

THE AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE CELEBRATES...

NINTH ANNIVERSARY SHOW

MARCH 18TH
STAPLES CENTER
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

[We start on a black screen as most shows do. We fade up into a royal blue screen with a glittering silver Fox Sports logo in the center of it. A fanfare plays in the background as a voiceover begins.]

"Home to the World Series. The NFL. The GFC. The Daytona 500.
The US Open Championship."

[A quick clip from each sport flashes by during the voiceover.]

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

...as a giant robot appears, holding up a different version of the Fox Sports logo with the audio bug...]

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

And then up on classic AWA footage - the very first AWA footage to be exact. It's the Press Conference held by AWA ownership announcing the formation of the American Wrestling Alliance in a conference room in a Marriott hotel in Austin, Texas. It's not a big crowd at all there to see it. After all, the wrestling industry has seen more than its fair share of big announcements of big federations opening with big promises. But this one's just like the rest. It'll be gone in a snap.

Right?

Bobby Taylor is the first to take the stage, the Outlaw of professional wrestling in a business suit, looking uncomfortable as hell in it as he smiles, settling in behind the podium.]

BT: We're all here today to celebrate a new beginning in our industry. It's new beginning for the fans of pro wrestling, the wrestlers themselves, and especially for me.

[A flash of light cuts us deeper into Taylor's announcement.]

BT: When I was a kid, wrestling was the only thing I wanted to do with my life... and I've done it all. The business has given me the chance to see the world, wrestle in front of massive crowds, and be a hero to millions. I owe everything in my life to this business so when I looked at my future, I decided I wanted to give something back.

I began exploring the idea of opening a small Texas-based territory... just something to keep me busy and give a place for some of the rookies in this business to work their way up through. But the more I dug, the more people I found that were looking for something... more.

[Another flash of light.]

BT: We established a clear vision of where we were and what we hoped to accomplish. And on a late night in Dallas a couple weeks ago, the American Wrestling Alliance was born.

[Taylor turns around as the big black tarp is yanked from the wall and a bright, shiny, glistening AWA logo is left behind...

...and we fade to more classic AWA footage - very familiar footage that has been used countless times over the year. It's the beginning of the very first Saturday Night Wrestling.

We can hear the original AWA Saturday Night Wrestling intro music - "One More Saturday Night" by the Grateful Dead as we see the original AWA intro credits - the map of the United States graphic, different states popping up into view as we race past them.

The slow motion shots of animated men battling inside a red, white, and blue ring.

And as the blue animaniac applies a clawhold on the white animaniac, we freeze and the AWA logo fills the screen.

We cut to sepia-tinged shots of Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde inside the WKIK Studios in downtown Dallas as catch a glimpse of the old studio setup. The flags on the walls, the bleachers filled with fans, and the occasionally-leveled studio backdrop behind Gordon and Bucky.

Bucky Wilde lifts his glittering briefcase with a flourish, slapping it down onto a wooden "desk" in front of them as Myers begins to speak.]

GM: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It is my great honor and privilege to be the first person to utter a word on this, the premiere episode of Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by the American Wrestling Alliance.

And for the first time in well over a decade, professional wrestling... real professional wrestling has made its' home in the Lone Star State here in Texas. We are live in Dallas, Texas at the WKIK studios for what promises to be an exciting two hours of action.

[And with that, we dissolve to the ring where two competitors are standing. And while her face has been expertly cut from the opening clip, the voice of then-ring announcer Melissa Cannon is clear as day.]

MC: Wrestling fans, welcome to the WKIK Studios and the premiere edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling!

[The fans cheer wildly at the announcement.]

MC: The opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... standing 5'10 and weighing in at 205 pounds... Keith Smith.

[A young man in red trunks raises a pale arm inside the ring. There is absolutely nothing about him that stands out except for the red trunks... and the fact that "Keith Smith" would - years later - become known as the Self Made Man, Kerry Kendrick.

We dissolve from the shot of Kendrick to talking head shots. A black backdrop is behind them, showing just their upper torso and head as they speak. Gordon Myers is first.]

GM: Nine years. Whew.

[He smiles, shaking his head as we cut to Bucky Wilde.]

BW: You know, I'd be lying if I said I thought we'd be here nine years later. It's a rare thing, you know?

[Cut to Jon Stegglet.]

JS: I've been blessed in my career to be a part of places that had staying power. The EMWC. And of course, the AWA. It's an honor... and it's something most people don't get a chance to be a part of once let alone twice.

[Cut to Bobby Taylor.]

BT: We all hoped we could make it. You don't get in the business unless you think you can make it. But if we were being honest with ourselves, we knew the odds weren't good.

[Cut to Calisto Dufresne who smirks.]

CD: Kendrick may have been the first guy on the show but I WON my match... the first of many in the AWA. National Title. National Tag Titles. World Title. Stampede Cup. I guess you can say I pretty much did it all... but that first night... it was special. You could feel it in the locker room... in the ring. There was... magic.

[Cut to "Hotshot" Stevie Scott with his trademark Steviegrin in place.]

HSS: I didn't even wrestle the first night! Didn't stop me from getting my jaw jacked by Tin Can Rust though.

[He rubs his chin thoughtfully.]

HSS: I think we all hoped it was different. We'd all been places that showed potential but couldn't hang on to it. The names involved with the AWA were impressive but... well, then the bell has to ring, right?

[Cut to Kevin Slater.]

KS: It WAS special. It was a second chance for a lot of guys. A last chance for some of us... and a big break for guys like Broussard and Houston and Sudakov and... real talent who hadn't had a chance to show the world what they could do.

[Cut to Chris Blue.]

CB: Yeah, I remember it. I was watching a live feed out in the production area. I was still the "mystery owner" so they didn't want me near the building where anyone might start asking questions. You know, I've been a part of a lot of wrestling shows over the years... and there are times when you just go through the motions - everyone does - and there are times when you know you're witnessing something different. History.

[Blue spreads his arms.]

CB: And here we are. Nine years later.

[Cut to Gordon.]

GM: Nine years later.

[And Bucky.]

BW: Nine years later.

[Cut to Stegglet.]

JS: Did I think we'd be here?

[He smiles.]

JS: Of course I did.

[To Gordon.]

GM: Hoped, maybe.

[To Taylor.]

BT: Prayed... and I don't pray.

[To Stevie.]

HSS: I never thought I'd be here.

[Back to Stegglet.]

JS: In the AWA, we've always enjoyed looking back. We love paying tribute to those who paved the way. Blackjack. Jim Watkins. Names like Shane, Wallace, O'Connor. We've got the Stampede Cup named to honor Texas wrestling before us. But we've always been able to look forward too. And that's what this night is about. Sure, it's about honoring the guys who came first - Stevie, City Jack, Monosso... yeah, even Vasquez.

[He chuckles.]

JS: But it's about being in the moment. Remembering the talent we've got here now. Guys like Martinez... like Wright... like Detson and James... like Lynch and Matthews... Zharkov... Julie Somers... Erica Toughill...

[He trails off.]

JS: And the future of this sport has never been brighter. It's not the 90s. No one's trying to cut each other's throats. I don't have Mike Beeby or a Daniel Spreadbury to go on TV and rant and rave about. But I look into our locker room and I see Jordan Ohara... I see Next Gen... Skylar Swift... Williams and Hunter... Cinder and Fujiwara... and all the rest.

And I have to smile because... yeah, we made it nine years... and that might be a miracle itself in this industry.

But I've gotta wonder...

[He smiles.]

JS: ...what's this place gonna look like nine years from now?

[Stegglet chuckles softly as we fade to black...

...and then come up from black on a jam-packed ring where we can see many of the participants of the Double Or Nothing Battle Royal as the Grateful Dead's "One More Saturday Night" rings out over the PA system with a roaring crowd rocking the Staples Center in Los Angeles. The voice of Gordon Myers cuts over the cheering crowd.]

GM: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen... and for the past nine years, it has been my great honor and privilege to - usually - be the first person to utter a word on the flagship show of professional wrestling - Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by the American Wrestling Alliance.

[As Gordon speaks, we can see our standard setup of a royal blue roped ring with matching ring apron and steel ringposts. Protective blue mats encircle the ring, leading to the barricades beyond which the AWA faithful are seated. A pair of wooden tables are at ringside - one with our timekeeper and ring announcer's seats, the other near where our announcers are standing.

We cut to the aisleway, a steel ramp headed towards the ring as we see more AWA competitors making their way from the large steel stage at the top of the ramp, some ten feet off the ground. A video wall hangs above it - just about the width of the stage and about twenty feet tall.

We cut to our announcers at ringside as Gordon continues.]

GM: It is a historic night here in Los Angeles, California, as the AWA celebrates our Ninth Anniversary Show!

[More cheers ring out from the crowd.]

GM: Nine years? That's longer than all four of your marriages have lasted combined, Bucky!

BW: Hey! Don't you start on me already, Gordo. Nine years is a long time... longer than most prison sentences these days, it seems. You woulda thought after being saddled with you for nine years that I might be up for parole!

GM: They only give parole to people with good behavior, Bucky. Nevertheless, it is our honor once again, fans, to be here with you on this very special night. And what a special night it should be! Of course, you can see the ring starting to fill up for our Double Or Nothing Battle Royal just moments away. In addition to that, we've got one of the most jam-packed lineups in recent memory. "Golden" Grant Carter versus an AWA Original, Kerry Kendrick. The Serpentes against Somers and June. Haynes and Rage. We've got debuts! We've got old friends in the house and-

BW: And speaking of old friends, Gordo - tonight we might be saying goodbye forever to an old friend in "Hotshot" Stevie Scott!

GM: Another AWA Original and one of the greatest in AWA history, Stevie Scott puts his AWA career on the line tonight when he manages... someone... against Angelica Westerly and the opponent of her choice.

BW: We don't even know if it's gonna happen, Gordo! Stevie was on the Power Hour saying his guy dropped out! He's gone! Who the heck is Stevie going to find on seven days notice for this?

GM: It remains to be seen and of course, we have our Main Event for the AWA World Title when Ryan Martinez defends the title against the former champion and Number One Contender, Johnny Detson.

BW: Martinez is coming into this one with banged up ribs thanks to Castillo's soldiers and the Dogs of War... and I can't imagine any scenario that doesn't end with us discussing the NEW World Champion, Johnny Dets- hey! There he is now!

[Wes Taylor and Brian James are several steps down the ramp towards the ring when Johnny Detson comes jogging out behind them to massive jeers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Johnny Detson is coming out here... but why? Surely he can't be in this match AND in the Main Event later tonight.

[James throws a glare over his shoulder at Detson who simply smirks and shrugs as Taylor leads James by the arm down the ramp, leaving Detson to peel away towards the announce desk.]

BW: I'll get to the bottom of this one, Gordo.

[A loud "CLUNK!" is heard as we cut to a shot at ringside of Bucky Wilde climbing to his feet, grabbing a mic and walking over towards Detson who positions himself in a corner as Taylor and James climb inside the ring with all the rest of the waiting participants.]

BW: Johnny, Johnny... a quick word?

[A grinning Detson nods.]

JD: Anything for my favorite announcer - better luck next year, Gordo!

[A sigh can be heard as Bucky grins.]

BW: What are you doing out here? Are you in the Battle Royal?

[Detson grimaces, shaking his head.]

JD: No way, Buckthorn. As appealing as putting fifty grand in my pocket by tossing twenty-four stooges over the top is, I'm focused on my World Title match with Martinez Junior tonight.

BW: Totally makes sense, champ... or soon-to-be champ. But I gotta ask - why are you out here then?

[Detson grins, gesturing at the ring.]

JD: I'm obviously out here to support my associates in there, Buckthorn... to cheer them on in all their endeavors. Besides, I've got business to discuss with them after this is over. Kings business, you know.

[Bucky nods knowingly.]

BW: Of course, of course. Well, I'll leave you to it!

[Bucky scampers away as Detson grabs a chair from the timekeeper's table... actually, the timekeeper's chair... and takes a seat in the corner, looking up at a rapidly-filling ring.]

GM: I don't like the looks of this one, fans... but as we see Next Gen climbing up inside that ring... now Jeff Matthews as well... this Battle Royal is getting closer and closer to getting underway.

[A wide shot of the ring shows many of the participants in the match: the aforementioned Daniel Harper, Howie Somers, Jeff Matthews, Wes Taylor, and Brian James... Cody Mertz, Shonn Ocean, Lee Connors, Downpour, Curtis Kestrel, and Blake Colton...]

GM: Top level talent already in the ring for sure... and more on their way as we see Kaz Kanoe coming out here... there's Blaster Masterson and the King of the Battle Royals himself, Alphonse Green...

[Michael Aarons and Jordan Ohara are the next two coming down the ramp, one badmouthing the fans while the other takes the time to exchange high fives with them.]

GM: This ring almost full now as we're getting down to the final competitors and-

"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: Who the heck is this goofball?

GM: Ah, welcome back, Bucky. I'm being told this newcomer goes by the name Omega, Bucky... and is a most unusual surprise entry into this Double Or Nothing Battle Royal.

[The weedy Omega charges down the aisle, his cape billowing behind him, occasionally outstretching his hands to slap palms with the adjacent fans. Omega slides into the ring, leaving his cape on the floor. He climbs onto the middle rope and cuts another of his trademark "Omega poses," before nodding and giving a cool "thumbs up" to the fans.]

BW: Well, I suppose every Battle Royal needs cannon fodder, Gordo.

GM: Who knows? This newcomer just might surprise us all.

[The sounds of "Jesus Walks" rings out over the PA system as former World Champion Supreme Wright makes his way into view.]

GM: Two-time World Champion Supreme Wright in this one... although the absence of Jack Lynch is a bit surprising. I wouldn't be shocked to learn that Javier Castillo did that intentionally... a little bit of divide and conquer.

BW: It certainly would be in the ballpark for a man who specializes in the art of war.

[The sounds of Europe's "The Final Countdown" fills the air to a surprised big reaction from the Los Angeles crowd.]

GM: Hey now! How about that, Bucky?

[The cheers grow louder as Olympic gold medalist Bret Grayson dances out into view on the stage, his gold medal dangling around his neck. He turns slightly, pointing towards the entranceway...]

GM: It looks like he's not coming alone, fans. But who does he have with him?

[A passionate portion of the crowd goes nuts as "Kaze Ni Nare" rips to life over the crowd.]

GM: OH MY STARS! TAKESHI MIFUNE IS IN THE HOUSE!

[Mifune emerges in a cloud of smoke onto the stage, a black towel hanging over his head with just his face showing from under it. He's got a smile on his face - rare and terrifying as he strides alongside Grayson down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Bret Grayson and Takeshi Mifune have been teaming up internationally for several months now, going by the name The Gold Standard and for quite some time, we've been anticipating their arrival here in the AWA. It appears that tonight is the night and this just completely changed this Double Or Nothing Battle Royal!

[Mifune climbs up the steps, wiping his feet on the apron as he thrusts a fist into the air, flinging his towel into the crowd as many of them scream "KAAAAZE NI NAAAAAREEEEE!" He nods, stepping through the ropes and glaring across the ring at

Supreme Wright who actually has a smile of his own on his face, nodding approvingly.]

GM: Definitely some history there between Mifune and Wright... Grayson and Wright too for that matter.

[The Japanese anthem gets cut off by the roar of a jaguar and the accompanying Mariachi music that means the arrival of Javier Castillo. El Presidente comes out onto the stage first, holding up a briefcase that he slaps a few times. Presumably it holds the prize money for this Battle Royal...]

...and with a dramatic flourish, he turns towards the entryway where Ebola Zaire, Muteesa, and King Kong Hogan lumber into view.]

GM: Here comes Castillo's army of monsters.

BW: Soldiers.

GM: Whatever you want to call them - we learned two weeks ago just how dangerous they are. They left bodies laying all over this ring and we still don't even know how banged up Ryan Martinez is going into the World Title showdown later tonight with Johnny Detson.

[Castillo smirks as he gestures towards the ring, turning to exit.]

GM: What? He's not even coming to the ring with them?

BW: I'm sure he's got more important business to take care of. Besides, with Johnny Detson, Sasha Ocean, and Jackie Wilpon already out here, it's starting to get a little crowded at ringside.

GM: I just hope these three can keep under control without their boss here to issue the orders.

BW: Maybe the lack of control is exactly what Castillo was hoping for.

GM: Maybe you're right... and don't look now but the World Tag Team Champions - our final entrants in this match - are on their way to the ring for this war where they have the most to gain.. and the most to lose.

BW: They already won a Battle Royal once... and they're putting that fifty grand on the line to try and double it.

GM: That's right. If either of them win tonight, the prize money doubles to one hundred thousand dollars... but if someone else wins, they get nothing for their previous win either.

[System Shock - made up of Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter - start making their way towards the ring when suddenly the "mascot" of the Axis, Nick Axis himself, comes jogging into view.]

GM: Oh brother.

BW: Oh yeah! System Shock might have locked this one up, Gordo - their muse is here!

GM: Their muse.. .give me a break.

[Williams eyes the ring as he approaches, slowly going up the steps as his partner scrambles up on the apron, twisting his fingers into "pistols" and taking aim at the

competition. He shrugs out of his long coat, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and in a flash, he leaps to the top rope, springboarding off, and diving onto a pile of competitors including Kaz Kanoe, Curtis Kestrel and Omega!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[The ring explodes in a mass of brawling with the other twenty-one competitors inside it. You can see some men settle for hitting the closest target like Downpour does to Jordan Ohara. While others make more of an effort to get to their chosen target like Wes Taylor shoving Alphonse Green aside to jump on the back of Ebola Zaire, flailing about with wild blows to the head of the African Nightmare.]

BW: What a way to kick off another year of AWA action, daddy!

GM: The fighting is hot and heavy early on in this one...

[We cut to a shot in the corner of Muteesa leaning his heavy form against Michael Aarons who is breathing heavily while he tries to escape.

Another cut shows Blake Colton trading heavy fisticuffs with Blaster Masterson.]

GM: We've got a handful of tag teams in there tonight - you see Blake Colton from the Colton Crew... Next Gen is in there... the Kings of Wrestling are represented... Connors and Downpour... the Gold Standard... and of course, System Shock. It'll be interesting to see if strength in numbers plays a big role in this one.

BW: And not surprisingly, Gordo, you left out the biggest numbers of them all. El Presidente's soldiers! He's got Hogan, Zaire, AND Muteesa in there... not to mention Blaster Masterson who has been looking to earn favor with the boss as of late.

[Speaking of Masterson, the crowd cheers as Jeff Matthews pulls him off of Blake Colton and the two fan favorites take turns hammering away on the big man as Jackie Wilpon screams in anguish from the floor.]

GM: Matthews coming to the aid of Blake Colton there... obviously there's no love lost between Matthews and Masterson after what we saw two weeks ago.

[Cut to Cody Mertz pushing on Supreme Wright's torso, trying to dump the two-time World Champion over the ropes...

...but a clubbing double axehandle across the back by King Kong Hogan breaks off the attack, the wildman shouting "HE'S MIIIIIIINE!" as he flings Mertz down to the canvas.]

GM: Goodness! A hard shot across the back by Hogan and...

[The crowd cheers as Hogan faces off with Wright, nodding his head wildly as he prepares for the fight to come...

...but Lee Connors intervenes, throwing a pair of rounding kicks into the stomach, getting between Wright and Hogan.]

GM: Connors out of nowhere... another kick... and another...

[But Hogan swings a knee up into the midsection to cut him off...

...and then HURLS him from the ring using a handful of hair to score the first elimination of the match!]

GM: Ohhh! And out goes "Cannonball" Lee Connors at the hands of King Kong Hogan!

[The crowd jeers as Hogan turns back towards Wright, only to find that Daniel Harper has pinned Wright against the ropes and is gesturing towards Howie Somers to help him toss the former champion.]

GM: Look out here. Supreme Wright at the mercy of Next Gen who are hoping to earn themselves a World Tag Team Title shot in the very near future...

[Wright struggles against one of the top tag teams in the company, trying to wriggle free of their grip as each man grabs a leg, trying to lift Wright into the air. Wright leans back on the ropes, his arms wrapped around them as he searches for a way out...

...and it comes in the form of Takeshi Mifune grabbing Harper with two hands full of hair, yanking him backwards into a headbutt to the base of the skull that drops him down to a knee where a kneestrike to the back of the head puts him completely down.]

GM: Mifune strikes hard right there...

[Sneering, Mifune sinks his fingers into the nostrils of Howie Somers, dragging him back and away from Wright as well...

...but a pair of well-placed back elbows to the gut sends Mifune stumbling away. Somers goes to shake off the yank of the nose as Wright pushes off the ropes, looking for someone else to tangle with other than the young powerhouse.]

GM: Takeshi Mifune makes the save for Supreme Wright and...

[The crowd roars as Brian James lifts Curtis Kestrel up into a fireman's carry, slinging him over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: Kestrel's gone! Brian James just tossed Curtis Kestrel!

BW: And so far, Gordo, the strength in numbers you talked about has been anything but. The first two guys eliminated both had their partners in there with them!

GM: The ring is so crowded right now though, it's hard for anyone to work together for very long! But you're right, Curtis Kestrel of the Colton Crew is eliminated and that puts us down to twenty-three competitors remaining in this match. Fans, we're going to take a break but this Battle Royal will continue when we return so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we find the action ongoing with Wes Taylor pounding away furiously at Muteesa in the corner.]

GM: We're back, fans! And what a wild scene it is here in Los Angeles. During the break, however, we saw eliminations for Blake Colton and-

[The crowd groans as across the ring Downpour gets backdropped over the ropes and down to the floor by Michael Aarons.]

GM: And now Downpour is gone as well! Twenty-one competitors left in this one!

[Aarons smirks at the jeering crowd, taking a bow...

...and turns around to find Omega waiting to reach out, grabbing Aarons by the throat!

GM: What the...?!

BW: This guy can't be more than.. what? 180? 190?

GM: I wouldn't think so. Is he really going to try and chokeslam Michael Aarons?!

[It seems that he might but Arons reaches out, raking the eyes of the superhero, sending him stumbling away...

...but then Arons turns into Blaster Masterson who grabs him by the throat as well to some cheers!]

GM: Uh oh! This guy can do it for sure!

[Masterson nods at the crowd, going to lift Arons into the air...

...but Arons slips out behind him and makes a beeline to dive into the mass of humanity remaining in the ring, narrowly escaping from the big man.]

GM: Close call there for Michael Arons... and look at this, Bucky!

[We cut to the other side of the ring where Supreme Wright and Bret Grayson each have a leg on Derrick Williams, trying to tip him over the ropes.]

GM: One-half of the World Tag Team Champions is in big trouble here!

BW: The Future's got visions of a hundred grand flying away in his head!

[But suddenly, Kaz Konoe is on the scene, yanking Wright away from Williams... then doing the same to Grayson. The two old allies turn to face him...

...and Konoe does an exaggerated shrug to both men before they grab him, and hurl him from the ring with a double hiptoss!]

GM: Hah! Out to the floor goes Kanoe! He's gone!

[And as Wright turns around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INSTANT KARMA OUTTA NOWHERE!

[Grayson takes a swing at Riley Hunter who ducks down, rolling into a somersault, popping up to his feet, leaping into the air to connect with a second Instant Karma, this time on Shonn Ocean!]

GM: OHH! ANOTHER ONE!

[Hunter grabs Ocean, ready to toss him from the ring but...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...Jordan Ohara is waiting with a knife edge chop that turns Hunter inside out, dumping him down on the canvas!]

GM: What a shot that was!

[Ohara grins, shouting to the crowd...

...and we cut to the other side of the ring where Wes Taylor has Ebola Zaire down on the mat, sitting in the corner as he puts the boots to him.]

GM: Taylor looking for a little bit of payback for his partner, Tony Donovan, here tonight... and he's got that boot right on Zaire's throat.

BW: Totally legal in a match like this.

GM: Absolutely. Anything goes in a Battle Royal - which is part of the reason why so many people think they're one of the most dangerous matches in pro wrestling, Bucky.

BW: You got that, Gordo. In a match like this, it's so easy to catch a stray elbow to the eye... or step on someone's foot and roll your ankle. Accidents are so easy when so many people are involved.

[We cut across the ring where King Kong Hogan is trading heavy blows with Brian James to the thrill of the crowd.]

GM: And look at these two hosses throwing down!

BW: Look at Mertz! Look at Mertz!

[With James and Hogan preoccupied with one another, Cody Mertz ascends to the second rope, waiting a moment...]

GM: That's a dangerous move to climb the ropes in a match like- OHHH!

[The crowd roars as Mertz leaps off, spreading his legs wide enough to catch both men with a foot to the chest, toppling them both with a flying dropkick!]

GM: What a move by Cody Mertz! A big move by-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd's cheers quickly turn to jeers as Michael Aarons slides up behind his former partner, tossing him from the ring.]

GM: Aarons tosses Mertz! That son of a...

BW: Hah! All's fair in love and a Battle Royal, daddy!

GM: No doubt about that. None of these fans in Los Angeles are happy to see it but Aarons tosses Mertz to take us down to nineteen competitors remaining.

[Mertz sits on the floor, glaring up at Aarons who mock cries down in his former partner's direction...

...not noticing the King of the Battle Royal himself, Alphonse Green, lurking behind him!]

GM: Green's got Aarons in his sights! Green's gonna- he's got him!

[The crowd roars as Green snatches Aarons by the back of the tights, running towards the ropes with him...]

GM: HE TOSSES HIM OVER ANNNNNNNNNND-

BW: NO! NO! AARONS LANDS ON THE APRON!

[The crowd groans for Aarons' athleticism which saves him from elimination for the moment. He clings to the ropes, standing on the apron as Green takes another shot at it, reaching over the ropes to grab him...

...but Aarons ducks low, using the middle rope to swing under the bottom rope, sliding between the legs of Green, and pops up under him, shoving his legs into the air and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GREEN'S GONE!

BW: HAH! The King of the Battle Royal has been dethroned, daddy!

[Aarons smirks down at Green this time, pointing to his temple...

...which is when Shonn Ocean makes a wild charge at him from behind.]

GM: Here comes Ocean and-

[But Aarons senses him coming, sidestepping and tossing Ocean over the ropes where he too manages to land safely on the apron.]

GM: Ocean hangs on and-

[Aarons runs to the nearby ropes, leaping up to the second, springing back and connecting with a dropkick that sends Ocean sailing off the apron...

...and into the waiting and powerful arms of his wife, Sasha, who is at ringside!]

GM: SHE CAUGHT HIM! SHE CAUGHT HIM!

[The crowd cheers the show of strength from Sasha Ocean as a relieved Shonn looks at his wife with gratitude. She steps forward, setting him back down on the apron as the fans applaud.]

GM: What a save for Sasha Ocean there! She caught her husband in mid-flight and kept him from being eliminated!

[Ocean is all grins as he slingshots himself back over the ropes into the ring...

...where a running clothesline from Howie Somers deposits him back over the ropes, dumping him to the floor this time!]

GM: OHHH! He's gone too!

[Sasha Ocean shakes her head in disbelief, shouting something up to Howie Somers who waves at the departing duo...

...when Derrick Williams attempts to strike, rushing in behind Somers, grabbing him by the tights, and tossing him over the ropes!]

GM: WILLIAMS TOSSES SOMERS! NO! SOMERS HANGS ON!

[Williams starts raining down blows on Somers, trying to knock him off the apron to the floor and to elimination but the powerful Next Gen member is hanging on.]

GM: Somers is in trouble here! He could use an assist from his partner!

[And an assist he gets as Daniel Harper peels away from Jeff Matthews, spinning Williams around into a forearm uppercut!]

GM: European uppercut by Harper! And a second one! He's got Williams reeling!

[Somers reaches over the ropes, holding Williams' arms back as Harper buries a right hand into the midsection, sending the Future staggering away as Somers re-enters the ring, giving a quick backslap of thanks to his Next Gen partner.]

GM: A close call for Howie Somers but having his partner in there with him paid dividends for sure.

BW: We talked earlier about the numbers game and as I look in there... there's Next Gen, the Kings, the Gold Standard, System Shock, and Castillo's soldiers still in the mix. They're all surviving with the help of each other so far.

[On cue, Bret Grayson slams a forearm down on the back of Ebola Zaire's head, knocking him off of Takeshi Mifune.]

GM: Fans, we're going to take another quick break as this match rolls on!

[Fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then fade back up on the action where we find Omega in despair as Blaster Masterson goozles him up against the ropes, trying to shove him backwards over the top.]

GM: Welcome back to the Ninth Anniversary Show right here on Fox Sports X, fans, and as you can see, the Double Or Nothing Battle Royal continues with Omega in some trouble. No eliminations occurred during the break but-

BW: But we may be about to see one now, daddy!

[Masterson's efforts to shove Omega to the floor are broken up by Jeff Matthews swinging a right hand into the big man's ribcage. A second one causes Masterson to turn his attention to the Hall of Famer, allowing Omega to slip away to recover.]

GM: The Madfox making the save on Omega... still with some issues with Blaster Masterson from two weeks ago.

[A trade-off of haymakers between Matthews and Masterson dominates one side of the ring as a quick cut across shows Jordan Ohara lighting up Bret Grayson with knife edge chops in a corner.]

GM: Ohara going to work on the Olympic gold medalist - boy, would I love to see those two in a singles showdown!

[With his partner in jeopardy, the Shadow Wolf slinks across the ring, creeping up behind the Phoenix...

...and wraps his arms around the head and neck of Ohara in a tight cinch!]

GM: Japanese Sleeper! Mifune locking in the hold that he learned from Roosevelt Wright so many years ago!

[Ohara's arms immediately start pumping, searching desperately for an escape.]

GM: And with Ohara's time spent in the Tiger Paw Pro Dojo, you know he's VERY familiar with this hold.

BW: I heard that when it was time for the rookies to go to sleep, Mifune would just slap this hold on 'em.

GM: I wouldn't be surprised at all. Ohara's fighting it though, staggering out towards the middle of the ring...

[Mifune jumps up onto the back of Ohara, fighting to keep his grip intact.]

GM: You don't see a lot of submission holds inside of a Battle Royal, fans, but this one certainly is having an impact.

[Ohara stumbles backwards, holding Mifune's weight up on his back...

...and then DRIVES him back into the buckles!]

GM: Ohhh! Big crash into the corner!

BW: But Mifune's hanging on, Gordo! He won't let go!

GM: He's hanging on with all he's got and-

[Suddenly, Muteesa comes lumbering across the ring at top speed...]

GM: MUTEESA!

[...and Ohara dives clear just before Muteesa SLAMS into Mifune in the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AVALANCHE IN THE BUCKLES BY MUTEESA ON TAKESHI MIFUNE!

[Mifune stumbles under the impact, clutching the ropes as the mighty Muteesa wobbles backwards, slapping his massive belly...

...and wanders right into a knife edge chop from Ohara!]

GM: Ohh! Big chop by Ohara... and one down between the eyes as well!

[Muteesa stumbles in a circle towards Mifune who clenches his jaw as he steps out of the corner, taking aim...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A vicious open-handed blow across the cheek stuns Muteesa... but Mifune isn't done.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A barrage of slaps from both hands leaves Muteesa wobbling and dazed as Grayson steps in behind him...]

GM: What's he...?!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Grayson lifts Muteesa up into a sloppy torture rack lift, falling back into the ropes...

...and DUMPING Muteesa to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE'S GONE! HE'S GONE! MUTEESA IS ELIMINATED!

BW: WHAAAAAT?!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring as Grayson jumps in the air, pumping his arms triumphantly...

...and turns right into Riley Hunter!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Instant Karma kneestrike finds the mark again, snapping Grayson's head back...

...and Derrick Williams comes swooping in with a running clothesline, sending Grayson toppling over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: AND NOW GRAYSON IS GONE AS WELL! OH MY!

BW: Fifteen men left in this thing, Gordo!

GM: A shocking elimination right there coming right after ANOTHER shocking elimination!

[Hunter finds himself snatched by the hair by Mifune who slams home a headbutt, knocking Hunter to his knees...

...which is when Derrick Williams CREAMS Mifune with a rolling elbow strike right between the eyes, knocking him back towards the ropes...]

GM: Mifune's on Dream Street after-

[And Ohara ducks low, swinging his leg around up in a big roundhouse kick - the same kick we saw two weeks ago...]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[...and catching Mifune high on the temple, sending him falling to the floor after his partner!]

GM: OHARA ELIMINATES MIFUNE!

BW: Hah! Can you believe it?! Ohara and Williams working TOGETHER to get rid of Mifune!

GM: I wouldn't put it exactly like-

[And the crowd ERUPTS as Ohara and Williams, long time rivals, lunge into one another at once, trading chops and elbowstrikes to the roar of the AWA faithful in Los Angeles!]

GM: AND HERE WE GO AGAIN! OHARA AND WILLIAMS GIVING US A SUPERCLASH FLASHBACK HERE IN HOLLYWOOD!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A knife edge chop from Ohara sends Williams stumbling backwards. But the Future soon gets his footing underneath him, taking aim...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and returns fire with a brutal elbowstrike to the jaw, sending Ohara falling away from him.]

BW: These two do NOT like each other!

GM: That might be the early contender for Understatement of the Year, Bucky!

[Ohara takes aim, firing off another big chop.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Williams grits his teeth, holding his ground this time.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Williams reaches out, snatching his former friend by the hair, laying in a few more elbowstrikes for good measure.]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[But Ohara shoves him away, staggering as he steps up to the plate.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Williams falls back, creating some space between he and Ohara...

...which is when Howie Somers rushes forward, FLATTENING both men with a running clothesline!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: AND SOMERS PICKS UP THE SPARE! OH MY!

[Fired up, Somers peels Williams off the mat, scooping him up for a bodyslam, turning towards the ropes...

...and gets a boot snapped off the side of his head by a leaping Riley Hunter!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: LEAPING HEADKICK BY HUNTER!

[Somers drops Williams, letting him slump down to his feet as Hunter steps in on Somers, throwing two hard elbowstrikes of his own.]

