

MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM

**MAY 29, 2017
ALLSTATE ARENA
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

[A black screen.]

White text appears on behalf of the AWA legal team to inform you of the penalties involved if you happen to do things with the Pay Per View that you're about to watch that you shouldn't.

The shot fades up to 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."

[The logo fades as we fade through black to a shot of the American flag flapping in the breeze atop the USS Lexington. The voice of Gordon Myers is heard.]

"Francis Marion Crawford once said... 'They fell, but o'er their glorious grave floats free the banner of the cause they died to save.'"

On this Memorial Day, we proudly send our thoughts and our prayers to the memories of those who have died for their country and to the loved ones they left behind."

[A silent moment, still holding on the flag before fading back to black...

...and then up to a glistening room filled with natural light. A large circular table sits in the middle of it. Beams of sunlight hit the silver table, causing it to gleam when you catch a glimpse. Five men sit around the table.

The camera sits in the middle of the table from what we can tell by our first shot of Ryan Martinez. The former AWA World Champion... the AWA's White Knight has a serious look on his face as he speaks.]

RM: I'm glad you all could make it today for this final strategy session before we walk into the Tower of Doom. All of you are joining me tonight for different reasons...

[A cut to Jordan Ohara sitting at the table, leaning forward.]

RM: For some of you, it's a chance to prove you belong with the top guys in this sport.

[Then to Jeff Matthews.]

RM: For others, it's a chance to prove to the world that you've still got it.

[Then to Supreme Wright.]

RM: For some, it's about saving the company that gave you your start.

[Then to Jack Lynch.]

RM: And then there's...

[Ryan pauses as the camera cuts back to him.]

RM: Jack... what the heck are you even doing here? You're not even in the match any more!

[Cut back to Lynch who shrugs sheepishly.]

JL: Sorry, kid. Ever since the Spur shut down, I miss all those times we all used to get together and hang out. You, me, Bobby, Travis...

SW: Craven.

[Lynch cringes.]

JL: I thought we weren't allowed to talk about that.

RM: We're not. Okay, so... fine. You can stay, Jack. But if you're gonna stay, I want answers.

[Lynch smirks.]

JL: No, I don't know what she sees in him either.

[Lynch throws a knowing look at Supreme Wright who grimaces.]

JL: But seriously... you want to know who your partner is?

[Martinez nods.]

RM: Of course. You're asking me to trust someone in that Tower and I don't even know who it is!

JL: But you trust me, right?

RM: With my life.

JL: And have I ever steered you wrong?

[Martinez arches an eyebrow.]

JL: I mean... lately?

[Martinez slaps a hand on the table.]

JL: When it mattered?

[Finally, Martinez shrugs.]

RM: Okay, fine. But... the guys are nervous.

[Cut to Ohara and Matthews who nod and Supreme who fake yawns.]

RM: Tell us who it is. You said it was someone that Castillo wouldn't expect.

JL: And that's true. See, the way I looked at it, boys... is that the four of you climbing into that Tower in Chicago... you guys are heroes to a lot of people in that locker room and in that crowd. So, when a group of heroes needs an ally... who better than a superhero?

[Lynch points to the door which opens and shuts on cue. Ryan Martinez cranes his neck, trying to get a look. A "THUNK! THUNK! THUNK!" is heard as boots meet floor, walking closer to the table. Ryan's eyes get wider as the person approaches and finally comes to a halt at the table.]

RM: You?

[We cut to a shot of Wonder Woman herself, Gal Gadot, in full costume standing at the table looking down at the five men.]

WW: Who were you expecting? Superman?

[Martinez' jaw drops.]

RM: Jack... she's not really...

[Jack clears his voice in a panic.]

JL: Easy, kid. We talked it over and she's ready for this fight.

RM: But...

[Wonder Woman fixes her eyes on the AWA's White Knight.]

WW: I'm always ready for a fight, Son of Martinez. Are you?

[Martinez nods, still in shock. Wonder Woman snorts.]

WW: You don't look ready for battle... none of you. In fact... I think if I'm going to be a part of this team... you boys need some upgrades. You are superheroes in your own way, right? Let's make you LOOK like superheroes.

[We get a closeup of Jordan Ohara.]

WW: The Phoenix, huh?

[With a snap of her fingers and a flash of light, we see Ohara in a golden feathered mask with deep crimson wings hooked to his arms and a vinyl tank top with a burning bird in the middle of it. Ohara grins at his new attire.]

We cut to Ryan Martinez.]

WW: The White Knight.

[Another snap and flash leaves Martinez in a pure white sleeveless ring jacket, a huge metal sword in one hand atop a white stallion.]

RM: This is...

WW: Perfect.

[Cut to Supreme Wright.]

WW: And you.. you need-

[Wright slowly shakes his head, a stern look on his face.]

WW: No, that works for you. Good, good.

[Wright crosses his arms in satisfaction.]

Cut to Jack Lynch.]

WW: The Iron Cowboy.

[A look of panic comes over Lynch's formerly-grinning face.]

JL: Wait! No! I'm not in the mat-

[A snap and a flash leaves Lynch in what looks like a suit of armor with a cowboy hat on top of his head.]

JL: Too late.

[Cut to a chuckling Jeff Matthews.]

WW: And lastly... the Madfox.

JM: Oh god, no.

[A snap and a flash...

...and Matthews gets a cute little pair of fox ears with a nose to match. He looks disgusted as he touches said nose.]

JM: I am NOT wearing this to the ring.

[Cut back to Wonder Woman who smiles.]

WW: Now you look like heroes! Now you look worthy of standing by me in combat! Are you ready?

[There's some grumbling around the table.]

WW: ARE YOU READY?!

[The grumbling turns to shouts in the affirmative.]

WW: Good. Then let us fight. Let us win. And let us feast on the glory that comes from victory!

[More shouts of support!]

WW: Because it's Memorial Day Mayhem... and the fight... starts... now!

[And with that... and a smile from Wonder Woman... we cut to black...

...and as a burst of red, white, and blue pyro screeches to the top of the Allstate Arena, we are LIVE on Pay Per View. The roaring Chicago fans, thrilled by the AWA FINALLY coming to town, are on their feet paying tribute to the greatest professional wrestling company on the planet.

As another blast of rockets and their accompanying red glare light up the sky, we see our setup for the evening. The usual AWA elevated stage is at the top of the aisle, a large polished metal "X" at the rear of it to celebrate the tenth edition of this legendary event. Two large video screens are on either side of the X currently swirling with the MDM X logo upon them.

The cheers continue as our camera sweep down the slanted metal ramp heading from the top of the aisle towards the red, white, and blue roped ring, surrounded by red ring aprons with the MDM X logo on them, blue ringside mats, and a trio of tables staffed by our announce team, our secondary announce team for a special Internet broadcast of the event, and our timekeeper and ring announcer combo. Black metal barricades are around the ringside area, keeping the masses at bay.

With the cameras still setting the scene, we get the soundtrack to go with it with the comforting tones of Gordon Myers' voice.]

GM: Good evening, everyone! It is a SOLD OUT crowd as the American Wrestling Alliance comes to the great city of Chicago for the very first time for a historic night! It was May 24, 2008 in the Fort Worth Convention Center where this event occurred for the very first time... and we've come a long way, baby! We've got a huge night ahead of us with three title matches, the annual AWA Rumble, and of course, don't forget about the Tower of Doom!

[We cut to a shot above the ring showing the threatening sight of the Tower of Doom hanging above the ring, three steel cages getting smaller as you get higher. The voice of Bucky Wilde cuts into the shot.]

BW: How could we forget about it, Gordo? It's hanging over our heads!

[Gordon chuckles as the shot cuts to he and Bucky at ringside. Gordon is the ultimate professional. His black suit and white dress shirt are perfectly pressed and only broken up by a stars and stripes flag tie that a grandchild might have given him as a gift. His matching black eyeglasses rest on the bridge of his nose, his hair that perfectly seasoned blend of salt and pepper. The smile is there too. Warm, comforting... welcoming you home.

His partner looks like a Crayola factory vomited on him. Sky blue pants, a red jacket, and a heavily bleached white shirt make up his ensemble with a Statue of Liberty tie that has a "light up" torch on it. "Big Bucks" has never looked... gawdier.]

GM: I am Gordon Myers and this... of course... is Bucky Wilde and we'll be with you tonight all night long, calling all the action on what has become the AWA's annual kickoff to summer!

BW: Gordo, you said we've come a long way since the first Memorial Day Mayhem but it seems like only yesterday we were in that Convention Center calling the action as the AWA crowned its first champion - Marcus Broussard.

[Cut to a shot of a waving So Cal Shark - sitting at the alternate commentary table - who points to the camera.]

GM: And while the National Title is not on the line here tonight due to Maxim Zharkov's entry into the Rumble, the AWA World Title IS at stake when Johnny Detson defends the gold against a former World Champion... and the man who defeated Detson for the title the last time he held it... Jack Lynch!

BW: I just can't handle the thought of a Lynch being the World Champion again, Gordo. I just can't do it. We got rid of the old man... we got rid of Scumbag Travis... please... no more Lynches! No more Lynches as champions! Why can't Jack take the hint and get out of town?!

GM: We're not starting with this already please! It's going to be a tremendous night and we're going to kick things off with a grudge match six months in the making. Let's go to the ring and Rebecca Ortiz!

BW: Oh yeah!

[We cut to the ring where the lovely Miss Ortiz is standing in a sequined royal blue dress cut in just the right places. A huge beaming smile is on her face as she raises the mic for the first time tonight.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is the opening matchup here at Memorial Day Mayhem and it is your 30 For 30 Challenge!

[Big cheer!]

RO: It is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and the winner of this match will earn the #30 position in tonight's Rumble... while the loser will be SUSPENDED for 30 days!

[Another cheer!]

RO: Introducing first...

["Can't Hold Us" begins to play as the crowd gets up and cheers.]

GM: And here we go with the first match officially getting Memorial Day Mayhem underway in the Windy City!

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: He hails from El Paso, Texas... weighing in at 195 pounds...

COOOOOODYYYYYYYY MERRRRRRRRRTZ!

[Out from the back runs Cody Mertz, stopping at the ramp. Mertz stands there wearing his traditional long white tights with the two green vertical stripes going down each leg. He has on glossy white boots and a white Combat Corner tee shirt.]

BW: Look at Mertz out here wearing white like he's some sort of innocent good guy... Gordo, I have it on good authority that he was trying to keep Michael Aarons down and ride HIS coattails to success!

GM: Good authority, huh? Would that happen to be Michael Aarons who told you that?

BW: He might've mentioned something over dinner.

[Mertz hops back and forth on each leg as he psyches himself up for the upcoming match before taking off in a sprint down the ramp. As he gets to the ring, he dives,

sliding head first under the bottom rope, immediately popping back up in the middle of the ring and raising his arms to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: This one has been some time in the making, ever since Michael Aarons turned on his partner at SuperClash, costing them the AWA World Tag Team Titles for a third time, and more, importantly costing them their friendship.

BW: Their friendship? Please Cody Mertz has lived off Michael Aarons for too long! He wanted this match and he'll soon learn to regret that! In fact, he's going to have 30 long days to think about what he's done!

GM: Somebody will, that's for sure.

[As the Macklemore song fades, "My Type" from Saint Motel begins to play, immediately changing the mood of the crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... he hails from Carson City, Nevada... weighing in at 225 pounds...

MIIIIIIIIICHAELLLLL AAAAAAARONNNNNS!

[The crowd erupts in jeers for the announcement.]

GM: And here comes the other half of Air Strike, the man who betrayed his partner, and a man some would say is the hottest new singles star to this roster in quite some time.

BW: And the ones who don't say it are either jealous or wrong!

[Walking out from the back, standing directly under the X, comes Michael Aarons. A huge smirk plastered on his face, he makes his own X symbol with his arms before he begins to gyrate under the display to the beat of his own entrance music.]

GM: Never at a loss for confidence nowadays, is he?

BW: Why should he be, Gordo? He knows what he's capable of now. For years, he thought he was only good as part of Air Strike with Mertz but Mertz' injury last year sent Aarons on a quest to find himself. He wrestled in Europe. He wrestled in Japan. And he found out that he wasn't just part of that team... he was the STAR of that team!

GM: I thought they BOTH were the stars of that team.

BW: That's what Cody Mertz wants you to think.

[Aarons begins to strut out from under the X as he makes his way down the ramp, stopping to dance every now, flirting with the women and infuriating the rest. He is wearing a black leather sleeveless vest with long purple tights with gold geometric shapes designed all over the tights.]

GM: Aarons had some success recently in a Battle Royal... an outing he thinks is a sneak preview of what he'll do in the Rumble here tonight... IF he makes it. Remember, the winner of this one gets the #30 spot in the Rumble... the loser? They're not even in it at all!

BW: They're going home until the end of June, daddy! No wrestling anywhere in the world for them!

GM: The stakes are certainly high in this one, fans.

[Still shimmying and shaking, Aarons finally gets to the ring, walking around it to the far side where he approaches the timekeeper's table where Rebecca Ortiz has taken a seat. A smug smile on his face, Aarons walks up to Ortiz...]

MA: This one's for you, Becky!

[He starts gyrating his hips wildly as Ortiz grimaces, averting her eyes.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Oh yeah! Shake that thang for the womenfolk!

GM: And it's plainly obvious that Rebecca Ortiz wants no part of this vulgar display by Aarons and-

[The camera is on Aarons as the crowd starts to pick up in volume, getting incredibly loud just before Aarons pitches violently forward, falling into the ringside barricade thanks to a Cody Mertz baseball slide!]

GM: MERTZ ON THE MOVE AND DOWN GOES AARONS!

BW: Hey! This match hasn't even started yet!

GM: The bell hasn't rung but I think it's definitely started, Bucky!

[Mertz grabs his former partner, shoving him back against the ringside railing, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Overhead chop down across the chest of Mertz!

[Aarons stumbles away alongside the railing, the crowd still cheering as Mertz pursues his former partner. He grabs him by the sleeveless vest, jerking him back against the railing again, pulling the vest off his shoulder...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Another hard chop by Mertz and Aarons is reeling early on, fans!

[Aarons stumbles away from Mertz again but Cody is right behind him, grabbing him by the hair as Aarons falls against the ring apron. Mertz pulls his head back...]

BW: Not the fact! Watch the fa-

[...and SLAMS him facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Aarons grabs at the bridge of his nose as he staggers away again, the crowd continuing to cheer the fired-up Mertz.]

BW: Look, I understand that Mertz is angry, Gordo, but that could've been VERY costly for Michael Aarons! You know he's got a GQ cover shoot tomorrow, right?

GM: He does not!

BW: That's what I heard!

GM: From him!

BW: Irrelevant!

[Mertz grabs his former partner by the back of the tights, tossing him under the ropes into the ring as referee Andy Dawson waves for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

BW: What?! The man is down and being attacked and you’re ringing the bell?! What kind of referee does that?!

GM: This one sure did as Andy Dawson starts us off. Both members - former members, I should say - of Air Strike are back inside the ring now.

[Aarons gets to his feet, stumbling across the ring towards the ropes as Mertz follows in on him...

...and gets a boot to the gut!]

GM: Oh! Aarons goes downstairs, looking to turn this thing around.

[Grabbing Mertz by the arm, Aarons turns to whip him across the ring.]

GM: Irish whip by- no, reversed by Mertz!

[The whip sends Aarons bouncing back as Mertz dives at his feet, causing Aarons to hurdle over him. The second rebound sees Mertz leapfrog over him.]

GM: Up and over goes Mertz this time... Aarons off the far side...

[And a standing dropkick takes Aarons off his feet, putting him down on the canvas where he quickly scrambles up...]

GM: Aarons gets dropped with that dropkick but he’s right back up... and another one takes him down a second time!

[The duo of dropkicks has Aarons dazed as he scrambles back up to his feet again where Mertz is waiting with a third dropkick that puts Aarons down on the mat and sends him rolling out to the floor.]

GM: Three big dropkicks by Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons is in desperate need of a breather, fans.

[Out on the floor, Aarons sits on the barely-padded concrete for a moment, catching his breath as Mertz stomps around the ring, shouting “COME ON!” to the already-cheering Chicago fans who grow louder at the exultation.]

GM: Mertz is fired up! And Aarons looks like someone threw a bucket of cold water on his chances of being #30 tonight in the Rumble! A lot at stake in that Rumble, fans. Of course, the winner gets a future shot at Jack Lynch or Johnny Detson or whoever the World Champion might be.

BW: And don’t forget the added bonus now. A quarter of a million dollars to whoever takes the stupid mask off that stupid Masked Outlaw’s stupid face!

GM: The bounty has been placed by Javier Castillo and Johnny Detson and it certainly brings a new element to the Rumble, Bucky.

BW: That's right. A lot of guys are gonna see that Masked Outlaw in there and take their chances with him with that much at stake.

[Aarons peels himself up off the floor, taking a walk around the ringside area as Mertz continues to pace inside the ring, eager to get his hands on his former partner and friend again.]

GM: Aarons pulls himself up on the apron as the referee counts...

[Mertz walks over towards Aarons who pulls back, shaking his head as the referee steps in, blocking Mertz.]

GM: Aarons saying he won't get in unless the referee gets Mertz back and so the official obliges...

[Aarons shouts "keep him back! Keep him back!" as he finally steps back into the ring... which is when Mertz brushes the official aside, rushing Aarons with a flurry of haymakers in the corner!]

GM: Right hands! Right hands by Cody Mertz! He's lighting up Aarons with those!

[Aarons tries to cover up from the blows to the head when Mertz grabs an arm, whipping him across the ring to the far corner...]

GM: Aarons hits the corner... staggering out now...

[Mertz ducks down, doubling up as he elevates Aarons into the air, throwing him down with a big backdrop!]

GM: Aarons goes HIIIIIGH into the rafters with that one, fans!

BW: This is ridiculous, Gordo! It's like a damn mugging!

[With Aarons down and reeling, Mertz gets a slight running start, leaping up to drop his near 200 pound frame down in a senton.]

GM: Backsplash by Mertz - quick cover!

[A two count follows before Aarons slips a shoulder up in time.]

GM: Two count only there... and oh my!

[The crowd ROARS as Mertz swings a leg over Aarons, grabbing him by the hair and pistoning his punches into the skull of his former friend!]

GM: Mertz pounding away on Aarons and Chicago loves it!

BW: Who gives a damn what Chicago loves?! Those are illegal closed fists, ref! Do your job in there!

[The referee does protest the blows, forcing Mertz to break it off at the count of four. Mertz climbs to his feet, shaking his own hand as he stomps around the ring angrily.]

GM: Mertz might've hurt his own hand there punching Aarons.

BW: Good! Serves him right!

[Aarons slowly pulls himself off the mat as Mertz moves in, winding up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: Knife edge chop by Mertz... and Aarons goes falling back against the ropes.

[Mertz follows him in, winding up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: Another chop! Mertz again taking it to his former partner...

[He grabs Aarons by the arm, whipping him across the ring.]

GM: Backdr- no, leapfrogged by Aarons!

[Aarons whips around, grabbing his former friend by the hair, and YANKS him back, sending the back of Mertz’ head BOUNCING off the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Oh my! A timely counter by Michael Aarons and... wow!

BW: Did you see Mertz’ head bounce off the mat?!

GM: I certainly did... and look how proud Michael Aarons is of himself, fans.

[Aarons smirks, sauntering around the ring a bit, enjoying the boos of the Chicago fans. He blows a kiss to them, getting even more boos.]

BW: Listen to these fans, Gordo! They love Michael Aarons here in Chicago!

GM: Love him? Are you hearing things? They’re booing him out of the building practically!

BW: Eh, it’s a thin line between love and hate.

[Aarons works his way back towards Mertz, stomping him a few times before he pulls him to his feet.]

GM: That one move by Aarons completely turns this around and... wham! Big chop by Aarons now!

[Pushing Mertz back into the corner, Aarons squares up, throwing a left jab... and another... and a third... and then a big right uppercut snaps Mertz’ head back before causing him to slump down to a seated position in the buckles.]

BW: Hah! And Michael Aarons just showed Mertz he’s not the only one who can throw a punch, daddy!

GM: Oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Aarons plants his boot on Mertz’ throat, pushing down as he hangs off the ropes for extra leverage.]

GM: That’s a choke, referee!

[Dawson recognizes it, starting an immediate count that reaches four before Aarons backs off, raising his hands as he walks out to the middle of the ring, again getting booed by the crowd.]

GM: Aarons getting an earful from these fans but he doesn't quite seem to care, Bucky. Long gone are the days when Michael Aarons as part of Air Strike was one of the most popular competitors on the roster.

BW: That's right, Gordo. He DOESN'T care... because what does that get him, huh? What DID that get him? He was second banana to an inferior wrestler in Cody Mertz!

GM: They were tag champions, Bucky! Here... in Japan... they were arguably the greatest tag team in AWA history!

BW: A SHARED spotlight every night. And Michael Aarons is too good to share his spotlight with ANYONE, Gordo!

[Aarons moves back in on Mertz who has pulled himself to his feet in the corner.]

GM: Aarons on the attack... another big right hand... and a second!

[Grabbing the arm, Aarons whips Mertz across the ring to the far corner where Mertz hits the buckles. Aarons comes charging in after him, building up speed...

...and runs RIGHT into a raised boot from Mertz to big cheers!]

GM: Ohhh! Mertz caught him coming in... and now he's looking to build off that!

[Mertz hops up to the midbuckle, giving a shout to the fans as he leaps off, snatching a headscissors, and flips Aarons over to the mat with a rana!]

GM: What a maneuver out of Mertz and he turns it around again!

BW: Back and forth this one is going so far, Gordo. It may come down to who can string together a few big moves and get the win.

[Aarons scrambles off the mat as Mertz moves in on him, pushing him to the ropes where he whips him across...

...but Aarons reverses it!]

GM: Aarons with the reversal, Mertz to the far side and...

[Rebounding back, Mertz ducks under a back elbow attempt by his former friend, leaping up to the middle rope, and springing back into a crossbody that takes Aarons off his feet to cheers!]

GM: ...and another reversal! These two very evenly matched so far!

[A two count comes off the crossbody before Aarons kicks out, sending Mertz right back to his feet, grabbing the rising Aarons.]

GM: Scoop and a slam by Mertz, right down by the ropes...

[Mertz grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the ropes to the apron. He pauses a moment, giving a salute to the crowd before he slingshots back over, dropping a leg down across Aarons' throat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Slingshot legdrop and a beauty by Cody Mertz!

[Sitting on the mat, Mertz signals to the referee to count, earning another two count before Aarons escapes.]

GM: Another two count there for Mertz, Aarons reeling from the impact of that one.

[Aarons rolls under the ropes to the apron, breathing heavily as he tries to get back to his feet...

...which is when Mertz sprints alongside the ropes, leaping into the air, snatching his former friend's head between his legs, swinging himself over the ropes as well, and SNAPS them both off the apron and down to the floor with a hurricanrana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! WHAT A MOVE OUT OF CODY MERTZ! Both men go down HARD on the floor, fans!

BW: A dangerous move by Mertz... a lot of risk in that but it looks like it paid off for now!

GM: High risk offense by Cody Mertz, learned in his early days down in El Paso when he worked in that lucha libre environment. Later, he'd come to train in the Combat Corner... and even spent more time there last year when recovering from his injuries, but he's never forsaken elements of that high-paced, high risk lucha style, Bucky.

BW: I just wish he'd wear the mask like those lucha guys do.

GM: Why's that?

BW: So I don't have to look at his ugly face.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Dragging himself off the floor, a banged-up Mertz pulls his former friend up, shooting him under the ropes back into the ring.]

GM: And Mertz puts him right back in. He's got that offense where he goes from the ring to the floor but Mertz wants to win this in the ring. He wants to pin or submit his former partner where all can say and show him who the better man truly is.

[Mertz pulls himself up on the apron, looking in at Aarons who pushes up onto all fours...

...and with a nod, Mertz slingshots himself over the top rope, and DRIVES both knees down into the spine of Aarons!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Mertz flips Aarons over onto his back, snatching a leg in a pin attempt.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Aarons again slips out, breaking up the pin cover.]

GM: Two count only for Mertz! What a spectacular move that was though... and that's going to do some damage to the back of Michael Aarons for sure!

BW: The hard fall to the floor... the slingshot knees right there. Aarons' back has gotta be screaming in pain at the moment and this is Cody Mertz' chance to try to take advantage of it.

GM: Mertz to his feet now... moving towards Aarons who is crawling, trying to create some space between himself and his former partner...

[Mertz grabs the back of Aarons' tights, hauling him to his feet alongside Mertz who hooks him, lifts him, and drops him with a leaping back suplex!]

GM: Ohhh! A whole lotta impact right there... and another cover... and another two count for Mertz!

[Mertz claps his hands together as he rises this time, showing a little frustration as he does a quick lap around the ring, figuring out his next move as Aarons again crawls across the ring, flinging his torso down between the top and middle ropes.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Mertz eyes Aarons in a vulnerable position, swinging his arm around with a nod. The crowd cheers as Mertz dashes to the ropes, rebounding back at high speed...]

GM: Mertz looking for that Tiger Kick and-

[As he comes back, the El Paso native leaps up between the top and middle ropes, grabbing the ropes to stop his momentum, swinging his legs back...

...as Aarons pushes off the ropes, sets his feet, and STRIKES!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: SAY GOODNIGHT TO THE DAYLIGHT!

[A powerful superkick snaps between the ropes, catching the spinning Mertz in mid-move, causing him to let go of the ropes and take a nasty fall to the floor!]

GM: Good grief! Aarons kicked him RIGHT in the mouth and Mertz dropped... he might be hurt out there, fans! That was an absolutely devastating counter and-

BW: And I'm pretty sure Aarons lured him in on that, Gordo. He put himself in PERFECT position for that move, knowing Mertz wouldn't be able to resist it... and then WHAMMO! He nailed him with that superkick!

[A smirking Aarons leans against the ropes, tapping his temple to jeers from the Chicago crowd as he looks out on the floor where referee Andy Dawson is kneeling next to Mertz, checking to see if he can continue.]

GM: A hard fall to the floor for Cody Mertz and the referee is making sure he can go on in this one.

BW: He should call it a night. Call it a night, pack it up, and hit the road for 30 days while Michael Aarons steals the show in tonight's Rumble!

[Aarons steps out on the apron, looking down on the hurting Mertz as the referee rises, waving for the match to continue. The Carson City native shakes his head at Mertz...]

"Ya never learn, Cee Dee."

[Aarons hops off the apron as the referee slides back in, watching as Aarons makes his way over to his downed partner.]

GM: Big stomp across the chest... and another!

[With Mertz reeling in pain on the thin ringside mats, Aarons drags him up by the hair, walking him towards the apron...]

GM: Facefirst into the apron!

[Mertz slumps over the apron as Aarons sneers at the jeering crowd...]

"You're welcome!"

[...and then SLAMS Mertz' face into the apron a second time!]

GM: Aarons taking advantage of Cody Mertz' weakened state out here on the floor.

[He shoves Mertz under the ropes, climbing back up on the apron as the referee warns him to keep the action inside the ring.]

GM: With Cody Mertz down on the mat, Aarons steps back inside the ring as well... measures his man...

[A big running elbowdrop finds the mark on Mertz...

...and Aarons stays like that, resting his head on his fist as he waves to the official.]

GM: The referee with the count...

[A two count lands before Mertz lifts the shoulder with relative ease.]

GM: Two count only thanks to the lackadaisical cover by Michael Aarons.

BW: I'll agree with you there...

GM: Well, I would think-

BW: ...it was only a two count.

GM: Unbelievable.

[Aarons climbs back to his feet, looking down on the prone Mertz. He pulls him off the mat by the hair, lifting him right up into a bodyslam...

...and then walks to the corner, hanging him by his feet from the top turnbuckle, dangling Mertz back in the Tree of Woe.]

GM: Mertz gets hung upside down and he's helpless there, Bucky.

BW: He sure is! Aarons has got him right where he wants him!

[Mertz tries to sit up a couple of times, trying to get himself free as Aarons backs across the ring...]

GM: Mertz is trying to get loose and...

[Aarons charges across the ring, leaping into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DROPKICK ON THE MONEY!

[A smirking Aarons yanks Mertz down, applying another cover.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- no! Just a two!

[This time, Aarons seems a little agitated, barking at the official as he glares at him.]

BW: Obvious slow count. I totally agree with you, Michael.

GM: The count looked good to me.

BW: With those glasses you've got in, half the people in this crowd probably look good to you too... and believe me, a bunch of 'em need to learn that the four food groups aren't pizza, sausage, beer, and those beef sandwiches.

[With Mertz laid out on the mat, Aarons gets back to his feet again, backing to the corner where he hops up on the midbuckle, beckoning his former friend to get to his feet...]

GM: Aarons is perched up there on the second rope... Mertz struggling to get back to his feet...

[But as the El Paso native gets there, his former partner leaps off the ropes, snatching his head as he flips over him, driving the back of his skull into the canvas with a flipping neckbreaker!]

GM: OHHHH! That might do it, fans!

[Aarons seems to agree, waving his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he dives across Mertz' body.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kickout! Kickout! Cody Mertz gets the shoulder up in time!

BW: What?! That was DEFINITELY a slow count!

[Aarons is instantly back on his feet, reading referee Andy Dawson the riot act about the speed of the count. The referee backpedals, holding up two fingers as Aarons grabs at his own head, letting loose a frustrated shout.]

GM: Aarons thought he had him but no dice!

[Aarons spins back towards Mertz, marching towards him as the fan favorite struggles to get up off the canvas. Aarons shoves him back into the corner, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Knife edge chop by Aarons and you could hear that one down in the bleachers at Wrigley!

BW: I heard you were down there this week with those bums!

GM: It's always a good time when the Giants get beat, Bucky.

[Aarons lands a second chop before grabbing his former partner by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip to the corner..

[But as Mertz approaches, he extends his arms, pushing himself up into the air as his partner runs in after him and SLAMS chestfirst into the corner to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: HE MISSED! AARONS MISSED THE MARK!

[Aarons stumbles backwards as Mertz sets his feet, leaps up, snatches a headscissors, and SPIKES Aarons headfirst into the canvas with a reverse rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! MICHAEL AARONS JUST GOT _DRIVEN_ INTO THE CANVAS BY THAT MOVE FROM MERTZ! HE MIGHT BE OUT!

[But with Mertz banged up from Aarons' offense earlier, Mertz is down on the mat too, unable to take advantage of his spectacular move right away.]

GM: Both men are down! Both men are hurting! Both men are trying to win that #30 spot in tonight's Rumble and to avoid being sent packing for a month! But who can get up first, Bucky? Who can find the guts to get up and keep fighting?!

BW: Michael Aarons. Duh.

GM: Glad you gave it some thought.

[Mertz rolls over onto his back, chest heaving as he struggles to sit up, sliding his elbows under him to prop him up. The crowd is roaring, imploring him to keep going as he slips a leg under him, taking a knee... throwing a glance at Aarons who is near the ropes, trying to turn himself over...]

GM: Mertz might still have a chance! He needs to make the cover! He needs to-

[Mertz makes a dive to cover Aarons...

...but Aarons manages to turn over, rolling under the ropes to the apron before Mertz can get there. The fans jeer the narrow escape as Mertz grabs at his hair, groaning in frustration!]

GM: He couldn't get there in time! Aarons escapes to the apron... and Mertz pushing himself to his feet now, looking to capitalize on Aarons being down.

[Back standing, Mertz reaches over the top rope, dragging a struggling Aarons back to his feet...

...which is when Aarons sticks a thumb in Mertz' eye!]

GM: Oh! Come on!

BW: Gets 'em every time!

[Mertz stumbles back, rubbing at his eye as Aarons quickly turns to climb the turnbuckles. He steps up to the second rope, getting one foot up top...]

GM: Aarons is making the climb! Trying to take advantage of his cheap shot and...

[With Aarons almost to the top, Mertz rushes the corner, leaping high into the air, snaring his former friend's head between his legs once more...

...and SNAPS off another rana, throwing Aarons halfway across the ring where he BOUNCES off the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MERTZ EXPRESS! MERTZ EXPRESS!

[Mertz flips over onto all fours, crawling quickly across the ring, diving across the prone Aarons!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP!

[Mertz rolls off Aarons, again grabbing at his head in frustration.]

GM: He thought he had him, fans! Cody Mertz thought he had him there and-

[The crowd begins to buzz at the sight of someone running down the aisle.]

GM: What the...?! What the heck is HE doing here?!

BW: I don't know.

[The jeers get louder as Chaz (or is it Chet?) Wallace leaps up on the apron, leaning over the top rope, shouting at the referee. The official pulls away from Mertz and Aarons, turning his attention to the inbound Wallace twin.]

GM: One of the Wallaces is up on the apron and... he's arguing with the referee about something...

[Mertz gets to his feet, hands on his hips as he stares at the conflict.]

GM: What is this all about? What business does he have out here, Bucky?

BW: I told you, I don't know!

[But as one Wallace gets the referee's attention on him, we spot the other Wallace suddenly appear on the other side of the ring, sliding headfirst under the bottom rope...]

GM: The other one's in the ring! Where the heck did HE come from?!

[He stands behind Mertz, fingers wiggling with anticipation as Mertz leans down, dragging Michael Aarons to his feet...

...and Aarons shoves Mertz backwards, sending him towards the Wallace who leaps up, snapping his feet into the back of Mertz' head!]

GM: DROPKICK!

[The blow sends Mertz falling back the other way towards Aarons who buries a kick in the gut, hooking an inverted facelock as one Wallace bails from the ring...]

GM: Wait! Not like this! Not like-

[...and the other drops to the floor as Aarons turns quickly and DRIVES Mertz facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! SHATTERSHOT!

[Aarons dives across Mertz, wrapping up both legs as he rolls into a back press, the confused referee dropping down to count!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: HE GOT HIM! AARONS IS NUMBER THIRTY!

[Aarons rolls off Mertz at the sound of the bell, thrusting his arms up into the air as the crowd jeers loudly. A moment later, both Wallaces are in the ring, embracing Aarons and pulling him up to his feet.]

GM: And there are the American Idols in there with Michael Aarons and... well, it's obvious that this was a damn plan all along, Bucky.

BW: I love it when a plan comes together!

[The jeers intensify as Aarons and the Wallaces stand triumphant over Mertz, arms raised in victory.]

GM: Well, fans... we may not like it but Michael Aarons has won this match which means he'll enter tonight's Rumble at number 30 and... unfortunately, it also means that Cody Mertz will now be suspended for 30 days from wrestling anywhere in the world.

BW: See ya, Cee Dee! Maybe you can take a nice long trip somewhere and think about all your mistakes in life!

GM: The only mistake that Cody Mertz made was taking his eye off Michael Aarons when those Wallaces showed up at ringside, Bucky. Cody had this match well in hand until that point and...

[The trio exits the ring, taunting the fans and waving "bye bye" to Mertz in the ring as they back down the aisle.]

GM: I've seen enough of this. Let's go backstage where I'm told we have a very special guest standing by!

[Cut to the back in front of an AWA backdrop where "Sweet" Loud Blackwell stands with microphone in hand, motioning in someone from his side.]

SLB: An exciting start to what is likely to be a thrilling night here in Chicago at Memorial Day Mayhem, fans. And right now, I want to introduce you to my guest at this time. He is one of AWA's newest signed stars, from Louisville, Kentucky and one of the first second generation wrestlers from an AWA Original... Landon Grant!

[The camera pans out to show a young man, probably early to mid-20s, standing over Blackwell. His face shows his youth, but it also definitely shows a resemblance to an AWA star from yesteryear.]

Grant wears a pair of dark blue jeans, large silver horse buckled belt, and a vivid red crimson based plaid button down tucked into his jeans. He also sports a black sports coat that looks like someone just threw on him.]

SLB: Allow me to be the first to say... welcome to AWA and welcome on this momentous night in AWA history!

LG: Thank you, Mister Blackwell - this is one HUGE honor for me to even be walkin' these halls here, especially on an event like tonight!

SLB: I see you even dressed for the occasion.

[Blackwell smirks at this newcomer's attempt to dress up. But Grant takes the jab in stride, flashing a winking smile.]

LG: Heh, I'll be the first to admit I ain't a suit wearing type. But Mister Blackwell, I didn't make my way to these here halls by dressing fancy-

SLB: Just like your father-

[Grant puts a hand up, stopping Blackwell's next thought.]

LG: Honest to God, Mister Blackwell? I ain't done a thing to deserve taking another man's spot in that Rumble or to take a match on this show. Shoot, just talkin' right now, I feel I ain't earned the right-

[Grant shakes his head and wags his right index finger.]

LG: Check that, I know I ain't earned any rights here. None! To you? To those men gettin' ready to lay their heart and lives out on the line to tonight? And to all the fans? Shoot, right now I ain't more than dirt. But that's okay. That's where I am and should be and all I am.

[The smile wears away from Grant's face.]

LG: And Mister Blackwell, my pop? He told and trained me for everything I need to know walkin' these halls and competing in that there ring.

[Grant points off to the distance.]

LG: My dad, the man you all know as City Jack, he paved my way here and I won't deny that. His crew, his friends, and yes, his connections built me up, trained me, and pushed me to where I stand now, a member of the AWA locker room. I will never deny that, ever! Because as long as I take in a breath, I will say how proud I am of who I am and what wrestling brought to me!

[Grant steps back, catching himself a little, and looks on at Blackwell with a smirk before leaning back into the mic.]

LG: But like I said, I ain't deserved the seconds I already took tonight and the way I intend it? I'll have lots of time to fill you all in on me, Landon Grant.

[A figure appears suddenly, from off-camera, on the opposite side of Sweet Lou. Grant immediately stiffens, his fists clenching at his sides at the sight of the man in question. Former World Heavyweight Champion "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne is already dressed for his match later on with Max Magnum, but he seems to be taking a keen interest in the young man before him.]

CD: Sorry to interrupt... ah hell, what am I saying, I'm not sorry. I was just walking by on my way to dismantle Stevie Scott's new toy and I thought I might have misheard... did you say your name was _Grant?_

[The young man says nothing, but stares coldly at Dufresne.]

CD: Something wrong with his ears, Lou?

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Calisto Dufresne... this is Landon Grant, the son of your former archrival, City Jack!

[A sly smirk passes across Dufresne's face.]

CD: So his ears DO work. So do his eyes, apparently. Not quite a spitting image of your old man then, eh, kid?

[Grant looks like he may come across Blackwell and make things easier for Max Magnum later tonight but Dufresne puts a hand up and smiles.]

CD: Easy, tiger, I'm not here to pick up where me and Jack left off. How's he doing anyway?

[The young man says nothing.]

CD: I have this effect on people. Well, anyway... tell your old man I said hi, and not to worry about any of these vets picking on you.

[A wink.]

CD: Calisto Dufresne will keep an eye out for you.

[With that, Dufresne turns on his heel and walks off camera as Landon Grant seethes and Blackwell simply shakes his head.]

SLB: Calisto Dufresne may be hearing the cheers of the fans these days... but it appears he has a soft spot for some of his misdeeds of the past. Landon Grant... welcome to the AWA, young man... and best of luck to you.

[Grant nods, taking an offered handshake from Blackwell, his eyes still drifting to where Calisto Dufresne made his exit...]

...and we cut to a darkened room, a mere silhouette. You can probably guess by now that this would be Madame X. She speaks, her voice still distorted.]

MX: Well done, Ayako. You not only beat my protege, but you demonstrated that killer instinct I know you have. Miyuki would be so proud.

But she would still be disappointed, in that you let your guard down long enough for me to strike.

Oh, you fought well. You took advantage of an opening, had me down, almost had me revealed to the world.

Once again, though, you let your guard down long enough for me to strike again.

[There's a brief moment of silence.]

MX: But you did beat my protege -- and, so, you get another chance against me.

For the past few months, Ayako, I have taught you to be focused on your objective -- that was, at one point, the Women's Title -- a prize for which I would never have lost my focus.

But you did, long enough for someone to strike. And that's why I came to the AWA -- to get you to understand focus.

I hope you are focused for tonight, Ayako. I really do. Because I promise you, you won't be facing my protege tonight. You will get me, the real Madame X.

And this time, I won't hold back, Ayako. I will show you my full hand, every move I know, every tactic I utilize, every method to my approach, that will be the final clues as to my true identity.

You have already been provided a few clues, Ayako. Tonight, you get the rest.

And if you should beat me tonight, I promise you no more tricks. I will reveal to everyone who I really am.

[Another moment of silence.]

MX: But if not, Ayako, there will be no more clues for you. The only thing you'll get is disappointment.

And I know Miyuki will not expect disappointment.

So show me, Ayako -- show me that you are focused. Because I can promise you who will be focused, not only on the task tonight, but the task that lies ahead -- the pursuit of the AWA Women's Championship.

That would be me.

[We fade from the mystery woman...

...and up to another shot backstage, where we see "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing by with Ayako Fujiwara. The Olympic gold medalist is dressed in her wrestling attire, a sleek, sleeveless black catsuit with a corset-like top tied together with red string, fingerless elbow-length gloves, an elaborate gold embroidered belt sash, and knee-high boots.]

SLB: Ladies and gentleman, I have with me now, a young lady that's had all sorts of trouble with her opponent tonight, the mysterious Madame X. I'd like to welcome, Ayako Fujiwara!

[Ayako gives the slightest of bows to Lou.]

Ayako: Thank you, Blackwell-san.

SLB: Ayako, we saw Madame X attack you on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling and it looked like she managed to injure you. When I asked Dr. Ponavitch about your condition...

[Ayako cuts him off.]

Ayako: I know what you are about to ask and no, my knee is not 100%.

[She makes a determined look on her face.]

Ayako: But it is well enough. It will not stop me from defeating Madame X.

[She brushes the hair from her eyes.]

Ayako: For months now, Madame X has used the mystery of her identity to keep herself one step ahead of me. She has used it as a distraction, a diversion and used my obsession with removing the mask from her face to leave me vulnerable to her.

[Ayako shakes her head.]

Ayako: She even sacrificed her own student to me in order to give herself an opportunity to attack me. And like a fool, I didn't see it. I became consumed in my anger and frustration at Madame X and Donna Martinelli paid the price for it.

[She stares right into the camera with a remorseful look on her face.]

Ayako: I am sorry, Donna. For what I have done to you...

[The expression on her face hardens.]

Ayako: ...and what I am about to do to your master.

I do not know who you are, Madame X. But it doesn't matter. I know enough. I know you are vile. Wicked. EVIL. And I know that you deserve every single bit of the pain and punishment I plan to put you through inside that ring tonight.

[Ayako turns to the camera, speaking directly to Madame X now.]

Ayako: Madame X! I may not know your identity, but tonight, you will surely know mine!

I am Ayako Fujiwara! The best wrestler you will have ever faced inside a wrestling ring! I will suplex you. I will torture you. I will put you through the hell you have put me through. And I will defeat you.

I will make sure your identity becomes irrelevant. Because after I am done with you, you will be nothing more...

...than a faded memory.

[Ayako turns to Lou with a focused look on her face and once again gives him the slightest of bows, before turning and walking off towards battle.]

SLB: A quite determined Ayako Fujiwara ready to show the world that she means business tonight in the Windy City! Let's go the ring!

[We fade from the grinning Blackwell to a panning shot of the sold-out Allstate Arena crowd that is seen for a few moments before Rebecca Ortiz begins to speak again.]

RO: The following Women's Division contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first... she hails from Parts Unknown... she has refused to weigh in for tonight's contest...

She is...

MAAAAAADAAAAAME X!

[There's no music, no fanfare, as the masked woman known only as Madame X walks down the aisle. She is dressed all in black, from her mask to her bodysuit to

her wrestling boots. She keeps a steady pace on her way down the aisle, the fans booing.]

GM: This mysterious woman has been taunting Ayako Fujiwara with her presence, all while saying she's trying to teach Ayako focus. Tonight, maybe we'll find out who this woman really is.

BW: Or maybe it's Donna Martinelli under the mask again.

GM: Actually, Bucky, I can confirm that Donna Martinelli is in the building tonight. In fact, that was a condition that Javier Castillo made contingent upon making the match official, and he has made clear that Martinelli is not allowed to come to the ring.

BW: And you can confirm that she's in the back?

GM: I have been informed that she is - maybe we can get a camera back there.

[A shot cuts to the back, showing Martinelli standing before a monitor, nervously looking at the image on the screen.]

BW: Well, I guess that confirms it, Gordo.

[Meanwhile, Madame X has reached ringside and climbs onto the apron, then steps between the ropes. She walks to a corner of the ring and stands there, turning toward the aisle.]

GM: So perhaps we'll find out who is the woman behind the mask tonight.

BW: That is, if Ayako can beat her. And given how Madame X has been two steps ahead of her for months now, I doubt she can!

[Madame X stands, waiting for her opponent as Rebecca Ortiz begins again.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd her opponent...

[There's a very loud roar of cheers as the lights go out and "The Cyborg Fights" by Makoto Miyazaki plays. The roar grows even larger once the crowd sees Ayako Fujiwara emerging from behind the curtains, dressed in an elaborate purple Susohiki-style kimono with plum flowers and momiji patterns, emerging from behind the curtains with her arms spread wide apart. She stops at the top of the aisle and lower her head momentarily to soak in the crowd's reaction, before lowering her arms and making her way down to the ring with a noticeable hitch in her step.]

RO: From Fujinomiya, Shizuoka Prefecture, Japan... weighing in at 73 Kilograms... she is a former Olympic Gold Medalist...

AYAAAAKOOOOO FUJIWARRRRRRRA!

[Stopping as she reaches the ring, Ayako grabs the edge of the apron with both hands and bows deeply, before sliding in under the bottom rope. As she pops up to her feet, Ayako lifts her arms into the air and is suddenly bombarded by red and white streamers from all sides by the ringside fans!

As the ring attendants clear out the streamers from the ring, Fujiwara removes her kimono, revealing a powerfully built, thickly muscled body with broad shoulders, large thighs and an athletic frame. She is dressed in a sleek, sleeve-less black catsuit with a corset-like top tied together with red string, fingerless elbow-length gloves, an elaborate gold embroidered belt sash, and knee-high boots. Fujiwara

then interlaces her fingers and fixes her eyes on her opponent, calmly rotating her wrists in a way that can only be described as chilling.]

GM: A very determined-looking Ayako Fujiwara, who hopes to vanquish Madame X here tonight, once and for all.

BW: I'd usually say she's got a chance, but did you see how she was limping? Did you notice she didn't do her usual spin when they threw those streamers? I think that figure-four around the ringpost that Madame X gave her, left her with a bum leg!

[Fujiwara stands in the corner, staring across the ring as referee Shari Miranda moves swiftly to speak to both competitors...

...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[The Olympic gold medalist goes tearing across the ring at the sound of the bell, making a lunge to secure a double leg takedown but the masked woman flattens out, stuffing the takedown attempt, wrapping her arms around Fujiwara's torso.]

BW: An Olympic gold medalist just got her takedown STUFFED, Gordo... and there ain't a lot of women in the world who can do that.

GM: Possibly a clue to the identity of the mysterious Madame X... rolls through...

[The masked woman rolls to her side, taking Fujiwara with her as she rolls all the way over to the same position before sitting out, snatching a seated front facelock, cranking up on the neck.]

GM: Fujiwara needs to be careful here, that hold is quite close to a guillotine choke and-

[Fujiwara slides her legs under her, pushing off to flip over Madame X, pulling herself free of the hold, landing on her feet. She whips around, making a lunge at Madame X who is quick to get up... but not THAT quick as Fujiwara muscles her up into the air, swings her around, and flings her down to the canvas with a thunderous slam!]

GM: OH MY!

[Fujiwara is right back up, giving her leg a quick shakeout before hooking the masked woman from behind as she gets up, snatching a waistlock that she again uses to lift Madame X into the air, throwing her down to the mat!]

GM: A second big takedown by Ayako!

[The Olympian gives a big roar as she circles a stunned Madame X...

...and then dives on top of her, trying to hook her fingers underneath the mask!]

GM: She's going for the mask, Bucky!

BW: What?! She can't do that!

GM: You tell her that!

[Madame X swings her arms up, struggling against a determined Ayako Fujiwara as referee Shari Miranda shouts at Fujiwara to let go of the mask...

...and let go of it she does as Madame X rolls out to the floor, gesturing angrily at the ring as she tugs her mask back into place. Fujiwara shouts something in Japanese at Miranda before brushing past her.]

GM: And Fujiwara's going out after Madame X!

[The masked woman spots an angry Fujiwara coming for her and decides to make a run for it, sprinting around the ring with the Olympic gold medalist in hot pursuit!]

GM: We've got ourselves a footrace on the floor!

[Madame X swings around the ringpost, holding about a half ring lead on a slightly-hobbled Fujiwara as she rolls back inside the ring, dashing to the ropes as Fujiwara slides in after her.]

GM: Madame X coming back strong and-

[Fujiwara leaps into the air, pumping a leg...

...and DRIVING her boot into the chest of Madame X, taking her off her feet and sending her rolling back across the ring!]

GM: OHHH! What a kick out of Fujiwara!

BW: But again, she grabs the knee afterwards, Gordo! How much damage was done to that knee on Saturday Night Wrestling?

[The Olympic gold medalist stomps towards the downed Madame X, pulling her off the mat to all fours...

...and then wraps her powerful arms around the masked woman's torso, lifting her up off the canvas!]

GM: PURE! POWER!

[Fujiwara holds Madame X in the gutwrench, walking around the ring her, continuing to show off that incredible strength...

...and then tosses her effortlessly across the ring with a released gutwrench suplex!]

GM: Fujiwara's incredible power on display here tonight in Chicago! And we don't know a lot about Madame X but you can take one look at her and know she can't match power with the Olympian!

BW: She's tall, Gordo... gotta be close to six feet. Maybe about a buck forty... buck fifty... but she's lean. Lean and mean.

GM: That's for sure.

[Fujiwara walks across the ring where Madame X is starting to stir, reaching around to cup her chin with one hand...

...and then hooks her fingers into the eyehole with the other, yanking up and back on the mask as the crowd roars!]

GM: And she's going after the mask again, fans!

BW: Fujiwara's focused on getting the mask off - maybe more than actually wrestling here tonight.

GM: It's hard to blame her for that, Bucky. Madame X has been haunting Ayako Fujiwara for months now and tonight, she's got a chance to solve this mystery and perhaps get this monkey off her back so she can get back to focusing on the Women's World Title which we'll see defended later tonight.

[Madame X whips an elbow back, catching Fujiwara on the side of the head. A second one causes her to release her grip on the mask, stumbling back as the masked woman tugs her mask back in place again. We can now see the eyehole however has been stretched out, revealing more skin underneath. She twists around, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Knife edge chop to the chest of Fujiwara!

BW: We still don't know who she is but we know she packs a wallop, Gordo.

GM: She certainly does and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: An overhand chip this time, finding the mark on Fujiwara. Ayako got distracted in going after the mask and-

[Madame X swoops in alongside Fujiwara, lifting her up off the canvas, spinning 90 degrees, and DROPS her down on the back of her head and neck with a ring-shaking backdrop suplex!]

GM: Back suplex perfectly executed! And that one might've rang Fujiwara's bell, fans!

[With the Olympic gold medalist laid out, Madame X leans across in a lateral press, not bothering to secure a leg as the referee makes a two count.]

GM: Two count only off the suplex. Whoever is under that mask, she looked pretty lax on that pin attempt, Bucky.

BW: I think she knew Fujiwara wasn't going to be beaten with it and it was just a check to see how much damage she's done.

[Back on her feet, Madame X drives a stomp down to the chest of Fujiwara... and a second one keeps her there as Madame X walks away, soaking up some jeers.]

GM: Madame X taking a little walk around the ring here... I'm not sure why as it allows Fujiwara to get back to her feet and...

[The masked woman circles right back to Fujiwara, slamming home a boot into the midsection, snatching a front facelock, slinging an arm over her neck, and immediately takes her up and over with a textbook snap suplex!]

GM: Madame X not wasting any time there with that suplex... one quick motion, no hesitation at all.

BW: Kinda how you might see Fujiwara do it when she's not preoccupied with pulling that mask off.

GM: I'd have to agree with that, yes.

[Dragging Fujiwara off the mat, Madame X shoves her back into the corner. The referee protests as she moves in, swinging a knee up into the midsection once... twice... three times before finally backing off at the referee's orders...

...and then walking right back in, grabbing Fujiwara by the wrist.]

GM: So much for listening to the official... big whip on the way...

[Fujiwara hits the buckles hard as Madame X drops to a knee from the exertion of the whip... and then charges right in after her!]

GM: Here she comes!

[But at the last moment, Fujiwara pulls herself clear as Madame X SLAMS chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Ohhh! Madame X hits the corner hard!

[Fujiwara swoops in behind her, snatching a rear waistlock...]

GM: She hooks her! Miss Germany gets those hooks in and-

[But before Fujiwara can even attempt a lift, Madame X slips her leg around Ayako's, blocking the effort.]

GM: Nice counter by-

[Fujiwara immediately gives up the waistlock, grabbing the bottom of the mask with both hands and pulling hard!]

GM: She's going for it again! She's going for that mask again!

[The crowd cheers loudly as Fujiwara manages to get the mask up over Madame X's chin!]

GM: She's gonna get it! Madame X is fighting it but-

[With Madame X now desperately trying to pull the mask back now, Fujiwara gives up her efforts to snatch the mask, reapplying the waistlock on a surprised Madame X...

...and DUMPS her on the back of her head with a German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MISS GERMANY STRIKES AND STRIKES HARD HERE IN THE WINDY CITY!

[Hanging onto the grip, Fujiwara rolls over, dragging Madame X back to her feet as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...]

GM: She's gonna do it again, fans! Fujiwara with the hands clasped and-

[For a second time, she lifts Madame X into the air, dropping her down on the back of her head and neck!]

GM: Make it two for Miss Germany!

BW: The Allstate Arena may be about to see something the United Center doesn't get to see much of these days with the pathetic Blackhawks getting swept in the first round, Gordo.

GM: What's that?

BW: A hat trick!

[With Madame X hanging limply from her arms, Fujiwara sets her feet, lifting her into the air for a third time and lets go...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RELEASED GERMAN! ALL IMPACT, NO BRIDGE!

[The masked woman is folded up on the canvas from the impact as Fujiwara stacks her up, leaning on the legs to pin her down to the canvas.]

GM: Fujiwara's got her down for one! She's got two! She's got- ohhh! Madame X kicks out at two and change!

BW: Well, we can add resiliency to the things we know about Madame X, Gordo. How many women would be able to kick out of THREE Fujiwara suplexes? Those are Olympic gold medal worthy and so is that kickout, daddy!

GM: It certainly is impressive, Bucky.

[Fujiwara gets to her feet, barking something in Japanese at referee Shari Miranda who looks puzzled and holds up two fingers.]

GM: I didn't know Shari Miranda speaks Japanese.

BW: I don't think she does, Gordo. But I think she had a hunch what's on Ayako Fujiwara's mind. She thought she had a three count there but Miranda's telling her she's wrong.

[With Madame X crawling to all fours, a steaming mad Fujiwara circles around her, ending up standing in front of her as Madame X straightens up, a little wobbly as she does. Fujiwara angrily extends a finger into her masked face, barking at her in Japanese.]

GM: Again with the Japanese. I'd love to be able to tell you what she's saying, fans, but she certainly seems upset.

[Fujiwara steps back, swinging her leg up for a big Spartan kick to the chest...

...but Madame X catches the kick, holding it for a moment...]

GM: Madame X catches the- OHHHHH!

[The crowd echoes Gordon as Madame X swiftly - and viciously - twists to the side, ripping and tearing at the knee of the Olympic gold medalist.]

GM: DRAGON SCREW LEGWHIP BY MADAME X!

[Fujiwara cries out, grabbing at her knee as she lies on the canvas, Madame X kneeling over her.]

BW: That was perfectly executed, Gordo! Fujiwara's knee just got tweaked, torqued, and shredded by Madame X!

[Madame X rises to her feet, looking down on Fujiwara who is rolling back and forth, clutching her knee in pain as the official checks in to see if she can continue.]

GM: Fujiwara obviously in a tremendous amount of pain after that legwhip and... Madame X isn't letting up!

[Grabbing the boot, Madame X extends Fujiwara's leg, holding it for stiff kicks to the knee as the crowd jeers.]

GM: The masked woman is all over her on the canvas, punishing that knee!

BW: And I'll tell ya something, Gordo. Ayako may be strong as an ox but if she can't stand, she can't throw people around like a sack of nothing!

GM: Absolutely right.

[Still holding the leg, Madame X whips it around in a spinning toehold and then drops down, sandwiching Fujiwara's knee between her own and the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! And now Madame X is showing us some technical expertise, working over that knee!

[Fujiwara sits up, grimacing in pain. She takes a wild swipe at Madame X who avoids it and then POPS her with a short forearm, knocking her right back down to the mat.]

GM: Tremendous torque on the knee as Madame X tries to rip it to pieces...

[Getting back to her feet, Madame X keeps her grip on the foot, sliding it under her armpit as she flips Fujiwara onto her stomach.]

GM: Half Boston Crab applied by Madame X, bending that knee at an awkward angle!

[Madame X continues to shift her footing, applying different angles of force so that Fujiwara can never settle into the pain in just one spot.]

GM: Fujiwara crawling at the mat, looking for a way out of this hold.

[The Olympic gold medalist stretches out her arm, looking to grab the bottom rope...

...but suddenly Madame X twists around the leg, dropping down to lock her arms around Fujiwara's face, pulling back on her head!]

GM: Whoa! STF locked in now! A smooth as silk transition from one hold to the next!

BW: She looks like Supreme Wright in there, Gordo!

[Fujiwara again cries out as her neck is pulled back awkwardly. Madame X hisses "QUIT!" through her mask as the referee leans in to check to see if the Olympic gold medalist wants to quit.]

GM: Fujiwara says no, trying to hang on!

[Madame X wrenches back harder on the neck, again hissing "QUIIIIIIT!" without raising the volume, an obvious attempt to keep her identity a secret. Fujiwara defiantly shakes her head no, making another lunge...

...and wrapping her hands around the bottom rope!]

GM: She gets to the ropes! Freedom for the Olympic gold medalist from this punishing hold!

BW: That's what you think!

GM: Madame X isn't breaking the hold, Bucky! She's hanging on!

[The crowd jeers as Shari Miranda shouts at her before starting a five count.]

GM: If she reaches five, Madame X will be disqualified!

[The count reaches four and change before Madame X lets go JUST before five, allowing Fujiwara to use the ropes to drag herself out onto the apron as the crowd jeers the questionable tactics of the mysterious masked woman.]

GM: Fujiwara finally gets free... and goes right out on the apron, trying to catch a breather from the punishment her knee has been put through over the past couple of minutes.

[But Madame X has other ideas, stepping through the ropes while ignoring Miranda's protests as she drops down to the floor.]

GM: Madame X out here... perhaps looking for another illegal advantage...

[The masked woman grabs Fujiwara by the ankle...

...and the Olympic gold medalist lashes out with the other foot, catching Madame X in the masked face!]

GM: Oh! Fujiwara fighting back!

[Grabbing the ropes, Fujiwara tries to drag herself away from a stunned Madame X who rushes forward, smashing a forearm between the eyes of Fujiwara, knocking her right back down on the apron.]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was!

[She twists Fujiwara so that her torso is back under the ropes, her legs dangling off the apron...]

GM: No, oh no!

[...and grabs the leg, lifting it high, and SLAMMING the back of the knee down onto the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: An absolutely vicious attack on the part of Madame X on the floor!

[Fujiwara howls in pain as Madame X grabs the foot, giving it a hard yank before swinging it up again, and slamming the back of the knee down into the edge of the apron a second time!]

GM: Madame X is absolutely DESTROYING that knee out on the floor, fans! Ayako Fujiwara is in a lot of pain... and in the kind of trouble that we rarely see from here. She's such a dominant competitor typically, it's unusual to see her down like this.

BW: And the fact is, she's being outwrestled, Gordo! Madame X isn't cheating in there. She's not using a chair or anything like that. She's simply beating Fujiwara at her own game!

GM: Which makes the plot even thicker as to who is under that hood, Bucky, because there are few women in the world who can claim to even be remotely on the same level as Ayako Fujiwara inside a professional wrestling ring.

[Fujiwara pulls herself back into the ring, dragging her body across it as Madame X takes the long way, slowly climbing the ringsteps, waling out to the middle of the apron where she turns to look at the fans, spreading her arms to the side and hooking her thumbs towards herself.]

BW: There's something familiar about the way she moves in there, Gordo. I just can't quite place it.

GM: I'm with you there, partner. But there's no time to figure that out now because Madame X is on the move, looking to do even more damage to the downed Fujiwara.

[The Olympic gold medalist has managed to pull herself near the far ropes, grabbing hold of the middle as Madame X approaches. A desperate Fujiwara leans back, throwing a wild front kick that the masked woman sidesteps, throwing a precise dropkick to the other leg, knocking Fujiwara down to the mat.]

GM: Wow! What a counter that was!

BW: Such precision. Such technique! I can't wait to find out who is under this mask, Gordo, but at this rate, we may never know!

GM: It's clear that Ayako Fujiwara came to Chicago tonight with the intent of learning her tormentor's hidden identity but you're right, Bucky... it's certainly not going her way right now.

[Madame X slings the leg over the bottom rope, stepping up on the middle and DROPS her weight down across the knee! Fujiwara sits up immediately, howling in pain for a moment before a well-placed forearm shot knocks her back down.]

GM: And every time it looks like Fujiwara might get back into this, Madame X is there to put her down. This is quite the impressive performance here in this one, Bucky.

BW: You know, it's not over yet but with all the talk about who's going to be the next to challenge for the Women's World Title lately... I wonder if it's this woman right here, Gordo! She's beaten Fujiwara once already. If she does it again, she might rocket right up the Number One Contender status!

GM: It's certainly a possibility. Of course, we also know that if Medusa Rage captures the title later tonight, she says she's giving it up and that there will be a tournament to crown a new champion - a tournament I'd expect to see BOTH of these women in if it happens.

[Madame X leans down, hauling Fujiwara to her feet where the Japan native struggles to keep weight off the injured knee. A knee to the gut doubles her up as Madame X snatches a front facelock, slinging the arm over her neck...]

GM: Another snap suplex perhaps?

[...and then reaches down, hooking the injured leg.]

GM: Fisherman suplex on the way...

[She promptly lifts Ayako up and takes her down hard, maintaining a picture perfect bridge off the suplex!]

GM: ...and she got it all! The referee down to count! She gets one! She gets two! She gets thr-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kickout! Kickout at the last possible moment by Fujiwara!

[Madame X rolls to a knee, looking up at the referee who holds up two fingers. With a slight nod, the masked woman retakes her feet, moving towards Fujiwara who is again trying to crawl away from her...

...which is when Madame X lifts the injured leg off the mat by the foot and DRIVES the kneecap down into the mat!]

GM: Goodness! Absolutely brutal... and that'll cut off Fujiwara from any attempt to get a breather.

[Madame X grabs the leg again, hauling Fujiwara to the center of the ring. She points to her downed opponent... then points to the crowd, earning some more jeers before picking up both legs, looking to step through...]

GM: Another submission on the way - looking for that scorpion deathlock it looks like!

BW: Named after famed lucha libre star, El Scorpion.

GM: Something like that.

[But Madame X's efforts hit a snag as Fujiwara catches her foot as she tries to step through, pushing back on it and fighting the effort to secure the hold.]

GM: Fujiwara is fighting back! Trying desperately to stay out of this hold!

[Madame X pulls her leg back out, slamming her knee into the back of Fujiwara's knee before she tries to step through again...

...but again Fujiwara manages to block it!]

GM: Another try for the hold but Fujiwara is keeping her at bay so far!

[A frustrated Madame X withdraws again...

...and as she does, Fujiwara draws both legs in tightly to her torso and SHOVES Madame X off, sending her crashing backwards into the turnbuckles to a big cheer!]

GM: Big counter by Fujiwara! The fans in Chicago letting her hear their support... but is it enough, Bucky? Is it enough to give her the time she needs to recover and get back on offense?

BW: I don't know, Gordo. She's been through a lot.

GM: But if we know anything about Ayako Fujiwara, it's that she can HANDLE a lot as well!

[Fujiwara scoots backwards, grimacing as she grabs at her knee. Madame X, stunned by the hard smash into the buckles, remains there, holding the back of her head as Fujiwara pushes up to a seated position, breathing heavily for a few deep breaths before she fights her way to her feet to a huge cheer!]

GM: She's up! Ayako is standing!

BW: Yeah, but barely! Look at her, Gordo! She can't even put weight on that leg!

[With a hobbling hop type of gait, Fujiwara moves across the ring towards Madame X, reaching out to grab her by the wrist...

...and YANKS her violently into a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: OHH! Devastating short clothesline by Fujiwara... and she's hanging onto that wrist, maintaining control on it...

[Madame X is reeling as Fujiwara drags her off the mat a second time...

...and pulls her right into a second short-arm clothesline, dropping the masked woman again!]

GM: Fujiwara starting to build up some momentum, fans!

[The Olympic gold medalist lets loose a tremendous roar in Japanese, earning a roaring cheer in response from fans who mostly have no idea what she just said as she drags Madame X up once more...

...and pulls her into a rear waistlock!]

GM: Miss Germany going back to the well once more!

[She wraps her powerful arms around Madame X's midsection, still trying to keep weight off one leg...]

BW: There's no way she gets this on one leg! No way!

[Fujiwara struggles and strains, trying to get her up... and then puts the bad leg down, putting her weight on it to try and get the suplex...

...but the momentary delay allows Madame X to pull off a slick standing switch, burying a short forearm into the kidneys which sends Fujiwara stumbling forward, creating enough space for Madame X to lunge forward, slamming her shoulder into the back of the injured knee!]

GM: OHH! She clipped the knee! She clipped her from behind!

BW: Totally illegal on any given Sunday, Gordo, down at Soldier Field but here where real athletes do battle, it's all fair game!

[Fujiwara is absolutely screaming in pain now as Madame X grabs the foot, dragging her out to the middle of the ring once more...]

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!]

GM: She's got the mask too! She went for the cradle and-

BW: She used the mask for leverage!

GM: She ripped the mask right off and- who is it?! Who is it?! She's got her head down on that mat... I can't quite-

[But 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.]

GM: Laura Davis has made a name for herself all over the world, Bucky. She won gold in Canada, she dominated Japan... and now she's here!

[The camera shot holds for a few more moments, making sure everyone sees the identity of Madame X before she suddenly lunges, tackling Fujiwara back down to the mat!]

GM: The match may be over, fans, but it looks like the fight is just getting started!

[With Fujiwara on her back, Davis snatches the injured leg, squeezing it between her own as she cranks back on the heel!]

BW: THat's a heel hook, Gordo!

GM: Davis going right back after the leg, working on that heel hook and that could rip out the ankle AND the knee! Fujiwara screaming in pain, Davis is determined!

[Referee Shari Miranda jumps in, ordering Davis to release the hold but the Indiana native has no intentions of doing that, continuing to stretch out the leg as Fujiwara slaps the mat repeatedly.]

GM: Fujiwara is tapping out but the match is over! She won!

BW: She doesn't look too much like a winner right now, Gordo!

GM: Davis is ripping and tearing at the knee and ankle... Miranda screaming at her to let go...

[Miranda signals for the bell again. It rings as she waves her arms towards the back.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Miranda needs help out here! She's shouting at Laura Davis but Davis isn't releasing this hold...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell is ringing, the crowd is jeering, and Laura Davis doesn't give a damn about any of it! She's determined to do as much damage as possible to the injured leg and-

[The crowd cheers a little bit as we spot some AWA officials and more referees running down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Here comes some help for the referee... but is it enough? Can they get Davis to break this hold?

[Former World Champion Kevin Slater is screaming at Davis, ordering her to release the heel hook as Fujiwara writhes in pain on the mat. The word "SUSPENSION!" gets loudly thrown her way...

...and with one last twisting torque of the ankle, she lets go.]

GM: Finally, she lets go! Finally, she allows Fujiwara out of that hold!

[The crowd is all over Davis as she gets to her feet, staring down at her victim.]

GM: Laura Davis with an absolutely vicious attempt to injure Ayako Fujiwara and... why? Why, Bucky? What was ANY of this about?!

BW: I don't know, Gordo. I suppose we'll have to get that story from Laura Davis at some point... but right now, the story is that Fujiwara is hurt and she may be hurt badly!

[Davis continues to stare down at Fujiwara who is clutching her knee, being tended to by Shari Miranda and backstage official John Shock.]

GM: Fans, this is a bad scene inside the ring. It looks like Laura Davis is finally walking out of there but... Fujiwara may need some help doing that. The ankle and knee were severely attacked by Davis. The Olympic gold medalist is in obvious pain... Dr. Ponavitch coming down the aisle now as well.

[Laura Davis works her way up to the top of the ramp, still being jeered as she slowly turns back towards the ring, extending her arms and hooking her thumbs in her direction.]

GM: Laura Davis is Madame X, fans... the mystery is solved... but now the question is - why? And maybe the more pressing question is - how much damage did she do to the knee of Ayako Fujiwara?

[With Fujiwara's face etched in agony as Dr. Ponavitch tends to her, we fade up to another part of the arena where we find "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing outside of a luxury suite.]

SLB: A chaotic scene out in the ring just now with the official arrival of Laura Davis here to the AWA. You know, the wrestling world has been buzzing in recent weeks over the aggressive actions of the AWA Talent Relations office, scooping up talent from all over the globe to bring to the fans here in 2017... and right now, inside this luxury suite I'm standing outside of is someone from the early days of the AWA. Not only that, but someone who has been rumored to make a big comeback here in the AWA any day now... and I intend to get the details right here, right now! So come with me, let's get some answers.

["Sweet" Lou walks into the luxury suite, where he finds two people. The first is a blonde white woman, approximately 5'7", wearing a blue tank top and a black skirt. The other is a brown-haired white man, approximately 5'9", wearing a black sports jacket, white button-down shirt, and jeans, with sunglasses resting on the crown of his head. The woman is noted personal trainer and nutritionist Dana Kaiser, and the man is a none-too-pleased Raphael Rhodes, who pops the sunglasses down over his eyes once he spots Blackwell entering the suite. The crowd inside the Allstate Arena reacts to seeing Raphael Rhodes on the AWA video walls as Blackwell speaks.]

SLB: Raphael Rhodes, a long-time stranger to AWA rings, what brings you to Chicago today?

[Rhodes points at Kaiser, and turns away from Blackwell. Kaiser steps into Blackwell's path.]

DK: "Sweet" Lou, I don't believe we've met. My name's Dana Kaiser, and I'm the business manager of Raphael Rhodes. He's asked me to handle the media for him.

SLB: And from what I understand, also his wife.

[Kaiser's eyes narrow.]

DK: Irrelevant, don't you think? Do you ask everyone their personal matters when you come to discuss business?

[Kaiser smiles at Blackwell.]

DK: But true. And the last personal matter I'll discuss today. Ask your questions.

[Blackwell seems a little caught off-guard by having someone blocking his path to the person he was planning to interview but quickly regroups.]

SLB: Well, I... I understand that Raphael has been in negotiations with the AWA about a potential return, and... he's here. That obviously lends some credence to those rumors, don't you think?

[Kaiser gestures out the front of the luxury suite to the arena.]

DK: When you get the chance to witness such a great night of action in person from such a lavish suite...

[Kaiser glares at Blackwell.]

DK: ...in spite of occasional prying interruptions...

[Kaiser smiles again.]

DK: ...why wouldn't you take up a generous offer to come witness it? And after all, Chicago's not a long flight from where we're located in Minneapolis. In fact... we've

gotten some pretty generous offers from AWA Talent Relations over the last few weeks, haven't we, Raph?

[Rhodes nods slightly, still not looking at Blackwell or Kaiser.]

DK: We didn't get many calls from the AWA over the last couple of years, since Raph's last Rumble. Not even when the AWA toured Europe last year! I have to admit, he was a little sour about not getting a call about that, but you must've known he wasn't living in Europe at the time, right?

[Kaiser smiles, elbowing Blackwell in the ribs.]

DK: Benefit of the doubt, right?

[Kaiser chuckles.]

DK: That HAD to be the reason. Right?

[Blackwell again looks a little flustered.]

SLB: With all due respect, ma'am, I'm not sure why Talent Relations didn't call hi-

[Kaiser interrupts.]

DK: It doesn't matter why. Look, Raph knows the wrestling business is fickle. What matters is that the AWA is calling him now. Because we're here in good faith. And you know... obviously you're putting us on TV in good faith.

[Kaiser pauses, as though an idea has come across her mind. She looks back to Rhodes.]

DK: Hey babe? Sign it.

[Rhodes turns back to the camera, and reaches into his jacket pocket.]

DK: You want a scoop, "Sweet" Lou? You're going to get your scoop. Come take a look.

[Kaiser leads Blackwell over to Rhodes, who produces paperwork from the jacket pocket.]

DK: This is the AWA contract that Talent Relations sent us. I looked it over and the terms are satisfactory to us. Raph has a lot of things he wants to accomplish in the wrestling business, "Sweet" Lou...

[Rhodes also pulls out a pen, flips open the contract to the last page, and swiftly signs it.]

DK: ...and he'll be accomplishing them here in the AWA. There's your scoop. Now take this...

[Kaiser collects the contract and hands it to Blackwell.]

DK: ...to your bosses. We have our own copy. I'm sure they'll be happy to see it.

[Rhodes underhand pitches the pen to Blackwell, and puts his sunglasses back on.]

RR: Keep the pen, mate.

DK: Just a little gift. Bye.

[Kaiser glares at Blackwell, dismissing him.]

SLB: That... is definitely a scoop! Yes. Thank you!

[Blackwell scurries from the room, and stops just outside the suite. He takes a quick glance at the contract.]

SLB: Well, how about that, fans! Raphael Rhodes has signed a new contract with the AWA! And how about that Dana Kaiser too, wow. I wonder how much I can get for the pen on eBay. Strictly for charity, of course! Fans, later tonight, we're going to see the AWA's annual Rumble with 30 of the world's best climbing into that ring with the last man standing earning a future shot at the AWA World Title! Who's it gonna be? We caught up with a few participants in tonight's Rumble - let's hear their thoughts just a short while before this high stakes battle!

[We fade to a shot of "Golden" Grant Carter standing in front of an MDM X backdrop, dressed for action. A big grin is on his face.]

GGC: Yo, it's your ol' pal, GGC here... gettin' ready to spend a Monday night in Chicago just like countless Friday nights in Jersey. When I hit the streets of Jersey for a night out, I know there's a good chance that I'm going to spend my night throwin' fists.

They may be bigger...

[He shrugs.]

GGC: They may even be better...

[A grin.]

GGC: But they'll never be golden... PUT 'EM UP!

[He throws his gloved hands up in the air as we fade to Kaz Konoe and Luciana, who are standing in front of a white wall. Konoe has on a white baseball jersey, with black pinstripes and "Renegado" in a black cursive font across the front, and black pants. Luciana has on a midriff-baring leopard print tank top over a red bra and a black miniskirt. She also has a twisted red bandana tied around her head, knotted at her forehead. Luciana leans against Konoe, who has his arms around her waist, while she distractedly reaches back and plays with his hair.]

KK: TORA Kitty... Still so angry... ¿Por qué, gatito? Maybe TORA Kitty need to get together with fellow neko-chan Molly Bell and make more gatitos together... Maybe then TORA Kitty less frustrated and angry all the time, hmmm?

[Luciana dismissively lets out a burst of air from her lips and mutters under her breath, "Fine pair they'd make."]

KK: Or TORA can keep playing with cheap toy belt... Let it weigh TORA down... Hold TORA back, because while you keep holding up that title you say you rebuilt, like it mean anything here, I break out of MY CAGE and not Tiger Paw, or TORA Kitty, who more like little cat pinky, going to get in my way, or hold me back!

