

The background of the top section is a close-up, slightly blurred image of the American flag, showing the stars and stripes in detail.

# LIBERTY OR DEATH

PRE - GAME SHOW

JULY 4TH, 2017

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

[As you click that "PLAY" button on your YouTube viewing mechanism of choice, we fade up to a cheering crowd inside the Wells Fargo Center in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. A billowing American flag is being shown on the video screen as it quickly becomes apparent that the AWA has decided to recycle a similar setup from Fight Night.

The entrance stage is considerably smaller than we're used to seeing at major AWA events - just a bit larger than a wrestling ring and made to look that way complete with ring ropes on three sides, ringposts in all four corners, and a video wall hanging above the rear of the entrance stage.

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

The ring is dressed in red, white, and blue ropes along with a white canvas. Blue ring aprons are around the squared circle along with protective mats on the floor and metal barricades keeping the fans at bay.

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

SA: Happy Birthday, America! I am Salvator Albano - Big Sal if ya nasty - and as we come on the air tonight for this Liberty Or Death Pre-Game Show LIVE only on YouTube... you can feel the energy in the air for this Philly crowd as they get ready to see the AWA live and in living color for the very first time! And joining me out here tonight is...

[As we cut down to the ringside table, we see a large tanned bicep over Albano's face.]

CP: They're getting the band back together, Albano!

SA: Yes, indeed... back by popular demand, ladies and gentlemen, is my broadcast colleague from Fight Night, the one and only... the former three-time World Champion... Colt Patterson!

[Whereas Albano as gone for an understated navy blue suit with white dress shirt and an American flag tie, Colt's gone in the... opposite direction. Some American flag style pants billow down his large legs, a skin-tight stretched on t-shirt with an Eagle in flight covers his muscular chest (sleeves cut away of course to reveal those aforementioned arms), and he's sporting a pair of ear-rings, one with a dangling Statue of Liberty and the other with a Liberty Bell.]

CP: That's right, Albano. The ratings are in and the Patterson/Albano connection are a huge hit! We got the call again and your boy Westerly being tread lightly, Albano, 'cause if don't, yours truly will be the all-new voice of the all-new Power Hour next!

SA: That oughta get the Internet a-talkin' already. Colt, it's going to be a big night of action here in Philly. We've got FOUR big title matches - the National Title, the Television Title, the World Tag Team Titles inside that cage hanging above the ring, and the AWA World Heavyweight Title all on the line here tonight!

CP: Plus that massive SuperClash rematch with Ryan Martinez taking on Hannibal Carver!

SA: All of that plus much, much more but we've got action of our own here on the Pre-Game Show and let's get right to it with-

[Suddenly, a loud cracking noise echoes throughout the arena, it slowly fades into a piercing buzz. A loud, distorted voice booms throughout the arena.]

# Land where my fathers died!  
# Land of the pilgrim's pride!  
# From every mountain side,  
# Let freedom ring!

[The ring at the very end starts to echo, slowing turning into a distorted ring, which fades into "Don't Tread On Me" by the Damn Yankees. The crowd starts to boo loudly at the appearance of the Soldiers of Fortune in the aisle, making their way down to the ring.]

SA: Well, I was about to throw to the ring for our first match but it appears as though the Soldiers of Fortune had other ideas, Colt.

CP: Obviously they couldn't let America's birthday go by without some real American heroes showing their faces to celebrate.

SA: The Soldiers will be in action a little later tonight against the Shooting Stars in a Number One Contender's match so I'm a little surprised to see them out here... and they certainly don't appear to be in a celebratory mood, Colt.

[Indeed, both men approach ringside, not exactly in the mood to celebrate the Fourth of July. The booing crowd certainly doesn't help. Both men carry around a flag, Flint carries the United States flag, while Stephens carries around the Gadsden "Don't Tread On Me" flag. Both Flint and Stephens are in their ring gear. Flint's wearing a pair of camo fatigue pants and black combat boots, while Stephens is wearing a pair of torn jeans and a shirt with the Punisher logo on it, colored red white and blue. Flint is also wearing a whistle around his neck.

Both men hop on the apron and step through the ropes, taking their flags with them. They each set their flag down in a corner, and make their way to the center of the ring. Flint's handed two mics from ringside, and hands one off to Stephens. He then makes his way to the center of the ring, looking out over the crowd. He raises the mic to his mouth with his right hand, when suddenly he takes the whistle with his left and lets out a loud tweet that echoes throughout the arena.]

SA: Yeesh! Was that necessary?!

CP: Huh?! What did you say? My ears are ringing, Sal.

SA: They certainly got our attention and-

[Flint begins to address the crowd, not waiting for the boos to die down.]

JF: Ah, Philadelphia, the official birthplace of the United States of America! A very fitting host for Liberty or Death, ain't it?

[Flint smiles as the crowd cheers the mention of the City of Brotherly Love. That smile quickly turns into a sneer.]

JF: What a rotten cesspool it turned out to be.

[The cheers quickly turn into boos as Flint nods his head.]

JF: You have a whole bunch of real heroes, fifty-six men who walked into Independence Hall on August 2nd, 1776, and...

[The crowd stops reacting, murmuring in confusion. Flint, sensing the change in hostility, raises an eyebrow.]

JF: No one knows that? The actual date the Declaration was signed?

July 4th was when the final draft of the Declaration of Independence was approved by the Continental Congress. Nothin' was finalized until August 2nd. Pick up a damn history book.. oh, right. They don't teach that in school anymore, huh? This is what the government wants. They destroy our education budget to create a whole bunch of drones who don't know anything about anything, other than to consume what's on television or YouTube. No one can tell you who signed the Declaration of Independence, only the color of the bikini Kim Kardashian wore to the beach today.

[The crowd resumes it's booing, as Flint smirks a very sarcastic smirk.]

JF: Those fifty-six men are the men who are true American heroes. Not a bunch of drunken losers who threw snowballs at Santa Claus... and certainly not Rocky Balboa.

SA: They've done it now! Listen to this crowd!

[The fans are letting Flint have it at this point. If there's any access to snowballs right now, the fans would certainly be using them, instead the crowd starts yelling out 'YOU SUCK'. Flint seems to soak up the rabid booing. Stephens decides that it's his turn to speak.]

