardin's lookin' at hard time... nobody's seen Javier Castillo in weeks...

[The crowd cheers for that as Taylor grins.]

BT: Thought you'd like that one... hell, I do too. But like him or hate him - and I think y'all know where I stand - Castillo did have a job to do here in the AWA. He was the AWA President... and that means when he goes, he's gotta be replaced because we need someone to run the day-to-day of this joint while I sit on a beach and watch my bank account get fatter.

[Taylor shrugs.]

BT: Wes tells me that the job of runnin' this place is like being the... Dark Arts Defense teacher at Harry Potter school... whatever that means. What I do know is the job is tough... and it's hard to keep someone in it. And what I also know is that since the job is tough and it's hard to keep someone in it, these days it's been hard to find someone who even wants to do it! Everyone who has ever done it before said not interested... even some who weren't even asked.

Me and Jon and Todd sat in a room, rackin' our brains... and eventually we came around to that one of us should do it...

[The crowd cheers but Taylor shakes his head.]

BT: ...and we shot that down real quick 'cause if one of us wanted a real job, we wouldn't have started this place up to begin with.

So, we had to think of someone else. Someone tough. Someone who could stand up for themselves and not get pushed around. Someone fair. Someone we could trust to do the right thing. Someone who knows the players and the game.

[Taylor smirks.]

BT: Turned out we had someone like that under contract but who can't get in the ring just quite yet. Now, we know this person will get cleared eventually and they'll wanna get back in this ring... so we're stickin' an "interim" tag on their job title until we find someone who wants the job permanently...

[He mutters "if we can find someone" under his breath to laughter.]

BT: I honestly can't believe I'm about to announce this but we think he'll do a good job with it...and so, it falls on me to present to you the new... interim... AWA President...

[Taylor pauses, waiting...

...and as the sound of a cannon fires, the ballroom ERUPTS in a shocked reaction.

All eyes turn, scouring the ballroom as the "Soviet March" roars through the room. The camera cuts towards a pair of double doors leading into the room - doors that swing open abruptly to reveal the new interim AWA President... the Tsar and former National Champion himself... Maxim Zharkov.

Zharkov stands in a deep crimson suit with a white dress shirt and yellow tie. He takes a few steps into the room, standing tall with his arms held behind him, his chin up and his chest stuck out as he surveys the scene.

After a few moments, Zharkov lowers his arms, powerwalking his way past dropped jaws and stares of disbelief as he makes his way towards the ring, taking the steps with ease to engage Taylor in a strong handshake. Taylor says something off-mic to Zharkov, getting a nod in response as the music fades and Zharkov takes a place behind the podium.

The crowd noise dies down to a steady buzz, eager to hear the first words from this unconventional selection as the new person of authority for the American Wrestling Alliance. Zharkov stands silent, looking out on the crowd who are waited with baited breath...]

MZ: Please welcome top contenders... for Match of Year.

[Zharkov gives a nod, stepping back from the microphone as we get the "MATCH OF THE YEAR" graphic spinning into view.]

"NUMBER FIVE... WORLD TITLE THREE WAY AT SUPERCLASH IX."

[We cut to a brief highlight montage of some big moments from that match.]

"NUMBER FOUR... KABUKICHO ASSASSINATION MANIAC SQUAD VERSUS DOGS OF WAR AT SUPERCLASH IX."

[And then to highlights from that trios match.]

"NUMBER THREE... STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT AT SUPERCLASH IX."

[And on to that history-making matchup.]

"NUMBER TWO... AYAKO FUJIWARA VERSUS LAURA DAVIS - IRON WOMAN MATCH - SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING."

[And that grueling battle...

...and then with the graphic, we spin back to interim President Zharkov standing on stage.]

MZ: And 2017 Match of Year is...

[Zharkov tugs open the envelope, looking inside. With a satisfied nod, he looks up at the camera and utters one word.]

MZ: ...WARGAMES!

[At the announcement of the Match of the Year win, Jon Stegglet climbs to his feet, walking towards the makeshift stage... and then sweeps his arm in the direction of a few other tables, summoning others to come join him there. Upon reaching the ring, Stegglet shakes Zharkov's hand and nods at the presented award but quickly turns and hands it to the next man up - Shadoe Rage - who is trailed by Hannibal Carver, Ryan Martinez, and Derrick Williams. Martinez is giving serious side eye to Williams as the Future takes his turn holding the award in the air... while Williams throws a surprised look at now-President Zharkov.]

JS: I think it's only fitting this is the Match of the Year since there was so much at stake... and while I'm glad everyone enjoyed the match enough to vote for it, I also think it's important to recognize if it weren't for the four men standing here... and the KING who had other places to be on this night... none of us would be here at all right now. So, gentlemen... this one's for you.

[Stegglet steps back as Shadoe Rage grabs the mic.]

SR: Damn it feels good to see people on it! It feels good! Like Tony Toni Tone! Like I'm in the twilight zone! I want to thank everybody for recognizing Team AWA! Our blood, our sweat, our sacrifice... it was all for you! It was all for you! And now we celebrate because Team AWA won the Match of the Year and Korugun is gone! Out! Vamoose. And it feels good. It feels good. IT FEELS GOOD! So tonight, we're celebrating like never before because the AWA is back, baby! Who's next on the mic? Step up and freak out!

[Carver nods and smirks, stepping up.]

HC: Well hell, by the time I close out this damn bar, I'll be freaking out for sure.

Stegglet and Rage here said it all. It's great that everyone liked watching us kicking all those toadies and scumbag suits the hell out of town... but the important thing is that we did kick them the hell out. Too long some twerp in an office has been the focus. When the focus should be one thing.

