

SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

FEBRUARY 18TH, 2017
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO



[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 a black and white shot of former Boston Red Sox slugger, future baseball Hall of Famer, and "current" AWA superstar... Big Papi himself... David Ortiz. In his signature accented English, he begins to speak.]

"What does it take to be a professional wrestler?"

[He laughs, shaking his head.]

"I did it one night..."

[He holds up a lone finger.]

"One night. And to get there, I worked harder than I've ever worked before.

I sweat..."

[Cut to a black and white shot of Ryan Martinez, the AWA World Champion, running through the streets of New Orleans before SuperClash VII, sweat pouring down his torso.]

"...bled..."

[Cut to another black and white shot, this one of former World Champion Supreme Wright, blood pouring from his skull and dripping onto the canvas underneath him.]

"...and yeah, I even cried a little."

[Cut to Lauryn Rage from Super Saturday, tears streaming down her cheeks as she's loaded onto a stretcher, her knee having been ripped to shreds by the massive Kurayami.]

"But it was all worth it.

The cheers from the fans..."

[A crowd surges to their feet, screaming their lungs out and roaring their heads off for the action in front of them.]

"...it gives you chills, boy. Look... even now..."

[Ortiz lifts his arm, showing the chill bumps running across his forearm as he shakes his head.]

"I've been in the All Star Game..."

[Quick cut of Ortiz slugging a home run.]

"...the World Series..."

[Another slugging blow delivered by Big Papi.]

"...some of the greatest times of my life..."

[Ortiz high fiving teammates in the dugout after a big hit.]

"But being in that ring at SuperClash... it's a whole other level."

[Cut to a shot of Ortiz being pressed into the air and dropped down at SuperClash.]

"But that was me doing it one night. These guys... the AWA locker room... they're at it every night. They train hard..."

[Brian James pressing a stack of weights into the air.]

"They work hard..."

[Johnny Detson running on a treadmill.]

"They fight when they're sick..."

[A shot of Cody Mertz sitting on a locker room bench, cradling his shoulder.]

"...hurt..."

[Alphonse Green in a hospital bed, wincing in pain.]

"They sacrifice so much... to do what they do better than anyone else..."

[Jordan Ohara sailing off the top rope with a flying overhead chop.]

"...to be the best..."

[Derrick Williams hitting the Future Shock.]

"...to be champions."

[Maxim Zharkov holding up the National Title belt.]

"It takes pride..."

[Daniel Harper in the gym, pressing weight as Howie Somers standing nearby, giving shouts of encouragement.]

"It takes talent..."

[Terry Shane running an obstacle course in his father's "Yard."]

"It takes unbelievable skill..."

[Julie Somers leaping off the top rope with a moonsault.]

"I mean UNBELIEVABLE skill..."

[Ayako Fujiwara deadlifts a larger opponent into a German Suplex.]

"Strength..."

[Jackson Haynes powerbombing a helpless foe.]

"Speed..."

[Skylar Swift bridging back in a "Matrix-move" to avoid a striking opponent.]

"You gotta fly..."

[Michael Aarons soaring off the top rope with a flying elbow.]

"You gotta fight..."

[Jack Lynch trading blows with someone.]

"Heh... you even gotta be a little bit crazy."

[Cue Shadoe Rage frothing at the mouth as he glares at the camera.]

“But most of all... you gotta believe you’re the best at what you do...”

[A quick barrage of shots - Callum Mahoney, Jeff Matthews, Kerry Kendrick, Riley Hunter, Erica Toughill, the American Idols, the Soldiers of Fortune, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan...]

Cut back to Ortiz, grinning a Big Papi smile.]

“What does it take to be a pro wrestler?”

[He laughs.]

“Everything. But there’s nothing else like it.”

[He laughs again, clapping his hands together as we cut to black...]

A few moments pass before a burst of pyro racing towards the sky as we cut into the arena hosting the night’s action. The crowd is roaring for the pyro and for the return of AWA action as the voice of Gordon Myers breaks through the din.]

GM: We are two weeks removed from one of the most chaotic nights in AWA history, fans, and tonight are LIVE in Albuquerque, New Mexico in the Tingley Coliseum for Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Another storm of pyro-housing rockets blast off towards the arena, filling it once more with a hailstorm of fire, smoke, and concussive noises. The standing crowd stays on their feet, cheering even louder.]

GM: I am Gordon Myers alongside Bucky Wilde for another three hours of the best professional wrestling on the planet right here on Fox Sports X!

[The shot pans a little, showing off the stage setup we saw on Super Saturday - a massive steel structure standing almost ten feet off the concrete floor with a video wall hanging above it that is just about as wide as the stage and looks to be about twenty feet tall to boot.]

From there, we see 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 as we cut to them.]

GM: Two weeks ago, we saw the crowning of a new Women’s World Champion in the massive Kurayami who will be in action later tonight against an opponent yet to be named. Two weeks ago also saw the debut of the man we’ve come to call El Presidente, Javier Castillo, as he takes over control of this company on behalf of the Korugun Corporation...

BW: And his lovely associate, Veronica Westerly.

GM: ...who seemed to have a great interest in ridding the AWA of the likes of Ryan Martinez and Jack Lynch. The World Tag Team Titles will be on the line here tonight as well when Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan defend the titles against System Shock... and Bucky, that’s going to be a hot one!

BW: The tag titles on the line! The new Women’s World Champion is here! Alphonse Green making his in-ring return to Saturday Night Wrestling! Michael Arons in action! Lynch, Wright, and Martinez are here after getting their tails

kicked two weeks ago! There's a whole lot going on, Gordo... and we're here for all of it!

GM: We absolutely are... and we're going to kick things off in that ring RIGHT NOW!

[We cut immediately to the ring where three wrestlers are already gathered in the ring, discussing strategy with each other for the upcoming match. Rebecca Ortiz is standing in the center of the ring, ready to introduce the competitors.]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is a three on one Handicap Match, scheduled for one fall! Already in the ring, at a total combined weight of six hundred and ninety three pounds, the team of KEITH SIZEMORE... MIKE LEVIN... and LOGAN CHALMERS!

[The three men in the ring acknowledge the crowd. Sizemore is a average sized fellow, about six feet tall. He has a blonde crew cut and a brown goatee. He wears simple blue trunks, blue knee pads, and black boots.

Levin has red hair, tied in a man bun. He's tanned and looks to be in pretty good shape. He stands about six feet two inches, the largest of the three men. Levin wears red pant length tights and white boots.

Chalmers is a short, stocky man with short brown hair and a bit of a baby face. Chalmers is wearing white trunks over a black body suit, and black boots.]

GM: Godspeed, young men, god speed.

RO: And their opponent..

[Ortiz pauses and turns towards the entrance way, expecting an interruption. The camera pans to the entrance way, where Jackie Wilpon makes his appearance to a chorus of boos. Wilpon is dressed in a white suit with black pinstripes. He grins an evil grin in Ortiz's direction, and has a microphone.

JW: Ey, sweetheart, listen... I got this New Year's Resolution, see, and it's a simple one. I promised myself not to give ya such a hard time anymore, okay? Yer just there doing yer job, and I'm just here doin' my job and far be it for me to do yer job for ya, so go on ahead and do yer introduction already.

[Ortiz raises an eyebrow, and shrugs. She puts the mic to her mouth and continues the introduction as Fantomas' "Investigation Of A Citizen Above Suspicion" begins to play over the PA.]

RO: He hails from Your Worst Nightmares, and weighs in tonight at three hundred and eight pounds, here is...

[Suddenly, Wilpon's voice is heard loud and clear, startling Ortiz.]

JW: BBBBLLLLLLLLAAAAAASSSSSTTTTTTEEEEERRRRR
MMMMMMMAAAAASSSSTTTTTEEEERRRRRRSSSSSSOOOOOOOONNNNNN!

[Wilpon is enjoying psyching out Ortiz, as the monstrous Blaster Masterson makes his appearance. Staring daggers down towards the ring, Masterson slowly walks towards the ring. A couple of mooks dressed as bootleg EMTs make their way behind Masterson and Wilpon, carrying an old World War I era canvas stretcher.]

GM: As our audience recalls, Blaster Masterson already wrestled one handicap match to date, and is looking to see what he can do against three men inside the ring tonight.

BW: Yeah, and whatever happened to those two that Masterson faced?

GM: We haven't even seen Paulie Italiano or "Outback" Zack Kelly since that night a few months ago. In fact, every single competitor that Masterson has faced, we haven't seen since. The fake EMTs following Masterson and Wilpon are a creepy sign of what might be to come. Eventually, there's gotta be someone in the back that would step up to the plate and challenge Masterson.

BW: I know of a few men that I'd like to see face Masterson and get carried out of here one final time, Gordo.

[Masterson and Wilpon reach the ringside area. Masterson pauses, looking up, and impressively hops from the ringside area to the apron. He quickly steps over the top rope, glaring at his opposition. Masterson removes his black vest and tosses it over the ropes to the floor. Masterson's wearing black trunks tonight, with black knee pads and black boots. The match hasn't started yet, and sweat is already glistening over his chest hair. He points to his opponents and bellows with all his might: 'COME AT ME! BRING IT OOOOONNNNNNN!']

GM: Masterson shouting for all three men to come at him, much like the last time he had a handicap match.

BW: Ya gotta wonder if Wilpon set this up to send a message to Javier Castillo after his comments two weeks ago. He likes to think of Masterson as the one true monster here in the AWA.

[Masterson barks orders at the referee as the bell rings.]

GM: The bell sounds, and we're underway here as Masterson's three opponents are still in the ring. It looks like the referee is going to let this one go.

BW: This Levin kid's already throwing himself to the wolves!

GM: Rather, it looks like Sizemore and Chalmers stepped back. They wisely don't seem like they want any part of Masterson at the moment.

[Levin, realizing that his partners volunteered him to face Masterson's wrath, decides to give it all he's got and rushes Masterson to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Levin looking to rock the big...

[Before Gordon even finishes his statement, Masterson shrugs off the shots to the chest, grabbing Levin by the throat with both his hands. With a mighty heave, Masterson throws Levin at the feet of his startled partners.]

GM: Good grief! Levin's gotta be about two forty five, maybe two hundred fifty pounds and Masterson just flung him like a paper airplane.

[Masterston steps forward, and Sizemore and Chalmers step through the ropes and out on to the apron. However, cutting off their potential escape route is Wilpon, who slams his hand into his palms and admonishes them with a simple "Uh uh uh!"]

BW: I don't think I'd take my chances with a guy who can still throw a pretty nasty punch.

GM: Wilpon, despite his bad wheel and lack of success as a wrestler, still is a former Golden Gloves competitor, and Masterson can throw a punch as well!

[Indeed, Masterson uncorks a punch that lands on the forehead of Chalmers, dropping him to a knee. He then grabs Sizemore by the back of his head, and slings

him up over the ropes, dropping him right on his face to the audible gasps from the crowd.]

GM: Good grief...

[Masterson drags Sizemore to the middle of the ring, and gets a running start off of the ropes. With a mighty leap, he jumps high into the air, driving his leg into the back of Sizemore's head. Masterson turns, seeing Levin struggling to pull himself to his feet in the corner of the ring. He stomps on over to the opposite corner, and with a frightening burst of speed, races in towards Levin. He leaps high in the air, slamming his frame into the prone Levin.]

BW: Supernova, eat your heart out!

[Levin drops face first to the mat. Masterson shouts out to the crowd 'WHERE'S THE OTHER ONE?? I'LL CRUSH HIM! I'LL CRUSH 'EM ALL!']

GM: I can't even begin to imagine three hundred and eight pounds just running in to you at full speed.

BW: Masterson might not be the brightest bulb in the pack, but he makes up for it with strength and frightening speed for a guy his size.

GM: Indeed, and I think he's going back towards Chalmers, and he grabs him by the neck and dumps him back into the ring the hard way. He's still got that crushing grip on Chalmers' throat!

BW: He's going for that one handed chokeslam, Gordo, and that could be enough to finish most people off and send 'em to the hospital in it's own right.

[Indeed, to the gasps of the crowd, Masterson yanks Chalmers up to his feet with one hand, and in one quick motion sends Chalmers up and down with that one handed chokeslam.]

GM: Masterson could go for the pin on just about anyone at this point, but he's turned his attention to Sizemore who is somehow trying to get to his feet.

[Sizemore struggles to get on his hands and knees, and Masterson makes his way over to him. Sizemore grabs at Masterson's ankles, while Masterson turns to look at Wilpon. Wilpon gives Masterson a thumbs up, followed by a thumbs down as Masterson yanks Sizemore into a standing headscissors.]

BW: Get the hospital on alert, 'cause Masterson's about to send Sizemore on a one-way ticket to the emergency room!

[Masterson yanks Sizemore up into the air, and spins around and around. With a mighty heave, Masterson hurls Sizemore into the air, sending Sizemore slamming into the mat near Levin. Levin has pulled himself to his knees using the ropes, but Masterson quickly runs over and slams his knee into the side of Levin's head, sending him to the outside. He then glares down at the convulsing Sizemore, dropping to his knees and slamming both hands on Sizemore's chest as the ref counts to three.]

RO: Your winner of the match... BBBBLLLLLAAASSSSTTTEEERRRR
MMMMMAAAASSSSSTTTEEERRRSSSOOONNNN!

[Wilpon on the outside, nods his head, impressed at Ortiz' announcement as the fake EMTs hit the ring to attend to Sizemore.]

BW: Masterson keeps on being more and more impressive as the weeks go by, Gordo. This was three men! Three!

GM: Yeah, but those three men really didn't have any chance tonight, and hopefully as I said earlier there's gonna be someone ready to challenge this young man. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell has made his way down to ringside to get a word with Jackie Wilpon. Take it away!

[We pan to ringside, where Blackwell is with Jackie Wilpon, happy over his charge's latest triumph.]

SLB: Congratulations, Jackie Wilpon, on Blaster Masterson's latest victory. You made some pointed remarks on Super Saturday about Blaster Masterson being the one true monster in the AWA, and I'd like you to explain further now that you're here.

[Wilpon chuckles.]

JW: Ey... ya see what my man Blaster Masterson did in that ring tonight? There's yer explanation, pal.

[Masterson walks into the scene, and stands next to his manager, gritting his teeth as sweat drips from his chin.]

SLB: I'll admit, that was a very impressive display.

JW: If he can do this against three men, imagine what he can do against the likes of Ryan Martinez, Supreme Wright, and Jack Lynch all at once. Heck, throw that old man Jeff Matthews in the mix. Take a look at this mug, AWA, do ya think Masterson's willin' to take on FOUR men at once?

[Masterson snorts, excited at the possibility.]

BM: FOUR, FIVE, SIX, TEN, SIXTY, ONE HUNDRED?? GIVE ME AS MANY AS YA WANT! I'LL DESTROY 'EM. I'LL DESTROY 'EM ALL!!

[Masterson breathes heavily through his teeth.]

BM: Remember them words, AWA... veni... vidi... vici.

[Blackwell seems amazed that Masterson would know that classic Latin phrase as Wilpon grins.]

JW: For those of ya at home that didn't take Latin 'cuz yer all uncultured boobs? He came. He saw. He conquered.

SLB: Alright, so you wanted to use this match as a message. Well, remember what happened two weeks ago? MAWAGA, King Kong Hogan, Ebola Zaire, and Muteesa destroyed the four men you mentioned a few moments ago, and you want Castillo to consider Masterson to be on their level?

[Wilpon nods his head.]

JW: Indeed I do. See, those four individuals? I ain't discreditin' them at all, they're very impressive guns on Castilo's mantle, for sure.

[Wilpon points to Masterson.]

JW: But here's somethin' for Castillo to chew on. Masterson's more than a gun for a mantle, he's a freakin' tactical nuke.

I'm a... legitimate business man, Sweet Lou. I was more than willin' to give Castillo a demonstration of what my man can do, and I'm hopin' he took a long hard look at what happened in that ring tonight. If he liked what he saw, then his people could get together with my people and I'm sure we can work somethin' out.

[Suddenly, something grabs Masterson's attention off camera.]

BM: THERE YA ARE, I'M GONNA COME GET YA, YA SON OF A...

[Masterson suddenly stomps off camera, and the camera follows Masterson over to Logan Chalmers, who has rolled outside of the ring. Masterson then pulls Chalmers up and drags him over towards Wilpon and Blackwell.]

BM: I GOT 'EM, I GOT THIS PIECE OF GARBAGE.

[Masterson then yanks Chalmers over his shoulder.]

BM: TELL 'EM, TELL THE WORLD ABOUT BLASTER MASTERSON!

[Chalmers could only helplessly gurgle out a couple of grunts, before Masterson dumps him to the floor at Blackwell's feet, like a cat proudly dropping off a dead bird.]

SLB: My word.

JW: Don't just take my word for it, just ask another satisfied customer.

[Wilpon looks down at Chalmers and shakes his head.]

JW: Castillo, ya got my number, let's talk.

[Wilpon and Masterson walk off camera as Blackwell looks on, we then fade to the graphic with the ACCESS 365 logo.

On a set of stairs in the bowels of the arena, Erica Toughill sits with a phone in one hand, her chin resting in other.]

"That creepy little Scottish girl that's been joined at the hip with you said you were back here."

[Toughill looks up as Kerry Kendrick steps in front of her, then looks back at the phone.]

KK: "Mummy is just settin' an' ruminatin'," she said.

[Toughill sighs wearily. Kendrick pauses, then sits down beside her.]

KK: I know, pal. You still think you should have helped your buddy Lauryn out against Kurayami.

[Toughill sighs again, and nods slightly.]

KK: Yeah, well... you made the right choice. If you went out there, you would have got on the bad side of management.

I know I'm not the guy to talk about not getting on the bad side of management, but I think you and I both are sick of doing things the hard way in wrestling.

You're my insurance policy, but you're also my friend, Rick. And friends watch each other's backs. You looked out for me two weeks ago by not getting involved with Kurayami, just like I looked out for you after SuperClash last year.

[Kendrick stands back up, patting Toughill on the shoulder.]

KK: So come on. I've got a "Think Tank" to prep for, and since it's with "Golden" Grant Carter, I think we might need to get ready to send him to Bat Country.

[Toughill takes Kendrick's hand as he pulls her to her feet.]

KK: After all, Rick: you and that bat are a Self Made Man's best friend.

[He gives her a playful swat on the arm before leaving the stairwell. Toughill sighs again before following Kendrick, muttering bitterly...]

ET: ...Man's best friend...

[As the ACCESS 365 logo flashes again, we fade to black.]

Fade up from black on a starry sky.]

"March 18th."

[A booming orchestral song starts to play.]

"Los Angeles, California."

[The anthem gets louder and stronger... more bombastic.]

"The American Wrestling Alliance celebrates its ninth birthday in true AWA fashion."

[Cut to a series of quick shots. Ryan Martinez dropping someone with a Brainbuster. Johnny Detson hitting the Wilde Driver. Brian James punching a set of steel steps. Supreme Wright connecting with Reign Supreme. And more!]

"The Ninth Anniversary Show is coming. Are you ready?"

[Fade to black.]

And as we fade back up, we find ourselves backstage where Sweet Lou is standing by with the returning "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, dressed in a dark suit jacket with a white shirt and maroon tie.]

SLB: We are back here LIVE on Saturday Night Wrestling on The X and I am indeed here with two-time AWA National Champion, the "Hotshot" himself, Stevie Scott. Stevie, let me first say as a long-time admirer of your work, it is a pleasure to meet you.

HSS: Appreciate it, Sweet Lou. You can catch me at catering later if you want an autograph and a selfie. Free of charge!

[Stevie slaps Lou on the back.]

HSS: But to matters at hand, Louis, you were probably going to ask me what I thought of the talent I saw two weeks ago.

SLB: Well, yes, that was on my li-

[Stevie abruptly cuts Blackwell off.]

HSS: Geez, man, why I gotta do your job for you?

Anyway, yes, Louie, I did indeed see several competitors who caught the eye of the Hotshot, some who with the right bit of guidance could see their prospects change...

[Stevie snaps his fingers.]

HSS: ...in the blink of an eye.

Alphonse Green...I remember him from a few years ago when I was the money-maker in the AWA. His last name was apropos even back then, but there was no denying his innate talent.

Maybe Cody Mertz needs a boost after being dumped by his partner. Or perhaps Michael Aarons, the dumper of Mertz...there's a guy that's hungry and on the verge of great things.

[A rub o' the chin.]

HSS: Or what about Jordan Ohara? Another young buck with tremendous upside that simply needs to be harnessed and more efficiently directed.

And let's not forget the tag teams. We've got Next Gen knocking on the door of greatness, but perhaps they need someone who can make sure the door gets answered?

[Stevie grins wryly, turning back to face Blackwell.]

HSS: As you can see, Lou, Stevie Scott has a lot to evaluate over the next few weeks and-

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"You again?"

[All eyes turn in that direction as Angelica Westerly, owner of Guerrero Del Mundo sashays into view. The shapely Westerly is in a tight black skirt and open leather jacket with a black tank top underneath. She extends a well-manicured fingernail topped finger in Scott's direction.]

AW: I would have thought you'd seen enough two weeks ago, Mr. Scott. Enough to know that this business... this sport... has passed you by. Enough to know that you can no more compete OUTSIDE the ring... than you can INSIDE it at this point.

[Westerly sneers as Scott shakes his head.]

AW: You saw the pinnacle of pro wrestling in the form of a match promoted by Guerreros Del Mundo - my company - and you should have realized that no matter what poor soul you find who is willing to sign on with you, they are no match for what I bring to the table.

YOU are no match for what I...

[She gestures at herself.]

AW: ...bring to the table.

[Scott snorts.]

HSS: What you bring to the table, honey, is a self-centered little brat whose daddy issues has her out here trying to be what her father couldn't.

[Westerly's jaw drops, her mouth hanging open.]

HSS: Because the fact is, when the battle for wrestling in Texas got hot between your pops and the Lynches, your dad folded up his tent and went home to play nursemaid for you and your sister. He didn't stay and fight. He didn't compete. In fact, the only reason anyone in this sport remembers the name "Westerly" at all in 2017 is because your sister married the craziest son of a bitch to ever lace boots... oh, after she married Alex Martinez too.

[Westerly grimaces.]

AW: My sister has made her mistakes... but at least she never trusted Ben Waterson and got her career ended in the process.

[Scott reflexively reaches back to grab at his neck.]

AW: That's right. When you wake up in the morning with a jolt of pain running down your spine, Mr. Scott... do you still blame Juan Vasquez for the piledriver? Do you blame Waterson for betraying you? Or do you blame yourself for being a pathetic, weak fool?

[The Hotshot smirks.]

HSS: I don't know about that... but I do blame myself for one thing. Sitting back here and listening to the likes of you. We're done here.

[But as Stevie turns to leave, Angelica raises her hand again.]

AW: Ah, I've offended you. My apologies, Mr. Scott. I didn't come here to insult you... rather to make you an offer.

[Scott arches an eyebrow.]

AW: I came here to tell you that later tonight, there will be another match promoted by Guerreros Del Mundo... and I'd like for you to be ringside again. To get one more look at what real talent looks like... before you walk away and head back to that retirement village in Florida.

[Scott grimaces.]

HSS: You know what, Angelica... yeah, I'll be out there.

[She nods with a humorless smile.]

HSS: And I'll do you one better.

[Now it's her turn to arch the eyebrow.]

HSS: I'm going to sit in on commentary to let the world know exactly what I think of your wrestlers... and of you.

[Scott turns without waiting for a response, making his exit as Westerly looks on... with a real smile this time as we fade from backstage out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... weighing in at 275 pounds... hailing from Santa Fe, New Mexico...

[There's a nice pop for the hometown mention.]

RO: BULLYWHIP BURRIS!

[Cowboy hat and all, Bullywhip Burris pounds his chest in the corner before removing his oversized hat and stretching his legs out.

RO: And his opponent...

[The lights fade... an eerie silence hangs over the arena as two spotlights begin to swirl around the entrance way. The screen is filled with the visual and faint sound of fire crackling before a single clap of thunder strikes. Slowly, a beat begins to unfold and as it rolls forward like a slow drumbeat, the two spiraling spotlights begin to move slower, and slower, and slower... before coming to a complete stop on the entrance portal as three words materialize through the flames on the screen.

"The IT Couple."

"Run This Town" rips over the PA system as Rihanna's voice is heard first followed by Jay-Z throwing in some hype over her voice. The beat escalates, the fire burns brighter, bigger, and faster. Then, finally, an entourage of men in black hoodies and bandanas worn as masks strut out carrying a gold throne covered in sheets. They make it out about ten feet before coming to a stop, nodding their heads with the beat of the music as Rihanna belts out a long, "Heeeeeeeey-eyyyyyyyy-eyyyyy-ey!"]

GM: My stars, what exactly is happening, Bucky?! Is this a debut or a coronation?!

BW: It's a little bit of both, Gordo! I have it in good faith that what we are about to see is the welcoming, coming out, and crowning of the future of the AWA! His Airness... Her Freshness... we've had guys calling themselves royalty, Gordo, but these two live and breathe it!

[Two of the hooded figures pull back the curtain if you will... the sheets are folded to the side and sitting there side by side adorned by gold crowns and capes are none other than Shonn Ocean and his better half. the mocha skinned warrior queen Sasha Ocean.

The Oceans are lowered to floor level so they can step down from their throne. Shonn removes his cape first, allowing it to fall into the hands of the awaiting stooge. He has gold rimmed shutter sunglasses, his chest bare showing off his chiseled physique and "gingerbread" dark skin as he refers to, a sharp 45 degree black fade with three short streaks trimmed in on either side. He has white trunks that can best be described as capri pant length with gold trim and the word "SHOW" and "TIME" each written over a knee in sparkling gold letters with a black outline. He wears gold low top sneakers that resemble Michael Johnson's 1996 record breaking shoes in the Atlanta Summer Games. He looks and feels like a million bucks.]

GM: This is a lot of hype to be placing on oneself for a debut, Bucky. How many guys have we seen come in here with a roller coaster of hype and crash and burn fast and hard? It seems to happen once or twice a year. We get an influx of new talent, big names, bigger egos and yet every time SuperClash rolls around, those guys are nowhere to be found.

BW: That's fantastic reporting, Gordo, but we've never had a duo quite like this! The Oceans are two of the most decorated athletes and people to ever step foot in an AWA ring! Gymnast, Martial Arts, Track & Field, Broadway....and I'm just talking about Sasha! Motorcross, Track & Field, Golden Gloves Boxing, Wakeboarding for Shonn plus I even heard he spits a mean Karaoke game!

GM: I get it. Outside of the ring... they seem to have done it all, Bucky. But this is the AWA. Here, you have to have to do it with another man or woman looking you dead in the eye inside of those ropes. You've got two fists and two feet just like the person across from you and you get one chance to prove your worth.

[The crowd doesn't quite seem to know what to make of the flashy Oceans as Rebecca continues.]

RO: Hailing from Bel Air, California... weighing in at 232 pounds... accompanied to the ring by his wife, Sasha... making his AWA debut...

"SHOWTIME" SHOOOOOOOOOOOOOONN OCEAAAAAAAAAAN!!!

[Sasha steps down next. Shonn offers her a hand and she gives him a nod as she sees herself down. Her Freshness flicks her cape off and what lies underneath can best be compared to a gold version of a jumpsuit made famous in the Kill Bill franchise. It squeezes her curves tightly and she sure has curves to fill it from chest to hips. Her black hair has an edgy undercut with the sides trimmed tight with wave patterns shaved in while the top of her hair is long and full of braided rows pulled into one tight ponytail that hangs 3/4 of the way down her back.

The duo walk side by side to the ring, bobbing to the music before hitting the steps. Shonn saunters up to the apron before lowering himself half way in, pausing, and stopping long enough for Sasha to plant a kiss on his cheek, before fully ducking through the ropes. Just as he steps in, the bell instantly rings.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Hey! That's an awfully quick start by the referee, Gordo.

GM: The network can't wait any longer after that elaborate entrance.

[Bullywhip lunges forward, a meat hook of a right arm thrown up in the air!]

GM: Burris is tired of waiting too.

["Showtime" snaps his body around and thrusts his heel right into the barrel sized midsection of Bullywhip Burris!]

GM: Spinning side kick by Shonn... what's this here?

[Ocean lowers his torso underneath the doubled over Burris and...]

GM: MY STARS, HE JUST RACKED HIM RIGHT UP!

BW: It's like a riptide just sucked Burris right up onto his shoulders. See what I-

GM: Yes, we get it.

BW: I knew I'd be able to work that in.

[Shonn pauses, looks to the crowd, dusts his shoulders off, and belts out...]

SHO: GEEEEEEET THAT!!!!

[Ocean drives Burris face first into the canvas!]

GM: TORTURE RACK RIGHT INTO SPLIT-LEGGED FACE SLAM!

BW: Don't even bother counting, Warren.

[Davis slaps the mat three times and Shonn Ocean shoves off Burris' prone form.]

RO: Here is your win-

[Already in the ring, Sasha Ocean rips the mic away from Rebecca Ortiz.]

SAO: YOUR WINNER IS MYYYY HUSBAND... SHOOOOOOOOOOOONN!!!! OC...

[Her words trail off as she pauses, shushing the crowd with an index finger to her lips.]