CS: Your hero was played by Sylvester Stallone. He was from New York City!

[Stephens nods his head.]

CS: It's true! Stallone was from the home of a REAL baseball team! I don't mean a bunch of idiots who should move to Montreal, but the greatest sports franchise in history! Let's go YANKEES!

[Stephens tries to start a 'Let's Go Yankees' chant, whoever the crowd quickly drowns him out with a loud 'LET'S GO PHILLIES' chant.]

CS: Yeah, keep chanting when your team is somehow worse than the METS.

CP: Ouch.

SA: Ouch indeed.

[Stephens starts laughing at the misfortune the Phillies are currently having. The crowd stops chanting and goes right back to booing the Soldiers out of the arena, then starting up a loud 'SHOOTING STARS' chant. Stephens turns to his left, looking off camera and smirking at what some members of the loud Philly crowd is doing.]

CS: Ah, yes, one of Philadelphia's most famous greetings. Keep it up, this may be the last time you ingrates ever do that sorta thing. Ain't that right, Joe?

JF: Heh, that's right. This is still one of the most important dates in our country's history. Instead of kissing the soil you walk on, you celebrate it by blowing a piece of it up. How stupid is that?

Speakin' of fireworks... We hear ya chantin' for the Shootin' Stars.

[The crowd starts cheering, starting up another 'Shooting Stars' chant.]

SA: The Soldiers might get 'em sooner than they think!

JF: Yea, ya want the Shootin' Stars. Guess what, we want 'em to! we're gonna unload the real heavy artillery on those boys. Lee Connors and Downpour? They're good kids. Maybe, really damn saccharine if ya ask me. They ain't been in the ring yet with two rough and tumble Americans that ain't afraid to get down and dirty to counter their firecracker offense. They wanna jump in front of us in line for an AWA World Tag Team Title shot? They're gonna get their stinkin' teeth knocked down their throats first. Maggots. Slimes.. they're so goody two-shoes make me wanna PUKE.

[Flint looks like he's about to gag when Stephens steps forward.]

CS: Ya know, Joe, maybe we'll dominate the Shootin' Stars to the point where that little filly Betty Chang ditches the zero and gets with the heroes.

[Both Flint and Stephens share a laugh, but the look on Flint's face gets serious as the crowd jeers even louder.]

JF: Their cutesy-poo antics make me wanna hurl even more, soldier. This ain't no soap opera, I can't be bothered with their Days of Our Lives crap.

[Flint turns to the crowd.]

JF: Ya wanna know what I wanna be bothered with? The Pledge of Allegiance!

[The crowd's boos pick up.]

JF: Maggots! You probably booed the Anthem when it was played before we went on the air. What a disgrace, not broadcasting the Anthem to the world. It might

have been a bit too jazzy for our takes, but it's still the Anthem! Anyway, it's time to recite the Pledge. Let's get that flag unfurled, shall we.

[The camera pans out pretty far, to where the Soldiers are standing solemnly. Suddenly, a really large American flag is unfurled, dropping down behind them. Flint turns his head, satisfied at the presentation, then turns back towards the camera. Both Flint and Stephens raise their mics with their left hands, placing their right hands over their hearts, and begin the pledge as the crowd goes from cheering the flag to booing.]

SOF: I Pledge Allegiance... to the flag... of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation, under God, with Liberty and Justice for All.

[Flint looks out over the crowd, sneering as the crowd didn't play along with the pledge. The flag behind the Soldiers starts getting rolled up, respectfully. "Don't Tread on Me" starts to play over the PA as Flint simply address the crowd with..]

JF: At ease.

[Flint and Stephens both take their flagpoles and exit the ring. We fade to Sal and Colt. Colt is still standing with a hand over his heart.]

SA: You can sit down, Colt, it's over.

CP: I can't help it, Albano. This brings a tear to my eye, these are two of the last true Americans we might have left!

SA: I really don't think the whole you're either with us or against us thing they got going is what a true American should be all about. And I can't wait to see what happens when they meet the Shooting Stars here later tonight... and now, it looks like we're going take a minute to get that ring set back up for action so... uhh... okay, shifting formats here... let's go backstage to one of the participants in tonight's Six For A Shot encounter!

[Fade into a shot backstage where we see Theresa Lynch standing by with Ayako Fujiwara, standing in front of an AWA backdrop. She's dressed in her ring gear, with her arms crossed over her chest.]

TL: Hey there folks! I'm here with Ayako Fujiwara, who will compete tonight in the "Six For A Shot" match for a shot at Kurayami and the AWA Women's World Title at The Battle of Saskatchewan. Ayako, you face the daunting task of defeating five other women in order to win tonight. Your thoughts?

[Ayako nods.]

Ayako: When I was still wrestling in Japan, I once defeated eight women in one night. One right after the other. Did you know that?

[Theresa blinks in surprise.]

TL: Eight?

Ayako: I know. If I wasn't the one doing it, I wouldn't really believe it myself.

[Ayako shrugs. Not like Konoe, but like a normal person.]

Ayako: But I'm not bringing this up to scare anybody or to dismiss this challenge. I only said it so everyone knows that numbers are just that... numbers. People say numbers don't lie, but they don't tell the whole truth. They don't tell you if

someone is sick or injured. They don't tell you if someone has been having a bad day. They don't tell you...

[She makes the most adorable mischievous smile.]

Ayako: ...that you're stepping into the same ring with an Olympic gold medalist who can suplex you from bell to bell and straight to hell.

[A beat.]

Ayako: Oops. Sorry for my language, Theresa. I got carried away!

[Ayako puts her hands together, begging for forgiveness.]

TL: Oh...there's no need to apologize, Ayako.

Ayako: That was really out of line.

TL: No, really. It's fine.

[Ayako pretends to wipe sweat from her brow and goes "Phew!"]

Ayako: But the fact is, it doesn't matter if it's six women or SIXTY women in this match. It's just a number. I won't let it stand between me and the AWA Women's Title! I won't let it stand between me and Kurayami! My goal is clear and my focus is laser.

I will win tonight.

[And with a simple nod, Ayako walks off.]

TL: A very determined Ayako Fujiwara won't let the numbers shake her confidence. She's in it to win it! Back to you guys!