GM: Hunter tosses Somers back into the corner... charging in!

[A leaping Mongolian chop, arms crashing down on both sides of the neck leaves Somers stunned in the buckles. Hunter steps back, grabbing the top rope, leaping up to swing a boot up into the forehead!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[Hunter ducks low, grimacing as he muscles the larger Somers into a seated position on the top turnbuckle. He ducks down low, leaping up high...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: LEAPING PALM STRIKE TO THE CHIN!

BW: Somers may be out! He may be out right there!

[Hunter turns his back, reaching up to grab Somers by the arms...]

BW: DYNAMITE DREAM SLAM!

[...and in a great show of strength, Hunter muscles Somers up, over, and down hard with ring-shaking impact!]

GM: WHAT A MOVE OUT OF HUNTER!

[Hunter is still down on the mat though when...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PENALTY KICK! PENALTY KICK BY WES TAYLOR!

[And a fired-up Taylor dives on top of Hunter, battering him with fists as fast as he can throw them!]

GM: AND TAYLOR'S ALL OVER RILEY HUNTER! OH MY!

[Derrick Williams is back on his feet now, looking to intervene when...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRIAN JAMES RUNS DOWN DERRICK WILLIAMS WITH A CLOTHESLINE!

[James stands over Williams, staring down at him...

...and then looks up to spot Jeff Matthews and Blaster Masterson tangled up near the ropes. James suddenly rushes towards them, extending both arms...]

GM: OHHHH! THEY'RE GONE! MATTHEWS AND MASTERSON ARE ELIMINATED BY THE SON OF THE BLACKHEART!

BW: We're down to twelve, Gordo!

GM: Next Gen, the Kings, Michael Aarons, Jordan Ohara, Omega, Supreme Wright, System Shock, and Castillo's thugs are all that remains in this one, fans! Who's gonna do it? Who's gonna pull out the win and make themselves fifty grand in the process?

BW: Or a hundred! Don't count out the tag champs!

[James turns his gaze back across the ring, spotting Ebola Zaire hammering away on Supreme Wright in the corner with a series of stiff-fingered thrusts to the throat...

...and with Derrick Williams down on the mat, we see Omega climbing up the ropes inside the ring!]

GM: What's he doing? Where is Omega going?

BW: What an idiot! This is a Battle Royal! You're supposed to throw people OVER the top rope, not climb up to the top rope!

[Omega gets to the top, turning to look down at Williams...

...and then throws a gaze outside the ring to a cheering Nick Axis.]

GM: What the...?!

[Omega twists around, throwing himself into a wild crossbody on Axis, wiping out the "mascot."]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a dive!

BW: You mean "what an idiot," Gordo! This moron just eliminated himself!

GM: Well, yes...I suppose he did. Omega's gone! He's eliminated from this match and we're down to eleven now!

[Outside the ring, Omega comes to his feet, striking his signature pose to cheers from many in the crowd as he happily walks up the aisle, leaving Axis in a heap on the canvas.]

GM: I don't know what that was all about, fans... but as we whittle this field down, you have to wonder about the implications of winning this match. Not just the fifty - or a hundred - thousand dollars... but we know Next Gen is looking for a tag title shot... we know that Michael Aarons has been making a noise about a title opportunity. We know that someone like Supreme Wright is ALWAYS looking to get back into the title picture. Could a win in a Battle Royal like this make one of those things happen?

[Brian James, in the meantime, has pulled Ebola Zaire off of a thankful Supreme Wright... who does not say thanks to the surprise of no one. James launches into a series of haymakers at Zaire who seems to be sucking wind.]

GM: Ebola Zaire has the style for a match like this but perhaps not the stamina, Bucky.

BW: Zaire's seen a few too many plates of ribs at his favorite All-You-Can-Eat BBQ and Chinese Food joint down in Atlanta. I heard he wants to open one of those after he retires.

GM: He'd eat himself into bankruptcy.

[Zaire stumbles from every blow thrown by the Engine of Destruction, staggering towards the ropes. James backs off, taking aim at the big man...

...and drops down into a three point stance!]

GM: Hut one! Hut two! Hike!

[James rushes forward, stretching out his arm for his father's Black Mass clothesline...

...which is when Johnny Detson runs along the apron, reaching up to pull down the top rope...]

GM: DETSON!

[...a move that not only brings Zaire over the top rope and down to the floor, but James as well!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JAMES IS GONE! ZAIRE'S GONE TOO! WHAT THE HELL IS JOHNNY DETSON DOING, BUCKY?!

BW: He was trying to help! He was trying to help his partner in the Kings! Isn't that obvious?!

GM: Not to me! It looked to me like he was TRYING to eliminate Brian James!

[James pushes up off the floor, fire in his eyes as he locks his gaze on Johnny Detson who immediately shakes his head, begging off...

...and then turns to run for it, moving quickly up the aisle as James stalks after him!]

GM: James is chasing Johnny Detson! Brian James can't wait to get his hands on that snake!

[The camera cuts to the aisle where a smug-looking Detson is jogging up the ramp, James angrily stalking after him as the action continues in the ring behind them.]

GM: We're down to nine! Next Gen, System Shock, Hogan, Wright, Ohara, Aarons, and Taylor!

[Taylor turns towards the aisle, looking confused at James and Detson's exit...

...which allows a running double axehandle from King Kong Hogan to send Taylor tumbling to the floor to join his comrades!]

GM: Ohhh! Taylor's gone as well!

BW: The Elite Eight, daddy! That's all that's left!

[A wide shot of the ring shows Harper being worked over by Williams and Hunter in one corner. Jordan Ohara and Howie Somers are taking turns driving shoulders into the ribs of Michael Aarons in another.

Which leaves two.

Standing.

Staring.]

GM: Oh my! Here we go! We've been waiting to see this one for a while now! Supreme Wright! King Kong Hogan! Let's get it on!

[Wright's gaze is steely and cold as he stares at the boiling pot of emotions in King Kong Hogan who is shaking, nodding, begging Wright to come forward...

...and suddenly, they move as one towards each other, the crowd roaring in response!]

BW: Let's do this!

[But a double whip from Hunter and Williams sends Harper crashing into Wright, knocking the two-time World Champion down to the mat...

...which is where King Kong Hogan wants him, diving on top of the former leader of Team Supreme, battering him with wild fists aplenty. Wright raises his arms, trying to cover up, but the barrage of blows is breaking down his defense, scoring time after time!]

GM: Hogan's mauling Supreme Wright!

BW: This isn't Wright's kind of fight, Gordo but it's RIGHT up Hogan's alley!

[With Hogan still pounding on Wright, Hunter and Williams grab Harper again, whipping him across the ring to the ropes.]

GM: Double clothesli- ducked by Harper!

[And a rebounding Harper leaves his feet, throwing a split-legged dropkick that sends both Williams and Hunter down to the canvas to a big cheer! Somers peels away from Aarons and Ohara, gesturing to his partner.]

GM: Harper got 'em down and now Somers is looking to put 'em out!

[Somers pumps his powerful arms, watching and waiting for Hunter and Williams to regain their feet...

...and rushes towards them, arms extended!]

GM: DOUBLE CLOTHESLI-

[But Hunter leaps up, pumping a leg just as Williams lunges forward...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INSTANT KARMA ELBOW COMBO!

[Somers' eyelids flutter as he stumbles backwards. Harper rushes past his partner, looking to intervene...

...but they sidestep, shoving Harper past. He bounces chestfirst into the ropes where Hunter slides in behind him...]

GM: FULL NELSON AND-

[...and SNAPS him over on the back of his head and neck with a Snap Dragon Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the move rolls Harper right back up to his feet where Williams is waiting to go into a spin...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Harper with a rolling elbow to the back of the skull!]

GM: NEURALYZER!

[The blow sends Harper falling back towards Hunter who snatches a handful of hair...

...and FLINGS Harper over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! HARPER'S GONE! HARPER IS ELIMINATED! WE'RE DOWN TO SEVEN!

BW: So much for their tag title shot, daddy! Hahaha!

[Hunter and Williams exchange a high five in center ring, smirking at the eliminated Harper as they turn their attention to the still-dazed Somers, grabbing him by the arms...]

GM: They're looking to finish off Next Gen now... double whip...

[A double clothesline attempt is broken down by Somers who runs right through it like a steam engine.]

GM: Somers off the far side...

[The big man leaves his feet, leaping into a double shoulderblock that sends both Williams and Hunter flying across the ring, crashing down hard on the canvas. Somers gets up, pumping his arms with enthusiasm as the crowd rallies behind him. He marches towards Hunter, lifting him up into the air..

...and presses him overhead!]

GM: He's gonna toss him! He's going to throw Hunter to the floor!

[But the resourceful Seven Star Athlete digs his fingers into the eyes, dropping down safely behind him. He flashes a grin, dashing towards the ropes blindly...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and gets wiped out with a knife edge chop from Jordan Ohara!]

GM: OHARA DROPPED HIM!

[Ohara pulls Hunter up off the mat by the hair, pointing to the crowd. He rushes across the ring with him in tow, looking to toss him into the third row...]

GM: OHARA THROWS HIM OV- NO! HUNTER HANGS ON!

[The super athletic Hunter snatches the top rope, managing to stay on the apron as a frustrated Ohara shouts angrily. He turns back towards Hunter, rearing back...

...which is when Derrick Williams charges in from the blind side, smashing an elbowstrike into the side of Ohara's jaw!]

GM: OHHH!

[The blow stuns Ohara, spinning him away from Hunter who grabs the top rope, flipping over them to scissor Ohara's head between his legs...

...and then using the top rope for leverage, pulls himself and Ohara back towards the ropes, taking the Phoenix up and over with a makeshift reverse rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHARA'S GONE! SYSTEM SHOCK ELIMINATES OHARA!

BW: We're down to six, daddy! Somers, Aarons, Wright, Hogan, and System Shock!

GM: Hunter's still on the apron and-

[Hunter leaps into the air, bouncing off the top rope, sailing high into the air, and WIPES OUT a rising Howie Somers with a spinning leg lariat to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hunter is all hype as he gets up, pounding his own chest, gesturing wildly at himself, pointing out at an angry Jordan Ohara who is backing down the aisle with some AWA officials making sure that he goes. Williams joins his partner, trading a quick high five before gesturing to the downed Somers again.]

GM: They're going to try and get rid of Howie Somers yet again.

[Williams drags Somers to his feet, shoving him towards Hunter who snatches a double chickenwing from behind.]

GM: We've seen this before!

[But before Hunter can lift him up, Somers whips his head backwards, smashing it into Hunter's face.]

GM: Ohh!

[Hunter stumbles backwards as Williams rushes at Somers who sidesteps, flinging Williams into his own partner, sending Hunter crashing to the mat as Williams staggers...

...and Somers takes advantage, rushing forward with his arm at the ready!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE... OHHHHHHVER THE TOP GOES WILLIAMS! HE'S- NO! NO! HE HANGS ON! WILLIAMS HANGS ON!

[A frustrated Somers backs off, taking aim on Williams who is precariously dangling from the ropes. He rushes forward...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK! BY AARONS! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Somers falls backwards near the ropes as Aarons throws a glance to his side, spotting Wright and Hogan tangled up near the ropes...

...and takes advantage of it, rushing the fighting duo, grabbing a leg on each and...]

GM: OHHH! THEY'RE GONE! WRIGHT AND HOGAN ARE GONE!

BW: We're down to the Final Four, daddy! Somers, Aarons, and System Shock! Who's gonna win this thing?!

[Aarons quickly turns back towards the dazed Somers, charging towards him as he falls back...

...and ducks down!]

GM: BACKDROP!

[Williams ducks low as Somers elevates Aarons, sending him flying high into the air before CRASHING down hard on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AARONS IS GONE! WE'RE DOWN TO THREE!

[Somers whips around, blasting Williams with a right hand... and another... and another...]

GM: Somers is hammering away on Williams, trying to knock him to the floor!

BW: Remember, Williams went over the top so he's still eligible to be eliminated if he-

[With Somers and Williams engaged, Riley Hunter comes charging at Somers' back from the blind side, leaping into the air, pumping his leg...]

GM: INSTANT KARM- AHHHHHHH!

[The bicycle kneestrike connects...

....but with the jaw of Derrick Williams as Somers dives out of the way, sending the Future falling to the floor as a shocked Hunter looks on in disbelief!]

GM: HUNTER ELIMINATES HIS OWN PARTNER!

BW: WHAT?! CAN HE DO THAT?!

GM: HE JUST DID!

[A shocked Hunter shakes his head in disbelief, pleading for forgiveness from his eliminated partner...

...and then suddenly anger as he whips around, charging towards Howie Somers who rocks him with a big forearm... and another... and a third. He shoves him back into the corner, whipping him from corner to corner...]

GM: SOMERS CHARGING IN!

[A big running shoulder tackle to the gut in the corner lifts Hunter up off the canvas before Somers grabs the arm, whipping him across again.]

GM: Whipped to the other side... here comes Somers!

[A second running tackle connects as a fired-up Somers backs off, pumping his arms up and down as Hunter stumbles out to center ring towards him. Somers catches him under the armpits, lifting him sky high...

...and PLANTS him with a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: RYDEEN BOMB BY SOMERS!

[Somers pops up to his feet, nodding his head to the cheering crowd as he marches around the ring, pumping up the Los Angeles fans, waiting as Hunter slowly works his way up to his feet, grabbing at his lower back...

...and Somers barnstorms across the ring towards him, reaching out his arm...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE ANNNNNNNND... HE'S GONE!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Somers falls to his knees, a huge relieved smile on his face!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: YOUR WINNER OF THE DOUBLE OR NOTHING BATTLE ROYAL...

HOWWWWWWIEEEEEEE SOMMMMMMMERRRRRRRRRS!

[Somers extends his arms towards the ceiling of the Staples Center, pulling in the roar of the crowd as Daniel Harper suddenly slides back into the ring, crawling into an embrace with his partner!]

GM: Howie Somers wins the Battle Royal! He wins the fifty thousand dollars!

BW: Gaaah, I'm gonna be sick!

GM: He deprives both Hunter and Williams of a hundred thousand dollars... and perhaps most importantly, he just sent a SERIOUS message about Next Gen deserving a shot at the World Tag Team Titles! Oh my!

[Somers and Harper rise to their feet, continuing to celebrate the victory as we fade to black.

A familiar tune begins to play. One with an ear for music might recognize it as "One More Saturday Night" by the Grateful Dead playing very softly.

An equally-familiar voice is heard booming over it.]

"And for the first time in well over a decade, professional wrestling... real professional wrestling has made its' home in the Lone Star State here in Texas. We are live in Dallas, Texas at the WKIK Studios for what promises to be..."

[The words trail off as the music takes over and we catch a glimpse of the aforementioned WKIK Studios. It's a bluish gray standard television studio set where you can see the AWA logo splashed across the wall above a small television monitor.

That shot dissolves to a panning shot of the WKIK Studios. Smackdab in the center of the studio is your standard wrestling ring... red, white, and blue ropes from top to bottom with the matching turnbuckles in the corner. The hard camera also shows a parade of flags on the back wall... everything from the USA to Canada to Mexico to Japan to the UK to Italy and some points in-between.

There are sets of bleachers set up on three sides of the ring, raising up about six rows. Not very high but enough to see over the people in front of you. The fourth side of the ring is clear, leaving a direct view for the announcers standing behind the announce desk we saw earlier.

A voiceover is heard.]

"The AWA began in a studio...

...and now each and every Saturday, it returns to a studio."

[Cut to the Power Hour logo splashed across the screen.]

"New format. New home. The same great AWA action.

The all-new Power Hour - don't you dare miss it."

[Fade to black...

...and fade back up on Sweet Lou Blackwell standing backstage in front of the room marked "TRAINING ROOM."]

SLB: We are backstage here at the Anniversary Show at the Staples Center in Los Angeles... and as you can see, I've camped myself out in front of the Doctor's office. Dr. Ponavitch is in there with some of his staff... but the more important story is that the World Champion, Ryan Martinez, is in there as well. The champion made a beeline straight for this office upon arriving at the arena tonight and he's been getting treatment ever since. Now, we know Martinez suffered some abdominal injuries at the hands of Javier Castillo's army - including the Dogs of War - two weeks ago but the question on everybody's mind is - what condition will the World Champion be in later tonight when he defends the title against the Number One Contender, Johnny Detson?

[Blackwell smirks.]

SLB: And speaking of Mr. Detson, the Access 365 cameras caught up with him in the locker room of the Kings of Wrestling a little earlier... and he wasn't alone. Take a look...

[The ACCESS 365 logo splashes across the ring as we see the hulking mass that is Brian James storming down the hallway with only one thing on his mind. He stops in front of the dressing room door marked "KINGS OF WRESTLING" and turns the knob to barge inside, but the knob doesn't turn as it's locked from the inside.

Fuming, James steps back and unloads a right hand to the door; wood can be heard cracking and splintering as the door now flies open. In the middle of the room sits Johnny Detson in his wrestling attire sans boots which he is trying to put on as James comes crashing through standing in the doorway as Detson's eyes go wide.]

JD: Brian, listen... Brian... don't-

[James takes a step forward as Detson looks for an exit but finds none. He leans back on his chair as if to move away from James which only causes him to lose his balance and fall over from the chair and to the floor. Barefoot and desperate, he begins crawling backwards holding up one hand in protest.]

JD: Brian, no-

[James takes another step closer and then another as Detson frantically crawls backwards. Reaching the bench near the lockers, Detson grabs a bunch of papers sitting there as James approaches him; hiding behind them like a paper shield he begins to scream at James.]

JD: Brian, we have a contract! We have a deal! YOU GAVE ME YOUR WORD!!

[A flinching Detson looks up from his paper protection to see those last words have hit home. Suddenly more bold, Detson stands up smirking, smacking the paper with his hand in front of James' face.]

JD: That's right! And if you lay one hand on me, you'll be joining Daddy on the unemployment line! Maybe Mommy can find you another job? Should we go ask?

[James glares a hole through Detson but says nothing.]

JD: I didn't think so. Forget about the Battle Royal, and forget about the stupid Axis! Tonight, you have the opportunity to right an even bigger wrong! Tonight, when I go out there for my World Title match, you're going to be in my corner and help... aid me... in securing the World Title I never should have lost, if my teammates were on the same page. That's your sole responsibility here tonight!

[A fuming James glares a hole through Detson.]

BJ: Is that what you think? You think I'm going to just give you the World Title? The hell with that! You're on your own out there tonight.

[Detson smirks.]

JD: You misunderstand, I'm not asking you. Let me make it crystal clear - either I walk out of here a two- time AWA World Heavyweight Champion... or you walk out of here without a job!

[James is burning mad as Detson just starts laughing right in his face holding up the contract again.]

JD: You understand now? Think about your future, Brian.

[With that, Detson scoops up his boots in the middle of the floor. As the camera follows him walking out, we hear in the background the primal scream of frustration from Brian James and the unmistakable sound of fist hitting the steel lockers and other various items in the dressing room. Detson takes a look back and then hastens up his pace as he exits.]

We fade from the pre-taped footage to another part of the building where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands before an AWA backdrop. To his right stands "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, who is dressed in a red jacket over a red halter top and red Spandex shorts that come just above her knees. Her wavy brown hair is pulled behind her back.

To his left stands "The Afro Punk" Victoria June, who is dressed in a black Perfetto motorcycle jacket over a chainmail halter top and kente cloth cut off shorts, torn fishnet stockings and black Doc Martens boots. Her reddish blonde hair is picked out in a wild afro that shows a chunk missing.]

SLB: In just a few moments, these two women will team together to face The Serpentes. Julie Somers and Victoria June, it was more than a month ago that The Serpentes joined Erica Toughill and Cinder in attacking you -- Cinder, in particular, was the one who caught you by surprise. And speaking of which, Cinder attacked Victoria at a live event a few days ago. Victoria, are you sure you are prepared to go into this match tonight?

VJ: Sweet Lou, look at my hair! That nasty little Cinder thinks hacking at mah hair is gonna get me pissed off and give her an advantage over me? Well, she's only half right, Blackwell. Ah'm mighty pissed off right now, but she ain't gettin no advantage over me. She's just like all them little bullies at school that would pick on me cause my skin was weird and my hair was weird and my teeth was weird and Ah was just too weird. Ah wasn't allowed to solve mah problems with mah fists then, but you damn right Ah can solve 'em with mah fists now. Yuh want a piece of mah hair, Cindy? Well that comes with a piece of my foot right up your-

SLB: (interrupting) Please. This is still a family show. Julie, do you have any concerns about your partner's well being?

JS: Sweet Lou, I saw what went down and I only wish I had been there that night to help. Figures that Cinder would realize the only way to impress her mommy is to make sure she has the advantage.

But all I know is Victoria is here by my side and that's all I need to know. Because I went through the same things against Erica Toughill when, just two weeks before SuperClash, Erica slammed my head against a metal case and the floor backstage. Yet I was still there for SuperClash, the odds supposed to be in her favor, and what happened then?

I beat those odds and I beat her.

So there's no doubt in my mind that Victoria June can beat the odds, too, and that she and I will beat The Serpentes tonight.

[She slaps her chest.]

JS: Because when it comes to women such as Victoria and I, the one thing you should never underestimate is how much heart, desire and determination we have.

And those are three things that are always going to overcome those who try to stack the odds against us.

The Serpentine's are bigger than we are. But that was the same case the last time I faced them in the ring with a different partner -- one I know I can't talk about right now. But all you need to know was who walked out of that match with their arms raised, and that was me and my partner that night.

My partner may be different in terms of name and style, but what isn't different is that Victoria has that same heart and passion my partner before did. The same heart and passion that I have. The same heart and passion that's going to be enough to overcome anything that Mamba and Copperhead.

I just hope Erica Toughill, and especially Cinder, are watching closely. Because they're the other two that will have to answer for what went down weeks ago and, when that happens, I can promise that heart and passion will be more than enough to overcome anything they want to throw at us.

[She gives a nod to Victoria.]

VJ: Sweet Lou, Wonder Woman, y'all don't gotta worry about little ol' me. Look, Ah been facing these nasty Snakes for years and Ah know jus how nasty they can be. Remembah how they blinded meh? They are big. They are bad. They are a well-oiled machine and if we take our eyes off the prize for a second well, they gon beat us. But Wonder Woman got her eyes on the prize. Ah can see that. And ah got my eyes on the prize. And ah'm gonna send a message to Cindy. Watch what Ah do to them Snakes tonight and then imagine what's gonna happen when the Afro Punk gets ahold of you. LET'S GO! Julie, let's go get us some snake skin boots!

[June throws up the horns sign and flickers her tongue at the camera as she bangs her head and makes her exit.]

SLB: Tag team action is coming up next so let's go down to the ring!

[We fade from backstage out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing. The Lox's "Money, Power, Respect" is playing over the PA system as we see the Serpentine's on their way to the ring.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... on their way to the ring at this time... weighing in at 340 pounds... Mamba and Copperhead...

THE SERPENTIIIIIIINESSSSSS!

[The rulebreaking duo is shouting at the ringside fans as they approach the ring, a swagger in their every step as they attempt to physically intimidate the fans booing their every movement.]

GM: Mamba and Copperhead... two of the largest competitors in the Women's Division... are headed down the aisle and they've got quite the test in front of them here tonight.

BW: THEY'VE got the test? No way, Gordo. It's Somers and June who've got the test in front of them. They're an unproven quality as a tag team - this is their first match together in tag team action in fact. The Serpentine's are one of the best tag teams in the world. If there was a women's Stampede Cup, they'd be one of the top seeds.

GM: Yet Somers and June are two tremendous singles competitors... and sometimes two great singles can beat a great tag team, Bucky.

BW: Not this night.

GM: We'll see about that.

[The Serpentes continue to verbally berate anyone in earshot as their music fades out to be replaced with "Is She With You?" - Wonder Woman's theme from the movies in the DC Universe.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents... at a total combined weight of 303 pounds... the team of...

VICTORIA JUNE AND JUUUUULIEEEE SOMMMERRRRRS!

[The crowd cheers as June and Somers burst into view, wearing what they were during their interview moments ago. Somers grins at the crowd reaction, gesturing to June who stomps a foot a few times, banging her head to even more cheers. The duo starts down the aisle, the fans cheering them all the while as Mamba leans over the ropes to run her mouth a bit.]

GM: Victoria June and Julie Somers heading to the ring for this very tough tag team matchup. The fans are obviously behind them but will that be enough for the good guys to triumph here in Los Angeles.

BW: Julie's probably flying on Cloud Nine right now after seeing her brother win the Battle Royal earlier... and that's perfect timing for the Serpentes to bring her crashing down to Earth.

[Reaching the ring, June slides headfirst under the bottom rope as Somers climbs up on the apron, slingshotting herself over the top into the ring. June comes to her feet, absentmindedly grabbing at the gap in her afro.]

GM: You can see that missing chunk of hair there... thanks to Cinder.

BW: Did you see Cinder backstage earlier tonight? She brought that hair with her! I saw her rubbing it against her cheek and... well, talking to it!

GM: There's something not quite right with that young lady, Gordo.

BW: Other than the fact she calls Ricki Toughill her fairy godmother?

GM: Well, that's a good start if you're putting together a case file.

[Referee Shari Miranda steps between the two teams, trying to keep them apart as June and Copperhead trade words across her.]

GM: It's good to see Shari Miranda back in action here tonight, Bucky, after she took some physical abuse at the hands of the Women's World Champion, Kurayami, two weeks ago.

BW: Referees are resilient people, Gordo. They take a lickin' some times and keep on tickin'.

[Miranda manages to get Copperhead out on one side and Somers out on the other.]

GM: It looks like it'll be Mamba starting things off with Victoria June... and June's been in quite the mood since late last year when the Serpentes temporarily blinded her. She might be looking for payback here tonight.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, June runs wildly across the ring, jumping into the air with a Fierro Press that topples Mamba. The crowd cheers as June snatches two hands full of hair, repeatedly bashing the back of her head into the canvas!]

GM: Victoria June coming out hot right out of the gates, working over Mamba who seemed surprised by the attack at the bell!

BW: She thought June would behave like a professional - not some worked up bar room brawler! Maybe she should go back to the mosh pit and leave this sport for athletes like Mamba and Copperhead!

[June comes to her feet, dragging Mamba up by the hair, steering her around into the corner where she promptly slaps the outstretched hand of Julie Somers before pulling Mamba into a front facelock, holding up an arm as Somers steps in and buries a kick into the ribs of Mamba.]

GM: Nice teamwork by June and Somers - simple but effective.

[Somers follows Mamba as she staggers alongside the ropes, slipping in behind her to land a hooking blow to the ribs... and a second. She grabs a front facelock of her own, walking Mamba back to the corner where she tags June back in.]

GM: Another tag... June in... and up to the second rope!

[With Somers keeping the front facelock applied, June leaps off the midbuckle with a double axehandle down across the back.]

GM: Ohh! Another nice doubleteam out of the newest tag team on the scene in the Women's Division.

[Mamba staggers away as June pursues behind him, grabbing her by the back of the tights to prevent a tag to Copperhead.]

GM: Mamba looking to get out of there but June's got other ideas.

[A well-placed back elbow snaps June away though, allowing Mamba to rush to her corner, slapping the offered hand.]

GM: Copperhead tags herself in...

[A fired-up Copperhead rushes into the ring, laying the badmouth on Victoria June as she approaches her, piefacing her and shoving her back a few steps. June's face flushes with anger as she rushes back in, throwing a haymaker!]

GM: And the fight is on here in Los Angeles! Big right! Another! A third!

[Copperhead stumbles back under June's assault as the Canadian whips Copperhead across the ring.]

GM: June shoots her in... and puts her down with a back elbow up under the chin!

[Copperhead quickly scrambles up to her feet though as June leaps up, stretching out a single leg for a dropkick that puts Copperhead right back down.]

GM: One-legged dropkick out of June...

[Copperhead scrambles up again, lunging at June who ducks under, making the tag to Somers. Somers comes in as Copperhead rushes the duo with a double clothesline that BOTH women duck under, spinning around behind her..]

GM: DOUBLE DROPKICK!

[...and uncork a teamwork attack that sends Copperhead falling through the ropes out to the floor.]

GM: Copperhead spills out to the floor... and look at these two in the ring!

[The crowd cheers June as she stomps around the ring and Somers as she mounts the middle rope, shouting down at Copperhead who tries to recover on the floor alongside her partner who rushes to her side.]

GM: Victoria June and Julie Somers are on a roll, fans, and we'll be right back with more of this tag team encounter!

[June is shouting down at the Serpentes as we fade to black.

Fade to a shot of a hallway, a Ryan Martinez poster on the wall. A young boy and his father turn the corner, now in the hall.

Cut to a closeup of the boy who points excitedly down the hall.]

"DAD, LOOK! IT'S RYAN MARTINEZ!"

[Cut to Ryan Martinez' back as he walks down the hallway, presumably heading for the ring... and then back to a two shot of the boy and his father who speaks for the first time.]

"You have to be quiet, son. He's getting ready for the big match."

[Cut back to Martinez' back, almost gone from sight now.

Cut back to the young boy who shouts.]

"RYYYYYAAAAAN!"

[Cut to Martinez who slowly turns, a determined expression on his face.

Cut to his boots, turning and walking towards the young man's voice. Step... step... step...

Cut back to the young boy, a nervous expression on his face now. Did he upset his hero?

Martinez' footsteps echo in the hallway as we cut to the young boy's father, looking down at his son and then down the hall at an approaching Ryan Martinez.

Cut to Martinez, still focused as he looks down unsmiling at the young boy.

Cut to the boy who has hero worship in his eyes as he looks up at Martinez and boldly speaks.]

"Go get him, White Knight."

[Martinez cracks a slight smile, reaching up to grab a Ryan Martinez White Knight t-shirt draped over his shoulder. He holds it up for a moment, setting it down on the young boy's shoulder as a proud father looks on. The boy breaks out into a huge

grin as Martinez pats him on the other arm, turning to walk away as the opening notes to his music are heard.

We cut to a closeup of the young boy once last time.]

“Wow.”

[Then to Martinez, walking through the curtain into a blaze of bright white light. And then cut to a graphic that reads “The AWA: Who’s Your Hero?”

And as we fade back up, we find Julie Somers with Copperhead trapped in an armwringer.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and while you were away, Julie Somers and Victoria June have continued to keep this match in their favor, showing true tag team instincts in cutting the ring in half and keeping the fresh competitor in for their duo.

[Somers reaches out on cue, slapping June’s outstretched hand. The Afro Punk steps through, dashing across the ring as Somers uses her wristlock to pull Copperhead’s arm lower..

...and the rebounding June leaps up, dropping a splash down on the arm, pinning it to the canvas to cheers.]

GM: Another nice doubleteam by June and Somers - again, a very basic tag team maneuver but you cannot doubt the effectiveness of what they’re doing in there, Bucky.

BW: So far, so good... but let’s see them get cute with their offense when Copperhead punches one of them in the mouth.

[Somers steps out as June grabs Copperhead by the arm, stretching it out, and drops a leg down across it.]

GM: And Victoria June keeping her emotions in check, staying on the arm that she and Julie Somers have targeted from the get-go in this one.

[June slides up to a knee, using the other to pin the arm to the mat as cranks on the wrist and forearm. Copperhead screams at the official who asks for a submission.]

GM: There’s no give in the Serpentes that’s for certain... and June brings her back to her feet now, keeping that armbar locked in as she backs her across the ring... and another tag is made.

[Somers steps in, takes aim, and smashes an elbow down over the tricep of Copperhead.]

GM: Both of these women staying on the arm of Copperhead.

[Somers grabs the wrist, wrenching the arm around in another armwringer..

...and gets a stiff forearm to the jaw for her efforts!]

BW: Oh! I told ya, Gordo! Right in the mouth!

[The blow stuns Somers, allowing Copperhead to retreat across the ring, shaking out her arm...

...but Somers charges after her, running past her to leap up on the second rope, swinging a kick into Mamba's head before twisting, springing off with a somersault that wipes out Copperhead - all in one motion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A MOVE OUT OF THE SPITFIRE!

[With Copperhead down on the mat, Somers rolls on top of her, cradling a leg.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[But Mamba yanks Somers out of the ring by the leg...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS her backwards into the ringside railing!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[The referee moves over to warn Mamba as she wraps her powerful arms around the smaller Somers...

...and DRIVES the small of her back into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another brutal attack on the lower back of Somers, shoving her back under the ropes now.

[Mamba is fuming mad as she climbs up on the apron, aggressively slapping the hand of her partner who is shaking out her arm as she exits the ring.]

GM: Tag made by the Serpentes and Mamba looking to pick up where she left off out on the floor.

[As Somers starts to crawl across the ring towards her corner and Victoria June's outstretched hand, Mamba cuts her off, towering over her as she pulls her to her feet with a front facelock, lifting her into a suplex with ease.]

GM: Mamba's got her up... look at the power!

[Mamba holds her position for several more moments...

...and then drops back down with a spine-rattling vertical suplex!]

GM: All the way up and all the way back down very hard there as Mamba keeps her focus on the back of Somers, looking to take advantage of the damage she did out on the floor.

[Somers rolls over onto her stomach, clutching her lower back in pain as Mamba moves back in, viciously stomping the kidney region to jeers from the Los Angeles crowd.]

GM: Mamba staying right on top of Somers... Victoria June in the corner, shouting encouragement to her partner but Somers is in some trouble here, fans. The Serpentes - Mamba in particular - have managed to completely turn this one around.

[Pulling Somers off the mat by the arm, Mamba effortlessly flings her into the ropes, sending her bouncing back...

...and Somers smashes hard into an unmoving Mamba, falling back to the canvas in a heap as Mamba strikes a double bicep pose to more boos from the sold-out Staples Center crowd.]

GM: Goodness! You talk about the immovable object - that might've been Mamba right there, fans.