[Carver points at a table, and as the camera pans we see he's pointing at Supernova. Carver nods.]

HC: Kicking ass and making yer way to the top of the mountain. We worked together to keep our jobs and make sure this is a place worth fighting in and for. But now, we get down to business.

[Carver grins at Williams and nods at Martinez.]

HC: And that business isn't all puppies and flowers and being pals. It's beating the tar out of whoever yeh find yerself in that damn ring with. After tonight, yeh can bet yer ass that fight is back on.

[Williams steps up to the mic next, fist bumping with Carver... and throwing another look at Zharkov who doesn't react.]

DW: This whole night's full of surprises, huh?

[Williams shakes his head.]

DW: The Match of the Year was the most important one of the year. We... well, didn't all like each other, but we pulled it together for a larger purpose. And going

forward, no nebulous corporation pulling the strings. And now, like Hannibal said, truces are over. Come Super Saturday... well, game on.

[Williams tosses a side-eye look in Martinez direction as he steps back from the podium, inviting the White Knight up to finish the speeches off. As he steps back, we can hear words spoken toward Martinez off mic.]

DW: Don't worry... this tux cost too much for me to start something in it.

[Ryan Martinez steps forward, and as he reaches the podium, he turns around to look at those behind him, especially Carver and Williams.]

RM: Truces are over?

[Martinez nods.]

RM: So be it. But that's for tomorrow. Tonight is about WarGames, and the lesson we learned. And that lesson is simple.

This is our AWA. And this is your AWA. It belongs to us. Not to Korugun, not to Wise Men, and not to anyone else.

And come what may, there will always be good people willing to step up and fight for what matters.

And I will always be one of them.

[Martinez looks straight ahead, into the camera.]

RM: Count on it!

[The crowd continues to cheer as Martinez lifts the Golden Grapple into the air and we see the team start to exit the stage. As the assembled team steps away from the podium, we get a spinning graphic for "MOMENT OF THE YEAR."]

"NUMBER FIVE... MICHELLE BAILEY'S RETURN TO THE RING!"

[And off we go to footage from Fight Night from June where Rebecca Ortiz is making the introductions...]

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...

...and back to the "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic...]

"NUMBER FOUR... GORDON MYERS ANNOUNCES HIS RETIREMENT."

[...and then to footage from the SuperClash IX Post-Game Press Conference where the longtime AWA Play By Play announcer is sitting at a table.]

GM: Here's your breaking news, guys... I'm getting old. I turned 70 years old this year... was born right down the road in Augusta. And when you get old... some days you feel old. Sure, physically... travel is tough... late flights, hotel rooms, rental cars... none of that gets easier as you get older... but mentally. Some of the stuff I've seen this year is just... it's just hard to watch. The Lynch boys fighting each other... what they did to each other tonight...

[He shakes his head.]

GM: I don't know. Bucky came out here because no matter how many times we yell at each other on camera - that man right there is my best friend in the whole world and I wouldn't still be here if it wasn't for him. But he can tell you that the number of times that I said - on and off mic - this year that I couldn't do this anymore is more than all the years before put together.

And... honestly, I think I just can't do this anymore.

[Cut.]

GM: ...I guess I'd like the chance to say goodbye in my own way too.

So, here's your scoop... on March 17th... in New Orleans, the AWA celebrates our tenth anniversary. It's gonna be a big night, I'm sure. And for me, it's going to be

[And we cut back to the "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic...]

"NUMBER TWO... VASQUEZ SEES THE EYE!"

[...and right back into more WarGames footage where Martinez is delivering hard chops to the chest of Juan Vasquez, stepping back with a "YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" as Vasquez stumbles out towards him, getting a boot in the gut as the White Knight secures a front facelock...]

GM: HE HOOKS HIM! DO IT, KID!

[But just as Martinez prepares to lift, Vasquez quickly spins to the side, spinning right out of the front facelock before burying his own boot into the gut, quickly hooking a front facelock...]

GM: ARE YOU...?

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRAAAAAAINBUSSSSSTERRRRRRRR!

[Vasquez pops up to his knees, looking down on Martinez' motionless form as the crowd EXPLODES with jeers for their former hero!]

BW: HE SPIKED HIM, GORDO! HE DROPPED HIM GOOD WITH THAT!

GM: This might be it! Vasquez needs to get him to quit though!

[Climbing to his feet, his face cloaked in unmistakable, untethered rage, he stomps across the ring, snatching up a steel chair that was brought in earlier...]

GM: And now he's got a...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as he SMASHES the chair down across Derrick Williams' back!]

GM: ...CHAIR! MY GOD!

[Vasquez lifts the chair again, turning to the side...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A VILE CHAIRSHOT DOWN ACROSS THE BACK OF CARVER AS WELL!

[Martinez slides an arm underneath him, pushing up hard, rolling himself onto his back...]

...and Juan Vasquez pauses, looking down on Martinez who has the Eye of Tyr clutched against his heart!]

GM: The... the Eye of Tyr?! Where the heck did Martinez get that?!

BW: Fawcett threw it into the ring earlier! It's been laying there the whole time since then!

GM: Is he... is Martinez trying to use it on Vasquez?!

BW: Oho! You DO believe!

GM: I don't know what I believe anymore, Bucky. That's the problem.

[Vasquez shudders at the sight of the gym, looking down at Martinez again, cold fury in his eyes...

...and slowly raises the chair over his head again...]

GM: No, no! Ryan's defenseless, damn it! He's defenseless, Vasquez - you... you...