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

RO: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from San Francisco, California... weighing in at 117 pounds... SHANNON WALSH!

[A minor reaction from the crowd for the unknown competitor.]

RO: And her opponent...

[The lights in the arena dim as "Flashing Lights" by Kanye West begins to play over the PA system. Bright gold flood lights fill the entrance way and dry ice smoke rises as we see Harley Hamilton coming into view, wearing big movie star sunglasses, dressed in a full length, hooded white Arctic fox fur coat over her wrestling attire. She turns and lets the fur coat slip slightly to bare a little skin as she strikes a sultry pose. White lights then immediately flash all around her, as if paparazzi were taking photos of her.]

RO: ...she hails from Kansas City, Missouri...weighing in at 145 pounds...  
HARLEYYYYYY HAMILTOOOOONNNNN!!!

[Harley sashays her way down the aisle. Reaching the ringside area, she shimmy's out of her fur coat, revealing her wrestling attire underneath: a black vinyl mock neck sports bra top with the image of a gold crown across her chest, a pair of almost obscenely low-rise boy shorts, black wrist tape and knee-high wrestling boots. She has the powerful build of an elite athlete, her shoulder length strawberry

blonde hair styled with tight side braids on one side and curls on the other.]

SA: Harley Hamilton, receiving a less than warm reception from the fans here in Philadelphia.

CP: If I were Harley, I wouldn't feel so bad. These mutants booed Santa Claus!

SA: While the fans in Philadelphia have always been a tough crowd to please, Harley Hamilton hasn't exactly gone out of her way to endear herself to anybody.

CP: Hey, I like her! She don't take no crap from no one. I resemble that remark.

"DING DING DING!"

[The bell sounds as Walsh and Hamilton lock up in the center of the ring. Walsh grabs Hamilton's right arm and twists it over her head into an armwringer.]

SA: Walsh going right into an armwringer as we get going here in Philly and... what can do you tell us about Shannon Walsh, Colt?

CP: I can tell you she's in the ring with the daughter of one of the toughest men I've ever met and one of the greatest wrestlers to ever walk God's green earth.

[Slapping her right shoulder, Hamilton reaches for the top rope with her free arm and grabs a hold of it, before using it to help her perform a backflip to escape the hold and using the momentum to pull Walsh to the canvas with an armdrag!]

SA: Beautiful counter by Harley Hamilton... not the type of move that you would've seen out of her legendary father.

CP: No, Hamilton Graham would be more likely to punch someone in the mouth than ever do a backflip. But times changes, Sal... and this young lady just might be the future of the AWA Women's Division.

SA: Time will tell.

CP: I know she's a rookie, but the way she uses the ring to her advantage ain't nothing to sneeze at. That's not something you're just gonna pick up from the Combat Corner.

SA: Harley's training didn't begin nor end at the legendary Combat Corner. She's been schooled by some giants in this sport, including her father, the former World Champion Hamilton Graham and the legendary grappler, Roosevelt Wright.

[Pointing and laughing at Walsh, Harley turns to the crowd and yells, "How about getting me some real competition!?" before turning her attention back to Walsh...]

"SMAAACCKKK!!!"

[...and getting a mouth full of boot in the form of a superkick!]

SA: OH!!! Harley Hamilton turned her back on Shannon Walsh and pays for it!

[Clearly dazed by the superkick, Harley stumbles into the ropes...]

SA: AND WALSH DUMPS HER OVER TO THE OUTSIDE WITH A CLOTHESLINE!

[The crowd is worked up into a frenzy, as Hamilton gets to her feet, but quickly falls back down onto her rump!]

CP: What's going on here, Albano?!

SA: Shannon Walsh caught Harley Hamilton napping and gave her a stiff wakeup call! Harley may be looking for the snooze button right about now, Colt.

[Hamilton is clearly stunned on the outside, as the referee holds Walsh back inside the ring. However, young Harley Hamilton brings her hand to her lips and the red that she sees...]

SA: I think Harley Hamilton is bleeding! That superkick must have split her lip wide open!

CP: Now, that's not right at all. She's-

[...quickly makes her SEE red, climbing off the floor and quickly getting back in.]

SA: Harley Hamilton not too happy with the busted lip and... ohh! She tackles Walsh down! She's all over her!

CP: It's always an interesting thing when someone sees their own blood in a match. Some people cower, some people snap. Looks like it flipped a switch in young Harley and she's beating some respect into Shannon Walsh!

SA: Respect?! I'm not sure this young lady knows the slightest thing about respect, Colt... ohh!

[With a crazed look in her eyes, Hamilton throws several sharp elbows right across Walsh's forehead.]

SA: Brutal elbow strikes from the mount by Harley Hamilton, likely a gift from Roosevelt Wright.]

CP: You'll see guys like Rufus Harris throwing elbows like that inside the Hexagon, Sal! They'll deliver elbows like that to open up a gash over someone's forehead or eyebrow and let it bleed right into their eyes to affect their vision. But I think Harley just wants to make her bleed!

[Walsh tries to cover up the best she can before desperately grabbing onto the ropes to get the referee to force Hamilton off of her. As Hamilton is forcefully pulled off of Walsh by the referee, we do see that a good sized gash has opened up over Shannon Walsh's left eyebrow.]

SA: And you called that one, Colt. Harley Hamilton may not have drawn first blood here tonight in Philly, but she has drawn blood nonetheless and attitude or not, the Philly fans are giving her a nice round of applause for that.

CP: The Philly fans respect violence... it's why you're going to see my old stomping grounds, the EMWC, in action down the road for Eternally Extreme 2 in just under a week's time.

SA: Can't wait for that one. In fact, I hear you and I will be hosting a little show on Fox Sports X this Friday night to promote that big Pay Per View event, Colt.

[Hamilton screams a few profane words at a kneeling Walsh before running at her and nearly taking her head off with a big boot!]

SA: OH!

CP: I think the kid gloves are off now, Sal.



SA: I'm not sure they were ever on but that was a far cry from that fancy armbar reversal we saw a little earlier for sure.

[Hamilton pulls Walsh to her feet and rudely throws her to the outside.]

SA: And to the outside Shannon Walsh goes. This doesn't look good for her.

[Hamilton rolls out behind her, pulling Walsh to her feet...]