[Somers rolls to her chest, again trying to drag herself across the ring to a waiting Victoria June but Mamba is having no part of it, grabbing the Spitfire by the leg and dragging her back to the other corner where Copperhead tags back in.]

GM: A little over a minute of rest there for Copperhead, still shaking that arm as she steps back in.

"You messing with the real deal now, girlie!"

[After berating the downed Somers, Copperhead and Mamba drop to the ropes in tandem, rebounding back with a double elbow drop down into the lower back of the Spitfire who arches up, crying out in pain before Copperhead rolls her over into a pin attempt.]

GM: Copperhead makes the cover this time - and Somers slips out the back door at two!

[Copperhead has a few words for referee Shari Miranda as she climbs to her feet, hauling Somers up by the back of the tights where she lifts her up under her arm, doing a full 360 spin before dropping down into a side slam.]

GM: Ohh! Big slam by Copperhead!

[Staying in position, she leans back while cradling a leg.]

GM: She gets one! She gets two! She gets- no! Just the two count!

[Copperhead regains her feet, again barking at the official as she walks to her corner, slapping her partner's hand.]

GM: And now it's the Serpentes making the quick tags, keeping the weakened Somers in the ring with them.

BW: And I've got a feeling it won't be long now, Gordo. These sharks smell blood in the water.

GM: Another double team coming up...

[Mamba and Copperhead whip Somers across the ring together, joining hands...]

GM: Double clothesline... ohhh! They took her down hard with that one! Oh my!

[Copperhead dusts off her hands, smirking as she exits and Mamba drops down to cover.]

GM: The biggest competitor in the match makes the cover.. and gets another two count! Somers refusing to stay down, living up to that Spitfire nickname for sure!

[Mamba angrily gets to her feet, shouting at the official.]

GM: The Serpentine seem to be taking issue with some of the counts in this one but I think referee Shari Miranda is doing an excellent job in this one so far.

BW: You want to argue with Mamba about it?

GM: Not one bit.

[Mamba stalks around the ring, circling Somers who again is trying to crawl to her corner where Victoria June is bouncing up and down on the bottom rope, shouting "COMMMMMME ON, JULIE!" and the like, the fans rallying behind Somers with her.]

GM: Julie Somers is trying to get to that corner - trying to make that tag.

[The six foot Mamba stands in front of Somers, forcing Somers to crawl right into her. The crowd jeers as Somers tiredly pushes to her knees, using Mamba's massive legs to pull herself to that spot...

...and then Mamba reaches down, yanking her up into her powerful arms.]

GM: Big scoop... and a big slam by Mamba! One of the hardest bodyslams in all of wrestling!

[The ring is still shaking from the impact of the slam as Mamba attempts another cover.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Shoulder up in time! The Spitfire gets out at two!

[And this time, Mamba is REALLY hot as she gets to her feet, shouting angrily at Miranda before stomping across the ring, tagging Copperhead back in.]

GM: Another tag to Copperhead... the Serpentine perhaps looking for the kill here...

[The duo goes to whip Somers across the ring, joining hands again...]

GM: Double clothesline- ducked by Somers this time!

[Somers leaps to the middle rope on approach, twisting around as she springs backwards towards them...

...and takes them both down with a crossbody to huge cheers!]

GM: Crossbody takes down the Serpentine... and that gives the Spitfire a clear path to the corner!

BW: She's trying again, Gordo!

GM: On her hands and knees, crawling across the ring, arms outstretched towards a waiting Victoria June who is itching to get back in that ring in the worst possible way.

BW: Stop her!

[The Serpentine are wobbly as they try to get to their feet, Mamba being forced from the ring as Copperhead stumbles towards the crawling Somers who reaches... and reaches... and reaches...

...but Copperhead comes rushing in, throwing a basement dropkick to the back of Somers' head, cutting off the tag to groans from the crowd!]

GM: Ohhh! Copperhead cuts her off in time!

[She climbs to her feet, a giant sneer on her face as she lays the badmouth on Victoria June who takes a swing at her in response. The fiery Dominican shoves June in response, getting right up in her face...

...which is when June headbutts her between the eyes, sending her stumbling backwards!]

GM: Copperhead got into it with June and paid for it!

[Copperhead stumbles backwards, shaking the cobwebs as Somers crawls again...

...and goes right between the legs of Copperhead as she turns around, lunging into a tag!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd roars as Victoria June comes rushing in, dropping the staggered Copperhead with a running clothesline. She turns, spotting Mamba coming in as well... and runs her down with a clothesline to boot!]

GM: A pair of clotheslines on the Serpentes and Victoria June is heating up!

[She circles back to the rising Copperhead, lashing out with a side thrust kick to the stomach, doubling her over. June backs into the ropes, charging off with a running kneelift that knocks Copperhead back down to the canvas.]

GM: Look out for Mamba!

[A double axehandle attempt by the six footer is cut off by June going downstairs with another thrust kick followed by another kneelift!]

GM: June's got the Staples Center rocking!

[She spins back to a rising Copperhead, snatching her by the hair. She lays a few harsh words down on her before lifting her up in a front facelock...

...and hanging her out to dry over the top rope!]

GM: Ohhhh! Copperhead with the awkward landing and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as June sidesteps a charging spear attempt by Mamba, sending her flying through the ropes into Copperhead. The two women collide hard, crashing down to the mat in a tangled heap!]

GM: Oh my! What a timely counter by Victoria June... and look at her, Bucky! She's on fire!

BW: Someone get a hose!

[June jumps up and down, shouting to her partner who gives a nod, tiredly walking down the apron, circling around the ringpost where she pauses, her back turned on the Serpentes.]

GM: The Serpentine's trying to get up on the floor... HERE COMES JUNE!

[A HUUUUUUUGE ROAR goes up from the crowd as June hurls herself between the ropes on a run, wiping out both Serpentine's with a sloppy crossbody!]

GM: JUNE WIPES 'EM OUT!

[And with June, Mamba, and Copperhead laid out on the floor, Julie Somers starts to climb the ropes outside the ring.]

GM: Wait a second! Somers is starting to climb! What is she doing?!

[June gets up off the floor, pulling Mamba and Copperhead up with her as Somers steps to the middle rope, one foot on the top...

...and snaps off a picture perfect moonsault onto all three women at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN GOES THE PILE!! OH MY STARS!

[With the roaring crowd going nuts for the big moves, Victoria June drags herself out of the wreckage, slowly pulling Copperhead off the mat and shoving her back under the ropes.]

GM: In goes Copperhead... June comes next..

[June pulls Copperhead off the mat, whipping her into the corner where she charges in after her with a flying splash!]

GM: MOSH SPLASH IN THE CORNER!

[Copperhead stumbles out to mid-ring where June lifts her up, holding her across her torso...

...and DROPS down with a front falling powerslam! She reaches back, snatching the legs.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: She did it! She got it!

[June rises to her feet, thrusting her arms into the air as the fans cheer...

...and those cheers rapidly turn into shouts of warning that don't ring true for Victoria June until she's clubbed from behind in the back of the head!]

GM: OHH!

BW: It's Cinder! Cinder's here! Time for another haircut!

[The Scotswoman goes to work on the downed June, kicking and stomping her into the canvas.]

GM: Get her off Victoria June!

[With June down at her feet, Cinder kneels down, dipping into her boot...

...and with a wicked grin, she straightens up, holding a pair of scissors for all to see.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: I told you, Gordo! She's not gonna be satisfied until she gets the whole thing!

[Cinder snatches June by the afro, tugging her to her knees as she continues to hold the scissors up for all to see...]

GM: She's got those scissors and she's got Victoria June laid out in front of-

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers at the sight of Julie Somers storming into the ring, wielding a steel chair.]

GM: Somers! Julie Somers is in and she's armed!

[Cinder spots the incoming Somers and bails out of the ring, glaring angrily up at her.]

GM: Julie Somers gets there in the nick of time to save her partner from another haircut! Thank the maker for that one!

[Somers stands on guard, keeping a watchful eye on Cinder as she backs down the aisle, snickering as she snips the scissors repeatedly in front of her own face.]

GM: Cinder's obsessed! She's obsessed with the hair of Victoria June and... good thing Julie Somers was here to stop her from getting at her again. Fans, we'll be right back with more action here on the Ninth Anniversary Show!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on pre-taped footage. How do we know that? The caption reading "EARLIER TODAY." Colt Patterson is on Venice Beach: Oakley wraparound shades, doo-rag, and "Gold's Gym" tank top.]

CP: You know it takes a lot to call attention to yourself here in SoCal. You gotta have some clout to make it out here. Cachet makes the world go round, both in Hollywood and in wrestling. But this?

[Pan over as Colt Patterson walks up to Kerry Kendrick sitting at a leg press at Venice's open air gym. Erica Toughill looms behind him, eyes hidden behind dark sunglasses.]

CP: You've gotta have serious clout to close off the world-famous Muscle Beach for a private workout.

[Kendrick chuckles haughtily.]

KK: Oh, Colt, you know I couldn't do it alone. That hot little stick of dynamite in the AWA front office set this up for me.

CP: Heh. If I didn't know any better, I'd say our little mutual acquaintance is sweet on you. And I don't remember her being this camera shy.

KK: A star deserves the best, Colt. And she's the only one who knows it. Not even Supernova and David Ortiz could close off Muscle Beach for a private workout session. They had to surround themselves with sycophants and autograph hounds to feel accomplished.

Me? It's just me and the steel out here. I'm designed to be a star in the AWA. It has been, and always will be my destiny as a Self Made Man. And despite what GGC claims, I am riding a career hot streak.

Let's revisit 2016, Colt: Shadoc Rage. Supernova. Adam Rogers. All of them went down in defeat to the Self Made Man.

Now, "Golden" Grant Carter? He's got a lot of heart. He'll put up a good fight, but the AWA is the elite level of wrestling, and he doesn't have the talent to hang with the Self Made Man.

[Kendrick stands up from the bench.]

KK: Colt, I'm glad you're out here. What say you spot me on my next set? Not saying I don't trust... uh...

[Kendrick nods over his shoulder. Toughill's eyebrow raises incredulously behind her sunglasses.]

CP: You know I got you, Self Made Man. I was made for Muscle Beach. Good thing they sent me out here. Stegglet would have asked questions straight off a cue card, and Sweet Lou would have tried to start a fight between you and Ricki.

KK: Oh yeah. Well if Sweet Lou did that, you know what I'd tell him?

CP: What's that, Kerry?

ET: ACK!

[Toughill yelps as Kendrick hoists her over his shoulder in a surprise fireman's carry.]

KK: I can just tell him that I'm capable of carrying the whole act!

[He does a couple of squats with a visibly uncomfortable Toughill on his back as we fade through black to live action on the entrance stage where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Cue cards, huh?

[Stegglet shakes his head with amusement.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen... my guest at this time just moments before he hits the ring... "GOLDEN" GRANT CARTER!

[Bon Jovi's "It's My Life" rips across the PA system as the Los Angeles crowd roars in response. As the lyrics kick in, "Golden" Grant Carter strides out onto the stage, a big grin on his face as he stands in his ring gear of royal purple tights with gold accents. He lifts his hands, showing off a pair of golden gloves covering them as he points up at the retired Laker jerseys hanging from the rafters. Carter nods in appreciation of the big reaction as he works his way over to stand alongside Mark Stegglet.]

MS: GGC, welcome to the Anniversary Show.

[Carter leans over the mic.]

GGC: LOS ANGELES! PUT 'EM UP!

[With a big cheer, arms are extended into the air from all over the arena, some showing off gloves similar to the ones that Carter is wearing.]

GGC: That's what I'm talkin' about, Marky Mark!

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: The fans here in Los Angeles are certainly solidly behind you as you get ready for this much-anticipated matchup with the former Television Champion, Kerry Kendrick.

GGC: Ah ah ah, Marky... you forgot the nickname.

MS: Ah yes... the Self Made Man.

[Carter grins as the crowd jeers.]

GGC: Looks like they feel the same way about that name that we do, Mark. Because these people in the Staples Center tonight, they know it's a lie just like we do. Kerry Kendrick ain't done a thing in his life that someone else didn't help him

do. Whether it's Marcus Broussard or Todd Michaelson or Ricki... Kendrick wouldn't know how to make it on his own if someone wrote him an instruction manual and recorded an audiobook out of it for him.

[Carter smirks as the crowd cheers.]

GGC: Nobody makes it nowhere in life on their own, Mark. Everyone's got friends... families... teachers... mentors...

[He points off the stage around the arena.]

GGC: ...fans.

[Another big cheer!]

GGC: So, when Kerry Kendrick climbs in that ring tonight, thinking he's gonna do it all on his own... I'm gonna climb in there knowing what I've got in my corner. I've got my trainers - guys like Toddy Mike... the San Jose Shark... and a whole lotta others. I've got my friends and family back home in Jersey.

And I got all of you.

[He points to the fans again for another big cheer.]

GGC: And that's all it's gonna take, Marky Mark...

[Carter chuckles.]

GGC: That and the biggest Gold Strike of my career. LOS ANGELES! PUT 'EM UP!

[The hands shoot up into the air again as Carter does the same gesture with his gloved hands, grinning as the rock music kicks in again and he starts making his way down the ramp towards the ring.]

MS: You heard the man! He's got all it's gonna take to put down the Self Made Man right here tonight in Los Angeles! Fans, we'll be right back after this break!

[Fade to black as Carter makes his way towards the ring.]

Fade back up. In a snowy field, stands two men, and a twenty foot tall fiberglass moose. The younger man in the foreground speaks first.]

AS: Greetings from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, home of both Mac the Moose - the world's largest moose - and of Mooselips Brewery. I'm "Savoury" Avery Schutzman, President and CEO of Mooselips Brewery, and this is my uncle Lorne Schutzman, our brewmaster.

[He points to the other, older man in a heavy parka in the middle distance.]

LS: *grumbles*

AS: You know, here in Moose Jaw, where our brewery was founded 30 years ago, it's minus 20 degrees, but that's not nearly as cool and refreshing as our new Honey White Lager.

[Uncle Lorne Schutzman holds up a brown bottle.]

AS: Everyone tells us it's sweet and good, yeah. And for the first time, available in the United States. We're hoping to see more of you in the days to come as we partner with the American Wrestling Alliance to launch our product.

[Lorne Schutzman upends the bottle. None of the frozen solid beer pours out of the spout.]

AS: I asked Uncle Lorne if he wanted to wait to launch our product when it was a bit warmer, but the man knows his beer.

LS: *grumbles*

AS: On behalf of my Uncle Lorne, Mac the Moose, and all of us at Mooselips Brewing: thank you for your support.

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where we can hear Queen's "I Want It All" rocking out over the PA system. Kerry Kendrick and Erica Toughill have already made it to the ring, Kendrick dropping his bejeweled robe off his shoulders into Toughill's waiting arms as "Golden" Grant Carter eagerly paces around the ring, waiting for the match to begin.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and we're set to go in this singles matchup pitting Kerry Kendrick against "Golden" Grant Carter.

BW: You know, Kendrick was in the first match in AWA history, Gordo.

GM: Gee, you don't say. I could have sworn I've heard that somewhere before.

BW: Wise guy, eh?

GM: I'm guessing Kendrick is hoping that this match goes a little better than that one did all those years ago.

[As the music fades out, we see referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller signal for the bell to start the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Carter claps his hands together, striding forward but Kerry Kendrick almost instantly draws to a halt, pointing out something to the referee.]

GM: We're underway and... Kendrick doesn't like something about that turnbuckle behind Carter.

[Miller shrugs, walking over to take a look as Carter turns to look as well...

...and Kendrick rushes forward, drawing back his fist!]

GM: Kendrick from behind!

[But Carter wheels around before Kendrick can strike, lacing a right hand into his jaw!]

GM: Big right hand!

[Carter steps forward, rocking and firing again... and again... and again, backing Kendrick all the way across the ring to the opposite corner as Blue Shoes warns against the closed fists.]

GM: Carter's got Kendrick in a retreat and-

[With Kendrick near the corner, Carter ducks low, swinging upwards with an uppercut that catches Kendrick with enough force to lift him over the top rope, crashing down to the floor below to big cheers from the Los Angeles crowd!]

BW: Ring the bell! Call the match! Those closed fists are totally illegal!

GM: The referee is letting Carter know that right now but... Carter slides under the ropes to the floor, he's looking for more!

[Carter approaches the rising Kendrick who swings a knee up into his midsection, cutting him off. He grabs Carter by the back of the head, smashing his face down into the ring apron to jeers!]

GM: And just like that, Kendrick turns this thing around out on the floor!

BW: That's right! You want to fight, Carter? Let's see you fight on the floor!

[Kendrick grabs Carter by the arm.]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: AND CARTER PUTS HIM INTO THE STEEL!

[With the crowd behind him, Carter drags Kendrick off the railing, smashing his head into the ring apron before shoving him back under the ropes.]

GM: Right back in goes Kendrick... and Carter now following close behind.

[Kendrick rolls to his rear, scooting backwards across the ring as Carter pursues him, fists balled up and at the ready. Again, the referee warns him about the closed fists, giving Kendrick a chance to drag himself to his feet in the corner just before Carter arrives.]

GM: GGC grabbing Kendrick by the arm... another whip perhaps?

[But instead, Carter yanks Kendrick towards him, putting him down with a short-arm clothesline, and then dropping to his knees with a pin attempt.]

GM: First cover of the match gets a one... gets two... gets... that's all.

BW: You're not gonna pin the Self Made Man that easily, Gordo.

GM: Maybe not but... look at this now!

[Carter swings a leg over Kendrick, straddling his torso as he grabs a handful of hair, peppering some short right hands into the skull before climbing to his feet, the Staples Center crowd roaring for him.]

GM: GGC's got this crowd solidly behind him as he looks for the biggest victory of his young career.

BW: Too bad his old body is what has to get the job done.

[Carter looks out to the crowd, pointing at them and shouting "PUT 'EM UP!" He gets a sea full of raised hands in response as Kendrick again attempts to drag himself off the mat.]

GM: Carter moving back in on Kendrick now...

[But as he does, Kendrick reaches out, sticking a thumb in the eye of the advancing Carter, drawing jeers from the crowd and a shouted warning from the referee. But Kendrick pays no mind, leaning down to sweep out the legs of Carter, pushing him down into a jackknife pin attempt.]

GM: Cradle out of the corner... feet on the ropes, ref! Feet on the ropes!

[The referee fails to notice though as he counts once... twice...

...and then abruptly pulls up, pointing at the feet on the ropes to cheers from the fans.]

GM: He caught him! Kendrick had his feet on the ropes and he got caught doing it!

[An irate Kendrick gets to his feet, shouting at Blue Shoes as he grabs Carter by the hair, pulling him into a front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck...]

GM: Kendrick hooks him up... going for a suplex...

[But as Kendrick attempts to lift the 262 pounder up into the air, Carter wriggles and fights it, forcing Kendrick to set him back down...

...where Carter reverses the move, dropping Kendrick with a spine-shaking suplex!]

GM: Reversal by Carter and it's Kendrick who feels the effects of that suplex!

BW: This is not going the way Kerry wanted it to, Gordo. He needs to get out of there and regroup.

GM: Erica Toughill, Kendrick's associate, is looking on with concern for her ally... and rightfully so, I'd say. This match has been all Grant Carter so far.

[Carter climbs to his feet, turning to pull the rising Kendrick off the mat into his arms...]

GM: Big scoop... and a big slam in the center of the ring!

[Carter nods to the cheering crowd as he dashes to the ropes, bouncing back towards Kendrick, leaping high in the air...]

GM: BIG ELBOW!

[But Kendrick rolls aside, causing Carter to crash down hard on the canvas, his body shaking from the sudden impact as the crowd deflates with disappointment.]

GM: Nobody home and Carter goes down hard!

[With Carter down on the mat, Kendrick pushes up to all fours, a big grin on his face. He rises off the canvas, staring down at Carter... then out at the now-jeering crowd...

...and then starts viciously stomping Carter to even more boos from the hostile fanbase!]

GM: Stomp after stomp, really laying the shoe leather into GGC.

BW: Now we'll see what the Self Made Man's got!

[Kendrick is fired up as he drags Carter off the mat by the hair, taking him to the corner where he rams his head into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Into the corner they go... and what's this now?

[Kendrick slaps on a side headlock, pressing Carter's face into the top rope with it...
...and then walks alongside the ropes, raking Carter's face against the top!]

GM: Ahhh! That'll rip and tear at the face of Carter, leaving a nasty burn you can bet!

BW: With all that spray tan on Carter, will anyone even notice?

GM: Bucky, would you stop?!

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Kendrick gives it a yank, snapping Carter back and putting him down on the canvas. He leans against the ropes, measuring Carter before stepping out, dropping a knee across the forehead, and rolling through into a seated position on the canvas.]

GM: Kneedrop right between the eyes by the former World Television Champion, trying to get back on track after a series of recent high profile losses.

BW: No better way to do it than to beat a never-was who won't stop running his big mouth in your direction, Gordo.

[Kendrick slowly gets to his feet, backing to the corner where he hops up onto the middle rope, measuring Carter as he slowly rises to his feet off the canvas... and leaps off, crowning him with a double axehandle down between the eyes.]

GM: Bombs away and a beauty! Now it's Kendrick with a cover!

[A two count follows before Carter kicks out, breaking the pin. Kendrick grimaces as he throws a glance at Blue Shoes who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Kendrick not happy with the count but it looked good from my vantage point, fans.

BW: Seemed a little slow to me. I agree with the Self Made Man.

GM: To the shock of no one, I'm sure.

[Kendrick drags Carter off the mat again, swinging a knee up into his midsection. He grabs the arm, winging him into the buckles, and following him in with a running back elbow under the chin!]

GM: Ohhh! There was some steam behind that one, fans!

[The former Television Champion drags Carter out of the corner in a side waistlock, lifting him up and throwing him down in a twisting back suplex!]

GM: Suplex out of the corner... and another cover by Kendrick!

[Another two count follows and again, Kendrick glares at the referee.]

GM: Two count again... and yes, it was a two count, Mr. Kendrick.

BW: Not from my vantage point!

[Kendrick rises off the mat, hands on his hips as Carter lies on the canvas breathing hard.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick looking to put Carter away and get this monkey off his back... but Carter's proving to be a tougher out than Kendrick had in mind, I think.

[The Philadelphia native has a few more words for the referee before he stomps a crawling Carter a few times, dragging him off the mat. He hangs onto the hair, leaning in to talk a little trash...]

GM: Oh, come on. There's no reason for this.

[Kendrick reaches up, paintbrushing Carter a few times...

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

GM: Ohh! Carter caught him good there!

[Kendrick falls back, clutching at his jaw...

...and then rushes back in, burying a boot into the gut of Carter, doubling him up.]

[He promptly lifts Carter up, dropping him in an inverted atomic drop before sprinting to the ropes behind Carter, building up steam...

...and CLUBS him with a running clothesline to the back of the neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might do it, fans! Hard shot to the back of the head and neck and Carter went down hard from it!

[Kendrick doesn't go for the cover this time though, rolling Carter onto his back with the toe of his boot before backing into the corner, hopping up to the middle rope, and diving off to drive the point of his elbow into Carter's throat.]

GM: Ohh! Big elbow drop finds the mark!

[Kendrick swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before settling into a cover, not bothering to hook a leg.]

GM: Kendrick's got one! He's got two! He's got- kickout! Kickout by Carter!

BW: What?! No way, Gordo!

[Kendrick seems to have the same opinion, barking angrily at the referee who holds up both hands to show how close it was. The former champion angrily gets up, shouting at the referee, backing him across the ring with an angry march.]

GM: Careful there, Kendrick. You don't want to get yourself disqualified!

[The PA native is fuming mad as he marches back in on Carter, hauling him up by the hair to shove him back into the corner where he lays in a trio of right hands to the midsection before grabbing the arm.]

GM: Kendrick sets up in the corner, big whip on the way...

[The shoulder throw sends Carter crashing into the buckles, stumbling back out as Kendrick doubles over for a backdrop...

...and Carter slams on the brakes, dropping to his knees, and ROCKING Kendrick with an uppercut!]

GM: OHHH!

[The crowd roars as Kendrick flies through the air, crashing down on the mat as Carter kneels on the canvas. Nodding his head to the cheering fans, Carter slowly gets up, shaking his fist to keep their support strong.]

GM: Carter with a timely counter - now can he take advantage of it?!

[Kendrick is stirring off the mat when Carter approaches, grabbing him by the hair and smashing his skull into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Headfirst into the corner!

[Carter keeps a grip on the hair, pointing to the adjacent corner.]

GM: We've seen this before, Bucky! Kerry Kendrick's about to take...

[Carter slams his head into the second turnbuckle, pointing to the third afterwards...]

GM: ...a trip around the world! Whammo! Third time's a charm! We've got one more to go, Carter pulling him over there!

BW: This is wrong! He's got him by the hair! Ring the bell!

[Kendrick goes sailing headfirst into the fourth corner, being spun backfirst into the buckles as Carter mounts the second rope to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Here we go!

[Carter starts lacing right hands down into the skull of Kendrick, encouraging the crowd to count along with his blows.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Carter hops down with a grin, looking out at the roaring crowd as he steps out to the middle of the ring, beckoning Kendrick towards him. The former champion stumbles out of the corner as Carter twists his body, snatching him in a three-quarter nelson like he's looking for a snapmare!]

GM: GOLD STRIKE! GOLD STRI-

[But before he can hit it, Carter stops short as Erica Toughill climbs up on the apron, swinging her baseball bat around and causing a ruckus. The referee peels over to check out what's going on and soon, Grant Carter is walking over towards her as well, shouting at her to get down off the apron.]

GM: Toughill with the distraction!

BW: Well, she's done her job right... for once.

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky. Erica Toughill has been the source of so much success for Kerry Kendrick, the so-called Self Made Man!

BW: Yeah, but what has she done for him lately?!

[Toughill is arguing with Carter and Blue Shoes as Kendrick falls to a knee mid-ring, immediately sliding his hand into his boot.]

GM: Wait a second!

[The crowd jeers as Kendrick slowly pulls a length of steel chain into view, wrapping it around his fist for all to see!]

GM: Kendrick's got a chain! He's got a chain!

BW: Yeah, but you, me, and the people watching around the world are the only ones who know it!

[Kendrick gets to his feet, chain-wrapped fist at the ready as he rushes forward...

...and Carter sidesteps, sending Kendrick forward to SLAM the chain (and himself) into Erica Toughill, sending her sailing off the apron and crashing down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MALFUNCTION AT THE JUNCTION FOR KENDRICK AND TOUGHILL AND-

[Carter snatches Kendrick in the three-quarter nelson again...

...and falls forward, DRIVING Kendrick's skull into the canvas to a huge cheer!]

GM: GOLD STRIKE! GOLD STRIKE!

[He flips Kendrick over, diving across him, wrapping up the legs...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: GGC GETS THE BIGGEST WIN OF HIS CAREER!

[With a mile-wide grin, Carter rolls over to a seated position on the canvas, looking out at the cheering crowd celebrating.]

GM: The Gold Strike - one of the most effective finishing maneuvers in all of wrestling - picks up the win for "Golden" Grant Carter here on the Ninth Anniversary Show.

[Carter rises to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his hand in victory...

...and then a concerned expression crosses his face as he strides quickly across the ring, dropping down to the mat and rolling out to the floor.]

GM: Carter coming out to the floor...

[GGC quickly makes his way over to the downed Toughill who is grabbing at her head. Carter kneels down next to her, checking on her condition as the referee comes out to join them.]

GM: Grant Carter showing some concern for Erica Toughill after Kerry Kendrick... accidentally, I'll presume... struck her with that chain-wrapped fist.

[Carter slips an arm behind Toughill's head, pulling her to a seated position. She grimaces, grabbing her head in pain as the referee also checks on her physical well-being.]

GM: She's conscious at least. After a blow like she suffered, I suppose that's a small blessing.

[The announcers are silent for a moment as Carter and the official converse with Erica Toughill.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick coming around now too after that Gold Strike... and I think he just realized that his partner-in-crime is down as well.

[Kendrick rolls out to the floor, looking on with shock at Toughill still being down on the floor. He walks slowly towards the small crowd around her...]

GM: Obvious concern on the face of Kerry Kendrick.

BW: That's right. OBVIOUS concern. Still think he might have done it intentionally?!

GM: No... no, I don't. And I apologize to Kerry Kendrick for implying otherwi-

[Gordon's words are cut off as Kendrick suddenly sprints forward, draws back his arm, and DRILLS Carter in the back of the head with his fist that is still wrapped in a steel chain!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THAT SON OF A...

[Gordon's words trail off this time as Carter flops over motionless on the ringside mats, the crowd jeering loudly as a cackling Kendrick backs off, unwrapping his hand as he backs down the ramp.]

BW: Uhh, Kerry? Kerry, you forgot someone.

GM: That sick piece of garbage just assaulted Grant Carter from behind with that chain... and now he's running off like a thief in the night leaving his bodyguard behind!

[Kendrick is all grins as he backs down the entrance ramp.]

GM: That whole scene makes me sick, Bucky. Makes me sick. Let's get out of here please.

[We cut back to the backstage area where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in front of the trainer's office.]

SLB: A disheartening scene out there at ringside... and someone from this office behind me may very well need to go out there to tend to Erica Toughill or Grant Carter. But I'm still here hoping to get a word from Dr. Ponavitch on the condition of World Champion Ryan Martinez. The champion did leave this room during the first hour of our show tonight but gave an uncharacteristic "no comment" to this broadcast journalist.

[Lou looks slightly miffed by the snub.]

SLB: Perhaps we'll have better luck with-

[The door abruptly swings open, cutting off Blackwell. Dr. Ponavitch comes walking through, flanked by a pair of his aides.]

SLB: Dr. Ponavitch, a quick word?

[Ponavitch arches an eyebrow.]

DP: Lou, I've got to get out to check on Grant Carter and Erica-

SLB: Just a quick moment.

[Ponavitch nods, sighing as he waves his aides ahead of him.]

DP: Alright, make it fast.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: I know you were back here treating Ryan Martinez for some time earlier tonight.

[Ponavitch nods.]

SLB: I was hoping you could give us an update on his condition heading into his World Title match later on.

[Ponavitch looks dismayed by the idea.]

DP: I... uh, no... no. I don't think that would be appropriate.

SLB: Alright, but he IS cleared to compete tonight?

[Ponavitch chews his bottom lip a moment.]

DP: Well, I suppose... yes. Yes, he's been cleared to compete. Now, if you'll excuse me...

[The AWA's Head Trainer does not wait for response, hustling on down the hallway, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: Thank you, Doctor.

[Blackwell nods as we fade through black out to the entrance stage where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen... my guest at this time on this - the Ninth Anniversary of the American Wrestling Alliance - one of the men who started it all... JON STEGGLET!

[The crowd cheers as the well-dressed Stegglet strides into view, giving a wave to the fans as he settles in alongside his nephew.]

MS: Thank you for joining me here tonight.

[Jon smiles.]

JS: On a night like this, it's my honor and pleasure, Mark.

[Another cheer goes up from the crowd.]

MS: Now, I know you're out here to talk about Memorial Day Mayhem X... but before we get to that, can you talk a little bit about what a night like this means to you?

[Jon grins.]

JS: It's... it's special. I guess that's the best way to put it. You know, you look up and down this business and it's hard to find companies with real staying power. Even the most famous companies in our sport's history have burned really brightly very quickly. You look at a place like the Double Eye. It's legendary, right?

[Mark nods.]

JS: So many tremendous competitors got their start there... made their name known to the masses there. James, Thunder, Claw, Hardin, Annis, Kowalski... so many others. And yet... they made it... three years? You look at our predecessor in the great state of Texas - the LWC. Not even that long. A lot of places made it big fast and then burned out. But very few could say they stuck around a long time and stayed good a long time.

So, when I look around this sold out Staples Center tonight...

[Big cheer!]

JS: ...and think back to that little television studio in downtown Dallas that we were in nine years ago...

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: It's really something else. It's hard to imagine. I'm so proud. So honored to be involved with all the tremendous talent working here... who've worked here in the past... so thrilled to have helped be responsible for putting on all these shows for all these years for these fans...

[Another big cheer!]

JS: It's... well, let's leave it at "I'm proud."

[Mark nods.]

MS: You came out here tonight to talk about Memorial Day Mayhem X just a couple of months away. I'm told you have a big announcement.

[Jon nods.]

JS: Absolutely. You know... when I talk about being proud of the AWA today, I'm also proud of our history. I'm proud that we were the place where a guy like Marcus Broussard got to stand on his own and show the world how great he is. I'm proud that we got to show the world how great guys like City Jack and Tin Can Rust were before they hung up the boots. Ron Houston. Calisto Dufresne. James Monosso. The list goes on and on.

And I'm proud of where we've been, Mark.

Texas has always been very important to the AWA. It was where we decided to launch the company from. The Texas wrestling fans were so passionate... it was in their families... in their blood. And they supported so strongly over those first years when it would've been easy to write us off.

[Jon looks down thoughtfully.]

JS: And I guess that's part of the reason that Texas has always held a special place in our hearts. Why we did Homecoming for so many years. Why we've always looped back for big events even when we'd gone from regional to national to global now.

So, when it came time to pick the location for the tenth Memorial Day Mayhem event, there really couldn't be a better choice than Dallas, Texas in my opinion.

[The crowd reluctantly cheers for another city.]

JS: And while I'm sure the current AWA President will do a fine job in assembling a top notch lineup that night... I wanted to do something special for this historic event. Something special for the people of Dallas.

Every year, the AWA tosses thirty guys in a ring and says "show me what you've got" with the winner earning a future shot at the AWA World Title.

[The crowd begins to buzz.]

JS: And so, at Memorial Day Mayhem X, the Rumble returns to Dallas, Texas!

[The buzzing turns into a loud ovation for the announcement of the Rumble's return. Jon Stegglet grins at the reaction.]