[But Vasquez pauses, not swinging the chair down just yet... staring down at Martinez... or more specifically at the crystal he's holding...]

BW: What's he doing?!

GM: I don't know! He's got the chair! Martinez has the crystal! And...

[John Law hobbles over towards Vasquez, gesturing at Martinez who has somehow forced his way up onto his knees now, still clutching the crystal against his chest. He slowly extends an arm, showing it to Vasquez...]

BW: He's trying to brainwash Vasquez!

GM: I don't think that's what he's doing at all, Bucky!

[Law points to Martinez, gesturing like he's hitting him with a chair, shouting "FINISH HIM OFF!"]

GM: John Law imploring Vasquez to end this! Begging him to use that chair on the AWA's White Knight!

[And suddenly, the crowd sees it shining through like a brilliant beam of sunshine on a cloudy day...

...the crack in the armor.]

GM: Listen to this crowd! Listen to these fans!

[The crowd is screaming towards the ring, shouting their voices hoarse, begging Vasquez to step back from the edge. The former World Champion. The Hall of Famer. The man who stood toe to toe and defeated the Southern Syndicate. The man who fought and bested the evils of the American Wrestling Alliance for so many years.

The man who was once the hero that Gordon Myers called for.]

GM: They're trying, Bucky! They're begging him! Pleading with him!

[A puzzled Vasquez looks out on the crowd, a bewildered look upon his face. John Law looks even more confused, shouting at Vasquez to "DO IT! DO IT NOW!" as Juan looks around at 70,000 fans calling for his help one more time...]

GM: Come on... come on, old friend...

[Vasquez looks down at the helpless and bloodied Martinez again, still clutching the crystal in his hand...

...and makes his choice.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: YES! YES! YESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[John Law stumbles away, clutching the shoulder that Juan Vasquez just SMASHED with the steel chair he was holding. The Korugun Head of Security falls to his knees as Vasquez grips the chair, looking back at Martinez... a shadow lifted from his face as he looks down at the White Knight...]

...who has dropped the Eye of Tyr, letting the crystal fall to the canvas...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Vasquez brings the chair angrily down upon the crystal that has had such strong influence on AWA happenings over the past decade...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[He hits it again, smashing the chair down on the crystal...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and again, Vasquez' rage being expelled in loud shouts with each blow landed on the gem...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...his expression softening...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...the weight being lifted off his shoulders...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and with one final scream...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...he stops. He tosses the chair aside as he looks down, seeing the infamous crystal shattered into pieces on the canvas. An expression of relief crosses his face as he grabs at his head, collapsing in sheer exhaustion to his knees.

And as Vasquez kneels, Martinez rises, looking down on his longtime enemy with a different look on his face than we've ever seen him use when looking upon the Hall of Famer...

...and as determination crosses his face, Martinez takes a step to the side, approaching the struggling John Law who is trying to push up off the mat with one arm...]

GM: Finish this, Ryan.

[The AWA's White Knight grabs the injured shoulder of Law, causing him to cry out as Martinez yanks the arm back, into Fujiwara armbar position, dragging him over by the steel chair...

...and DRIVES him down with an armbar takedown on the chair!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He immediately loops the trapped arm behind his neck, reaching out to hook his hands across the face of Law...

...and PULLS back hard, trapping Law within the confines of the crossface submission hold taught to him by his friend, Supreme Wright, over a year ago...]

GM: MARTINEZ HAS HIM HOOKED! PULLING BACK! CRANKING THE HEAD AND NECK BACK, MORE PRESSURE ON THE INJURED SHOULDER AS WELL!

[Law is screaming in pain, anguish shooting through his injured arm into every nook and cranny of his body, fighting for a cause that suddenly appears fragmented... an Army with no soldiers left standing... an Army with no General left standing...

Law claws at the canvas, his lungs pouring sounds of agony into the Georgia Dome sky as the crowd waits... and waits... and waits...

...and finally, the last soldier standing gives his surrender.]

"I QUIT! I QUIT! I QUIIIIIIIIIIT!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Martinez immediately releases the hold, ever a man of honor, and slumps backwards, lying on the back of his defeated foe. The crowd ROARS at the sound of the bell, saluting the ungodly battle that their heroes just endured... paying tribute to their broken bodies, their bloodied faces, their potentially shortened careers.]

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! MY GOD, THEY DID IT!

BW: OH! MY! STARS!

[Gordon's voice sounds positively jubilant - tones of relief shining through as a quick cut to ringside shows him leaning over to embrace his color commentator for just a moment. He sits back, removing his glasses to smile up at the ring.]

GM: Five of the AWA's greatest came forth on this night to fight the ultimate war... to do battle with the highest stakes imaginable... and go to war they did. These men may never be the same... but we will never forget their sacrifices to bring us this moment of elation... of joy... of relief... and so much more.

[With a deep sigh, Martinez sits up, a smile on his blood-soaked face as he looks out on the crowd. He slowly pushes up to his feet, looking around the wrecked ring and cage, surveying the bodies laying all over the crimson-drenched canvas. With

a hobble and an exhausted look, the White Knight steps away from the downed Law... away from the still-kneeling Vasquez who has collapsed forward, his forehead pressed against the canvas...

...and we get one final "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic.]

"AND THE 2017 MOMENT OF THE YEAR..."

[We cut to footage from Memorial Day Mayhem where "Gonna Fly Now" by Bill Conti is playing as the team of Jeff Matthews, Wes Taylor, Supreme Wright, and Ryan Martinez are walking the aisle towards the menacing Tower of Doom.]