"CLAAANNNGGG!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and whipping her into the steel steps!]

SA: STEEL MEETS SHOULDER OUT ON THE FLOOR!

CP: I think Walsh's head might've cracked into it too, Sal... that'll ring some bells.

SA: As my old pal LL Cool J might add in here, Harley Hamilton is hard as hell - battle anybody she don't care who you tell - she excels, they all fail... gonna crack shells, Double H must rock the bells!

[Hamilton then pulls Walsh up by the hair, scooping her up into her arms...]

"OHHH!"

[...and slamming her legs-first into the steps!]

SA: LEGS FIRST INTO THE STEEL BARRICADE! A violent and absolutely vicious attack by the second-generation competitor... and she's getting a warning from the official now. Temper or not, she's risking a disqualification here, Colt.

CP: I'm not sure she cares at this point. We haven't seen this side of her before. We all know her daddy had a bad temper, but it looks like she's got an even worse one!

[Turning to the referee and yelling at them to shut up, Hamilton rolls Walsh back into the ring. She steps up onto the apron, holding onto the top rope, before using it to help slingshot herself back inside... and into a vicious stomp down onto Shannon Walsh's right knee!]

SA: Finally back inside the ring... Shannon Walsh busted open Harley Hamilton's lip earlier in the match, but Hamilton's been making her pay for it ever since.

[Pulling Walsh to her feet, Hamilton reaches down around her waist and lifts her into the air...]

SA: OH! Backbreaker right across the knee!

[...and then with Walsh still laying across the knee, Harley snatches a handful of hair and pulls her up slightly...]

"SMAAAACK!"

SA: AND A LARIAT!

CP: From point blank range! That turned Walsh inside-out! Eat your heart out, Flores!

SA: Speaking of Margarita Flores, her and Miss Hamilton here have been trading some words on the mic and on social media as of late and whenever that match goes down, you won't want to miss that showdown... and Hamilton with a lazy cover... one... two... no, Walsh slips the shoulder!

CP: You called it a lazy cover and I gotta agree. Might be attitude, might be inexperience... but if she'd hooked a leg there, I think this one's over.

[A look of pure rage forms on Harley Hamilton's face. Outraged that Walsh dare to even show the slightest bit of resiliency. Hamilton slams a fist down into the canvas in anger, before pulling Walsh by the hair off the canvas into a seated position and slamming home a brutal headbutt that knocks her back into the canvas!]

SA: OH! A brutal headbutt!

CP: Gotta love that. She's showing us that she ain't just another pretty face. She's got a fighter's mentality. She can get as down and dirty as Kowalski or Toughill in a brawl!

[Sizing Walsh up, Hamilton backs up a few steps, before walking in and leaping into the air for a kneedrop...

...that finds nobody home!]

SA: She took her time on that kneedrop and misses the mark... and now it's Shannon Walsh with an opportunity to get back into this thing.

[Hamilton is slow to rise but when she gets there, Walsh is waiting with a dropkick that takes her back down to cheers from the Philly faithful.]

CP: And listen to these fickle Philly fans turning their love towards Shannon Walsh now.

SA: Walsh to the ropes, coming back strong and...

[But a rising Hamilton powers her up off the mat, twisting her around in a tilt-a-whirl, and somehow ends up with her across her shoulders in a torture rack...]

SA: Wow! An impressive show of strength and technique by Hamilton who gets her up and...

"OHHHHH!!!"

[...before dropping to her knees, sending a jolt of pain through Walsh's back!]

SA: AN ATTACK FROM THE RACK ON THE BACK AND THAT MAY BE THAT, JACK!

CP: She calls that the Goddess Breaker and "broken" is a good way to describe Shannon Walsh after that.

[Hamilton stays on her knees, looking down at Walsh. She touches her lip again and shakes her head. She drags Walsh to the center of the ring, before lacing Walsh's legs around her own and dropping back into an Indian Deathlock!]

SA: And there will be no easy way out for Shannon Walsh! Harley Hamilton wants to torture this young lady!

CP: That'll teach her to make Harley bleed her own blood.

[Walsh screams in pain, as Hamilton hurls insults at her.]

SA: Walsh trapped in the middle... no way out this time...

[Walsh slaps her hand furiously on the mat!]

SA: Welcome to Tap Out City, Shannon Walsh! Population you!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[However, as the bell rings...Harley Hamilton is refusing to break the hold!]

SA: Hey! You've already proved your point! Release the hold!

[The referee is shouting something similar as a defiant Hamilton shakes her head, cranking back on the hold as Walsh screams in agony.]

CP: Harley may be looking to start this party off with a trip to the hospital for Shannon Walsh!

SA: The hold is locked in! The referee's trying to pry her loose to no avail and-

[A roar of cheers can be heard from the crowd.]

SA: IS IT HAPPY HOUR, COLT, 'CAUSE SOMEONE JUST ORDERED A MARGARITA!

[The tall drink of Texas water comes barreling down the aisle towards the ring. Harley Hamilton sees her coming, abandoning her hold on Walsh, scampering up to her feet as Flores hits the ring swinging.]

SA: Right hand! Another one! Flores is swinging for the fences here in Philly!

CP: At least someone is. Have you watched the Phillies lately?

[Flores backs Hamilton into the ropes, grabbing her by the arm, shooting her across the ring...]

SA: Flores sends her for the ride... the arm is cocked and-

[But Hamilton hooks the ropes, quickly bailing through them to the safety of the floor to jeers from the Philly crowd. A smirking Hamilton points to her temple, wagging a finger at Flores as she backs down the aisle, heading for the ramp as a boisterous Flores shouts at her to get her "SCRAWNY ASS BACK IN THIS RING!" to cheers.]

SA: Well, this one isn't over yet, Colt. Sooner or later, Harley Hamilton and Margarita Flores are going to get in this ring together for a match and it's going to be explosive!

[Hamilton raises her arms over her head, celebrating her win as she backs up the ramp.]

SA: And speaking of explosive, kicking off Liberty Or Death in just about fifteen minutes will be our Six For A Shot matchup that promises to shoot off some fireworks here on the 4th of July. We just saw Margarita Flores who will be part of that match... so let's take a look at some pre-recorded comments from earlier today, Colt, when you caught up with Trish Wallace!