SAO: Oc...

[She pauses again, glaring at the jeering crowd...

...and then pulls Burris off the mat, tossing him OVER the ropes and out to the floor below in a heap.]

GM: MY STARS, SASHA OCEAN IS ANYTHING BUT A LADY OF ROYALTY!

BW: I think I'm going to like her.

[Sasha composes herself, adjusting her jumpsuit and her braid.]

SAO: ...OCEEEEEEEEEEEAN!!!

[Sasha dumps the mic over her right shoulder and embraces her husband in the ring as "Run This Town" fires back up over the speakers.]

BW: You were saying, Gordo?

GM: Impressive. Recognize the competition that stood in front of him but it was still impressive.

BW: He came. He saw. He conquered. The Oceans are in the AWA, Gordo... both the men AND the women better watch out!

GM: Speaking of the women of the AWA Women's Division, tonight marks the return from injury of former Olympic gold medalist Ayako Fujiwara! Now, let's go backstage and hear from her about all the happenings in the AWA as of late!

[We fade to a shot backstage, where we see Mark Stegglet standing in front of an AWA backdrop with Ayako Fujiwara. The Olympic gold medalist is in street clothes, her right arm in a sling.]

MS: On the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, we witnessed history be made as the monstrous Kurayami destroyed Lauryn Rage and took the AWA Women's World Title in dominating fashion. I have with me now, a young lady who many consider the number one contender to that title, Ayako Fujiwara. Ayako, you suffered an injury while wrestling in Japan. Is there a timetable for your return?

Ayako: I should be back in the ring soon. My arm is feeling much better.

MS: That's good news. But I'm sure what wasn't good news for you or anyone else in the Women's Division was Kurayami capturing the World Title.

[Ayako sighs.]

Ayako: I can't believe what's happened ever since the Korugun Corporation has taken over. It's been a nightmare. And now that Kurayami has the Women's World Title, I don't even...

[Ayako shakes her head.]

Ayako: She's a monster, Stegglet-san. Pure evil. I hate to speak badly about anyone, but Korugun has no idea what they've done by bringing her into the AWA. She's not just a danger to the Women's Division...she's a danger to everyone!

[Stegglet nods in agreement.]

MS: Kurayami's certainly proven to be a terror so far.

Ayako: No! This is nothing. If you truly know who she is, you would know that Kurayami has done and is capable of so much worse. That's why it's my number one priority to defeat her! To take back the AWA Women's Title from her evil grasp and banish her back to Japan!

MS: That would be a tall order for anybody, but I have no doubt you could do it, Ayako.

Ayako: For the sake of everyone, I must.

MS: Speaking of Japan, you must have seen that ominous footage from someone claiming to be an associate of your teacher and mentor, Miyuki Ozaki.

[Ayako frowns.]

Ayako: Yes.

MS: Any comments?

Ayako: My relationship with Miyuki is...complicated. I am not just her student, I am her TOP student. In her mind, I am a reflection of her brilliance. My successes are her successes. And unfortunately...my failures are her failures as well.

As someone who has succeeded at nearly everything she has ever done in her life, it should not be a surprise that Miyuki does not accept failure well.

...especially when it comes matters related to Kurayami.

[Stegglet shakes his head in confusion.]

MS: But if she has a grudge against Kurayami, why would she focus on you? Why wouldn't she want to help you instead?

Ayako: She doesn't think like we do, Stegglet-san. Honestly, she doesn't do ANYTHING like we do. Miyuki is not a normal person. That's why she is as successful as she is. If anything, she probably believes putting me through hell will help me. In her mind, this may actually be an act of kindness.

[Stegglet shakes his head with disbelief. Ayako shrugs.]

MS: Do you know who this mystery person coming after you may be?

[She shakes her head.]

Ayako: It could literally be anyone. Miyuki has been wrestling since she was a teenager. She has friends, students and allies all over the world. But I am not afraid. If they wish to confront me, then I'm ready to face them head on-

"CRAAAACKKK!!!"

MS: OH!!!

[Suddenly from out of nowhere, a masked figure strikes Ayako from behind, smashing her across the back with a steel chair!]

MS: HELP! WE NEED SECURITY OUT HERE!

[As Mark Stegglet runs off to get help, we get a good look at the masked assailant. It is a powerfully built woman in a black wrestler's mask with only openings for her eyes, a leather jacket and dressed all in black. She is taller than Ayako by quite a few inches. As Ayako crawls on all fours on the ground, the attacker raises the chair high above her and brings it crashing down across Ayako's back once more!]

"SMAAACCKKK!"

[And again and again and again!]

"SMAAACCKKK!"

"SMAAACCKKK!"

"SMAAACCKKK!"

[The masked woman tosses the chair aside, but seems slightly shocked when she sees a defiant Ayako pushing herself back up to her knees and crawling towards her.]

Ayako: You...

[Suddenly, Ayako's head snaps up!]

Ayako: ...should have aimed for the head!

[And she explodes forward, her right arm now free from her sling as she attempts to grab her attacker in a double leg takedown! However, her attacker seems to be more than just your average brute, as she easily stuffs the takedown attempt and drives a knee right into Ayako's jaw! She then grabs Ayako by the hair and with frightening ease, flings her head first into the AWA backdrop, knocking it down off the wall!]

"CRAAASSSHHH!"

[The masked woman picks the chair back up off the ground. She walks over to Ayako and raises it over her head once more, but then turns her attention towards the camera...]

TMW: ...

[...and THROWS the chair right at it! The shot turns to static as we fade out...]

...and abruptly cut to Sweet Lou Blackwell in another part of backstage with Callum Mahoney, who is dressed in a burgundy turtleneck, blue jeans and a black leather jacket. It appears to be one of those situations where the interviewer's caught up

with the wrestler as he's arriving at the arena, judging by the "ACCESS 365" and "RECORDED EARLIER" which appears in the corner of the screen and the large black bag slung over Mahoney's shoulder.]

SLB: Callum Mahoney, you are obviously not satisfied with the outcome of your rematch against World TV Champion Terry Shane III, as word has it that you've spent the better part of the past two weeks petitioning various members of the AWA front office for one more shot at the title. Just what makes you think you deserve one more match?

[Mahoney looks appalled by the question, shocked it was even asked.]

CM: For two very simple reasons, Lou. First, because Shane's victory was CHEAP! The man who takes pride in the spinning toe hold being a part of the Shane family legacy beat me with a CHEAP rollup! What sort of champion is that, Lou? You didn't see me pulling that sort of stunt when I was champion! You mark my words, Lou, left unchecked, Shane's exactly the type of title holder who'll spend the rest of his reign running out the clock and getting by on cheap wins.

[Mahoney holds up a second finger.]

CM: Secondly, we all know of Shane's many screw-ups before this... I don't need to list them all... again... And, yet, he's been given opportunity after opportunity by the AWA to not be a screwup. Have Terry Shane III's road to redemption end with him holding the title that's been held by the likes of Glenn Hudson, Alphonse Green, current World Heavyweight Champion Ryan Martinez, former World Champions Dave Bryant and Johnny Detson, Tony Sunn, Supernova, Kerry Kendrick, and myself!

[The Fighting Irishman shakes his head with disgust.]

CM: Well, Shane the Screwup, after all those opportunities given to you by the front office, who are you to deny me... a man who - if he made the rare mistake quickly fixes it - a shot at a title that you've yet to prove you deserve? So, Lou, you ask me why I think I deserve one more match. Because someone needs to rescue the prestige of the World Television Championship from being cheapened any further.

That's why.

[Mahoney storms out of sight as we crossfade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Cheers go up from the New Mexico crowd.]

RO: Introducing first... the challenger... in the corner to my right... from Austin, Texas at 232 pounds... JOHNNY NETTLES!

[A scruffy black beard is the main feature on Nettles who glares at the jeering crowd as he throws his arms up in the air. His beer gut is the second most stand-out feature.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[Static... and then cheers.

"Dance of the Knights" by Sergei Prokofiev kicks in to more cheers from the AWA faithful.]

RO: From Independence, Missouri... weighing in at 212 pounds... he is the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMMPIONNNN...

TERRRRRRRRYYYYYYY SHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[The curtain parts as Terry Shane makes his entrance, the World Television Title secured around his waist. His gold robe is hanging open so the belt is on display as he heads towards the ring, all business.]

GM: And here he comes, fans... the AWA World Television Champion since SuperClash when he defeated Callum Mahoney by submission to the Shane family legacy, the spinning toehold. Of course, two weeks ago on Super Saturday, he beat Mahoney again to retain the title.

BW: That's not gonna happen the next time, Gordo.

GM: According to Terry Shane, there won't be a next time, Bucky. He says he's beaten Mahoney twice now and he's moving on to other challengers.

BW: We'll see about that.

[Shane climbs up on the apron, discarding his robe at ringside before ducking through the ropes.]

GM: Terry Shane finally enjoying championship success here in the AWA after a couple of very hard years for him. He's gone through a lot both personally and professionally and it's good to see him with a smile on his face as these fans in Albuquerque give him a warm reaction.

[The World Television Champion hands the title belt over to referee Pete Miller in his trademark blue shoes. Miller holds the title belt up for all to see before handing it out to a ringside attendant and signaling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded and we're underway in this World Television Title showdown!

[The two combatants make their way out of their respective corners, lunging towards each other for a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Kicking things off with a lockup here in the center of the ring... Johnny Nettles has a little more size than Terry Shane but not significantly. Shane changes levels, grabs the leg, and takes Nettles right off his feet with that single leg.

BW: If nothing else, you've gotta say that Terry Shane is a top notch ring technician... and he's going for the spinning toehold!

[The crowd buzzes as Shane does attempt to hook the leg but Nettles scrapes and crawls to the ropes, shaking his head wildly as the referee calls for a break.]

GM: Clean break there by Shane as well - something we might not have seen in years gone by. Shane went for that spinning toehold right out of the gates there, Bucky.

BW: Trying to chalk up another successful title defense in record time. We've talked before about the ten minute time limit in these World Television Title matches and how sometimes the guys in them feel pressured to wrestle at a much

quicker pace than they normally would. That might've been part of what we just saw right there too, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. Shane backs off, allowing Nettles to get back to his feet and... here we go again.

[As they tie up a second time, Nettles uses his slight weight advantage to push Shane back towards the ropes...

...but Shane deftly reverses it, pushing Nettles to the ropes instead.]

GM: Referee Miller calling for another break...

[But as Shane breaks, Nettles throws a haymaker that Shane ducks under before spinning around to land a rolling solebutt to the ample beergut.]

GM: Ohh! Nice shot downstairs by the champion.

[A quick front facelock is applied, Shane landing a trio of knees to the sternum before hooking one arm, twisting around to throw Nettles down to the canvas as he floats along with him, ending up in mount position.]

GM: Shane with an expert-level takedown... right into a dominant position...

[Shane balls up his fists, posturing up as Nettles raises his own arms to defend...

...and a smirking Shane grabs Nettles by the wrist, twisting out of the mount to scissor the arm between his legs.]

GM: CROSS ARMBREAKER! CROSS ARMBREAKER!

[And again, the too-fresh Nettles is able to get to the ropes, forcing a break. Shane obliges, quickly getting to his feet as Nettles rolls out to the floor.]

GM: And you have to imagine that submission attempt was sending a little message to the Armbar Assassin, Bucky.

BW: No doubt about it.

[Nettles takes a walk around the ring, shaking out his arm as Shane stands center ring, waiting for his opponent to return.]

GM: The referee starting his ten count on Johnny Nettles who is taking a breather outside the ring since this one isn't going the way he planned so far.

[Shane impatiently stomps towards the ropes, shouting at Nettles as the referee stops his count, forcing Shane back. A smirking Nettles grabs the ropes, climbing up on the apron, and ducking back inside the ring.]

BW: Nettles might've been trying to get inside Terry Shane's head right there... and he may have succeeded too. Shane's showing a little temper right here.

[Shane brushes past the official, coming quickly towards Nettles who greets him with a boot to the midsection followed by a double axehandle to the back of the neck, putting Shane down on his knees.]

GM: Shane came on strong there... maybe letting that temper get the better of him...

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Nettles winds up and smashes an overhead elbow down between the eyes of the champion.]

GM: Ohh! Elbowsmash on target!

[Nettles drags Shane to his feet, ducking down to scoop him up and slam him down on the canvas.]

GM: Scoop slam by the challenger... to the ropes now...

[The rebounding Nettles leaps high into the air, his kneecap aimed at Shane's skull...]

...but the champion rolls out of the way, causing Nettles' knee to slam into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! He missed the kneedrop!

BW: And that's a huge mistake on the part of the challenger, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is as Shane gets right back up... grabbing that leg...

[Holding the foot, Shane drops his knee down onto the side of Nettles' knee, staying on it as he pulls up on the foot to crank up the pressure and cause Nettles to cry out in pain.]

GM: Shane's working the leg now - setting up for that spinning toehold!

[Shane gets to his feet, giving the leg a few hard yanks before backing away, allowing Nettles to pull himself off the mat with the aid of the ropes...]

GM: The champion moving in for the kill... ohh! Hard kick to the back of the knee puts Nettles right back down!

[Nettles crashes down to the mat, landing on the back of his head as he tries to roll under the ropes...]

...but Shane shakes his head, using a grip on the foot to drag Nettles back out to the middle of the ring. He gives a swing of his arm, twisting the leg...]

GM: Here it comes!

[But Nettles plants his foot on the seat of Shane's trunks, shoving him off towards the ropes. Shane hits the ropes, spinning around as Nettles rises to face him...]

...and Shane THROWS himself at the knee, driving his shoulder into the front of Nettles' kneecap!]

GM: OHH! CHOP BLOCK BY THE CHAMPION!

[Nettles collapses again, screaming in pain as Shane snatches him up by the hair, dragging him into a side waistlock as he leans down, cradling the injured leg before lifting Nettles into the air, bringing him down on a bent knee with a shinbreaker...]

GM: Shinbreaker by Shane and-

[...and bounces him right back up into a back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Another hard fall for the challenger... Shane's up... he grabs the leg...

[And with a twirl of his arm to signal to the fans, Shane wraps up the leg, twisting it around his own, leaning down as he cranks up the pressure...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's it! It's over!

[Shane immediately lets go of the hold, raising his arms with a grin as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Terry Shane doing his family proud with a victory here tonight in Albuquerque, keeping that World Television Title secured around his waist, Bucky.

BW: Oh, his old man might be proud... his idiot brother probably got more entertainment out of watching paint dry. And his mother... rest her soul.

GM: BUCKY! Fans, our own Theresa Lynch has made her way down to ringside... she's going to try and get some words with the champion after another successful victory. Theresa?

[We cut down to ringside where Theresa Lynch is standing. Terry Shane approaches, the title belt secured around his waist again as he enters the frame to stand beside her.]

TL: Thanks, Gordon. Congratulations, Terry, on another successful title defense. There were some [pause] people who thought maybe... well, that you-

[Shane finally interrupts.]

TS3: Theresa, you can call it what it is. There are a lot of doubters. There are a lot of skeptics. Quite frankly, there aren't just [finger quotes] some... there are a TON of people who not only thought I didn't deserve an opportunity at this title and even more people that thought I would never WIN it.

TL: Boy, you sure proved them wrong.

[Shane gives the slightest of nods.]

TS3: But every time I do something, the doubt birds start chirping. Now we've got folks running their mouth saying, "Oh, he got lucky." "He'll never do it again." "Okay, he did it again but he'll never keep it!" It's as ridiculous as a pop star trying to make a comeback into the AWA into OUR ring.

[Theresa smiles as she interjects.]

TL: That oughta get the Internet talking but I can think of one doubter off the top of my head.

TS3: I can name a dozen and that's without putting much thought into it. The journey to get to where I am today wasn't easy. In fact, you could argue that there was a time when holding this title seemed below my expectations and at that time in my life, in that twisted and manipulated mindset, it was.

TL: But now?

TS3: Now I'm a tad older, a bit [small grin] wiser...and much more humble. Terry Shane a few years ago thought he would walk into the AWA, embarrass the garbage kings of wrestling, win the Rumble, and walk away a World Champion within a year.

TL: And you almost did it.

[Shane shakes his head.]

TS3: See, that's where we differ. To me? I wasn't even close. I wasn't ready mentally. Dave Bryant proved I wasn't ready physically and had it happened my ego probably would have led me to a ditch somewhere in a small town you've never heard of holding up a cardboard sign begging for seat cushion change. Losing that night was the best thing that ever happened to me because it gave me a chance to take my life back, to be me, to ditch Sandra Hayes, to drop the Salience nickname... do you even know what that means, Theresa?

[She bashfully shakes her head.]

TS3: Yeah, neither do I. But it broke me down to rock bottom and I've only just BEGUN building myself back up. Winning this title? It was a necessity. A necessity I wear with pride around my waist where title belts belong. That one fella you mentioned a minute ago? Callum Mahoney. He can run his mouth all he wants about how I beat him, how cheap he felt it was, or how many times I've done it but I'm not sure he can count that high.

[Shane flashes two fingers up and winks into the camera.]

TS3: He had his shot. He had his rematch. He's the Caddyshack of the division and should have thrown into the towel after his first go at me.

[Theresa looks puzzled by the reference.]

TL: He's the what?

[Shane grins.]

TS3: That was for Callum who gets hopped up like a teenager throwing down his first pint of Guinness anytime I reference anything pre 21st century and that's about as much effort as I am going to extend to the former champion.

I'm ready to move on, Theresa. I'm ready to face the best the AWA has to offer and while I won't dispute that Mahoney was one of those men, I'm ready to prove myself against someone else and I'm not going to wait two weeks to do it.

So next week... yes, you heard that right. NEXT WEEK, Terry Shane is heading down to the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta to defend this strap against another former champion on Power Hour.

Kerry Kendrick?

[The crowd cheers the idea of that match as Shane nods.]

TS3: If you're listening in the back... I want you to bring your bat girl to Power Hour and I'll bring this strap of gold and we'll give the best fans in the sport of wrestling something to get excited for.

[Shane smiles, turning to exit as the fans cheer.]

TL: You heard it right here, folks. Terry Shane is putting his World Television Title on the line next week on the all-new Power Hour against Kerry Kendrick! I know I can't wait to see that one. Gordon, Bucky, back to you!

[We cut back to the announce desk.]

GM: Wow! Big news right there from Terry Shane and Theresa Lynch - Shane vs Kerry Kendrick for the World Television Title on the Power Hour... and just like Theresa said, I can't wait for that one. Fans, we've got to take a break but when we come back, it'll be time to see another featured matchup from Angelica Westerly's Guerreros Del Mundo so stick around!

[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."

[Open to a man behind the wheel. The camera shows the man on the right side of the vehicle. He's wearing a bushman's hat with teeth wrapped around where the brim meets the rise of the hat. He's wearing a sleeveless vest. Around his neck is a necklace made of teeth.]

MAN: Out here in the bush, things get terribly rough, mate. Just like things can get terribly rough in professional wrestling. "Kiwi" Luke Boyd can handle rough.

[Boyd grins a toothy grin.]

LB: To survive and live off the land in New Zealand and the Outback, you have to be tough. I traveled Oceania and the Far East showing all the wrestling fans how tough I am.

[The scene jumps as the vehicle hits a bump in the road.]

LB: Whoa, mate! That was a big one, eh? People 'round the world hear how dangerous it is in the Outback and New Zealand. Ya hear about all the poisonous animals roaming these parts. One hit and ya're gonna feel it the next day. Ya have good reason to be afraid. Much like our wildlife, one hit from me. And ya're gonna feel it the next day, mate. I can promise ya that.

[Another jolt as the vehicle hits a bump.]

LB: Oh whoa!

[Boyd slams on the brakes. The camera pans out the windshield to show Boyd sliding to a stop on a dirt road. Out in front is a water buffalo standing in the middle of the road. Boyd honks the horn. The water buffalo stands and stares at the vehicle. Boyd leans his head out his open window.]

LB: C'mon, get out of the way, dopey!

[Boyd honks the horn a few more times. The water buffalo doesn't move.]

LB: Ya're blocking the way, mate!

[Boyd continues to honk the horn. Body grumbles and finally goes around the water buffalo.]

LB: What? Did ya think I was gonna get outta the car and do some mind over matter trick? That scene in Crocodile Dundee was rubbish. He made the animal lay down in the middle of the road. He still had to go around it, mate.

[The camera shows Boyd go around the water buffalo and then pans back to Boyd, who flashes his toothy grin again.]

LB: Kinda appropriate that happened, mate. I ain't gonna let the rest of the AWA go 'round. They're gonna have to go THROUGH "Kiwi" Luke Boyd.

[The scene fades.]

[We fade from the pre-taped footage to Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in front of a door.]

SLB: The newest AWA superstar on his way soon to Saturday Night Wrestling and with so much new and returning talent coming to the AWA these days, I wanted to check in with...

[Blackwell grimaces.]

SLB: ...El Presidente himself, Javier Castillo, about the ongoing changes. Let's see if he's in.

[A rap on the door by Blackwell produces a loud "WHAT?!" from inside.]

SLB: Mr. Castillo? It's Lou Blackwell. Can I get a quick word with you?

[Castillo angrily shoves the door open, glaring at Blackwell...

...and then his glare instantly softens upon seeing the TV camera beside him. The frown becomes one of his sleazy grins.]

JC: Ah yes, Sweet Lou... always a pleasure. You have something for me?

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: Well, I was hoping you'd have something for me.

JC: Oh?

SLB: Can you comment on what happened at the end of the last Saturday Night Wrestling? When your... well, your army of monsters assaulted Jack Lynch, Supreme Wright, and the World Champion, Ryan Martinez.

[shrugs.]

JC: I thought I made it very clear. I was looking for excitement... violence... and they were giving me none of that. So, I improvised.

SLB: Improvised?! You call it improvising to send three beasts out there to assault three of the AWA's most popular superstars?!

JC: Yes.

[Castillo glares at Blackwell again.]

JC: Now, is there anything else? I'm a very busy man.

[Blackwell rolls his eyes.]

SLB: I'm sure you are. But yes, I have one more question...

JC: Quickly.

SLB: What about Supernova?

[Castillo's smile returns.]

JC: What about him?

SLB: Well, for starters, when will the suspension be lifted?

[El Presidente strokes his chin thoughtfully.]

JC: Lou, being El Presidente is... in many ways... like being a father. And when you're a father and your children misbehave, there are many different ways to discipline them, no?

SLB: Sure, but-

JC: Supernova, my rebellious son... he's on a... time out so to speak... while he thinks about his decisions.

SLB: A timeout?

JC: Sure. A timeout. But don't worry, Lou.

[He winks at the camera.]

JC: He'll come around.

[Castillo pats Lou on the back before exiting back through the door, swinging it shut behind him...

...and we fade out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky have been joined by former AWA National Champion "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.]

GM: Javier Castillo with some thinly-veiled warnings towards some of the top stars in the entire AWA... many of whom have fallen under the watchful eye of this man. Stevie Scott, welcome to the broadcast booth... and for that matter, welcome back to the AWA!

[Stevie beams, nodding his head.]

HSS: It's good to be home, Gordo. The AWA's been a special place to me since Day One and all that time I spent at home on the sidelines, I always felt like there was an empty spot in my life. A hole. Well, the AWA fills more holes than-

GM: Maybe we should stop right there. Stevie, you're out here tonight to see another Guerreros Del Mundo match - what is it that intrigues you about the international talent in these matches?

[Stevie shrugs.]

HSS: Look, I've always been a pretty straight forward guy in the ring, Gordo. I don't know a lot of Fujiwara legdrops or Michinoku Armbars... but I know how to kick someone in the mouth. These guys that Angelica Westerly is bringing in from Japan... they got it all. So why WOULDN'T I want to see if one of them is worthy of being taken to the top by yours truly?

GM: Speaking of Angelica Westerly...

[We cut to the ring where the aforementioned promoter is standing.]

AW: Attention... attention...

[The fans jeer Westerly's cries.]

AW: Ladies and gentlemen of...

[She speaks with disdain.]

AW: ...Albuquerque, New Mexico... this is the moment you've been waiting for... the match you've spent your hard-earned money on... the highlight of the night. Guerreros Del Mundo has scoured the world to bring you the very best professional wrestling on the planet and yet again, we have succeeded.

[She turns slightly, looking at the announce table.]

AW: Are you paying attention, Mr. Scott?

[Cut to Stevie who smirks, making a gesture for her to get on with it.]

AW: Ortiz... do your job.

[Rebecca Ortiz steps forward, reaching out for the mic that Westerly extends...

...and then drops on the mat. Ortiz grimaces as the crowd jeers. Shaking her head, she leans down to retrieve the mic as Westerly makes her exit.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... from the United Kingdom... weighing in at twelve stone...

NIIIIIIIGELLLLLLL TAAAAATE!

[The opening notes to the British National Anthem kicks in before a record needle scratches and we hear "Flip It" by Ghost. A pale skinned muscular Brit comes tearing into view. His upper body is well-defined and oiled up. His long dark hair is tied back in a ponytail as he walks quickly down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Nigel Tate from the UK... Bucky, what do you know about this guy?

BW: Where the heck is Dale Adams when you need him? I've heard of this guy, Gordo. He's a bit of a journeyman on the UK scene... pretty sure he and Callum Mahoney wrestled back in the day. He's a bit of a suplex machine too.

GM: A suplex machine, huh? This should get interesting in a hurry.

[Tate scrambles up on the apron, hopping through the ropes into the ring. He raises his powerful arms over his head, showing off the royal blue full-length sparkly tights with the Union Jack across the rear.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[A modified version of the Japanese Rising Sun flag appears on the video wall, eight of the rays emanating from the sun disc are colored black instead of red, while a black star is superimposed upon the red disc, as La Banda Bastón's "Quiúbole" starts to play. The word "KONOE" appears in a white font across the black star.]

RO: Hailing from Tokyo, Japan, weighing in at 225 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Luciana, he is the Blackstar.... He is El Renegado de Japón... He is...

KAZ KO-NO-E!

[First to step through the entranceway is the "Chola Japonesa" herself, Luciana, dressed in a white tank top over a black bra and a pair of brown cargo pants. Across the front of tank top, a graphic mash-up of the Rising Sun flag and the flag of Mexico is printed: eight of the rays are colored green, instead of red, and the sun disc is missing, the empty field now occupied by the coat of arms of Mexico. She also has a twisted black bandana tied around her head, knotted at her forehead.

Luciana bops along to the beat of the song, gradually dropping to a squat, as Kaz Konoe emerges behind her. Konoe has on a pair of aviator sunglasses and a white baseball jersey, with black pinstripes and "Renegado" in a black cursive font across the front, over his ring attire: white boxer-style trunks, black knee pads and white boots, with black piping and laces.

With Konoe behind her, his eyes hidden behind the sunglasses and his expression inscrutable, Luciana rises back to a standing position, never breaking contact with her man. She wraps her arms around his neck, tilts her head back and gives him a kiss on the cheek, before letting go and leading the way to the ring.]

GM: Kaz Konoe with his second appearance here on Saturday Night Wrestling after defeating the dazzling luchador, Arminius, in his debut on Super Saturday. But he looks to be in for another stiff challenge here tonight, Hotshot.

HSS: He does. Angelica Westerly may have a big mouth on her but you can't deny that she's backing it up so far. Two matches in the AWA and three very tough looking competitors in there.

[As they make their way down the aisle, Luciana runs her mouth, taunting and trading insults with the jeering members of the crowd. Konoe ignores them, for the most part, occasionally giving Luciana the briefest of a thumbs up when she looks at him for affirmation.]

GM: Luciana sure isn't getting any of the AWA faithful on the side of Konoe and herself, Bucky.

BW: Who cares? Konoe doesn't exactly strike me as the type who is seeking the approval of these nickel and dimers in the crowd.

[Reaching the ring, Luciana climbs the ring steps and slowly steps through the ropes, as Konoe watches on, before he rolls in under the bottom rope. Rising to his knees, then to his feet, Konoe heads to his corner, removing the jersey, while Luciana steps through the ropes, but stays on the apron. He removes his sunglasses and puts them on top of her head, letting them rest above the knot of the bandana.]

GM: Konoe taking his time getting ready to start this match... as Nigel Tate looks ready to burst in there.

BW: Tate may burn himself right out before the bell even rings.

[As Luciana drops off the apron, Konoe leans back nonchalantly against the turnbuckles. He feigns a yawn, waving a hand at the referee who signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and here we go...

[Nigel Tate comes quickly out of the corner, walking out to the center of the ring, staring across at Konoe who hasn't budged an inch. He shouts at Konoe, calling him to mid-ring but the Blackstar smirks in response.]

GM: Come on. Any time now.

BW: Let's not rush him.

HSS: He doesn't seem too eager to tangle with Nigel Tate though.

GM: Can you blame him? Tate's all muscles in a pretty small frame. Compact and powerful from the looks of him.

[Tate again shouts at Konoe, pointing to mid-ring but Konoe feigns another yawn...

...which brings Tate charging across the ring towards the corner. Konoe pops his feet up on the top rope, lying across the top turnbuckle before he rolls off, taking a stand on the apron. Tate pulls up short, reaching for Konoe who backpedals down the apron.]