GM: The four men we know will make up this team are heading towards the ring... and now... is it finally time to find out who the fifth man is? Who has Jack Lynch brought to Chicago to walk into battle with his friends? Who is the man that the Iron Cowboy says Javier Castillo will never see coming?

[The four men get about halfway down the ramp before slowing to a halt. Castillo walks towards the ramp, staring up at the four assembled men ready to go into battle. He can be heard shouting, "WHO IS IT?!" at them as Martinez shrugs with a bemused look on his face...]

BW: Maybe they don't have anyone, Gordo.

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky. Jack Lynch promised them a partner and we all know the Iron Cowboy ALWAYS delivers! But who is it going to-

[Suddenly, the lights go out.

Countless random lights are seen in the crowd as the audience desperately tries to get a peek.]

BW: Who is it, Gordo?! I can't see a thing!

GM: I can't either. I haven't idea what-

[Just then, the sound of the top of what sounds like a can is heard over the P.A. with the accompanying fizz of carbonation hitting the air. The volume of the crowd starts to rise, as they perhaps expect what is about to happen.]

BW: What in the-

[Bucky is cut off as the familiar sir raid siren is heard as the place becomes UNGLUED.]

GM: It can't be!

[Spotlights come to life, searching all over the capacity crowd as if they were searching for the perpetrator of a prison break. Just then, the familiar vocal line hits.]

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!!"

[ALL the lights come back on, and there stands a lone figure. Arms outstretched to the heavens, in one hand is an open can of Budweiser. In the other, the remainder of the six pack of Budweiser hangs from his index and middle finger. He nods down at his shirt, a black t-shirt with the sleeves torn off that reads "DALLAS' OWN BLACKJACK LYNCH" with a vintage style photo of Blackjack underneath and "1976" under the graphic. The crowd is on their feet thunderously chanting a name, although that name is not Blackjack.]

"CAR-VER!"
"CAR-VER!"
"CAR-VER!"
"CAR-VER!"
"CAR-VER!"
"CAR-VER!"
"CAR-VER!"
"CAR-VER!"
"CAR-VER!"
"CAR-VER!"
"CAR-VER!"

BW: SECURITY!

GM: The Iron Cowboy promised a name nobody would expect... and he delivered! Hannibal Carver has not been in the AWA for well over a year but... he's back now! OH YEAH!

#Gonna nail me a black curtain up good an' tight#
#Gonna do what my air raid man says is right#
#I'm gonna pull down my shade an' turn out my light#
#There's gonna be a blackout, blackout tonight#

[Carver tears two beer cans off of the plastic ring as he lays the remaining cans on the entranceway. He lifts them in the air, popping the tops to both to a tremendous ovation as he pours the contents of both down his throat. He tosses the empties behind him as he fixes his gaze on the menacing steel hanging above the ring.]

BW: Yeah, great idea by Jack Lynch... inviting this drunk back. There are kids watching!

[Carver slaps his chest twice as he picks up the cans at his feet and makes his way towards the ring. He points at Ryan Martinez, who stares at him incredulously.]

GM: And by the look on his teammates' faces, they must be as surprised by this as anyone!

BW: I hope this is a lesson they all never forget. Never trust a Lynch!

[The "MOMENT OF THE YEAR" graphic comes up over a still shot of a grinning Carver, beer in hand, looking at the camera...]

...and then we fade back to a live shot in the ballroom where Carver is also grinning, the crowd echoing the "CAR-VER!" chant we heard on the clip. He nods a few times, toasting the crowd as we cut up to Sweet Daddy Williams back on stage.]

SDW: The Moment of the Year is something none of us will ever forget... and hopefully so is this... the last award of the night... and yours truly gets to give it out. The big one. The one we're all here for. The 2017 Wrestler of the Year!

[Cut a graphic reading "WRESTLER OF THE YEAR!"]

"NUMBER FIVE... KURAYAMI!"

[Cut to a still photo of the former Women's Champion holding the belt on her shoulder as she glares into the camera.]

"NUMBER FOUR... JULIE SOMERS!"

[Cut to the Spitfire's table where she raises the Women's Wrestler of the Year Grapple in one hand and the Women's World Title in the other hand, grinning at the crowd's reaction.]

"NUMBER THREE... HANNIBAL CARVER!"

[We cut to Carver's table where the tower of beer bottles is getting higher as Carver fistpumps at the announcement... or the tower... who knows.]

"NUMBER TWO... RYAN MARTINEZ!"

[Martinez bows his head slightly at the announcement, nodding to the cheering crowd...

...and we cut back to Sweet Daddy Williams on the stage.]

SDW: And that means your 2017 Wrestler of the Year is... SUPERNOVA!

[The camera cuts back to Supernova, who gets up from his table and heads up to the ring once again. He accepts a few more handshakes this time around, before he enters the ring and stands behind the podium, the Grapple award in front of him.]

S: Rather than talk about this award and what it means to me, I wanted to talk about the AWA and what it means to me.

[He pulls off his shades. There's no face paint around the eyes. This is simply the man behind the face paint.]

S: I talk a lot about my loyalties to the AWA. That's because the AWA means everything to me. There were times in which I could have given up, said that I just needed to move on to other things, but it was this company that always kept me going, no matter what happened.

The AWA is, without a doubt, the best wrestling company in the world today. Everyone who works here, every wrestler, every agent, every referee, every commentator, every crew member, and especially those who founded this company, they all put their hearts into it and do whatever they can to ensure the AWA's success.

[That line draws applause. Supernova nods in acknowledgement.]

S: I do my part but so does everybody else, to make the AWA what it is today. And that's why I'm proud to be a member of the AWA. There's no other company in the world that I'd want to wrestle for.