[We fade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where we find ourselves backstage with Trish "T-Bone" Wallace and Colt Patterson... and Trish is doing squats.]

CP: T-Bone Wallace, you've got a big match coming up to kick off Liberty or Death later tonight and I gotta say...

[He snickers.]

CP: ...you only squat 225?

TBW: OKAY, THAT'S IT.

[Wallace stomps off-screen for a second in a rage, and drags a small bar table into the frame when she returns.]

TBW: I slip up and say 'squat' when I mean 'bench' ONCE and I never hear the end of it!

[She plants her elbow on the table.]

TBW: Let's grip up right now, Patterson! Best-of-three or just one pull!

CP: For real? You... are asking ME to arm-wrestle?

TBW: Come on! COME ON!

"Hey, hey. Trish. Chill."

[Patterson looks off screen. Enter Larry Wallace. His sister Trish looks away and folds her thick arms.]

LW: Hey, Colt, do you mind? I got this.

[Larry taps Trish on the shoulder as Patterson shrugs.]

LW: Patricia.

[After a second, she replies, coldly...]

TBW: Lawrence.

LW: Relax, I'm not trying to mess with you like Chet and Chaz. Just letting you know I'll be watching you tonight.

[She exhales loudly through her nostrils.]

LW: You know, Hamilton Graham gave me the same piece of advice that he gave Dad when he first met him. And I'm gonna give it to you. I have to clean it up a bit because the camera is on right now.

Paraphrasing here, but he said, "if you let them punk you out once, they'll punk you out until you're out of the game." Don't let them hook you, sis. The world won't meet you halfway. If you want something, you've gotta take it.

[Larry Wallace pats his sister on her shoulder.]

LW: Knock 'em dead, sis.

TBW: Thanks, Larry.

[T-Bone turns to Colt. She puts the bar table aside.]

TBW: Good thing Larry was here to talk me down, huh Colt? That could have been really embarrassing!

[Trish Wallace gives Colt Patterson a playful swat on the bicep before walking off-screen. The beefy Colt rubs his arm, surprised at the powerful swipe T-Bone struck him with...

...and we fade back out to live action where we find "Slim" Jim Colt standing in the ring, red-faced and in the middle of mid-shout.]

JC: -PIECE OF POLISHED UP GARBAGE THEY CALL A BLUE CHIP PROSPECT! I GOT JOCKSTRAPS OLDER THAN THAT LITTLE BACK-JUMPIN' RUNT AND...

[Colt continues to bellow loudly as we hear Sal's voice.]

SA: Does nobody respect the format on the Pre-Game Show? Sheesh. Fans, as you can see, while we were getting ready for our next match out here, Jim Colt interrupted and... well, he's got quite the chip on his shoulder after what went down at Fight Night, Colt.

CP: Can you blame him? He lost ten grand to that muscled-up pretty boy, Whaitiri, and then he GAVE his money away to those New York slobs to spend on pizza and beer!

SA: Muscled-up pretty boy, huh? You resembled that remark once upon a time, my friend.

CP: Watch it, Albano. I may be retired but I can still slap you around for the people at home.

[As Colt and Sal go quiet, we pick up Colt's rantings some more.]

JC: -BECAUSE I LOST TEN THOUSAND GOVERNMENT BY GOD DOLLARS TO SOME OILED UP ROOKIE, THAT I AIN'T GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO KICK SOME LILLY-LIVERED SISSY'S TEETH DOWN THEIR DAMN THROAT! I'M CALLING IT OUT NOW! IT'S THE 4TH OF JUUUUULY AND I FEEL LIKE SETTIN' OFF SOME FIREWORKS RIGHT HERE IN PHILLY! SO YOU TELL WHOEVER BACK THERE THAT HAS THE STONES TO GET IN THE RING WITH A REEEEEEEAAAAAL TOUGH GUY, TO LACE 'EM UP NICE AND TIGHT SO-

[Colt's rantings are cut off by the sounds of "A Country Boy Can Survive" and a burst of ensuing cheers from the Philly crowd.]

SA: Well, fans... we know who that music belongs to and from the look on his face, so does Jim Colt.

CP: He oughta, Sal. He's heard it before.

[And to no further fanfare, Shane Locke emerges into view. He doesn't stop at the top of the ramp to play to the crowd. There is no pyro. No fancy video package. No glittering robe.

Just a man in his trunks, boots, and John Deere hat, walking down the ramp like he's come to kick somebody's ass.]

SA: And Shane Locke's attitude has raised some eyebrows since his AWA arrival, fans... although he seemed to have it pretty well in check during a strong performance in the Running of the Bulls back at Fight Night.

CP: That's a shame for these Philly fans, Sal... cause they love someone who beats people up and doesn't apologize for it.

[Colt tugs at the ropes a few times, shouting "COME ON, BOY!" as Locke continues to walk swiftly down the aisle.]

SA: We saw these two meet on the last all-new Power Hour when Shane Locke came VERY close to winning that ten thousand dollars before Colt bashed him over the head with that metal briefcase. Locke missed out on the cash and Whitiri got it... and you can bet that doesn't sit well with the man from Portland, Oregon.

[Referee Andy Dawson gestures for Colt to stand back as Locke climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...]

SA: Well, it looks like this is going to be an official match, fans, and...

[Colt rushes across the ring, swinging his leg up towards Locke who hasn't caught sight of him yet while coming through the ropes...]

SA: BOOT HILL!

[...but at the last possible moment, Locke sees it coming and catches the big Yakuza kick attempt!]

SA: CAUGHT! CAUGHT!

[And Dawson signals for the bell, causing Colt to jerk his head angrily towards the referee...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and Locke uses the grip on the leg to YANK Colt towards him, hooking him around the waist, lifting him into the air, twisting back towards the ring, and DRIVES him down on the back of his head and neck!]

SA: BALE TOSS! BALE TOSS BY LOCKE!

[Locke drops down, wrapping his arm around Colt's head and neck...

...and CRANKS back on it with a bully choke!]

SA: LOCKE DOWN APPLIED! THIS COULD BE IT ALREADY!

[Colt cries out, struggling against the hold, stretching out his arms towards the ropes...

...and as Locke applies a bit more pressure, Colt wildly slaps at the canvas!]