TORA not in Memorial Day Rumble, but twenty-nine other men will be. Some of them I actually respect... Maxim Zharkov... Callum Mahoney... Max Magnum... Logan Blackburn... Any of those can take the opportunity away from me... An opportunity at the biggest, most important championship in our sport!

But, like I said, I am not here to be held back by cages... And that means the cage of fear... And the cage of doubt... It's every man for himself in the Rumble and just as any of those men can take the opportunity away from me? I can be the one to kill the hope of twenty-nine other men WHEN I outlast the rest of them, because yo soy la Estrella Negra... Yo soy el Renegado de Japón... And the battle cry of Los Renegados?

Desafío.

Siempre desafío.

[We fade from Konoe and Luciana to a shot of Veronica Westerly standing in front of Ebola Zaire and Muteesa. She's dressed in a hip-hugging black full-length dress, a very familiar crystal hanging on a chain around her neck, dipping into a "classy" level of cleavage.]

VW: You have your orders, gentlemen. Javier has made it clear. Winning is irrelevant. We have no interest in seeing either of you against Johnny Detson for the World Title.

[She turns, her back to the camera now as she places a light palm on Muteesa's shoulder, causing him to jerk wildly to the side.]

VW: Javier wants the mask... and he's willing to pay very well to get it. Your mission tonight?

[She turns to the camera, a sneer on her lips.]

VW: Bring us the mask of the Outlaw.

[And we fade from Westerly and the Korugun soldiers to Kerry Kendrick in his ring gear. His stringy blonde hair has been wet down and hangs to his shoulders.]

KK: You know, for 29 other guys tonight, "Destiny" just refers to the name of the dancer they're going to be pouring their hearts out to at the strip club after Memorial Day Mayhem.

"Destiny" means something different to the Self Made Man. "Destiny" is the Foundation of the AWA finally getting my first World Title shot and finally being given the belt that I was meant to have. If anyone else doesn't think that's the sad fact of life-and that includes you, "Supreme" Wright...

[He points his finger straight at the camera.]

KK: ...then do something about it!

[We fade from Kendrick out to a panning shot of the Allstate Arena crowd.]

GM: The Rumble coming up a little later tonight, fans, and I can't wait to see it but coming up right now, we've got a hotly-anticipated showdown between a former AWA World Champion - and one of the most decorated competitors in AWA history - Calisto Dufresne when he takes on the rookie monster, Max Magnum, who will of course have "Hotshot" Stevie Scott in his corner.

BW: This one fascinates me, Gordo. Max Magnum's arrival has been hyped for YEARS now. He was labeled a "can't miss" blue chip prospect from the day he signed his AWA contract. Now, it took him a little longer to get here than anyone expected thanks to some injuries and political garbage but now he's here... he looks as dominant as we always thought he would... and he's got one of the greatest of all time leading him... but tonight, he's going to square off - like you said - a former

World Champion, a former National Champion, a former National Tag Team Champion... SuperClash Main Eventer... Stampede Cup winner... he's done it all, Gordo! Everything that you can do in the AWA, he's just about done it... but now he's coming back into the fire against Max Magnum... and I just can't pick a winner in this one.

GM: It will be very interesting indeed. And remember... while Dufresne can give it everything he's got in this one, Max Magnum has to think ahead to the fact that he's in the Rumble tonight! He's gotta save some strength for that!

BW: He's got plenty to spare.

GM: Fans, who will come out on top in this much-anticipated showdown? We're about to find out so let's go down to the ring!

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first...

[The heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" reverberates off the walls of the All State Arena, drawing both an anticipatory and a negative reaction from the capacity crowd.]

Coming first, it's the manager, the AWA legend, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Eschewing his former casual attire, Scott is much more business-like now with a perfectly-ironed pair of deep blue pants to match a khaki jacket over a light gray button-down. As he steps in front of the center of the X, he pauses... grins... and looks behind him awaiting the entrance of his prized client.]

RO: Accompanied to the ring by his advisor, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott...

...hailing from the city of Mountain Iron, Minnesota...weighing in at 295 pounds...he is...

MAAAAAAAX! MAGNUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMM!

[And there's the beast himself a few steps behind Stevie. Magnum is clad simply in black trunks, black knee and elbow pads, and black boots that reach halfway up his calves. The massive physical specimen is intense but emotionless as he takes his place beside his manager and pauses at the top of the ramp, Magnum hopping side-to-side, the video wall above them cutting between Magnum's power moves and dramatically-produced shots of him looking generally pissed off at the camera.]

GM: And here he is, alongside two-time National Champion, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, in his first big match in the AWA. Bucky, there have been high expectations for Max Magnum since he signed with the AWA years ago. Any chance those expectations will be an albatross around his neck tonight?

BW: Hard to say, Gordo. On one hand, this is unlike anything he's done before. It's not Combat Corner Wrestling, and he's not across the ring from another young buck trying to make it big. He's at Memorial Day Mayhem, one of the biggest events of the year, and will be taking on one of the all-time greats in AWA history. But on the other hand, he's a physical specimen unlike anything we've seen before AND he's being advised by a man who is arguably the smartest man in the business in "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. So I have no idea, but I do know this... I can't wait to see this match!

[The edited song skips the first few lines and cuts directly into Gene Simmons' strikingly accurate description of Magnum 40 years prior.]

I WAS BORN ON OLYMPUS
TO MY FATHER, A SON
I WAS RAISED BY THE DEMONS
TRAINED TO REIGN AS THE ONE

[Stevie points toward the ring and leads the way with Magnum trailing a step behind.]

GM: We'll find out soon enough and what a feather in the cap it would be for Max Magnum to walk away tonight with a victory over a legend and future Hall of Famer like Calisto Dufresne.

BW: That's right... but look at the other side of the coin. A loss would be a big blow to the hype and the confidence of both Magnum and Stevie, and might even cause a rift between the two.

[While Stevie takes the conventional route of climbing the steps into the ring, Magnum chooses to display his freakish athleticism by simply jumping to the apron from a standing position.]

I'M THE LORD OF THE WASTELANDS
A MODERN DAY MAN OF STEEL
I GATHER DARKNESS TO PLEASE ME
AND I COMMAND YOU TO KNEEL

[The duo proceed to the center of the ring, where Magnum hops side-to-side, sweat already dripping off his face, and Stevie arrogantly laughs and points to his client. The song fades out while Stevie asks for a mic, gets one, and heads back beside Magnum.]

HSS: Calisto Dufresne.

[Big cheer at the mention of his name. Stevie makes a face that basically says, "are you people dumb?"]

HSS: These people in Chicago, for some reason, they seem to love you.

[Stevie shrugs.]

HSS: Problem is, they don't matter tonight.

[And a point to Magnum.]

HSS: HE is the only one who matters.

And Max Magnum is very... pissed... off.

[A close-up shot of Magnum's face verifies that claim.]

HSS: Tonight, Max wants more than his pound of flesh from you, and believe me, he is all too capable of taking it. Nonetheless, I am going to extend our offer to you one more time, because otherwise?

[The Hotshot smirks.]

HSS: You're about 60 seconds away from the beating of your life.

This is your last chance, Calisto. Leave. When "Sharp Dressed Man" plays? Walk the other way. Don't go through Chimpanzee. Don't emerge from that X up there. Take

your bag, head to your rental car, and get the hell out of Chicago with your physical, mental, and emotional well-being intact.

If not? Well...

You like to call yourself the "Ladykiller."

You'll get a first-hand education on what a "killer" REALLY is.

[Scott tosses the mic back towards Rebecca Ortiz who just barely manages to catch it. She glares in annoyance at the Hotshot, raising the mic again.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The classic rock tones of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" come to live over the PA system to a big reaction from the Chicago crowd!]

BW: The moment of truth, Gordo - will Calisto Dufresne accept the offer and get the heck out of town?

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky.

[Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: From Avery Island, Louisiana... weighing in at 245 pounds... one of the all-time greats in AWA history...

CAAAAAAALIIIIIIISTOOOOOO DUUUUUFRESNNNNNNNE!

[From underneath the "X" emerges the former World Champion, staring down the aisle with a big grin on his face. The camera zooms in on him, his long blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail, showing off his high cheek bones and bronzed skin.]

"Not getting rid of me that easy, Hotshot."

[Dufresne has foregone his usual three piece suit entrance, going straight to his ring gear as he walks the aisle to the ring, getting hit with some - unusual for him - cheers.]

GM: We've done the resume, Bucky - and there's nothing left to describe Calisto Dufresne than exactly as Rebecca did... one of the all-time greats in AWA history.

BW: That's without a doubt, Gordo. And it was one year ago that Calisto was set to stand alongside Travis Lynch and challenge for the World Tag Team Titles but he was taken out by Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. Jack Lynch stood in for him, Dufresne went home, and that's the last we saw of him until he showed up to represent Stevie Scott...

GM: Something that ended up being a cruel setup, Bucky, by Stevie looking to get some payback for their history. But tonight, that history becomes the present as Calisto Dufresne shows up here in Chicago to show the world that he's still got it and show this young man - Max Magnum - that he's not done yet!

[Dufresne reaches the ring, ducking through the ropes...

...which is when Stevie Scott yells "NOW!" and Max Magnum moves far too swiftly for a man of his size to ambush the former Southern Syndicate member!]

GM: OH!

[A clubbing forearm across the shoulderblades knocks the incoming Dufresne down to a knee and a second to the back of the head puts him down on the canvas.]

GM: Wow! Just like that, Max Magnum has put the former World Champion down on the canvas!

[Magnum leans down, dragging Dufresne to his feet, pushing him back to the corner. He charges the short distance in, laying a heavy shoulder into the midsection!]

GM: Ohhh! Big tackle in the corner - the match hasn't even started yet and... another tackle! And another!

[With Dufresne reeling in the buckles, Magnum steps back, taking a walk around the ring as Stevie shouts...]

"YOU SHOULDA TAKEN THE DEAL, OLD BUDDY!"

[A sneering Magnum walks back in the cornered Dufresne who shoves the questioning official aside, lashing out with his boot...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW! DUFRESNE GOES LOW ON MAGNUM!

BW: WHAT?! RING THE BELL!

GM: The match hasn't even started yet!

[The referee - Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller - grabs his head with both hands in shock as Magnum stumbles away, clutching the family jewels as Stevie Scott screeches with outrage on the floor.]

GM: Stevie Scott is beside himself but there's nothing the referee can do! The bell hasn't rung... the match hasn't started and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: WHAT?!

GM: Now it has!

[With Magnum reeling from the low blow, Dufresne storms out of the corner, swinging a leg up into his doubled-up jaw!]

GM: Ohh! He pops him with a kneelift!

[Magnum snaps up, falling backwards but not going down from the blow!]

GM: What a shot it was but Magnum's still on his feet... Dufresne circling in on him, shoving him back into the corner...

[The former professional boxer squares up on Magnum, fists balled up and at the ready as Miller calls for him to back off.]

GM: Big right hand to the ribs... and another... the pugilistic professional going to work on Magnum!

[A right hook snaps Magnum's head to the side, falling chestfirst into the ropes as Dufresne is forced back by the referee.]

GM: Dufresne's got Magnum on the ropes and I don't think any of us imagined saying that quite so early in this one, Bucky.

BW: No chance but Dufresne's got ring savvy, Gordo. He's a general in there. The experience is overwhelming Magnum early on.

GM: Plus the low blow.

BW: If you want to make an omelette, you gotta scramble some eggs.

[As Magnum wobbles out to the middle of the ropes, Dufresne grabs him by the wrist...]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed!

[And as Dufresne rebounds off, Magnum EXPLODES into a lifting double leg takedown, flinging him down to the mat where he quickly takes a mount, landing a pair of 12 to 6 elbows to the forehead before switching to mammoth hammerfists that rain down at will on the downed Dufresne who struggles to defend himself under them.]

GM: And just like that, Max Magnum completely turns this around, pounding Dufresne like he's putting nails through the canvas!

[The referee forces a break as a fuming Magnum gets up, walking around the ring, shouting "UP!" at this downed opponent as Stevie Scott looks on, grinning, rubbing his hands together.]

GM: Stevie Scott suddenly likes the look of what he's seeing quite a bit.

BW: It's hard to blame him, Gordo. Magnum absorbed some early offense from the former World Champion and now he's in complete control!

GM: And you have to wonder if Dufresne's long time away from the ring could have an effect on him in this one.

BW: Ring rust is never an easy thing to shake off, Gordo. I've had World Champions and Hall of Famers tell me you can do all the cardio and weights in the world but nothing prepares you for being back in that ring.

[Dufresne comes up off the mat as Magnum circles back towards him. The former World Champion swings a big right hand but Magnum absorbs it and keeps coming, bullrushing him back into the buckles where a pair of big forearms to the sternum land.]

GM: Magnum continuing to hammer away on Dufresne... big whip on the way...

[The Ladykiller hits the far buckles as Magnum follows him in, crashing into him with a running clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline in the corner by Max Magnum!

[Stevie Scott's cries of "AGAIN! AGAIN!" are clearly heard as Magnum shoves Dufresne out of the corner, sending him staggering out towards the center of the ring...

...which is Magnum's cue to steamroll him, knocking him flat with a running clothesline to the back of the head that drops him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

BW: And when you look at the arms of Magnum... the shoulders... the core... getting hit like that has gotta feel roughly like someone clubbing you in the back of the head with a baseball bat, Gordo.

GM: Calisto Dufresne went down like a rock... and again, Max Magnum is circling him like a shark... waiting for his next opportunity to strike.

[The former World Champion extends his arms, trying to push up off the canvas when a mocking Magnum shoves his head with the toe of his boot, laughing at Dufresne's efforts.]

GM: Max Magnum certainly enjoying himself in there right now in his Memorial Day Mayhem debut, fans.

[Magnum leans down, locking in a front facelock on Dufresne who is still on his knees, slinging his arm across his broad neck and shoulders...]

GM: You've gotta be...

[...and deadlifts him up off the mat, throwing him down with a violent vertical suplex!]

GM: Ohhhh!

BW: Even a basic weapon in the hands of a physical specimen like Magnum is a devastating blow! That was your standard vertical suplex, Gordo... but there was NOTHING standard about that!

[Magnum again stalks around the ring, waving a hand for Dufresne to get up off the canvas.]

GM: The former World Champion is certainly discovering what Max Magnum is all about here in Chicago tonight. This is an impressive performance by the rookie out of Mountain Iron, Minnesota...

[Snatching a handful of hair, Magnum drags Dufresne up to his feet again, wrapping his powerful arms around the torso...

...and HURLS Dufresne the distance of the ring with an overhead belly to belly, sending him crashing off the canvas before he rolls under the ropes to the apron, dropping off onto the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WOW! WHAT AN OVERHEAD THROW BY MAGNUM!

[Magnum climbs to his feet as Stevie scampers around joyfully, putting his hand above his head like he's searching for Dufresne. Magnum smirks at his manager's antics, being ordered to stand back by the referee as Dufresne tries to recover out on the floor.]

GM: Max Magnum... oh no, he's going out after him.

[Ignoring Blue Shoes, Magnum steps out to the apron on the far side, dropping off to the floor as Stevie Scott stands over Dufresne, taunting his former ally. Magnum circles around the ringpost, moving slowly towards the Ladykiller who is using the

ring apron to try and get up before Magnum gets there, Stevie Scott barking in his ear the whole time.]

“Stay down, Calisto! You tried and failed! There’s no shame in staying down!”

[A weary Dufresne takes a swing at his old ally who scampers away as Magnum stalks into view, marching towards the former World Champion who leans against the apron.]

GM: Magnum on the move here...

[He snatches Dufresne off the apron, wrapping his arms around his torso again.]

GM: Another one?!

[But before Magnum can snap off a second overhead suplex, Dufresne rifles a right hand into the temple!]

GM: Dufresne trying to fight his way out of this!

[A second blow lands... and a third... but Magnum is hanging on!]

GM: Dufresne can’t get loose and-

[The crowd cheers as Dufresne leans forward, sinking his teeth into Magnum’s forehead!]

BW: He’s biting him! He’s biting him!

[Magnum abruptly lets go, falling back a few steps, rubbing his forehead at the surprise attack!]

GM: Whatever it takes to get loose, I suppose...

[Dufresne grabs the reeling Magnum by the back of the head... and SMASHES his skull into the ring apron!]

GM: Headfirst into the apron!

BW: And this may not be where Magnum wants to be with Calisto Dufresne, Gordo. Ring rust or not, Dufresne is a master of doing damage out on the floor!

[Dufresne grabs the back of the head again, smashing it into the apron a second time. Magnum stumbles away, grabbing at his own face as Dufresne moves to pursue.]

GM: And now it’s Magnum trying to create some space between himself and the former World Champion who is looking to get back into this.

[Grabbing Magnum by the arm, Dufresne swings him back against the apron, lighting him up with a big chop across the chest...]

GM: Knife edge chop out on the floor!

[Dufresne gives a sweep of his arm towards the crowd, causing fans to scurry as he grabs Magnum by the wrist...]

GM: Big whip on the way!

[...and ROCKETS him into the ringside steel railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHIPPED TO THE STEEL! OH MY!

[Magnum's crash into the steel causing him to slump against the barricade but still manages to stay on his feet as Dufresne moves in on him again, kicking him repeatedly in the chest and midsection.]

BW: This could be his chance, Gordo. He's taken a lot of punishment from Magnum but this could be his chance to turn it all around.

[Dufresne grabs the wrist again, whipping Magnum towards the ring apron...

...but to the shock of everyone, Magnum leaps from the floor to the apron - just like in his entrance - avoiding further damage. Dufresne's jaw drops as he looks up at Magnum who slowly turns, smirking as Stevie can be heard shouting "YES! YES!"]

GM: What the...?!

BW: WHO DOES THAT?!

[Dufresne surges forward, making a lunge at Magnum's powerful legs, yanking hard on one...

...and pulls Magnum's leg out from under him, causing him to fall to his butt on the apron where Dufresne grabs him by the head and just opens fire to the roar of the Chicago crowd!]

GM: RIGHT HANDS! RIGHT HANDS! THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION IS GOING TO TOWN ON THE STREETS OF CHICAGO!

[A well-placed haymaker sends Magnum through the ropes back into the ring, scrambling quickly to his feet as Dufresne rolls back in after him.]

GM: Dufresne's got him on the run for the moment, chasing down the rookie...

[With Magnum in the buckles, Dufresne laces a boot into the midsection, grabbing him by the wrist again...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Magnum rockets Dufresne to the corner, charging in after him...

...which is when Dufresne leans back, raising a boot for Magnum to run chinfirst into!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd cheers as Magnum stumbles backwards from the timely counter, giving Dufresne room to strike again. He hops up on the second rope, raising his arms over his head...]

GM: OFF THE ROPES!

[...and gets snatched around the torso by the powerhouse from Minnesota!]

GM: MAGNUM CAUGHT HIM!

[The big man carries Dufresne around the ring, ragdolling him back and forth a few times as he walks to the far corner..

...and LAUNCHES him across the ring again, throwing him from corner to almost the other corner, bouncing him off the mat!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! SUCH POWER!

[Magnum is immediately back up this time, moving in for the kill perhaps.]

GM: Magnum is coming quickly this time... pulls him back up... WAISTLOCK!

[And promptly, the Mountain Iron machine LAUNCHES him back across the other ring, throwing him violently down with a released German Suplex!]

GM: GERMAN! RIGHT ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[Dufresne rolls to his side, clutching the back of his neck in pain as Magnum gets up, bouncing from foot to foot as the crowd jeers.]

BW: And look at him, Gordo! Fresh as a daisy! He could do this all night!

[With Dufresne down on the canvas, Stevie nods approvingly.]

"You got him, Max! You got him now!"

[Magnum nods to his manager as he approaches the downed Dufresne, pulling him up to his feet by his long blonde ponytail...

...and ducks down, lifting Dufresne up... and pressing him overhead!]

GM: MILITARY PRESS!

[Magnum turns around, showing off his strength to the Allstate Arena crowd. He makes the full circle, turning to every side of the ring.]

GM: My stars! What a strength and-

[Dufresne suddenly reaches down, digging his fingers into the eyes of Magnum..]

GM: OH!

[...which allows Dufresne to slip out behind Magnum, dropping down to a knee!]

GM: Dufresne escapes! The wily veteran will not go down without a fight!

[Getting up, Dufresne falls back into the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[The blow lands... but Magnum does not fall, staggering back a step!]

BW: Are you kidding me right now?!

[Dufresne shakes his head in disbelief, dropping back into the ropes a second time, charging off...]

GM: A second clothesline... and again, Max Magnum WILL NOT FALL!

[Magnum stumbles and staggers but to the dismay of the former World Champion, he stays on his feet...]

GM: Dufresne can't believe it and neither can I, fans! He's throwing everything he's got at him with those clotheslines but Magnum is absorbing them and somehow managing to stay on his feet!

[Dufresne shakes his head with a grimace, dropping into the ropes one more time, running past the dazed Magnum to hit the far ropes...]

GM: Dufresne REALLY building up speed now... here he comes!

[But the third clothesline attempt is thwarted as Magnum whips around, catching the rebounding Dufresne in a fireman's carry lift! The crowd ERUPTS, knowing what's about to come!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP FOR THE BOMBSHELL! HE'S GOT-

[But a wiggling and struggling Dufresne manages to slip free, landing on his feet behind Magnum...]

GM: Dufresne slips out... boot to the gut...

[The former World Champion snatches a front facelock, the crowd EXPLODING at the sight of it!]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE WHAM BAM-

[But before Gordon can even call it, Magnum has lifted Dufresne straight up off the mat...

...and shoved him up onto his shoulders, holding him in the fireman's carry as the crowd roars!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[Magnum goes into a spin, building up steam as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...

...and SHOVES him skyward, sending him spinning through the air before he CRASHES down to the canvas!]

GM: BOMBSHELL! BOMBSHELL!

[Magnum dives across the downed Dufresne, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Magnum immediately climbs to his feet, looking down at Dufresne - perhaps a little bit of respect on his face for the fight - as Stevie Scott climbs into the ring, thrusting his fists triumphantly into the air.]

GM: Max Magnum with that devastating Bombshell scores a victory here in his AWA Pay Per View debut, defeating a former World Champion in the process in Calisto Dufresne, Bucky.

BW: Dufresne gave it all he had but Magnum was just too big... too strong.

[Stevie raises Magnum's hand into the air, pointing at him as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner... MAAAAAAAAAX MAAAAAAGNUMMMMM!

[The Hotshot nods his head, again pointing to Magnum who slowly lowers his arms, looking down at the prone Dufresne. The big man turns to Stevie, a questioning look on his face. Stevie shakes his head as he gestures to the back.]

"Nope. We did what we came to do. You don't fight for free, Max... ever!"

[Magnum almost looks disappointed as Stevie Scott sits on the ropes, holding them open for his charge as the duo makes their way up the aisle. Scott throws a slight bow towards the ring, leaving his former friend in a heap.]

GM: Stevie Scott perhaps showing a little bit of mercy for his former friend and ally, leaving Dufresne in a heap as these two make their way out of here. An impressive debut win - the first of many I'd imagine on Pay Per View - for the man known as Max Magnum. Fans, let's go backstage where Sweet Lou is standing by!

[We cut back to the locker room area where Sweet Lou is indeed standing by in front of a MDM X backdrop. He throws a nervous look off-camera before speaking.]

SLB: Thank you, Gordon... as you said, an impressive win for Max Magnum here in Chicago. He'll be in the Rumble later tonight... and so will my guest at this time... I drew the short straw on this one - thank you very much, Mark... King Kong Hogan, come on in here...

[Hogan lumbers into view, wearing a stained pair of blue jeans with no shoes. His torso is bare, showing a littering of nasty looking scars including a mess of scarred tissue over his heart. He's wearing a heap of white athletic tape wrapped around his head and his eye.]

SLB: King Kong Hogan, the moment is just about at hand!

[Hogan giggles... yes, giggles. It's as unsettling as you might imagine.]

KKH: The time is at hand... tick tock tick tock... the seconds counting down, little doggie... the seconds counting down until... YOU!

[He points wildly at the camera, his tongue lolling out.]

KKH: GET! PUT! DOWN!

[He chuckles again, a breathless sort of wheeze.]

KKH: Supreme, when I first laid my eyes on you, I said what kind of man is he... what kind of man goes into battle and isn't willing to use everything he can to survive? What kind of man says "the only thing I need are my hands!"

What kind of man does it? And now I know. It's you... and you're right...

[He grabs at the white tape, ripping and tearing at it.]

KKH: ALL YOU NEED ARE YOUR HANDS, LITTLE DOGGIE! ALL YOU NEED ARE YOUR HANDS BECAUSE YOUR HANDS... CAN DO... THIS!

[The tape gets pulled away, revealing heavy bruising around the eyesocket and his eye badly discolored. He flings the tape to the side, cackling madly.]

SLB: Dear god, man! What in the-

[Hogan angrily interrupts, grabbing Blackwell by the chest and shoving him back against the wall.]

KKH: GOD HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! I am not what you'd call a holy man, Lou... but I've read my good book cover to cover... and I know what the powers above approve of.

And this...

[He points to his injured eye.]

KKH: They tell me you're old school, little doggie...

[He smiles... also creepy to see as he sticks his tongue through a gap where a tooth or two should be.]

KKH: Well, I'm Old Testament, young pup...

An eye for an eye, they say.

[He nods his head, rubbing his hands together menacingly.]

KKH: You came for my eye...

[He points a finger to the badly-discolored eye.]

KKH: ...and now I'm coming for yours!

[With a rush, he palms the camera lens, causing it to go to black as Blackwell exclaims "hey!" and we cut back to a panning shot of the Allstate Arena crowd, standing and cheering as the camera washes over them before we dissolve back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: King Kong Hogan out for a little... biblical retribution tonight in Chicago. Fans, before we move on to our next match, I want to personally take a minute to thank all of the fans out there - all over the world - who have served their country. Memorial Day, over the years, has taken on a feeling of celebration... of hot dogs and hamburgers... of beaches and pool parties... but at its core, it should be a day of remembrance. A day to honor those who served so bravely and paid the ultimate sacrifice so that we can be here today.

BW: Amen, Gordo.

GM: And on that note, a member of the AWA locker room has asked for some time to deliver a very special Memorial Day message.

BW: Who is it? The Soldiers of Fortune?

[Gordon lowers the mic, smiling as we sit in silence for a moment...

...and when the piano intro from "I Can" rings out across the Allstate Arena, the crowd erupts into a frenzy.]

BW: Aw, man...

[Jordan Ohara bounces out onto the stage. He is dressed in shiny white tights with Carolina blue phoenixes emblazoned upon them, his custom Carolina blue Air Jordan XI's with the black heels, and a blue version of his stylized Phoenix wing ring

jacket. Ohara's wavy hair is tied up in an elaborate top knot and he's grown out a chinstrap beard and mustache. He plays air piano along with the music and then bounces down the ramp, slapping hands with the crowd as he makes his way to the ring.]

GM: The always popular Jordan Ohara is on his way to the ring. The young man has a busy night here tonight in Chicago, Bucky, competing in both the Rumble as well as the Tower of Doom later tonight.

BW: If he makes it to the Tower of Doom. You know that the Korugun soldiers will be gunning for him in that Rumble - they'd love to take someone out and might even earn themselves a nice little bonus from Javier Castillo if they pulled it off.

GM: Ohara climbing into the ring now, mic in hand...let's hear what's on his mind on this special holiday.

[As the music fades and crowd noise dies down, Ohara stands facing the hard camera.]

JO: Hello Chicago!

[The crowd ROARS in response, bringing a smile to the Phoenix's face.]

JO: You guys are hot tonight! I love Chicago!

[More cheers goes up as Ohara grins.]

JO: It's already been a big night here and we're nowhere close to done... in fact, my night's just getting started. Because in just a little while now, I'm gonna come out here with twenty-nine other competitors... and I'm going to show them all why Jordan Ohara is THE guy to beat in that Rumble. And after I've won the Rumble and locked in my future shot at the World Title... then...

[Ohara points over his head at the Tower hanging above the ring.]

JO: ...then we go to war inside three cages stacked on top of each other. We didn't start this fight, Chicago... Javier Castillo and Korugun started it... but in that Tower tonight, I'm gonna climb in there with four of the best in the world and we're gonna FINISH this fight!

[Another big cheer!]

JO: Chicago, you're a special town and I am so happy to be here today because Chicago is very important to me. You know, I AM named after an athlete who became very famous in Chicago and won six championships here. Michael Jordan! The Great number 23!

[The crowd cheers in appreciation of the glory days of their Chicago Bulls.]

JO: So it's great to me that I get to be part of the greatest team in the AWA in the city where the greatest team in basketball played. But before all that... I wanted to share a special moment with you here today because you're Chicago and because you're as special to me as what is about to happen next. Today is Memorial Day...

[Some cheers from the crowd as Ohara nods.]

JO: That's right. And I wanted to come out here and talk a little about what this day means to me. You see, when I was a kid growing up, all my friends...their favorite day of the year was Christmas.... or their birthday maybe... or even the last day of school...

[Ohara chuckles as some higher-pitched voices in the crowd cheer.]

JO: You kids know what I'm talking about!

But not me... nope. For me, my favorite day of the year was and is Memorial Day.

Sounds weird, right? But lemme explain.

[Ohara pauses, stroking his new facial hair.]

JO: See, some of you might not know... but my mom is a retired sergeant in the United States Army.

[Big cheers go up from the crowd as Ohara beams proudly.]

JO: And some people who used to wrestle here would make fun of me for being a momma's boy, but I'm proud of that. See, my parents met when my mother was stationed in Japan. I was born there and lived there until I was thirteen years old when my mother was moved back home to Charlotte and my father, a professional wrestler in Japan, didn't want to come.

So when I came to the United States, it was just me and my mother in Charlotte, North Carolina. It wasn't easy for a veteran to get restarted, especially one who had a kid. But she continued to serve her country. Sometimes that meant she had to send me back on a plane to Japan to live with my father while she was redeployed... and that's what she did. Knowing she wasn't going to see her only son for... who knows how long... but she did it for you... for the people of this great country.

[More cheers as Ohara nods.]

JO: She gave everything she had for this country. And sometimes it would break me up as a child because I missed her so much, but she would always explain to me about the sacrifices a soldier had to make and that's why Memorial Day was so special. It honored the soldiers who sacrificed for their country since the Civil War.

[Ohara pauses a moment, getting a little choked up.]

GM: Bucky, don't you say a word.

[Ohara composes himself before speaking again.]

JO: My mom taught me everything about this day. She told me that Memorial Day isn't about barbecues or pick-up games down at the park. It wasn't about a day off from school. It wasn't about hanging out with the family or the kids on the block. Nah, Memorial Day - for my family - was about sacrifice. It was a day when my mom would tell me about the amazing men and women that she served with if she were home with me or somewhere in the world serving her country to keep me safe.

Some of them weren't as lucky as her... Some of them didn't make it home from their service. So we would spend every Memorial Day honoring them... telling their stories... and remembering the ultimate sacrifice that they paid.

[Ohara nods as some more solemn cheers ring out.]

JO: Mother's Day was my day to tell my mom how much I loved her and everything she did for me all year long. But Memorial Day was my day to tell my mom how much she meant to our country... how proud I was of her and all that she'd done...

and how much she inspired me to be the man that I am. My mom taught me that I can do anything... just like the song says. And I hope all of you have someone in your life who does exactly that for you.

[More cheers as Ohara smiles.]

JO: But you know... I didn't just want to say all those things out here on the mic to all of you...

[Ohara steps through the ropes to the apron, grinning down at the front row.]

JO: No, no, no... I wanted to get my mom up out of her seat...

[The Phoenix hops down off the apron, approaching the barricade where we see a light-skinned Afro-American woman with wavy brown hair pulled back into a pony tail and green eyes. She appears to be somewhere in her mid forties and is dressed in the Army Class uniform. She is obviously embarrassed, trying to shield her face as Ohara approaches.]

JO: And I want to get her up in that ring... so I can tell her myself.

[Ohara pauses by the barricade, extending a hand to the woman who is smiling and laughing now.]

JO: Sergeant Maxine Ohara... Sarge... my mom... my hero... if you'd please join me in the ring.

[A moment passes before she gets to her feet, extending her hand to her son. The pride in her face is evident. Ohara suddenly leans forward, placing his hands under her arms and lifts her over the barricade, setting her down next to him. She cuffs him on the back of the head, looking embarrassed as the Phoenix shrugs sheepishly.]

GM: A very special moment going down here in Chicago tonight, fans, and I - for one - am honored to be a part of it.

[Jordan again takes his mother by the hand, leading her to the barricade where she walks up to the ring, ducking through the ropes. Jordan trails behind, stepping in after her.]

JO: Now, Mom..., I already told all these people a little bit about what his holiday means to me... and what you mean to me. But right now, I wanted to get you in here so that I can tell you to your face how proud I am of you and your service to this country right here in the city where your favorite athlete ...

[Sergeant Ohara can be heard saying "Second favorite." The Phoenix chuckles, waving a hand.]

JO: Alright, alright... your SECOND favorite used to play.

[Maxine Ohara smiles as the crowd rises to its feet, cheering her on. She again smiles, looking embarrassed as Jordan joins in on the applause. He turns to her and salutes before he addresses the crowd.]

JO: My mom taught me that this country is about freedom... about liberty... about being able to speak your mind and worship who you want and love who you want and...

[Jordan shakes his head.]

JO: My love for this country comes from her. And I couldn't be prouder to be in this ring with her tonight.

[More cheers.]

JO: So, with that in mind... I would like you all to please rise, place your hand over your heart, and I'd like my mother - Sergeant Maxine Ohara - to lead this crowd in the Pledge of Allegiance.

[A big cheer goes up as the fans not already standing get up to join in. Sergeant Ohara smiles, returning her son's salute before giving her son a kiss on the cheek as she retrieves the mic. The video walls light up with video of an American flag waving in the wind as raises the mic.]

SMO: I pledge allegiance...to the-

[A voice rings out over the PA System, interrupting Sergeant Ohara.]

"Ha ha ha ha, Little Ohara!"

[The genial and receptive fans in the Allstate Arena change moods quite suddenly with the arrival of the National Champion, Maxim Zharkov, to the stage. The title belt rests over his shoulder as he looks down the ramp as the mother and son combination inside the ring.]

MZ: And mother of Ohara too. How lucky.

[Zharkov sneers at the Oharas as the fans jeer.]

GM: Maxim Zharkov out here, attempting to ruin this special moment between Jordan Ohara and his mother, Sergeant Maxine.

BW: Zharkov and Ohara have been on a collision course for several weeks now. I thought they'd might go at it in the Rumble or something but I didn't expect to see this.

GM: If someone back there can hear me, can we get Maxim Zharkov out of here please?

[Zharkov looks disdainfully as the waving flag on the video wall.]

MZ: America.

[He shakes his head.]

MZ: So proud you are of being an American, Little Ohara. They say so many Americans are proud of their country... wearing their t-shirts that look like flags, drinking American beer, and singing country music songs.

[He snarls.]

MZ: Pathetic. Little Ohara, you say America is about freedom... about liberty... about choice...

[He waggles a finger, starting to walk down the aisle now.]

MZ: ...and you bring your mother out here in her uniform for... what? Propaganda. Heh.

[Zharkov reaches the ringside area, moving to the ring steps.]

MZ: You have forgotten, Ohara. The myth of the idealistic America is over. The people around the world see the truth - even if your own citizens cannot. The world sees you as imperialistic. The world sees you as greedy, throwing away your people's lives for bigger swimming pools and faster private jets.

[Zharkov ducks through the ropes, Ohara stepping in front of his mother as he does. The National Champion pauses, a smile breaking through on his face.]

MZ: Look at you, Ohara; holding your mother's hand like a little boy at the supermarket, afraid to be lost!

[Jordan goes to take a step forward towards Zharkov but his mother's grip on his wrist prevents it.]

MZ: Is this what this country stands for? After all the atrocities committed by this country's military to people around the world, and you want to stand this woman up for some propaganda purpose?

[He waves a dismissive hand at Sergeant Ohara who looks concerned.]

MZ: In the Soviet Union, we hold parades for our armed forces. We give them medals! We do not stand them up and make them beg for scraps from the ungrateful capitalist bourgeoisie!

Tiny Ohara... since this is your favorite holiday, I feel like giving you a present. Would you like that?

[Ohara doesn't respond.]

MZ: I give you the gift...of mercy.

[Ohara stares coldly at Zharkov.]

MZ: Tiny Ohara, please... I beg of you... if you attempt to honor your mother by stepping into the Rumble with me tonight, the only thing she will witness is the Phoenix be crushed under the boot of the Last Son of the Soviet Union.

Don't make me do this on your favorite holiday, Ohara.

[Zharkov waits for an answer.. and getting none, he turns his gaze onto the other person in the ring.]

MZ: Mrs. Ohara...

[Off-microphone, you can see her clearly respond with a "Sergeant Ohara."]

MZ: Ah yes... so proud you are of that uniform you wear. So proud in your role of American hostilities around the world. The world's policeman they say. Fitting. Because your policemen here in America are big, overblown bullies puffing out their chests as they beat the innocent too!

[He waves a hand.]

MZ: Is that what you are proud of... Maxine?

[Sergeant Ohara steps out from behind her son now, her eyes burning with anger.]

MZ: You are proud to murder innocent children in the sands of Iraq... of Afghanistan... of-

[She closes the distance, getting closer to the Russian as she holds an arm back, keeping Jordan from advancing behind her.]

MZ: I have upset you. My apologies.

[Sergeant Ohara seems to calm down a little.]

MZ: Now, I too admire you, Mrs. Ohara. Because unlike your weak, pathetic son... you are not afraid to confront me.

[Jordan does step forward now, still behind his mother. Zharkov sneers, waving a hand towards him.]

MZ: Even now, he hides behind you! Phoenix, does she fight all your battles for you? Such strength in an American woman is unusual, no?

[Zharkov smirks, stepping back.]

MZ: It is no wonder your father abandoned the both of you, you weak little bast-

[The Phoenix moves quick...but his mother moves quicker.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But before Zharkov can respond to the slap across the face, Jordan Ohara throws himself into a full double leg takedown, toppling Zharkov down to the mat.]

GM: IT'S BREAKING DOWN IN CHI-TOWN!

[Ohara is swinging wildly now, landing heavy blows on Zharkov who raises his arms, trying desperately to cover up!]

GM: Maxim Zharkov went too far! He crossed a line and now he's paying the price for it!

[But Zharkov is bigger and stronger than Ohara, reaching up, snatching a flailing arm, and flipping him over onto his back where the Tsar goes to work with some heavy strikes of his own...]

GM: And now it's Zharkov on top, hammering away on Ohara!

BW: We may need the jaws of life to get these two apart, Gordo!

GM: This one's been brewing for months now and it's broken loose here in the Windy City!

[Sergeant Maxine Ohara shouts at the big Russian repeatedly as he pummels her son. Zharkov throws a sneer in her direction...]

...and ends up getting rolled over again to big cheers!]

GM: And Ohara retakes the advantage, pounding the big Russian into the canvas! Blow after blow... all this anger and frustration at being unable to get his shot at the National Champion... all this anger at the words directed at his mother here tonight on this very special day for his family!

[Ohara suddenly gets up, dragging Zharkov up with him...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[A big chop rattles across the chest of Zharkov as Maxine Ohara cheers her son on. A second one sends Zharkov falling back into the buckles as Ohara marches in, stepping up to the second rope...]

GM: The Phoenix is on the midbuckle!

[Ohara rains down fists to the face of Zharkov, not bothering to wait for the crowd to count along, just commencing with the pummeling!]

GM: Ohara pounding Zharkov repeatedly... and this is-

[Zharkov reaches up, using his strength to shove Ohara off, sending him several feet away where he lands on his feet.]

GM: OH!

[The National Champion comes charging out of the corner, going into a spin...]

GM: PEACEMAKER!

[...but Ohara sees it coming, ducking down as Zharkov goes sailing past him!]

GM: Ducked by Ohara!

[Ohara runs to the ropes, rebounding back, leaping into the air...]

GM: Crossbod-

[But as Zharkov takes his turn to duck, disaster strikes!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Oh no!

[The crowd falls to a hush as a flying Ohara - now with no target - absolutely wipes out his own mother with a crossbody block!]

BW: Cover her, kid!

GM: Would you... that’s not funny at all! Maxine Ohara... Sergeant Maxine Ohara is down.. .she got knocked flat by that... it was an accident... a horrible, horrible accident.

[Jordan Ohara is stunned, completely beside himself as he kneels next to his mother on the mat, cradling her head in his hands as Zharkov exits the ring, a satisfied smirk on his face.]

GM: She went down hard... hitting the back of her head on the canvas.

BW: She’s ex-Army, Gordo. I’m sure she’ll be fine.

GM: Bucky, what is the matter with you? She just got wiped out by her son - a 225 pounder - who was flying through the air at his rival! She hit the back of her head on the mat! She could have a concussion or...

[Ohara looks up helplessly, waving a hand towards the locker room where we quickly see AWA medical sprinting down the aisle towards the ring, running past the National Champion as he makes his exit.]

GM: Jordan Ohara is... after all those words about how special this day is for his family... how proud he is of his mother's service to her country... can you imagine how he's feeling now?

BW: You know, when I was in Little League, I threw a ball from the outfield once and I hit my mom in the head with it accidentally. You think it kinda feels like that?

GM: I... do not. Fans, we've got Dr. Ponavitch on his way out here... I can only hope that Maxine Ohara, Jordan's mother, is okay after that hard fall. She does appear to be conscious in the ring... she's obviously shaken up though... and like I said, she did hit her head on the mat so... well, it's better to be safe than sorry.

[The Phoenix is still kneeling beside his mother, his eyes glistening as Dr. Ponavitch arrives on the scene...

...and we fade to footage that is marked "Previously Recorded." The shot opens low to the ground on a black Toyota Camry as it drives into an empty section of the Allstate Arena parking. The car rolls to a stop and the driver's door opens. Out steps Shadoc Rage. He is dressed for battle in black leather pants and thick-soled motor cycle boots. He wears a RAGE COUNTRY T-shirt in black and a perfecto motor cycle jacket. The Canadian wild man stares at the hellish scene before him as he draws off his sunglasses for the camera to focus on his Kohl-outlined crazed hazel eyes. The camera then tracks his line of sight to the Ring of Iron.

What Hell looks like. Around the asphalt lot underneath the arena, a squared circle of cars has been created. The cars are parked next to each other two deep on the sides of the makeshift ring. The fourth side of the ring is composed of an old yellow school bus. The bus and the cars have seen better days. The parking lot is unrelentingly grey except for signs and some colors on the posts to indicate where a person might be. Rage smiles, stroking his braided beard. He walks into the centre of the Ring of Iron, looking around happily.]

SR: Freak out! Freak out! Jackson Haynes, look around. Look around! Look around! Ring of Iron. This place is Hell! This place is Rage Country. This is my world. This is my Hell! And Jackson Haynes, you're walking right into my world! My private Hell!

[He slaps his gloved right hand down against the hood of an old car, muttering: "Oh yeah. This is going to be good!"]

SR: I've been waiting for this day! Let me take you back, Jackson Haynes! November 2015... SuperClash VII... Minute Maid Park... The Sensational Shadoc Rage incredible World Television Championship reign was unfairly ended thanks to a cheating referee and unfair rules. The world exploded ... they said that Shadoc Rage was going on to be a National Championship contender... a World Title contender... bigger and better things! Did that happen? No. No it didn't.

It's been one year since Shadoc Rage has had a shot at any of the AWA titles. It's been one whole... Why?

Blackjack Lynch.

[The camera focuses on Rage's deranged eyes framed by his wild bun of dreadlocks. His face is contorted with his unrestrained madness.]

SR: Blackjack Lynch has always been against me, whispering in the back rooms, poisoning the Championship Committee against me, stealing the rights of my heritage, faking a Sports Illustrated vote all to keep his family name on everybody's lips when everybody knows the Rages are the greatest family in professional

wrestling. No amount of back room dealing could stop Lauryn Rage from becoming the AWA Women's World Champion... the AWA World Television title means less than when I wore it. But the AWA behind that cheap bastard Texan tried to do everything it could to keep our name in the shadows.

You can't do it. No, you can't. You can't erase our name from history! I won't let you do it! And as the last Rage standing in the AWA it has been my holy crusade for the past year to erase the AWA of the name Lynch.

[Rage shakes his head in the negative, turning in a circle. His energy pulsates through him.]

SR: Travis is gone. The Old Man fell beneath my feet never to be seen again. There was just the Iron Cowboy left and he was too scared to step in the ring with me. He was too scared to step up and defend his family name! The name Lynch was in ruins and I was going to get back on track and take that National Title and take that World Title.

And then you showed up out of the blue.

All the way from Japan, Jackson Haynes, looking to cash in on Blackjack's name and defend his honor. So my crusade can't end until you're gone.

My crusade ends today. Get me, Jackson Haynes. It ends today.

[Rage slams his fist against the hood of the same car, denting the hood slightly. He leers in the camera.]

SR: We've battled each other in arenas all around the country. The rage and the hatred and the violence... it was too much... too big to be contained. The weight of two generations of Rages versus Lynches comes down to you and me in a Ring of Iron.

Javier Castillo, just brilliant!

I've got too much hate in my heart to beat Jackson Haynes in a ring. The violence between us can't be contained in a ring made of ropes and canvas. It has to be out here in a Ring of Iron ... tons of steel, asphalt and concrete. Ground Zero.

[Rage pirouettes, pointing to every car and the school bus.]

SR: Right here at Ground Zero, Shadoe Rage beats Jackson Haynes with anything and everything. I can slam your head with the hood of car. Throw you through a windshield just like you did me. Spike you on the concrete. Smash your hand in a car door. I can do whatever I want to you in here. I got you in Hell for as long as I want, Jackson Haynes. And I want you for a long time. I'm going to make you suffer down here. I'm going to make you pay leaving Japan to try to defend the Old Man. Right here in the Ring of Iron, Jackson, you're going to Hell... you're in Rage Country! You're in Rage Country! And you ain't getting' out! No, you ain't gettin' out!

[Rage leans against the hood of the car, laughing maniacally. He hugs his ribs from the depths of his deranged mirth. He kicks his feet on the hood as hysteria takes over.]

SR: You ain't gettin' out!

[We fade away from Rage to another shot that has the words "Previously recorded" flash across the top of the screen as we fade into a shot of Jackson Haynes, sitting

in the bed of his pickup truck. The Tennessee Madman is dressed in street clothes, taping his fists as he speaks to the camera.]

JH: I got a call from Dallas the other day.

[He shakes his head.]

JH: Nah, it wasn't the old man. He didn't like me when I was bustin' his boys' skulls ten years ago. He didn't like me when I married his oldest daughter. And he hates me even more now that he thinks I'm fightin' his battles for him. But if there was anything that old bastard Blackjack ever got right... he knows when a man's gotta' fight, he's gotta' fight. So the call wasn't from him.

Nah, it was Henrietta.

[Haynes shakes his head.]

JH: She cried, she begged me, she told me not to put her family through something like this again with that evil Shadoe Rage.

She ain't like the old man. I actually like her. But I told her the same thing I told all of y'all. This fight ain't for anyone but myself. It ain't for the old man...it's for my old lady. Ya' made my Samantha cry, Rage.

So now I'm gonna make you bleed.

[A wild-eyed look forms on Haynes' face.]

JH: They say you've got evil runnin' through your veins, Rage. Well, I wanna' see how much. I wanna' see if we can make that Ring of Iron covered in a beautiful, crimson red.

[A disturbed smile forms on Haynes' ugly mug.]

JH: The old man got soft in his age. He showed you mercy I never had the privilege of knowin' from him. He made the mistake of walkin' away from you before the fight was over.

[A beat.]

JH: I'll tell you right now...this ain't over 'til one of us has a tag on their toe.

[He begins to quicken the pace, wrapping the tape around his hand rapidly.]

JH: Tonight, you're gonna die, Rage. Nah, not in darkness...

...but with the spotlight of the whole world shining on ya'!

[And with the camera zoomed in on the crazed look on Haynes' ugly mug, we fade through black...

...and to an overhead shot of the Ring of Iron, a camera mounted somewhere high above the ground, showing the same scene that we saw Shadoe Rage in moments ago. A makeshift "ring" has been created out of cars, trucks, and a rickety looking school bus. Some of the vehicles look fresh off the freeway with a few dents and a broken out window. Some look like they've sat in a junkyard for a decade or more.

This is the battlefield El Presidente has chosen.

This is the Ring of Iron.]

GM: And there you see it, fans. The Ring of Iron. Javier Castillo wanted a fitting place for these two to go to war and I suppose this might be it, Bucky.

BW: Well, you said it yourself, Gordo. These two are too violent to be in the ring and we don't want 'em anywhere near us!

GM: That, my friend, is one hundred percent true. And now we're just waiting for-

[With a squeal and screech of tires, our camera shot abruptly cuts to find a pickup truck barreling towards the Ring of Iron at high speed.]

GM: What the...?!

BW: Is that Haynes?! He's gonna crash into the other cars!

GM: Slow down! SLOW DOWN!

[Another screech of brakes and tires sounds as the truck slams to an abrupt halt just before ramming into one of the sides of the "ring." The door swings open to reveal Jackson Haynes. He slides out of the truck onto the asphalt, dragging his trusty bullrope behind him. Haynes wears a pair of blue jeans and black leather boots. A white tanktop that has seen better days rounds out the ensemble as he starts shouting madly.]

"RAGE! RAAAAAGE! WHERE ARE YOU, YOU SON OF A BITCH?!"

[Haynes approaches the Ring of Iron, his eyes scanning for a missing Shadoe Rage. He swings the bullrope down, the cowbell smacking into a hood of a car.]

"CLANK!"

[Haynes swings it again... and again...]

"CLANK!"

"CLANK!"

"CLANK!"

[He pauses, twisting around slowly, wary as he's ever been.]

"Come out, come out wherever you are, you piece of trash!"

[A "THUD!" is heard from off-camera, Haynes jerking around, fists balled up and ready...

...but he sees nothing.]

GM: Where is he, Bucky?

BW: I don't know. He's out there somewhere, Gordo. We saw him out there in that pre-taped interview a little while ago.

GM: Could he have left? I mean, it takes a crazy man to get inside a "ring" made of beat up old cars.

BW: Luckily for him, Shadoe Rage fits that bill to perfection.

GM: Shadoe Rage is nowhere to be found as Haynes steps past the first car...

[He steps up on the hood of the second, looking around, eyes peeled for trouble. The bullrope dangles from his hand as he waits to see where his foe has stashed himself...

...when suddenly the trunk of the neighboring car swings open, Shadoe Rage popping up with a tire iron in hand.]

"SURPRISE, MOTHERF-"

[The audio cuts out as Rage lunges out of the car, swinging the tire iron at Haynes' legs.]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Haynes stumbles backwards to avoid it, losing his balance and toppling over on the car as Rage climbs up on the hood with him, raising the tire iron overhead...]

GM: This is-

[...and takes a big swing downward at Haynes who just barely rolls out of the way!]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

GM: OH! He broke the windshield with that tire iron!

BW: Haynes is lucky that wasn't his damn skull, Gordo!

[Rage raises the tire iron up, ready to swing it again...

...but a kneeling Haynes rifles a taped right hand into his midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Right hand downstairs!

[The tire iron slips out of Rage's hand, clattering uselessly down onto the asphalt as Haynes. Haynes grabs a handful of Rage's bun of dreadlocks, taking aim and SLAMS a right hand between the eyes, sending Rage staggering backwards where he flops off the hood of one car and facefirst into the hood of the one he originally came out of it...]

GM: Oh no... oh no!

[Haynes smirks as he approaches Rage, grabbing the trunk with his right hand...]

BW: He's gonna-

[The crowd inside the arena reacts as the trunk door is SLAMMED down on Shadoe Rage's back, the former World Television Champion howling in pain from the impact!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: We're just a minute or two into this, Gordo, and they've already tried to bash each other with a tire iron and then slammed a car door on someone! What the hell is this gonna be like?!

GM: This is exactly what Javier Castillo had in mind, I'm afraid. Total... complete... brutal violence.

[Haynes raises the trunk up, ready to slam it down a second time...

...and then goes sprawling backwards, falling back against the hood of the car he was on moments ago.]

GM: What the...?!

[Rage rises up to his feet in the trunk of the car, crouching slightly due to the trunk door, a round object in his hand...

...which he SLINGS at Haynes, cracking him in the ribcage with it!]

GM: Was that... a can of oil?!

BW: It was! Rage just threw two cans of oil at Haynes who did NOT want an oil change here tonight in Chicago!

[Rage scrambles out of the trunk, approaching Haynes and burying a hard kick into the ribcage, causing the former tag champion to roll off the hood of the car, falling down onto the parking lot asphalt.]

GM: Goodness... and that's not the ring - which is hard enough as it is - that Jackson Haynes just fell onto, fans. That cold, unforgiving asphalt out in the parking lot of the Allstate Arena.

[Rage steps up on the roof of the car, an audible sound from where the roof dents in under his weight is heard. He raises his arms up over his head, looking out over the Ring of Iron in its entirety...

...and leaps from his perch as Haynes pushes up off the concrete, dropping a double axehandle down over the skull!]

GM: Ohhh! DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[Haynes is sprawled out on the ground as Rage stands over him, arm raised as he points to the sky, twirling his muscular arm around. For the first time, we see referee Koji Sakai who has drawn the unlucky task of trying to officiate this.]

GM: There's the referee whose only job in this one is to count a pinfall or check for a submission. Nothing else.

[Sakai implores Rage to go for a cover but Rage's cold eyes narrow on him.]

"You shut your mouth. He ain't gettin' off that easy... nuh uh...]

[Rage leans down, dragging Haynes by the back of his jeans off the concrete, twirling him around once...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd inside the arena reacts as Haynes gets ROCKETED shoulderfirst into the car door, badly denting the metal as the Hammer slumps back down onto his knees on the asphalt.]

"Oh yeah, Haynes... oh yeah! You're gonna bleed that dirty Lynch blood all over Chicago, yeah! You hear me?! YOU HEAR ME?!

[He jerks Haynes up by the hair, smashing the point of his elbow down between the eyes once... twice... and three times before he allows him to slump facefirst back down onto the asphalt.]

GM: Shadoc Rage with Jackson Haynes down at his feet early on in this one.

BW: We think it's early on, Gordo. This could end at any second with the stuff they've got out there to hurt each other with.

[Rage pulls Haynes off the asphalt by the hair again, this time dragging him by it across the Ring of Iron to the opposite side. He stops at about the center of the "ring," grabbing the former Stampede Cup winner by the wrist...]

GM: An Irish whip?! In this?!

[Rage goes for a whip, aiming Haynes towards the side of the school bus which has definitely seen better days, its formerly canary yellow paint rusted and chipping away with time and abuse...

...but Haynes manages to reverse it, sending Rage rocketing towards it where he SLAMS backfirst into the side of the bus!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Haynes grabs at his reddened shoulder, grimacing as he lowers his head...]

"You're gonna bleed, Rage!"

[...and runs at full speed across the Ring of Iron towards Rage who stumbles away from the side of the bus. Haynes scoops him up onto his shoulder in mid-run and keeps on running...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD LORD! HAYNES _DRIVES_ HIM INTO THE SIDE OF THE BUS!

[A large dent in the side of the bus is visible as Haynes backs off, allowing Rage to slump down to his knees, arching his back in pain.]

BW: This is crazy, Gordo... but a guy like Shadoc Rage may be built for a match like this.

GM: How do you figure?

BW: Think about the crazy stuff he's been in in his career. Sure, Jackson Haynes is physical. Jackson Haynes is violent. But Shadoc Rage LIVES for stuff like this. Whether it was the Scaffold Match with Donnie White or the Escape The Cage match a few years ago... or even the match he's most famous for - Death In Darkness. That one's got C-4 in it, Gordo! Explosives! This is a fun night at the office for him.

[Haynes grimaces as he grabs Rage by the bun of dreadlocks again, yanking his head back...]

"You ready to meet your old man again?"

[...and SMASHES a right hand down between the eyes!]

"Tell him Jackson Haynes sends his regards!"

[And another one down between the eyes, the taped fist slamming into the skull in brutal fashion.]

"Tell him Blackjack says to burn down there!"

[Another fist bounces off the skull, causing Rage to topple facefirst onto the asphalt as Haynes stands over him, leaning against the side of the bus. Haynes takes a deep breath, walks forward and lowers himself to a knee...]

"Such a shame about that pretty, pretty face of yours..."

[He grabs the hair with both hands, a twisted smile on his face...]

GM: Oh no.. no, no, no!

[...and DRAGS Rage's face back and forth across the asphalt, the former Television Champion screaming in pain as the Hammer does his damage!]

BW: AGHHHHH!

[Haynes finally lets go, Rage flopping over onto his back, his arms up to shield his face as Haynes rises to his feet. The referee slides in, encouraging Haynes to go for a pin.]

"Heh. Not a chance, Koji. Not a chance."

[Haynes steps over Rage, a foot on either side of his prone torso as he looks down on him...]

"Don't hide your face, Rage. I'm sure it's not that bad."

[He slaps Rage's arm away from his face, revealing a nasty red scrape across the cheek and a pretty big cut on the forehead. A grinning Haynes reaches up, patting the bloodied face...

...and then drags his bloody hand across his t-shirt, leaving a red streak.]

"Now, that's more like it."

[The referee backs off as Haynes hauls Rage off the ground by the hair again, turning him back towards the bus...]

GM: Look out!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage goes flying facefirst into the side of the bus, sliding along it, holding on to stay on his feet as a bloody smear follows him.]

GM: Oh goodness. Rage is BADLY lacerated, fans. He's been busted open and Jackson Haynes is a shark who smells blood right about now!

[Rage staggers along the length of the bus, ending up over where the end of the bus and the next block of cars meet. He falls forward, flopping facefirst onto the hood of the car as Haynes pursues.]

"Where you goin', Rage? You still wanna fight, don'tcha?"

[Haynes grabs Rage by the hair, pulling him off the hood...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: FACEFIRST ON THE HOOD OF THE CAR!

[Haynes sneers as he pulls Rage up again...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: AGAIN!

[He drags the bloodied Canadian up a third time, looking at him.]

"Shoulda let the old man be."

[He shakes his head...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[...and RAMS Rage's face into the now bloody hood of the car a third time! The former tag champion dusts his hands off, standing over the stunned and bloody Rage.]

BW: Both these men made their names as part of famous tag teams, Gordo. Shadoo Rage with the Prophets of Rage. Jackson Haynes with Violence Unlimited, of course. But they've got no partners to help them here tonight. They're completely on their own!

GM: Jackson Haynes is climbing up on the hood of this car now...

[Up on the hood, he drags the bloodied Rage up with him, turning around...]

GM: Haynes has got him by-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Haynes HURLS Rage off the top of one car and into the open truckbed of a pickup truck parked next to it.]

GM: The Ring of Iron is absolutely DESTROYING the bodies of these men, Bucky!

BW: And they're BOTH supposed to be in the Rumble later tonight! How the heck is that gonna happen?!

GM: I have no idea.

[Haynes walks across the car, stepping into the truckbed where Rage is laid out inside. The referee slides up alongside the car, asking Rage if he can continue.]

GM: The referee just asked Rage if he wants to stop it...

BW: And I don't think we can repeat his answer.

GM: Suffice to say it was a no.

[The Hammer pulls Rage to his knees...

...and into a standing headscissors!]

GM: Oh no! Haynes may be looking to end this right here and now, fans!

BW: He's well-known all over the world for that powerbomb! You can't even count how many times he's finished an opponent with it!

[Rage can be seen grabbing at the floor of the truckbed, searching for a way to avoid being lifted into the air...]

...but to no avail as Haynes muscles him up into position!]

GM: POWERBOM-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Rage slips free as Haynes crumples to the back wall of the truck cab...]

GM: What even happened there?

BW: Rage hit him with something. I don't know what he...

[...and a madly grinning Shadoe Rage climbs to his feet, holding the remnants of a beer bottle in his hand!]

GM: A bottle?! He hit him with a glass bottle?!

BW: I guess the owner of that truck had himself a good time in that pickup truck on occasion, Gordo!

GM: Rage picked up a beer bottle off the floor of the truck bed and bashed Jackson Haynes over the head with it and... oh my god.

[As Haynes drags himself up to his feet, turning to face Rage, we see a horrific gash on his forehead with blood streaming down into his left eye!]

GM: Oh... oh my god. We may need help out here now. We may need to stop this damn thing, Bucky!

[Rage cackles madly as he wobbles across the truckbed towards Haynes, the broken bottle still in hand...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and attempts to drive the broken glass into the forehead of Haynes who brings up his hands to block it!]

GM: Rage is trying to use that broken bottle on Haynes!

BW: Haynes is fighting it though! He's fighting it with all he's got!

GM: Rage might be trying to take his eye out! He's a madman out there!

[Haynes' power is too much for Rage though, preventing him from using the bottle...

...on his head at least.]

GM: AHHHHHHH!

[The crowd in the arena reacts with disgust as Rage RAKES the broken bottle across the arm of Jackson Haynes!]

GM: HE CUT HIS ARM! HE CUT HIS ARM WITH THAT DAMN BOTTLE!

[Haynes cries out, grabbing at his arm where a red line forms and quickly starts to ooze blood from his bicep.]

GM: What a maniac! What kind of a lunatic does something like that, Bucky!

BW: THIS ONE!

[Rage tosses the bottle aside, narrowly missing Koji Sakai who has come to investigate...]

...and then grabs the bloody Haynes by the hair...]

GM: Rage has got him and-

[With a few step run, Rage HURLS Haynes from the truckbed towards the hood of the car where Haynes SLAMS down on the steel before rolling over near the windshield!]

GM: Good grief! A hard fall for Jackson Haynes... and Rage is going after him, fans! Rage stepping over onto that other car... pulls Haynes back...

[He pushes Haynes down on the hood...]

...and then LEAPS into the air, dropping all his weight down on a kneedrop that crushes Haynes underneath him, denting the hood of the car even further!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kneedrop on the hood of the car! Goodness!

[Rage kneels on the dented metal, his chest heaving as he wipes the blood from his eyes. Referee Koji Sakai leans in, "Come on, Rage! Pin the man!" and then scampers away from a threatened backhand.]

"Nah, nah... it's over when I say it's over!"

[The former World Television Champion promptly wraps his hands around the throat of Haynes, squeezing the windpipe!]

GM: He's choking him!

BW: And it's totally legal! If he wants choke him straight to unconsciousness, nobody can stop him except Jackson Haynes!

[The official is pleading with Rage to break the choke as Haynes' arms and legs flail on the dented car hood.]

GM: Haynes is fighting it! Trying to pry the hands off his throat! Trying to-

[Rage abruptly breaks the choke, grabbing Haynes by the hair and SMASHING a fist down between the eyes once... twice... three times.]

GM: Rage pounding the skull of the Hammer...

[Climbing to his feet, Rage stomps Haynes between the eyes as well, leaving the former tag champion laid out on the hood of the car. The maniacal Rage spreads his arms wide, twirling slowly on the hood of the car.]

"You think you're a killer, Haynes?! You're nothing, man! Nothing but blood and dirt under my boot!"

[He plants a boot on the chest, striking a double bicep pose as the referee attempts to make a count on top of the car, slapping it once... twice...

...and again diving backwards as Rage removes his boot, throwing a kick towards him! He points angrily at Sakai.]

"YOU DON'T END THIS! I END IT! YOU HEAR ME?!"

[Sakai nods nervously as Rage leans down, dragging the bloodied Haynes off the hood of the car. He pushes him forward, standing near the windshield.]

GM: Both men on their feet up on the hood of that car and... ohh! Haynes with a desperation right hand!

[The crowd inside the arena cheers as the big man throws a second haymaker, scoring and knocking Rage down to a knee.]

GM: Two big shots by Haynes has Rage down again and- WAIT!

[Rage suddenly surges to his feet, lifting the 310 pounder into the air...

...and steps forward, the glass cracking as he steps on the windshield before stepping atop the roof of the car...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd inside the Allstate Arena is roaring as Shadoe Rage slammed Jackson Haynes THROUGH the sunroof on the car they were on, sending him crashing into the inside of the vehicle as Rage flops down on the windshield, body wrecked with exertion.]

GM: HE SLAMMED HIM! HE SLAMMED HIM THROUGH THE SUNROOF!

BW: MY GOD!

[Rage rolls over onto his back, bloody bubbles popping in the corner of his mouth as a chuckle escapes.]

"You... aggggh... you wanted... to go... to hell with me, Haynes?! WELCOME TO HELL!"

[He laughs again as the referee leans in through a busted out window on the driver's side, checking to see if Haynes is okay.]

GM: The referee... I think he can stop this, Bucky. The rules say pinfall or submission but I think no one would complain if he stopped this right here and right now.

BW: Jackson Haynes would.

GM: He might. But he shouldn't! What kind of torture must someone put them through to keep going in this?! He's been cut with a broken bottle after he got hit

over the head with it! He's been thrown into the steel on these cars repeatedly! He just got slammed through a sunroof! His body is bloodied and broken and... well, we know Shadoe Rage will do this all night if he can.

BW: You don't think Jackson Haynes would?!

GM: Of course he WOULD... but the question is if he SHOULD! And the answer is, quite clearly, no! He should not go on! He should call it a night.

BW: But what about his whiny Lynch wife and his screaming Lynch brats at home?!

GM: He's done his family proud here tonight, Bucky. He fought for the honor of his father-in-law, Blackjack Lynch, and he's done so in a way he can be proud of. There is no shame in losing to a maniac like Shadoe Rage. None at all!

[Rage rolls to his knees, blood streaming off his head onto the hood of the car as he continues to laugh.]

GM: Listen to him, Bucky! He's laughing! He's laughing at this! He's trying to end a man's career and he thinks it's funny!

[He slowly raises his arms above his head, climbing to his feet with a triumphant shout.]

"YO, ADRIAN! WE DID IT!"

[Rage again laughs loudly, his body heaving with the effort as he lowers his arms, staring straight into the camera...]

"I told you... I told you I'd end him. I told you I'd-"

[...and like a monster rising from the grave, a bloodied Jackson Haynes suddenly rises up through the shattered sunroof, littered with new cuts on his body!]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

[Haynes suddenly reaches out, hooking a shocked Rage around the throat with both hands, yanking him over the cracked windshield...

...and drags him through the broken sunroof into the interior of the car!]

GM: HAYNES PULLS HIM INTO THE CAR!

BW: HOW THE HELL IS HAYNES EVEN CONSCIOUS?!

GM: I HAVE NO IDEA BUT-

[The cameraman moves quickly, catching some partially obscured shots of Haynes hammering Rage with fists inside the car..

...and then works his way around to look through the driver's side of the car where we can see Haynes looping the seat belt around the face of Rage, the belt cutting into the mouth as Haynes yanks back on it!]

GM: AHHHH!

[Rage's face is pressed up against the glass, bloody streaks on the driver's side window as he struggles to get the belt from around his face. He flops backwards, flailing about as Haynes moves the belt lower..

...and hooks it around his throat!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: HE'S STRANGLING HIM WITH THE SEAT BELT!

GM: The referee's gotta put a stop to this! He's gotta get in there and stop this! Haynes is trying to choke the life out of him!

[Rage flails at the center console, smacking his hands against it, searching for a way out as his tongue lolls disgustingly out of his mouth.]

GM: Referee Sakai is screaming at Haynes to let him go! Begging him to-

[Suddenly, the driver's side window EXPLODES as Rage's foot connects with the glass, causing Sakai to jump backwards as the formerly muffled cries of a gasping Rage are now clear as day. Haynes shouts at him through a bloody sneer.]

"YOU WANT SOMEONE TO DIE, HUH?! YOU WANT TO END SOMEONE?!"

[Rage's limbs start to slow, the consciousness being pulled from his body as he again grasps at the center console...]

GM: Rage is fading, fans! Shadoo Rage is fading fast and-

[...and when Rage jerks his hand away from the console, pressing it into the wrist of Jackson Haynes, Haynes lets loose a howl of agony, abruptly dropping the seat belt, falling back against the passenger door as Rage shoves the belt away, coughing and gasping as he kicks at the driver door, knocking it open.]

GM: What did he...?

[The camera zooms in a little closer, showing Haynes grasping his wrist in pain...

...and a glowing red cigarette lighter lying discarded on the center console.]

GM: Oh.. god. I'm going to be sick, Bucky.

BW: Did he just... he burned him, Gordo! He burned him with that cigarette lighter! He saved himself with it!

GM: An absolutely disgusting display of... unlimited violence, as Shadoo Rage would say, being put on by these two men... and I hope Javier Castillo is happy with himself! This is NOT the kind of action we should be seeing here in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: Are you kidding me?! This is great!

GM: This is brutal. This is sadistic. This is disgusting. And this is NOT the sport of kings that you and I have spent our entire lives dedicated to.

[Rage slips out the driver's door, flopping over onto the hood of the other car next to it. He drags himself across it, leaving streaks of crimson on steel as he rolls off the hood onto the asphalt... finally outside the Ring of Iron.]

GM: He got out! Rage is outside this makeshift ring and... does that mean it's mercifully over?

BW: Why would it be over? It wasn't an escape match! He's gotta pin the man or make him submit!

[Rage, down on all fours, begins crawling across the asphalt.]

GM: I don't know, Bucky. It looks like Shadoe Rage has had enough.

[With a loud bellow of a scream, Jackson Haynes emerges from the wrecked out car, blood streaming from various cuts on his body, cradling his now-burnt wrist...]

BW: HAYNES HASN'T!

GM: And you're trying to tell me this man is going to be in the Rumble tonight still?! No way! No way!

[Haynes shoves his way past the other car, striding out into the empty parking lot where Rage continues to crawl, making his way towards one of the cement pillars.]

GM: Rage is trying to get the hell out of here, Bucky, but Jackson Haynes will NOT be denied his pound of flesh tonight! He came here to Chicago... he came back to the AWA... with vengeance on his mind. He had to watch his wife and children cry on Thanksgiving Night last year for what Rage did to Blackjack Lynch... and now he wants to make him pay for that grievous offense!

BW: You think Marissa Monet and her kid are crying somewhere right now, Bucky?

GM: I have no idea... Haynes catching up to Rage now...

[Haynes reaches down, hauling Shadoe Rage to his feet by the back of his pants, grabbing a handful of hair with the other...]

...and ROCKETS him into the cement pillar, causing Rage to SLAM chestfirst against it with a sickening thud, sliding off it and stumbling across the asphalt, falling to his knees facing the Ring of Iron!]

GM: Haynes puts him into that giant cement pillar... and now Rage is crawling back the other way! Desperately trying to get away... desperately trying to find a way to escape the wrath of Jackson Haynes!

[Rage crawls, shoving himself to his feet, stumbling wildly. He throws a glance over his shoulder as Haynes stalks behind him, ready to put an end to this brutal war.]

GM: Rage is heading back towards that school bus now...

[Falling against the back of the bus, Rage grasps for the handle on the door, swinging it open...]

GM: Rage just opened the back of the bus!

BW: That's where all the cool kids sat, Gordo.

GM: Huh. I always sat up front.

BW: I rest my case.

[The Canadian wildman pulls himself up into the bus, falling to his knees inside it as Haynes approaches.]

GM: Rage is running for his life right now! Jackson Haynes is... oh no.

BW: He's got another tire iron!

GM: Who the hell left that out there?!

[Haynes pulls himself up on the back of the bus, climbing through the rear door after Rage who we see fall backwards on the floor of the bus, begging off as he scoots away from the vengeful Haynes...]

GM: We're having a hard time seeing... can we get a better shot of-

[A loud "CRASH!" is heard as one of the bus window explodes thanks to an errant Jackson Haynes tire iron shot that narrowly misses a fleeing Shadoe Rage.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: He almost got him! He almost nailed him there!

[An abrupt cut shows the interior of the bus, the camera moving around wildly. Apologies to the motion sickness-stricken at home.]

GM: We've got a camera in the bus now... and look at Haynes menacing Shadoe Rage with that tire iron!

[The cameraman is standing several feet behind Haynes, watching as another swipe with the tire iron barely misses Rage who slides back as the weapon hits the window where he was, knocking it out too!]

BW: Hey... uhh... there's someone driving the bus!

GM: What?!

[As the camera shot settles down again, we can indeed see someone sitting behind the wheel of the bus. Someone tall and large but unmoving. With their back to us, it is impossible to see who it is. Shadoe Rage falls to the floor, scooting backwards, pleading for mercy as Haynes stands over him, shouting...]

"HEY DRIVER! THIS PIECE OF TRASH IS GETTING OFF AT THE NEXT STOP!"

[As they near the front of the bus, Shadoe rolls to the side, falling into a seat as Haynes steps up, raising the tire iron over his head...

...when the massive form behind the wheel rises, turning to face the duo...]

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

BW: IT'S DEREK RAGE!

[...and lashes out with his hand, wrapping it around the bloody skull of Jackson Haynes...]

GM: HE'S GOT HAYNES!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES the back of his head through the bus window!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Haynes goes limp under Derek Rage's grasp, the seven footer dragging the Hammer back into the aisle, still in the clawhold...]

GM: Derek Rage... what the hell is HE doing here?!

BW: He's helping his brother!

GM: Helping him?! He HATES him! His brother got him FIRED the last time he worked here!

[The seven foot Rage drags Jackson Haynes down the aisle of the bus towards the back, our cameraman backpedaling fast, trying not to fall as the big man shouts "MOVE!" at him.]

We cut to the outside the bus, a different camera shot as our inside-the-bus guy comes leaping out, screaming "OUT OF THE WAY! OUT OF THE WAY!" as he gets clear...

...just as Derek Rage steps to the open bus door, holding Jackson Haynes in his powerful grip...]

GM: What's he doing up there?!

[Rage HOISTS Haynes into the air as he leaps off the back of the bus...

...and DRIVES him down onto the back window of the car with a thunderous clawhold slam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HAMMER OF GOD! HAMMER OF GOD SLAM ON HAYNES!

[Derek Rage stays on him, leaving the clawhold in place on the bloodied skull of Haynes...]

GM: He puts Haynes THROUGH the back of that car... and this is academic now.

BW: It would be, Gordo... but where the heck is Shadoe Rage?!

GM: I don't... oh... my... god.

[A wide shot of the bus reveals EXACTLY where Shadoe Rage is!]

BW: HE'S ON TOP OF THE BUS! HOW'D HE GET UP THERE?!

[A bloodied and battered Shadoe Rage stumbles along the roof, muttering to himself as he reaches the rear of it.]

GM: GET HIM DOWN FROM THERE! GET HIM DOWN!

[Shadoe Rage looks down at the prone Haynes, waving a wild arm to instruct his brother to get out of the way...]

GM: DON'T DO THIS! DO NOT DO THIS!

BW: How the heck high is he up there?! Fifteen feet?! Twenty?!

GM: I HAVE NO IDEA BUT- NOOOOOOOOOO!

[His arms held high, Rage leaps into the air, soaring through the quiet of the empty parking lot, dangerous thoughts on his mind as he drops down... down... down...]

...and DRIVES his elbow down into the heart of the prone Jackson Haynes!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHHHHH MYYYYYYYY STARRRRRRRRRRRS!

[The impact causes both men to go still. Koji Sakai stands nearby, hands on top his head, shocked at the death-defying move from the AWA's resident madman.]

GM: They're down! They're both down! They're not moving! Not one bit and-

[Rage flops over, his arm barely dropping across the chest of Haynes! The referee looks puzzled for a moment and then seems to have a "screw it!" moment as he lunges forward, slapping the roof of the car once... twice... three times!]

GM: That's it!

[The referee points to Shadoe Rage who rolls off of Haynes, rolling right off the car onto the asphalt of the parking lot. A groan of pain escapes him as the referee shouts "THE WINNER IS RAGE!" pointing to the bloodied and broken former Television Champion who has rolled onto his back on the ground, his chest heaving as he grunts again.]

