

# **Memorial Day Mayhem X**

## **Post Game Show**

[We fade up backstage in the Allstate Arena.]

SLB: Sweet Lou Blackwell backstage here at Memorial Day Mayhem where the show continues but-

[A loud bellow occurs from off-camera.]

"GAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRHHHHHHH!"

[A equally loud crash is heard. Blackwell cringes, looking towards the sound, and then quickly averting his eyes...

...but it's too late as the monstrous form of the Queen of the Kaiju and Women's World Champion, Kurayami, stomps into view, grabbing Blackwell by the lapels of his jacket.]

SLB: KURAYAMI! I-

[She interrupts angrily.]

K: QUIET, WORM!

[She shoves him off-camera, turning towards the lens, anger pouring out of her every breath.]

K: THE HUNTED... IS NOW... THE HUNTER!

[She palms the camera lens, shoving it away as she stalks off as we fade to...]

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[Fade backstage to a hallway. Sitting in a chair is the manager of Blaster Masterson, Jackie Wilpon. Wilpon looks like he's had better nights, as he looks a bit disheveled. His suit jacket is slung over his shoulder, and his dress shirt is slightly unbuttoned. It also seems like he's on the phone, a rather displeased look on his face as it sounds like another, unidentified voice is yelling at him.]

JW: I understand completely, Hey, look, I don't blame ya one bit, I know that...

[The yelling seems to stop suddenly, as if the person on the other end has decided to hang up. Realizing this, Wilpon lets out a sigh and lowers his head...]

JW: Ay, yi, yi... so much for that.

[A pause, as Wilpon rubs his temples.]

JW: So, now what?

[Wilpon looks down at his phone, It looks like he starts scrolling through his phone, when he suddenly stops. With a curious look on his face, he lets out a grunt.]

JW: Maybe I need a different approach....

[Nodding his head, Wilpon then stands up. He turns and walks away as we fade to black.]

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[The World Television Champion Terry Shane walks down and rounding the corner towards him is none other than "Sweet" Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Hey, tough break out there tonight!

[Shane looks up, his eyes locking on Blackwell.]

TS: Yeah.

[Shane sort of gives him a nod and starts to walk away but Blackwell clearly isn't done chatting him up.]

SLB: You had quite the target on your back. Seems everyone wants what you have.

[This draws Shane's attention in a little more. He is just about to keep walking but something in him causes him to stop. He looks to Blackwell once again.]

TS: Seems that way. Michael Aarons. Kaz Konoe. TORA. The list goes on.

Everyone is firing shots in my direction, Lou.

SLB: You could say that.

TS: I see them. And If you see them, Lou. You can let them know I've got some arrows of my own but there's a bit of a difference..

SLB: What's that?

TS: The new Terry Shane never misses a bullseye.

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[Michael Aarons is standing there, Chet and Chaz Wallace on his left and right. The trio is all smiles.]

MA: So I didn't win the Rumble, but I'm still a winner! Look at all I win.

[Aarons throws a thumb over his shoulder. ]

MA: I sent that cry baby Cee Dee packing for thirty days!

[He points to Chet and Chaz.]

MA: I got two great friends.

[Aarons laughs. ]

MA: And we're just getting started! We're on top of the world, bay bee!

[Aarons is cut off by Chaz and he begins to sing softly. ]

CHAZ: I'm on the top of the world lookin' down on creation, and the only explanation I can find...

[Silence. Chaz looks over to see Michael and Chet starting at him, like what the hell is he doing. Smirking, he simply shrugs. Michael turns to Chet, who shrugs. Michael turns to his left and then his right, and he too shrugs. The trio wrap their arms around each other's shoulders and start belting. ]

"IS THE LOVE THAT I'VE FOUND EVER SINCE YOU'VE BEEN AROUND! YOUR LOVE'S PUT ME AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD! "

[Fade.]

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[The backstage camera crew catches up to Jordan Ohara as he returns from the hospital. He is still dressed in his wrestling gear with a T-shirt on. Mark Stegglet rushes to catch him.]