SA: THAT'S IT!

CP: Wow!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: In near record time, Shane Locke has picked up a submission victory over Jim Colt here tonight!

CP: And he didn't even take his hat off!

[Locke climbs to his feet, looking down disparagingly at Colt. He dusts his hands off, turns, and exits the ring, walking back up the ramp as the country music plays and the Philly crowd cheers the violent victory.]

SA: Shane Locke scores the win here tonight over Jim Colt... and after two quick losses in a row for Colt, "Slim" Jim might want to try keeping his mouth shut for a while.

CP: Not much chance of that, Sal.

SA: Fans, let's go backstage to our own Theresa Lynch!

[We fade back to the locker room where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: Thanks, Sal. I'm here backstage to get some thoughts on the Six For A Shot match with one of the participants in it - someone I'm glad to see back in action - Michelle Bailey!

[Michelle Bailey steps into view wearing a T-shirt bearing the logo of the Philadelphia Trans Health Conference over her ring gear for the evening, and has a broad smile across her face.]

TL: Michelle, your thoughts on this match?

MB: Hi Theresa! Well, before I get to the match, I think I have to acknowledge how great the city of Philadelphia has been to me over the years. Not just my wrestling career, but also in my other life in social work... Philly's always been a place I love to visit, because if you give this city everything you've got, it'll give you love right back. It's been misunderstood for decades... kind of like me!

[Michelle giggles to herself.]

MB: I've seen so much in this city. You could argue that Philly is where I truly got on the national map. And I guess it's fitting that Philly gets this Six For A Shot match, because it's going to be something else. You've got six women, all hungry for the same prize, and that's a chance to go to Saskatchewan to fight the World Champion in Kurayami. And what a story it'd be, right, for me to come from out of nowhere to fighting the champ, in only two matches here in the AWA?

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: But it won't be easy. Margarita Flores will want to strike me down with her lariat. Skylar Swift is going to want to slay that monster, and what better place to do it than her homeland? Trish Wallace has the strength to put me down for the count. Xenia Sonova just needs one strike to turn my lights out. And my friend, Ayako Fujiwara... I already know she's just one German suplex away from a win.

[Michelle takes in a deep breath, thinking over her odds.]

MB: The odds run pretty long tonight against your long-absent princess, don't they? But hey, I've beaten the odds in so many ways in my life. Why not tonight? Why not me?

[Michelle smirks.]

MB: The only way to know is to find out. Let's see if I can get one more stamp on my passport, Theresa.

[We fade from Theresa and Michelle back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first, from Tallahassee, Florida, and weighing 135 pounds, this is DIANA HERNANDEZ!

[A Latina woman with long, black hair pulled into a braid, and dressed in a black halter top, Spandex shorts, kneepads and wrestling boots, smiles and gestures to the crowd.]

The lights dim and the opening chords of Jorge Quintero's "300 Violin Orchestra" play over the PA system. Up on the giant video screen, a scrambled image comes up and, as the violins reach the crescendo, the image forms words that simply read:

"DAVIS #1"

Then, as the orchestral music starts up again, two spotlights hit the entranceway and, standing there, is none other than the person about to be introduced.]

RO: And her opponent... from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing 150 pounds... ladies and gentlemen... this is "THE ALL AROUND ATHLETE" LAURA DAVIS!

[Laura Davis has her back toward the crowd, her arms spread to the sides. She is wearing a red, white and blue track suit, and on the back on her jacket in blue lettering are the same letters on the video screen..

"DAVIS #1"

Davis then turns around, a serious look etched on her face. The woman with brown, shoulder-length hair pulled behind her head and with brown eyes, lowers her arms, and walks down the aisle, her gaze fixed on the ring ahead, the spotlights following her.]

SA: Quite the entrance for the woman who calls herself The All Around Athlete, and some might say, quite a display of arrogance.

CP: First of all, she IS The All Around Athlete, Albano! Second, when you look at all she's accomplished around the world, she deserves an entrance like this!

[When she reaches ringside, she stops, raises her arms again, curls her hands into fists, then extends her thumbs so they point toward the lettering on the back of her jacket. The arena lights come back up and the spotlights fade.

She lowers her arms, ascends the ring steps, ducks between the ropes and spreads her arms once more. Davis unzips her jacket and removes her pants, revealing her wrestling attire, which consists of a dark blue leotard with matching elbow pads and wrestling boots.]

SA: There is no questioning the accomplishments of Laura Davis, Colt... but one question that still hangs over her head is that of Ayako Fujiwara who has made it quite clear that she's not finished with Laura Davis.

CP: Has she? Has she really?

SA: What's that supposed to mean?

CP: Fujiwara says she's not finished with Laura Davis and yet she's off wrestling Michelle Bailey... and tonight she's in the Six For A Shot match.

SA: You expect her to turn down a shot to compete for the Women's World Title?



CP: I'm just saying that maybe Fujiwara's got too much on her plate, Sal. Maybe she's a little lacking in the focus department... and in the meantime, Davis is focused on one thing tonight, and that's beating her opponent.

[The bell rings and Davis steps forward, circling Hernandez.]

SA: Diana Hernandez coming to us here tonight after making a strong impression for herself competing down in the Florida independent scene, including our old friend Vernon Riley's promotion - Florida State Wrestling. She's got a great opportunity to show what she can do against Davis.

CP: It's a good opportunity to show that - no matter how good she is - she's not good enough to beat The All Around Athlete!

[The two lock up and Hernandez is able to get the advantage, slapping a side headlock on Davis.]

SA: Hernandez hoping to prove you wrong, Colt, working on that side headlock... but Davis quickly pushes her back to the ropes... and then shoves her off across the ring...

[Hernandez hits the far ropes, bouncing back towards Davis who is ready and waiting to take her down with an armdrag.]

SA: Nice armdrag by Davis. She lets go and Hernandez is right back up...

[Davis is waiting for her, grasping the arm again, but keeping her grasp in place as she drags Hernandez down to the mat.]

SA: Switching tactics here slightly, taking her down with the armbar and going right to work on that limb...

CP: And this is where Davis can do a lot of damage, Sal.

[Davis cranks back on the arm, twisting Hernandez around, until she's now leaning against her opponent's back, the armbar still applied.]