JS: I thought you'd like that and I thought-

[The sound of a jaguar's roar cuts off Jon Stegglet in mid-sentence. The mariachi music comes next as Mark Stegglet looks confused and Jon Stegglet looks annoyed. Both turn towards the entrance to see El Presidente, Javier Castillo, slinking into view with MAWAGA right behind him. Castillo pulls to a stop next to the Stegglets, a sleazy grin on his face as he claps loudly.]

JC: Excelente, Jon! Excelente!

[Jon Stegglet arches an eyebrow.]

JC: This Rumble you've created? I approve! I approve muchly!

[Stegglet nods slowly.]

JS: So glad you approve of what I've decided to do with MY company. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have one more-

[Castillo raises a hand.]

JC: Please. Perdona me. But I have an announcement to make about Memorial Day Mayhem too.

JS: Oh?

[Castillo nods, the grin wide on his face. Stegglet and Castillo glare at each other for a moment before Stegglet nods, gesturing to his nephew.]

JS: By all means.

[Castillo's grin somehow grows wider, feeling like he won the little showdown right there.]

JC: My announcement isn't about adding something to the show though... it's about CHANGING something.

[Jon shakes his head, saying "I don't understand" off-mic.]

JC: You see, some members of ownership and I made a recent trip to Dallas to go over plans for the event... and we encountered some truly nasty people... very nasty. You might even call them... deplorable.

They viciously attacked me and my friends and... well, I felt like I was in danger, Jon. Grave danger.

[Jon nods slowly, not seeing where this is going yet.]

JC: And I felt that if they would so that to me... a lowly executive... a servant of the people...

...what might they do to the elite level athletes that the AWA brings to town for a major event.

[Castillo sighs, shaking his head.]

JC: It's a shame because I know, Jon... I know you speak from the heart when you talk about Texas...

[Jon shakes his head, raising a hand.]

JS: Wait a second. You can't-

[But Castillo cuts him off.]

JC: That's why I went to my friends at Korugun... and my friends at Fox... and I made a proposal. And you know something, Jon? They agreed!

[Castillo claps his hands together enthusiastically.]

JC: And so... Memorial Day Mayhem X will NOT be taking place in Dallas, Texas!

[Mark Stegglet's jaw drops as his uncle angrily shakes his head.]

JS: Wait a damn second here. You may be in charge of what happens in that ring... for now...

[He lets the implied threat hang.]

JS: ...but you don't have a damn say in what happens off-camera. You understand that?

[Castillo pauses, eyeing Jon Stegglet for an awkward silence.]

JC: Your ownership partners disagree. Perhaps you can take it up with them.

[Stegglet angrily steps forward, looking like he might attack Castillo but MAWAGA is there in an instant, towering over Stegglet who gives pause, throwing a glance at the Suited Savage as Castillo smiles arrogantly.]

JS: Maybe I will.

[He shoves past Castillo, angrily walking off the stage as Castillo and MAWAGA stay behind.]

MS: But.. but... I don't understand! If Memorial Day Mayhem X isn't going to be in Dallas, where is it-

[Castillo snatches the mic away.]

JC: Tell your uncle that his Rumble creation will take place in the WINDY CITY! THE AWA IS COMING TO CHICAGO!

[Castillo gestures to the crowd, seemingly expecting a roar. The Los Angeles crowd doesn't react much though - and the ones who do react are jeering Castillo for being Castillo. He shrugs, dropping the mic just out of Mark Stegglet's reach, and turning to exit as his music comes back on.]

GM: What the... what did we just witness?!

BW: It's moving day, Gordo! Memorial Day Mayhem is going to Chicago!

GM: But... what about Dallas? Fans, I don't... honestly, I'm a little bit at a loss over this situation. We're going to take a break but when we come back, we'll see Jackson Haynes taking on Shadoc Rage!

[Fade to black...

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade through black...

hour two

...and back up backstage, where Theresa Lynch is waving at a cameraman.]

TL: Come on, he's finally out of the locker room!

[Lynch and the cameraman catch up with a pacing Brian James.]

TL: Mr. James!

[The furious Engine of Destruction turns around, scowling at both Lynch and the cameraman.]

BJ: What do you want?

TL: Everyone heard what Johnny Detson said to you. He said that either you make sure he walks out of here World Champion tonight, or you walk out of here unemployed.

BJ: Yeah, that's what he said.

TL: Everyone wants to know, Mr. James - what are you going to do?

[James, who has continued to pace, stops dead in his tracks, staring a hole through Lynch.]

BJ: Let's get one thing straight, little girl. I am not in the habit of explaining myself to you, or to anyone else for that matter. I don't care what you want to

know, and don't go thinking that just because your daddy got you a job, that you've got any right to put a microphone in my face and make demands of me.

TL: Maybe not, Mr. Lynch, but I happen to know that, ever since SuperClash, there are people who've begun to believe in you. People who saw what happened with the Dogs of War and who are now rooting for you. And those people, they might never forgive you if you give in to Johnny Detson tonight.

[James scowls.]

BJ: And that'd mean something to me, if I ever gave a single second of life over to worrying about what people think about me or what they believe in.

But you want an answer?

TL: I think we deserve one.

[That scowl deepens, and then James shakes his head.]

BJ: I'll give you the honest answer, though I know it's not the answer you want. The truth is, when it comes down to it...

I haven't decided yet.

[Lynch stares at James in shocked silence.]

BJ: Do I want to sell my soul to Detson? Hell no. But am I ready to pack it in? To retire? Hell no. Not when there's Kurogan and Hunter asses to kick.

TL: Well, despite your disdain for me, I hope-

[But before Lynch can say more, two time World Tag Team champion, and James' brother in the Kings of Wrestling, Wes Taylor steps into frame.]

WT: Listen, Brian. I know you got a lot on your mind. And I know that you've never been the sort of guy to let someone tell him what to do, so I'm not going to. I just wanna say, that no matter what you do...

I got your back, brother.

[And James is about to respond, when someone else steps into frame. This time, it is a production assistant in a black AWA t-shirt.]

PA: Mr. James, uh...

[The PA begins quaking in his boots when the Son of the Blackheart sets his angry gaze upon him.]

BJ: Spit it out.

PA: There's... a... uhh... you've got a phone call. It sounded urgent. The man on the other end of the line. He said if I don't get you on the phone in the next few minutes that he would bend my body in ways that no doctor could ever fix.

[James shakes his head and without another word, steps away. Theresa Lynch mouths the words "follow him," and after a moment's hesitation, the camera falls in behind James. James moves into a small room, where a black cellphone is waiting for him. James lifts the phone up, while the cameraman stays close enough to pick up James' half of the conversation.]

BJ: Master Claw! Yes, I'm listening.

No, you don't understand. Detson got the Dogs...

No, I am not making excuses. But Master Claw, I...

[James exhales, and shakes his head.]

BJ: Yes, I understand how he feels about broken promises. Yes, Master Claw, I know their rules.

Yes, I know you can't protect me.

[James is silent for a long time.]

BJ: Hai sensei, I understand.

I know what to do.

[With those words, James ends the call, and steps away, a haunted look in his eyes...

...and we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing in the ring alongside referee Shari Miranda and an athletically-built African-American woman with hair braided in cornrows that extend past her shoulders, and who has on a gold one-piece with full-length sleeves, while the legs cover the top third of her thighs, black knee pads, and golden boots.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from Los Angeles, California...

MONIQUE MOORE!

[Moore raises her right arm, expecting cheers from the crowd, but when she does not get the response she wants, dismissively waves them off.]

RO: And her opponent...

[The sound of a motorcycle starting fills the arena. On the video screen, we see a close-up of a hand revving the motorcycle engine, then a close-up of the tachometer, the needle swinging back and forth with each rev.]

"You tell 'em I'm coming, and hell's coming with me, you hear?

Hell's coming with me!"

[Seen from the back, and slightly to the side, a woman, with wavy, black hair falling past her shoulders, dressed in a black motorcycle jacket, blue jeans and black boots, riding off on a black and chrome Harley-Davidson. The next shot is of the woman, seen from the front, riding on the open road.]

GM: Oh ho! That's Margarita Flores, Bucky. She said she was going to be here, one way or another.

BW: But is she, Gordo? Is she really here?

[As if to answer Bucky's question, the next shot is a between-the-handlebars shot of the approach to the Staples Center. We then cut to a shot of the Staples Center exterior, as the Harley-Davidson pulls up in front of it. Flores dismounts off the motorcycle. Close-up of her face as she looks up at the building in front of her.]

MF: Ready or not, here I come...

[Cut back to the arena, as Santana's "Warrior" starts to play. About fifteen seconds in, Margarita Flores walks out through the entranceway, a folded over length of bullrope draped across the back of her neck. She is also dressed in a beige cowboy hat, a black bustier top, matching shorts under a pair of blue denim chaps and black boots. With the cowbell in her right hand, Flores winds her arm up and raises it in the air, yelling "YEEEEAAH!!!" as she does.]

RO: Hailing from La Feria, Texas and weighing in at 176 pounds...

MARGARRRITAAA FLORES!

[Reaching the ring, Flores removes her hat, placing it on the apron near, one of the ring posts. She rolls under the ropes and quickly pops up to her feet, once more throwing up her right arm, cowbell in hand. As the music fades, Flores goes to her corner, lifts the bullrope up from her shoulders and drapes it over the top ring post hook, before turning around to stare Moore down, while waiting for the official to start the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go, as both these women circle each other.. Into the collar and elbow, and Moore with the go-behind.

BW: No idea what Moore is going for here, but Flores does not seem fazed.

[Instead of trying to break Moore's grip, Flores starts to spin around. With her arms still wrapped around Flores' waist, Moore finds herself lifted off her feet and, on the third spin, is eventually thrown off.]

BW: Well, that's one way to break a waistlock, Gordo.

GM: Certainly so, Bucky. And, now, Flores is helping Moore to her feet. She whips Moore across the ring... Big boot! Ducked! Moore with the cross body...

BW: Caught! And Flores showing off her strength, barely straining to hold Moore in her arms...

GM: And tosses her up and over with the fallaway slam!

BW: And Flores shows off her agility with that kip up.

[Unfortunately for Flores, Moore's utilized the momentum from the fallaway slam to roll to the outside. Flores steps through the ropes and hops off the apron, but Moore catches her with a shot to the abdomen. As Flores clutches her abdomen, Moore drives her shoulder into it, pushing Flores back-first against the apron.]

GM: Moore rolls Flores back into the ring. She's scrambling for the cover... No! Kickout at one!

BW: But she was driven back-first into the apron, Gordo, the hardest part of the ring. I don't know how much that's taken out of Flores.

[With the aid of two handfuls of hair, Moore pulls Flores to her feet. Before Shari Miranda can warn her, though, Flores hoists Moore onto her shoulder. She runs towards the corner and drops Moore face-first onto the top turnbuckle.]

GM: I don't think it's taken away much of her power game, Bucky. Big boot knocks Moore off her feet!

BW: And Flores is helping Moore to her feet again. No, she's got the arms, but Flores is just raining down those clubbing blows across Moore's back.

[This time she drags Moore to her feet and Irish whips her back-first into the corner. Flores lands a clubbing blow across the chest of Moore, then a kick to the midsection, followed by another clubbing forearm and another kick.]

GM: And, now, Flores is stomping a proverbial mudhole... She'd better be careful not to get disqualified here.

[Flores backs off, heeding the official's warning, just as Shari Miranda begins the count. Distracted by the official, Flores leaves her midsection open to a forearm shot by Moore. Moore lunges towards Flores, but Flores Irish whips her, instead, into the ropes.]

GM: Moore's caught with a back elbow... Cover! One! Two! Kickout!

BW: We've heard Flores talk about how tough she is, but Monique Moore is showing some toughness of her own here.

[Moore rolls to the corner, using the ropes to pull herself to her feet. In the opposite corner, Flores motions for Moore to get up, charging towards her as Moore gets to her feet. This time it is Moore who catches Flores with the back elbow.]

GM: Moore with a running boot of her own, but not enough to knock down the Texan.

BW: But she sidesteps that corner running splash attempt and Flores gets the wind knocked out of her in the corner.

GM: Flores turns around... Hard forearm shot knocks her back into the corner! Moore's back up...

BW: Another drive-by boot to the face of Flores in the corner!

GM: Moore just shoves Flores to the mat.... Cover! One! Two! Kickout! I don't think she hooked the leg there, Bucky.

[Slapping the mat in frustration, Moore gets back to her feet. She backs into the corner and climbs onto the middle rope. Interlocking her fingers, Moore raises her hands in front of her, as she jumps off the ropes. Just as she does so, Flores raises her leg...]

GM: Moore gets nothing but a face full of boot!

BW: Flores kips up to her feet... She hits the ropes...

GM: OH MY STARS! Flores almost knocks Moore's head clean off with that lariat! Cover! One! Two!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Santana's "Warrior" starts to play as Flores pushes herself up to one knee and she pumps a fist in the air with jubilation.]

RO: Here is your winner, by pinfall...

MARGARRRITAAA FLORES!

[As Flores gets to her feet and has her arm raised by the official, we cut to a replay of Monique Moore attempting a cross body block, only for Flores to catch her in mid-air.]

BW: This was early in the match, Gordo, when Margarita Flores showed off her strength, snatching Moore from the air and dropping her with a fallaway slam, followed by a show of agility in that kip up.

[The next replay is of the ending of the match, as Flores hits the lariat. In slow motion, we see Moore get taken off her feet and making almost a full rotation in the air, before crashing to the mat.]

GM: And here we see the much-touted lariat claim another victim and a victory for Margarita Flores in her AWA debut. I reckon if she continues to wield it the way we saw her do it tonight, Flores is going to be claiming more victims, as she embarks on her career here in the AWA. Let's see if our broadcast colleague Mark Stegglet can get a few words from Margarita Flores.

[Mark Stegglet is standing at the entrance stage. Next to him is Flores, who, once again, has her cowboy hat atop her head and the bullrope draped across the back of her neck.]

MS: Margarita, you said it yourself, one way or another, you were going to be here tonight at the AWA's Ninth Anniversary Show. Not only are you here, but you've earned yourself a victory in your AWA debut match. How are you feeling right now?

MF: Right now, Mark, I feel great. I already felt good when they told me I didn't need to buy a ticket to the show... Oh, yeah, I was prepared to do that, too. There was no way I was going to miss the AWA's ninth anniversary celebration. Then, I thought they'd just have the rookie backstage and pick up a thing or two from the more experienced men and women in the locker room back there.

But, no, first thing I'm told when I arrived earlier today was, "You're wrestling tonight." So, yeah, Mark, I'm still riding the high and letting it sink in that I've just had my first AWA match, and won!

MS: Well, congratulations on that, Margarita. But, you've also made known your displeasure with regards to some of what's been going on in the AWA women's division. Aren't you afraid you might be setting your sights on some too big a target so soon in your career?

MF: Afraid? Not at all, Mark. You know what they say... Everything's bigger in Texas, including what we set our aims on. Already, earlier tonight, we saw Cinder try to take liberties, once again, with Victoria June. Fortunately, Julie Somers was there to lend a hand. Next time... Well, I want Victoria and Julie to know that they can count on me, too. Whether it's Cinder, or Erica Toughill, I'll be watching out for you.

As for Mamba and Copperhead? Those two snakes ain't got nothing on this Texas rattler. There's a new sheriff round these parts and no Big Bad Wolf's going to be huffin' and puffin' and blowin' this house down, if you know what I mean.

MS: There you have it, folks, Margarita Flores is putting the AWA Women's Division on notice and she does not sound like she's planning on backing down. I guess we'll see who's next to step to the Texan and put her to the test. Now, let's go backstage and hear from one of the participants in our next match!

[We fade from Flores to the backstage area where Shadoc Rage has his back to the camera. But he is easily recognizable by the high wrapped bun of dreadlocks, the

black leather surcoat and the crazy pose as he has his arms outstretched like a savior. Rage turns around to face the camera, his eyes hidden behind translucent sunglasses, his braided beard giving him a very sinister look. He has a microphone in hand.]

SR: JACKSON HAYNES ... tonight is the night! No more running. No more hiding. Tonight is the night that we finally meet and there is no better place than the Staples Center here in Los Angeles at the Anniversary Show where past and present collide to create the future! And the future is the Ascension of the Sensational Shadoe Rage!

[Rage twitches, lifting his sunglasses so everybody can see his crazed hazel eyes. He stares a hole through the cameras.]

SR: You notice... there's nobody here with me. I don't need anybody to ask me questions. I don't need anybody to try to distract me. I'm one hundred per cent focused on you! Yeah, my eyes are aimed at you, Jackson Haynes and that right there is bad news for you! Your father in law couldn't handle the Rage being squarely focused on him and you're not even half the man Blackjack was, are you? Let's be honest... you're just following in Blackjack's footsteps. This isn't about me destroying the Lynch name once and for all and sending that old thief out to pasture! No! This is about that oldest of Lynch traditions... trying to make a buck off another man's labors!

[Rage stabs his finger towards the camera.]

SR: That's what this is all about for you! You were in Japan doing your thing. You never cared about Blackjack! Those words you speak about him are a lie! Nobody in that family has ever cared about another person. Even his own sons refuse to step up and be counted when I put him down like the dog he is! It's a diseased line from a diseased tree. Your wife didn't send you out for revenge. She sent you out to make a buck! You're just another thief trying to make a buck off the greatness of the Rage family lineage. The buck stops here, Haynes. The buck stops right at my feet! Tonight, you get what's coming.

[Rage's eyes get even wider and he smiles with the anticipation.]

SR: I'm going to break your face! You say you have unlimited violence! I don't believe you, man. I don't believe you at all! Your violence is very limited. But I am limitless. Limitless Rage! Yeah, I still feel the anger boiling through my veins when I think of everything that Blackjack did to my father ... everything that Blackjack did to my family! And now all that is going to be directed at you! So we're going to fight tonight ... in the city of extreme and we're going to turn the clock back way past nine years.

[Rage licks his lips.]

SR: We're going right back to the days of Empire! Staples Center, get ready to take it back to the extreme because tonight I'm feeling real real real pissed off. Tonight the Rage is burning in my soul hotter than ever. Tonight I chop off Jackson Haynes' head, break his jaw and crush his heart with my elbow! Unlimited violence? You haven't seen Unlimited Violence! Jackson Haynes, you will die! You will die in darkness!

[The camera holds on Rage's deranged eyes before the image fades to...

...scratch that.

A primal roar from off-camera fills the air as Rage's eyes cut to the side, flashing with concern as someone barrels into him, slamming him back into the wall where he was standing.]

GM: Ohhhh!

[The camera pulls back to reveal Jackson Haynes, dressed for battle, throwing vicious right hands to the ribs of Rage as he pushes him back against the wall. The former World Television Champion desperately clubs him down between the shoulderblades.]

GM: Jackson Haynes is all over him! They're supposed to be out here in a few moments for a match and-

BW: I'm not sure they're gonna make it, Gordo.

[Rage swings a knee up, catching Haynes in the sternum, sending the larger man stumbling backwards. Rage angrily rips off his leather coat, looping it around Haynes' throat as he swings him back and forth. Suddenly, we hear muffled shouts from off-camera.]

GM: We've got a fight breaking down back there and we're going to need some-

[Rage uses the makeshift noose around Haynes' throat to violently swing him into the wall, leaving a dent in the drywall!]

GM: Ohhh! Good grief!

[The wild-eyed Rage lunges at Haynes, wrapping his hands around his throat.]

"YOU'RE GONNA DIE! YOU'RE GONNA DIIIIIIIIIE!"

[Never one to shy away from a dirty streetfighting tactic, Haynes drags his fingers across the eyes of Rage, causing Rage to break his choke, stumbling away as he rubs wildly at his eyes, groaning in pain as Haynes coughs, trying to pull air into his lungs.]

GM: Rage tried to choke out Jackson Haynes, the son-in-law of Blackjack Lynch who was so brutally beat down by Rage back at SuperClash. This is not about business, fans. This is personal in the strongest way.

[Haynes reaches off-camera, snatching up something in his hands.]

GM: Haynes has got a broom and-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[The reaction of the crowd inside the Staples Center is muffled as Haynes cracks a wooden broom handle across Rage's back, sending him stumbling further down the hallway as AWA backstage workers scramble to get out of the path of this tornado of violence.]

GM: Haynes snapped that broom in half and-

[Reaching out and snatching a handful of hair, Haynes pulls Rage in a circle, lowering the sharpened splinters towards the forehead of the Canadian wildman.]

GM: Oh no! Haynes is trying to use that splintered broom on Rage!

BW: He's a savage back there!

GM: Like I was saying, we're going to need some help and-

[With Rage trying to fight off the splinters aimed towards his head, he swings a foot up, kicking Haynes right in the baby maker.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RAGE GOES LOW!

BW: Just like he did to that old fossil Blackjack!

[Haynes crumples to his knees, dropping the broken broom on the backstage floor as Rage falls back against a wall, taking a breather.]

"Yeah... yeah... no more Lynches, yeah... no more Lynches eeeeevvvverrrr!"

[Rage lunges forward, smashing his elbow down over the skull of Haynes, knocking him facefirst down on the floor.]

GM: Rage puts him down with one of those dangerous elbows!

[Planting his hands on the wall, Rage angrily stomps Haynes over and over.]

GM: He's got Haynes down on the floor, stomping and kicking him viciously... ohh! Kneedrop down between the shoulderblades!

[Muttering to himself, Rage grabs Haynes by the wrist, dragging him up the hallway as a few AWA officials arrive on scene, barking at Rage to let him go.]

BW: Hah! Those guys think Rage is going to stop because they tell him to?! They're delusional!

[Rage pulls Haynes around a corner and as our cameraman jogs to follow, we see we're in a large area presumably right behind the entranceway as there are a few tables set up with electronic equipment on them. Another table near the entrance has a large "CHIMPANZEE POSITION" sign put up behind it as we see a few familiar faces rise from seats to shout at the incoming Rage.]

"Putting him down, yeah... down, down, down tonight!"

[Haynes pushes up off the floor as Rage gets closer to the staircase that has a large sign with an arrow pointing up it. "The Hammer" buries a right hand into Rage's ribs as he gets to his feet...

...and then Haynes lifts Rage off his feet in a double leg lift, taking three big steps forward, and then DIVES forward, smashing Rage's spine into the stairway!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Rage groans in pain as Haynes pushes up to a knee, looking down on him.]

BW: He's not done, Gordo!

GM: Not by a longshot!

[Haynes grabs a handful of hair, smashing his fist down between the eyes of Rage once... twice... three times, his big hambone hand repeatedly hammering the skull of the former World Television Champion. Shouts from more AWA officials nearby are heard now, begging Haynes to let Rage go.]

GM: We've got officials backstage trying to get these two apart but-

BW: They're not trying too hard! They're nowhere near them!

GM: Well, can you blame them? These two are violent and horribly unpredictable! You get too close and who knows what's gonna happen!

[Haynes climbs to his feet, keeping his fingers wrapped in the hair of Rage, dragging him up the steps towards the black curtain that presumably leads out onto the entrance stage.]

GM: Haynes is pulling him out-

[The shot cuts to the other side of the entrance, waiting to see what happens. Suddenly, the crowd breaks into cheers as Haynes emerges from the tunnel, dragging Rage behind him. The Canadian wildman claws at Haynes' hand, trying to break his grip.]

GM: They're out on the stage now! They've made their way into the Staples Center!

[Haynes pulls Rage off the steel stage, shouting something off-mic that gets censored by a quick-triggered executive.]

GM: Yeeeps. We apologize for that, fans.

BW: He kisses Blackjack's sow with that mouth?!

GM: His so... are you kidding me?! You wouldn't be running your mouth like that about one of Blackjack's daughters if he was still around!

BW: Probably not so remind me to raise a glass to El Presidente later tonight after the show.

[Grabbing Rage by the arm, Haynes stretches him out far before yanking him back into the whip...]

"THUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Rage goes HARD into the back of the stage - that's solid steel, fans!

[Rage topples away from it towards Haynes who delivers a big boot right into the gut.]

GM: Haynes goes downstairs... and look out here! He's looking for a powerbomb on that metal stage! He's looking for-

[And finally, the backstage officials have seen enough, flooding into view to prevent the powerbomb...]

...or do they? Haynes quickly shoves Rage aside, turning and swinging!]

GM: Ohh! Haynes dropped that guy like nothing!

[The big lumbering brawler from Moscow, Tennessee rears back and throws another haymaker, dropping another backstage official!]

GM: He puts down another one!

BW: He's gonna get fined for this, Gordo - maybe worse!

[Haynes is still swinging as officials start to back off a little bit now, shouting in his direction...

...which is when the floodgates open, a handful of enhancement talent leading the charge in trying to break up the fight!]

GM: We've got company out here now and-

[This time, it's Rage greeting interlopers with haymakers, dropping one after another as the crowd roars for the wild scene unfolding in front of them!]

GM: These two can't be stopped! They want to get at one another so badly and-

[Rage suddenly sprints towards Haynes, jumping into the air with a wild haymaker. Haynes absorbs it, wrapping his powerful arms around Rage as the two stumble backwards towards the edge of the stage, more enhancement talent jogging through the entrance portal into view.]

GM: It's broken down here in Los Angeles! Fans, we need more help out here! We need more help out here!

[We abruptly cut away from the shot of Haynes and Rage still tangled up, bodies all around them - to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in the hallway, watching wide-eyed as AWA security sprints past him.]

SLB: A wild scene out there in the arena and I'm back here to try and-

[A harsh shout from off-camera interrupts Blackwell.]

"OUT OF MY WAY!"

[Blackwell throws a glance to the side, his eyes lighting up.]

SLB: Mr. Castillo! Mr. Castillo, I wanted to ask-

[Javier Castillo brushes by him, MAWAGA in tow.]

JC: No, you are not!

[Sweet Lou goes chasing after him anyway.]

SLB: Mr. Castillo, I have to ask you--

JC: No, I will no longer be stopped by the likes of you! Always asking your questions! I've got important business to deal with with Haynes and Rage and... and I do not answer to any-

[A roar from off camera sends a shudder down his spine. MAWAGA snaps to attention.]

"COMRADE CASTILLO."

[The monstrous National Champion Maxim Zharkov frames Castillo and Blackwell between himself and the equally ponderous MAWAGA. His voice becomes eerily measured.]

MZ: I would speak with you, Comrade Castillo.

[He turns his attention to his old Axis teammate.]

MZ: If you please, tovarisch.

[Castillo looks over his shoulder ensuring that MAWAGA is still within reach. Zharkov still looms an inch too close for Castillo's liking. He straightens his tie.]

JC: I was just about to... out there... there's...

[Castillo's words trail off as he looks the National Champion up and down, perhaps choosing his next words carefully with a nod.]

JC: Well... M-Mister Zharkov. What... what would you speak to me about?

MZ: Your choice of opponent two weeks ago.

JC: I see. Is... was... was El Espejo...

MZ: Your cruelty has no bounds, Comrade Castillo. And your villainy has no end.

[Sweet Lou's eyebrows raise. You can almost see the sweat bubbling to Castillo's forehead.]

MZ: You keep sending tiny babies to challenge for my National Title! HA HA HA!

[Zharkov throws his head back and laughs in his bass baritone. Castillo laughs a relieved laugh. The Tsar pats Castillo on the shoulder (harder than he probably should.)]

JC: Well, if that's the case, then I am truly sorry to-

MZ: BRING ME MORE, COMRADE! Make them stronger! Make them bigger! Make them faster! Make me demonstrate my might against them!

JC: A-ha! Of course! I will be sure to line up another one for you very soon, I just felt that with your schedule you deserved a rest tonight-

MZ: Ah, but rest is for the weary! Sleep is for the dead! I am a man hungry for the feast! When you line up the next challenger for the National Championship, I may devour the poor man whole! HA HA HA!

JC: Yes, of course! I will... I will do so with all speed-

MZ: Come, Comrade Castillo! Perhaps you'd care to join me?

[Zharkov produces two small glass tumblers and a bottle full of potent-looking clear liquid.]

JC: Perhaps... some other time... Senor... Comrade. As I said, I have business to attend to.

[There's a moment... just a moment... where it seems Zharkov may object to being dismissed like this...

...but then he nods, inclining his head slightly.]

MZ: Ah, your choice then. I shall say it anyway: za tvajo zdarovje.

[Zharkov shrugs and puts the glasses down.]

JC: Of course. Salud, Zharkov.

[Zharkov exits the scene. Castillo watches him go warily.]

JC: We must... keep an eye... on that one.

[MAWAGA nods, tugging on his fingerless glove as he watches his former ally disappear out of view.]

Fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade through black...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves backstage in a nondescript loading area where a dejected looking Lee Connors wipes his face with a towel. He and the masked Downpour talk quietly amongst themselves, disappointment in their Battle Royal appearances evident. A voice calls out from off-camera, startling the duo.]

"HA HA HA! Losers! Look at these losers!"

[Sauntering into camera view, their normal high energy cockiness in full evidence are the American Idols. Attired in their own t-shirts with flashy kicks and track pants, headbands tying back long hair, the pair of twins high five.]

CHAZ: How long did you geeks last? A minute? Gawwwwwwwwwwwd it must be so embarrassing being the first eliminated!

[Fist pump in celebration!]

CHET: And you, Downpour? What did you do? I think you got a punch off, maybe? Who knows because no one barely noticed you in there! You're nothing, both of you!

[Chet throws a look towards Chaz, prompting them both to lean in.]

BOTH: NOTHING!

[The two laugh in the faces of the two, suddenly stepping back, hands up as an infuriated Connors steps up, the slick silver masked Downpour right behind him.]

CHAZ: Whoa, whoa, whoa. We aren't here to fight. All we are trying to say is we would have lasted WAYYYYYY longer then you two ever would have!

[Connors gets fired up, getting up in Chaz' face.]

LC: Didn't we just beat you on Power Hour? Huh!? What about that?!

[In unison, the twins snicker and respond accordingly.]

BOTH: FLUKE!

[Chaz and Chet trade a high five before Chaz turns back to Connors.]

CHAZ: That would never happen again. I promise you that, Karate Kid.

[Chaz reaches up to ruffle the adorable babyfaced Connors' hair, Downpour grabbing his wrist and shoving him away. The four come chest to chest getting in each other's faces and talking trash. Security steps in quickly, separating the duos, warning them to calm down.]

CHET: Any time, boys, any time! We owe you one!

[The twins head off screen leaving a red faced Connors holding back Downpour. "Cannonball" shakes his head, snarling as he watches the two walk away, their voices mocking even as they vanish...

...and as the ACCESS 365 logo splashes past once more, we end up live backstage where Mark Steggle is standing with the Iron Cowboy himself, Jack Lynch, both in front of a wall with an AWA banner. Lynch isn't dressed to wrestle – he's wearing a

button down white shirt, a pair of blue jeans, and of course, his white cowboy hat rests easily on his head.]

MS: If ever anyone epitomized the phrase "this man needs no introduction," it is my guest at this time. National Tag Team Champion. World Tag Team Champion. Stampede Cup Winner. The first man in the AWA to win tag team gold with two different partners. The first man to win both the World Tag Team Title and the World Heavyweight title.

Mr. Lynch, that's a hell of a resume.

[The King of Cowboys nods his head, and tips his hat in thanks to Stegglet.]

JL: Well, thanks for that Mark. Hell, when ya put it that way, even I'm impressed with myself.

But Mark, I didn't ask for this time so I could toot my own horn. Just the opposite, really. See, I'm startin' to get the idea that people have forgotten who I am.

They think I'm Travis' big brother. Or they think I'm Ryan's best friend. Or they think I'm the guy watchin' Supreme's back. And I am all those things. But I'm a hell of a lot more than that.

And I'm fixin' to prove it.

[Lynch removes his cowboy hat, holding it in his hand as he speaks.]

JL: It's bad here in the AWA. I lived through the Wise Men, and I'm tellin' ya Mark, this is worse.

Ya got Castillo runnin' around indulgin' in every wild idea that enters that twisted mind of his. And ya got Veronica Westerly lookin' to wipe my family out entirely.

And for too long, I've been standin' back, watchin' how things play out. I've stood by the side of my friends and family, but I've also let them take the lead.

Well, not anymore.

Startin' tonight, I step up and remind people just who the hell I am.

And I can't think of a better way to start than by-

[Suddenly, a voice is heard off camera, interrupting Lynch.]

?: Well, well, well... this is a coincidence.

[The source of the voice appears from off camera, the voice being one half of the Soldiers of Fortune, Joe Flint. Flint is holding his flagpole with the Gadsden Don't Tread on Me symbol on it.]

JF: I couldn't help but overhear that the ol' Iron Cowboy wants to finally step out and prove that he's his own man. Lynch, congratulations... ya found yer spine again.

[Flint mock claps, as Lynch balls his fists, getting ready for a fight. Flint stops clapping, and puts up his hands in response, shaking his head.]

JF: Easy, maggot... ya might not need to prove anything to me... not yet at least. But...

[Stepping into view, behind Flint, is Charlie Stephens.]

JF: If yer gonna need to convince anyone... well, here's the man himself.

[Stephens cracks his knuckles and grins, then makes a beeline for Lynch. Thankfully, Stegglet steps in between Stephens and Lynch before things break down backstage.]

MS: Gentlemen, please, let's settle down here for a second.

CS: Settle down? You want ME to settle down? I've been wantin' to rip and tear apart a Lynch for months now. after this guy's jackass brother said that I don't deserve to be at SuperClash? Stegglet, get out of the way.

[Lynch is motioning for Stephens to bring it on. Flint looks on, grinning, excited for the potential for things to break down in a hurry. He points at Stegglet.]

JF: Hey Steggy, I dunno if you'd be enough to step Charlie from gettin' his hands on Jack right now. He's got a couple of Monster drinks in him an' he's feelin' really froggy right now. Who knows what's gonna happen?

[Stephens finally brushes past Stegglet, and Stephens and Lynch go face to face, shouting at each other as Stegglet looks on helplessly.]