MS: Jordan! Jordan! May I get a word with you?

[Ohara stops, looking clearly distracted.]

JO: Mr. Stegglet.

MS: How is your mother?

JO: (chewing his lips) She's fine. She's tough. She can take a licking and keep on ticking.

MS: Did you see what happened in the Tower of Doom?

JO: I did. How is Wes? It looked bad.

MS: We don't know yet.

[Ohara slams his hand against the wall, wincing in pain.]

JO: Dammit, that should have been me! Mark, I want you to tell the Axis and I want you to tell Korugun that they cost me a lot today. And I intend to get it all back.

MS: What does that mean?

[Ohara yanks open the door to the locker room before stepping inside. You can hear him yell through the door.]

JO: It means I'm gonna kick all their asses!

[A stunned Stegglet jumps at the language and calls for the camera to cut.]

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[The camera cuts to the "Dream Girl" Skylar Swift sitting alone in the locker room. You can hear the bustling crowd and the voice of Mark Stegglet narrating the description of the Tower of Doom as it's lowered over the ring. Skylar's hair spills over face and you can hear an inhale followed by a deep exhale.

Skylar tilts her head up, green stained strands of hair spilling from her eyes.

Swift wipes her face off.

The green towel remains clutched in her hand.

She stares into the mirror.

Her voice is soft but focused.]

SS: You can do this.

[Swift gets up and drops the towel to the floor.]

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[We cut to a changing room area, and given that the two occupants on screen are "The American Ninja" Riley Hunter and "The Last Son of the Soviet Union" Maxim Zharkov, we're going to assume it belongs to the Axis. On the TV in the wall, Mark Stegglet is going over the rules of the Tower, as coming into view is "The Future" Derrick Williams, half dressed in a grey suit, hair wet and slicked back. Both Hunter and Zharkov look over at him as he enters.]

DW: Look guys, I know we had a bad night. And it happens. And Max, Castillo is just blowing hot air. I'll smooth all of this over later, and we're gonna regroup.

[The TV now shows the entrances of the Korugun team]

DW: And we're going to come back from this stronger. We've had bad nights before. We've recovered, we've come back stronger. This is a blip. We keep doing what we're doing, play just enough ball with El Presidente to stay in good enough graces with him, and bide our time. And we're going to get everyone back.

[Team Ryan's entrance starts]

DW: Every one, Ohara, Outlaw, Harper, Somers... Law... every one that crossed us tonight, that threw wrenches into our plans, that cost us money, title shots, Titles themselves. We're not going to let that go, we're going to remember them all, and we're going to get our pound of flesh from the lot of them. We're not done boys, not by a long sho-

[He stops as the sound of the arena erupting and "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" starts. He slowly turns his head toward the monitor as both Hunter and Zharkov look at him with raised brows.]

DW: Son of a bitch...

[Williams rubs his chin, watching the entrance with a bit of a grin, then that grin turns to a half frown.]

DW: Alright, I gotta get out of here. Ri, if El Presidente or any of his heralds come looking, I had an emergency come up. I need some time to think. Talk to you guys later.

[Williams walks out of shot...]

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[On screen, in this case a phone screen, is Betty Chang! She wears her hair tied back. It and her face seem to be drenched in sweat. A towel is draped around her neck and she shows a scant remaining bruise from her near career ending battle with the Monstress, Kurayami. But, she's smiling!]

BC: You did so good, Lee! I didn't even know you were going to be in the Rumble! It was amazing!

[And a wider shot shows an also obviously exerted Lee Connors in a back change room, still in his gear fresh off his appearance in the Memorial Day Mayhem Rumble. The masked Downpour sits beside him, patting Cannonball proudly on his shoulder.]

LC: I didn't know until today! I was here for some photography stuff and they called me in! I guess when Papa Colton says to always have your gear he isn't kidding! It was awesome, Betty!

[Back to Betty...]

BC: But... how are you? Magnum he...

[Lee shakes his head, trying to hide the obvious grimace he'd have if Betty wasn't on the other side of the conversation. He clutches a rib, holding an icepack to it. Off screen of course.]