SA: She has her in a Fujiwara armbar!

CP: Haha... the signature hold of Ayako's own family. That's rubbing her nose in it a little bit, don't you think? Hey, look at that torque, Sal - I think Davis is using this hold better than Ayako has ever done... maybe even better than her entire family has ever done!

[Davis has a slight smile on her face, but it goes away quickly and she cranks back on the arm some more.]

SA: Hernandez looking to escape this painful hold, trying to get herself over to the ropes...

CP: Davis is ready for her though...

[Sensing Hernandez's movement, Davis releases her grasp, then gets up and raises her boot.]

SA: Vicious kick, right down into the shoulder of Hernandez... Davis with that mean streak that's as long as her resume...

[With Hernandez wincing, Davis uses that same arm to drag her up, snatching a front chancery...]

SA: She hooks her up... and wastes no time, snapping her over to the canvas!

CP: That's how you do a suplex, Sal! No wasted motion at all!

[Davis rises to her feet and spreads her arms, drawing boos.]

SA: Speaking of wasted motion...

CP: No, no... this isn't wasted motion. This is called letting everyone know who the best in the world is. Clear intent and purpose there, getting in the head of every woman in that locker room including the six that are back there waiting for that Six For A Shot match coming up in just a few minutes now.

[Davis reaches down and drags Hernandez up again, kneeling her in the midsection, then hooking her arms.]

SA: Both arms hooked this time... butterfly suplex perfectly executed!

CP: Who's the master of the suplex now, Sal? We've seen two of them out of Laura Davis and I've never seen someone throw 'em better.

SA: Perhaps trying to send a message to Ayako Fujiwara who I'm sure is watching this despite her participation in the Six For A Shot match in just a little while.

CP: See? More lack of focus.

[Meanwhile, Davis has dragged Hernandez to her feet again, this time hooking a front facelock, then Hernandez's right leg.]

SA: The sequence of spine-rattling suplexes continues on the part of Laura Davis, taking her up and over with the fisherman suplex... and not even an effort to get the win yet. She let go right away, Colt.

CP: She's not done proving her point, Sal.

SA: She could've got the win right there - that would've proved a point.

CP: I'm pretty sure Laura Davis can finish this Florida fraud off any time she wants at this point... she's putting on a show now. Kick back your feet and enjoy it, Albano.

[Davis walks towards the ropes, pointing into the nearest camera lens as the shot cuts to her staring into it...]

"Pay attention to the master, Ayako."

SA: Now taking the time to verbally send a message to Ayako Fujiwara. I don't like this side of Laura Davis one bit.

CP: Can we get some popcorn over here? This show is getting even better now.

[Davis smirks as she drags Hernandez up again, Hernandez offering no resistance.]

SA: Hernandez completely out on her feet, not fighting back one bit and... oh, look at this now!

[Davis then turns Hernandez around, hooking her around the waist, then lifts her off the canvas.]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RELEASED GERMAN SUPLEX! DEVASTATING IMPACT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD AND NECK!

CP: If you thought Hernandez wasn't fighting back before, Sal... she's REALLY done now. That was was Fujiwara's trademark, and Davis pulled it off better than she ever could!

SA: I highly doubt that, Colt... and I'm sure Ayako Fujiwara would disagree as well! But is Laura Davis finished with Hernandez? It certainly doesn't look like it as Davis climbs back to her feet...

"ARE YOU WATCHING, AYAKO?!"

[Davis' shout draws jeers from the AWA faithful as she turns back towards a limp Hernandez who the referee is kneeling beside.]

SA: Referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller is trying to determine if he should stop this match right about now. Laura Davis can win this at any time - that's clear - but she continues to punish this young lady trying to send a message to Fujiwara.

CP: There's no "trying" about it, Sal. She's doing it. The only question is if Ayako is paying attention to understand it... or maybe she's too busy making pals with Michelle Bailey or feeding her goofy little cat.

[Davis smirks again, but holds up a finger and mouths "one more."]

SA: Davis calling for another one... I don't even know if Hernandez can stand long enough for another one. What's the purpose of this, Colt? What more does Laura Davis need to do to get her point across?

CP: This is called putting the exclamation point on the message, Albano. Watch and learn!

[Davis drags a limp Hernandez off the canvas, turns her around, then hooks her arms underneath Hernandez's shoulders.]

SA: Oh no... no, no!

[Davis then lifts Hernandez up and over her head.]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DRAGON SUPLEX RIGHT ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

CP: Look at that bridge! Perfectly executed!

SA: And there's no doubt about this one, fans. One... two... and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: The winner of the match... "THE ALL AROUND ATHLETE" LAURA DAVIS!

[Davis strides toward the center of the ring, spreads her arms to the sides and smirks again.]

SA: Big smile on the face of Laura Davis with that win and... well, I'd imagine Ayako Fujiwara is looking forward to the day when she gets to wipe that smile off the face of the All-Around Athlete, Colt.

CP: She could've had that chance tonight, Sal! She wants to have her cake and eat it too! She wants to take out Davis AND get a shot with Kurayami.

SA: I've got no problem with the ambition of Ayako Fujiwara, Colt.

[Davis motions to the referee, points to the downed Hernandez, and motions to the side of the ring.]

SA: And Davis' arrogance still knows no bounds.

CP: Hey, she won, let her bask in the glory.

[The referee shakes her head, but ducks through the ropes and helps Hernandez out of the ring. Davis, meanwhile, gestures to ringside.]

SA: It looks like Davis has a few words after her victory... and as our time here on the Pre-Game Show ticks down, let's see what's on her mind here in Philadelphia!

[Davis is handed the mic and she walks toward the center of the ring again, the smirk still on her face.]

LD: So tell me who's Miss Germany now?

[That draws some boos. Davis is about to speak, but stops, glancing toward her left, then she approaches the ropes to that side.]

LD: You want to repeat that?

[She stares out to the crowd, evidently listening to one fan who caught her attention.]

LD: Oh, I'm from Indiana, not Germany? Well, Ayako is from Japan, so what's your point?

[She gestures to the fan in question.]