MS: Could we get someone back here before all hell breaks loose?

[While Stegglet is trying to get some help to calm things down, Flint looks like he's getting ready to join in, as he grips the flagpole tightly.]

MS: Gentlemen, ple- HEY!

[Stegglet suddenly gets nudged aside as someone swoops in from off-camera, grabbing Charlie Stephens by the shoulder and violently swings him away, tossing him several feet back. Flint steps forward, ready for a fight but pulls up short upon seeing the "savior" in question.]

JF: You?

[The same question is likely being asked in living rooms all around the world as we catch our first glimpse of the guy now standing between the Soldiers of Fortune and Jack Lynch...

Larry Wallace.]

LW: Yeah, me.

[Even Lynch cocks an uneasy eyebrow at the Flawless One.]

LW: Now if it's a fight that you two are looking for...

[Wallace gestures to Lynch and himself.]

LW: I'm sure we can oblige.

[Stephens seems ready to throw but Flint slides the flagpole down to block him, giving a slight shake of his head.]

JF: On our terms, not yours.

CS: Are you kidding me, Joe? We're just gonna let these two walk?!

[Flint slowly nods, his eyes locked on Wallace.]

JF: Yeah. For now, yeah.

[The corner of Flint's mouth curls upwards in a smile.]

JF: But someday soon, Jackie Boy... we're gonna get you in that ring and make you suffer for every single thing your old man and your washout brother ever did. You hear me?

[Lynch snarls in response.]

JL: Any time.

[Flint nods, pulling Stephens away from the scene as Mark Stegglet breathes a sigh of relief.]

MS: Close call there, gentlemen. Larry Wallace, do you care to explain yourself? What the heck are you doing getting involved with this?

[Wallace sighs, shaking his head.]

LW: I've been walking around in a bit of a daze lately, Mark. Mr. Graham's gone. Team Supreme is gone. My own brothers won't give me the time of day sometimes. It feels like the only person around this place who still gives a damn about me is Supreme.

[Wallace looks at Lynch.]

LW: And I know he'd want someone to watch your back when he can't. So, here I am.

[Lynch nods his head.]

JL: No one likes to fight two guys at once... so I appreciate the assist.

[Lynch eyes Wallace a bit.]

JL: But you and I...

[He shakes his head.]

JL: There is no "you and I."

[And with that, the Iron Cowboy turns and walks away, leaving Larry Wallace standing silent alongside Mark Stegglet...

...and we slowly fade out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: An interesting encounter backstage just now between Jack Lynch, Larry Wallace, and the Soldiers of Fortune, Bucky.

BW: What the heck is Wallace doing with Lynch? He's getting some bad advice for sure.

GM: Switching gears, Bucky... our next match is going to feature the debut of a tag team we've been hearing about here on AWA television for several weeks now - the Southern Wrecking Crew.

BW: I've been looking forward to this one, Gordo. Any team that can throw down with the likes of the War Pigs and Violence Unlimited in Japan and survive to talk about it is double tough and ready for battle.

GM: The AWA Tag Team Division continues to heat up, fans... and this new arrival will certainly kick things up another notch. Let's go up to Rebecca for the introductions.

[Crossfade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: This next match is a tag team bout scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit.

[Crowd cheers.]

RO: Introducing first! Weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and eighty pounds. Here is the team of Roger Smith and Pete Wesson... SMITH AND WESSON!

[Smith and Wesson raise their arms to a smattering of cheers. Avery Watts' "A Cut Above" comes over the speakers eliciting a cheer from the crowd.]

RO: Making their way to the ring. Weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and eighty pounds. Here are "Bulldog" Toby Kannen and "The Ragin' Cajun" Beaumont De La Croix Jr.. THE SOUTHEEEERRRN WRECKING CRRRREEEEWWWW!

[Kannen and Beau appear in the aisle. Both men head to the ring, slapping hands with fans. As the Crew gets toward the ring, Beau sprints out ahead of his partner and slides in under the bottom rope. Beau pops to his feet and raises a fist in the air as Kannen climbs onto the ring apron using the steps. Kannen steps between the middle and top rope as Beau climbs to the middle turnbuckle, fist still in the air. Kannen raises his fist in the air. Beau hops off the middle turnbuckle. The Crew head to their corner.]

GM: The AWA fans are getting their first look at the Southern Wrecking Crew, Bucky. Beaumont De La Croix Jr. and Toby Kannen are both second generation wrestlers and are a true second generation tag team.

BW: Very rare do you see a second generation tag team, Gordo.

GM: Beaumont De La Croix Sr. and Lance Kannen wrestled as the Southern Wrecking Crew over thirty years ago across the gulf coast from Jacksonville to New Orleans.

BW: The original Southern Wrecking Crew were just as mean as the gators that inhabit the gulf coast.

[The official calls for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Time for the debut of the Crew.

BW: Lot of praise out there for this team. They were a big hit in Japan but this is the AWA, daddy. Can they achieve success here is a whole other story.

GM: They've made their home in Japan for the better part of the last ten years... and as we mentioned, they've wrestled some of the greats like Violence Unlimited, the War Pigs, and the Skullcrushers to name a few.

[De La Croix and Smith lock up in the middle of the ring, fighting for an edge when Beaumont breaks the lock up and delivers a knee to Smith's stomach, doubling Smith over.]

GM: De La Croix with the windup... and a big clubbing forearm down across the back of the neck... and a second one as well, leaving Smith in a bit a daze.

[With Smith wobbling, De La Croix breaks to the rope, rebounding back with a big leaping clothesline where he twists in mid-flight, hooking Smith and dragging him down to the mat.]

BW: DLC just about decapitated that guy!

GM: De La Croix Jr starts this match off strong!

[Dragging Smith to his feet, De La Croix shoves him back into the corner, making the tag.]

GM: First time in now for Toby Kannen... Beaumont shoves Smith to the ropes, whipping him across...

[De La Croix dives to the mat, forcing Smith to hurdle over him on the rebound, barely landing back on the mat before Kannen launches him skyward, crashing down with a backdrop.]

BW: Beau goes out and in comes Toby. Toby Kannen is the power of this team.

GM: He certainly showed it on that backdrop.

[Kannen advances on Smith as he battles up to his feet, wrapping his arms around the torso, waiting for a moment before popping his hips, easily tossing Smith over his head and down onto the canvas!]

GM: Nice overhead throw by Kannen.

BW: He just tossed Smith over his head like he was nothing.

[Kannen comes up off the mat, throwing a look to his corner before moving back in on Smith, dragging him to his feet within the unfriendly confines of a front facelock.]

GM: We may be about to see that ke

[Kannen gets to his feet. Kannen looks over at Smith before grabbing Smith's head and pulling Smith to his feet. Kannen hooks Smith into a front chancery and lifts Smith up into the air.]

GM: Right up into the suplex without any delay... ohhh! And he hangs him out to dry on the top rope!

BW: Toby Kannen just muscles Roger Smith right up into the air!

[Kannen holds Smith up in the air for a moment before depositing Smith onto the top rope.]

GM: Kannen just dropped Smith right on the top rope and this is not the place Roger Smith wants to be!

BW: I don't think anyone wants to be hung out to dry on the top rope, Gordo... it puts you in a very vulnerable and dangerous position.

[Kannen quickly slaps his partner's hand, bringing De La Croix back into the ring. The duo makes a beeline for the still-hanging Smith, each hooking an arm around his neck and his arms around theirs.]

GM: Perhaps a double-team suplex here.

[The double lift hoists Smith up off the top rope...

...but he immediately gets dropped down on it again, this time his upper legs providing a bounce to send him back up and down to the canvas with a double slingshot suplex!]

BW: And that's the kind of move that - if these two are going to translate their Japanese success here to the AWA - they're gonna need. There's been a whole lot of teams over the years who came from other places and found themselves unable to adapt, Gordo.

GM: Certainly has. But the Southern Wrecking Crew believes they're going to be different and at this point, I'd have to agree with them based on what we've seen so far... and this just scratches the surface, Bucky. Have you seen some of their matches from Japan?

BW: Absolutely. Hard-hitting affairs with the likes of Violence Unlimited... with the War Pigs... and you better believe this new generation of War Pigs has their eyes on this match tonight.

[As Kannen vacates the ring, De La Croix pulls Smith back up off the mat, scooping him up and slamming him down before making another tag.]

GM: Quick tags in and out... the hallmark of any good tag team.

[Kannen pulls Smith to his feet, quickly wrapping him up inside a full nelson as De La Croix steps back out. He uses the full nelson to maneuver Smith out to mid-ring where he swings his leg in front of Smith's tripping him up and smashing him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! A devastating move right there - and I believe he calls that the Kannen Shot!

[Kannen flips his opponent over, putting his hands on Smith's chest as De La Croix barrels across the ring, leaping into the air to send Wesson crashing to the ringside area with a forearm.]

GM: De La Croix sends Pete Wesson spilling to the outside!

[The referee drops down, delivering the three count.]

GM: Just like that, the Southern Wrecking Crew have won their debut match in the AWA!

RO: The winner of the match... THE SOUTHERN WRECKING CREW!

[There's a smattering of cheers from the AWA faithful as Kannen gets to his feet. De La Croix stays back, keeping an eye on a rising Wesson outside the ring as the referee raises their arms in victory.]

GM: Kannen and De La Croix Jr. sending a strong message to the AWA tag teams tonight. There's a new predator on the food chain and the likes of System Shock had better be ready for the fight still to come. Let's go backstage now to Sweet Lou Blackwell! Lou?

[We crossfade back to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time... the... associate... of AWA President Javier Castillo... Veronica Westerly.

[The camera pulls back to reveal Westerly standing alongside Blackwell, the mountain of a masked man Polemos behind her, tugging his glove into place ominously. Westerly is in a black dress, hugging her curves as she stares coldly at Blackwell.]

VW: "Associate?" What are you implying?

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: It's just that your... relationship... with Javier Castillo seems to be a bit undefined.

VW: I see. You're aware that I'm a married woman?

SLB: I am.

VW: And you're aware who my husband is?

[Blackwell visibly gulps.]

SLB: I am.

[A smile crosses Westerly's face.]

VW: And as such, I'm sure you're aware of how he might react to the implication you're making.

[Blackwell nods his head.]

SLB: My apologies.

[Westerly nods.]

VW: Accepted. Now, why have you asked me to join you?

SLB: Well, two weeks ago, you brought the man behind you tonight, Polemos, back to the AWA. In recent weeks, we've also seen you or Mr. Castillo enlist the support of men like Ebola Zaire... like the Dogs of War... like Kurayami... like-

VW: Is there a question somewhere in this?

SLB: My question is - how? How are you doing it? Is it money? Is it power? What is bringing these soldiers to the side of yourself and Javier Castillo?

[Westerly smirks.]

VW: You mean... what drives the hearts of man? It's a simple question with a not-so-simple answer, Lou. Because every man is different. Every woman has different needs... desires...

For some... yes, it's money.

[She shrugs.]

VW: Something that Korugun does not lack in the necessary quantities. Everybody's got a price, they say... and so far, we haven't found a price they couldn't pay.

For some... yes, it's power.

For others, it's vengeance... fame... fortune and glory.

[Veronica rests a well-manicured hand on Blackwell's chest, her fingers trailing down it.]

VW: For some, it's desire.

[Her seductive smile gives Blackwell a flush in his cheeks.]

VW: There are those who give themselves willingly to the cause, Lou...

[She slides her hand up to the familiar crystal hanging around her neck on a silver chain.]

VW: ...while others require a bit more... persuasion.

[She fingers the crystal, eyeing Blackwell with an arched eyebrow.]

VW: What would it take for you, Lou? Hmm?

[Blackwell nervously titters.]

SLB: My soul's not for sale, my dear.

[Westerly laughs... loudly.]

VW: Everyone's soul is for sale, Lou. It's all about finding the price. You ask what my association is with Javier Castillo? There it is. I am in charge of... acquisitions, let's say.

SLB: You? You brought the Dogs of War back to the AWA?

VW: I did.

SLB: You brought Ebola Zaire and Mutessa and King Kong Hogan...?

[Westerly smiles.]

VW: I was involved with a special division of Korugun that brought them to us, yes.

SLB: Special division?

VW: Let's call it... Special Projects.

SLB: Does this have something to do with that lab that Jason Dane exposed?

[Westerly's smile vanishes in an instant.]

VW: This interview is over, Blackwell.

[Westerly exits, throwing a glance at Polemos who towers over Blackwell in an intimidating fashion. Blackwell looks nervously at the giant.]

SLB: Hey, big guy. Welcome back.

[Polemos stares down silently as Blackwell grimaces and we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... please welcome to the Staples Center... the former Women's World Champion... LAURYN RAAAAAAGE!

[Nicki Minaj's "I'm the Best" plays over the PA system as the crowd perks up.]

GM: How about this for a birthday surprise, Bucky? The former champion is in the house!

[Lauryn Rage comes out from backstage. She is walking on crutches, a brace around her knee. She wears black hot pants, bright pink sneakers and a black hoodie. The look is far less glamorous than we've ever seen her. Her hair is also not done up with her normal assortment of colorful wigs, but her natural hair is a mass of wavy curls spilling down to her shoulders.]

BW: I hate to see this, Gordo. Da Kid was a great champion and a proud woman. This is a rough business but nobody wants to see anybody lose their livelihood.

GM: Of course, we all remember that night not so long ago when Kurayami viciously betrayed Rage after debuting at her side at SuperClash - revealing her true colors as a Korugun stooge!

BW: Easy, Gordo. Veronica Westerly could have you replaced by the next commercial.

GM: They'll have to pry this mic out of my cold, dead hands. But back to what I was saying, it was Kurayami who injured Rage, taking the title from her, putting her on the shelf, and putting her under a surgeon's knife to boot.

[Lauryn carefully makes her way into the ring, standing in the center of the ring. She is brought a microphone. She looks around at the crowd, brushing her hair out of her eyes.]

LR: Hey Los Angeles, how are you?!

[There's a decent sized reaction from the crowd, drawing a smile and a nod from Rage.]

LR: They wanted me to come out here and give y'all an update on my condition since I've been doing my rehab out here in California. Shout out to Doctor Ahluwhalia for reconstructing my knee.

[She throws a glance down at her brace-wrapped knee.]

LR: So, I've been out here working on this busted up knee... trying to get better... trying to get right and get back in here. And then my phone rang the other day. It was Castillo ordering me to be here for the show.

[The tone in Rage's voice makes it pretty clear how she feels about that. The crowd jeers Castillo's name being mentioned getting another nod from the former champion.]

LR: That's right. It's not like he cares that I'm not Lauryn Rage right now and that a professional athlete and television star like myself may not want to come out in front of the people at a time like this when the body she uses to make her living is broken down and beaten up.

But, well, money talks... so here I am.

[Lauryn's unusually quiet and dejected. Her head is down.]

LR: You know the saying... "wrestling ain't ballet." Well, it isn't. When I was wrestling Kurayami, I landed that double stomp. It's a move I've been doing for years and this time my foot got caught and slipped and I just felt a hot shearing pain in my knee. Down goes Lauryn.

The doc says I should've given up right there. Called it a night.

[Rage shakes her head.]

LR: Nah, nah... I'm proud to say that I finished the match even though I was only on one leg.

[There are some cheers from the crowd for that.]

LR: Yeah, being in there with Kurayami may have made it worse... she sure tried to make it worse... but I finished it. I survived it.

Unfortunately, I lost the AWA Women's World championship to Kurayami in the process though.

[She draws a deep sigh.]

LR: I don't know how I feel about that yet. Because it's been difficult to process all of this. That's why I've been doing my rehab in California. I wanted to get as far away from everybody as possible. And I didn't want to work in the cold back home.

[She chews at her bottom lip, seemingly at a loss for words. She shrugs.]

LR: Like I said, I'm not Lauryn Rage right now. But I will be again. I'll be back ... better than ever.

[More cheers from the LA crowd.]

LR: And I'll be damned if a bone graft or these crutches stops me from getting back what's mine... the AWA Women's World Championship!

[The crowd is cheering as Rage throws down the mic in hand, standing determined, looking out at the fans showing her some surprising love...

...when all things go to hell.]

GM: Oh no.

[The ripping sound of Judas Priest's "Demonizer" causes a wave of concern to wash over the crowd. Lauryn Rage's eyes go wide for a moment as she shakes her head, hopping on one foot to position herself facing the entrance. After a few moments, the Women's World Champion, Kurayami, strides into view, standing on the entrance stage as the boos pour down.]

GM: She's got no business being out here, Bucky! Not one bit!

BW: Hey, Lauryn Rage had her name in her mouth, Gordo. I'm guessing that didn't sit right with the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo.

[Kurayami stares down the ramp, standing in her ring gear of a black wrestling leotard and knee high boots with a cut up Fear Factory t-shirt over it. She raises the title belt over her head, making sure that Rage can see it...

...and then begins stomping down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Lauryn's gotta get out of there, fans. She's gotta clear out of there right now.

[Rage looks a little panicked now, throwing glances this way and that, searching for an escape that she might be able to get to on one leg as Kurayami draws closer and closer to the ring...]

GM: Get out of there!

[But Kurayami rolls under the ropes, coming to her feet and stepping right into Rage's path she was looking to use to exit. Kurayami shakes her head defiantly as Rage hops backwards, eyes scanning for another option.]

GM: Kurayami's standing right in her way - right in her path! There are moments, fans, when the chill of anticipation works its way from the top of your head to the toes on your feet... and this is one of them. I'm absolutely horrified right now as to what Kurayami might do to someone she already put on the shelf!

[Kurayami steps forward, feinting a lunge as Rage hobbles backwards again. Rage tosses one of her crutches into the air, snatching the bottom of it as she shouts something off-mic at the Women's World Champion who points menacingly at Rage's injured knee before miming snapping something in two.]

BW: Now THAT'S a threat, Gordo!

GM: Kurayami threatening to finish off Rage if she gets her hands on her. That knee injury is bad enough, Bucky. If Kurayami gets her hands on her again, who knows what she'll-

[Kurayami again feints a dive at Rage's leg causing Rage to suddenly draw the crutch back, letting the other fall by the wayside as she takes a big swing with it!]

GM: SWIIIIIIIIIN- CAUGHT!

[The crowd groans as the mighty Kurayami catches the crutch in her hands, yanking it away from Rage with ease. She lifts the metal crutch overhead, swinging it down across a bent knee with a mighty bellow before tossing the bent piece of metal to the side.]

GM: Oh my stars. This is bad. This is very, very bad for Lauryn Rage!

[With Rage backing herself into a corner, Kurayami reaches out, snatching a handful of hair, and THROWS her down into a seated position in the corner to groans from the crowd!]

GM: Oh, come on! Get some damn help out here! There's no call for this at all!

[Kurayami stands over Rage, towering over her as Rage shakes her head in defiance, refusing to cower or beg as the champion menaces her.]

GM: Get her out of there!

BW: Which one?!

GM: Either one at this point! Get one of them out of there before-

[Suddenly, the crowd begins to buzz as someone hurdles over the barricade. She dives under the ropes, ducking past an attempt by security to grab her.]

GM: Hang on, we've got a fan in there and-

BW: That's no fan!

[Bucky's right. And as she stands at full attention, the camera washing over her, the recognition and realization hits the crowd like a ton of bricks. They roar in response, watching as this individual gets Kurayami in her sights.]

GM: Kurayami has no clue she's there! She's got no idea that lurking right behind her is-

[The crowd noise tips off Kurayami that something's rotten in the state of Denmark. The Women's World Champion whips around, her eyes landing on the six foot two 180 pounder standing in front of her. Kurayami looks shocked for an instant but that shock turns to something else as the new attacker lashes out with a gloved right hand to the skull!]

GM: Oh! She drills her!

[A few more right hands follow, knocking Kurayami back towards the corner. The attacker grabs the arm, whipping the champion from corner to corner. With the crowd roaring, she grabs her own throat, giving a signal as Kurayami staggers out towards her...

...and she SPEWS mist into the eyes of Kurayami!]

GM: DEADLY VENOM MIST! DEADLY VENOM MIST!

[The attacker - now clear to one and all as Hall of Famer Medusa Rage - straightens up, remnants of the mist dripping from the corners of her mouth as she watches a blinded Kurayami stagger in a circle...

...and buries a boot into her ample midsection, turning to hook her around the head and neck...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS down to her rear, jacking Kurayami's jaw into her shoulder with a stunning maneuver that sends Kurayami down to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: SNAKEBITE! MEDUSA RAGE WITH THE SNAKEBITE ON THE WOMEN'S WORLD CHAMPION!

[Climbing to her feet, Medusa looks down coldly at the stunned Kurayami before making her way towards her little sister in the corner. The Matriarch of the Rage family leans down, helping a grateful Lauryn to her feet, and then quickly getting her out of the ring before Kurayami can get back up.]

GM: Bucky, I haven't got a clue what Medusa Rage is doing here tonight but I'm so very glad she's here!

BW: So is Lauryn.

GM: Absolutely. Fans, this night just keeps getting wilder and wilder and we're nowhere near done yet! Kurayami is down and... wow! We'll be right back with more action so stick around!

[The camera holds on Medusa and Lauryn Rage as they back down the ramp together, looking back in on Kurayami as we fade to black.]

Cut to a college library where two students have a physics textbook open.]

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

STUDENT #2: "Matter that produces and/or emits ionizing energy can be described by what adjective?"

[Student #1 looks up from the book and slams it shut. Cutaway as he stands up, now suddenly wearing Derrick Williams' gold "Future" coat from SuperClash VIII through the miracle of editing. He takes out his phone and presses a "play" button.]

[A wide shot of the entire library as the student spreads his arms to the chorus of Imagine Dragons.]

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

[Cut to a sushi chef with a white towel over his head and a kimono with a Claw Academy logo. To Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call," he bursts through curtains to serve a platter of sashimi to a table.]

In a gym, a woman does sit-ups in and out of frame to "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest. After her third sit-up, her face is spontaneously painted with a black and yellow 'S'. She cups her hands to her mouth and howls.

A man and two school-aged children step through the automatic glass door of a big box retailer to "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West. They are all in hooded fighter's robes, and they stoically nod at the camera in unison as they pause by the shopping carts.

A woman prances through a maze of cubicles to "I'm The Best" by Nicki Minaj, twirling a red braid and balancing a cup of coffee.

A civic worker in a visibility vest tries to move a dead tree branch into a truck to "Brian Boru's March" by The Chieftains. With part of the branch under his arm and his other hand, you'd swear he was giving the branch an armbar.

On a playground, a little girl with a distinct scowl stomps up to home plate to "Another One" by Night Club. She swings her bat wildly at the ball resting on a tee.]

STUDENT #2: [voice] Yeah, I think that's right.

[Cut back to library. Student #1 still has his arms open, but now to the sounds of library ambience. Someone in the background coughs. He sits back down.]

STUDENT #1: Okay... uh... Question 11?

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

"The Official AWA Playlist, available now on Apple Music and Spotify."

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[Fade through black...

...and back up to the backstage area where we see Johnny Detson pacing back and forth in front of the door marked for Javier Castillo. Detson is dressed to wrestle for tonight with long gold tights, black boots and a white sweat jacket with blue trim and the Korugun emblem embroidered on the left breast. Finally, after a moment, he sighs and knocks on the door. Castillo's voice calls out "ENTER!" from inside and with a deep breath, Detson obliges, pushing through the door.

As he does, we cut to one of the ACCESS 365 cameras to show the inside of the office where Castillo is sitting behind his large wooden desk. Veronica Westerly is standing behind him on one side and the Suited Savage, MAWAGA, is standing on the other. On the desk, we can see a crystal skull with jewels making up the facial features sitting on a stand as well as a rusted metal key hanging from a heavy chain on a hook.

Castillo's gaze drifts up to Detson as he enters, a smile crossing his face.]

JC: Johnny! My friend! Come in, come in... you look ready, I see. Big night for you, eh? For all of us actually. I hope your... preparations... for tonight are going well.

[Detson rubs the back of his neck anxiously.]

JD: Preparations... yeah... well, I have been trying.

[Castillo's smile fades a bit.]

JC: Trying? No, no, no. Trying will not get the result that you - and I - are looking for. Johnny, when you asked me to show Brian Lau the door and put the Kings under your control, I was led to believe that you could do exactly that... control them.

JD: I know and-

[Castillo interrupts with a raised finger.]

JC: One of your men is in a hospital somewhere... and the other two appear to be unable - or unwilling - to help you accomplish your... our... goals.

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: El Presidente, you see what I'm working with! I mean, sure... yeah, Wes will come around eventually... but you saw firsthand how insubordinate Tony Donovan is!

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: You mean "was."

[Detson nods.]

JD: Of course, yes... was. He's out of the picture. But Brian? Brian knows what the smart play is tonight... but we also know that Brian never does the smart thing.

So... uh... I thought maybe... just maybe... you could lend me a hand here.

[Castillo looks on curious.]

JC: Go on.

[Detson shrugs.]

JD: The Dogs were able to help me out before. Just once more! Just to make sure the White Knight doesn't get his buddies involved. Maybe we can-

[Castillo interrupts.]

JC: The Dogs of War are not here tonight.

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: Ah... yeah... okay. Well... maybe...

[He looks around anxiously.]

JD: What about him?

[Detson points at MAWAGA who doesn't react at all.]

JD: He's mean. He's intimidating. I'm sure he'd be able to...

[Detson walks towards MAWAGA who immediately sneers at Detson causing him to jump back. Walking backwards, Detson holds up his hands.]

JD: I think... I'll let you ask him then...

[Castillo rubs his chin for a moment and then smiles at Detson before speaking.]

JC: You know, Johnny... you're right. We need to make sure this match tonight is fair and on the up and up.

[Detson is smiling from ear to ear now, rubbing his hands together as MAWAGA stands stoic.]

JC: I think you do need someone in your corner tonight, Johnny... and that someone...

[Detson is practically giddy.]

JC: ...is me.

[Castillo smiles as Detson's grin disappears. He cocks his head to the side in a questioning manner.]

JD: You? But I thought...

[Detson points at MAWAGA as he trails off seeing Castillo staring at him. Again, he rubs the back of his neck and gives a slight nod.]

JD: I mean, sounds good.

[Castillo enthusiastically claps his hands together.]

JC: Excellent! Then it is settled! Now, Johnny, if you excuse me... you have a title match to prepare for and... well, so do I.

[Taking his cue, Detson turns to leave looking more anxious than he did before. The door swings shut behind him as Castillo sits silent for a moment...

...and then slowly turns in his chair to look at Veronica Westerly.]

JC: Is he ready?

[Westerly smiles.]

VW: You gave me a job to do, didn't you? Of course he's ready.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: You'd better be right about this one.

[Castillo leans back, feet up on his desk as we fade to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside yet another Westerly - Angelica Westerly. Westerly's opted for a black power suit on this night, grinning broadly as the camera comes upon her.]

MS: Fans, we are just moments away from this special match with "Hotshot" Stevie Scott putting his career on the line against the managerial skills of this woman right here - the CEO of Guerreros del Mundo, Angelica Westerly.

[Westerly inclines her head at the introduction.]

MS: With this match moments away, Angelica... can you tell us what luchador you've brought to Los Angeles for this match?

[Westerly exhales sharply, almost a derisive snort.]

AW: Stegglet, you're as dumb as those trolls on the Internet who've spent the last two weeks analyzing my every move over the past several years. They all think they're so smart - knowing my every relationship... my every partnership both professional and personal. They think they've got it all figured out.

MS: And they don't?

[Westerly shakes her head.]

AW: No, they don't, Stegglet. Because the short-sighted fools are online spewing names like Guerrero Azteca.. like Discordia... like those ridiculous clowns.

MS: You're not down with the clowns?

[Westerly looks disgusted by Stegglet.]

MS: So, if it's none of those people, who HAVE you brought here tonight?

[Westerly grins.]

AW: The problem those people had was they focused on Mexico... on lucha libre... but it's Guerreros del Mundo not Guerreros de Mexico, Stegglet. And just like those Internet goofs, I knew Stevie Scott wouldn't have the vision to expect someone outside of Mexico. I'm sure he's spent hours researching the world of lucha libre, trying to figure it out.

But where he didn't look... is Japan.

[Westerly extends an arm as an individual walks into view. Lightly-tanned with dark brown eyes, this six foot heavyweight has dark black hair and a surly disposition.]

MS: This is... this is Hamada!

AW: It is indeed. One of the toughest men in all of Japan. One of the hardest hitters in all of wrestling. And if Stevie Scott went and got someone expecting a high flyer who would try to run circles around his man, he made a huge mistake because Hamada does not run.

Hamada will stand. Hamada will fight.

And in the end, Hamada will win.

[She chuckles.]

AW: And Stevie Scott will never be heard from again... finally.

[Hamada gives a growl as we fade from one area backstage to another where Sweet Lou is standing to the left of a grinning Stevie Scott. Stevie is dressed nicer than usual, wearing a charcoal gray suit jacket over a black shirt with white accents, and is certainly not lacking the confidence he was missing in his last appearance on Power Hour.]

SLB: Stevie Scott, your career is about to be on the line, and last time we saw you...well, you seemed to be without someone to represent you tonight. Judging by the look on your face, though, would I be correct in saying you found a solution to your problem?

[Stevie's grin expands, if that's even possible, as he slaps Lou on the shoulder.]

HSS: Lou, my man, there are only three things certain in life: death, taxes, and Stevie Scott always having a plan.

Now, I did have an uncharacteristic moment as you saw on Power Hour. But that moment didn't last very long, because the answer became as clear as that pimple on Angelica Westerly's cheek.

[A look at the camera.]

HSS: Nice try, babe, but going extra-heavy on the foundation didn't work.

[And back at Lou.]

HSS: When you get in times of trouble, Lou, who do you call? Where do you turn?

You turn to your friends.

You turn to your family.

You turn...

...to the Southern Syndicate.

[That elicits a reaction from the crowd.]

HSS: Come on in here, my friend, and let's show the world who will be humbling Angelica Westerly tonight.

[From the opposite side of Sweet Lou swaggers in a figure that hasn't been seen in the AWA in about a year. Looking a little tanner, his long blond hair creeping away from his temples a bit, a few crows' feet around the eyes. But aside from that, former AWA World Champion "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne looks much as he did

when he was headlining SuperClash. The crowd reacts audibly to the sight, and Dufresne, clad in a charcoal three-piece suit, smirks at the sound.]

CD: The crowd was never this happy to see the Southern Syndicate, Stevie. But we showed up anyway. We showed up and ran roughshod over everything and everyone who stood in our way.

[A nod from Stevie.]

CD: Things have changed 'round here though, it seems. I got your call – a little frantic for you, Hotshot, I must admit – and at first I thought to myself, why bother? I have more money than I can ever spend. I have four..

[A pause.]

CD: ...or is it five?... steady girlfriends in various tropical locations around the world. Do I really need this? But my good friend, my old pack leader, is in a bind. His career is on the line. You've always cared about that, though. You kept coming back. I walked out and never looked back.

But what the Hell, right?

The Southern Syndicate propelled me to stardom after all. And I owe you for that, despite your recruitment of me not being for altogether altruistic reasons.

[Another smirk from Dufresne.]

CD: And never let it be said that Calisto Dufresne owes anybody. Last time pays for all.

So point me towards whoever needs dismemberment, Hotshot. I'm your man.

HSS: You heard the man, Lou...

Last time pays for all.

[One last grin from Stevie.]

HSS: And now, it's time for Angelica Westerly to learn why you don't go up against Stevie Scott in a battle of the minds.

[We fade from backstage 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 the AWA career of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott is on the line!

[Big cheer sprinkled with some nervousness at the possibility of never seeing Scott again.]

RO: Introducing first...

[The crowd erupts into jeers as the opening riff of Base Ball Bear's "Sorette For Dare? Pt.1" starts to play over the arena speakers.]

RO: From Tokyo, Japan and weighing in at 227 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by Angelica Westerly and representing Guerreros del Mundo...

TSUUUUDIIIIIOOOOO HAAAAAMAAAAADAAAAAA!

[Angelica Westerly leads the way, sauntering out on stage with a confident grin on her face. Tsugio Hamada is close behind her. Hamada's square face is instantly noticeable - his flat top buzz cut and a neatly-trimmed beard that follows his jawline only serve to make his face look squarer. He also has a neatly-trimmed mustache that extends down the sides of his mouth and connects with his beard and a hint of stubble makes his face appear older and sterner.]

GM: Angelica Westerly pulling what I would say is a talent coup here tonight in Los Angeles, fans. When all expected her to pull from someone in Mexico, she went to Japan and locked down this tremendous competitor.

BW: Hah! It's brilliant, Gordo! Like she said, everyone was looking at the world of lucha libre trying to predict who she'd bring out to this match... but she went the other direction!

[Hamada has on a hooded yellow ring robe, which drops down to about mid-thigh, with a band of black down the front, up along the edge of the hood, around the edge of the sleeves, and with a black band as a belt to keep the robe closed, over a pair of yellow tights, with the Japanese kanji for "Hamada" (浜田), in black, down the outside of the right thigh, together with a pair of black boots, black knee pads and yellow kickpads over his shins. A letter 'H', also in black is stitched on the robe, over the left side of his chest.

He walks the aisle with purpose, ignoring the jeering fans as he heads towards the squared circle for the high stakes battle about to unfold.]

GM: And you have to wonder if Stevie Scott made a miscalculation here, Bucky. Calisto Dufresne is a tremendous competitor... a former AWA World Champion... but he hasn't been in the ring for almost a year now.

BW: And that's been by choice, Gordo. He got taken out early last year with a broken arm at the hands of Taylor and Donovan but after recovering, his AWA contract had expired and he decided to hang those boots up. He was - for all intents and purposes - retired until Stevie Scott came calling this week.

GM: Dufresne's been out of the ring for a long time now while Hamada has been competing at an elite level in Japan and... well, I just hope Stevie Scott knows what he's doing.