[He holds up the award.]

S: This award isn't just about me. It's about this company, too. I can only hope I do this company proud as its new World Champion. Thank you all and have a good night.

[The applause goes up again as Supernova takes the award, waving to the cheering crowd as Sweet Daddy Williams pats his old friend on the back...

...and we pull out to an elevated shot of the crowd cheering...]

"When we come back, the countdown to midnight and the first match of 2018!"

[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 on the ballroom where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: Welcome back to Las Vegas, Nevada to the 2017 edition of the Golden Grapples which has been a tremendous night of action as we count down til midnight and 2018!

[A clock appears in the corner of the screen, showing a few minutes remaining until midnight.]

TL: And as we said, we want that bell to ring at the stroke of midnight - to kick off 2018 as only the AWA can do it... so let's get these two teams down to the ring and get this thing going. Rebecca, the floor is yours!

[We cut to the ring where the other side of ropes is being quickly reattached, getting it back to a normal looking wrestling ring as Rebecca Ortiz gives a nod.]

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

[The snarling, snapping hounds that lead into KISS' "War Machine" kicks in to a loud reaction from the crowd surrounding the ring...

...and the voices of Salvatore Albano and Colt Patterson are heard.]

SA: From the history-making night known as SuperClash IX to the launch of a brand new era here on ESPN, I'm Salvatore Albano alongside Colt Patterson as we get set to call the first match of 2018 - and is it too early to say Happy New Year, Colt?

CP: Just a couple of minutes, Albano, but it does my heart good to know the first thing these fans are gonna hear in 2018 is my smooth and silky voice.

SA: And the first thing they're going to see is this Main Event-level showdown between the Dogs of War and the superteam of Wright, Lynch, and Martinez! All former World Champions in that group going against arguably the greatest trio to ever compete in a pro wrestling ring... although they've had a tough go of it in recent weeks.

[We cut to the entry to the ballroom where the doors fly open as three men stride through in midnight blue riot gear style attire. Spotlights of a similar color are swirling through the air of the ballroom as the Dogs of War make their entrance.]

RO: At a total combined weight of 772 pounds... PEDRO PEREZ... ISAIAH CARPENTER... and WADE WALKER...

THE DOGS OF WARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

[Pedro Perez, the wildman of the group, with his eyes darting everywhere, a manic smile on his face as he stares out on the crowd.

Isaiah Carpenter, the slick, smooth daredevil, looking like something off the cover of a magazine more than a guy willing to risk it all every time he steps inside the ring.

And the muscle. Wade Walker appears to be carved out of stone, every bit the image you'd have of a first round draft pick NFL linebacker. The kind of guy you'd expect to be battling for yards on any given Sunday.

All three swiftly make their way through the ballroom, each coming through on a different side of the ring to surround Rebecca Ortiz who stands her ground, mic in hand.]

CP: You said it a second ago, Sal - arguably the greatest trio to ever compete in a pro wrestling ring... and if you ask me, it's no argument at all. You can keep your Zokugun Sangai... you can keep your Triumvirate... your old school Kings of Wrestling... this is the real deal here.

SA: Even after we saw them lose a trios match to KAMS at SuperClash?

CP: That's the real question, isn't it? Getting to the top is hard but it's nowhere near as hard as staying there. The Dogs of War ripped through this company ever since showing up here a few years ago... and in doing so, they put a bullseye on their backs. KAMS showed up, took aim, and scored a direct hit at SuperClash. And now it's on the Dogs to fire back and show they won't be taking down.

SA: Can they do it against what could be one of the greatest assembled groups of talent to ever step foot inside an AWA ring? We're about to find out!

[The music dies as we wait for a moment...]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents...

[The sound of Bill Conti's "Gonna Fly Now" fanfare rings out over the PA system, drawing a huge cheer from the crowd...]

RO: At a total combined weight of 745 pounds... the team of...

"THE IRON COWBOY" JACK LYNCH...

...SUPREME WRIGHT...

...and the WHITE KNIGHT, RYAN MARTIIIIINEZZZZZZZ!

[The doors swing open again as the popular trio steps through to a tremendous reaction. Jack Lynch comes through first, grinning at the reaction as he stands in a black t-shirt and Stetson. He points his gloved hand at the crowd, nodding his head which shows some signs of the barbed wire war he went through at SuperClash against his own brother... but then he turns and points to Supreme Wright striding into view in his standard singlet, nodding confidently towards the ring... and they are quickly joined by Ryan Martinez who seems to be rushing to get into his ring jacket before chuckling and tossing it aside, putting an arm over each man's shoulders before they start towards the ring.]

SA: Five AWA World Titles between them... and if you would've told the average AWA fan a few years back that we'd see these three men walking to the ring together like this... the best of friends... you would've been called delusional.

CP: You think back to SuperClash VI when Wright and Martinez had one of the greatest matches of all time over the World Heavyweight Title. You think back to SuperClash VII a year later when Lynch and Wright had a Towel Match that was as personal as it gets. And now they're all teaming?

SA: Three of the most popular men in the entire AWA... climbing into that ring as we're just seconds before midnight now.

[Rebecca Ortiz steps out of the ring as referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller heads out to mid-ring, speaking to both teams as he keeps one eye on the giant clock that is now ticking down towards midnight...]

SA: It looks like it'll be Carpenter starting things off for the Dogs of War as Jack Lynch is going to lead it off for his team... and we're down to fifteen seconds now.

[Lynch trades a fistbump with Supreme Wright and a quick high five with Ryan Martinez as they take up positions in the corner. Notably, Carpenter seems to have no final greetings for his own partners as the time ticks down...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

SA: Almost there, Colt!