GM: Konoe on the run, keeping his distance...

[Tate angrily turns, charging along the apron for a clothesline but Konoe ducks down, causing Tate to smash into the turnbuckles where Konoe grabs the top rope, swinging his leg up to catch Tate in the forehead with a kick to the skull.]

GM: Ohhh! He caught Tate right between the eyes right there!

[Konoe scrambles quickly to the top rope, taking aim at Tate as he stumbles backwards. He leaps off for a double axehandle...

...and gets caught over the powerful shoulder of Nigel Tate!]

GM: He caught him! Caught the 225 pound Konoe like a small child!

HSS: Impressive!

[Tate leans back, flinging Konoe over his shoulder with a released Northern Lights Suplex. He kips back up to his feet, giving a shout as he turns around to face Konoe climbing off the canvas...]

GM: Konoe getting up... here comes Tate again!

[A big running shoulderblock sends Konoe sailing backwards into the corner. Tate backs off, running across the ring where he steps up on the second buckle, pushing off to sprint across again...]

GM: BOOOOOM! BIG RUNNING CLOTHESLINE BY NIGEL TATE!

[Wrapping his powerful arms around Konoe again, Tate takes him over with a Northern Lights Suplex, completed with a perfect neck bridge.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Tate doesn't stay down, maintaining control as he kicks over the top, pulling Konoe back up still trapped in his powerful arms...]

GM: Another one?!

[Tate brings Konoe over a second time with a Northern Lights, holding the bridge for a moment but before the referee drops down, Tate kicks over the top again...]

GM: Third time's a charm?!

[Tate lifts him up into the air a third time...

...and this time, he lets go, flinging Konoe across the ring, bouncing him off the canvas where the Japanese grappler rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: And out to the floor goes Kaz Konoe!

[We cut first to Luciana, rushing to kneel next to her man... then to Angelica Westerly who looks on in approval... and then to a headset-wearing Stevie Scott who looks on with interest.]

GM: Well, Hotshot... what are you thinking so far?

HSS: I'm thinking that if Kaz Konoe thought he could come out here and take this guy lightly, he made a big mistake. Nigel Tate is the real deal, Gordo.

GM: Good enough to make the cut for your first signing?

[Stevie chuckles.]

HSS: Out here trying to get a scoop, Gordo? I thought only Blackwell did that.

GM: Can't blame a guy for trying when he's got the man himself right out here with- OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's response as Nigel Tate rushes across the ring, diving through the ropes with a tope that shoves Konoe back into the barricade!]

GM: NIGEL TATE IS ALL OVER KAZ KONOE EARLY ON IN THIS ONE!

[Tate climbs off the floor, taking aim at Konoe who is still leaning against the railing...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big chop by Tate!

[Luciana can be heard screaming at Tate as he grabs Konoe by the back of the head, tossing him back under the ropes into the ring. The British powerhouse throws a glare at Luciana before climbing back up on the apron...

...which is when the duo executes their plan.]

GM: Konoe grabs the ref! He's got- look at Luciana!

[Grabbing Tate by the leg, she hangs on tight, preventing him from going in after Konoe who quickly scrambles up to his feet, shoving past the referee as he rushes towards the ropes, throwing himself into a front flip with his heel catching Tate on the ear, sending him falling back down to the floor as Luciana bails out, clearing out of the way just in time.]

GM: Ohhh! Outside interference from Luciana leaves Tate on the floor and Konoe... look at Konoe now.

[Down on the canvas, Konoe props his feet up on the second rope, feigning a yawn again as he tucks his hands behind his head.]

GM: Is it nap time for the so-called Renegade of Japan?!

HSS: You've gotta appreciate his confidence, Gordo.

GM: His OVERconfidence, you mean.

HSS: Sure. But so far, he's earned it. If Tate knocks him off though, I'd expect the humility to crank up a few notches.

[Konoe pushes off the middle rope, rolling backwards to a knee as Nigel Tate struggles to get off the floor at ringside...

...and Konoe sprints to the ropes behind him, building speed as he charges back across the ring...]

GM: LOOK OUT HERE!

[...and DIVES through the ropes, slamming a forearm into the jaw of the rising Tate, sending him flying backwards into the railing!]

GM: And turnabout is fair play for Kaz Konoe, the Blackstar!

[Konoe, landing on his feet, pauses to allow Luciana to rush to his side, planting a kiss on his cheek as she hangs off his lean frame.]

BW: Awww, how sweet.

GM: Can't they save that for AFTER the match?

BW: Why put off until tomorrow what you can do today? My mama taught me that.

HSS: Bucky, when did your mama start getting her wisdom out of fortune cookies?

BW: What happened to you, man? You used to be beautiful.

[Luciana peels herself away from Konoe as he advances on the downed Nigel Tate, grabbing the top of the railing and laying in stomps to the body.]

GM: Kaz Konoe showing off some of the mean streak he picked up during his time working in Mexico as a member of Los Renegados.

[The referee starts a new ten count, imploring both competitors to get back into the ring.]

GM: Konoe pulling Tate off the floor now... dragging him over to the ring.

[He shoves the Englishman under the ropes into the ring, pulling himself up on the apron...]

GM: The Blackstar grabbing the top rope... up and over... ohhh!

[The somersault senton finds the mark on Tate as Konoe flips over, crawling into a pin attempt.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[The powerful Brit kicks out at two, shoving Konoe off of him with ease. Konoe glares down at him as he climbs to his feet, stomping him twice in the sternum.]

GM: Konoe making sure Tate stays down... to the ropes here...

[Bouncing off towards Tate, Konoe winds up his right arm, swirling it around with a flourish...]

...and then drops down on the mat next to Tate, his head resting on his hand.]

GM: Oh, come on. What kind of a joke is this?!

BW: Calmate, Gordo!

GM: Calm-what?! Kaz Konoe is making a mockery out of this match and... fans, we're going to take a quick commercial. The tape machines are rolling-

HSS: Really? We're not on digital yet?

GM: -so if this one ends during the break, we'll have the action for you when we come right back!

[With Konoe still on the mat and the crowd jeering, we fade to black.]

Fade to a field of stars. A voiceover begins.]

"The stars of the AWA galaxy are shining brighter than ever. But you don't need a telescope to see these stars - all you need is a ticket when the American Wrestling Alliance comes to town."

[A graphic comes up on the screen advertising the site and date of the next show.]

"Tomorrow, we've got a special matinee show in Santa Fe, New Mexico with a twenty man \$50,000 Battle Royal with the entirety of both the Axis and the Kings of Wrestling involved!"

[The graphic changes.]

"Monday night, we'll be in El Paso, Texas with Cody Mertz, Michael Aarons, the American Idols, and so much more!

[And again.]

"Thursday night in Tucson, Arizona it'll be Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright in tag team action!"

[Back to the AWA logo splashed across a field of stars.]

"It's the AWA and you do NOT want to miss it when it comes to your town!"

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where Kaz Konoe has Nigel Tate up against the ropes, throwing him across the ring.]

GM: Irish whip by the Blackstar...

[Konoe leapfrogs over the incoming Tate who hits the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Leapfrogs up and over... he tries it again and-

[But as Konoe goes for a second leapfrog, Tate snatches him out of the sky, pivots and powerslams him down into the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! We're back on Saturday Night Wrestling on The X, fans, and Nigel Tate just turned this thing around!

[Tate pulls Konoe off the canvas, lighting him up with a pair of chops that has the Japanese superstar staggering back towards the ropes. The fans are rallying behind the UK powerhouse as he continues to press the attack. Outside the ring, Luciana is angrily pounding her fists into the canvas, shouting in at her charge as Angelica Westerly looks on with interest.]

GM: Nigel Tate is chopping the heck out of Kaz Konoe up against the ropes...

[Grabbing the arm, Tate wings Konoe across, ducking low as he rebounds off, and shoots him sky high into a high backdrop!]

GM: BIIIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP BY TATE!

[Tate is fired up at this point, shouting in a thick accent to the cheering crowd. He turns back towards Konoe who is struggling to get to all fours when Tate reaches down, snaring a rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock! He's powering him off the mat! Look at this!

HSS: Man, this guy's got all the tools to get it done in there. Look at this strength!

[The crowd is buzzing as Tate lifts Konoe off the canvas, holding him chest high...

...and then DRIVES him down with a delayed deadlift German suplex, holding the bridge!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT BY KAZ KONOE!

[Tate sits up on the mat, running a hand through his hair before climbing to his feet, turning back towards Konoe who is breathing heavily down on the canvas.]

GM: Konoe is feeling the effects of that German Suplex and if Nigel Tate can hit another one of those, this one might be all over, fans.

HSS: He may have heard you, Gordo... that's what he's going for.

GM: Tate grabbing the waistlock on Konoe who is still down on the canvas... lifting him up...

[But Konoe slickly and wisely slips his leg around Tate's, blocking the lift.]

GM: Konoe blocks the German! Nice counter!

[Forced to set Konoe back down, Tate lets go of the waistlock, slamming his forearm repeatedly into Konoe's back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and then reapplies the waistlock as Konoe raises a hand quickly, which we quickly discover is a signal to Luciana who scrambles up on the apron, drawing the referee's attention onto her...]

GM: Luciana's on the apron! Get her down from there, referee!

[The official and Konoe's valet are in the midst of a heating argument when Konoe swings his foot back, his heel crashing into Tate's groin.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW BY KONOE!

[Tate staggers back, holding his groin as an unsuspecting referee wheels around, shouting angrily at Kaz Konoe after he sees what he sees...

...which Konoe ignores as he rushes forward, snatching a three-quarter nelson, bending his legs and shoving himself skywards as he flips over a stunned British grappler, driving the back of Tate's skull into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DESAFIO!

[With Tate down, Konoe scrambles across him, sitting on Tate's chest while pulling back on the leg.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Konoe shoves Tate's leg away, climbing to his feet with his arms raised as the fans cheer.]

GM: Konoe with the low blow and then that flipping inverted DDT to pick up the victory, Hotshot.

HSS: Well, it might be hypocritical of me to criticize him for a low blow... I've thrown more than my fair share of those too. And whatever it takes to win a match but...

[Stevie's words trail off as we hear some loud shouting from off-mic.]

HSS: What do you want now, Westerly? What do you want now?

[Cut to ringside where Westerly is standing over Stevie Scott, shouting at him.]

HSS: I was giving him his due! What's your problem?

[Scott rises out of his seat as Angelica continues to shout in his direction.]

HSS: Respect? For you? You've promoted two matches! Get back to me when you've been in this business at least a couple of months, sweetheart! You're out here acting like I should be learning someth-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Having heard enough, Westerly goes upside Scott's head with a hard slap, knocking the headset right off his head.]

GM: Goodness!

BW: Stevie, hang on! Control yourself!

[Scott angrily steps away from the table, pointing a threatening finger at Westerly who backpedals away, throwing a glance into the ring...

...which is when Kaz Konoe goes tearing across the ring, hurling himself over the top rope...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...with a somersault plancha that brings him CRASHING down on top of Stevie Scott, knocking the Hotshot flat!]

GM: Oh no! Oh no!

[Scott hits the floor in a heap, immediately reaching back to grab at his neck.]

GM: His neck! Stevie Scott has a history of neck injuries - it's the reason he's not an active competitor in the ring anymore! He's grabbing his neck... get some help out here now! Get Dr. Ponavitch out here right now!

[Angelica Westerly stands over Scott, sneering down at him as Kaz Konoe looks out at the jeering crowd and gives an exaggerated shrug. Luciana smirks as she joins her man, handing over a mic...]

“¿Quién es el “Hotshot” ahora?”

[With an exaggerated shrug, Konoe backs away from Scott, the crowd jeering as Konoe turns towards the crowd. Luciana stands in front of him, sliding his sunglasses back onto his face as Westerly looks on approvingly.]

KK: I tell you all the same thing... ¿A quién le importa?

[And with another exaggerated shrug, Konoe turns to make his exit as Luciana stands over Stevie Scott who is now being tended to by AWA medical personnel.]

L: What la Estrella Negra means to say is - what is the point of bringing up his past here in the AWA? And why should we lay out exactly what the Blackstar is planning on doing here, when el Renegado is just going to do what he wants to do?

[Luciana throws a hand towards Angelica Westerly.]

L: Everyone wants to know our relationship with Ms. Westerly and Guerreros Del Mundo... we have a business agreement, yes... but our motivations aren't just those of Guerreros Del Mundo. Kaz wants gold!

[She nods greedily.]

L: And if the Blackstar gets in the ring with Terry Shane, the Redemption Tour of Shane will end in defeat!

[The crowd jeers loudly.]

L: Or maybe Kaz will look up an old friend from Japan and turn him off his suicide mission... put him off from throwing away his career by stepping to the Tsar, Maxim Zharkov.

Business... personal...

[She mimics Konoe's shrug.]

L: ¿A quién le importa?

Not Kaz, nor I, but someone should.

[Luciana drops the mic on the fallen Stevie Scott, turning to shake hands with Angelica Westerly as the duo makes their way up the ramp towards Konoe who has been standing nonchalantly at the top of the ramp. He flashes her another quick thumbs up, before turning and stepping through the curtains to the back.]

GM: Kaz Konoe wins, Luciana threatens, but the real serious situation here is what's going on with Stevie Scott... what's going on with that injured neck? Fans, we've got Dr. Ponavitch out here hard at work and... we'll be... yes, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Fade to black as the medical team tends to the former National Champion.]

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?"

We fade back up on footage marked "MOMENTS AGO..." where Javier Castillo is walking down a hallway as Mark Stegglet approaches.]

MS: Mr. Castillo, a quick word...

[Castillo grimaces.]

JC: What do you want, Stegglet? I have business to take care of...

MS: With who?

[El Presidente lets a sleazy smile slip.]

JC: That is none of your concern.

MS: I see. Well, something that is my concern is Kurayami.

[Castillo pauses, grinning broadly.]

JC: Very impressive, isn't she?

MS: Absolutely. And we're scheduled to see her in action later tonight.

[Castillo nods.]

MS: Who will her opponent be?

[Castillo brightens up.]

JC: Oh, I considered many people for this... unique opportunity. You have very talented women like Julie Somers... like Skylar Swift... like Erica Toughill... like Melis-

[He snaps his fingers.]

JC: Oh... maybe not that last one.

MS: Okay, but who did you pick?

JC: I selected someone with tremendous fighting skills... someone who has yet to get the opportunity she deserves.

Xenia Sonova.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: That should be a great contest...

JC: Yes. Now if you'll excuse me...

[Castillo starts to leave, getting a few steps away before Stegglet calls out.]

MS: One more question...

[Castillo grimaces, pausing.]

MS: Is it a title match?

[Castillo turns, smiling the kind of grin that would make you very uneasy.]

JC: I haven't decided.

[And again he turns to exit, leaving Mark Stegglet behind...

...and we fade from the pre-recorded footage to live footage of Mark Stegglet as he approaches a shadowboxing Xenia Sonova. She is dressed to compete in a black sports bra, a pair of MMA-style fingerless black gloves, a pair of black shorts, black knee pads, and black boots. Sonova has her dark brown hair tied back in a ponytail.]

MS: Xenia...

[The Russian stops shadowboxing and turns to the interviewer.]

MS: You've obviously heard the news by now... the announcement by AWA President Javier Castillo - a great opportunity for you tonight to meet the AWA Women's World Champion, Kurayami.

[Sonova nods.]

MS: But at the same time... we saw what she did to Ayako Fujiwara at SuperClash. We saw what she did to Lauryn Rage at Super Saturday. How prepared are you to face off against such a dangerous opponent? How prepared are you for such an opportunity?

[Sonova points threatening at the camera.]

XS: Did I not say before SuperClash, that I would be watching what happens in the AWA Women's Division with great interest?

Did I not say that when the opportunity arose, I would be there to grab it?

[Stegglet nods.]

XS: Seems like it is about time, Mark, for me to do just that. I saw what happened at SuperClash. I saw what happened at Super Saturday. I have been watching and waiting and preparing... That is all I have been doing, Mark.

I know how dangerous Kurayami is. I know how much bigger she is, how much more powerful, how vicious the She-Wolf of Tokyo can be, and I know what she can do to me, but I am ready.

[Sonovan nods.]

XS: Ayako did not expect her to show up in New Orleans. Lauryn thought she had Kurayami at her beck and call. I am under no such illusion, Mark; I know exactly what I am walking into. I am ready for Kurayami...

But is Kurayami ready for me?

[And with a determined nod, Sonova walks off.]

MS: Xenia Sonova says she's ready to face the Women's Champion. But is Kurayami ready for her indeed? We'll find out later tonight... and right now, fans... we've got to take another break but when we come back, it'll be Alphonse Green in his Saturday Night Wrestling return!

[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...

HOURL TWO

...and back up. It is dark and we appear to be in a clearing. A campfire burns in the center of it. Sitting close to it, in a folding camping chair, staring into the flames, is a dark haired woman, dressed in a black motorcycle jacket, a dark top and blue jeans. The shot shifts, so that we can see that the woman has a can of beer in her hand. A woman's voice is heard over the footage.]

"They say these are dark days for the AWA Women's Division..."

[Cut to a clip from Super Saturday, with Erica Toughill and Cinder facing off in the ring. Cinder nods her head eagerly, shaking a fist at Toughill who smirks...

...just before Cinder pivots and DRILLS Victoria June between the eyes, knocking her off the apron and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CINDER JUST... SHE PUNCHED VICTORIA JUNE!

[A shocked Julie Somers looks on in disbelief... just before Cinder throws her entire body into a headbutt, knocking Somers off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: Cinder just betrayed BOTH members of her team!

[As Gordon's voice fades, we see the dark-haired woman as she gulps down her beer, crushes the now empty can in her hands and tosses it onto a pile of crushed beer cans.]

"A new champion reigns..."

[Cut to Kurayami hoisting Lauryn Rage up into a fireman's carry. She turns towards the center of the ring, staring into the hard camera as the crowd buzzes with concern...]

"KUDAKERO!"

[...and she lifts Rage off her shoulders, twisting into a powerslam position, and DRIVING her down into the canvas!]

Cut to the Women's Championship belt being handed towards Kurayami who jerks it violently away, thrusting it over her head as the Houston crowd roars with displeasure.

Cut back to the woman who pops open another can of beer.]

"Having blazed a trail of destruction."

[Cut to footage from SuperClash VIII of Kurayami rising up behind Ayako Fujiwara like a demon rising from the depths of Hades. Fury burns in her eyes as she raises her arms over her head, smashing a double axehandle down across the back of Fujiwara.

Quick cuts of Kurayami flipping Fujiwara inside out with a lariat... Kurayami doing the same to Kayla Cristol... Kurayami dropping 250 pounds across the chest of Fujiwara... Kurayami dropping Cristol with the Hinotama...

Kurayami with the clubbing double axehandle to the back of Rage's head... Flipping Rage inside out with the lariat... Kurayami CRASHING down on Rage's knee with all her weight under a flying splash!

Finally, Kurayami drops a big splash across the torso of Rage, causing her legs to kick up once before going motionless on the mat.]

"Lots of lariats being handed out, but one thing's missing from all this madness..."

[The woman drains another can of beer, crushes it in her hands and adds it to the pile. She reaches to the side of the chair, but instead of another beer, she pulls out a length of bullrope...]

"Not enough cowbell."

[Which is exactly what is attached to the length of rope. The woman wraps the rope around her hand and grasps the cowbell tightly, as she continues to stare into the flames and the following appears across the screen: "MARGARITA FLORES – COMING SOON TO THE AWA!"

Fade through black to the backstage interview area. On either side of the young, weedy Sebastian McIntyre are the members of System Shock, both in their ring gear, ready to go.]

SMC: Wwwwwwwwhat's up guys! It's your backstage reporter Seb Mac here with another exclusive. I'm here with System Shock, Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter two of the members of the new Axis of Evil-

[Hunter and Williams both shoot Seb Mac intimidating looks.]

SMC: Sorry... sorry guys... I'm new here, trying to work on it.

RH: Yeah, we're live, pal.

SMC: I'm here with two of the members of The Axis...

[He pauses for effect, making sure that both Williams and Hunter hear the pause.]

SMC: ...And tonight, gentlemen, you challenge for the AWA World Tag Team Championship. Now there are some teams on the roster that feel that System Shock jumped the queue by being granted this title shot.

DW: Jumped the queue? Wrestling doesn't care about "feelings", it cares about results. The ratings seem to be arbitrary, as we're UN-DE-FEAT-ED as a team. I mean, you want to talk about us jumping the line when Lynch and Wright are number 2 after only one match? You want to whine about us? Go talk to Taylor and Donovan and figure out why they've been champs for so long. The tag division in 2016 might as well have been a cannery.

RH: Exactly, Duke. I spent my 2016 just sitting back and expecting that because I was wrestling's only 7-star athlete I would be handed the same opportunities that the Trust Fund Trio of James, Taylor, and Donovan have been handed. James Taylor and Donovan may be mellow acoustic folk singers, but Wrestling Royalty they are not.

[The reference seems to be lost on the young interviewer who looks puzzled as Williams steers the mic back towards himself.]

DW: Ri here speaks the truth. Wrestling Royalty may be overrated. The time of legacies is over. There comes a time when you can ask for what you want, you can be given what you want, or you can TAKE what you want. Put bluntly, the time of the Kings is over. They aren't "fine", they aren't together. We are. We are the premier group in wrestling today. We're not reliant on who our parents "were", trading on our daddy's name and becoming complacent with everything being handed to them, so that when people come along that frankly are better, they act shocked that they're a step behind. Act shocked that their utopia isn't exactly what they thought it was going to be.

What we are, put simply, are The Future of this sport, full stop. Maxim has claimed the National Title for the team and his beloved Mother Russia. Tonight, we claim the World Tag Team Titles for the team, and for, well, all those that were told we weren't "good" enough because our fathers weren't famous.

[Riley Hunter lowers his shades and puts his palm on Sebastian McIntyre's shoulder.]

RH: And, my young Ichabod Crane-looking friend... None of this would have come about had the soon-to-be-former champions not got in our faces at All-Star Showdown. We kept the receipt, fellas.

DW: You hear the stories, rich kids using their parents' name to buy expensive luxury cars, then don't bother to make the payments, then some nice "gentlemen"

come along to teach them a life lesson when the bill comes due? Well boys, check your driveway.

[Williams and Hunter high-five and are just about to leave.]

SMC: Uh... before you go, there is one very important question...

[System Shock sighs impatiently.]

SMC: ...Where is Nick Axis?

[Williams looks puzzled.]

DW: Are you serious?

RH: Um... I'm sure he's monitoring the situation... from...

DW: Axis HQ.

RH: Heh. Axis HQ. Sure, he's at Axis HQ.

[McIntyre rubs his chin conspiratorially.]

SMC: Axis HQ... I might have known.

[There's a long pause in the air.]

RH: That's it?

[McIntyre returns his focus to Williams and Hunter.]

SMC: Uh-er... Yeah. The Future and The American Ninja set to take on Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor for the AWA Tag Team Titles!

[Williams puts a hand on Sebastian's chest, smelling the air.]

DW: Ri, you smell that?

[It's Hunter's turn to sniff the air, nodding.]

DW: I'm smelling victory in the air. You smell victory, Ri?

RH: I sure do, and it smells like... *sniff*... ahh, ten steaks.

[The challengers in tonight's tag title match turn to exit, leaving the young interviewer alone. He turns, looking into the camera.]

SMC: Seb Mac... out!

[And we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Our next contest on AWA Saturday Night Wrestling is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Already in the ring, hailing from Little Rock, Arkansas and weighing in tonight at three hundred and twenty seven pounds... CHRIS NORTH!

[The crowd boos the introduction of the veteran wrestler. North is wearing a double strapped purple singlet and has a platinum blond hairstyle that resembles He-Man. He yells out in disapproval to the crowd's reaction.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The boos subside a bit as the crowd builds in anticipation for an entrance not heard on AWA television in a long time...

...hit it Freddie!]

Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time..

I feel Alllllllll---lllllll---lllllll-vvvveee

And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.

I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.

Don't. Stop. Me.. !

[And bursting out onto the entrance ramp on cue is Alphonse Green to a chorus of cheers as Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now" kicks in.]

RO: Hailing from Peducah, Kentucky, and weighing in at one hundred and ninety four pounds... ALPHONSE! GREEEEEEEEEEENNNN!!!

[The crowd roars in approval as Green pauses at the top of the aisle, closing his eyes and spreading his arms out to soak in the cheers. Green, despite missing considerable time, is still as baby-faced looking as ever. His dark blonde hair is stringy and curly, extending down towards his shoulders. Green's wearing a black leather jacket, and his wrestling gear consists of an odd combination of colors: Kentucky Wildcat blue, and dark green stripes representing Gang Green running across seemingly random portions of his trunks. He has a pair of white boots on as well.

Green slowly saunters down the aisle, soaking in the cheers as the camera pans to inside the ring, where North shouts for Green to get in the ring. He seems to want to get outside the ring, but the referee is trying to get him to wait. The referee finally gets North to a neutral corner as Green reaches ringside. Green runs up the steps to the apron, grabs the top rope, and launches himself over the top rope and into the ring. He leans up against the ropes, removes his jacket, and throws it over the top rope for the ringside attendant to retrieve. The music dies down and the bell rings to start the match as the crowd starts chanting his name.]

GM: The Tingley Coliseum is rocking in anticipation for Green, stepping into the ring for a one on one match for the first time in a long time, Bucky.

BW: Alphonse Green's a lot of things, Gordo, and I know you've always been kinda annoyed by his hyperactivity, but ya can't say he didn't work hard to get back in the ring.

GM: That's true, he's a former Television Champion, and that wasn't by hook or by crook. He's eventually looking to get back into the title hunt, but he wants to get past some rather large obstacles first.

[Both Green and North circle each other, looking to feel each other out.]

BW: We've seen North before, and we both know he's a bit of a loser... I mean, look at him! That haircut hasn't been cool since 1985. If he wants to be cool, he's gotta look to cut Green's comeback short!

[Both men lock up, and North quickly gets Green into a side headlock. Green, however, quickly backs North up to the ropes and hopes to send him to the other side of the ring. North has other plans, sliding to his knees to keep the headlock on. He then drives his rather large fist into the top of Green's head.]

GM: That's a good start for the journeyman from Little Rock, Arkansas, who's never really found that big break in his long career.

[Green scampers over the ropes, a little surprised that he couldn't get out of the headlock. North rushes over as Green pulls himself to his feet, driving a knee into Green's midsection. Green lets out a loud gasp, as North quickly strikes him across the chest with an overhand chop.]

GM: Good grief, that chop from North echoed across the building!

BW: Green might have a permanent stamp across his chest after that one. Sheesh.

[The crowd lets North have it. As they boo him, he looks over the crowd and yells for them to shut up, only to get the opposite reaction. He cringes in disdain as he drags Green to the center of the ring.]

GM: Scoop slam by North, and this crowd's voicing their disapproval at the match looking like it's going south in a hurry.

BW: Hey Gordo, I think you saw it too, I noticed that Green looked a little bit hesitant to start the match.

GM: Indeed. I think it might be ring rust. He did finish as the runner up at the Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal back at SuperClash, but imagine if he wasn't rusty. With how long he's been gone, I can imagine it takes time to get back into full gear..

[As Gordon and Bucky have their back and forth, North is stomping on Green's chest. He shouts at the crowd, telling the crowd that it's now Team North time as the crowd boos.]

BW: I even think his post match comments at SuperClash, and two weeks ago at Super Saturday seemed to lack that pizzazz that we all know Green for.

GM: To be honest, I didn't notice that. They seemed to be as manic as I remember.

BW: I've always been good on picking these things up, trust me.

GM: Well, whatever the case may be, we can talk about Green's comeback, or lack thereof so far. North's been surprisingly dominant from the get go here, maybe Green issuing a challenge to men over three hundred pounds might not have been the best of ideas. North with a second scoop slam, and now he's making his way to the second turnbuckle.

[The crowd starts yelling out in encouragement as North points towards Green.]

GM: North going for the home run shot here... he leaps!

[North launches himself in the air, going for a flying headbutt to end the match...

...but the crowd roars as Green rolls to the side, sending North crashing helplessly to the mat!]

GM: Flying headbutt doesn't find the mark!

[Green is still on his back, however, after a brief pause, Green sits up and smiles to the cheers from the crowd. With a hearty "Look! I'm fine!" Green leans back to the mat, then kips up as North starts getting to his knees.]

GM: Green back to his feet... and launches a roundhouse kick that catches North across the chest!

[The crowd lets out a loud "OOOH!" at that hard kick, the sound of Green's shin meeting North's chest echoing throughout the Tingley Coliseum.]

GM: Another roundhouse kick!

["OOOH!"]

GM: A third roundhouse kick and North looks like he's out on his knees!

["OOOH!" from the crowd, Green then bends over as North seems to have the wind taken from his sails. He shoots his left arm in the air, and with all his might lets out his rallying cry lifted from the classic Regular Show cartoon as the crowd follows suit.]

AG: OOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[Green runs to the ropes, bouncing off of them for momentum, and launches both feet in the air, catching North flush on the face with a seated dropkick. North rolls out of the ring as Green pops back to his feet.]

GM: You were saying, Bucky?

