

The background of the top section is a photograph of a desert landscape at sunset. Several saguaro cacti are silhouetted against a sky that transitions from a deep blue at the top to a bright orange and yellow near the horizon. The cacti are of various sizes and shapes, some with multiple arms.

SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

MARCH 4, 2017
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

[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 the screen “bursts” into a flash of strobing light as a raucous electric guitar rips through your eardrums. Ignite’s “Nothing Can Stop Me” is the soundtrack for your evening.

As the lyrics kick in, the scene changes as well.]

#Find yourself against the wall
One more time before the fall#

[Terry Shane uses a sunset flip powerbomb to send Callum Mahoney crashing through a ladder.]

#There’s no way to pretend#

[Kurayami drives Lauryn Rage into the canvas.]

#The sun will rise and the sun will set
Nothing's changed 'til you work for it#

[Michael Aarons cracks his longtime tag team partner in the jaw with a superkick.]

#Can’t make it all alone#

[Jeff Matthews dives off the top rope onto a whole pile of Claw Academy students.]

#This is your last chance
Why don't you take it?#

[Supreme Wright snaps off the match-ending spinning backfist against Casey James.]

#Nothing can stop me#

[Maxim Zharkov beats Travis Lynch in a race to spin first, unleashing his devastating discus lariat known as the Peacemaker.]

#Gonna fight and I won't retreat#

[Jordan Ohara throws chops at Derrick Williams who responds with stiff elbowstrikes.]

#Still awake, don't ever sleep#

[Johnny Detson drives Brian James facefirst into the canvas with the Wilde Driver.]

#Can’t stop this tide that's in front of me#

[Jack Lynch wraps the Iron Claw around the skull of Tiger Claw, both men standing on the top rope.]

#Nothing can stop me#

[Julie Somers moonsaults off the stage at SuperClash onto a stunned Erica Toughill.]

#Tonight I face the enemy#

[A wild-eyed Shadoc Rage repeatedly stomps the groin of Blackjack Lynch.]

#Still awake and never sleep#

[A smirking Javier Castillo and Veronica Westerly glare into the camera.]

#Now your time's run out so you best believe#

[Ryan Martinez drops Juan Vasquez straight down with a devastating brainbuster...

...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: Phoenix, Arizona - the AWA has come to town! We are live inside the Talking Stick Resort Arena! We are live for the best three hours of professional wrestling action on the planet! We are live 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.

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: I am Gordon Myers alongside Bucky Wilde once again right here on Fox Sports X for another edition of the premier wrestling show on the planet. Bucky, it may be hot outside here in Phoenix but the temperature is climbing even higher inside the arena here tonight as we get ready to see the heroes of the AWA do battle with the Korugun Corporation's army of monsters!

BW: Bite your tongue, Gordo. El Presidente's the one with an army of heroes! Martinez, Lynch, and Wright are just instigators!

GM: A likely story. In addition to that Main Event, fans, we'll see Jordan Ohara in action... the AWA Women's World Champion, Kurayami, is here... Ayako Fujiwara will be on the Think Tank later tonight... the return of Charisma Knight to the AWA and so much more! But to kick things off, I'm told our broadcast colleague and the host of the all-new Power Hour, Theresa Lynch, is standing by in the ring for a very special interview. Theresa?

[We crossfade from our announce duo to the ring where Theresa Lynch is standing in a short red dress and heels.]

TL: Thanks, Gordon. And while I'm indeed standing by in the ring - as you said - I don't know about the very special interview part. It's highly unusual but I was instructed to come out here to the ring but I haven't the slightest clue why.

[She shrugs.]

TL: No one's told me who I'm talking to. No one's told me much of anything really. So, I don't even really know what else to...

[Theresa's words trail off as we hear the opening notes to Demi Lovato's "Confident."]

GM: Now what is this all about?

[A moment later, the confusion turns to jeers as Veronica Westerly strides into view on the entrance stage. A quick cut to the ring shows Theresa Lynch still looks confused at her presence for this entrance. Westerly takes a few steps out onto the stage, dressed in a stylish navy blue power suit, a devious smirk on her face.]

GM: Veronica Westerly has returned to Saturday Night Wrestling quite obviously... but that still doesn't explain why Theresa's out here, Bucky.

BW: Maybe Veronica wanted someone to stand there and hold the mic while she explains where she was two weeks ago. Theresa's not good for much but she can do that.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Westerly stands, hands on her hips as she allows the jeers to wash over her for a few moments, and then snaps her fingers. The crowd "oooooooohs" as a monstrous figure walks out onto the stage behind her.]

GM: Would you look at that?!

BW: Hey, that guy looks familiar, Gordo.

[Westerly's smirk grows as the monstrous figure emerges from the shadows. He stands nearly seven feet tall and weighs over three hundred pounds. His face is covered in a red and black mask, peaking with two wild curved horns coming out of the top. The entire face is covered with just holes cut for eyes, nostrils, and mouth. He's wearing a full black bodysuit with splashes of red here and there including a set of red gloves. As he strides into view, large arms stretched out, we also see a cloak of animal skins draped over his massive shoulders.]

GM: You're right, Bucky! That's... I can't even believe I'm saying this but that's Polemos! That's the God of War!

BW: I knew it! But... when's the last time we've seen Polemos?! It's been years! Where the heck did Veronica Westerly find him?!

GM: I have no idea... but once again, the resources of the Korugun Corporation appear to be nearly limitless! They've scoured the globe for some of the most monstrous competitors we've seen! They've secured the services of men who we KNOW charge an arm and a leg for their brutality! And now they've added Polemos?! Are you kidding me?!

[With Polemos standing now for all to see, Westerly snaps her fingers again and the duo begins making their way down the ramp towards the ring where a puzzled Theresa Lynch is still standing.]

GM: What a way to kick off Saturday Night with the return of one of the representatives of the Korugun Corporation... and with someone in tow that we have not seen in a long, long time, fans.

[Reaching the ring, Polemos climbs up on the apron, stepping over the ropes and then holding them open for Westerly as she scales the ringsteps, entering the ring as Theresa Lynch waits patiently. The music starts to fade as Westerly circles the ring towards Lynch, Polemos taking up a position behind her with his mighty arms crossed.]

TL: Veronica Westerly...

[Lynch pauses.]

TL: I assume I can thank you for the "invitation" to appear here.

[Westerly inclines her head slightly, confirming Theresa's assumption.]

TL: Okay, well... of course, two weeks ago, your absence was noticed by one and all. I'm also assuming you've summoned me here because you want to tell the world where you were and what you were doing... and maybe just where in the heck you found Polemos.

[Westerly arches an eyebrow at the Lynch daughter.]

VW: First of all, Theresa... I'd drop the attitude real quick or the all-new Power Hour just might find itself with an all-new host.

[The crowd jeers as Lynch grimaces. Westerly sneers.]

VW: Things certainly have changed between the two of us, haven't they? Why, it wasn't that long ago that our paths crossed at that wrestling convention in Fort Worth.

[She holds her hands up like she's reading from a marquee.]

VW: "The Past, Present, And Future Of Texas Wrestling." Such a grand event. So many stars from the past there. And of course, there was that panel that we were both on where it became quite clear that the event promoters and every fan in that building considered you and your family the present and future of Texas wrestling... and me and my family the past.

[Westerly gestures to the ring around her.]

VW: Like I said, things have certainly changed. Because when I look around this arena tonight, I see that only two Lynches remain. You and your pathetic older brother. And by the time this night ends, we may be down to one.

[She holds up a well-manicured finger, tapping it against Theresa's outstretched mic.]

VW: The rest are all gone, aren't they? Your cowardly father, nestled back home on the ranch waiting for the angels to come calling. Your weak brother who sullied the National Title to the point of nothing by letting his demons take control. Oh, and we can't forget the cripple who the AWA continues to pay so that he doesn't put them back into court.

[Westerly chuckles humorlessly.]

VW: The Lynches have fallen, dear girl. And now the Westerlies are on top of this sport as it always should have been.

[Theresa glares at Veronica.]

TL: Are we done with this trip down Memory Lane? Because I've got a job to do and it's to get answers. These people want to know where you were two weeks ago.

VW: And these people will get answers when I, Javier Castillo, and the rest of Korugun decide the time is right.

[Boos rain down from the Phoenix crowd.]

VW: They are not entitled to know where I go... what I do. Suffice to say that I had business to take care of for Korugun... for the AWA... and that business went very... very... well.

[Theresa stares at her, unamused.]

TL: That's it?

[Westerly arches an eyebrow again.]

TL: There's gotta be more than that. Why did you call me out here for that? What about Polemos here? Where did he come from? Why is he back?

[Westerly turns slightly, placing a delicate hand on Polemos' covered chest.]

VW: Savagery comes in all shapes and sizes, dear girl. The forces of darkness that Korugun employs are mighty... but they can always get mightier. And much like Javier has employed MAWAGA to watch his back, my employers at Korugun felt that I needed protection as well.

TL: From who?

VW: From anyone who might seek to strike at Korugun through me. Maybe the runt White Knight. Or your big brother. Or your-

[Theresa interrupts.]

TL: None of them would lay a hand on you.

VW: Perhaps.

[Westerly's eyes narrow.]

VW: Maybe it's you who I need protection from.

[Westerly steps back as Polemos steps forward, tugging one of his gloves in place as he towers over Theresa Lynch whose eyes flash with fear as she steps backwards, shaking her head.]

VW: Maybe it's you who is a threat to me... to Korugun.

[Lynch steps back again.]

VW: Maybe it's you who-

[Westerly's words are interrupted by the crowd, whose reaction is mixed, but whether the fans are cheering or booing, one thing is for certain, they're loud as they recognize the arrival of someone marching down the aisle without music or fanfare but with plenty of purpose!]

GM: Whoah! Look who's here!

BW: What is he doing? I thought Detson put a leash on him!

[Marching down the entrance ramp at a determined pace is the AWA's Engine of Destruction, Brian James. The Son of the Blackheart is dressed, appropriately, all in black. Stopping at the apron, the six foot six two hundred and ninety five pounder shows his amazing agility with a vertical leap that puts him on the apron. Once in the ring, James takes determined strides towards Veronica Westerly.]

VW: Stop right there...

[Westerly looks over her shoulder at Polemos, and then back to James.]

VW: Or you will be stopped.

[James never breaks stride, only coming to a halt when he's nose to nose with Polemos who steps in front of Westerly, impeding James' path as he raises a mic.]

BJ: You tell your "protection" here to back up right now. Or no one is ever going to ask "what happened to Polemos?" again, because everyone will know just who laid him out.

[Tension hangs in the air between the God of War and the Engine of Destruction, tension that is only released when Westerly sets her hand on the former's shoulder. After a few whispered words from Westerly, Polemos steps back as Westerly stares into James' eyes and begins speaking.]

VW: I think I know why you're here. You're... what?... aggrieved about what happened to poor Tony Donovan? And what? You want redress? Perhaps you want restitution? Retribution?

[James grimaces, shaking his head.]

BJ: What do I want? Well, that's real simple, and won't take a bunch of ten dollar words to explain.

I want you to bring me King Kong Hogan. I want you to bring me Muteesa. I want you to bring me MAWAGA. And I want you to bring me Ebola Zaire.

And while you're at it, bring me that son of a bitch Castillo too!

[Whatever mixed feelings they had a few minutes ago, the fans are now solidly behind James as it is Westerly's turn to grimace.]

BW: Detson needs to put a muzzle on him too!

[Westerly starts to respond but James speaks first.]

BJ: Those men have got hell to pay, and I'm the one who'll be collecting on that debt. What they did to Tony...

[Westerly has heard enough, raising her own mic to interrupt.]

VW: What happened to Tony Donovan was just business. Now listen...

[She eyes James appraisingly.]

VW: Listen... Brian, I know that Donovan is your friend, but this isn't about your friends. This is about business, and Tony Donovan got in the way of Korugun business.

[James shakes his head.]

BJ: Tony Donovan isn't my friend. Tony Donovan is my brother. He's family. And when it comes to my family, then I've got a simple rule:

Blood calls for blood.

And anyone who gets in my way is going to suffer the same fate as whoever crossed my brothers.

[Westerly stares at James, her face going red with emotion.]

VW: You are going to come out here and tell me about YOUR family? You're really going to look me in the eyes and say those words? You're going to tell your m-

[Westerly goes from red to pale, cutting herself off.]

BJ: Go ahead, say it.

[Westerly shakes her head as James stares defiantly at her.]

BJ: Say the words. Say what you want to say.

[Westerly again shakes her head and in fact, turns to leave the ring, beckoning for Polemos to follow. James doesn't let the issue slide though, raising his mic again.]

BJ: Ask me why I'm talking about family... to my own mother.

[Westerly whips around, glaring angrily at James. She mouths something not heard on camera as an audible gasp can be heard from the crowd.]

BW: Hold on... Gordo, did he just say?

GM: He did! It has been a question fans have wondered about for years. We all know that Casey James is the father of Brian James, but now it seems we know who his mother is as well!

[The crowd is still buzzing as James nods his head.]

BJ: The secret's out. Now everyone knows what you didn't want known. You claimed Junior, and you claimed Truth Marie, but you never wanted the world to know about me. You've never done anything but try to forget about your little youthful indiscretion with the lowlife from Portland.

BW: May god rest his soul.

GM: Be serious for a minute!

[Westerly shakes her head, looking down at the mat.]

VW: You don't understand. You've never understood wha-

[James defiantly cuts her off again.]

BJ: Oh, I understand just fine. And I don't care. Because you aren't family, not in the way that Tony or Wes are.

I'm a James, not a Westerly, you saw to that.

[Veronica stares at her son, her jaw dropped at his words.]

BK: And that's why I've got no problem saying this. I don't give a crap about your "business." What happened to Tony, that's bigger than business. It's bigger than Johnny Detson thinking he can tell me what to do.

So the ball's in your court... mom. You play this family drama however you want. You give me what I want... I might be inclined to help you against Martinez and Lynch and the rest.

[James lets that offer hang for a moment.]

BJ: Or... you can get in my way and watch what happens.

[James casts a glance at Polemos.]

BJ: To him.

[And then raises a muscular arm to point to the locker room.]

BJ: And all the rest.

[James drops the mic, making the slightest gesture to Theresa Lynch who takes the opportunity to get the heck out of the ring. Once she exits and is on her way back up the aisle, James leaves as well, abandoning his mother and Polemos.]

GM: Wow! What a start to Saturday Night Wrestling here in Phoenix, fans! Veronica Westerly is back, she's brought Polemos with her... and Brian James has dropped two major bombshells! Veronica is his mother... and if she doesn't deliver Castillo and his monsters to him, James is gonna cut right through them all!

BW: I'm still in shock, Gordo. Brian James is Veronica's son?! That's breaking news of a king-sized proportion and we're just getting started!

GM: It's going to be a wild night here in Phoenix - you can feel it in the air - and now before we go to the ring for our opening matchup, let's go backstage where I'm told Shadoe Rage is waiting.

[We cut to the locker room area where Shadoe Rage is madly pacing back and forth in front of an open door that leads out into the parking lot. The black-robed wrestler isn't wearing his trademark sunglasses so the madness and malevolent intent is on clear display.]

SR: Come on, Jackson Haynes, get here! Get here, so I can deal with you face-to-face. No more running. No more hiding! Fight me like a man!

[A slowly-approaching Mark Stegglet creeps into view.]

MS: Mr. Rage, a quick word?

[Rage doesn't even seem to notice Stegglet exists.]

SR: You're a dead man, Haynes! D-E-A-D, DEAD! You wanna put your hands on me? Did you see SuperClash?! Do you know what I'm capable of?! Come on, yeah. Walk through that door!

[Stegglet tries again.]

MS: Shadoe Rage, can I ask-

[Rage suddenly turns towards Stegglet, snatching him by the collar.]

SR: You want something from me, huh? Okay, I see, yeah. You want to know what I'm doing here?

[Stegglet looks a little surprised.]

MS: Actually, yes.

[Rage nods, wiping spittle from his face.]

SR: I'm here to finish what I started. Veronica Westerly's out there acting like she finished off the Lynches? No way, uh uh! ME! I DID IT! I harpooned the big fat whale! I put him down! DOWN! And I woulda done the same to Travis, yeah... but no chance. Haynes? You're mine! It is written in the stars, yeah!

Jackson Haynes, you know you can't beat one-on-one! So you have to sneak like a coward and sucker punch me from the crowd! You're all the way despicable just like your so-called father-in-law, the man that I ran out of town! I'm the Lynch-killer, Stegglet. Not Westerly, not Castillo, not anybody else. I chopped the head off the snake and just like my theme says "Sooner or later the God will cut you down!"

MS: I believe the lyrics are "Sooner or later God will cut you down!"

[Stegglet backs away from Rage as something dawns on him.]

MS: Wait, you're waiting for Jackson Haynes? Here? You want to fight him here? That sounds like... suicide.

[Rage snorts.]

SR: Jackson Haynes, Jackson Haynes... he says he's bringing unlimited violence - no way! I'M UNLIMITED VIOLENCE! Every thing I do is violent! And Jackson Haynes, your moment is coming and I'm gonna bring it to ya, yeah...

[Rage turns to stare down at Stegglet. He tries to draw a deep breath, but he can't contain his rage.]

SR: I am the God that will do the cutting, Stegglet. And I will cut down that back-stabbing, yellow-bellied coward in the ring, face-to-face, man-to-man with or without a referee! I'm not a low-bellied piece of trash like the Lynches. And Haynes stinks of the Lynches, doesn't he, Stegglet. He stinks of Blackjack. All he is is a swarthy opportunist. He's trying to make money off my name!

MS: I think he's trying to stand up for his family the same way you purport to stand up for your family!

[And that clearly stings Shadoe Rage. Rage is growing more and more frustrated. He starts breathing hard and tearing at his dreadlocks.]

SR: Purport? PURPORT!

[Rage stabs his finger into Stegglet's chest.]

SR: Stegglet, you're lucky they protect you around here because I would love to put my knee through your skull right now. I don't purport to do anything. I am the Rages. I AM standing up for my family name. I'm not here to fight Jackson Haynes. I'm here to tell him face-to-face I want him in the ring at the Anniversary Show so I can prove, in front of everybody, that I am the greatest and my name is greater than any Lynch hanger-on's could ever be!

[Rage spins around in a circle, trying to get himself under control.]

SR: Stegglet, that is all I came here to say. I am tired of being attacked from behind! I'm tired of him running away. I'm going to finish this!

MS: Can I ask a question about something else?

[Rage looks confused.]

SR: Something else?

MS: Your sister. A Rage you claim to care about.

[Rage runs a hand over his face, shaking his head, a pain-filled expression on it.]

SR: She's... they hurt her. They hurt her.

[Rage's eyes are haunted.]

MS: Right, I know. But... with all your talk about family in recent months, I wondered...

[Rage shakes his head, shouting "NO! NO! NO!" and storms out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: A most conflicted Shadoe Rage, fans. We'll be right back with our opening matchup 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."

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up on the ring where we see Rebecca Ortiz standing with two unfamiliar faces.]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall and a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 560 pounds... the team of BONESAW BARNES and JACK LOGAN!

[The bushy bearded Bonesaw Barnes snarls at the camera as Jack Logan flexes some decent biceps at the jeering crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents... from the Speed Zone... weighing in at 406 pounds... RICKY MORALES... ROBBIE GILBERT... GREEEEEEEEASED LIGHTNIIIIIIIIING!

[The PA erupts with the duo calling out dialogue from the movie Top Gun.]

"I FEEL THE NEED... THE NEED... FOR SPEED!"