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: HAPPY NEW YEAR!

[And at the sound of the bell, Isaiah Carpenter comes sprinting across the ring as the crowd celebrates the arrival of midnight with drinks and revelry...

...and Jack Lynch celebrates with a big uppercut that takes the charging Carpenter right off his feet, depositing him down on the mat...]

SA: Right hand takes him off his feet!

[Carpenter scrambles up towards Lynch, taking another shot from the Iron Cowboy that puts him right back down. The fired up Texan grabs the rising Carpenter off the mat, charging towards the corner where he SMASHES him headfirst into the top turnbuckle before slapping the offered hand of Supreme Wright.]

SA: And just like that, we've got a tag!

CP: Carpenter didn't get a midnight kiss, he got a pair of knuckle sandwiches and he's reeling early.

SA: You think back to the Tribunals where the Dogs of War received a warning not for their past conduct but for their future conduct. They've been told that they need to pick up their game before their contracts expire and right now... ohh! Big elbowstrike on the jaw by Wright!

[Carpenter staggers out of the corner as Wright pursues him, reaching out to grab the back of the tights, yanking him back into a quick back suplex that leaves Carpenter reeling down on the mat.]

CP: And if the early moments of this one are any indication, that warning may have fallen on deaf ears, Sal.

[Wright climbs back to his feet, smashing the heel of his boot down into the ribcage with a quick ax kick before stepping to the corner where he slaps the hand of Ryan Martinez... who enters to a big cheer!]

SA: The White Knight tags in now - the Most Popular Wrestler of 2017 as you can hear from the cheers from this crowd...

[Pulling the rising Carpenter up, Martinez pushes him back into the neutral corner...

...and then pauses, looking out on the crowd...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: Big chop in the corner!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: Another one!

CP: Don't let him get started 'cause he just might not stop!

[Pedro Perez seems to believe the same, charging down the apron towards Martinez...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets drilled with a chop of his own, sending him sprawling off the apron to the floor...]

SA: AND PEREZ GETS ONE AS WELL!

[Martinez turns back towards Carpenter who has slipped through the ropes, ducking out to the floor where he paces back and forth, the crowd jeering as Martinez leans down, waving Carpenter back inside the ring...]

...but Jack Lynch decides not to wait, dropping off the apron and moving in on the recovering Carpenter, ignoring the referee's cries!]

SA: Lynch on the outside!

[A right hand by Carpenter tries to stop the Iron Cowboy in his tracks but Lynch blocks it before throwing a haymaker of his own, jacking Carpenter's jaw and putting him down on his knees on the floor.]

SA: Carpenter tried to catch him coming in but that roll of the dice came up snake eyes here in Vegas!

[Pulling Carpenter off the floor by his stringy black hair, Lynch SMASHES his face down into the ring apron before shoving him under the ropes into the ring...]

...and then turns to trade angry words with a protesting Pedro Perez on the outside as Carpenter struggles back to his feet, only to get taken down with an armdrag, Martinez moving into a kneeling armbar on the mat.]

SA: Martinez takes him down and keeps him there, cranking back on the arm...

[Carpenter though is quick to his feet, reaching out towards his corner...]

...but Martinez hangs on to the limb, dragging him back across the ring towards his own corner...]

CP: We got a little tug of war over Carpenter's own arm and-

[Carpenter swings a knee up instead, catching Martinez in the gut with it...]

...and attempts to step away only to discover the White Knight is still holding the arm, giving it a hard yank which lifts Carpenter off his feet and puts him down on the mat again.]

SA: Martinez showing that determination that helped lead Team AWA to victory in WarGames just over a month ago... and there's another tag...

[Lynch steps in, takes aim, and drops a long leg across the trapped arm with a kneedrop. Carpenter flails about on the mat as Lynch takes the offered arm, hooking it up as Martinez rolls out.]

SA: And you gotta be impressed with the teamwork of this trio so far, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. You know, we often talk about the teamwork of the Dogs of War. Their effective double and triple teams... but right now, it's the other side that's showing the good teamwork.

SA: The power of friendship if you ask me.

CP: Oh, I'm gonna be sick just a few minutes into 2018.

[Lynch cranks on the arm as Carpenter again works his way back to his feet. The Iron Cowboy reaches out a hand towards Supreme Wright...

...but Carpenter cuts him off with a knee to the gut, just as he did to Martinez a few moments ago.]

SA: Downstairs goes Carpenter again... but this time, he breaks free when he does it...

[Carpenter grabs the stunned Lynch by the arm...]

SA: Irish whi- reversal!

[...but it's Carpenter who ends up hitting the ropes, bouncing back as Lynch ducks his head...]

SA: BACKDR- no! Carpenter pulls him and boots him right between the eyes!

[Lynch goes stumbling backwards towards the ropes as Pedro Perez lies in wait, leaping up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ENZUIGIRI FROM THE OUTSIDE! PEREZ STRIKES ILLEGALLY BUT EFFECTIVELY!

[Lynch staggers right back the other way towards a charging Carpenter who connects with a big running back elbow, knocking the Texan down on the canvas.]

SA: And down goes the Iron Cowboy!

CP: And there - right there - is the perfect example of the teamwork of the Dogs of War that gives them the advantage over just about any team they face. At SuperClash, KAMS was able to create a chaotic enough scene to prevent them from getting into the groove with that too often... but against an inexperienced trio like this one, this is the secret to victory for the Dogs of War.

SA: A much-needed victory at that.