BW: He can't let up, Gordo. Look! He's giving North too much time to recover on the outside!

[Sure enough, in the ring, Green seems to pause slightly to look at North, and look at the crowd to figure out what he should do next. North's already on his feet, shaking out the cobwebs. Green seems to shake his head in the ring, and slaps himself across the face! That seems to clear Green's own cobwebs, as Green runs towards the far side ropes. Building up a head of steam, Green runs back towards North on the outside, launching himself over the ropes, flipping onto North!]

GM: SOMERSAULT DIVE FINDS ITS MARK!

BW: Now he needs to get North back in the ring to finish this!

[Green seems to take a little bit of time to think about his next move. He shrugs, then pulls North to his feet, rolling him into the ring. North rolls away from Green, who has hopped up onto the apron. North clambers to his feet as Green shouts for North to turn around.]

GM: Green's got his sights set, looking to springboard his way to victory...

[Green slingshots himself to the top rope. However, a momentary hitch while Green's on the top rope causes North to realize what might happen. He rushes forward as Green leaps off the top rope.]

BW: Again, that was just too much time Green took to think about what he wanted to do!

GM: Whatever he was going for, there was nobody home. Green realizes this and lands on his feet!

[Green lands on his feet and tucks for a forward roll. However, North has already rushed Green and clubs Green in the back with a double axehandle the moment Green rises to his feet. North pulls a staggered Green back to the center of the ring and yells out to the crowd that it's time to take out the garbage!]

GM: And now it's North who is wasting valuable time.

[North lifts him up, seemingly looking for either an atomic drop or a back suplex. Instead, North races forward.]

BW: He's gonna launch Green all the way back to the deepest, darkest part of Kentucky!

[Before North can do that, however, Green is able to push himself backwards off of North, rolling back and landing on his feet as North reaches the ropes.]

GM: Hold on, a quick escape from Green!

[North turns around, and Green lunges forward, catching his right foot right underneath the chin of North!]

GM: SUPERKICK! Green got all of that!

BW: He did and the only thing that saved North was that he's too close to the ropes! He's gotta get him again!

[North is rocked, leaning against the ropes. The gears are turning in Green's head, and instead of going for a second superkick, he runs to one of the corners at the opposite side of the ring. He slingshots over the top rope, landing on the apron. He quickly turns around, motioning for North to head back towards the center of the ring.]

GM: Green's up to something, Bucky! He said he might have a new move and I think we're about to see it!

BW: He's back out on the apron! He's going for a slingshot move again?

[North stumbles back towards the center of the ring, as Green slingshots to the top rope. This time, Green doesn't hesitate, as he immediately leaps high in the air. He cocks his arm back in mid air, and as he falls towards North, he throws his forearm into the face of North as the crowd goes nuts.]

GM: MY STARS! He completely cleaned North's clock with that springboard forearm smash!

BW: Never thought of Green as a guy that uses his hands and arms that much, but it worked! North's done, Green can hesitate all he wants at this point.

[North collapses to the mat. This time, Green wastes no time, diving on top of North and getting the academic three count. The bell rings as the crowd roars in approval.]

RO: Here is your winner, ALPHONSE GGRRRREEEEEEENNNNN!!!

[Green rolls to the outside, composing himself after a surprisingly difficult match.]

GM: I definitely agree with you, Bucky. There was a lot of ring rust and Green seemed to be way too slow out of the gate tonight, but he was able to compose himself and got a victory over the very game Chris North. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell's on his way to ringside to get a word, take it away!

["Sweet" Lou Blackwell appears at ringside next to Green, who is puffing his cheeks in and out.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon! Alphonse Green, I gotta say, that was a very impressive way to finish off your opponent tonight - what the heck do you call that thing?

AG: Ya know, Sweet Lou.. I'm drawin' a blank. I thought I'd have 300 different names for that thing. I was so excited to finally debut it right here in Albuquerque! Imagine me, a guy who liked to kick the head off of people, usin' a forearm smash? Ya think I'mma go zing and try for a clothesline, but instead I go zoom and bury my forearm in yer mush. I still got lotsa tricks, "Sweet" Lou, and that's the trickiest one of 'em all.. and by golly it's a shame that I can't come up with a name for it.

[Green shrugs.]

SLB: I'm sure you'll come up with something food related for it. I know about your tendency to come up with all sorts of food related stuff for your signature moves.

AG: Really, I couldn't do it this time. All I had on my mind was how I was gonna get in that ring and chomp on down on that big ol' appetizer and, I...

[Green pauses. He opens his palm and slams his fist down into it.]

AG: Heh, I just figured out what I wanted to call it. I think we're gonna call that ol' forearm of mine the Main Course.

[Green looks over at "Sweet" Lou, who raises an eyebrow. He then grabs Blackwell's free hand and shakes it.]

AG: Thank you for gettin' my mind in gear.

SLB: I, uh, guess it's my pleasure? I don't think I did anything to jog your mind. Anyway, I got to ask you, what's next for Alphonse Green? You issued an open challenge for anyone that's over 300 pounds, and Chris North gave you plenty to handle in that ring tonight. Are you still committed to your open challenge or are you going to dial it back?

AG: I wouldn't be Alphonse Green if I gave up now! So my answer is, heck yeah, let's keep on rollin', baby. Ya know, I gotta admit, that ol' hog molly was a bit too ornery, an' it took me longer than I realized to wrangle him. At least in the end he was the first of many to taste my Main Course.

It's all good in the end, Sweet Lou. I regret nothin', and hopefully within the next two weeks I'll be able to have this ring rust taken care of and get myself a nice ol' convincin' win. So how about it, boys? It's round two, an' I'm itchin' for another big fella to ride.... with Alphonse Green.

[Green stares at the camera, and cracks his Alphonse Green smile, before sliding to the right and off screen. "Sweet" Lou looks on, and then turns towards the camera.]

SLB: There ya have it, guys, Alphonse Green vows for a second win against another much larger opponent in two weeks time! Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll have Jordan Ohara in action so don't you dare go away!

[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 come back up on slow-motion pre-taped footage of Maxim Zharkov walking down the aisle and entering the ring:]

SLB: [Voice-over] "It's a new year for the AWA Live, and with a new National Champion, a tour of destruction is criss-crossing the country."

[From some grainy, handheld camera footage, Zharkov squares off against "Cannonball" Lee Connors.]

SLB: [Voice-over] "Twelve days ago, Zharkov made his first title defense on US soil in Oklahoma City against "Cannonball" Lee Connors. Although the Cannonball was game..."

[Connors unloads a dozen unanswered kicks to the hips and legs of Zharkov.]

SLB: [Voice-over] "...He was no match for the Last Son of the Soviet Union!"

[Zharkov hits a Peacemaker lariat that flips Cannonball a full 270° in the air.]

SLB: [Voice-over] "Six days ago in Peoria, Cody Mertz had the opportunity of a lifetime..."

[Fade to footage from another arena of a woozy Zharkov and Cody Mertz hitting the ropes.]

SLB: [Voice-over] "...But on this night, bad fortune was once again Cody Mertz's fate."

[Michael Aarons appears out of nowhere at ringside, hooking Mertz's leg, tripping him, and allowing Zharkov to bundle the challenger into a vicious Tsar Bomba.]

SLB: [Voice-over] "And just this Thursday in Amarillo, Maxim Zharkov faced a surprise challenge from the young German grappler Karsten Marquardt."

[Fade to another arena as Zharkov goes face-to-face with the equally stern Marquardt.]

SLB: [Voice-over] "While the adherent of Ringkrieger tested Zharkov's grappling acumen..."

[The smaller Marquardt tries some chain-wrestling with the larger Zharkov.]

SLB: [Voice-over] "...the brute force of the Axis's Tsar prevailed!"

[Marquardt is stretched helplessly in the Gorynch, verbally submitting. You can briefly see MISTER climbing in the ring to confront the National Champion.]

SLB: [Voice-over] "With Zharkov challenging all comers, is it only a matter of time before a contender takes the Russian monster down?"

[Fade to Zharkov raising the National Championship belt overhead after a victory in slow-motion.]

SLB: [Voice-over] "Or... has another record-breaking National Title dynasty just begun?"

[Cut to a live shot of the National Championship belt folded neatly in Zharkov's massive arms.]

MS: Mr. Zharkov, obviously with System Shock challenging for the AWA Tag Team Championship, and your string of successful title defenses to open 2017, the Axis is picking up exactly where they left off last year.

[Zoom out to reveal Zharkov in his tactical mock UnderArmour top glowering at Mark Stegglet.]

MZ: There is no debate. I take the mantle of National Champion seriously. And I await a challenge from a contender who can match Soviet power and tenacity. Perhaps the young Phoenix Ohara may be a greater test than any opponent.

But he has other monsters to concern himself with right now, doesn't he? And as National Champion, I believe I have... ambitions and duties of my own.

[He reverently unfolds the National belt and places it over his shoulder.]

MZ: The man who holds this belt is the top contender to the AWA World Championship, is he not? Perhaps Mr. Martinez should cross paths with me again, like he did in Boston last year.

You remember that night, do you not? I tore your hero to shreds in the cradle of America. I spared him only so that I could allow Comrade Vasquez to pick the bones clean at his leisure. That remains the one stain on my perfect record.

Perhaps he has fantasies of avenging his father's loss to superior competition. Perhaps he dreams of a... how you say... "Hollywood Ending."

[Zharkov emits the briefest of derisive snorts.]

MZ: In Russia, we do not believe in "Hollywood Endings." We deal in reality. And in the ring, I offer reality up and down your spinal column, and through your skull.

[Zharkov holds the belt up for the camera.]

MZ: That is the challenge the AWA National Champion presents. Reality, tovarisch. Reality, Phoenix. Reality, White Knight.

[Slowly zoom in on the belt again...

...and then fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from Rio Rancho, New Mexico... weighing in at 245 pounds... Victor Mulder!

[Mulder raises his hand in the typical fashion of all these up and coming wrestlers who are trying to get a crowd reaction do. He is a regular-looking athletic type: tanned, buff but not exceptionally cut, generic-looking to the T in grey trunks and black boots that have seen better days. He has a hipster curly mustache and the long part on top of shaved sides look that is trending. The crowd politely acknowledges his presence.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... from Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing in at 220 pounds...

He is the PHOENIX...

JORRRRRDAAAAAAN OOOOOOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAAA!

[Now the crowd really comes to life as Ohara emerges from behind the stage, playing air piano along with his theme "I Can" by Nas. Ohara dances down the aisle, wearing his shiny Carolina blue tights and customized Air Jordans, playing air piano and slapping hands with the fans as he makes his way to the ring.]

GM: The young superstar Jordan Ohara on his way to the ring... and listen to these fans in Albuquerque showing their support for the Phoenix!

BW: I hope all that support means a lot to him when he's eating his meals through a tube after Maxim Zharkov gets done with him, Gordo.

GM: So sure of yourself, are you? Jordan Ohara has faced some long odds before and has triumphed almost every time. Why will Zharkov be any different?

BW: You say he triumphed almost every time... key word there? ALMOST. He lost to the Future at SuperClash... and now he's trying to jump the line to face the National Champion?! Ohara's gotta beat some top contenders to earn that shot if you ask me.

GM: Well, we got some words from Jordan Ohara recorded prior to this match. Let's hear from him right now.

[The bell sounds an inset shot of Jordan Ohara fills the bottom right hand corner of the screen.]

JO: Two weeks ago just proved to me that when the evil of the Axis was allowed to fester, it meant things were going to get much much worse. Now Mr. Castillo has come on behalf of Korugun and has eliminated any one who tried to stand against him. Lauryn Rage was injured. Supernova was suspended. And Jack Lynch, Supreme Wright and our World Champion, Ryan Martinez, were laid out. I know I've got my hands full trying to right the wrongs of the Axis, but I stand with my brothers and the AWA! I am there for anybody who needs their back watched because I can!

[And the inset box disappears.]

GM: And we're underway here. Mulder and Ohara circling the ring and I'm interested to see what changes Ohara has made while he was away in Japan.

BW: Well, that stupid haircut and facial hair seem to be all that I can see.

[Wilde is of course referring to Ohara's new wavy Samurai Jack style top knot and thin beard and mustache. Ohara and Mulder lock up, jockeying for position before Ohara pivots and quickly takes him down with a hip toss.]

GM: Beautiful footwork from Ohara there as Mulder is up... and down again!

BW: Deep arm drag from Ohara... Mulder should know better than to rush Ohara like that. That's one of his trademark moves!

[Mulder in fact does not seem to know this because he keeps rushing Ohara and getting taken down with deep armdrags until Ohara brings him down a final time and drives a knee into his biceps before settling into an armwringer.]

GM: Ohara working that left arm now... winds it up... winds it up again...

[With Mulder grimacing, Ohara switches his grip, holding the wrist with one hand and under Mulder's arm with the other, using his upper body strength to lift the local competitor up into the air...]

GM: My goodness, that's gotta be painful!

[The pressure on the wrist and elbow is evident as Ohara manages to keep Mulder up for a few moments before putting him back down on the canvas where Ohara scissors the arm, transitioning into a short arm scissors.]

BW: And now Ohara is stretching out the triceps of this kid from Rio Rancho. He's got that locked in there pretty good. I don't know if he thinks a hold like that will work on a monster like Zharkov, though. There's too much strength in his arms.

GM: I'm sure young Ohara has a plan to counteract the National Champion's natural strength advantage.

BW: Maybe, but working the arm against a guy like Mulder will give you a false confidence if you think that will translate to a monster like Maxim Zharkov. The National Champion is what you call a different breed!

[Mulder fights to his feet, but Ohara still has the arm. He twists it again and then brings it down sharply over his shoulder.]

GM: Ohh! Unique offense by the Phoenix... and that one did some damage from the look on Mulder's face.

[Wincing in pain, Mulder stumbles away, clutching his arm as he tries to shake it out...]

BW: That's a little nastier than I'm used to seeing from Ohara. Was he watching Supreme Wright videos over there in Japan?

[With Mulder staggering along the ropes in pain, Ohara winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: And Ohara now with a blistering knife edge chop!

[The blow sends Mulder stumbling backwards as Ohara advances, winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A second chop sends Mulder falling into the corner.]

BW: And another one... and you can practically hear the skin on Mulder's chest splitting under the impact of that strike!

[With Mulder cornered, Ohara squares up, throwing a left palm strike to the body before he pivots neatly, striking Mulder in the abdomen with a perfect reverse crescent kick.]

GM: And those strikes are fast as lightning! Mulder a little dazed as Ohara brings him out of the corner with a snapmare... MY GOODNESS... beautiful dropkick to the back of the head from Ohara!

BW: Well, I gotta say, the kid is a lot more aggressive than we've seen in the past. And his strategy is on point. He compromised the arm so Mulder couldn't defend himself against the chops which led to a dropkick to the back of the head that must have Mulder seeing stars, Gordo. This ain't like the kid we saw before. That kid was all flash... all sizzle and no steak.

GM: Perhaps Ohara decided he needed more aggression in his offense if he is going to the top here in AWA.

[Ohara lurks behind Mulder as the dazed wrestler climbs to his feet. Ohara hits the waistlock and before Mulder realizes what is happening he is being suplexed up and over and dumped on the back of his head with a deadly German suplex.]

GM: Oh my, what a suplex by the kid from Charlotte, North Carolina!

BW: He laid him out good with that one! And he's not done!

[In fact he isn't. Ohara transitions the German suplex into a butterfly hold.]

GM: What's he doing here?

[Ohara's smoothness from going from the waistlock to the butterfly is made even smoother when he muscles Mulder up, leaping into the air to drop him with a double underhook suplex!]

GM: Nice transition by the Phoenix... and he's still not done!

[Using the double underhook to drag Mulder to his feet, Ohara turns him over, the two men back-to-back for a moment before Ohara drops down with a reverse neckbreaker...]

GM: Ohhh! That'll jolt the spine of Mulder!

[Ohara climbs to his feet, throwing a smile at the cheering fans as he busts out a quick air piano.]

BW: Ahhh, there's that flash and sizzle. You can't keep a punk kid down.

GM: Hey, he wouldn't be who he is without a little of that pizzazz.

[Ohara throws a glance at the top turnbuckle but shakes his head, sliding in behind Mulder as the journeyman struggles to get up off the canvas...]

GM: This is normally where we would see Ohara go up to the top rope for that Phoenix Flame of his but not tonight apparently.

[The Phoenix wiggles his fingers in anticipation as Mulder pushes up to his hands and knees...]

BW: He's measuring him for something... waiting patiently...

[And as Mulder gets off the mat, Ohara swoops in, snatching a side waistlock. He lifts Muller up into a belly to back suplex position, spins him around, and throws him down with a powerbomb!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Hooking the legs, Ohara flips forward in a double leg cradle, bridging perfectly as the referee dives into position to count.]

GM: There's one! There's two! And there's three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And this one is over! Wow, what a finish by Jordan Ohara!

BW: You know, getting beat by Williams catching the Phoenix Flame and countering it into the Future Shock may have spooked Ohara off the top rope. He didn't go there once during this match. He kept it all pretty grounded, but at a high pace and steadily beat up Mulder. I gotta say, maybe the Hotdog did learn something since SuperClash!

GM: Certainly a more aggressive Ohara than we've seen. And this is interesting. Will he be able to be so aggressive against the Last Son of the Soviet Union, the National Champion Maxim Zharkov?

BW: No way, Gordo! No way!

GM: I, for one, can't wait to see what happens when Ohara finally catches up with the Tsar... but right now, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou who is standing by! Lou?

[As Ohara celebrates his victory, we cut backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell, who stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Fans, there's a lot to talk about in the AWA and, in particular, the Women's Division. Two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling, there were two major

happenings that took everyone by surprise, and my guest at this time is all too familiar with one of them... Julie Somers, come on in here.

[That's the cue for "The Spitfire" Julie Somers to walk onto the set. Somers is dressed in a red T-shirt with the golden Wonder Woman logo and blue jeans. Her wavy brown hair is pulled behind her head.]

SLB: Julie Somers, I know there's one incident in particular you want to address, but I have to ask you about the appearance of Kurayami. Just when everyone thought she was simply there to watch Lauryn Rage's back, at the drop of a hat, Kurayami was instructed to turn on Rage and not only would beat her for the Women's World Title, but put Rage out of action for a while. I want to get your thoughts about that shake-up here in the Women's Division.

JS: Sweet Lou, it's no secret I have never seen eye to eye to Lauryn Rage, but that whole situation that went down with her made a mockery of the Women's Division. When I pleaded my case for women's wrestling here in the AWA, I never imagined something like what the Korugun Corporation orchestrated. Now, I could say that Lauryn brought it upon herself, because it sure looks she's the one who brought Kurayami into the AWA. However, I don't blame Lauryn for standing by her family, no matter who it may be. After all, I understand the importance of family all too well.

SLB: I take it you have the AWA Women's World Title in mind for your future, Julie?

[Somers smiles with a nod.]

JS: Believe me, Sweet Lou, nothing would make me happier than to get my shot at the gold. However, there's that other situation that happened two weeks ago that I need to address. You see, I thought I was giving an opportunity to the winner of the Empress Cup to show that her win was no fluke. Little did I know that she was in league with Erica Toughill, and that Erica herself hadn't learned a damn thing from SuperClash.

[She jerks a finger toward the camera, the smile gone now.]

JS: Erica, you told me time and time again that everything that's happened to everybody you faced is on my hands. You want to pin the blame on me for that when I wouldn't respond to your challenge, fine. Because a part of me knows that it did lay at my feet.

But after I not only accepted your terms, but proved I could beat you on your own terms, do you really think for one minute that everything that's tied to you is on my hands now?

In one word: No!

[She shakes her head.]

JS: Everything you do, from this point forward, is on your hands, Erica. That includes whatever it is your new protege, Cinder, does in that ring, or any reason you choose to keep associating with Kerry Kendrick, who has blamed everyone but himself for what's happened throughout his entire career. It's on you, Erica, and nobody else.

And that includes what went down on the Power Hour. Yeah, I saw what transpired and I don't blame Victoria June one bit for what she did. You're lucky I wasn't there, because if you thought she embarrassed you, you don't want to know what I would have done.

SLB: Be that as it may, Julie, I know one woman you considered a friend is no longer with the company. Now that Erica has a protege of her own, what exactly are you going to do to even the odds?

JS: Sweet Lou, that shouldn't be hard to figure out. Because while I learned there was one person who wasn't willing to have my back, there was another who most certainly did. And, rest assured, it's not going to be a one-time deal.

But don't just take my word for it.

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

V/O: Y'all can take mine.

[Victoria June enters the shot. The Afro Punk wears a kente cloth head wrap, oversized Kurt Cobain sunglasses and an array of multi-coloured scarves as a top and skirt, exposing a good deal of her freckled pale skin. She carries with her the broken Toughill bat.]

SLB: Victoria June!

VJ: Sweet Lou, how you doin'?

SLB: So you're going to stand with Julie Somers?

VJ: You're damn right, Sweet Lou. Lissen, Ah'm not just gonna set back and watch ratchets like Cindy and Ricky jus' act a damn fool. An' Julie and ah, we see eye tuh eye about stuff like that. So Wonder Woman an' the Afro Punk, we goin' tuh war.

[She raises the broken bat handle and points it at the camera.]

VJ: And we got some weapons at tha ready.

SLB: What an impression you made on Power Hour breaking Toughill's bat and smashing the Empress Cup!

VJ: Well, I hope like Hell, I've been makin' an impression on Power Hour ... I been wrestling here for a little over six months now and Power Hour is where most of my matches have been featured. Seems like Ricky and Cindy weren't watchin'. I mean Ricky I get because we got unfinished business from over there in Japan, but Cindy? Cindy wanted to make a name by punchin' me in tha face? Hell naw!

[June pushes up her glasses so the world sees her pale green eyes.]

VJ: Victoria Layne June does not stand for getting' punched in tha face, Cindy. I guess you got a little full of yerself thinkin' you could do tuh meh whut tha Serpentes did? Wrong, girl.

SLB: How are your eyes? The Serpentes put you out of action for some months.

VJ: Yeah, those Snakes did. But I ain't down and I ain't out, Sweet Lou. I been knowin' The Mamba and Copperhead since Canada and they know that ah receipt is comin' for blindin' me like they did.

SLB: You know, to look at you, I wouldn't expect to hear such a Tennessee drawl.

[June nods.]

VJ: Whut? You think punks only come from up North? Think they only in the big city? Well, we got a few Afro-Punks down South now, too. We got free spirits, free

thinkers and we got somethin' to say too about tha machine and the system. Ah know ah don't look like ah sound and people don't know whut tuh make of me, but that's all right because then they underestimate me, Sweet Lou. They underestimate just how tough ah am and just how ornery ah can get if you rile me up. And ah'm all riled up right now, Sweet Lou. So me and Wonder Woman Somers here, we gon get some people in tha ring and teach 'em some manners. Wonder Woman, let's go!

[June throws up the rock and roll horns as she bangs her head.]

SLB: She's referring to you as Wonder Woman... well, I guess the shirt would stand to reason.

JS: [gestures at the shirt] Victoria can refer to me however she wants, because we have a common goal. And we're gonna start with the Serpentine. Seems as though the lessons another friend of mine and I taught them didn't stick, so it's gonna be time to repeat the class -- there may be one new teacher but the instruction stays the same. And after that, we'll be calling Erica Toughill and Cinder into the classroom for their assignment.

[She slaps June on the shoulder and the two walk off the set.]

SLB: Sounds like a few women in the AWA are due for some detention after school, as it were. Fans, we'll be right back with more action right here on AWA Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 to backstage where Mark Stegglet stands before an AWA backdrop. With him are the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers, to Stegglet's left, is dressed in a pair of black slacks and a dark blue button-down shirt. Daniel Harper, to Stegglet's right, is dressed in a black San Antonio Spurs T-shirt and blue jeans.]

MS: Next Gen, two weeks ago you stated your case for an AWA World Tag Team Title shot, but the shot has instead gone to System Shock, who faces Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan later tonight. Howie, you alluded to all options being on the table. I'd like to ask you what you meant by that.

HS: Mark, you know what I told Sweet Lou Blackwell. How ridiculous I thought it was that System Shock was getting a World Tag Team Title shot because they've somehow fallen into the good graces of Korugun. You see, when Daniel and I first came to the AWA, we understood that if we wanted to get ourselves a chance at a title shot, we had to go into that ring and prove ourselves, time and again. But we did that in the tag ranks, not the singles ranks, which is where Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter proved themselves.

And when you consider how Korugun has been treating a lot of the talent here in the AWA, such as Supernova's suspension, Kurayami attacking Lauryn Rage and injuring her, and then Javier Castillo sending out his minions to try to put Ryan Martinez, Supreme Wright and Jack Lynch out of the sport because they wouldn't play ball, you shouldn't be surprised that I'd say that all options should be on the table.

MS: Well, let me ask you again -- what do you mean by that?

HS: I'll put it to you this way -- if the time comes that we have to fight fire with fire, then that's what we'll do. Because after what happened two weeks ago to those I've mentioned, it's clear we may have to fight fire with fire.

But after Daniel and I discussed a few things, we know exactly what is the first step we're taking and it goes like this: We want the winners of the World Tag Team Title bout.

[There's a brief pause before Stegglet asks his next question.]

MS: That's it? There isn't more to what you discussed?

[Harper holds up his hand.]

DH: Mark, understand that this is simply the first step. We're making it known what our goal is and that we aren't going to be silenced! We're also letting it be known that this new Axis, with Williams running the show, isn't going to keep walking all over everyone in the AWA! And we're certainly letting it be known that if we have to take further action, we're more than ready to do that!

Because neither one of us are going to keep standing by idly and watch Korugun, the Axis, the Kings of Wrestling, or anyone else bully the rest of the AWA into

taking everything on their terms! We're taking our stand, and believe me, making it clear we want the tag champs in the ring is the first step to doing that.

MS: Well, I would ask you what else you might have to consider down the road. For example, Stevie Scott is scouting talent -- would you consider taking him on as a manager?

HS: [nods] Mark, that is certainly an option that's on the table.

MS: All right, then, what about Jordan Ohara? He's made a call to arms to the AWA to ask for anyone to stand by his side against the Axis.

DH: Of course that's an option on the table, Mark! What else would you think?

MS: I think we should ask you both if you would consider what Howie's uncle did -- would you sell out to someone who promised you everything?

[Harper and Somers exchange glances, then Somers speaks.]

HS: We discussed that for a bit, Mark, I'll admit it. However, we did come to one conclusion -- if it was Korugun insisting we sell our souls to them, in exchange for a title shot, then we know what the answer would be.

Like hell.

MS: But what if it wasn't Korugun? What if it was someone else?

[Somers folds his arms.]

HS: That all depends on the someone else you're talking about, Mark.

[Stegglet glances at Harper, who purses his lips.]

DH: There's not much more I can say, Mark. I will say this, though: We do expect an answer from the winners of that tag team title bout tonight.

Now, I don't mean to cut you off, but we have a match to watch.

[Somers nods at his partner and the two walk off the set.]

MS: Some interesting comments from Next Gen, fans. Let's go back down to the ring!

[Fade back to the arena, where "I Want It All" by Queen is midway through playing. The ring has been covered in midnight green carpet. In the foreground is Kerry Kendrick his own "Self Made Man" t-shirt and blue jeans. Erica Toughill lingers morosely in the corner, a brand new baseball bat slung over her shoulder]

KK: This... is the Think Tank.

I am Kerry Kendrick. I am a Self Made Man. I am the longest tenured member of the AWA roster...

...And the sad fact of life is I always will be.

[He chuckles to himself.]

KK: And in case you missed it, the AWA is back for 2017. Not only here on Saturday Night Wrestling, but also the Power Hour. And being the lifelong student of wrestling that I am, I watched the return of wrestling to Atlanta's Center Stage with great

interest. Not only will I proudly appear on the second edition of the new Power Hour next week to take back my AWA Television Championship from the man claiming to be Terry Shane the Third...

But I feel compelled to respond to things I heard last week... things about me... things about my pal here...

[Toughill blows an indifferent bubble.]

KK: ...And I rushed to pick up my phone. But... rather than follow my gut and thumb out a few tweets like I usually do At-Kendrick-S-M-M... I realized that I didn't have a guest for Think Tank this week. Let's hash a few things out with him. My guest this week on Think Tank is...

GOLDEN...

GRANT...

CARTER.

[The opening notes to Bon Jovi's "It's My Life" starts up to a cheer from the crowd.

"Golden" Grant Carter bursts through the curtain into view to a bigger cheer, throwing his arms up in a "V" with his left fist clenched and pressed into his fully-extended right palm.]

Carter throws his arms apart, a big grin on his face at the crowd's reaction. He hops a couple of times, pointing out at the cheering fans before he starts striding down the aisle, quickly making his way down towards the ring.]

GM: "Golden" Grant Carter - GGC as he sometimes likes to be called - making quite a splash in his first televised AWA match in 2017 last week on Power Hour. And he had a few uncomplimentary things to say about that so-called Self Made Man that's in the ring right now.

[In the ring, Toughill grips the bat tightly, but Kendrick keeps her to the side opposite Carter. GGC's winning smile fades into a cautious smirk as he stops beside the ring apron. Kerry Kendrick beckons him up to the ring politely.