LC: I'm good, Betty. Trust me. I'm good. How are you? How is the training coming?

BC: It's great! I just about have this move down and then...

LC: Onto Mexico right?

BC: Onto Mexico!

LC: So proud of you! I'll be watching! Gotta go, Betty!

[And with an exchange of smiles they hang up and Connor's facade turns a bit... sad?]

LC: Mexico, Downpour. Training with your teacher. Thanks for hooking that up.

[Downpour shows empathy, nodding.]

LC: \*sigh\*

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[Tucked into jeans and work boots, a t-shirt tight over his frame, Shane Locke watches backstage. The clock counts down, the crowd audibly joining in. Next up coming out is Violet Revolution entering the Memorial Day Mayhem Rumble. Locke rolls his eyes and turns around, walking away. He looks at the cheque in his hand, flicks it with his index finger and nods.]

SL: Yup. New truck.

[Fade.]

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BC: It's great! I just about have this move down and then...

LC: Onto Mexico right?

BC: Onto Mexico!

LC: So proud of you! I'll be watching! Gotta go, Betty!

[And with an exchange of smiles they hang up and Betty puts the phone down, wipes her face and puts the phone down turning to a trainer in a sweat-soaked gray sweatshirt that reads "COLTONS WORK" that a knowledgeable viewer would recognize as Jeremiah Colton.]

BC: OK, one more time. Let me try this one more time.

JC: I am telling you, you got it. Pattie will be so proud.

[Fade.]

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[We go backstage, where we find the members of Next Gen, Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, in a hallway. They are still dressed in their wrestling attire. Each has an AWA World tag team title belt slung over his shoulder. Somers is holding up a smartphone and appears to be trying to take a selfie.

Or he would if it weren't for Harper motioning with his finger.]

DH: You don't have the shot centered!

HS: I would have it centered if you'd hold still.

DH: Speak for yourself -- you're moving more than I.

HS: Well, it would be easier if my belt would stay on my shoulder.

"You two need some help?"

[That voice would belong to the woman walking into the shot -- it's "The Spitfire" Julie Somers. She's still dressed in her wrestling attire, too. She reaches for the smartphone.]

JS: Allow me.

[She takes the smartphone from her brother and takes a few steps back.]

JS: Smile for the camera -- and no rabbit ears!

[Harper and Howie Somers exchange a glance. The Somers brother adjusts the tag belt on his shoulder, then he and Harper turn to face the Somers sister and smile.

She touches the smartphone with her finger and, after a moment, lowers the device.]

JS: Now, Howie, your sister wants a hug.

[The Somers brother grins and walks toward his sister, the two embracing.]

JS: I'm so happy for you.

HS: Thank you, sis.

[Harper walks toward the two and, after the Somers sister pulls away, she gives Harper a hug.]

JS: I know your mom is proud of you.

DH: Yeah, I already texted her.

[The two pull apart. The Somers sister passes the smartphone back to her brother. Harper gestures toward her.]

DH: So when do you get your title?

JS: [blinking] What?

HS: The Women's title. I assume that's why you were out there to stand up to Kuriyami.

JS: Yeah, but so was everybody else.

DH: Sure, but we watched you in the Rumble a year ago. You were on a roll before you got pulled out the ring by Toughill, when she was already eliminated.

[The Somers sister folds her arms and nods.]

JS: Let me put it to you this way: I'll have my say on a lot of things in a couple of weeks' time. Right now, I don't want to ruin your moment.

HS: Well, let's not ruin your moment, either. You, Victoria and Gal with the big win -- way to go, sis!

[He pulls his sister in for another quick hug.]

DH: Come on, we can go get Victoria and Gal and go celebrate. Mooselips Beer for everyone!

[The three walk down the hallway and the shot cuts out.]

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[Fade to minutes after the Rumble's conclusion. Raphael Rhodes is sitting on a stage case, sweating profusely, towel over his head covering his head down to his nose, staring at the floor. Off in the distance, we hear the voice of his wife and business manager, Dana Kaiser, call out to him.]