[Hamada removes his ring robe, sliding under the bottom rope, and coming to his feet to jeers from the AWA faithful as Angelica applauds her charge from her spot standing on the ring apron. The music fades as Hamada approaches the corner for a last minute strategy session.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[A pregnant pause unfolds until the unmistakable opening riff of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" rips across the PA system. The Staples Center crowd goes nuts for the long-time AWA anthem as we spot Calisto Dufresne and "Hotshot" Stevie Scott sliding into view.]

RO: From Avery Island, Louisiana... weighing in at 245 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by "Hotshot" Stevie Scott... he is a former AWA National Champion... a former AWA National Tag Team Champion... a former winner of the Stampede Cup... and a former AWA WORRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

He is the Ladykiller...

CAAAAAALIIIIIIISTOOOOOOO DUUUUUUUUFRESNNNNNNNNE!

[The crowd responds positively to a man who was once one of the most hated men in all of wrestling but was on the side of right the last time we saw him in action. Dufresne is clad in the same suit we saw him in moments ago, a smirk on his face as he walks the aisle, trailed by Stevie Scott who looks as confident as ever.]

GM: And here he comes, fans - one of the most accomplished competitors in the history of this great company. An AWA Original through and through. And for one night only, the Southern Syndicate rides again on this - the Ninth Anniversary Show!

[Dufresne climbs up the stairs, ducking through the ring ropes as the Hotshot follows closely behind. The Ladykiller goes into a spin, arms spread wide as he soaks up more cheers from the AWA faithful. He pauses, locking eyes with Angelica Westerly as he moves out to center ring...

...and slowly begins to remove his three-piece suit in her direction.]

GM: Uh oh!

[The crowd cheers the blatant show of mockery in Westerly's direction who glares disdainfully at both Dufresne and a smirking Stevie Scott. As the suit comes off and Dufresne's well-toned physique comes on display, he throws a wink towards Westerly who angrily shouts to Hamada who instantly obeys!]

GM: Here we go!

[The bell sounds as Hamada tears across the ring, landing a running forearm strike that knocks Dufresne down to the canvas. Hamada stands over him, menacing the former World Champion...

...and then raises his gaze to Stevie Scott who stands shocked in the corner.]

GM: Oh, this could be a problem, fans! Remember, Stevie Scott stood in this very ring not that long ago and told the world that his neck is in too bad of condition to compete in an AWA ring anymore... that he was going to try his hand at managing.

BW: He wants to try his hand, Hamada wants to try his neck!

GM: That's not funny at all, Bucky!

[Hamada surges forward, snatching Scott before he can exit the ring, shoving him back into the corner. The crowd is rabidly jeering now as Hamada bullies Scott into the buckles. Scott grimaces in pain, reaching up to grab at his neck as Hamada rears back with a right hand...

...and has it grabbed by Dufresne before it can fly! The crowd ROARS for the save as Dufresne spins Hamada around to face him, lacing a right hand into the jaw... and another... and a third...]

GM: Dufresne's all over Hamada, fans!

[Grabbing an arm, Dufresne goes to whip Hamada across the ring but Hamada reverses it, sending the Ladykiller crashing into the buckles instead. The distraction is enough for Scott to escape the ring, shouting encouragement to the man who holds his career in his hands. Hamada barrels across the ring towards Dufresne, looking to strike hard early...

...but Dufresne leans back, catching the incoming Hamada with a boot up under the chin!]

GM: Ohhh! He caught Hamada coming in!

[Hamada stumbles backwards, Westerly shouting at him from the floor. Seeing an opening, Dufresne steps out of the corner, burying a boot into the midsection of the Japanese competitor...

...and snatches a front facelock as he doubles over!]

GM: HE HOOKS HIM! HE'S GOT HIM!

[The crowd roars for the tease of the lifting DDT known as Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am...

...and then deflates emotionally as Hamada rushes forward, driving Dufresne back into the corner!]

GM: Ohhh! So close right there, fans!

[With Dufresne trapped in the corner, Hamada straightens up, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! What a chop by Hamada!

BW: Angelica called him one of the hardest hitters in wrestling, daddy - she ain't a liar!

GM: Not about that at least.

[Hamada winds up again.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFHHHH!"

GM: Gaaah! An absolutely brutal knife edge chop on the part of Tsugio Hamada... and you can already see a red welt starting to form on the tanned chest of the former World Champion. Bucky, what do you know about Tsugio Hamada?

BW: Well, I know he was a former national champion in amateur wrestling in high school. I know he was trained by one of the greatest Japanese pro wrestlers of all time in GOLIATH Takehara. And I know he's been taking belts and breaking faces throughout Japan for a few years now.

[Hamada winds up one more time, holding up one finger to the jeering crowd.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFHHHH!"

[The third chop seems the hardest of all and Dufresne responds accordingly by stumbling out of the corner and falling to his knees in the middle of the ring, clutching his rapidly-reddening chest. Hamada dusts his hands off, smirking coldly down at Dufresne as he circles around him, measuring his target.]

GM: Dufresne at the mercy of Tsugio Hamada right about now... and that is NOT where he wants to be, fans!

[Hamada pauses in front of Dufresne, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a vicious rounding kick to the chest, a horrific "THUD!" echoing out through the Staples Center as Dufresne recoils back from the kick, barely able to stay vertical.]

GM: What a kick! Hamada is physically punishing Dufresne at this early stage of the match.

BW: Early, sure... but if Dufresne doesn't get things going, it may be the ONLY stage of the match, Gordo. He had his shot early with the DDT but he couldn't get it and now Hamada is making him pay for it.

[Westerly can be heard outside the ring shouting "AGAIN!" Hamada nods and obliges...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Goodness!

BW: I can FEEL those kicks out here, Gordo. Makes me glad I retired.

GM: I've been glad you retired for a long time now.

BW: Hey, I can always make a comeback. I'm in my prime!

[Gordon chuckles at that assertion as Hamada takes aim again.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: One more kick and down goes Dufresne! Westerly telling Hamada to cover him and here we go!

[Hamada drops to his knees, planting his fists into the chest of Dufresne in a North-South position as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[Dufresne's shoulder pops up off the mat to cheers from the AWA faithful as Stevie Scott breathes a sigh of relief outside the ring.]

GM: Dufresne is out of the pin at two... and as we check in on Stevie Scott, you have to realize just what's at stake for him in this one. He eats, drinks, breathes, and lives this business. He's one of those guys who - even when he's been out of the business - always wants to be a part of it. When he hasn't been wrestling, he's done AWA promotional work... AWA video release work... guest training in the Combat Corner. This business is his life. What happens if he loses this special challenge, Bucky? What happens to Stevie Scott then?

BW: I don't know, Gordo. And you don't have to tell me how much pro wrestling means to Stevie Scott. I am... was... one of his closest friends in this sport for a long, long time. I know more about Stevie Scott than most people will ever dream!

[Scott looks to be in agony out on the floor as he watches Dufresne crawls across the ring, trying to find a way back to his feet. The Hotshot notices the camera on him, turning slightly towards it... his expression changing drastically...]

"Almoooooost there."

GM: Stevie Scott telling us that Dufresne is just about to make a comeback, I suppose... and I don't know if that's some kind of managerial insight or just blind hope that his friend and ally, Calisto Dufresne, can find a way back into this thing before it's too late.

BW: Gordo, the Southern Syndicate is not only one of the most successful groups in AWA history... but one of the most conniving... and if Stevie Scott says he's got a plan, I believe him.

GM: If he's got a plan, it may be time to unveil it... and fast... because Hamada is stalking Dufresne, pulling him off the mat by the back of the tights now...

[But as soon as the Ladykiller reaches his feet, he lashes out with a vicious back elbow to the side of the head, stunning Hamada as the crowd cheers!]

GM: Maybe it's coming now! Maybe this is the plan!

[With Hamada dazed, Dufresne dashes to the ropes, building up momentum as he bounces off them towards a waiting Hamada...

...who spins around completely and buries a kick in the midsection of Dufresne.]

GM: Ohh! Hamada goes downstairs and-

[Hamada swings his leg straight up, taking aim on the doubled-up Dufresne, and SLAMS the back of his foot down on Dufresne's neck, felling the Ladykiller once again.]

GM: OHHHHH!

[An anguished Scott leaps up, smashing his hands on the canvas, turning away from the ring as Angelica Westerly beams proudly, clapping for what she just saw as Hamada stands over the floored Dufresne to the concerned mutterings of the AWA faithful.]

GM: The ax kick finds the mark and Dufresne's in trouble... big trouble in this one.

[Hamada leans down, hauling the former AWA World Champion off the mat by the hair, whipping him into the corner where Dufresne slams violently into the buckles. With a sneer, Hamada backs across the ring, taking aim at Dufresne...]

BW: I've seen this in some of his Japan matches, Gordo. He's looking for that running boot!

GM: Dufresne's in a daze! He can't defend himself!

[But as Hamada barrels across the ring, Dufresne uses the ropes to desperately pull himself clear, causing Hamada to swing and miss, his leg ending up on the top rope from a failed Yakuza Kick attempt.]

GM: Ohhh! A bad miss by Hamada! He missed that running boot and really could've done some damage to his leg!

[Hamada falls backward, grabbing at his hamstring as Dufresne scrambles around behind him...

...and throws himself at the same leg, his shoulder slamming into the back of Hamada's knee!]

GM: He clipped him! Dufresne goes downstairs and he takes out the knee of the Japanese competitor!

[Westerly angrily slaps a hand down on the mat, shouting "NO!" as Dufresne gets back up, grabbing Hamada by the ankle. He YANKS the leg hard once... twice... three times...]

GM: And now we see things starting to turn towards Dufresne and more importantly perhaps, Stevie Scott!

[Scott looks practically giddy outside the ring, hopping up and down and shouting "FINISH HIM OFF, CALISTO!"]

GM: Dufresne's got the leg, setting it down on the bottom rope...

[Dufresne steps up on the middle rope, springing into the air, and drops his weight down on Hamada's knee, causing the Tokyo native to howl in pain, rolling back and forth on the canvas, clutching his knee.]

GM: And don't look now, fans, but Dufresne is surgically dissecting that right knee of Tsugio Hamada... perhaps looking to finish him off right here!

[Dufresne grabs the foot again, dragging Hamada out towards the middle of the ring. He looks out at the roaring crowd with a nod. We cut to Stevie Scott who looks at the camera again.]

"AlIIIIImoooooost there."

[Dufresne does a spin, twisting the leg around in his grip...]

GM: He's going for the figure four! He's going for-

[But the powerful legs of Hamada serve him well as he plants a boot on the butt of Dufresne, shoving him off and sending him crashing facefirst into the corner!]

GM: Ohhh! What a counter by Hamada! He saved himself in impressive fashion there... but he's struggling to get up off the canvas...

BW: What the heck is Stevie doing?

[The Hotshot pulls himself up on the apron, pointing and shouting and generally causing a disturbance. The referee looks puzzled, moving over to confront the former AWA National Champion who seems to be essentially throwing a tantrum.]

GM: The referee is talking to Stevie, trying to get him down from there as Hamada struggles to get to his feet but manages to get there. Can he take advantage of-

[Dufresne suddenly surges from the corner, rearing back...

...and kicks a field goal right through the Japanese uprights!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW BY DUFRESNE!

[Westerly goes pale as Hamada sinks to his knees, a smirking Dufresne looking on as a satisfied Stevie Scott hops down off the apron, looks directly into the camera and says...]

"Now's the time."

[With the AWA crowd roaring, Calisto Dufresne grabs the kneeling Hamada by the short buzz cut, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's got him! He's got him hooked! Dufresne's going to do it! He's gonna save Stevie Scott's career!

[A ripple of confusion starts to wash over the crowd... slowly and softly at first but growing with strength with each passing moment.]

GM: Dufresne's going for it and- wait a second! Stevie's on the apron again!

BW: Why?!

[Scott waves his arms at Dufresne, drawing his former stablemate's attention.]

GM: I don't... he's got Dufresne distracted but...

[That ripple of confusion is almost a roar now as a huge hulking brute of a man hops over the ringside railing, diving headfirst under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Wait a- IS THAT...?!

[Dufresne spots the interloper coming, shoving Hamada aside as he turns to face him...

...and nearly gets his head removed from his shoulders with a devastating running clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD! GOOD GOD, WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!

[The crowd is in shock, some have started jeering as the massive physical specimen looks down on Dufresne...

...and then turns his focus onto the rising Hamada, swiftly and easily hooking a rear waistlock before HURLING him overhead, dumping him on the back of his head with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!:

GM: SUPLEX ON HAMADA!

[The beast climbs to his feet, pulling off his black t-shirt and throwing it aside to reveal nearly three hundred pounds of pure muscle contained in a man that looks like he'd be better off raiding villages as part of a barbarian horde.]

GM: Fans, I know that some of you may not be aware of who that is but...

BW: IT'S MAX MAGNUM!

[The long-discussed mega prospect Max Magnum takes a moment to stand in the ring, the crowd looking on in a mix of awe and anger at his disruption of this match...

...and then Stevie Scott steps through the ropes, moving to confront him.]

GM: Wait a... Stevie, no! Don't do it! Your neck!

[Scott stands in front of Magnum, a stern expression on his face...

...which breaks into a grin as Scott grabs Magnum by the wrist, lifting his arm into the air as he points to him!]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: OH MY GOD! MAGNUM! MAGNUM WAS STEVIE'S PLAN ALL ALONG!

[A grinning Scott nods his head at the stunned crowd, pointing to Max Magnum who raises both arms like a conqueror come to new lands...

...and suddenly Scott points to the rising Dufresne, shouting "END IT!" to his new charge.]

GM: Oh no...

[Magnum lunges towards Dufresne who throws a pair of weak right hands that Magnum absorbs and ignores. He wraps his massive arms around a struggling Dufresne...

...and HURLS him halfway across the ring, violently slamming into the canvas from an overhead belly to belly!]

GM: Magnum is tossing a 260 pound man around like he's nothing at all!

BW: Gordo, how long?! How long have we waited for the arrival of Max Magnum to the AWA?! How long?!

GM: It's been quite some time. His path to the big time was delayed by injuries... by politics... but he's certainly here now and... wow. What a moment for Max Magnum and Stevie Scott.

[Scott has turned to taunt Angelica Westerly who looks awed by Magnum's presence. Magnum turns his focus back to Hamada, pulling him up off the canvas. He scoops him up in his arms, parading around the ring as if showing off his prize when Scott says... "Send him back to her."]

GM: What the hell does that mean?

[Magnum nods, lifting Hamada overhead for a moment...

...and then slings him over the ropes, sending him crashing brutally hard down on the barely-padded floor right at the feet of Westerly who has to scamper backwards to avoid getting hit!]

GM: Good grief!

[Magnum sneers at Westerly who looks down in dismay at the wrecked Hamada. Scott puts a hand on his big man's shoulder, looking down with a smirk at Westerly...

...and then turns him back towards Dufresne.]

"One more for the road, big man?"

[Magnum sneers, stomping towards the barely-moving Dufresne, pulling him back to his feet...

...and muscling him up onto his massive shoulders in a fireman's carry.]

GM: Uh oh... I don't like the looks of this at all.

[Magnum takes a long walk around the ring, holding the barely-moving Dufresne across his broad shoulders...

...and then starts spinning... and spinning... and spinning, building speed and momentum at a blinding rate...]

GM: What's he...?

[Abruptly, Magnum shoves Dufresne skyward, sending him high into the air where he keeps spinning before violently crashing facefirst into the canvas.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact is devastating, Dufresne instantly unmoving as we see the referee dive to the canvas, obvious concern on his face. Magnum comes up off the mat, staring down coldly at Dufresne as Scott joins him, a smile on his face as he pats Magnum on the back.]

GM: Dufresne is... fans, this is bad. This is real bad. Dufresne is not moving!

[The crowd is silent, looking on in shock at the motionless Dufresne as Scott takes Magnum by the arm, leading him from the ring. The duo exit through the ropes, hopping down to the floor where the fans' reaction is decidedly a mix of jeers and shock. Scott shrugs, backing down the aisle with Magnum, looking into the ring as AWA medical personnel rushes to the aid of the fallen Ladykiller.]

GM: This is a bad scene. This is... I can't believe Stevie Scott would do this to his friend!

BW: Maybe they weren't such good friends after all, Gordo.

GM: Obviously not. Stevie Scott needs to answer for this, Bucky. He needs to answer for what he just did. And... you know, a lot of people have been looking forward to the night that Max Magnum made his AWA debut for a long, long time. After this...? I just don't know what to think. Fans, we'll be right back.

[The camera holds on Magnum and Scott making their way back up the aisle as we fade to black...

Fade to a shot of a hallway, a Ryan Martinez poster on the wall. A young boy and his father turn the corner, now in the hall.

Cut to a closeup of the boy who points excitedly down the hall.]

"DAD, LOOK! IT'S RYAN MARTINEZ!"

[Cut to Ryan Martinez' back as he walks down the hallway, presumably heading for the ring... and then back to a two shot of the boy and his father who speaks for the first time.]

"You have to be quiet, son. He's getting ready for the big match."

[Cut back to Martinez' back, almost gone from sight now.

Cut back to the young boy who shouts.]

"RYYYYYAAAAAN!"

[Cut to Martinez who slowly turns, a determined expression on his face.

Cut to his boots, turning and walking towards the young man's voice. Step... step... step...

Cut back to the young boy, a nervous expression on his face now. Did he upset his hero?

Martinez' footsteps echo in the hallway as we cut to the young boy's father, looking down at his son and then down the hall at an approaching Ryan Martinez.

Cut to Martinez, still focused as he looks down unsmiling at the young boy.

Cut to the boy who has hero worship in his eyes as he looks up at Martinez and boldly speaks.]

"Go get him, White Knight."

[Martinez cracks a slight smile, reaching up to grab a Ryan Martinez White Knight t-shirt draped over his shoulder. He holds it up for a moment, setting it down on the young boy's shoulder as a proud father looks on. The boy breaks out into a huge grin as Martinez pats him on the other arm, turning to walk away as the opening notes to his music are heard.

We cut to a closeup of the young boy once last time.]

"Wow."

[Then to Martinez, walking through the curtain into a blaze of bright white light. And then cut to a graphic that reads "The AWA: Who's Your Hero?"

Fade to black...

HOUR THREE

...and then back up to an ACCESS 365 logo splashed across the screen before we go to the back of the arena where we see Stevie Scott and Max Magnum walking past the camera toward a black limo, headlights on, parked about 50 feet in the distance. A familiar voice, a little breathless, is heard from off camera.]

SLB: Stevie! Stevie Scott! You can't leave without providing some answers!

["Sweet" Lou Blackwell enters the picture from the right, completing his chase to catch the newly-formed duo. An amused Stevie stops and lightly taps the arm of Magnum, stopping the beast along with him. The Hotshot looks up at his new charge, smirking.]

HSS: You hear that, Max? My man Sweet Lou wants some answers.

[He turns toward Lou.]

HSS: Let's hear the questions and see if we like them.

SLB: Well...I mean...what just happened out there...was this your plan from the start?

[Stevie chuckles and shakes his head.]

HSS: Lou, what did I tell you earlier tonight? Remember?

Death.

[He holds up one finger.]

HSS: Taxes.

[Two fingers.]

HSS: And a perfectly-executed Hotshot plan.

[And three fingers. He holds them up for a couple of seconds to let the point sink in before continuing.]

HSS: I told you what would happen, Lou. I told EVERYONE. I said that I would bring in the next big thing, the one man who would change the face of the AWA forever and transcend the entire industry in the process.

[A point upward toward an ominous Magnum.]

HSS: And I did.

Let me introduce you to him, in case you don't remember. Sweet Lou Blackwell, please give a warm welcome to...

MAX! MAGNUM!

[Magnum glares down at a visibly nervous Blackwell.]

SLB: Yes. Well. The, uh...the pleasure is...all mine.

[Lou clears his throat and continues.]

SLB: The last time we saw you, Mr. Magnum, you had Ben Waterson by your side out of the Combat Corner.

[Stevie gets a huge smile on his face at the mention of Waterson.]

HSS: Yeah, and here's a big surprise - Waterson couldn't get the job done.

But Stevie Scott DID. Because that's what I do.

SLB: Wait a minute. Are you saying the deal never fell through like you led us to believe?

[Stevie smiles, proud of himself.]

HSS: Stroke of genius, wasn't it? Of course the deal never fell through.

I had to lead Angelica on, you see. Let her think she was winning this little war, allow her to get a little too comfortable, a little too sure of herself.

[He shrugs.]

HSS: Hey, it's business. Angelica Westerly should be able to recognize it and, hell, maybe even appreciate it. She stuck her nose in where it didn't belong and in doing so, she gave me an opportunity. Everyone knows what I do with opportunities, right, Sweet Lou?

[Stevie pantomimes a baseball swing and makes a clicking sound.]

HSS: I knock 'em out of the park.

SLB: But Stevie, why this way? Why pull in Calisto Dufresne...your former ally, your partner, your friend...only to have him assaulted by this man?

[The grin disappears.]

HSS: Now that? That was personal, Lou.

Friends are supposed to help friends. Sometimes we end up on opposite sides of the aisle, in different locker rooms, but in the end...friends are supposed to be there for each other.

I did that for him at SuperClash IV.

[Stevie rubs the back of his neck.]

HSS: When he wakes up, ask Calisto where he was when Juan Vasquez was sending me into an early retirement.

That's why, Lou.

[Stevie motions toward the limo, walking away from Blackwell. Magnum pauses for a brief moment, the camera shot tightening as he glares down at Lou. Off-camera, Stevie can be heard saying, "Let's roll, big man!", and Magnum breaks his stare to walk toward the limo with his new manager, leaving a shocked Sweet Lou alone in the shot...

...and after the ACCESS 365 logo splashes across the screen again...]

"And now the left eye again."

[Erica Toughill sighs as Dr. Ponavitch slowly hovers his finger in front of her face in the Trainer's Room.]

Dr. P: Well, Ricki, I'll say the same thing to you as I said at SuperClash... the same thing I say every time I see you in here...

[Toughill flashes a bemused expression... briefly.]

ET & Dr. P: [in unison] ...You're tougher than buffalo hide.

[She nods, grimacing as she does.]

ET: Yeah, I know. I ain't exactly made of candy like female wrestlers used to be.

Dr. P: Not just female wrestlers; the amount of punishment that you have put yourself through, and you're not showing any pain.

ET: Pain don't hurt. So I gotta ask... how's... [whispering, with a hint of disdain]
"Golden" Grant?

Dr. P: Mr. Carter took a hit to the jaw, but he'll only be sore for a day or two. He was more concerned about you than himself.

ET: Good thing he's not here. I'm finally getting to enjoy some peace and qui--

"MUM-MEEEEEE!"

[Cinder bursts through the door.]

C: Did you see what those wicked stepsisters did? I just wanted tae have some more of Vekki for me own, an' she and Julie Somers are off double-teamin' me!

Dr. P: If you'd just give us a moment...

C: Don't you worry, mummy, if they try tae harm a hair on your head, they're gettin' skalped an' I'll make sure of that!

[Cinder holds up her fist, from which protrudes a small lock of Victoria June's golden hair. She strokes it with her thumb and holds it up to her mouth, whispering to it.]

C: Aye. Give us a kiss, Vekki.

[She lightly brushes the hair against her cheek as she ambles out the door again, seemingly a million miles away.]

Dr. P: What is she...?

ET: Just how she is.

Dr. P: I see. Well, against conventional knowledge, you seem to be fine and you have a clean bill of health. But if you notice any lingering after effects, sudden drowsiness, or...

ET: [dismissively] Yeah yeah yeah, I know. I'm going to call it a night and--

"Is he in here?!"

[Now Kerry Kendrick storms the Trainer's Room.]

KK: Is Doo-frez-nee in here? He's got some nerve sneaking back into the AWA like a deadbeat!

Dr. P: Your friend is going to be fine, Kerry. But let me know if she starts showing any dizziness or drowsiness-

KK: Rick, where's your bat?

ET: *sigh* I don't know, maybe one of the stagehands brought it backstage. Maybe if I just distracted Dufresne, you could...

KK: Oh yeah, you were a BIG help with GGC.

[Toughill clicks her tongue and rolls her eyes.]

Dr. P: Mr. Kendrick, if you are seriously suggesting assaulting an already injured member of the roster in the Trainer's Room, then I am going to ask you and your girlfriend to-

[Cue the shock and horror.]

KK & ET: [aghast] GIRLFRIEND?!?

[The duo throws a disgusted look at one another.]

ET: No way!

KK: I happen to have a GREAT girlfriend already, you doddering old quack, and all it would take is one phone call to her, and you're out on your-

Dr. P: All right, out. Both of you. Now.

KK: I was just leaving, Doc. C'mon Rick, we're going to catch us a Lazykiller.

[Kendrick storms out the door. Toughill shadows behind.]

ET: *sigh* It's SuperClash all over again. Yes, Kerry. I'm fine, Kerry. Right with you, Kerry.

[Toughill shakes her head as we get another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo that takes us out to the ring, where Rebecca Ortiz is standing, beginning her announcement.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Encino, California... weighing in at 145 pounds.... Sandy Detmer!

[The crowd gives a mildish hometown pop for Detmer, an average height woman with blonde hair in a pony tail, wearing a halter top, short tights, knee pads and white boots. The pop turns to concern and boos as New Year's Day's "I'm About To Break You" kicks in over the Staples Center sound system.]

RO: Annnnnnd her opponent... being accompanied to the ring by her therapist of record, Dr. Leah White. She currently is under care at the Frank Booth Mental Health Center in Ft. Worth, Texas...

CHARRRRRRRRISMAAAAAA KNIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[The good Doctor emerges onto the entrance stage first, dressed smartly in a white blouse and slacks with black heels. Her brunette hair is in a neat bun on the back of her head and her face framed by thick horn rimmed glasses. White holds a clipboard in her hand, looking over her glasses at the jeering fans before turning back towards the entrance.

Charisma Knight emerges into view to incredibly loud boos. Knight has re-dyed her hair back it to its familiar iridescence of her natural brown with a fade into bright red and white at the ends. She's wearing what's best described as a red leather corset with black shoulder straps, long red tights, black knee and kick pads over wrestling shoes, and on her arms, black leather/vinyl gauntlet-type gloves, open fingered going back to her elbow.]

GM: At long last, the in-ring return of Charisma Knight who has been under a medical suspension since before SuperClash of last year... and I just hope that her doctor down here at ringside with her can keep her under control.

BW: It's inspirational, Gordo! After everything she's been through, to triumphantly return to the ring here... it's amazing. Brings a tear to the eye!

GM: Oh yes. I'm sure they'll stories of this day for years to come.

BW: You don't sound sincere, Gordo.

GM: Oh, I think I sound as sincere as that staged apology Knight gave two weeks ago.

BW: Are you kidding me? That apology was signed off on by her doctor! By El Presidente!

GM: Ah yes, the very symbol of sincerity.

[Knight enters the ring with no flourish or fanfare, looking almost... bored. She leans back against the buckles, casually allowing the cautious official to check her with Dr. White taking up position on the outside in Charisma's corner, clipboard in hand.]

GM: Knight is here, waiting for the bell... I suppose. She looks completely disinterested, Bucky. Like she doesn't even want to be here.

BW: Just give her time to shake the ring rust.

[Referee Shari Miranda concludes her search, waving a hand to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Sandy Detmer advances on Knight... who doesn't budge.]

GM: What's this about, Bucky? Charisma Knight won't even come out of the corner.

BW: I'm... not entirely sure. Maybe it's part of her therapy? Maybe we should get Dr. White over here to ask about it.

[Miranda steps towards the corner, signaling for Detmer to back off and give Charisma room...

...and as Detmer does, Knight steps forward...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: HIGH KICK!

[Knight's big roundhouse drops Detmer down to the canvas where Knight promptly dives on top of her, raining down right hands!]

GM: Well, I guess Knight's ready to compete now!

BW: Too bad Detmer's not!

[Snatching a handful of blond ponytail, Knight drags the SoCal native to her feet, shoving her back into the corner. She grabs the ropes with both hands, using them for support as he lays kick after kick into the abdomen!]

GM: Knight's all over her in the corner! All over her!

[The referee shouts for Knight to back off this time but Knight seems not to hear her... or care.]

GM: Come on!

[The referee's count reaches four and a half before Knight abruptly spins away, looking down at Dr. White who looks a little bit horrified. She gestures with both hands, trying to get Knight to settle down.]

BW: Knight looks like she hasn't missed a step.

GM: Well, she certainly remembers how to throw a punch and kick.

[Detmer slumps down to a seated position against the buckles as Knight slides back in towards her, putting her boot up...

...and RAKES it across Detmer's face!]

GM: Ohhh! Vicious attack in the corner - absolutely nasty on the part of Charisma Knight!

[A few more bootscrapes follow before Knight breaks away to the ropes, rebounding back at top speed...

...and lands one more bootscrape, ending up hanging over the ropes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Charisma listens to the jeering crowd, cackling madly as Dr. White grimaces and then nods, shouting "FOCUS, CHARISMA!"]

GM: Well, whatever work Dr. White has done for Charisma in recent months, one thing that hasn't changed is Knight's mean streak.

[Knight straightens up, again dragging Detmer off the mat, pulling her out to the middle of the ropes. She grabs an arm, whipping Detmer across the ring...]

GM: Knight shoots her across...

[Knight stays near the ropes, waiting until the blonde has almost reached her on the rebound before sidestepping, pushing her chestfirst into the ropes, then catching her coming back in a waistlock, using the momentum to lift her up and over into a release German Suplex]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Detmer is near motionless on the mat, clutching the back of her neck as Knight sits up, giving a giggle as she smiles coldly at Detmer.]

GM: New offense - new devastating offense out of Charisma Knight!

[Knight leans down, her head on her hand as she looks at the downed Detmer.]

"Come on, Sandy! Show some spunk!"

[Knight rolls to her knees, leaning over to slap her hands down on the canvas, starting a "THUNK! THUNK! CLAP!" rhythm that the crowd quickly adopts, cheering on Sandy Detmer as a grinning Knight climbs to her feet.]

"Sannnnnnndyyyyyyy! I'm getting borrrrrrrred!"

[The sneering Knight leans down, grabbing a handful of ponytail as she hauls Detmer up to her feet...]

"Gonna need you to step your game up, sweetie-"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd ROARS as Detmet goes upside Knight's head with an open handed slap!]

GM: She slapped her! She slapped Knight upside the head!

BW: I'm not sure that was the best idea, Gordo.

[Knight reaches up, rubbing her reddening cheek with a smirk...]

"Bully for you, Sandy."

[...and then UNLOADS with a straight right closed fist to the jaw that drops Detmer like a rock as Shari Miranda screams admonishments for the blatant punch!]

GM: OHH! She dropped her!

BW: I told you! You mess with the bull, Gordo - you get the horns!

[A fired-up Knight pulls Detmer up, using the ponytail to fling her into the buckles. She charges in after her, stepping up to the middle rope and DRIVING her knee up into Detmer's chin!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Knight hops down, running back to the opposite corner as Detmer slumps down, her head against the bottom turnbuckle...]

GM: Detmer's gotta get out of there, Bucky. She's in trouble and-

[Knight barrels back across the ring again, leaving her feet at speed to bury her knees into Detmer's face.]

GM: GOOD GRI-

BW: She's gonna do it again!

[With a burst of speed, Charisma repeats the sequence, hitting the other corner with a bit of force for a rebound, connecting with the knees again.]

GM: That's two!

BW: Note to all - don't wake up a sleeping Charisma Knight!

[With Detmer on Dream Street, Knight skips across the ring to the opposite corner, leaning against the buckles as she holds her hands out to frame Detmer up...]

GM: Enough is enough! Somebody stop this!

[...and then charges across the ring a third time, jumping up and DRIVING both knees into Detmer's face a third time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Miranda visibly cringes, covering her own face as Detmer slumps motionless to the mat as Dr. White looks on with concern. Charisma pauses, waving mockingly at the fans as Shari Miranda pleads with Knight to end the match.]

GM: The referee is begging Charisma Knight to end this thing - why?! Just end it yourself, referee! You have that power!

[Knight smirks, nodding as she pulls a limp Detmer to her feet, tugging her out towards the middle of the ring... snatching her around the head and neck, staring dead into Detmer's glazed eyes.]

GM: We've seen this before! We saw this at SuperClash! We saw-

[Knight abruptly and violently twists to the side, SLAMMING Detmer's face into the canvas with impactful velocity. She floats right over into a lateral press as Miranda dives to the mat, slapping the mat three times quickly.]

GM: And mercifully, this one is over. An easy night at the office for Charisma Knight, Bucky... and if she's suffering from any ring rust, we sure didn't get a chance to see it with all that vicious offense. In just a moment, we're going to get some words with Knight but right now, let's go to the replay!

[We cut to a slow motion replay, starting with Knight barreling across the ring, landing the double knees.]

BW: Right there, Gordo... she just hit Detmer hard over and over until she couldn't answer...

[We cut to the end of the match with Knight clutching Detmer, staring into the eyes...]

BW: A loving look between the two and... wham!

[...and Detmer's face SLAMS brutally into the canvas in slow motion.]

BW: No doubt about that one. One... two... and three. And you've gotta say after that performance, the Doctor's got her firing on all cylinders.

GM: Quite the impressive win for Charisma Knight in her return.

[We cut to the aisleway where Charisma, giggling madly, is backing down the aisle alongside her doctor...

...regrettably with her back to the entrance as the crowd ROARS at the sight of someone tearing down the entrance ramp!]

GM: SWIFT! SKYLAR SWIFT!

[And the Dream Girl hits Knight from behind on a dead run, knocking her flat!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Swift throws a wicked glare at Dr. White who backs off, clipboard raised defensively in front of her...

...and Swift moves in on Knight, snatching a handful of hair, flinging her under the ropes into the ring!]

GM: Swift tosses her back into the ring! She's looking for a piece of Charisma Knight!