["Humans Being" by Van Halen rips across the loudspeakers as the team of Ricky Morales and Robbie Gilbert come jogging out onto the ramp. Both are dressed in full length NASCAR driver suits as they grin at the cheering crowd.]

GM: Ricky Morales and Robbie Gilbert, the duo known as Greased Lightning, has made their way from the Combat Corner to join us here tonight in Phoenix as the newest members of the AWA Tag Team Division!

[Morales and Gilbert walk to the edges of the entrance platform, pointing out to the fans and getting more cheers before coming back to the center where they exchange a high ten...

...and then break into a dazzling quick sprint towards the ring, sliding headfirst under the bottom rope in unison. Coming to their feet, they show off their tearaway suits to reveal their wrestling gear.

Ricky Morales, a young Latino with dark skin and hair, steps up on the second rope, pounding his well-oiled bare chest with a fist. He's wearing neon green trunks and matching boots with white kickpads rounding out the ensemble.

His parter, Robbie Gilbert, is well-tanned with bright blond hair and a big grin on his face as he steps up to the second turnbuckle. He points out to the fans in his white trunks and boots with green kickpads to compliment his partner's gear. With a clap of his hands, he snaps off a standing backflip from the second rope, landing on his feet to another big cheer.]

GM: Whoa my! Well, we've heard about the dazzling speed from these two youngsters, Bucky, but it appears they've also got some high flying to go with it.

BW: They're gonna need it. Bonesaw Barnes hasn't taken his eyes off these two since they got to the ring and he looks like he might be out to spoil a debut by sending someone to the hospital.

[Bonesaw Barnes and Jack Logan huddle up in their corner, Barnes angrily pointing across the ring as Gilbert and Morales prepare for battle. Referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller checks in on both teams in his signature blue shoes... and then signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Morales steps out, leaving Gilbert in to start things off with Jack Logan. Logan smirks at the smaller competitor as he confidently swaggers out of his corner to mid-ring. Gilbert comes out to greet him, offering a handshake.]

GM: Good sign of sportsmanship from young Robbie Gilbert... but Logan slaps the hand away. He'll have no part of it.

[Instead, Logan lunges at Gilbert, wrapping him up in a collar and elbow tieup. Gilbert does his best to hold his ground but the larger man easily backs him across the ring into the neutral corner. The referee calls for a break and Logan obliges with a two-handed shove to the chest before stepping back and striking another double bicep pose.]

GM: Jack Logan, seemingly very proud of his upper body as he tries to bully Robbie Gilbert around in his Saturday Night Wrestling debut.

[Logan backs to mid-ring again, waving Gilbert forward. A shout of "COME ON, ROBBIE!" from the corner brings a smile to the focused Gilbert's face as he slides back out towards center ring.]

BW: Take two for this Combat Corner punk.

GM: Now why do you have to be like that? You don't even know the young man!

BW: Bah! They're all punks in that place.

[Logan again lunges at Gilbert for a tieup but this time, Gilbert ducks underneath to avoid it, rushing towards the ropes.]

GM: And here we go now... watch the speed of this young man...

[Gilbert is already moving fast as he bounces off the ropes, building up even more speed as he's back on Logan before the bigger competitor can do anything but throw a sloppy haymaker that Gilbert avoids by baseball sliding between the legs, popping up to his feet with a standing dropkick that stuns Logan but does not take him down.]

GM: Nice dropkick by Gilbert... a second one as well...

[With Logan's arms pinwheeling around, Gilbert pops up, racing to the ropes again. He comes charging back, leaping off his feet again. This time, a flying crossbody topples the off-balance Logan, taking him down to the mat where he promptly rolls Robbie Gilbert right off him.]

GM: Speed, athleticism, high flying. This duo could prove to be quite competitive in this ever-growing tag team division, Bucky.

BW: It was just last weekend that we saw the new War Pigs arrive on the scene... we saw Ringkrieger make a return... we know that the Southern Wrecking Crew is coming to town soon... this division is heating up on the road to the return of the Stampede Cup and it's going to take a heck of a team to make an impact.

[Logan lumbers to his feet, taking a big swing at Gilbert who ducks down to avoid it. The muscular Logan throws a front kick at the doubled-up Gilbert who sidesteps it. A swinging clothesline is aimed at his head but Gilbert drops to his back to dodge it beforeipping up to his feet with a well-timed hiptoss taking Logan over into a seated position as Gilbert cartwheels past him and throws a low dropkick to the face to put him back down.]

GM: Wow! Dazzling series of moves there by Gilbert... and there's a tag into to Ricky Morales... and listen to the young ladies in the crowd react to these two young men. Quite the heartthrobs we have on our hands.

[Gilbert and Morales move as one, pulling Logan to his feet. Morales dashes to the ropes, bouncing off as Gilbert holds his ground. He elevates the approaching Morales, shooting him high into the air so that Morales can come down with maximum impact on a surprised Jack Logan with a pair of knees!]

GM: OHHH MY!

[As the crowd cheers the assisted meteora, a raging-mad Bonesaw Barnes comes into the ring, charging the two young men...

...who take him up and over with a double hiptoss. Gilbert quickly pivots, lifting his own partner up in a hiptoss and throwing him down into a modified senton on the downed Barnes!]

GM: Incredible double team action on the part of Greased Lightning - living up to their name here as a total blur of motion.

[The young duo dash to the ropes in tandem again, each throwing a running dropkick that sends their opponents through the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Uh oh! Someone better clear the track! It looks like these two are looking to set the pace here in the AWA Tag Team Division!

[Gilbert and Morales dash to the ropes again, sprinting back as their opponents steady themselves out on the floor..

...and the Combat Corner graduates HURL themselves between the ropes like a pair of heat seeking missiles that crash hard into Barnes and Logan, knocking them flat on the floor to a huge reaction!]

GM: The need for speed is on display and these two are something else, Bucky.

[Pulling Logan off the mat, Gilbert and Morales fire him back under the ropes. Gilbert heads to the corner as Morales pulls himself up on the apron, grabbing the top rope...]

GM: Slingshot!

[Slinging himself over the ropes, Morales crashes down on top of the prone Logan with a splash. He hooks a leg as Blue Shoes goes down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[But Logan escapes the pin attempt, kicking out in times. A grinning Morales comes to his feet, clapping his hands together a few times as he circles the downed Logan, waiting for him to rise.]

BW: See, I don't like this, Gordo. You got the man down, stay on him. Don't play to the crowd and for pete's sake, don't let him up!

GM: I have to agree with you there, Bucky. Logan struggling to get up... Morales to the ropes now and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A big double axehandle from Bonesaw Barnes out on the floor to the back of Morales cuts him off, sending him staggering out to mid-ring where a running clothesline from Logan takes him down.]

GM: And Bonesaw Barnes with the illegal assist from outside the ring changes the complexion of this match.

BW: And there's nothing illegal about it now, Gordo. He tagged in!

[Barnes angrily stomps the downed Morales once... twice... three times. The fans are jeering loudly as Barnes threatens to backhand all of them... even children... before pulling Morales off the mat. A scoop slam follows, leaving Morales quivering on the canvas as Barnes backs off, running into the ropes himself...]

GM: Barnes to the ropes off the slam... leaps up...

[A legdrop aimed for the throat of Morales comes up empty though as the young man rolls to the side, leaving Barnes to crash tailbonefirst down on the mat.]

GM: Big miss for Bonesaw and Morales is on the move again!

[Barnes grimaces, wincing in pain as Morales comes to his feet swiftly. He dashes to the ropes, bouncing back towards Barnes...]

GM: Ohhh! Double knees again - this time DRIVING Barnes down into the canvas.

[Morales springs right back up, racing to the ropes where he leaps to the second, springing back with a quebrada!]

GM: Second rope moonsault on the money!

[Morales forgoes the pin attempt though, leaping right back to his feet where he runs to the corner... running up the ropes without the slightest hesitation... and leaps off with a high flying, big arching moonsault!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[But the incoming Logan breaks it up with a stomp to the lower back!]

GM: Ohhh! Come on!

[The crowd jeers as Logan backs off... but then breaks into a cheer as Robbie Gilbert sprints across the ring, landing a flying back elbow that sends Logan falling through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Gilbert clears him out!

[Coming to his feet, Morales winces in pain but Gilbert quickly points to the corner, making an arm signal...]

GM: Gilbert's calling for something here...

[Morales backs to the far corner, signaling to the crowd as Gilbert drops down on his hands and knees. Morales charges out, stepping up on his partner's back, flipping through the air...

...and crashes down on the prone Barnes with a Shooting Star Press!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOOTING STAR CONNECTS! THAT MIGHT DO IT!!

[Morales hooks a leg tightly as Blue Shoes counts again.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WOW! Barnes kicks out! And now you've gotta be impressed by the guts of Bonesaw Barnes to kick out after that!

[Gilbert quickly helps Morales to his feet, ignoring the referee's count as the two pulls Barnes off the mat, shoving him back to the corner.]

GM: What's this now?

BW: I've done my research, Gordo. These two are setting up for the move they call the Checkered Flag... and if they hit this, I'd say it's Victory Lane for these two newbies.

[The duo lifts Barnes up off the mat, depositing him on the top turnbuckle...

...and they begin climbing to join him there.]

GM: What in the world...?

[The crowd is buzzing as Morales and Gilbert reach the peak, lifting Barnes to stand on his feet with them on the top rope.]

GM: Oh brother... dangerous situation here...

[In unison, Morales and Gilbert leap into the air, flipping backwards while maintaining their hold on Barnes...

...and DRIVE him into the canvas with a double moonsault slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Morales stays on top of Barnes while Gilbert rolls out to the floor. Blue Shoes, having grabbed his head in shock during the move, recovers in time to drop down to make the count.]

GM: Forget about this one, fans! Victory Lane indeed!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: They got him!

[Morales springs to his feet, quickly joined by an ecstatic Gilbert who falls into an embrace with his best friend and tag team partner.]

GM: What a win for Greased Lightning!

[The two spread out, allowing Blue Shoes to raise their arms in victory.]

GM: We talked about these two young men looking to make an impact on the AWA Tag Team Division... and with a move like that, they certainly have done so in impressive fashion here tonight, fans. We're told we're going to hear from these two men later tonight but right now, let's go to the entrance stage and Sweet Lou Blackwell!

[We fade from the in-ring celebration up to the entrance stage where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, two weeks ago, we saw a shocking scene when El Presidente himself - Javier Castillo - ordered Women's World Champion Kurayami to continue the assault on Xenia Sonova after their title match. What was even more shocking perhaps was the arrival of Tony Donovan - formerly one-half of the World Tag Team Champions now - to try and prevent it. And yet even more shocking - if that's possible - was Johnny Detson's apparent refusal to allow his allies in the Kings of Wrestling to come to the ring to help Donovan.

[Blackwell fake wipes his brow with a smile.]

SLB: Whew. With all that said, I welcome to the stage to defend his decision - the man who will challenge for the AWA World Heavyweight Title two weeks from tonight in Los Angeles, California... the leader of the Kings of Wrestling... JOHNNY DETSON!

[We get a little bit of “Kashmir” playing over the PA system as the Number One Contender to the World Title swaggers onto the stage looking as smug as ever. Johnny Detson stands in a black designed suit with a white buttoned down shirt with no tie. Black sunglasses are resting half down his nose as he approaches, looking down at Blackwell.]

SLB: Well?

[Detson glares at Blackwell.]

JD: Well what?

[Blackwell sighs.]

SLB: You know the question, Johnny. The whole world wants to know exactly why you did what you two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Detson laughs to himself and shakes his head...

...but before he can speak he is cut off by someone shouting from off-camera.]

“To Hell with the whole world!”

[Detson looks agitated at first but the expression quickly changes as he sees Wes Taylor comes marching into view. Taylor is dressed simply in a black t-shirt and

jeans as he comes in on Blackwell's other side, standing face-to-face with Detson as he grabs Blackwell's wrist, steering the mic towards him.])

WT: How about just me?!

[Taylor appears to be fuming mad as Detson simply sighs, rather casually removing his shades to tuck them into his inside jacket pocket. Only then does he look back up at Taylor, a calm expression on his face.]

JD: Wes, what is it you want to know?

[Taylor is absolutely beside himself at this point.]

WT: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! WHAT DO I WANT TO KNOW?!

[He points to the ring.]

WT: How about you making Brian and I stand back there in the locker while our BROTHER was out here getting turned into a greasy spot in that ring?! How about that for starters?!

[Taylor jerks a thumb at himself.]

WT: How about you getting in bed with Korugun and costing me my half of the World Tag Team Titles?! How about that one? I want to know what the hell is going on, Johnny... and I want to know right now!

[Taylor shoves an accusing finger towards Detson who simply shakes his head.]

JD: I didn't do any of those things.

[Taylor's eyes flash with anger again.]

JD: YOU'RE A DAMN LIAR, JOHN-

[But Taylor is cut off by Detson holding up his hand in front of Taylor's face. Taylor instinctively swats it away, but Detson ignores it.]

JD: If I may, since I'm being excused of something... let's go over the facts, shall we?

I didn't make Tony Donovan run out there two weeks ago in defiance of the Korugun Corporation to save some girl he's got a crush on. He didn't tell me he was doing that and I'm sure he didn't tell you he was doing that.

[From the look on Taylor's face, one can see that's true but Taylor doesn't look calmed by this explanation.]

JD: Last I checked, I was the leader of the Kings and you've been his partner for... how long now?

[If Detson is waiting for an answer, he doesn't wait long before continuing.]

JD: You see, Wes, let me tell you a cold, hard truth that I hoped I'd never have to tell you.

Tony Donovan was never a King of Wrestling.

[Taylor grimaces and looks to be about to defend his partner when Detson continues.]

JD: Tony Donovan was never even part of your precious little James Gang. Tony Donovan has always been about Tony Donovan and nothing else.

[Detson points at Taylor and smiles.]

JD: But you... you have always made sacrifices for the Kings. When your uncle wasn't pulling his weight, you didn't like it... but you did what was best for the group.

Tony Donovan was all too eager to strike the first blow. When his father is getting beat down by the Axis, there goes Tony Donovan running to the rescue. Starting this whole tag team mess with the Axis! Seems like he thinks he has the only family worth saving around here.

[Detson lets Taylor think about that for a second.]

JD: And now? His "girlfriend" is in trouble and there he goes again only worrying about Tony Donovan. Not worrying about the repercussions for you, or me, or my title shot... or even his title match later that show. Heck, you can even include Brian... you know how he can't look bad in front of the new leaders right?

[Detson smirks but Taylor doesn't respond.]

JD: Anyway... family is only good when it's Tony Donovan's family. This arrangement is only good when Tony Donovan thinks it is. Well, it doesn't work that way and I wasn't about to see you go down with the Tony Donovan ship. In fact, I did you a huge favor, if you look at it from a certain point of view.

[An exasperated Taylor responds... but with less volume than before. There is certainly a disbelieving tone to his voice though.]

WT: A certain point of view?

[Detson smiles his best reassuring smile.]

JD: Yes, you going through that curtain to help Tony would have put your career in monumental jeopardy. But now your stock has never been higher. Forget the tag titles, leave them in the past... let the Axis have them and their Battle Royal. You need to see the bigger picture.

[Detson now places a hand on the shoulder of Taylor and looks up holding his other hand up towards the sky as if showing Taylor the bigger picture.]

JD: You, Wes Taylor, just went toe to toe with two men from the Axis and nearly won! You almost successfully defended the tag titles... SINGLE HANDED! You just proved who the star was... you proved who the star will be!

Can you see it?

Wes Taylor... World Television Champion!

Wes Taylor... National Champion!

Wes Taylor... future cornerstone of this industry!

[Detson smiles at Taylor again.]

JD: All that and more! Two weeks ago, you proved once and for all that you're the smart one. You didn't like it, but you listened to reason! Just like with your uncle...

you didn't like it but you knew it had to be done. Tony never got that, and Brian... well, we know how Brian gets. But you...

[Detson's smile gets wider as he shakes a finger at him.]

JD: I see now that you will survive them all because you have what it takes to get the job done. From the moment you gave me that glove, I knew there were big things in store for you. You stick with me and there are no limits to what you can become!

[Detson takes a step back and lets it all sink in. Taylor looks at Detson considering it all...]

SLB: Mr. Taylor?

[Taylor ignores Blackwell though.. ignoring Detson as well as he slowly turns and exits, walking off the stage as the crowd buzzes with disappointment at not seeing someone punch Johnny Detson in the mouth. Detson grabs Blackwell by the wrist, steering the mic back towards him, a smirk on his face.]

JD: Why, Sweet Lou? You want to know why?

[Detson reaches into his pocket and pulls out his shades and rests them back on his nose.]

JD: Because I can.

[And with that, Detson turns to make his exit, leaving Blackwell to shake his head in disbelief as we fade to black.

Cut to a college library where two students have a physics textbook open.]

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

STUDENT #2: "Matter that produces and/or emits ionizing energy can be described by what adjective?"

[Student #1 looks up from the book and slams it shut. Cutaway as he stands up, now suddenly wearing Derrick Williams' gold "Future" coat from SuperClash VIII through the miracle of editing. He takes out his phone and presses a "play" button.]

[A wide shot of the entire library as the student spreads his arms to the chorus of Imagine Dragons.]

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

[Cut to a sushi chef with a white towel over his head and a kimono with a Claw Academy logo. To Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call," he bursts through curtains to serve a platter of sashimi to a table.

In a gym, a woman does sit-ups in and out of frame to "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest. After her third sit-up, her face is spontaneously painted with a black and yellow 'S'. She cups her hands to her mouth and howls.

A man and two school-aged children step through the automatic glass door of a big box retailer to "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West. They are all in hooded fighter's robes, and they stoically nod at the camera in unison as they pause by the shopping carts.

A woman prances through a maze of cubicles to "I'm The Best" by Nicki Minaj, twirling a red braid and balancing a cup of coffee.

A civic worker in a visibility vest tries to move a dead tree branch into a truck to "Brian Boru's March" by The Chieftains. With part of the branch under his arm and his another hand, you'd swear he was giving the branch an armbar.

On a playground, a little girl with a distinct scowl stomps up to home plate to "Another One" by Night Club. She swings her bat wildly at the ball resting on a tee.]

STUDENT #2: [voice] Yeah, I think that's right.

[Cut back to library. Student #1 still has his arms open, but now to the sounds of library ambience. Someone in the background coughs. He sits back down.]

STUDENT #1: Okay... uh... Question 11?

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

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[Fade through black back as the ACCESS 365 logo splashes across the screen before we see the interior of Javier Castillo's office. El Presidente is seated behind his large wooden desk, repeatedly jabbing his fingers into the empty eyeholes of a crystal skull that rests on it. MAWAGA lurks behind him, his eyes hidden behind dark sunglasses as the Suited Savage stands watch. After a few moments, a knock on the door interrupts Castillo who arches an eyebrow.]

JC: Unexpected guests. Be ready.

[MAWAGA nods slightly, his gloved hands sliding a little higher towards his waist as Castillo shouts "ENTER!" The door pushes open to reveal the AWA World Tag Team Champions, Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter aka System Shock. Both men are beaming and dressed in street clothes with a modernized variation of the Axis logo. Behind them is the hulking Maxim Zharkov, already in his ring gear and red satin robe, the National Title belt over his shoulder.]

JC: Ahh, gentlemen. Enter, enter por favor.

[Williams grins as he drops himself into a chair across from Castillo.]

JC: Of course. Have a seat.

[Williams grimaces slightly at his presumption as Riley Hunter eases slowly into the seat next to him. He briefly looks over Castillo's shoulder]

RH: Hey big guy.

DW: How've you been, MAWAGA?