[Carpenter slaps the hand of Pedro Perez, grabbing the top rope as Perez does the same...]

SA: CATAPULT...

[...sending Perez toppling over the ropes...]

SA: ...and RIGHT DOWN INTO A SENTON ON JACK LYNCH!

[The always-fired up Perez rolls to his knees, peppering Lynch's skull with some short right hands that has the referee complaining about the clenched fists. Perez ignores him as he gets to his feet, grabbing the ropes to start stomping Lynch down into the mat,]

SA: And from the fists to the feet goes the second generation brawler out of Puerto Rico where they love their wrestling bloody and brawly... just like Pedro Perez does.

[Perez grabs Lynch by the hair, planting his face against the top rope as he walks down it towards the Dogs' corner, raking Lynch's eyes against the rubber casing.]

SA: Burning the face and flesh of the Iron Cowboy is Pedro Perez... getting an earful from the referee but Perez doesn't care one bit as he puts the big Texan in the Dogs' corner...

[A quick tag sees Carpenter slingshot back over the ropes into the ring where he throws himself into a pair of forearms before throwing a spinning back elbow...

...and then spins back the other way, throwing himself up into a second enzugiri on Lynch, causing the Texan to slump to a knee as he slaps Perez' hand... who steps in and then slaps Walker's hand...]

SA: And now the Dogs are REALLY bringing it!

[Perez and Carpenter each grab an arm, whipping Lynch across the ring, clasping their hands together for a double clothesline... a little bit obvious of a double clothesline actually...

...and as Lynch instinctively ducks it on the rebound, Walker catches him coming in, lifting him into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SITOUT POWERBOMB! SWEET SAN ANGELO!

[Walker stays down, holding the legs as the referee dives to the mat.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT- NOOOOO!

[Lynch kicks out at the last moment as Perez angrily slaps a hand down on the buckles before exiting the ring. He shouts at the official who holds up two fingers as Walker climbs off the mat, glaring at the referee as well.]

SA: A near fall right there... and the Dogs of War almost scored a huge victory to kick off 2018!

[Pulling a limp Lynch off the mat, Walker tosses him back into the Dogs' corner before charging in after him, burying a shoulder into the ribcage with some impact!]

SA: Walker - the big man of the Dogs of War - laying in some heavy shots on Jack Lynch... going upstairs now with right hands to the head...

[A fired-up Pedro Perez slaps the shoulder of Walker, stepping through the ropes as Walker throws a look at him. Perez ignores him, dragging Lynch out of the corner, scooping him up and slamming him down on the mat.]

SA: Big slam by Perez... and now the maddest of the Dogs climbs the middle rope, looking to do serious damage here...

[Perez stands on the midbuckle, twisting his fingers into a pistol as he points down at Lynch...]

"TIME TO DIE!"

[...and leaps high into the air, tucking his legs up...]

SA: DOUBLE STOMP!

[...and ends up JAMMING his feet down into empty canvas as Lynch rolls to the side, avoiding the double stomp to the skull that could've ended the match!]

SA: He missed! Perez missed the stomp and comes up hobbling a little...

[Lynch is on all fours, crawling towards his corner where both Martinez and Wright wait with their arms stretched out. Perez grimaces as he strides after him, a noticeable limp with each step...]

SA: Perez trying to cut Lynch off... and he does... right there with a stomp between the eyes!

[Perez turns his back on Lynch, taunting both Martinez and Wright to jeers from the crowd before he turns back towards the kneeling Texan...

...who BURIES a right hand in Perez' gut!]

SA: Lynch goes downstairs!

[A second haymaker finds the mark as well, sending Perez stumbling back a step as Lynch rises to his feet, winding up a third time...

...and Perez lunges forward, smashing his skull into Lynch's face, cutting him off from attacking!]

SA: OHH! Skull meets skull in sickening fashion here on the Strip! Like a gambler in Vegas, Pedro Perez goin' for broke!

[Lynch stumbles backwards, grabbing at the bridge of his nose as Perez gives a swipe across his forehead, checking for blood before grabbing the stunned Lynch...

...who tucks his head under Perez' chin, dropping to his knees with a jawbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Perez goes stumbling across the ring, falling towards his corner as Lynch pushes off his knees to his feet, throwing himself forward...]

SA: MARTINEZ MAKES THE TAG!

[...and the White Knight comes stepping through the ropes as Perez falls into his own corner, smacking the hand of Isaiah Carpenter who grabs the top rope, somersaulting over them into the ring, using the momentum to propel himself towards the incoming Martinez who catches him with a running clothesline!]

SA: CLOTHESLINE BY MARTINEZ!

[Martinez grabs the dazed Carpenter, yanking him up to his feet where he grabs the wrist...]

SA: Whip to the neutral corner- look at that!

[...and the crowd reacts as Carpenter runs right up the corner buckles, leaping backwards, twisting around into a somersault that wipes out a surprised Martinez!]

SA: Carpenter takes him down... Carpenter up and on the move...

[Carpenter is a whirl of motion, hitting the ropes and bouncing back towards the rising Martinez, leaping into the air, snatching him around the head and neck, slamming the back of his skull down into the canvas!]

SA: ...and a flying horse collar by Carpenter! Snapping that arm out like a switchblade!

[Martinez rolls from the ring to the floor, reeling from the attack as Carpenter hits the ropes again, building up speed as he rebounds back...]

SA: CARPENTER LIKE A SILVER BULLET!

[...and HURLS himself between the ropes, hitting Martinez with a flying tope that sends Martinez flying backwards, crashing back into one of the ringside tables!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[On the outside, Carpenter grabs Martinez by the back of the head, smashing his face down into the banquet table once... twice... three times...]