[Swift rolls under the ropes, crawling on top of Knight, grabbing her by the hair...]

GM: Swift on top!

[The Dream Girl smashes the back of Knight's head into the mat once... twice... three times...]

...when suddenly, she's pulled off of Knight by someone... someone powerful and large...]

GM: T-BONE WALLACE IS IN TOO!

[Wallace pulls a struggling Swift off...]

...and HURLS her across the ring by the hair, throwing her back towards the corner. Wallace turns back towards Knight who is getting back to her feet. She comes in swinging on Knight, clubbing her across the back with a heavy forearm.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A flurry of heavy blows sends Knight down to all fours as Wallace lets loose a wild roar...]

...and Skylar Swift rushes from the corner, throwing herself into a Fierro Press, knocking Wallace down to the mat!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS OUT OF THE CORNER!

[Swift opens fire, pounding her fist into the skull of T-Bone Trish.]

GM: She's all over Wallace now! Swift is burning mad and-

[Charisma Knight rolls from the ring as Swift climbs off Wallace, turning to find her original target.]

GM: And Knight's out of there!

[Swift angrily shouts down at Knight, staring down at her as Knight again looks to exit.]

BW: Look behind ya, kid!

[And as Swift shouts at Knight, she totally fails to notice a rising Trish Wallace, steam practically pouring off her...]

GM: Swift turns around and-

[Wallace hoists Swift into the air with ease, scooping her up as she spins around, and THROWS her down in a ring-shaking bodyslam!]

GM: OHHH! BIG SLAM!

[Wallace stands over Swift, looking menacing as a cackling Knight looks on, waving her hand back up at the duo in the ring.]

GM: And just like that, it looks like Charisma Knight got exactly what she wanted as she bails out and leaves her rivals to fight each other. Unbelievable.

BW: Brilliant!

GM: Fans, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou!

[We open backstage, where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell standing by with a pensive-looking Ayako Fujiwara. The former Olympic gold medalist is dressed in her pre-match kimono and in her hands, she holds the black mask of Madame X.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, I have with me, a young lady who has the unenviable task of facing an opponent that is virtually unknown! Tonight, Ayako Fujiwara must face the mysterious Madame X!

Ayako: That's not exactly correct, Blackwell-san.

[She holds up the mask.]

Ayako: I think I know exactly who Madame X is!

[Sweet Lou seems stunned.]

SLB: You do?

Ayako: I tried to take her down and she stopped me. I do not wish to brag, but there are Olympians who have dedicated their entire lives to wrestling who could not stop me from doing so. In my life, I could count the number of women capable of such a feat on one hand.

SLB: That might be true Ayako, but you think that Madame X is one of those women?

[She nods.]

Ayako: Hai.

SLB: What makes you so sure?

Ayako: She said Cleveland, Blackwell-san.

SLB: And why does that city hold significance to you?

[Ayako frowns, as if hit with a flood of bad memories.]

Ayako: I was not a gold medalist then. I was not a wrestler. I was just a trainee. I was simply Miyuki Ozaki's student. And I witnessed firsthand what Madame X was capable of.

Or should I say...The Woman in Black!

SLB: The Woman in Black?

Ayako: When she placed this mask on my face, I thought I recognized it and Madame X confirmed it! The name may have changed, but the tactics are the same! She played us all for fools once and she laid a trap with her allies. They ambushed Miyuki and gave her a beating so severe that she was never the same again!

[She seems to be shaken with rage.]

SLB: And you believe the "Woman in Black" that you dealt with in the past is now Madam X?

[She frowns a bit.]

Ayako: Her...or one of her allies. They were all highly capable wrestlers. I cannot be certain which one she is.

[A determined look forms on Ayako's face.]

Ayako: But when I defeat her tonight and tear that mask from her face, the whole world will know who Madame X is!

[And with that, Ayako walks off as we fade to black.

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegklet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less

seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...]

...and we drop to the back, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands in front of the ol' reliable AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Welcome back, fans, to more exciting action at our Anniversary event. As you know, we still have that massive Main Event coming up, but now we're going to speak to a team that was involved in our opening match, and had their issues in that match. I'm talking about our AWA World Tag Team Champions - "The Future" Derrick Williams and the "American Ninja" Riley Hunter - collectively known as System Shock.

[System Shock come into frame on either side of Lou, still in their gear. Williams wears an "Axis" T-shirt, his Tag Title Belt slung over his shoulder, and a sour look on his face. Hunter has his corresponding belt on one shoulder, and dazed Nick Axis propped up on the other.]

SLB: Now gentlemen... you seemed to be well on your way to doubling your winnings, as it were, until you had some issues...

[Williams shoots a death glare at Lou, before moving the mic over to him]

DW: Issues? Issues? Just who in the HELL does Howie Somers think he is? What exactly does he think he's doing? We had that win! We were on our way to splitting a hundred grand. Think of the steaks, the suits... think of the consoles and games Riley was going to get! Somers got lucky, I slipped on a banana peel. Then he and Harper celebrated like they won the World Series or something. It's disgusting. Hell, it's unbecoming. Is that how your heroes act, Lou? Is it?

SLB: Well, I-

[Williams interrupts.]

DW: It is, and it's terrible! And who are Next Gen? They've been around how long and haven't even sniffed...

[He pats his belt.]

DW: ...these.

[Hunter pats both belts before speaking.]

RH: The previous tenants claimed that that they cleaned out the Tag Team division! I have half a mind to go marching over to the Kings of Wrestling's dressing room and have a few choice words for Bryce Taylor and Donnie Terrapin-- or whatever the hell the last champions' names were. Obviously they left some of their fellow second generation riff-raff behind for us to clean up.

DW: Exactly, Ri! And... oh, so what do you two want?

[That's when the members of Next Gen walk into view. Howie Somers and Daniel Harper are still dressed in their wrestling attire. Somers holds a small slip of paper in his hand.]

DH: What do we want, Williams? I'm sure you're thinking we'd want to go out and get everything you were planning to get with that money -- the steaks, the suits, the consoles and games -- all the materialistic stuff that comes to your mind. But you ought to know by now what we really want.

Yet it appears all the messages we've been sending over the past couple of weeks have gone in one ear and out the other! You two are so wrapped up in your material world that you didn't think anybody was ever going to be waiting to kick your tails in for those belts. But here we are!

[He gestures to Somers, who raises the slip of paper and unfolds it.]

HS: Is this what you're so upset about, boys? This big check that you expected would have your names on it? Let me make one thing clear -- tonight's battle royal wasn't about the money, it was about making sure the two of you knew that we are right here, waiting and ready to challenge you. Make all the excuses you want, but the fact is, you had a two-on-one advantage against me and you still couldn't get the job done.

As far as this check goes, I know the one thing I would give it up for, right here and now... and it's not a steak, it's not a suit, it's not a game console...

[He taps the check.]

HS: I would give up this...

[He then gestures at the belt on Williams' shoulder, then one on Hunter's.]

HS: For a shot at those.

[Williams looks surprised, throwing a glance at Hunter.]

HS: Are you game? Or are you gonna pass up a chance at all the steaks you want because you are afraid you might lose the gold to the two of us?

[Williams shakes off the surprise to snort with derision.]

DW: These belts? You want a shot at these? Well, let me tell you something Somers... after tonight, you're right... you do have our attention, right Ri?

[Hunter and Williams bump fists. No longer propped up by the Seven Star Athlete, the wheezing Nick Axis crumples in a heap to the ground, unnoticed.]

RH: Yes yes, Duke!

DW: And we would LOVE... that's right, LOVE... to meet you two in the ring and put you out of our misery!

[Harper, Somers, Lou, and the crowd get excited for a second]

DW: ...BUT

[That was expected and the crowd appropriately responds with boos]

DW: But we are the World Tag Team Champions, and as such, we serve at the pleasure of El Presidente. So if you two want a shot at these, you should go over and ask him. I'd hurry... he's a little busy this evening. Let's go, Ri.

[Williams and Hunter walk away, leaving Somers and Harper with Blackwell.]

SLB: It looks like you got your answer, gentlemen.

[Harper shakes his head.]

DH: Looks like you were wrong that they wouldn't pass up the steaks, Howie.

HS: I guess so. But believe me, Sweet Lou, if you think this is going to be the end of Daniel and I getting our shot at the gold, I've got just one thing to say.

Like hell.

Come on, Daniel, let's go play their game. We've got to have a talk with Javier Castillo.

[The two walk off as we fade from backstage...

...and up to footage of an unidentified person -- all we see is a dark silhouette against a dark background. Though, by now, we can guess that this unidentified person would be Madame X. And, yes, as she speaks, the voice is distorted, though now that you know it's a woman, it's easier to notice the tone of her voice is that of a woman.]

"Ayako Fujiwara, tonight we finally meet in the ring. You have asked questions about who I am, what I want, why I am here and why I would dare to challenge you."

"I was not sent here by Miyuki Ozaki. But I know Miyuki well enough to know that she would be none too happy about your lack of focus, your lack of discipline when it comes to accomplishing the goals you wanted to achieve. It is evident right now, in how you continue ask these questions about who I am, what I want and why I am here."

"But you better get that focus, that discipline, if you are going to beat me in that ring tonight. And if you do that... if you do beat me... then you will get one question answered."

"I will reveal... to everyone watching the Anniversary Show... my true identity."

[A brief pause.]

"But to do that, you will have to focus on one thing and one thing alone."

"You will have to focus on beating Madame X."

[Fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing as "The Cyborg Fights" by YellowExxhy plays over the PA system.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... hailing from Fujinomiya, Japan... weighing in at 70 kilograms...

The Olympic gold medalist...

AAAAAYAAAAAKOOOOOOO FUJIWARRRRRAAAAAA!

[Fujiwara steps from her corner, raising an arm to the cheering crowd before settling back in the buckles, a focused expression on her face.]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara, fans, looking all business here tonight in Los Angeles.

BW: Of course she is, Gordo! If she wins, Madame X is gonna unmask and the mystery is solved! If she loses, she's going to be haunted by this for the rest of her career.

GM: That seems unlikely... but you can bet that Ayako would love to get this monkey off her back tonight and get back to the business of trying to capture the Women's World Championship. And some of the fans at home may be wondering why Fujiwara didn't have her usual televised entrance. We're told that this was a specific request from Madame X and if Fujiwara didn't comply, the match was off.

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent... she hails from Parts Unknown... at weight unknown... she is... MADAAAAAAAME X!

[There's no music. No ballyhoo and fanfare. All eyes turn towards the entrance stage and find... nothing.]

GM: No sign of Madame X, Bucky.

BW: Oh, she's out there... somewhere.

GM: Madame X seems intent on playing mindgames with Ayako Fujiwara - attacks from behind, attacks backstage, that business with the mask... all these cryptic hints about her identity.

[Fujiwara steps out of her corner to center ring, throwing a glance at referee Scott Ezra, gesturing towards the entrance stage.]

GM: Fujiwara's asking the referee where Madame X is. He doesn't know either. He's telling her-

[Suddenly, the lights in the Staples Center go out.]

BW: Uh oh!

GM: Well, I'll give you three guesses as to who is responsible for this, Bucky... but you're only gonna need one!

[The crowd howls with excitement at the "lights out" moment... waiting... waiting...]

GM: Come on! Turn the lights back on!

[On cue, the lights flicker back to full strength...

...where the masked Madame X is standing behind Fujiwara!]

GM: Madame X! Madame X is behind Ayako! Ayako, she's behind you! She's behind-

[As Madame X surges forward towards Fujiwara's exposed and defenseless back, Fujiwara ducks down, throwing herself into a backflip that ends with her on her feet behind the masked woman!]

GM: Whoa! Fujiwara knew she was there and-

[The crowd ROARS as Fujiwara stretches out her arms, wrapping them around Madame X's torso!]

GM: She hooks her! She's going for-

[The German Suplex attempt goes nowhere though as Madame X snaps an elbow back to the side of the head, spinning Fujiwara away from her.]

GM: No! Madame X knew it was coming and she was ready for it!

[This time, Madame X snares a rear waistlock, looking for a German of her own but as she goes to lift her up, Fujiwara tucks her legs behind the masked woman, allowing Fujiwara to reverse the momentum, rolling into a cradle attempt!]

GM: She wraps her up! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[A last second kickout frees Madame X who quickly scrambles to her feet as Fujiwara storms up to hers...

...and snaring Madame X around the midsection, lifting her into the air, throwing her halfway across the ring with a released Northern Lights Suplex!]

GM: OHHHH! Fujiwara throws her across the ring like a rag doll!

[Fujiwara kips up to her feet, all business as she stalks towards the masked woman who is now trying to get back up off the mat in the corner.]

GM: Fujiwara on the attack! She wants nothing more than to get this win, take off that mask, and find out who's been tormenting her for the past several weeks now.

[Madame X attempts to step out of the corner but Fujiwara cuts her off, throwing her back into the buckles. She squares up, throwing a roundhouse kick into the chest of the masked woman that echoes throughout the Staples Center!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: You could hear that up on Sunset Boulevard, daddy!

[A second roundhouse finds the mark as well and a third leaves the masked woman reeling, clutching her chest as she staggers from the corner..

...and Fujiwara uncorks a massive push kick to the chest, sending Madame X flying backwards into the buckles with enough force to snap her head back before the masked woman collapses in a seated position on the mat.]

GM: It's obviously early, fans, but Fujiwara is DOMINATING this masked woman at this point!

[Fujiwara looks down at the masked woman, shouting at her in Japanese as the referee orders her to back off. The Olympic gold medalist obliges, stomping across the ring, creating space between her and her opponent...

...and then comes charging back in at top speed!]

GM: FUJIWARRRRRRRAAAAA!

[Fujiwara drops into a baseball slide, crushing Madame X against the buckles with a sliding lariat that ends with Fujiwara sitting on the mat, the lower half of her body hanging out under the ropes!]

GM: What impact on that sliding clothesline!

[The Japanese powerhouse drags herself back under the ropes, getting to her feet and giving Madame X a yank by the leg, pulling her out.]

GM: Fujiwara sets Madame X down on the mat... look at this! Fujiwara's going up!

[Ayako steps to the middle rope, leaning down to grab the top rope. She bounces once on the second rope... twice... and then leaps off...]

GM: FLYING SPLASH!

[...and lands RIGHT on the raised knees of Madame X!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The masked woman hangs onto Fujiwara, rolling her right onto her shoulders in a tight cradle!]

GM: Madame X gets one! She gets two! She gets-

[The crowd cheers as Fujiwara kicks out, breaking free from the cradle.]

GM: Out at two for Fujiwara!

[Climbing off the mat, the masked woman lays a brutal kick into the ribs of the Fujiwara who is on all fours. The blow flips Fujiwara onto her back, dropping her down near the ropes.]

GM: Right into the ribcage... and Madame X is looking for more.

[Madame X grabs the top rope, stepping up on the middle...

...and then leaps off, dropping her knee down into the ribs!]

GM: Ohhh! Right on the ribs again!

BW: Madame X didn't have a weight announced, Gordo, but I'd say she's around 140... maybe even as much as 160... and that weight dropping down on the body will do some damage.

[Madame X steps up on the second rope, dropping a knee down into the ribs a second time as the crowd jeers.]

GM: And just like that, the mysterious Madame X changes the complexion of this matchup.

BW: A timely counter and then going after the injured body part. I don't know who Madame X is but she's obviously got game, Gordo.

GM: Do you really not know who Madame X is? You often get news before everyone else does, Bucky.

BW: In the city of The Go-Go's, my lips are sealed, daddy.

[Madame X looks out at the crowd, gesturing at herself as the crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: Well, whoever she is, the city of Los Angeles has taken a disliking to the masked woman from Parts Unknown.

[Turning her focus back towards the rising Fujiwara, the masked woman lays another kick into the midsection.]

GM: Oof! Right down into the breadbasket of the former Olympian.

[Pulling Fujiwara off the mat, she shoves her back into the corner, leaning against her as the referee starts a count.]

GM: Madame X holding her in the corner... ohh! Hard knee to the gut... and another... and another!

[The boos are pouring down as Fujiwara takes knee after knee to the body, repeatedly attacking the already-attacked ribs. The count reaches four before Madame X backs off, raising her hands.]

GM: The masked woman breaks at four... and Ayako Fujiwara is hurting, fans.

[Madame X steps back in, grabbing Fujiwara by the arm...]

GM: Big whip on the way... no, reversed!

[The strength of Fujiwara propels Madame X into the corner where she SLAMS facefirst into the turnbuckles, staggering backwards...]

GM: Madame X is stunned! Fujiwara needs to take advantage and-

[The Olympic gold medalist swoops in behind Madame X, snatching a rear waistlock...]

GM: GERMAN!

[...and DUMPS Madame X on the back of her head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

GM: MISS GERMANY STRIKES HERE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA!

[Madame X grabs at the back of her head, slowly rolling over onto her chest. Fujiwara stands beyond her sight, waving a hand up as the masked woman tries to push up off the canvas...]

GM: Fujiwara from behind...

[The Olympian snaps off a cartwheel...

...and DROPS a double kneedrop across the back of the rising Madame X!]

GM: OHHH! CARTWHEEL KNEEDROP! RIGHT OUT OF THE PLAYBOOK OF AYA KIMURA!

[Fujiwara nods at the cheering crowd, pointing at the downed masked woman, gesturing that she's about to pull the mask off.]

GM: Aya Kimura, the mother of Ayako Fujiwara - one of the most famous joshi superstars in all of Japan in the 1980s - taught that move well to her daughter and it really did some damage to Madame X... but is it enough to finish her off?

BW: Fujiwara needs to stop talking about pulling off the mask and get the win so Madame X HAS to take the mask off!

[With Madame X facefirst down on the mat, Fujiwara steps over her, nodding to the crowd as she leans down...]

GM: Fujiwara leaning over, grabbing the waistlock...

BW: She's looking for the Mt. Fuji suplex - the deadlift German!

[Fujiwara locks in her grip, grimacing as she deadlifts Madame X off the canvas, holding her in her powerful grasp in front of her...

...when suddenly, the lights in the arena go out again.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Madame X strikes again!

GM: You'd have to assume so... but what is...?!

[The lights come back on...

...and Ayako Fujiwara, still holding Madame X in her arms, finds a second Madame X standing on the apron!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: MADAME X SQUARED!

GM: There's a second Madame X on the apron! There's a-

[Fujiwara drops the one she's holding, stepping forward, jabbing an accusing finger at the second masked woman.]

GM: Which one is the REAL Madame X, Bucky?!

BW: I have no idea!

GM: There are two Madame Xs out here and-

[A shocked and puzzled Fujiwara is shouting at the second Madame X...

...when the first suddenly plucks her into a schoolgirl rollup...]

BW: ROLLUP! ROLLUP!

[The referee dives to the mat, eyes on the shoulders...

...and not on the healthy handful of tights that Madame X just grabbed!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[The referee slaps the mat a third time, the crowd groaning with anger as it does.]

GM: Oh, come on! I can't believe this! You talk about a miscarriage of justice!

BW: She did it! She pinned the Olympic gold medalist, daddy!

[Madame X promptly rolls out of the ring before Fujiwara can react. She backpedals swiftly, ending up next to the second Madame X as the duo makes their way back down the aisle.]

GM: Madame X picks up the victory... which means the mask stays on!

[Madame X... one of them... points to her temple as Fujiwara gets to her feet. Miss Germany angrily gestures to her tights, shouting in Japanese at the official who shrugs in response at the foreign language barrage. Fujiwara glares down the aisle, pointing at the fleeing masked duo with a threatening gesture.]

GM: This isn't over between Ayako Fujiwara and Madame X... either one of them. Fans, we're going to take a break and when we come back, it's World Title time here on the Ninth Anniversary Show when Ryan Martinez defending the gold against Johnny Detson so don't you dare go away!

[A fuming Fujiwara stalks around the ring as we fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and then up. We go backstage, where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight is in his wrestling gear, with the greatest prize in pro-wrestling, the World Heavyweight Title, resting comfortably on his shoulder. The camera lingers on the white tape wrapped around Martinez' injured ribs, before panning up to his face, the champion visibly struggling not to show how much pain he's in.]

MS: Champ. The obvious question is – how are you feeling?

[Martinez pauses a beat, exhaling slowly, and wincing as he does so.]

RM: I knew you were going to ask me that, Mark. And I've been thinking about how I was going to answer that.

Was I going to come out here and tell you that everything is all right, when it clearly isn't? Was I going to pretend to be the invincible World Champion, ignoring the chaos around me?

[Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: By now, everyone should know that I'll always be honest. Years ago, I made a promise. I promised that I would never lie to the people, that I would never come out here and tell them what I thought they wanted to hear. So how am I doing, Mark?

I'm hurt. And I'm hurt bad.

Every breath feels like inhaling glass. And everyone knows that, if I've got one thing going for me, it's my gas tank.

But not tonight.

MS: And not to put more doubts in your mind, but one has to consider what we saw earlier in the show. Johnny Detson has all but demanded that Brian James take you out. That has to weigh heavily on your mind.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: Again, I'm not going to come out here and sugarcoat things. Brian James... that's not a man you want to tangle with. And Brian James on a mission?

You better believe I know how scary that makes him.

I don't need to have a conversation with the man to know that Brian James doesn't like me, because we all know that Brian James doesn't really like anyone, except his "brothers" Taylor and Donovan.

But this is what I know about Brian James – he's not a man who'll spend too much of his life playing unthinking yes-man. He's no sycophant, no bootlicker.

This is Brian James we're talking about, not Derrick Williams.

So am I worried about Brian James? Yes, I am. And maybe he will get involved. But I'm counting on there being something stronger in James' character than a need to do as he's told.

MS: There is an elephant in the room. Two times before, you've gone into a title defense against Johnny Detson at less than full strength. And two times before...

RM: I've lost.

MS: Yes, I hate to bring this up, but there is precedent.

RM: You're right, Mark.

Every title I've ever won... Johnny Detson has stolen from me.

Every time the chips were down and the odds were against me, Detson was right there, taking advantage of me. He stole the TV title after I'd defended it several times already that same night. He snuck in after Vasquez broke my neck and ended my last World Title run.

So Detson, I'm sure you're feeling real good about yourself right now.

And why not? It would be easy for you to see yourself as the man who has my number. I'll be honest, ever since this match was announced, I've asked myself more than once if it's true. Maybe you, more than anyone else, knows how to beat me for a title.

And here we are. You've got every advantage: I'm hurt. You've got James. You've got history on your side.

And what do I have?

[Martinez stares intently into the camera.]

RM: The same thing I've always had, Detson.

It;s not something that shows up on a stat sheet. You won't see it in a medical report. You can't quantify it. What do I have?

I have the heart of a Martinez. And I have thousands of people in this arena, and millions at home sitting on the edge of their seat, pouring all their love, hope, and belief into me. I have a fighting spirit that you'll never understand.

I am not here for myself, Detson. I'm not here to feed my ego or build my resume. I don't have a thousand underhanded tricks at my disposal.

All I have are all the tools that made me a two-time World Heavyweight Champion.

I'm hurt. No doubt about it. But you're going to need a lot more than busted ribs and an unreliable Brian James to take this title from me. You're going to need guts and fortitude.

And I know that you've never had those things, Detson.

So bring what you've got, and I'll do the same. And when it's all said and done? You'll be left wondering why all the momentum and history didn't get you anything but an "L" after your name in the official results. And I'll still be World Champion, and I'll still be fighting the good fight against you, Castillo, Westerly, and anyone else who thinks they can defeat us.

Count on it!

[And with those words, Martinez steps away, prepared to live up to the promise in his words...

...and we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with TV Time Remaining and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening for the WORRRRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[HUUUUUUUGE CHEER for the announcement... and then...

The classic opening notes of Led Zeppelin's "Kashmir" ring out over the PA system to a HUGE explosion of jeers from the Los Angeles crowd.

A few moments pass before the challenger in tonight's World Title matchup emerges from the entrance tunnel underneath a giant graphic that reads "DETSON" in gigantic golden print. The former World Champion comes out for battle, dressed in long gold tights, black boots and a white sweat jacket with blue trim and the Korugun emblem embroidered on the left breast. He does not look happy, throwing a glance over his shoulder.

A moment later, he is joined on the stage by the AWA President, Javier Castillo, still in the same black suit he's worn all evening. On the contrary to Detson, Castillo is all smiles as he approaches the waiting Detson, clapping a hand on his back, nodding his head.

The camera pulls closer as the two speak to each other.]

"Where the hell is he? Where is James?"

[Castillo shakes his head.]

"No sé, Johnny. But don't worry about Brian James."

[Detson is irate.]

"Don't worry about him?! How can you say that?!"

[Castillo sticks a finger in Detson's face, his expression darkening.]

"You are a former World Champion. You have beaten Martinez before, right?"

[Detson nods.]

"You have a gameplan tonight, yes?"

[Detson nods.]

"Then get in there and do it... and remember..."

[Detson looks at Castillo, waiting for that final piece of advice.]

"We're all counting on you so don't screw this up."

[Truly inspirational. With a sigh, Detson turns back towards the entrance ramp and starts making his way down the aisle, Javier Castillo following closely behind. Castillo is back to smiling, waving and greeting the AWA fans lining the ramp on both sides...

...and stealing the occasional nervous glance towards the rafters of the building.]

GM: Oho! Look at that, Bucky. Javier Castillo seems to be checking out the upper echelon of the building here.

BW: Hey, he's a full-service El Presidente. He's just making sure there's no lights out up there.

GM: Hah! Highly unlikely. He's looking for Supernova and you know it, Bucky!

BW: Well, why shouldn't he?! That lunatic has shown up TWICE now to threaten Javier and he's SUSPENDED! He should be fired for violating a suspension like that!

[Gordon chuckles as the duo continues down the ramp.]

GM: Javier Castillo coming out here without his bodyguard MAWAGA... a bit surprising... and Johnny Detson coming out here without Brian James who he seemed to be counting on to make sure he walks out of here with the World Title.

BW: We all heard it crystal clear, Gordo. If Brian James doesn't make sure Johnny Detson is the World Champion when this night is over, he's gone! He's fired!

GM: Brian James signing a contract for SuperClash that I'd imagine he is greatly regretting right about now. No sign of him though so perhaps he has decided to do the right thing.

BW: The right thing for who?! Not for Johnny! Not for his career! James needs to stop listening to these idiot fans and do the right thing for himself!

[As they reach ringside, Castillo steps back and watches as Detson climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes, and going into a subdued spin as the fans continue to jeer.]

GM: The challenger ready for action... but perhaps not as ready as he'd like to be, Bucky.

BW: Johnny Detson is ALWAYS ready, Gordo.

GM: We're about to find out if that's true.

[The Led Zeppelin song starts to fade out as Detson settles back into his corner, tugging at the ropes to loosen up as he awaits his opponent.

There is the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music, which begins to grow in intensity, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers to a huge reaction.

As the song builds, the heavy percussion of drums shakes the arena, the sound replicating the stomping of hundreds of feet...

...and in true Los Angeles fashion, the lights flash purple and gold with the drums, getting an even bigger cheer.]

GM: If the city of Los Angeles needed any more reason to love Ryan Martinez, that'll do it right there as the champion is bringing the city's precious purple and gold to the Ninth Anniversary Show!

[A chorus of singers belts out the opening words of "Vox Populi"]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

[Once more, the choir of singers unites to repeat the chorus]

#This is a battle song, brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

[At the momentary pause at the top of the song, Ryan Martinez emerges at the top of the entrance ramp, wearing a black hoodie, the hood pulled up over his face. He steps down to the center of the entrance ramp and pauses, throwing his head back, to reveal his face. He pauses, looking out over the crowd.]

GM: There he is, fans! Two-time World Champion looking to exorcise the demons from just over a year ago when Johnny Detson defeated Ryan Martinez to win the World Title after Juan Vasquez had used the piledriver on Martinez, giving him an injury that would keep Martinez out of action for months!

[As the crowd cheers him wildly, Ryan gives them a single nod, and then races down to the ring, pausing only at the apron, before stepping between the top and middle rope. His hoodie is unzipped and thrown over the turnbuckle in a corner. Ryan wears a pair of short black trunks, black boots with white laces, black knee pads with a white "X" in the center of the knee, and a long, black pad on his right arm that extends from the middle of his forearm to just under his armpit, the elbow portion of it heavily padded. Both wrists are tapped with glossy black tape...

...and his torso is wrapped around and round in heavy white medical tape. Martinez winces with an attempt to bounce up and down, grabbing at his torso as he backs off towards the corner as Rebecca Ortiz steps to center ring.]

RO: In the Main Event of the Ninth Anniversary Show, here is your challenger...

[Boos kick in already as Detson looks to the corner where Javier Castillo is pointing out something.]

RO: From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 248 pounds... he represents the Kings of Wrestling...

[Upon hearing that, Detson grimaces, shouting something off-mic towards the entrance stage.]

RO: He is a former AWA WORRRRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

JOHNNNNNNYYYYYYYYY DEEEEEEEEEEEETSON!

[Detson steps from the corner, raising both arms to jeers from the crowd as he locks eyes across the ring with the World Champion who seems fit to be tied, ready to explode at the sound of the bell.]

BW: Look at Martinez, Gordo. He looks like he's going to burn himself up just standing there. He's fidgeting and...

GM: He said it himself, Bucky. Tonight is not a night for his legendary gas tank. With the injured ribs, he's gotta look to strike hard, fast, and go for the quick win. The longer the clock runs, the advantage on this night turns to Johnny Detson.

[Detson turns again, taking a knee in the corner as Javier Castillo speaks to him, pointing emphatically at Martinez.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[HUGE CHEER!]

RO: From the City of Angels... right here in Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 248 pounds...

He is the reigning and defending AWA WORRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMMMMMMPIONNNNNNNN...

THE WHITE KNIGHT...

RYYYYYYYYYYYYYYANNNNNNNN MARRRRRRRRRTIIIIIIINEZ!

[Martinez does not react to the announcement nor the accompanying cheers. He's locked in. He's focused. He's ready.]

GM: And now we wait for the bell to sound.

[Detson turns away from Castillo with a confident nod, twisting around to face Martinez as Rebecca Ortiz exits the ring...

...and Martinez comes racing across the ring, leaping into the air, extending one leg, and DRIVING his foot into the chin of Detson, flipping the challenger inside out and dumping him on the mat!]

GM: EXCALIBUR! EXCALIBUR!! EXCALIBUR!!!

[Martinez quickly scrambles, flipping Detson onto his back, diving across, hooking both legs, shouting to the official who looks confused as he dives to the mat.]

GM: DAVIS WARREN DOWN TO COUNT!

BW: WHAT?!

[The referee raises his hand as Castillo shouts from the floor!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: WHAT?! WHAT THE HELL?!

GM: HE DID IT! MARTINEZ WINS! MARTINEZ RETAINS THE TITLE!

[Castillo angrily slams his hands down on the canvas as "Vox Populi" kicks in over the PA system again.]

GM: MARTINEZ WITH A SHOCKINGLY QUICK VICTORY HERE IN HIS HOMETOWN!

[Martinez grins as he climbs off the mat, the timekeeper sliding the title belt into him. The champion grabs the title belt, thrusting it over his head.]

BW: This can't be happening, Gordo. This can NOT be happening!

GM: It is! And you talk about exorcising a demon! Wow!

[Martinez mounts the midbuckle, the title held high in the air as the Staples Center crowd absolutely roars at what they just witnessed.]

GM: Javier Castillo can't believe it! He's shouting at the referee! He's shouting at the timekeeper! Hey! It's not our fault! He's even shouting at us!

BW: I can't believe it either, boss! It's tragic - it truly is!

[Castillo angrily storms over to Rebecca Ortiz, shouting down at her.]

GM: Leave her alone! This isn't her fault either! Your guy got beat! Plain and simple! And these people are loving it!

[Martinez continues to celebrate his stunning victory as Castillo lets Ortiz have it... and then turns his attention to Davis Warren who is standing in the ring, leaning through the ropes to take a verbal thrashing from his boss.]

GM: Castillo is beside himself but there's nothing he can do about it! Ryan Martinez with a big win - a quick win... maybe even a record-setting win!

[Castillo's words get sterner as he interrogates Warren who nods. El Presidente turns his focus onto Rebecca Ortiz who also nods as she raises the mic. The music cuts out.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen...

[The crowd begins to buzz with concern. Ryan Martinez, still standing on the midbuckle, throws a glance down at Ortiz, Castillo, and Warren, confusion on his face.]

RO: After conferring with the AWA President Javier Castillo, referee Davis Warren has determined that despite making a three count...

...he never called for the bell to start the match.

[The crowd's buzz grows stronger as Castillo nods, waving his hand in a gesture to tell Ortiz to continue.]

RO: Therefore, the pinfall was made BEFORE the match started.

[Martinez hops down off the ropes now, throwing up his hands in disbelief.]

RO: And by rule of the AWA President Javier Castillo...

[Ortiz pauses, shaking her head at the smirking Castillo.]

RO: ...this match will be RESTARTED!

[And that does it. The buzz of the crowd turns to overwhelming boos pouring down on the scene before them. Castillo nods, pointing at Warren with a shout of "DO YOUR JOB RIGHT!" Warren nods, backing into the ring, walking over to Ryan Martinez to explain what happened...

...as Johnny Detson is still down on the mat, barely moving.]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! THIS MATCH IS OVER! RYAN MARTINEZ WON!

BW: That's not the way the boss sees it!

GM: This is a sham! This is absolutely ridiculous!

BW: Oh, come on, Gordo! When's the last time you saw a match start without the bell ringing?!

GM: Earlier tonight! Madame X! Ayako Fujiwara! Sometimes in the heat of the moment... in the confusion of a quick start, the referee doesn't always remember to ring the bell! It happens! Are you saying that result should be thrown out too?!

BW: I'm just saying that the boss says the match is going to restart... and none of us have the power to say he's wrong even if we disagree... and I don't!