[MAWAGA grunts and shrugs as though to say, "okay."]

RH: Good to hear.

JC: Now then, to business tonight. Mr. Zharkov, thank you for permitting me to chose the challenger for the National Title tonight. My connections in Mexico have sent one of their hottest prospects to be tested by you, and I have promised that we will return him across the border mostly in one piece. Do you understand?

[Zharkov nods slowly.]

JC: Bueno. You will find him a... stimulating opponent, I should think.

[Castillo grins his reptilian grin. Zharkov remains stoic.]

JC: Your match is up very shortly, Mr. Zharkov. You don't want to face your opponent unprepared, do you?

[Zharkov looks at Hunter and Williams.]

RH: Don't worry, Max. We'll catch up with you later.

[Zharkov eyes up Castillo silently one last time, nods, and exits the office of the President. Castillo exhales in relief.]

RH: I wouldn't worry about Max, Mi Presidente. He can be... a little intense.

JC: I see that. Now, I want to congratulate you both once again on winning those titles two weeks ago.

[The Future proudly slaps the title belt over his shoulder.]

DW: They look pretty good on us, huh?

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Of course! And I'm glad to see that the recent changes in Axis personnel have done nothing to slow you down.

[Hunter throws a glance up at MAWAGA who stands stoic.]

RH: Of course not. Addition by subtraction and all that.

[Castillo grins, nodding.]

JC: So, what brings you here to see me tonight? Hmm?

[Hunter and Williams exchange a glance.]

DW: Well, you see...

RH: They told us that... well, they said you wanted to give us... that is, we won the-

DW: We won the Battle Royal last week.

[Castillo looks puzzled for a moment.]

JC: What...? What are you talking about?

[Hunter looks even more nervous now.]

RH: The Battle Royal. Didn't you see it on Power Hour? We won.

[Castillo still looks confused.]

RH: We-

[Castillo suddenly throws his arms up, laughing wildly.]

JC: Hahaha! I was just having some fun with you! Of course!

[Hunter breathes a heavy sigh of relief as Williams forces out a chuckle.]

JC: Yes! I must commend you on your original thinking. So, I'd imagine you have come to collect the fifty thousand dollars.

DW: That was the idea, yes.

[Castillo reaches under the desk, opening a drawer.. and then nonchalantly slams a stack of cash down on the table. Hunter's eyes go wide.]

RH: We were expecting a check but-

DW: Cash works. Cash works just fine.

JC: I'm sure it does.

[Williams extends his arm, placing a hand on the stack of money that Castillo is still holding.]

JC: Fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money, boys.

[Hunter nods as Williams tries to slide the money towards them.]

JC: But you know what's even more? A hundred thousand.

[Hunter grins.]

RH: A bonus for a job well done?

[Castillo smirks, shaking his head.]

JC: Not exactly. Would you two say that you are... betting men?

[Hunter raises an eyebrow, looking to Williams who still has a hand on the stack of cash that Castillo is holding.]

JC: I do love a good wager time and again. Sports. Cards. Fighting. One way or another, I've gambled more than my fair share over the years. But the one thing I've bet on more than anything else? Myself.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: Do you two feel like betting on yourselves?

[Williams stares across the desk, both men with their hands still on the pile of money.]

DW: What did you have in mind?

[Castillo nods his head.]

JC: I just had a brilliant idea - you know, back home in Mexico, I am known as quite the innovator. And I think I just came up with another brilliant creation that will truly make the Anniversary Show something special.

I call it... the Double Or Nothing Battle Royal!

[He looks at the two men.]

JC: You like?

RH: Oh, absolutely, Mi Presidente. Fantastic.

[Williams is less enthusiastic.]

DW: What's it mean?

[Castillo clicks his tongue at Williams.]

JC: It's quite simply, young man. You two walk out of this office right now... and leave this...

[He pats the money.]

JC: ...behind.

DW: And why would we do that?

JC: Because... and here comes the brilliant part... in two weeks, we're going to have another Battle Royal - the Double Or Nothing Battle Royal - and if you win, you get one hundred thousand dollars! Everyone else? They get fifty if they win... this fifty... but you two would get a hundred thousand dollars!

RH: And if we lose?

[Castillo smiles in Hunter's direction.]

JC: I think you already know the answer to that, Mr. Hunter.

[Hunter sighs, nodding.]

RH: I think I do too.

[Hunter and Williams look at one another for an extended moment...

...and Williams slowly raises his hand off the pile of cash, staring across at a beaming Castillo.]

DW: El Presidente... you have yourself a deal.

[Castillo sweeps the money off the desk into an open drawer, clapping his hands together once.]

JC: Splendid! I look forward to seeing you two in my new creation in Los Angeles. Now, if you'll excuse me...

[Williams and Hunter rise from their seats, recognizing they've been dismissed, and make their exit as a chuckling Castillo leans back in his chair, propping his feet up on the desk as we fade back out to ringside where Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are seated.]

GM: A Double Or Nothing Battle Royal now on the books for the Anniversary Show coming up in two weeks. Of course, we'll also see the World Champion, Ryan Martinez, defending the title against the Number One Contender, Johnny Detson that night in Los Angeles as well. I'm told we'll learn more about the plans for that show later tonight but right now, we've got a showdown in that ring coming up

between Jordan Ohara who has handpicked a special opponent from Combat Corner Wrestling, "The Arawak" Jack Veles.

BW: Yeah, and I gotta wonder what in the world Ohara is thinking, Gordo. Veles is a big, tough... double tough... guy with a chip on his shoulder. He's been looking to break into the AWA main roster for a long time now and he'll be extraordinarily motivated tonight to put a hurting on Ohara to earn himself that spot.

GM: I think that's what Ohara is looking for, Bucky. He's looking for someone motivated... for someone driven. He wants the tough challenge to keep himself sharp as he continues to look towards a potential National Title match against Maxim Zharkov - who we just learned will be in action later tonight against a talent being imported from Mexico. There's been a lot of talk about whether Ohara deserves a shot at the National Title considering his SuperClash loss to Derrick Williams... perhaps this is his way to silence that talk once and for all.

BW: He might get HIMSELF silenced once and for all when Veles is done with him.

GM: You could be right about that as well. But right now, we're going to hear some pre-recorded comments from both of these competitors as they prepare for battle here tonight in Phoenix.

[We fade from Gordon and Bucky to the man known as "The Arawak" Jack Veles. The big ugly mountain of Native West Indian wrestler stares at the camera, a ragged black towel over his head. His face tics and contorts.]

JV: Jordan Ohara, they told me you handpicked me as your opponent on Saturday Night Wrestling because you wanted a challenge. You wanted to show the world you could beat the biggest, baddest men around.

[Veles' face twists in disgust.]

JV: There's somethin' wrong with your damn brain, boy. Derrick Williams must've knocked something loose when he hit you with that Future Shock at SuperClash. You want to show the world you can beat bigger, badder men? Cool. But what the Hell do you think you're doing picking a fight with me? Huh? That's just damn stupid. You think you're stepping in the ring with just some tomato can? You think you can just walk over me and have everybody fawn all over you?

Ohara, they're right about you. Your ego is out of control! I'm a hungry dog, man. I've been waiting for my big break while you just jumped the line like you always do and got yours because a bunch of teenage girls scream when you come out and pander to 'em. Well, I'm gonna make these girls scream when they see you because I'm gonna take that pretty face and make it ugly. I'm gonna bust open your nose and pop your eyes out. Then you won't be so pretty. And you won't be so damn dumb. I'm gonna knock you out... PUNK!

[The shot fades from Veles...

...and then up to Jordan Ohara in the backstage interview area. The AWA banner hangs behind him. Ohara has decided to shave his facial hair into a Van Dyke pointed beard and a neat mustache. He's still got his hair in a top knot, though, the wavy hair standing in a high half bun with the wavy black hair hanging down in the back. He is dressed in his shiny Carolina blue pants and is wearing his Phoenix T-shirt in white with Carolina blue ringed the collar and the sleeves.]

JO: AWA Galaxy, tonight I take on a challenge. Tonight, I step into the ring with CCW stand out and Brass Ring runner up, "The Arawak" Jack Veles. He's 6'4 and 300 pounds of mean. But he's the kind of opponent I need to fight right now. I need to sharpen my skills. I need to be better in that ring. The Axis is unchecked

right now and celebrating. I could have stopped that, but I wasn't good enough. I've got to be better and a dangerous fighter like Jack Veles is going to make me better.

In 2017, the Phoenix is going to be reborn. Faster. Stronger. Better. I'm going to fight fire with fire and prove that my name belongs with the best in this sport like Ryan Martinez did.

[Ohara looks concerned, however, as he thinks about his opponent.]

JO: You all saw what Jack Veles did to Whitiri. I'm sure he's going to do worse to me. I know he's bigger than me. I know he's stronger than me. I know he's more ruthless. But I also know I can beat him. I can beat him with all of you behind me. I don't care how tough it gets in that ring. I know I can beat him and prove to everybody, including myself, that I can take down the Axis and stop the evil that is plaguing the AWA. Yes, I can.

[We fade from the pre-recorded interviews out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... weighing 298 pounds...

"THE ARAWAK" JAAAAAAAAACK VELESSSSSSSSSS!

[The crowd boos as Jack Veles steps through the curtains, towel over his head. "Mama Says Knock You Out" plays as the giant Caribbean Native American strides down to the ring, exuding menace as the fans shrink away from him.]

GM: And we have not seen Jack Veles since SuperClash but he is here tonight, one of the standout wrestlers from Combat Corner Wrestling. He has a big opportunity here tonight against Jordan Ohara.

BW: If I were the AWA medical staff I wouldn't let Ohara compete here tonight.

GM: Why?

BW: There must be something wrong with him to accept this match, Gordo!

GM: Oh stop!

[Ortiz continues as Veles climbs into the ring.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... from Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing 225 pounds...

HE IS THE PHOENIX...

JORRRRRRRRRDAAAAAAAAAN OOOOOOOOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAAAA!

[The crowd explodes as Nas' "I Can" celebrates Jordan Ohara's entrance. The hyper kid bounces onto the stage, playing air piano in his shiny winged jacket and Carolina blue pants.]

GM: Jordan Ohara, one of the hottest young superstars anywhere in the wrestling world, is on his way to the ring for what should be a tough challenge... and you'd better believe that the National Champion, Maxim Zharkov is somewhere in the back looking on.

BW: Are you sure about that? Zharkov has a match of his own here tonight. I hardly think he's going to waste his time on this punk kid who is trying to jump the line of contenders and snatch a shot at the National Title.

[Reaching the ring, Ohara jumps around, slapping hands with the fans and hugging kids before he jumps onto the ring apron.]

GM: Ohara climbing through- NO!

[The crowd gasps as Veles charges Ohara from the blindside, connecting with a running tackle that sends Ohara sailing back off the apron, crashing down on the barely-padded floor. Ohara hits with a thud. His legs kick as he clutches the back of his head.]

GM: Veles with a vicious sneak attack before the bell and-

BW: This match may be over before it even starts, Gordo!

GM: It certainly could. Referee Andy Dawson sliding out to the floor to check on Ohara.

[The referee leans over Ohara, whispering to him. Eagle-eyed viewers see him grip Ohara's hand, looking for a response.]

BW: Wow... you know, I'm not Ohara's biggest fan, but that was a bad fall and this kid might be hurt bad, Gordo.

GM: Fans, I'm told Dr. Ponavitch is heading to the ring to check on Jordan Ohara and... while we does, apparently we're going to take a quick break. We'll be right back.

[With the referee kneeling next to Ohara, we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cut back to the young boy who shouts.]

"RYYYYYAAAAAN!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Go get him, White Knight."

[Martinez cracks a slight smile, reaching up to grab a Ryan Martinez White Knight t-shirt draped over his shoulder. He holds it up for a moment, setting it down on the young boy's shoulder as a proud father looks on. The boy breaks out into a huge grin as Martinez pats him on the other arm, turning to walk away as the opening notes to his music are heard.

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

"Wow."

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

We fade through black back to the ringside area where Jordan Ohara has made it into the ring, grimacing as he nods to the questioning official.]

GM: We're back here LIVE on The X, fans, and Jordan Ohara has miraculously not just made it back to his feet but he's insisting that this match should go on.

BW: Which is a big mistake if you ask me. He could be seriously injured, Gordo.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Ohara pushes out of the corner, a bit of a stumble in his step as Veles rumbles across the ring towards him, landing a fierce clothesline that flips Ohara inside out!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT RIGHT THERE!

[Veles flips Ohara onto his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[Ohara's shoulder pops off the mat in time, causing a ripple of relief to roll across the crowd.]

GM: Ohara slips out at two but Veles is on the attack... elbowdrop to the upper back

BW: Ohara is already giving up nearly a hundred pounds to Veles. And now he's been grounded. I don't know if the Phoenix will be able to last too much longer now that he's been caught.

[Veles pulls Ohara up by the arm, slinging him into the ropes in one strength-filled motion.]

GM: Ohara fired across... Veles sets...

[As Ohara rebounds, Veles shoves Ohara skyways...]

GM: POP UP POWER-

[But Ohara twists himself in mid-air, coming down with a dropkick to the mush of Veles to a big cheer!]

GM: Incredible counter staggers Veles... but Ohara can't follow up.

BW: He fell from about eight feet in the air on that dropkick and landed on his back. That'll take something out of you for sure.

[Ohara is down on the canvas, dragging himself across the ring as Veles falls back into the ropes, rubbing at his jaw.]

BW: Ohara took this match to prove to the suits that he can contend against the likes of Maxim Zharkov... but you see what the power and strength of a guy like Jack Veles is doing to him so far. If he can't handle Veles, what chance does he have against the Last Son of the Soviet Union who is already proving himself as the greatest National Champion ever?

GM: He's held the title for a couple of months! How can you say that?! Ohara rolling out to the floor, looking to recover.

BW: Gordo, I think Ohara's trying to overcompensate. He was crushed by that loss to Derrick Williams at SuperClash... and for some reason, he's got it in his head that he's the next Ryan Martinez. But Ryan Martinez didn't become Ryan Martinez as fast as Jordan wants to become Ryan Martinez.

GM: I think I followed that... and might even agree with it to some degree-
OHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd ROARS in shock as Veles rushes across the ring, diving through the ropes to send Ohara flying backwards, crashing hard into the ringside railing with a suicide dive!]

GM: OHARA'S SPINE MEETS THE STEEL THANKS TO JACK VELES!

[Veles wastes no time in getting back to his feet, flinging a hurting Ohara under the ropes.]

BW: Off the apron to the floor... into the railing... Veles is battering Ohara all over the place and the Phoenix better start rising fast if he thinks he's gonna knock off this CCW bruiser.

[Back in the ring, Veles climbs to his feet, glaring at the jeering crowd.]

GM: Jack Veles getting no love here as this Phoenix crowd is firmly behind THE Phoenix.

BW: This crowd hates a winner, Gordo.

[Pulling Ohara up by the arm, Veles sends him crashing spinefirst into the corner, charging in after him...]

GM: Veles on the move and-

[The crowd roars as Ohara grabs the ropes, yanking himself clear and causing Veles to sail between the ropes to crash into the steel ringpost!]

GM: AND NOW VELES MEETS THE STEEL! OHARA AVOIDS DISASTER!

[Leaning over the ropes, pulling air into his lungs, Ohara stumbles in looking for a comeback...]

GM: Ohara trying to shake off what's happened to him so far tonight, looking to strike...

[As Veles straightens up in the corner, Ohara snaps off a thrust kick into the shoulder, causing Veles to wince as he slides down to a knee against the buckles. Ohara grabs the wrist, twisting the arm around...

...and YANKS down on the limb, bringing it down over his shoulder, jolting the elbow against the shoulder, sending Veles slumping down to his knees, clutching his shoulder in pain.]

GM: Ohara with a pair of attacks to the arm, going after that shoulder... but can he capitalize?

BW: He's still in a lot of pain, Gordo.

[Ohara hobbles away, clutching his lower back as Veles tries to regain his feet in the corner.]

GM: Ohara moving back in... very slowly though.

[Grabbing Veles by the arm, he twists it around into a rear hammerlock. He hangs on to the arm as he wraps his other arm around Veles' neck, trying to jump up onto his back.]

GM: Ohara trying to make Veles carry his weight here... smart move...

BW: Staying on the shoulder too... but look out!

[Veles dips his hips, trying to drive Ohara backwards into the turnbuckles... but Ohara leaps up, landing on the middle rope as Veles slams into the buckles instead. Ohara uses his foot to push Veles out of the corner, leaping off with a flying chop...

...but Veles catches him a bodylock on the way down, popping his hips as he tosses Ohara halfway across the ring with an overhead belly to belly!]

GM: OHHH! Big suplex by Arawak Jack!

BW: And Veles has been learning his lessons well down in the Combat Corner clearly. Veles nearly won the Brass Ring competition and he's showing he's improved since then!

GM: Yes, Veles nearly defeated the eventual winner Whaitiri. He hasn't forgotten that and he's going to make the most out of his opportunities!

[Veles rolls to his feet, checking to make sure Ohara is still down before he leaps into the air...]

GM: OHHH! THREE HUNDRED POUND BACKSPLASH ON OHARA!

[Veles flips over again, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO!

[The crowd cheers in relief as Ohara slips out from under the lateral press, rolling onto his stomach, gasping for air as Veles climbs off the mat, glaring down at him as the Phoenix crowd tries to inspire Ohara back to his feet.]

GM: The fans are cheering Ohara on but is it enough to keep him in this one. He's been physically dominated for much of this one so far, fans.

[Veles grabs his prey by the scruff of the neck and the back of the shiny tights, wheeling him around in a circle...

...and HURLS him into the corner where Ohara flips upside down, slamming into the buckles before coming down, slumping into a seated position near the buckles.]

GM: Ohara just got manhandled by Veles!

BW: And if Zharkov IS watching backstage, he's gotta like what he's seeing, Gordo.

GM: These fans aren't liking what they're seeing though - that's for sure.

[With Ohara prone in the corner, Veles moves in, planting his boot on the side of the face, staring down at the Phoenix.

"Think you picked some tomato can? You picked the wrong man to mess with, punk!"

[Snatching Ohara by the hair, Veles yanks him up to his feet, shoving him back into the buckles. Veles winds up, throwing a big chop...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ohara crumples into the corner for a moment as Veles taunts him...

...but then fires back with a knife edge chop of his own.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohara returns the favor!

[Veles shoves Ohara back into the corner, winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Ohara's arms flop over the top rope, barely able to stay on his feet...

...and then as Veles steps back, Ohara moves forward.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd roars for Ohara as Veles falls back towards mid-ring.]

GM: And listen to this crowd as the Phoenix fires up!

[Ohara steps forward again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[And with a big shout, Ohara gets a few step start to throw one more chop...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and the final blow takes Veles off his feet, putting him down to a roar from the crowd as Ohara stares down at the CCW bruiser.]

GM: Ohara’s hurting but these fans are driving him to the depths of his reserves!

[Ohara walks across the ring, stepping to the second rope, wincing with every movement.]

GM: And where’s Ohara going now... to the second rope? Could this be the Phoenix Flame?

BW: You gotta wonder if Veles has his own Future Shock style surprise waiting for him!

[Ohara manages to get to the top rope, steadying himself as he waits for Veles to get off the mat...]

GM: OHARA LEAPS!

[But as the Phoenix leaps from the top for a crossbody, Veles manages to lift his arms, controlling the momentum enough to pivot, and DRIVE Ohara into the canvas!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM! The Phoenix got caught again!

BW: I called it, Gordo! I called it!