DK: Hey, there you are!



[Kaiser enters the frame, carrying a full shaker bottle and a banana. Rhodes puts a finger to his lips, then points at the ACCESS 365 camera.]

DK: Oh, those? They're everywhere, babe. We talked about that, remember?

[Rhodes looks up at Kaiser and visibly sighs.]

DK: Look, we knew what we were getting into coming here. It's tradeoffs, right? If you want what we talked about, we have to accept that certain things about the AWA have changed.

[Kaiser puts the bottle on the case next to Rhodes, and then puts her hand on Rhodes' shoulder.]

DK: I brought you a protein shake. A double, really. You just did over an hour in there, so you need to get some protein in you like... now. I brought a banana too for potassium and carbs. Otherwise your muscles are going to start cramping up by the time you get showered up and we can get to a restaurant to get a good meal in.

[Kaiser puts the banana in Rhodes' hand, but Rhodes doesn't move.]

DK: Do you want to talk about it, or...

RR: ... I lost.

[Rhodes sighs.]

RR: Came all this way to bleedin' lose.

DK: Raph, hey. Listen to me. You ever wrestled an hour before?

[Rhodes shakes his head.]

DK: Thought not. You just did it on an hour's notice in a match you weren't supposed to be in. You didn't have time to do a proper warm up, do your planning, train for the match... you just went out there and did it. You went over an hour, against some of the best this company has to offer. And if social media is any indication, you impressed a lot of people in the process. I know it stings that you didn't win, but think about all the things you did tonight, in one night, that 99% of wrestlers out there would cut off body parts to be able to do.

[Kaiser smiles at Rhodes.]

DK: ... now think about that 1% that's going to be shaking in their boots once they realize what you'll be able to do once you're actually prepared for the match.

[We see a grin start to form on Rhodes' face.]

DK: You like that, huh? Good. Because I'm ready to see you do it.

[Kaiser hops off the stage case and slaps Rhodes' thigh.]

DK: Now drink your shake. You need protein. And eat that banana too. Can't be prepared without nutrition. I'll see you once you get a shower.

[Kaiser walks out of frame, as Rhodes starts to peel the banana. Fade.]

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[The Access 365 logo flashes on-screen. A splash of icy water across the floor of the dressing room startles Erica Toughill. Over and over again, Kerry Kendrick slams a baseball bat into an innocent, defenseless cooler.]

KK: NOVA! AGAIN! HE JUST WON'T LET ME GET AHEAD!

[He paces irately, and without even giving his henchwoman eye contact, addresses her tersely.]

KK: We will... debrief on this... later... Rick.

[Kendrick tosses the bat to the floor in front of her, forcing Toughill to flinch again. She casts her gaze downward as he leaves. She lowers to a knee gingerly, aching from pulling double duty. Toughill picks up the bat and slouches on the nearby dressing room bench, burying her face in her hands.]

"She's right, you know."

[Without even looking up, Toughill knows who it is.]

ET: Grant, if you could spare me your motivational speeches for a less stressful time, I'd really appreciate it.

GGC: I hate to agree with Kurayami, but she's right. You are afraid.

[Toughill's face flashes with rage. She holds the bat out in front of her.]

ET: DO I LOOK LIKE SOMEONE WHO IS AFRAID OF ANYTHING?

"Yeah, you look like someone afraid of yourself!"

[Toughill sees the phone in "Golden" Grant Carter's palm, from which another woman's voice emanates. Toughill lowers the bat as she recognizes almost instantly who is calling.]

ET: Lauryn?!

LR: [on speakerphone] Who else would it be? I had to call the office to get this guy's number because I know you ain't got a charge on that old brick of a phone you got.

ET: I keep telling you that there's nothing wrong with the RAZR, Lauryn!

LR: Jokes, huh? That's all you got? And old jokes, too. It ain't 2005. You still afraid of bringin' da ruckus! I'm rehabbing, watching Memorial Day Mayhem, seein' almost every woman in that locker room answer 'dusa's call, and where is you? Nowhere. Ghost. Scared of what you can do. Man, they say game recognizes game, but you lookin' mighty unfamiliar right now.