GM: Shadoe Rage has won this utter war of attrition between himself and Jackson Haynes and... wow. I would never call this a wrestling match, fans. This was a fight. Pure and simple. It was a war. Javier Castillo... I hope you're satisfied.

BW: I think he will never be satisfied, Gordo.

GM: Uh oh...

[The gigantic Derek Rage steps past the broken form of Jackson Haynes, still unmoving on the car as Rage stands, looking down at his brother.]

GM: And we know there's absolutely no love lost there, Bucky. This could erupt into another fight very easily.

BW: I still don't even understand what he's doing here!

[Derek Rage looks down at Shadoe, long and hard...

...and then slowly extends his long arm, his giant hand reaching out towards his estranged brother.]

GM: Wow... look at this...

[Shadoe Rage looks up, eyes stinging with blood as he glares coldly... disbelievingly even... at his brother...

...and then slowly raises his own hand to accept it. Derek hauls Shadoe to his feet, the two glaring at one another from close range.]

GM: The Prophets of Rage are standing tall... together... in the parking lot of the Allstate Arena. You talk about mayhem... I think we just saw it.

[Derek Rage releases his brother's hand, Shadoe falling back against the dented car as his giant of a brother simply turns and walks away...

...and we fade to...

PART TWO

...backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands with "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, Victoria June and Gal Gadot. Somers stands to Blackwell's right and she is dressed in a red jacket over a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. June is to Blackwell's left and is dressed in tattered black fishnet stocking, shredded black denim hot pants, black Doc Martens and a black and red patterned halter top. The freckle-faced, gap-toothed albino has her afro teased out high so all the world can see the uneven patch in her hair right by her temple. She wears a necklace and bracelet made out of twisted pieces of metal and carries a broken bat in her right hand. Gadot is just behind Somers and she is dressed in a black jacket, red top and white pants.]

SLB: Mayhem certainly has been breaking loose all night long here in Chicago and it truly feels like we're just getting started! In just a few minutes, fans, it's going to be Erica Toughill and Cinder taking on the two ladies with me right now, "The Afro-Punk" Victoria June and "The Spitfire" Julie Somers. But these two ladies won't be alone -- they are going to have none other than the third lady with me, Gal Gadot, in their corner. And Gal, I have to say, it hasn't taken long for you to figure out the AWA scene, so to speak.

[Gadot smiles and gives a quick nod.]

GG: I cannot tell you how excited I am to be here. Of course, I need to thank Omega for keeping things on the down low and not blowing my cover.

[Somers and June can't help but chuckle.]

GG: And I also want to wish Ryan Martinez, Supreme Wright, Jeff Matthews and Jordan Ohara the best of luck later tonight. I'm sure they are going to be more than ready for that Tower of Doom. And best of luck to the Iron Cowboy, Jack Lynch, in his World Title match as well.

SLB: Well, let's not forget the main reason you are here tonight, and that's to show support for Julie Somers and Victoria June as they get ready for tag team action.

GG: That's right, Sweet Lou. And as much as I have enjoyed being here tonight, nothing could be more important than showing support to two women I am proud to call friends. Now, I heard what Cinder and Erica had to say about me, and if they want to start trouble with me, I am more than capable of taking care of myself.

But with that said, I know these two women beside me are the ones who want to settle things, and tonight's match is more about them than it is about me.

[Blackwell smiles at Gadot before turning to Victoria June.]

SLB: Victoria June, you're just moments away from getting your hands on Cinder, the woman who has been causing you a whole world of problems since she arrived here in the AWA...

[June interrupts.]

VJ: Lemme just cut you off right there, Sweet Lou. Ah know tha history between us. See, it really started between me and that nasty Erica Toughill back in Japan during the Empress Cup. Ah beat her fair an' square and she put me outta the tournament. Cinder never would have been Empress without the help of her 'mummy' and ah let 'em know all about it on Power Hour. And then ol' nasty Cindy went an cut my hair. And now we gonna fight.

[She raises the broken bat.]

VJ: Toughill, yuh want this back? Ah'm a give it back to you tonight. But ah don't think yer gonna like where ah stick it!

SLB: Oh my!

VJ: Y'all think ol' Vicky June ain't been fightin' her whole life? Y'all think that Vicky June is just the one y'all can try to embarrass? From the Serpentine blindin' me and puttin' me on the shelf to Lauryn Rage beatin' me up in her first title defense to the suits never wantin' to sign meh in the first place, all ah been doin' is fightin'. So this ol' Tennessee weirdo ain't the one. Ah thought y'all woulda figured that by now.

Toughill, you wanna dance again with me and both Wonder Women? We gonna slam dance and stomp all over yuh and yer creepy little weirdo fairy God daughter.

[She shows her necklace and bracelets.]

VJ: Cindy, this right here is what's left of yer Cup. And it's about as much as ah think of you. Twisted and useless. You been tryin' to get attention around here and make a name for yerself as the weird sister, but Cindy, ah been in that spot and ah been doin' it way better than you ever could. Hair grows back, Cindy. And frankly that little cut you gave me been inspiring me ... ah can make a bald spot look good. Ah reckon it goes right along with all the other weird stuff ah got goin' on.

[She runs her free hand from her chin to the top of her head.]

VJ: But there's a lot more substance to ol' Vicky June than her looks, Cindy. And that's a lesson ah'm gonna teach you in that ring. You gonna feel what this Afro-Punk got. You gonna feel what Julie got. You gonna feel what Wonder Woman, Gal Gadot got. This here... this mah team. This mah family. That there ring, that's mah home, Cindy, and we gonna fight and ah'm gonna punk you out! You want another piece of me?

[Her green eyes narrow as she grows more threatening.]

VJ: Let's go.

SLB: Some strong words from Victoria June -- and I can imagine, Julie Somers, that the feeling is mutual.

JS: Sweet Lou, I keep hearing about Cinder is going to take a piece of all us -- a piece of our hair, she says, like she's going to have a souvenir from tonight's match. But, Cinder, the only souvenir you're going to get is a swift butt kicking from Victoria and I!

You suckered us in during that tag match back in January, and then you thought hanging around Erica Toughill and playing her up as your mummy was somehow going to be your ticket to the top. But all you did, Cinder, was show that you're nothing more than a spoiled child! And you want me to feel sympathy for you after Victoria here destroyed your Empress Cup -- all I can tell you, Cinder, is that what goes around, comes around! Tonight, not only do things come back around as far as Victoria is concerned, but myself and, yes, for our friend, Gal.

And then there's you, Erica.

[She takes a deep breath and runs her fingers through her hair.]

JS: Look, I get how frustrating it can be when you think that people are looking past you. But it's really hard for me to feel sorry for you when all you do is spend time feeling sorry for yourself, then responding at me and everyone else the way you have. So I'm gonna lay it straight for you, Erica.

Nobody is going to feel sorry for you when all you do is complain.

Nobody is going to feel sorry for you when all you do is ambush everyone in your path.

Nobody is going to feel sorry for you when every time Kerry Kendrick snaps his fingers, you're snapping to attention.

Nobody is going to feel sorry for you when you have all the talent in the world -- and believe me, I know that from every time I've faced you -- but all you want to do is point the fingers at everybody but the person who's staring at you every time you look in the mirror!

[She takes another deep breath and shakes her head, then motions to June.]

JS: I want you to look at Victoria here. Despite the fact she took her lumps when she first came to AWA, despite an injury here and there, she came right back, showed she learned from experience, and set her mind, heart and soul out to being the best she could be. Just ask Cinder about that.

[She gestures back to Gadot.]

JS: I want you to look at Gal, who got the opportunity of a lifetime to portray one of the longest-running superheroes ever, in which it took more than 70 years to get a movie on the big screen, but you don't hear Gal complaining about that, do you? No, she only talks about how wonderful it is to play an iconic character and how much she loves talking to Lynda Carter about how she made girls everywhere want to be just like that superhero.

[She then gestures to herself.]

JS: And I want you to look at me -- the woman who never once turned tail when she was taking a licking from Charisma Knight. The woman who never once turned tail when she was taking a licking from you, even to the point that some may have said I should have just sat out SuperClash. The woman who does not view any loss as a setback, but as an opportunity to bounce back and show the world that I will not let my losses define me!

[She motions to June to come closer and does the same to Gadot. They do so, and then they put their arms around each other. Blackwell moves around to Somers' left, still holding the mic.]

JS: You look at the three of us, Erica, and you don't see anybody feeling sorry for themselves for what went wrong in our lives. Instead, you see three women who always have the mindset to prove, each in our own way, that we are always going to be the best at what we do. That is how we define ourselves, and it's going to be no different tonight.

[She casts a quick glance toward June and Gadot.]

JS: As I once said a variant to a couple of friends of mine -- ladies, to the ring!

[She gestures with her arm and the three walk off the set.]

SLB: A very focused and determine trio, fans! Let's go back to the ring!

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

RO: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division!

[Ortiz lowers the mic as the lights go out in the arena, and an image flickers on the screens either side of the entrance. Fade to an alley in Chicago at night. An empty oil drum is a makeshift bonfire. A ghostly hooded figure with dark cherry colored lip gloss warms her hands by the fire. She begins to chant, and the Scottish brogue betrays her identity.]

C: Double. Double toil, an' trouble. Fire baern an' caldron bubble.

[Behind her, another woman lurks sullenly. Her face is mostly concealed by her raised hoodie. She blows a pink bubble from between her lips and hands Cinder her baseball bat.]

C: Fillet of a fenny snake...

[Cinder looks to Toughill for her approval before tossing the bat into the fire, sparking to life with the addition of new lumber.]

C: ...In the caldron boil an' bake!

[Toughill begins to convulse as Cinder's chanting becomes more hysterical.]

C: Eye of newt an' toe of frog, wool of bat an' tongue o' dog!

[Cinder grasps a lock of golden hair, the same one she tore from Victoria June's hair weeks ago. She tosses it on the fire and it begins to roar.]

C: Adder's fork an' blind-worm's sting, lizard's leg an' howlet's wing!

[In her fist, Cinder squeezes a Wonder Woman action figure. She hands it to Toughill, who dismembers it, beheads it and tosses it into the wailing bonfire.]

C: For a charm of powerful trouble, like a HELL-BROTH boil an' bubble!

[As the flames consume the frame, one final glimpse of Cinder and Erica Toughill standing over the fire is seen...

...And their eyes are no longer exactly human.]

[Fade back to the arena. "Banshee" by Dance With The Dead plays its dreamy intro through the Horizon. The entranceway is bathed in red light and dry ice fog. A gamin-like girl in dark-tinted, loose drapery stands, back to the crowd, in front of a

bright backlight. A goblet rests between the long fingers of one hand, her other arm slowly waving, as though performing an incantation. She then points to another bright backlight beside her.

Another woman, slightly more rubenesque, with powerful thick legs, prowls into the light with feline movement. But she is no housecat; the way she moves resembles a jaguar, or a panther, or a...

THOOOOOOM!!!

[The sorceress throws the goblet to the stage and several jets of steam surround the two women. The intro to "Banshee" ends, and the guitars and drums kick in as the steam clears to reveal Cinder and Erica Toughill.]

GM: Wow, earlier tonight we saw Gal Gadot transform the heroes of the AWA! It would seem that the villainous Weird Sisters Cinder and Ricki Toughill are right there with them!

[Rebecca Ortiz raises the mic once again.]

RO: Introducing first... on their way to the ring... at a total combined weight of 289 pounds...

ERICA TOUUUUUUGHILL AND CINNNNNNNNDERRRRRRRR!

[Toughill's ring gear--tights, crop top, boots--is now entirely orange, white, and black airbrushed cheetah-print. Her familiar sidecut has a cheetah pattern shaved into it. Even her face around her temples has a few cheetah spots painted on to it. With long, gliding steps and snarl on her face, she makes her way down the aisle like the feline predator she evokes.]

GM: Our colleague Colt Patterson has long compared this woman to a big jungle cat and tonight, she sure looks the part as Wonder Woman's archrival Cheetah!

[Behind Toughill--half skipping, half dancing like a dervish--is her sinister protege Cinder. Her flame red hair is tied into two knotted braids, almost the same color as the billowing red skirt that trails behind her. Her ring gear is criss-crossed with black straps and buckles that contrast sharply with her ghoulish fair complexion. Her dark cherry colored lips grin with malicious mischief.]

GM: And that young lady, I'm told, is the sorceress Circe. Though she really is every bit the wicked sorceress that has been tormenting Victoria June, and much of the women's locker room ever since arriving in the AWA earlier this year. Her and her "fairy godmother" Erica Toughill.

BW: Wait, who did you say Ricki Toughill was supposed to be?

GM: "Cheetah."

BW: I could've sworn she was Edith Prickley.

GM: Bucky...

[Toughill rolls into the ring and paces back and forth like she was in a cage. Cinder glides onto the apron, and mounts the middle rope, gesturing like she's gazing into an invisible crystal ball. She folds her arms across her chest and leans back, entering her typical pre-match state: hanging upside-down by the knees from the top rope like a bat.]

GM: You know, Cinder is so fond of calling Ricki Toughill her Fairy Godmother, but I'm really starting to wonder if she's really the witch's familiar of the Weird Sisters.

["Banshee" slowly fades out as Toughill prowls the ring impatiently. Cinder unhooks her ankles from the turnbuckle and rolls backward to her feet effortlessly.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The Wonder Woman movie theme "Is She With You" kicks in over the PA system, drawing loud cheers.]

RO: They are accompanied to the ring by GAL GADOT! Introducing first ... from Toronto, Canada by way of Jackson, Tennessee... weighing 160 pounds... she is "THE AFRO PUNK"...

...VICTORIA JUUUUUUNE!

And her partner, from Boston, Massachusetts, and weighing 145 pounds... she is "THE SPITFIRE"...

....JUUUUUUUULIE SOMERRRRRS!

[The three woman walk out underneath the X, side by side. Victoria June is to the right. She wears a grungy leather vest over a red, black and gold dashiki-patterned Spandex unitard, cut off denim short shorts and tattered fishnet stockings, black knee pads and black Doc Marten boots. The freckle-faced albino wrestler jumps around, moshing in front of the fans, flinging her big blonde afro around in circles as she bangs her head and pumps her fist in the air. "Hey ho, we got Gal Gadot! Let's go!"

"The Spitfire" Julie Somers is to the left. She wears a red jacket over her red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She raises her arm above her head, motioning with her hands, encouraging the fans' cheers.

Gal Gadot is between them, and she is dressed in a black jacket over a red top and white pants. She has a smile on her face and gives a friendly wave to the crowd.]

GM: A big ovation for two of the most popular women in the AWA, and with them tonight is none other than the star of Wonder Woman, which hits theaters in just a few days!

BW: Gal Gadot could find out the hard way that this isn't like the movies, Gordo! There's gonna be no magic lasso to save her if Cinder or Toughill gets their hands on her!

GM: I'm sure Gal knows exactly what she could be facing... after all, she did insert herself into the situation when Victoria June was being assaulted.

BW: Well, all she did was put a target on her back, and believe me, Cinder and Toughill are more than happy to take aim!

[The three woman walk down the aisle, side by side. Upon reaching the ring, Somers slides under the bottom rope and rolls to her feet, then goes to the corner and mounts the second turnbuckle, waving her hands once more, drawing the fans' cheers.

Her hyper partner, June, runs around the ring, moshing with the fans and grinning that loopy horsey grin of hers. "I'mma get me some revenge tonight!" she yells as she rolls into the ring, banging her head as she strips out of her leather vest.

Gadot goes up the steps and ducks between the ropes, standing to one side of the ring, applauding her friends.]

GM: Before Cinder and Toughill can think about getting their hands on Gadot, they're going to have their hands full with June and Somers, who have plenty to settle! June, in particular, is still none too happy about Cinder cutting off a part of her afro.

BW: And Cinder might cut off more than just a part after tonight's match. Heck, she could be claiming some of Somers' and Gadot's hair while she's at it! Hey, you think the Amazons ever went bald?

GM: Oh, stop it, Bucky.

[Somers climbs down from the turnbuckles and removes her jacket, handing it to a ringside attendant. She gathers with June and Gadot in the corner and they exchange a few words before Gadot ducks through the ropes.]

GM: We're just about ready to get going in this one and-

[Cinder suddenly breaks away from a conversation with her "mummy," sprinting across the ring towards the opposite corner.]

GM: Look out here!

[Victoria June balls up her fists, ready to fight but Cinder slams on the brakes, a twisted smile on her face as she holds up her hands, miming cutting hair as she points to Gal Gadot. Gadot looks up with disgust at her as June tries to get past Shari Miranda and into the fight.]

GM: And just a little reminder from Cinder that she certainly will be looking to cut someone's hair tonight if given the opportunity... and she'd love that SOMEONE to be Gal Gadot.

BW: Can you imagine it, Gordo? Imagine Gal Gadot making the media rounds... Jimmy Kimmel, Jimmy Fallon, Entertainment Tonight... all as a bald beauty! I love it!

GM: For Cinder to do that, she's gotta get past Victoria June AND Julie Somers... and I'm not so sure that she'd find Wonder Woman herself out there an easy night at the office either.

BW: Don't make me laugh, Gordo. Cinder is an Empress Cup winner and Gal Gadot is just another pretty Hollywood face.

GM: I think she's much more than that... and Cinder may find that out the hard way if she comes after her. But all that aside, fans... Shari Miranda manages to get Cinder to the corner, Ricki Toughill out on the apron... and it looks like it'll be Victoria June starting things off for her team.

BW: No surprise there, Gordo. Cinder and June have been at each other's throats for months now.

[As the bell sounds to start the match, Cinder turns, slapping Erica Toughill's shoulder, and ducks out to the apron, dropping off to the floor. She sneers at a disappointed June, wagging a finger at her.]

GM: Cinder wants no part of Victoria June... and that means it'll actually be Erica Toughill starting things off with Victoria June.

[Toughill pauses, hands on hips as she looks down at Cinder. With a sigh, she steps through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Toughill coming in... Ricki has NOT had an easy time of things as of late, Bucky.

BW: No, her and Kerry Kendrick have definitely had communication issues in the ring lately... the most recently costing them that mixed tag team match against GGC and Kelly Kowalski on the all-new Power Hour.

GM: Boy, what a fight that was.

[Toughill glares at June who points to Cinder on the floor, insisting that Toughill tag her back in. Ricki shrugs, nodding as she extends her hand towards Cinder...

...and then pivots and DRILLS June with the same hand!]

GM: OH! What a right hand by Toughill!

[June staggers backwards from the cheap shot as Toughill advances on her, snatching a handful of June's wild hair, throwing a second and third haymaker to the cheek!]

GM: Toughill mauling June... shoving her back into the corner now...

[Grabbing the top rope, Toughill lays in a boot to the gut... and another... and faster and faster, the kicks fly in as Shari Miranda starts a five count.

BW: You want to talk about mauling?! Holy Toledo, Gordo!

[Toughill spins away at the count of four, shouting angrily at Miranda as June slumps down, sitting on the midbuckle as Toughill turns back to her, grabbing her by the wrist...]

GM: Whip across to the opposite corner... Toughill coming fast!

[But June steps clear, causing Ricki to smash chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohhh! Into the corner goes Toughill!

[June snatches Toughill by the hair, giving a shout as she smashes her head into the turnbuckle!]

GM: Headfirst into the corner... and another... and another...

[Toughill staggers out after the three headslams, wobbling towards the corner where Julie Somers is waiting. June grabs Toughill by the arm, slapping the hand of the Spitfire.]

GM: The first tag of the match for that squad...

[June holds the arms back as Somers steps in to big cheers, hopping up to the midbuckle, and leaps off, dropping a double axehandle down between the eyes of her SuperClash VIII opponent.]

GM: Nice doubleteam by June and Somers...

[Gal Gadot claps, smiling at her friends' teamwork as Toughill stumbles away from Somers who pursues.]

GM: Julie Somers and Erica Toughill who, of course, had one of the damndest fights any of us have ever seen back at SuperClash last fall... still with a little bit of unfinished business.

[Somers pushes Toughill back into the neutral corner as Somers winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Biiiiig knife edge chop in the corner! Somers lit her up with that one!

[Somers winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another big chop and Toughill is reeling early on in this one...

[An angry Toughill reaches out, shoving Somers' face back, trying to create some space... but Somers shoves her into the corner again, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHH! And the third one is the hardest of them all, fans!

[Toughill grimaces as Somers is forced back by the official. In the opposite corner, we can hear Cinder shouting at the referee. Somers points a warning finger at Cinder as Victoria June fires off a few words in Cinder's direction as well.]

GM: Some hot tempers out there in this one.

[Somers steps back in on Toughill who snatches her by the hair, swinging her back into the corner, rifling her fist into the head over and over again as the crowd jeers and Miranda shouts.]

GM: Toughill opening up now on Somers... ohh!

[Punctuating her barrage of fisticuffs, Toughill snaps off a back elbow into the jaw!]

BW: Somers should book a trip to the dentist after that one, Gordo.

GM: She certainly may need to. Toughill arguing with Shari Miranda again. It may be a tough night for Miranda. She's still got that big showdown between Kurayami and Medusa Rage for the Women's World Title to come... and you know all four of these competitors will be keeping a close eye on that one.

BW: I'm sure they will after Rage called 'em all out, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure they would have regardless but yes, Medusa Rage's words towards the competitors of the Women's Division have certainly cause a stir both online and in the locker room as of late. A whole lot of women looking to prove her wrong.

[Toughill snatches Somers by the wrist, looking to whip her from corner to corner...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[...and as Toughill goes crashing back into the buckles, Somers comes charging in after her, leaping up with her feet on Ricki's upper thighs, and falls back, flipping her halfway across the ring!]

GM: Monkey flip and a beauty by the Spitfire!

[Somers scrambles to her feet in time to catch Cinder charging hard, connecting with a dropkick under the chin!]

GM: Dropkick by Somers!

[She gets up a second time as Toughill is back up and coming for her.]

GM: And another dropkick by Julie!

[Cinder is up again...

...but with a shriek, she dives from the ring as Victoria June runs across at her. June ends up against the ropes, shouting at Cinder who wobbles in a circle, shaking her head defiantly...

...and the crowd noise starts to get louder.]

BW: What the-?!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Gal Gadot snatches Cinder by the hair, flinging her back under the ropes into the ring!]

BW: She can't do that!

GM: She just did!

[And as Cinder gets to her feet in the ring, Victoria June pounces on her with a Fierro Press, taking her down to big cheers!]

GM: JUNE TAKES HER DOWN AND... WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! Cinder's head gets DRIVEN back into the mat repeatedly!

[As June gets up, Cinder rolls back out to the floor, clutching the back of her head as the fan favorites celebrate in the ring with smiles and a high five. Gal Gadot nods, clapping proudly for her friends as Toughill and Cinder regroup out on the floor.]

GM: June going back out now... Somers still in the ring with both of their opponents on the outside and...

[Somers steps to the apron, walking towards to the middle. With Cinder and Ricki still discussing the weather, Somers leaps into the air, springing off the middle rope, twisting in mid-air...

...and WIPES OUT BOTH with a crossbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHH MY! WHAT A MOVE OUT OF THE SPITFIRE TO GET THESE CHICAGO FANS ON THEIR FEET ONCE MORE!

[Somers gets up, pumping a fist as she pulls Toughill off the mat, rolling her back inside the ring. The Spitfire climbs up on the apron, giving a shout to the crowd before ducking through the ropes to pursue...

...but Toughill rolls right out the other side of the ring to jeers from the Allstate Arena crowd.]

GM: Somers was looking to push the advantage but Toughill wisely got out of there...

BW: Gordo, look at Gadot! Look at her!

[The crowd buzzes as Gadot swoops around the corner, snatching Toughill by the hair to big cheers...

...but unlike Cinder, Toughill twists out of Gadot's grip, delivering a two-handed shove that knocks Gadot off her feet and down to her rear end on the floor as the crowd gasps!]

GM: OH!

BW: Hah! No stunt woman to take that fall, huh?

GM: Gadot gets shoved down hard... she looks more surprised than hurt thankfully and-

[With Toughill standing over Gadot, Victoria June runs down the apron, leaping off with a flying clothesline that topples Ricki to huge cheers!]

GM: AND JUNE TAKES DOWN RICKI!

[June snatches Toughill off the floor, shooting her back into the ring to Julie Somers.]

GM: June puts her back in... Somers is waiting for her...

[The Spitfire hauls her rival off the mat, pulling her back towards the corner. She shoves her back into the buckles, reaching out to slap Victoria June's hand.]

GM: Another tag there...

[Somers holds Toughill in place as June comes in, headbangs around the ring for a moment, and then charges in with a single legged dropkick in the corner as Somers bails out!]

GM: Dropkick by June... and she swings Toughill out by the hair to the mat...

[June backs into her own corner, hopping up to the middle rope...]

GM: On the second rope... ELBOW! Right down into the chest! And our first cover of the match gets one... it gets two...

[But Toughill kicks out before any potential three count can fall.]

GM: Two count only off the elbow... and another quick tag brings Julie Somers back in. These two fast friends are working together quite well in the early part of this one, Bucky.

BW: It's a little surprising since the two of them are so different... I still don't know what the heck an Afro-Punk is!

[Somers climbs the ropes from the outside as June pulls Toughill up, pulling her arms behind her again, and again Somers leaps off with a double axehandle, this time from the top rope, knocking her down.]

GM: Down goes Toughill again... and another cover!

[Another two count follows before the veteran brawler escapes.]

BW: It's gonna take more than that to put Toughill down. She survived getting backdropped off the damn stage at SuperClash, Gordo!

GM: Erica Toughill is as tough as they come... former winner of the the Angels and Amazons Battle Royal back in 2009... former winner of the Empress Cup back in 2011. And of course, she currently sits as the Number Three contender to the Women's World Title here in the AWA.

BW: And I've heard stories about the last time she crossed paths with Kurayami, Gordo. I'd love to see that one go down here in the AWA.

GM: I think we all would. Of course, Kurayami has Medusa Rage waiting for her in Chicago here tonight.

BW: One match, one shot.

GM: Rage coming out of retirement for that one final shot at a World Title... and if she wins, she says she's giving it up, Bucky. She'll vacate the title and there will be a tournament to crown a new champion.... and I'd kinda like to see that as well. The AWA Women's Division is the fastest growing division in all of professional wrestling and it just keeps getting better all the time as these four are showing us right here tonight.

[Pulling Toughill back to her feet, Somers backs her into the neutral corner, whipping her across the ring.]

GM: Whip to the corner... Somers setting up for something!

[The Spitfire sprints across the ring, throwing herself up into the air where she connects with a leaping forearm smash...

...and then ducks down, boosting Toughill to sit up on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Somers puts her up top, looking for something big here perhaps...

[With a whoop to the wild crowd, Somers steps to the middle rope, giving a swing of her arm to the crowd before leaping up, snaring Toughill's head between her legs...]

GM: TOP ROPE HEADSCISSORS!

[...but as Somers falls back, Toughill stays in place thanks to Cinder grabbing hold of her "mummy's" tights, causing Somers to crash down HARD on the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! Hard fall for the Spitfire... thanks to the ever-devious Cinder!

[Cinder is getting shouted at by the official as she drags Toughill by the arm down the length of the apron and then slaps her across the wrist.]

GM: The tag is made... and here comes Cinder!

[With a gleeful shriek, Cinder dives on top of the downed Somers, flailing away with clubbing forearms and slaps to the back of the head and neck as Somers desperately tries to cover up.]

GM: Cinder's all over Somers down on the mat... slapping and pummeling her!

[Cinder springs to her feet, gleefully dragging Somers off the mat by the hair where she shoves her back against the ropes nearest Gal Gadot.]

“Ya watchin’, girlie?!”

[And the Scot winds up overhead...]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and CLUBS Somers across the chest with an open-handed overhead chop!]

GM: Good grief! You could hear that one down on the Magnificent Mile!

[Cinder piefaces Somers, talking trash... before winding up again...]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Cinder backs off at the orders of Shari Miranda, blowing on her palm as she smirks, waving a mocking hand at Gal Gadot on the floor.]

GM: Did she just ask Gal Gadot if she brought “her man?”

BW: Cinder’s a little bit obsessed with Chris Pine, methinks.

GM: I think Omega’s not the only one confused around here.

[The pale Scot spins on her heels, charging back in, swinging a knee up into the midsection.]

GM: Ohh! Cinder to the gut of Somers... dragging her out by the hair, flips her over onto the mat...

[Cinder walks around the seated Somers, again talking some trash as she squares up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and BLASTS her with a spinning roundhouse to the face, knocking Somers flat!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Cinder sees the prone Somers, diving across.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[Somers again kicks out, breaking the pin as Cinder gets up, sneering at Somers as she reaches out a hand...]

“Get her, mummy!”

[...and slaps Erica Toughill on the shoulder, pointing at the downed Somers. Toughill throws a questioning look at Cinder before stepping through.]

BW: Ricki didn’t get much time to recover out there on the apron, Gordo.

GM: Maybe a minute or so... but she’s in and she’s going right to work on her archrival these days, Julie Somers.

[Toughill pulls Somers off the mat by the hair. She runs her mouth in Somers' face a bit...

...and gets POPPED with a forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Somers!

[A second forearm knocks Toughill back a step.]

GM: Somers looking to the corner, a long ways to go to get there...

[The Spitfire wheels around, running to the ropes behind her, springing back off towards Toughill...

...who lifts her up and THROWS her down in a ring-shaking spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Toughill swings her arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture, stacking up the legs and pushing down on them.]

GM: Stack 'em up for one! For two! For-

[Somers kicks out at two, drawing a big cheer from the crowd.]

GM: Somers is out at two again!

[Toughill, still down on the mat, lays in a heavy right hand to keep Somers down before she climbs to her feet, stomping her in the midsection, causing Somers to curl up in a ball.]

GM: Toughill looking to the corner... and there's another tag.

[Cinder squeals as she ducks through the ropes, shouting "DANCE WIT' ME, MUMMY!", preventing Toughill from leaving the ring as she starts stomping Somers... encouraging Ricki to join in.]

GM: Both women stomping Somers into the mat now... and the referee finally manages to get Toughill back out of there.

[Cinder smiles widely at Toughill, batting her eyelashes as Somers struggles to get up off the mat, Victoria June shouting to her friend to get across and make the tag...]

GM: Somers on her hands and knees, trying to crawl across the ring to Victoria June...

[But Cinder suddenly sprints across the ring, throwing a haymaker, knocking June off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Ohhh! And Cinder takes down June!

[Cinder spins around, spotting Somers who is up on her feet now, stumbling towards the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the feisty Scot throws her entire upper body into a devastating headbutt that topples Somers anew!]

GM: WHAT A HEADBUTT BY CINDER!

[Cinder stumbles across the ring, falling into the ropes, her head hanging over the top as she rubs at her forehead.]

GM: An absolutely devastating headbutt... nearly taking Julie Somers out of her damn boots with that!

BW: But Cinder was shaken up by it too, Gordo. She can't take advantage of it.

[With Somers down on the mat and Cinder reeling, Victoria June slides in...

...which brings in Erica Toughill across the ring. June sprints past the referee towards Toughill!]

GM: IT'S BREAKING DOWN!

[June leaves her feet, throwing herself into a back elbow that takes Toughill off her feet. She pops back up, giving a shout as she charges back in on a rising Toughill, knocking her down with a clothesline!]

GM: Toughill goes down again! And Chicago is rockin' for the Afro-Punk!

[Ignoring the protests of the official, June pulls Toughill off the mat, hooking her arms over Ricki's...]

GM: Overhooks on Toughill!

[...and SMASHES her skull into Toughill's... again... and again... and again!]

GM: IT'S A HEADBUTTIN' MOSH PIT IN THE WINDY CITY, FANS!

[June lets go of Toughill after a half dozen headbutts, letting her flop down on the mat. She rubs her head for a moment, slowly turning...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND CINDER HITS ONE OF HER OWWWWWWN!

[June crumples on the canvas after being hit by a Cinder full-body effort headbutt!]

GM: Cinder with a second headbutt levels Victoria June... we've got bodies everywhere in there and...

[Cinder grins broadly, nodding her head as she looks around the ring...

...and then slowly raises her arm, pointing at Gal Gadot.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Uh oh is right! Somebody better call Chris Pine! Call Vin Diesel! Call her agent!

[Cinder leans down, dragging her Fairy Godmother to her feet, pointing out to the floor. A stunned Toughill nods...

...and the Weird Sisters drop down to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: This is bad, fans. This is real bad!

[Cinder and Toughill start approaching from either side of the ring, Gal Gadot looking around nervously.]

GM: Gal Gadot is trapped, fans! She's got nowhere to run! Nowhere to hide!

[Gadot looks around in a panic as she sees Toughill and Cinder closing in on her from both sides of the ring. Gadot backs closer to the barricade, throwing her head from side to side as she tries to figure out what comes next...]

GM: Gal Gadot's gotta get out of there, Bucky!

BW: Where's she gonna go?! She's got Ricki on one side! Cinder on the other! Hang on to your glasses, Gordo - we're about to go viral!

[Gadot is frantically looking back and forth... back and forth as the trap is sprung, the two women closing in on her...]

...and suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS into cheers as Julie Somers and Victoria June come barreling across the ring, diving through the ropes...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOUBLE SUICIDE DIVE BY JUNE AND SOMERRRRRRSSSS!

[The crowd ROARS as a relieved Gal Gadot steps back against the railing, shaking her head in disbelief as a weary Somers and somewhat fresh June get to their feet, checking on their friend. June points to the downed Cinder, giving the Spitfire an encouraging clap on the back.]

GM: Somers pulls Cinder up... tossing her into the ring...

[Somers scrambles up on the apron, pointing to the downed Cinder. The Spitfire steps up on the second rope... then to the top, twisting around to face the crowd. Gal Gadot raises her arms, pointing to her friend as Somers grins, returning the point...]

GM: SOMERS IS GONNA FLY!

[The Spitfire leaps blindly from the top rope, flipping backwards towards Cinder...]

GM: MOONSAULLLLLLLLLLLT!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS in a shocked reaction!]

GM: KNEES! KNEES! CINDER GOT THE KNEES UP!

[Somers CRASHES down on the raised knees of Cinder who reaches up, cradling the head and neck, rolling Somers onto her shoulders!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! SOMERS KICKS OUT AGAIN!

[A shrieking "WHAAAAAAAAA?!" is heard from Cinder in the direction of Shari Miranda as the Scot starts pummeling the downed Somers with wild slaps to the back of the head and neck. She gets to her feet, snatching Somers by the hair, dragging her away from her corner where Victoria June is just an instant too late, stretching out her arm...

...and Cinder sticks out her tongue in June's direction.]

GM: Cinder grabs Somers by the wrist... Scottish whip...

[A wildly swung clothesline comes up empty as Somers ducks under it, hitting the far ropes, leaping high into the air, and SNAPS her arm across the collarbone of Cinder, taking the Scot off her feet!]

GM: OHHHH, WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!

BW: They're both down, Gordo!

[Indeed they are, Bucky. Both women are down after the powerful flying clothesline from the Spitfire.]

GM: Somers is down! Cinder is down as well! And this is the chance for the Spitfire to get over there and make that tag to Victoria June who has been waiting a long, long time to get back in there!

[June is shouting at Julie, slapping her hand on the top turnbuckle, getting the Chicago crowd chanting with her...]

"JU-LIE!"

"JU-LIE!"

"JU-LIE!"

GM: The Allstate Arena is rocking! They're calling for Somers to get to that corner too! June is stomping up and down in the corner, begging for that tag...

[A weary Cinder sits up on the mat, rubbing at her neck as Somers pushes up to her knees. Cinder blinks her eyes a few times... and then suddenly realizing what's going on as she makes a dive at Somers...]

GM: CINDER DIVES...

[...but Somers lunges!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Somers slaps the outstretched hand of Victoria June.]

GM: IN COMES THE AFRO-PUNK!

[June comes charging in just as Cinder gets to her feet, throwing fists as fast as she can...]

GM: Right hands! Right hands! June is ERUPTING all over Cinder! All these months of frustration are boiling over here in Chi-Town!

[With Cinder stunned, June pivots and buries a Doc Marten in the midsection, pulling Cinder into a front facelock...]

GM: Suplex on the way perhaps... she picks her up...

[...and FLINGS Cinder forward, sending her crashing facefirst to the mat!]

GM: ...AND LAYS! HER! OUT! OHHHH MY!

[June twists away from Cinder, spotting Erica Toughill tearing across the ring at her...

...and lifts her up into the air, spinning her around, and DROPS her down across a bent knee!]

GM: TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER ON RICKI!

[Toughill grabs at her lower back, grimacing as she rolls under the ropes to the floor. June nods her head enthusiastically, turning her focus back towards the rising Cinder...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Big chop on Cinder... and a right hand as well, sending her back into the neutral corner!

[June hops up on the second rope, holding up a fist towards the cheering crowd.]

GM: Here we go!

[The Afro-Punk starts raining down right hands on the skull, the crowd roaring and counting along as she does...]

“ONE!”

“TWO!”

“THREE!”

“FOUR!”

“FIVE!”

“SIX!”

“SEVEN!”

“EIGHT!”

“NINE!”

“TEN!”

[...and then leaps off, twisting around into an overhead chop down between the eyes of an incoming Erica Toughill!]

GM: Ricki tried to come in again and paid the price for it!

[Toughill stumbles backwards, falling to the mat. June shakes her head, “NUH UH! WE AIN’T DONE YET, GIRL!” She pulls Ricki off the mat, whipping her to the opposite corner from Cinder.]

GM: She’s got someone in each corner and... don’t look now, Bucky, but we’re about to get into the pit with Victoria June!

[Throwing those horns up in the air, June lolls her tongue out of her mouth as she hops up and down in a circle...

...and then sprints across the ring, leaping up into a flying avalanche headbutt combo on Cinder!]

GM: MOSH SPLASH IN THE CORNER!

[Turning around, June runs the distance of the ring, leaping into the air again...]

GM: AND ONE FOR TOUGHILL AS WELL!

[June snatches Ricki by the arm, whipping her across the ring so that she's stacked up in front of Cinder...]

GM: Uh oh! June's looking for a two for one special!

[Charging across the ring, June jumps high and hard once more, squashing both Weird Sisters in the corner under her 158 pound frame!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOUBLE STACK MOSH SPLAAAAASH!

[June grabs the dazed Toughill by the hair, charging towards the ropes...]

GM: AND JUNE TOSSES RICKI OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOOOOOR!

[The crowd is rocking and rolling for the Afro-Punk as she turns her focus back towards Cinder again. She beckons Cinder out of the corner as the Scot stumbles out towards her, lifting her up in her arms...]

GM: June's got her up... walks out to the center..

[...and LEAPS into the air, DRIVING Cinder down into the canvas with a front falling powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[The referee dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! CINDER KICKS OUT IN TIME!

BW: Just barely, Gordo!

GM: Just barely but that's all it takes!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: The fifteen minute call in this one. We've reached the halfway point as Victoria June climbs off the mat... what's she got up her sleeves now, fans?

[With Cinder still on the mat, June climbs to her feet, shouting "IT'S OVER!" to the Chicago crowd who cheer in response. June leans down, tying up Cinder's legs around her own...]

GM: Wait a second! She's going for the scorpion crosslock!

[After securing the legs, June delivers a hard slap to either side of Cinder's ribcage, forcing her to pull her arms together..

...which June traps, lifting her off the mat and dangling her above it!]

GM: SHE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN! THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF THIS! THERE'S NO ESCAPE FROM THIS!

[Cinder immediately cries out in pain, wailing as June pulls back on the arms...]

GM: Cinder's trying to hang on! Cinder trying not to give up!

[But as Cinder cries out again, Erica Toughill slides back into the ring, SMASHING a double axehandle down across June's neck, forcing her to break the hold and drop a squirming Cinder down on the mat!]

GM: What a shot by Toughill to save the-

[The crowd ROARS as Julie Somers comes charging across the ring, leaping up to snare her rival's head between her legs, sailing towards the ropes where Somers grabs hold, flipping Toughill over the top and out to the apron!]

GM: SOMERS OUT OF NOWHERE TO CLEAR OUT THE ILLEGAL WOMAN!

BW: But now Julie Somers is illegal!

[Shari Miranda is telling Somers exactly that, forcing her back as Somers loudly protests the illegal actions by the other team...

...which are about to take place again!]

GM: Wait a second! Toughill's got the bat!

[On her feet, Cinder waves for the bat herself, gesturing to June. Toughill reluctantly agrees, handing over the bat as she pulls June off the mat, pulling her arms back behind her...]

GM: Cinder's got the bat! Somers trying to break free but the referee's holding her back!

[With June's arms trapped, Cinder winds the bat waaaaaaay back overhead...

...which is Gal Gadot's cue to scramble up on the apron, snatching the barrel with both hands!]

GM: WHAT?!

[The crowd is ROARING as Gadot and Cinder struggle over the bat, the latter turning towards her trying to rip it away. Toughill shouts to Cinder but June swings her head back, catching Toughill in the mouth!]

GM: OHH!

[The headbutt breaks the hold on her arms, freeing June as she throws a single-legged dropkick to the back of Cinder's head, sending her tumbling out to the floor as Gadot sidesteps the falling Scot, tossing the bat aside and cheering on her friends.]

GM: Cinder's out!

[June turns her attention back to Toughill, snatching her up across her body... and DRIVES her down in a front powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM ON RICKI!

BW: SOMERS IS ILLEGAL!

GM: So is Ricki! This one's breaking down!

[Somers quickly scales the ropes, turning to face the fans...

...and launches herself backwards, crashing down onto Toughill with the moonsault!]

GM: MOONSAULT CONNECTS!

[Out on the floor, Cinder gets to her feet, watching as Victoria June dives atop Cinder's "Fairy Godmother..."

...and then angrily turns to walk away.]

GM: Where's she going?!

[June hooks the leg as Somers stands guard, waiting for an attempt to break the pin that never comes...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: They got it!

[June pops up off the mat, rushing to embrace a joyful Julie Somers as Gal Gadot pulls herself up on the apron, ducking into the ring to join the hug as the crowd cheers loudly.]

GM: With the help of Wonder Woman herself, Julie Somers and Victoria June are the winners here tonight in Chicago!

[We cut to the aisle where Cinder is halfway up the aisle, looking back angrily at the scene in the ring.]

BW: And I don't know what happened to Cinder, Gordo. She was there and suddenly... well, she wasn't! She walked away from this match and...

[We cut to Erica Toughill standing on the floor, clutching her ribs in pain, staring up at the triumphant trio in the ring. She grimaces, pointing a threatening finger as Somers waves her on, offering her some more. Toughill shakes her head, collapsing against the ring apron, looking like she may be in more emotional pain than physical pain.]

GM: Ricki Toughill can't believe this happened... her rough year continues here at Memorial Day Mayhem as Julie Somers, Victoria June, and Gal Gadot take the win!

[The trio in the ring are holding up each other's hands, the crowd roaring for the scene as we fade to Mark Stegglet standing in the locker room.]

MS: Wow! A big win for Victoria June and Julie Somers out there... the AWA Women's Division continues to be the hottest rising division in all of professional wrestling and up next-

[A voice interrupts.]

"... meow?"

[Stegglet jumps up slightly, as Molly Bell wanders into frame. She has put on the official Memorial Day Mayhem X t-shirt over her ring gear, and still has her cat face makeup on from earlier.]

MB: ...scratch me? Behind the ear? Please?

[Stegglet certainly isn't doing that, shaking his head as he turns his attention towards her.]

MS: Molly Bell, you were victorious over Kayla Cristol here tonight.

MB: Yeah, and you're NOT SCRATCHING ME.

[Bell pouts at Stegglet. Stegglet sighs and scratches Bell behind the ear, which causes Bell to shriek with glee.]

MB: Nyaaaaa... THANK YOUUUUUU!

[Bell starts to scamper off, but Stegglet manages to stop her.]

MS: Now wait, hold on. I scratched you, you can answer a question for me. What are you looking forward to seeing here on Memorial Day Mayhem tonight?

MB: Oh! Well, my new roommate was telling me about all the great stuff I missed on Saturday Night Wrestling while I was moving. Obviously there's a lot of neat Women's Division matches that I should be checking out because the competition's getting real furry, but...

[Bell smiles at Stegglet.]

MB: ... but I was really kinda hoping to get Gal Gadot's pawprint? She likes cats, right?

MS: Molly, I'm not sure.

MB: TRICK QUESTION. Who doesn't like cats? Huh? Who?! Probably some real jerks. Maybe some dogs!

MS: Well, Molly, I think the obvious follow-up question is are you planning on getting involved in the proceedings?

[Bell pauses for a second, her tongue poking out of her mouth as she squints her eyes in thought, before widening her eyes as though she had an idea.]

MB: I'm a kitty!

[Stegglet looks confused.]

MS: What does that mean?

MB: I do what I want. Meow y'all!

[And with that, Bell rubs her side into Stegglet's hip and walks off. Stegglet takes a second to gather his thoughts before glancing at the camera, almost as if his eyes say "can you believe what just happened?"]

MS: ...Molly Bell, very confusing to say the least. But the real reason I was back here right now was to speak to... come on in here, sir..

[The camera pulls back to reveal El Presidente himself, Javier Castillo, walking into view. Castillo looks a little frazzled.]

MS: The AWA President, Javier Castillo, has joined me backstage at the Allstate Arena and... if you don't mind me saying, Mr. Castillo, you look a little worn at the edges.

[Castillo glares at Stegglet.]

JC: Oh, do I, Stegglet? Do I look worn down? Do I look... look, if you people could conduct yourselves PROFESSIONALLY, I wouldn't- it's chaos here tonight!

MS: Or maybe... mayhem?

[Castillo grimaces.]

JC: You're worse than your Uncle, you know that. Can we get down to business?

[Stegglet smirks.]

MS: Sure. I'm told you wanted some time to address some... changes... to the show here tonight... more specifically, to the Rumble itself.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: The winds of change are blowing in the Windy City! And the Rumble is changing as well. Obviously, Cody Mertz is out of the Rumble because of his loss in the 30 For 30 Match... but Jackson Haynes and Shadoe Rage have both been ruled unable to compete due the injuries suffered in my brilliant creation - the Ring of Iron! And I've also been told that due to travel difficulties, "Kiwi" Luke Boyd, is not here in Chicago... he'll be replaced as well.

MS: Wow! Do we have any idea of who will be replacing them?

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: Of course I know... and that's how it'll stay.

[El Presidente turns, making his exit as Stegglet sighs.]

MS: A man of few words when you actually want them from him. Let's go over to Sweet Lou!

[We cut to a different part of the backstage area where we find the AWA's head stooge... err, investigative journalist standing in front of the MDM X banner with a big grin on his face.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark! And I'm sorry you got stuck with that particular interview but... that's the way the short straw gets drawn sometimes!

[He laughs to himself...]

SLB: AWA fans, we are just moments away now from the Memorial Day Rumble and we're about to-

[That's when the lights go out on the set.]

SLB: Hey, wait a minute... who tripped the circuit breaker?

[All is dark and then, a couple of moments later...]

...the lights come back on. Standing next to Sweet Lou Blackwell is a person dressed all in black including a very familiar mask and wearing a full-length

trenchcoat, covering his body as well. Blackwell turns toward him, then gives a double take.]

SLB: Whoa, wait a minute! You're The Masked Outlaw, aren't you?

[The Masked Outlaw doesn't make a move. He just stands there.]

SLB: Look, I know you have problems with Javier Castillo and Johnny Detson, but...

[The Outlaw holds up his hand, shakes his head...

...then reaches over and pats Blackwell on the shoulder.]

SLB: Well, all right, so you're here. I take it you want to say a few words about the Rumble?

[The Outlaw puts a hand to his chin, as if he's thinking.]

SLB: I don't suppose you want to say anything about Castillo and Detson putting a bounty on your mask?

[The Outlaw still keeps his hand to his chin, then lowers his hand and shakes his head.]

SLB: Really... then what about the opportunity to win a shot at the World Champion, whether that's Detson or Jack Lynch?

[The Outlaws folds his arms and shrugs his shoulders.]

SLB: Look, I have nothing against you, but you're here, so why would you come here if you have nothing to say?

[The Outlaw cocks his head, then holds up a finger and nods.]

SLB: You do have something to say? Then don't be shy... what is it?

[The Outlaw leans forward and speaks in a muffled tone.]

MO: Amigo, I ain't anybody but the West Memphis Assassin!

[And that's when the lights go out again...

...and they come back on a moment later. The Outlaw is gone and Blackwell is all alone. He shakes his head.]

SLB: Somebody really needs to check the circuit breakers in this place!

[Blackwell sighs, pointing to the camera.]

SLB: Gordon, let's go back to you.

[We fade back out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Bucky... did you hear...?

BW: It couldn't be... could it?

GM: I have no idea. We know he's out there in the wrestling world competing against AWA doctor's orders. We know that particular individual has worn a mask

to hide his identity before. And we know that line... we've heard that line before from that man, Bucky.

BW: What a kick in the pants that would be! That one, Johnny Detson, would NOT see coming!

GM: Johnny Detson's back there worried about Brian James... well, he just got a whole new set of problems to worry about. And that quarter of a million dollar bounty will be money well spent if Detson gets that mask off to find that man staring back at him. Fans... coming up next... and honestly, I can't believe I'm about to say this... is the Table of Peace.

[Bucky can be heard chuckling.]

GM: Don't you start please. The Table of Peace is quite the... infamous... thing in wrestling history. A... negotiation - so to speak - of terms with... well...

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: I don't even know how to describe what we're about to see so let's... well, let's go up to the ring and Dr. Leah White.

[We fade to a wide shot of the ring where we've set the stage for the Table of Peace. The ring is covered in a burgundy carpet, in the middle is a table set up, covered in a matching burgundy table cloth over the entire table. In the center, and each side stand a high backed office chair, similar to the chairs Gordon and Bucky have at the announce table.

Standing in front of the table is Dr. Leah White, her hair pulled into a tight bun, horned rim glasses framing her face. She's wearing a smart blue blouse and black skirt and matching heels, and is holding a mic in her hand.]

DLW: Ladies and gentlemen, it is time for three women to settle their differences! It is time for three women to air their grievances before me and the AWA Galaxy and come to an agreement, and end this pointless bickering and fighting they've been doing for months.

And do it... OF COURSE... without ANY violence, which we have had quite enough of already tonight.

[The crowd is less than fond of this idea, jeering the doctor who looks surprised.]

DLW: I, of course, being a Licenced Psychologist, will mediate this... THE TABLE OF PEACE!

[More jeers... and again, White looks a little put off. She grimaces, putting a hand on her hip for a moment before continuing.]

DLW: So, without further delay, let's start by bringing out Trish Wallace!

["Oblivion" by M83 plays over the sound system, the haunting voice of Susanne Sundfør echoing through the hall. At the entranceway, a thick woman, silhouetted by the lights, slaps her palms together, causing an explosion of chalk-dust to glow in the spotlight. On hearing the cheers of the fans, she pounds her chest with her fist and intensely makes her way down the aisle.]

GM: Table of Peace or not, it sounds like young Trish Wallace has a bit of a cheering section here in the Windy City!

[Trish Wallace, though barely over five feet tall, moves with a predatory power that conveys her strength. Her long brown hair is braided into two pigtailed that hang down behind her head. Thick arms and legs emerge from a halter-neck leotard covered in a dark blue and magenta galaxy print with gold trim. She climbs onto the ring and wipes her short white wrestling boots on the apron, stepping onto the bottom rope to boost herself high enough to step over the middle rope.]

GM: And look at this, she is not dressed for any locker room pep talk, that is without a doubt some ring gear!

[Trish Wallace stands on the middle rope, facing the crowd. She pounds her fists together above her head, drawing them down into the classic double bicep flex. She hops off the middle rope, and rather than taking a seat, begins doing some warm-up squats and stretches.]

DLW: Thank you, Miss Wallace, for joining us for this... the TABLE OF PEACE!

[The doctor puts a little more enthusiasm in this cry... and again, the crowd jeers loudly. White grimaces before continuing.]

DLW: Now, let's bring out Skylar Swift!

[The crowd erupts as "Dukes" by Canada's own synth-pop band Repartee kicks in mid-song with the belting voice of Meg Warren ripping across the airwaves.]

'CAUSE YOU'RE WORTH FIGHTING FOR!

GM: Here she comes, Bucky! The girl next door! The preacher's daughter! The Prom Queen! The Dream Girl! She's all of those things to someone, Bucky.

BW: Settle down, Gordo.

GM: Listen to these fans, Bucky! They are on fire for Skylar Swift tonight and while I am not exactly sure what is about to happen, I - for one - am excited to see it unfold!

C'mon over and we'll settle it right
Put your dukes up
'Cause I'm ready to fight
For you
I'll fight for you #

[The Dream Girl bursts through the entrance portal, raising both fists into the air which draws a huge pop from the Windy City crowd. Her honey-brown hair is still tied up into a bun with a few errand strands rolling down her cheeks near her baby blue eyes. Skylar Swift is bedazzled as always. Tonight her suspenders are powder blue with multiple silver fleur de lis stamped down the straps. Her white top, while revealing, is form fitting and snugful as she likes to refer to it. Her ring trunks, just in case things go haywire, are extra shiny silver and they flare out around her ankles over her white boots.

Swift soaks in the cheers as she makes her way down the aisle. While maintaining focus she can't help but to stop just before entering the ring to remove a fleur de lis pin from her suspenders and pin it onto a young girl in the front row who smiles ear to ear as Swift climbs into the ring, giving a glance to Trish Wallace and one to Leah White who extends her hand towards the empty chair. But Swift too ignores it, swinging her arms across her torso.]

GM: Don't look now, Doctor, but I think these ladies are here for war not peace.

[White looks a little nervous at Swift before raising the mic again.]

DLW: And finally... and she BETTER come out here ready to talk this out in a civil fashion at...

[Once more with feeling.]

DLW: ...THE TABLE OF PEEEEEEEEAAAAACE...

[The crowd again jeers loudly, causing White to shout "OH. COME ON!" off-mic as she shakes her head, raising the mic.]

DLW: Charisma Knight, come on down!

[New Year's Day's "I'm About to Break You" starts up and out comes Charisma Knight, her black and red hair falling down her face to shoulder length, with haunting eyes encircled in black. She's wearing black boots, black ripped cargo pants, and a black tank top, with her leather gauntlet-style gloves covering her from midhand to just below the elbow.]

GM: And now the woman who started all of this, Bucky.

BW: The reason we're all here for the... Table...

[He giggles again as Gordon sighs. Knight almost saunters down to the ring, stopping at the ropes to give looks to Wallace... then Swift...]

GM: This might break down right now.

[With a laugh, Knight steps through the ropes, walks right over to the closest seat, hopping onto it, crossing her legs as she waves at Dr. White.]

BW: Maybe not, Gordo. Maybe Charisma's learned her lesson.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Dr. White nods approvingly at Knight.]

DLW: Okay, good. Now that we're all here, let's get started with...

[She starts to say it again and then throws a dismissive hand.]

DLW: Never mind. Now, rather than trying to start off with an apology from Charisma... an apology she seems determined not to give us no matter how many times I ask...

[White arches an eyebrow at White, shrugging with a "Who, me?"]

DLW: Instead, let's start with uncovering the issue! Let's dig deep into the bottom of this... Ms. Wallace, would you care to start us off with an... airing of grievances so to speak?

[Wallace nods.]

TW: 'Kay.

[Trish Wallace cracks her knuckles and goes around the Table of Peace, heading for Charisma Knight with malicious intent...]

GM: Here we go...

[...but Dr. White blocks her.]

DLW: Miss Wallace, some decorum please...

[Wallace smiles as she stares at the doctor.]

TW: Look, Doc... everyone who has ever seen pro wrestling knows where this is going. I just want to cut out the middleman here: I pick up Charisma Knight...

[The crowd cheers that idea as Wallace raps her knuckles on the table.]

TW: ...I throw her through this table, we all go home happy.

[Big cheer from the Chicago crowd! Wallace shrugs as if to say "see?" White shakes her head insistently.]

DLW: No, Ms. Wallace. No. We are here to talk. So, if we could table that notion-

[Wallace interrupts.]

TW: Yes. Table her. As in, "put Charisma Knight through the table."

[The crowd cheers again as White points.]

DLW: Ms. Wallace, if you could PLEASE take your seat...

[Wallace smirks.]

TW: My seat?

[Wallace returns to her assigned chair, but stands beside it.]

TW: You remember a couple of weeks ago when I said my mom was the Minnesota state record holder for triple jump?

Guess who the state record holder is for shot put?

[Wallace lifts the heavy office chair high over her head and...]

GM: Uh oh! This might be it here!

[...HURLS it almost half-way up the aisle to cheers from the fans!]

GM: Whew. Close call for Charisma there.

BW: Close call for Charisma? What about that poor chair?

[Wallace dusts off her hands.]

TW: Now then. Is Charisma Knight going through this table, or am I going to have to demonstrate why I'm serving a lifetime ban from javelin?!

[White starts to speak but before she can, Knight raises her hand and starts opening and closing it, making the yapping motion.]

CK: Blah blah blah. You talk a great game there, Trishy, but I haven't really seen you ever back it up.

[Knight smirks, nodding across the table.]

CK: Tell ya what... demonstrate for me on Skylar here!

[Skylar Swift steps forward, shouting off-mic at Knight who grins as White slams her hand down on the table.]

DLW: STOP!

[She points at Knight.]

DLW: YOU! Knock it off!

[She turns to Swift and Wallace.]

DLW: All of you... KNOCK! IT! OFF!

[She pauses, composing herself, clearing her throat.]

DLW: Now, please... let's keep this civil.

[Wallace steps towards Knight again.]

DLW: MS. WALLACE! PLEASE!

[Wallace glares at White.]

TW: Who wants to be civil? I just want to put her through the table.

[White sighs as Wallace finally takes a step back.]

DLW: Maybe... maybe a different approach. Ms. Swift, if you will... your grievances...

[Swift looks at White with a shrug.]

SS: Well. I'm pretty ok with Trish putting Charisma through the table if I'm going to be honest.

[The crowd laughs as Knight shoots a glare at Swift who gives the same "Who, me?" shrug. Wallace points at Swift, nodding eagerly.]

SS: I mean... you deserve it, Charisma. You really do.

Do you think I ever forgot about the night in New York City? The night the AWA crowned the first EVER Woman's World Champion? The night you, Charisma, so bitter and petty, attacked me on my way to the ring with a chair to my face? MY FACE?!

[Skylar lifts up out of her seat, looking ready for a fight.]

GM: Now, we're going! Here it comes!

[But again, Swift manages to compose herself, looking over at Dr. White who is wide-eyed... and then sits back down.]

SS: But you know what? Wounds heal. If it was JUST that, this might even be over by now.

But that wasn't enough for her.

[She stares back at Charisma.]

SS: That wasn't enough for you, was it?

You STOLE from me!

[Knight innocently slaps a hand across her mouth.]

SS: And I'm not talking about opportunities or titles. You stole months and months of my life. You tried to break me emotionally. You tried to break me mentally. I'll be honest, Miss... Dr. White. She was close. REAL close. But you know what kept me going?

[White nods eagerly.]

DLW: This is good, Skylar... let it out.

[Swift gets up, pointing to the young girl in the front row she gave her pin to.]

SS: Girls like her.

[She points to another girl a few rows back who screams out in joy of Skylar singling her out.]

SS: Girls like her!

[Swift points to another girl behind Wallace a few rows back.]

TW: Girls like me?

[Swift arcs her arm to indicate that she is pointing past her.]

TW: It's rude to point.

[Swift shakes her head.]

SS: Fighting for these girls. Showing them not to back down to BULLIES. Showing them how to get up when you've been knocked down over and over again. But if that wasn't enough. When I kept getting back up. Charisma... you had HER do it for you.

[She emphatically points to Wallace.]

SS: And you're lucky I have respect for Dr. White or I would be doing a whole lot more than pointing at you, Trish. I haven't forgotten a single thing either of you did to me just as I haven't forgotten eleven months ago when I defeated you Charisma right here...

[Swift points below her feet.]

SS: ...in the center of the ring.

[Swift places her palms on the table, staring at Knight.]

SS: I know somewhere in that clouded little head of yours, Charisma, you remember that night and I'm sure it eats you up. For all the tormenting, torturing, and mind games you've played. You can't erase it. You can't escape it. I beat you. All your parlor tricks can't change it.

[With the focus on Swift and Knight, Wallace leans back, her feet resting on the end of the table. Knight looks up at Swift, a sick grin on her face.]

SS: You think this is funny?

[Swift tosses her chair back, moving towards Knight quickly...

...but again Dr. White throws herself in the way.]

DLW: Skylar, please! That was fantastic! Wonderful! Really groundbreaking for you... and I feel like we could get a lot accomplished in some private sessions.

[Swift is still fuming mad as she steps back while Dr. White turns to Charisma.]

DLW: Charisma... you've heard her words. How does that make you feel?

[Knight rolls her eyes before speaking.]

CK: After all this time... Sky... I think you might... and I do mean MIGHT... be starting to get it. Starting to understand what happened and why it happened.

The longest journey begins with a single step.

[Knight nods.]

CK: And almost one year ago, that first step was taken.

[She shrugs.]

CK: It's like I've been saying all along, Sky. It wasn't personal. No hard feelings. You, my dear, were just collateral damage.

[Knight's face twitches into a crooked smile.]

CK: But it's sure been fun, girlie.

[She turns towards Wallace.]

CK: And good ol' Trish there... well, it was simply the wrong place at the wrong time.

[Another shrug.]

CK: And... well, that just about does it, right? Now, I know the good Doc here wants us all to play nice...

[Knight rises slowly from her seat.]

CK: But the way I see it, I've got bigger fish to fry than the two of you...

So, why don't we just drop all this warm and fuzzy chatting and...

[She snaps her fingers.]

CK: ...skip to the end where I drop you both like a sack of puppies and be on my merry way?

[Knight sneers, clenching her fists as Dr. White looks alarmed.]

DLW: No, no... we're not... no, we're not doing that...

[White chuckles nervously, gesturing with both hands now.]

DLW: If everyone can just have a seat and-

[Trish Wallace raises her hand.]

TW: Sorry, can I ask one question?

[Dr. White puts her palm to her forehead.]

DLW: No, you cannot put Ms. Knight through the table, Ms. Wallace.

[Wallace shrugs.]

TW: Just checking.

[She puts her hand up again.]

TW: Follow up question: why?

[White sighs.]

DLW: Ms Wallace... please! If you'd just please give Ms. Knight a chance to expand on what we've already heard.

[Wallace shakes her head.]

TW: I think I've heard enough of Ms. Knight... and really, I think I've heard enough from you too. In fact... if we could also get a doctor who knows what she's doing out here, that would be awesome.

[White looks put off by the comment, a hand on her hip.]

DLW: Now, look... I can tell that you're a little irritable because my patients require patience.

TW: Yeah, that's probably it. And you don't know what you're doing.

[White pauses, looking to retort... but then pauses.]

DLW: I... I think we've gotten as much done in this session as we can. So, maybe... yes, it's best to call an end to this. But I have one more request of the three of you...

...a group hug.

[The crowd laughs at White's ridiculous request. She looks around annoyed.]

DLW: What?! It's the perfect end to-

[Wallace interrupts.]

TW: It is! It's perfect! A big hug? I could go for one of those. A big... powerful... crack every rib... make Charisma's head go busting off her shoulders like an untied red and black balloon... HUG.

[Wallace suddenly rushes towards Knight who backs off, trying to keep out of reach as Dr. White tries to keep Wallace back. Swift starts shouting at the duo.]

GM: Well, it went about as long as you could possibly hope for, I think.

BW: Yeah, this was destined to end up in violence... no matter what you want to call it.

[White is shouting as she tries to keep Wallace back.]

DLW: No! No, stop! Please stop! All of you... you can't-

[Her pleas are falling on deaf ears.]

BW: Dr. White, just give it up! Let 'em go! Let 'em-

"THUNK!"

[The mic hits the mat...

...and a blood-curdling scream can be heard as everyone looks over at the source. And that source is Dr. White, now on her knees, face buried in her hands still screaming. Knight tilts her head in amused confusion, as T-Bone is just plain confused. Swift walks over and starts to check on the doctor.]

GM: Fans, we... uhh... we don't know what's going on here but it appears as if Dr. White is having a bit of an issue.

BW: She may need a doctor of her own, Gordo.

GM: It's certainly possible. If someone in the back can-

[As Swift is trying to figure out what's going on with Dr. White, the doctor throws her head back, eyes wide...

...and from her mouth sprays green mist directly into the face of Skylar Swift!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Swift goes flying backwards, screaming in pain as she flails about on top of the table. Wallace and Knight stare confused at Swift for a moment...

...and that moment is enough for Knight to take advantage of the moment to dive onto Wallace, raining punches down on her!]

GM: What the hell is going on, Bucky?!

BW: I don't know! The doctor spat some kind of green substance into the eyes of Skylar Swift and-

[The doctor comes to her feet, green liquid dripping off her face onto her white doctor's coat. Madness is in her eyes as she dives on top of the table, grabbing the blinded Swift by the hair, smashing her face down on the table!]

GM: I can't believe what I'm seeing!

BW: And she's the one who's supposed to be helping the others!

[Wallace manages to shove Knight off, starting to get up as White pulls Swift off the table...

...and HURLS her over the top rope, sending the blinded Canadian down onto the floor!]

GM: SWIFT GETS THROWN TO THE FLOOR!

[Knight throws a big right hand but Wallace blocks it with ease before throwing a few more blows of her own...]

GM: And T-Bone Trish is fighting back!

[Knight throws a big looping blow but comes up short, getting locked in the clasped hands of the T-Bone!]

BW: Charisma's about to go for a ride!

[Knight begins fighting like crazy to get out as Wallace positions herself to suplex Knight THROUGH the table!]

GM: "T-Bone" Trish Wallace is going to make good on her earlier promise!

[But Knight elbows her way out, breaking free. Wallace turns, trying to shake it off...]

...and Dr. Leah White comes storming towards her, throwing herself into the air with a flying kneestrike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A flying knee?!

BW: What kind of a doctor is she?!

[With Wallace down on a knee, Knight wastes no time, swooping in, snatching her up, cradling the head, waiting just a moment before twisting around...]

GM: ONE BAD DAY!

[...and SLAMS Wallace facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! Wallace is out!

[A smirking Knight pushes back to her feet, looking across the ring where White comes up to hers, a dead look in her eyes and remnants of the green mist still on her flesh and clothing, standing motionless. A cackling Knight walks over to White, a hand on her back as she faces her, backing away towards the ropes while motioning with her index finger for White to follow, which she does without question before both exit the ring.]

GM: I... fans... I don't know what to say about this. It's going to take a little bit of time to break down and understand what we did see here. I don't... whew. Bucky, the Table of Peace started off pretty calmly but it certainly didn't end that way.

BW: I think I would've been more surprised if it had... and I don't know how it happened but right now, I'm watching Dr. Leah White walk out of here, following Charisma Knight up the aisle and... yeah. I can't explain it but it's exactly what's happening.

GM: We're going to need a moment to get Skylar Swift tended to and... and I suppose we also need some time to reset the ring because in just a few short minutes, it's Rumble time here on Memorial Day Mayhem. And we want to hear from a few more participants in this year's Rumble!

[Jump cut to Terry Shane. The former Ring Leader has the World Television Title strapped tightly around his waist. His thumbs are hooked underneath the title plate]

while his wrapped fingers dig into the strap itself. Shane's jet black hair is strewn over his face as he looks down at the title.]

TS: Tonight, twenty-nine other man try to make history.

[Slowly he raises his head, his stare fixated forward.]

TS: But me?

[He pauses.]

TS: I'm trying to repeat it.

[Shanes fingertips dance across the strap.]

TS: It was several years ago I walked into Memorial Day Mayhem still a bit of an unknown. When people heard my name they thought of my grandfather. My Father. Me? People were still trying to figure me out. Heck, I was still trying to find myself. When the night ended my life had changed forever. My name... not my father or his father... meant something because it belonged to me. I worked hard for that.

I FOUGHT hard for that.

Tonight I want that feeling back.

Tonight...

...I'm going to TAKE it back.

[Fade to a glowering face, staring down at the viewer. A heavy, sloping brow almost shadows his icy gaze. If his hair wasn't immaculately groomed, one would swear he was a caveman. His broad shoulders are cloaked in a gold-buttoned naval greatcoat the color of red wine.]

MISTER sharply inhales through his nostrils, expanding his torso greatly.

As founder of Ringkrieger, he clasps his hands behind his back sternly...

Fade to Alphonse Green, who is standing in front of the MDM X backdrop. The former "King of the Battle Royals" looks ready to reclaim his throne. Despite the attack from Atlas Armstrong, Green looks like he's in good spirits.]

AG: How's ol' Alphonse Green feelin'? Well, to be honest, Atlas Armstrong got me pretty good, but revenge on him and his little scrawny pal Mickey Cherry's gonna have to wait.

[Green grins.]

AG: It's been a long time since I felt pretty good about steppin' inside of a battle royal, but I ain't the same Alphonse Green I was a couple months ago. I feel good, I feel like I'm back to where I should be. and where I should be is on my throne, as your "King of the Battle Royals!"

[We fade from Alphonse Green to two men walking backstage. One is the massive Blaster Masterson, and the other is his manager, Jackie Wilpon. Masterson's already looking intense, dressed in his ring gear and black leather vest. Seeing the camera, both men stop. Masterson leans in, getting sweat all over the lens.]

BM: AH'M READY! YEAH!

[Masterson backs away from the camera, as Wilpon rubs Masterson's shoulders, getting him psyched out.]

JW: Damn right yer ready! We've put a lot of able bodied men in the hospital t' get to this point, see?

BM: AH'M GONNA PUT A FEW MORE IN THE HOSPITAL. STACK 'EM UP ON TOP OF EACH OTHER AN' THROW THEM IN THE MEAT WAGON.

[Masterson lets out a laugh at that thought.]

JW: It feels like we've been sittin' on the bench long enough. What more do we have to prove?

[Wilpon leans in.]

JW: Yer about to find out.

[...and we fade through black to live action in the backstage area - more specifically in the trainer's room in the Allstate Arena. Sergeant Maxine Ohara is lying on a trainer's table, being attended to. A distraught Jordan Ohara hovers over her, literally turning in circles as he pulls at his hair. There are tears in his eyes. Sergeant Ohara winces as Dr. Ponovitch touches her rib cage.]

DP: Sergeant Ohara, I'm going to recommend you go to Advocate Lutheran General Hospital for some X-rays. You may have some cracked ribs. They are certainly bruised.

[Sergeant Ohara nods stoically. The Phoenix is definitely less calm, stepping towards them,]

JO: All right, I'll go with you. Help me get her to the ambulance.

SO: Where do you think you're going? You have a Rumble to win as I recall.

[Ohara grabs her hand.]

JO: This is my fault! I can't go out there knowing I put you in the hospital!

[Maxine grips his hand hard, grimacing as she does.]

SO: Boy. Stop it.

[Jordan looks at her, a little surprised.]

SO: Jordan Hiroto Ohara, you stop this. I am a soldier. You are a soldier. Attention!

[The command causes Sergeant Ohara to wince. Jordan Ohara smiles through his tears as he involuntarily straightens up.]

JO: Yes, Sergeant.

[Maxine gives a nod.]

SO: You are the son of a soldier. You are the son of a professional wrestler. This can't break you. This can't distract you. You go out into that ring and you whoop that big Russian's ass and then you win at the Tower of Doom and then and only then, Jordan, do you come see me at the hospital. Am I understood?

JO: Yes, mom.

[She arches an eyebrow.]

SO: Excuse me?

[He stiffens up again.]

JO: Yes, ma'am.

[Maxine smiles.]

SO: That's better. Dr. Ponovitch, let's go. You finish your mission, son.

[Dr. Ponovitch and an aide wheel Sergeant Ohara away as Jordan Ohara looks after her, resolve coming over his face.]

JO: Zharkov, you son of a bitch.

[He strides purposefully out of view as we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... it is now time for the 2017 edition of the RUMMMMMBLLLLLLE!

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

RO: Earlier tonight, all thirty competitors drew a number backstage to determine the order of entry. In just a moment, the competitors who drew Numbers One and Two will come to the ring. Every two minutes after that, another competitor will join the match until all thirty have entered. The only way to be eliminated is to go over the top rope and have BOTH feet touch the floor.

The last man standing will be your winner and will receive a future shot at the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Another huge cheer goes up from the Chicago crowd!]

GM: The Rumble In The Windy City! The Chi-Town Rumble! Call it what you will but this city is about to see one of the highlights of the year for the AWA - the Rumble! In 2016, it belonged to the women of the AWA and saw the very first Women's World Champion crowned in Lauryn Rage. Tonight, it returns to its roots as thirty of the world's finest do battle to see who will earn themselves a future shot at the World Title!

[Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: And now... the competitor who drew Number One!

[There's a pregnant pause as the Allstate Arena crowd waits to see who the unluckiest man in the building is...

...and a big mixed response as "Revolution" by Pennywise begins to play. The new music doesn't give the fans a clue but the words on the video walls do.

SIN

CITY

SAVIOR.]

GM: Oh wow! Sid Osborne draws #1!

[With a sneer on his face, the Sin City Savior strides out from beyond the curtain, looking out on the crowd that is still split... but with more cheers than boos for sure. He holds up a hand to his eyes, looking out on the fans as he stands in a black leather jacket with silver spikes on the shoulders and across the upper back. He nods his head to the cheering fans.]

Osborne can best be described as "thick." Thick chest, thick legs, thick torso, thick neck. He's a walking barrel of man. His legs are sticking out of a jet black glossy double singlet, littered with tattoos. His hair is five tall spikes of jet black with red tips forming a makeshift mohawk. His ears have big plastic gauges in them. His nose is pierced as are his ears in several spots.

As he steps closer to the edge of the stage, he leans towards the cameraman.]

"Number one, huh? Quite the random draw, El Presidente."

[He smirks.]

"You want me to go through twenty-nine to show the world who the best in the world is?

You got it."

[And with that, he strides down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Well, for a guy who already thinks the world is against him, Sid Osborne is just going to take this #1 draw as more proof of it, Bucky.

BW: Hey, he might be right. He's got a big mouth and I'm sure there are some in the front office who'd prefer to see him shut right up tonight.

GM: Absolutely. And I certainly wouldn't put it past El Presidente to rig the draw.

BW: Now you've gone too far.

[Climbing into the ring, Osborne sheds his leather jacket, throwing it over the ropes to the floor. He spins around, facing the direction he just came from, beckoning towards the locker room.]

"STEP UP! SHUT ME UP! COME ON!"

[The music starts to fade as Osborne paces angrily around the ring, ready for the fight to come...]

RO: Annnnnnnnd now... the man who drew Number Two!

[Again, there's a pregnant pause as we wait to see who it will be...]

GM: Who's it gonna be?

["Pedestrian At Best" by Courtney Barnett starts to play over the sound system, as the crowd seems confused about who the new entrant could possibly be.]

GM: I'm not familiar with this music either, Bucky.

BW: I think I may have an idea, Gordo, and if it's who I think it is, a lot of people are going to get their bells rang.

[The camera shot cuts to the entrance, where we see the next participant walk through...]

BW: Yup, that's who I thought. Cover up your ears, they're about to get slapped!

GM: It's Raphael Rhodes! An hour ago, he wasn't even signed to the AWA, and now he's in the Rumble!

[Rhodes marches down the aisleway, dressed in blue leg-length tights, along with white kneepads and white boots. His wrists and hands are taped up, and he carries with him a blue mouthguard. As he approaches the ring, he pops the mouthguard in...]

GM: Raphael Rhodes competed in the AWA until 2011... and then wasn't seen in an AWA ring until this very match - the Rumble - at All-Star Showdown on the 4th of July 2015 in Hawaii. Nearly two years later, he's back again... and this time, he's signed a contract!