GM: VELES WITH THE COVER! DAWSON WITH THE COUNT! ONNNNNNNNNNE!
TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Ohara kicks out! OHARA KICKS OUT!

[Veles immediately comes to his feet, shouting at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Two count only and-

BW: Veles can’t believe it! He’s in shock!

[Veles angrily kicks the ropes in frustration before turning back towards the downed Ohara, stomping towards him.]

GM: And this might not be good news for Ohara. Veles to the ropes, building up steam...

[Veles leaps high again, looking for another senton...

...but Ohara brings up his knees, catching the three hundred pounder on the way down!

GM: OHHH!

[Veles rolls off Ohara, flailing about on the mat, kicking his legs as Ohara pushes up off the mat, grabbing his own lower back...]

GM: Ohara with the timely counter... and he's got Veles down! Now's the time, kid! Now's the time!

[Ohara throws a glance to the corner, staring at the top turnbuckle. He takes two steps towards the corner, the crowd cheering...]

GM: Another Phoenix Flame perhaps and...

[But Gordon trails off as Ohara comes to a halt, biting his lower lip as he slaps a hand down on the top turnbuckle, turning back towards the downed Veles.]

GM: Ohara's not going up there, Bucky!

BW: Can you blame him, Gordo? It hasn't been working out for him from up there lately.

GM: Ohara opting to move back in on Veles instead, dragging the bigger competitor off the canvas...

[Veles throws a desperation right hand at Ohara who manages to duck it, snapping off a kick to the side of Veles' knee.]

GM: Oh! Leg kick by Ohara!

[Veles grimaces, grabbing at the side of his leg as Ohara snaps off a second one to the inside of the knee... and then a third back to the outside...]

GM: Ohara going after the legs, slowing down the attack of Veles.

[Ohara dances backwards as Veles throws a pair of wild off-balance haymakers, hobbling as he does so. The young martial artist snaps off a spin, burying a boot in Veles' gut.]

GM: Spinning back kick downstairs... front facelock... suplex perhaps?

BW: He can't get him up!

[But instead of the suplex, Ohara drags Veles down in a small package.]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE! CAN HE GET HIM?!

[A two count follows before Veles powers out of the pin.]

BW: Two count off the cradle...

GM: OKLAHOMA ROLL!

[The crowd cheers for Ohara diving over Veles, dragging him down onto the mat again...]

GM: Another two count! Both men trying to scramble to their feet and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! ON THE JAW!

[Veles stumbles backwards, his eyes rolling back in his head as Ohara goes to grab him by the hair..]

...and Veles LUNGES forward, cracking his skull into Ohara's!]

GM: HEADBUTT! OH MY!

[The headbutt sends Ohara falling backwards towards the corner, collapsing against the turnbuckles...]

GM: VELES CAUGHT HIM GOOD! WHAT A SHOT!

[Veles stumbles backwards, rubbing his jaw and then running his hand over his head. He leans against the ropes, shaking out the leg that Ohara was kicking...]

...and then rushes the corner...]

GM: VELES CHARGING IN!

[And as he does, Ohara steps out of the corner, going into a full spin...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!

BW: What the hell was that?!

[What it was was a spinning kick to the skull that FLATTENS Veles as Ohara collapses across him, reaching back to snatch the leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE GOT HIM!

[The crowd roars for the sudden victory as the ring announcer makes it official.]

GM: Jordan Ohara picks up a hard-fought victory over "The Arawak" Jack Veles in one heck of a matchup, Bucky.

BW: I gotta admit it, Gordo. That was a tough match and a tough opponent... and Ohara came out the other side with the win. Impressive.

["I Can" is playing over the PA system as Ohara staggers to his feet, throwing his arms up in the air.]

GM: You know what, Bucky... let's take another look at what finished off Jack Veles in this one.

BW: Roll it!

[We cut to a full screen instant replay of a dazed Ohara in the corner.]

BW: Alright, we had Ohara in the corner after Veles smashed him with that headbutt to the mush. Veles went to charge in... moving a little slow off those kicks to the knee...

[The slow motion footage shows Veles storming in the corner, drawing his arm back...]

BW: And that slowness moving in was enough for Ohara to step out, go into a spin...

[...as Ohara goes spinning over his right shoulder and lashing out with his right leg. The shot slows even more as we see the flat of his foot land flush on Jack Veles' jaw. Sweat and saliva goes flying as Veles goes down.]

BW: And as Big Sal on the all-new Power Hour would say... BOOM GOES THE CANNON, DADDY!

GM: What a shot. And that's a new move from Ohara.

BW: Myers, I won't lie to you. That might be a game changer.

GM: Fans, we've got to take a quick break. We'll be right back with more AWA action after these messages!

[Cut back to a jubilant Ohara celebrating his victory as we fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action backstage where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in front of a door that reads "EL PRESIDENTE" in bold black font.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where I was expecting to have Terry Shane, the World Television Champion, standing with me to deliver a medical update... but now I'm waiting outside the office of Javier Castillo where I've been told there is an ongoing meeting between Shane and Castillo regarding his-

[Before Lou can finish, we hear the creak of a door and the camera jump cuts to the right where we see the World Television Champion Terry Shane III walk out. Shane's eyes are sunken a bit, his head slightly lowered, and the man who has been a bit less intense as of late doesn't seem as full of life and vigor. Most importantly, we see Shane's arm hooked into what appears to be a sling of some sort underneath his dark green hoodie.

SLB: Terry! Champ! What did-

[Shane's head jerks up and upon realizing the camera and Sweet Lou are present, he does his best to straighten up.]

TS3: Lou.

[Shane nods, stutter stepping and trying to maneuver around Blackwell who craftily positions himself in front of the Ring Leader.]

SLB: Shane, we know you just met with El Presidente and we all want to know your status after suffering-

TS3: I'm going to stop you right there, Lou. I know what you're trying to get at. What happened last week was an act of desperation. It was a man with his back against the wall and fearful of being lost in my dust making a final desperate plea to be noticed. To be heard. To be seen.

[Shane stares at the camera, his glare hardening.]

TS3: Callum... I hear you.

[He loosens his sweatshirt.]

TS3: Hell, my arm feels you. El Presidente in there caught wind from the doctors that my arm... well, I could try to lie to you but it's only a matter of time before the injury reports are released....it's not in a good place, Lou. I'll leave it at that. What I can tell you is that Javier Castillo gave me a choice... he told me I could take a month off and get paid...

[Shane pauses, almost cringing.]

TS3: ...and give up the title I gave EVERYTHING up for to claim as my own.

Sure, he said I'd be first in line when I came back no matter who held MY title around their waist but we know how things go, Lou. When you're on the shelves... you're forgotten. The wind blows a different way, the stars shine bright elsewhere, and promises sometimes are just a word with no meaning. Now I'm not calling our Presidente a liar but what I am saying you'd have to pry this title off me with a forklift to get me to give it up. Javier knew this, Lou...he knew I wouldn't take a few bucks and sip pina coladas on the sideline.

I'm a champion.

I'm a FIGHTING champion.

So Javier gave me another option and I took it.

SLB: Oh? Come on, you can't leave us in suspense.

TS3: At Power Hour next week, broken arm... broken leg... I don't care if I get hit by a semi-truck between now and then. Mahoney...

[Shane grab the camera with his good arm and pulls it in tight on his face. His teeth are grinding together. You can see the salivation starting to form.]

TS3: You've got your rematch.

[Shane shoves the camera away and storms off leaving Blackwell standing there by himself...

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, from Anaheim, California, and weighing 135 pounds... here is ELENA RAMIREZ!

[A woman with black hair with blonde streaks, and dressed in a black halter top and black tights with red trim raises her arms to the crowd.

The guitar riffs that kick off "Is She With You," the Wonder Woman theme from the DC Cinematic Universe kick in over the PA system.]

RO: And her opponent... from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing 145 pounds... she is "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[Julie Somers emerges from the entranceway. She wears a red jacket over her red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She stands at the top of the ramp, spreads her arms to the sides and motions with her hands, encouraging the cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Julie Somers set for action against a young lady from the Los Angeles area. We understand this is a tryout for Elena Ramirez, who has had modest success in the independent scene there.

BW: If Ramirez can get a win tonight, there's no doubt that Javier Castillo will have an AWA contract waiting for her.

GM: A win, though, will be easier said than done, Bucky. Ramirez is stepping into the ring with one of the best women's wrestlers in the world.

[After a moment, she jogs down the ramp and aisle, reaching out to slap hands with fans. Upon reaching the ring, she slides underneath the ropes, rolling to her

feet and heading right to the corner. She climbs onto the second turnbuckle and raises her arms, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers some more.]

GM: Based on what we saw go down on the all-new Power Hour, it's clear that Julie Somers is watching the back of one Victoria June, and that the two have plenty of business to settle with The Serpentine.

BW: Victoria June is getting in enough trouble with Cinder and The Serpentine as it is, and now Julie wants to get involved? That's not going to end well, Gordo!

GM: Let's not forget, Bucky, that Cinder double crossed both June and Somers and cast her lot with Erica Toughill, plus that Somers has already shown she can take the best that Toughill and The Serpentine can throw at her and give it right back!

BW: Hey, even a blind squirrel will find a nut once in a while. Don't count on Somers getting lucky again, especially if she's going to make somebody like June her partner!

[Somers removes her jacket and hands it to a ringside attendant, then turns to face Ramirez as the bell rings.]

GM: And this one is underway. Ramirez and Somers are evenly matched in terms of size and build, so let's see how that plays out.

[Ramirez comes rushing at Somers, catching her off guard with several shots to the head.]

GM: And that didn't take long! Ramirez taking it right to The Spitfire!

BW: Somebody wants to make a good first impression, Gordo!

GM: I don't think Somers expected that! Ramirez has her backed into the corner!

[Ramirez now unleashes several kicks to the midsection, doubling Somers over and causing her to slump into the corner.]

GM: Ramirez relentless in her assault... now she's got Somers by the hair.

BW: You think Javier Castillo likes what he sees?

GM: I'm sure he's watching the performance of every wrestler on the show... though I imagine the reasons for his interest differ with every wrestler.

BW: And just what are you implying, Gordo?

[Ramirez drags Somers forward and hooks her in a front chancery.]

GM: I'm just making an observation, Bucky. Right now, Ramirez is trying to get Somers over for a suplex...

[But as Ramirez lifts Somers up, the veteran slides out of her grasp and behind Ramirez's back.]

GM: Somers escapes! She spins Ramirez around... dropkick right to the chest!

[Ramirez stumbles back into the corner and Somers moves in quickly.]

"WHAAAP!"

"WHAAAP!"

"WHAAAP!"
"WHAAAP!"

GM: Series of chops in the corner! Somers may not be that strong, but those chops are quite effective!

BW: I won't argue that, Gordo, but this one is far from over!

GM: But Somers is in control... she takes Ramirez by the arm... Irish whip to the opposite corner...

[Somers rushes in after Ramirez, leaping to the second rope, then grabbing Ramirez by the arms.]

GM: Monkey flip by The Spitfire! Nicely done!

[Somers rises to her feet, pumps her fist, then rushes forward as Ramirez rises to her feet.]

GM: Somers coming at her... another dropkick!

BW: And now, I can't imagine Castillo being that impressed with Ramirez!

GM: But you have to be impressed with Somers at this point.

[Somers drags Ramirez to her feet and hooks her in a front facelock, but Ramirez fires back with shots to the ribs.]

GM: Looks like Ramirez isn't out of this one yet... whatever move Somers was going for, she has to back off.

BW: I guess somebody wants that contract after all!

[Ramirez gets in a quick thumb to the eye, causing Somers to stumble and rub her face.]

GM: Thumb to the eye gives Ramirez the advantage! She's got her in a side headlock...

[Ramirez dashes and leaps into the air, driving Somers down into the canvas.]

GM: Bulldog headlock! Ramirez takes Somers down!

BW: That's one way to take the fire out of The Spitfire!

[Ramirez points to the corner, a smirk on her face.]

GM: Ramirez looks like she wants to finish this one off now!

[Ramirez ducks through the ropes and begins to climb the turnbuckles, while Somers rolls over onto her back.]

GM: She wants to go to the top rope!

BW: She really wants to make an impression tonight!

[Ramirez reaches the top rope, spreads her arms, then leaps.]

GM: Big splash by Ramirez...

[But that's when Somers senses Ramirez coming and rolls out of the way.]

GM: Nobody home! Ramirez hits the mat hard!

[Somers gets to her knees and catches her breath, then rises to her feet and grabs Ramirez.]

GM: Now it's Somers with the advantage! Front facelock applied... and a swinging neckbreaker takes Ramirez down!

[Somers pumps her fist again, then drags Ramirez to her feet once more.]

GM: Somers has Ramirez up... she's backing her into the ropes. What does she have in mind?

[Somers whips Ramirez to the opposite side, but Ramirez manages a reversal.]

GM: Ramirez reverses the Irish whip!

BW: That may be her opening.

[As Somers comes off the rebound, Ramirez extends her arm.]

GM: Clothesline... no, Somers ducks it!

[Somers bounces off the opposite ropes, then leaps toward Ramirez.]

GM: Somers caught her! Wraps her legs around her neck...

[And in a quick, fluid motion, Somers flips Ramirez head over heels to the canvas.]

GM: She got the hurracanrana! Ramirez is down!

BW: Not out, though!

[Ramirez rolls to a seated position, but Somers is to her feet first and grabs her opponent.]

GM: But it's Somers who strikes first again... scoop and a slam!

[That's when Somers points to the corner, the fans cheering as they sense what's about to come.]

GM: Somers wanting to go to the top rope!

BW: But remember what happened when Ramirez did that! Somers better be quick!

[Somers scales the turnbuckles, reaching the top rope, then raises her arms skyward.]

GM: Somers leaps... and the moonsault connects!

BW: Or as some are calling it, the Somers-Sault!

GM: Whatever you call it, this one is over!

[Somers hooks the leg for good measure and the referee drops down to count.]

GM: One, two, and three! The Spitfire gets the victory!

[Somers rises to her feet and pumps her fist.]

GM: The Spitfire continues her winning ways! Let's get the official word.

[The referee raises Somers' arm.]

RO: Here is your winner, "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[Somers places her hands on her hips, takes a moment to soak in the cheers, then ducks between the ropes.]

GM: Let's go to the replay, Bucky, and see how it went down.

[The slow-motion replay comes up, showing Somers on the top rope, her back to Ramirez and her arms in the air, then flipping backward.]

BW: There is it, Gordo... nobody does a moonsault better than Julie Somers, I'll give her that. Once she hits that Somers-sault, if you prefer, that's it. Better luck next time, Ramirez!

GM: Wrestling fans, we're going to take you to Sweet Lou Blackwell, who will get a few words with The Spitfire!

[Cut to the interview podium, where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands with a microphone in hand.]

SLB: All right, fans, give it up for the young lady you just saw in action... here is "The Spitfire" Julie Somers!

[That announcement draws cheers. Somers walks down the aisle and up to the podium. She wipes sweat from her brow.]

SLB: Julie Somers, what an impressive win for you tonight, but I take it there's more on your mind than that. Let's talk about what went down on the Power Hour, shall we?

JS: The Power Hour, you say? Sweet Lou, I made it clear that I am not going to stand by and watch as other women in the AWA try to gang up on others and hurt them.

[She shakes her head.]

JS: First, you have what Kurayami did to Xenia Sonova two weeks ago... it wasn't enough that she won, but she sought to put Sonova out of wrestling for good! You have Cinder hanging on to who she calls her mother, Erica Toughill, and the two of them seem to think they by traveling in a pack, that I'm just going to walk away and forget about what happened a month ago! And then you have the Serpentine, who I've already dealt with the past, and proved that while they may be bigger, they're not unbeatable. But that same night that Cinder put the knife in my back, Mamba and Copperhead took it upon themselves to not only jump me, but Victoria June as well.

When you have other women whose only interest is jumping people, using a two-on-one advantage, carrying around a foreign object or only interested in injuring an opponent, that's when it's time to stand up to those women and show that there's no chance at all that those actions will go unanswered! And that's why I was there to back Victoria June on the Power Hour when the Serpentine tried to use a two-on-one advantage against her.

[She points a finger toward the camera.]

JS: I'm drawing the line right now, Sweet Lou! No more letting others gang up two on one! No more seeking only to injure another woman! No more of these intimidation tactics or hiding behind a baseball bat! No more!

And, at the Anniversary Show, I'm going to take care of one problem once and for all! I'm calling out the Serpentine to get in the ring so they can learn, once and for all, that as good as they may be, as big as they may be, that when the odds are even, they can't get the job done!

[She takes a deep breath.]

SLB: Julie, you talk about the odds being even... do you have a partner in mind?

[Somers gives a quick nod.]

JS: Of course I do... and it's somebody who wants to draw that line as much as I do, and show the rest of the women that it's time to stand up to those who think they can intimidate everyone! It's somebody I'm proud to call a friend, Sweet Lou... and when I told her what I wanted, she had no doubts she wanted to be there by my side.

[She motions with her hand.]

JS: But don't just take my word for it... let Victoria June tell you all you need to know.

[Somers grins as the Afro-Punk headbangs her way down to Julie Somers, dressed in a black and red plaid kilt and a shredded red and black Freddie Krueger style sweater. Her strawberry blonde afro bounces with every step as she throws an arm around Julie Somers. She carries Toughill's broken bat in her hand.]

VJ: Oh Julie, you're damn right. I've been fightin' them Snake women for years by mahself and I'm sick of their nasty ways. So when Julie said "Ah got yuh back and let's take out these nasty snakes" Ah was all for it. Mamba, Copperhead, y'all got a problem on yuh hands. Me and my gal Julie Somers here are drawing the line. Y'all want some? Julie, let's go get some!

[The pair fist bump.]

SLB: Oh my, what a challenge! I can't wait to see that match! And it sounds like we just might see it go down two weeks from tonight on the Anniversary Show in Los Angeles! Happy birthday to the fans of the AWA all around the world! But right now, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be the National Title on the line 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...]

HOUR TWO

[Fade in to footage from the last Saturday Night Wrestling, helpfully marked with a chyron with those very same words and the date, "FEBRUARY 18TH, 2017." El Presidente himself, Javier 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!

"That's enough. Turn that off."

[The screen goes black at the sound of a woman's voice. The camera pulls back to reveal that the footage had been playing on a flatscreen TV mounted on a wall behind a bar. Also behind the bar is a brown-haired woman, dressed in a plaid shirt, unbuttoned and with the sleeves cut off, over a white T-shirt. She languidly wipes a glass, while regarding the woman seated on the other side of the bar.]

The woman is none other than Margarita Flores, dressed, as we last saw her, in a black motorcycle jacket, a dark top and blue jeans. She rotates a glass, filled with a double shot of golden brown liquid, in front of her, staring into it.]

MF: So this is what it's come to... The Women's Champion at the beck and call, carrying out the whims of a petulant, vindictive... Man...

[Flores takes a sip of her drink as the other woman pipes up.]

W: A man who also happens to be her boss... Your boss...

MF: So the Women's Champion is no better than the rest of Castillo's attack dogs? That's not the vision of a Women's Division I signed up for when I got into the Combat Corner.

[She takes another swig of her drink.]

W: But that's the AWA you're headed into. The question is, what are you going to do about it?

[Flores throws the rest of her drink back and slams the glass down on the bar.]

MF: I don't know...

[She gets up and reaches into her jacket. Flores pulls out some crumpled bills and smacks them on the bar top. On the barstool next to her, thus far hidden from the camera, is the length of bullrope, with the large cowbell attached to it.]

MF: I guess I'll just have to figure it out... Once I get there.