[Toughill grimaces, shaking her head.]

ET: I have no right to challenge Kurayami! I can't even beat Julie Somers and she's the next contender up from me? Do you think I jumped into the Rumble just to bail out Kendrick? I took that chance because that was my last shot at earning myself a spot!

LR: Dammit, you got a brittle spirit. (mockingly) I can't even beat Julie Somers. You know, Julie ain't right about a lot of things, but damn she read you. All you're good for is feeling sorry for yourself.

ET: Lauryn... don't...

[The voice from the phone interrupts.]

LR: Shut up. I'll do what I damn well please. You ain't gonna do nuthin any way. When I needed someone to have my back in the Schism, who stepped up to have my back without me even having to say, "please?" Huh?

Who got up from a broken back and toughed out a match long enough to put that big walrus Kurayami to sleep? Huh?

Who was the first person I saw when I stepped through the curtain at Madison Square Garden with the AWA Women's Championship, because she wanted to be the first to give me props? Huh?

Damn sure ain't this simpin' mess. You always taking a L because you got too many hangers on. Kendrick? This Cinder trick?

Yo, what you got inked on your arm? Read it for me!

[Toughill holds her right arm up to her face.]

ET: "This Machine Kills Fascists."

[There's a few seconds of silence before...]

LR: [on speakerphone] Seriously? The Hell?

ET: Yeah, the Woody Guthrie quote. I just got it done last month and I was going to show it to you.

LR: The other forearm ... damn, I can't leave you alone. Woody Guthrie.

[Toughill reads from her left forearm.]

ET: "Well-Behaved Women Seldom Make History."

LR: Well, ain't that true? Team GLOW is supposed to be making history! Remember when we met in Age of Rage and I told Mantha we would headline the Skydome and she thought I was crazy?

ET: We were just trying to get a rise out of her.

LR: Jesus, Ricki. It wasn't no damn joke and SuperClash is in Toronto this year! I'm gonna be in that Main Event. What about you? I'd rather beat your fat ass for the title than Kurayami's fat ass. Cause at least we can go clubbing together after, but I'm beating somebody's fat ass in the Skydome. I'm shooting my shot! You gonna shoot yours?

[Toughill takes a deep, introspective breath.]

ET: What makes you think you'd take the belt from me?

LR: Oh, some there's some of the Ricki I know still left in there, huh? Cool.

ET: I guess we'll see you in Skydome, then.

LR: You make sure it's in the ring, bitch. Don't make me have to call you about this again.

ET: Yeah, well when there's overtime to be done, I'm going to the one to it, and another thing, I've--

GGC: Ricki, she hung up.

ET: Oh. Lauryn gonna Lauryn.

[There's a few seconds of awkward silence.]

ET: Grant, before you go... I know my... uh... posterior is not exactly petite, but... is it... fat?

GGC: Uhh... is there a right answer to this question...?

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[Mark Stegglet is standing by backstage with Kaz Konoe, not too long after his elimination from the Rumble. Konoe is still in his ring gear: white boxer-style trunks and black knee pads, and he carries his boots in his hand.]

MS: Kaz, not quite succes--

KK: You saw?

MS: Saw what?

KK: What I do out there?

MS: Yes... Which is what I was go-

KK: No, no, no... You saw how I eliminate Blaster Masterson? First elimination of the Rumble...

MS: I think that was MISTER and Ra-

KK: Who pull down rope?

MS: Huh?

KK: Who pull down rope?

MS: Well... You did? I guess...

KK: That's right. So I eliminate Blaster Masterson. He is Blaster, but I am Master of the Blaster, okay? Master of the Blaster...

MS: And I suppose you are claiming credit for eliminating MISTER as well?

KK: Right... I am also Master of the MISTER...

MS: Notwithstanding the efforts of Callum Mahoney, Logan Blackburn, Raphael Rhodes, Lee Connors, Guerrero Azteca, and Omega...

KK: Mark, MISTER is oni?