BW: And winning this Rumble could be one hell of a springboard back into the company, Gordo?

GM: It certainly would be... but he's got twenty-nine competitors standing between him and that goal - including the man standing in the ring right now, Sid Osborne.

[Speaking of Osborne, he's sneering at the arrival of Rhodes as the Brit slides under the bottom rope, coming to his feet where Osborne has a few choice words for him as Rhodes strides across the ring and...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...UNCORKS an open-handed slap to the ear that drops Osborne down to the mat as the bell sounds!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And the 2017 Rumble is underway, fans!

[Rhodes dives on top of Osborne who has rolled to his hands and knees, grimacing in pain as he grabs at his ear. The Brit takes a rear mount position, still standing though as he winds up...]

GM: OHHH! CROSSFACE RIGHT ACROSS THE OTHER EAR!

[Osborne drops his hand from the first ear, moving to the other one which opens it up for Rhodes to come across the other way!]

GM: And one from the southpaw side as well!

[The Sin City Savior drops to his stomach, both arms trying to cover his head as Rhodes stands over him...]

BW: Raphael Rhodes giving this crowd - and Sid Osborne - a little reminder of just who in the hell he is, daddy!

GM: Fans, we're being told right now that Raphael Rhodes took Shadoo Rage's spot in the Rumble here tonight after Rage was injured earlier in that brutal Ring of Iron match that he was victorious in.

BW: Not the best draw for sure but I'm certain Raph is happy to be in there going to work.

[Reaching down, Rhodes slips his index finger into the plastic gauge in Osborne's left ear...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and with the crowd howling in sympathy, Rhodes drags Osborne up to his feet by the appendage, flinging him in the direction of the corner.]

GM: Good grief, he could've ripped the man's ear clear off his head with something like that!

[Osborne starts to step out of the buckles but Rhodes shoves him back in, snatching the back of his head and laying in a stiff European uppercut!]

GM: Ohhh! What a shot that was! Nearly took Osborne right out of his boots!

[Rhodes grabs the back of the head again, smashing home a second uppercut!]

BW: This sure isn't going the way Sid Osborne envisioned, I'd bet.

GM: Absolutely not. Sid thought this was going to be his coming out party here tonight, Bucky... and so far, it's a welcome back party for Raphael Rhodes instead. Just under a minute to go in the first two minutes of this one as Rhodes grabs the wrist...

[The 217 pound Wigan native drops to a knee as he whips Osborne from corner to corner, sending him crashing into the far turnbuckles. He gets to his feet, nodding his head as he backs into the buckles...

...and then barrels across the ring at top speed!]

GM: Rhodes charging in and-

[Osborne pulls himself clear at the last moment, causing Rhodes to SLAM violently chestfirst into the turnbuckles, staggering backwards as the Sin City Savior swoops in, grabbing Rhodes by the arm.]

GM: Armtwist by Osborne... steps over the arm...

[With his back to Rhodes and the Brit's leg trapped between his legs, Osborne pulls on the limb, forcing Rhodes to double up...

...which is when Osborne snaps off a series of back kicks to the mush of Rhodes to the cheers of a large part of the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! A series of mule kicks to the mouth by Osborne!

[He steps back over the arm, still keeping hold of the wrist, and then yanks Rhodes into a short clothesline!]

GM: And down goes Raphael Rhodes off the short-clothesline!

[Osborne breaks away, waving a hand up, beckoning Rhodes to get back to his feet...

...as the crowd begins to count down from ten.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[All eyes in the Allstate Arena turn towards the entrance, awaiting the arrival of the person who drew #3...

...and they erupt into cheers at the sounds of Metallica's classic "One."]

GM: It's the Madfox! Jeff Matthews is Number Three!

[The former World Champion and Hall of Famer comes jogging down the aisle towards the ring.]

BW: Gordo, you talked that slander about El Presidente rigging the draw... well, if I knew my soldiers had to face this guy later tonight, I'd stick him out there early to take a beating.

GM: That may be exactly what happened, Bucky. Jeff Matthews, I know was hoping to use this match to get himself into discussions for the AWA World Title... but this is a very early draw for him. With most of the field still to come, the Madfox would have to survive out here an awfully long time to be there at the end.

[Matthews slides under the bottom rope into the ring where he grabs Sid Osborne by the arm, swinging him away from Rhodes and towards him. The Madfox snatches a three-quarter nelson on the Sin City Savior...]

GM: FOXDEN!

[...who promptly shoves him off to the ropes. The crowd groans for the near miss as Matthews bounces back off towards Osborne who slips in behind him, reaching down to trip up both legs.]

GM: Double leg trip from the back... look at this!

[Osborne leans down, snatching Matthews' thighs under his arms...]

GM: He's looking for that inverted powerbomb he calls Into The Pit!

[The Sin City Savior goes to lift Matthews off the mat...

...but Raphael Rhodes comes storming in, booting Osborne in the mouth, breaking his hold on Matthews and sending him falling backwards, stumbling towards the ropes.]

GM: Ohh! What a boot to the face!

[With Osborne out of the way temporarily, Rhodes turns his attention towards the downed former World Champion at his feet, leaning down to drag him off the mat...

...which is when Matthews leaps up, snatches the three-quarter nelson, and DRIVES him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: FOXDEN! FOXDEN! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Matthews pops up, arms spread to a huge cheer. He pounds his chest a few times, shouting to the Chicago crowd who roars in response.]

GM: And Jeff Matthews is fired up here at Memorial Day Mayhem!

BW: Yeah, but all that screaming and pounding your chest does no good if you can't throw someone over the top!

GM: He's gonna go for it!

[Matthews reaches down, grabbing a limp Raphael Rhodes by the hair, swinging him over against the ropes. Rhodes hooks his arms over the top rope, shaking his head. Matthews leans down to lift both of the Brit's legs to a growing surge of anticipation from the crowd!]

GM: And Matthews is trying to toss Raphael Rhodes which would be a horrible way for Rhodes' AWA return to end, fans! The Madfox has got both legs up, Rhodes just clinging to that top rope with all he's got, trying to find a way to stay in this battle for a future World Title shot hanging in the balance!

[And with Rhodes desperately trying to stay in, the countdown clock returns and the fans oblige us as anticipated...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The heart-pumping sounds of "You're The Best" ring out throughout the arena to a big cheer as "Cannonball" Lee Connors jogs into view, throwing a quick series of kicks capped off by a leaping roundhouse before he sprints down the aisle!]

GM: Lee Connors is the fourth man in... we're told he's replacing Jackson Haynes!

BW: Gordo, can you imagine if Rage and Haynes were fit to compete? They woulda been in there with each other AGAIN!

GM: That's not the case though... both men shelved temporarily due to injuries and a lucky break for Lee Connors who has been tearing up the tag team scene as of late with his partner, Downpour. Tonight, Connors gets a chance to shine as a singles competitor with a future shot at the AWA World Title on the line!

BW: Hey, Connors is a Canadian kid, yeah?

GM: He is, yes.

BW: Can you imagine him winning this Rumble, walking out with a World Title shot in his pocket, and then heading into the Battle of Saskatchewan at the end of July challenging for the gold?

GM: It would certainly be a special night for him if he was able to do such a thing... but what on Earth is he doing now?!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Connors quickly scales the ropes from the outside, facing Matthews and a struggling Raphael Rhodes who is still hanging from the top rope...]

GM: Connors is known for his high risk tactics, fans... but in a match like this, this is VERY high risk!

[Reaching the top, the youthful Connors grins before hurling himself into the air, snapping off a backflip...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and comes CRASHING down onto Rhodes who lets go of the rope just in time to take a Shooting Star Press which sends him CRASHING down into the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! LEE CONNORS TAKES TO THE SKY TO BIG DIVIDENDS!

[Connors grabs at his ribs, rolling around on the mat as Rhodes does the same a few feet away. Matthews shrugs, opting for a new target as he pulls Connors off the mat by the hair... running across the ring...]

GM: Matthews trying to toss Connors!

[A big hurl over the ropes sends Connors out...]

...but he hangs onto the top rope, staying on the apron as the crowd buzzes for the near-elimination. Matthews grimaces as he marches towards Connors, drawing his right hand back!]

GM: Connors hangs on... here comes Matthews and-

[But Connors swings his leg up, catching the incoming Matthews on the side of the head with a high kick!]

GM: Oh! That one caught the Madfox flush!

[Matthews staggers in a circle...]

...which is when Sid Osborne pops up and LAYS OUT Matthews with a stiff standing lariat!]

GM: OHHHH! What a clothesline out of Sid Osborne!

[Connors grabs the top rope, springing off the top rope...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and gets taken out of the sky by a second standing lariat! Osborne lets loose a triumphant roar as he stands over Connors and Matthews who are down on the mat.]

BW: And don't look now, Gordo, but Sin City Sid is the last man standing!

GM: For now, he certainly is... and these Chicago fans are letting him hear it.

[Osborne spreads his arms, basking in the roar of the crowd as they chant for him.]

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

[With a grin and a nod, Osborne leans down, pulling Jeff Matthews off the mat.]

"Former World Champion. Hall of Famer."

[Osborne ruffles Matthews' hair mockingly.]

"Also known as the past. Meet the future, Madfox."

[Osborne grabs the hair, charging towards the ropes, tossing Matthews over...

...but the Madfox too manages to hang on, grabbing onto the ropes. A frustrated Osborne opens up with right hands to the head, trying to knock Matthews to the floor as the count starts anew.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[All eyes turn towards the entrance once more as the opening to "Investigation Of A Citizen Above Suspicion" by Fantomas starts to play.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Here comes trouble!

[A moment passes before the fearsome force known as Blaster Masterson walks into view alongside his manager, Jackie "Fingers" Wilpon. Wilpon gives a few last moment instructions, pointing emphatically at the ring and then peeling off backstage as Masterson stomps down the aisle, shouting at the ring.]

"TWENTY-NINE MEN IN MY WAY? TWENTY-NINE PIECES OF TRASH FOR ME TO TAKE OUT!"

GM: Blaster Masterson is the fifth entry in the 2017 Rumble!

BW: A big, big man heading down there, Gordo. We haven't had an elimination yet but Masterson may be about to change all that.

[The 6'9 Masterson reaches the ring, stepping over the top rope. He looks around for a moment...

...and then spots his first target, stomping across the ring, drawing his right arm back...]

GM: Masterson on the attack and-

[He CLUBS Sid Osborne between the shoulderblades with a mighty forearm. Swinging him around, he wraps a massive paw around his throat, lifting him up and tossing him into the nearby turnbuckles...]

GM: Whoa my... I thought we might be getting a chokeslam there.

[...and then pivots to SMASH a fist between the eyes of Jeff Matthews!]

GM: Ohh! Just when you thought Masterson was going after Osborne, you realize he was just pulling Osborne off Matthews so that HE could go after the former World Champion.

BW: Masterson and Matthews are no strangers to one another... and I wouldn't be surprised to learn that Javier Castillo had taken Jackie Wilpon up on his offer and Masterson is going after Matthews on Korugun orders!

GM: Masterson and Wilpon have made it clear in the past that they're completely willing to do the dirty work of the Korugun Corporation and Javier Castillo if the price is right.

BW: I bet the price for taking Matthews out of the Tower of Doom would CERTAINLY be right.

GM: And when Castillo recently commented about having one move left to play before the Tower of Doom tonight, do you think this is what he was talking about, Bucky?

BW: I don't know but putting Team Martinez a man down on the night of the show... when we STILL don't even know who the fifth man on their team is... that's a master stroke if that's what he's going for.

[Masterson continues to pound away on Matthews who determinedly hangs on to the ropes, saving himself from elimination.]

BW: Gordo, I wonder if there are any hard feelings from Ryan Martinez towards the other members of his team.

GM: What do you mean?

BW: Well, Martinez gave up a guaranteed shot at the AWA World Title to lead his team into the Tower against Korugun.

GM: And?

BW: And in the meantime, the rest of his team is in this Rumble! Ohara's in here! Wright's in here! Matthews is in here! Maybe the fifth man too... we don't even know!

GM: I'm sure they're competing with the White Knight's blessing.

BW: Oh, are you?! I'm sure they're all about that team... unless it means a shot at the World Title... we know that the World Title means more to Supreme Wright than anything in the world. He wasn't going to pass up a shot at that to help his little buddy.

GM: You're trying to sow dissension in the ranks like Javier Castillo did two weeks ago.

[The camera pulls back, showing Masterson trying to knock Matthews off the apron as Lee Connors and Raphael Rhodes are tangled up in another corner, Connors trying to Rhodes over the top rope as the countdown starts again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[Again, all eyes turn towards the entrance as some unfamiliar music of Latin origins is played over the PA.]

GM: I think we know who this is, fans!

[The crowd cheers - especially the more knowledgeable ones - as the lucha star known as Guerrero Azteca walks into view. Azteca is trim but incredibly muscular, sculpted and defined. He's foregone his ceremonial headdress on this night, wearing his insanely colorful and intricately designed golden mask with various embellishments on it.]

GM: Guerrero Azteca, a token of friendship from our pals down in Mexico - SouthWest Lucha Libre - is heading to the ring - he's Number Six!

[As he jogs past the camera, we spy an enormous eagle tattoo, the wings spread across his shoulders. Tattoos are all over Azteca's body actually, peeking out from his long black and golden trunks. His boots are black and surrounded by eagle feathers.]

BW: Azteca's here on a little bit of an exchange program with several AWA competitors down in Mexico this weekend. We're going to be down there for the first time coming up in... September, right?

GM: That's right, Bucky. The AWA is coming to Mexico for a week of shows, capped off by Monday, September 4th in the Estadio BBVA down in Guadalupe... a show co-promoted with SouthWest Lucha Libre that I'm really looking forward to. And you can bet this man will be on the card... one of the top stars in all of Mexico...

BW: You know, we talked about Connors winning this thing and challenging for the title in Canada... what if Guerrero Azteca wins it all and challenges for the World Title in his home country of Mexico?!

GM: What a night that would be for him... and as he climbs on in, he's going right after the biggest dog in the fight!

[Azteca winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...and slams home an overhead chop between the shoulderblades of Masterson!]

GM: What a chop by the luchador!

BW: When you think about a luchador or the lucha libre style, Gordo, you think about smaller, high flying guys like Arminius or El Caliente... this is not that at all.

GM: Six foot three, 245 pounds and built like he's carved out of stone! Azteca can fly a little bit if the situation calls for it but he'll take the fight to you on the ground as well...

[Masterson wheels around, throwing a wild right hand that Azteca ducks, snapping off a kick to the back of the leg that makes the feathers on his boot swirl around!]

GM: Hard kick to the side of the knee...

[With Masterson a bit wobbly, Azteca grabs the top rope, slingshotting Jeff Matthews back into the ring where the Madfox takes Masterson down with a flying clothesline!]

GM: Oho! A double team there by Azteca and Matthews takes down Masterson!

BW: And I'm not sure I get that, Gordo. Azteca could've knocked Matthews off the apron there, gotten the elimination, but he brought him back in instead.

GM: Perhaps a show of respect for the Hall of Famer. Six men in the ring now... still no eliminations so far tonight. We've got Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes who started this thing off... Matthews... Lee Connors... Blaster Masterson... and now Guerrero Azteca.

BW: It's starting to get a little crowded in there, Gordo, and that's when a match like this gets dangerous. It's real easy to turn an ankle... take a stray blow to the eye...

[Matthews thanks the luchador as Guerrero Azteca helps him to his feet...

...but then snatches the three-quarter nelson!]

GM: FOXDE-

[The powerful Azteca shoves him off, sending Matthews bouncing off the ropes towards him where the luchador sweeps out the legs, hooking them under his arms...]

GM: Uh oh! Matthews tried to catch him but now it's the Madfox who is caught

[The crowd cheers the luchador as he lifts Matthews off the mat and starts swinging...

...and swinging...

...and swinging...

...and swinging!]

GM: GIANT SWING IN THE MIDDLE!

[The Madfox locks his hands behind his head, hanging on as he goes for a wild ride in the middle of the Allstate Arena...

...and then comes to an abrupt halt when Lee Connors charges in, leaping up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DROPKICK ON THE MADFOX!

[Connors grins as he gets up, moving to high five Azteca who raises his arm to meet it...

...and then locks fingers with Connors, twisting his arm under, and lifting him into the air!]

GM: WHOOOOOOA!

[Azteca sets Connors down on the apron, spinning to run across the ring. He hits the far ropes, rebounding back, lowering his shoulder for a spear tackle between the ropes to drive Connors off the apron...

...but Connors sidesteps, swinging his foot up to catch Azteca in the masked face!]

GM: OH!

[With Azteca hanging between the ropes, Connors swings his foot up rapidly several times, capped off by an axe kick to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Grabbing the ropes, Connors slingshots himself into a somersault over the draped Azteca, charging across the ring. He hits the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: UH OH!

[...right into a hand around the throat by Blaster Masterson! The big man trashtalks him for a bit before lifting him into the air and throwing him down with a ring-shaking chokeslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with Connors shaking down on the mat, the countdown starts.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[At the sound of the buzzer, the Allstate Arena crowd turns towards the entrance...

...and the crowd ERUPTS in a wild reaction at the sound as a loud orchestral hit echoes through the arena: the climactic scene of Mozart's "Don Giovanni."]

GM: Oh my! Now THIS could get interesting fast!

[Another orchestral hit and a wrestler appears, standing at ease, his arms clasped behind the back. The deep operatic bass of the Commendatore roars.]

"DON GIOVANNI... A CENAR TECO... M'INVITASTI... E SON VENUTO"

[Here stands MISTER, "Der Oger aus Innsbruck." His forehead slopes sharply, and his head seems to rest on his stocky torso without a neck between. He's in simple black trunks and is all business as he strides down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: MISTER is here! One-half of the AWA tag team known as Ringkrieger. And their mission statement is simple, fans... Respect The Canvas.

BW: There may be a lot of guys falling down to respect the canvas after MISTER is through with them!

[MISTER reaches the ring quickly, climbing the ringsteps, wiping the soles of his boots on the mat before he steps into the ring...

...and pauses, arms behind his back, chest puffed out, chin held back as he surveys the scene all around him. Many of the wrestlers in the ring have paused, awaiting the arrival of one of the most physically intimidating men in the matchup...

...and as he arrives, they strike!]

GM: Sid Osborne taking his shot-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[A king-sized chop rings out throughout the building... perhaps the whole city... as MISTER drills the incoming Osborne with it, putting him down on his knees. MISTER steps to the side as he spies Jeff Matthews coming towards him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[A second huge chop seems to cave in the chest of the Madfox who crumples like he's been hit with a baseball bat... and he likely knows what that feels like from his days in Los Angeles.]

GM: Good grief!

[MISTER pauses, looking around, almost daring someone else to step to him...]

GM: Lee Connors taking his chance here...

[Connors comes in quick though, ducking under a third chop attempt. He snaps off a pair of leg kicks - one to each tree-trunk-like limb. He spins, throwing a spinning back kick into the midsection before dashing to the ropes, rebounding back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...and gets hit so damn hard, Connors does a full backflip before landing on his reddening torso on the canvas!]

BW: HOLY...

[MISTER again strikes his signature pose, eyeing the others in the ring...

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: UPPERCUTS BY RAPHAEL RHODES! MISTER IS STUNNED!

[Rhodes snatches MISTER by the head, pulling his own head back...]

GM: HEADBUTT! ANOTHER! A THIRD!

BW: Rhodes has some of the hardest headbutts I've ever seen in my life, Gordo! We've seen him go head to head - literally - with guys like MAMMOTH Mizusawa, the Samoan Hit Squad, and Juan Vasquez and come out the other side!

[A fourth headbutt seems to stun Rhodes who stumbles backwards...

...but it stuns MISTER more as he slumps to a knee, the Chicago crowd ROARING for the display of physicality!]

GM: WHAT A BATTLE BETWEEN RHODES AND MISTER!

BW: A battle?! MISTER hasn't thrown a shot yet!

[With Rhodes in a daze and MISTER on a knee, the countdown starts anew.]

"TEN!"
"NINE!"
"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

GM: Here comes Number Eight! Who's it gonna be?!

[La Banda Bastön's "Quiúbole" starts to play to jeers from the AWA faithful. Kaz Konoe bursts through the entranceway, dressed in white boxer-style trunks, black knee pads and white boots, with black piping and laces.]

GM: Kaz Konoe is the next one in... and he sure is taking his time, Bucky.

[With the fans berating him, Konoe slowly walks down the ramp... real slowly... verrrrrrrry slowly...]

GM: Oh, come in!

[Inside the ring, the action continues with MISTER coming off his feet...

...and getting a massive hand wrapped around his throat!]

GM: Whoa! Masterson's got MISTER!

BW: The two biggest hosses in this match so far, Gordo!

[MISTER reaches up though, gripping Masterson's wrist tightly. The big man's eyes go wide as he feels his grip being budged by the big European...]

GM: MISTER IS FIGHTING OUT OF IT!

[Masterson's arm is shaking with effort as he struggles to maintain his grip, watching wide-eyed as MISTER powers out of it...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH!"

[...and DRILLS Masterson across the chest with an overhand chop! The six foot nine Masterson staggers in a circle towards Raphael Rhodes who winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH!"

[...and SLAPS Masterson across the ear, taking him down to a knee as Lee Connors rushes to the ropes, rebounding off where Guerrero Azteca shoves him skyward...]

GM: METEORA!

[...and he comes DOWN onto Masterson with both knees!]

BW: Hey! This isn't fair to Masterson!

[Connors backs off, pointing to the top rope as Sid Osborne scales the turnbuckles, takes aim, and hurls his bulky frame off his perch, pumping his legs before CRASHING down onto Masterson!]

GM: FROG SPLASH OFF THE TOP!

[Kaz Konoe gets up on the apron, watching as MISTER and Rhodes haul Masterson to his feet, chucking him towards the ropes...]

...where Kaz Konoe drops down, pulling the top rope with him as Masterson tumbles over the top and hits the floor to cheers!]

GM: He's gone! Blaster Masterson is the first man eliminated from the 2017 Rumble!

[Konoe turns, looking down on a pissed-off Masterson...]

...and shrugs, earning a cheer from the crowd!]

BW: People sure do love that shrug, Gordo. You know it's an Internet meme, right?

GM: A what?

BW: Welcome... to Jurassic Park.

[Masterson makes an angry lunge at the feet of Konoe who hooks the top rope with both arms, flipping over the ropes to land inside the ring. He spins around...]

...and sprints towards Guerrero Azteca who muscles him up, spins him around in a lift, and DROPS him across a bent knee!]

GM: OHHH! Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker by the man from Mexico... and with the way Konoe charged him, I'd say those two are no strangers to one another, Bucky.

BW: I believe they call it a quebradora South of the Border, Gordo... that backbreaker... and yeah, Konoe moved about as fast I've ever seen him move right there.

[As Konoe flops about on the canvas, grabbing his lower back, Sid Osborne leans down, pulling him off the canvas...

...and gets poked in the eye for his efforts!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: It's a Rumble, daddy! Anything goes in the Rumble!

[Leaving a blinded Osborne rubbing his eyes vigorously, Konoe slips away as the countdown starts again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[As the ninth man prepares to make himself known, an increasingly familiar phrase rings out over the PA system.]

"NO EVIL CAN ESCAPE..."

"...OMEGA!"

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

BW: Didn't we kick this idiot out of the building after he accosted Gal Gadot earlier?!

GM: Apparently not... and I think she kinda took a liking to him, Bucky!

BW: You're as delusional as he is, Gordo... nah, on second thought... no one is THAT delusional!

[Omega comes jogging down the ramp towards the ring where seven other competitors still stand. Sid Osborne can be seen pointing at Omega from a distance, having a big belly laugh at his expense as Omega slides headfirst under the bottom rope...

...and again strikes his signature pose, looking around the ring at the other combatants.]

BW: Don't just stand there, you big goof - do something!

[Omega eyeballs the other competitors in the ring...

...and then walks up to Guerrero Azteca, extending his hand.]

"GREETINGS, FELLOW MASKED WARRIOR!"

[The luchador stares at Omega for a moment... and then slowly accepts the handshake to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: It looks like Omega's found a friend, Bucky.

[Omega turns away from the luchador, eyeballing MISTER and slowly approaching him.]

"Ah yes... the one who Respects The Canvas..."

[Omega nods approvingly before extending his hand to the European who stares at Omega for several moments...]

GM: This might be a real bad idea, Omega.

BW: The kid should get the heck out of there... now!

[Omega insistently sticks out his hand a second time as MISTER slowly raises his arm...]

GM: Are you kidding me?

[...and takes Omega's hand in his massive paw.]

GM: Wow! A handshake between MISTER and Omega! How about that?

[Omega grins as MISTER does the same, pumping his hand up and down. The AWA's resident superhero turns, giving a thumbs up to the crowd...

...and MISTER's face suddenly goes cold.]

GM: Uh oh.

[And MISTER tightens his grip, causing Omega's to cry out, sinking to his knees as MISTER stands over him, staring down at him...]

GM: I think Omega may have overestimated their friendship, Bucky.

[With Omega on his knees, MISTER steps back and BOOTS him right in the mouth, knocking him flat on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[MISTER straightens up, dusting off his hands...

...which is when Guerrero Azteca charges him, throwing himself at MISTER with a flurry of haymakers!]

GM: Oh ho! A little international incident breaking down here in Chicago!

[The crowd cheers Azteca as he batters MISTER back against the ropes...

...which is when Lee Connors comes running in, running right up the chest of MISTER, planting a boot on the face as he backflips off to land on the canvas...

...which allows Sid Osborne to snatch the Cannonball from behind, HURLING him halfway across the ring with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With MISTER still in the corner, Jeff Matthews charges in, connecting with a running clothesline as the countdown starts again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

GM: Number ten heading out here now...

["Man Of War" by Radiohead begins to play as the tenth entry into the match strolls into view.]

GM: It's Logan Blackburn! The Dirty Rotten Scoundrel himself!

[Blackburn is a Caucasian male with a thin, sinewy build. He has a short boxed beard, black hair shaved on the sides and held up in a samurai-style manbun topknot. He's not a bad looking guy, but he has an arrogant, condescending sneer on his face that immediately rubs people the wrong way. He has the looks of a man that should not be trusted and honestly, he probably shouldn't be.]

GM: Blackburn is representing Guerreros del Mundo in this one, hoping to do Angelica Westerly proud here in Chicago.

[As Blackburn heads down the aisle, taking his time before joining the fray, we see the train of attacks on the cornered MISTER continue with Kaz Konoe running in, stepping up on the middle rope, and snapping off an enzuigiri on MISTER!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Konoe rolls out of the corner, turning back towards MISTER who is staggered but not dropped as he walks out of the corner defiantly, glaring at Konoe...

...and then strikes a pose, his arms behind his back with his chin stuck out!]

GM: MISTER still standing... and what's Kaz Konoe going to do about it?

[Konoe stares at MISTER for a moment...

...and then throws a weak... very weak... kick at the side of the leg.]

BW: What was that?

GM: I think I kick harder than that.

[Konoe throws another leg kick to the other side... with not enough impact to rip paper.]

GM: Konoe's trying to mock MISTER with these!

[An overhand chop follows... but again, more of a lovetap than anything else. He smirks at MISTER who looks to be fuming mad now. Konoe turns to the crowd annnnnnnnd...

...SHRUGS!]

GM: Uh oh.

[And when he turns back towards MISTER, he gets FLATTENED with a brutal slap across the face!]

"RESPEKTIERE DIE LEINWAND!"

[The booming voice keeps Konoe on the canvas as Omega steps up to the plate, taking aim on MISTER...

...and throws a big chop across the chest!]

GM: Omega with the chop as well!

[Konoe gets up off the mat, glaring at Omega, squaring up...]

GM: Konoe with a chop!

[MISTER defiantly pulls his arms back, sticking out his chest, daring the duo to hit him again... and harder. Omega looks at Konoe who predictably shrugs...]

GM: DOUBLE CHOP!

[MISTER holds his ground, shaking his head.]

GM: ANOTHER ONE!

[Still nothing as the powerful Austrian does not budge. Omega signals to the ropes and he and Konoe hit them together, bouncing back off...

...and BOTH get flipped inside out with a devastating double clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[MISTER turns, letting loose a growl in the direction of the two floored opponents...

...which is when Logan Blackburn makes his move, snatching MISTER by the trunks, wheeling him around...]

GM: BLACKBURN TRIES TO TOSS MISTER!

[But MISTER extends his arms, grabbing the top rope...

...and glares right into the eyes of Blackburn!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Big mistake! HUGE!

[MISTER extends his hand, shoving Blackburn back into the corner by the face. He winds up...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: It's like getting hit with a damn frying pan!

[Blackburn clutches his chest, slumping down on his knees...

...where Raphael Rhodes comes tearing across the ring, DRIVING a knee into his face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: And THAT seemed kinda personal too, Gordo!

GM: Logan Blackburn and Raphael Rhodes certainly could've crossed paths at some point in their time in Europe, Bucky. I wouldn't be surprised to learn that one bit.

[With Rhodes putting the boots to Blackburn in the corner, the countdown starts again...]

"TEN!"
"NINE!"
"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The sounds of jeers as The Chieftain's "Brian Boru's March" starts to play. Callum Mahoney, sandy-haired with lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway, dressed in a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear standing on its hind legs across the front, black knee pads and black boots. He stands with hands on hips and a sneer on his lips, soaking in the reaction from the crowd.]

GM: The former World Television Champion, Callum Mahoney, is the eleventh man in the 2017 Rumble!

BW: And this is just another night for Mahoney. Twenty-nine or so guys trying to kick his teeth in, he's used to that.

GM: And with Logan Blackburn in there, I've got a hunch who Mahoney may have his sights set on.

[Mahoney jogs down the ramp as MISTER turns his attention back to Kaz Konoe who is choking Lee Connors against the ropes. MISTER grabs Konoe by the arm, turning him around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with an absolutely titanic chop that lifts Konoe off the canvas, sending him flying through the air before he flops back down...

...where we discover he's now missing a crucial part of his ring attire!]

GM: OH MY STARS! MISTER _LITERALLY_ JUST CHOPPED KAZ KONOE OUT OF HIS BOOTS, BUCKY!

BW: What in the...? How did that even happen?!

[MISTER stares down at Konoe who is reeling in pain on the mat, his boots resting on the canvas near by. The big Austrian spins around as Callum Mahoney gets in, laying in some heavy forearms to the back!]

GM: Mahoney opting to take his shot at MISTER instead!

BW: MISTER's in there. Mahoney. Blackburn and Rhodes! We've got ourselves our own little European Union going on!

GM: Plus Konoe, Connors, and Guerrero Azteca! It's the United Nations!

BW: And that freak Omega! The Galactic Empire!

GM: Would you stop?!

[MISTER takes a big swing at Mahoney who ducks down, avoiding it, running towards the other side of the ring. A fired-up MISTER charges at him...]

GM: MISTER coming for Mahon-

[And in tandem, both Mahoney and a nearby Omega drop down, pulling the top rope with them...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MISTER GOES OVER! MISTER GOES OVER!

BW: But he's hanging on! He landed on the apron and-

[Suddenly, a shoeless Kaz Konoe runs past Mahoney and Omega, leaping up on the second rope, and springing back in his socks...

...to DROPKICK MISTER right in the mouth, sending him tumbling to the floor!]

GM: HE'S GONE! MISTER IS ELIMINATED!

[A fired-up Austrian SLAMS his hands down on the apron, pointing threateningly up at Kaz Konoe who... predictably...]

BW: HE SHRUGS! HE SHRUGS!

[There are some cheers for the shrug...

...and then even louder cheers as Jeff Matthews swoops in behind Konoe, tossing him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHHHH! AND KONOE IS GONE AS WELL!

BW: The Shrug Angel is in no more! Just when I was thinking of getting Shrug Life tatted across my chest.

GM: And with those two eliminations, we're back down to eight competitors still in the match: Osborne, Rhodes, Matthews, Connors, Azteca, Omega, Blackburn, and Mahoney!

BW: You gotta give the love to Osborne and Rhodes, Gordo. We're almost twenty minutes into this thing and they're still in there. Impressive performance for both men - one making an AWA debut tonight and one making a long-awaited AWA return.

[The partial "pressure release" of MISTER being tossed clears some space and allows Lee Connors to charge across the ring, throwing a spinning leg lariat that takes Callum Mahoney off his feet!]

GM: Connors takes down Mahoney! Rhodes going back after Blackburn, choking him in the corner... Guerrero Azteca and Omega are double-teaming Sid Osborne in the corner... and Jeff Matthews wisely taking a breather down on the canvas after getting that elimination of Kaz Konoe.

BW: And we're about to get Number Twelve out here, Gordo.

[The countdown starts up.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[A single deep bass drum beats... BOOM.]

GM: What the...?

[Then again, a little louder. And again.]

GM: This reminds me of something... of someone...

[With the sound of rain in the background, the drum beats resound throughout the arena, like the approaching footsteps of some terrible monster. Upon their climax, the crackling BOOM of a thunderbolt is heard over the PA, and a single, blindingly-bright, jagged electric flash flares from the wall nearest the arena entrance!]

GM: Wait a minute! It can't be! Can it?!

BW: No way, Gordo. There's no friggin' way!

[As the big screen shows scenic panoramas of an island during a storm, hollow-sounding drumbeats and reedy-toned woodwinds form an ominous tune (amongst the backdrop of the thunderstorm) over the PA... a behemoth form... not seen in an AWA ring in almost eight years...]

GM: IT'S TUMAFFI! TUMAFFI IS HERE!

BW: AND HE'S IN THE RUMBLE!

[The four hundred pound monster is as large as he ever was. A mountain of muscle and fat, the dark-toned Tumaffi has massive shoulders, thick limbs, and a big round gut. His hair is nearly as mountainous as his physique, as he sports a wild black mane that would make a lion envious! His long, cascading hair and beard seem connected in a way that leaves little visible determining point as to where one ends and the other begins. So hairy is the man that it is difficult to make out his brown-eyed, big-nosed face.]

GM: I can't believe this! Of all the people to be here tonight! Of all the competitors to be in this match! TUMAFFI IS HERE!

[He's in full-length black trunks with metallic copper outlined patterns on it (depicting a beachfront storm), and taped bare feet, Tumaffi sneers at the fans before extending his arms out to his sides in a proud, defiant "what do you think of this?" gesture. Bellowing at the top of his lungs, Tumaffi decrees his defiance of any that would dare oppose him...

...and starts stomping down the ramp towards the ring where the action has come to a complete halt.]

GM: He's headed for the ring! The twelfth man in the 2017 Rumble-

BW: Maybe thirteen too! He's big enough!

GM: I simply can't believe this, fans... and as Tumaffi climbs the ringsteps, the action in the ring has stopped! They're all watching this scene unfold! They're all waiting to see what happens next!

BW: And who it happens to!

[Tumaffi steps through the ropes, striding out to the center of the ring where he stands, arms crossed defiantly, almost daring someone to make the first move on the four hundred pounder...]

BW: And who the HELL is going to get THIS guy over the top rope, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea. This arena is electrified! Everyone's on their feet and-

[Perhaps unsurprisingly, it is Sid Osborne who strikes first, charging towards the mighty Tumaffi. He throws a flurry of quick jabs before switching to chops, his knife edge blows bouncing off the massively broad chest of Tumaffi who holds his ground before letting loose a deafening bellow before he snatches the Sin City Savior under the arm and around the head and HURLS him halfway across the ring where he bounces off the canvas, sliding to a halt.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: The big man's still packing plenty of power, daddy!

[Tumaffi holds his position, looking around the ring to see if anyone else wants a piece of the four hundred pounder...

...and of course Lee Connors does, sliding in and rifling a series of short kicks to the side of Tumaffi's knee. He leaps up, twisting around to bury his boot under the chin of the big Samoan!]

GM: Oh! He caught him flush there!

[Tumaffi actually seems a little stunned by the kick, stumbling back one step as Connors squares up on him...

...and the big Samoan simply reaches out, snatches a handful of hair, and CRUSHES Connors' skull with a mighty headbutt that drops him in a heap at Tumaffi's feet.]

GM: Good lord!

[Tumaffi lets loose another bellow, slapping an open palm across his mighty chest as he turns to look at who's next as the countdown starts again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[As the buzzer sounds, the crowd cheers at the sound of Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now" as Alphonse Green jogs into view.]

GM: The King of the Battle Royals draws Number Thirteen here in the Rumble!

BW: Almost to the halfway point... and if thirteen was considered unlucky before, what the heck is it when you have to come to a ring where Tumaffi is holding court?

[Green throws his arms into the air, drawing a cheer as he heads towards the ring where Guerrero Azteca's attempts to budge the mighty Samoan have ended with him getting piefaced and shoved halfway across the ring.]

GM: The former World Television Champion on his way down to the ring. As of late, he's been focused on getting back into the picture for that title but tonight, he's got a shot at the biggest prize of them all!

BW: But don't forget, Gordo, Green competed earlier tonight against Atlas Armstrong. So, he's already got a match under his belt and that may make it difficult for him to go the thirty to forty minutes that it'll take to win this thing.

[Green scrambles up on the apron, grabbing the top rope. He leaps into the air, springing off the top rope towards a waiting Tumaffi...

...and BLASTS him upside the jaw with a flying forearm smash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MAIN COURSE! MAIN COURSE!

[The springboard forearm does some damage to the mighty Tumaffi, causing him to stumble backwards...

...which is the cue to pounce. Blackburn and Mahoney are the first into the fray, throwing forearms and fists as fast as they can manage. A moment later, they're joined by Lee Connors and Omega.]

GM: They're swarming the big man!

[Osborne races across the ring, leaping up to land a Superman punch that jacks the jaw of Tumaffi as Blackburn and Mahoney each grab a mammoth leg, looking to upend him over the ropes...]

GM: Tumaffi might be in trouble, fans!

[Jeff Matthews joins the mix, going after a leg with Mahoney as Green hops on top of the pile, peppering Tumaffi with short rights to the skull...]

GM: He's by the ropes! They're trying to overwhelm him! Six or seven guys pounding away on Tumaffi, trying to get him over the ropes and-

[...and with a massive bellow and a sudden surge of power, Tumaffi stands straight up, flinging bodies across the ring!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The angry Samoan reaches out, snatching Guerrero Azteca by the mask, yanking him into a massive headbutt...

...and then TOSSES him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Out goes the luchador!

[The scramble to get away from Tumaffi's mass is swift, bodies fleeing the scene...

...except for Lee Connors who bravely charges back in, throwing a running palm strike to the jaw!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Tumaffi staggers under the blow as Connors snaps off a kick to the body... then leaps up and throws another one to the other side. He repeats it over and over, jumping from foot to foot and throwing kicks to the ribcage of the behemoth!]

GM: Connors lighting him up with those kicks!

BW: It might be like a fly buzzing to Tumaffi though!

[With the Samoan stunned, Connors rushes to the ropes, rebounding off towards him...

...and getting lifted up across the broad shoulders before Tumaffi lets loose a massive roar and DROPS backwards, crushing Connors beneath him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SAMOAN DROP! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

BW: Someone get the spatula to get Connors up off the mat!

[Tumaffi starts to rise to a knee when again, the bodies swarm. This time, it's Raphael Rhodes leading the pack alongside Sid Osborne, the two men who started this Rumble.]

GM: Rhodes and Osborne are all over Tumaffi! Pounding him down with everything they've got!

[As the two take turns delivering skin-blistering chops, the countdown starts up.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The sounds of Queen's "I Want It All" ring out through the Allstate Arena as the crowd erupts into jeers.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick! The Self Made Man is Number Fourteen!

BW: Almost to the halfway point, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right... and this is a nice draw for Kendrick, Bucky. Kendrick hasn't competed yet tonight and with a draw near the halfway point, this former World Television Champion could be in it for the long haul.

BW: If he stays the heck away from Tumaffi.

GM: An excellent point.

[Kendrick slides into the ring, watching as Tumaffi gets up, still doubled over as Osborne and Rhodes pound on him...

...but the mighty Samoan shoves them away as Kendrick sprints in, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: RUNNING KNEELIFT! THE LIBERTY BELLRINGER!

[The kneelift causes Tumaffi to stumble back against the ropes again as Kendrick dances around, his eyes lighting up at the idea of eliminating the biggest man in the match by far. He shouts to a nearby Callum Mahoney, summoning his former ally to come help him out. Mahoney gives a nod, moving in on Tumaffi with Kendrick by his side...

...when suddenly Tumaffi's eyes go wide and he lets loose a massive bellow...]

GM: Uh oh!

[...which is when Kendrick shoves his former ally in the back, sending him towards Tumaffi who ducks his head, lifting Mahoney into the air, and sending him crashing down on the floor!]

GM: OHHH! BACKDROP OVER THE TOP ELIMINATES MAHONEY!

[Kendrick backs as far away from Tumaffi as he can as the crowd jeers his cowardly act...

...and then bursts into a major shocked reaction as Omega steps up to the plate, wrapping his hand around the throat of Tumaffi!]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Hah! This little pipsqueak is crazier than I thought, Gordo!

GM: There is absolutely no way... NO WAY... that Omega can chokeslam Tumaffi, fans. He can't even budge him!

[Omega's arms are flexing as grunts of exertion are heard from inside the ring. Tumaffi stares at him stoically as the crowd shouts for Omega to get clear from him...

GM: Omega's gotta get out of there! He's gotta get out of there right now!

[But he doesn't as Tumaffi reaches out, grabbing Omega's throat himself.]

GM: Tumaffi's got Omega and-

[He lifts him high and throws him down hard, shaking the ring with a massive chokeslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Tumaffi stares down at the unmoving Omega, rage in his eyes as he looks around the ring, spotting Alphonse Green and Jeff Matthews tied up in the corner...

...and he charges!]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[The Madfox sees him coming though, spinning out of the way so that Green takes all four hundred pounds in a running avalanche!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: CLEAN UP ON AISLE TWO! BRING A MOP!

[Tumaffi whips around, eyes searching for the Madfox who escaped him. Matthews has moved across the ring, looking for a breather as Tumaffi lumbers towards him...]

GM: The big man's got his eyes locked on the Hall of Famer and that's not good news for the Madfox!

[Matthews looks around frantically, searching for an ally or an exit.]

GM: Matthews trying to find some help in there.

BW: He'd better find it fast, Gordo.

[The Madfox ducks under the lunging Tumaffi's grasp, scampering across the ring again as the countdown starts.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[Please tell me the Allstate Arena was an open air venue when we got there because otherwise the AWA owes someone a lot of money because the roof just blew off the place!]

GM: OH MY GOD! MAGNUM! MAGNUM IS NUMBER FIFTEEN!

[As "God Of Thunder" rips across the PA system, the beast known as Max Magnum makes his way swiftly down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: Max Magnum draws the halfway point in the Rumble!

[In the ring, Lee Connors has confronted Tumaffi again, throwing kicks to the ample midsection as Magnum leaps from the floor to the apron, ducking through the ropes, giving one neck roll as he looks around for his first victim...]

...which is supplied to him in the form of Tumaffi shoving Connors away. Magnum catches the incoming Connors, lifting him across his shoulders in a fireman's carry...]

GM: MAGNUM'S GOT CONNORS! HE'S GOT CONNORS AND-

[With three quick rotations in the airplane spin, Magnum pushes Connors up into the air where he spins rapidly over the top rope, and CRASHES AND BURNS on the concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BOMBSHELL TO THE FLOOR! BOMBSHELL TAKES OUT CONNORS!

[With eight competitors left in the ring, Magnum lets loose a growl of dominance as the crowd buzzes over the high impact elimination. Stevie Scott's charge turns...]

...and is nearly run over by Sid Osborne who swarms Magnum with a flurry of fists to the head!]

GM: OSBORNE ON MAGNUM!

BW: Definitely no love lost there, Gordo. It was Sid Osborne who injured Max Magnum in CCW and put him on the shelf for months! Many actually blame Sid for Magnum not getting called up to the AWA ages ago!

[The barrage of blows backs Magnum across the ring to the corner where Osborne swings his knee up into the body repeatedly. He ducks down to grab a leg...]

...when Magnum snatches a bodylock on the doubled-up Osborne, deadlifting him up off the mat, and throwing him down in a brutal powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB ON OSBORNE!

[Magnum comes charging out of the corner, running right over Jeff Matthews with a clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline on Matthews!

[A fired-up Raphael Rhodes gets involved, snatching Magnum by the head and throwing a pair of stiff European uppercuts...]

...which ends with Magnum bodylocking Rhodes and HURLING him halfway across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MAX MAGNUM IS DOMINATING EVERYONE HE TOUCHES!

[Magnum twists around, making a lunge at Kerry Kendrick who ducks under, scampering away out of reach. The Minnesota native sneers at Kendrick, about to make another grab at him...]

...when the mighty Tumaffi steps in his path.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Oh, hell yes! This is what the people paid to see, Gordo! Moments like this in this Rumble is why we're all here! Magnum and Tumaffi! Bar the damn door 'cause this is gonna be a Pier Sixer!

[Magnum steps forward, looking right in the eyes of the mighty Samoan as the Chicago crowd roars their approval of this moment.]

GM: The monster from the past meets the beast of the future! Oh yeah!

[The Magnum and Tumaffi staredown lasts just long enough for everyone to get their photos in...]

...and then Magnum lights him up with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand!

[Tumaffi fires back with an overhead chop.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CHOP BY TUMAFFI!

[Magnum sucks it up, coming back in with two right hands to the massive skull of Tumaffi!]

GM: Magnum fighting back!

[Tumaffi stumbles back, then throws a Mongolian chop down on the sides of Magnum's massive neck!]

GM: Ohh! What a blow that was!

[But Magnum shakes it off, taking aim...]

...and RUSHES Tumaffi with a clothesline designed to take his head off!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[The blow staggers Tumaffi who falls back near the ropes. Magnum winds up his arm, running in again...]

GM: ANOTHER ONE!

[This one causes Tumaffi to slump back against the ropes, barely able to keep his feet...]

...which is when Magnum steps back, sizes him up, and then moves in to land on every highlight reel for years to come...]

GM: Magnum... you gotta be kidding me!

[The Mountain Iron manbeast LIFTS the four hundred pound Tumaffi off the canvas, twists him into bodyslam position...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[...and SLAMS him over the top rope down to the floor below as the crowd delivers a DEAFENING REACTION!]

GM: MAGNUM SLAMS TUMAFFI! HE TOSSED THE GIANT SAMOAN!

BW: HE'S GONE, GORDO! TUMAFFI IS GONE! UNBELIEVABLE!

[Magnum steps back, walking out to the center of the ring defiantly, locking eyes with each of the remaining seven competitors in the ring, almost daring them to come for him as the crowd continues to roar at the incredible sight they witnessed!]

GM: Max Magnum is standing tall in the middle of the ring in Chicago! Who can stop this man?!

[With no one moving towards him, Magnum gives a satisfied nod, walking towards the ropes...]

...and dumps himself over the top, landing on his feet on the floor to a shocked reaction from the crowd!]

GM: What the...?! Max Magnum just ELIMINATED himself from the Rumble!

BW: Well, no one else was gonna be able to do it!

[Magnum turns towards the ring, a slight smirk on his face as he looks at the stunned competitors...]

...and then starts his walk up the ramp as the countdown starts.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[And up comes a song not heard in the AWA in quite some time...]

"Big Gun" by AC/DC which heralds the arrival of a former two-time AWA World Champion...

...and you should take two of these and call him in the morning!]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: ARE YOU SERIOUS RIGHT NOW?!

GM: DAVE BRYANT! THE DOCTOR OF LOVE! THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION IS IN THE HOUSE!

[Packing a big grin on his face as the deafening reaction of the crowd, Dave Bryant walks into view. The brown-eyed, clean-shaved former World Champion has his shoulder-length hair pulled back in a ponytail as he stands at the top of the ramp, hands on his hips, looking out on the roaring crowd. He turns towards the camera on the stage, showing them his arm...]

"You see those? Goosebumps, damn it. Every single time. God, I missed this!"

[And with that, Bryant starts to head down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: The last time we saw Dave Bryant was last year at Homecoming but he wasn't wrestling on that night. Tonight, he definitely is as he looks to win this Rumble and earn himself a future shot at a title he's held on two occasions already! And the Chicago crowd is overjoyed to see one of the all-time fan favorites here in the AWA!

[Bryant is walking down the aisle, all smiles as he points to the cheering fans...

...but that smile soon fades as he finds someone standing in his path.]

GM: Max Magnum heading back to the locker room and...

[Gordon trails off as Bryant and Magnum come together, staring one another down.]

GM: We've got ourselves a standoff here. We may need to get some help out here.

BW: Who do we have back there, Gordo? if Magnum doesn't want to move, the 82nd Airborne AND the entire defensive line of the '85 Bears aren't going to budge him.

[Magnum stares down at Bryant who is unmoving as well.]

GM: Dave Bryant is the sixteenth man in this Rumble and... well, whenever he gets in the ring, he is.

BW: IF he gets in the ring. Magnum might decide to put him back on the scrap heap at any moment.

[The crowd begins to jeer as "Hotshot" Stevie Scott comes jogging down the ramp towards the confrontation, trailed by several AWA officials.]

GM: Stevie Scott on the scene here... trying to get Magnum to get out of here.

BW: You know the Hotshot's policy, Gordo. No money? No fight.

[Scott is right up next to Magnum now, trying to talk the big man down.]

GM: Max Magnum is glaring at Bryant, burning a hole right through him.

[There's a sea of officials out there now, talking to both men, trying to defuse the situation.]

GM: The action continues in the ring, fans, but all eyes are on this- okay... okay, finally it looks like Stevie Scott has convinced Max Magnum to fight another day.

[Magnum looks dejected as he steps to the side, extending an arm.]

GM: Finally, Magnum is going to let Bryant pass... let Bryant up into the ring for this Rumble...

[The Doctor of Love shakes his head in irritation before starting his walk to the ring again...

...when he's suddenly DROPPED like a bad habit as Max Magnum runs him over with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MAX MAGNUM ASSAULTS DAVE BRYANT FROM BEHIND!

[Stevie Scott looks shocked at Magnum's assault, shouting at his charge to back off as Magnum stomps towards Bryant, yanking him off the floor and into his powerful arms...]

GM: NO, NO, NO!

[...and HURLS him overhead, throwing him down on the steel ramp with a released belly-to-belly!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Magnum pops up, staring down at Bryant who is writhing in pain on the ramp. Stevie Scott rushes to stand in front of his man, pleading with him to stop his assault as the AWA officials in the aisle do likewise.]

GM: Magnum's going for more... he pulls him up...

[Holding Bryant in his massive arms, Magnum pops his hips a second time, flinging him overhead and down onto the barely-padded concrete!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Magnum gets up again, staring down at the barely-moving Bryant as the fans jeer loudly and the officials plead for him to stop. But the Mountain Iron Massacre hears nothing, his head pounding with unbridled aggression as he swoops in on the former World Champion once more, this time muscling him across his broad shoulders out on the floor...]

GM: Oh no! He's got him up! He's got Bryant up and-

[Ignoring the cries of the officials, Magnum snaps off a short airplane spin...

...and shoves Bryant skyward, sending him circling through the air before he SLAMS chestfirst onto the barely-padded floor!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: This is awful! This was supposed to be a great moment - for the fans... for Dave Bryant! And this unhinged monster just ruined it all! Just ruined it completely!

[Staring down on Bryant, Magnum pulls him up by the hair, yanking his limp form to his feet where he shoves him under the bottom ropes...

...and then turns to walk away.]

GM: Bryant's barely moving and-

[Seizing the moment, Kerry Kendrick swoops in, pulling the former World Champion to his feet, and HURLS him over the top rope to the floor!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And just like that, Dace Bryant is gone, fans! Bryant's eliminated!

[Kendrick arrogantly "dusts off" his hands as the countdown starts.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[Stevie Scott and Max Magnum are moving swiftly up the aisle now, being berated by AWA officials as "It's My Life" by Bon Jovi begins to play over the PA system and "Golden" Grant Carter appears in the aisle.]

GM: It's "Golden" Grant Carter coming in at number seventeen!

[Carter throws a disparaging and wary look at Magnum as he moves past him, never taking his eyes off him until he's well out of range at which point he turns, dashing to the ring, sliding under the bottom rope...]

GM: GGC is in... and we're back to eight men in the ring. Osborne and Rhodes - still in there after a half hour plus of action! Matthews, Omega... Blackburn and Green... and Kerry Kendrick who picked the bones to eliminate the former World Champion, Dave Bryant.

BW: Eight guys in... but a lot of names left, Gordo. We still haven't seen the National Champion Maxim Zharkov... or the World Television Champion Terry Shane. No Supreme Wright yet.

GM: No Jordan Ohara and... how about this one, Bucky? No Masked Outlaw yet either.

BW: Plus Michael Aarons waiting in that coveted number thirty spot. A whole lot of action still to come.

GM: We're just past the halfway point in the Rumble and... and Grant Carter immediately goes after Kerry Kendrick!

[Throwing the Self Made Man back into the corner, Carter goes to work with some snapping left jabs followed by a right uppercut that lifts Kendrick off the mat before he falls into a seated position in the corner. Across the ring, we can see Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes tied up again, trading chops. Omega is trying to avoid being lifted over the top by Jeff Matthews and Alphonse Green. And Logan Blackburn is kneeling in a corner, plotting evil thoughts.]

GM: The Dirty Rotten Scoundrel taking a breather there.

BW: Smart move by a smart man. I'm sure Angelica approves.

GM: I'm sure she does. She'd approve a whole lot more if Blackburn can go the distance though... and of course, Logan Blackburn has also been competing down in Mexico as of late, splitting his time between there and his native United Kingdom. I'm told he's had a lot of success in SouthWest Lucha Libre and figures to be a big part of the upcoming show later this summer that we mentioned earlier.

BW: Angelica told me he's been making a lot of friends down there, Gordo.

GM: Ooooookay. What is that supposed to mean?

BW: Just making conversation.

[Raphael Rhodes drags Sid Osborne out of the corner, scooping him up and slamming him down on the canvas.]

GM: Big slam out of Raphael Rhodes who still looks like he's got a lot of gas left in the tank, Bucky.

BW: I'm betting he does, Gordo. You know, I spoke to Raph a month or two ago when I first learned the AWA was trying to bring him back and he told me that his training program under his wife, Dana's, watchful eye has completely changed him as a wrestler. He's got more strength... he's got more conditioning... gone are the days where he'd have to rely on knocking some out or going for a quick pin. You want to go the distance? This Raphael Rhodes is ready for you.

[Logan Blackburn slides in alongside Rhodes, stomping Osborne a few times...

...and getting a headbutt from Rhodes for good measure! Rhodes angrily pulls a mouthpiece out, glaring at Blackburn.]

"He's mine. Go find someone else."

[He stuffs the mouthpiece back in before stomping Osborne again.]

GM: Still not much of a team player, huh?

BW: Well, don't forget about how his time in the Southern Syndicate ended, Gordo. He's never been much for teams and I don't know if that'll ever change. He's worked with a few people in this match tonight out of necessity... but not very willingly.

[Rhodes hauls Osborne up by the hair, throwing him back against the ropes. He ducks down, grabbing the legs and lifting them off the mat as Osborne squirms, desperately trying to avoid elimination...

...which is when an annoyed Logan Blackburn smashes home a double axehandle between the shoulderblades of Raphael Rhodes from behind!]

GM: Ohh! And Blackburn with the hammer blow to the base of the neck!

[Blackburn grabs Rhodes by the head, twisting him around into a European uppercut...]

GM: Ohh! Hard uppercut by Blackburn!

[Rhodes steadies himself, reaching out to snatch Blackburn by the head, and DROPS him with one of his own!]

GM: And Rhodes with a just little bit more pepper on the uppercut!

[He snatches Blackburn by the head again, flipping him over onto his butt with a snapmare. Rhodes dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SOCCER KICK TO THE CHEST!

[The blow knocks Blackburn down to the mat where he promptly rolls over to all fours as Rhodes hits the ropes parallel to the Dirty Rotten Scoundrel, coming off strong...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS him with a soccer kick to the head as well just before the countdown starts up.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The sounds of native songs and somewhat off-rhythm drumbeats fills the air as the Congolese Savage, Muteesa, comes through the curtain, wobbling awkwardly as he heads down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Muteesa draws number eighteen! A good draw for him!

BW: Yeah, but remember what Veronica Westerly told the troops earlier. This match isn't about winning for the Korugun soldiers... this match is about getting that mask off the Outlaw.

GM: He's not even out here yet, Bucky. What's Muteesa supposed to do? Just stand around and wait.

BW: I've heard the number of zeroes on the checks he's getting from Korugun and that's EXACTLY what he should do.

[Muteesa lopes down the aisle towards the ring, rolling under the bottom rope. He comes to his feet, wide-eyed and terrifying as he lashes out with a stiff-fingered thrust to the throat of Alphonse Green. He quickly pivots and DROPS Omega with a knife-edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Muteesa takes two guys down without breaking a sweat...

[He stands still for a moment as Jeff Matthews comes up from behind...

...and then snaps off a standing crescent kick under the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Down goes the Madfox!

[Muteesa pauses, lustily slapping his prominent belly before dropping back into the ropes, building up steam...

...and leaps up, dropping nearly four hundred pounds on Matthews' frame!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG, BIG SPLASH BY A BIG, BIG MAN!

BW: Anyone still have that spatula we used for Connors? Or maybe just a hose?

[Muteesa stays down on Matthews, slapping the canvas.]

GM: Muteesa seems to be a little confused by the rules for this one, Bucky. He wants a pin count.

BW: Rules are hard, Gordo. That's why I never followed them.

[As Muteesa attempts to pin Jeff Matthews, we spot Raphael Rhodes scooping up Logan Blackburn, walking over to the ropes with him...]

GM: What is... Blackburn's grabbing the top rope, trying to hang on!

BW: This is some of that new upper body strength out of Rhodes, trying to dump Blackburn over the top!

[Blackburn starts screaming loudly, shouting "HELP! HELP!"]

GM: Logan Blackburn's calling for help and... what in the...?!

[The crowd erupts in confusion as two masked men come sprinting down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: Who the heck is that?!

[The two men scramble up on the apron, one of which grabs the top rope, leaping up to snap a foot off Rhodes' face, forcing him to put Blackburn down as he stumbles backwards.]

BW: That's... we know them, Gordo!

GM: We do! That's Arminius and Destro Star! They're both SWLL competitors and... we've seen them compete here in the AWA before as well but-

[Arminius grabs the rope, leaping into the air, springing off at full extension...]

GM: OHHH! Missile dropkick - a springboard missile dropkick by Arminius on Raphael Rhodes!

[Destro Star ducks through the ropes, moving to grab Rhodes off the mat, locking in a cravate as he snaps off a series of knees to the head. Arminius moves to his side, joining him in a double snap mare over into a seated position as they run to opposite sets of ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEREO SOCCER KICKS! ONE TO THE FRONT, ONE TO THE BACK!

[The duo lifts Rhodes off the mat, lifting him right up into a double backdrop suplex position...]

...and then bail out as Blackburn leaps high, dragging Rhodes down into a lungblower!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! TRIPLE TEAM MANEUVER BY BLACKBURN AND THE LUCHADORS!

[Grant Carter wades into the fray, tired of seeing a three-on-one. He snatches Blackburn by the head, twisting him into Gold Strike position...]

...but Blackburn shoves him off...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A superkick by Arminius catches Carter under the chin, sending him stumbling back...]

...where Kerry Kendrick HURLS Carter over the ropes by the hair!]

GM: Carter's gone! Kendrick tosses Carter!

[The Self Made Man mockingly waves to GGC who sits on the floor, glaring up at him as the countdown starts again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

GM: Number nineteen about to come out but we need to get these two luchadors out of here... who's going to get-

[The sound of a cannon firing heralds the arrival of the champion as the "Soviet March" roars through the arena.]

GM: Oh my! Maxim Zharkov is number nineteen!

[The National Champion strides into view, thrusting his powerful arms into the air.]

BW: And this is a REAL good spot for Zharkov to be in, Gordo. Only about twenty minutes to go in the Rumble and coming in fresh and powerful and unstoppable!

[The Tsar nods his head confidently as he starts down the aisle towards the ring, stomping down the ramp as he shouts something in Russian at the other seven competitors still inside the ring.]

GM: Zharkov on his way down the...

[Gordon trails off as the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of someone sprinting down the ramp after him...]

GM: OHARA! OHARA!

[...and JUMPS onto Zharkov's back, dragging him down to the floor where a pissed-off Jordan Ohara opens fire, smashing his fist repeatedly into the back of Zharkov's skull!]

GM: JORDAN OHARA IS ALL OVER THE RUSSIAN!

BW: IT'S NOT HIS TURN!

[Ohara flips Zharkov over onto his back, throttling him repeatedly with right hands to the head!]

GM: Ohara's getting him some payback for what Zharkov did to his mother earlier tonight and-

[The Phoenix drags Zharkov off the floor, dragging the Russian towards the ring where he tosses him under the bottom rope...

...and then rolls in after him to a huge cheer!]

BW: WHAT THE-?! GET HIM OUT OF THERE!

GM: Ohara's in the ring illegally! Zharkov's trying to get away from-

[Arminius happens to wander onto Ohara's path and gets BLASTED with a knife edge chop that flips him backward onto the canvas. A second chop causes Destro Star to go flying through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHARA'S CLEARING A PATH!

[Omega snatches Arminius off the mat, racing across the ring, and HURLING him over the top rope to join his ally outside the ring. A shocked Logan Blackburn advances on Omega who throws a dropkick that catches Blackburn high on the chest, sending him falling back against the ropes where a running clothesline from Sid Osborne sends him to the floor!]

GM: OHH! BLACKBURN'S GONE!

[Ohara snatches Zharkov off the mat, shoving him back into the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd is ROARING as Zharkov's chest turns a deep shade of red from the brutal chops by an enraged Ohara. We can hear voices shouting from outside the ring as AWA officials scream at Ohara to get out of the squared circle.]

GM: We've had it confirmed that Jordan Ohara was not supposed to enter until later in this match and-

BW: Habitual line jumper.

[Ohara yanks Zharkov out of the corner, snatching him around the waist...]

GM: What's he...?!

[...and lifts the Russian into the air, presumably for the Bolt Buster...

...but the weight of Zharkov carries him too far backwards and both he and Ohara go tumbling over the top rope, crashing down on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What... is Zharkov gone?! Is he eliminated?!

BW: He can't be! Ohara's not legal! Ohara's not legal!

[Outside the ring, a banged-up Ohara gets to his feet, still fuming mad as he grabs a power cable off the floor...

...and wraps it around the throat of Zharkov who is down on all fours!]

GM: AHFFFH! OHARA'S STRANGLING HIM WITH THE CABLE!

[Zharkov claws at his own throat, trying to pull the cord free but failing as a vengeful Ohara puts his boot behind Zharkov's back for more leverage!]

BW: Get this lunatic off the National Champion!

[AWA backstage official Adam Rogers manages to pull Ohara off of Zharkov, shouting at him, trying to calm him down...

...but Ohara shoves him aside, diving back on top of the National Champion, repeatedly pistoning his fist into the side of Zharkov's skull!]

GM: OHARA'S ON HIM AGAIN!

[Dragging him off the floor, Ohara clears a path through the officials...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKETS Zharkov into the barricade, causing him to topple back down on the ringside mats!]

GM: HEADFIRST INTO THE RAILING!

BW: Ohara's snapped, Gordo! He's lost it!

GM: Can you blame him?!

[The Phoenix looks down at the fallen National Champion with burning anger...

...and with a shove of a ringside official, he steps up on the apron, moving down it towards the corner...]

GM: Oh no... oh no!

BW: What's he doing now?!

[With nothing but vengeance on his mind, Ohara steps up to the second rope, planting one foot on the top as he looks down at Maxim Zharkov who a pair of officials have managed to get back to his feet...]

GM: DON'T DO IT, JORDAN! DON'T DO IT, KID! IT'S NOT WORTH-

[...and Ohara HURLS himself off the top rope, sailing over the sea of officials, and WIPES OUT Zharkov and a few nearby officials with a Phoenix Flame that causes the Chicago crowd to ERUPT in cheers!]

GM: OHHHHHHH MYYYYYYYY STARRRRRRRRRRRS!

[The action in the ring comes to a halt at the sight on the floor, bodies strewn about as Ohara and Zharkov lie in the pile of them.]

GM: OHARA TOOK ZHARKOV DOWN! HE TOOK HIM DOWN HARD AND-

[A voice cries out, interrupting Gordon angrily.]

"THAT'S IT! THAT'S ENOUGH! SECURITY, GET OUT HERE NOW!"

[The crowd bursts into jeers at the sight of the AWA President, Javier Castillo, now standing at the top of the ramp.]

JC: Jordan Ohara, you have gone TOO FAR!

[Castillo is seething mad... or so it appears.]

JC: You have attempted to RUIN this Rumble... and you are...

[He pauses... a slight smirk on his face...]

JC: ...OUT OF HERE!

[He points to the back as the crowd roars in shock.]

JC: NO RUMBLE FOR YOU! YOU'RE GONE! NO TOWER FOR YOU! YOU'RE GONE!
YOU ARE EJECTED FROM THE BUILDING!

[The shock grows louder.]

GM: WHAT?! He just- he can't do that!

BW: He just did!

GM: Javier Castillo just kicked Jordan Ohara out of the building! He kicked him out of the Rumble and... son of a... he kicked him out of the Tower of Doom too!

[Castillo nods at the jeering crowd.]

JC: GET HIM OUT OF HERE! DRAG HIM INTO THE STREET!

[A group of security guards some fifteen strong come jogging into view, heading down to the ring where the action is at a halt as they watch security grab Jordan Ohara by the arms, pulling him off the floor and dragging him towards the ramp!]

GM: This isn't about the Rumble, Bucky! This isn't even about attacking Zharkov! This is about the Tower!

BW: What are you talking about?!

GM: You said it yourself! Castillo always has a plan! He's kicking Jordan Ohara out of the building so that his opponents tonight are a man down in the Tower!

[Castillo looks practically giddy, unable to hide his smile as Ohara is pulled towards him. The Phoenix shouts angrily at those around him, struggling to get free from the overwhelming force.]

JC: I'm sorry, Mr. Ohara. It has to be this way. You have to learn your lesson.

[As they pass Castillo, Ohara makes a lunge at him but is restrained by four guards and a makeshift chokehold they use to pull him out of view as the crowd continues to roar...]

JC: Now... where were we...?

[He grins... and then snaps his fingers as the countdown begins on his cue.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The crowd jeers as the horrific form of the Walking Horror Show, Ebola Zaire, wobbles into view. He passes a grinning Castillo, his taped-up fingers tightly gripped around a Singapore cane.]

GM: Ebola Zaire is number twenty - ten more to go!

[With the arrival of Zaire, the action in the ring suddenly breaks out again...

...especially as he puts his Singapore cane to good use!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Zaire immediately BLASTS an incoming Jeff Matthews across the ribcage with it, knocking him down onto his hands and knees.]

GM: DOWN GOES MATTHEWS!

[Alphonse Green makes a lunge at Zaire as well but the Bad Man from the Sudan uses the cane like a sword, stabbing Green in the midsection with it, doubling him up...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS Green across the back with it, putting him down on the canvas as well. The wild-eyed Zaire holds up the cane, giving a weird kinda high-pitched shriek as he turns around...

...and gets WIPED OUT with a cannonball off the top by the Sin City Savior!]

GM: OHHHH MY!

[Osborne scrambles up, retrieving the Singapore cane off the canvas, taking aim...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Muteesa across the back as Muteesa was choking Omega in the corner. Osborne nods his head as the crowd cheers, turning his attention...

...and points the cane at Kerry Kendrick who is backpedaled into a corner. The crowd cheers the implied threat as Kendrick shakes his head, holding up his hands and begging off as Osborne approaches him with the cane in hand.]

GM: Osborne got Kendrick cornered! He's got that cane and he's got Kendrick in a bad place, Bucky!

BW: There's no such thing as a good place when a Singapore cane is involved unless you're the one holding it!

[Osborne rears back, the cane over his head...]

GM: HE SWINGS!

[...but the wily Kendrick ducks and runs, going right under the cane swing as Osborne smashes it down into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: AND MISSES!

[Osborne angrily whips around...

...and Ebola Zaire grabs the cane with both hands, the two men struggling over it as Kendrick pauses to take a breath, looking nervously across the ring at the action...

...and failing to notice Jeff Matthews slinking up behind him, crouching low and out of view.]

GM: Matthews is sneaking up on Kendrick! The Self Made Man is in trouble and-

[Matthews reaches out, swinging Kendrick around, leaping up to snatch the three-quarter nelson...

...and Kendrick holds him up just long enough to step towards the ropes, shoving Matthews off, over, and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE'S GONE! THE MADFOX IS ELIMINATED! THE HALL OF FAMER IS GONE!

[Kendrick falls to his knees, leaning between the ropes with a big grin on his face, pointing to his temple.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick has eliminated Jeff Matthews and... wow! What a huge elimination that is! Matthews was the third man in and lasted somewhere in the neighborhood of a half hour before being eliminated!

BW: Speaking of being the third man in, Gordo - Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes are STILL in this matchup!

GM: An incredible performance for both of these men... and with the elimination of Jeff Matthews - who now has to go back to the locker room and get ready for the war that is the Tower of Doom still to come tonight - we're down to seven competitors in the ring.

[A quick wide shot of the ring shows Sid Osborne being pushed back into the corner by Ebola Zaire, the two men still fighting over the cane. Omega and Alphonse Green are undertaking the unenviable task of getting the near four hundred pound Muteesa over the ropes. And both Raphael Rhodes and Kerry Kendrick are taking a breather as the countdown starts.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[There's silence for a moment... a long moment.]

BW: Where is he?

GM: I don't know. Perhaps this was Jordan Ohara's spot in the Rumb-

[And suddenly, the lights flicker and go out, leaving the Allstate Arena and the crowd jammed inside in total darkness.]

GM: What the...?

[The crowd ROARS in the black of the arena because they believe they know EXACTLY what comes next...

...and as the lights flicker, coming back to full illumination, they are proven right.]

GM: THE MASKED OUTLAW! THE MASKED OUTLAW IS NUMBER TWENTY-ONE!

[On cue, Muteesa and Ebola Zaire both abandon their opposition and charge the man who standing center ring in a bulky looking trenchcoat, a black Stetson hat, and the signature mask.]

BW: GET HIM!

[The Outlaw is ready for them, throwing a pair of right hands to the incoming Muteesa. He wheels around and catches Zaire with another set of blows!]

GM: The Outlaw's fighting them both off!

BW: Fight harder! There's a quarter of a million dollars in that mask!

GM: That's right, fans. Johnny Detson and Javier Castillo have put up a quarter of a million dollars to give to the man who can rip off that mask here tonight in the Rumble... and that makes things even more interesting!

BW: There are some guys who might be willing to sell their shot at the World Title for a quarter of a million dollars, Gordo.

GM: There certainly are.

[The masked man throws looping blow after looping blow, causing Muteesa to backpedal his way into the corner...]

GM: The identity of that masked man has been the source of a lot of speculation since he first arrived here in the AWA... is it Brian James? Is it Wes Taylor? And earlier tonight, one comment by the masked man himself raised a whole new possibility. Is it Juan Vasq-

BW: It can't be, Gordo! It's Brian James! I'd bet everything in my pocket on it!

GM: What's in your pocket?

BW: Mostly lint and some old peppermints... but that's besides the point!

GM: Well, if it is Brian James and that mask comes off, Javier Castillo says he will FIRE the suspended James on the spot.

BW: Oh, that mask is coming off tonight, Gordo! For a quarter of a million dollars? Heck, I'm tempted to get in there and rip it off myself.

GM: Oh, I'd love to see that.

[As the Masked Outlaw rains down blows on Muteesa in the corner, Ebola Zaire approaches from the rear, Singapore cane gripped in his taped-up hands, rearing back with it...]

GM: FROM BEHIND!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd ROARS as the Outlaw spins out of the corner, causing Zaire to bring the cane CRASHING down on Muteesa's skull!]

GM: HE HIT MUTEESA! HE HIT MUTEESA!

[The Outlaw watches as Muteesa slumps down in the corner... Zaire spinning around to come for the Outlaw once more.]

GM: Someone's gotta get that stick away from Zaire!

[Zaire takes a big rip, swinging the Singapore cane like it's a baseball bat but the masked man ducks under it. He sweeps up behind Zaire and throws a big...]

GM: RIGHT CROSS! RIGHT CROSS!

[Zaire's eyelids flutter as he staggers back and the masked man rips the cane right out of his hands...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A heavy blow between the eyes causing Zaire to stumble backwards...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A second one causes Zaire to wobble backwards even further, a trickle of blood now escaping his badly-scarred forehead.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The third one puts Zaire against the ropes, the crowd roaring as the Masked Outlaw backs off, cane still in hand...]

...and extends the other half of it to Alphonse Green who grins as he grabs it in his hands, charging with the masked man...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a running "double clothesline" with the cane causes Zaire to topple over the ropes, crashing down to the floor as the Chicago crowd ROARS!]

GM: ZAIRE'S GONE! HE'S ELIMINATED!

BW: Oh man, I bet El Presidente is livid right now!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But as the crowd celebrates the big elimination, the Masked Outlaw strikes again, smashing the cane down over the skull of an unsuspecting Alphonse Green!]

GM: What the...?!

BW: He clubbed Green like he owed him money, Gordo!

GM: But why?! He just helped him and-

[Picking a limp Green off the mat, the Outlaw tosses him over the top rope, ending the night for the King of the Battle Royals!]

GM: Ahhh... and just like that, the King of the Battle Royals is eliminated.

BW: And nobody wants to take that ride over the top with Alphonse Green, daddy. Nobody.

GM: And suddenly, we're down to six in the ring. Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes-

BW: Still in it to win it, daddy!

GM: Kerry Kendrick, Muteesa, Omega, and the Masked Outlaw... and don't look now but we're about to get a seventh man in the ring.

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

["Radioactive" from Imagine Dragons blasts out over the PA system to HUUUUUGE jeers from the Chicago crowd.]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[With a giant smirk on his face, "The Future" Derrick Williams strides out on the stage, arms spread wide as the fans let him have it.]

GM: One-half of the AWA World Tag Team Champions, Derrick Williams, is in the Rumble and number twenty-two!

BW: Oh yeah! The Future is NOW!

GM: Frankly, I'm a little surprised by this one, Bucky, as Williams heads down the ramp.

BW: Why is that?

GM: Derrick Williams is... what? Less than an hour away from defending the World Tag Team Titles alongside Riley Hunter. I thought both members of System Shock had elected to forego the Rumble in the interest of defending their titles instead.

BW: How could the Future not be in the Rumble, daddy?! It just wouldn't be fair!

GM: To whom?

BW: The people! HIS people!

GM: By the sound of it, I'd say not a single one of these people are here for Derrick Williams!

[Williams slides into the ring, springing out of a crouch as Omega approaches...

...and SPIKES him skullfirst into the mat with the Future Shock!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Williams swoops Omega up off the mat, twists him around, and CHUCKS him over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: OHH! Omega's eliminated! A good run for him, fans, at around twenty-five minutes or so!

[A smirking Williams whips around, watching as Sid Osborne gets near, leaping up...]

GM: FUTURE SHO-

[...but Osborne shoves him off to his feet, rushing towards him. The Sin City Savior ducks a clothesline attempt, hitting the ropes behind Williams, leaping into the air on the rebound...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: SUPERMAN PUNCH ON WILLIAMS!

[The Future's eyes go glassy, stumbling backwards as Osborne grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring...

...and takes him off his feet with a knife-edge chop to the chest!]

GM: Williams goes down and-

[Osborne doesn't hesitate, hitting one set of ropes and then barreling off towards the other at the highest speed he can manage...