[Flores picks up the cowbell, letting the rope dangle from it. She coils the rope around her hand a couple of times.]

W: And where's... There?

MF: Los Angeles. One way or another, I'm going to be at the Anniversary Show.

[As Flores turns to leave, the rest of the rope trailing behind her, the following appears across the screen: "MARGARITA FLORES – COMING SOON TO AWA TV!"

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall, has a twenty minute time limit, and is for the AWA National Championship!

[A buzz rumbles among the fans at the Talking Stick Resort. The sound of a cannon firing heralds the arrival of the champion as the "Soviet March" roars through the arena.]

GM: Maxim Zharkov, the AWA National Champion, about defend the title live on Saturday Night Wrestling here on Fox Sports X!

[Zharkov bursts through the curtain, striding into the light, covered in a red satin sleeveless fighter's robe, hood drawn up over his bald head. His thickly eyebrowed and bearded face is mostly stoic, occasionally belying a disdain for the American spectators.]

RO: Introducing first... he is the CHAMPION...

From Magadan, Russia... weighing 141 kilograms...

MAXIM... THE TSAR... ZHARRRRRRRKOVVVVVV!

[Zharkov swiftly ascends the ring steps, glaring at all in his sight. He steps through the ropes, and circles the ring, deep in concentration, the National belt slung over his shoulder.]

GM: This is first time in several weeks that Zharkov has competed on national television. You might have noticed he has let his beard grow out.

BW: And he's trimmed himself down a bit too, hasn't he Gordo?

GM: [deadpanning] Oh yes, he's cut himself down to only 310 pounds. He's virtually a light-heavyweight.

BW: Snark all you like Gordo, but the guy could fly around the ring when he was 348.

GM: Absolutely, he just keeps getting more and more dangerous. In almost two years in the AWA, he has never been pinned, and never been made to submit. And at only 25 years of age, how much more dangerous can he get?

[Rebecca Ortiz takes to the microphone.]

RO: And the challenger...

GM: And we're about to find out who Javier Castillo selected to challenge for the title...

[Mark Snow's sombre "Millennium Main Theme" plays through the arena.]

RO: ...Weighing 208 pounds... From the other side...

[Through the curtain grimly steps a borderline heavyweight luchador. His mask is half covered in silver shards resembling broken glass, the other black and bright green, airbrushed to present a ghastly visage. His ring gear matches the broken silver and ghostly green motif.]

GM: Is that-?

RO: ...ELLLLLLLLL ESPEEEEEEEJOOOOOOO!

[There is a small cheer through the lucha-consuming section of crowd as the luchador makes his way to the ring.]

GM: El Espejo! The Mirror of SWLL! Our colleagues on "LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA" have been saying that this young man is one to watch in 2017. Guerreros Del Mundo have been trying to recruit him for months from what I've heard, so I have to wonder what Angelica Westerly thinks about him receiving an AWA National Title shot here on Saturday Night Wrestling... without her help!

BW: How do you know it's without her help? If we've learned one thing tonight already, Gordo, it's that the Westerlies have their hands in everything!

[Espejo slides into the ring and stands stoically opposite Zharkov. Even though only one of Espejo's eyes are visible through the single hole in his mask, it's obvious neither man wants to break gaze.]

GM: This is an interesting choice for Castillo to make. I'm told that if you step into the ring with Espejo, you step into the ring with yourself.

BW: Aw, I'm sure that if I got into that ring he'd be nowhere near as dapper under that mask, daddy.

[Zharkov coldly hands the belt to Blue Shoes Miller, who holds it up to display for the fans. Miller has to quickly intervene as Zharkov crosses to the middle of the ring in an attempt to intimidate his opponent. Zharkov suddenly finds that Espejo has had exactly the same idea.]

GM: And give El Espejo credit. He's giving up almost a hundred pounds to the Last Son of the Soviet Union, but he is not afraid.

BW: He will be, Gordo. He will be.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and Zharkov charging right in... Espejo dodging to the nearest corner... Smart strategy to make the big man wear himself out.

[Zharkov lunges for Espejo a couple of times, but Espejo dodges, rolls and evades. Zharkov finally corners him with a shoulder tackle, pressing him to the buckles.]

GM: Zharkov very often the aggressor in his matches, trying to set the pace.

[Zharkov Irish whips El Espejo to the opposite buckles and charges in after, but Espejo gets both boots up into Zharkov's face.]

BW: Gordo, you can't set the pace when your opponent is a Soviet tank coming at you at full throttle.

[Zharkov, slightly dazed, drops to a knee. Espejo leapfrogs the Russian and hits the ropes. But Zharkov springs to life on the rebound...]

MZ: PUSHKA!

[Zharkov slams his palm into the head of Espejo, who flattens out on the mat.]

GM: The National Champion is just so monstrously athletic. I'm beginning to wonder if anyone walking the Earth has a chance to take him down. All it takes is three seconds, but even that seems to be too long.

[Zharkov peels Espejo off the mat, but as soon as Espejo is upright...]

GM: Espejo firing back! Was that... was that a Pushka palm strike in response? I've heard that Espejo will mimic his opponents but that could be a mistake.

[Zharkov is caught off-guard by his own signature strike. He staggers back a foot, trying to knock the cobwebs loose.]

BW: Now that's just poking the Russian bear!

[Zharkov lunges at Espejo, but walks straight into a drop toe hold. In the time it takes for Zharkov to recover to his hands and knees, El Espejo springs to his feet, leaps onto the nearby middle rope, and dives into a guillotine leg drop slamming the National Champion's face to the canvas.]

GM: Espejo definitely playing to his quickness. He's not used to being the smaller man in the match in his experience through SWLL, I'm sure. And once again, El Espejo, the Ghost in the Mirror, is going to take a high risk...

[Espejo has climbed to the top rope, waiting for Zharkov to get to his feet. Espejo leaps, but Zharkov charges forward and...]

GM: OHHH!

[...ferociously shoulder tackles Espejo in a path perpendicular to his initial flight path!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Gordo, he just BOUNCED him like he was rejecting a slam dunk!

GM: And look at Zharkov circling the ring like a caged bear, showing his contempt for anyone who would dare challenge him.

[Zharkov stands over El Espejo and clasps his hands around his waist.]

BW: Look at that, picking up a 200 pound person like he really was a ghost! Like he really wasn't there!

[The champion gutwrench suplexes El Espejo halfway across the ring.]

BW: Oh, this is turning into a mauling!

MZ: "Opyat' taki!"

[Zharkov brushes Blue Shoes Miller away from checking on the face down luchador and cinches in another waistlock. He picks Espejo off the ground and circles the ring, carrying him in a gutwrench.]

GM: My stars, I have never seen a competitor as dominant as this Siberian beast. Another huge gutwrench suplex!

MZ: "Opyat' taki!"

BW: And you know Zharkov. He doesn't like to do a move just once.

[Zharkov hauls El Espejo into a third waistlock by yanking him up by the belt of his silver, green and black tights.]

BW: And he's giving him a wedgie too!

GM: He is not! He's just being a bully!

[Zharkov throws Espejo a third time, but Espejo over-rotates and lands on his feet!]

GM: Oh my stars, what agility! Dropkick from El Espejo staggers the big man!

[Zharkov recovers quickly, twisting around, and swings his extended arm wildly at Espejo, but the luchador ducks.]

GM: Zharkov was thinking Peacemaker there, but the challenger saw it coming! And a dropkick to the leg takes Zharkov down to a knee!

[El Espejo doesn't relent, catching the kneeling Zharkov with an immediate DDT.]

GM: DDT finally takes the big man off his feet, and Espejo is going up again! Listen to this crowd! They can feel it in the air that we could see the title change hands in short order!

[Espejo steadies himself on the top rope.]

GM: He could be looking for that flying double knee facebreaker he calls Siete Años!

[Zharkov, slightly woozy, rises to his feet and Espejo leaps off.]

GM: There it is! Siete...

[Espejo launches himself at Zharkov, knees up, grasping the back of Zharkov's head. But rather than collapsing into the Siete Años, Zharkov remains upright.]

BW: Oh, he's blocked it!

GM: Oh my gosh, the strength!

[Zharkov tosses Espejo off his face and catches him with a bearhug. He arches his back and launches the challenger clear across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: What power to catch a man in mid-air like that!

[Zharkov plants a boot on the back of the challenger to his title.]

MZ: "LIGHTS... OUT... TOVARISCH!"

BW: And now the games are over.

[The Tsar sits on the back of El Espejo and locks his fingers in to the full nelson.]

GM: And the champion locks in the Gorynych, one of the most feared holds in all of wrestling, and...

[The referee, after a moment, turns from the action to call for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...Yes, El Espejo has no choice but to submit and survive to fight another day. Espejo gave almost as good as he got in this contest, but like everyone else for nearly two years now, he was just overmatched by The Tsar.

[Maxim Zharkov easily yanks the National Championship belt out of Miller's hands before he can be presented with it, holding it up with a daunting roar.]

GM: And make no mistake about it: it may not have been tonight, but the time will come when someone finally rises up and takes this monster down.

BW: We'll see about that.

GM: We certainly will. Zharkov retains and now, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou!

[We crossfade from the celebrating Zharkov to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of a large AWA banner.]

SLB: A successful defense of the National Title for Maxim Zharkov here tonight in Phoenix as we now stand just two weeks away from the Anniversary Show where we will see Ryan Martinez defend the World Title against the Number One Contender Johnny Detson. But that's next time out. Tonight, we've got a big Main Event of our own. Come on in here, Mr. President.

[A beaming Javier Castillo struts into view, taking up a spot next to Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Now, we know that Ryan Martinez, Jack Lynch, and Supreme Wright will be on one side of that ring tonight... but who will be on the other? Come on, give it up!

[Castillo smirks, raising a finger to his lips.]

JC: Shhh. Lou, one of the things I enjoy most in this world is a good surprise. Don't you like surprises?

SLB: Well, sure, but-

JC: A surprise party? A big upset win for your sports team of choice? A gift you weren't expecting?

SLB: Of course but-

JC: Don't you feel that other people feel the same way?

SLB: Yes but-

JC: Then why, Lou? Why would you want me to spoil the surprise I've got in store for you... for the people... and for the AWA's heroes?

[Blackwell sighs.]

SLB: So, you're not going to tell me.

[Castillo grins.]

JC: You'll find out... when they find out.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Alright... I guess we're done here then.

[As Blackwell turns to leave, brushing past him is Jackie Wilpon and his charge, the monstrous Blaster Masterson. Castillo looks at the two individuals and lets out a sigh.]

JC: Jackie Wilpon, my friend, you say you are a... legitimate businessman, no? I don't think putting me on the spot on the last Saturday Night, as well as constantly calling me with pitches for your big man here is how to go about your business. You see, you have to have patience. I'm a very busy man, I'll get to you... when I get to you.

[Wilpon seems embarrassed by Castillo's pointed remarks, and puts a hand behind his head and chuckles nervously.]

JW: Sorry, boss. See, where I come from, that's just how you do business, and...

[Castillo lets out a sigh, looking exasperated.]

JC: Fine. Make it quick.

[Wilpon nods eagerly.]

JW: Well, I'm sure you're familiar with my client's line of work, see, an', well, he wants to move on to somethin' bigger, see? Heck, he's itchin' to go tonight. Look at him, a caged lion, ready to hunt, and...

[Suddenly, Castillo holds up a hand to shush Wilpon.]

JC: Did you say... hunt?

JW: Yeaaaahh...

JC: Well, why didn't you say so? You should have said so in one of those... many messages you sent me. You see, my friend, I've had a little bit of an animal control problem lately. A... mad fox problem, to be exact, and I need an animal like your Blaster Masterson to corral him and take care of this problem.

[Wilpon pauses to process what Castillo is getting at.]

JC: Jeff Matthews.

JW: Yeah, I kinda figured that's who you were talkin' about.

[Castillo grins.]

JC: I'm glad we're finally on the same page. See, I need this little problem taken care of. Say, tonight? How does that sound?

[A brief pause, then Masterson steps forward, gritting his teeth. Castillo leans back, hoping to avoid any spittle that might fly from Masterson's mouth.]

BM: I'll do it.

I'll put Matthews to sleep.

I'll... skin him alive!

[A beaming Castillo claps his hands together.]

JC: That's the spirit! I love it!

[Castillo turns back towards Wilpon.]

JC: Yes... I've been impressed with your monster, no doubt. But, not so much with you, my friend. First impressions go a long way, but I'm willing to forgive and forget as long as the job gets done. You take care of Matthews, and maybe... just maybe... we can do businezz. But if not...

[Castillo furrows his brow.]

JC: As a 'legitimate' businessman, Wilpon, I understand you know what I'm talking about.

[Wilpon nods his head confidently.]

JW: I hear ya, boss. Trust me, yer not gonna be disappointed. Masterson'll be everythin' I say and more. Alright, let's go, big man.

[Wilpon turns and leaves, Masterson pauses, looking over Castillo, before turning and following his manager.]

SLB: Wow! Another big match added right here tonight as Jeff Matthews will now meet Blaster Masterson!

JC: Big matches! I'm all about big matches!

SLB: And now let's go to the ring for-

JC: Another big match, yes? The Women's World Champion in action!

SLB: That's my line.

[Blackwell shrugs, pointing to the camera.]

SLB: You heard the man.

[We fade from backstage back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing. Bouncing off the nearby ropes is a slender woman in silver trunks and boots with a red lycra sports bra style top.]

RO: The following non-title contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing 117 pounds... "Silky" Sabrina Jones!

[The young African-American girl snaps off a cartwheel into a backflip, landing on a knee in center ring a few feet from a startled Ortiz who chuckles before continuing.]

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: Weighing in at 250 pounds... from the Land of the Rising Sun...

She is the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRLLLLLLD CHAMPIONNNNNNNNN...

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.]

GM: The physically imposing Women's World Champion is on her way to the ring and... well, the mere sight of her is probably enough to send a lot of competitors running for their lives so you've gotta give "Silky" Sabrina Jones credit for sticking around so far, Bucky.

BW: I'm giving her credit for not having a puddle forming at her feet right about now.

[Kurayami reaches the ring, staring in at Jones who keeps her eyes on her. 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.]

The Lady of Pain stands center ring, staring down at the the much smaller Jones...

...and lays the title belt down on the mat, stepping back from it while never taking her eyes off her opponent.]

GM: The title isn't on the line but Kurayami sending a clear message that she's the champion and...

[Jones takes the opportunity to run across the ring, leaping up to throw a running dropkick to the jaw of Kurayami, sending her stumbling back a step as referee Shari Miranda signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Jones trying the sneak attack route before the bell and-

[Jones scrambles up, throwing a standing dropkick that knocks Kurayami back against the ropes. The young African-American comes up swinging, smashing her forearm into the jaw of Kurayami once... twice...

...and then Kurayami throws back her head, laughing madly as Jones looks around with a mix of shock and terror.]

GM: Is she... she's LAUGHING at her, Bucky!

BW: Sends a chill right down your spine and-

[Kurayami lashes out with a cross-armed thrust to the throat, knocking Jones down to her knees, gasping for air.]

GM: Illegal throat strike there - the referee warning her for it and-

[Kurayami surges forward, throwing a kneestrike to the jaw that snaps Jones' head back, knocking her down to the mat in a heap.]

GM: Ohhh! What a kneelift... and this might be over right now, Bucky.

BW: It might be. Jones went down like a rock... just totally limp.

[The Women's World Champion stares coldly down at her opponent, allowing the jeers of the crowd to wash over her.]

BW: Gordo, you talked about how difficult it was going to be for someone to step up and stop Maxim Zharkov's reign. Who in the world is gonna stop Kurayami?!

GM: We haven't yet seen what Kurayami can do in the face of tough competition like Ayako Fujiwara... like Julie Somers... like-

BW: Like Lauryn Rage who she injured and took out of action? Like Xenia Sonova who she sent out of her in an ambulance too? At this point, not needing a visit to the Emergency Room is a victory against Kurayami.

[The Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo leans down, hauling Jones to her feet, and tosses her effortlessly back towards the corner.]

GM: Tossing her around like she's nothing now.

[Moving into the corner, Kurayami secures her under the arm and around the neck...

...and HURLS her three-quarters of the way across the ring, sending her bouncing off the canvas and flopping into the corner!]

GM: WHAT A THROW! OH MY!

[Kurayami sneers at the jeering crowd as she advances across the ring, pulling Jones up by the back of the hair, turning her to face the hard camera as Kurayami stands behind her...

...and smashes her own skull into the back of Jones' head!]

GM: Headbutt! A second headbutt! A third!

[The champion snatches her by the back of the neck, using her other hand to grab her by the trunks.]

GM: What in the...?

[Kurayami easily lifts the much-smaller competitor into the air like a chokeslam...
...and violently HURLS her facefirst into the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: REVERSE CHOKESLAM! FACEFIRST TO THE MAT!

BW: You get the feeling that Kurayami can end this at any time but...

GM: But she’s out here for an audience of one... the guy who signs her paychecks... and I’m sure those paychecks are quite large to get her to leave her well-paying gig in Japan on a full-time basis.

BW: That’s what we were talking about earlier, Gordo. The resources of Korugun! The money to pay for someone like Kurayami to come to the States! The money to pay for the Dogs of War to come back! The money to grease the skids to get King Kong Hogan here in the AWA! Plus... how the heck did they even FIND Polemos?! Ebola Zaire doesn’t work cheap. Mutessa is a wild savage under their control. Money. Power. Influence. Korugun’s got it all and anyone who stands up against them is asking for trouble if you ask me.

GM: Bucky, you could be one hundred percent right about all that.

BW: But?

GM: But it doesn’t mean you don’t try... and when people we’ve known for years... friends of ours... like Jim Watkins... like Sweet Daddy Williams... like Blackjack Lynch...

BW: Speak for yourself.

GM: Like Melissa Cannon.

BW: Easy, champ. I’m sure Big Sal would like the call to the big time and I don’t like the idea of him in Catering before the show.

GM: When people like that are unemployed thanks to Korugun... when people like Supernova are home... when Xenia Sonova and Tony Donovan are injured on a whim...

[While the announcers bicker, Kurayami has pulled Sabrina Jones up again, tossing her into the corner again...

...and CRUSHES her under a 250 pound avalanche!]

GM: AVALANCHE IN THE CORNER!

[The crowd groans at the scene as Kurayami backs off, waiting as Jones stumbles out towards her...

...and FLIPS HER INSIDE OUT with a standing lariat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: That's it. Forget about it. Another win for Kurayami.

[Kurayami stands, staring down at Jones as Shari Miranda kneels next to her, checking to see if she can continue. The Lady of Pain waits a few more moments before backing into the ropes, bouncing off, slowly walking out towards the prone Jones...]

GM: NO!

[...and LEAPS into the air, dropping all her weight down in a big splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Now, that's REALLY it!

[Kurayami presses up, still covering as she stares into the hard camera.]

GM: One. Two. Thre- oh, come on!

[The crowd groans at first and then quickly boos as Kurayami peels Jones' flattened form up by the hair.]

GM: She had the damn match won and everyone knows it! Everyone!

BW: Yep, but again, wins and losses aren't everything to Korugun. Power. Money. Respect. This is Kurayami sending a message to the women of the AWA and beyond. No one is stopping her. No one.

[Kurayami climbs to her feet, pulling the barely-moving Sabrina Jones with her. A swinging knee up into the gut doubles her up as the champion drags her into a standing headscissors...]

GM: We've seen this before, Bucky.

BW: We have... and someone better get that ambulance ready. They're about to get another customer!

[The referee pleads with Kurayami to stop but the champion does not oblige, lifting Jones high in the sky...]