BW: Now that's the right move, Gordo. There's so much hostility in the world, it's good to see someone being nice about it.

GM: Mmmhmm... let's see how genuine Kendrick is about it.

[Carter rolls into the ring, springs upright, and gives the fans one final "V" gesture before turning to Kendrick.]

KK: Grant... GGC... You kind of passive-aggressively brought me up on Power Hour last week. We could roll that footage, but... I think I would rather hear it out from you, Golden Grant.

[Carter shrugs.]

GGC: I thought I made it pretty clear, Kendrick. And where I come from in Jersey, a man doesn't back down from what he said. I said it, I own it. You got a problem with it... now's your chance.

[The crowd cheers as Carter spreads his arms, inviting an attack. Kendrick shakes his head, waving a hand to settle Carter down.]

KK: Whoa, whoa, whoa... easy, fella. I just want to hear it from you directly. Go on and tell me... to my face... how I didn't earn my spot in the AWA.

[Carter shakes his head.]

GGC: That's not what I said. You earned this spot. You started at the bottom and now you're here... just like me.

[Kendrick nods.]

GGC: But what I did say is that you didn't do it on your own. That you're not the "Self Made Man" that you say you are.

[Kendrick arches an eyebrow.]

GGC: What I said is that you haven't given credit to the people who helped get you here. Because I remember sharing a locker room with you a couple of years ago in CCW. I remember when Marcus Broussard and Todd Michaelson took me aside and gave me a piece of advice, I listened.... and you ignored it because you thought you were better than everyone else.

[Kendrick smirks with a shrug as Carter continues.]

GGC: Kerry, you are talented, you are gifted, and you could be The Guy someday. But you also think you deserve it. You think all this...

[Carter extends his arm, dramatically turning on his heels, pointing at the entire arena.]

GGC: ...belongs to you, and you're just demanding that someone giftwraps it to you, because you think you deserve it.

[Kendrick finally has heard enough, speaking up.]

KK: Hey, maybe if you demanded what you thought you deserved, YOU'D be here in the prime of your career, instead of playing catch-up like this is some middle-aged midlife crisis.

[Big "oohs" from the crowd for that. Carter slyly grins.]

GGC: Heh. *Almost* middle-aged, Kerry.

KK: Yeah, laugh it off, but since we're going for real talk here, oldtimer... let's talk about our respective roles in pro wrestling. Yeah, I lost at SuperClash and I lost bad... but I got a brand new Mustang out of it. Sure, I wanted the Corvette Stingray, but I took my lumps. What did you get for your SuperClash bonus, Grant?

[GGC looks at Kendrick coldly.]

KK: Surely, you must have made a try for the Golden Ticket. "Stay Golden," right?

[Behind Kendrick, viewers with Hi-Def can see Erica Toughill roll her eyes, and silently mouth, "it's 'stay gold.'"]

KK: Let's recap our positions in the world of wrestling, shall we?

I am Michael Jordan, you are Harold Miner.

I am Dirk Diggler, you are Johnny Doe.

I am Tony Soprano, you are Little Vito taking a shower.

You see, I look and I act like a wrestler that appears on a network television wrestling show every Saturday. You... look like you should be in the cast of the movie "Roadhouse." I don't know what your regular Saturday night thing is, but go back to the Double Deuce and do it there.

[The crowd boos Kendrick's condescending smack talk. Carter simply snickers slightly.]

GGC: Ya know what, Kendrick? You're right. I do look like I should be working at some dive bar, cause that's what I did for six years before I got into wrestling. But ya know what else? I also worked as a banquet waiter in some Five-Star hotels in Manhattan before that. I met some of the best, most complex and thoughtful people I've ever had the privilege of talking to in that dive bar. And I met some of the most shallow, indifferent, and emotionally stunted jerks in the world in those Five-Star hotels.

That's what happens when you view people as people and not tools to use and exploit, Kendrick. You see the real people. I've met a lot of characters and I know what the real deal is with most of 'em.

And lookin' at the two characters in front of me in the ring... One's a whole lot better than she thinks she is...

[Toughill cocks an eyebrow and tilts her head.]

GGC: And the other thinks he's a whole lot better than he actually is. Because he's a Self Made Moron!

[Big cheer for Grant Carter. Kendrick grimaces unhappily.]

KK: Well, you know what I have to say to that...

[Kendrick goes for a lariat...

...But "Golden" Grant Carter is ready for it, a step faster this time, trapping Kendrick's arm and twisting him into a 3/4 Facelock...]

GM: OH MY! GOLD STRIKE!

BW: Sneak attack on Kerry Kendrick!

[Toughill springs into a action half a second too late, swinging the bat at nothing but air as Carter rolls out of the ring.]

GM: "Golden" Grant Carter avoiding that sneak attack from the Self Made Man and just SPIKING Kendrick to the mat! You have to think that's not the end of this!

[Toughill looks back-and-forth between Carter and the face-down Kendrick with equal parts anger and dread. Before passing back through the curtain, GGC makes the "Gold Strike" salute again.]

GGC: "STAY... GOLD!"

[Carter disappears through the curtain as we fade to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside El Presidente himself, Javier Castillo, who is backed by the intimidating sight of the Women's World Champion, Kurayami, who is dressed for ring action.]

SLB: The ongoing saga between the former members of Air Strike continues, fans, and joining me backstage right now is the AWA Women's World Champion Kurayami and her... manager?

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

SLB: Advisor?

[Castillo pauses, considering the word choice, and then gives a curt nod.]

SLB: Advisor then, Javier Castillo. Mr. Castillo, two weeks ago, you revealed that Kurayami wasn't working for Lauryn Rage... she was working for you. Care to explain?

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: Kurayami has been under Korugun employ for quite some time. You remember her appearance in the Rumble to crown the first AWA Women's World Champion, yes?

SLB: Of course. Are you saying she was working for you then?!

JC: Not me... not then. But she WAS working for Korugun, attempting to become the first champion on the Korugun payroll. She failed then... but she did not fail two weeks ago.

[Kurayami bares her teeth, slapping the title belt hanging over her shoulder with an ominous growl. Blackwell visibly flinches before speaking again.]

SLB: Mr. Castillo, some would say that whole thing was a setup.

[Castillo shrugs again.]

JC: Kurayami informed us of Lauryn Rage's offer to her and we told her to accept. Look, our interest in Lauryn Rage was legitimate. She had a chance to be standing here with us... instead, she's not standing at all, is she?

SLB: You think a severe knee injury is something to joke about?

JC: I don't. Because as long as she's injured, she can't be here making money for myself and my partners.

[Blackwell's jaw drops.]

SLB: Is that all she is to you? Dollars on a balance sheet?

JC: Everyone has value to me. Hers is how much money she makes me. Yours... is yet to be determined so tread carefully, Blackwell.

[Blackwell shakes it off as Kurayami puts a threatening hand on his shoulder. He doubletakes at the hand, wincing as he tries to wriggle out from under it.]

SLB: Shifting gears here... in just a few short moments, Kurayami will go to the ring to take on Xenia Sonova-

JC: For the Women's World Title.

SLB: Really? Earlier you said-

JC: I know what I said... then and now. It's a title match.

SLB: Okay... are you at all concerned that Xenia Sonova might knock off your chosen champion here tonight?

[Castillo pauses, eyeing Kurayami with a grin.]

JC: I find it unlikely, Blackwell. But if she does... she does... and perhaps Kurayami isn't as useful to me and Korugun as we thought.

SLB: Just like that? You'd get rid of her just like that?

JC: Just... like...

[And he lifts his hand to snap his fingers in front of the camera.]

JC: ...that.

[Blackwell throws a look at Kurayami, looking for a reaction but she stays stoic, staring straight ahead.]

JC: I don't do sentiment, Blackwell, and as Jackson Hunter will tell you, I only have loyalty to the extent that it benefits me. If Kurayami fails me, she will be gone just like others before her.

SLB: Others? Like who?

JC: Korugun does not tolerate failure. Ask Harrison Fawcett. Ask Draco Romero. Ask Morgan Dane.

SLB: Morgan Dane? What about Morgan Dane?

JC: Bad blood. He had to be... eliminated.

[Blackwell visibly gulps.]

SLB: Xenia Sonova is a tough competitor.

JC: She is... otherwise she wouldn't be in this company.

SLB: And if she wins the Women's World Title tonight?

[Castillo grins.]

JC: Than she and I will have something to discuss, won't we? Unlike you and I who are done talking. It's time to send a message to all of those who still doubt the power of Korugun. Martinez... Lynch... Wright... Matthews... the others... I hope they're paying attention.

[Castillo gestures at Kurayami who starts walking out of sight, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: Javier Castillo, El Presidente himself, is out to send a message to the world here tonight... and his messenger of choice? The Women's World Champion, Kurayami. I hope Xenia Sonova is ready for this one, fans. Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We fade back to a panning shot of the arena as we hear the voices of our commentary team.]

GM: Thanks, Lou... and my oh my, what a disgusting piece of work this Castillo is.

BW: Careful, Gordo. El Presidente's got a bit of a temper from what I hear.

GM: He's also got no soul from what I can tell. Did you even listen to him right there, Bucky? No loyalty to the people working for him. No compassion for injuries they have be suffering from. It's all about money to him... money and power.

BW: Fortune and glory, kid... fortune and glory.

GM: And I can only imagine the repercussions for both Kurayami AND Sonova if the challenger was somehow able to knock off the champion here tonight.

BW: Somehow, I doubt we need to be worried about that.

GM: We're about to find out so let's go up to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz!

[Cut to the ring where Rebecca is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRLLLLLD CHAMPIONSHIIIIIIIP!

[Big cheers go up from the crowd for the title match announcement.]

RO: Introducing first... she is the challenger...

[Garbage's "Shut Your Mouth" plays over the arena speakers. Xenia Sonova steps through the entranceway, dressed in a black sports bra, a pair of MMA-style fingerless black gloves, a pair of black shorts, black knee pads and black boots. She has her dark brown hair tied back in a ponytail. Her jaw set, unsmiling, Sonova holds up her right fist, her arm perpendicular to the ground, the back of her hand to the crowd, then thumps her fist once against her chest, before making her way towards the ring.]

RO: Hailing from Saint Petersburg, Russia, by way of London, England, she is...

XENIA SOOOOONOOOOOVAAA!

[Sonova pays little attention to the crowd as she makes her way down the aisle. Reaching the ring, she climbs the ring steps onto the apron, then steps through the top and middle ropes, heading straight to her corner, her face still all business. She steps onto the middle rope and again holds up her right fist, arm perpendicular to the ground, the back of her hand to the outside. As the music fades, Sonova steps off the ropes and does some final stretches while she awaits her opponent's arrival.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent...

[A massive burst of flames erupt from both sides of the entrance ramp, causing a "oooooooooh!" to come from the crowd as the raucous sounds of Judas Priest's "Demonizer" blast over the PA system.]

RO: She is accompanied to the ring by El Presidente, Javier Castillo... weighing in at 250 pounds... from the Land of the Rising Sun...

She is the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRLLLLLD CHAMPIONNNNNNNNNN...

KUUUUURAAAAAYAMIIIIIIIIIIII!

[Kurayami comes out onto the stage first, standing just beyond the entrance to soak up the jeers of the sold-out crowd. At nearly six feet tall and 250 pounds,

Kurayami would be imposing sight on size alone but when you add in her short textured steel Mohawk with the sides shaved short and kept black... her facial piercings... her facepaint... her spiked black leather jacket... and the AWA Women's World Title draped over her shoulder, Kurayami is a visual tsunami of terror.

Javier Castillo emerges behind her, a smirk on his face as he lightly claps for his monster. His black hair gelled and styled up, he looks like a funeral parlor owner in an all black suit. He comes to rest standing beside Kurayami, sharing equal footing with the champion...

...and then reaches up, snapping his fingers.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Oh brother.

[The jeers intensify as the snap seems to summon the arrival of another four individuals lumbering into view behind the duo.

First is the African Nightmare, Ebola Zaire. Zaire's morbidly obese frame is shoved into a pair of loose-hanging full-length pants. His boots hook upwards on the toe, providing quite the dangerous weapon... but not as dangerous as the Singapore cane he carries in his hand, his tongue lolling out disgustingly as he slaps the wood against his fleshy breast.

Next comes the mighty Muteesa, tipping the scale at nearly four hundred pounds. The white war paint is in effect, a hand print over each pectoral with a series of concentric circles over his prodigious belly that he gives a few slaps as he emerges in his leopard print skirt. A wooden mask is over his face - carved in the image of a screaming demon.

The Suited Savage himself, MAWAGA, is the third to enter, making sure he takes a spot right behind the man who he has pledged to protect, Javier Castillo. With his dark hair tied back in a tight ponytail, MAWAGA stares out through dark-lensed sunglasses as he adjusts a pair of fingerless gloves on his hands.

Finally arrives the wildman King Kong Hogan. Hogan stomps out on the stage in a pair of white boots with bloody red smears all over them. He wears a stained white tank top and blue jeans, stomping back and forth with his eyes wide as he repeatedly shouts a guttural utterance that doesn't sound like words at all.]

GM: What is THIS all about, Bucky?!

BW: El Presidente wanted to send a message, Gordo... I think it's been received.

GM: A show of force by Castillo and I suppose the Korugun Corporation by extension.

[With a grinning Castillo standing before the mass of humanity, he gives a slight gesture over his shoulder and the fivesome starts walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: And if you're Xenia Sonova, what can possibly be going through your mind when you see this?

BW: "Where's the nearest exit?"

GM: Very funny.

[The group takes their time approaching the ring, allowing the fans (and Sonova) to see the threat coming. Sonova looks obviously anxious, turning to referee Shari Miranda to point out the group. Miranda seems to sympathize but ultimately shrugs.]

GM: Is referee Shari Miranda actually going to ALLOW this?!

BW: What is she supposed to do, Gordo? She's got a family to feed too! If she ejects El Presidente, she'll be gone in a-

GM: In a snap, yes, I get it. This is ridiculous though. There's no call for these other four men... monsters really... to be out there. There's no call for it at all.

BW: You want to tell 'em that?

[Upon reaching the ring, Castillo gives some quick orders and the four men ring out to encircle the ring, one man on each side as Sonova looks around in a panic. Castillo locks eyes with her, smiling sadistically as he puts a hand on Kurayami's shoulder. The champion lets loose a terrifying roar as she grabs the middle rope, pulling herself up on the apron. She shrugs out of the spiked jacket, dropping it to the floor as she comes through the ropes.]

GM: Kurayami in the ring now... what's this?

[The Lady of Pain stands center ring, staring down at the 5'5 Sonova...

...and lays the title belt down on the mat, stepping back from it while never taking her eyes off her challenger.]

GM: Kurayami drawing the proverbial line in the sand... daring Sonova to cross it and fight her for that title.

[Sonova stands in her corner, rolling her wrists as she prepares for battle, trying to not show any signs of intimidation...]

GM: Referee Miranda retrieves the title belt, showing the fans what this one is all about...

[She hands the title belt out to the timekeeper as Kurayami backs the rest of the way to her corner.]

BW: Gordo, look at the size difference between these two. Sonova is giving up about half a foot and... what?

GM: Sonova is 125 pounds... Kurayami tipping the scales at 250.

BW: Twice her weight! Sonova is so outsized here, it's almost comical.

GM: I don't think there's anything funny about this situation at all, Bucky.

[Miranda steps back to center ring, throwing a glance at both women... takes a deep breath... and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE! WE! GO!

[Sonova fearlessly comes charging out of her corner as Kurayami does the same out of her own...]

GM: Sonova coming out strong...

[The former Mixed Martial Artist goes to her strengths first, lashing out with a quick series of punches that Kurayami absorbs as Sonova leaps up to land a knee under the armpit as the crowd cheers!]

GM: Sonova hasn't been one of the most popular women in the Division, Bucky, but I suppose everyone's a fan favorite against one of Castillo's thugs!

BW: I believe he prefers the term "soldiers."

GM: Soliders?! What? Is he forming some kind of an army?!

BW: Look around us, Gordo. I'd say the draft is already over and they've been deployed into the field!

[Sonova throws a front kick, pushing Kurayami back a pair of steps...

...but the Lady of Pain simply reaches out, palming Sonova's face and shoving her backwards. Sonova backrolls through the fall, coming back up to her feet, charging back in, leaping into the air to land a forearm smash to the side of the head as the fans continue to roar!]

GM: Sonova's all over her!

[Grabbing the top rope, Sonova throws a roundhouse kick to the ribs, landing the same blow over and over and over as Kurayami tries to cover up.]

GM: Kurayami may have taken Sonova too lightly!

[The referee steps in, calling for a break as Kurayami is reeling against the buckles. Sonova backs off, giving a pumped-up shout that the fans cheer. She walks across the ring, stepping to the opposite corner...]

GM: Sonova giving herself some space... charging in...

[Using the ropes, Sonova steps up to the second rope, swinging her knee up under Kurayami's chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEAPING KNEESTRIKE ON THE MONEY!!

[Kurayami's head snaps back from the impact as Sonova hops back down, pumping her fists as the fans start to climb to their feet, sensing a major upset in the making.]

GM: Sonova grabs her by the arm, dragging her out to the middle of the ring...

[Twisting around, Sonova goes for a judo throw, trying to use Kurayami's arm to whip her over her shoulder to the canvas...

...but with Castillo screaming angrily at Kurayami, the Women's World Champion holds her ground.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: That was a mistake!

[Sonova tries it again but gets nowhere as Kurayami snatches a handful of the back of Sonova's hair...

...and SMASHES her skull into the back of the head!]

GM: OHH! HEADBUTT!

[Hanging onto the hair, Kurayami lands a second... and a third...]

GM: AGAIN AND AGAIN!

[A fourth leaves Sonova reeling as Kurayami snatches her by the scruff of the neck, reaching around the plant her other hand on Sonova's midsection, lifting her into the air, and throwing her facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: What the heck was that?!

BW: I think... it was like a reverse chokeslam!

GM: Facefirst down to the mat

[Kurayami stands over the prone Sonova, looking down at her as Javier Castillo looks on gleefully, nodding his head and licking his lips lustily.]

GM: Kurayami... ELBOW!

[The crowd groans as the 250 pound frame of Kurayami comes crashing down on the back of Sonova's head and neck!]

GM: What an elbowdrop by the champion... and that could be it right there, Bucky.

BW: It could be... but if she's out here to send a message, it won't be.

GM: Right again, Bucky, as Kurayami boots her over onto her back.

[Disdainfully using the toe of her boot to flip Sonova onto her back, Kurayami falls back into the ropes to build up momentum...]

GM: Off the ropes...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...LEGDROP! GOOD GRIEF!

[Sitting on the mat, Kurayami leaves her leg over the torso of Sonova as Miranda drops down to count.]

GM: This could do it right here. There's one... there's two... there's...

[At a shout from Castillo, Kurayami rolls to the side, breaking the pin count.]

GM: She could've had her, Bucky! She could've had her right there!

BW: I'm sure you're right, Gordo... but like I said, they're trying to send a message to the locker room and you don't do that by getting the pin the first chance you get.

GM: Disgusting.

[Kurayami rises to her feet, looking out at Castillo who points to the ropes...]

GM: What's he telling her to do now?

[The champion gives a nod as she pulls a dazed Sonova off the mat by the hair. The challenger desperately throws a pair of palm strikes into the ribcage but Kurayami doesn't ever register them as she whips Sonova into the buckles.]

GM: Irish whip to the corner... look out here!

[Running across the ring, Kurayami leaves her feet in an impressive show of athleticism, landing a shotgun dropkick that crushes Sonova back into the buckles again.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A DROPKICK!

[Climbing off the mat, Kurayami catches the stumbling Sonova, shoving her back into the corner.]

GM: Sonova tried to get out of the corner but Kurayami won't have that... ohh!

[A hooking forearm shot to the side of the head snaps Sonova's head to the side... one from the other side sends her back the other way. The beating persists for a few more moments until a protesting Miranda forces Kurayami to back off, leaving Sonova with her arms hanging over the ropes to stay on her feet.]

GM: Kurayami backed across the ring by the referee... Miranda trying to see if Sonova can even continue at this point...

[Kurayami's back presses into the opposite corner before the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo gives another roar, barreling across the ring towards the cornered Sonova...]

GM: AAAAAVAAAALANNNNNNCHE!

[Sonova's grip around the top rope tightens as she leans back, popping both legs up...

...and sending Kurayami running facefirst into the raised feet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COUNTER! SHE GOT THE FEET UP IN TIME!

[Kurayami stumbles backwards to the cheers of the crowd as Sonova takes a moment to catch a breather...

...and Kurayami charges back in!]

GM: THE FEET ARE UP AGAIN!

[Castillo angrily pounds his fist into the canvas, shouting at the Women's World Champion as she stumbles back to mid-ring. Sonova pushes out of the corner, trying to take advantage of the moment...]

GM: Sonova on the attack... trying to-

[Grabbing Kurayami by the back of the head, Sonova throws a series of three stiff European uppercuts, snapping the champion's head back and back and all the way back, sending her staggering towards the ropes.]

GM: Sonova's got the champion on the run!

BW: She's still standing though!

[Sonova moves in, throwing a side thrust kick into the side of Kurayami's knee, causing it to buckle. The 250 pounder dips down but is able to stay on her feet as Sonova squares up, taking aim...]

GM: Leg kick by Sonova... and another... and a third!

[Kurayami stumbles forward, grabbing the top rope with her off-hand as Sonova takes aim again...

...and then reaches out, snatching Sonova by the throat!]

GM: Oh! She goozles her and-

[Sonova slaps the arm away, lunging forward...]

GM: OHHH! HEADBUTT!

[Kurayami falls back against the ropes, her eyelids fluttering from the surprising headbutt. The crowd is roaring as Sonova pulls Kurayami off the ropes, dragging her out to the middle of the ring again.]

GM: Sonova's gotta find something to get her off her feet though! She can't beat Kurayami standing! She can't!

[Sonova gets the off-balance Kurayami out to mid-ring before she dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...

...but as she attempts to hook Kurayami around the head and neck for a STO, Kurayami straightens up, grabbing Sonova around the head and neck instead, lifting her into the air, twisting around almost a full spin, and DRIVES her down with a thunderous uranage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SLAM!

[Kurayami angrily storms away to the ropes, bouncing off...]

GM: NO!

[...and LEAPS into the air, dropping 250 pounds down across Sonova's torso!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG SPLAAAAASH!

BW: That's it!

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

[The crowd gasps as Kurayami pushes off of Sonova, rage in her eyes as she pulls her challenger up by the hair.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The boos intensify as Kurayami shakes her head, dragging Sonova back up with her...]

GM: This match should be over right now! It should be over!

[With Sonova in a daze before her, Kurayami sets her feet...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and nearly separates Sonova’s head from her torso with a devastating standing lariat that flips Sonova’s inside out before dumping her down to the canvas!]

BW: LAAAAARIAAAATOOOOOOO!

[Sonova is motionless on the canvas as Kurayami looks down at her.]

GM: Come on! For crying out loud, just pin her, damn it!

[Kurayami’s gaze drifts over to Castillo who looks up at her...

...and then lifts his arm over his head, showing an open hand for all to see...]

GM: What is he doing now?

[...and then tightens his fingers, curling them into a clenched fist - a signal that sends Kurayami immediately back into motion, yanking the limp Sonova off the mat by the tank top-style tights...]

GM: Enough is enough, damn it!

[Kurayami boots Sonova in the midsection, yanking her doubled-up form into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Somebody stop this! This isn’t necessary! Ring the damn bell!

[The powerful Kurayami lifts Sonova into the air, flipping her over...

...and DRIVES her down to the canvas with a thunderous powerbomb!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: POWERBOMB! POWERBOMB!

BW: HINOTAMA! THE FALLING STAR!

[Kurayami sinks to a knee, planting her palm on the chest of the motionless Sonova as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: One. Two. Three.

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Kuryami jerks her arm away from Sonova with a cold sneer, rising to her feet with both arms raised over her head as a clapping Javier Castillo climbs up the ringsteps, ducking into the ring...]

GM: Kurayami with a devastating victory over Xenia Sonova to retain the Women’s World Title... and look at Javier Castillo. Look how happy he is.

[Castillo is indeed beaming ear to ear as he climbs into the ring, snatching the title belt from Shari Miranda to lay it over Kurayami's shoulder. He grasps her wrist, lifting her arm and pointing at her.]

GM: The fans here in Albuquerque are letting these two have it and... and now the whole so-called army is getting in there with them.

[Castillo smiles like a proud father as the four men on the floor enter the ring, standing around he and Kurayami as the AWA faithful continues to berate them loudly.]

GM: This is... what have we gotten ourselves into, Bucky?

BW: Speak for yourself, Gordo. I'm just an innocent bystander... and you better start being one too.

[The boos are getting louder and louder, Castillo throwing his head back and laughing at the crowd's reaction...

...until a cup of soda flung from the crowd DRILLS Castillo in the side of the head, spilling sticky brown soda on his face and torso. The fans ROAR at that sight - even as Castillo angrily glares out at the crowd, pointing madly.]

"WHO THREW THAT?! WHO DID IT?!"

[Castillo is near the ropes now, pointing into the crowd angrily. He starts wiping at his face, coming back with a wet hand.]

GM: I certainly don't condone throwing things at the ring but...

[Castillo angrily spins away from the crowd, walking over to Kurayami...]

"END HER! FOR THEM!"

[Kurayami snaps to attention, tossing her title belt aside as she leans down, dragging Sonova off the canvas.]

GM: What the...?! This isn't her fault! She didn't do anything!

BW: Yeah, but Kurayami can't powerbomb the fans... well, not yet at least.

GM: Sonova's helpless! She can't even stand, damn it! This isn't right! This is Korugun... Castillo... all of them trying to prove a point and-

[Kurayami yanks Sonova into a standing headscissors again, lifting Sonova into the air...]

GM: NO!

[...and DRIVES her down with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: Gaaaaah! Another powerbomb! Another brutal slam to the mat!

[Sonova bounces off the canvas, motionless on the mat as she comes to rest with a fuming Castillo standing over her. He turns to the crowd again, shouting...]

"ARE YOU SATISFIED?! ARE YOU ENTERTAINED?! THIS IS ON YOU!"

[Castillo runs a hand through his hair, coming back with moisture again. He shakes his hand angrily, turning back to Kurayami.]

"AGAIN!"

GM: WHAT?!

BW: This is too much.

GM: You're damn right this is too much! Xenia Sonova did NOTHING to these people except try to challenge for the title! She did NOTHING to deserve this! NOTHING!

[Kurayami stares at Castillo who looks menacingly at her...]

"Again."

[...and with a nod, the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo lifts the limp Sonova off the mat, tugging her into a standing headscissors again...]

GM: This is... this isn't about winning and losing! This isn't about a championship! This is about someone's career! This is about someone's livelihood!

BW: It may be about more than that, Gordo. Castillo may not stop until Sonova's in a wheelchair!

GM: Kurayami's got her set... got her set up... I... I can't-

[Suddenly, the crowd begins to buzz as someone emerges on the stage, moving quickly down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Is that...?

BW: Uh oh.

[The individual clears the ramp quickly, diving under the ropes into the ring. He quickly gets to his feet, walking towards Kurayami and rips Xenia Sonova from her grasp, pulling Sonova to safety.]

"THAT'S ENOUGH!"

GM: That's Tony Donovan! Fans, uhh... well, we've known that Donovan and Sonova have had a... friendship for a while now and apparently Tony Donovan's seen enough.

[Donovan kneels down, lowering Sonova to the mat. He shouts.]

"GET SOME HELP OUT HERE!"

[And within a few moments, Dr. Ponavitch's team comes running into view, pushing a stretcher down the ramp towards the ring. Castillo extends an arm, keeping Kurayami back as he watches.]

GM: We've got medical help coming out here for Xenia Sonova. Tony Donovan helping get her under the ropes towards Dr. Ponavitch and his staff...

[As the medical team tends to the injured Sonova, Donovan takes a deep breath, rising to his feet...

...and turns to stare dead into the eye of Javier Castillo who has five hulking monsters behind him.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Don't do it, Tony. Don't even think about it.

[Donovan is trembling with anger as he stares at Castillo and his army.]

BW: Another day, Tony... another time. Wait til your brothers are with you if you want this fight!

GM: Speaking of which, where the heck are the Kings?!

[Donovan turns away from Castillo, looking at the motionless Sonova being wheeled up the ramp towards the stage.]

BW: That's it, Tony. Just go be with her. Forget about Castillo. Forget about Korugun.

[Donovan puts a hand on the top rope, his hand shaking...]

BW: Tony, they're giving you a chance! Walk away, damn it!

[Donovan's breathing becomes shallow, rage running through his body...]

...and he suddenly lowers his hand from the ropes, balling it up into a fist as he turns back towards a waiting Castillo. The crowd is absolutely roaring now as Donovan steps away from the ropes... step by step... getting closer and closer to Javier Castillo.

Donovan pauses just within reach of El Presidente, staring down at him.]

"You've gone... TOO FAR!"

[Donovan extends an arm, sticking an accusing finger in Castillo's face who almost looks amused by this development. He extends his arm, gesturing out to the floor where a mic is immediately produced for him.]