MS: What?

KK: O... Ogre... MISTER is ogre, yes?

MS: Der Oger aus Innsbruck, yes, that is his nickname...

KK: Then, Mark, I have two words for you.

MS: [Sighs.] And what are they?

[With his free hand, Konoe points to the floor. The camera pans to his feet.]

KK: [Lifts his right foot off the floor.] Ogre. [Puts his foot down. Lifts the other.] Killer.

[The camera pans back up, as Stegglet brings his hand towards his face, but resists burying his face in his hand.]

KK: [With a nod.] Thank you, Mark.

[Konoe walks off, leaving Stegglet shaking his head. Cut to...]

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[Shot comes to the one of the entrances to the Allstate Arena floor, just after the end of Memorial Day Mayhem. Standing there is the newly signed Landon Grant, still in his attire from when he showed up previously on the show. He holds up a his cellphone to his mouth in what appears to be a video call with someone.]

LG: Like a kid in a candy store... I get it now, pops -

[Grant looks on towards where the ring is, shaking his head in awe at what he just saw.]

LG: Just like a kid in a candy store... Damn, this is gonna be fun!

[Grant grins... Well, just like a kid in a candy store as the shot fades.]

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[We cut to a woman with black hair pulled behind her back and brown eyes, who is dressed in a black bodysuit. This would be "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis. She sits on a bench and her facial features show little emotion. She raises her hands and slowly claps them.]

LD: Well done, Ayako. Well done.

[She lowers her hands and stares into the camera.]

LD: You figured it out. Congratulations. It's amazing what keeping focus will do for you, isn't it?

But that was only the first lesson, Ayako. There's a lot more you need to learn, if you are really going to live up to your potential.

And that means you're going to have do more than stand alongside twenty other women against Kurayami -- and that's a woman I stood up to one on one several times, by the way.

You're going to have to show that you can beat me again -- only this time, I won't be holding back or dropping clues here and there for you to piece together. You'll get the full experience of what it means to wrestle the only woman who exemplifies what wrestling is all about.

[She hooks a thumb to herself.]

LD: You are looking at her, Ayako.

[Fade out.]

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[Fade in. Molly Bell is sitting in her car, balancing the phone she's recording from on the steering wheel once again. She still hasn't changed out of her ring gear or washed off her cat face makeup.]

MB: Oh! So... I may have gotten booted in the ribs but... I proved to Medusa Rage that this kitty's no chicken, right?

[Molly pulls a rotisserie chicken into frame.]

MB: This is a chicken!

[Molly winces a little.]

MB: Oww... that kick to the ribs still hurts... doesn't Kurayami know you don't kick a cat? So MEAN. Should've sharpened my claws better.

[Molly pulls off a shred of chicken, shoving it into her mouth, pouting as she chews. Suddenly, the passenger side door of her car opens...and a very tired looking Ayako Fujiwara takes a seat. She just about collapses into her seat as Molly's eyes light up.]

Ayako: You did good.

[She scratches Molly behind the ear and lays back, closing her eyes.]

Ayako: Let's go home.

[Molly looks at the phone camera, tearing up a little...]

MB: Kitty's got a home!

[... then reaches to turn the recording off. Fade.]

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[We open to the expansive parking lot outside the Allstate Arena. We pan down a row of parked cars, finally stopping on the massive form of JOHN LAW. His back is to the camera, but he turns slightly as he recognizes the camera crew behind him. He has his pad of paper in his left hand and a pen in his right. His helmet obscures all but his mouth, the scowl on which tells us all we need to know about how he feels about this interruption. He finishes scribbling something on his pad before speaking.]

JL: Justice...

[He lifts a windshield wiper on the car in front of him as he tears a sheet off his pad, leaving it on the windshield as he releases the wiper blade. A light "whap!" of it hitting the glass is the only sound we can hear until he finally finishes his sentence.]

JL: ... is served.

[We pan out, way out until the entirety of the parking lot can be seen.]

A sheet of paper is on every windshield.]