...and DRIVES her down with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: HINOTAMA! OH MY STARS!

BW: Falling stars at that, daddy!

[Miranda again drops to her knees, checking on the motionless Jones, lifting her arm...]

...and then spins around, waving to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: OHHH!

[Kurayami's head snaps in the direction of the official who waves her arms.]

GM: I think Miranda is calling this off. She's over talking to the timekeeper and Rebecca now and-

[There's a pause as the discussion between referee and timekeeper goes down before Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... referee Shari Miranda has called a stop to this match due to Sabrina Jones being unable to defend herself. Therefore, your winner of the match is Kurayami.

[The crowd jeers the announcement of the winner as Kurayami glares hard at Miranda who kneels down to check on Jones again.]

GM: Kurayami picks up the win but she doesn't even look happy about it at all. She looks furious!

BW: Hey, she wasn't done with her, Gordo.

GM: Apparently not but-

[Shari Miranda climbs to her feet, turning towards the fuming Kurayami...

...who snatches the referee by the hair, hurling her into the corner where Miranda leaves her feet and SLAMS violently and awkwardly into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: She just attacked the referee!

GM: What the hell is happening here?!

[The crowd breaks into cheers at the sight of Julie Somers, Victoria June, Ayako Fujiwara, and a handful of others jogging into view.]

GM: The cavalry is on their way out here but...

[Somers reaches the ring first, sliding under the ropes. She comes to her feet, shouting angrily at Kurayami who smirks at her, unmoving. But the arrival of a few more seem to convince the champion to make her exit.]

GM: That's gotta be a fine, Bucky. A suspension! Something!

BW: Does it? Who's in charge of that kind of thing?

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: The AWA President.

BW: That's right. Tell me again how it's gotta be a fine or a suspension, Gordo.

GM: We're going to need medical aid out here for referee Shari Miranda. Thank the heavens for these women coming out here and stopping Kurayami before it could get any worse.

BW: I'm pretty sure we're going to need medical help out here for Sabrina Jones too, Gordo.

GM: I'm afraid you're right. Fans, we're going to take a quick break to get some help out here but when we come back, "Golden" Grant Carter will be in action!

[Julie Somers and Victoria June check on the downed and motionless Sabrina Jones. Ayako Fujiwara is a few feet away squatting next to Shari Miranda as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

A voiceover is heard.]

"The AWA began in a studio...

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

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

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up as the "ACCESS 365" logo flashes across the screen. Once again, Erica Toughill is sulking in a stairwell. Kerry Kendrick rounds the flight behind her, descending.]

KK: I'm willing to forgive you, you know.

[Toughill sighs her exasperated sigh.]

KK: I filed a complaint with the Championship Committee. Terry Shane was using my kneepad for illegal leverage when he tried for the Spinning Toehold. I'll get Callum to co-sign, saying the same thing happened to him and I'll have my rematch in no time.

[He playfully, but firmly smacks her on the shoulder.]

KK: And, Rick, that gives you another chance to get it right. You can owe one. Well, you can owe me two.

[She rolls her eyes while Kendrick's back is turned.]

KK: Ayako Fujiwara's on the Think Tank and I need you to help me out with some of this Japanese women's wrestling stuff. And I don't need you distracted by her.

ET: Yeah, I'm not easily distracted.

KK: You are easily distracted.

ET: I am NOT.

KK: You are.

ET: I am not easily distracted, Kerry!

KK: James Garner jogging on the beach in swim trunks.

ET: I am-

[For a split second, Toughill's breath catches in her throat. Her eyelids flutter slightly, and she wobbles a tiny bit as her knees go weak momentarily.]

ET: ...not... That's not fair, Kerry!

KK: Yeah, that's what I thought. Maybe don't make that your phone's lock screen. See, that's what "Golden" Grant Carter's trying to do to you. He knows all the tricks, Rick. GGC thinks he's got you figured out. He probably think, 'oh, here's this frumpy blue collar chick in her mid-30s, confirmed single. I'll just give her some cheap compliments and flash that Ultra Brite smile at her and I can make her do anything I want. Just like all the other chicks I've been pulling the same scam on.'

Wise up, Rick. You're smarter than that, or at least I thought you were. So... you with me?

[Toughill sighs again.]

ET: Yeah.

[And with another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we end up back at the ring where a graphic comes up on the screen.]

**"Golden" Grant Carter
vs
Jackie Raines**

GM: We're about ready for more action here on Saturday Night Wrestling as "Golden" Grant Carter is set to take on young Jackie Raines.

BW: Carter, the oldest rookie in AWA history, has been sticking his nose in Kerry Kendrick's business lately, Gordo... and if the Self Made Man gets this never-was in the ring, he's going to make him wish he was back working the nightclubs in Jersey.

GM: Grant Carter, or GGC as many call him, is one of the most determined competitors I've ever come across, Bucky... and I don't think the likes of Kerry Kendrick is going to send him packing no matter how talented of a competitor he is.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, the young African-American Jackie Raines comes sprinting across the ring, throwing himself into a dropkick that catches Carter off-guard, knocking him back into the corner.]

GM: A quick start by Raines, on his feet throwing blows to the body.

[Raines grabs the six foot five Carter by the arm, looking to fire him across the ring.]

GM: Irish whi- reversal by Carter!

[The throw sends Raines crashing into the buckles before staggering out towards Carter who lifts the young man up, spinning around once before dropping him down in a side slam. Carter stays down, rolling back with a leg cradle for a two count.]

GM: Two count off the slam by Carter!

[Carter rolls off Raines, grabbing a handful of hair as he drags his young opponent to his feet, smashing him headfirst into the top turnbuckle.]

BW: Not gonna call him out for the hairpull?

GM: A little illegal leverage for sure...

[GGC grabs the top rope, swinging a knee up into the midsection once... twice... three times before grabbing the hair again, walking Raines across the ring to an adjacent corner and smashing his skull into the buckles.]

GM: That's two!

BW: And another hairpull! Come on, Gordo! Call a spade a spade!

GM: I admitted it was illegal!

[Carter pulls Raines out of the corner again, walking to a third corner and smashing the head in.]

GM: That's three! Raines looks a little wobbly as they head to the fourth and final corner... and there you go! Around the world with "Golden" Grant Carter has young Jackie Raines on Dream Street!

[Raines wobbles out to mid-ring, falling over to faceplant on the canvas to a mix of cheers and laughter from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Raines is down... Carter flips him over...

[He applies another press, not bothering to hook a leg as the referee delivers another two count.]

GM: Another two count and Raines is out the backdoor.

BW: Sloppy cover by Carter too, Gordo. Is that what Michaelson is teaching these guys down in the Combat Corner?

GM: I'm sure Todd Michaelson is thinking it was a sloppy cover as well, Bucky.

[Climbing to his feet, Carter swings his arm around, backing into the ropes for momentum...]

GM: Off the ropes!

[...and leaps high into the air, arm cocked at the ready...]

GM: Big elbowdrop!

[...and Raines rolls clear, causing Carter to slam down on the empty canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Swing and a miss by GGC!

BW: Big mistake! This could cost him everything!

[Raines rolls to his feet, smirking at the crowd as he points to his temple in the universal "smart guy" gesture.]

GM: Raines thinks he's turned this one around now... heading up to the second rope... taking aim...

[A dazed Carter slowly works his way off the canvas as Raines steadies himself, leaping off...]

GM: Double axehandle!

[...but Carter catches Raines on the way down, dropping him into an inverted atomic drop. He hangs on to him, spinning around to secure a three-quarter nelson like he's going for a snap mare.]

GM: HE HOOKS HIM!

[Carter flops forward to the mat, jamming Raines' skull into the canvas!]

GM: GOLD STRIKE!

[Raines flops over onto his back limply as Carter dives on top.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A grinning Carter rolls off Raines, raising his arms in victory as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Man oh man, Bucky... "Golden" Grant Carter continues to show the world that if he hits that Gold Strike - at any time or place - the match is over.

BW: He got lucky on that one, Gordo. Raines had him down and decided to take a chance. If he'd kept it simple, we might've seen the result be much, much different.

GM: Let's take a quick look at the closing moments of this one, Bucky.

[We cut to a slow motion replay as Raines is leaping off the second rope towards a rising Carter.]

BW: Alright, here's what I was talking about. Raines had him down but took a dumb chance, leaping off the ropes. Carter obviously isn't quite as dumb as he looks as he catches him on the way down, bringing him across the bent knee...

[We see the inverted atomic drop on the clip.]

BW: But Carter doesn't let him bounce away, controlling him as he spins around, snatching his head... annnnnnd... WHAM!

[The replay shows Carter jamming Raines' skull into the canvas.]

BW: And that Gold Strike is simply devastating. That much, Gordo, we agree on.

GM: Your winner... "Golden" Grant Carter who is standing by with Sweet Lou. Lou?

[We crossfade out of the replay to Sweet Lou Blackwell who is next to a grinning and victorious "Golden" Grant Carter.]

SLB: Alright, Gordon... Grant Carter... GGC if you will... congratulations on another victory.

[Carter grins, nodding.]

GGC: It's another great day, Sweet Lou... another great day to be GGC.

SLB: That Gold Strike certainly is effective.

[Carter again nods.]

GGC: You know, Lou... I'm not one to brag... but I'd say my Gold Strike can go up against any move in the AWA - the Brainbuster, the Wilde Driver, any of Supreme Wright's bag of tricks, you name it... as the best move in the entire company.

[Blackwell raises an eyebrow.]

SLB: That's a bold statement.

[Carter chuckles.]

GGC: Well, I'm a bold man, Sweet Lou.

SLB: You certainly are that... and you showed that side of yourself recently when you got involved verbally - and then physically - with Kerry Kendrick. I know you've signed the contract, offering to take on Kendrick at any opportunity.

GGC: That's right. The ink is dry on my name, Kendrick - where's yours? You're too busy getting beaten by Terry Shane. You know, Lou... seems to me like Kerry Kendrick is developing quite the reputation these days for choking when the pressure is on.

[Blackwell winces.]

GGC: He lost at SuperClash. He lost on the Power Hour. And when he loses to me, that'll be three strikes and he's out, Lou.

SLB: You know that Kerry Kendrick would argue that he would have lost neither of those matches if it weren't for the mistakes made by Erica Toughill.

[Carter chuckles to himself.]

SLB: Something funny?

GGC: Absolutely. Look, Lou... I'm still new to this business but I'm a student of the game and I've done my research. If you think Erica Toughill makes mistakes, I got a bridge back home in Jersey that's got your name on it.

SLB: What are you saying?

GGC: I'm saying that if Kerry Kendrick keeps finding himself on the business end of a Louisville Slugger, maybe it's because Ricki's realized what a clown he is. 'Cause when she swings, Lou... she don't miss.

[Carter winks at the camera, turning to exit.]

SLB: Quite the accusation made there by "Golden" Grant Carter... and one that perhaps Kerry Kendrick and Erica Toughill can answer for later tonight on the Think Tank. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we can hear the industrial electronica of "Banshee" by Dance With The Dead sound through the arena, which is bathed in a blood red light.]

RO: The following AWA Women's Division contest is set for one fall. Introducing first... accompanied by her "faerie god-mum" Ricki Toughill...

[Through the curtain swaggers the perpetually morose Erica Toughill, a baseball bat slung over her shoulder.]

RO: ...From Kilmarnock, Scotland... weighing in at eight-and-one-half stone...

[Through the entrance slinks a hooded and deathly pale grappler. The only visible facial feature is a demented, black cherry-lipped grin. Her hands are clasped behind her back.]

RO: ...CINNNNNNNNNNDERRRRRRR!

[She tears back the hood revealing the mane of orange and blood red hair that drips over her shoulders and over her dark, heavily-shadowed eyes. She half-glides, half-skips down the aisle in wide steps, then circles the ring.]

GM: Bucky, this young lady is one strange bird. She won the Empress Cup, which means she would have had it made in the AWA, but instead she felt the need to double cross Victoria June and Julie Somers just to spite them both.

BW: Gordo, she's only 19! She can't be expected to make wise choices. Not like you.

GM: What are you implying?

BW: I'm saying that there is a very real possibility that the VCR in your den has been blinking "12:00" since before our young Cinder was even born.

[Cinder slithers onto the ring apron; she is ghostly pale, quite a contrast from her black velvet and blood red ring attire. She climbs to the middle rope, hooks an ankle underneath the turnbuckle, crosses her arms over her chest and inverts her body, hanging upside down like a bat.]

RO: Her opponent... from Gallup, New Mexico... weighing in at 131 pounds... Jazmyn Mendoza!

[A tanned woman with glossy chestnut hair in a bun, Mendoza is nothing to write home about, with the exception of her rainbow pastel bike shorts and crop top.]

GM: Jazmyn Mendoza, another new recruit to Combat Corner, four years older than Cinder...

BW: But here's the mind-blower! She's not as experienced!

GM: Very true, Cinder has been wrestling since the age of thirteen if you can believe it. She and the rest of the Castle family wrestled in every carnival and holiday camp on Great Britain.

[Cinder dismounts the buckles and squats through the ropes to huddle with Toughill.]

GM: And the influence of that woman Ricki Toughill has had on Cinder's rise up the rankings of the Women's Division cannot be denied. Maybe our camera crew can pick up their conversation.

[Cinder eagerly nods along to whatever Toughill is whispering to her, then responds with...]

C: "Aye. Gies us a kiss."

[Toughill looks puzzled. Cinder points to her cheek.]

C: "Give us a kiss, mummy!"

[Toughill shrugs and plants a feather-light kiss on her protege's cheek. Cinder's face lights up and she springs into the ring as the bell rings.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Yes fans, we'll move on from that and just call this match. We heard from Victoria June and "The Spitfire" Julie Somers earlier in the evening. Out here right now are two of the catalysts for their challenge to The Serpentes.

[Cinder locks up with Mendoza, who after a short period of jockeying for control, manages to overpower Cinder into the corner.]

GM: Collar-and-elbow tie-up and referee Scott Ezra is calling for a break right now.

[Mendoza breaks cleans and backs out of the corner, keeping her eyes on Cinder. But Cinder is faster than Mendoza is prepared for, striking Mendoza's exposed midsection with her palm.]

GM: And not a clean break there. This Cinder is a wily one.

[Cinder ignores the referee's admonishment and measures an axe-like elbow strike with into the back of the doubled-over Mendoza's neck.]

GM: Oh my! Those elbow shots of Cinder's have quickly gained a reputation for their efficacy.

BW: Getting hit with one of those bony arms like getting bludgeoned with a pickaxe, daddy.

[With Mendoza staggering, Cinder drops down low and sweeps her opponent's base out from beneath her with a sweeping kick.]

GM: And look at this...

[Cinder quickly kips up and leaps with both legs in the air, lending square across the shoulders and chest on Mendoza.]

GM: ...Double leg drop to Jazmyn Mendoza! Pinpoint accuracy in those strikes!

[Cinder scoops Mendoza up, and windmills half-a-dozen overhand chops to Mendoza's head and shoulders until she's doubled over again.]

GM: And one thing that Cinder's mentor Ricki Toughill seems to have imparted to her is a sadistic mean streak.

[Cinder whips Mendoza to the ropes, and on the rebound...]

GM: ...Huge Big Boot from Cinder, the deadly diva!

BW: Cinder looks so delicate and so doll-like, and then she goes and kicks like a mule, daddy!

GM: Definitely not an opponent one should underestimate, as many of the competitors in the Empress Cup did.

[Feeling cocky, Cinder skips/strides in a circle around the ring, and blows a self-satisfied little kiss to the Phoenix fans.]

GM: And I'll tell you something, fans: she's not exactly humble about it.

BW: What? She's earned the right to be a little full of herself. A little "chuffed" as they say.

[Cut to the outside, where Erica Toughill prowls the ringside area bordering on the entrance aisle, one eye on the curtain.]

BW: And there you see Cinder's "fairy godmother," with her magic wand slung over over her shoulder. She waves that and all her problems go away.

GM: It was three weeks ago on Power Hour when Victoria June used a bat just like that one to smash Cinder's Empress Cup, and Cinder has vowed to get even. We know Victoria June and Julie Somers will be here in two weeks time taking on the Serpentine when we celebrate our Anniversary Show; you have to think that Ricki Toughill and Cinder will be there too.

[Cinder pauses by the ropes and looks fondly down on Toughill which allows Jazmyn Mendoza time to...]

GM: Oh, a roll-up by Mendoza! A two!

BW: She wasn't ready!

GM: Jazmyn Mendoza has the Scot reeling! Dropkick!

[Mendoza's dropkick sends Cinder staggering back into the nearest corner to try to get a reprieve. Mendoza's attempt to follow up with a hip toss is broken up by...]

C: AAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEE!!!

[...Cinder's eardrum-perforating shriek, which causes her opponent to crumple to her knees, hands trying to protect her ears.]

GM: Good... my stars!

BW: Yikes, and I thought Ricki Toughill was the loudest wrestler in the AWA!

[Cinder, now snarling with malice, yanks her stunned opponent upright and rears her torso back, then plants a headbutt into the face of her opponent.]

BW: Oh daddy! That's what they call a Glasgow Kiss, don't they, Gordo?

GM: I wouldn't know, Bucky.

BW: Well you better get up on your terminology in case we end up on another European Vacation.

C: "AYE! 'MON THEN!"

[Cinder lifts the stunned Mendoza onto her shoulders.]

GM: Could be setting up for the move she calls the Red Cap Drop.

[Cinder bends at the knees and dives backwards. She plants Mendoza on the mat, while moonsaulting herself upright again.]

BW: Wow!

GM: I've seen that particular slam done in a somersault before, but Cinder is the first person I've seen do a moonsaulting mat slam.

[Cinder nudges Mendoza's head maliciously a couple of times with the sole of her boot, then pulls her upright.]

GM: And now she's probably looking to finish off Jazmyn Mendoza.]

[With Mendoza's head facelocked under one arm, and her leg hooked in the other, Cinder looks in the direction of the camera and says...]

C: "Eh Vekki! Eh Julae! 'Mon then!"

GM: Twisting her up... into the In-Cinder-ator! One... two... and three and you can count another win for the rapidly ascending Cinder! Mark Stegglet is standing by to get a word with the winner. Bucky, here's what we saw in this match.

[Cut to slow-motion footage from a couple minutes ago.]

BW: Okay, Gordo. Cinder goes supersonic and just screams this girl into submission...

[Cinder rearing back with a headbutt that she throws her entire upper body into...]

BW: ...Piling on with a Glasgow Kiss to the kisser...

[...The Red Cap Drop...]

BW: ...Look at this strength and agility from this wee Scottish lass, planting this girl to the canvas and then landing on her feet...

[...And the In-Cinder-ator.]

BW: ...Torques her opponent over to the mat with that small package driver and you could count to twenty because you're not getting out of Cinder's cradle.

GM: Mark Stegglet is standing by at ringside with Cinder. Take it away, Mark!

[Cut to ringside and Mark Stegglet. Cinder is holding Erica Toughill's hand tightly and giddily. Toughill seems more taciturn about having her hand held.]

MS: Thank you, Gordon and Bucky. Cinder, earlier tonight we heard from Julie Somers and Victoria June, two competitors whom you've become embroiled in a heated rivalry with. In two weeks time, they've challenged the Serpentes to a match right here on Saturday Night Wrestling. You feel that you wanted Victoria June and the Spitfire to face yourself an Ricki Toughill; is that right?

C: Aye. Vekki! You smashed mah trophy that I earned! Julae! At SuperClash you hurt me mummy! But you say you have a score to settle... with the Serpentes?

[Cinder's voice drips with adolescent sarcasm.]