JC: I've gone too far? Me?

[Castillo steps forward, pushing Donovan's own arm back into him.]

JC: You haven't seen how far I'm willing to go. None of them have.

[He gestures to the fans with a sweep of his arm.]

JC: But you will.

[And on cue, King Kong Hogan DRILLS Tony Donovan in the back of the head with a forearm smash, knocking him to his knees as Castillo steps back out of the way.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Hogan delivers a hard kick to the ribs... and another... and another, putting Donovan chestfirst on the canvas. Castillo angrily points at him as Muteesa hits the ropes, bouncing off...]

BW: BIG SPLASH!

[...and drops nearly four hundred pounds down on the back with a leaping splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD!

[Muteesa stays on Donovan, his weight crushing him as Castillo claps his hands triumphantly. He backpedals to a corner, waving a hand towards the downed Donovan...

...which is MAWAGA's cue to swoop in, lifting Donovan off the mat by the hair, shoving him into the ropes where he bounces back into a thrust kick up under the chin, knocking Donovan down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! Thrust kick to the jaw! Donovan gets wiped out!

BW: Where the heck are the Kings, Gordo?! Donovan's a sitting duck out here!

[MAWAGA drives his heel down into the ribs repeatedly as the crowd continues to jeer. The Suited Savage backs off, leaving room as King Kong Hogan pulls the dazed Donovan off the mat, flinging him to the corner..

...and goes charging in after him, swinging the leg up to DRIVE his boot up under the chin in a less controlled version of Ryan Martinez' Yakuza kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan stumbles out towards Hogan who twists around, shoving him towards Ebola Zaire...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES the Singapore cane down between the eyes of Tony Donovan who crumples to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: The African Nightmare using that cane on Tony Donovan!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Zaire wobbles around the ring, his tongue lolling out of his mouth as Castillo nods approvingly...

...and then waves a hand at Donovan again.]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Come on! Somebody stop this! Damn it! Where the hell are the damn Kings?! Where's Detson?! Where's James?! Where's the man's own damn tag team partner?!

[Zaire tosses the cane aside, dragging Donovan up onto his knees by the hair...
...and dips down into the front of his pants, pulling a fork into view.]

GM: What the...?!

[With Castillo nodding in approval, Zaire stabs the fork downwards, driving the sharpened tines into the forehead of the third-generation superstar!]

GM: OHH!

[The crowd groans as Zaire stabs the fork down into the forehead again...
...and again... and again...]

GM: GET THIS MANIAC OUT OF HERE!

[Zaire drives the fork down one more time, leaning into it, digging the sharpened metal into the forehead of Donovan, causing a heavy flow of blood to leak from the wound down Donovan's face...]

GM: Donovan's been busted open! Donovan's been busted wide open!

[A shot of Castillo shows him in a state of bloodlust, his eyes glazed over as he watches the carnage ensue in front of him. Zaire finally lets go of Donovan, letting his bloodied form slump to the canvas...]

...which is when Muteesa drops a second big splash on Donovan, crushing his ribs underneath him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Muteesa climbs to his feet, slapping his belly wildly as Donovan lies motionless on the canvas. Castillo looks down on him, slowly walking towards one-half of the World Tag Team Champions...]

...and plants his foot on Donovan's blood-covered chest, crossing his arms in front of him as he stares into the camera gleefully, laughing maniacally.]

GM: Disgusting. Absolutely despicable. Let's... get us out here. Fade to black, damn it.

[With Castillo standing triumphant over the bloodied Donovan, we do indeed 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 Stegglet, 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...]

HOUR THREE

[...and fade back up to the ACCESS 365 logo which fades to show footage with the chyron "MOMENTS AGO..."

[The ACCESS 365 logo splashes across the screen as we cut to footage of Supreme Wright and Jack Lynch walking down a corridor together dressed in street clothes. We're obviously catching them in mid-conversation.]

SW: -not sure why we're doing this.

JL: Because he's been there for us twice now.

[Supreme shakes his head.]

SW: Maybe you and Martinez are big fans of "forgive and forget" ...

JL: And your ass should be happy that we are.

SW: ...but it's just not something that I've ever been good at. Considering his personality, I'm not sure it's something he does either. We haven't had the greatest history, either. When he was here a few years ago I-

[Lynch holds up a hand as they come to a stop in front of a door.]

JL: Look, you've already said your part... I listened... and I'm still goin', in there. Are you comin' or you gonna stay out here and make me do your talkin' for ya?

[Wright stares at his former rival for several long moments before releasing a sigh through his teeth in a hiss.]

SW: Fine.

[Lynch chuckles, slapping Wright on the shoulder as he pounds his fist on the door a few times, not waiting for a response before walking in. The camera shot abruptly cuts to a different camera - a different angle peering down from inside the locker room. Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright are walking through the threshold as Jeff Matthews rises from a seat, also in street clothes. Silence hangs in the air for a few moments before the King of the Cowboys speaks first.]

JL: No match tonight?

[Matthews snorts.]

JM: Nope. I'd guess the boss is less than thrilled I tried to help you guys two weeks ago.

[Lynch nods, sheepishly grinning.]

JL: I'd wager you're right and speakin' of... well, uhh... that's why we're here.

JM: Oh?

[Lynch nods, turning to look at Supreme who is intently staring at Matthews with a cold glare.]

JL: Right?

[He cuffs Wright in the shoulder who abruptly breaks his stare, throwing a glare at Lynch.]

SW: Right.

JL: Look, Jeff... we don't know each other very well... but I know your history... and I respect what you've done in that ring over the years.

[Matthews nods.]

JL: And I respect the hell out of the fact that you came out of a pretty happy retirement to get back in that ring and get back to the top.

JM: Thanks.

[Lynch nods... and then nudges Supreme again. Supreme grimaces before speaking.]

SW: Right. You're one of the best to ever lace up those boots and climb in that ring and... well, you deserve our respect for that at least.

[Matthews looks a little surprised.]

JM: Uhh... thanks?

[Lynch shakes his head at the awkward situation.]

JL: Hey, we just wanted to thank you for having our backs twice now... at SuperClash against the Syndicate and two weeks ago with Korugun. You had no reason to do it... you had no reason to get involved... but you were there when we needed you and we appreciate it... even if we're not the best at saying it.

[Lynch glares at Wright who says nothing.]

JL: And we just wanted you to know that if you ever need us... we'll be there.

[Matthews arches an eyebrow.]

JM: Both of you?

[All eyes are now on Supreme Wright who waits... and waits... and then looks Matthews in the eye.]

SW: Both of us.

[And slowly, Wright lifts his arm, extending his hand to Matthews. Even Lynch seems surprised by this development. Matthews stares at the hand for a moment before taking a step towards Wright...

...when the locker room door flies open abruptly. All three turn, fists raised...

...only to find a seemingly frantic “Flawless” Larry Wallace in a pair of jeans and no shirt standing in the doorway.]

FLW: Supreme... thank god... they said you were-

SW: We’re in the middle of something, Lawrence.

[Wallace throws a glance at Lynch and Matthews.]

FLW: I know but-

SW: What is it?

[Wallace swallows hard.]

FLW: It’s Tony.

Korugun. They got him.

[Wright says something under his breath that likely would’ve gotten censored as he abruptly turns on his heel, shoving past Wallace to get into the hallway. Lynch doesn’t say a word before following after him. Matthews stands still a moment... and then decides to follow after them, Wallace joining him as the quartet vanishes from view...

...and the ACCESS 365 logo splashes across the screen again, showing the backstage area with the chyron reading “MOMENTS AGO...” still. Wes Taylor and Brian James are running full speed towards the entrance just beyond the Chimpanzee position, no doubt to save their fellow King of Wrestling from the Korugun beatdown ensuing inside the ring.]

“STOP!”

[The duo abruptly stop and turn to see Johnny Detson standing behind them.]

JD: Where do you think you guys are going?

[Taylor rushes over to Detson.]

WT: Johnny, Tony’s getting attacked by Castillo... Korugun... we have to go help. Come on!

[Taylor takes a step away but Detson doesn’t budge.]

JD: Oh, I know what Tony’s doing. And I’m not going out there to save him.

[Taylor has a brief moment of hurt in his eyes while James is nothing but pure hatred. The two turn their back to Detson and head back towards the entrance.]

JD: And neither are the two of you!

[Taylor stops as James pivots and heads straight for Detson, who simply holds up his hand.]

JD: Need I remind you who’s in charge?

[James grimaces.]

BJ: You’re in charge, but if you think that I’m just going to sit here and watch Tony take a beating...

[Detson interrupts, an annoyed expression on his face.]

JD: Good, you're learning! I AM in charge... and Tony Donovan made an individual decision not a group one. He will suffer the consequences as an individual... not as a group.

[Taylor speaks up.]

WT: But Johnny-

[Detson shakes his head, interrupting.]

JD: The Kings are not jeopardizing their relationship with Korugun over Tony Donovan's stupid decisions. Who knows? Maybe he'll actually learn something from this.

[James advances on Detson, until they're chest to chest.]

BJ: You going to try and stop me? Because, I'm looking around.

And you don't have the backup you did at SuperClash. Your Dogs aren't around this time, Detson... and if I have to go through you to get to Tony...

I don't have a problem with that.

[Detson holds his ground, staring down the Engine of Destruction.]

JD: Be that as it may... neither one of you are going out there. You see, as the leader of this group, it affords me certain privileges, especially when it comes to employment status. Go out there and you're out of the Kings of Wrestling. If you're out of the Kings...

[Detson smirks at James.]

JD: ...then I guarantee you'll be fired!

[James seethes, and makes a half lunge towards Detson. The former World Champion flinches, but before anything else can happen, a crestfallen Taylor claps his hand on James' shoulder.]

WT: Look Brian, you know you can't do it. You know why you can't. And it's not about being fired. It's about what happens if you break your promise. We both know what happens then.

[Those words force James to back down, but he shoots one final glare at Detson.]

BJ: Two things, Detson. I won't forget this.

And someday... you'll pay for it.

[James turns to leave as Taylor looks mournfully at the backside of the entrance curtain...

...when suddenly a voice interrupts the moment.]

"HEY!"

[Taylor jerks around towards the voice. James does the same, a slightly surprised expression on his face as he spots Supreme Wright walk into view flanked by Jack Lynch and Jeff Matthews.]

SW: Are you three kidding me right now? Are you even watching what's going on out there?

BJ: We saw it.

SW: And?

[A smirking Detson interrupts.]

JD: And we - as a group - will not be intervening.

[A fuming Wright glares at Detson. This time, it's Jack Lynch who speaks up.]

JL: Not intervening? That man out there is supposed to be your friend... your partner... your brother, damn it!

[Taylor angrily shouts at Lynch.]

WT: DON'T YOU THINK WE KNOW THAT?!

[James puts a hand on Taylor's shoulder, staring at the trio.]

BJ: We don't have a choice.

[Wright steps closer to James.]

SW: Of course you have a choice...

[Wright looks one by one at James, Taylor, and Detson.]

SW: ...and you've obviously made it. But I-

[The confrontation is interrupted by AWA medical personnel rushing through the scene.]

"MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!"

[A sea of AWA officials flood into the backstage area as well as the gathered wrestlers look around at the chaos surrounding them...

...and with one last flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we cut out to live action at ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: A wild scene unfolded just moments ago out here, fans, with the brutal assault of Tony Donovan - one-half of the World Tag Team Champions and a member of the Kings of Wrestling for all the good it did him - at the hands of Javier Castillo's gang of monsters.

BW: It was a bad situation out here, Gordo. During our break, we saw Donovan taken from ringside by the AWA medical team and... well, it didn't look good.

GM: He was badly lacerated at the hands of Ebola Zaire... his ribs were busted up by the others and... well, I just don't know if Tony Donovan is going to be able to compete tonight.

BW: But he has to, right? It's the Main Event! The World Tag Team Titles are on the line! What happens if he can't go, Gordo?

GM: I don't know.

BW: Do they forfeit? Does Wes Taylor get a new partner for tonight? Does-

GM: I don't know, Bucky!

BW: Sheesh, alright... I was just thinking out loud.

GM: Whatever is going to happen tonight in the Main Event, I'm sure we'll find out in due time... but right now, we've dispatched Sweet Lou Blackwell to try to get us an update on the physical condition of Tony Donovan... and we'll try to get that update after this next matchup. Rebecca, take it away.

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... currently in the ring to my right... weighing in at 212 pounds... from Santa Fe, New Mexico... Willie Waddell!

[A nondescript man stands in the ring to little reaction from the Albuquerque crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

["My Type" by Saint Motel begins to play and galloping out from the back comes Michael Aarons to a fairly big negative reaction. He is wearing long red tights with patterned pink and purple shapes scattered throughout. He also has on a black leather vest sans shirt.]

RO: ...weighing in at 225 pounds. From Carson City, Nevada...

MMMIICCHHHAEEEELLL AAAAAAARRRRROOOOOOONNNNSSSS!!!

[Aarons twirls an imaginary lasso over his head as he continues to trot around the entrance ramp soaking in the boos. Laughing, he starts doing his gyrating dance as he heads down to the ring. He begins to casually strut down to the ring stopping only for the women who catch his eye.]

GM: We've always known that Michael Aarons was confident in the ring. But this new attitude is brash and almost vulgar.

BW: From what he tells me, he's not going to be held down or kept quiet anymore!

GM: Held down?! He's a former multi-time tag team champion both here and in Japan! Who the heck has been holding him down?!

BW: I won't name names, Gordo, but I'll give you a hint. His name rhymes with Mody Hertz.

GM: I... you're too much.

[Aarons gets to the ringsteps and slowly walks up them, dancing and strutting one step at a time. Getting to the apron, he turns to the crowd and leans back on the ropes, staring out to the fans with a smug smirk on his face. He then quickly slingshots himself over the top rope. Swaggering across the ring, Aarons leans back in the corner, arrogantly reclining and chomping on his gun as he awaits the start of the match.]

GM: Well, it's not Cody Mertz across from Aarons tonight unfortunately...

BW: What about Mody Hertz?

GM: It's not him either. It's Willie Waddell from right up the road in Santa Fe... and what is going on now? Aarons is talking to the official.

[Still in the corner, Aarons points to the referee then gestures to Waddell who looks puzzled, waving his arms for the match to start.]

BW: The last time on Saturday Night Wrestling, Aarons' opponent made him swallow his gum - I think Aarons wants the ref to warn his opponent this week.

GM: That's ridiculous!

BW: Do you know how long it takes to digest gum?!

GM: Well, maybe he shouldn't be chewing gum in the ring to begin with, Bucky! Maybe he should focus on... oh, I don't know... wrestling!

BW: Hey, Michael Aarons has no problem chewing gum and kicking butt at the same time.

[Aarons walks towards Waddell, pointing his finger right in his face. Waddell takes exception and shoves Aarons away. Aarons takes a step back before sending a right hand towards Waddell, who blocks the shot and delivers a right of his own sending Aarons to the mat to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Big right hand rocks Aarons, taking him off his feet...

[Aarons checks his face as he pops back up yelling at the ref.]

BW: Michael Aarons letting the referee know that was an illegal closed fist... might even have been loaded. The referee should check that.

GM: Give me a break. Aarons is out here complaining to Davis Warren about a move he was just trying to do to his opponent but his opponent caught him first.

[Aarons continues to argue with the official as Waddell tries to move in on him, causing Aarons to back off, arms raised and hands held out as he begs off.]

GM: And it looks like Michael Aarons may have decided he wants no part of Waddell here tonight.

BW: Well, you can hardly blame him when this punk's packing a loaded fist.

GM: That's not true at all... and look at Aarons now.

[Aarons signals for a timeout, getting boos from the crowd and a shake of the head from the official who gestures for the match to continue. The former tag champion starts to complain as Waddell backs him into the corner...

...but stops complaining just long enough to quickly lunge forward, sticking a thumb right into Waddell's eye!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by Aarons!

[Waddell staggers backwards, rubbing at his eye and allowing Aarons to rush from the corner, lighting him up with a knife edge chop that sends him down to the mat.]

GM: Hard chop by Michael Aarons puts his opponent down...

[Aarons again rubs at his cheek, complaining to the official about the earlier clenched fist...

...and then dropping down to his knees, he starts pounding the skull of Waddell with right hands!]

GM: Oh, come on! He was just complaining about that closed fist by Waddell and-

BW: And since Warren wouldn't do anything about it, Aarons is taking justice into his own hands, daddy!

GM: Justice?!

[Warren, having finally seen enough, pulls Aarons off of his opponent after a lengthy four count, reprimanding him for the illegal blows as Aarons simply smirks in response...

...and then brushes past the official to kick a rising Waddell in the side of the head!]

GM: Oh! Aarons putting his boot to good use there, keeping Waddell down on the mat and... what's this about?

[Turning back to the fans, Aarons strikes a double bicep curl shouting "I AM ENTERTAINMENT!"]

GM: No lack of confidence on the part of Michael Aarons... pulling Waddell up to his feet now...

"GET READY TO POST THIS!"

[Snatching a front facelock, Aarons slings Waddell's arm over his neck before taking him over in a quick snap suplex...]

"THAT'S ONE!"

[...and rolls right back up to his feet, still holding the front chancery...]

"THAT'S TWO!"

[The duet of picture perfect snap suplexes leaves Waddell in a bad way as Aarons drags him one up one final time, switching his grip slightly, and swings him over into a swinging neckbreaker...]

GM: Perfect execution on that swinging neckbreaker and...

[Aarons bridges up off the canvas, pulling Waddell up with him so that they're back to back...

...and drops down with a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: Wow! What a devastating combination on the part of Michael Aarons!

[The former Air Strike member comes to his feet, rushing across the ring to mount the midbuckle as he looks out on the crowd, his arms outstretched.]

"ARE YOU NOT ENTERTAINED?!"

[The boos come pouring down, drawing a smirk from Aarons as he hops off the buckle, turning back towards Waddell who is struggling to get back to his feet.]

GM: Willie Waddell having a hard time getting into this one since the opening bell and that right hand...

BW: Loaded right hand.

GM: It was not loaded, Bucky. Stop spreading Aarons' propaganda!

[Aarons grabs the rising Waddell, pulling him to his feet and tossing him into the nearest corner. He backs off to the opposite corner.]

GM: Aarons with a head of steam, charging in hard!

[He leaps into the air, aiming for the stunned Waddell...

...who grabs the top rope, yanking himself clear as Aarons soars past, smashing chestfirst into the buckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Aarons comes up empty! And this is Willie Waddell's chance, fans!

[Sensing his opportunity, Waddell turns back towards the corner as Aarons stumbles out into a big haymaker!]

GM: Oh my! What a right by Waddell!

[A few more follow, sending Aarons stumbling back into the corner as the New Mexico crowd starts to cheer their native son on. Aarons tries to step out of the corner but Waddell tosses him back in before uncorking an uppercut that nearly lifts Aarons over the ropes before he falls back down to the canvas.]

GM: Waddell's got Aarons rocking and rolling in the corner... grabs the arm... shoulder throw from corner to corner... Aarons hits the corner hard!

[Stumbling out of the corner like a drunken sailor, Aarons wobbles right into a hard running clothesline that flips Aarons inside out before dumping him to the canvas to big cheers from the crowd!]

GM: What a clothesline! And the tide has turned in this one, fans! Now Willie Waddell's gotta start thinking about how to finish off the arrogant Michael Aarons who let that overconfidence get the better of him.

BW: Aarons can't even stand right now, Gordo. I'm not even sure he knows where he is.

GM: Waddell staying on him, pulling him back to his feet... another whip to the ropes...

[As Aarons rebounds, Waddell drops his head, looking for a backdrop...]

GM: Waddell sets and-

[Aarons turns around as he approaches, using Waddell's doubled up form to propel himself into a backflip, landing behind the Santa Fe native...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and DRILLS the turning Waddell under the chin with a superkick!]

BW: Say Goodnight to the Daylight!

GM: Indeed! Willie Waddell may be completely knocked out from that kick.

BW: No, Gordo, that's what he calls it because when he hits it, it's lights out!

[Recovering from Waddell's brief flurry of offense, Aarons is high stepping around the ring, pointing to himself...]

"NEVER IN DOUBT!"

[He points to his wrist, shouting "YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS!" before he grabs the top rope, slingshotting his way to the top...]

GM: Aarons up top! I don't think he needs this because Waddell is out but-

BW: But he came here to put on a show, Gordo, and that's what he's going to do!

[On the top rope, Aarons begins to shake his right arm, slowly bringing it up in a bicep curl where he kisses his bicep before leaping and sending an elbow down across the chest of Waddell.]

BW: RATINGS SPIKE!

GM: The flying elbow off the top - that should be all she wrote and... oh, come on!

[Instead of going for a pin, Aarons rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: What's he-?! He's coming over here!

BW: Michael, first you pin the guy - then you do the postmatch interview, buddy!

GM: What are you- HEY!

[The camera cuts over to the broadcasters where Aarons has grabbed Gordon's headset, taking it for himself as he slides it on.]

MA: OH MY STARS!!! OH MY STARS!!!! OH MY SSSSTTTTTTTAAAAARRRRRRSSSS!!!!!!
BUCKY, HE LEAPED CLEAR ACROSS THE RING! WHAT ELEVATION! WHAT
DEXTERITY! WHAT CHARISMA! MICHAEL AARONS IS THE DEFINITION OF
AWESOME!

[With a thud, Aarons drops the headset back on the table before sliding back into the ring. There is a shuffling sound as Myers tries to readjust his headset.]

BW: Hey, that was a pretty spot on impersonation there, Gordo. He's got you pegged.

GM: The complete disrespect of that-

BW: Careful, Gordo.

[Back in the ring, Aarons makes his way over to his opponent. As arrogant as ever, Aarons slowing picks up Waddell into an inverted facelock.]

GM: And we've seen this before, fans.

[Looking out to the crowd, he smirks and with his free hand gives a thumbs down signal before grabbing the arm of Waddell as he twists to the side, flipping him over and driving him face first into the canvas!]

BW: Shattershot, bay-bee!

[Aarons drops down in the most arrogant of covers as he raises his fingers counting with the ref.]

GM: That's one... two... and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... here is your winner...

MIIIIIIIIICHAELLLLLLLLL AAAAAAAAARONNNNNNSSSSS!

[The crowd jeers as the referee raises his hand in victory. Aarons sneers at the booing crowd.]

GM: Another impressive victory for Michael Aarons... and it looks like our own Mark Stegglet is going to try and get a few words with him as we take a quick look at the closing moments of this one on replay. Bucky?

[We cut to a slow motion instant replay of Aarons slingshotting himself up to the top rope in a single bound.]

BW: Alright, Gordo... Michael Aarons showing the world how a world class athlete gets to the top rope. None of this silly climbing the ropes business for a guy like him. Standing up top... all eyes on him as they should be...

[Aarons leaps from his perch, soaring through the air...]

BW: ...and then right off the top, higher than a 747 as he comes down, down, down onto his opponent with that flying elbowdrop - the Ratings Spike. But that wasn't enough for Aarons, looking to put on a show to kill the doldrums here in Albuquerque.

[Cut to a little later as Aarons hooks the inverted front facelock, jerking a thumb down as he twists his victim violently to the side, rotating him all the way over before driving his head into the mat.]

BW: And there's the Shattershot... and there's your winner. Michael Aarons making the world recognize who the true talent in Air Strike really was.

GM: Michael Aarons adds another notch to the win column... and now he's standing in the aisleway alongside Mark Stegglet. Mark, take it away!

[We cut to the middle of the aisle where Stegglet is standing alongside Aarons who has now slipped his arm over the shoulder of Stegglet.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... and Michael Aarons picks up another win but again, this new attitude of his is on full display.

[Aarons completely ignores the jab about his attitude.]

MA: Steg-a-saurus! What's going on?

[Aarons beams at the camera as Stegglet continues.]

MS: What's going on? Well, I think what's going on is that everyone's mind is on-

[Aarons interjects.]

MA: I'm on everyone's mind? No doubt. After all, I am an international superstar, making my mark in almost every single country across the world!

[Aarons smirks.]

MA: I'm dripping with sex appeal that make all the girls squeal.

[A few women cat call to prove his point as he nods.]

MA: I am the hottest thing going in the company bar none, the most talked about match from two weeks ago, the most talked about man for the past few months. The Absolute in Awesomeness; the Epitome of Excellence; the Pontiff of Perfection, the human highlight reel... Michael Aarons. And here I am talking to you.

[Aarons laughs.]

MA: I mean... how lucky are you, Steggs?

[Stegglet goes to say something but Aarons cuts him off.]

MA: It's a known fact that each and every one of those things are absolutely - without a doubt - true. But it's also true that I am much too humble of a person to say those things about myself! I happen to be the greatest person in the world when it comes to humility!

[Aarons again nods as his arrogance garners a negative reaction. He then pivots and points right in Stegglet's face.]

MA: That's why you should be saying all this stuff. You're a journalist... you're supposed to speak the truth... so talk about how great Michael Aarons is.

[Stegglet just stares at him as Aarons places his hands on his hips. The awkward silence and the boos are finally cut off by a loud cheer.]

GM: Well, this just got interesting.

BW: What's HE doing out here?!

[The cheers are quite loud as out from the back comes Cody Mertz. An exasperated Michael Aarons throws his hands up in the air as Mertz makes his way over to the duo, stepping up to the mic.]

CM: Mark, I think we've heard enough...

[Angrily, Aarons jerks the mic out of his former partner's hand.]

MA: What's the matter, Cee Dee? Couldn't get your own time on the mic and decided to steal some more of mine?

{Mertz glares at Aarons.}

CM: No, Mike, I just think we're all tired of listening to you go on about how great you think you are!

[The crowd cheers, bringing a nod from Mertz and a shake of the head and a waggle of the finger from Aarons as Mertz continues.]

CM: And to be honest, I'm tired too, Michael. Tired of waiting for an answer from you. I've given you time... plenty of time to get past whatever's going through your head. I've called you on the phone... I've done this face to face now... and still, no answer.

[Mertz shakes his head in dismay.]

CM: And it's a simple question, Mike... I just want to know why you did what you did at SuperClash.

I want to know why you're ignoring me - why you refuse to explain yourself...

[Mertz grimaces.]

CM: And I guess I also want to know why you suddenly seem to be concerned with interfering in MY matches and costing me my shot at Zharkov and the National Title last week at that live event.

[Aarons slyly smiles and shrugs as Mertz just rolls his eyes.]

CM: That's fine, that's on me. That's something I needed to do, give you one last opportunity to explain yourself. But that explanation isn't coming... and I'm all out of opportunities to give you... just like I'm all out of patience with asking the same questions and getting no answer.

You obviously have a problem with me, Mike... so why don't settle it...

[Mertz takes a step towards Aarons, raising an arm to point down the aisle.]

CM: ...IN THE RING!

[Huge cheer from that crowd as Aarons looks concerned if only for a moment before he smirks at Mertz.]

MA: You want to fight me, Cee Dee? Is that what you want? You want to go settle our differences man-to-man?

[Mertz nods his head eagerly.]

MA: So the next time out on this show in Phoenix, you want to put Michael Aarons versus Cody Mertz in that ring?

[Mertz smiles and nods again. Aarons lowers the mic and looks to the crowd who give a huge pop for the match announcement.]

MS: Well, whaddya say, Michael Aarons?

[Aarons nods, rubbing his hands together as he leans over the mic.]

MA: NO WAY!

[The crowd bursts into jeers as Aarons starts chuckling. Mertz looks dejected, balling up his fists angrily as Stegglet tries to stay between the former tag team partners.]

MA: You think I'm going to fight you? Talk about lowering myself to the level of the competition!

[Aarons pauses, snapping his fingers.]

MA: Check that, Steggo... there is no competition for me! SuperClash? I did you a favor at SuperClash and you're still out here crying about it. Face facts, Cee Dee... you're not... on... my level!

[More boos pour down on Aarons.]

MA: And now you want me to get in the ring with you and fight you?

[Mertz shouts off-mic as Stegglet continues to try to keep them apart.]

MA: You know, I guess I always was the better friend, buddy. Because I'm not going to let you suffer that kind of embarrassment on the national stage.

I can't, in good faith, allow you to get embarrassed like that.

[Mertz glares at Aarons as the crowd jeers loudly.]

MA: And I know you won't thank me because you're ungrateful.

But... you're welcome.

[Aarons gives Mertz a wink and shoots him with his finger gun as simply walks off, leaving Mertz standing with Stegglet.]

MS: A challenge issued... but a challenge declined. Cody Mertz, any comment on that?

CM: I... well, I'm just wondering what happened to the man I thought I knew.

[And with a disappointed expression on his face, Cody Mertz turns to leave.]

MS: Obvious dejection on the part of Cody Mertz... but you have to believe that someday those two will get in that ring and attempt to settle whatever this is between them. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be Shadoo Rage in action so don't go away!

[Fade to black.]

Fade to a field of stars. A voiceover begins.]

"The stars of the AWA galaxy are shining brighter than ever. But you don't need a telescope to see these stars - all you need is a ticket when the American Wrestling Alliance comes to town."

[A graphic comes up on the screen advertising the site and date of the next show.]

"Tomorrow, we've got a special matinee show in Santa Fe, New Mexico with a twenty man \$50,000 Battle Royal with the entirety of both the Axis and the Kings of Wrestling involved!"