SA: Carpenter’s all over him on the outside!

[...and then drags him back towards the ring, tossing him back under the ropes...]

SA: Martinez put back in... Carpenter up on the apron...

[Grabbing the top rope, Carpenter leaps into the air, springing off it...]

SA: 450 SPLASH!

[...but Martinez rolls clear, causing Carpenter to CRASH chestfirst down on the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Martinez crawls to the corner again, diving to make a tag...]

SA: SUPREME WRIGHT MAKES THE TAG!

[...and Wright comes in quickly, catching the rising Carpenter with a pair of leg kicks followed by a roundhouse to the chest that knocks Carpenter off his feet...

...and then wheels to find Pedro Perez bearing down on him, catching Perez with a rolling sole butt to the gut followed by a stiff kneelift...

...and then POINTS at Wade Walker to a HUGE ROAR!]

SA: Oh yeah! Supreme Wright wants to get him a piece of Wade Walker and this crowd in Vegas wants to see it!

CP: I want to see it too!

[Walker nods his head, ducking through the ropes into the ring, returning the point as the referee quickly intercedes, stepping in to shout at Walker...

...who lifts the official under the armpits, turning around to deposit him in the Dogs' corner!]

SA: The referee says no but Wade Walker says yes and who's gonna argue with him?!

[Walker turns back around, rushing right at Wright who sidesteps, throwing a kick at the back of Walker's knee, buckling it and putting him down on a knee.]

SA: Wow!

[Wright slips around in front of him, snatching a Muay Thai clinch as he swings his knee up into the chest once... twice... three times... and then to the chin once... twice... three times...

...and then uses the clinch to throw Walker back into the ropes where he hits, bouncing back...]

SA: SPEAAAAAAAAAAR!

[...and Walker CUTS Wright in half with a running spear tackle! Walker pops up, pumping his powerful arms towards the jeering crowd...

...and turns right into a flying one-legged Yakuza from Ryan Martinez that sends Walker through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: EXCALIBUR CONNECTS! MARTINEZ CLEARS WALKER OUT!

CP: It's getting wild out here!

[And the former two-time World Champion goes to the outside, going after Walker as the referee protests...

...while Isaiah Carpenter regains his feet, pulling Supreme Wright off the mat in a front facelock, slinging Wright's arm over his neck...]

SA: Carpenter and Wright are the legal men - don't forget that!

CP: Don't tell me - tell the ref!

[...and lifts him into the air before Wright slips out of the grip, landing on his feet behind Carpenter...]

SA: Wright slips out and-

[...and lifts Carpenter right up into a torture rack, stepping out to the middle of the ring as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...]

SA: REIGN SUPREEEEEEME!

[...and leaps up, bringing Carpenter spinefirst down across the raised knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright flips over, diving across Carpenter's torso.]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: -AND PEREZ MAKES THE DIVING SAAAAAVE!

[Perez leaps to his feet, stomping and kicking Wright into the mat...

...and then turns around towards a waiting Iron Cowboy...]

SA: CLAW! LYNCH HOOKS IN THE CLAW!

CP: Perez didn't see it coming at all!

[Still holding the Iron Claw in place, Lynch drives Perez back towards the ropes, sending them both spilling over the ropes to the outside!]

SA: And there goes Lynch and Perez now too!

[Wright gets off the mat, looking around at the chaos breaking loose all around him...

...but doesn't see Isaiah Carpenter scramble out onto the apron, grabbing the top rope...]

SA: Carpenter's behind him! Wright doesn't see him!

[...and leaps into the air, springing off the top, raising his knee...]

SA: FLYING KNEESTRIKE!

[...but as Carpenter comes sailing down towards Wright, Wright busts out a spin move worthy of the NBA, ending up alongside Carpenter who lands with a jolt, quickly getting his arms wrapped up by Wright...]

SA: COBRA CLUTCH!

[...and Wright slips his leg between Carpenter's, leaning forward and rolling through...]

SA: CROSSFACE! CROSSFACE!

[...and Wright cranks back in the inescapable hold, wrenching the neck and back of Carpenter! Wade Walker tries to get back into the ring to help his partner but Ryan Martinez is on him, hanging on around his head and neck, preventing him from getting in as Carpenter cries out... reaches out...]

SA: CARPENTER TRYING TO HANG ON! WRIGHT'S TRYING TO TAKE HIM ON A ONE WAY TRIP TO...

[...and then taps out!]

SA: ...TAPOUT CIIIIITYYYYYYYY!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Wright immediately lets go of the hold as a suddenly-free Carpenter rolls from the ring to the outside. Ryan Martinez grins, letting go of a steaming mad Wade Walker as the White Knight crawls through the ropes, extending a hand to help Wright up

to his feet. Jack Lynch is soon in after them, throwing an arm over Supreme's shoulder as he jabs him in the shoulder.]

SA: And what a way to kick off 2018... what a way to kick off a new era of AWA programming! The Golden Grapples are in the books! 2017 is in the books! Our first broadcast on ESPN is in the books! And Colt, I can't wait until February 3rd in Minneapolis for Super Saturday!

CP: Are we even invited? Do we even have jobs?

SA: I... I forgot to ask!

[Sal chuckles as Jack Lynch steps between Martinez and Wright, raising his friends' hands into the air as the crowd cheers the victory...]

SA: It's a party in Las Vegas though and we're just getting started!

CP: What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas still, right?

SA: I sure hope so! Good night everybody!

[The shot pulls out wider, showing the trio celebrating in the ring one more time with the ballroom all around them as we fade to black.]