C: Do ya, aye? In a fortnight, you're squaring up with a couple of lasses that you think you're not afraid of, when you should be squaring up with a couple of right gallus ladies like us.

[She flashes her sinister smile.]

C: So ya know what? Me and mummy will have our eyes on you. And just when you don't expect it, I-

[Toughill covers the microphone and whispers in Cinder's ear.]

C: Oh mummyyyy... Please let me tell them what I'm gonna do to them in a fortnight! Oh, pleeeeeease, mummy!

[Toughill shakes her head. She shoulders her baseball bat and shoots a death glare at Stegglet that instantly causes him to withdraw the microphone to his chest. He shrugs nervously as Toughill leads Cinder off camera.]

MS: A... unique pairing to be sure right there. Fans, right now, let's go backstage where the Hall of Famer, Jeff Matthews, is preparing to do battle!

[We fade from ringside to the backstage area where former World Champion and Hall of Famer Jeff "Madfox" Matthews is standing, dressed for ring action with a mic in hand, in front of an AWA backdrop.]

JM: It seems I've struck a nerve with one Javier Castillo. Since I decided to help out Lynch and Wright, some would say I've been in the dog house. Day after day, I show up for work and I'm immediately brushed away or just flat out ignored. And that's something I've never enjoyed in my life - being ignored.

[Jeff smirks.]

JM: But you can't ignore me anymore can you, Castillo? You'd prefer if I would just stand idly by while you and your thugs do your dirty work. I'm a problem. I'm your problem. So what does one do when they have a problem?

They start looking for a solution.

Problem is, there's no solution for me.

[Jeff shakes his head now as he grabs the microphone.]

JM: Blaster Masterson? A caged lion... ready to hunt? Ready to corral the Madfox?

[Jeff shakes his head emphatically]

JM: I've been hunted before, my friend. I've had my life flipped upside down and torn apart. Do you really think sending another one of your lackeys to try and tame this Madfox is going to work? I'm sure your "hunter" has never faced a prey as clever as this one. I don't hide. I stand out in the middle of the clearing waiting. And in that very moment, the prey becomes the hunter. I'll drop your precious beast and render him useless. Because that's what I do.

And that's a promise.

[We fade from the backstage area out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

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

[Ortiz lowers the mic. Suddenly, a loud voice is heard over the PA, and the crowd starts booing.]

JW: Get on up out of your seats, people, 'cause you sure ain't gonna need 'em for the show you're about to witness. But I hope none of ya are the animal lover type because you're about to see my man, Blaster Masterson, put a rabid fox down once and for all!

Standing six foot nine... weighing 308 pounds... from Anywhere He Darn Well Wants...

[Jackie "Fingers" Wilpon sneers at the jeering crowd.]

FW: The Man of the Hour... the Tower of Power...

The One!

The Only!

BLASSSSSTERRRRRRR MASSSSSSSTERSONNNNNN!

[The opening to "Investigation Of A Citizen Above Suspicion" by Fantomas starts to play as a tall, imposing figure steps out onto the aisle. The man is the fearsome force known as Blaster Masterson. Masterson is a very well built man, his chest caked in sweat soaked chest hair. Yes, Masterson is a very sweaty man, but he doesn't look like the type to mind. In fact, it would look like that it would be a very bad idea to bring it up.]

GM: For months now, we've been wanting to see Blaster Masterson take on some legitimate competition here in the AWA and you don't get any more legitimate than a former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer, Bucky.

BW: I'm afraid that Jeff Matthews is in for a very bad night!

[Masterson's gear is fairly basic. He wears a pair of black trunks, black kneepads, and black boots. There's a large elbow pad on his right arm. The source of the sweat seems to be from his medium length, curly dark hair. The sweat also glistens off the dark stubble on his face, as well.

Masterson is yelling out as he walks to the ring, his manager Jackie "Fingers" Wilpon waiting for him. Wilpon is wearing a white pinstriped suit, and a black handkerchief is seen in the pocket over his left breast. Wilpon is a balding man, with a rather large nose. He wipes his nose as he sees his charge jump onto the apron from ringside. Masterson then steps over the ropes, as Wilpon makes his exit. Masterson raises his arms and bellows as the crowd reacts.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

[Sounds of gunfire reverberate throughout the arena as the opening Guitar part starts up to "One" by Metallica.]

RO: From Durham, North Carolina... weighing in at 259 pounds...

JEEEEEEFF "MADFOX" MAAAAAATHEWWWWWS!

[The crowd roars for the announcement as the spotlight hits the entranceway. It stays there focused for a few more seconds as the song gets to James Hetfield's voice.]

#I can't remember anything, can't tell if this is true or dream.
#Deep down inside I feel the scream, this terrible silence stops me.
#Now that the war is through with me, I'm waking up I can not see.
#That there's not much left of me, nothing is real but pain now

[The crowd joins in on..]

#HOLD MY BREATH AS I WISH FOR DEATH... OH PLEASE GOD WAKE ME!

[Onto the entrance stage steps Jeff Matthews, decked out in his ring attire which consists of crimson colored wrestling tights and high, laced up black boots. Jeff's body is covered with the tattoos of Caleb Temple and the scars which he has endured throughout his career. Jeff slowly places the black elbow pads on and methodically makes his way to the ring, every so often looking to the crowd.]

GM: Former World Champion. Hall of Famer. This man has a resume a mile long and as he tries to make the long, hard climb back to the top of the mountain, he finds one heck of an obstacle in his path tonight.

BW: An obstacle put in his path by Javier Castillo, El Presidente himself. See what happens when you cross the boss?

GM: Castillo, Westerly, and Korugun... the whole lot of them are as vengeful and spiteful as they come and Jeff Matthews may be about to find that out the hard way.

[Matthews pauses at ringside, looking up inside the ring where Masterson beckons him forward. The Madfox smirks confidently, nodding as he slides under the bottom rope...

...which is when Masterson attacks!]

GM: Oh! Sneak attack before the bell by Blaster Masterson! Stomping and kicking the back of Matthews... ohhh! Big double axehandle down across the back as well.

[Dragging Matthews up, Masterson quickly flings him across the ring as the bell sounds...]

GM: Irish whip... Masterson with the clothesli- missed!

[Matthews ducks under the wildly-swung clothesline, slamming on the brakes as Masterson turns around...]

GM: FOXDEN!

[...but as Matthews hooks the three-quarter nelson, Masterson powerfully flings him away, shoving him across the ring to counter the cutter attempt. Matthews slides to a knee, swinging around with a smile as he holds his fingers up to show how close he was to getting his signature move applied.]

GM: Whooooa my! Close call there for Masterson and-

[The burly powerhouse rushes forward, swinging a right hand to the jaw of the rising Matthews, knocking him back against the ropes. A clubbing forearm to the back of the neck puts Matthews down on all fours.]

GM: A quick start to this one as Masterson looks to appease El Presidente by doing his dirty work.

[Masterson yanks Matthews up by the back of the tights, swinging him across the ring in another Irish whip.]

GM: To the ropes again... another clothesline ducked by Matthews... off the far side...

[The 259 pounder leaps into the air, throwing himself into a crossbody that topples the off-balance Masterson to a big cheer!]

GM: He takes him down! The Madfox takes Masterson off his feet!

[Down on the canvas, Matthews rifles a few right hands into the skull of Masterson before scampering to his feet, moving quickly into position as Masterson struggles to get off his back.]

GM: Matthews grabs the leg...

[The crowd cheers in anticipation of Matthews' Foxtrap Figure Four leglock but as he applies the spinning toehold, Masterson plants a boot on the butt and ROCKETS him through the ropes to the floor with a powerful kickoff!]

GM: Ohhh! Matthews sent flying out to the floor by Masterson... and after two near misses with Matthews' most dangerous attacks, Masterson's gotta be reeling a bit.

BW: This is the most vulnerable we've seen Blaster Masterson since he debuted in late 2016, Gordo. Wilpon is beside himself out here on the floor and who can blame him. If he and Masterson drop the ball out here tonight in a special assignment from El Presidente, they could be gone...

GM: ...in a snap?

BW: Exactly.

[With Matthews down on the floor trying to recover, Masterson steps over the top rope, dropping down to the outside where he grabs Matthews by the hair...

...and SHOVES him backwards into the ringside railing!]

GM: OHHH! SPINEFIRST INTO THE STEEL!

[Muttering at the Madfox, Masterson spins him around, ducking low...

...and DRIVES Matthews' lower back into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: INTO THE APRON NOW! Good grief, Bucky!

BW: And now we see the power game of Blaster Masterson come into play.

[Masterson shoves Matthews under the ropes, climbing up on the apron.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring now... Masterson just stalking Matthews now...

[Masterson raises a long leg up, stomping down on the small of Matthews' back!]

GM: Ohhh! Another hard shot to the back as Masterson continues to go after it.

[Wilpon shouts for his charge to "POUR IT ON!" as Masterson gives him a nod, looking out at the crowd as he stomps the lower back again. The fans let him have it and Masterson smirks, enjoying their reacting as he gestures for more of it.]

GM: I think Blaster Masterson is actually thriving off those boos, Bucky.

BW: Some people want the adoration of the crowd... some people love being hated. To each their own, daddy.

[Masterson drags Matthews off the mat by the hair, looking him in the face as he lays some trash talk on him.]

"YOU'RE NOTHING, OLD MAN! NOTHING BUT DIRT UNDER MY FEET!"

[A big whip follows, sending Matthews flying through the air, smashing backfirst into the turnbuckles before landing hard on the mat.]

GM: Goodness! What power on the part of Masterson! And Jeff Matthews is in a bad, bad way here.

[Stalking across the ring, shouting "I'M GONNA BREAK YOU IN HALF!" Masterson stands over the prone Matthews and drops down, driving his kneecap into the small of Matthews' back, causing the Madfox to wail in pain. A sneering Masterson grabs a handful of hair.]

BW: He wasn't kidding, Gordo! He's gonna snap this wild animal right in half!

[Masterson yanks back hard, pulling Matthews' torso off the mat in a makeshift Camel Clutch. Matthews again cries out, clawing at the canvas as the referee counts one... two... three... four...]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: Hey, he broke at four! Totally legal!

GM: Not totally legal but not likely to earn a disqualification either.. what's he-?! AHFFF!

[The crowd groans as Masterson sinks his fingers into the nostrils of Matthews, pulling back a second time. He laughs loudly and boisterously as the referee counts again.]

GM: Look at the pressure on the spine of the Hall of Famer as Masterson attempts to live up to his pledge of breaking Jeff Matthews in half... and again, he lets go at four. Disgusting!

[Climbing back to his feet, Masterson wipes his fingers with disgust on his tights, slowly walking around the ring, soaking up the jeers of the AWA faithful.]

GM: The Phoenix crowd is letting Blaster Masterson have it but he doesn't seem to give a damn.

BW: Why should he? He's got the support of El Presidente and if he puts Matthews down, the world just might be his oyster, daddy!

[Masterson continues to slowly walk around the ring, wasting time as Matthews struggles to push himself up off the canvas.]

GM: Masterson could be wasting valuable time here though. Instead of staying on top of the Madfox, he's taunting these fans... taunting Jeff Matthews... doing everything but staying focused on the former World Champion.

[As Matthews rises to a knee, Masterson circles back towards him, showing more urgency as he moves in...

...and gets caught on the way in with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand by Matthews! And another! And a third!

BW: Matthews is known for his technical skills and his submission holds but don't forget that he made his name in the Land of Extreme. He can throw down when he has to as well.

[The rally from the Madfox brings the fans to their feet but a well-placed knee to the midsection from Masterson cuts off both Matthews and the fans' enthusiasm.]

GM: Masterson goes downstairs and that takes the Madfox right back down.

[With Matthews down on a knee, Masterson slaps his arm a couple of times before rushing to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Clothesline on the way and-

[But as Masterson approaches, the wily veteran sidesteps his charge, grabbing the muscular arm as Masterson lumbers past him, tucking it up under his armpit.]

GM: FUJIWARA! FUJIWARA!

[The Madfox' attempt to apply yet another of his signature holds is stifled though as Masterson holds his ground, shaking his head as Matthews attempts to drag the much-larger competitor down to the canvas...]

BW: No chance! Masterson's too big! Too strong for him!

[Masterson reaches around Matthews with his free arm, lifting him off the canvas under his arm...

...and brings him down across a bent knee with a side backbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Backbreaker by Masterson, continuing his focus on the spine of the Madfox!

[Masterson smirks as he holds Matthews across his bent knee for a moment before lifting him right back up...

...and brings him down across the knee a second time!]

GM: Another one!

BW: Back to backbreakers by the big man! Matthews may be regretting ever getting himself on the radar of El Presidente right about now!

[Masterson lifts Matthews up a third time, doing a full turn with him, showing his prey off to the crowd...

...and drops down into a side slam, leaning back as he cradles the legs.]

GM: Side slam into a pin attempt! He gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[But Matthews' shoulder flies off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt in time!]

GM: Close call there for the Madfox... and you can tell Blaster Masterson thought he might've had him there, fans.

BW: Listen to Jackie Wilpon out there on the floor, ordering his man to finish it! He wants this one over and done with.

GM: We're over five minutes into this one, Bucky, and I'm not one hundred percent certain but this is likely the longest match we've seen out of Masterson so far in his AWA career. If Jeff Matthews drags him into the deep water time limit wise, Masterson may find himself sucking wind real quick.

[Masterson gives his manager a nod as he regains his feet, looking down at Matthews who is on his side, cradling his lower back.]

"IT'S JUST ABOUT OVER NOW!"

[He leans down, snatching the Madfox by the hair, dragging him off the canvas into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Uh oh!

[The crowd is buzzing with anticipation as Masterson leans down to wrap his powerful arms around the Madfox' torso.]

GM: We've seen that Whirlybird Powerbomb out of Masterson before, fans... and if we see it here, it may be good night for the Hall of Famer!

[Masterson hoists Matthews up into the air, bringing him up into powerbomb position...

...which is where Matthews rifles in a series of short right hands to the skull, staggering Masterson under the sudden attack!]

GM: Matthews is fighting back! Trying to fight his way free and-

[Matthews suddenly leans back, his legs around Masterson's head and neck as he flips him over with a makeshift rana!]

GM: Oh my! What a counter out of the former World Champion!

[Matthews winces, grabbing his lower back as he gets up off the canvas, the crowd cheering him on. He nods at their support, taking aim as Masterson also starts to stir off the mat...]

GM: Running dropkick to the knee! That'll keep Masterson down on his!

[With the six foot nine Masterson kneeling before him, Matthews grabs him by the side of the head, unloading with a trio of hard elbowstrikes to the side of the head. He backs off, measuring Masterson who climbs to his feet...

...and runs back in, throwing a second dropkick - this one aimed at the chest of Masterson - a blow that that sends Masterson falling backwards between the ropes, collapsing to the floor!]

GM: Matthews sends Masterson outside - perhaps buying himself some time to recover.

BW: Maybe not! Where the heck is he going?!

[The Madfox gets back to his feet, rushing towards the corner as the crowd roars and Wilpon shouts words of warning at his charge. Matthews steps to the second rope... then to the top...]

GM: Jeff Matthews feeling some of those Extreme vibes running through his body perhaps!

[Matthews stays up top a moment as Masterson gets up, slowly turning towards him...]

...and the Madfox leaps from his perch, throwing himself into a somersault off the top that topples Masterson and leaves both men lying on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BIG DIVE OFF THE TOP AND BOTH MEN ARE DOWN!

[The crowd is still buzzing as Jackie Wilpon runs around the ring, kneeling down next to Masterson, fanning him with his hands as he shouts “GET UP! GEEEEET UP!”]

GM: The sheer terror on the face of Jackie Wilpon who does NOT want to know what happens when you disappoint El Presidente!

[Matthews is slow to stir off the floor, the referee’s count underway before the Hall of Famer finds his footing. He pulls Masterson up off the mat, shoving him under the bottom rope.]

GM: There will be no attempt to win by countout for the Madfox! He wants to finish this one inside the ring. Certainly one of his toughest matchups we’ve seen on television since his high profile signing last year. Matthews wants to come out on top of this one in the worst way to show the world he’s still the same Jeff Matthews we all remember with such reverence.

[Matthews rolls himself under the ropes as well, still wincing and holding his back with most movement. He takes a knee inside the ring, eyeing Masterson as the big man attempts to get up off the mat...]

GM: Matthews staying low... staying out of Masterson’s field of vision...

BW: He might be looking for that Foxden again, Gordo.

GM: He certainly might. We know how devastating that move is and as big as Masterson is, a Foxden might leave him looking at the lights long enough for Matthews to pick up this victory.

[Matthews waits... and waits... watching as Masterson gets to a knee, grabbing at his head as he wobbles up to his feet...]

GM: Masterson’s up... Matthews is ready and-

[As Masterson wobbles in a circle, Matthews uncoils, leaping up to snatch the three-quarter nelson...]

GM: HERE IT COMES!

[...which is when Masterson holds him in mid-air, refusing to go with the cutter, stepping towards the ropes...]

GM: What's he... AHHHHHHH!!!

[The crowd ROARS in horror as Masterson blocks the Foxden attempt by chucking Matthews over the top rope, sending him CRASHING spinefirst to the barely-padded concrete floor below!]

GM: STRAIGHT DOWN TO THE FLOOR! A HORRIBLE FALL FOR THE HALL OF FAMER!

[Wilpon cackles with glee as Masterson leans over the ropes, glaring down at the motionless Madfox.]

GM: Matthews went for the Foxden but Masterson caught him in mid-air, lifted him even higher... and just chucked him over the top like a sack of garbage!

BW: He might be worth even LESS than a sack of garbage after that fall. Look, I'm with you on the resume, Gordo. He's a former World Champion. He's a Hall of Famer. He's one of the all-time greats. But when you think about his age... think about his time away from the sport... you're looking at a man who might be a hard fall like that away from PERMANENT retirement!

GM: I hate to agree with you on something like that but as the referee starts his count, you do have to wonder if Jeff Matthews has enough to get back inside that ring and keep fighting.

[Masterson backs across the ring, turning to taunt the fans as the referee's count on Matthews continues...]

GM: Of course, a ten count out on the floor would end this one as Matthews is... he's still not moving out there actually.

BW: That count is up to three and Matthews hasn't budged an inch from where I'm sitting. I think this one's over, Gordo.

[Wilpon stands ringside, pointing up at Masterson who is shouting out at the fans.]

"WHO'S THE MAN? WHO?!"

GM: The count continues... up to five now...

[Masterson jerks a thumb at himself, raising his arms over his head as the crowd continues to jeer.]

GM: Matthews... there he goes! Sign of life out of the Madfox!

[The former World Champion flops over onto his stomach, trying to get his arms beneath him as the count goes to six...]

GM: Can he make it? Can he get up in time?

[Matthews pushes up, his arms at full extension as he struggles to get off the unforgiving concrete floor.]

GM: Matthews to a knee! The count's at seven... now to eight...

[The Madfox pushes to his feet, stumbling backwards as the referee's count goes to nine...]

GM: We're up to nine!

BW: He's not gonna make it! He's not gonna-

[Matthews lunges forward, flinging himself under the ropes into the ring JUST before the ten count comes down.]

GM: He got there! He breaks the count in time!

[A fuming Masterson stomps across the ring, reaching down to grab Matthews by the hair, hauling him to his feet...]

BW: It's not gonna matter, Gordo! He's gonna finish him anyways!

[Masterson yanks him into the standing headscissors again...]

GM: Again, he's going for the powerbomb! Masterson's got him hooked!

[The big man lifts Matthews into the air...