...and HURLS himself between the bottom and middle ropes with a tope dive that sends Williams and Osborne CRASHING into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING AT RINGSIDE!

BW: Osborne went over the ropes - didn't he?

GM: He did not! He no more went over the ropes than Williams did!

BW: He went over the bottom rope! I know that at least!

GM: And we're being told now that Derrick Williams took Cody Mertz' spot in this Rumble. Mertz, of course, lost his spot when he lost to Michael Arons earlier tonight... and that opened up a spot that the Future gladly took.

BW: It's only fitting since he took Mertz' spot at the top of the tag team division too.

[Osborne drags Williams off the floor, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...

...which is when a nearby Kerry Kendrick YANKS the middle rope up into the groin of Osborne!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With the crowd groaning and jeering, Kendrick smirks as Osborne slumps back through the ropes into the ring, lying on the canvas alongside Derrick Williams. Kendrick stands over them both...]

“WHO’S THE FUTURE NOW?!”

[...and the fans boo appropriately as Kendrick drags a hurting Osborne off the canvas by the hair, turning him towards the ropes.]

GM: Kendrick charging and-

[Osborne spins it around at the last moment, using a hiptoss to elevate Kendrick over the ropes...]

GM: KENDRICK’S GONE! KENDRICK IS-

[...but the Self Made Man grabs hold of the rope just barely, his feet dangling inches off the canvas as he scrambles onto the apron. Osborne grimaces, raining down blows on Kendrick as the count starts again.]

“TEN!”

“NINE!”

“EIGHT!”

“SEVEN!”

“SIX!”

“FIVE!”

“FOUR!”

“THREE!”

“TWO!”

“ONE!”

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The Allstate Arena ERUPTS into cheers as Kanye West’s “Black Skinhead” rings out over the PA system!]

GM: TWO TIME WORLD CHAMPION! FORMER STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT WINNER! FORMER RUMBLE WINNER! SUPREME WRIGHT IS THE TWENTY-THIRD MAN IN THE 2017 RUMBLE AND JOHNNY DETSON JUST STARTED SHAKING IN HIS DAMN BOOTS!

[Wright appears up on the entrance stage to even louder cheers. He throws his arms up in an X that mirrors the large X he stands under before he walks swiftly down the ramp towards the ring where Kerry Kendrick sticks a thumb into Sid Osborne’s eye, allowing the Self Made Man to get back into the ring as Wright draws closer.]

GM: We’ve got seven men in the ring now - seven more to go! One of fourteen men will walk out of Chi-Town as the winner of the 2017 Rumble and owner of a future shot at the AWA World Champion whomever that may be!

[Wright slides under the bottom rope, coming swiftly to his feet...

...and snatches Kerry Kendrick by the back of the trunks, yanking him back into a short elbow into the lower back...

...and then hoists him up into a torture rack!]

GM: Uh oh! Wright’s got him up! It may be time to...

[Wright shoves Kendrick up into the air, swinging his knees up as he falls to the canvas...]

GM: ...REIGN SUPREME!

[As Kendrick flails on the canvas, Wright comes to his feet as the massive Muteesa comes lumbering at him, swinging his arms like clubs at Wright, battering him back into the ropes.]

GM: Muteesa hammering away on Wright who is trying to cover up...

[The Congolese Savage snatches Wright by the wrist, whipping the two-time World Champion across the ring...]

...but Wright ducks under a wild clothesline attempt, bouncing off the far side, and flipping forward with a kopko kick that catches Muteesa in the middle of the face, sending the big man stumbling backwards.]

GM: Ohh! Wright connects with that kick and-

[And a running clothesline from the Masked Outlaw connects, dragging Muteesa over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! MUTEESA IS GONE!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: Supreme Wright and the Masked Outlaw eliminate Muteesa and...

[The crowd rises to their feet, roaring as Supreme Wright and the Masked Outlaw stare each other down from across the ring...]

GM: Oh yeah! Let's do this! Let's throw down and let's do this!

[The Masked Outlaw nods his head repeatedly, standing in his bulky bodysuit to help disguise his body shape. The masked man wriggles his fingers in anticipation, ready to throw down at any moment...]

...which is when Sid Osborne marches in between the Outlaw and Wright, sticking his finger in the face of the former World Champion!]

"WELCOME TO THE FUTURE!"

[And Wright wordlessly reaches out, snatching the finger and TWISTS it, pulling Osborne around into a hammerlock, stepping on the back of the knee to force the Sin City Savior down onto his knees...]

...and YANKS on the fingers, causing Osborne to cry out as he crumples down to the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! Wright's snapping fingers and he may be crushing dreams next!

BW: I can't even believe Sid Osborne is still in there, Gordo... let alone getting in the face of one of the most dangerous competitors in the company. How long has he been in there now?

GM: We're just about to number twenty-four in this Rumble now... so both Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes are approaching about 45 minutes inside the ring, Bucky. Amazing performance by both of these competitors!

[Wright turns his attention back on the Masked Outlaw...

...and the countdown starts again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[Static.]

GM: Oh my! The World Television Champion, Terry Shane, is number twenty-four in the 2017 Rumble! Another great draw for another former Rumble winner.

BW: Rhodes, Wright, and now Shane. We've got Rumble winners aplenty!

[Shane jogs down the ramp towards the ring, a very focused expression on his face.]

GM: Terry Shane believes that the Rumble he won and failed to convert into a World Championship is one of the worst periods of his career... and it's something he's hoping to put in the past with a win here tonight.

BW: Gordo, Terry Shane was on top of the world when he won that Rumble. He had everything going his way... and then failing to win the World Title... I think you could argue that's where everything started to go horribly wrong for him.

GM: Well, this night could be all about redemption for the third generation competitor then... and he's in an excellent position to do it with this late of a draw.

[Shane slides under the bottom rope where Kerry Kendrick is waiting on him, stomping him violently into the canvas. In the background, we see Raphael Rhodes tied up with Sid Osborne again, trading brutal knife edge chops.]

GM: And the Self Made Man... the self-proclaimed Foundation of the AWA... goes to work on the World Television Champion as he climbs into the ring.

[Shane absorbs the blows, working his way to his feet as Kendrick continues to pound away on him, shoving him back against the ropes...]

GM: Big chop by Kendrick!

[But Shane fires back with a European uppercut...]

GM: Ohh! And Shane returns fire!

[Kendrick again winds up, letting a second chop fly.]

GM: Another chop...

[But again, Shane returns fire with another uppercut!]

GM: And Shane with another shot!

[Kendrick is wobbly after that one so Shane keeps going...]

GM: A second uppercut! And a third!

[The Self Made Man staggers backwards across the ring as Shane advances on him, grabbing him by the hair...]

GM: Shane's gonna toss Kendrick!

[But as Shane turns back around, Derrick Williams POPS him on the ear with an elbowstrike!]

GM: Ohh! Williams caught the TV champion with a hard shot there... and Shane's likely seeing stars after that!

[Shane does crumple backwards, falling back against the turnbuckles as Williams moves in on him...]

GM: Williams on the attack...

[The Future snatches a handful of Shane's hair, opening up with a barrage of elbowstrikes to the temple...]

GM: Elbow after elbow, battering Shane relentlessly in the corner!

[Williams snatches Shane by the arm, pulling him out of the corner into another stiff elbow strike!]

GM: Ohhh! Short-arm elbow by the Future...

[Williams spins around, snatching the stunned Shane around the head with a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: FUTURE SHO-

[...but Shane blocks the effort, lifting Williams into the air in a back suplex, falling back towards the corner...]

GM: SUPLEX OVER THE TOP!

[The crowd ROARS for the elimination...]

...but Williams lands with the balls of his feet on the apron, one arm outstretched and hanging onto the top rope for dear life!]

GM: The Future's hanging on! Shane thought he had him eliminated but Williams is hanging on with all he's got!

[The World Television Champion whips around, grabbing the wrist of Williams, trying to pry his fingers off the rope as the Future fights to stay into the match as the countdown starts again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

"THE REVOLUTION... WILL BE TELEVISED!"

[A loud sounds of lips smacking is heard over the PA system before Prince's "Kiss" begins to play. Violet lighting shines down on the entrance stage as the enigmatic Violet Revolution sashays out onto the stage, his upper torso bare and glistening with glitter as a purple feather boa hangs around his neck. He looks down the aisle through violet-tinted mirrored sunglasses as he starts walking towards the ring.]\

GM: The Violet Revolution heading to the ring to join the fray... and would this be his re-re-debut, Bucky?

BW: Very funny, Gordo! Not only will the Revolution be televised... but apparently it'll be on Pay Per View as well!

[The Revolution slides down the ramp, moving smoothly but slowly as he heads to the ring where we see Sid Osborne taking a series of looping right hands from the Masked Outlaw in the corner. A few feet away, Supreme Wright is helping Terry Shane try to knock Kerry Kendrick off the apron as Kendrick lays on the mat, clinging to the ropes with arms and legs.]

GM: The Revolution hits the ring... the eighth man in the match now... Osborne, Rhodes, Kendrick, the Outlaw, Williams, Wright, Shane, and now the Violet Revolution are in there, looking for the win and the future shot at the World Title as well.

BW: And seven of them are looking for a quarter of a million dollars and the mask of the Outlaw!

GM: Nobody's managed to come close to getting that mask off yet though.

[The Revolution pulls himself up on the apron, turning to the crowd, playing to them to a mixed reaction. He blows a kiss to them, ducking through the ropes into the ring, going into a spin...

...and SMASHES a rolling elbow into the back of Supreme Wright's head!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Why not?! What's he got to lose?! Pick a fight with the toughest dog in the yard, daddy!

[The Revolution smirks as Wright slowly turns around, holding the back of his head...

...and lunges at the Violet Revolution, throwing a right elbow that the Violet Revolution backsteps away from. A left elbow gets ducked under as the Revolution slides his hands behind him, sticking out his chin.]

GM: Are you kidding...?

[Wright shows a little more fire this time, throwing a roundhouse kick that the Revolution ducks under, front rolling back to his feet.]

GM: Swing and miss on the kick!

[The former World Champion whips around again, throwing himself into a double leg takedown attempt that the Violet Revolution avoids by backflipping away, landing on his feet...

....and blows a kiss at Wright who is down on a knee, glaring up at him.]

GM: How about that, fans? Pure athleticism on the part of the Violet Revolution and-

[Terry Shane snatches a rear waistlock on the Revolution from behind but the Revolution snaps back an elbow to the side of the head, breaking the grip. He dashes to the ropes behind Shane, leaping high into the air, hooking his leg around the back of the neck...

...and DRIVES the Television Champion facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! High flying bulldog out of the Revolution!

[He pops back up as Supreme Wright hooks a waistlock of his own. The Revolution looks for the same exit, throwing a back elbow but Wright ducks it, snapping him up and over in a German Suplex...

...but the Revolution lands on his feet, crouching low as Wright gets to his feet.]

GM: Look at this!

[The Violet Revolution swoops in, hoisting Wright up into a fireman's carry...

...and pushes him up and over his head, swinging a knee up into Wright's face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With a smirk on his face, the Violet Revolution points to the Chicago fans and gives a wink to the nearest camera.]

GM: He may have put Wright to sleep with that one!

[Revolution is all grins as the crowd buzzes for Wright being laid out on the canvas as the countdown starts again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The signature opening chords to Led Zeppelin's "Immigrant Song" fills the Allstate Arena as does an impending sense of dread.]

GM: Here comes trouble!

[King Kong Hogan comes from the back, howling to the ceiling as he walks down the aisle in a pair of loose fitting black pants that have seen better days. He's wearing a grey furry vest over his bare and scarred torso. His wild black hair drips water as he runs a hand through it as does his tangled mess of a beard.]

GM: And if I'm Supreme Wright, I'm getting off that canvas RIGHT... NOW!

[Hogan rolls under the bottom rope, looking around madly...

...and THROWS himself into a lunging clothesline as Supreme Wright gets to a knee, knocking the two-time World Champion down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: I'm sure that was a tough decision for King Kong Hogan, Gordo.

GM: What's that?

BW: He's under orders to take that mask off the damned Outlaw... but he hates Supreme Wright's breathing guts and would like to rip them out and make sculpture out of them.

GM: Vivid imagery.

[Down on the mat with Wright, Hogan balls up his fist and SLAMS it down into the face of Wright once... twice... and after a third time, Wright raises his arms up to defend himself!]

GM: Hogan's trying to pound Wright into the canvas...

BW: He's going for that eye, Gordo! Old Testament style!

GM: Nine competitors in the ring... four more to go... one of those thirteen men will walk out of Chicago the winner of the 2017 Rumble. Who's it gonna be? And who else is in that locker room waiting to come out here?

BW: Gordo, you've got your math wrong.

GM: Oh?

BW: There's only THREE left to go! Jordan Ohara got sent home! He's out of here!

GM: That's a good point, Bucky. One of those four remaining spots must belong to Jordan Ohara as we're being told the Violet Revolution was the replacement for "Kiwi" Luke Boyd who couldn't be here because of travel issues. So... no Ohara tonight. Just three men left.

BW: And what a dumb kid that Jordan Ohara is, Gordo. He BLEW his shot at walking into the Rumble with one of the best draws in the match... all because he couldn't keep his cool with Maxim Zharkov.

GM: Can you blame him, Bucky? Can you really blame him after what happened with his mother earlier?

BW: That's why you keep your family out of the ring with you. Did you ever notice how fast I got my idiot nephews out of here?! Back to the hog farm with you both!

GM: You're too much, Buckthorn Wilde.

[Meanwhile, we see new pairings all over the ring with Wright and Hogan tangled up and trading blows. Sid Osborne has the Masked Outlaw down on the mat, stomping him in the corner as Kerry Kendrick slides in, grabbing hold of the eyeholes on the mask, trying to pull it off.]

GM: Kendrick's going for the mask! He's trying to cash in on that bounty!

BW: A quarter of a million bucks! Get it, Kerry!

[We also see Terry Shane and Raphael Rhodes trading European uppercuts in one corner of the ring.]

GM: Osborne and Rhodes STILL in this, Bucky. Over FIFTY minutes into this now! What a performance by both of these tremendous competitors!

BW: And if you'd have picked those two to be the Rumble Iron Men before this match started, I think a lot of people would think you were losing your grip on reality... but they're proving everyone wrong here tonight in Chicago.

[The Violet Revolution and Derrick Williams are in another part of the ring, Williams trying to shove the Revolution over the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Derrick Williams trying to get the Revolution out of here... and look at Kendrick! Look at Kendrick!

[The camera shot cuts to Kerry Kendrick, a determined look in his eye as he manages to get the Masked Outlaw's mask up over his chin!]

BW: He's gonna do it, Gordo! Kerry's going for the quarter of a million!

[Kendrick's got his fingers hooked under the mask, pulling hard as our countdown starts up again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

GM: Alright... all eyes turn to see who's gonna be number twenty-seven!

[The curious look of the Allstate Arena crowd turns into an even more-curious buzz as a very familiar song begins to play.]

GM: What's this...?

BW: I know this song. It's-

[As the lyrics start up, it's quite clear what it is.]

#Where it began, I can't begin to knowing
But then I know it's growing strong#

[Neil Diamond's "Sweet Caroline" is playing over the PA, drawing a confused reaction from the crowd.]

#Was in the spring
And spring became the summer
Who'd have believed you'd come along#

[And the fans start to sing along, belting out the part of the song that everyone seems to know.]

#Hands, touching hands
Reaching out, touching me, touching you#

[Everybody! Join in!]

#Sweet Caroline
Good times never seemed so good
I've been inclined
To believe they never would
But now I#

[And on cue, the twenty-seventh entry into the 2017 Rumble runs out on stage, a huge smile plastered on his face!]

BW: DAVID ORTIZ?!

GM: BIG PAPI IS BACK, BUCKY!

[Clad in an AWA baseball jersey with "BIG PAPI" written across the back (available at AWAShop.com now,) Ortiz appears to be on top of the world as he jogs down the aisle, slapping as many hands as he can...

...and our camera cuts to Kerry Kendrick who has suddenly stopped his assault on the mask and is now staring in shock down the ramp.]

GM: The fans in Chicago are happy to see Big Papi... but I'd say Kerry Kendrick is one man who is NOT!

BW: Why would he be happy to see him?! This idiot HUMILIATED Kerry at SuperClash!

[Ortiz pauses at ringside, pointing up at Kendrick who has backed to the middle of the ring, beckoning Ortiz to get into the ring. Big Papi climbs up on the apron to big cheers...]

GM: It looks like David Ortiz didn't get enough of being an AWA superstar at SuperClash! He's come back for more! And he's come back on a night where... can you believe it, Bucky? If David Ortiz wins this match, he'd earn himself a future shot at the World Title?!

BW: Hamilton Graham is rolling over in his grave, Gordo.

GM: He's not dead either, Bucky.

[Kendrick rushes Ortiz, assaulting him before he can even get into the ring. The Foundation clubs him between the eyes with a pair of right hands, Ortiz hanging onto the top rope, trying to keep from falling to the floor.]

BW: Get him, Kerry! Show him what it takes to compete in the sport of kings!

[But Ortiz uses that grip on the top rope to pull himself towards Kendrick, smashing a fist into the Self Made Man to big cheers!]

GM: Big Papi's got some for Kendrick!

[Kendrick staggers as Ortiz leans back, pulling on the rope again and smashing a second haymaker into Kendrick's skull!]

GM: Listen to these fans! David Ortiz is taking it to Kerry Kendrick and the Chicago fans are loving it!

[As Kendrick stumbles back, Ortiz swoops in behind him, grabbing a handful of hair, rushing across the ring with the Self Made Man...]

GM: HE'S GONNA TOSS KENDRICK!

[...and HURLS Kendrick over the top rope to a HUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: KENDRICK'S GONE! KENDRICK'S GONE!

BW: NO, NO, NO! LOOK!

[Kendrick just BARELY snatches a hand around the rope, dangling off the apron, one foot scraping the ringside mats as a referee is right there to see it, holding up one finger as Ortiz celebrates inside the ring...]

GM: Ortiz thinks he's done it and-

[Kendrick again dangles for a few more moments, just barely able to avoid elimination before he rolls under the bottom rope to save himself. The crowd is jeering with disappointment as the Self Made Man gets to his feet, grabbing a surprised Ortiz from the blind side...]

GM: Wait! NO!

[...and HURLS Big Papi over the top rope, Ortiz flipping over the ropes, dropping to a seated position on the apron, and falls off the floor as the crowd groans!]

BW: Hah! Take that, Big Papi! Get the heck right out of here!

GM: And just like that - to the disappointment of the Chicago crowd - David Ortiz is eliminated from the Rumble by Kerry Kendrick... and look at the grin on Kendrick's face now.

BW: That had to feel good for him, Gordo.

GM: It sure did... and-

[Gordon gets cut off by the countdown starting up.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The fans in the Allstate Arena crane their necks towards the entrance, waiting to see who drew twenty-eight.]

BW: Who is it, Gordo?

[As "Go" by Powder blares over the loudspeakers, the crowd reacts to a face not seen in the AWA for quite some time.]

GM: It's Mark Shaw! Mark Shaw who competed at the very first Memorial Day Mayhem and was oh-so-close to becoming the first National Champion in AWA history has returned to Memorial Day Mayhem X to try and earn a shot at the big gold!

[The tall and well-built Hellion strides down the aisle in long black wrestling pants and a black boot. He's got heavy white tape covering his right arm from knuckles to elbow with "HELLION" written in thick black ink on the tape.]

GM: Mark Shaw, fans, was someone who many experts - myself included - thought was out to accomplish big things in his AWA career... but mysteriously, it was cut short before it really got going. A finalist in the National Title tournament one moment and gone the next.

BW: I've always heard there were some backstage shenanigans that brought him down, Gordo. Some kind of political garbage where they told him to "take a break" and just never brought him back.

GM: It's certainly been a persistent rumor over the years... but he's here now and looking to make an immediate impression on this field

[Shaw slides under the bottom rope, coming to his feet and snatching the World Television Champion, Terry Shane, around the waist...]

GM: Side waistlock and-

[The powerful Shaw lifts Shane off the mat, DUMPING him violently on the back of his head and neck with a devastating Backdrop Driver!]

BW: BACKDROP DRIIIIVAAAAHHH!

GM: Some things never change, fans! That maneuver is as devastating as it's ever been... and Terry Shane was absolutely LAID OUT by that move.

[Shaw gets back to his feet as the Violet Revolution comes at him, taking a swing that Shaw absorbs, swinging his own knee up into the gut, sliding in alongside the Revolution...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And a SECOND Backdrop Driver!

BW: Right on his damn head, Gordo!

GM: The Revolution took that one in a bad, bad way!

[Shaw climbs to his feet, looking around for more victims...]

...which is when King Kong Hogan swarms him, throwing a flurry of haymakers, driving him back against the ropes where Shaw opens up with some of his own!]

GM: And now we've got a fight, fans! Shaw and Hogan! What a brawl this is!

[Across the ring, we see Raphael Rhodes smash an elbow down across the back of the Masked Outlaw as Supreme Wright uses holds onto the hair of Sid Osborne, snapping off a series of kicks to the head...

...and Kerry Kendrick CLUBS Wright across the back of the head with a running double axehandle, taking him off his feet!]

GM: Ohh! Kendrick knocks Wright down... ten men in the ring now, Bucky.

BW: Osborne and Rhodes... incredible. They're closing in on the hour! Kendrick, the Outlaw, the Future, Wright, Shane, the Revolution, Hogan, and now Mark Shaw.

GM: And two more still to come... actually, just one, right?

BW: That's right. We still haven't seen Ohara's spot... which means he drew number twenty-nine is even dumber than I thought... and I didn't think that was possible. Which means the one and only man left in this one is the great... the man of the hour.. the man with the power.. the-

GM: It's Michael Aarons.

BW: Way to ruin my moment, Gordo.

[Mark Shaw pulls the Violet Revolution off the mat, looks around...

...and HURLS him over the top rope but the Revolution snatches hold of the top rope, managing to keep himself on the apron as Shaw turns to find his next victim...]

GM: Shaw thinks he eliminated the Revolution but-

[Shaw whips around, charging the apron, and SLAMS a right hand into the Revolution's head, sending him sailing off the apron...]

GM: HE'S GONE!

[...extending himself, reaching out...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and grabs hold of the ringside railing, compressing his body so that his feet are pressed up against the steel, inches away from hitting the floor. Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller grabs his head in disbelief before pointing at the feet, waving his arms to show that no elimination has occurred. The crowd ROARS at the incredible show of athleticism as the countdown starts again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[No music plays as the crowd looks towards the stage.]

GM: So, this should be Jordan Ohara's spot... the spot he lost when he came out here and attacked Maxim Zharkov, actually eliminating the National Champion from the Rumble. It's such a shame and-

[The crowd suddenly ROARS with shock.]

GM: Wait a second... someone's coming out here and... we've got AWA officials out here as well on the stage, trying to stop-

[The camera cuts, getting a closeup.]

GM: Are you...?

BW: Wait a second, Gordo... can she...?!

[The "she" in question standing on the ramp, pointing insistently at the ring as John Shock tries to reason with her..

...is Erica Toughill.]

GM: That's Erica Toughill! Ricki's out here and-

BW: Why? Why is she out here, Gordo?!

GM: I can only assume that- yes! Listen to her, Bucky!

[We cut closer as Toughill argues with John Shock.]

"He's gone! I'm here! And I'm getting in that ring!"

GM: Ricki wants in the Rumble! She wants to take Ohara's spot!

BW: But... but... she can't do that, can she?!

GM: You want to be the one to tell her no?

[Shock and Toughill's conversation turns heated as Toughill again points to the ring, almost pleading with the AWA official who looks at the action in the ring, hands on his hips... looks back at Toughill...

...and then points to the ring!]

"YOU'RE IN! GO GET 'EM!"

[And the crowd goes banana!]

GM: OH MY! SHE'S IN! RICKI TOUGHILL IS IN THE RUMBLE!

[Toughill runs down the ramp to the ring, baseball bat on her shoulder before she dumps it on the apron near the corner, popping a large pink bubble as she draws near, looking around, walking around the squared circle as the crowd gets louder with anticipation.]

GM: The first woman in AWA history to enter the MEN'S Rumble! Last year, the Rumble belonged to the ladies but tonight... well, it may again because Ricki Toughill is here and she's taking her shot!

BW: But... what happens if she wins, Gordo?! Does she get a shot at Johnny Detson?! Or Kurayami!?

GM: I have absolutely no idea.

[Toughill comes to a stop, staring up at the ring...

...and then spins around, snatching the Violent Revolution around the neck and YANKS him down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH!

[The referee signals the elimination and the crowd roars!]

GM: Haha! How about that, Bucky?! She took advantage of a vulnerable Violet Revolution and just scored her first elimination!

BW: That takes us back down to ten men... sorry, ten competitors!

GM: Toughill slides in and... wow! What a moment for her!

[Toughill honestly looks a little overwhelming by the moment as she looks around the ring, pondering her next move. She sees Raphael Rhodes pull Supreme Wright off the mat... sees Terry Shane and Mark Shaw trading blows in the corner... sees the Masked Outlaw looping in blows on Side Osborne against the ropes...

...and sees a gleeful Kerry Kendrick waiting for her.]

GM: Look at Kendrick! This has gotta be a dream come true for him!

BW: He's been in there for nearly a half hour, Gordo. He's gotta be tired and now he suddenly gets a fresh hand to help him out!

[Kendrick stumbles forward, a goofy grin on his face as he falls into an embrace with Ricki who doesn't return the hug but allows herself to be hugged, an odd expression on her face.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

["My Type" from Saint Motel begins to play as the fans jeer the final entry into the 2017 Rumble.]

GM: Well, there was no mystery here, Bucky, as Michael Aarons earned this spot earlier tonight with his controversial victory over Cody Mertz in that 30 For 30 challenge.

[Dressed the same as we saw him earlier, we see Aarons jog out onto the stage, a faux shocked expression on his face.]

"Me?! Wow! What a draw! What luck! I wanted Number One so I could show the world-"

[The audio cuts out as we cut back to the ring.]

BW: Oh, that's real nice, Mr. Technical Director! I wanted to hear what Michael Aarons had to say!

GM: I'm sure he'll have plenty to say at your post-show dinner.

BW: I have other plans.

GM: Stevie? Castillo?

BW: I'm not at liberty to say.

GM: The Soldiers of Fortune then?

[Bucky is silent as Aarons jogs down the aisle towards the ring, eyeing the scene in there before he slides under the bottom rope.]

GM: Aarons is in and-

[He rushes right across the ring, leaping up to drive a knee up between the shoulderblades of Terry Shane from behind!]

GM: Ohh! Sneak attack on the World Television Champion... and I suppose that comes as no surprise. Aarons has made it quite clear that he intends to gun for that title.... and that's it, fans. All thirty competitors have made their entrance... and we've got the final eleven all in there. Let's run 'em down since it's getting a bit crowded in there, Bucky.

BW: Alright, Gordo. We've got Sid Osborne who came in all the way back at number one with Raphael Rhodes who came in at two! Those two are STILL in this thing about to cross the one hour mark and... wow. You've gotta be impressed with what both of them have been able to accomplish here tonight. We've got Kerry Kendrick, the Self Made Man. The Masked Outlaw is still in there... AND he's still masked. The Future, Derrick Williams, still with a tag title to defend later tonight... he's still there. Supreme Wright, still with the Tower later. Terry Shane is still in.. .although not for long now that Michael Aarons is after him. King Kong Hogan, also in the Tower later. Mark Shaw. The big shocker, Ricki Toughill. And of course, Michael Aarons! Whew.

GM: Eleven competitors... only one of which can win this Rumble and walk out with a guaranteed future World Title match against the champion, whoever it may be.

BW: And with that mask still on the Outlaw, we've also got a quarter of a million dollars at stake if someone can yank that off of him.

[Aarons pulls Shane's arms back behind him, allowing Mark Shaw to light up the Television Champion with a trio of hard chops. Aarons smiles approvingly as he lets Shane slump to the mat...

...and then Shaw chops Aarons as well, sending him flying backwards and crashing down hard on the canvas!]

GM: OHH! Well, Mark Shaw is a man who never played well with others and he just showed that to Michael Aarons with that chop, fans.

[We see Kerry Kendrick back in a corner, trying to strategize with Erica Toughill. Our camera catches Ricki rolling her eyes at something the Self Made Man says as he points to the corner where Sid Osborne has cornered Derrick Williams, raining down big blows to the head.]

GM: The Sin City Savior is letting the Future have it and-

[Suddenly, Kendrick and Toughill rush out of their corner where they are plotting...

...and SHOVE Osborne off the midbuckle, sending him falling over the ropes where he SLAMS down on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: And just like that, the man who came in Number One is gone!

[Kendrick smirks, offering a thumbs up to Ricki who returns the favor... and then turns her thumb down as Kendrick turns away from her, looking for another victim. The camera cuts to the floor where an exhausted Sid Osborne lies on his back, his chest heaving, soaked with sweat as a chant starts up.]

“SIN CI-TY SID!”

“SIN CI-TY SID!”

“SIN CI-TY SID!”

[Osborne pushes up off the floor, nodding his head as he listens to the crowd’s reaction.]

GM: A nice moment for that young man who walked into Chicago with something to prove and I’d say he proved it, Bucky.

BW: I’m sure he had visions of winning the whole thing in his head but... going the distance is pretty damn impressive. It’s a good night for the Sin City Savior.

[A dejected Osborne gets to his feet, taking one last look at the ring before walking up the aisle.]

GM: With that elimination, we’re down to ten in there. Ten competitors battling it out for a chance at the history books.

BW: Gordo, when you think of the list of people who’ve won the Rumble over the years... you’ve got former National Champions like Ron Houston and Stevie Scott... Television Champions like Shane and Supernova... World Champions like Martinez, Wright, and Lauryn Rage. It’s a big deal to put your name on that list. That list is a Who’s Who of AWA superstars over the year.s

GM: It certainly is... and as you look at the ring, there are three competitors in there who’ve won this match before - Raphael Rhodes, Supreme Wright, and Terry Shane... and you’d certainly think that might give them an advantage as they are in deep waters here tonight.

BW: Raphael Rhodes... he’s the long man in this one now that Osborne’s gone. He was the second man in and an hour later, he’s still standing... and not just standing - look at this!

[The exhausted Brit strides out to the center of the ring, looking around at the mass of humanity around him...

...and removes his mouthpiece, looking slowly from man to man to woman...]

“COME ON!”

[He stuffs the mouthpiece back in as Mark Shaw comes for him, swinging a big right hand that Rhodes manages to duck before smashing a forearm into the jaw of the Hellion.]

GM: Hard forearm shot by Rhodes! Still with some fire left in his gut!

[Terry Shane is the next one to take his shot, grabbing Rhodes by the back of the head, throwing a European uppercut...

...that Rhodes shakes his head at before throwing one of his own, knocking the World Television Champion off his feet!]

GM: Down goes Shane! Rhodes is on fire!

[Rhodes turns again, waving a hand at the next person who is Kerry Kendrick...

...who waves a dismissive hand...

...and then shoves Ricki towards him, Toughill SMASHING her elbow into the side of Rhodes' face, knocking him back a step.]

GM: That son of a... what a coward Kendrick is!

BW: Coward?! It's strategy, Gordo! Put the fresh target in front of you! He's been in there a long time! He needs time to regroup and recover!

[Toughill throws a flurry of blows, causing Rhodes to raise his arms to shield himself as she advances on him...

...which is when Kendrick rushes in, shoving her aside as he mimes throwing a dazed Rhodes over the top. The fans jeer as Toughill glares at him, hands on her hips as he turns back to Rhodes...

...who snatches two hands full of hair!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[The blow drops Kendrick like he's hot, leaving him laid out on the canvas as the crowd cheers and the slightest of grins crosses the face of Erica Toughill as Rhodes pushes off the ropes, dusting himself off..

...and gets whipped around to face a new attacker.]

GM: SUPREME!

[Wright hooks Rhodes by the back of the head, throwing a brutal European uppercut that nearly lifts Rhodes off his feet. A second one lands as well, causing Rhodes to backpedal towards the corner. A third one actually does lift Rhodes off his feet, sending him falling back into the turnbuckles as Wright keeps coming.]

GM: And it looks like Supreme Wright is out to show Raphael Rhodes who is the King of the European Uppercut!

[Wright grabs a loose hold on the back of Rhodes' head again, swinging the arm up... and up... and up... and up...]

GM: HE'S HAMMERING RHODES IN THE CORNER!

[Suddenly, Wright is pulled back by King Kong Hogan, looking to take another shot at Wright...]

...but the former World Champion whips around, throwing an uppercut on Hogan that knocks him off his feet to a huge cheer!]

GM: DOWN GOES KING KONG HOGAN!

[Wright glares down at Hogan who rolls towards the ropes...]

...and then turns his focus back to Rhodes who steps out of the corner, snatching Wright by the back of the head for an uppercut of his own!]

GM: Ohh! European uppercut by Rhodes!

[Rhodes hangs on, throwing another... and another... and another as Wright falls back across the ring. The Brit shoves Wright back into the opposite corner, stepping back in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The series of uppercuts has Wright in a daze as Rhodes tries to forcibly remove his head from his shoulders...]

...which is when Wright lowers his shoulder, throwing himself into a double leg takedown!]

GM: Wright takes him down... and takes the mount!

[With Rhodes under him, Wright winds up...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and unloads with a series of open-handed mounted slaps to the ear!]

GM: Good lord!

[Wright winds up again, this time for an elbowstrike that he SLAMS down onto a prone Rhodes. He postures up... ready to do it again...]

...when King Kong Hogan comes up from behind, reaching around, and DIGGING his fingers into the eyes of Wright!]

GM: OH!

[The screams of pain from Wright are heard loud and clear as Hogan drags Wright out of the mount, still in the eyegouge. Wright is howling in agony, batting at the hands of Hogan who drags him across the ring...

...and HURLS him over the top rope!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WRIGHT'S GONE! SUPREME WRIGHT IS ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Wright lies on the floor, rubbing his eyes as a referee gets one look at him and then signals to the back.]

GM: Wright is gone, fans... but he might be hurt! King Kong Hogan stuck his fingers RIGHT into Wright's eyes and... he essentially pulled on his head with his fingers in the eye! And make no mistake, Bucky... that wasn't an attempt to momentarily blind someone to get an advantage in a wrestling match... that was an attempt to cause permanent damage!

BW: An eye for an eye, Gordo. Hogan made no secret of what he was going for here tonight and... well, he may have just done it and-

GM: THE OUTLAW!

[With Hogan leaning over the ropes to taunt Supreme Wright, the Masked Outlaw swoops in behind him and tosses him over the ropes to the floor to cheers from the Chicago crowd!]

GM: And Hogan's gone too! The Masked Outlaw took advantage of a distracted King Kong Hogan, tossing him over the top rope... and with Wright gone as well, we're suddenly down to eight left in there! Rhodes, Kendrick, the Outlaw, the Future, Shane, Shaw, Ricki, and Michael Aarons!

[Out on the floor, Hogan sits, looking up at the ring at the Masked Outlaw, a twisted little grin on his face.]

"Your day's gonna come, masked man! It's comin'!"

[In the background, we see Dr. Ponavitch run past to where Supreme Wright is still on the floor, rubbing at his eye as the nearby AWA officials try to get him to stop touching it. Hogan sneers at the scene.]

"I made a promise, little puppy... and I always keep my promises."

[We cut back to the ring where Derrick Williams takes his shot on the Outlaw, trying to tip him over the ropes but the Outlaw grabs hold of them, hanging on as the Future continues to try.]

GM: Derrick Williams looking to pick up a quarter of a million dollars perhaps... or maybe he'd be satisfied with just eliminating the Outlaw and taking a major threat out of there with eight competitors left.

[Williams drops down on the mat, reaching through the ropes, grabbing the Outlaw by the mask to try and pull him over...]

GM: And here comes Michael Aarons looking to help. Aarons and Williams are trying to get the Outlaw over the ropes... and maybe take off that mask in the process...

BW: A quarter of a million bucks! Do not throw away your shot, D-Will!

[With the Outlaw barely hanging on, Terry Shane walks over to Michael Aarons and punches him in the ear!]

GM: Oh! Shane drills Aarons... and that's going to help the Outlaw!

BW: What an idiot! Why wouldn't he help out and get the Outlaw out of there?

GM: Shane's disdain for Michael Aarons is obviously stronger than his desire to get the Outlaw out of the match... at this point at least.

[A couple more haymakers land, chasing Aarons across the ring. Shane follows behind him as Kerry Kendrick and Mark Shaw move towards the Outlaw.]

GM: Look at this! It's a three on one on the Outlaw! Three on one on the Outlaw!

[The masked man is dangling over the ropes in a dangerous position as Williams continues to pull on the mask. Shaw and Kendrick each grab a leg, trying to tip the masked man out...]

...and they do, but the Outlaw lands on the apron!]

GM: The Masked Outlaw goes over... but he's still on the ropes!

[Shaw abruptly turns and SMASHES a fist into Kendrick's face, sending him flying away as Williams backs off, getting a running start...]

GM: Baseball slide!

...but the Outlaw sits up, causing Williams to whiff, ending up on the floor as the Outlaw scrambles to his feet.]

GM: Williams misses and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -and the Outlaw doesn't!

[Hitting Williams with the running soccer kick down the apron, the Outlaw turns back to the ring where Mark Shaw lunges at him...]

...and the Outlaw ducks through the ropes, ramming a shoulder into the Hellion's midsection.]

GM: The Outlaw goes downstairs and-

[To a huge cheer, the Masked Outlaw straightens up, backdropping Shaw over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: And Mark Shaw's gone! We're down to seven, Bucky!

BW: Rhodes, Kendrick, the Outlaw, Williams, Shane, Toughill, and Aarons! One of those seven are gonna win the Rumble, the winner's purse, and the future shot at the World Title!

GM: And quite possibly, a quarter of a million dollars if they can take off the Outlaw's mask in the process.

[The Outlaw steps through the ropes, once again safe as Derrick Williams pulls himself up on the apron, throwing a big elbow to the back of the Outlaw's masked head, sending him sprawling out on the mat.]

GM: Seven competitors left.

[The camera pulls back to show Terry Shane trying to upend Michael Aarons over the ropes... Raphael Rhodes taking some brutal stomps on the mat from Kerry Kendrick and Erica Toughill... and now Derrick Williams kneeling on the mat, pummeling the masked man's head with closed fists.]

GM: Williams is all over the Outlaw... Shane's trying to get Aarons out... we're getting down to the nitty gritty in this one.

[In the corner, Kendrick and Toughill pull Rhodes off the mat, each grabbing an arm...]

GM: Double whip coming up...

[...and the whip is with such force that Rhodes goes sailing over the turnbuckles, flipping through the air, and CRASHING down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And after over an hour of action, Raphael Rhodes is eliminated, fans!

BW: What a performance! What a night for the comeback kid!

GM: Rhodes wasn't even supposed to be in this match and he ends up going over an hour... but he will NOT win his second Rumble here tonight. He's out of there thanks to Kendrick and Toughill... and we're down to six now.

BW: Kendrick and Ricki, the Future, Shane and Aarons, and the Masked Outlaw.

[Williams drags the Outlaw off the mat, shoving him back into the buckles. The Future leans over, grabbing the middle rope, driving shoulders into the midsection of the masked man...]

GM: Williams still working over the masked man... and he's going for that mask again!

[The Future hooks his fingers under the mask, pulling hard on it...]

GM: Williams trying to earn himself a quarter million dollar bonus here tonight paid by Javier Castillo and Johnny Detson who DESPERATELY want to see who is under that mask.

BW: Brian James. Wes Taylor. Juan Vasq-

GM: I certainly think the options are limitless... and we won't really know the truth until the mask comes off.

BW: Which could be in just a few moments now. Williams has got it up there pretty good!

[Again, Williams has the mask up above the chin as he yanks and pulls at it while Kerry Kendrick delivers an elbowsmash down between the shoulderblades of Terry Shane. A second one follows as Kendrick hauls Shane away from a struggling Michael Aarons who is able to slump back down to the canvas.]

GM: And Kendrick makes a save for Michael Aarons!

BW: I think it was less Kendrick making a save and Kendrick trying to get a piece of Terry Shane. Kendrick might have a little bit of a grudge over Shane wearing that TV Title and not him.

[Kendrick shoves Shane towards Toughill, shouting at her to "HOLD HIM!"]

GM: Ricki grabs the arms and...

[Kendrick lays in a big right hand to the gut of the Television Champion... and again... and again... and then one up to the head.]

GM: Kendrick's pounding away on Shane...

[Toughill lets go, gesturing to Kendrick who grabs hold of Shane's arms with some reluctance.]

GM: And now it's Ricki's turn... big right to the head... and another... and a third!

[Kendrick throws Shane back into the buckles as he and Toughill stand nearby, plotting their next move...

...which gets hijacked by Michael Aarons storming in, blasting Shane with a trio of right hands. He grabs Shane by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner...]

GM: Big whip! Aarons chases him in!

[Shane leans back, raising a boot that Aarons runs facefirst into!]

GM: Ohhh! Shane caught him coming!

[Shane steps out, grabbing Aarons by the hair, and HURLS him over the ropes but Aarons grabs the top rope, hanging on as Shane tries to push him over...

...which is when Aarons uses his upper body strength to hang on, pulling his lower body up to scissor Shane's head between his legs!]

GM: AARONS HOOKS HIM AND-

[Shane goes tumbling over the rope, falling to the floor to the disappointment of the crowd!]

GM: And out goes Terry Shane as well!

BW: We're down to five! The Final Five, daddy! Kerry Kendrick, the Masked Outlaw, Derrick Williams, Erica Toughill, and Michael Aarons are the five that remains!

[The crowd starts to buzz nervously, realizing that only one of their favorites remain. The Masked Outlaw pulls back into the corner, throwing a glance around at the other four remaining competitors.]

GM: And the Outlaw's trying to figure out a way out of this... four other competitors all gunning for him... all gunning for the mask... all gunning for the win and the future shot at the World Title.

[And with a virtual stand-off in the ring, the crowd suddenly ERUPTS in jeers!]

GM: What the...?

[The camera cuts to the entrance stage where El Presidente himself, Javier Castillo, walks out on stage, staring down the ramp. The five competitors in the ring turn towards the stage as Castillo produces a mic.]

JC: I offered a quarter of a million dollars to the man...

[He smirks.]

JC: ...or woman, Miss Toughill... who can bring me the mask of the Masked Outlaw! Who exposed him for who he is! For the fraud he is!

And still, he stays masked.

[Castillo sneers.]

JC: So, I obviously misspoke. The winner of the Rumble gets a World Title shot...

[He pauses.]

JC: ...and the one who brings me the mask?

[Dramatic pause.]

JC: They get one too!

[Eyes go wide in the ring as the crowd ROARS in shock.]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: Two World Title shots! Two shots on the line now! The winner of the Rumble gets one and whoever gets the mask gets one too and-

[And on cue, Derrick Williams and Kerry Kendrick rush the corner where the Masked Outlaw is leaning. The Masked Outlaw rocks and fires, throwing a right hand at Kendrick... then one at Williams, backing them off enough for the masked man to slip between them...

...and then drops an incoming Arons with a right hand as well!]

GM: The Outlaw's fighting for his life in there and-

[The crowd ROARS again as Erica Toughill leaps onto the Outlaw's back, hooking her fingers under the mask.]

GM: Ricki's going for the mask! Ricki's trying to pull the mask off!

[The Outlaw stumbles wildly backwards, reaching up to grab his mask, trying to protect his identity...

...and falls back HARD into the corner, crushing Toughill between himself and the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TOUGHILL GETS SMASHED IN THE CORNER!

[The Outlaw stumbles back out, tugging his mask in place as Derrick Williams drills him with a right hand... and another... and another...]

GM: Aarons grabs him from behind... HE'S GOING FOR THE SHATTERSHOT!

[But the masked man whips around into a front facelock, shoving Aarons backwards, sending him crashing into a nearby Derrick Williams, knocking Williams to a knee.]

GM: Malfunction at the junction and-

[Aarons looks down at Williams, shouting at him...

...and Williams leaps up, snaring a three-quarter nelson, and DRIVES him skullfirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FUTURE SHOCK!

[Williams drags Aarons off the mat... and tosses him over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: WE'RE DOWN TO THE FINAL FOUR! KENDRICK, TOUGHILL, WILLIAMS, AND THE OUTLAW! ONE OF THESE FOUR WILL BE THE WINNER OF THE 2017 RUMBLE!

[Williams spins around in time to take a right hand from the Outlaw... and another... and another...]

...and a quick spin ends in a discus punch that LIFTS Williams off his feet, sending him over the top rope!]

GM: OHH! WILLIAMS GOES OVER BUT HE HANGS ON! HE'S OUT ON THE APRON AND-

[The Masked Outlaw rushes him, leaping into the air for a flying tackle to knock Williams off the apron...]

...but the Future sidesteps, throwing an elbowstrike to the side of the Outlaw's masked face!]

GM: OH! Williams caught him...

[The Future ducks back in, snatching a three-quarter nelson on the Outlaw...]

GM: FUTURE SHO-

[...but the masked man shoves Williams off, sending him towards Kerry Kendrick who boots him in the gut, snatching a front facelock...]

GM: Kendrick hooks him and-

[But Williams spins out, spins around, and BLASTS Kendrick in the jaw with an elbowstrike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kendrick slumps to his knees as Williams takes aim, ready to deliver another one...

...but as he draws back his arm, it gets hooked!]

GM: TOUGHILL GRABS THE ARM! TOUGHILL-

[So Williams changes tactics, leaping up, snaring a three-quarter nelson blindly, and DRIVES Ricki facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: FUTURE SHOCK ON TOUGHILL!

[Williams pops up, looking a little surprised that it was Toughill that he laid out...

...and then gets hooked around the waist, lifting into the air by the Masked Outlaw!]

GM: OUTLAW'S CURSE!

[The masked man falls backwards...

...and DUMPS Williams over the top rope, sending him CRASHING down onto the floor with a released belly-to-back suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WILLIAMS IS GONE! WILLIAMS IS OUT! WE'RE DOWN TO THREE!

[The Outlaw steps away from the ropes, throwing a wary glance at Williams who is laid out on the floor. The masked man turns back towards the ring, edging his way towards the downed Toughill, taking a knee next to her.]

GM: And the Masked Outlaw, obviously showing some concern for Ricki Toughill who took that Future Shock from Derrick Williams!

[The Outlaw nudges Toughill a few times, lifting her arm which drops back limply...

...which is when Kerry Kendrick charges from the blind side, smashing a forearm into the back of the Outlaw's head!]

GM: OHH! Kendrick from behind! What a son of a... he didn't even bother to check on Ricki! He's attacking the Outlaw!

[The Foundation drags the masked man off the mat, slamming his fist into the head once... twice... three times, shoving him back into the corner. Kendrick grabs the top rope, laying in kicks to the body, forcing the masked man down to a seated position in the corner...]

GM: Kendrick is pounding away on the Outlaw in the corner..

[The Self Made Man plants his boot on the throat of the Outlaw, hanging from the ropes for leverage as he chokes the masked man.]

GM: Kendrick's strangling the air out of the Outlaw... what a moment it would be for Kerry Kendrick at Memorial Day Mayhem X. Think back to Kendrick in the first every match in AWA history in a losing effort... and to come to this point... it's truly amazing.

[Kendrick breaks off the choke, dragging the Outlaw up to his feet, pulling him towards the ropes where he ducks down low, grabbing the masked man around the leg...]

GM: Kendrick trying to tip him over the ropes now... but the Outlaw's hanging on, he's fighting it!

[The masked man kicks his free leg back at Kendrick, trying to fight his way free... and Kendrick starts shouting at Toughill, ordering her to get up and help him.]

GM: Hey Bucky, what happens if this comes down to Kendrick and Ricki?

BW: I... well, obviously she'd bow out and let him win!

GM: Obviously?

BW: Of course! She works for him! Not the other way around!

[Kendrick again shouts to the unmoving Toughill as the Outlaw lands a hard back elbow to the side of his head, breaking free!]

GM: The Outlaw's on the loose... and listen to Castillo shouting at Kendrick to go for the mask!

[Kendrick staggers back as the Outlaw pushes off the ropes, throwing a pair of right hands that backs Kendrick across the ring. The masked man grabs an arm, whipping Kendrick across...

...and PRESSES HIM OVERHEAD!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS! GORILLA PRESS! HE'S GONNA TOSS HIM! HE'S GONNA-
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as a crawling Erica Toughill swings her arm up into the groin of the masked man, forcing him to drop Kendrick down to the mat before slumping down onto his knees himself!]

GM: LOW BLOW BY RICKI FROM THE BLIND SIDE!

[The camera gets a wide shot. Kendrick facefirst down on the mat... the Outlaw kneeling beside him... and Erica Toughill on her hands and knees right next to the Outlaw.]

GM: Three people left! All three are down! The crowd is roaring! Castillo is screaming! This is crazy, Bucky!

BW: No, no, no, Gordo... this is MAYHEM!

[A weary Kendrick pushes up off the mat, rubbing his head. He throws a glance over towards the other two in the ring, falling back against the ropes, taking a breather.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick's been in this ring for well over a half hour now and he's feeling the effects of it for sure.

[Kendrick stumbles along the ropes towards the corner, leaning down...]

GM: What's he... oh my god.

[The crowd groans as Kerry Kendrick picks up Erica Toughill's baseball bat, a huge grin on his face.]

GM: Kendrick's got the bat! He's got the bat that Toughill brought out to the ring with her and...

[He leans down, dragging Toughill to her feet. He gestures towards the Masked Outlaw, holding out the bat, directing traffic.]

GM: Kendrick's giving Toughill the bat and... she's headed for the corner!

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo!

[Louisville Slugger in hand, Toughill backs to the corner, hopping up on the midbuckle as Kendrick hauls the Masked Outlaw off the canvas, hooking his arms behind him as Kendrick walks him towards a waiting Toughill...]

GM: Ricki's on the second rope! Bat in hand! The Outlaw in range and-

[She shakes her head, trying to steady herself on the buckles...]

GM: Ricki seems a little dazed but Kendrick shouts at her, he's telling her to-

BW: JUMP!

[Toughill leaps off, bat being swung down towards the masked face of the Outlaw...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE MISSED! SHE MISSED!

BW: DAMN IT!

[Kendrick's eyelids flutter as Toughill's go wide in shock. The Outlaw stumbles over the ropes, leaning over them as Toughill tries to check on Kendrick who is seeing stars...]

...and he angrily shoves her backwards, sending her towards the ropes where...]

GM: OHHHH!

[...the Outlaw is leaning on them, pulling them down which causes Toughill to tumble backwards over the top, crashing down to the floor!]

GM: WE'RE DOWN TO TWO! WE'RE DOWN TO TWO!

[A stunned Kendrick falls to a knee, grabbing at his head as the Masked Outlaw straightens up, hanging onto the ropes...]

GM: We're down to the final two! One of these men is gonna win the Rumble and one is going to have to deal with the heartbreak of coming in runner-up!

[Kendrick drops to all fours, crawling along the canvas towards Toughill's dropped baseball bat, reaching out a hand to grip it...]

GM: Kendrick's got the bat and-

[...and the crowd EXPLODES as the Outlaw steps on it, blocking the lift!]

GM: OH MY! THE OUTLAW SAYS, NOT THIS TIME!

[Kendrick struggles to pull the bat free but the Outlaw shakes his head, refusing to let the bat go.]

GM: Kendrick's up... here he comes!

[He rushes the Masked Outlaw who rears back, letting his right hand fly...]

GM: Right hand! Another right! Make it three!

[Kendrick staggers backwards and gets run down with a clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline by the Outlaw!

[He leans against the ropes, beckoning Kendrick back to his feet...]

GM: A second clothesline takes him down again!

[The Outlaw nods his head as he drags Kendrick off the mat...

...and yanks him into a front facelock!]

GM: Cattlebuster! He's looking for the Cattlebuster!

[But Kendrick has a little fight left, DRIVING him back into the corner!]

GM: Into the buckles! Kendrick trying to hang on! Big right hand! Another one!

[He turns, reaching for the dropped Louisville Slugger once more...

...and gets snatched by the Outlaw, lifted up into the air!]

GM: OUTLAW'S CURSE! HE'S GOING FOR IT AGAIN!

[He carries Kendrick backwards, dropping him back over 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 the Outlaw pulls himself back into the ring, rolling away from the ropes!]

GM: The Masked Outlaw has survived a bounty being put on his mask AND twenty-nine other competitors to win the 2017 Rumble!

BW: NO! NO! NOOOOOO! This is TOTALLY not fair to Johnny!

[Kerry Kendrick is lying on the floor, his arms up over his face in disappointment at the near victory as the Chicago crowd roars.]

GM: Kendrick came SO close, fans. As close as you can possibly come to victory but came up JUST short. We've got a winner - and it is the Masked Out-

[Gordon's words are cut off by someone's very angry words.]

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

[Castillo is stomping angrily down the ramp towards the ring, storming past the downed Kerry Kendrick.]

GM: Javier Castillo is on his way to the ring and-

[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.

[Castillo grimaces.]

JC: 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 the Outlaw bails out of the ring as we see MAWAGA, Polemos, and the Dogs of War running down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: The Outlaw's out of here, fans! He's won the Rumble and he's making a break for it before Korugun can get their hands on him!

BW: He DIDN'T win, Gordo! El Presidente said no!

GM: HE WON! HE WON! WE ALL SAW IT! THE OUTLAW WON!

BW: NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[And as the Korugun soldiers hit the ring and the Masked Outlaw disappears into the crowd, we fade to...



...Theresa Lynch standing backstage.]

TL: That Rumble was one for the ages, fans. Memorial Day Mayhem X has been one for the ages as well and we've still got the World Tag Team Titles on the line... the World Title on the line... as well as the Tower of Doom. It's going to be a wild night in Chicago for sure. Coming up in just a few moments now will be our Women's World Title match between the champion Kurayami and her challenger Medusa Rage but before we get to that, earlier this week, I sat down with a very familiar face to wrestling fans all over the world - someone many of us have not seen in a long, long time but who has certainly been in the news as of late. Of course, I'm referring to former EMWC superstar, Michelle Bailey. Michelle asked for some time to talk to the fans about her past, her present, and her future in the world of professional wrestling, fans. Let's take a look...

[We fade to footage taped a few days prior. Theresa Lynch is in a calm office setting, sitting in what appears to be quite a comfortable chair, with several boxes to the side of her.]

TL: Theresa Lynch here on assignment in Northampton, Massachusetts, for a special interview. I'm in the office of the newest signing of the AWA Women's Division, a long-rumored signing and someone that I've been looking forward to talking to for some time. Michelle Bailey, thank you for having me today.

[The camera pans out and right to show Michelle Bailey, sitting in a similar chair next to Theresa. She is wearing a black T-shirt bearing the words "Rhodes-Classon Wrestling Academy", the original name of P*WIN, in yellow lettering. The shirt is at least two sizes too big for her, at least twenty years old, and has been widened at the neckhole so it now drapes off her right shoulder, making visible the straps of a lime green sports bra. She is also wearing neon pink leggings and black Converse Chuck Taylor All-Star sneakers. She is wearing black-rimmed cat eye glasses with black eyeliner, along with matte red lipstick, and her fingernails are painted a sky blue. Her long hair is bleached blonde in the front and left dark brown in the back, and falls to her shoulders. Her eyes are striking in that they are different colors; the right eye is brown, the left a greenish blue.]

MB: Thanks for coming! Sorry about the mess, we're getting things packed up here. Want to take some boxes to my car when we leave?

[The two laugh.]

TL: That's quite alright. I understand you've been working as a licensed clinical social worker?

MB: I have! Still will be, too, just moving things to an online model so I can still support everyone while I'm on the road with the AWA. Technology has come so far that as long as I have my laptop or my iPad and a good internet connection, I can meet with any of my clients. Thank goodness for LTE, right? And since I'll be doing a strictly online model, no need for this office!

TL: Do you think you'll be spreading yourself thin?

MB: No, I don't think so. I get a lot of emotional fulfillment from what I do with my clients, so as long as I take good care of myself in the ring, I think it'll all be okay. Hoping for the best anyway.

TL: I also have to ask, because I don't remember this about you when I last saw you on television... your eyes! Have they always been different colors?

MB: Well... yes, but not like you would have noticed. I have a condition called complete heterochromia, I was born with it. It made my eyes different colors. I wore colored contacts for all my years in the ring to make my eyes the same color. Just something about myself I felt I had to hide, because it was one of the many things I was bullied about growing up. When I decided it wasn't time to hide anymore... out go the colored contacts.

TL: You were bullied a lot as a kid?

MB: Oh... oh yeah. I mean...

[Bailey motions to herself.]

MB: This was kind of hard to hide as a kid. I was always kind of an artsy kid anyway. Growing up in a small North Carolina town, being a theatre kid, into musicals and poetry and painting, plus having what was seen as a physical defect by having two different colored eyes? Then you throw in that everyone thought I was a boy, and I clearly thought I was a girl? Oof. OOF. I got beat up a lot. You learn how to repress yourself a lot too.

TL: So you felt like you had to hide away who you were because of... school kids? What about your family?

MB: ... it wasn't much better at home either. Let's just say that when I started trying to be on the football team and made friends with Shane, they were a lot more supportive of me than when I wanted to be in the school play and would get caught sneaking my sister's makeup.

TL: Is Shane... Shane Destiny?

MB: Yep! Shane and I have been best friends since we were 12. We still are today, too. He's actually the one responsible for me getting into wrestling too.

TL: I was going to ask that, because based off what you were telling me, it didn't seem like wrestling was something you'd be interested in.

MB: It was a combination of things, really. Shane was really enthusiastic, along with a friend of ours named Elias Spencer. Plus in a desperate attempt to prove manhood that wasn't there, I had rushed into having a kid and marriage with my girlfriend at the time, and I was working in my father-in-law's car repair shop. I saw a chance to try something different, maybe break out and make a career. It also

helps that wrestling is, let's face it, a fairly theatrical sport, which scratches my creative itch.

TL: So you had mentioned your marriage and your kid... daughter, correct?

MB: That's right. At the time I was still presenting as male.

TL: Were you hoping that wrestling would reinforce that some?

MB: Yeah, I think so. I mean, if you go back to 1997, 1998, there really wasn't a ton of representation of women in general in wrestling. There sure wasn't in North Carolina. I was being trained by Jeremy Rhodes and Billy Classon, and Jeremy would go to Japan to tour from time to time. He'd come back and bring me Japanese women's tapes because he noticed I was a fan. I guess he felt he was encouraging me. Maybe in more ways than one?

[Bailey pauses for a second.]

MB: You know, I never thought about this, but I think Jeremy may have known more about me than he let on. He always did seem pretty relaxed when I told him.

TL: Maybe he was trying to encourage you to stick with it because your path was available through wrestling?

MB: Maybe you're right! He was always like a father figure to me. I remember how he managed me when I first started as Michelle Bailey, he pulled me aside before my first match after he saw me for the first time. And he said, "kid, just know, you're going to have a lot of people who are going to hate you for whatever reason. You're never going to be able to change their mind, their minds are closed. You just go out there and wrestle, do your best. Whatever happens happens. But if you're doing your best, I'm always going to be proud of you." Then he gave me a big hug and told me go get 'em, and I went and got 'em.

TL: Aww! Well, you brought up your start, let's talk about your career and how it started. You debuted in November 1998 under a different, more masculine persona, but your first time truly wrestling as Michelle Bailey was in February 2000. What inspired you to make such a change?

MB: Well... Shane tore his ACL a couple of months prior, and Elias broke his arm. I was the worst of our little trio, and without those two, I needed something that was going to make me stand out more. I also needed something that would give me an edge over opponents. I mean... Theresa, you grew up in wrestling, you know this sport is just as much psychological as it is physical, right?

TL: Of course.

MB: So at the time, my physical skill wasn't where I needed it to be. I needed the psychological edge. And my inner femininity was yearning to get out. Just screaming at me, really. So I remember driving to my first match by myself, thinking I was just preliminary talent, thinking I was never going to get anywhere, and I thought... you know, maybe there's a way I can satisfy that voice screaming inside of me, as well as get that edge on my opponents.

TL: And that's how Michelle Bailey was born?

MB: That's how she was born. And maybe not born amongst the greatest of ideas, but that was how I came to be.

TL: How did your family take it?

MB: My wife hated it. I remember when I started with KCW and we moved to Knoxville, she complained the entire way, because it meant I was going to need to present in a more feminine manner as much as possible. She didn't want that. There were certain limitations she wanted to place on my wrestling career, when it came to feminine expression. But she didn't mind when my pay packets got bigger. Until we got to EMWC, anyway, and suddenly she had to explain to all of her friends why her husband was on television acting the way I was. I don't think any amount of money could help her with that one.

TL: How about the rest of your family?

MB: ... they didn't care. I think once I graduated high school and got married a year later, they kind of were like... "well, so much for YOU". I would see them on holidays and occasional Sunday dinners, but once I got signed by EMWC and that put me on the road five or six days a week, contact started falling off. Then once they noticed I was portraying what was basically a sexy nurse, it pretty much stopped.

TL: Your family hasn't spoken with you since 2001?!

MB: Yup.

TL: That's horrible!

MB: Eh. I'm better off. They were like... "if you're going to be a drag queen, we're not going to have you in our life". And I just sat there like "mom, dad, I'm not a drag queen!" But they weren't going to listen to me, especially when I had a better manicure than my wife at the time. I guess they may have had a point. With drag queens, all of that comes off. And some of that stuff didn't come off of me, because I would always say "you never know when someone might see me and want an autograph". Secretly, I didn't want to walk away from being who I was on television. Even though I always said who was on television was just me playing mind games on my opponent, it was always just me with the volume turned up really, really loud.

TL: Were you finding it hard living what was basically a double life?

MB: Oh, totally. I'd be on the road living this super femme life, even with my travelling partners. Then I'd come home to my wife, and she'd expect me to be masculine to make up for my behavior on television. Not that my behavior on television was great or anything, but she wanted the antithesis of that. I was finding it harder and harder to walk away from being who I wanted to be, which I got to be... like... 250 days a year? But then I'd come home and have to be this thing I thought I had to be, and what my wife expected of me, if only I hadn't walked into this other life.

[We fade from the pre-recorded footage back to Theresa Lynch live in the Allstate Arena.]

TL: Fans, I hope you can appreciate what we just saw... the openness of Michelle as she discussed a pretty rough start to her life and career that most of us can't even comprehend. Now, this was just Part 1 of this interview... and I encourage you all to join us on Saturday Night Wrestling in a couple of weeks when we'll present the second and final part with topics like Michelle's time in the EMWC, the past and present state of women's wrestling, and finally her thoughts on the AWA Women's Division which she'll soon be competing in. I hope you'll tune in for that. Now, let's go over to Sweet Lou who is standing by with a special guest... Lou?

[We cut to Sweet Lou Blackwell who is standing in front of a Memorial Day Mayhem X banner.]

SLB: Thank you, Theresa. Some stirring words from Michelle Bailey right there, the newest member of the AWA Women's Division... and joining me right now is the Queen of the Women's Division herself, the reigning Women's World Champion... Kurayami, come on in here.

[The Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo steps into frame, dressed for battle, the title belt slung over her shoulder. Her face is painted with a thick red bar running from temple to temple across her eyes.]

SLB: Kurayami, it has been a few weeks now since we've heard from you since you spent your time preparing for this match in your home country of Japan. What's going through your mind as you get ready to defend that title against your toughest challenge to date?

[Kurayami sneers.]

K: Fear.

[She leans away from the mic, crossing her mighty arms across her broad chest.]

SLB: Fear, did you say? Are you telling me moments before this match that you're AFRAID of Medusa Rage?

[Kurayami's lips twist into a smile... and a deep, booming laugh comes next.]

K: Not my fear. Theirs.

[Blackwell looks confused.]

SLB: I'm not here to play Twenty Questions but... who? Who are you talking about?

[Kurayami spreads a hand, waving it slowly from side to side.]

K: All of them. While I stood in Japan training, I heard Medusa speak. I heard her words. She says they... are afraid.

[Blackwell finally understands.]

SLB: Aha... you're talking about the rest of the Women's Division? Julie Somers, Ayako Fujiwara, Flores, Swift, all the others?

[Kurayami nods.]

K: She says that they fear Kurayami.

SLB: Do you disagree?

K: No.

But she sees it as their weakness... but it's their greatest strength.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I feel like we're getting nowhere here. Explain yourself!

[Kurayami sneers again.]

K: She says that they need to overcome their fears... to challenge Kurayami. She says their fear makes them weak.

No, their fear makes them wise.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Because of what you'd do to them?

[Kurayami shrugs.]

K: Ask the girl.

SLB: The girl? What... you mean Betty Chang who you put in the hospital?

[Kurayami smiles.]

K: She got off easy.

[Blackwell's jaw drops.]

SLB: Easy?! She suffered severe injuries at your hands! She just recently got out of the hospital to my understanding!

K: Does she walk?

SLB: Well, yes.

K: Does she breathe?

[Blackwell grimaces.]

SLB: Of course.

K: She got off easy. And she serves as a messenger to the others.

Go ahead... listen to Medusa... come to me...

And fill Chang's hospital bed for her.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: But what about Medusa Rage? What about your challenger tonight?

[One side of Kurayami's mouth twists up in a lopsided grin.]

K: She says it shouldn't be her. That she shouldn't be here.

For once... we agree.

You shouldn't be here, Medusa.

[She nods.]

K: You SHOULD be afraid... like the others.

You know what I'm capable of... yet you come anyways.

[Kurayami shrugs.]

K: Whether you're brave... or stupid... matters little to me.

What matters is this...

[She holds up the Women's World Title.]

K: ...and showing the rest of them that they are right to fear me.

[Blackwell interjects.]

SLB: You know, I've heard it said that the greatest antidote to fear is faith!

[A humorless chuckle.]

K: A brave man might have faith he can fly... but when he jumps off the roof, reality sets in.

To every single woman watching tonight...

[She raises a closed fist.]

K: ...welcome to your reality.

[We fade from the backstage area out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a one hour time limit and is for the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRRLLLLLLD CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer!]

[The strings session makes its first ominous pass as the Chicago fans pop at music that hasn't been played for a singles match in twenty years. The strings build to a crescendo of horns as Dvorak's "New World, 4th Movement" ushers out Medusa Rage.

The Snake steps out onto the entrance stage, looking at all the fans in attendance at the Allstate arena, soaking in the fans applause. She cracks her neck and rubs her black gloved fist with her left hand as she stares at the champion in the ring. She takes a few deep slow breaths before a slow smile spreads across her lips.]

GM: Medusa Rage making her entrance here and listen to these Chicago fans go crazy for this Hall of Famer! It's been almost twenty years since she competed in a singles match and now she's here to try to take down the champion, Kurayami!

BW: This is a match Kurayami begged her for for months before Medusa finally agreed to come out of retirement for a singles match for the title. If you ask me, she should have stayed retired because this is a near impossible task for someone who's been competing night in and night out. For someone who has basically been retired for twenty years, it IS impossible... and extremely hazardous to your health, daddy!

GM: Impossible it may be but Medusa Rage is here! She's been in training for weeks. Already in shape and active training a number of athletes we've seen compete in the AWA ring including the former Women's World Champion and Medusa's kid sister, Lauryn... but tonight, this isn't about training someone else to be the best... it's about Medusa Rage proving once more why she's the best!

BW: But there's a perfectly example, Gordo. Lauryn Rage was the Women's World Champion - on top of her game and in her prime - and Kurayami put her in a hospital bed, on a surgeon's table, and on the shelf for months - we STILL don't know when and if she's coming back. What do you think she does to someone fresh out of Lesiure World?!

[The six-two dreadlocked warrior strides down to the ring, muttering to herself, getting more and more focused with each step as she hits the ring.]

GM: You see Rage there... she's got the size to compete with Kurayami in a way that few can. She's obviously got the experience and does not wilt under the bright lights of the big stage. And perhaps the greatest weapon she's got going for her tonight, Bucky, is the Snakebite. Kurayami has been in the AWA for six months now... and in six months, only ONE move has truly been able to put her down and that's the Snakebite. Kurayami may physically overwhelm Rage but as long as she's got that Snakebite, she's got the chance of a one shot knockout... and to walk out of Chicago as the new Women's World Champion.

BW: Which she says she'll give up if she wins. Which is a lot like me saying that if Gal Gadot shows up at my hotel room after the show, I'll have to pass because I'm a gentleman.

GM: BUCKY!

BW: I'm just saying... Medusa Rage battled her entire career to win a World Title and when she got it, she walked away. Do you really think she'll do it again?

GM: I take her at her word... and because of that - more so than ever before - I think every woman in our locker room is watching this one backstage. They know what's at stake. Tomorrow, they wake up with one of two realities - they either need to get ready for a tournament for that title... or they have to step up to be the one to slay the monster.

BW: Either way, I don't envy a single one of them, Gordo, because as much as we know what Medusa Rage is capable of... we know what Kurayami is capable of as well and we know that this match is NOT going to be for the faint of heart.

[Medusa takes the ring, stripping off her black leather vest as referee Shari Miranda ushers back towards a corner. Rage nods, settling in, waiting for her opponent as her music fades...

...and is replaced by the shredding guitars that kick off Judas Priest's "Demonizer." The word "FEAR" appears on the black video screen in stark white bold font and when Rob Halford's voice kicks in, a giant burst of steam erupts from the top of the entranceway and the monster known as Kurayami strides through it to stand at the top of the ramp.]

GM: The champion has arrived in the Windy City!

BW: Put the kids to bed! Batten down the hatches! Sound the alarm! The kaiju have arrived!

[The Queen of the Kaiju stands at the top of the ramp, looking down the aisle towards the ring as the crowd jeers her arrival. The monster's pear-shaped body is covered up in layers of clothing - first a basic black wrestling leotard with black knee high boots. Over that she wears a ripped and torn t-shirt that reads "IMMOLATION" and the final layer is a black leather jacket with one large silver spike emerging from the left shoulder. The Women's World Title rests over the other shoulder... and as she slowly raises her right hand to point to the ring, she begins her march down the ramp.]

BW: So this is what impending doom feels like.

GM: Medusa Rage showing no signs of intimidation... all business as she gets ready for perhaps the fight of her life.

BW: It's a good show for Rage. Keep your face blank. Don't let 'em smell you when you soil yourself.

GM: BUCKY!

[Kurayami gets to the ring swiftly, tossing the belt over the ropes into the ring where it clatters off the canvas. The Lady of Pain grabs the middle rope, pulling herself up on the apron where she shouts something in Japanese at Rage before stepping through the ropes. She stomps across towards Rage who balls up her fists but Shari Miranda steps in, throwing herself between the two, demanding they go back to their respective corners.]

BW: Bold move by Miranda... she almost became a greasy spot in the ring.

GM: Kurayami has laid hands on Shari Miranda before... so that may be something to keep an eye on.

[Kurayami relents, backing to her corner, staring across. Her white facepaint makes her look ghostly with her black lipstick and the red band of contrasting paint across the eyes flat out terrifying. She reaches back, grabbing the ropes with both hands, pulling hard as she leans out again and again as Shari Miranda picks up the discarded belt, showing it to Rage before holding it high as Rebecca Ortiz begins again.]

RO: And now... the combatants in this Women's World Title showdown.

Introducing first... in the corner to my right...

From Port-of-Spain, Trinidad... weighing in at 200 pounds...

She is a former World Champion...

She is a Hall of Famer...

And tonight, she has one match... one shot... to climb the mountain once more...

THE SNAKE...

[Ortiz takes a deep breath.]

RO: MEEEEEDUUUUUUUUSAAAAAAA RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Another big cheer goes up from the Chicago crowd as a stoic Rage looks on, not taking her eyes off her opponent.]

RO: Annnnnnnd her opponent...

[The crowd immediately starts jeering.]

RO: From Tokyo, Japan... weighing in at 250 pounds...

The Lady of Pain...

The Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo...

The Queen of the Kaiju...

THE REIGNING... DEFENDING... WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRRRRRLD
CHAMPIONNNNN...

[Another deep breath.]

RO: KUUUUUUUUUURAAAAAAYAAAAAMIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!

[Kurayami steps from the corner, giving a monstrous growl as she thrusts her arms above her head. The fans respond with loud jeering, shouting at the bully of the AWA Women's Division as she settles in for battle. Ortiz exits the ring, leaving Shari Miranda to give final instructions to both champion and challenger.]

GM: The anticipation is high for this one, fans. It's been the talk of women's wrestling for weeks now and it's finally here. One match, one shot. Let's get it on!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Medusa sprints across the ring, leaping into the air, smashing a right hand into Kurayami's head to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: HERE! WE! GO!

[Rage leans back, rocking and firing with right hands to the head of a cornered Kurayami who seems a little surprised and overwhelmed!]

GM: Rage showing no fear of the monster! She's taking the fight to her right away!

[Kurayami reaches up with both hands, shoving Rage by the face, sending her down to the mat where she rolls right back up to her feet as Kurayami wobbles out towards her...

...and Rage buries a boot into the gut, twisting around to snatch her around the head.]

GM: SNAKEBIT-

[But Kurayami again shoves Rage away, her strength sending Rage crashing chestfirst into the buckles. The Women's World Champion goes barreling in after her...]

GM: RAGE MOVES!

[Kurayami SLAMS chestfirst at high velocity into the corner, stumbling out as Rage swoops in behind her, yanking her down into a schoolgirl rollup!]

GM: ROLLUP OUT OF THE CORNER!! ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[The powerful champion kicks out, flinging Rage away just before three as the crowd buzzes for the near fall!]

GM: Rage almost caught her, Bucky! She almost snatched this one in an instant!

[Rage scrambles up, getting to her feet before Kurayami does...]

GM: Right hand to the champion! And another! And a third!

[Kurayami is staggers as Rage looks out at the cheering crowd... and then lunges in, ducking low...]

GM: SHE'S GONNA SLAM HER!

[The 200 pound Rage actually manages to get the 250 pound Kurayami up off the mat slightly...

...but Kurayami HAMMERS her fist down into the ear of Rage, breaking up the lift.]

GM: OH! Kurayami fights her way out of it!

[She shoves Rage into the ropes and when the challenger bounces back off, Kurayami greets her with a clubbing forearm swung like a punch across the ear. She pushes her back into the ropes, opening up with hooking forearms to the head...]

GM: Right hook.. left hook... she's battering the challenger back and forth!

[Kurayami continues to pummel Rage who lifts her arms, trying to block the battering blows...

...which is when Kurayami whips around, SMASHING the back of her fist into the side of Rage's face, a blow that sends the challenger falling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Spinning backfist connects and down goes Rage to the floor!

BW: Uh oh! Kurayami is going out after her.

[Ignoring a protesting Miranda, Kurayami steps out to the apron before dropping to the floor. She walks right over to Rage who is struggling to get up off the floor, snatching her by the hair...]

GM: Hands full of dreadlocked hair and-

[The crowd groans as Kurayami delivers a skull-cracking headbutt to the back of Rage's head...]

GM: Headbutt!

[...and again...]

GM: A second headbutt!

[...and again...]

GM: A third headbutt! Medusa Rage is on Dream Street and less than two minutes into this match, she's in dire straits, fans!

[Kurayami swings her around, looping an arm around her head and one under her arm...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...and HURLS Rage through the air in a biel throw onto the announce table, Gordon and Bucky just barely scurrying away before a flying Rage lands upon them!

There's silence from our announcers as Kurayami strides over to the table, pushing Rage down...

...and SLAMS a clubbing forearm down across the chest!]

GM: Fans... Bucky, can you hear me?

BW: I hear ya, pal... but I'm staying away from this mess.

GM: I can't blame you for that. Kurayami inflicting violence upon her challenger right out here by us... another forearm down across the chest...

[Kurayami turns, shouting something in Japanese at Gordon who holds his hands up.]

GM: Hey, hey... I want no trouble here.

BW: Jeez, was it something he said?