[The graphic changes.]

"Monday night, we'll be in El Paso, Texas with Cody Mertz, Michael Aarons, the American Idols, and so much more!

[And again.]

"Thursday night in Tucson, Arizona it'll be Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright in tag team action!"

[Back to the AWA logo splashed across a field of stars.]

"It's the AWA and you do NOT want to miss it when it comes to your town!"

[Fade to black...

Cut to footage, captioned: "LAST WEEK - ATLANTA, GA." Cinder paces a hallway in Center Stage, agitated. She takes a deep breath, pushes a few strands of ochre hair away from her face, and says...]

C: Look what my Julie Somers and Vekki June have done!

[She holds up various loosely connected pieces of splintered wood and metal that were probably at one time the Empress Cup.]

C: I thought that losin' everything in that caravan fire was the worst thing that could happen to me! But no...Vekki June and Julie Somers are just wicked stepsisters, jealous of what someone they consider to be their inferior could accomplish. How am I supposed to explain to Missus Ozaki what happened to her trophy, by the way?

Oh, look at Vekki June... fightin' sisters from Memphis to Nash-Vile... Oh, you're trying to rise above people lookin' at ya funny 'coz you look different... Oh, you've been fighting your whole life, Vekki.

[Cinder puts on an air of withering sarcasm with a deadpan...]

C: Aye... did ya?

I didnae come from some Combat Corner pedigree, and nor was I born with gold-plated underpants either, by the way. I stepped into the ring when I was thirteen. I am not some wee waif who has tae hide behind Mummy's skirt. Nooooo, my Fairy Godmum has built herself a fighter. I won the Empress Cup, trophy or not. And I'm the one who is going to lead the AWA into the tomorrow, and the next day, and the next.

And if either of you have something to say about me or my Fairy Godmum... 'Mon then, you two can say it to my face, or you can bolt ya rockets! Vekki... you ambushed me. So when you're not expectin' it, I'll ambush you.

[She hold up the tattered remains of the Empress Cup.]

C: And answer for this, tae boot.

[We fade through black with a splash of the ACCESS 365 logo that fades into the words "Previously Recorded" over a chaotic scene backstage. Several medics, AWA officials and security are on the scene in the backstage interview area, where we see the prone figure of Ayako Fujiwara laying facedown on the floor. As the medics attempt to load Ayako on the gurney, we hear Dr. Ponavitch barking orders.]

Dr. Ponavitch: Careful! We have no idea what injuries she might have. And get that mask off her face!

[Mask? Yes, the black mask of Ayako's assailant has been placed on her face. As a medic reaches for the mask, Ayako suddenly snaps awake and sits up in the gurney.]

Ayako: GET OFF ME! GET AWAY FROM ME!

[She tries to fight off the medics, but Tommy Fierro rushes in to hold her down.]

TF: Calm down, Ayako! You're safe now!

Ayako: NO! LET GO OF ME! I-

[Ayako trashes about, before realizing there's something on her face.]

Ayako: What is this!? Get it off my face!

[Ayako manages to free an arm and rip the mask off. Without the mask, we see that her face is streaked with dried blood and marked up. She stares at the mask wordlessly in shock, before whispering...]

Ayako: I...I've seen this mask before!

[And abruptly, the footage cuts again, resulting in us being back out live in the arena in Albuquerque with Rebecca Ortiz in center ring.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring... from Albuquerque, New Mexico... weighing in at 219 pounds... MILTON WORTLEY!

[Wortley raises his hand and waves to the crowd. As his name might imply, Wortley is a nerdish looking hipster guy wearing a "Where's Waldo" beanie, red trunks and white short boots. He is lean and not well-defined.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The crowd boos as Johnny Cash's "God's Gonna Cut You Down" plays over the PA. Shadoe Rage emerges from behind the stage.]

RO: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 244 pounds...

He is... SENNNNNNSAAAAAATIONALLLLL...

SHAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The black-robed warrior glares at the crowd as he throws his arms out and twirls in place before marching down the aisle. He threatens the fans and snarls and growls at them as he takes the ring, shedding himself of his black leather robes, ragged cotton cowl and sunglasses.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell sounds and we're underway for the first time we've seen Shadoe Rage in action since SuperClash and that wild brawl he had with Blackjack Lynch there in New Orleans.

BW: Ha! I can't tell you how happy I am that the last sight of that stinkin' Blackjack Lynch I ever had was him being dragged out on a stretcher courtesy of this man in the ring, Shadoe Rage!

GM: Will you stop that, Bucky? Rage's actions in that match were despicable.

BW: You mean the nine groin shots for each of the Lynch children? Blackjack should have had fewer kids... for his sake AND ours.

[Wilde cackles as the action gets underway. Rage circles the tentative Wortley like a shark circling its prey, feinting and lunging at Wortley, startling the young man before Rage drops to his hands and knees, sliding backwards to his corner.]

GM: Shadoo Rage trying to play some mind games with this local youngster and... well, if there's anyone you'd want to avoid getting into a mindgame battle with, I'd say it's Shadoo Rage, Bucky.

BW: No doubt.

[Rage stands up, pointing his finger at Wortley, a slow smile spreading across his face.]

GM: Uh oh. That look on Rage's face does not bode well for Milton Worley... ohh!

[A lunging Rage knocks Wortley down with a left-handed clothesline, dragging him down to the mat and quickly swarming on top of him, smashing his fist down between the eyes.]

GM: Rage hits hard and fast to start this one off... and a big elbowdrop down across the chest... and another... and a third...

[Rage continues to scramble to his feet, dropping elbow after elbow down into the heart of Wortley.]

GM: Rage with a brutal flurry of elbowdrops on target...

BW: We're at seven and counting... there's eight!

[And Rage drops another, bringing the count to nine consecutive elbowdrops before climbing to his feet, looking out on the jeering crowd...

...and leaps high into the air, driving his knee hard into Wortley's chest and throat!]

GM: Big leaping kneedrop by Rage... no cover though.

[Snatching Wortley's fallen beanie off the canvas, Rage rushes towards the ropes, flinging it into the crowd...

...and then stops to bark angrily at them.]

GM: What is wrong with this man? This match is going on and Rage has completely forgotten Wortley in the ring.

BW: He's yelling for the fans to bring out Jackson Haynes! Haynes is a tough man, but I don't think he is dumb enough to come after Shadoo Rage in the mood he is in right now!

GM: It was two weeks ago that we saw the return of Jackson Haynes to the AWA... and the public revelation that Haynes is a member - by marriage - of the Lynch clan and has returned to the AWA to get his hands on Shadoo Rage for the aforementioned beating he gave at SuperClash to the patriarch of the Lynch family, Blackjack Lynch.

BW: He's not the Candyman, Gordo. You can say his name as many times as you want and he ain't comin' back.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Spotting Wortley struggling up to his feet, Rage breaks away from his arguments with the crowd to rush forward, grabbing Worley by the hair, rushing towards the ropes...]

GM: Oh my!

[...and leaps clear of the ropes, snapping Wortley's throat down over the top rope, sending him bouncing back into the ring. Rage quickly gets to the apron, climbing the ropes in a flash.]

GM: Whoa! Rage quick as a cat up to the top rope and we know what's coming next.

BW: Death from Above!

[Rage smashes into Wortley with his patented flying double axehandle smash, knocking Worley flat with it...

...and then rushes the ringropes again, yelling and screaming and practically frothing at the mouth.]

"Get your ass out here, Haynes!"

[Rage angrily stomps alongside the ropes, beckoning towards the locker room.]

"Come get you some!"

[He angrily steps onto the second rope, arms spread wide.]

"I'm gonna kill you, man!"

[Twisting around and dropping off the ropes, Rage grabs both arms on Wortley, pulling him up by the arms and stomping Wortley's head, throat and neck repeatedly as he drags him up repeatedly by the arms. The crowd boos at the vicious series of stomps.]

BW: Man oh man... he's turning this pasty kid into a stain on the mat!

[Rage drops down onto Wortley, savaging him with double axehandle drops across the skull.]

GM: Get the man off him!

[The referee loudly protests the assault without giving Wortley a chance to get off the mat but Rage is oblivious to his words, dragging Wortley up by the hair to blast him with an overhead elbow down between the eyes... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Enough is enough!

[Rage continues to hold Wortley up by the hair as he smashes his elbow down across the skull... again... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: This is ridiculous! Stop the damn match!

[Rage pivots, using the grip on the hair to SLAM Wortley facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! This kid's being slaughtered by Shadoe Rage in the center of the ring and the referee's not doing a thing to stop it.

BW: Would you want to get in Rage's path when he's like this?

GM: When ISN'T he like this, Bucky?!

BW: A fair point, Gordo... but Rage is even more out of control lately. This whole thing with the Lynches and with his father has really driven him to a place that I don't think we've seen before. You've gotta think this beating is some kind of a message directed at Jackson Haynes too.

[Twisting away from the downed Wortley, Rage glares at the entrance, pacing madly as he shouts.]

"COME ON! GET SOME!"

[Seeing no response from the backstage area, Rage grabs the wrist of the downed Wortley, twisting it around and pressing the palm into the mat. He steps on the hand, keeping it in place as he looks down the aisle again...]

GM: Oh no. Don't do this... please don't do this.

BW: Y'all might want to look away at home, people.

GM: I might want to look away too if he's going to-

"AAAAAAAAAAAAOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wortley's scream is horrific as Rage stomps through the New Mexican's raised elbow. Wortley rolls to his back, flailing his legs and rolling back and forth in pain as he cries out repeatedly.]

GM: He may have broke his arm!

BW: And now he's going to break his skull!

[Indeed, Rage throws himself into the corner, his eyes wild as he yells and screams at the fans, Jackson Haynes, the injured Wortley and the referee. He waves a hand up.]

"UP!"

GM: Shadoo Rage calling for his opponent to get up but I don't know if he can!

"GET UP!"

GM: Again, Rage is... oh no.

BW: He's tired of waiting.

[Rage marches across the ring, shoving the official aside as he grabs Wortley by the injured arm, yanking him violently up to his knees. The wild-eyed Rage backs off again, takes aim...

...and charges back in, swinging his knee up into the skull of the kneeling Wortley!]

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ECLIPSE! OH MY STARS, THE ECLIPSE CONNECTS AND HE GOT ALL OF IT!

BW: I just saw a tooth fly out! Some lucky fan is going home with a souvenir!

GM: Stop it, Bucky. This young man is hurt... and look at Rage pinning him beneath his boot. This is disgusting.

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: This one is over!

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official as Rage shouts "GET HIM OUT OF MY RING!" to the prone and motionless Wortley.]

GM: Another victory for Shadoe Rage... and now where is he going?!

BW: I don't know but I'd keep him away from the fans. We've already had one lawsuit not go our way and-

GM: Maybe we shouldn't talk about that.

[Now out at ringside near the barricade, Rage shouts again.]

"WHERE ARE YOU, HAYNES? COME OUT AND FACE ME!"

[Rage lifts his arm, shielding his eyes as he pretends to search for Haynes in the crowd.]

"I DON'T SEE YOU, HAYNES!"

[A few shouts from ringside fans get his attention as the wildman stalks towards the railing, kicking it and shouting in their direction.]

BW: I smell a lawsuit, Gordo.

GM: I said, maybe we shouldn't talk about-

"COME ON! SHOW YOURSELF! I KNEW YOU WERE ALL TALK! NOW WHO'S THE COWA-"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd reacts with shock as Rage recoils, falling to a knee at ringside.]

BW: That fan just hit him!

GM: THAT'S NO FAN!

[The crowd ROARS as the "fan" hops over the barricade, ripping off a hooded sweatshirt to reveal Jackson Haynes.]

GM: He's here! He's here! You wanted him, Rage? Well, now you've got him!

[Haynes loops the sweatshirt around the throat of Rage, yanking back hard on it as Rage flails his arms, trying to rip the fabric from off his windpipe.]

GM: Haynes is choking him!

[Rage continues to claw at the sweatshirt as Haynes wheels him around...

...and uses the sweatshirt for leverage as he HURLS Rage spinefirst into the steel steps at ringside!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS NOW!

[Haynes whips the sweatshirt aside as he grabs Rage by his wild hair and starts laying in the heavy haymakers... once between the eyes... twice... three times...]

GM: Haynes is all over him!

[Haynes grabs the hair, rushing across the ringside area, throwing Rage with enough force to lift him off the ringside mats and send him flying bodily sideways into the railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL AGAIN! SHADOE RAGE IS GETTING MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR TONIGHT IN ALBUQUERQUE!

[And at that moment, AWA security comes running into view to a course of boos from the AWA faithful. Security quickly swarms Haynes, preventing him from doing any further damage as the former World Television Champion crawls onto the entrance ramp, flipping over to his rear and pointing angrily at Haynes who is struggling to break free from the mass of humanity holding him at bay.]

GM: Haynes is looking for more, fans, and I think Shadoe Rage has had enough!

BW: That wasn't the fight Rage wanted, Gordo! He wanted to fight him man to man!

GM: So you say. Haynes brought the heat and Rage found it too hot to handle!

[Being helped up by security, Rage starts to backpedal down the ramp, still threatening Haynes as he does.]

GM: And look at him run! Look at Shadoe Rage running for his life here tonight from Jackson Haynes who got him a small piece of payback.

BW: It's not enough, Gordo. You know Haynes... and you know that family... it's not enough.

GM: You're probably right, Bucky. You're probably right. Fans, let's go backstage right now and get an update on the condition of Tony Donovan!

[We fade from the ring to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is camped out in front of a room that is marked "TRAINER'S ROOM." Blackwell has a solemn expression on his face as we join him there.]

SLB: Fans, earlier tonight, we all witnessed a brutal, unexpected, and in my opinion, unprovoked assault on one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, Tony Donovan by... associates of the AWA President, Javier Castillo. Mr. Donovan has been examined and treated by Dr. Ponavitch here on sight as he refused immediate transport to a local hospital. As of right now, we have been told that Donovan has-

[Suddenly, the door swings open and a distressed looking Wes Taylor walks into view. Taylor doesn't seem to even notice Blackwell and the camera until...]

SLB: Mr. Taylor, a word?

[Taylor looks up, stroking his chin, obviously distracted.]

WT: Hmm? Oh... yeah, sure... make it quick.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Can you give us an update on your partner's condition?

[Taylor sighs with a shrug.]

WT: He's hurt, Blackwell. What more can I say? He's busted up... his head... his ribs...

[He bites his lower lip, shaking his head.]

WT: I... we... should've been there for him but...

[Taylor's words trail off.]

SLB: About that. We saw the footage earlier. We know that you and Brian James were prevented from getting involved by threats from Johnny Detson... threats around your employment with the company and-

WT: I don't care.

SLB: I'm sorry?

WT: I don't care, Lou. I... Brian needs to do things his way for his own reasons... and I'm sure Johnny's got his own reasons too. But I've got mine... I've gotta be able to look myself in the mirror tomorrow morning and... that man in there... he's my friend... he's my partner... and he's my brother.

[Taylor looks down at the floor.]

WT: And I should've been there for him.

[And with that, Taylor walks away, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: An obviously distraught and remorseful Wes Taylor... but we still don't know what will happen for tonight's Main Event. If we get an update on that situation, we'll be sure to bring it to you but right now, let's go over to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with some very special guests. Mark?

[We fade to another part of backstage where Mark Stegglet stands with three of the pillars of the AWA. All of them World Champions, all of them men whose names are synonymous with the AWA. To Stegglet's left is former National and World Tag Team Champion, as well as former World Champion, Jack Lynch. To Stegglet's immediate right is former two time World Champion Supreme Wright, and next to Wright is the man currently in his second reign as World Champion, Ryan Martinez.]

MS: Thanks, Lou. It's a cliché of course. But if ever I was going to say that someone doesn't need an introduction, it would be these three men. Two weeks ago, we saw Javier Castillo launch a strike on you three men, and I know that you're all feeling the effects of that heinous attack.

[While all three men nod, it is Jack Lynch who speaks first.]

JL: Let's not mince words, Mark. We got our asses kicked, and they got kicked but good. But lookin' around... ain't none of us here any stranger to catchin' a beating. Hell...

[Lynch shoots a nod in Wright's direction.]

JL: Me and Ryan both have firsthand knowledge of what it means to take a whoopin' from Mr. Wright here.

But Mark, I want ya to look at the three of us, and I just want ya to remember somethin' about all three of us.

This man right here...

[Lynch points to Supreme Wright.]

JL: You're lookin' at the blood of Roosevelt Wright. Ya know what they call Roosevelt in Japan? They call him the God of Wrestling. Ya won't find a people more proud of their nation and of their heroes than Japan, and even they recognize that there ain't no one better on the mat than Roosevelt Wright.

And ya look over there to Ryan, and ya remember that his father is the definition of toughness. Ya remember that in his day, Alex Martinez was the scariest man in all of professional wrestlin', and that Alex Martinez dominated this sport for twenty years. And ya can say all ya want about Hardin this or Thunder that bein' the greatest of all times, but neither one of them ruled for two decades.

And me? Well, my daddy's just a bad hombre named Blackjack Lynch, and I don't see any need to remind anyone of all the blood my father spilled and all the wars he won.

My point, Mark, is that while Castillo has got his blood money and his Monsters, we got somethin' more important than that. We got a lineage.

We got a Heritage.

And when it comes down to blood for blood, always bet on the blood in our veins.

[Stegglet turns to his side.]

MS: Supreme Wright, never in a million years would I have ever imagined you would fight side by side with these two men, two of your greatest rivals in professional wrestling.

SW: You're correct, Mr. Stegglet, no one would have ever imagined I would stand with these two. But fate and circumstance brought us together to defend the AWA against those that would wish to destroy it. And no matter what our past may have been, I'm willing to forget the past to ensure the AWA and professional wrestling has a future.

[Jack Lynch nods in agreement, slapping Supreme on the shoulder.]

SW: Together, we've already accomplished things that some would consider impossible. We vanquished Juan Vasquez and sent him packing from the AWA. We defeated The Syndicate and banished them forever. And now once again, we stand together against another threat to the AWA...Javier Castillo and his monsters.

[Supreme scoffs.]

SW: "Monsters."

[He shakes his head.]

SW: Is that suppose to intimidate us? Yes...they're freaks. They're abominations. They're mistakes of nature. But we have nothing to fear from them.

MS: I don't doubt the ability that you three possess, but after the beating they gave you three two weeks ago, how can you say that?

SW: Because we've already faced opponents so much frightening and so much worse than any so-called monster Castillo could throw at us.

Each other.

MS: Well said. And now, I understand, Mr. Martinez, that you have a message for...

[Stegglet rolls his eyes.]

MS: El Presidente.

[Martinez nods his head, adjusting the World Title belt that rests on his shoulder.]

RM: I do, Mark.

Now, I know that I have a reputation for taking a lot of time to get to my point, but I'll try to say this as succinctly as possible. Two weeks ago Castillo, you tried to take us out, but your monsters didn't get the job done.

So we're going to give you another chance.

In two weeks, we'll be in Phoenix, Arizona. A place that Supreme Wright knows well.

JL: Just keep him outta the clubs.

[Wright shoots Lynch an annoyed look.]

RM: So Castillo, I want to extend to you an invitation. You've got four "monsters" in your service – Ebola Zaire, Muteesa, King Kong Hogan, and MAWAGA. So I want you to pick three of them. It doesn't matter to us which three.

And you put them in the ring against the three of us.

No more surprises. No more sneak attacks. Just three men taking on three monsters. You send your monsters, and you see what happens when they step up to us. You say you've got money, you say you've got resources.

Well, like Jack Lynch said, we've got the lineage, the heritage and the heart to conquer any monster. So show us what you've got Castillo. Just know, it'll never be enough. We're taking our AWA back.

Count on it.

[We hold on a determined Ryan Martijnez' face for a moment and then 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.

A black screen. A soft, low audio voice over.]

V/O: Look! Look at the entrance!

[White block lettering appears on the black screen, "They are coming." The voice crescendos.]

V/O: They're on their way! They're on their way to our ring!

[More block lettering appears under "They are coming." This lettering reads "The Southern Wrecking Crew" as the voice over reaches a fever pitch.]

V/O: The Crew! The Southern Wrecking Crew! They're making their way here!

[The voice over quickly fades. The last bit of lettering appears under the team's name. "Arriving 3/11/17".

And then fade back up backstage to find Mark Stegglet standing outside the door arrogantly marked "EL PRESIDENTE."]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... and into the Lion's Den I go.

[Stegglet knocks on the door, getting a weary "Enter!" from within. He takes a deep breath before pushing into the room, the camera following him. From behind his lavish desk, Javier Castillo looks up at Stegglet, tossing a deep red crystal into the air repeatedly.]

JC: You. I suppose you want a response to that show of insanity your heroes just put on.

MS: I'd like your response to the challenge they issued, yes.

[Castillo sits in silence a moment, tossing the crystal once... twice... three times... and then slams it down on the desk as he gets to his feet abruptly.]

JC: My answer is yes.

[A big cheer goes up inside the arena.]

JC: You tell your little friends that in Phoenix in two weeks... you tell them I'm coming, Stegglet. You tell them I'm coming...

[His face twists into an evil smile.]

JC: ...and hell's coming with me.

[He chuckles humorlessly.]

JC: Hell's coming with me.

[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 to

Fade up from black on a starry sky.]

"March 18th."

[A booming orchestral song starts to play.]

"Los Angeles, California."

[The anthem gets louder and stronger... more bombastic.]

"The American Wrestling Alliance celebrates its ninth birthday in true AWA fashion."

[Cut to a series of quick shots. Ryan Martinez dropping someone with a Brainbuster. Johnny Detson hitting the Wilde Driver. Brian James punching a set of steel steps. Supreme Wright connecting with Reign Supreme. And more!]

"The Ninth Anniversary Show is coming. Are you ready?"

[Fade to black.

We fade back up to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell backstage standing next to a woman we met two weeks ago, Dr. Leah White]

SLB: We are back here live from New Mexico on Saturday Night Wrestling and, as advertised, we have been joined by the... is therapist the right term? Psychiatrist?

DLW: Either will suffice.

SLB: Okay then... the company-assigned psychiatrist of Charisma Knight, Dr. Leah White. As all of you know, Charisma Knight suffered what some might call a mental breakdown in late 2016, forcing the AWA to suspend her indefinitely pending clearance from a trained professional such as yourself, Dr. White. That suspension was - in fact - violated at SuperClash when Ms. Knight appeared and violently assaulted Skylar Swift.

[Dr. White holds up a hand.]

DLW: Mr. Blackwell, please... I understand your need to inflame the sensibilities of the public against my patient but in treatment, we try to accept what we've done, take responsibility for it, and then look to the future for ways to atone for it. There is no benefit to the patient in dredging up her actions while in her previous state.

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow.]

SLB: Fair enough. But you refer to her “previous state.” Does that mean you believe Charisma Knight to be... cured?

[White smirks.]

DLW: The common misconceptions of mental illness live here in the AWA, I see. No, Mr. Blackwell... Ms. Knight is not “cured” as one might be of a case of the stomach flu. Her challenges will involve ongoing treatment and care. However, I can tell you that she has made tremendous progress and in my professional opinion, she is ready to resume her professional wrestling career here in the AWA.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I hope you’re right about that. She did some pretty serious damage to Skylar Swift at SuperClash... in fact, we still haven’t seen Ms. Swift in action since then. We had hoped she would be with us here tonight but we’re told that she chose not to be here to confront you.

DLW: Confront me? Like I’m one of her opponents?

[White chuckles.]

DLW: I am no threat to Miss Swift. And neither is my patient. And you will all find that out in two weeks.

[Blackwell’s jaw drops.]

SLB: Two weeks?!

[White nods.]

DLW: Yes, in two weeks, Ms. Knight will make her return to Saturday Night Wrestling... on three conditions.

SLB: Which are?

DLW: She must first pass a final evaluation from me.

SLB: Obviously.

DLW: Her suspension must be lifted by the AWA President, Javier Castillo.

SLB: Of course. And?

DLW: And she must issue a public apology on that show from Phoenix.

SLB: A public apology? To whom?

DLW: To the AWA. To its fans...

[She smiles.]

DLW: ...and to Skylar Swift of course.

[Blackwell looks stunned.]

SLB: Skylar Swift?! You’re telling me that on Knight’s first night back with the AWA, she’s going to go face to face with the woman she assaulted at SuperClash?!

[Dr. White nods.]

DLW: It's the next hurdle in her quest for mental health. She must atone for her actions to those most affected... and no one was more affected than Miss Swift.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I don't like the sound of that at all. In fact, I-

"*ahem*"

[A familiar female clears her throat off-screen.]

"So she'll be with us on tour in two weeks?"

[AWA newcomer Trish "T-Bone" Wallace enters between Doctor White and Sweet Lou.]

TW: ...Because I've been trying to get in touch with her over a... business matter. Can you arrange with us to maybe meet-- in private if she prefers?

DLW: Well, I can't promise anything, but I can pass it on to her.

TW: Good. Good. Pass it on to her...

[Wallace turns to exit.]

DLW: That was unusual.

[Blackwell chuckles.]

SLB: Welcome to the AWA, Dr. White. Fans, let's go to the ring for our Main Event!

[Crossfade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with TV Time Remaining for the AWA WORRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS... and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer! Ortiz lowers the mic as the arena lights go dimmer and glowing dry ice fog pours from around the entrance curtain. The stuttering voice of the AI SHODAN fills the arena as two figures gradually manifest in the fog...]

"How dare you, insect?"

"How dare you interrupt my ascendance?"

"You are nothing."

"A wretched bag of flesh."

"What are you compared to my magnificence?"

[The spotlights turn on the two figures in the entryway:

Riley Hunter, holding a nunchuck in each of his outstretched fists.

Derrick Williams, his forearm held in front of him, the word "AXIS" printed on the sleeve of his satin jacket.

"Those Who Fight Further" by The Black Mages plays over the sound system, and Williams and Hunter swagger their way down the aisle.]

RO: Introducing first... they are the challengers... making their way down the aisle, at a combined weight of 473 pounds...

"THE FUTURE" DERRICK WILLIAMS...

"THE AMERICAN NINJA" RILEY HUNTER...

SYSTEMMMMM... SHOCK!

[The boos pour down for the Axis duo as they make their way down the ramp, arrogant smirks all around.]

GM: The challengers for the World Tag Team Titles are on their way to the ring and... quite frankly, Bucky, after what we saw earlier with Tony Donovan, I'm not even sure this match is going to happen.

BW: And if that happens, I don't know what happens! But it'll be a happening!

GM: You're too much.

[The American Ninja gets a running start, leaping into the air over the bottom rope in a front roll up to a knee as Williams ducks through the ropes, striking a pose behind him. Riley Hunter is in his usual gear, mirrored John Lennon shades over his eyes under a mop of black, blue, and dirty blonde hair. Williams is in a black satin jacket with his initials embroidered on the right breast and you can see shiny silver trunks on camera.]

GM: System Shock certainly looks confident tonight... and I suppose you can't blame them when they know that Tony Donovan is potentially OUT of this matchup altogether.

BW: Were you watching earlier, Gordo? As big of a fan of the champs as I am, there's NO WAY that Tony Donovan is wrestling here tonight.

GM: Well, we're about to find out.

[Hunter and Williams huddle up center ring, looking down at the aisle as Rebecca Ortiz continues...]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[A pregnant pause comes after.]

BW: Maybe they're not coming out at all? Maybe it's a forfeit?

GM: Boy, you'd hate to see that. These fans want to see a Main Event and I want them to have it.

[Williams leans over to Hunter, cracking a joke that brings laughter out of the American Ninja as the fans wait to see what's going to happen.]

GM: Can we get some word from the back or-

[Suddenly, ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers And Hell Raisers" kicks in to a surprisingly loud reaction. Williams grimaces as Hunter nods his head, bouncing up and down from foot to foot, waving his hands towards the entrance stage.]

RO: At a total combined weight of 503 pounds...

They are the TWO TIME and defending AWA WORLD TAG TEAM
CHAMPIONNNNNNNSSSSSS...

WESSSSSSS TAAAAAAAYLORRRRRRR!

TOOOOOOONYYYYY DONOVANNNNNNNN!

THEEEEEEE KIIIIIIIIIIIIINGS OF WRESTLING!

[Another surprising mixed reaction goes up from the AWA faithful as all eyes are turned to the entranceway, watching and waiting...

...and waiting...

...and waiting...

...and waiting...]

BW: You sure about that, Miss Rebecca?

GM: Rebecca Ortiz makes the introduction but there's certainly no sign of the World Tag Team Champions... hold on... we're getting word that something's going on backstage. Can we... can we get a camera...?

[On cue, the shot cuts to just behind the entrance to the Chimpanzee Position where we see Wes Taylor, dressed for action, standing alongside Brian James who is also dressed to compete. They're shouting angrily at a wall of security guards blocking their path.]

GM: What the-?!

[Taylor can be heard angrily shouting "GET THE F-" before the quick-reflexed censors silence him for a moment. Brian James seems to be saying something similar as the audio cuts out again...

...and then El Presidente himself, Javier Castillo, sleazes his way into view.]