GM: Fans... I don't even know what to say. I'm... I'm speechless. And apparently we're giving Johnny Detson time to recover?! Give me a break. Fans, we're going to take one final break and then... I guess we're going to get Part 2 of this Main Event! Unbelievable!

[Martinez and Warren are still in a heated debate as we fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then come back to live action where Ryan Martinez appears to be trying to get past Davis Warren to get his hands on Johnny Detson who has managed to get back to his feet during the commercial break but is leaning hard against the buckles, rubbing his jaw as Javier Castillo speaks quickly to him, apparently advising the challenger.]

GM: We're back, fans, for this Ninth Anniversary Show. Our Main Event... well, I was about to say it was in process but thanks to the influence of the AWA President, Javier Castillo, the match is about to be restarted after we all saw Ryan Martinez PIN Johnny Detson in the center of the ring to retain the World Title!

BW: Illegally! Before the bell!

GM: No bell had rung... that is true. But the referee - under his discretion - opted to start the match and make a three count. In a world with the referee's decision is final, that's a successful title defense in my book, Bucky.

BW: Well, your book needs an editor because El Presidente says that the lack of a ringing bell means the match never started. And if it never started, it certainly couldn't end.

GM: Absolutely ridiculous if you ask me... but as you can see, this match is just about ready to restart. Ryan Martinez, the World Champion, is coming into this match injured and he wants to end it quickly. Look at him right now, eagerly trying to get past Davis Warren.

BW: So he can attack Johnny before the bell again!

[Davis Warren gets Martinez to back off, turning back to Detson to see if he's ready for the match to begin. Warren trades a few words with Javier Castillo as Detson straightens up, his eyelids still heavy as the official tries to get an okay from him to start the match...

...and then Warren suddenly spins away, waving to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: And NOW this match has started, Gordo.

[Martinez rushes forward, perhaps looking to deliver a second Excalibur and finish off his challenger...

...who grabs the referee by the shoulders, steering Warren in between he and the incoming Martinez to HUGE jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Detson pulls the ref in front of him! Is there ANYTHING this guy won't stoop to to try and win the World Title tonight for the second time?

BW: Brilliant move by Detson!

GM: Three in a row from the World Champion... and Johnny Detson is looking for a way out!

[Rolling under the ropes, the challenger crashes down on the barely-padded floor at ringside, rubbing a hand over his rapidly-reddening chest. Javier Castillo looks down at Detson with disgust from his spot nearby in the corner... and if you're paying attention, you'll his eyes flash upwards towards the ceiling of the arena... just for a moment.]

GM: Javier Castillo looking on at ringside. You know, Bucky... what business does the AWA President have out here in Detson's corner anyways? Shouldn't he be impartial?

BW: Look, it's in the best interest of everyone for the AWA to have a World Champion who gets along with the AWA President. That's a mutually beneficial relationship... and obviously, Ryan Martinez just wants to cause problems for our boss. That's unacceptable behavior!

GM: A lot of people would say it's "unacceptable behavior" for Javier Castillo to be sitting out here in Detson's corner - that much is for sure.

[With the referee preventing Martinez from following Detson to the floor, it allows the challenger time to push up to his knees, again rubbing at his chest as Castillo glares at him.]

GM: And if you ask me, it looks like Javier Castillo is less than pleased with his chosen one's performance so far.

BW: Chosen one?! Johnny?! He's worked hard for this shot at the title that he thinks he never should've lost to that loser Jack Lynch last summer! He wants to be a two-time World Champion and he wants to earn it on his own.

GM: ON HIS OWN?!

BW: Is your headset broken? We can-

GM: He went to Brian James and asked James to be out here... demanded that James be out here in fact... to ensure his win here tonight. When that failed, he went to Castillo and asked for help from the Dogs of War... or MAWAGA... or anyone really. And now he's got the AWA President himself in his corner... and Castillo's already saved him from certain defeat once tonight. Johnny Detson's not looking to do anything on his own, Bucky.

[Climbing to his feet, Detson has a few words for Castillo who continues to stare coldly at him as Martinez brushes past the referee, working his way towards the ropes...]

GM: Look out here...

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez grabs Detson by the blond ponytail, hauling him off the ringside mats and up on his feet on the apron.]

GM: The 26 year old Martinez is back on the attack, pulling the 42 year old Detson up on the apron... looking to bring him back inside the ring.

[But the wily Detson always has a plan, slingshotting himself between the ropes in an effort to drive his shoulder into Martinez' injured ribs...

...but the World Champion sees it coming, twisting out of the way and catching the incoming Detson with a vicious kneelift that snaps Detson's head back and leaves him hanging over the middle rope!]

GM: Ohh! What a knee by the champion!

[Martinez breaks to the ropes behind him, charging back hard...]

GM: And another running kneelift!

[Detson's head again gets snapped, this time to the side from the running kneestrike. The champion yanks Detson through the ropes, throwing him down on the mat and attempting a lateral press.]

GM: Martinez with the cover gets one! He gets two!

[But Detson kicks out before a three count can fall. Martinez pushes up to his knees, grabbing at his taped ribs as he does so.]

GM: The champion - obviously hindered by the injured ribs as he's very slow to get back to his feet.

[Martinez leans down, dragging Detson off the canvas, shoving him back into the ropes.]

GM: Detson on the ropes...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another fierce chop by the champion!

[With Detson reeling, Martinez grabs him by the arm, winging him across the squared circle. He waits for Detson to bounce back to him, extending his arm and taking him down with a low effort clothesline...

...and he immediately grabs the ribs again.]

GM: You see the champion dropping the challenger with that clothesline but-

BW: This isn't like Martinez at all, Gordo. With a clothesline like that, he'd usually be running across the ring like a banshee looking to literally decapitate someone. But this ribs are too banged up.

GM: Thanks to Javier Castillo.

[Cut to the corner with El Presidente looking on with great interest. Martinez throws a glare at him, drawing a smile from Castillo.]

GM: Martinez turning back towards Detson, looking for a way to take advantage of this situation.

[He leans down, grabbing Detson by the blond ponytail...

...when suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in a mixed reaction.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Here comes trouble!

[The camera cuts to the top of the entrance where Brian James, the son of the Blackheart, has made his way into view. He stands alone, grimacing at his own presence as he looks down the aisle towards Martinez who is obviously distracted at James' arrival.]

GM: Brian James appears to have made a decision, fans! Johnny Detson gave him an ultimatum earlier tonight and... well, it looks like James has made his choice.

[The boos start to sprinkle down on the Engine of Destruction as he makes his way slowly down the ramp towards the ring. Martinez gets the referee's attention, pointing down the aisle at the approaching James.]

GM: Martinez doesn't like the looks of this development... the fans don't either... and I have to say I'm not too fond of it myself. Ryan Martinez, fans, has made a career out of battling and defeating the odds... but the injured ribs... Javier Castillo's presence... now Brian James? This may be too much for even the White Knight to overcome.

[With Martinez watching him from the ring, James slowly works his way down to the squared circle where he positions himself at ringside - far away from Javier Castillo who looks even happier now.]

GM: Javier Castillo is all smiles at the arrival of Brian James...

[Martinez walks over towards James, shouting down at him and getting no response from James who stays stoic, staring straight ahead at the ring. The White Knight shouts at him again...

...and then cries out as Johnny Detson charges him from behind, leaping up with a knee that catches Martinez mid-torso, driving him through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohhh! And Detson with the sneak attack takes Martinez out to the floor!

BW: Outside the ring with one of the dirtiest players in the game is NOT where a Boy Scout like Martinez wants to be, Gordo.

GM: Certainly not.

[Detson looks down at James, a big smile crossing his face... but again, there is no reaction from his fellow King of Wrestling. The challenger claps his hands together, nodding confidently though as he steps out to the apron, dropping down to the floor where Martinez is sprawled on the barely-padded concrete.]

GM: The champion is down, the challenger is up and...

[Grabbing the ropes for support, Detson starts viciously stomping the ribs of Martinez out on the floor, drawing even louder and more emphatic jeers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: And now he's all over Martinez out on the floor! Stomping and kicking the ribs!

[Detson peels Martinez off the mat, turning the champion away from him...

...and then shoves him forward, sending his midsection into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Goodness! Ribs-first into the hardest part of the ring!

[Martinez crumples against the apron, arms under his head, completely exposing his ribs as Detson's eyes flash at the opening.]

GM: Detson staying on his man... right hand to the ribs... left hand to the other side... now kicking the body!

[The repeated blows to the ribs leaves Martinez in a bad way, in a pile on the floor with Detson standing over him. The crowd is jeering and James is looking on expressionless. Detson slowly raises his arms, the crowd getting on his case for the early celebration as we cut to Javier Castillo who slowly nods in appreciation of what he's seeing... and again, throws a glance towards the ceiling of the building.]

GM: Castillo continues to look on - he's gotta like what he's seeing right now.

BW: What he's seeing, Gordo, is a guy who can represent his company proudly as a champion!

GM: Well, let's get a couple of things straight here. No matter how much he may think otherwise, the AWA is NOT Castillo's company, Bucky. Korugun may own a part of the company and they may be in a major position of influence - right now - but they don't own the whole smash... and that's thanks to my good friend Jason Dane.

BW: Errr... ixnay on the Asonjay.

GM: And second of all, they're GOT a guy who represents this company proudly as the World Champion every day... and that's Ryan Martinez. Martinez is a hero to the masses... a role model for children... someone who tirelessly works to promote the company through media appearances and autograph signings and God knows what else. He's proud. He's honorable. He's a fighting champion. And the only reason that they prefer Johnny Detson is because Martinez is his own man and doesn't bow and scrape to them.

BW: And look where that got him, Gordo. Laid out, beat up, and busted up inside. Maybe he should rethink his ways in life.

[While the announcers banter, Detson has kicked the ribs a few more times before pulling Martinez back to his feet, shoving him back into the ring to break the ten count.]

GM: The champion rolled back inside the ring... Detson following him in.

[With Martinez laid out on the canvas, Detson measures him before leaping to the second rope, springing into the air, and dropping an elbow down across the torso of the champion!]

GM: Ohhh! Elbow on target... and there's a cover by Detson!

[Detson grabs the leg, rolling back into a side press as Davis Warren makes the count.]

GM: Two count and Martinez slips the shoulder!

[Detson sits up on the mat, smirking with a nod as he climbs back to his feet, keeping his eye on Martinez who rolls to his chest, trying to crawl across the ring and create some space between he and Detson.]

GM: Johnny Detson is looking to become the fourth two-time World Champion in AWA history, joining the likes of Dave Bryant, Supreme Wright, and of course, Ryan

Martinez who won the title for the second time back in November at SuperClash VIII in New Orleans.

[Detson advances on Martinez, getting a short run in before stomping the lower back once... twice... and then a leaping stomp stops Martinez cold. The crowd lets Detson have it as he sits down on the back of Martinez, looping the champion's arms over his legs to apply a Camel Clutch.]

GM: Oh, look at this, Bucky.

BW: I love it, Gordo! Detson going deep into the arsenal here, breaking out a submission hold that I'm not sure I've EVER seen out of him. But this hold is going to attack the ribs of Martinez in a very effective way.

[Cupping his hands under the White Knight's chin, Detson yanks backwards, causing Martinez to cry out at the new-found pressure being put on his taped-up abdomen.]

GM: Detson leaning back, applying maximum pressure on the body of Martinez who looks to be in tremendous pain!

BW: Get the cameras ready, people, we're about to crown a new World Champion!

[Outside the ring, Brian James plants his hands on the apron, leaning in to watch as Detson tries to wrench a submission out of the champion.]

GM: Brian James looking on with interest. Perhaps he's thinking this could be the best case scenario for him. Detson winning the title but without him having to get involved. He keeps his job AND his honor in one stroke. And fans, just as housekeeping, you should be aware that this match - and this show - has a little over ten minutes remaining before we go off the air.

BW: Plenty of time for Johnny to do what he's gotta do, Gordo. In fact, he may be done right here.

GM: Martinez trying to hang on, his eyes darting to the ropes, looking for a way out.

BW: No way, Johnny's got him dead to rights.

[But Martinez tries. Damn it, he tries. He inches forward towards the ropes, slipping an arm off Detson's legs to assist in his desperate crawl towards freedom. The fans are behind him, that loud "LET'S GO RY-AN!" chant ringing out over the AWA faithful.]

GM: The people are behind their champion, cheering him on!

BW: It's not gonna matter, Gordo!

GM: That remains to be seen!

[Martinez slips the other arm off Detson's legs, turning the hold into little more than a rear chinlock now as he pulls himself closer and closer to the ropes...

...which is when Detson lets go of the hold, stands up with Martinez on all fours...]

GM: What's he...?

[Detson leaps into the air, driving his rear end down into the small of Martinez' back, putting him back down on the mat.]

GM: Ohhh!

[Detson sneers at the jeering crowd, throwing a dismissive gesture at them as he grabs Martinez by the back of the tights, pulling him back to center ring...

...and slaps the hold back on!]

BW: And right back to it! That's the sign of a tenacious champion, Gordo! He's gonna make a fine World Champion once again - you'll see!

GM: He didn't make a fine World Champion the first time.

BW: That's a matter of opinion, Gordo... and you know what they say about opinions, right?

GM: What's that?

BW: Mine's right and yours is wrong.

[Detson wrenches back on Martinez' head and neck again, nodding his head and shouting "ASK HIM!" to the referee who obliges, taking a knee to check on the World Champion.]

GM: Warren seeing if Martinez wants to give it up. Highly unlikely in my book.

[Martinez screams a defiant "NO!" at the official who lets Detson know. Detson shakes his head, clenching his jaw as he pulls back harder screaming "QUIT!" at the champion trapped beneath him.]

GM: Detson hanging on to the hold but Martinez hanging on - through white knuckles - to his title!

BW: For now.

[With Detson pulling back, Martinez goes a different route. This time, instead of fighting to free his arms, he embraces the position that they're in, tightening his grip around them.]

GM: Wait a second!

[And the fighting spirit of Ryan Martinez drives him to slide his knees underneath him, Detson shaking his head with confusion as Martinez gets up, Detson hanging onto his back...]

GM: HE'S UP! MARTINEZ IS UP! MARTINEZ IS... DOWWWWWWN!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez falls back, pancaking Detson underneath him on the canvas!]

GM: What a counter by Martinez! The champion is still alive in this one and... can he find a way to take advantage of what he just did? Can he fight down the pain? Can he find the will to go on the attack?

[Both men are laid out on the canvas, Brian James shaking his head slightly at what he just saw.]

GM: Both men down... both men hurting after that hard slam to the canvas.

[With both men sprawled out on the mat, Rebecca Ortiz' voice calls out over the PA system.]

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN IN THE TV TIME LIMIT FOR THIS MATCH! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: There you hear the call, fans. Ten minutes remain and that oughta light a spark under both of these men.

[Despite the big slam, Detson still manages to get his way to his feet first to the dismay of the fans.]

GM: Martinez is just too badly hurt, fans. He couldn't get up first and now Detson is on the attack again.

[Detson grabs Martinez by the arm, dragging him off the mat where he whips him into the corner, chasing in after him with a rising kneelift into the taped-up ribs!]

GM: Ohhh! Running knee to the body in the corner!

[He snaps Martinez' head back with an uppercut, grabbing the arm a second time...]

GM: Another whip... and another running knee by the challenger!

[Martinez cries out, doubling up in pain as Detson measures him, throwing a front kick to the face that snaps the champion's head back.]

GM: He's going to do it again...

[Grabbing the arm, Detson goes a third whip...

...but Martinez turns the tables, whipping Detson across into the corner instead. Detson hits the buckles hard, staggering out.]

GM: Martinez reverses the Irish whip and... BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP BY THE CHAMPION!

[The crowd ROARS for the sudden offense of Martinez as Detson crashes down hard on the canvas.]

GM: With under ten minutes to go, Ryan Martinez may very well be in the fight of his life if he wants to keep that World Title!

[Martinez doubles over again, clutching both sides of his ribcage now. He grimaces as he straightens up, leaning down to pull Detson off the mat...

...but Detson swings a knee up into the gut, cutting off Martinez. He grabs the hair, spinning him around...]

GM: What's he...?

[...and HURLS him between the ropes to the floor... right on top of a shocked Brian James!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The toss between the ropes sends Martinez crashing on top of James who was caught off-guard by it and unable to avoid it. Both men go down in a tangled heap from the move...

...and Detson seems irate about the whole thing, shouting at James from inside the ring as he approaches the ropes.]

GM: Why is Detson mad at Brian James?! He's the one who threw the champion on top of him!

BW: Why was James in the way?! Clear a path, dummy - your champion is working!

GM: Did you just call Brian James a "dummy?"

BW: Huh? No! I said... "mummy"... because James is immortal and... uhh... all-powerful.

GM: I see.

[Detson steps out to the apron, dropping down to the floor as he barks angrily towards the recovering James whose back is to the whole scene. Detson stomps the ribs of Martinez on the floor...

...and then turns to grab James by the shoulder.]

GM: Detson's got some words for his ally and-

[The crowd ROARS as James blindly swings around and FLATTENS Detson with a right hand to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JAMES JUST FLATTENED DETSON!

BW: WHAT?! BREACH OF CONTRACT! BREACH OF CONTRACT! JOHNNY, CALL YOUR LAWYER!

[The big haymaker drops the challenger like a rock. James looks down at him, surprise on his face... but also... satisfaction? A slight smile crosses James' face as he stares down at the man calling his shots... for now.]

GM: Brian James had no idea Johnny Detson was behind him!

BW: What?! That was intentional, Gordo!

GM: I don't think so, Bucky. I honestly believe he thought Ryan Martinez was attacking him and-

BW: So he punched Johnny Detson?!

GM: He didn't know who he was punching!

[With Detson laid out on the floor, Ryan Martinez climbs to his feet with the aid of the ring apron. He hobbles towards Detson, ready to take advantage of the situation...

...when Brian James steps in his path.]

GM: Uh oh!

[The crowd throughout the Staples Center begins to buzz at the idea of James and Martinez throwing down. The World Champion, in obvious pain, stares into the cold

eyes of the Engine of Destruction as flashbulbs pop and the moment goes viral in an instant. On the floor, Detson has sat up partially, looking up with a smile at the scene in front of him.]

GM: A tense scene outside the ring here, Brian James stepping forward to protect Johnny Detson!

[After a few more moments of this intense staredown, James steps to the side, extending an arm towards the downed Detson to a HUGE reaction!]

GM: Oh my stars! Brian James is offering up Johnny Detson on a silver platter to the White Knight!

[A smile crosses the face of Ryan Martinez, a nod of respect towards James as Johnny Detson shakes his head wildly, shouting angrily at James who doesn't even acknowledge him.]

BW: No, no, no! This isn't fair! You were his brother, James! You're supposed to protect him!

[A shouting Javier Castillo climbs up on the apron, complaining loudly to the official who goes over to deal with El Presidente as Martinez steps past James, looking to go on the attack...

....which is when James swiftly spins around, burying his heel in the left ribcage of Ryan Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?! ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[James stands over Martinez, the boos pouring down on him as he stares down at the collapsed White Knight who is clutching the left side of his torso.]

GM: Brian James just- he stabbed Ryan Martinez in the back! That's what he did!

BW: He lived up to his word, damn it! He says he's a man of his word and he lived up to it!

GM: And Detson can't believe it!

[A grinning Detson looks on, scrambling up off the floor as James steps back, giving him room to work. He drops a knee into the left side of Martinez' ribcage before pulling him up, tossing him under the ropes.]

GM: Well, we came into this wondering what Brian James would do... whose side he would be on...

BW: I guess we have our answer, daddy!

GM: I guess we do.

[With James standing and watching, Detson rolls in after Martinez, rushing in quickly, leaping up and dropping his 248 pounds across the ribcage!]

GM: Ohh! Leaping backslash by Detson!

[He promptly flips over, tightly hooking a leg.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[But Martinez squeaks a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin.]

GM: Near fall right there! Detson was a half count - maybe less - away from winning the World Title!

BW: Stay on him, Johnny. Time's ticking!

GM: That's right. Detson's got two opponents in this one, fans. He's got Ryan Martinez, of course... but he's also got the time limit which is rapidly approaching. We're... what? Just over five minutes... maybe six minutes left in this one. He's gotta move quickly.

[Detson snatches Martinez up off the canvas, pulling him into a front facelock.]

GM: What's he got in mind here, fans?

[The challenger muscles Martinez up off the mat, lifting him high enough to clear the ropes...

...and DROPS him gutfirst down across the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DETSON HANGS HIM OUT TO DRY UP TOP!

[Martinez clings to the ropes, desperate to not fall to the floor. Detson sneers at the jeering crowd as Castillo gives a shout of "KEEP ON HIM!" The challenger gives El Presidente a nod as he steps closer to the ropes, flipping Martinez over the ropes down into the ring. He stomps him a couple of times, grabbing his arms to drag him into position...

...and then points to the corner.]

GM: What in the world?

BW: Oh yeah, Gordo! Johnny's REALLY going to do him in now!

[Detson smirks as he strides across the ring to the corner, putting a foot on the bottom rope.]

GM: From time to time, we've seen Johnny Detson snap off a moonsault from the top... and with the injured ribs on Martinez, if he hits this here, we could certainly see a new champion crowned.

[Detson looks out on the crowd, gesturing to his waist in the universal "belt gesture."]

GM: If he's going to do this though, Bucky, he needs to pick up the pace.

[The challenger climbs up on the middle rope, throwing a glance over his shoulder to make sure Martinez is still down on the mat as Rebecca Ortiz' voice rings out again.]

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Five minutes left in the TV time limit of this one! Can Detson do it? Does he have Martinez down enough to finish him off and capture the World Title for the second time?

[Detson, upon hearing the time limit call, moves a little quicker. He puts a foot on the top rope, nervously testing his weight.]

GM: This is NOT Johnny Detson's usual weaponry, Bucky.

BW: He doesn't look too happy about being up there... or comfortable at all.

GM: Detson's trying to get to the top and-

[With Detson still working to get to the top rope, Ryan Martinez surges to his feet off the canvas to a THUNDEROUS ROAR from the crowd!]

GM: WHAT?! MARTINEZ IS UP! MARTINEZ IS UP!

BW: HOW?!

GM: We've often talked about the fighting spirit of Ryan Martinez - that will to win that is absolutely staggering! Overwhelming even at times. Could we be seeing that fighting spirit lead him to victory yet again?

[Martinez stumbles toward the corner, a wince with every step as he reaches up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A big clubbing forearm across Detson's back stops the challenger in his tracks, forcing him to grab the top rope to keep his precarious balance on the ropes. Martinez winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Another forearm to the back! Detson's trying to hang on and... wait a second!

[The crowd starts to buzz as Ryan Martinez starts to climb!]

GM: MARTINEZ IS CLIMBING UP THE ROPES AS WELL!

BW: This is bad. This is real bad... for BOTH of them!

GM: Ryan Martinez certainly is taking a risk with those injured ribs climbing the ropes like this... and what the heck is he going to do when he gets there?!

[Martinez steps to the middle rope, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and smashes three hard forearms to the back of Detson's neck!]

GM: The champion battering the neck... thinking about that Brainbuster, I'm sure!

BW: FROM UP THERE?!

[Martinez grimaces as he adjusts his footing, trying to get one foot up on the top rope...]

...but Detson takes a swing backwards, smashing his elbow into the bridge of the champion's nose!]

GM: Oh! Detson's fighting back!

[Detson lands a second elbow... and then starts to turn towards Martinez while standing up top!]

GM: Oh my god, I don't know if I can watch this. I feel sick at my stomach just watching!

[Both men are precariously perched, trading haymakers as the crowd buzzes and groans...]

GM: Something's gotta give up top! Something's gotta-

[Martinez suddenly drops his hands, lunging forward...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES his skull into Detson's with a sickening crunch!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[Detson's eyelids flutter as he staggers...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and FALLS crotchfirst on the top turnbuckle!]

GM: DETSON GOES DOWN! MARTINEZ... oh!

[The crowd groans as Martinez reaches up, a trickle of blood coming from his forehead after the headbutt!]

BW: He's dazed too and-

GM: GET HIM DOWN FROM THERE!

[Javier Castillo, now up on the apron again, points and shouts at the official, drawing his attention...]

...which allows Brian James to jump up on the apron, swinging his arm into the back of Martinez' knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND MARTINEZ GETS CROTCHED UP TOP AS WELL!

"THREE MINUTES! THREE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Three minutes left in the TV time according to Rebecca Ortiz!

[The referee jerks away from Castillo at the call of time...]

...and locks his eyes on Brian James still standing on the apron!]

GM: He caught him! Davis Warren caught him!

BW: No! NO! He didn't see anything. He didn't see a damn thing, daddy!

[The referee storms across the ring towards a surprised James. He points an accusing finger, then pointing at Martinez. Warren looks thoughtful... suspicious... and then makes a decision...]

“YOU! YOU’RE OUTTA HERE!”

[The crowd ROARS at the ejection of Brian James who buries his head in his hands, dropping off the apron.]

GM: Brian James just got kicked out of ringside!

BW: The referee didn’t see him interfere so he couldn’t disqualify him but he suspected it so he kicked him out!

GM: Good call!

BW: It’s not going to make Johnny Detson happy... or Javier Castillo... or Brian James if Detson can’t win the title!

[James backpedals down the aisle, shaking his head as the referee watches to make sure he exits...]

GM: James is out of here! And now we might actually get a clear winner!

[Both men are down, crotched on the ropes. Detson however landed on the metal between the ringpost and the top turnbuckle - a much harder landing - which means that as the referee continues to shout at James and Castillo, Martinez starts to recover.]

GM: Martinez looks like he’s moving first! He looks like he’s going to be the first to get a chance to end this!

“TWO MINUTES! TWO MINUTES TO GO!”

[Martinez grimaces with his movement as he detangles himself from the ropes, stepping onto the second turnbuckle...

...where he grabs a front facelock, slinging Detson’s arm over his neck as the crowd goes wild!]

GM: Are you...?!

BW: HE CAN’T DO THIS!

GM: Is Ryan Martinez setting up for a second rope Brainbuster?!

BW: No, no, no, no!

[Martinez gets into position, the sold-out crowd on their feet to bear witness to what may be a potential highlight reel moment. He pauses, taking several deep breaths to steady himself...]

GM: HE LIFT- NO!

[The crowd gasps as Martinez’ lift is aborted by a shout of pain. He instantly grabs at his ribs, grimacing at his inability to get Detson into position for the match-ending maneuver!

With the crowd buzzing in a heightened tension, Detson ducks down, muscling the hurting Martinez up onto his shoulders...]

GM: WHAT THE?!

BW: HE'S GOT MARTINEZ UP! HE'S GOT-

[...and Detson LEAPS from his perch, swinging Martinez up over his head...]

GM: GUTBUSTER!

[...and DOWN ACROSS HIS BENT KNEE!]

GM: GUTBUSTER OFF THE TOP! GUTBUSTER OFF THE TOP!

[Detson's super gutbuster causes Martinez to BOUNCE into the air from the impact, clutching his stomach as he flips over onto his back. Detson grabs at his knee, giving a shout before he rolls to all fours, crawling across the ring...]

GM: Detson's crawling! Detson's pulling himself across the ring!

[Detson makes a lunge, diving across Martinez, wrapping up his legs.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP! MY GOD, HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Detson rolls to his knees, leaning forward to put his face on the mat, his hands on the back of his head as he groans with disappointment.]

GM: Detson thought he had him and-

"SIXTY SECONDS! SIXTY SECONDS REMAIN!"

GM: One minute to go! Detson heard it as well as we did! Sixty seconds left to capture the World Title! Can he do it or can Ryan Martinez survive this hard-fought battle for the World Championship?!

[Detson pushes up to his feet, looking out at Castillo who nods rapidly, pointing at Martinez. Castillo sweeps around the ringpost, moving to the other side of the ring near the announcers.]

GM: Castillo right behind us now... he's telling Detson to finish this!

[Detson leans down, dragging a hurting Martinez to his feet...

...and yanks him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: He's going for it! Detson sweeps up one arm!

[The crowd buzzes as the challenger reaches down for the other.]

GM: He's got both arms hooked! Martinez is defenseless!

BW: I'm having deja vu from a year ago!

[Detson stands at the ready, looking out at the jeering crowd...]

"THIRTY SECONDS!"

[Detson leaps into the air, pulling the World Champion with him...

...and DRIVES him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: WILDE DRIVER! WILDE DRIVER CONNECTS!

BW: WE'VE GOT A NEW WORLD CHAMPION!

[Detson flips Martinez over, collapsing on top of him in a North-South position!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP! MARTINEZ KICKS OUT! MARTINEZ KICKS OUT!

[Detson's eyes go wide in shock...

...and then he flips out, pounding his fists down into the canvas repeatedly as a wide-eyed Castillo shouts "NO! NO! AGAIN!"]

GM: Castillo's telling him to do it again but Detson's lost it! He thought he had the match won right there and he's lost it!

BW: Come on, Johnny! Not now! Keep your head in the game!

GM: What's the time? What do we have?

[There's a moment of silence as Detson scrambles up off the mat, shouting "GET UP!" to the World Champion.]

GM: Just over ten seconds! Ten seconds is all Johnny Detson has left to win the World Title! Can he do it? Can he get it done?

[Detson leans down, dragging the dazed Martinez off the mat by the hair, yanking him into a second standing headscissors.]

GM: Martinez falls down! Detson dropped him and...

[Detson quickly tries to get him back up as the crowd starts to count.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

[Detson manages to corral the right arm, dragging Martinez back off his knees.]

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

[He snags the other arm, pulling them together to clutch behind the World Champion...]

"FOUR!"

[...and leaps into the air...]

“THREE!”

[...and DRIVES Martinez’ face into the mat a second time!]

“TWO!”

[He flips Martinez over, diving across him again.]

“ONE!”

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: We’re out of time! We’ve gotta-

[Suddenly, a loud “THUNK!” is heard.]

BW: What the hell?!

[A voice replaces Gordon Myers... an angry voice.]

“NO! NO! NO!”

[The camera cuts down to ringside where a furious Javier Castillo is wearing Gordon’s headset, stalking past Wilde.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, the time limit has expir-

[Castillo rips off the headset, snatching the mic from Rebecca Ortiz’ hand.]

JC: NO! I DECIDE! I DECIDE WHEN THE TIME LIMIT HAS EXPIRED! THIS IS _MY_ SHOW!

[The crowd is all over Castillo, jeering loudly. He turns towards the camera, pointing a finger at it.]

JC: I DECIDE WHEN THIS SHOW ENDS! YOU! IN THE TRUCK! AT FOX! YOU LEAVE _MY_ SHOW ON UNTIL I TELL YOU IT’S OVER! COMPRENDE?!

[The cameraman backs off from the enraged AWA President who turns towards the timekeeper.]

JC: You! Ring the bell! Restart the match!

[The timekeeper gets up, pointing to his watch, then to the camera as he talks off-mic to Castillo...

...who SHOVES HIM DOWN to a tremendous burst of jeers!]

BW: Hey... hey now... maybe we don’t need to-

[Bucky goes silent as Castillo throws a death glare at him. Castillo turns back to the ring, pointing at Davis Warren...]

JC: YOU! RESTART THE MATCH!

[Warren is glaring down at Castillo, a defiant expression on his face.]

JC: RE! START! THE! MATCH!

[Warren again refuses to budge. Castillo angrily crawls under the bottom rope, getting right up into Warren's face. The referee - to his credit - does not back down...

...but when Johnny Detson gets to his feet, sandwiching Warren between he and Castillo, the mood starts to change.]

GM: I... can you all hear me? Bucky?

BW: I got you, Gordon. What the heck is going on out here?

GM: Castillo's throwing his damn weight around is what's happening! He's trying to restart this match and- I can't even believe we're still on the air! What kind of power does this guy have?!

[Suddenly, the arena lights go to black.]

GM: What the hell...?

[And a spotlight lances through the darkness, lighting up the Staples Center rafters...]

GM: OH MY GOD!

[...where we find a familiar painted face standing, pointing a black baseball bat down at the ring.]

GM: IT'S SUPERNOVA! IT'S SUPERNOVA!

[The lights come back on as Javier Castillo and Johnny Detson are staring up at the rafters...

....where Supernova rapidly comes down, hanging from a cable as he's quickly lowered to the ring, getting put down right between Detson, Castillo, and the downed Ryan Martinez!]

GM: SUPERNOVA IS HERE! SUPERNOVA HAS ARRIVED!

[Supernova unhooks himself from the cable, letting it go back to the ceiling as he stands, staring at Detson and Castillo...

...and slowly raises the baseball bat, pointing right at them!]

GM: OH YEAH! SUPERNOVA'S COME TO HIS HOME OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND HE'S COME TO GET HIM SOME OF JAVIER CASTILLO AND JOHNNY DETSON!

[Supernova stands protectively over Martinez, daring Detson to come for him again...]

GM: We've got ourselves a standoff! We've got-

[And with Ryan Martinez up on his knees, all hell breaks loose.

The crowd GASPS as Supernova pivots and DRIVES the end of the baseball bat into the skull of Ryan Martinez, knocking the World Champion flat!]

GM: WHAT THE?! WHAT THE HELL?!

[The crowd falls silent as Supernova stands over Martinez, staring down at him...

[Castillo gleefully claps his hands as Detson slings the title belt over his shoulder, patting it proudly.]

GM: Fans... heh... well, I was going to say we're out of time but Castillo said it, right? He decides when we're out of time. He decides when the show is over. So, he can do whatever the hell he wants. I'm out of here. The hell with this.

[A loud "THUNK!" is heard as Gordon presumably drops his headset on the desk.]

BW: Gordo? Hey, man... come back...

[Bucky's words go unanswered as our camera zooms in on the ring where the forces of darkness are standing.

Javier Castillo walks forward, leaning over the ropes, looking into the camera, mic in hand.]

JC: Now?

[He smirks.]

JC: It's over.

[And with a snap of his fingers, we cut to black.]