[The Lady of Pain drags Rage off the table, flinging her under the bottom rope as the referee continues her count.]

GM: Kurayami putting Rage back in, trying to avoid the countout.

[The champion again turns towards Gordon Myers, shouting at him in Japanese.]

GM: Look, I'm not your opponent here! You better stay focused on her or-

[As Kurayami starts to say something else, she gets DRILLED with two feet to the side of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: SHE'S SAAAAAFE!

GM: Baseball slide by Rage caught the distracted Kurayami!

[Rage leans through the ropes, dragging Kurayami up onto the apron by the mohawk. She grabs a front facelock...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: There's no way she can pull this off, Gordo! She couldn't slam her a few moments ago - now she thinks she can suplex her?!

[But instead, Rage twists to the side, hooking the head like for her Snakebite...

...and DROPS down to her tailbone, snapping Kurayami's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: Ohhh! That one stunned the champion!

[Kurayami stays on the apron, hanging onto the ropes as Rage nods her head confidently, leaning over to grab a handful of mohawk...

...and runs down the length of the ropes, dragging Kurayami with her to SLAM her head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Oh! Headfirst to the corner... and now Kurayami is in trouble, Bucky! She's out on her feet on the apron!

[Rage backs off, running to the far ropes, rebounding back and running alongside the ropes...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[Kurayami stumbles back under the impact, slumping against the ringpost out on the apron...

...which is when Rage steps out on the other side of the ringpost, reaching over it to grab Kurayami by the arm...]

GM: What on Earth does the challenger have in mind here, fans?

[Gripping Kurayami by the wrist, Rage raises her arm high into the air..

...and SLAMS it down on the metal part between the turnbuckle and the post!]

GM: OHHH!

[With a loud shout, Kurayami drops off the apron to the floor, clutching her elbow in pain as she stumbles away from Rage who drops down as well, chasing after her.]

GM: Kurayami looked like she was looking for some recovery time but Rage isn't gonna give it to her, fans!

[Rage catches up to the champion, snatching the arm she just attacked, twisting around...

...and SLAMS the elbow down over her own shoulder!]

GM: OHH!

[Again, Kurayami wobbles away, clutching her elbow in pain as Rage nods to the cheering crowd.]

GM: Rage continuing to attack the arm - the elbow - of Kurayami and this match is not going according to plan for the Women's World Champion, Bucky.

BW: I don't think she expected - I don't think ANYONE expected Medusa Rage to come out this strong this fast. Kurayami is used to controlling the pace of the match and right now, this is running too quick in Rage's direction for the champion.

[Grabbing the arm again, Rage gives a sweep of her arm towards the crowd who scurry...]

GM: LOOK OUT HERE!

[...and sends Kurayami racing towards the ringside barricade with an Irish whip.]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[The champion SLAMS into the barricade, her arms hanging onto it to stay on her feet!]

GM: Good grief! A big-time whip into the railing - and Shari Miranda is demanding this match get back inside the ring, fans.

[Rage grabs the champion by the mohawk, dragging her back towards the ring where she muscles her up onto the apron, shoving her back inside.]

GM: Rage puts Kurayami back in... and Kurayami is down on the canvas for the first time in a long time.

[The challenger climbs up on the apron, obviously breathing a little heavy as she looks in.]

BW: Some signs of fatigue there on the part of the challenger. We've said it before, Gordo... you can do all the Stairmaster and treadmill running you want, it ain't the same as ring cardio

GM: It might explain the desire of Rage to get this over with as quickly as possible. The quick pace is to her early advantage but if she can't finish off the champion, that tide may turn quickly the other way.

[Rage slips through the ropes, delivering a stomp on Kurayami who is trying to get up off the mat. A second one lands as Kurayami gets to all fours.]

GM: The champion trying to get to her feet but Rage has other ideas... clubbing forearms down across the back now...

BW: But they're not working, Gordo! Kurayami is taking them all and she's STILL getting up!

[Rage throws a surprised look at the champion before dashing to the ropes again, bouncing back off...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[But the impactful clothesline does little to faze the Queen of the Kaiju who simply sneers, waving for her to do it again.]

GM: Rage to the ropes a second time...

[And throws another big clothesline that bounces off the chest of the Women's World Champion who shakes her head, starting to laugh.]

"AGAIN!"

[Rage bites at her lower lip before obliging, hitting the ropes, bouncing back towards Kurayami who steps forward, swinging her own massive arm...]

GM: LARIAT DUCKED!

[Rage hits the far ropes, rebounding back, and throwing herself shoulderfirst into the back of Kurayami's knee with a clip!]

GM: OHH! Rage goes downstairs with the clip!

BW: First the arm... now the leg... Rage is trying to physically break down the Women's World Champion, Gordo!

[As Kurayami slips to a knee, Rage storms around in front of her, snatching a front facelock...]

GM: She's going for a suplex!

[But as she reaches to grab Kurayami's arm, the Lady of Pain wraps her massive arms around Rage's form...

...and FLINGS her across the ring, bouncing her off the canvas with a released Northern Lights Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Sheer power on the part of the champion!

BW: Rage bounced off the mat like one of those little rubber balls you used to get out of the machines at the drug store!

[Kurayami sits up on the mat, a sneer on her face as the crowd jeers the Women's World Champion. She is slow to get up, shaking out her knee a bit as she does.]

GM: The champion is on her feet, backing into the corner now... eyes on Rage as the challenger struggles to get back up as well...

[Kurayami extends an arm, shouting "UP!" as she gestures upwards.]

GM: Kurayami obviously has something in mind here... waiting for Rage... sizing her up like a predator with her prey...

[And as Rage gets up, wobbling in a circle, Kurayami rushes forward, leaping into the air...]

GM: DROPKICK!

[...and BURIES both feet into the chest of Rage, sending her rocketing backwards into the corner where she SLAMS against the buckles before slumping down to sit on the mat!]

GM: Shotgun dropkick straight to the heart of Rage!

BW: Gordo, a woman that size shouldn't be able to move that quick!

GM: Kurayami defies expectations every time she steps into that ring, Bucky... and now with Rage trapped in the corner, you start to wonder if the end may be near for the Hall of Famer.

[Climbing to her feet again, Kurayami walks to the corner, planting her boot on the throat of Rage who is struggling to get up.]

GM: That's a choke, ref!

[The referee starts a five count immediately as Kurayami strangles the air out of Rage...

...and then flips off the jeering crowd for good measure. We see it for an instant before a camera cuts to the crowd itself.]

GM: We apologize for that, fans. There's no excuse for an AWA competitor to disrespect the fans that way.

[At the count of four and change, Kurayami breaks off the choke, dragging Rage to her feet, rocketing her across the ring to the opposite corner where Kurayami charges in after him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS OF RAMPAGING WORLD CHAMPION JUST CRUSHES MEDUSA RAGE, THE HALL OF FAMER, IN THE CORNER!

[Kurayami steps back, watching with disdain as Rage melts in the corner, flopping facefirst down to the canvas at her feet.]

GM: An absolutely devastating attack there... and this could be it for the challenger.

[With the toe of her boot, Kurayami flips Rage onto her back, sinking to her knees to apply a lax cover.]

GM: Kurayami covers for one! She gets two! She gets... only a two count off the avalanche.

BW: Medusa Rage ain't a Hall of Famer for charm, Gordo. She's tough and she's proving that she may not have the strength of her prime... she may not have the stamina of her prime... but she's got the guts... she's got the determination... and she's got the resilience to take a licking and keep on ticking here in Chi-Town, daddy!

[Kurayami glares up at Miranda who backpedals out of reach, holding up two fingers insistently. The champion slowly rises, throwing a harsh word or two in Japanese in Miranda's direction before she leans down, hauling a limp Rage to her feet by the dreadlocked hair, scooping her up and slamming her down on the canvas.]

GM: Scoop and a mighty slam by the champion...

[The champion takes aim, leaps up with a "HUUUUUUU!", and drops a massive elbow down across the chest of the challenger!]

GM: Big elbowdrop by the 250 pounder... and rolls right into a cover.

[Another two count follows before Rage kicks out to cheers from the Chicago crowd.]

GM: Another two count... and again, Medusa Rage showing that heart... showing those guts as she avoids defeat. One match. One shot. And she's is NOT throwing away her shot, Bucky.

BW: Unfortunately for her... she may not live to see her glory... and she might not like the reason they tell the story of tonight.

[Kurayami sneers at Miranda again as she gets back to her feet, eyeballing the downed Rage. She raises her arm, lifting her thumb and pointing it down towards Rage to the jeers of the crowd...]

GM: I think she's going for that big splash, fans! The big splash that once hospitalized Miyuki Ozaki!

[The 250 pounder backs into the ropes, bouncing off, leaping into the air...]

GM: BIG SPLAAAAAAAASH!

[...but Rage rolls clear as Kurayami CRASHES down on the canvas!]

GM: SHE MISSED! SHE MISSED!

[The crowd ROARS at the missed splash as Rage rolls over to her hands and knees, crawling towards Kurayami!]

GM: Rage is trying to take advantage of it! Crawling on all fours towards her... giving everything she's got to flip her over...

[The Hall of Famer dives across Kurayami's torso.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP! KURAYAMI SAVES THE TITLE!

[Rage rolls to a sitting position, burying her head in her hands.]

GM: Rage thought she might've had it won there...

[We cut to the backstage area where we see several competitors in the Women's Division crowded around a large monitor, reacting to what they see on the screen. A quick glimpse shows us Julie Somers, Victoria June, Trish Wallace, Margarita Flores, Kelly Kowalski, Kayla Cristol, and several others.]

GM: And there you can see other members of the Women's Division looking on with great interest. Of course, a lot at stake for all of them as this battle continues for the Women's World Title.

[We cut back to the ring where Rage climbs to her feet, breathing heavily as she looks down on Kurayami, trying to figure out her next move.]

BW: Gordo, look at Rage there. She's lost in there. She's six foot two, two hundred pounds and used to overpowering anyone she gets in the ring with. She can't do that tonight. And with every tick of the hand on the clock, she knows she's running out of gas and she knows she's running out of time to find a way to win this match and the Women's World Title.

GM: Rage leaning down, wrapping up her hands in the hair of Kurayami, dragging the Queen of Kaiju to her feet...

[In the center of the ring, Rage hauls Kurayami up, throwing a boot into her midsection...]

GM: SNAKEBITE!

[...but again, Kurayami shoves her off to the ropes, bringing her bouncing strongly off...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and into a DEVASTATING lariat that wipes out Rage!]

BW: THE HARDEST LARIAT IN ALL OF WOMEN'S WRESTLING, DADDY!

GM: Try telling that to Margarita Flores! But Kurayami connects... and covers!

[Miranda dives to count, the crowd counting along with her.]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! RAGE SURVIVES! RAGE LIVES TO KEEP FIGHTING!

[And this time, Kurayami springs up with a "WHAAAAAAT?!" aimed at Miranda who again scampers backwards, holding up two fingers.]

GM: Two count only! It was very close but only a two count...

BW: Now she's done it though, Gordo! Now Kurayami is burning mad!

[The Lady of Pain snaps her head back towards Rage who has rolled over onto her chest, trying to get her arms underneath her to push to her feet...

...and Kurayami gives her an assist, snatching a handful of hair, dragging the limp Rage to her feet...

...and right into the standing headscissors!]

GM: SHE'S GOT HER! WE'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE!

[The crowd is buzzing as she drags Rage out to mid-ring, staring out at the jeering crowd...]

"SHIIIIIII-NEEEEEEE!"

[...and lifts Rage up into the air, flipping her over...]

GM: HINOTAMA!

[...but Rage hangs on at the top of the lift, peppering some right hands into the skull of Kurayami!]

GM: RAGE IS FIGHTING IT!

[And she slips out, landing on her feet in front of the champion!]

GM: Kick downstairs... SNAKEBITE!

[But again Kurayami shoves her off, sending her into the ropes where she bounces off...

...and LEAPS into the air, toppling Kurayami with a Fierro Press!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS!

[Grabbing Kurayami by the hair, Rage SLAMS the back of her head into the canvas repeatedly as the Chicago crowd roars!]

GM: Taking a page out of Victoria June's playbook!

BW: Where the heck do you think June learned it?!

[With Kurayami in a daze, Rage pulls off, giving a shout to the crowd who roar in response. She circles around Kurayami as the champion stirs off the mat, waving her hand, begging the champion to rise...]

GM: I think she's going for the Snakebite again!

BW: If she hits it, she'll-

GM: Kick downstairs!

[She twists around, snatching Kurayami around the head and neck again...

...but this time, instead of throwing her forward, Kurayami lifts her up and DUMPS her violently down on the back of the head and neck!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BACKDROP DRIIIIIIVERRRRRRRRR!

[Kurayami scrambles up, throws one glance at Rage who is motionless on the canvas.]

GM: Kurayami with the cov- no, where is she going?!

[The Women’s World Champion stomps to the corner, stepping up to the second rope as the crowd begins to buzz...]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: She’s going up top!

GM: Rage is down! Kurayami... TO THE TOP ROPE!

[The Queen of Kaiju looks around at the buzzing crowd...

...and HURLS herself backwards, flipping through the air, and CRUSHES THE MOTIONLESS RAGE UNDERNEATH HER!]

BW: MOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLT!

GM: COVER!

[Miranda dives to the mat as Kurayami pushes up, her tongue sticking out as she growls...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd groans dejectedly at the sound of the bell as Kurayami pushes up to a knee, staring down at her beaten foe.]

GM: What a battle between one of the finest female competitors this sport has even known and the current Women’s World Champion... and STILL Women’s World Champion for that matter.

[Kurayami climbs to her feet as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner... and STILL AWA WOMEN’s WORRRRRRRRRLLLLLD CHAMMMMPIONNNNN...

KUUUUURRRRRRAAAAYAAAAAMIIIIIII!

[Shari Miranda hands the title belt to Kurayami who thrusts it triumphantly in the air as the crowd continues to jeer. The referee quickly gets away from the champion who bellows towards the fans.]

“STILL THE CHAMP! STILL THE BEST IN THE WORLD!”

[Kurayami stands over Rage, lifting her foot to plant on her chest.]

"THE QUEEN IS DEAD! ALL HAIL THE QUEEN!"

[The boos intensify as Kurayami poses over the fallen Hall of Famer.]

GM: Oh, come on! That's enough! Get off her!

[At some insistent shouts from Shari Miranda, Kurayami lifts her foot and allows Rage to roll away from her.]

BW: That moonsault was something else, Gordo. 250 pounds flipping off that top rope right down on the chest. There was absolutely no getting up from that. Not one bit.

GM: It was academic at that point, I'm afraid. A big win for Kurayami - a successful title defense against one of the all-time greats... but what about the effort put in by Medusa Rage, Bucky?

BW: It was impressive. She gave it her all. Her first singles match in twenty years and yeah, she came close. She could've been the Women's World Champion if things had gone her direction but Kurayami is a force of nature in there.

[Kurayami lifts the title one more time before exiting the ring, dropping to the floor where she starts to make her way back up the ramp.]

GM: Kurayami said she wanted to use Medusa Rage to show the women of the AWA their reality... what would happen to any of them who decided to choke down their fear and step up to the Lady of Pain.

BW: Mission accomplished if you ask me.

[Kurayami continues her way up the ramp as Shari Miranda helps Medusa Rage to a sitting position. The Hall of Famer cradles her ribs, wincing as Miranda offers to give her a hand up.]

GM: Rage coming to her feet... these fans coming to their feet now as well, paying tribute to the Hall of Famer.

[Cheers and clapping abound as Rage tries to force a smile, waving a hand gingerly to the roaring Chicago crowd.]

GM: One match, one shot is what it was... and now, I expect this is the final time we'll see Medusa Rage inside a professional wrestling ring to compete... and yeah, I think these fans have the right idea, Bucky.

BW: Oh, sit down, Gordo!

[The camera cuts to various shots in the crowd, showing men, women, and children alike cheering Rage who waves again, the smile more genuine this time. A final cut shows Gordon Myers on his feet clapping...]

GM: A very special moment here in Chicago for one of the greatest of all-time - Medusa Rage and-

[The camera cuts to the top of the aisle where Kurayami is standing, watching with a sour expression on her face...

...and she starts stomping down the ramp!]

BW: Uh oh!

GM: What is she...?

[Kurayami rolls back into the ring, coming to her feet as the referee bails out...

...and Kurayami RUNS DOWN Medusa Rage with a clothesline!]

GM: OHH! KURAYAMI ATTACKS AGAIN! She couldn't allow Medusa Rage to have this moment, Bucky! She just couldn't stand it!

BW: Right now, it's Rage who ain't standing, Gordo!

[Kurayami puts the boots to Rage for a few moments, violently stomping her into the canvas...

...and then pulls her up, right into a standing headscissors. The crowd is screaming now, begging Kurayami to stop.]

BW: Someone call up Da Kid! She's about to get a roommate!

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this! Somebody's gotta stop her!

BW: Who, Gordo? Who's gonna do it? After what we just saw, who the hell can stop Kurayami?!

[And suddenly, the crowd's buzz of concern turns to a buzz of surprise as a spotlight hits the top of the stage...]

GM: Is that...?!

[The camera cuts to show exactly who it is.]

GM: XENIA SONOVA?!

BW: She's gonna stop Kurayami?! She was one of her first victims!

[Kurayami shoves Medusa Rage aside as she spots Sonova, a big smile on her face...]

GM: Sonova was put in the hospital by Kurayami months ago!

[Kurayami looks down the aisle at Sonova, waving for her to come forward...

...and she does, walking with purpose down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Hey, look... I appreciate the guts being shown by Xenia Sonova right here, Bucky, but I'm not sure this is a good idea!

BW: I KNOW it's not. Sonova's a tough competitor but Kurayami sent her to the hospital once already in a one-on-one match! What's she gonna do this time?

[Sonova draws to a halt at the ring, looking up at Kurayami.]

BW: Sonova thinks she's gonna take down Kurayami? Her and what army?!

[Sonova smiles at Kurayami, turning slightly... and points down the aisle...

...and a big cheer goes up at the sight of Kelly Kowalski, Sasha Ocean, Trish Wallace, Kayla Cristol, and Harley Hamilton walking into view.]

GM: Well, well, well...

BW: What the heck?!

GM: It looks like Kurayami might just have a problem on her hands!

BW: This is... there's a whole bunch of them!

GM: Yes there are! The AWA Women's Division has come to represent... and they're here to show Kurayami that they're not afraid of her! Not anymore! Medusa Rage has shown them that this is a fight worth taking... that fear cannot keep you from fighting for your dreams!

BW: Medusa Rage just showed them that being brave gets you beat up!

[The five women reach ringside, fanning out around Sonova who grins at Kurayami who looks surprised but unfazed, waving them into the ring...

...which is when all six women turn to point up the aisle.]

GM: Wait a second!

[The crowd gets louder as we see another wave of female superstars coming down the aisle: The Serpentine, Margarita Flores, Skylar Swift still stained green on her gear, Molly Bell, and Victoria June.]

GM: Now THIS is getting interesting!

BW: No! No it's not! This is not getting interesting!

[Kurayami arches an eyebrow as the new group reaches ringside, trading some high fives as they fan out around the ring, almost like a lumberjill match is about to go down.]

GM: The ring is surrounded! Kurayami is out there in that ring and she's surrounded!

[The Lady of Pain is defiant though, holding up the title belt, pointing to it. She sets it down on the mat, pointing again and waving for people to come for it.]

BW: Kurayami's willing to fight them all! She'll take 'em all on, Gordo!

GM: She might but-

[And then all of the assembled women around the ring point down the aisle and a HUUUUUGE ROAR goes up at the sight of Julie Somers and a limping Ayako Fujiwara as they stride into view.]

GM: OH MY! THE SPITFIRE! THE GOLD MEDALIST!

[The duo makes their way down the ramp, Kurayami suddenly looking a little more concerned. Her head darts back and forth, looking perhaps for a way out of this fight as the two most popular women in the company join their sisters at ringside. Somers puts a hand on the shoulder of Sonova, smiling up at Kurayami who is pacing now, pounding a fist into her chest, ready to fight any... and all... if needed...

...but she's so wound up, she fails to notice a sneaky little kitty crawl under the bottom rope, hop up to her feet, and with a loud "ROWWWWR!" jump onto Kurayami's back, trying to dig her claws into her eyes!]

GM: MOLLY BELL! MOLLY BELL!

[The crowd ROARS for the sneak attack as Kurayami flails about, trying to shake her loose...]

GM: MOLLY BELL STRIKES AND-

[Kurayami reaches over her shoulder, grabbing Bell by the hair, and FLINGS her down to the canvas before planting a stiff boot into the ribs, sending her rolling back out of the ring...]

"MORE! WHO WANTS MORE?!"

[The shout summons one such competitor who dives under the ropes, coming to her feet, and rushes right at Kurayami!]

GM: KOWALSKI WANTS A PIECE OF THE CHAMPION!

BW: She wants a piece of EVERYONE! She's always willing to fight!

[A thunderstorm of haymakers washes over the champion, catching her a little offguard as she stumbles backwards. Kowalski grabs the arm, looking for an Irish whip but it gets reversed...]

GM: She shoots Kowalski in instead and...

[Leaping into the air, Kurayami clashes her arms together on Kowalski's ears, knocking her down to the canvas...]

...but before she can even say or do anything else, the Serpentes hit the ring, attacking the champion from behind!]

GM: Mamba's in! Copperhead is in!

BW: And this is personal for them, Gordo. They both trained at the Age of Rage academy and-

[The Serpentes back Kurayami into a corner, trying to overwhelm her with battering strikes. They each grab an arm, whipping her across to the opposite side...]

...and she bounces off the buckles, running right over them both with a huuuuuge double clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY!

BW: WHO ELSE?! WHO ELSE WANTS A PIECE OF THE CHAMP?!

[And the crowd begins to buzz loudly as that tall drink of water, Margarita Flores, swings a leg over the top rope, stepping in to stare down Kurayami. The champion holds her ground, not backing down from the La Feria, Texas native...]

GM: Listen to this crowd! Listen to these women at ringside, cheering on Flores!

[Flores and Kurayami stare one another down, flashbulbs firing just before Kurayami lashes out with a right hand... and another... and a third backs her into the ropes...]

GM: Kurayami pounding Flores back to the ropes...

[But as she winds up again, Flores lifts an arm to block...]

GM: Blocked!

[The crowd ROARS as Flores rocks and fires, lacing right hands into the skull of the 250 pound champion!]

GM: FLORES HAS HER ROCKED! FLORES HAS HER ROCKED!

[With a shout, Kurayami swings a knee up into Flores' gut, doubling her up. She grabs an arm, whipping her to the ropes...]

GM: Flores bounces off.. ducks the lariat...

[With a ton of speed, Flores comes off the far side, drawing her arm back...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with an impactful lariat of her own that lifts Kurayami off her feet and DUMPS her down on the canvas to a EARSPLITTING ROAR!]

GM: FLORES DROPS HER! THE MIGHTY MARGARITA PUTS HER DOWN!

[Flores lets loose a colorful shout of enthusiasm that has to be muted as Kurayami rolls under the ropes to the floor, obviously stunned at being knocked down by one shot...

...but finds herself being rolled back into the ring by Sasha Ocean, Kayla Cristol, Harley Hamilton, and Trish Wallace!]

GM: SHE GOT PUT BACK IN!

BW: WHAT?! WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF THEIRS TO DO THAT?!

[Kurayami hops up, spitting mad as she shouts at them...

...and misses Julie Somers come leaping off the top rope, connecting with a dropkick that knocks Kurayami ass over teakettle across the ring!]

GM: OH MY! THE SPITFIRE CONNECTS!

[Kurayami rolls out the other side, waving a hand at the ring...

...and turns right into Xenia Sonova, Skylar Swift, Victoria June, and Ayako Fujiwara blocking her exit.]

GM: UH OH!

[Shaking her head, Kurayami raises her hands, telling them that her fight isn't with them...

...and rolls back inside the ring, still looking at them as she backpedals in, completely unaware that someone is waiting for her...]

GM: MEDUSA IS UP! MEDUSA IS UP!

[...and as Kurayami staggers in a circle, she gets a boot to the gut, a quick hook, and...]

GM: SNAKEBITE! AND KURAYAMI IS DOWN!

[The stunning blow leaves the Women's World Champion laid out on the canvas as Rage gets up with a grin, looking around the assembled women around her. She nods her head approvingly, clutching a fist to her heart as she mouths "thank you" to them all.]

GM: What a moment, fans! What a moment! Medusa Rage called them out... and the women of the AWA have ANSWERED! THE! CALL!

[The crowd is roaring for the women of the AWA as Medusa Rage stands over the prone Kurayami, her arms raised by Julie Somers and Xenia Sonova...

...and we fade to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: An incredible scene out there in the ring, fans... it's been a wild night all night here in Chicago and we've still got three big matches to come. But what about that Rumble earlier? The Masked Outlaw taking home the win and the future shot at the World Title... but a lot of people online are talking about something else that went down in the Rumble. The appearance of Max Magnum and his utter dominance in that ring... before he eliminated himself?! What gives, Max?! Well, as it turns out, we didn't have to wait long for an answer because as Max Magnum and his manager "Hotshot" Stevie Scott were leaving the building, they posted a video on the Internet... it was trending in mere minutes... to explain their actions. Let's take a look.

[We fade as a shaky, unfocused picture opens the frame, shortly giving way to a clearer image from the smartphone held in the hand of one of the people in the frame.

"Hotshot" Stevie Scott.

Standing ominously behind him is the man whose AWA mega-show debut did not disappoint, Max Magnum. The Modern Day Man of Steel glares downward at the camera/phone as Stevie settles the shakiness, then begins in a bit of a hushed tone.]

HSS: They've got questions, Max.

Why in the hell did Max Magnum eliminate himself from the Rumble and cost himself a chance for a shot at the AWA World Title?

[Stevie tilts his head to the right.]

HSS: They don't get it, Max. They don't understand.

[Magnum actually acknowledges something for once as he shakes his head in agreement with his advisor.]

HSS: They don't understand that we have a plan for everything we do. First, the plan for Calisto Dufresne.

Embarrass him. Expose him. Eliminate him.

And Max did that... expertly and emphatically.

[A pause.]

HSS: The plan for the Rumble was, likewise, quite simple.

Enter. Destroy. Leave.

"But Stevie, he could have won it! He could have earned a match for the World Title!"

[Magnum's advisor pauses again, stifling a laugh.]

HSS: Rest assured, when the time comes for Max Magnum to become the AWA World Champion? He will take it by force, and whoever holds that belt... be it Johnny Detson, be it Ryan Martinez, be it Jack Lynch, Supernova, Maxim Zharkov...

Whoever holds it at that time will... not... stop him.

But the time has not yet come.

[Stevie shakes his head as Magnum's intense glare remains unchanged.]

HSS: An expert poker player always holds his cards close to his chest. Although...

[A glance over his shoulder at Magnum.]

HSS: We did show one card a little earlier than planned tonight.

The assault on Dave Bryant? That's my fault. Because you cannot expect to take a man like Max Magnum, a man who thrives on hearing bones crack and bodies crumble... you cannot expect him to leave so soon after getting a mere taste of the destruction he so desperately craved.

So someone feel free to get the word to the old Doctor of Love...the attack he suffered tonight?

Not random.

[Finally, Stevie lets loose a little smile...]

HSS: All part of the plan.

[...and pulls the camera phone closer to his face.]

HSS: Your grand return to the AWA will be just as much of a bust as it was for Calisto Dufresne, Mr. Former World Champ. And that's not a threat...

...that is a GUARANTEE.

[Promptly cut to black.]

And we fade back up backstage where we find Colt Patterson standing between the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers is to Patterson's right and dressed in his wrestling attire, a navy blue singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in white lettering, with navy blue knee pads and wrestling boots. Daniel Harper is to Patterson's left, and he wears similar attire, but his singlet, knee pads and wrestling boots are white and the lettering is navy blue.]

CP: In just a few moments, we're about to see the World Tag Team Title match! It's no count out, no disqualification, and certainly no excuses about the result! And I'm here with Next Gen, who will be the challengers to the World Tag Team Champions, and in my opinion, the front runners for the Tag Team of the Year for 2017, System Shock!

[Somers' expression remains stoic, but Harper glares at Patterson. That seems to catch Patterson's attention.]

CP: Daniel Harper, I get the sense you take exception to my opinion! Let me remind you that, two weeks ago, you were proclaiming that System Shock was going to be crying in their Mooselips Beer because they lost the belts to Next Gen! The way I see it, you seem to be looking too far ahead, perhaps right past System Shock!

DH: You really think that, Colt? It's called confidence, and believe me, Howie and I have all the confidence in the world that we can get the job done tonight! Let's not forget that System Shock hasn't beaten us yet, even if they still have the belts!

CP: That may be true, Harper, but I always remind everyone that the challenger has to beat the champion -- the champion doesn't have to beat the challenger! And while you might have a mark in the win column, I say you haven't actually beaten System Shock yet!

DH: You can talk about how the champion doesn't have to beat the challenger all you want! Now, that's not disputing what you say, but I look at it like this: If the champion can't beat the challenger, then maybe the champion isn't as good as people think! Or better yet, if System Shock can't beat us, then maybe System Shock isn't as good as they think -- or not worthy of being the Tag Team of the Year like you think they are!

CP: You want to question my opinion, Harper? The way I see it, if you want to prove me wrong, you have to win the gold!

DH: And that's what we're going to do, Colt!

HS: [holds up his hand] Daniel...

DH: System Shock isn't going to have any more excuses after tonight!

HS: [stepping close to Harper] Daniel, that's enough...

DH: And, for that matter, you aren't going to have excuses, Colt, about who should be Tag Team of the Year when...

HS: [grabbing Harper's shoulder] Daniel, calm down!

[That causes Harper and Patterson to look at Somers.]

HS: Daniel, you've had your say. Let me take it from here.

[Harper stares at Somers, takes a deep breath and nods. Patterson turns to Somers.]

CP: If you want your say, Howie Somers, then I'll let you have your say. But let's start with this: Derrick Williams had you pinned in that tag team title match four weeks ago. He showed that System Shock is more than capable of beating you and your partner. Do you deny that he had you down for the count?

HS: I deny nothing, Colt. He had me down, I will admit it.

But let's not forget another important detail: Before he put me down, he hit the referee. And if we're being honest, Colt, at that point, the match was over. Nothing else mattered after that, even if we got a pinfall later.

So I stand by what I said two weeks ago: Derrick Williams had his opportunity and he screwed it up. That's on him.

Tonight, he gets his chance to redeem himself, along with his partner, Riley Hunter. But the same goes for us. We get our chance to prove that we have what it takes to not just get a moral victory over the two of you, but a victory that will be legit.

Just like the Masked Outlaw got the win in the Rumble tonight.

CP: I figured you might bring up the Rumble, Howie Somers. After all, Derrick Williams was a last minute entrant. And before you think I'll say anything about him having to wrestle twice in one night, I see it this way -- Derrick Williams wants to show he can compete in the Rumble and still have enough left to win this match coming up! What do you have to say about that?

HS: I'll give Williams credit for his showing in the Rumble. However, while your opinion is noted, some might say that Williams has bitten off more than he can chew.

But you made your choice, Williams. Now you have to live with it. And so do you, Riley Hunter. Your partner made his decision, and as Colt said, there will be no excuses tonight.

Not about count outs. Not about disqualifications. Not about Williams wrestling twice in a night. Not about the last time we met. Not even about the special enforcer.

You made your decisions and we made ours -- now we all have to live with them. As Colt said, no excuses.

[Somers motions to Harper, but Patterson holds up his hand.]

CP: One more question, Somers. You brought up the special enforcer. You said that System Shock will have no excuses about that. But that special enforcer hasn't even been announced. What if it turns out to be someone who... let's say, is someone you would claim to have an agenda for tonight's match?

[Harper glares at Patterson again, but Somers holds up his hand.]

HS: You're right that the special enforcer hasn't been announced. If you believe that it might be someone who Javier Castillo favors, I wouldn't disagree. In fact, I can't say it isn't somebody who favors System Shock.

But if System Shock, or Javier Castillo, or anyone else -- even you, Colt Patterson -- thinks that we're going to be intimidated and denied our opportunity to win the World Tag Team Titles tonight, because of whoever the special enforcer may be, I have just two words to say.

[He looks at the camera, a hard stare on his face.]

HS: Like hell!

[He motions again to Harper, who nods, then follow Somers off the interview set.]

CP: I'll give Next Gen this -- they are confident, but perhaps maybe a little too confident! I'm still betting on my choice for Tag Team of the Year! Now, let's hear what the champs have to say!

[A flash of the ACCESS 365 logo goes by as we cut to a locker room somewhere in the Allstate Arena where we see "The American Ninja" Riley Hunter pacing irritably. An AWA World Tag Team Title belt rests on either of his shoulders, "Mooselips Drink Sips" branded across the t-shirt he wears. He looks up as entering

the picture, in his gear and holding an ice pack over his lower neck is "The Future"
Derrick Williams]

DW: Now Ri, let me explain...

[Hunter stands up, looking less than pleased]

RH: What... what was that? Duke? You say you're just stepping out for a breath of fresh air, and all of a sudden I hear "Radioactive" in the middle of the Rumble?

[Williams raises his hands, begging off.]

DW: Now Ri, Castillo approached me with this about an hour ago and I took him up on it. It was a business decision, looking out for our future - the group, you, me, and Max. And it would've worked if it wasn't for Ohara, but still, I got a lot of good out of it.

[Hunter shakes his head angrily/]

RH: But c'mon, we got a title match in like, ten minutes and you just did twenty five and got slammed around, Harper and Somers are fresh.

[Williams waves a dismissive hand.]

DW: I'm fine, Ri... we had them dead to rights last time, and no one gets past us more than once. We're good. I'll be fine by bell time.

[Williams puts down the ice pack and picks up his Title belt, starting to put it on as Hunter continues.]

RH: Dude, we can't use the same tricks on them twice. They've got our scent, Duke. We can't go out and wrestle the same match against them we did last month. And, what? The World Tag Team Championship suddenly isn't good enough for you?

[Williams jabs a finger in the air at his partner.]

DW: You know this, Ri! There's no harm in doing a little extracurricular stuff to improve your brand. I don't know about you, but President Castillo owes me a favor, and that's as good as gold. And hey, what's this I hear about him just GIVING you the Steal the Spotlight contract, Riley?

[Hunter shakes his head, waving a hand at Williams.]

RH: We just talked, is all. It was said half-jokingly.

[Williams nods.]

DW: Well, someone wanted to leak that. We're on top, second only to El Presidente's Monster Army themselves, but people forgot who we are. We need to take steps to remind them. Building blocks, we set a foundation, get some favors, and once we rid ourselves of Next Gen and Ohara, we move on to bigger things.

[Williams grabs his ring coat from a nearby locker.]

DW: Trust me Ri, first we secure these...

[He pats the belt on his waist.]

DW: ...we secure that Mooselips deal, we make sure we keep a thankful President on our side, get your STS Case, Max keeps the National Title, and everything still keeps coming up Axis. Trust me Ri, I got this all under control.

[Hunter's eyes dart left and right, a confused look on his face.]

RH: So... System Shock is fine, is what you're saying?

DW: [without even looking at Hunter] Yeah, we're fine.

[Hunter takes a long second to drink the conversation in. He is clearly analyzing every detail.

Then he exhales and the tension is gone.]

RH: Ha! That's a relief! C'mon, Duke! We got a couple Participation Trophy award winners to humiliate!

[Williams smirks.]

DW: Right behind you.

[And with another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we're back in the arena. More specifically, we're back in the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a one hour time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer!]

RO: If the champions get themselves counted out or disqualified, they will LOSE the World Tag Team Titles!

[Another big cheer!]

RO: And first... he is the SPECIAL GUEST ENFORCER...

[The opening riff of "I Am The Law" by Anthrax is heard over the PA as the entranceway is bathed in white light.]

#Fifteen years in the academy#
#He was like no cadet they'd ever seen#
#A man so hard, his veins bleed ice#
#And when he speaks he never says it twice#

RO: ...JOHHHHHHHHNNNN LAAAAAAAAAAAAAW!

[The song really kicks in as the hulking form of John Law steps out from behind the curtain at the top of the entranceway. He stands with his arms across his chest, shaking his head slowly before slowly making his way down the ramp.]

GM: John Law on his way to the ring... one of the toughest superstars that Combat Corner Wrestling has ever seen, Bucky.

BW: I heard this guy once wrote his own mother a ticket for jaywalking!

#Respect the badge#
#He earned it with his blood#

[As he makes it to ringside, he takes a small pad of paper and pen out of his tights as he removes the modified black motorcycle helmet off of his head.]

#Fear the gun#

#Your sentence may be death, because#

#I AM THE LAW#

[He shakes his head again, scowling as he notes several criminal charges before tossing the pad and pen into his helmet.]

GM: John Law will be the special enforcer and... honestly, Bucky, I don't know who that helps - if anyone.

BW: I think it's a draw, Gordo. He's gonna call it like he sees it if it comes to him. He's all about justice and law and order and... well, I expect if someone steps out of line, he'll put them back in line the hard way.

[The music fades as Law takes a place near the ringpost just before "Wake Up" by Story of the Year plays as the members of Next Gen emerge from the entranceway.]

GM: Here they are, Bucky - the challengers tonight but a lot of people think they should be the champions!

BW: Yeah, well... a lot of people think I should run for President too, what do you think about that?

GM: Couldn't be any worse than what we've got now!

[Howie Somers is dressed in a navy blue singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in white lettering, plus matching knee pads and wrestling boots. His tag team partner, Daniel Harper, wears a white singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in navy blue lettering, plus white kneepads and wrestling boots.]

Howie and Daniel each stand at the entranceway, slight smiles on their faces, before turning to each other and exchanging a high five. The duo then makes its way to the ring, where Howie and Daniel climb onto the apron and duck between the ropes. There, Howie and Daniel spread their arms to the sides, before extending them toward themselves, thumbs pointed toward the "Next Gen" each has printed on their attire.]

GM: The uncrowned champions in my opinion, fans... as Daniel Harper and Howie Somers get ready for the biggest match of their career here in Chicago. And now, we wait for the champions to arrive.

[The music fades as the arena lights go dimmer and glowing dry ice fog pours from around the entrance curtain. The stuttering voice of the AI SHODAN fills the arena as two figures gradually manifest in the fog...]

"How dare you, insect?"

"How dare you interrupt my ascendance?"

"You are nothing."

"A wretched bag of flesh."

"What are you compared to my magnificence?"

[The spotlights turn on the two figures in the entryway:

Riley Hunter, holding a nunchuck in each of his outstretched fists.

Derrick Williams, his forearm held in front of him, the word "AXIS" printed on the sleeve of his satin jacket.

"Those Who Fight Further" by The Black Mages plays over the sound system, and Williams and Hunter swagger their way down the aisle.]

[The boos pour down for the Axis duo as they make their way down the ramp, arrogant smirks all around.]

GM: The World Tag Team Champions on their way down the aisle... 101 days as the champions thanks to an overturned decision by Javier Castillo. They're still the champions as they walk in... but will they be when they walk out?

[The American Ninja gets a running start, leaping into the air over the bottom rope in a front roll up to a knee as Williams ducks through the ropes, striking a pose behind him. Riley Hunter is in his usual gear, mirrored John Lennon shades over his eyes under a mop of black, blue, and dirty blonde hair. Williams is in a black satin jacket with his initials embroidered on the right breast and you can see shiny silver trunks on camera.]

GM: Referee Scott Ezra gets the call on this one...

BW: Not that idiot Sakai after he blew the last one.

GM: Ezra holding up the titles for all to see... that's what these four men are fighting for..

BW: Well, that and a likely to be lucrative contract from Mooselips for the spokesmodels for their new beer release.

GM: We don't know that the winners will get that contract but as we creep closer to the Battle of Saskatchewan and the return of the Stampede Cup, it's certainly a possibility. And fans, make sure you join us on the next Saturday Night Wrestling coming up in a couple of weeks in Detroit, Michigan where we'll start seeing some Stampede Cup Qualifying Matches.

[A quick camera cut catches Derrick Williams pulling off his jacket, handing it out to an attendant as he runs a hand through his slicked back hair, taking a couple of deep breaths behind Riley Hunter's back as the American Ninja trashtalks the challengers. Howie Somers extends an arm, keeping the fiery Daniel Harper back in his corner as Rebecca Ortiz speaks again.]

RO: Introducing first... they are the challengers in this World Tag Team Titles matchup...

From Boston, Massachusetts, and El Paso, Texas respectively... at a combined weight of 495 pounds...

HOWIE SOMERS... DANIEL HARPER...

THEY ARE... NEXT! GENNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[A huge cheer rings out through the Allstate Arena as Harper and Somers trade a high five.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents... at a total combined weight of 473 pounds... representing The Axis... they are the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TAG TEEEEEEAM CHAMPIONSSSSSSS...

"THE FUTURE" DERRICK WILLIAMS...

"THE AMERICAN NINJA" RILEY HUNTER...

SYSTEMMMMM... SHOCK!

[The jeers pick up as Williams mounts the midbuckle, pointing at the booing crowd as Riley Hunter steps on the middle rope, jerking a thumb at himself, doing the "belt gesture" before hopping back down, bouncing up and down a few times as he stares across the ring.]

GM: Alright, fans... World Tag Team Title action set to begin here in Chicago...

[We cut to the backstage area where we see Lee Connors sitting on a chair, an icepack on his neck as he watches a monitor with System Shock on it. Downpour is nearby, gesturing at the screen.]

GM: And much like our last match, we can see several interested parties backstage, waiting to see who emerges from this big matchup as the champions. The Shooting Stars right there, really on a roll as of late...

[Another camera cut shows a bigger area where the Soldiers of Fortune and Ringkrieger are watching the action separately.]

GM: The Soldiers of Fortune... already locked into a spot for the Stampede Cup... and Ringkrieger who will likely be looking to secure one.

[And then finally back to the ring where the official is in center ring, getting ready to call for the bell to kick off the matchup.]

GM: Scott Ezra in the middle... John Law out on the floor... a high stakes battle in the AWA's Tag Team Division set to go down, fans... and here... we... go!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[With Riley Hunter and Daniel Harper in the ring for their respective teams, the two men move towards one another. Harper is slightly crouched - a more traditional pro wrestling approach - while Hunter is standing sideways, more along the lines of a martial artist.]

GM: Riley Hunter and Daniel Harper squaring off to get us started in this one fall, sixty minute time limit matchup. Remember, fans... if Hunter and Williams lose by countout or disqualification, this time the titles WILL change hands.

BW: And they've gotta avoid that at all costs, Gordo. They need to be careful with when and how they bend the rules in this one.

GM: You say that like it's a given that they'll break the rules.

BW: If I was managing them, it would be.

[Hunter swings a left kick up and back, causing Harper to stand up a little straighter. The American Ninja pivots to throw a right backhand nowhere near Harper.]

GM: Hunter showing off a bit, I think.

[Hunter tries to switch his footing again when Harper makes a dive, snatching the legs of Hunter, tangling them up and taking him down to cheers.]

GM: Nice double leg by the fourth-generation grappler... and he's going after the leg of Riley Hunter...

[Harper snatches the left leg under his armpit, falling back and giving it some torque.]

GM: Leglock down on the mat by Harper, trying to-

[But Hunter rolls over... and then rolls again, pulling his leg free. He slides right up to his feet, dusting himself off as Harper gets to a knee, glaring at him.]

BW: Piece of cake, Gordo.

GM: Hunter escapes the leglock but Harper got him down pretty easily. I'll call that one a stalemate.

[Harper comes the rest of the way up to his feet, eyeballing Hunter who bounces from foot to foot, snapping off jabs at the air...]

...and then surges forward, tying up the six foot, 213 pound Hunter in a collar and elbow, forcing him back against the ropes.]

GM: Back into the ropes... the referee calls for a break...

[Harper waits a few moments and then steps back, hands raised...]

GM: Nice clean break by Harper and-

[...and Hunter slips a jab in, snapping Harper's head back.]

GM: OH!

[Harper angrily lunges at Hunter again who ducks between the ropes, shouting "GET HIM BACK! GET HIM BACK!" to the official who attempts to oblige as a furious Harper tries to get his hands on Hunter.]

GM: Hunter with a cheap shot and Daniel Harper wants to make him pay for it.

[A few loud shouts from Howie Somers seems to calm down Harper who backs off, still seething as he runs his hands through his hair.]

GM: The young man from El Paso has quite the temper on him as we've seen from time to time since Next Gen has arrived here in the AWA. He'll need to keep his cool and stay focused though if he hopes to walk out of here tonight as one-half of the new World Tag Team Champions.

[Hunter slips back inside the ring, leaning against the ropes, a wicked smile on his face as Derrick Williams shouts, "Way to get it going, Ri!" to his partner who nods in response.]

GM: Harper wants another shot at him, waving him out to the middle...

[Hunter slowly obliges, edging away from the ropes towards center ring which is where Harper lunges for him. Hunter uses Harper's aggressiveness to his advantage though, catching the arm and twisting it around into a hammerlock.]

GM: Hunter into the hammerlock, wrenching up on that arm...

[Harper reaches back, looking for an exit, but Hunter pulls up on the arm again, causing Harper to wince in pain, grabbing at his shoulder.]

GM: The Seven Star Athlete is wrenching on that trapped limb, trying to do some early damage to one-half of the challengers...

[Harper again tries to reach back...

...and then drops down, scissoring Hunter's ankles, and sending him crashing facefirst down to the canvas.]

GM: Oho! Well-executed drop toehold by Daniel Harper...

[With Hunter down, Harper plants a foot on the back of Hunter's knee, lifting the leg off the canvas and SLAMMING it back down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hunter cries out, grabbing at his knee as he rolls under the ropes to the floor where Harper immediately shouts at him to get back in.]

GM: Hunter's feeling the sting on that knee after that attack right there... and it looks like he wants a little bit of time to regroup.

[Hunter grabs the apron as he stands on the floor, shaking out his leg as Williams slides down for a few words before the referee orders the Future back into his corner.]

GM: Hunter is outside... Harper shouting at him to get back in...

[The referee starts his ten count after a few moments.]

GM: The count has started and Hunter's gotta be very careful because of it. He can't waste too much time out there or try to recover for too long or he'll be a former World Tag Team Champion.

[Grabbing the middle rope, Hunter pulls himself up on the apron, barking at Harper who comes towards him...

...which is exactly what Hunter is hoping for as he leans back, swinging a leg up to catch the incoming Harper in the side of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Hunter caught him with a kick!

[Quickly into motion, Hunter leaps to the top rope, springing off...

...but Harper ducks under, causing Hunter to sail over him where he lands on his feet, dropping into a front roll where he pops back up...

...and jabs a finger into the eye of Howie Somers!]

GM: Cheapshot on Somers too! And Howie might've seen enough!

BW: He's not seeing much at all right now.

[A partially-blinded Somers tries to get into the ring but the referee steps in as Hunter spins away, moving back towards Harper who...]

GM: European uppercut!

[The blow stuns Hunter who stumbles backwards... with Harper continuing to come for him, throwing a second...]

GM: Harper unleashing those brutal uppercuts taught to him by his mother, the legendary Stephanie Harper!

BW: We saw some tremendous European uppercuts during the Rumble thrown by guys like Raphael Rhodes, Supreme Wright, and Terry Shane... and this kid's right up there with 'em when it comes to that blow. He can't brawl much beyond that but the uppercuts are on point, Gordo.

[A third blow sends Hunter falling back against the ropes, his arms draped over the top as Harper steps in again...]

GM: UPPERCUT! ANOTHER!

[He digs down a little deeper, sinking a little lower for his third in the series, a tremendous blow that lifts Hunter off his feet...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and deposits him over the top rope down onto the floor at ringside!]

GM: AND DOWN TO THE FLOOR GOES THE AMERICAN NINJA!

[A fired-up Harper ducks through the ropes to the apron, looking to pursue Hunter to the floor...]

...only to find the 6'8", 300 pound John Law standing between he and the Seven Star Athlete.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: John Law says if he wants to get at Hunter on the floor, Harper's gonna have to go through him and...

[Harper seems to consider it for a moment before ducking back through the ropes, shouting at Hunter to get back inside the ring.]

GM: Daniel Harper is quite angry at Riley Hunter... but he does NOT want to tangle with John Law to get to him.

BW: Can you blame him? Look at the size of John Law!

[Law glares up at Harper, making sure he's staying put before he turns and gives the same look to Hunter, pointing towards the ring.]

GM: John Law telling Riley Hunter to get back inside the ring now... very interesting.

BW: I told ya, Gordo. He's gonna call it right down the middle!

[Hunter stares at Law, giving him a wide berth as he walks back towards the ring, climbing up on the apron. He starts chirping at Law as he gets there, his hands grabbing the top rope...]

...which is when Daniel Harper swoops back in, snatching the top rope and giving it a yank, catapulting Hunter into a big flip over the top down onto the canvas!]

GM: And Harper brings him in the hard way!

[With Hunter down on his back, Harper grabs the left leg, looking to flip him into a half Boston Crab!]

GM: Harper looking for an early submission... but look at Hunter!

[Hunter quickly crawls to the ropes, hooking his arms around the bottom rope before the hold can be fully applied. An annoyed Harper lets go, backing off as Hunter pulls himself to his feet, slides along the ropes, and slaps the shoulder of his partner.]

GM: The tag is made to Derrick Williams... and I'm not sure Williams was expecting it.

BW: Or wanted it for that matter. We're not that far removed from Williams spending some serious time in the Rumble. I'm betting he needed a little more time to recover.

[Williams gives his partner a quick look as he steps through the ropes, Hunter gesturing at Harper.]

GM: Riley Hunter's had enough of Daniel Harper for the moment... and now he's sending his partner - Derrick Williams - to give it a shot.

BW: Time to send Harper back... to The Future!

GM: Oh brother.

[Williams shakes out his arm, staring the short distance to a waiting Daniel Harper...
...and lunges into a collar and elbow that he quickly abandon by raking the eyes!]

GM: Oh! Williams goes right to the eyes!

[He gets a warning from the official as he throws a right elbow to the jaw... then a left to the other side, causing Harper to stagger backwards.]

GM: Grabs the arm, Irish whip across...

[Williams goes into a full spin, looking for a rolling elbow early but Harper ducks under it, hitting the far ropes, leaping into the air...]

GM: CROSSBODY!

[The flying press takes the Future down as Scott Ezra drops down to count.]

GM: HE GETS ONE! HE GETS TW-

[Williams kicks out, flinging Harper off him. The Next Gen member is quickly to his feet though as Williams struggles a little in his climb up...]

GM: Williams slow to his feet... and Harper's waiting with a standing dropkick!

[The blow sends Williams back down to the mat where again he struggles to get up quickly...]

...and gets caught again!]

GM: Another dropkick by Harper!

[Williams fights to his feet one more time and this time, the dropkick sends him flying back into his corner, obviously sucking wind as he slaps his partner's shoulder.]

GM: A series of dropkicks by Harper puts the Future on the run... and he's tagged out already. He was barely in there a minute...

[Riley Hunter looks annoyed at Williams as he steps into the ring.]

"Lemme show you how this is done, partner."

[Hunter whips around, charging Harper who takes him up and over with an armdrag!]

GM: Armdrag by Harper... got plenty deep on that one...

[Hunter races back up, charging Harper again...]

GM: Another armdrag by Harper, tossing Hunter down to the mat.

[Harper gets back to his feet, ready to go again as Hunter gets up, slams on the brakes, and shouts...]

"WAIT! NO!"

[He pauses, lifting a hand to point.]

"I WANT HIM!"

[The crowd cheers as Howie Somers nods his head, sticking out his hand. Harper looks to the crowd, pointing to his corner...]

...and then stomps across to slap the hand.]

GM: And there's a tag for the challengers! Howie Somers checking into this match and a big response for Howie here in Chicago.

[Somers steps in, trading a high five with his partner as he stares across the ring at the much smaller Riley Hunter.]

GM: I'm not sure I agree with this strategy, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure Riley's got a plan but giving up five inches and fifty pounds to your opponent is never the best idea in my book.

[Hunter slowly raises his right hand into the air, wiggling his fingers...]

BW: Is he...?

GM: He's calling for a test of strength!

[Somers looks surprised at first but then quickly nods, advancing out towards where Hunter is standing.]

GM: Now, Riley Hunter may be arrogant... but he's no fool. There's no way that he believes himself to be stronger than Howie Somers. Watch out for a trick here.

[Somers slowly raises his hand up, locking fingers with Hunter...]

GM: One hand locked... here comes the other...

[...but Hunter, predictably boots Somers in the gut while their hands are locked, drawing jeers from the crowd.]

GM: And I think we all saw that coming.

BW: Except Howie Somers, the big dummy!

[Grabbing Somers by the arm, Hunter goes to whip him across but Somers reverses it with ease, shooting Hunter into the ropes instead.]

GM: Hunter gets reversed, coming back...

[With a shout, Somers charges in, BLASTING Hunter off his feet with a running tackle!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: What a tackle by Somers! Somers, who played hockey as a youth, really put a check on Hunter who flew halfway across the ring off it!

[Hunter is obviously stunned as he gets to his feet. He shouts angrily at Somers, charging at him. The Next Gen powerhouse swings a mighty clothesline at Hunter who ducks under it, hitting the far ropes, letting loose a bellow as he charges back in...

...and promptly gets flattened again as he tries a tackle of his own on the 265 pound Somers!]

GM: Oh my! Down goes Hunter again!

BW: It looked like he ran into a brick wall, Gordo!

GM: Somers with a big grin on his face. He's gotta like how things are going for his team so far.

[Somers pulls Hunter up off the mat, scooping him up and slamming him down to the canvas...

...which is when Derrick Williams looks to intervene, charging in at Somers from the blind side. A shout from Harper alerts his partner who swings around, catching the incoming Williams, lifting him straight up and throwing him straight back down in a spinebuster!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Williams rolls out to the floor, grabbing at his back as Hunter tries a sneak attack from behind, jumping on Somers' back. But the big man simply does a full circle with him before dropping backwards, crushing Hunter underneath his 265 pounds, causing the American Ninja to roll out to the floor to join his partner!]

GM: The champions are reeling, fans! Both members of System Shock have bailed out to the floor and-

[Somers walks across the ring, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Tag to Harper... Somers backs off...

[Harper runs in quickly, getting lifted up by his own partner...

...who PRESSES him overhead!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS!

[Somers runs towards the ropes, his partner still aloft...

...and HURLS him down onto both members of the World Tag Team Champions, wiping them both out!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHAT A DOUBLETEAM BY THE CHALLENGERS! CHICAGO IS ROARING FOR NEXT GEN!

[Harper climbs off the floor, pumping a fist enthusiastically. He pulls Hunter off the ringside mats, rolling him back inside the ring before crawling in after him, diving across his torso...]

GM: We’ve got one! We’ve got two! Hunter slips out again!

[Harper claps his hands together in disappointment as he climbs to his feet, grabbing Hunter by the legs and dragging him closer to his corner where he slaps his partner’s hand.

GM: Quick tags by the challengers...

[Harper hops up to the midbuckle as Somers steps through the ropes. The Next Gen big man leaps up, dropping an elbow down on the sternum and then rolling clear as Harper dives off, driving his own elbow down into the throat area, causing Hunter’s legs to kick up into the air.]

GM: Harper’s out and now Somers with a cover - another two count for the challengers!

[Somers climbs off the mat, pulling Hunter up with him. He slaps his partner’s hand again as Harper steps through. Somers pulls Hunter’s arms back behind him as Harper unloads with a right hand to the midsection, doubling him up. Somers takes aim, smashing a double axehandle down on the back of the American Ninja, knocking him down on all fours.]

GM: Hunter down on the canvas...

[The challengers alternate, each pounding home a double axehandle to the back as they hammer Hunter down to the mat to big cheers as Derrick Williams protests loudly from the corner!]

GM: Next Gen demolishing the lower back of Riley Hunter with those pounding sledge hammer blows... and now it’s Harper who is legal once more.

[Harper drags Hunter off the mat, shoving him back into the neutral corner where he unloads with a pair of European uppercuts!]

GM: More of those hard-hitting uppercuts by Harper...

[Grabbing an arm, he whips Hunter from one corner to the corner before tagging in his partner...]

GM: Another quick tag... Next Gen working tremendously well together in there...

[Grabbing the incoming Somers by the arm, Harper whips his partner towards the corner where Somers' shoulder SLAMS into the midsection of Riley Hunter!]

GM: OHHH! Big doubleteam there... and Somers stays on him...

[Doubled over, Howie Somers hangs on to the middle rope, repeatedly driving his shoulder into the ribcage of Riley Hunter!]

GM: Hunter is taking a pounding in the corner... and as we pass the ten minute mark in this sixty minute time limit... the challengers have the champions in some serious jeopardy.

[Referee Scott Ezra steps in, ordering Somers to back off and give Hunter a chance to get out of the corner...]

GM: Somers backs off on the referee's orders, trying to keep it clean.

BW: Also not wanting to risk a disqualification.

GM: Absolutely. Next Gen knows what it's like to have those titles around their waists... even if they were taken away less than a week later in controversial fashion.

BW: You say controversial, I say justice was served.

[Cut to the floor where John Law is staring up at the action in the ring.]

GM: You talk about justice... that guy right there is all about it.

[Cut back to the ring where Somers steps back in, clubbing Hunter across the chest with a big forearm shot.]

GM: Goodness!

[Snatching a front facelock, Somers drags Hunter across the ring towards the challenger's corner, reaching out to tag his partner.]

GM: The challengers both in now...

[Each man grabs an arm as they whip Hunter across the ring, lowering their heads in tandem...]

GM: BACKDROP!

[...and sends Hunter sailing high across the ring before crashing hard down to the canvas!]

GM: DOUBLE BACK BODY DROP BY THE CHALLENGERS!

[Williams ducks through the ropes, charging in to intervene...

...and they duck down, tossing him through the air as well to big cheers!]

GM: And another one! This time on Derrick Williams!

[Somers gestures to his partner who gives a nod as he goes to pull a rising Riley Hunter back off the mat, shoving him back towards the corner. Somers does the same with Derrick Williams in the opposite corner...]

GM: Looks like the challengers are about to create a little crash course in what it's like to get in the ring with Next Gen!

[But before they can, Williams and Hunter BOTH go to the eyes on their opponents, causing the referee to scream in anger as the crowd echoes that feeling. Outside the ring, John Law puts a hand on the ropes, looking to intervene if needed...]

BW: Hah! And just like that, it's Hunter and Williams on the attack!

[A double whip starts up, Williams whipping Somers as Hunter whips Harper towards each other...]

...but a reversal goes down, sending Hunter and Williams CRASHING together in the center of the ring!]

GM: OHHH MY!

[The crowd cheers as Hunter stumbles backwards and Harper delivers a dropkick to the back, sending them crashing into each other again.]

GM: Big collision in the middle! A malfunction at the junction if you will and down goes the champions once more!

[The legal man, Harper, grabs the other legal man Hunter as Somers exits and Williams rolls back to the floor.]

GM: Harper hauls Hunter to his feet... kick to the gut... backhand chop...

[Hunter again stumbles backwards, falling against the turnbuckles. Harper grabs the top rope, laying in kick after kick to the midsection as the crowd cheers him on and the referee protests!]

GM: Harper's trying to wreck the body of Riley Hunter, take away all that core strength on the American Ninja and severely limit what he can bring to the dance in this one.

[The referee backs Harper off who walks across, tagging his partner.]

GM: Another quick tag for the challengers... look at this, Bucky!

BW: All I see are illegal doubleteams after illegal doubleteams after illegal doubleteams! Are these cheaters really who you want as the World Tag Team Champions?!

[Somers backs to the far corner, Harper grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: BIG WHIP!

[Harper drops to a knee from the strength of the whip, sending Somers rocketing towards the cornered Hunter, lowering his shoulder for the big spear in the corner...]

...but suddenly, Hunter is pulled clear by Derrick Williams on the outside, causing Somers to SLAM shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: BEAUTIFUL MOVE BY THE FUTURE!

GM: Beautiful move?! That was blatantly illegal and-

[The crowd ROARS as John Law reaches up, snatching Williams by the back of the tights, and yanking him down off the apron!]

GM: UH OH! THE FUTURE MAY BE ABOUT TO BECOME THE PAST!

[The menacing Law shoves a finger in the face of Williams, berating him for his illegal actions! A panicked Williams backpedals away, shaking his head as Law strides towards him.]

BW: What?! He can't do that! Somebody stop him!

GM: The scales of justice may be tipping towards the challengers!

[Williams scrambles up on the apron, taking a tag from a dazed Riley Hunter.]

GM: TAG!

[The Future slides through the ropes, looking nervously at John Law who chooses not to pursue him into the ring... for now.]

GM: Williams is in...

[He hooks a handful of Somers' tights, puling him out of the corner, spinning him in a circle...

...and ROCKETS him right back in, his shoulder smashing into the steel post!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN TO THE POST!

[Somers crumples against the turnbuckles, falling to his knees as Williams paces around the ring, nodding confidently.]

GM: And Derrick Williams, who up until this point seemed to be struggling to get into it after his appearance a little earlier in the Rumble, seems to have caught a second wind here.

[Grabbing the top rope, Williams lays in a boot to the shoulder... and another... and another... and another before the referee forces him to back off.]

GM: An all-out assault on the shoulder of Howie Somers now.

[Williams steps back in, pulling the hair of Somers to pull him to his feet. He swiftly wraps the arm around the top rope, trapping it as he SMASHES an overhead elbow down on the shoulder once... twice... three times. The last time, he leaves the point of the elbow down on the shoulder, grinding it back and forth as Somers cries out in pain.]

GM: Williams working that shoulder... spins him around from the ropes...

[Locking the arm under his armpit, Williams uses a makeshift Fujiwara to drive him down on the mat.]

GM: Armbar takedown... Williams pins the wrist down and...

[With the wrist pinned and immobilized, Williams leaps up, dropping a knee down on the shoulder joint!]

GM: Ohh! That'll do further damage to the shoulder of Howie Somers...

[Keeping his knee on the shoulder joint, Williams grabs the wrist, pulling back on it.]

GM: And no one will ever accuse Derrick Williams of being a submission specialist but he certainly knows how to hurt people and that's exactly what he's doing right now.

[Somers cries out "NO!" when asked if he wants to submit as a quick cut shows Daniel Harper looking on nervously from the crowd. Harper shouts "COME ON, HOWIE!" to his partner as Williams grins, shaking his head as he wrenches back on the wrist again.]

GM: Somers screaming out in pain... that arm is being pulled against the grain for sure...

[Getting no submission, Williams breaks the armbar, dropping the knee down on to the shoulder a second and a third time.]

BW: And how quickly the tide turns, Gordo. Next Gen had everything going their way but they make one mistake and-

GM: Mistake?! Williams illegally helped his partner and caused Somers to hit the post!

BW: That's right! And their mistake was allowing that to happen!

GM: Give me a break!

[Williams rises to his feet, stomping the shoulder a couple of times as he turns towards Harper, gesturing to the downed Somers. Harper angrily slaps the top turnbuckle, shouting again.]

GM: Daniel Harper cheering his partner on... Howie Somers is in a bad way right now and he's going to need all the cheers he can get.

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: A quarter of the way through the time limit for this one and things have completely turned around to be in the favor of the World Tag Team Champions, fans.

[Williams drags Somers to his feet, twisting the arm around into an armwringer before SLAMMING his elbow down on the shoulder once...]

GM: Williams barring that arm... again, he's more of a striker than a submission specialist so I'm not sure how effective this hold will be in gaining the victory.

BW: Maybe he can't get a tapout but he can isolate the arm, wear down the body part, and make it very difficult for Somers to stage any sort of a comeback or get into his own offense.

[Still holding the arm, Williams walks across the ring, slapping his partner's outstretched hand.]

GM: And System Shock makes the exchange there...

[Hunter slingshots to the top rope, twisting around so his back faces the ring, and snaps off a moonsault with his torso crashing down on the arm, snapping across the shoulder!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Extremely athletic - and effective - move on the part of Riley Hunter!

[Hunter follows Somers as the larger man pinballs off one set of ropes and over to another, grabbing at his shoulder. He snatches the wrist, twisting the arm around and snaking his leg back, catching Somers in the face with a back heel kick!]

GM: Ohh! Right in the mush!

[With Somers hurting and dazed, Hunter shoots him across with an Irish whip, waiting for the rebound and hoists him up, sitting out in a hiptoss slam...

...and that he quickly converts into a cross armbreaker!]

GM: OH! OH! SUBMISSION LOCKED IN! SUBMISSION LOCKED IN!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Hunter scissors his legs around the arm, pushing Somers' torso down as he tries to hyper-extend the elbow!]

GM: Hunter's trying to snatch this victory right here and now!

[The crowd is roaring for Somers as he desperately rolls to a hip, reaching over to lock his hands and prevent further damage.]

GM: Somers showing off that power advantage, able to block the hold again... and he's trying to get his legs under him now, really trying to get out of this hold.

[Somers gets to a knee, the Chicago fans growing louder as he struggles to get up off the mat...]

GM: He's getting up! Somers is getting up!

[The mighty Howie Somers rises off the mat, holding Riley Hunter upside down, still clinging to the arm...

...and with a "ARRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGH!" of effort, Somers POWERS Hunter up onto his shoulder, holding him high...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM WAAAAAY UP!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND DOWN GOES RILEY HUNTER!

[Williams grabs his head out on the apron, shouting "NO!" at the scene in the ring as Hunter writhes in pain on the canvas.]

GM: Riley Hunter goes down HARD off that slam by Somers... and now we've got both of these competitors looking to make a tag!

[The crowd is on their feet, cheering on Howie Somers as he crawls across the ring to a fired-up and waiting Daniel Harper...]

GM: Somers is crawling on his hands and knees, trying to keep the pressure off that shoulder as he heads across the ring towards his partner...

BW: Hunter's crawling too! Williams is shouting at him, telling him to follow his voice! To come to his voice!

GM: TAG!

[Derrick Williams rushes into the ring, sprinting across...

...and right past Howie Somers as he DRILLS Daniel Harper with an elbowstrike that sends Harper flying off the apron to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HARPER HITS THE FLOOR!

[Williams smirks as he twists back around, looking down at Somers who is on his knees, looking up at the corner...

...and Williams SMASHES a big boot into the face, knocking Somers flat again to jeers from the Chicago crowd!]

GM: And Somers hits the canvas!

BW: All thanks to the Future of Professional Wrestling, daddy!

[Williams grins as he stomps Somers a few times...

...and then goes scampering away as Daniel Harper is suddenly in the ring in front of him!]

GM: HARPER'S IN! HARPER'S IN!

BW: Illegally! Get him out of there! Get him-

[The crowd groans as John Law leans under the bottom rope, hooking Harper's ankle, and yanking off his feet...

...and then PULLS him right under the ropes, bouncing him off the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH, COME ON!

BW: Hey, he was illegal! John Law's doing an excellent job out there as an enforcer if you ask me!

GM: No official should be putting their hands on a competitor, Bucky. That's a recipe for trouble for sure.

[Harper sits up on the floor, looking up angrily at John Law who seems to be daring Harper to try something. With Law and Harper engaged on the floor, Williams pulls Somers off the mat, tossing him across the ring into the System Shock corner.]

GM: Williams puts Somers in the corner...

[Leaning over, Williams grabs the middle rope, driving his shoulder into Somers' midsection much as Somers did earlier in the match...

...and then breaks off, throwing a trio of European uppercuts. He turns to face Daniel Harper who is back on the apron.]

"Tell your Mom I said hi, kid."

[Williams punctuates his sentence with a thrust of his hips...

...and again, Daniel Harper comes rushing into the ring, ready to throw fists but referee Scott Ezra intervenes, cutting him off. Harper tries to get past him as Riley Hunter slingshots into the ring, each grabbing an arm on Somers as they draw him out of the corner...]

GM: Look out here!

[...and THROW him violently back in, Somers' spine shaking as he slumps down to his knees on the canvas! Hunter ducks back out before he can be seen and Derrick Williams takes a lap around the ring, soaking up the jeers from the crowd with a big grin on his face.]

GM: Somers trying to get back up... ohh! Hard elbow upside the jaw by Williams... pulls him from the corner...

[The Axis member lifts Somers up, slinging him over his shoulder. He takes two steps forward and then DROPS him down in a shoulderbreaker!]

GM: Ohhh! Right on the injured shoulder!

[Williams applies a North-South cover, not bothering to hook a leg as the referee counts once... twice... annnnnnd...]

GM: Somers kicks out at two!

[Williams grimaces as he kneels on the canvas before climbing to his feet, leaning back to slap his partner's hand.]

GM: System Shock makes the tag...

[Hunter again slips into the ring, stomping the downed Somers a couple of times before he and Williams pull Somers to his feet.]

GM: Double team on the way perhaps...

[Hunter pulls Somers' arms behind him, holding him in a double chickenwing as Williams backs off...]

GM: We've seen this before, Bucky! Williams to the ropes...

[The Future goes into a spin, looking to elbow Somers into the Tiger Suplex...

...but Somers bails out at the last moment and Williams BLASTS his own partner in the jaw with the rolling elbow! Hunter's eyelids flutter before he flops backwards to the canvas and a shocked Williams is forced out of the ring by the referee!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

BW: This is Somers' shot!

GM: We've just passed the twenty minute mark in this one as Howie Somers again finds himself on the hunt to tag in his partner who is so ready to get in there!

[A wild-eyed Harper hops up and down, shouting "COMMMME ONNNNN!" to his partner as he insistently sticks out his hand...]

GM: Harper's been poked and prodded by System Shock to the point where he's a ball of fire in that corner, waiting to be unleashed!

[Williams also sticks out his hand but his rolling elbow has done some damage and Hunter doesn't even appear to be moving yet. Somers is on all fours, crawling across the ring towards his partner who is slapping his hand on the top turnbuckle, getting the crowd to clap and stomp along with him...]

GM: Somers is crawling on his hands and knees towards the corner... willing to crawl through fire if he needs to to get those tag team titles back around their waists officially this time!

[The Chicago crowd is rocking, urging Somers on as he continues to crawl, drawing closer as Riley Hunter sits up on the canvas, blinking his eyes with confusion as Williams shouts "TAG! RI, GET UP! TAG!" and sticks out his arm, begging for the exchange.]

GM: Hunter's starting to stir! Somers needs to act fast! He needs to act now! He needs to-

[And with a sudden collapsing lunge...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Daniel Harper steps through the ropes, highstepping with his fists balled up as Riley Hunter comes to his feet, staggering in a circle away from his corner...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE BY HARPER!

[Hunter staggers back to his feet... and gets flattened a second time!]

GM: Another clothesline by the fourth-generation youngster!

[Harper turns back towards Hunter, dragging him off the mat into a front facelock, slinging his arm across his neck...

...and SNAPS him over in a suplex!]

GM: SNAP SUPLEX AND A GEM!

[As the El Paso native climbs to his feet, a big grin crosses his face as he looks out on the cheering fans, circling around Hunter to grab his feet, lifting his legs off the canvas...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: DQ!! DQ!

GM: He hasn't done anything yet, Bucky!

[Holding the legs and looking to the crowd for approval, he STOMPS down right at the belt line causes Hunter to cringe and the crowd to cheer even louder!]

BW: THAT WAS LOW!

GM: Scott Ezra says no! He says it was on the belt line! Dangerously close to a low blow for the challengers though...

[Harper pulls Hunter off the mat again, slipping in beside him to lift him up, dropping him down with a back suplex!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Harper rolls over onto the American Ninja, tightly hooking a leg.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Hunter kicks out way before the three count can come down!]

GM: No, no! Not enough!

[Harper climbs to his feet, pulling Hunter up with him by the wrist.]

GM: Whip to the corner... Hunter hits HARD in the buckles!

[He stumbles back out towards Harper who grabs him again from the side, this time tucking Hunter's leg up under him. He lifts him up...]

GM: SHINBREAKER... OHHHHH!

[The crowd gets louder as Harper grabs the leg, giving a twirl of his arm to the crowd...]

GM: He's going for the Figure Four!

[Harper swings around into the spinning toehold...

...but before he can complete the turn, Hunter plants a boot on his butt, shoving him off towards the ropes...]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...where Derrick Williams DRILLS him between the eyes with an elbowstrike!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Harper's eyes roll back in his head as Hunter scrambles up off the mat. He slides in behind Harper, reaching around to grab an arm...]

GM: What's he...?

[Hunter using the arm to swing Harper out before jerking him right back in while shouting "GET OVER HERE!" in a decidedly lower octave...

...and JAMS the bicycle knee up under his chin!]

BW: HARPOON INSTANT KARMA!

[Harper starts to slump to the mat when Hunter catches him, keeping him on his feet. He ducks low, hoisting Harper up onto his shoulders...]

GM: Hunter's got him up...

[He approaches the corner quickly, flipping into a rolling Samoan Drop before leaping up to the midbuckle...

...and snaps off another moonsault, crashing down onto Harper's chest!]

GM: MOONSAULT CONNECTS! HUNTER GETS ONE! HE GETS TWO! HE GETS- NO!

[The crowd cheers as Harper's shoulder comes off the mat.]

GM: Two count! Two count only for Hunter!

[Hunter claps his hands together as he gets to his feet, turning back towards the corner where Derrick Williams is offering up his hand...

...but Hunter turns away from him, pulling Harper up to his feet.]

BW: It looked like Williams wanted a tag there but-

GM: Hunter lifts... torture rack!

[He racks Harper up, holding him across his surprisingly powerful frame...]

BW: This is the Phobos Anomaly! The powerbomb from that position and-

[...but a kicking and struggling Harper throws him off balance, dragging him down to the canvas!]

GM: CRUCIFIX! CRUCIFIX! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Derrick Williams DIVES on top of both men, breaking up the pin!]

GM: WILLIAMS SAVES THE TITLE! WHOOOA MY!

BW: That was TOO close for comfort, Gordo!

[Williams rolls from the ring at the referee's orders, leaving his championship partner and their challenger in the ring. A weary Riley Hunter gets to his feet first, throwing a thankful glance at Williams and a few stomps at Harper as the El Paso native tries to get to his feet.]

GM: Harper fighting to his feet...

[As he gets there, Hunter smashes him in the jaw with a right-left elbow combination. A spinning backfist follows as Harper struggles to stay standing.]

GM: Blow after blow by Hunter...

[Hunter dashes to the ropes parallel to Harper, rebounding back with a running elbowstrike to the jaw, spinning him 90 degrees as Hunter hits the far ropes, leaping up...]

GM: INSTANT KARMA!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Harper under the chin with the kneestrike!]

GM: HUNTER COVERS! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HARPER KICKS OUT! KICKS OUT AT TWO AND CHANGE!

BW: And now it was too close for comfort for Next Gen, Gordo! What a back and forth!

GM: These two teams are fighting for the greatest prize in tag team wrestling all over the world - the AWA World Tag Team Titles - and they're going to do whatever it takes to walk out with that gold around their waists!

[Hunter climbs to his feet, looking around to his corner, gesturing to Derrick Williams who extends his hand...]

GM: Tag on the-

[But as Hunter goes to step towards the corner, Harper snatches him by the back of the tights, yanking him into a waistlock...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...and SNAPS him over into a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: GERMAN! LOOK AT THE BRIDGE!

[The referee dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And again, a diving Derrick Williams breaks up the pin! The referee shouts at him... and then races to stop Howie Somers from storming the ring in response!]

GM: Williams saves the titles for a second time - and now Scott Ezra is dealing with Howie Somers!

[Williams rolls from the ring...

...and backs into an angry John Law!]

GM: OH YEAH! OH YEAH!

[Williams slowly turns, nervously looking at the powerful enforcer...

...who abruptly reaches out, snatching the Future by the throat!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT WILLIAMS GOOZLED ON THE FLOOR!

BW: What the-?! HE CAN'T DO THAT!