LD: Let me guess, you're one of those types who thinks he could beat Serena Williams in a tennis match, aren't you? Well, not only could Serena beat you without breaking a sweat, but so could I, not just in tennis, but any sport you can think of. So you better keep quiet while the superior athlete is talking.

[The fans boo some more. Davis shakes her head, the smirk now gone, replace with a sneer.]

LD: I do want to give credit to one person, though, and that's Ayako Fujiwara. Pretty impressive win you got over Michelle Bailey, who I acknowledge has had a lot of success in this business. Even though she's been out of the business for a while and has only wrestled... what was that again?

[She holds up a hand and starts flipping her fingers out, like she's counting to herself.]

LD: Seven matches in the last however many years? Meanwhile, I've been wrestling all over the world for years, beating the best of the best in hundreds upon hundreds of matches.

[She glances to her left again.]

LD: Oh, I'm sure you'll remind me that Ayako beat me at Memorial Day Mayhem. But I've beaten her, too, and believe me, I'll beat her again when I step back into that ring with her -- that is, when she actually bothers to do so.

Because, tonight, not only is Ayako, but Bailey and a host of others, the bulk who are nowhere near as accomplished as I am, are getting a chance at a Women's Title shot. Well, the fact that others are getting their chance to face Kurayami, and I'm not, is an absolute travesty!

[The boos increase. Davis now has a scowl on her face.]

LD: Do you know why I came to the AWA? I came here not just to teach Ayako focus. I came here to raise the bar for the AWA Women's Division, because that's what I have done, everywhere I have competed. I came here to wrestle the best of the best, because that's how I prove I am the best. And if they had the sense to put me in that ring later tonight, there's no question who would be going on to face Kurayami for the Women's World Title.

That would be the only woman in this company, the only woman in all of wrestling, and in fact, the only woman in all of the world, who is the premier example of an all-around athlete.

[She hooks a thumb to herself.]

LD: Me.

Now play my music, so I can have the exit an all-around athlete deserves.

["300 Violin Orchestra" starts over the PA system and Davis ducks the ropes, climbs down from the apron and hands the mic back to Ortiz. She smirks again, walking toward the end of the aisleway, where she stops and spreads her arms again, the fans booing. She then heads up the aisle and to the back.]

SA: Laura Davis with no lack of ego here tonight on the Pre-Game show where we are now just moments away from tossing the rest of the night over to our good friends - Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde - but before we do that, let's hear from one more participant in the match that will kick things off LIVE on Pay Per View for Liberty Or Death. She is the Canadian Dream Girl, Skylar Swift! For Theresa Lynch, I'm Salvatore Albano alongside Colt Patterson wishing you a happy 4th of July and enjoy Liberty Or Death!

[We fade from the ring to the backstage area where an AWA banner stretches across the screen and the "Dream Girl" Skylar Swift stands in front of it. Her honey brown hair spills wildly over her shoulders and the top of her silver suspenders that strap over her baby blue crop top that is laced up with white string down the center. She looks poised and confident as the camera begins rolling.]

SS: Life will give you what you'll fight for.

[There's a subtle pause as Swift stares forward.]

SS: Moments like tonight, you'll find out what you capable of. You'll find out if you're capable of becoming what you always dreamed about.

[She raises her right arm and you can see the word "Dream" written in italics along the side of her wrist tape.]

SS: I remember watching television when I was a little girl and seeing Michelle Bailey in the ring and seeing her do these incredible things. She would glide through the air with such grace and beauty. She moved so smoothly in a land where everyone was a little rough around the edges. She was fearless. She was a trailblazer. I looked to my dad and told him, "I want to do that." He looked at me and laughed and said, "Sure, baby girl."

[Skylar begins to pace.]

SS: I remember driving the entire night from Montreal to Toronto and making my boyfriend take me to Gold Rush. It was insane to see the action in person! These women were powerful. They were sure of themselves. They were incredible in the ring and doing all the same things the guys were doing but they had a little chip on their shoulders, like they had something to prove. I remember telling my boyfriend at the time, "I can be like that." He looked at me and smiled, "Sure, honey."

[She lets out a quick "huff".]

SS: I remember the first time I walked into a training school in Montreal. I was so excited just to be there. I remember cutting up my own ring gear from clothes in my closet and staying up all night putting it together. When I showed up to the school the next morning I walked into this dingy old gym, the trainer asked me what I was doing there and I told him, "I want to be a wrestler." He looked at me, laughed and said, "Sure, sweetheart".

[She mouths, "sweetheart."]

SS: I remember the first time I had the chance to go out in front of a live crowd. It was minutes before I was set to go out and the promoter came up to me and told me I wasn't going out there to wrestle. He said, "just go on out there and shake your booty a bit. Get the crowd warmed up. Give them a little tease." I told him I wasn't there to be a tease. He looked at me and said, "Sure thing, sugar".

[Swfit lowers her head.]

SS: And I remember the day I met Todd Michaelson and Lori Dane. Lori told me I might be a little small. A little inexperienced. She told me the women they were bringing into the AWA to start the Women's Division were world beaters. The best in their class. Champions, Olympians, International stars, you name it, they were coming. They asked me why a girl who looked like me thought she belonged in a field of fierce, tough women? Why did I deserve to stand amongst the elite women in our industry when I had half the experience they did? Why did I want to be in the AWA?

I looked them straight in the eye and I told them, "I'm not here to be your baby girl. I'm not here to be your honey. Your sweetheart. Your sugar. I'm not here to be a model or some dirty old man's eye candy. I'm here for one reason...

...to test myself.

To be the best amongst the best."

They took one long last look at me and said, "You're just what we need, Skylar. Go show them what you're made of."

[Skylar nods.]

SS: Tonight, I get that chance.

Tonight, I get to show them that they weren't wrong about me.

They believed in me and opened a door when everyone else was just eager to shut it before even letting me try to step through. I told them my dream and they told me to go out there and fight for it so tonight that is exactly what I am going to do. I don't care if you've won titles, medals, or trophies. I don't care if you squat four hundred pounds or can bench twice my weight.

Tonight, I hope all five of those incredible woman put their dukes up.

[Skylar puts up her fists.]

SS: Cause I'm ready to fight.

And Kurayami?

[She flashes a grin.]

SS: I'm fightin' for you.

[Cut to black with a graphic promoting your final shot to order the Pay Per View!]