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[Sweet Lou Blackwell is backstage at the Allstate Arena alongside Xenia Sonova and Margarita Flores, who are both just beaming.]

SLB: Xenia Sonova, we all heard Medusa Rage call out the women of the AWA locker room to step up to the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo, who also happens to still be the women's champion.

Little did we expect that not only were you making your return tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem, but you would be the herald for several of the ladies of AWA heading out there to stand up to Kurayami!

Welcome back, Xenia, how are you feeling right now?

XS: Thank you, Sweet Lou. I won't deny it, Kurayami broke me... Multiple Hinotama left me with cracked ribs... I had to spend three months recuperating and rehabilitating, AND, after all that? The Queen of Kaiju still scares me, as she should...

But, when a legend like Medusa Rage tells you to step up, you listen, you ask "How quickly?" and you DO. It feels good to be back, Sweet Lou, and I am so proud to have had the opportunity to stand alongside my sisters to stand up to the big bully!

But enough about me – I barely did a thing out there. Did you see what my friend Margarita here did? She knocked Kurayami off her feet with the lariat!

[Sonova reaches out and gives Flores a couple of pats on the shoulder, while the latter tries to wave off the praise.]

SLB: Margarita, you've been touting that lariat ever since you arrived in the AWA. You might have even promised to save a couple of them for the women's champion. How does it feel to have those promises pay off on the first shot?

MF: Sweet Lou... That wasn't my first shot. In fact, Kurayami got her shots in first... AND I TOOK THEM AND FIRED RIGHT BACK! Make no mistake... Those weren't receipts, Sweet Lou... Things aren't personal between me and Kurayami...

She just happens to hold the top women's championship in the sport today, and I just happen to disagree with her methods for hanging on to it. The Big Bad Wolf thinks she's the largest dog in the Korugun pound? Well, Kurayami, there's been some big and tough 'Bs' that have come out of Texas.

[Flores holds her right arm – her lariat arm – out to her side, parallel to the floor.]



MF: You felt it, didn't you? You felt it, and I felt you with it. You felt it and your sense of self-preservation told you you had to get out of the ring. One of these knocked you off your feet, and you didn't want to stick around to find out what a second, a third, a fourth would have done to you...

But when we meet in the ring... For an actual match... That's exactly what's going to happen. That's my promise to you, Kurayami, and you've already felt one of those fulfilled. Now, Xenia, let's go get those beers you said you were going to pay for!

[Flores strides away, while Xenia looks on, bemused.]

XS: My friend, I made no such promise! My first night back after three months away, Sweet Lou, and she's going to lead me into financial ruin.

SLB: Ha! Good luck with that, and, again, it's good to have you back.

XS: It's good to be back, Sweet Lou.

[Cut to...]

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[We cut to the parking lot of the Allstate Arena. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is making his way through some of the vehicles that remain. The camera's movement indicates its operator is following Blackwell.]

SLB: I think I saw him go this way... come on.

[He motions for the cameraman to follow, then they head toward a white Ford Focus that's parked in a slot by itself. There's somebody shutting the trunk. Blackwell identifies the person when he says...]

SLB: Supernova, could I get a quick word, please!

[The camera comes closer and, sure enough, it's Supernova. He's dressed in a black shirt, blue jeans and sunglasses. Supernova glances at Blackwell and places his hands on his hips.]

S: What do you want?

[Blackwell holds a mic toward the wrestler.]

SLB: I just wanted to talk to you for a minute -- the truth came out tonight that you never turned your back on the AWA and sided with Korugun! Do you have anything to say about what happened?

[Supernova stares at Blackwell for a minute. The sunglasses over his eye make it impossible to see any hints of emotion.]

S: I'll tell you what -- you'll find out June 10 in Detroit what I have to say. Right now, I need to be alone.

[He walks over toward the car door and opens it. He climbs into the car, shuts the door and the ignition starts. The car pulls forward and drives off, leaving Blackwell behind.]

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[We cut to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where we see Wes Taylor sitting on a bench, wrapping his hands in white athletic tape.]

WT: By the time you see this... well... it was either a really, really good night... or a really, really bad one.