[Inside the ring, Harper whips Hunter to the ropes, but the American Ninja ducks the clothesline on the rebound...

...and HURLS HIMSELF OVER THE TOP ROPE ONTO JOHN LAW!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SOMERSAULT DIVE OVER THE TOP ROPE ONTO THE ENFORCER!

BW: HE JUST SAVED HIS PARTNER, DADDY!

[Gasping and grabbing at his throat, a thankful Williams pulls his partner off the floor into an embrace...

...which is when Howie Somers comes charging around the corner, snatching them both by the head!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER ON THE FLOOOOOOOR!

[Williams falls to the side as Somers shoves Hunter back into the ring where Daniel Harper is waiting.]

GM: Hunter's in trouble, fans! Harper boots him downstairs...

[He locks a front facelock, reaching down to hook the leg...]

GM: CRADLE SUPLEX!

[...and again a textbook bridge as the referee dives to count!]

GM: COULD BE ENOUGH!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice... annnnnnnnd...]

GM: NO! HUNTER KICKS OUT! HUNTER KICKS OUT!

[Harper sits up on the mat, burying his face in his hands for a moment before looking up to Scott Ezra who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Two count only... and Daniel Harper is... he thought he had it, Bucky.

BW: But he didn't and he won't! Don't count out System Shock just yet, Gordo!

[The young man climbs to his feet, frustration on his face as he gets there. Howie Somers is in the corner, shouting at his friend and partner to stay steady... to keep his head in the match.]

GM: The emotions of Daniel Harper seem to be getting the better of him, Bucky, despite the pleas of his friend and teammate.

[Harper drags Hunter off the mat, pasting him with one European uppercut... and a second... and a third!]

GM: Harper laying them in on Hunter, over and over again... rocking one-half of the tag team champions...

[Grabbing Hunter by the arm, he whips him across the ring.]

GM: Irish whip by Harper...

[Harper steps out to mid-ring, ducking down for a backdrop but Hunter twists his body, using Harper's back as a base as he backflips over Harper to land on his feet behind him.]

GM: Hunter backflips over... Harper to the ropes...

[Hunter ducks down for a backdrop but Harper leaps into the air, dragging him down in a sunset flip.]

GM: SUNSET FLIP GETS ONE! GETS TWO!

[Hunter clashes his legs together on Harper's head, breaking up the pin!]

GM: Two count only... and look at Hunter, moving fast, trying to keep Harper off-balance...

[Hunter dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back as Harper gets to his feet, leaping into the air, pumping his leg...]

GM: INSTANT KARM- NO!

[...but Harper sidesteps the bicycle kneestrike, hooking a rear waistlock as he drives Hunter's chest into the ropes, rolling back with him!]

GM: ROLLUP! ROLLING REVERSE CRADLE GETS ONE! GETS TWO! GETS TH-

[But Hunter kicks out with enough force to send Harper back into the ropes, bouncing back towards the American Ninja who kips up off the mat...

...and DRIVES a hard kick into the chest, sending Harper flying right back into the ropes, hooking an arm over them to steady himself.]

GM: Nearfall off the cradle... in comes Hunter again!

[Harper ducks down, lifting Hunter into the air for a backdrop over the ropes...

...but Hunter manages to use his athleticism, clinging to the rope and landing on the apron, promptly leaping back up and snapping a boot into the back of Harper's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ENZUIGIRI BY THE CHAMPION!

[As Harper staggers away from the ropes, Hunter steps up on the second rope, springing off the top to snatch a front facelock on Harper as he turns around...]

GM: TORNADO DDT OFF THE ROPES!

[...but Harper spins with it, shoving him off! Hunter lands on his knees several feet away. Harper charges him as Hunter comes up, throwing another bicycle knee!]

GM: INSTANT KARMA MISSES AGAIN! HARPER OFF THE FAR SIDE!

[Hunter ducks under a clothesline attempt by Harper, snatching the extended arm...]

GM: TIGER SUPLEX!

[The crowd buzzes as they know the suplex is coming...

...but before Hunter can secure the other arm, Harper snaps off a pair of elbows to the side of the head, breaking Hunter's grip.]

GM: Harper elbows out! To the ropes... OHHH!

[The crowd groans with Gordon as Derrick Williams slides down the apron, burying a knee in the lower back. Harper stumbles forward...

...and then whips around, glaring at Williams who drops to the floor, hands raised as the referee shouts at him.]

GM: Williams snuck the knee in! Harper's shouting at him! Here comes Howie Somers off the apron, he's coming for the Future!

[With Harper's back turned, Hunter makes a dash for him...

...but Harper again ducks a clothesline, sending Hunter into the ropes where Williams leaps up, slapping his shoulder.]

GM: Was that a tag?!

[Hunter bounces off the ropes, ducking under a leapfrog from Daniel Harper. The American Ninja slams on the brakes, grabbing Harper's arm, whipping him into the ropes as Williams slips into the ring. Harper sees Hunter duck down, leaping up to sail over him again...

...and gets caught in Derrick Williams' waiting arms as the Future pivots and DRIVES Harper into the canvas with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! RIGHT OUT OF THE SKY!!

[The Future pops up, looking to cover...

...then shifts his body down towards Harper's legs, stacking him up instead.]

GM: A little bit of wasted time there as Williams opting for a different pin cradle and-

[As the referee drops down to count, Williams slides his feet up on the ropes!]

BW: It wasn't wasted time! It was brilliant!

GM: WILLIAMS WITH HIS FEET ON THE ROPES! ONNNNNNNNNNNE!
TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Derrick Williams suddenly finds himself yanked out of the ring!]

BW: WHAT THE-?!

GM: JOHN LAW! JOHN LAW PULLS OUT WILLIAMS!

[The Man of Justice grabs Williams by the throat again, shouting at him...

...which is when Riley Hunter makes another attempt to save his partner, barreling across the ring, diving through the ropes with a tope!]

GM: SUICIDE DIIIIIIIIIV-

[The Chicago crowd EXPLODES as the powerful Law catches Hunter in mid-dive around the upper body...

...twists...

...and DRIVES him down onto the barely-padded floor with a uranage slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SLAAAAAAM ON THE FLOOOOOOORRRRR!

[Law stares down at Hunter...

...and gets swung around by Williams!]

GM: FUTURE SHOCK!

[The three-quarter nelson cutter DRIVES John Law's skull into the barely-padded floor as Williams springs up, shouting down at him. He takes a quick look at his partner...

...but then spots the downed Harper starting to get up. Williams slides in behind him, fingers wiggling with anticipation...]

GM: Williams is behind him!

BW: Harper's got no idea!

[As Harper staggers up, turning slowly in a circle, Williams leaps up, snaring the three-quarter nelson...

...but Harper shoves him off before he can take him down, sending him towards the ropes...]

GM: OHHH!

[...where Howie Somers slides down the apron, burying a knee in the lower back!]

GM: HOW'S THAT FOR PAYBACK?!

[Williams staggers towards Harper who grabs him by the arm, hooking a cobra clutch...

...and hurls Williams through the air, DUMPING him down on the top of his head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COBRA CLUTCH SUPLEX! COBRA CLUTCH SUPLEX!

[Harper gets up quickly, spotting Williams near the ropes. He marches across, slapping Howie Somers' hand. Somers marches out to the middle of the apron, the crowd on their feet ROARING with anticipation.]

GM: HERE IT COMES!

[Somers grabs the top rope with one hand, swinging his other arm around, trying to loosen up his injured shoulder before finally taking hold and nodding repeatedly as Harper grabs the ropes, pushes out, and pulls back, catapulting Somers over the rope and down onto Williams with a 265 pound big splash!]

GM: SLINGSHOT SPLAAAAAASH!

[Somers wraps up the legs, Harper standing guard as the referee dives to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the bell, those who weren't already on their feet quickly joining their family in fandom, screaming and shouting, leaping into the air in celebration for the win!]

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! NEXT GEN'S WON THE TITLES!

BW: NOT AGAIN!

[Harper pulls his partner off the mat, embracing him as Somers visibly grabs at his shoulder and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winners of the match... ANNNNNNNNNNNND NEWWWWWWWWWWW AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMMMMMPIONNNNNNS...

NEEEEEEEEEEXT GENNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[Scott Ezra hands the title belts to Harper and Somers who continue to embrace, now with the titles over their shoulders.]

GM: It's been a long, hard road for Somers and Harper but they have finally arrived here in Chicago, fans! They are the new World Tag Team Champions and there's not a bit of controversy about it this time!

BW: This is awful, Gordo... absolutely terrible!

GM: Somers and Harper now, turning to thank these fans who have supported them for long! What a moment for these men here in Chi-Town!

[Somers and Harper each step up on a midbuckle, holding the belts over their heads as the fans roar in celebration along with them. Big smiles are on the faces of both men as they salute their cheering fans.]

GM: What lies ahead for Daniel Harper and Howie Somers is unknown but on this night, Chicago belongs to Next Gen!

[As the new World Tag Team Champions continue to celebrate their victory in the ring, the crowd roaring their support for them, we fade to...



...a shot of a crowded beach. Kids are playing in the sand. Gorgeous ladies and their handsome hunks are tanned and enjoying the sunshine. Cut to an older gentleman in a tanktop that shows off quite the farmer's tan, walking through the sand, sipping from a large cup. He smiles at one bikini clad blonde and nods another, whistling softly...

...and then suddenly, his jaw drops as he looks out towards the ocean, dropping the cut to his feet with a "AHHHHHHH! LOOOOOOOOOK!"

Screams abound as we slowly pan to the source of the old timer's fear...

...a giant graphic that reads "THE AWA SUMMER SIZZLER TOUR!"

"Let 'Em Talk" by Keshia with the Eagles of Death Metal starts to play as a giant wave splashes down over the title graphic and we cut to a shot of the shore, the water receding away as we see the words "AWA FIGHT NIGHT ON FOX!" and a voiceover begins.]

"One of the biggest summers in AWA history may start tonight in Chicago but it kicks up another notch as the American Wrestling Alliance goes PRIME TIME on the big FOX Network on June 24th for AWA Fight Night On FOX - a two hour live special from Madison Square Garden."

[The wave crashes down on the shore again before pulling back to reveal "LIBERTY OR DEATH"]

"The AWA storms into Philadelphia for the very first time on the 4th of July for Liberty Or Death. See us celebrate our nation's birthday as only the AWA can do!"

[The water rushes up on shore again before receding to show "ETERNALLY EXTREME 2"]

"This special event will not be for the week at heart as the man behind the EMWC takes over Viking Hall in Philadelphia on July 9th for the sequel to one of the most legendary events in wrestling history. The handcuffs are off and anything goes on this sure-to-be-wild night of action."

[A big wave hits, white foam left behind as it draws back to reveal "THE BATTLE OF SASKATCHEWAN"]

"The AWA returns to Canada for this very special two night event on July 22nd and 23rd. Over 40,000 fans will be on hand to witness the return of an AWA classic - the Stampede Cup - at this historic event."

[We cut back to a shot of the old man, now sitting on a beach towel, mopping his soaked brow.]

"And when you add in events in Detroit, North Dakota, Mexico, and our return to Texas, this truly has the potential to be the AWA's hottest summer yet!"

[Two of the bikini clad young ladies appear next the old man, one fanning him while the other offers him a fruity looking drink which he happily accepts, giving a thumbs up to the camera as we fade to black...

...and come back up somewhere in the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of a Memorial Day Mayhem X backdrop.]

SLB: It's going to be the hottest summer yet as we kick off the AWA's Summer Sizzler Tour here tonight in Chicago where the temperature is through the roof in part thanks to this man right here. Ladies and gentlemen... my guest at this time... Javier Castillo.

[Blackwell is quite subdued as the camera pulls back to reveal Castillo, an intense rage brewing under the surface. A deep purple mark is on his left cheekbone, causing the area under his eye to swell slightly. But this man is proud so he will not attempt to hide it... to cover it up... to even tend to his wound. He stand, stiff-backed and steady as he stares into the camera, listening to the Chicago fans jeer.]

SLB: Mr. Castillo, this night has not gone the way you've expected it to.

[Blackwell obviously intends that to be a question but Castillo doesn't speak, his head slightly cocked.]

SLB: Mr. Castillo?

JC: I heard you, Blackwell.

SLB: And?

JC: And I was just wondering... what kind... of SICK... UNGRATEFUL PEOPLE LIVE IN THIS CITY!

[The boos pick up.]

JC: I GAVE you this night! I took a great risk by pulling this night away from the people of Dallas so you... the people of Chicago... could have the AWA for the very first time. And THIS is how you repay me? With boos? With scorn?

SLB: With all due respect, sir, what were you expecting?

JC: Gratitude. Loyalty. Commitment. Instead?

[He waves a hand.]

JC: Disdain. Disgust. Disenchantment.

SLB: That's a lot of disses.

[Castillo now turns his anger onto Blackwell.]

JC: Always with the jokes.

[He points an angry finger at his purple cheek.]

JC: Does THIS amuse you, Blackwell? Does it make you laugh?

[Blackwell seems to be stifling a laugh right now actually.]

SLB: No, sir.

JC: Oh, I bet it does. Look closer. Tell me, Lou... tell me all your little jokes that you and these cretins backstage have been saying about me.

[Blackwell shakes his head silently.]

JC: TELL ME!

[Blackwell jumps backwards, nearly dropping the mic which he has to fumble to recover.]

JC: If you won't tell me, Blackwell... perhaps you'll tell... him.

[A massive hand comes swatting down HARD onto Blackwell's shoulder, causing him to wince. The camera pulls back more to reveal the Suited Savage, MAWAGA, staring down at the interviewer.]

SLB: MAWAGA... my word... would you mind stepping off my shoulder please?

[Castillo smirks, that sleazy used car salesman smile.]

JC: If you're thinking that MAWAGA looks angrier than usual, Blackwell... you'd be right. You see this...

[He points to his marred face again.]

JC: He takes this as a personal failure. He wasn't there when I needed him. And I paid for that. And soon, the Outlaw will pay for it as well.

SLB: Speaking of the Outlaw...

JC: No.

SLB: No?

JC: No. The Outlaw's day will come, Blackwell. I will have that mask. I will know the face underneath it. But tonight has been filled with too many failures. Zaire, Muteesa, Zharkov, Williams, every other person that Rumble who swore to me... "I can do it for you, El Presidente. I can bring you the mask."

His day will come.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: Theirs too, perhaps. El Presidente never forgets a failure.

[He claps his hands, shaking his head.]

JC: But the night isn't over, Lou. We've got two more matches to go. Two more shots to end this night with a smile on my face.

SLB: Let's talk about the World Champion.

JC: Let's not. Johnny Detson will do what... Johnny Detson does. I have given him all the... advice... that I can give. What he does next will be up to him.

SLB: You've given him advice? Does that mean you two have declared a peace? Buried the hatchet?

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: First off, Lou... Johnny and I were never at war. We just had a difference of opinion on how to do things.

[He shrugs.]

JC: And secondly, if Johnny Detson has a hatchet, I sure hope he'd do the honor of trying to stick it in my head... and not in my back.

[Blackwell shudders.]

SLB: A disturbing thought. Alright then, what about the Tower of Doom?

[Castillo smiles.]

JC: Ah yes! My greatest invention yet! The Tower of Doom has the chance to make all things right, Blackwell. Ryan Martinez, Supreme Wright, Jeff Matthews... and...

[He mockingly clasps a hand to his mouth.]

JC: ...who? Who else, Lou?

SLB: We don't know. Thanks to you.

JC: No, no, no. You cannot blame me for the youthful enthusiasm of Jordan Ohara. You can't blame me for his mother failing to teach him qualities like patience... like honor... like discipline. He crossed a line... and I had no choice but to punish him for it like his mother should have.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: But what about the team you're sending into the Tower? King Kong Hogan...

JC: The most vicious... the most savage... the most brutal brawler this sport has seen in many a year. Mmhmm. Continue.

SLB: ...The Dogs of War...

JC: Undefeated as a team for over a year! Perhaps the most dominant trio in the history of our sport. Yes, yes... go on.

SLB: ...and Supernova. The Benedict Arnold himself.

[Castillo grimaces... then smiles.]

JC: Yes. Supernova. One of the AWA's greatest heroes who - with the help of Veronica Westerly - saw the light towards our way of thinking. I have total confidence that Supernova will be able to lead my team to victory here tonight and show the entire world that his decision was the right one. And when he does, I hope the locker room is watching because they too have decisions to make.

SLB: Oh?

JC: The time is drawing near, Lou. For months, I've been content to let people have their moments of doubt... to "stand up" to my authority and threaten it. People need to be able to resist... it shows they still have free will.

SLB: But...?

JC: But I will NOT tolerate the acts of aggression from men like Ryan Martinez... men like Jordan Ohara... men like this... Outlaw. The time is coming where they must make a decision whether they will bow their heads, bend their knees, and embrace the world that Korugun has graciously allowed them to live in.

[Blackwell grimaces.]

SLB: Or...?

[Castillo smiles at the interviewer, slowing raising his right hand, and snaps his finger. Blackwell exclaims in pain as MAWAGA increases the pressure on his shoulder, pushing him down to his knees on the floor, grimacing as Castillo stares down at him.]

JC: Or we will make them do it. There are only two sides to a war, Lou. I'd choose wisely.

[And with a second snap, MAWAGA lets go, leaving Blackwell groaning in pain on his knees as Castillo and the Suited Savage take their leave and we fade to another part of backstage where Mark Stegklet is standing with the Iron Cowboy himself, Jack Lynch. The tall and lanky Lynch is dressed in his ring gear, his white cowboy hat resting tilted forward and resting comfortably atop his head.]

MS: We are now just a little while away, Mr. Lynch, from when you'll have the opportunity to win the AWA World Heavyweight Title for the second time and

against the man you beat the first time, Johnny Detson. But given everything that happened to bring this match about, I understand that your feelings on the situation are mixed, to the say the least.

[Lynch nods his head.]

JL You can say that again, Mark.

Ya know, it's a strange thing, gettin' a shot at the grand prize and thinkin' that you'd rather be somewhere else.

I don't know how many people in this business have had to ask themselves if they really want a shot at bein' World Champion.

But here I am, Mark... still wonderin' if I should be in the Tower and not about to take on Detson.

MS: It was Ryan Martinez who encouraged you to take this match. I don't think any of the men in the Tower fault you for taking this opportunity.

[Another nod from Lynch.]

JL: You're right, Mark. So now, I'm gettin' that title shot, and you'd best believe that I plan on bringin' that belt home to my girls.

But these last weeks, I've had to ask myself – what am I in this match for? And its been hard, comin' to the answer.

Its been me, sittin' up at two in the mornin', starin' at the wall, tryin' to figure out what's gonna carry this cowboy to victory.

[Lynch lifts his head and tilts his hat back.]

JL: For some, it's real simple. Ya take a guy like Castillo. Why's he doin' this? Well, for Castillo, it all comes down to cash and chaos. Makin' as much of the former as he can while causin' as much of the latter as possible.

But then, ya look at the two men in the Tower who've held that World Title. For Supreme Wright, holdin' that belt is about bein' at the pinnacle. It's about showin' that you're the best there is at what ya do.

Supreme Wright is a man driven by that need. The need to be perfect. The need to prove that he is the very best.

And havin' been in the ring with him, it's hard to think he ain't.

And then there's Ryan Martinez.

[Lynch scratches his stubbled chin thoughtfully.]

JL: Everyone knows that the White Knight's got his crusade. Everyone knows that what drives Ryan Martinez is a code of honor as rock solid as the ethic that drives Supreme Wright. Ryan Martinez is out here fightin' the good fight for The Cause.

But I ain't never been the sorta guy that's driven by those things.

I ain't those two men. They each got some ideal that drives 'em. That ain't me. I'm not here for a crusade.

So why am I here?

[Lynch draws in a deep breath and exhales slowly.]

JL: It's simple.

I'm here for them.

[Lynch removes his white hat, runs his fingers through his hair and then places his hat back on his head.]

JL: What do I fight for? It ain't an idea.

I fight for people.

I fight for my brothers – James and Travis, who can't be here in the AWA fightin' for themselves. I fight for Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright, two men I've fought shoulder to shoulder and back to back with on more than one occasion.

I was there when Ryan Martinez took on the Wise Men, and nothin' has ever made me feel as good as watchin' him take to them and knowin' that I was there, in the trenches, watchin' his back and makin' sure he won the day.

And I was there at SuperClash, fightin' with a man who is in the family now, takin' on the Syndicate, my blood mixin' with his as we defended a woman we both love.

It's family, Mark, that I fight for. They're my cause.

If it's Jordan Ohara. If it's Wes Taylor. If it's anyone who needs someone standin' at their side? That's who I fight for.

And if you're sittin' out there in the Allstate Arena, or you're watchin' at home, know this – I'm fightin' for you too.

There's a lot of ugly in this world. There's a lot that can make a person lose hope. But I'm tellin' ya right now, no matter how dark it gets, you are just like Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright.

You're backed by Jack.

And that ain't just words. That's somethin' I'll go to my grave believin'. Because the people I love, admire and respect, that's my damn cause, Mark. And if you're a good and decent person, then I don't need to know anythin' else about ya. I don't care what color, race, or creed ya are. I don't care who ya pray to, or if ya pray at all. I don't care who ya love or how ya live your life.

You're my damn family, and I'll fight for ya, always.

Which brings me to you, Johnny Detson.

[Lynch shakes his head dismissively.]

JL: Because I know what you're fightin' for. Ya fightin' for nothin' but Johnny Detson.

I know you, Detson, and I know your type. You'd sell your grandmother down the river for half a nickel if you thought it'd get ya somewhere.

Ya already sold out every member of the Kings.

You got nothin' and no one, Detson. The only person in your world is you. Everything ya do is for your glory.

And I know you've got skills, and I know you're dangerous. I've been in the ring with ya before. I know that this won't be no cakewalk.

But I also know that I can beat ya. Last time ya lost that belt, it was me who did it. And I got a feelin' that history is gonna repeat itself tonight.

Hell, way I see it, I ain't got a choice in the matter.

[Lynch takes another deep breath as the camera zooms in on his eyes.]

JL: I wanted to fight with my brothers in the Tower. Instead, I'm fightin' you, and I'm fightin' you for them.

There ain't no way I can live with knowin' I took the World Title shot unless I can do for my family what they want to do.

I can't live with myself knowin' that I fought for them and lost. I can't look myself in the mirror, knowin' that I stood here and said I was gonna fight for the people I call my family unless I win. And I can't go home to my wife and little girl unless I bring 'em back that gold belt.

So Detson... I'm comin' for ya and I'm bringin' hell with me.

And it won't be over until I've done my people proud.

[Lynch offers a nod to Stegglet, and then steps away, preparing to make good on his word.]

MS: Jack Lynch looking to repeat history here tonight and become a two-time World Champion... and he's looking to do that for his friends... his family... and his fans. But that's coming up later tonight and as our ring crew works on getting the Tower of Doom ready for battle, let's go back to Sweet Lou with the other half of this Tower of Doom matchup!

[We fade to another part of the backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands with Ryan Martinez, Jeff Matthews and Supreme Wright.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark! It has been a wild night here in Chicago, and, pardon me for saying it this way, but the mayhem seems destined to continue. Supreme Wright, let's start with you. After what happened in the Rumble, are you truly ready for the Tower of Doom?

[Wright's injured eye has been covered up by bandage and gauze, hiding the true extent of his injury. If he's in any pain, the stoic expression on his face isn't giving any indication that he is.]

SW: Am I ready? Of course I am, Mr. Blackwell.

[He points to the bandages covering his eye.]

SW: My sight may be compromised, but I am NOT. I'm still standing. I'm still breathing. And I am far from broken. If any of Castillo's Army makes the mistake of believing that this injury makes me any less dangerous, that it's made me an easy target...I'll make damn sure it'll be the last mistake they'll ever make.

You ask me if I'm ready for the Tower of Doom, Mr. Blackwell?

[Supreme shakes his head.]

SW: I believe the question you should be asking is...

...is the Tower of Doom ready for me?

[He glares at Sweet Lou with such an intensity, that makes the interviewer visibly nervous.]

SLB: Only a fool would doubt your fighting spirit or your prowess, and Mama Blackwell didn't raise me to be a fool. But now we turn to you, Jeff Matthews. We saw you go through quite a bit in the Rumble. How are you feeling?

JMM: How am I feeling? I suppose the better question is - are you breathing? And if that's the question, the answer is yes.

I'm still breathing.

I've still got blood flowing through these veins. I didn't quite get to where I wanted to in that Rumble but I'm still alive and kicking. As long as those two facts are undeniable, it doesn't matter what I feel. Because quite frankly, the only way to keep me down is to put me 6 feet under.

[He looks to Blackwell.]

JMM: Seeing as I'm standing next to you, it means that's out of the question. I'm feeling like we got another fight ahead of ourselves. I'm feeling that the men joining me in this fight are ready. I'm feeling like I'm ready for a battle. I'm feeling like Castillo and his goons need a beating. How's that for how I'm feeling because that's all the feeling you're getting out of me tonight.

[Blackwell cringes a bit at Matthews' directness before turning to the other man standing with them.]

SLB: Words like that have to instill you with confidence, Mr. Martinez.

[The former World Champion nods his head.]

RM: They do, Lou.

From personal experience, I know exactly how much punishment Supreme Wright can take. And I look at him right now?

And I know he's not anywhere close to being finished.

And Jeff Matthews?

[Martinez nods confidently.]

RM: Well, I've heard the stories from my father. I know what kind of man Jeff Matthews is. I know what he's made of.

Confidence doesn't even come close to describing the faith I have in these men, Lou.

SLB: Still, you have to be concerned. The Tower of Doom isn't just a name. And behind the five monsters you have to face tonight, you've got a diabolical mind.

[Martinez nods again.]

RM: You're right about that, Lou. Javier Castillo has done everything he can to get an edge in this match. He sent King Kong Hogan to try and maim Supreme Wright. He found a way to take Jordan Ohara out of the equation tonight.

And everyone, me included, wants to know what's coming next. Because we all know Castillo has got something up his sleeve.

But Lou... I learned a long time ago that there'll always be someone who is looking to take what the AWA stands for and drag down into the mud.

There will always be Wise Men. There will always be an Axis. There will always be soulless corporations with megalomaniacs carrying out their ruthless agenda. Men who want nothing but money and bloodshed. And since day one, the answer has always been the same.

Stand tall. Hold the line.

I've said those words before, Lou, and I'm saying them again tonight. The AWA is built on honorable foundations.

It's built on the contributions of living legends like Jeff Matthews. It's built on the talents of the greatest wrestler walking the planet, Supreme Wright. It is a place for honor and for glory. For men and women to step into the squared circle and prove themselves.

Am I worried about what Castillo has up his sleeve? Of course I'm worried. But am I afraid?

Not even a little.

SLB: That said, Castillo's machinations have left you scrambling for a partner. I have to wonder if you found someone.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: You bet we did!

[And in storms Wes Taylor, looking fit to be tied and ready for battle in a t-shirt, full-length wrestling tights, and Cowboy "style" boots.]

WT: The last time the AWA was on TV, Lou, I made the plea. I asked these men to put their trust in me... something I don't deserve, I know that... but I asked them to put that aside and let me stand next to them in that Tower.

To give me the chance to get a little bit of payback...

[He holds up a heavily taped fist with "BJ" written in black ink on the back.]

WT: For Brian...

[And the other fist similarly wrapped with "TD" on the back.]

WT: ...and Tony. I wish I had a grander purpose in this, Lou. I wish I was here to defend the AWA like Ryan Martinez. I wish I was here to prove I'm the greatest warrior in combat arts like Supreme Wright. I wish I was here to show the world that I'm still the man they called the Career Killer like Jeff Matthews.

But I'm not. I don't have a grand purpose, Lou.

I've got a noble one.

[He holds up the white taped fists again.]

WT: To turn this white tape red with the blood of every piece of crap who was involved in putting Tony on the shelf and sending Brian home.

Those are my brothers, Lou. They ain't my blood... but they might as well be. And that's something I know that Ryan Martinez knows plenty about, fighting for me who are as close as blood. Supreme Wright knows something about that too. And Jeff Matthews has had enough fights in his life, I'm sure he fought for a friend or two over the years.

[Matthews nods.]

WT: Tonight, that's me. I fight for them. And if it's the last thing I do, Javier Castillo...

[He takes a deep breath, realizing the gravity of the line he's about to cross.]

WT: ...I'm coming for you too.

[Taylor lowers his fists as Supreme Wright steps up, staring Taylor in the eye.]

SW: Wes, I just want to make something clear. Considering your history with Johnny Detson and Javier Castillo, we weren't sure we could trust you, but I know this...

...Tony trusts you.

And that's all I needed to know. I haven't had the chance to say it to you personally, so...

[Wright extends his hand to Taylor.]

SW: ...welcome to the team.

[Taylor hesitates for a second, but for only a second, before he takes Wright's hand in a firm handshake! However...

...Wright won't let go.]

SW: But I also want you to know if you betray us, if you betray our trust...if you betray Tony...I will not hesitate to leave you for dead.

Understood?

[Taylor nods in affirmation.]

WT: You'd have every right to. But you have nothing to worry about. I'm going to make sure those bastards pay for what they've done!

[Satisfied with Taylor's response, Wright nods in approval and finally lets go of their handshake.]

SLB: Looking around, that is still only four men. Mr. Martinez, what about the fifth man?

RM: Well, you heard it on Saturday night, Lou.

Jack Lynch gets to name his replacement.

SLB: But who is it?

RM: Well Lou, I'll tell you the truth – I have no idea. None of us do.

SLB: You don't seem all that bothered.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: I've known Jack Lynch for years. And in all those years, he has never once let me down. He's never once given me his word and not been good for it.

If Jack Lynch says he's got someone, that's good enough for me. I trust Jack Lynch like a brother.

So I'm going to trust him enough to let him play this out the way he thinks is best. The whole world will find out who that fifth man is the same time we do. The same time Castillo does.

You asked me earlier if I was worried about Castillo and what he's got planned. And I look around now, and here's what I know.

Castillo hasn't got anyone that's as legendary as Jeff Matthews.

He hasn't got anyone that's as determined as Wes Taylor.

He hasn't got anyone as skilled as Supreme Wright.

He hasn't got anyone as dangerous as whoever it is Jack Lynch chose.

And he hasn't got anyone with my heart.

We're stepping into the Tower of Doom with one goal in mind – defeat the Korogun Army and make Castillo rue the day he ever crossed the AWA. Will it get bloody? Of course it will. But will the light be shining at the end of the day?

Count on it!

[And we fade from the backstage area...

...and back out to the interior of the Allstate Arena where the lights have been dimmed as spotlights dance all over the massive Tower of Doom structure that has been assembled.]

GM: There it is, fans. One of the most dangerous... most brutal structures ever created to hold a professional wrestling match - the Tower of Doom. Take a look.

BW: It's massive, Gordo! Sitting down here next to it... it's just gigantic!

[The wide shows the three cages - a normal one on the bottom surrounding the ring, a slightly smaller one above it, and then the smallest of all up top with barely any room inside it at all. Long extension ladders have been set up on either side of the cage, leading from the floor all the way to the very top level.]

GM: In just a moment, fans... two teams of five - well, we think it'll be five at least - will climb into that Tower - one by one - and battle their way down through this twisted steel structure. The only way to win is to have your entire team survive the battle down the Tower and exit to the floor before the other team does. The last time the Tower of Doom came into play here in the AWA was 2014... in fact, this is only the third time this horrific battlefield has been put into play.

BW: The last time we saw it, Gordo, it was Ryan Martinez leading a team into battle against the Wise Men. And of his five men... only three of them are still in the AWA. That's the kind of damage a match like this can do.

GM: Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright were both in the Tower three years ago... and of course, that night saw Wright betray Martinez... and the AWA... to join the Wise Men.

BW: Could lightning strike twice, Gordo? Martinez may not say it but you can bet he remembers that night in Missouri VERY well.

GM: Over on the other side of the Tower, the Dogs of War competed in that match three years ago and - of course - are on Team Korugun here tonight. Their services have bought and paid for but that experience has to be invaluable tonight in this Tower.

BW: Of course. For someone like Wes Taylor, this could be completely overwhelming to be a part of. If you've been in it before, you know what to expect and you're ready for it.

GM: The Tower is up... the Tower is ready... and we're about to make some history with the Tower of Doom match for the third time in the AWA. And... well, I know he's not pleased to draw this assignment again but let's go down to Mark Stegglet for an explanation of what - you the fans - should expect out of this incredible showdown. Mark?

[The shot cuts to a wide shot of the stadium, showing off the three story Tower of Doom in the shining spotlights, glittering as they pass over its steel structure. Since the last time we saw the wide shot, two referees have climbed up the large ladders into position - one next to the very small upper cage and one kneeling outside the second cage, tugging at a lever.

A second cut shows Mark Stegglet standing by the ladder, one hand gripping it. He does NOT look happy.]

MS: Look, Gordon... I know the AWA is all about tradition but this is ridiculous. In 2011, at the first Tower of Doom, I offered up this thing to talk about the rules of the Tower and to take the fans through it. I was just trying to get on TV for Pete's sake! The office loved it! In 2014, they asked me to do it again... and I agreed... because I'm a team player but...

[He gestures at the ladder.]

MS: Really? Again? Do we seriously pay Colt all that money just to show up and interview two guys every couple of months?

[He sighs.]

MS: Alright. Fine. But this is the last time, I swear.

[Stegglet throws a glance up the forty feet to the top of the Tower before sighing deeply again. He grabs at his earpiece.]

MS: Yes. I'm going. Just hold on.

[Stegglet hands off the handheld mic to a ringside attendant, tapping on a mic on his collar.]

MS: Check, check... 1-2-3.

[He nods as he grabs a higher rung on the ladder, looking up...]

MS: The top of this Tower stands forty feet off the arena floor. As you all know, we've got two teams of five. When the opening bell sounds, one man from each team will climb this ladder... just... like... me....

[Stegglet slowly begins scaling the ladder, step by step to the cheers of the fans.]

MS: Now... when I was a kid, my grandpa used to like to do work on his own house. He always fashioned himself as a man's man so whenever he got the chance to hammer some nails or that kind of thing, he was all over it. One summer, he had me come to visit and every day for two weeks, we climbed a ladder just like this so we could work on his roof. Freaked me out then... and freaks me out now... and a word of advice to the ten men in the back... don't look down while you're doing this.

[The crowd roars as Stegglet slowly climbs, not speaking for an extended period of time as he nears the top, stepping off the ladder with the help of referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller.]

MS: Ahh, Pete. The guy with the worst job tonight. I hope you're not afraid of heights, buddy.

[Miller shakes his head but does appear to be holding on very tightly to the mesh.]

MS: Pete's also got the important job of being the timekeeper for this match. He'll be up here directing traffic and deciding when to open the trapdoors. He's got the buzzer as well as the controls for the trapdoors.

[Miller nods, gesturing to a control panel in front of him with wires running off it.]

MS: So, we're at the top... now we've gotta go back down the hard way. You'll enter the Tower through this small doorway here.

[A nod to Miller causes a horn to sound as the door unlatches, allowing Stegglet to slip sideways through the small opening into the very small cage atop the Tower. As he gets in, Blue Shoes hits another button to snap the door shut behind him with a loud "CLANG!"]

MS: The top cage here... well, it's barely big enough for two people. Three people or more would be a real problem. There's not much room in here at all. The cage is a little bit taller than the average AWA competitor - maybe seven feet tall. We'd never get Torin The Titan up in one of these.

[He steps over to the cage, giving it a hard tug or two, showing the amount of give.]

MS: The fight will go on up here in this cage for two minutes with the first man from both teams. After two minutes of action...

[The horn goes off again as Stegglet winces.]

MS: I knew I forgot something. My earplugs are back in the dressing room.

[He rubs at his ears with a shake of his head as he leans over, grabbing a trapdoor in the floor and pulling it open.]

MS: With the sound of the buzzer, the trapdoor unlocks and can be opened. It'll only be open for fifteen seconds and if you can't move on, you have to stay in this

cage for two more minutes. So, it can get pretty tight up here if you get stuck behind.

[Stegglet nods, sitting down gingerly with his legs dangling through the trapdoor. He grabs the mesh with both hands, slowly lowering himself through and dropping a couple of feet down.]

MS: The middle cage - the second level - is quite a bit larger than the top one. More room to move around in here and a lot more room for more than two competitors in here.

!

[He stomps a few times.]

!

MS: But this one is perhaps the most dangerous. Steel ceiling, steel walls, steel floor. You can do a lot of damage in a real hurry in here as this mesh will rip and tear your skin apart pretty easily. The battle will continue here again for two minutes until the horn goes off again.

[This time, Stegglet DOES cover his ears as the air horn sounds. Stegglet walks over to the trapdoor.]

MS: You can see that Scott Ezra has been positioned outside the second cage. His job is to open up that second door when the horn goes off.

[Ezra gives Stegglet a thumbs up as he pulls a lever that unlocks the second door. Stegglet leans over, pulling it up.]

MS: Our referees have been secured to the side of the cage by a special rigging... just to be careful.

[Ezra lifts up a strap, showing him secured to the cage with a nervous grin.]

MS: Remind me to talk to El Presidente about hazard pay for all three of us, okay? Well, this is the final trapdoor and uhh... look...

[He grabs the earpiece.]

MS: Is this part necessary? I nearly blew out my knee three years ago.

[Stegglet listens with a grimace.]

MS: Alright, fine. But tell Castillo the bill is coming to him directly.

[He looks through the final trapdoor before sitting down, legs dangling through the trapdoor. He eases himself forward with a grunt of effort, hanging onto the mesh as he tries to lower himself softly...

...and still hits the mat standing with a hard jolt. He winces visibly, hobbling to catch his balance.]

MS: That'll sting when I wake up tomorrow.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: The final level is a standard full-sized ring and cage and of course, is where you can escape the Tower to the floor. Now... this is something that hasn't come up yet as we walked the road to this night, but there will be a Keeper of the Key in this bottom cage who is responsible for opening that cage door and allowing people to get to the floor.

[Stegglet produces a key, opening a padlock and chain on the door, stepping out to the floor gingerly on the sore ankle.]

MS: Remember, to win, you must have your entire team - all five guys - be the first to make it out to the floor.

The Tower of Doom - very unique, very dangerous, and very exciting.

[Stegglet does a little bow to cheers from the Chicago crowd.]

MS: Now let's hope it stays very rare because I do NOT want to do that again any time soon. Rebecca, my dear... the floor is yours.

[Stegglet ducks from the ring as Rebecca Ortiz climbs in, mic in hand.]

RO: The following contest is the first half of your DOUBLE MAIN EVENT and it is... THE TOWER OF DOOOOOOOOOOOM!

[The crowd ROARS with enthusiasm!]

RO: Introducing first... he is your KEEPER OF THE KEYS!

He is a TWO-TIME PRO BOWLER...

He was a member of the 1985 SUPER BOWL CHAMPIONS, YOUR CHICAGOOOOO BEARRRRRRRS...

Ladies and gentlemen...

[Dramatic pause as the crowd is buzzing with excitement now.]

RO: STEVE! MONNNNNNGOOOOOOOO! MCMICHAEL!

[The sounds of the infamous Super Bowl Shuffle comes across the PA system as Steve "Mongo" McMichael walks out to salute the roaring crowd. He smiles, waving at the crowd as he stands at the top of the ramp in a pair of black athletic pants and a #76 Bears jersey. He holds up his hand, showing off his Super Bowl ring to even bigger cheers.]

GM: Well, if you wanted to get a Keeper of the Keys who won't back down from anyone, you sure got one in Steve "Mongo" McMichael!

BW: I guess not! Former Defensive Tackle for the Super Bowl Champion Bears is in the house!

GM: Chicago sports fans are loyal to the core, Bucky. You think about the love shown to the Bulls over the years... even the often lowly Cubs... and the '85 Bears is a team of legend to the fans here in Chi-Town.

BW: I've even heard interviews with this guy saying he would've loved to have been involved with pro wrestling after his football days were over. An announcer maybe or even to climb in the ring himself!

GM: That would've been a sight to see, I'm sure. But now he's getting that chance to climb into the ring... not to compete but... you can see now that referee Andy Dawson is down here at ringside, handing over the key to that padlock. That's the only key to that lock we're told so it's all up to Mongo whether or not he opens the door.

BW: A lot of responsibility. Hope he's up to it.

[McMichael gives the official a nod before climbing into the Tower, getting another big cheer. He pauses, moving back to the door and with the aid of Andy Dawson, he secured the Tower door, locking it in place, and then slides the key that hangs on a chain over his head and neck, grinning with a thumbs up to the cameraman.]

RO: And now... introducing first...

TEAM KORUUUUUUUGUUUUUUN!

[The signature snarl of a big jungle cat is heard followed by the sounds of "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez creeping across the PA system. The Chicago crowd starts to boo in anticipation of who is about to walk into view. And the boos get louder as they arrive.

The AWA President, Javier Castillo, comes out first - MAWAGA right by his side. Castillo looks around nervously, then tosses a glance back at the Suited Savage to make sure he's still where he should be.

Right behind him walks the face-painted traitor himself, Supernova. He's dressed in a black trenchcoat, a matching black Louisville Slugger resting on his shoulder.

Then comes King Kong Hogan, a wild far-off look in his eyes as he smirks menacingly. He's still in his tank top and pants from earlier but as added a pair of heavy black workman's boots as he looks lovingly up at the Tower of Doom.

And then come the Dogs of War in their usual midnight blue "riot gear" ensemble. Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker keep their heads on a swivel, looking out into the crowd to make sure they are no unexpected threats coming for them.]

GM: And there they are, Bucky. One of the most dangerous teams I can remember being assembled for any kind of a match.

BW: Absolutely. Javier Castillo always says that he doesn't lack for resources... and I've heard rumors about how much the Dogs of War and King Kong Hogan are charging him for this particular fight. Castillo's not lying. Korugun is investing a lot of money in the outcome of this one.

GM: And yet, we still don't truly understand the motives of Supernova, Bucky. We've heard rumors of money. We've heard Veronica Westerly - who is conspicuous by her absence - talk about a lack of opportunities for one of the AWA's longest-tenured superstars. But we've yet to hear from Supernova himself. He's been perfectly satisfied in letting Westerly speak for him.

BW: Hey, can you blame him? Why should he let the people hear from him now? They were obviously never listening to him before!

GM: Team Korugun making their way down here to ringside... look at Castillo grinning at that Tower.

BW: It's his finest creation yet!

GM: It's not... he didn't create the Tower! We just talked about how there's been two in AWA history long before he showed up.

BW: Eh... semantics.

GM: I don't think that word means what you think it means.

[As Team Korugun fans out around the Tower, the music fades and Rebecca Ortiz' voice cuts through the buzzing crowd once more.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The sounds of the most famous fanfare in cinema history rings out as "Gonna Fly Now" by Bill Conti begins to a HUUUUUUGE ROAR from the Allstate Arena fans. A moment later, the team walks into view, one by one, and taking up a spot on the entrance stage...

Jeff Matthews is first, showing no signs of wear and tear from the Rumble earlier. His eyes gaze down the ramp, running up and down the Tower as he nods to himself.

Wes Taylor is the next one through, wearing a black sleeveless vest, jogging in place as he flashes a well-taped pair of fists at the camera with "TD" on the right and "BJ" on the left.

Supreme Wright emerges next, some white bandages around his eye that King Kong Hogan viciously gouged earlier in the night. But other than that, Wright looks to be as ready as he always is for the battle to come.

Ryan Martinez comes out to stand by Wright, placing a hand on his shoulder and pointing down the ramp. Wright nods as the four men start walking towards the ring.

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 no 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!" "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!

#'Cuz my town is big and my town is bright#
#My town can work and my town can fight#
#So don't stike no light and don't cause a red#
#There's gonna be a blackout, blackout tonight#

[Carver makes it to ringside, pausing to put one foot up on the guardrail as he pops the top to another can of beer.]

#Gonna be a blackout, blackout tonight#
#Gonna be a blackout, blackout tonight#

[Carver downs another beer as the crowd chants along with every "BLACKOUT TONIGHT". He slides his remaining beers under the ring as he climbs up onto the announce table, Bucky Wilde scrambling out of the way. He points to Martinez' bare waist, the camera closest to him clearly picking him up shouting--]

"Nice belt, champ!"

[He gives Supreme Wright a nod of respect as the music dies out and he hops off the table onto the floor, moving towards his shocked team.]

"CAR-VER!" "CAR-VER!" "CAR-VER!"

"CAR-VER!" "CAR-VER!" "CAR-VER!"

"CAR-VER!" "CAR-VER!" "CAR-VER!"

"CAR-VER!" "CAR-VER!" "CAR-VER!"

GM: The fans in Chicago are on their feet and... wow! Javier Castillo has LOST IT! He's screaming at Carver... screaming at Martinez... screaming at his team! This is NOT what Javier Castillo expected here tonight... and who can blame him?! I don't think any of us saw this one coming!

BW: No, no way. Travis Lynch? Sure. Bobby O'Connor? Yeah. But Carver?! Son of a...

[Martinez is still staring at Carver, jaw dropped.]

GM: Look at Martinez. He had no idea this was coming, fans.

BW: And the last time Martinez and Carver were in the same ring, it was the Main Event of SuperClash VII when they were fighting for the World Title! Martinez just got another member of his team that he doesn't know if he can trust!

[Trying to shake off the surprise, Martinez calls his team together for a final bit of strategy as Castillo does the same.]

GM: This crowd is JACKED now, fans! They were already exciting about this one and now they're on their feet because they just got a HUGE surprise in the return of Hannibal Carver!

[The cameras stay just outside the huddles, showing a split screen as the two teams get their final strategies in place...

...which is when Hannibal Carver breaks away from the huddle, running towards the ladder!]

GM: Wait a second!

[The crowd ROARS for the unpredictable Carver as he starts climbing the ladder, leaving his surprised team behind.]

GM: Carver's going for the ladder! He's gonna be the first one in for his team, fans, and... well, again, Ryan Martinez has to look on in shock.

BW: Are you sure we should let him climb that ladder? He's been drinking!

GM: Hang on tight, Hannibal!

[Carver is heading quickly up the ladder as we check in on the other side of the ring where Pedro Perez from the Dogs of War is climbing up the other side.]

GM: And hold on to your hats and glasses, fans... because Pedro Perez and Hannibal Carver might just tear this damn Tower to the ground!

[Castillo looks on eagerly as Perez climbs up the other ladder, getting up to the top of the Tower where Carver wraps his fingers in the mesh, shaking it back and forth and slamming his own head into the steel a few times.]

BW: Carver's crazier than the last damn time he was here!

[The referee at the top of the Tower, Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller holds up a hand as both teams get there, waiting to get the alert...

...and then as the bell sounds, he hits the switch to open the doors on the first two levels of the Tower.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: AND THE TOWER OF DOOM IS UNDERWAY!

[The door opens as Hannibal Carver and Pedro Perez slip inside the very small cage at the top of the Tower..

...and Perez comes in quickly, throwing a flurry of clubbing blows at Carver.]

GM: Perez starting off hot... but they've got two minutes in that very small cage atop the Tower before the trapdoor opens and they could potentially go down into the second cage.

BW: Two minutes in close confines to beat someone up? Sounds like Carver's typical Friday night!

[Perez shoves Carver's face back into the cage, still throwing right hands to the head... then down to the ribs... then back up to the head.]

GM: Perez is doing a number early on in this one and-

[The crowd gets louder as Carver loops in a right hand... and another... and another... and then lowers his head like he's in a hockey fight, throwing a whirling dervish of rights and lefts as quickly as he can.]

GM: HANNIBAL CARVER HAS COME TO FIGHT!

[The Boston Brawler snatches a handful of hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS Pedro Perez' head into the mesh!]

GM: FACEFIRST TO THE STEEL!

[Carver spins around, still holding the hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND INTO THE STEEL MESH A SECOND TIME!

[This time, Carver presses Perez' face into the mesh...

...and starts dragging his face back and forth across the skin-tearing steel!]

GM: AHHH!

BW: HE'S TRYING TO RIP THE SKIN OFF PEREZ' FACE!

GM: He certainly is!

[Perez cries out as Carver drags his face along one whole side of the top cage, the crowd roaring for the vulgar display of violence. As Carver lets go, Perez slides down alongside the cage, flopping over to sit against it as the Boston Brawler circles back to him, hooking his fingers into the mesh...]

GM: Perez is down and... ohh! Big boot to the chest by Carver!

[And with his fingers hanging onto the steel, Carver lets loose a series of hard stomps on the downed Perez, repeatedly drive the sole of his boot into Perez' chest.]

BW: And if Pedro Perez can survive another minute - less than that now - down on the cage floor, he's in an excellent spot to pop that trapdoor open and get down into the second cage.

GM: That is the goal of this match, fans. As tempting as it may be to stay in a cage and level up the degree of violence... the goal is to get in, get down, and get out.

[We cut to the bottom ring where the Keeper of the Keys, Steve "Mongo" McMichael is taking a long look up the Tower to where the brawl is raging above him.]

GM: There's a big fight going up there. Some big bodies moving around and Steve McMichael knows all about big hits and big bodies - that's for sure.

[Cut again back to the top of the Tower where Carver is dragging Perez up to his feet, a stream of blood already leaking from the forehead of Pedro Perez.]

GM: Perez has been split open thanks to Carver and that steel mesh, fans! And as the crimson starts to flow... you can see the second member of each team moving into place. It's going to be Jeff Matthews for Team AWA and it's going to be Isaiah Carpenter for Team Korugun.

BW: It's a great strategy to get two of the Dogs in there. They know each other very well. They work together even better. So, if you can get at least two of the three in there, that'll put you to an advantage for sure.

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[The crowd cheers at the sound of the buzzer as the doors open.]

GM: The doors are open now... those trapdoors unlocking for ten seconds as these two try to get down into the middle cage as Carpenter and Matthews try to get into the Tower...

[Carver swings the trapdoor open, nodding his head at the cheering crowd as he grabs hold of the steel, lowering himself through and dropping down onto the mesh floor below.]

GM: Carver's through!

[Perez makes a lunge at the door as well, blood streaming down his face as he grabs hold of the steel, lowering himself down as he pulls the trapdoor down into position...

...but he's still hanging from it when Carver grabs him by the ankle to the cheers of the fans!]

GM: Carver's got Perez by the ankle - perhaps looking to pull him down...

BW: I don't think so, Gordo.

[Carver pulls the ankle towards the side of the cage, smirking as Perez struggles to hang on, shouting "HEEEEEEY!" at Carver. Carver gives a shove, swinging Perez back the other way where he gets close to parallel...

...and then lets go!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Perez plummets from his hanging position to CRASH facefirst down on the steel mesh!]

GM: PEREZ HITS HARD! OH MY!

[We cut to a shot of the top cage where Jeff Matthews and Isaiah Carpenter are slugging it out.]

GM: And we've got a ferocious exchange of fisticuffs in the top cage once again!

BW: It's not much more than a handful of feet wide, Gordo. There's not enough room to do much more than just pound the other guy into hamburger meat!

[Carpenter swings a knee up into Matthews' gut, using his hair to pull him back against the steel where he winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop up in the top deck by Carpenter, who you know would love to get down into that middle cage to help his partner in the Dogs of War...

BW: ...who is taking quite the beating right now.

[Cut to the middle cage where we see Carver pinning Perez' back down onto the steel mesh, pounding a fist down between his eyes, worsening the cut dripping crimson from Perez' head.]

GM: Carver's just pummeling Perez down into the steel... and as we get closer to that next period, Carver's gotta start thinking about getting down to the bottom ring and getting out of this Tower.

BW: McMichael's got the key in hand... he's ready if someone comes down...

[Carver climbs to his feet, pulling Perez up with him, and charges the side of the second cage...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PEREZ HITS THE STEEL AGAIN!

[The bloodied Perez collapses in a heap against the wall of the cage, sliding down to his knees...]

GM: We're just seconds away from those doors opening again. We've got... it looks like King Kong Hogan's coming in for his team and-

[We cut to the outside of the Tower where Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez are loudly disagreeing over who is going in next.]

GM: I think Ryan Martinez - the AWA's White Knight - was coming in next but when Supreme Wright saw that King Kong Hogan is coming in for Team Korugun, he told Martinez that HE wants to come in next.

BW: Wright wants to get his hands on Hogan again and... this is quite the intense conversation going on here.

[Wright suddenly shoves Martinez backwards, grabbing the ladder and starting to climb as a concerned White Knight looks on.]

GM: Wright is climbing that ladder - he wants to be the next one in!

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[As the buzzer sounds, the trapdoors open again as Carver walks over towards his, leaning down as the top one swings open...]

....and Isaiah Carpenter grabs hold of the mesh, flipping through the door to land on Carver's shoulders, his legs wrapped around the head...]

GM: What in the...?!

[Carpenter throws himself backwards, flipping Carver over in a makeshift rana!]

GM: Wow! What athleticism on the part of Isaiah Carpenter to pull that off!

BW: Look at Matthews! Look at Matthews!

[The veteran Madfox lowers himself down into the second cage, takes a quick look around at the downed bodies...]

...and makes a lunge for the next trapdoor, diving through it and lowering himself down into the bottom cage before it slams shut behind him!]

GM: MATTHEWS IS THROUGH! MATTHEWS GOT THROUGH _TWO_ TRAPDOORS IN THE SAME PERIOD!

[Down in the bottom ring, Matthews gestures towards the Tower door and Steve "Mongo" McMichael obliges, unlocking the padlock and allowing the Hall of Famer and former World Champion to escape.]

GM: And just like that, fans, Matthews is out!

[The crowd cheers the exit of the Madfox as he raises his arms, moving to shake Ryan Martinez' hand.]

GM: And Team Martinez, Team AWA, Team White Knights... call them what you will... they just took a one to nothing advantage in this Tower of Doom thanks to a quick and very smart move by Jeff Matthews.

BW: VERY smart considering the amount of time he was in that Rumble earlier... but it definitely doesn't do any favors to Hannibal Carver.

GM: That's for sure.

[But as Isaiah Carpenter punishes Hannibal Carver with pounding punches down on the mesh of the cage, we cut to the top cage where King Kong Hogan is getting the taste slapped out of his mouth...]

GM: Wright's got Hogan up against the mesh and-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A series of open hand slaps find the ear of Hogan, causing him to slump back against the mesh...]

...and we cut back to the middle cage where the Dogs of War are both on their feet now, going after Hannibal Carver.]

GM: Carver's all along in there against Perez and Carpenter and that is NOT good news for Hannibal Carver... or for the rest of his team, fans.

BW: Except for Matthews who is on the floor resting.

GM: That's the goal of the match though, Bucky. To escape the Tower. And I wouldn't be the least bit surprised to learn that Ryan Martinez gave his team strict orders - get in, get down, and get out... just like we said earlier. We've seen matches like this where teams decide to forego their chance to exit to stay in and doubleteam or triple-team. We've seen matches like this where people have thrown out members of the opposing team to get an advantage. But the most successful strategy? Get in, get down, and get out.

[Pulling Carver to his feet, Perez and Carpenter rush him towards the wall of the second cage and SLAM him facefirst into the mesh!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And this time, it's Hannibal Carver who goes facefirst into the steel!

[Carver staggers backwards, spinning in a circle towards Perez and Carpenter who duck down, lifting Carver by the legs...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and drop him facefirst on the mesh with a two-man flapjack!]

GM: CARVER EATS THE STEEL! OH MY!

BW: What's Hogan doing up in...?

[The crowd GASPS as a giant cloud of white goes up into the air, causing Wright to stumble backwards, rubbing wildly at his eyes!]

GM: He threw powder, Bucky! King Kong Hogan just threw POWDER into the eyes of Supreme Wright!

BW: And Wright's eye was already giving him trouble! Hogan just made it worse!

[Grabbing the blinded Wright by the head, Hogan SMASHES the side of his face into the mesh, raking his eye area back and forth on the skin-tearing steel.]

GM: Hogan's going after the eye up in the top cage and-

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

GM: There's the buzzer! Those cage doors are opening now and-

[Wade Walker and Wes Taylor are coming into the top as Hogan turns, lifting the trapdoor open.]

GM: Hogan's going through...

[But instead, he grabs Wright, throwing him down with his head dangling over the open door.]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! Hang on there!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HOGAN SLAMS THE TRAPDOOR ON WRIGHT'S FACE!

[Hogan kneels on the door, jamming the mesh into Wright's eye area as Hogan extends his arms to hold the door closed that Wes Taylor is trying to come in through.]

GM: What the...?!

BW: Hogan's keeping Taylor out! He's ripping the flesh of Supreme Wright, digging into that eye, AND he's keeping Wes Taylor out of the cage as Wade Walker comes in.

[In the center cage, Isaiah Carpenter opens the trap door, shouting to his partner-in-crime who is continuing to rake Hannibal Carver's face back and forth on the floor of the cage, ripping open his forehead.]

GM: Pedro Perez has had a blood lust practically from the day we first saw him compete, fans, and he's out for crimson with Carver right now!

BW: Hey, he's just returning the favor, Gordo! Carver came after him first!

[Carpenter again gives a shout to his teammate who ignores him. Carpenter pauses, giving the open door a long look...

...and then slips through it, dropping down to the bottom ring.]

GM: Carpenter's down! For a second there, I thought he was going to stay behind and work over Carver with Pedro Perez some more, Bucky.

BW: For a second, I think he thought he was too... but you can hear Castillo out here telling him to get through.

GM: Get in, get down, and get out... and Carpenter's telling Steve McMichael, our Super Bowl Champion and Keeper of the Keys, to let him out. The padlock is open... and we're all tied up!

BW: But look at that top cage, Gordo! It's jammed solid! Four guys in there and there's no room to do a thing but punch!

GM: And there's barely room to do that! We're all tied up at one apiece having escaped the Tower but there's a logjam up top and that buzzer can't come soon enough for those four men!

[With Wright's face pressed up against the mesh, blood streaming from the corner of his eye region, King Kong Hogan has his shin pressed against the back of Wright's head for more leverage as he growls.]

"I TOLD YA, LITTLE PUPPY! AN EYE FOR AN EYE! AN EYE FOR AN EYYYYYYYE!"

[Nearby, the powerful Wade Walker is battering Wes Taylor with heavy blows to the skull up against the other side of the cage.]

GM: A slugfest up top... three men in this thing bleeding profusely now... Perez, Carver, and Wright.

BW: There may be a lot more than that by the time this is over.

[We cut back to the middle cage where Pedro Perez is on his feet, looking down at the bloodied and prone Carver. Perez grabs a handful of hair, hauling Carver to his feet. He pulls him into a front facelock, slinging Carver's arm over his neck...]

GM: What's this now?

BW: He's gonna suplex him on the steel mesh!?

[Perez lifts Carver into the air, getting him horizontal to the floor...

...and then DROPS him facefirst on the mesh again!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Carver groans as he rolls onto his back, blood now streaming down his face as well. Perez falls back against the wall of the cage, a sneer on his face as he looks up at the logjam above him. From the floor, Castillo gives him a shout and Perez nods in response, moving over to stand near where the next person would drop down into the second level.]

GM: The time is ticking down again, getting set for the final competitors to get into this Tower. Supernova waiting outside on one side... Ryan Martinez waiting outside on the other... the two team captains set to go to battle in the top cage of this Tower.

BW: If they get some bodies out of there! There's no room for them to even get in there right now!

[Wes Taylor is staging a comeback on Wade Walker as the crowd goes wild...]

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[...and the buzzer sounds, unlocking all the doors once more. And as Bucky stated, Martinez and Supernova's efforts to open their doors and enter the Tower come up short thanks to the surplus of bodies blocking the way.]

GM: And you're right, Bucky! The team captains can't get in the top of the cage!

BW: Not yet anyways.

GM: Wade Walker swings open that middle cage and...

[A well-placed right hand or two breaks Walker back and clears the path for Wes Taylor to move over to the trapdoor, dropping through into the middle cage where a bloodied Pedro Perez swarms him, battering him with wildly-swung lefts and rights as the crowd watches Wade Walker drop down into the middle cage as well.]

GM: Two got through! Taylor and Walker got through and-

BW: Look at Carver!

[The bloodied Carver makes a crawl towards the middle cage's trapdoor, pulling it open. But Wade Walker snatches him off the mesh, pulling him to his feet...

...where Carver springs up, snatching a three-quarter nelson!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT ON THE FLOOR OF THE CAGE! OH MY STARS!

[Carver rolls to his knees, spitting on Walker's back before he crawls through the trapdoor, dropping through to the bottom.]

GM: And Carver's through to the bottom cage!

BW: A hard fall there for Carver, Gordo. He basically just threw himself through the trapdoor before it snapped shut.

GM: That means we've got Wright, Hogan, Martinez, and Supernova in the top cage... another logjam of bodies!

[But just before the top cage closes, Hogan boots Wright through the trapdoor, causing Wright to SLAM backfirst down on the mesh!]

GM: OH! Check that! We've got Hogan, Martinez, and Supernova in the top cage! We've got Wright and Wes Taylor in there with two of the Dogs of War in the middle cage! And Hannibal Carver's getting to his feet in the bottom cage, looking up at the action above him.

[Carver grimaces through his bloody face up at the cage above him, shouting "COME ON, WRIGHT!"]

GM: Hannibal Carver looking up at the cage above him... perhaps having second thoughts of his move to the bottom cage.

BW: He should get out of there while he can, Gordo.

GM: I've gotta agree. There's no time for regrets in this one.

[Carver moves over towards the cage door, gesturing to the former Pro Bowler who nods, unlocking the padlock, and swinging the Tower door open.]

GM: The door is open and Carver is...

[Carver puts one foot out of the Tower, again pausing...]

BW: This is what we talked about, Gordo. Get out, Carver! Your team will be up two to one if you get out!

[Carver curses loudly, a quick-triggered censor just barely cutting it off as Carver steps back into the ring.]

"Lock it up, football boy!"

[Mongo grimaces at being called "football boy " as he locks the door back, watching as Carver paces in the bottom cage, looking at the action above him as Taylor brawls with Pedro Perez and Wade Walker lifts Supreme Wright back to his feet, driving a few well-aimed right hands into the cut near the injured eye.]

GM: Wade Walker going after that injured eye as well. The Dogs of War certainly aren't above trying to inflict a permanent injury on someone.

BW: Good thing there's no cars around ringside. Wright might end up going facefirst through a windshield.

[Holding Wright by the throat with one hand, Walker hoists him up into the air with the other...]

GM: GORILLA PRESS!

[Walker holds Wright high above the steel mesh, making sure one and all sees him up there...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and FLINGS him down onto the steel mesh!]

GM: Goodness! The human body was certainly not meant to fall on steel mesh like that, fans!

[The cameras cut to a wide shot of the whole Tower, showing the action up and down the massive steel structure.]

GM: Three men in the top cage. Four in the middle. And one agitated Hannibal Carver in the bottom one, pacing like a wild animal waiting to attack.

[We cut to a closeup of the top cage where Supernova and King Kong Hogan are taking turns pummeling the AWA's White Knight with closed fists.]

BW: Gordo, you gotta think Castillo sweetened the deal to get Hogan to be willing to leave Wright's side and stay up there to work on Martinez.

GM: I'm sure you're right. Fans, both teams are in this Tower now. Eight of the ten men are still in the Tower. Jeff Matthews escaped for his team and Isaiah Carpenter escaped for his.

[Leaving Wright bloodied and down on the mesh, Wade Walker joins his ally, smashing a double axehandle across Wes Taylor's back.]

GM: No love lost there, fans. No one will soon forget that incredible match that the Dogs of War and the James Gang had at SuperClash VII.

BW: The night the James Gang ended the Dogs of War's undefeated streak. Only problem is that Tony Donovan and Brian James aren't with their brother tonight, Gordo. Wes Taylor is on his own against two men who'd be more than happy to put him in a hospital just like the one where Tony Donovan ended up.

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[As the buzzer sounds, the scramble to get to trapdoors is immediate. The top trapdoor swings open first with Supernova waving for King Kong Hogan to go through.]

GM: The team captain sending King Kong Hogan into the second cage!

BW: LOOK AT CARVER! LOOK AT CARVER!

[The Chicago crowd is on their feet roaring as Hogan drops into the second cage and we see Hannibal Carver attempting to monkey bar his way across the steel mesh to the trap door opened by Wade Walker.]

GM: IS CARVER TRYING TO GET BACK INTO THE SECOND CAGE?!

[Carver swings closer to the open trap door, apparently trying to do the unthinkable...

...but King Kong Hogan grabs the open trap door with both hands.]

GN: NO!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He SLAMS the door down on top of Carver's skull as he tries to pull himself through, causing Carver to CRASH down onto the canvas!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Carver lies flat on his back in the bottom ring, a new wound opening up on the top of his skull as Steve McMichael stands nearby looking shocked.]

BW: And right about now, I'm betting Steve McMichael is glad he never got into wrestling, Gordo!

GM: You can say that again. Carver took a tremendous fall after a savage blow to the skull... those trap doors are locked again. We've got Supernova and Ryan Martinez, the two team captains, battling it out in the top of this Tower! We've got Pedro Perez and Wade Walker - the Dogs of War - along with King Kong Hogan, Wes Taylor, and Supreme Wright all in the middle cage... and all by himself, refusing to leave this Tower, is Hannibal Carver.

BW: Carver really needs to get out of there, Gordo. That trap door to the skull was... he could have a concussion at this point... and even if he doesn't, the goal in this match is-

GM: Get in, get down, and get out. We've said it several times. That's the conventional wisdom in a match like this but Hannibal Carver is anything but conventional, fans.

[The bloodied and downed Carver stays on his back as we cut up to the middle cage where chaos is breaking loose.]

GM: In the meantime, the Dogs of War have Wes Taylor in some trouble, pounding him against the wall of that cage and-

[A gleeful King Kong Hogan is raking Wright's eye area back and forth on the mesh again, causing more blood to flow on the former two-time World Champion.]

GM: Hogan's still going for that eye... and right now, Bucky, despite the one to one score on exiting the Tower, it kinda feels like everything is going the way of Team Korugun.

BW: Absolutely. They've got a numbers advantage up and down the Tower right now and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A loud "CRACK!" of skin on skin seems to wake up the crowd as Ryan Martinez lights up the chest of Supernova with a knife edge chop up in the top cage of the Tower.]

GM: Oh my! What a chop!

[Supernova falls back against the mesh as Martinez winds up again.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The blow staggers Supernova, causing him to sink to a knee as Martinez loops a side headlock on him, rifling his fist into the face-painted traitor's skull!]

GM: The White Knight is all over Supernova up in the top cage, pulling him up by the hair and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADFIRST INTO THE STEEL!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND OFF THE OTHER SIDE AS WELL!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Another big chop knocks Supernova off his feet, putting him down on the mesh floor as Martinez grabs hold of the steel, using it for balance as he viciously stomps Supernova over and over...]

GM: This is a fight that the White Knight was ready for, Bucky!

BW: There's been a whole lot of people wanting to get their hands on Supernova for a while now and Ryan Martinez is right on top of the list!

[With the White Knight laying into the AWA's resident Benedict Arnold and the crowd loving every moment of it...]

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[The trap doors unlock as Pedro Perez pulls open the door on the second level, giving a shout to Wade Walker..]

...but a lunging Wes Taylor hooks Walker by the ankle, hanging on for dear life as Walker tries to stomp him free.]

GM: Taylor's trying to keep Walker from escaping and...

[Pedro Perez grimaces in their direction, throwing another look down...

...and then spots Ryan Martinez coming down from the top level, swinging the door shut behind him, trapping Supernova. Perez sits down, swinging down into the bottom cage.]

GM: Perez is down! He's in the bottom cage!

[A dazed and bloody Hannibal Carver throws a haymaker... and another... and a third, battering the incoming Perez back into the ropes...

...which is when King Kong Hogan responds to a shout from Javier Castillo, throwing a hard look at the downed Wright before turning towards the trapdoor and dropping through as well.]

GM: Hogan's through! We've got three in the bottom cage! Five in the middle! Supernova's all alone in the top cage! He got stranded and he's desperately waiting to get down there.

[Hogan swarms Carver from the back side, spinning him around...

...but the Boston Brawler is ready, throwing fists as fast as he can!]

GM: Carver's fighting back on Hogan!

[The looping haymakers backs the wildman across the ring as the bloodied Perez shakes the cobwebs up against the ropes.]

GM: This is a two-on-one in the bottom cage - and THIS is what Carver waited for! He's staying right there, trying to play the ultimate role of goalie and keep these two in the cage!

[Carver grabs Hogan in a side headlock, pounding his fist into the wild brawler's skull.]

GM: And the Internet - I promise you - is exploding at the sight of Carver and Hogan going at it. That's been a dream match for a lot of people for YEARS, Bucky.

BW: And it's all thanks to Javier Castillo!

GM: Castillo?! He didn't even know Carver was going to be here! That was all Jack Lynch!

[Supernova looks down through the floor of the top cage, pulling at the trap door repeatedly but cannot break through.]

GM: The locks are holding and Supernova simply has to watch as we've got a three on one in the middle cage.

[Wade Walker looks to be helpless in the middle of the second cage as Wes Taylor's right hand sends him spinning towards a chop by Ryan Martinez. Nearby, a bloodied Supreme Wright is on a knee, grabbing at his eye. The White Knight peels

away, leaving Walker to Wes Taylor who is pounding Walker up against the mesh, bouncing his head off it.]

GM: Martinez is taking a knee next to Wright, checking on his former rival.

BW: Wright's hurt bad, I think, Gordo. He doesn't look like himself at all in there.

GM: Whatever damage Hogan did to that eye in the Rumble, I think he's made it a lot worse here in the Tower. And that eye is obviously bothering Wright as our clock ticks down to the next time those doors are going to open.

[Martinez is tending to Wright as Pedro Perez runs across the ring, jumping onto Carver's back, breaking up his attack on Hogan with a flurry of wild blows.]

GM: Perez attacks Carver from behind - those two can't keep from inflicting violence on each other!

[Perez flings Carver back into the turnbuckle, battering him with haymakers as Hogan recovers a few feet away...

...but again, Carver absorbs Perez' blows and starts coming back, throwing looping blow after blow to the skull of the Dog of War as the Chicago crowd ROARS to their feet once again!]

GM: Carver's all over him! He's got Perez reeling now and-

[Carver reaches back, looking for the three-quarter nelson again...

...but Perez shoves him off, sending him towards Hogan who swings up one of his long legs...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG BOOT UNDER THE JAW OF CARVER!

[Carver drops like a rock as Hogan leans back against the mesh, a twisted grin on his face as Pedro Perez stands over Carver, screaming angrily at him.]

GM: The fiery temper of Pedro Perez on display as he lays into Hannibal Carver... and now it's Carver who could use an assist even after he stayed in the cage to help keep these two from escaping.

[Perez lays in a few stomps on Carver when...]

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[As the buzzer sounds, Ryan Martinez pulls open the trap door, dragging Wright towards it.]

GM: Supreme Wright is being pulled by the White Knight towards the door.

[Martinez throws a wary look down into the bottom cage where Perez and Hogan are working over Carver...

...and slowly lowers Wright through the trapdoor, dropping his friend down to the canvas below!]

GM: Oh! Wright with a hard fall... but Martinez had no choice, Bucky.

BW: I think you're right, Gordo. It's the damndest thing but I think Martinez is trying to PROTECT Supreme Wright right now. He's trying to get him out of there and-

[Martinez turns back towards Wes Taylor who is pounding Wade Walker up against the mesh...]

"TAYLOR! LET'S GO!"

[Taylor turns towards the White Knight, giving a nod. He turns to walk across the second cage as Martinez lowers himself down into the bottom cage alongside the downed Wright...]

....which is when Supernova drops down from the top cage, kicking the second cage door shut, trapping Wes Taylor in there with he and Wade Walker.]

GM: OH! Taylor got caught! He was going to drop down with his team but-

[Martinez throws a glance up, wincing as he sees the situation...]

...and suddenly finds himself tackled into the corner by Pedro Perez, looking to do some damage.]

GM: Perez knocks Martinez back to the corner... hammering away at the ribs...

[Isaiah Carpenter shouts encouragement from the floor as Javier Castillo looks on nervously, MAWAGA lurking behind him.]

GM: We've got a three on two in the bottom cage... except Supreme Wright is down and hurt! I don't know if he can help them at all!

[A nervous-looking Steve McMichael has backed into the corner nearest the door, gripping the key tightly in hand as Perez works over Martinez in the corner and Hogan smashes Carver's head repeatedly into the mesh, leaving the bloodied brawler down on the mat in another corner.]

Up in the middle cage, Supernova is lighting up Wes Taylor with right hands up against the mesh as the fans look on nervously.]

GM: And a two on one in the middle cage... NOT where Wes Taylor wants to be as he looks for some payback for his brothers in arms here tonight.

[Down in the bottom cage, Martinez manages to spin Perez around in the buckles, winding up...]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[And as Martinez turns back to the ring...

...he gets run down by a rampaging King Kong Hogan!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hogan grabs the top rope, putting the boots to Martinez as the crowd jeers and Perez attempts to recover in the corner.

We cut to the middle cage where Supernova is raking Wes Taylor's face across the mesh. He grabs him by the arm, looking to whip him across the second cage...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Supernova SLAMS into the steel mesh to cheers from the crowd, staggering back out towards Taylor who ducks low...]

GM: BAAAAAACKDROOOOOOOP!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Taylor straightens up, pumping a fist as the crowd goes wild for the former King of Wrestling. He slowly turns...

...and Wade Walker comes RAMPAGING towards him, lowering his shoulder, and nearly cutting Taylor in half with a devastating spear tackle!]

GM: OHHHH! SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR!

[Walker gets up, throwing his arms back and letting loose a roar.

Back down in the bottom cage, Martinez and Hogan are in the middle of the ring, trading blows...]

GM: Big right hands by Hogan! Over and over to the skull of Martinez!

[But as Martinez gets battered down to a knee, King Kong Hogan pulls his head back by the hair, taking aim...

...which is when a bloodied Supreme Wright surges across the ring, twisting around and throwing a rolling elbow with enough force to knock both Hogan and himself to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT AN ELBOW! WRIGHT OUT OF NOWHERE AND-

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[As the buzzer sounds, Wade Walker whips open the trap door on the second level, looking down at the mess below him...

...but before he can exit, a lunging Wes Taylor grabs him by the ankle!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Look at the guts on Taylor, daddy! Wes Taylor just got nearly broken in half with that damn spear and he's still fighting! Still trying to help his team win this thing!

[Walker twists around, kicking and stomping at Taylor, trying to break his grip as the battle below them continues.]

GM: Supreme Wright fighting to get up off the mat...

[And as he does, he spies King Kong Hogan pushing to a knee...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans on the impact of the open-handed strike across the ear that SNAPS Hogan's head to the side!]

GM: What a shot! Hogan's dazed!

[Wright reaches up, wiping the blood from his eye as he stares down at Hogan who grins sadistically, waving a hand for more...

...and Wright gives more. Oh, does he give more.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The barrage of slaps leaves Hogan reeling, down on both knees as Wright stands over him, staring down at him. With a trickle of blood coming from his left ear, Hogan defiantly glares up at Wright...]

"I SAID HIT ME, YOU PIECE OF S-"

[The audio cuts out just in time to avoid a complaint from the Family Values Coalition as the crowd in the arena groans...

...and Wright's eyes flash for a moment before he unleashes hell.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hogan's head is battered back and forth before he finally slumps over on the mat, possibly nearly slapped into unconsciousness. Wright falls to a knee himself, breathing heavily as Ryan Martinez moves to aid him again...

...and Wright **SHOVES** him away as the crowd "ohhhhhhs!"

BW: Oh, we may be about to have a little deja vu, daddy!

GM: Supreme Wright possibly losing that trademark cool as King Kong Hogan has pushed him too far!

[Wright stalks Hogan who is down on the mat, barely moving. Martinez grabs him by the arm, swinging him around, pointing to the Tower door.]