JC: Gentlemen... gentlemen please!

[Taylor turns to glare at Castillo.]

WT: Get your goons out of our way, Castillo. We've got some asses to kick out there and we don't have time for-

[Castillo raises his hands.]

JC: Of course, of course...

[He gestures to his guards.]

JC: Let Mr. Taylor through.

[Taylor arches an eyebrow at Castillo, sensing a trap as he slides through the gap created by the security guards. But as Brian James attempts to do the same, the gap closes again in an instant.]

BJ: CASTILLO!

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: I'm sorry, Mr. James... but your services won't be needed tonight.

[James turns, stepping towards Castillo...

...who suddenly has the Suited Savage, MAWAGA, standing right behind him, staring at James who stops short, returning the gaze as Castillo grins.]

JC: Thanks to your leader, Johnny Detson... the contract that was signed for tonight's title match is quite clear. It will be System Shock challenging for the World Tag Team Titles against Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor.

WT: Tony can't fight tonight and you know it!

[Castillo nods.]

JC: I've received that unfortunate news, yes... quite tragic. But nevertheless, that contract says nothing about Brian James.

[James continues to stare unblinkingly at MAWAGA.]

JC: So, Mr. Taylor, if you intend to defend the titles tonight... and if your partner is hurting as much as I understand...

[He shrugs again.]

JC: ...then you'll be doing it alone.

[James' eyes snap onto Castillo, stepping towards him. MAWAGA takes a step forward, blocking his path. There's a moment of silence as the two warriors stare one another down.]

BJ: Castillo, if you think I'm letting Wes go out there by himself, you're out of your damn mind.

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: I've been accused of playing with less than a full deck before, Mr. James... that's why I always tilt the game in my favor. If you go out there... best of intentions or not... I will be forced to end your time here in the AWA...

[He snaps his fingers.]

JC: ...like that.

[Taylor grimaces this time.]

WT: The hell with this... I don't need anyone's help to put those two Axis punks in the ground.

[James turns back towards his partner-in-crime.]

BJ: Wes, I-

[Taylor waves a hand.]

WT: We're good, Brian. You stay back here. I'll take care of business out there.

[He jerks a thumb over his shoulder, getting a solemn nod from James before one-half of the tag champions turns to go out onto the entrance stage. Taylor's entrance into the arena gets a cheer as James turns back to Castillo.]

BJ: Does she know you're doing this?

[Castillo smiles a sleazy grin.]

JC: Don't mistake the power structure, Mr. James. She works for me.

[James nods.]

BJ: We'll see about that.

[And in a huff, James shoves past a pair of security guards, exiting the scene as Castillo looks on.]

JC: Stay here. All of you.

[MAWAGA nods, stepping forward.]

JC: Let's make sure no one gets any thoughts of heroism.

[Castillo smirks as we cut back into the arena where Taylor is halfway down the aisle to the ring now in black trunks and red boots, shrugging out of his black vest that reads "THE LAST OUTLAW" across the back. He pulls off the title belt, holding it up with one hand as he angrily trashtalks the challengers from the aisle.]

GM: Javier Castillo turning this into a handicap match for the tag titles and-

[Taylor throws the title belt over the ropes towards Williams and Hunter, providing himself with a momentary distraction as he dives under the bottom rope, popping to his feet and barnstorming the duo with a flurry of wild haymakers!]

GM: And we've got a fight on our hands, fans!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[With Williams stunned, Taylor throws a boot into the gut of Riley Hunter, snatching a handful of hair, charging across the ring...

...and HURLS him over the top rope, sending him crashing hard to the floor below!]

GM: OHHHH MY!

[A wild-eyed Taylor spins around to catch an incoming Williams with a snapping jab to the jaw... and another... and another... and another...

...and then points to Hunter, causing the referee to turn to look at him as Taylor drops to his knees, swinging his arm up between the legs of Williams!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! TAYLOR JUST WRECKED THE FUTURE'S FUTURE OFFSPRING!

[Williams grimaces, grabbing at his nether region as he sinks down to his knees. The referee turns around, pointing accusingly at Taylor as he spots Williams kneeling on the mat but Taylor denies it...

...before BOOTING Williams right in the mouth, knocking him flat as Taylor attempts a cover.]

GM: Lateral press by Taylor gets one! He gets two!

[Williams kicks out before three, still holding himself as Taylor pushes up to his knees. He throws a glance outside the ring, checking to see where Riley Hunter is before he gets off the mat, pulling Williams up with him.]

GM: Taylor dragging Williams up off the mat... shoves him back into the corner..

[With Williams against the turnbuckles, Taylor leans into him, pressing his back into the Future's sternum...]

GM: Trapped in the buckles... ohh! Hard back elbow to the jaw!

[Taylor snaps his elbow back into the jaw again... and again...]

GM: Taylor working over Williams in the buckles... ohhh! One more hard shot and that puts Williams on Dream Street!

[The Future slumps down to a seated position against the turnbuckles as Taylor walks out, holding up his hands towards a protesting referee.]

GM: Taylor's got Williams rocked early on in this one... and he's not done with him, fans!

[Approaching the corner, Taylor grabs the top rope with both hands, driving the sole of his boot down onto the stunned Williams... over and over and over again, stomping a proverbial mudhole in the Axis member.]

GM: Taylor's all over him the corner, fans!

[The referee is shouting words of protest again as the fans cheer on the assault on the former fan favorite... and with a loud shout that gets cut off by the censors, Taylor stomps out of the corner in a fury...

...and then runs towards the ropes, DRILLING Riley Hunter with a right hand that sends the Seven Star Athlete off the apron, crashing down to the floor!]

GM: Taylor clears out Hunter... and here he comes!

[Charging back into the corner, Taylor draws back his leg for a soccer kick...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICK TO THE HEART OF DERRICK WILLIAMS BY TAYLOR! OH MY!

[Taylor leans over the ropes, staring out at the somewhat-cheering crowd. He nods at them, looking at the camera.]

"This one's for you, Tony!"

GM: Wes Taylor sending a salute to his injured tag team partner who was supposed to be in that ring with him tonight defending the World Tag Team Titles against System Shock but an assault by the Korugun army put a stop to that idea.

[Taylor backs up, grabbing a handful of Williams' hair to haul him up to his feet. With a duck, he scoops Williams up again, twists around with him, and slams him down to the canvas!]

GM: Scoop and a slam by Taylor and-

[With Williams prone on the mat, Taylor leaps high into the air, tucking his legs underneath him...

...and DRIVES his kneecap down onto the sternum of Williams! He slips his leg over, applying another lateral press for another two count.]

GM: Second pin attempt of the match comes up empty for Wes Taylor...

BW: And you gotta wonder how long he can keep Riley Hunter out of this, Gordo... because the moment that Hunter gets back into the mix, this turns into a two-on-one and then it's all over.

GM: That remains to be seen. Wes Taylor isn't exactly a pushover in there. A second generation star, two-time World Tag Team Champion... a member of the first team to beat the Dogs of War in six man tag team action.

BW: All of that goes down the tubes when it turns into a numbers game, daddy.

[Both men are back on their feet, Taylor snapping off a right hand that sends Williams falling back towards the ropes again. Taylor grabs an arm, looking for an Irish whip...]

GM: Big whip coming up... no, reversed by Williams...

[And as Williams shoots Taylor towards the ropes, Riley Hunter scrambles up on the apron and with the aid of the top rope, leaps up and bounces a foot off the skull of the incoming Taylor, sending him staggering backwards.]

GM: Oh! Hunter caught him!

[Hunter, still on the apron, grabs the top rope with both hands, leaping into the air, springing off the top rope...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[...and Taylor WIPES him out of the sky with a lunging headbutt aimed at anywhere it can land!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Down goes Hunter! Taylor still managing to fight off both members of System Shock.

BW: For now.

GM: Yes, of course "for now."

[With Hunter down on the mat, Taylor turns back towards Williams...

...who flattens him with a running elbowstrike to the side of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And just like that, Taylor finds himself in trouble!

[Williams repeatedly stomps the downed Taylor several times as Hunter uses the ropes to drag himself to his feet. The official shouts at Hunter, forcing him out of the ring as Williams leans down to bring Taylor up off the mat.]

GM: Hunter gets sent out to the apron as Williams shoves Taylor back into their corner...

[Leaning over, Williams grabs the middle rope, slamming his shoulder into Taylor's midsection once... twice... three times. The referee steps in, ordering a clean break. Williams obliges... for a moment... and then steps back in to deliver a jaw-rattling European uppercut.]

GM: Ohh! Hard uppercut by Williams... and there's a tag to Hunter.

[The Seven Star Athlete grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the top rope into the ring. He lunges at Taylor, landing a forearm strike to the side of the head. A left-armed elbowstrike follows. He steps up on the middle rope, springing up to land a kneelift to the jaw of Taylor before backflipping off the middle rope...

...and charges back in, leaping up to land a running dropkick to the chin!]

GM: Hunter stringing together his offense... snapmares Taylor out of the corner...

[Hunter leaps high into the air, landing another dropkick - this time to the back of the head of the seated Taylor.]

GM: And a second dropkick for good measure... and that one's going to leave Taylor down on the canvas.

[A smirking Hunter climbs back to his feet, looking down on the downed Taylor as Derrick Williams nods approvingly from the apron.]

GM: Both members of System Shock look pleased with themselves.

BW: And why shouldn't they, Gordo? They're on the verge of becoming World Tag Team Champions!

GM: It's not over yet, Bucky.

[Hunter pulls Taylor off the mat, throwing a pair of quick forearms to the jaw, sending him spiraling back chestfirst into the turnbuckles. Hunter follows him in, swinging his knee up into the lower back three times... and then backs off at the referee's orders.]

GM: The official getting on Riley Hunter's case... but look at Williams here!

[Williams grabs Taylor by the hair, pushing his head away from the corner and then jerking it back in, smashing his face into the top turnbuckle. Taylor slumps to his knees, his face against the corner as Hunter backs across the ring, getting a running start...]

GM: Hunter from corner to corner... leaping high!

[...and seems to hang in the air for a bit before connecting with a dropkick to the back of Taylor's head, smashing his face into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Goodness! A whole lot of impact right there!

[Hunter grabs Taylor by the foot, dragging him out of the corner, hooking both legs under his arms as he flips over into a double leg cradle.]

GM: Hunter with the cradle in the center of the ring! Can he keep him down?

[A two count follows before Taylor kicks out again. Hunter grimaces as he climbs off the mat, reaching out to slap his partner's hand.]

GM: Another tag by the challengers brings Derrick Williams back into this match...

[The duo drags Taylor up, each holding an arm...

...and then each twisting the arm before sandwiching Taylor's skull between a pair of elbowstrikes!]

GM: OH!

[Taylor's eyelids flutter from the impact of the double elbowstrike as Hunter dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards Williams who drops down on all fours as Hunter steps up on his back, leaping off to snare Taylor in a rana that flips Taylor over and sends him rolling under the ropes out to the floor.]

GM: Whoooooa my! What a doubleteam by the challengers here tonight in New Mexico! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but the video machines are rolling so if this one ends during the commercials, we'll bring you the result when we come back! Don't you dare go away!

[We fade to black as Hunter exits the ring and Williams steps towards the ropes near Taylor.

Fade to a field of stars. A voiceover begins.]

"The stars of the AWA galaxy are shining brighter than ever. But you don't need a telescope to see these stars - all you need is a ticket when the American Wrestling Alliance comes to town."

[A graphic comes up on the screen advertising the site and date of the next show.]

"Tomorrow, we've got a special matinee show in Santa Fe, New Mexico with a twenty man \$50,000 Battle Royal with the entirety of both the Axis and the Kings of Wrestling involved!"

[The graphic changes.]

"Monday night, we'll be in El Paso, Texas with Cody Mertz, Michael Aarons, the American Idols, and so much more!

[And again.]

"Thursday night in Tucson, Arizona it'll be Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright in tag team action!"

[Back to the AWA logo splashed across a field of stars.]

"It's the AWA and you do NOT want to miss it when it comes to your town!"

[Fade to black...

...and as we come back up to live action, we find Wes Taylor up on the apron, throwing haymakers as fast as he can!]

GM: Taylor's all over Williams, fighting back hard!

[The Future recoils from the blows thrown by Taylor who reaches out, grabbing a handful of hair...]

GM: Taylor's got him! Runs down the apron!

[Taylor's aim of smashing Williams' head into the buckles from out on the apron fails as Williams brings a boot up onto the buckle to block the move before throwing a back elbow to the bridge of the nose that stuns Taylor...

...and then leaps up onto the second rope, springing back to DRILL Taylor with an elbowstrike to the skull that sends Taylor falling off the apron again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What athleticism on the part of the man who calls himself The Future!

BW: He IS The Future, Gordo. It's plain to see.

GM: Williams slow to get back to his feet, stumbling across the ring now.

[Williams slaps the hand of the American Ninja who gleefully slingshots over the top rope, highstepping out to the middle of the ring. He looks out at the crowd, waving his hands towards himself, trying to get the cheers going...

...and then dashes to the ropes closest to Taylor, bouncing off to run into the next set of ropes, building up speed...]

GM: HUNTER'S ON THE RAMPAGE!

[...and HURLS himself over the top rope, getting major air and distance as he wipes out the rising Taylor with a king-sized Tope Con Hilo!]

GM: OHHHHHHH, WHATTA DIIIIIVE!

[Hunter pops up off the floor, giving a roar towards the jeering crowd as he points at the downed Taylor.]

GM: Hunter might be looking to finish off Taylor and win those World Tag Team Titles for himself and Derrick Williams... for the Axis!

[The Seven Star Athlete pulls Taylor off the floor, tossing him back under the ropes into the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron, pointing to the top rope as Williams cheers him on.]

GM: Hunter to the top rope, standing tall over all he sees!

[Hunter seems about to leap when suddenly the sounds of ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers and Hell Raisers" kicks in again...]

GM: What the-?!

[Hunter pauses, confusion on his face as he looks down the aisle...

...and Tony Donovan staggers into view, pushing past a sea of AWA officials. His head is wrapped in white tape stained red from the wounds underneath. His torso

is similarly wrapped in white bandages. He's dressed in street clothes of blue jeans and dress shoes, the title belt draped over his bare shoulder as he hobbles towards the ramp.]

GM: IT'S TONY DONOVAN! IT'S TONY DONOVAN!

BW: What the... what is he doing out here, Gordo?!

GM: Isn't that obvious? He's come to help his partner! He's come to help his brother!

[Donovan ignores the protesting officials as he hobbles towards the ring, clutching the title belt. Riley Hunter's shocked expression gets a whole lot worse as Wes Taylor comes up off the canvas, rushing the corner...

...and SHOVES Hunter off the top rope, sending him flying all the way down to the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TAYLOR SHOVES HUNTER OFF THE TOP! OH MY STARS!

[Now it's Williams' turn to look shocked as he leaps down off the apron, rushing to his partner's side. Hunter is moaning in pain as Taylor leans against the buckles, a look of concern on his face as he sees Donovan slowly approaching.]

GM: Tony Donovan arriving in perhaps the nick of time to save those titles for him and Wes Taylor... and Taylor turns this thing around in an instant!

[Williams angrily shouts down the aisle at the approaching Donovan, gesturing wildly as the referee orders him back to his corner.]

GM: And now we've got a title match on our hands, fans!

BW: Do we?! Look at Donovan! He can barely walk! He's stumbling and staggering so much, he looks like Travis Lynch on a three day bender!

GM: BUCKY!

[As Donovan reaches ringside, Williams backs off, glaring at the other half of the World Tag Team Champions...

...and then Donovan pulls Hunter off the floor, rushing across the aisle with him...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throws him with enough force to lift him off the ground, his body twisting sideways as he collides with the steel railing!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES RILEY HUNTER!

[Donovan pulls Hunter right back up, rushing across the aisle again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND INTO THE STEEL AGAIN!

[Donovan pulls Hunter off the floor, chucking him under the ropes towards Wes Taylor. Taylor backs across the ring to the neutral corner, holding his right hand high above his head to cheers from the crowd as he lowers down into a three point stance...]

GM: Taylor in the corner - thinking back to those days when he was a draft pick for the Arizona Cardinals!

[Hunter slowly rises up off the canvas, his body wrecked from hitting the railing twice...]

...and Taylor bears down on him, charging across the ring, lowering his shoulder...]

GM: OHHH! BIG TACKLE SENDS HUNTER FLYING ACROSS THE RING!

[Hunter slams into the canvas near the opposite set of buckles as Taylor pops up with a roar. A grinning Tony Donovan nods in approval, smashing his hand down on the ringsteps a few times with a "GET HIM, BROTHER!"]

GM: Taylor pulls Hunter off the mat, perhaps looking to end this right here and now!

[Taylor pulls Hunter off the mat, yanking him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for the Cattle Buster! His father's legacy!

[But Hunter lifts him up, taking him up and over with a bridging Northern Lights Suplex!]

GM: OHH! COUNTERED BY HUNTER!

[Hunter kicks himself over, dragging Taylor up a second time, lifting him into the air...]

GM: He's going for another one and-

[...but Taylor counters, kicking and flailing while still holding the front facelock...]

BW: NO!

[...and twists around, DRIVING Hunter skullfirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TWISTING DDT! TWISTING DDT BY ONE-HALF OF THE WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

[Taylor flips Hunter onto his back, diving across the chest!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

[But a DIVING Derrick Williams lunges into the ring, crashing down on top of Taylor to break up the pinning predicament!]

GM: WILLIAMS MAKES THE SAVE!

[A fired-up Tony Donovan comes through the ropes, gesturing at Williams to get up, running in place...]

...and leaps into the air, snapping off his leg to full extension!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEAPING SUPERKICK ON WILLIAMS!

[The thrust kick to the chin sends the Future rolling under the ropes to the floor as Donovan gives a triumphant shout, falling to a knee as he grabs at his ribcage.]

GM: Donovan's hurting badly but he's out here to fight! He's out here looking to help his partner keep those titles around their waists!

[Donovan comes back to his feet, grimacing as he approaches his partner, jerking him to his feet...

...and pointing at the dazed Riley Hunter!]

GM: The referee's trying to get Donovan out of the ring but-

[Taylor grins at his partner as the duo yanks Hunter to his feet, whipping him across the ring in tandem...

...and dropping him with a double back elbow under the chin!]

GM: Down goes Hunter off the doubleteam and-

[The crowd ROARS - yes, roars - for the champions as they start stomping the hell out of Riley Hunter!]

GM: EAT SHOE LEATHER, RILEY HUNTER!

[Donovan pauses after a few moments, yanking off his dress shoe... and HURLS it down on Hunter's beaten form to another cheer!]

GM: The referee getting himself in the mix again, forcing Donovan out to the apron... Taylor pulling Hunter to his feet...

[Tugging Hunter into a front facelock, Taylor very slowly turns him over so that they're standing back to back...

...and DROPS DOWN, jolting the spinal column of Hunter with a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: NECKBREAKER!

[Taylor slides into a side press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[But Hunter's shoulder pops up off the canvas, breaking the pin in time to a disappointed groan from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Taylor only gets the two count!

[Taylor takes a knee on the canvas, battering Hunter a few times with a closed fist to the skull...

...and then a shout from Tony Donovan gets his attention.]

GM: Donovan wants the tag?!

BW: He sure does!

GM: I'm not sure that's a good idea.

[Taylor seems to agree with Gordon, shaking his head at the insistent Donovan who sticks his hand out again, nodding his head.]

GM: Donovan's demanding the tag! He wants to finish this!

[Taylor looks reluctant as he walks across the ring, looking down at his partner's hand...

...and slaps it to a big cheer!]

GM: Taylor makes the tag! In comes Donovan!

[Donovan pulls Hunter off the mat, whipping him promptly into the neutral corner.]

GM: Donovan shoots him in... charging in after him!

[A running clothesline in the corner rocks Hunter off his feet before he settles back down on the mat, ending up in a side headlock...]

GM: DONOVAN OUT OF THE CORNER!

[...and LEAPS into the air, driving Hunter facefirst into the mat with a bulldog headlock!]

GM: BULLDOG! BULLDOG!

[Donovan flips Hunter over onto his back, diving across his torso.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

[Hunter's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: NO! NEAR FALL! SO CLOSE!

[Donovan gets up off the mat, grabbing at his ribs as Taylor looks on with concern from the corner. Taylor sticks out his hand, offering up a tag but Donovan purposely looks away from him, pulling Hunter off the mat again...]

GM: Donovan pulls Hunter up and- ohhh! Hunter goes to the eyes!

[Donovan staggers backwards as Hunter dashes to the ropes, bouncing back with momentum...]

GM: LEAPING KNEESTRI-

[...but Donovan snatches Hunter out of the sky, pivots, and DRIVES him into the canvas with a thunderous powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM BY DONOVAN!

[Donovan tightly hooks a leg as the referee drops to count again...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE- WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd groans as Tony Donovan gets YANKED under the bottom rope, sent out to the floor thanks to Derrick Williams!]

GM: WILLIAMS PULLS HIM OUT! WILLIAMS MAY HAVE JUST SAVED THIS MATCH FOR THE AXIS!

[Donovan BLASTS Williams with a head-snapping uppercut as he hits the floor. Williams stumbles backwards, clutching his jaw as Donovan sets his feet, charging towards Williams...

...who catches the incoming Donovan, lifts him into the air, twisting around, and DRIVES him down into the unforgiving concrete floor with a spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER ON THE FLOOR!

BW: And look at Donovan holding the ribs! Donovan holding the ribs in tremendous pain! Donovan screaming in pain out on the floor!

GM: Fans, we're being told that we are almost out of time here on Saturday Night Wrestling but that our friends at Fox Sports X are going to give us a little more time tonight! We'll stay with this as long as we can!

BW: WE'RE GOING TO OVERTIME, DADDY!

[Williams throws a glance at Donovan, diving under the ropes just as Wes Taylor comes storming into the ring.]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Taylor is throwing right hands as quickly and fiercely as he can at Williams who gets rocked over and over and over...

...and then sneaks in a straight right hand of his own, snapping Taylor's head back!]

GM: OHH!

[Williams grabs Taylor by the hair, lashing out with a series of vicious elbowstrikes to the skull!]

GM: WILLIAMS IS BATTERING TAYLOR WITH ELBOWS AND-

[Williams twists around, snatching a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: FUTURE SHOCK! NO!

[Taylor instead shoves Williams away, sending him into the ropes where he bounces back towards Taylor who throws a big clothesline, knocking Williams off his feet!]

GM: Taylor drops Williams and-

[But as Taylor turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INSTANT KARMA! INSTANT KARMA!

[The bicycle kneestrike snaps Taylor's head back as Hunter ducks down, slinging Taylor up onto his shoulders...]

GM: Hunter's got him up and...

[Hunter runs forward, flipping over to drop Taylor with a rolling Samoan Drop...

...leaping to the second rope, springing off with a breathtaking moonsault with one smooth move!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Hunter comes up to his feet, turning to look for his partner who is getting to his feet, shaking his head in a daze. Hunter shouts "DUKE! GET OVER HERE!" Williams seems to snap out of his daze, nodding to his partner as Hunter grabs Taylor, pulling him to his feet, twisting him around so that Taylor faces away from the Seven Star Athlete...]

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: We certainly have... Hunter hooking those arms, looking for the Day of Lavos!

[As Hunter sets for his part of the Black Omen, Williams walks around the ring, shouting at the fans...

...until he gets his legs yanked out from under him, dragged out to the floor.]

GM: DONOVAN PULLS OUT WILLIAMS AND-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[As Hunter sets Taylor down, bashing him with a forearm to the back of the head, Donovan sends Williams crashing into the ringsteps!]

GM: DONOVAN TAKES OUT WILLIAMS! DONOVAN ROLLS IN!

[Hunter shoves Taylor aside, rushing towards the incoming Donovan, smashing a double axehandle down over his head... and another... and a third...

...which is when Donovan connects with an uppercut that lifts Hunter off the mat, sending him crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: DONOVAN DROPS HUNTER AS WELL! Tony Donovan showing incredible heart to fight through those injuries he suffered earlier tonight!

BW: His heart might have been the only part of him NOT injured in that beatdown, Gordo.

[Donovan grabs Hunter by the hair, battering him with big haymakers as the crowd roars their approval. A well-placed hook spins Hunter around as Donovan grabs a rear waistlock...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[Donovan goes to lift Hunter off the canvas for a German Suplex...

...but cries out in pain, grabbing at his ribs as he sets Hunter back down on the canvas!]

GM: He can't lift him up! The ribs are-

[Hunter snaps off a back elbow to the jaw, knocking his way clear from the waistlock. He dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards Donovan who ducks his shoulder, lifting Hunter up...

...and turns around as Taylor gets to his feet, snatching a front facelock!]

GM: THEY'VE GOT HIM! THEY'VE GOT HIM!

[The crowd ROARS in anticipation of the champions' assisted Cattle Buster finishing maneuver...

...which is when Derrick Williams grabs Wes Taylor by the hair from behind, twisting him around...]

GM: FUTURE SHOCK ON TAYLOR!

[Williams comes up to his feet, shoving Taylor under the ropes to the floor as Tony Donovan tosses Riley Hunter aside, rushing at Williams who sidesteps, flinging Donovan into the ropes...

...and dives out of the way as Hunter comes rushing in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INSTANT KARMA!

[The kneestrike sends Donovan bouncing back into the ropes, staggering out towards Williams who goes into a spin...

...and FLATTENS Donovan with a rolling elbow!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE DROPS DONOVAN FLAT!

[With Donovan down, Hunter scrambles into a cover, hooking BOTH legs.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DONOVAN KICKS OUT! DONOVAN KICKS OUT! WHAT HEART!

[Hunter pops up, screaming loudly as Williams gives him a shout. The referee orders Williams out of the ring but the Future is having no part of that as Hunter pulls Donovan to his feet, whipping him into the ropes.]

GM: Hunter shoots him in... dives down at the feet...

[Donovan hurdles over Hunter who is suddenly at his feet, leaping right into Williams' waiting arms...]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!!!

[Williams rolls clear as Hunter leaps to the top rope, points "finger guns" down at Donovan before soaring high through the air...]

GM: FROG SPLASH!

[Hunter bounces off of Donovan, settling back onto him.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE KICKED OUT AGAIN! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!

BW: HELL NO, I CAN'T!

[A furious Williams pulls his partner up, pointing down at Donovan, giving a signal. Hunter nods as he pulls Donovan up, hooking the arms...]

GM: Double chickenwing... he lifts him up!

[Hunter lifts Donovan into the Day of Lavos setup...

...and FLINGS him forward towards Williams who catches him in a three-quarter nelson and DRIVES his skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: FUTURE SHOCK! THE BLACK OMEN!

[Williams rolls clear as Hunter pushes the legs to Donovan's chest in a jackknife cover...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Williams leaps up, pumping his arms triumphantly as Hunter rolls off Donovan, a gleeful expression on his face.]

BW: They did it! They did it! We've got new champions!

[Hunter rises to his feet, falling into an embrace with his Axis factionmate as the fans jeer the pinfall and ensuing raising of the hands by the official. And they really don't like it when Rebecca Ortiz puts a bow on it.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... your winners of the match...

[Hunter cups a hand to his ear, shouting “WAIT FOR IT!”]

RO: ...and NEEEEEEEEEEWWWWWWW AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMMMMPIONNNNNNNSSSSSS...

[Williams is practically ecstatic, shaking the ropes and pumping a fist repeatedly into the air.]

RO: ...SYSSSSSSSTEMMMMMM SHOOOOOOOOOCK!

[The boos intensify as Williams and Hunter embrace again, breaking apart as the referee hands Taylor's title belt to them.]

GM: Well, they may only have one belt for now but they ARE the new World Tag Team Champions - even if I don't particularly care for how it happened.

BW: What are you talking about? There was no outside interference... no weapons... no chicanery at all!

GM: They beat a guy who probably should be in the hospital right now! Tony Donovan had no business being in this match defending the titles tonight and you know that, Bucky.

BW: Maybe, maybe not... who are we to judge the fighting hearts of fighting men?

GM: The fighting... oh brother, give me a break. Tony Donovan should be getting medical treatment but instead, he came to this ring to fight along his partner... his brother... Wes Taylor. They put up a heck of a fight to boot but in the end, we have new World Tag Team Champions in Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter!

BW: The Axis is standing tall, daddy!

GM: Here comes Maxim Zharkov down the aisle, coming out to join his championship comrades! The National Title is in the Axis... now the tag titles as well... and yes indeed, the Axis is standing tall here in Albuquerque!

[Zharkov enters the ring, embracing both Williams and Hunter, standing between them as he raises the hands of both men, the crowd really letting them have it now.]

GM: It's a heck of a moment for the Axis who had such a big night at SuperClash but such a tumultuous few months afterwards. Their leader gone. Their manager shown the door. But still Zharkov, Williams, and Hunter are-

BW: Golden! They're golden! It's a golden Axis here in the AWA!

GM: Fans, we're desperately out of time. Thank you so much to Fox Sports X for giving us a little extra overtime as my partner put it to bring you the conclusion of this match. For everyone here in the AWA, so long for Albuquerque and we'll see you next time... at the matches!

[The championship trio is standing tall center ring as we fade to black.]