[Taylor shrugs with a smile.]

WT: You know... I wish Tony were here for this. I keep thinking of him the last week or so. He's getting better, he tells me. He thinks he'll be back... soon... but who knows what that means.

[Wes taps an earphone in his right grin with a sheepish grin.]

WT: Hamilton soundtrack.

[He raises his hands.]

WT: I know, I know. Probably the last guy on Earth to hear it. Even when we were doing all that stuff last year with them...

[Wes shrugs.]

WT: Tony was always the musical guy, you know. He told me it was great but...

[The son of the Outlaw sighs.]

WT: But tonight... it seems fitting.

[He leans back a bit, closing his eyes, singing very off-tune.]

WT: I may not live to see our glory... but I will gladly join the fight. And when our children tell our story... they'll tell the story of tonight.

[He opens his eyes with a smile, tapping his two taped up fists with "BJ" and "TD" written on them together.]

WT: This one's for you, guys. I hope I'll do you proud.

[Taylor gets up, walking away as we fade to...]

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[The two men are sitting at a table in the back of a bar. There's ten empty bottles of beer between them, and a half full bottle in front of both men. They're both beaten and bruised. But moreover, they both look dejected, each feeling the weight of their losses at Memorial Day Mayhem weighing on their shoulders.]

This has not been a good night for Jack Lynch or Ryan Martinez.

The AWA's White Knight takes a long, slow drink from his bottle and then sets it down, exhaling slowly.]

RM: Next time, just...

[The Iron Cowboy nods his head and stares off into the distance.]

JL: Yeah, I know. Next time, I'll just tell ya.

RM: Jack, I don't know what we're going to do. I don't know what comes next.

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: I got no answers for ya, Ryan. And I ain't gonna find them tonight. All I'm fixin' to do right now is give a salute to Wes.

[Lynch lifts his bottle.]

JL: Ya deserved better kid, and I'm sorry.

[Lynch tilts his bottle forward.]

JL: Here's to ya, Outlaw.

RM: But we need a plan. What are you going to do about Jam...

[Lynch snarls and shakes his head.]

JL: Don't say his name. Just... don't. I can't think about that right now.

[Martinez nods his head quietly.]

RM: It's bad Jack. This is as bad as it's ever been. Castillo, Veronica. What they've done. Who they've gotten to...

Castillo's right. This is chess, and we're in check. We're out of moves, and I'm out of ideas.

"I've heard of crying in yer beer before, but this is ridiculous."

[The two men turn, a half-smile appearing on Jack's face as Ryan seems decidedly less happy. We pan out to see the object of their attention as Hannibal Carver finishes off a mug of beer and lets out a hearty belch.]

RM: Now's not the best time, Carver.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: Like hell it ain't! I've been sitting over there, watching yeh two mope about everything that went down tonight.

JL: You saw what they did to Wes.

[Carver nods.]

HC: I sure did. I also heard yeh say that there's no more moves to be played. That this is a game and that scumbag has already won.

Well, that's the problem. It's time to stop playing games. This ain't a game.

[Carver walks up to the bar, putting all ten knuckles on the edge of it as he fixes Jack and then Ryan with a deadly serious gaze.]

HC: This is WAR.

[The two men nod, their previous somber mood seeming to be replaced with one of grim determination.]

HC: What he had them do to Wes. Using yer own brother against you. I don't see those as signs that he's won.

It's a sign that he's scared.

[Carver waves the bartender over.]

HC: Gimme the worst rotgut whiskey yeh got.

[The bartender blinks, slightly taken aback before turning to the wall of liquor behind the bar.]

HC: So it's time to stop playing by the rules. He's gonna pay for what happened to Wes. And for making Bobby see it in front of his own damn eyes. But to do that, it's time to stop moping and start planning for war.

[The bartender walks over and places a glass on the bar. He lifts the bottle of whiskey to pour it as Carver puts his hand up.]

HC: Leave the bottle.

[Carver grabs the bottle and takes a big swig before pointing towards the camera.]

HC: Get lost.