GM: Martinez is telling him to get out! Martinez is telling Wright he's done enough and he needs to escape the Tower before that eye gets any worse! The White Knight is...

[But as Martinez is in mid-sentence, Pedro Perez comes rushing out of the corner, leaping into the air, grabbing Martinez by the shoulder as he raises his knees up behind the White Knight...]

GM: OHHH!

[...and falls back to the mat, blowing all the air out of Martinez' body!]

GM: LUNGBLOWER BY PEREZ!

[Wright throws a glance at the downed Martinez...

...and then turns back towards King Kong Hogan who has rolled onto his stomach, his arms down underneath him.]

GM: Wright's not done with Hogan!

BW: It may be time for one of Hogan's favorite limbs to go snap, crackle, and pop, daddy!

[Wright leans down, pulling the madman up by his stringy hair..

...when Hogan wheels around, lashing out with a closed fist down in a hammerblow on Wright's head near the eye! Wright immediately collapses to the canvas, crying out in pain...]

GM: What's he-?!

[Hogan kneels down on Wright's arm, pinning him down as he grabs Wright's head with one hand, swinging the other hand up... and back down... up... and back down... up... and back down...

Wright is howling with every blow, desperately trying to cover up!]

GM: What's Hogan hitting him with?! He's got something in his-

[With blood starting to pour from the head again, Hogan is repeatedly driving his fist in...

...and it's only when Hannibal Carver comes across the ring, pulling Hogan up by the hair and the wildman takes a swing at him with the weapon that we see it!]

GM: IT'S A SPIKE! HE'S GOT A DAMNED SPIKE!

[Carver just barely dodges the swinging spike, swinging a stiff elbow to Hogan's bleeding ear, sending him falling back into the corner.]

GM: Carver's got Hogan in his sights...

[Carver squares up, throwing a barrage of chops and forearms to the head and neck...]

GM: BOSTON BEATDOWN IN THE CORNER!

[The Chicago crowd is roaring as Carver batters the resilient Hogan down to a seated position in the corner. Hogan wearily raises his arm with the spike and Carver KICKS the hand, sending the spike flying away.]

GM: There goes the spike! Someone get that damn thing out of there!

[Carver starts laying in the boots to the chest of Hogan, stomping him repeatedly as the fans go wild, driving Hogan all the way down to the mat. He steps up to the middle rope, flashing a double middle finger right at a fuming Javier Castillo...

...and then leaps up, coming down with a pair of knees to the chest of the prone Hogan!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Carver climbs off the downed Hogan, shaking his head and muttering something under his breath probably not fit for broadcast television as he walks back towards the badly-bloodied Wright who is grabbing at his eye, occasionally crying out. Carver looks down with concern...

...and then shouts to Steve McMichael to open the door. Pedro Perez rushes to intervene but a hard shot between the eyes from Carver sends him flying backwards.]

GM: It looks like Carver is going to escape the Tower but... wait a second!

[The crowd cheers as Carver grabs Wright by the wrist, dragging him towards the Tower door. He calls for a nearby official to come help and shoves Wright into their arms.]

GM: Wright's out! He's escaped the Tower which puts Team AWA up two to one... but how much damage was done to Supreme Wright right there? King Kong Hogan was going for broke there, Bucky. He was looking to end the two-time World Champion here tonight.

BW: Hogan's a completely different animal than Wright's ever faced, Gordo. Yeah, Wright's been in fights before. The Towel Match. The Syndicate Street Fight. But Hogan's looking to cripple just for fun. He'd gladly have taken Wright's eyesight here tonight... and hell, he may have.

GM: With Carver getting Wright out, we're down to seven men in this Tower, fans. Wade Walker, Supernova, and Wes Taylor are up on the second level still while Carver, Ryan Martinez, Hogan, and Pedro Perez are down here in the bottom cage with our Keeper of the Keys, Steve McMichael.

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

GM: And there's the buzzer! There's someone's chance to make a move from that middle level down!

[But with Walker and Supernova working over Taylor, Javier Castillo throws his arms up, catching their attention and waves them off.]

GM: I don't understand this, Bucky. It looks like Castillo is telling Walker and Supernova to stay up on the middle level.

BW: It does... but I don't know if I understand that.

GM: I KNOW I don't. Right now, they could regain a numbers advantage on the bottom level and prevent two people from escaping but Castillo's got other ideas.

BW: El Presidente's always got a plan, Gordo.

[Supernova nods to Castillo, telling Walker who nods as well as they continue to work over Taylor with stomps and kicks.

Down on the bottom level, Carver has turned his attention to Pedro Perez once more, battering him with a series of clubbing forearms across the chest in the ropes...]

GM: Handful of hair...

[Carver charges across the ring, LAUNCHING Perez into the air where the bloodied Puerto Rican SMASHES into the steel wall!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INNNNNNTOOOOO THE STEEEEEEEEEEL!

[Carver gives off a big roar as Perez collapses on the canvas. He marches across, pulling Ryan Martinez to his feet. The weary Martinez pops up, fists at the ready to defend himself as he sees his former rival staring him down...

...and the crowd ROARS at the sight of it, immediately breaking into a very familiar chant.]

"LET'S GO RY-AN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RY-AN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RY-AN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LET'S GO RY-AN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[Martinez and Carver look around at the roaring crowd, a grin crossing Carver's face.]

"Just like old times, huh?"

[He gestures to the Tower door.]

"Let's get the hell out of here."

[Carver shouts "MONGO! OPEN 'ER UP!" and McMichael obliges, unlocking the padlock and swinging the Tower door open. The Boston Brawler takes a few steps towards it and then pauses, turning around to face Martinez with a question on his face. Martinez points above them to Wes Taylor being brutalized by Walker and Supernova as the duo double press Taylor, dropping him facefirst on the steel mesh as the crowd groans.]

"I can't leave him here. You go. I'll be right behind you."

[Carver glares at Martinez, hands on his hips. He gives a nod, turning his back...

...which is when a wild-eyed King Kong Hogan rushes across the ring, throwing himself into Martinez' back, sending him crashing into Carver...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which sends Carver flying through the door and SLAMMING down on the ringside floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! Carver's out! That's three men out for Team AWA!

BW: Which is great but now Team Korugun has a two-on-one advantage in BOTH cages, Gordo! Maybe this is what Javier Castillo had in mind!

[El Presidente does look quite smug as he looks on at Martinez and Hogan trading blows in the bottom case as Taylor gets picked up, slung over Wade Walker's shoulder...]

GM: Look out here!

[...and Walker races across the cage, launching Taylor off his shoulder and sending him skullfirst into the wall of the cage!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! You talk about an easy way to end up with a concussion or a serious neck injury... that could've done it right there, Bucky!

[Taylor rolls around on the steel mesh, grabbing at his neck as a trickle of blood starts to flow down his forehead.]

GM: And now Wes Taylor has been busted open as well. This match is certainly not for the faint of heart.

BW: What? You thought a match called the Tower of Doom was going to be a catch as catch can classic?

GM: Not quite. Six men left in the Tower, fans. Walker, Taylor, and Supernova on the second level. Perez, Hogan, and Martinez down on the bottom.

[Pedro Perez grabs the AWA's White Knight from behind, swinging him around to face him...

...and Martinez lights him up with a big chop! And another! And another!]

GM: Martinez going to work on Perez!

[Perez is stumbling back towards the Tower door when Martinez gestures to McMichael to open the cage again.]

GM: The Pro Bowler opens the cage... another big chop! And another!

[But as Martinez looks like he's about to chop Perez out the door, King Kong Hogan charges him from behind...

...but the White Knight pivots, catches him going by, and HURLS him right out the door to the floor!]

GM: OHH! HOGAN IS OUT!

BW: I think that was intentional, Gordo. Martinez was willing to sacrifice a member of Team Korugun going out so that he could get out from under the numbers disadvantage in the bottom cage.

GM: A bold strategy, Bucky - let's see if it works out for him.

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[As the buzzer sounds again, Supernova looks towards Javier Castillo who waves a hand at him, telling him to go. 'Nova turns away from where Wade Walker is stomping a bloody Wes Taylor into the mesh, swinging open the trapdoor.]

GM: But Martinez' strategy may be torched right away as Supernova has opened the door and-

[The face-painted traitor hops down to the bottom level where Ryan Martinez grabs him around the waist, forcing him back into the corner as Castillo shouts for Supernova to "END THIS!"]

GM: Supernova makes it through... and it's a good thing Martinez got King Kong Hogan out of there or he'd be in even deeper trouble than he already is right now. Five men left in the Tower now. Wade Walker and Wes Taylor are still up on the second level. Pedro Perez, Supernova, and Ryan Martinez are down on the bottom. Of course, Team AWA has three men out to Team Korugun's two but that could change at any given moment, fans.

[Supernova is battering Martinez with right hands... then a back hand blow seems to stun the White Knight. The Venice Beach native grabs Martinez by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner. The crowd jeers as Supernova leans back in the corner, booing a move they've cheered countless times.]

GM: Supernova sets in the corner - here he comes!

[Supernova sprints across the ring, leaping awkwardly into the air, and connecting with a Heat Wave splash in the corner!]

GM: Not as much lift as we usually see out of him on that move. He may have hurt his knee working his way down the Tower. As Mark Stegglet will testify, some of those drops between levels are pretty rough on the knees and ankles.

[Supernova backs off, grabbing the arm again...]

GM: He whips him back the other way... no, reversed!

[The reversal sends Supernova CRASHING into the buckles before he staggers out towards the AWA's White Knight who buries a boot into the midsection. The crowd roars as he hooks a front facelock, slinging the arm of the man who cost him the World Title over his neck...]

GM: Martinez is looking for the Brainbuster!

[But as Martinez lifts Supernova into the air, Pedro Perez grabs Supernova by the legs, pulling him back down.]

GM: Oh! Perez blocks it and-

[Perez leaps past Martinez, snatching the head and snapping him down to the mat with a leaping neckbreaker!]

GM: And once again, the numbers advantage becomes too much for Ryan Martinez! He had Supernova right where he wanted him and Pedro Perez was able to turn things around for his team.

[Perez and Supernova take turns delivering stomps to the downed Martinez as we cut up to the middle cage where Wade Walker is jamming his shoulder into Taylor's midsection up against the cage.]

GM: On both levels of the Tower, Team Korugun has taken control despite being a man down on winning. They've gotta figure out a way to keep their advantage in the ring but also to tie things up.

BW: Say what you want about him - and I wouldn't recommend it! - but Javier Castillo has done a masterful job directing traffic from the floor. He came into this one with a strategy and even the last second arrival of Hannibal Carver hasn't thrown off his gameplan.

[Walker drags Taylor out towards the middle of the cage, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Oh my god! Don't do this! Don't do this!

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[But Walker pays no attention to the sound of the buzzer, the crowd roaring with disbelief as the powerhouse of the Dogs of War lifts Taylor into the air, flipping him over...

...and DRIVES him down onto the steel mesh on the back of his neck with a brutal powerbomb that BOUNCES Taylor off the steel once before he settles back down!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHH MY STARRRRRS!

[Walker stands over Taylor, the crowd roaring over what they just saw as he stares down at him. Isaiah Carpenter shouts his approval from the floor as Castillo grins evilly.]

GM: Wes Taylor may have just been taken completely out of this match, fans! He just got POWERBOMBED right on the back of his neck on the steel floor of the second level of this Tower!

BW: And he BOUNCED, Gordo! Imagine the impact you gotta have to hit that floor and BOUNCE back up!

GM: The buzzer sounded. The trap door opened but Wade Walker didn't give a damn! He wanted to seriously injure Wes Taylor and he may have just done exactly that!

[As Taylor lies on the steel, clutching the back of his neck, we cut back to the bottom cage where Perez and Supernova are working over Martinez up against the ropes. They each grab a handful of hair, racing across the ring...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURL him facefirst into the side of the Tower!]

GM: Good grief!

[Martinez goes flying backwards off the big smash, collapsing to the canvas, his arms up over his head.]

GM: Castillo is loving this! He's telling them to finish him off! He's not even telling them to go for the door right now!

[Hannibal Carver, back on his feet on the floor, is glaring inside the ring, shouting "GET YOUR ASS UP, MARTINEZ!"]

GM: Carver trying to cheer on... I guess that's what you'd call it anyways... Ryan Martinez who is a victim of a two-on-one in there.

[Pedro Perez flips Martinez onto his back, revealing a gash on the forehead of the AWA's White Knight.]

GM: And yet another person has been busted open by this skin-tearing metal!

[Perez gleefully knees down, grabbing Martinez' hair and pistons his punches into the cut forehead, deepening the cut as Supernova paces nearby.]

GM: Perez really doing a number on Martinez now... and Supernova is just lying in wait for his chance to add to the pile.

[Perez gets up, crimson on his hand as he gestures towards Supernova who moves in, stomping the now-bloodied Martinez, preventing him from getting up on the canvas. The face-painted traitor looks over towards Castillo who grins, nodding to MAWAGA who suddenly produces Supernova's black Louisville slugger...

...and extends it through the mesh of the cage, handing it off to Supernova.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Batter up!

[Perez pulls Martinez off the canvas, holding his arms back as Supernova drags the bat along the steel mesh, creating an awful noise as the crowd begins to buzz with concern...]

GM: Supernova's got the bat... and Perez is holding onto Martinez!

[Nova walks out towards mid-ring, tapping the bat on the mat a few times as he sizes up the situation...

...and winds up!]

GM: NO!

[But Martinez lashes out with a boot to the gut, cutting off Supernova's attack. He whips his head backwards, smashing it into Perez' bloodied face, sending the Dog of War stumbling away...

...and he snatches up the bat, suddenly freed from Supernova's hands!]

GM: AND NOW MARTINEZ HAS THE BAT!

[He spins around, holding it with one hand on the handle and the other near the barrel, and DRIVES the end of it into Perez' gut!]

GM: What a shot downstairs!

[Martinez spins back the other way as Supernova is still doubled over..

...and he BASHES the bat down across Supernova's back, knocking him down to the canvas. The White Knight tosses the bat aside, grabbing Perez and hurling him into the corner...]

GM: Martinez to the corner... CHARGING IN!

[The crowd ROARS as the White Knight hits the running Yakuza on Pedro Perez, staggering him. Hannibal Carver jerks the still-unlocked door open as Perez stumbles out...

...and Martinez charges from across the ring again, leaving his feet with his leg extended!]

GM: EXCALIBUR!

[The flying kick connects on Perez, sending him spinning and sailing backwards between the ropes...

...which is where Carver hooks him, leaping off the stairs with him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BLACKOUT ON THE FLOOOOOOOR!

[Carver rolls over to his knees, laying a badmouth on the downed Perez.]

GM: Perez is out! Not the way he wanted to go out but he's out!

BW: It's two on two!

GM: Martinez and Supernova in the bottom cage! Wade Walker and Wes Taylor in the middle!

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[The sound of the buzzer brings a cut to the middle cage where Wade Walker swings the trap door open, dropping down to the bottom where he immediately falls into a slugfest with a waiting Ryan Martinez!]

GM: And now the fight is on in the bottom cage again! The White Knight, desperately trying to keep Supernova and Wade Walker from escaping... and look at Wes Taylor! Look at the guts on this kid!

[Bloodied and battered, Taylor drags himself along the steel mesh floor of the second cage, trying desperately to get down to the bottom to help his partner.]

GM: Taylor knows that Martinez is all alone down there! He knows that the White Knight is the last line of defense for Team AWA to avoid losing this thing! He NEEDS to get down there, fans! He NEEDS to help the White Knight!

[Taylor hooks his fingers into the mesh, his knuckles turning white as he drags himself towards the open trap door.]

GM: He's only got a short window of time to get there though! Can he make it? Can he get down to the bottom cage in time?

[Taylor continues to pull himself, drawing closer as the crowd cheers and Walker and Martinez continue to pummel one another in the bottom cage.]

BW: He's not gonna make it, Gordo!

GM: He's so close! He's almost-

[But the door slams shut with a "CLANG!" as Taylor comes up just inches shy. He wearily collapses on the mesh, looking down under it as Walker gets the advantage on Martinez, whipping him to the ropes...]

GM: And Ryan Martinez, bloodied and battered, must continue to fight! He must continue to put everything he's got into preventing the escape of Walker and Supernova!

BW: They should do it now, Gordo! Put him down and get the heck out of there to win this thing!

GM: Supernova's still down from the baseball bat across the back... but Wade Walker is... CLOTHESLINE ON MARTINEZ! OH MY!

[The brutal clothesline lifts Martinez off his feet, dumping him in a heap on the canvas. Walker nods his head to Castillo, stalking the downed Martinez.]

GM: And now, it may be Wade Walker looking to finish off Martinez and win this thing for his squad, Bucky.

[Walker backs off, walking towards the corner..]

GM: He's looking for that spear again!

BW: If he hits it, it's party time at Korugun HQ tonight, daddy!

[Walker leans against the buckles, tugging on the ropes, getting himself pumped for this potential killshot...]

GM: Martinez slowly getting to his feet... he's got no idea what's waiting for him... no idea that-

[And as Martinez staggers in a circle to face Walker, the Dog of War comes sprinting from the corner, lowers his head, leaves his feet...]

...and Martinez sidesteps, sending Walker into Supernova with a high impact spear!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WALKER SPEARED SUPERNOVA! HE SPEARED SUPERNOVA! OHHHH MY!

[Walker looks down in shock at Supernova as the crowd ROARS and Javier Castillo slams his hands against the mesh, shouting at Walker.]

GM: We're down to two and Martinez has got a window to get out of there if he wants to!

BW: But if he does, then Walker and Supernova have a clear path to escape, Gordo! He CAN'T go out! He's gotta wait for Wes Taylor to get down there too... and we're closing in on those trapdoors opening again.

[Martinez slumps to a knee off the dodge, looking on his hands and knees towards the door where Hannibal Carver is standing, shouting at the White Knight.]

GM: Carver's again cheering him on! Begging him to get out of there!

BW: He can't do it, Gordo! He can't!

GM: Martinez has to stay and fight at least until-

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

GM: There it is! There it is!

[A bloody and weary Wes Taylor, kneeling on the mesh, yanks the trapdoor open, looking down into the bottom cage where Martinez shouts up at him...]

"COME ON!"

[Taylor gives a nod, lowering himself through the trapdoor to huge cheers as he drops down on the canvas near Martinez!]

GM: He's through! He's through!

BW: Alright, Gordo! It's showtime! It comes down to this! Taylor and Martinez, Walker and Supernova... two men gotta get out to win this thing!

[Castillo angrily slams a hand into the cage again, shouting at Walker and Supernova as Ryan Martinez pushes up off the mat, waving for Steve McMichael to open the door.]

GM: The former Super Bowl Champion opens the door.. Martinez is telling Taylor to go first...

[But as Wade Walker gets to his feet, coming towards them, Wes Taylor runs back in, smashing a fist down between the eyes of the Dog of War!]

GM: Taylor's trying to hold back Walker! And he's telling Martinez to get out! Wes Taylor is trying to hold back Team Korugun and really stick it to them for what they've done to his brothers!

[Martinez looks to the door where Jeff Matthews is also standing now, shouting for Martinez to escape. Carver looks less sure now, looking past Martinez at Taylor trying to keep Wade Walker back...]

GM: Castillo's talking to Supernova... Supernova's got the bat again! He's got the bat and-

[As Martinez turns, looking at Matthews and Carver, Supernova strikes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BASEBALL BAT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[Martinez goes flying forward, flopping down onto the canvas, his head and arms falling through the door as Carver steps forward...

...and grabs the steel door in his hand!]

GM: WAIT A SECOND!

[Carver shoves Matthews aside, looking down at Martinez, prone and in perfect position...]

GM: CARVER'S GOING TO-

[The crowd is SCREAMING, pleading with Carver not to do what's running through his mind...

...and with a grimace, Carver grabs Martinez by the forearm, Matthews grabbing the other and pulling the bloodied White Knight out of the Tower!]

GM: MARTINEZ IS OUT! HE'S OUT!

BW: Only one to go for Team AWA!

GM: Wes Taylor's gotta make his move! He's gotta-

[A stiff uppercut snaps Walker's head back, sending him stumbling back into the buckles. Taylor turns back towards the door...

...and finds a Louisville Slugger wielding Supernova in his path who orders McMichael to close and lock the door.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Look at Castillo! Look at him!

[A huge grin washes across the face of Javier Castillo as he nods repeatedly, and shouts "WE HAVE HIM NOW!" Taylor throws a nervous look at Castillo and then makes a break towards Supernova...

...who sidesteps and swings the barrel of the bat into Taylor's ribcage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Taylor falls to his knees on the mat, cradling his ribs as Supernova raises the bat over his head...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES it down over Taylor's back, flattening him out on the mat!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Supernova slides the bat across Taylor's throat, pulling back in a makeshift camel clutch as Taylor coughs, clawing at the bat, trying to get free. Outside the Tower, Jeff Matthews and Hannibal Carver are shouting to Taylor, begging him to get loose. Supreme Wright, his eye area now heavily bandaged in rapidly reddening white tape, is up against the mesh, screaming at Taylor to escape.]

GM: Wes Taylor is being held helpless by Supernova! Wade Walker coming out of the corner now... looking to join in...

[Walker lays in some heavy boots to the torso of Taylor as Supernova holds him in place. After a handful of kicks, Supernova lets go, allowing Taylor to slump back down to the canvas. Castillo can be heard loudly shouting "PICK HIM UP!" to his duo still in the Tower.]

GM: Javier Castillo calling for more - and I think Wes Taylor's running out of chances here, Bucky. He's going to need a big comeback and he's going to need it quickly if he wants to survive this two on one assault to win this for his team.

[Supernova drags Taylor to his feet by the hair, tossing the bat aside again as he shoves him towards Walker who lifts Taylor up for a back suplex...

...and the face-painted traitor grabs Taylor around the head and neck, dropping down with a neckbreaker as Walker finishes the suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Goodness! A brutal attack on the neck and...

BW: Taylor's taken a lot of punishment in this one, Gordo. For a guy who didn't know he was even going to be in this match until about an hour or so ago, he's taken a TON of punishment that he wasn't prepared for.

[Castillo shouts "MORE!" to his team as a bloodied Ryan Martinez leans against the cage, his fingers digging into the mesh, shouting to Wes Taylor.]

GM: Taylor's team is calling for him to get out... but I think Team Korugun has other ideas.

[Walker drags the bloodied Taylor off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors again...]

GM: Another one?!

BW: Oh, they're REALLY gonna put a hurting on Taylor now, Gordo!

[The Dogs of War powerhouse hoists Wes Taylor into the air as Supernova reaches up, grabbing Taylor's blood-soaked hair..

...and they DRIVE him down with a tandem stuffed powerbomb on the back of the head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Right on the back of the head! Right on the neck! Wes Taylor is down and he's not moving one bit. This one's over after that. Absolutely over.

[Supernova and Walker are standing tall, soaking up the jeers of the crowd as Wes Taylor lies unmoving between them. Javier Castillo nods approvingly from the outside as a bloodied Martinez staggers towards him...]

"STOP THIS! STOP IT NOW!"

GM: Ryan Martinez pleading with Javier Castillo to stop this assault on Wes Taylor... this brutal, horrific assault on a helpless Taylor..

[But Castillo simply smirks at Martinez...]

"His blood is on YOUR hands!"

[He turns back towards the ring, signaling to his men. Walker nods, grabbing a handful of hair and literally dragging Taylor's limp form to his feet, scooping him up over his shoulder, letting him hang over him as Supernova walks towards him, grabbing a front facelock...]

BW: Oh, does this look familiar, Gordo?!

GM: They've got Taylor up for the assisted DDT he uses with Tony Donovan and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Together, they SPIKE Taylor skullfirst into the canvas as the crowd groans for the fallen warrior.]

GM: Again on the head! Again on the neck! Javier Castillo's got- I almost feel like he had this planned, Bucky!

BW: Planned?! How could have it planned?! We found out about Taylor just a little bit before the match and-

GM: You know as well as I do that Castillo's got sources everywhere. Would you be surprised if someone gave him this info?! But why? Why Wes Taylor? Why would-

[The crowd in the arena starts to buzz as someone starts walking with purpose down the ramp, trailed closely behind by a handful of others who seem to be shouting at him.]

GM: What's that...? Something's going on on the entrance ramp and-

[We cut to the ramp to reveal one of the owners of the AWA, Bobby Taylor, walking down the ramp, staring at the ring. Trailing behind him are his longtime friend Kevin Slater, Adam Rogers, and a handful of others who seem to be trying to get him to go back.]

GM: "The Outlaw" himself, Bobby Taylor coming out here... he's obviously concerned with-

BW: With his son being slapped around by Korugun?

[Slater moves quickly, getting in front of Taylor.]

"You can't do this, Bobby. You gotta go back, brother."

[Taylor shakes his head, staring at the ring where Walker and Supernova have turned to face him. Walker beckons the Outlaw closer to the ring as the crowd buzzes over this new confrontation. Adam Rogers puts a hand on Taylor's shoulder, trying to get him to go back. Taylor shrugs it off, glaring at the Natural.]

"Keep your hands off me, Adam. This doesn't concern you."

[Slater puts his hands on his friend's chest now, shaking his head.]

"Come on, Bobby... Wes would want to do this himself. He wouldn't want-"

[Taylor slaps his friend's hands away.]

"You think I give a DAMN what he wants right now?! I'm going in there!"

[Taylor shoves past Slater, walking closer towards the Tower where a chaotic scene is starting to develop at ringside with officials trying to keep Taylor from intervening. Ryan Martinez walks over to Taylor, trying to speak with him but Taylor angrily responds, pointing an accusing finger at the White Knight.]

"Stay the hell away from me, kid! You got him into this! This is on you!"

[Taylor jerks past Martinez, wrapping his hands in the mesh of the Tower door, trying to yank it open but it's still locked.]

"OPEN THE DAMN DOOR!"

[Steve McMichael looks puzzled, shrugging at Taylor as other officials shout at him to back up.]

GM: Bobby Taylor's trying to get inside that cage and-

[Taylor's eyes finally land on Castillo...

...and he charges him!]

GM: Look out! Look out!

[The Outlaw shoves past a few bodies, heading straight for Castillo who steps back...

...which clears a space for MAWAGA who steps up, wrapping his hand around the throat of Taylor!]

GM: TONGAN DEATH GRIP!

[Taylor starts flailing at the arm as MAWAGA holds tightly, protecting Javier Castillo who smirks at the struggling AWA owner. Castillo turns towards the ring, keeping an eye on the Outlaw...]

"FINISH IT!"

GM: What the hell does that mean?! What else could they possibly do?!

[With a nod, Walker drags the bloodied and limp Taylor to his feet, whipping him towards the ropes. As Taylor rebounds back, the powerhouse lifts him up, pushing him up into the air..

...and Supernova leaps up, snatching two hands full of hair, and YANKS Taylor down nearly on top of his head on the canvas!

The impact is sickening. The angle of Taylor's head and neck disturbing.

The crowd reacts...

...and then goes silent.

Wade Walker turns, "dusting off" his hands as he shouts "OPEN THE DOOR!" at the Super Bowl Champion. McMichael obliges, unlocking and standing clear as Walker walks through the door, dropping to the floor.]

GM: Walker's out!

[Supernova looks down at Taylor who is motionless on the canvas...

...and with a nod, he too walks to the door, stepping through it, and drops down onto the floor.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Son of a...

[The crowd jeers as Castillo moves to the side of his team, a celebration underway as MAWAGA lets go of the Outlaw, allowing Taylor to drop to the floor, his legs twitching as Slater, Rogers, and the others shout at MAWAGA to clear out.]

GM: We've got... we've got bloodied, battered bodies all over the place, fans. We've got... Bobby Taylor's down at the hands of MAWAGA on the floor and Wes Taylor...

[Ryan Martinez shoves past the people assembled in front of the door, crawling through the ropes to kneel by Taylor's side. He grabs the second generation star by the hand, giving it a squeeze... and getting nothing in response.]

"GET THE DOCTOR!"

[Martinez' cry sets another burst of activity at ringside into motion. Hannibal Carver and Jeff Matthews are trading angry words with members of the Korugun team with only the sea of officials at ringside preventing another brawl from breaking out.]

GM: This is... this is a bad scene here in Chicago. Wes Taylor is down. Wes Taylor is NOT moving. We need to get Dr. Ponavitch down here right now... we need-

[Martinez shouts again for medical help, cradling Wes Taylor's hand in his, gripping it tightly. He whispers something to the fallen Taylor.]

We cut to ringside as we see Kevin Slater helping his friend to his feet. Bobby Taylor has a trickle of blood coming from the corner of his mouth - a remnant of the Tongan Death Grip - as Slater helps him towards the cage. The Outlaw wraps his fingers around the mesh, looking inside through watery eyes. He shoves Slater aside, rushing to the cage door himself.]

GM: Bobby Taylor, trying to get to his son's side...

[The Outlaw stumbles over the steps, nearly falling flat as he throws himself through the cage door. Martinez steps aside for the grief-stricken father as he dives to Wes' side, placing his hand on his son's chest.]

GM: This is... we don't need to see this. This is a private... a painful moment... I... can we... do we have anything we can cut to? Anything at all?

[The camera holds on the Taylors, down on the canvas as the doctors tend to the downed Wes...

...and we abruptly cut to black.

The Tragically Hip's "Blow At High Dough" plays in the background as we fade to a field. A wrestling ring rests in the golden wheat as deep as the apron. The horizon in the distance spans the entire length of the screen in a straight line, and the setting sun paints the sky in a vivid mixture of blues, oranges, and yellows. Fade to a closer shot of the ring where the silver Stampede Cup stands, reflecting the vibrant prairie sunset. The instantly recognizable voice of Gordon Downie keens...]

"They shot a movie once..."

[Fade to System Shock, Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter, at the 55-yard line of the empty Mosaic Stadium, site of the Battle of Saskatchewan. They stand back-to-back, their right arms extended outward, palms open to the vibrant sky.]

"...in my hometown..."

[Fade to Daniel Ross and MISTER, both in "Ringkrieger" apparel. They stand in the middle of a gravel road that stretches in a straight line to infinity, hands clasped behind their back.]

"...Everybody was in it..."

[Fade to the War Pigs in full regalia and face paint on either side of a barbed wire fence; Havoc behind, Ripper in front. Ripper pounds his fist into his palm while Havoc unfurls his tongue.]

"...from miles around..."

[Bret Grayson slowly descends the steps of a small jet; his partner Takeshi Mifune is already on the tarmac, scanning the infinite horizon with his steely gaze.]

"...Out at the speedway..."

[In front of a rusted and ancient tractor, "Cannonball" Lee Connors and Downpour both kneel, eyes closed, deep in meditation.]

"...some kind of Elvis thing..."

[Chet and Chaz Wallace both stand in silhouette, posing against the setting sun.]

"...Well, I ain't no movie star..."

[Charlie Stephens extends his arm to light the cigar clenched in Joe Flint's teeth. As the lighter sparks, nine Snowbirds (Canada's answer to the Blue Angels) roar past in the sky behind him.]

"...But I can get behind anything..."

[Fade to Next Gen, Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, emerging from the hip deep wheat field to enter the ring in which the Stampede Cup rests... along with every other AWA team...]

"...Yeah, I can get behind anything."

[Just as the brawl is about to begin...]

V/O: The Stampede Cup returns this summer! The AWA in association with Mooselips Beer and Tourism Saskatchewan presents the Battle of Saskatchewan, live from Regina, Canada, July 23 and 24th, only on Pay-Per-View!

[We fade from the promotional material...

...and up to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by.]

SLB: Folks, you can feel the buzz about this evening and the anticipation of the World Title match just moments away! And my guest at this time, well... let's just say he's got a lot on his mind as his night hasn't gone exactly how he would have liked. He is the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson!

[The camera cuts over a little bit to show the World Champion, pacing back and forth in a five square foot area, muttering to himself.]

JD: Put a bounty on him he said... what could go wrong he said... quarter of a mil will solve all our problems... our problems... our problems?

[Detson is dressed to wrestle in his long gold tights and black boots. He has a white sweat jacket with the Korugun logo embroidered in blue about his left breast. The AWA World Title rests over his right shoulder.]

SLB: Johnny Detson, we are just moments away...

[But Detson pays Blackwell no attention as he continues to pace.]

JD: We'll get that mask tonight, Johnny... trust me... trust me?! Trust you to hand out more title matches... how did that work out, amigo... amigo... A-MI-GO!

[Detson's face contorts with disgust and rage.]

SLB: Johnny Detson, if we could just get a word about...

[But Detson keeps ignoring him, just shaking his head back and forth until Blackwell's had enough.]

SLB: JOHNNY!

[Detson snaps his head towards Blackwell.]

JD: WHAT?!

[Blackwell sighs.]

SLB: The hour is upon us. In just a few moments, you put that World Title on the line against Jack Lynch, the man that took that World Title OFF you the first time. Now we've never seen eye to eye, but shouldn't you have some perspective about the task at hand?

[Detson glares at Blackwell for a long moment and then scoffs.]

JD: Jack Lynch? Jack Lynch doesn't belong here... at this stage... on my level... here tonight.

[Blackwell's jaw drops.]

SLB: How can you say that?! He's a former National Tag Team Champion, Stampede Cup winner, World Tag Team Champion, and as it's already been said, he's already beaten you and become the World Heavyweight Champion!

JD: Impressive. Opportunity certainly breeds success that's for certain. Jack Lynch walked in here with his family, with his heritage, with his pop's former federation and was granted a certain amount of status and with that came opportunity... opportunity for all those things you mentioned. Me?

[Again, Detson scoffs.]

JD: I was brought in and I was an afterthought. I could sit here and rattle off my accomplishments for days but none of that matters now just like it didn't matter then. So I scratched and I clawed and I fought. Were shortcuts taken?

[Detson nods.]

JD: But it didn't make the journey any less difficult. And it certainly didn't make the view from the top any less sweeter. Maybe you've been staring at the same view for so long you forgot what the climb was like. But I haven't. And maybe you've had so many handed to you but when you get opportunity you take advantage of it. Ask New Travis to your right if you don't believe me. So I guess the questions are this, Jack...

[Detson holds up the title right in front of the camera.]

JD: If I worked so hard to get back to this point, how hard do you think I'll fight to keep it knowing that everyone is against me? And how much will your heart be in this, knowing everything that just happened in that Tower is YOUR fault because you should have been there fighting by their sides?

[Detson smirks and walks off.]

SLB: There you have it, folks... that World Title is coming up now! Back down to the ri-

[Suddenly, Detson comes back and gets right up in Blackwell's face.]

JD: One more thing, Lou. The Masked Outlaw won the Rumble, despite assurances to the contrary. I saw his interview with you. Cute. Throwing that line in there like that. If I find out... no, WHEN I find out... if it's you...

[Detson shakes his head, practically shaking.]

JD: IF! IT! IS! YOU!

I'll put you back in traction.

[He glares at Blackwell.]

JD: And anyone who knew about it and didn't tell me... well, that would not bode well for them.

[Detson points at Blackwell.]

JD: NOT! AT! ALL!

[Angrily, Detson storms away as a rattled Blackwell stares in silence...

...and we fade back out to the ring where the Tower of Doom has retreated towards the rafters, leaving Rebecca Ortiz standing center stage.]

RO: The following contest is your MAAAAAAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING!

[BIG CHEER!]

RO: It is one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA
WORRRRRRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Another big cheer rings out as Ortiz lowers the mic and the lights in the Allstate Arena dim.

Music begins playing faintly in the background, the synth sound of a keyboard growing louder and louder, until the guitar kicks in, and Jon Bon Jovi's voice carries over the crowd.]

#It's all the same, only the names will change
Everyday, it seems we're wastin' away
Another place where the faces are so cold
I drive all night just to get back home#

[With the words to "Wanted Dead or Alive" blaring, the crowd starts to come alive.]

#I'm a cowboy, on a steel horse I ride#

[A single spotlight cuts through the darkness, shining over the elevated entrance. In the center of that spotlight is the Iron Cowboy himself, the challenger in tonight's battle.]

#I'm wanted
Dead or alive#

[With those words, the white cowboy hat comes off, and there he stands, drinking in the adulation of the crowd.]

GM: And there he is, fans! On July 30th, 2016, Jack Lynch stepped into the ring with Johnny Detson in Berlin, Germany and walked out as the AWA World Champion. Tonight, he's looking to do the same thing one more time.

BW: No chance. No chance, daddy! I barely survived one run with a stinkin' Stench as the World Champion. A second run would send me running for

retirement... or to the nearest phone to find someone to take that belt off him and put him in a hospital!

[Lynch has a very emotional expression on his face as he makes his way down the aisle.]

GM: Johnny Detson however raised a very good point in that interview with Sweet Lou, Bucky. What in the world is going through Jack Lynch's mind after what he just saw go down out here with Korugun? He was supposed to be there and he wasn't and... well, his emotional state has to be charged right now.

BW: You can never rely on a Lynch, Gordo. That's the first rule of professional wrestling. Jack Lynch was supposed to be there for his friends... for his family... and now Blackjack's been put out to pasture... James is teaching bums down in Dallas how to run the ropes... Travis is who knows where... and think of his friends! Eric Preston! Bobby O'Connor! They're all gone. Jack Lynch may say he's for the people... but he's for himself... just like his old man.

[Lynch climbs the ringsteps, slapping his Stetson down on the ringpost before he steps through the ropes. He yanks off his trenchcoat, tossing it angrily aside, and stands mid-ring, crouched low and waiting for his opponent...]

GM: Jack Lynch is all business tonight, Bucky. He's got some aggression in his gut and he's looking to take out on Johnny Detson!

[The music fades...

...and is replaced by one of the most instantly identifiable riffs in rock and roll history. "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play as Johnny Detson bursts through the curtain onto the stage. And Detson is obviously not in a great mental state either, muttering to himself as he stomps down the ramp in the same attire we saw him in moments ago.]

GM: The World Champion has arrived here in Chicago... and he's not in a good mood, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? Not only did the plan to unmask the Outlaw fail - but the Outlaw actually WON the Rumble! Which means if Johnny can survive this match with Lynch and keep the title, he's going to have to deal with this Outlaw in the future!

GM: Speculation over the identity of the Masked Outlaw has been raging for weeks. We've heard Brian James. We've heard Wes Taylor. Earlier tonight, there was even an implication made by the Outlaw himself that it could be... well, we won't dwell on that. But no matter who the Outlaw is - Johnny Detson can NOT allow that to be on his mind in this one or we WILL have a new World Champion here tonight in Chicago.

[Detson steps through the ropes, unzipping his sweat jacket...

...which is when Jack Lynch tears across the ring, connecting with a clothesline that takes the World Champion over the top rope, dumping him out on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The lights kick back on to full power as Lynch climbs out of the ring. Rebecca Ortiz quickly exits, leaving referee Davis Warren to shout at the Iron Cowboy as he pulls the World Champion to his feet on the floor, pasting him with a right hand.]

GM: Big right hand!

BW: The match hasn't started! This isn't fair!

[Grabbing Detson's blond ponytail, Lynch pulls his head back and SLAMS him facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhh! He bounces that Hollywood star face off the mat!

BW: Johnny's got it insured but-

[Lynch grabs Detson by the jacket, chucking him back under the ropes into the ring to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Detson's back in... Lynch rolling in after him...

[The referee takes a quick glance at both men before waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And just like that, we're underway in this one fall sixty minute time limit match for the World Title!

[Lynch pursues the crawling Detson across the ring, the champion using the ropes to get to his feet. The Iron Cowboy grabs his half-unzipped jacket, yanking it open...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and slams home an overhand chop to the chest of the World Champion!]

GM: Nothing but impact there! The gloved right hand of Jack Lynch leaving a mark for sure...

[Lynch winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[With Detson reeling against the ropes, Lynch grabs him by the arm, shooting him across...]

GM: Lynch fires him in... to the ropes himself...

[Detson rebounds back... but drops down into a slide as Lynch sails over him in a flying lariat attempt, slamming down on the canvas before rolling under the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohhh! A swing and a miss as Lynch tries to hit one out of the park just seconds into this match.

BW: It's that hot temper of his, Gordo! It cost his old man! It cost his idiot brothers! Now it cost him too! Now, get him, Johnny!

GM: "Get him, Johnny!"

[Detson quickly shakes off the effects of the early attacks, stepping out on the apron and dropping down to the floor. He stomps Lynch a few times, getting an edge as he drags the Iron Cowboy to his feet by the arm...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...and whips him towards the barricade, sending the Cowboy crashing backfirst into the railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES THE IRON COWBOY!

[Detson angrily stomps across the ringside area, looping an arm around Lynch's skull, smashing his fist repeatedly into the challenger's head!]

GM: Detson pounding away on the challenger, pulling him off the-

[Gordon is forced to scramble clear as Detson pulls Lynch to the announce table by the hair, SMASHING his face down into it!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Detson twists around to shout something off-mic at Myers!]

GM: I'm just trying to do my job out here - you should do the same!

[The camera cuts to show Detson pointing a threatening finger at the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing...

...which distracts him long enough for Lynch to crack him with a right hand as he turns back to him!]

GM: Lynch with the right hand!

[Another one connects too, sending Detson stumbling towards Gordon as Lynch rears back...

...and the crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Detson yanks Gordon Myers in front of him, using him as a shield!]

GM: HEY! LET GO OF ME!

[Detson hides behind Myers for a minute, Lynch fuming at him...

...and then the World Champion shoves Myers hard, sending him crashing into Lynch who catches him, stopping to make sure he's okay.]

GM: Yes... yes, I'm fine. Thanks, Jac- OHHH!

[The crowd groans as Detson rolls back into the ring while Lynch is tending to Gordon and then DRILLS him in the back of the head with a baseball slide!]

GM: Detson with a dastardly sneak attack and- yes! I'm talking about you, Mr. Detson!

[Detson has a few more words for the play-by-play announcer as he grabs Lynch by the hair, dragging him towards the ring apron, and SMASHES his head down into it!]

GM: Headfirst into the apron!

[Lynch stumbles away, staggering down the length of the apron towards the ringpost. The World Champion pursues, grabbing the challenger by the hair again. As the referee shouts a warning at Detson, he pulls the Iron Cowboy back again...]

GM: TO THE POST- NO! BLOCKED!

[The crowd cheers as Lynch extends his arms, grabbing the ringpost with both hands and blocking the faceslam!]

GM: Lynch blocks it... hanging on tight!

[He takes one hand off the post, slamming his elbow back into the ribs of Detson. A second one lands as well, causing Detson to stumble back away from the challenger..]

...who charges him, connecting with a leaping high knee that causes the champion to tumble over the railing into the front row of seats!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE CROWD GOES THE CHAMPION!

BW: Where's the countout?! What the hell is Davis Warren doing?! How much did ol' Blackjack slip him to make sure his boy gets to break every rule in the book?!

GM: Warren is over by the ropes... he IS counting, Bucky.

BW: Not fast enough for me!

[The Iron Cowboy stands by the railing, reaching over and dragging the World Champion up to his feet. The fans scatter as Lynch waves an arm at them, clearing some space as he pulls Detson into a front facelock...]

BW: No, no, no!

GM: It looks like the challenger's going to bring him in the hard way!

[Lynch lifts Detson into the air, dangling him upside down for a moment before falling back on the barely-padded floor with a suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Detson cries out in pain, clutching at his lower back as the challenger sits up on the floor, looking out on the cheering crowd.]

GM: And for someone who is having a rough night like Jack Lynch is, that's gotta feel pretty good, Bucky.

BW: Oh, I'm sure it feels FANTASTIC to try and cripple Johnny Detson! Maybe he can get a convalescent bed next to that pencil-necked wimp James Lynch... a two-for-one special!

GM: Bucky, you know very well that James Lynch is not in a convalescent home! He is living a very productive life helping some young men and women learn the ropes in this business back home in Dallas.

BW: A Lynch teaching people how to wrestle? Why not go to your local politician and learn how to tell the truth?!

GM: Your disdain for this family will never cease to amaze me, Bucky.

[Lynch gets to his feet, moving towards Detson who is trying to crawl away from him. He drags the champion off the ringside mats, chucking him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Lynch puts Detson back in... rolling back in after him...

[The 30 year old challenger climbs to his feet, walking across the ring as Detson crawls to the far corner, trying to use the ropes to get to his feet before the Texan gets to him.]

GM: Lynch moving in on Detson...

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Lynch pulls Detson's head back and SLAMS him facefirst into the top turnbuckle! Detson bounces off, staggering out to the middle of the ring where he takes a wild swing at the air before faceplanting on the canvas to laughs from the Chicago crowd.]

GM: Johnny Detson may not even know what state he's in right now!

[Lynch drops to his knees, flipping Detson onto his back and applies a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: Lynch gets one! He gets two!

[But the champion kicks out at two, breaking up Lynch's pin attempt.]

BW: It's gonna take more than a faceslam in the corner to get that World Title off Johnny Detson!

[Lynch swings a leg over the prone Detson, reaching down for a handful of hair...]

GM: Big right hand! And another!

[The crowd roars as Lynch pistons his gloved right hand into the skull of Detson repeatedly, getting louder with every blow as referee Davis Warren calls for the assault to end.]

BW: Those are closed fists - I think Warren should think about a disqualification!

GM: For closed fists?! When's the last time you've seen a DQ for a clenched fist?

BW: It's rare but right about now, I think it should happen a whole lot more often!

[Lynch climbs off the downed Detson, nodding at Warren's reprimand for the closed fists as he takes a long walk around the World Champion who rolls to all fours, trying to push up off the mat.]

GM: Lynch pulls him up again... big scoop... and a slam right in the middle!

[With Detson prone again, Lynch drops back into the ropes, bouncing back off, and leaping high in the air before dropping an elbow down into the heart of the World Champion!]

GM: What a leaping elbow out of the six foot seven inch Jack Lynch!

[The Iron Cowboy rolls into another pin attempt, getting the two count again before the shoulder comes up.]

GM: Another two count there for Lynch... and the fans in Chicago are buzzing, fans. Only about five minutes in and they've gotta be feeling like this could be Jack Lynch's night to shine!

[The Dallas native drags Detson to his feet by the hair, throwing him back into the buckles.]

GM: Lynch throws him hard into the corner... and here we go!

[The fired-up Texan steps up on the middle rope, looking out on the cheering crowd as he raises his fist up in the air...]

GM: Count along wherever you are!

BW: Oh, shut up!

[The crowd obliges, keeping score as Lynch drives his gloved fist down into the head repeatedly.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SI-"

[But before the sixth blow can land, Detson ducks low, sliding out from under Lynch. He reaches up, snatching a handful of trunks, and YANKS Lynch backwards off the middle rope, throwing him down on the back of his head on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Detson falls back in the corner, breathing a little heavy as the crowd buzzes over Lynch's hard fall to the canvas.]

BW: And just like that, Gordo - Johnny Detson turns everything on its head! Just when you think you've got the answers, he burns the whole test to ashes!

GM: I... what?

BW: I don't know! I'm nervous, okay?!

[Detson takes a reprimand for the tights pull as he pushes off the buckles, going to work with some stomps on the back of Lynch's head and neck...

...and then DROPS a knee down on the back of the neck!]

GM: Good grief! Right on the neck... and there is no doubt why. Johnny Detson's greatest weapon is the Wilde Driver and if he can soften up the neck of Lynch, that big move will have even greater effect.

[Detson grinds his kneecap back and forth on the back of the neck for a few moments before getting back to his feet...]

GM: Detson's right up... what's this?!

BW: He's going for it now!

[The World Champion pulls Lynch right up off the mat, yanking him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Detson's got him set and-

[Lynch stands up, yanking Detson's legs out from under him.]

GM: Lynch counters and- CATAPULT!

[Falling back, Lynch propels Detson up into the air, sending him CRASHING facefirst into the corner, stumbling backwards...

...where Lynch pulls him down into a sunset flip type pin!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Detson claps his ankles together on Lynch's ears, breaking the hold!]

GM: Noooo! Two count only!

[Detson scrambles, trying to get to his feet before Lynch can. He buries a boot in the gut of the larger challenger, cutting him off on his way to his feet.]

GM: Detson shoots him in... no, reversed!

[The challenger reverses the whip, sending Detson into the far ropes, bouncing back off as Lynch throws a clothesline that Detson ducks under, hitting the ropes again...

...and Lynch leaves his feet, throwing a standing dropkick that catches Detson under the chin, causing the World Champion to hit the mat and promptly roll out of the ring to the floor!]

GM: What a dropkick out of the Iron Cowboy... and once again, the World Champion is on the run but Jack Lynch is right behind him!

[Lynch slides out to the floor behind Detson, walking up behind him and swinging him around into a huuuuuge haymaker that sends Detson flying backwards, crashing down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Lynch with the huge right hand... and down goes Detson again!

[The Iron Cowboy pulls Detson off the ringside mats by the hair...

...and Detson promptly goes to the eyes!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Got a problem with it? Ring the bell! Call the DQ! It's a-okay with me!

GM: Not a chance, Bucky. Jack Lynch wants to walk out of this building with the World Title around his waist tonight and these fans in Chicago want to see it happen too!

BW: It's a good thing that Johnny Detson doesn't give a DAMN what you, Jack Lynch, or these idiot fans want!

[Lynch hauls the World Champion to his feet again, tossing him back under the ropes into the ring. The Iron Cowboy grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron...]

GM: Detson's in, Lynch on the apron...

[The champion gets to his feet, charging in on Lynch with the goal of knocking him off the apron...

...but Lynch catches him coming in, his gloved hand curled up!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Johnny Detson's head trapped in the glove-covered grip of the Iron Cowboy!]

GM: Jack Lynch locks in the Iron Claw!

BW: From the apron! That can't be legal, Gordo!

GM: I don't know about the legality of it but it's definitely effective!

[Detson cries out, swatting at the wrist of Lynch, trying to break free but the King of the Cowboys is hanging on tight!]

GM: Jack Lynch can't win the title out on the apron like that but he can do some serious damage to the World Champion and-

[Detson suddenly swings a knee up through the ropes, catching Lynch in the midsection with it, breaking the clawhold on his skull...

...and then grabs the wrist, extending it out, and DROPS down to the mat, yanking the arm over the top rope!]

GM: Ohhh! Detson with a hard yank over the ropes on that arm... and Lynch is hurting now!

[Lynch grimaces, walking down the apron cradling his arm as Detson takes aim...

...and charges again, landing a running forearm smash to the side of Lynch's head, sending the Iron Cowboy sailing off the apron...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEEEEEEEL!

[The crowd groans as Lynch flies off the apron, smashing ribcage first into the steel barricade, hanging painfully off of it as the ringside fans shout their concerned encouragements in his direction.]

GM: Detson knocks the challenger off the apron into the railing... and now he's going out after him!

BW: This is a big opportunity for Johnny to really lay it on him, Gordo. He's gotta take it. He remembers what it felt like last year in Berlin when he lost the title to Lynch. You know he's going to do ANYTHING and EVERYTHING it takes to not have that feeling again here in Chicago.

[Detson rolls out to the floor, walking over towards Lynch, pulling him off the railing. He grabs the right wrist, staring right in Lynch's face as he lifts the arm up high...

...and SLAMS the wrist down on the steel railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A rambunctious fan gets up in Detson's face, shouting several unprintable names at him before Detson sticks a finger in his face with a "WATCH YOUR MOUTH, PUNK!"]

GM: Johnny Detson making friends and influencing people here in Chicago... and Jack Lynch is in some serious pain right now, fans. That wrist just got slammed down on the steel railing and... and an impact like that could break a wrist very easily, Bucky.

BW: Boy, wouldn't that be great? If he broke his wrist, Lynch might never fully recover and we'd never need to see that stupid Iron Claw again!

GM: And you get the feeling that Detson's not done out there, fans.

[Detson raises the hand into the air again, looking the foul-mouthed fan right in the eyes...

...and SLAMS Lynch's wrist down on the railing a second time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TWICE DOWN ON THE STEEL RAILING!

[Lynch cries out, falling down on the ringside mats, clutching his wrist and forearm in his left hand.]

GM: And look at the smile on Johnny Detson's face, Bucky.

BW: That's right! He's got this stinkin' no-good Stench right where he wants him AND he's showing these idiot Chicago fans who the World Champion is and is gonna stay!

[Detson again trades words with a few fans in the front row before walking back over towards the Iron Cowboy who is trying to crawl away from the World Champion.]

GM: Jack Lynch looking for some time to recover... trying to create some distance between he and the World Champion...

[But Detson gets there, pulling Lynch up the arm, twisting it around once...

...and then SLAMS the wrist down on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And another attack on the wrist... the forearm... the hand of Jack Lynch, desperately trying to take away Lynch's favorite AND most effective weapon - the Iron Claw, his family legacy.

[Detson shoves Lynch under the ropes, rolling him back in before the champion follows him in...]

GM: Detson's got him back in... looking to beat the challenger now... not just retain the title by any means necessary.

BW: He's gotta stay on the arm though. Keep punishing it... keep working it over...

[The World Champion STOMPS down on the wrist, pinning Lynch's arm to the canvas as he writhes in pain and looks for an escape...

...but Detson leaps into the air, dropping all his weight down in a kneedrop on the wrist and forearm to jeers from the Chicago crowd!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: 248 pounds down on the arm! Goodness!

[Detson shoves the arm down again, diving across in a lateral press.]

GM: The champion covers for one! He gets two! He gets- no!

[Lynch's shoulder pops up off the mat in time. Detson pushes up to his knees, pulling Lynch's hair to tug him into position for a big right hand down across the jaw!]

GM: Oh! What a right by the champion!

[Grabbing Lynch's hand, Detson intertwines fingers with him before repeating it on the other.]

GM: Greco-Roman knuckle lock down on the mat... oh, look at this!

[Detson pushes Lynch's lifted shoulder back, trapped in the knucklelock as the challenger's shoulder gets pinned to the canvas again...]

GM: Another pin attempt, forcing the shoulder down with his weight behind him...

[But again, as the two count falls, Lynch forces the other shoulder without pressure up off the mat.]

GM: Shoulder up again!

[A disgusted Detson pushes the lifted shoulder up, shouting for another count...

...and again, Lynch lifts the non-pushed down shoulder up, breaking the pin at two.]

GM: Lynch escapes again and-

[This time, Detson rolls over to straddle Lynch's torso, pushing both arms back simultaneously in another pin effort.]

GM: He gets one! He gets two! He gets- whoooa!

[The crowd cheers as Lynch bridges up out of the pin, lifting both shoulders to the delight of the crowd and the annoyance of Johnny Detson!]

GM: Both shoulders up - look at that bridge!

BW: Yeah, well... it might look nice but I sure never would buy a bridge built by one of those cheating, sneaking, lying Lynches!

[Detson suddenly rips his hands out of the knucklelock, leaping up and dropping all his weight down on Lynch's midsection in a seated senton.]

GM: Ohhh! And that'll break down the bridge.

[Detson sits on the chest, reaching back to snag a leg.]

GM: Another cover... and another two count!

[Detson angrily gets up, grabbing Lynch by the wrist, hauling him to his feet. He twists the arm around into a hammerlock, lifting the 265 pounder up and slamming him down on top of his own arm!]

GM: Hammerlock slam!

BW: And I LOVE that move, Gordo. You take all of Lynch's body weight and you use it against him when his weight comes down on his own arm. Right on the wrist... right on the forearm and the hand... Detson doing a masterful job of breaking down that right arm and trying to take away Lynch's most effective weapon - the Iron Claw. Such a great strategy - you'd think that I'd come up with it!

[Detson steps back a few steps, takes aim, and then drops all of his weight on top of Lynch's torso with a senton, forcing Lynch's weight onto his trapped arm again!]

GM: Shades of-

BW: Don't say it... don't even think it.

GM: And another cover gets one! He gets two!

[But Lynch rolls to the side, getting his left shoulder off the mat as Detson glowers at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Davis Warren letting Johnny Detson know it was only a two count again... and Detson's not too happy about that.

[Climbing to his feet, Detson barks a little at the official about his perceived slow count before pulling Lynch's arm straight out to his side...

...where he STOMPS the wrist once... twice... three times!]

GM: Detson going after the wrist again... a vicious assault on it...

[The referee has a few words for Detson who sneers at Davis Warren...

...and then STOMPS the hand instead!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch rolls over onto his chest, cradling his hand underneath him as Detson wiggles his fingers mockingly.]

GM: As we close in on the fifteen minute mark of this one, Johnny Detson has established complete control of this World Title clash.

[Detson takes a walk around the ring, taunting the fans before circling back to Lynch who has pushed up to a knee.]

GM: Detson back on the attack... ohh! Big right hand downstairs!

[But Lynch cries out as he does it, falling back to all fours, cradling his hand again...]

GM: A right hand thrown on instinct by the Iron Cowboy but that banged-up hand sent a jolt of pain all the way through him.

[Detson angrily yanks Lynch up by the arm, whipping him across the ring to the corner, charging in after him with a running knee to the midsection!]

GM: Ohhh! And that'll knock the wind right out of the sails of Jack Lynch!

[In the corner, Detson grabs the right arm again, wrapping it around the top rope, yanking hard on the right wrist before he pounds the forearm with a few clubbing blows...

...and then steps back, kicking the wrist a few more times as the referee shouts at the World Champion to let Lynch out of the corner.]

GM: Detson steps out and- ohh! Big right hand!

[The crowd jeers as Detson POPS Lynch with a haymaker before stepping back out of the corner.]

GM: Lynch is reeling after that shot... the Iron Cowboy's gotta find a way to get back into this, Bucky.

BW: Or he could just roll over and get beaten. I'd suggest that option.

[Detson brushes past Davis Warren, grabbing the wrist again...]

GM: Another whip across... and another running knee downstairs!

[Lynch starts to stagger out when Detson grabs the arm again, yanking Lynch towards him with a short-arm back elbow that catches Lynch under the chin, knocking the challenger down to the canvas.]

GM: The champion puts him down again... and another cover!

[Again, a two count follows before Lynch kicks out, drawing cheers from the Chicago crowd. Detson angrily grabs the right arm, pinning the wrist to the canvas again as he kicks his legs up into the air, driving his knee down onto the forearm once... twice... three times.]

GM: Another cover!

[The referee drops down again, counting once... and twice... and Lynch again kicks out before a potential three count. Detson again shouts at the referee who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Johnny Detson insisting that should've been three.

BW: He's not wrong, Gordo. That count looks slow to me.

GM: It looked perfectly fine from where I'm sitting.

BW: Not where I'm sitting.

GM: But we're sitting at the same... never mind.

[Detson angrily grabs two hands full of Lynch's hair, dragging the challenger up to his feet...]

GM: Kick to the- CAUGHT!

[The crowd cheers as Lynch catches the boot aimed at his midsection, blocking the potential setup to the Wilde Driver...]

...but Lynch almost immediately lets go, grabbing his hand in pain.]

GM: Oh! He couldn't hang on and-

[Detson throws the kick again, connecting this time. He grabs a handful of hair and HURLS Lynch back into the turnbuckles, his head and neck snapping backwards on impact.]

GM: Ohh! Hard into the corner!

[The booing crowd is all over Johnny Detson as the World Champion sneers at them... and then starts mockingly clapping his hands.]

GM: What's this about now?

[Detson holds up his fist, stepping up on the middle rope.]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

[Detson shouts, "LEMME HEAR YA!" and starts raining down punches.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

[But Detson pauses, his lone voice having been the only one counting. He looks disdainfully out to the crowd, cupping his hand to his ear.]

"I CAN'T HEAR YOU!"

[He starts punches again.]

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Detson hops down, the fans still jeering loudly as he grabs the sore wrist, whipping Lynch across...]

GM: Lynch hits the buckles and-

[The Iron Cowboy EXPLODES out, leaping into the air...]

GM: LARIAT! HE HITS THE LARIAT!

[Detson is flat on his back prone from the flying lariat...]

...but Lynch is laying several feet away, cradling his forearm in pain!]

GM: A huge move by Jack Lynch - but that arm is hurt! He can't take advantage of the lariat! Both men are down off the lariat and if Lynch can't take advantage, all he can do is try to recover a little right now.

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUES GONE BY!"

GM: There you can hear the fifteen minute call. A lot of time left to go in this one but Jack Lynch has been taking a lot of punishment over the last several minutes, Bucky.

BW: The lariat's going to help but I don't know for how long, Gordo.

[With both men down on the canvas, the referee starts a double count.]

GM: Davis Warren counting down both men... and boy, you'd hate to see this World Title match - the Main Event of Memorial Day Mayhem X - end that way.

[Warren shouts out "ONE!" as neither man is stirring. Lynch is on his chest, still hanging onto his arm as Detson is breathing heavily, staring up at the lights in the Allstate Arena.]

GM: Both men down... both men hurting... so much emotion going through the minds of both of these competitors here tonight as they battle it out for the World Title.

"TWO!"

GM: Of course, Johnny Detson is pre-occupied with the identity of the Masked Outlaw and his inability to get he mask off and discover who he is.

"THREE!"

GM: And Jack Lynch has GOT to be reeling over the events of the Tower of Doom... what happened to Wes Taylor who was taken out on a stretcher... what happened to his friends Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver...

"FOUR!"

[A weary Johnny Detson props himself up on an elbow, trying to battle his way up to his feet.]

GM: Detson's starting to stir now... as the referee counts five, the World Champion is trying to get up off the canvas.

"SIX!"

[Detson shoves himself into a seated position, nodding his head, waving a hand at the official to keep counting Lynch... but as the count hits seven, Lynch pushes up with one arm to his knees.]

GM: And now it's the challenger trying to get up as well!

BW: No, no, no! Stay down! STAY DOWN!

GM: Jack Lynch will NOT stay down, Bucky. Jack Lynch will NOT be denied. He came to Chicago intending to walk out as the World Champion and he's going to do whatever it takes to climb to the top of that mountain again!

[Detson grimaces, scrambling to a knee and then to his feet as the count hits eight.]

GM: Detson's up in time... but can Lynch do the same?

[Lynch slides to one knee, pushing up at the count of nine!]

GM: Lynch is up! Lynch is up!

[Detson winds up, charging in with a big right hand...]

GM: Right hand! Blocked!

[Lynch switches up, throwing left handed punches instead!]

GM: And now the Iron Cowboy's coming with the left hand!

[Lynch rocks and fires, the Chicago crowd behind him as Detson gets rocked with blow after blow, staggering the World Champion!]

GM: Lynch is opening up on the champion...

[Detson takes a few steps back...

...and then throws a haymaker from waaaaaay back!]

GM: DUCKED!

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch stands back to back with Detson, reaching back to snare the arms...]

GM: The Iron Cowboy's got him hooked... and he DRAGS him down!

[Lynch pushes his feet hard into the mat, trying to get extra leverage on the backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE GETS ONE! IT GETS TWO! WE'VE GOT A NEW- NO! NO! Detson just BARELY slips out in time!

[Again, Detson tries to scramble up before Lynch, beating the Iron Cowboy up by a hair...

...and lashes out with a boot to the gut!]

GM: Boot downstairs!

[Detson steps forward into the standing headscissors, reaching down to hook an arm...

...but the Iron Cowboy straightens up, backdropping Detson OVER THE TOP ROPE and down onto the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: A HARD FALL TO THE FLOOR FOR THE WORLD CHAMPION! RIGHT DOWN ON THE BACK!

[Lynch collapses to his knees, leaning forward to all fours as he sucks wind into his body. The referee leans over the ropes, checking to see if Detson is physically able to continue.]

GM: A backdrop all the way from the ring to the floor... and Johnny Detson may not be getting up from that. He may not be getting up to keep fighting after that backdrop all the way to the floor!

[The Iron Cowboy is breathing heavily as the crowd buzzes with concern over a possible countout situation. The referee slides under the ropes to the floor, moving to check on the downed World Champion.]

GM: Davis Warren checking in on Detson... and he waves that the match can continue.

BW: It CAN continue, Gordo... but WILL it? Detson's down. Lynch is down. Someone's gotta get up for this to continue.

[Grabbing at his lower back, Detson rolls to his hip, wincing in pain.]

GM: Look at the pain on the face of the World Champion. That was a tremendously hard fall onto the floor... and with one move, Jack Lynch may managed to turn the tide in this battle for the World Heavyweight Title.

[Detson rolls to a knee, still grabbing at his back... flopping back down onto all fours as the referee rolls back into the ring, starting his ten count again.]

GM: The count starting up again... and remember, fans... the title can NOT change hands on a countout.

BW: Hey, that's a helluva idea, Gordo. Hey Johnny!

GM: Would you sit down?!

[Sucking wind hard and wincing with every movement, Detson pushes up onto his knees again, making a grab at the apron to drag himself to his feet. He looks up at the official whose count is up to three...

...and Detson hobbles down the length of the apron towards the timekeeper's table.]

GM: Where is he going?

BW: Oh, this is brilliant! You'll see!

[Detson leans over, snatching the World Title belt off of the table, slinging it over his shoulder...

...and with a painful wave of his arm towards the ring, Detson starts walking back up the aisle.]

GM: Detson's leaving?!

BW: Oh yeah he is! Like you said, Gordo... Lynch can't win the title on a countout!

GM: Johnny Detson, that no-good coward, is walking out of Chicago with the title over his shoulder and he's trying to get the heck out of Chi-Town with the championship intact!

[The crowd is REALLY letting him have it now as Detson heads up the ramp towards the entrance, hobbling and limping with every step he takes.]

GM: Detson's trying to get out of here as fast as his sore body will carry him and...

[Suddenly, the crowd ROARS as Jack Lynch rolls under the bottom rope, staring down the ramp at the retreating Detson's back!]

GM: AND LYNCH IS GOING AFTER HIM!

[The crowd somehow gets louder as Lynch walks swiftly down the aisle, breaking into a jog as Detson gets near the top of the ramp, pulling the belt off his shoulder into his hands...

...and whips around, charging Lynch with the belt ready!]

GM: DETSON WITH THE BELT AND-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKDROP ON THE STEEEEEEEEEEEEL!

[The crowd EXPLODES for the hard fall as Lynch stands on the ramp, glaring down at Detson, repeatedly flexing the fingers on his injured right hand.]

GM: Johnny Detson tried to lure him in, I think, Bucky! He saw Lynch coming on the video screens and tried to waffle him with the title! If he'd got caught doing it, he'd be disqualified!

BW: But he's still be the champion - the very definition of a low risk move right there, Gordo. If he gets away with it, he turns the match back in his favor. If he gets caught, he loses the match but keeps the title. It's all win, daddy!

[Lynch pulls Detson off the metal ramp, dragging him back towards the ring where he rockets him under the bottom rope.]

GM: Lynch tosses the champion back in... two hard falls on the back has to have taken a lot out of the World Champion.

[Detson staggers to his feet, desperately trying to find a way to turn things around as he hits the ropes, charging back as Lynch slides in, coming to his feet himself...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM!

[Lynch stays on him, snatching up a leg tightly!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -NO! NO! DETSON GETS THE SHOULDER UP JUST BARELY, FANS!

BW: That was a close one. I had Kai Alana's number ready to go!

[Lynch pushes up to his knees, burying his face in his hands for a moment before running his left hand through his hair, pulling it back as he looks up at Davis Warren who lifts two fingers and then shows how close the three count came.]

GM: It was THAT close, fans. You couldn't get much closer!

[The Iron Cowboy rises off the mat, looking out at the crowd still buzzing for the near fall. He leans down, using his left hand to pull Detson off the canvas...

...and then points to the corner.]

GM: Lynch is- he lifts Detson up, walking across...

[The crowd gets louder as Lynch deposits the World Champion into a seated position on the top rope...]

GM: The Iron Cowboy sets Detson way up high...

[He leans back, throwing a left hand to the jaw!]

GM: Lynch throwing that off-handed punch to great effectiveness! He's got Detson reeling up high... and now he's climbing up after him...

[The King of the Cowboys pulls him into a front facelock, slinging Detson's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's going for the superplex!

BW: NO! Johnny's back has been abused enough, Gordo! He can't do this!

GM: You're welcome to go up there and negotiate with him.

BW: Fine. Where the heck did I put my tire iron?!

GM: Sit down!

[Lynch grabs Detson's tights with the left hand for leverage, setting up as Detson struggles to hang on to the ropes...

...to no avail as Lynch lifts him high into the air...]

GM: ALL THE WAY UP...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...AND ALL! THE WAAAAAY! DOWN!

[The impact of the superplex causes Detson to shoot up off the mat, screaming in pain as Lynch rolls over, shoving him back down!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DETSON GETS THE SHOULDER UP! MY STARS!

BW: How close was that? A half count? Less?

GM: Jack Lynch was a heartbeat away from regaining the World Title here in Chicago and this crowd is on their feet! They can sense it! They can feel it in there air! The title may be on the verge of changing hands here at Memorial Day Mayhem X. At the first Memorial Day Mayhem, Marcus Broussard made history when he became the first champion in AWA history and Jack Lynch is looking to make some history of his own right about now!

[With over twenty minutes gone in the match, a weary Lynch kneels on the canvas, taking deep breaths as he looks up at the lights.]

GM: Jack Lynch may be looking for a little help from above!

BW: Casey James can't help him now, Gordo! And wouldn't if he could!

[Lynch drags himself off the mat, looking out on the roaring crowd with a nod of his head...

...and slowly raises his right gloved hand over his head!]

GM: He's calling for the Claw! He's calling for that Iron Claw, his family legacy and the move he hopes will put the World Title back around his waist here tonight in Chicago!

BW: But can he use it, Gordo?! That right hand has been through a lot tonight... the wrist, the forearm too. Can he apply that hold with enough pressure to get the win?

GM: I think we're about to find out.

[Lynch pulls his gloved hand down, leaning over with his hands on his thighs, sucking air into his lungs as he waits for Detson to rise to his feet.]

GM: The World Champion is in tremendous pain - you can see it in every move he makes but he's trying! He's trying to get to his feet!

BW: Stay down, Johnny! Roll out! Here, lemme call you an Uber!

GM: Lynch is waiting... he's ready... he's set... he's...

[And as Detson gets to his feet, stumbling in a circle...]

GM: CLAW! CLAW!

[The leather gloved hand wraps around the skull of Detson as the Chicago crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN AND-

[But as he attempts to apply pressure, Lynch cries out, bailing out of the hold, grabbing at his hand. He turns away from Detson, the referee rushing to check on the challenger...

...which is when Detson slams a forearm into Lynch's head from behind, sending him crashing into the referee and knocking him flat!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: DOWN GOES WARREN!

GM: Johnny Detson just knocked Jack Lynch into the referee... and that might've been intentional, Bucky!

BW: Gee, ya think?!

[With Lynch down, Detson takes a step closer to Davis Warren, lifting his hand, and dropping it limply to the mat...

...and with a huge grin on his face, Detson makes a big show of reaching down into the front of his tights!]

GM: Detson's going into the tights! He's looking for something and I think we all know what it is!

[Dirty jokes aside, Johnny Detson slowly pulls the studded black leather glove known as Black Beauty into view.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Oh yeah! You know Johnny Detson was undefeated as a pro boxer, right? He's got REAL knockout power in that right hand!

GM: Give me a break... and Detson's slipping that glove on his hand...

[The World Champion grins as he tugs the glove into place, flexing his fingers a few times...

...and then turns back towards a rising Jack Lynch, fist clenched and at the ready.]

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...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"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 completely unaware as Johnny Detson manages to reach up, dragging him down in a schoolboy, pulling the tights as a dazed Davis Warren makes the count!]

GM: NO! NO!

[He slaps the mat once...]

GM: Not like this!

[...twice...]

GM: Somebody stop-

[...and with the Masked Outlaw simply staring at the pin attempt in front of him.]

BW: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! OH HELL YES! OH HELL YES!

GM: YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

[Detson promptly rolls to the floor, snatching up his title belt and shoving it skyward as Lynch rolls to a seated position...

...still staring at his brother in horrified shock.]

GM: This is... obviously, losing your shot at the World Title is devastating but for Jack Lynch... I don't even know if that's registered to him yet. He's got his eyes locked on his brother. How the hell did this happen, Bucky? James Lynch was Supernova?! For how long?!

BW: I don't know, Gordo. But you talk about Jack Lynch being conflicted... what about me?!

GM: What do you mean?

BW: I was just cheering on a Lynch! Gaah! I might need to wash out my mouth with soap! Lysol my tongue! Something-

GM: For the love of... Bucky Wilde, this is a horrible scene in the ring. Jack Lynch is simply devastated by the actions of his brother and-

[Slightly awake from the DDT, James Lynch rolls from the ring, stumbling up the aisle while trying to hide his uncovered face.]

GM: James Lynch is making a run for it...

[The crowd ROARS as Jack Lynch wastes no time in pursuing, chasing his brother up the aisle.]

GM: And Jack Lynch is right behind him, fans!

BW: No doubt heading back for a nice family reunion.

GM: I don't... maybe? I don't even know what's going through my own mind right now let alone Jack Lynch's... and I certainly have no idea what's going through James Lynch's mind to do... this... this...

[Inside the ring, the Masked Outlaw is watching the fleeing Lynches...

...totally unaware that Johnny Detson has rolled back into the ring, title belt in hand!]

GM: Wait a minute! DETSON! IN THE RING!

[The World Champion rushes the Masked Outlaw from the blind side, ready to crown him with the belt...

...but the Outlaw senses him coming, whipping around to bury a boot into the midsection!]

GM: Oh! The Outlaw caught him!

[Grabbing an arm, the Outlaw whips him into the corner, sending him CRASHING hard into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohhh! That sore back just SLAMMED into the corner and-

[The Outlaw backs across the ring, yanking off his trenchcoat and throwing it aside. Gone is the heavy bulky ill-fitting bodysuit and in its place is a double strapped black singlet, revealing the tanned and toned frame underneath...

...a frame we get an ever better look at it as he sprints across the ring, leaping into the air, and CRUSHES Detson in the corner with a flying splash!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WAIT A SECOND! THAT LOOKED FAMILIAR, FANS!

BW: REAL DAMN FAMILIAR, GORDO!

[The Outlaw reaches up, tugging off the infamous mask, throwing it aside to reveal...]

GM: IT’S SUPERNOVA! THE REAL SUPERNOVA!

BW: WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON AROUND HERE?!

[Supernova shoves Detson out of the corner where Detson faceflops on the canvas. Supernova nods at the roaring crowd, wrapping up Detson’s legs...

...and steps through, flipping him onto his chest!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE! SUPERNOVA LOCKS IN THE SOLAR FLARE!

[The Chicago crowd is literally jumping for joy as the Venice Beach native leans back, wrenching the already-injured back of Johnny Detson!]

GM: HE’S GOT IT LOCKED IN! DETSON SCREAMING IN PAIN!

[The crowd somehow manages to get even louder as Detson repeatedly slaps the canvas.]

GM: HE’S TAPPING OUT! DETSON IS TAPPING OUT!

BW: IT’S NOT A MATCH, GORDO!

GM: I DON’T GIVE A DAMN! THE WORLD CHAMPION JUST TAPPED OUT TO SUPERNOVA!

[But Supernova isn’t letting go, keeping the hold applied as Detson screams loudly, begging for mercy...

...which is when Javier Castillo, fuming mad, marches out on the ramp, ordering a flood of AWA security guards and officials into the ring to try and get Supernova off of Detson!]

GM: We’ve got security in the ring! We’ve got officials in the ring! But ain’t nobody pulling Supernova off the World Champion!

BW: HE’S TRYING TO CRIPPLE HIM, DAMN IT! STOP HIM!

[Supernova keeps the hold applied until finally he's physically dragged out of the hold, shoved back into the corner where he glares across at Detson who is screaming in pain on the mat, clutching the title belt to his chest!]

GM: Detson's down! Detson's hurt! James Lynch was Supernova but... well, not THIS Supernova! Someone's got a lot of 'splaining to do, fans! We've gotta go! So long from Chicago... we'll see you in Detroit! OH, WHAT A NIGHT!

[The crowd is still roaring as Supernova stares across at the downed and screaming World Champion as we fade to black.]