...and Matthews flips out of the powerbomb, snatching a three-quarter nelson in mid-air...]

GM: FOXDEN!

[...and DRIVES Masterson skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: HE NAILED IT! HE HOOKS THE LEG!

[The referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

[The crowd ROARS in shock as the referee gets yanked under the bottom rope by the leg...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Jackie Wilpon BLASTS the referee with a right hand, knocking him flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WILPON LEVELS THE REF! HE KNOCKED HIM COLD!

[Matthews sits up, staring outside the ring as the crowd continues to jeer, fire in his eyes.]

GM: And the Madfox knows who just stopped him from winning this!

[Matthews angrily slams a hand down on the canvas, climbing to his feet and making a beeline towards Wilpon who begs off as the Madfox slips through the ropes, dropping out to the floor...

...where Wilpon makes a run for it!]

GM: Wilpon's running for his life! Wilpon's trying to get away from Matthews who is fit to be tied after that interference!

[Matthews is fuming as he sprints around the ring, trying to catch Wilpon who has a slight lead on him. Inside the ring, we see Masterson starting to stir, sitting on the mat and shaking his head...]

GM: Wilpon rolls in! Still trying to get away from Matthews! Matthews coming in hot after him though!

BW: Run for it, Jackie!

[But before Wilpon can escape the other side, Matthews manages to catch him, hanging on tight to his suit, trying to prevent him from escaping as Masterson comes to his feet, stalking Matthews from behind...]

GM: Matthews doesn't know he's there! Masterson behind the Madfox and-

[A clubbing double axehandle to the back of the head knocks Matthews down to a knee...

...which is when Masterson yanks Matthews into a standing headscissors, quickly lifting him up over his head, sliding him across his shoulder...]

GM: He's got him up now! Wilpon falls to the floor!

[Masterson goes into a spin, building up speed...

...and then LAUNCHES Matthews into the air, sending him spiraling through the sky and CRASHING down to the canvas!]

GM: WHIRLYBIRD POWERBOMB! OH MY!

[Matthews hits the canvas hard, immediately grabbing at the back of his head as he hits the mat. Masterson sneers, looking down at him...

...and then smirks as Wilpon slides a steel chair under the ropes, bumping Masterson's feet.]

GM: Oh no. They've got the chair!

[Masterson scoops up the chair, gripping it in both hands as he raises it overhead...]

GM: Masterson's got the chair and...

[With Matthews down on his chest in front of him, Masterson strikes.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!

BW: He may lose this one by disqualification, Gordo, but he's about to be a winner in life when El Presidente sees what he's done to that wild Madfox!

[Masterson raises the chair up a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TWICE WITH THE STEEL! GOOD GOD!

[Masterson stomps out to center ring, throwing the chair down with a rattle as the crowd jeers... and Wilpon cries for Masterson to "FINISH THE JOB!"]

GM: Oh no... no, no... not this!

BW: He's gonna powerbomb him on that chair, Gordo! He's gonna finish him off!

[With the chair in the middle of the ring, Masterson drags a limp Matthews out to the same spot, yanking him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's going to try and put an end to the career of Jeff Matthews! He's going to-

[And suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright sprinting down the aisle towards the ring. Lynch gets there first, diving under the bottom rope as Masterson shoves Matthews aside.]

BW: Masterson's not backing down, Gordo!

GM: He's certainly not! Big right hand by the Iron Cowboy! And another! And another!

[Wright slides in as well, rushing towards Masterson who has been backed across the ring at this point, leaping into the air...]

GM: LEAPING ELBOW BY WRIGHT!

[Masterson staggers back, hanging onto the ropes for balance as Wright seems to marvel at the big man not going down from the leaping strike. Lynch snaps his ally out of it, grabbing him by the wrist as they surge together from mid-ring...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE! AND OUT GOES MASTERSON!

[The big man hits the floor hard to the cheers of the crowd as Lynch peels away from Wright to kneel down alongside Matthews. Wright continues to glare at Wilpon and Masterson as the former forces the latter back away from the ring.]

GM: Jeff Matthews picks up the win by DQ... and gets saved from serious injury by Supreme Wright and Jack Lynch! But Masterson did some damage for sure...

BW: You just have to wonder if that'll be enough for El Presidente, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. Fans, we've gotta take a quick break - we'll be right back with more 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."

[Fade through black to a sweeping shot of the Phoenix crowd.]

The opening twangy guitar strands of Ugly Kid Joe's "Everything About You" reverberate through the Talking Stick Resort Arena, which means but one thing...the arrival of the two-time AWA National Champion turned hopeful manager, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.

Scott emerges into view, wearing a charcoal gray sportcoat over a black shirt and dark-colored jeans instead of his more traditional attire of a silky flower-patterned shirt, cargo shorts, and loafers sans socks. Also not there is his cocksure expression, replaced by a much more sober look.]

GM: Here he comes, Stevie Scott is going to address his future after the needless attack two weeks ago by Kaz Konoe.

BW: Yeah, Gordo, Stevie's an injured man, but you come here and run your mouth, you gotta be ready to deal with the consequences.

[Focused only on the ring as he strides down the aisle, he climbs the first set of ring steps he reaches, ducks through the ropes, then moves to the center of the ring where he inhales a deep breath while looking up toward the lights. The music fades, the crowd quiets, and the microphone raises.]

HSS: You know...when the calendar turned to 2017, I was excited.

I was excited because after some time away to think, to reflect, to plan about what my next steps would be...I found a road that led back to my home.

The American Wrestling Alliance.

[AWA pop!]

HSS: It's no secret both how I feel about this place _and_ what I did for this place. By God, I put this place, this company on the _map_. We were just a regional promotion on local television in Texas. But then?

[Finally, a little smile.]

HSS: Then, the Southern Syndicate came along. The culmination of months of planning with myself and Ben Waterson, and later Calisto Dufresne and Adrian Freeman. I pulled off what many thought impossible by beating the Russian Nightmare himself, Kolya Sudakov, a man who to that point had been invincible.

I made the AWA National Title the envy of the wrestling world. I made people stand up and take _notice_ of this booming wrestling promotion in Texas.

Now, look around us.

[Stevie gestures with his left arm while turning a 180 in the ring, then back toward the hard camera.]

HSS: Touring the world while broadcasting to the world on FOX. Taking over Center Stage Studios on Atlanta. When it comes to professional wrestling, _no one_ touches the AWA.

[More AWA poppage! Stevie pauses, and sighs.]

HSS: But what you people don't know is how much it pains me that I can't get in this ring any more and be a part of it.

And that point was just driven home yet again two weeks ago after Kaz Konoe landed on my freaking neck.

[Stevie pauses again, looking noticeably pissed off.]

HSS: Make no mistake, Konoe, if my neck was just 50 percent of what it needed to be? I'd have kicked your ass from Albuquerque to Phoenix, Southern Syndicate style, and there wouldn't have been a damn thing you could've done about it!

[Pop! Stevie instinctively rubs the back of his neck.]

HSS: But I can't. Not without the risk of sitting in a wheelchair for the rest of my life.

And the thought of that, quite honestly, makes me wonder...did I bite off more than I can chew?

[He pauses again, pursing his lips in frustration before shaking his head.]

HSS: The AWA is as rough and violent a place as it's ever been. And maybe, damn...maybe I shouldn't risk it. Maybe I should just ride off into the sunset, let tonight be my curtain call, and-

[Stevie's words are cut off in mid-stream by the sounds of "Power" by Little Mix bouncing over the PA system. The Hotshot lowers the mic, exasperation on his face as he turns towards the entranceway in time to see Angelica Westerly powerwalking into view in a black form-fitting business suit. She pulls to a stop at the top of the ramp, producing a mic as the music fades out.]

GM: The promoter behind Guerreros del Mundo, Angelica Westerly, has arrived on the scene here tonight in Phoenix, Arizona... and Stevie Scott doesn't look too happy to see her, Bucky.

BW: Can't blame him for that. It was one of Westerly's associates - Kaz Kanoe - who injured Stevie two weeks ago.

[Westerly smirks as she taps the mic.]

AW: "Maybe?"

[She chuckles.]

AW: Maybe, Mr. Scott? Maybe you shouldn't risk it? Maybe you should ride off into the sunset?

I'm no doctor, Mr. Scott, but I know enough about your medical history ever since Mr. Vasquez dropped you on your head so many years ago to know that one wrong fall could leave you in a wheelchair for the rest of your life.

[Westerly shrugs.]

AW: Is that too much to risk for...?

[She taps a well-manicured fingernail on her chin.]

AW: For what again exactly? What is it you hope to accomplish by being here in the AWA? One more shot at glory? One last run on top? A few big paychecks to get you through your golden years.

Maybe you're tougher than you look, Mr. Scott. Maybe you can lead someone to the top... show how smart you are... make that money.

[Westerly shakes her head.]

AW: Or maybe you can tangle with the wrong person and end up on the losing end of life. No more former champion Stevie Scott. No more being the Hotshot who helped the AWA get to the top. No, instead you'd be a footnote... the answer to the trivia question - "Which pro wrestler was tragically crippled during a pathetic comeback attempt?"

You say perhaps it's time to "ride off into the sunset."

[Westerly twists to the side, pointing to the entrance to the stage.]

AW: I say there's the door.

[A pregnant pause follows as Westerly and Stevie take a moment to simply glare at each other, Stevie visibly uncomfortable. The heat on Westerly from the crowd slowly rises while Myers and Wilde know well enough to leave the moment alone. Stevie takes in a deep breath and exhales, his face unable to hide what he seems to think inevitable.]

And then, to the surprise of the crowd, he walks to the ropes and bends his torso through the top and middle rope, then steps through with his left leg, preparing to exit an AWA for what would be the last time.]

BW: Wow. I never thought I'd see this, Gordo.

GM: What's that?

BW: I never thought I'd see Stevie Scott slink out of the AWA with his tail between his legs like this.

GM: Well, if this is the end of a legendary career, it is...

[Gordon's words trail off as Stevie abruptly stops...

...and shakes his head "no", which draws a big pop from the crowd. Westerly raises an eyebrow, perhaps a bit surprised that she didn't convince Stevie to quit. The Hotshot reverses course, going back through the ropes and into the ring as he raise the microphone once more.]

HSS: You're right about one thing, lady.

I'm a _hell_ of a lot tougher than I look.

[Pop!]

HSS: But this game between us, it's starting to annoy me. So I've got a deal for you. An offer, as they say, you can't refuse.

[He points at her.]

HSS: At the AWA Anniversary Show in Los Angeles, California, you bring the best you've got to offer. I don't care if it's Kaz Kanoe or someone I've never heard of. You pick the best of your litter, and you bring him to LA.

[And now he points to himself.]

HSS: And me? I'll find the best I can offer, and _my_ man will go one-on-one with _your_ man.

[Westerly goes to answer, but Stevie cuts her off.]

HSS: Hang on, hang on. I'm not done. Here comes the "can't refuse" part.

If you win...if I lose...here's my offer...

I'll walk away from the AWA. For _life_.

[Shocked pop!]

HSS: No loopholes. No cop-outs. I'll sign however many contracts you put in front of me. If I can't beat you, then I'm clearly not cut out for this business anymore. I'll shake your hand, I'll tell the world you're the better person, and I will indeed ride off into the sunset.

Whaddaya say? We got a deal?

[Westerly pauses a moment before answering.]

AW: Mr. Scott, your offer is... intriguing to say the least. But I must ask...

What's in it for you?

If by some stroke of good fortune, you win... what do I sacrifice?

[Stevie grins, as if he knew the question was coming.]

HSS: Fair question. Easy answer.

[He leans forward over the ropes.]

HSS: Nothing.

Nope. Not a damn thing. If you don't beat me, then that proves to you, to me, and to everyone watching that I've still got it.

And that's all the stipulation I need.

[Stevie nods.]

HSS: Everything to gain for you, nothing to lose. Think about it. You could be the one who ended the career of the Hotshot. Not Juan Vasquez. YOU.

Take it or leave it. But I want an answer right now. You in?

[And a li'l smirk.]

HSS: Or are you afraid?

[Now it's Westerly's turn to smirk.]

AW: Mr. Scott... you... and the rest of the wrestling world will soon find out that when it comes to the Westerly family... when it comes to Guerreros del Mundo... there is no fear.

CERO... MIEDO!

[Westerly glares down the ramp at Scott who beckons at her for an answer.]

AW: Challenge accepted.

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

AW: And I hope you take the next two weeks to cherish every single second you have as a member of the AWA's past and present... because when I'm finished with you in Los Angeles...

...you will have nothing to do with its future.

Farewell, Mr. Scott.

[Westerly turns, making her exit as Scott smiles, nodding in approval as the fans continue to cheer.]

GM: You heard it, fans! Challenge issued! Challenge accepted! Stevie Scott will lead one man to the ring in two weeks time in Los Angeles to take on someone of Angelica Westerly's choosing! And if Scott's man loses-

BW: If he loses, he's done! He's out! He's gone from the AWA for life!

GM: The stakes will never be higher for Stevie Scott two weeks from tonight in Los Angeles... a city that has known its fair share of triumphs... heartaches... and glory.

[We fade from the ring where Stevie Scott remains...

...and come up on a shot of a darkened Staples Center. The lights are shining down on the arena floor, showing the basketball court of the Los Angeles Lakers as clear as day.

An off-key voice breaks through, singing a familiar song.]

"Hate New York City... cold and it's damp... and all the people dress like monkeys..."

[Cut to a panning shot from the Lakers logo center court over the darkened arena towards the wall above the upper deck where the NBA Championship Banners and retired jerseys hang.]

"Let's leave Chicago to the Eskimos... that town's a bit too rugged for you and me, babe..."

[We dissolve to a seat near the top of the arena where longtime pro wrestling executive Chris Blue is sitting in the shadows.]

CB: I've spent a lot of nights in this building... a lot of nights. In a lot of ways, you know... it's home.

[Blue smiles.]

CB: The EMWC may have been born in New York... and Philly may be the land that is Extreme to its very core... but this... Los Angeles... this was home to the E and to me for a long, long time.

[Blue chews at his lower lip.]

CB: When the AWA first got going... when Jon and Bobby and Todd said this is what we want to do... and we want you to be a part of it... I wasn't really sure, you know? I was so burned out. I was so tired. The EMWC - as popular as it was and as proud as I am of it - it took a lot out of... well, everyone.

Too many broken bodies. Too many crushed dreams. Too many shattered families.

[Blue waves a hand.]

CB: Don't get me wrong. I loved... I love the E. I'm proud of all we accomplished...

[He pauses.]

CB: But the AWA was something else. It was something special from Day One. I was so proud of it... but I had to hide that I was involved because I was too... controversial? Too full of my own crap? Whatever it was... it was probably true. And so I stayed in the shadows and I watched... and I saw it turn into an overnight sensation. The talk of the wrestling world. The joint that started in a tiny, dirty TV studio and became the place selling out stadiums in Houston... in New York... in New Orleans... even here in Los Angeles.

[Blue throws a glance upwards at the Lakers' championship banners and retired jerseys.]

CB: It's funny, you know. I've spent hundreds of nights in this building over the years and I never really sat here and looked at these banners and jerseys and thought about what they mean. And now that I have, it's... it's hard not to think that those teams... those players... they're the perfect example of what it takes to succeed as a pro wrestler too. That they transcend the basketball court to the squared circle.

[He rises from his seat, stepping out onto the stairs, looking up at the hanging jerseys.]

CB: There's a lot of roads to the top in pro wrestling... but just like in basketball, it takes a team - the perfect combination of everything - to get you there.

[The shot dissolves to the hanging jersey that reads "O'NEAL" across the back.]

CB: Physical dominance... overwhelming power...

["CHAMBERLAIN."]

CB: Size plus skill.

["ABDUL-JABBAR."]

CB: Having that one big move... that one unstoppable move...

["WEST."]

CB: Being so good, the entire sport revolves around you.

["WORTHY."]

CB: The flash... the pizzazz... the grace under pressure.

["HEARN."]

CB: Having the voice... the gift of gab... painting a picture with your words so vivid, you feel like you're there and would do anything to be there.

["JOHNSON."]

CB: And having a little bit of magic on your side never hurts.

[Blue smiles again at the jerseys.]

CB: All of them... everyone up there had something special about them that made them the best. Just like the guys who got the AWA to this point... guys like Scott... Broussard... Vasquez... City Jack... Dufresne... Houston, Sudakov, Monosso... you name it. And that's just the early days. The guys now are... well, they're on a whole other level.

[Blue peels off his jacket, dropping it on the seat to reveal another name on the golden jersey he's wearing: "BRYANT."]

CB: This one? He'll be up there someday too. Perhaps the greatest of them all. But he did things a different way.

Intensity.

Sheer overwhelming will to win... to dominate... to be the best.

No fear of failure... but the drive to get back up and keep fighting when he did.

[Blue shakes his head, looking down.]

CB: The toughness to rip an Achillies, shoot two free throws, and walk out on his own feet with his head held high.

[A chuckle.]

CB: The Mamba Mentality.

[He clutches a fist, putting it over his heart.]

CB: A long time ago, some jackass in a Shaq jersey ran around a wrestling promotion shouting "THEY DON'T GIVE BANNERS FOR HEART!"

[He nods.]

CB: And maybe that's true. But you don't get them without it either.

And this guy?

[He taps his chest again.]

CB: He's got heart enough to carry the world on his shoulders.

[Blue pauses, turning to look up at the jerseys again.]

CB: The AWA is coming to town to celebrate their birthday. To celebrate their drive to be the best... their determination... their focus... their intensity...

Their heart.

And I can't think of a better place to do it.

[Blue suddenly pulls the jersey off his back, looking long and hard at the "8" stitched across the back. Look closely and you might see a teardrop start to roll down his cheek. He suddenly clears his throat, an obvious snuffle stifled. He sighs deeply, rearing back and tossing the jersey up towards those hanging from the wall, ending up with it almost perfectly placed alongside its peers.]

CB: Thanks for the memories.

[And as Blue turns to exit, we fade to black...

hour three

...and the ACCESS 365 logo flashes across the screen.]

"Wwwwwwwwhat's up, Flag Staff!"

[The AWA's cub reporter Sebastian McIntyre reads from a sheaf of notes in a studio that looks similar to the AWA Control Center.]

SMC: "Get ready for ACTION when the American Wrestling Alliance rolls through your town--"

"Hey new guy..."

[Mark Stegglet enters the studio.]

MS: Have you seen my notes on the upcoming cards on the live tour? I have to record a bunch of programming hits for the Fox affiliates, and... oh, is that them?

SMC: Uh, yeah. Sorry, I was just practicing. In... case I was needed this week.

MS: Oh. You got left off the format sheet, didn't you, Sebastian?

SMC: Seb Mac.

MS: Seb Mac.

SMC: Yeah, I don't know what I'm doing wrong. I mean I'm holding the microphone the right way up and everything.

MS: You know, Seb, a lot of people around here didn't have any use for a guy like me when I first broke in to the business, but I made a place for ourselves. I'm doing backstage interviews... now I'm spearheading a lot of the AWA's web exclusive content. You always got to keep supplementing your skills. Where did you first break into the business, anyway?

SMC: Uh... D-Delaware.

MS: Just... just Delaware?

SMC: Yes. Where I am from is Delaware.

[Stegglet sees the room becoming awkward, so he tries to find an out.]

MS: Well, Seb, if it helps, why don't you hold on to those notes for me? I just needed to know where they were is all. You keep practicing.

SMC: Great! Thanks, Mark!

[McIntyre reads around from the next sheet.]

SMC: "Wwwwwwwwhat's up, Las Crutches, New Mexico! Thrilling-"

MS: [correcting on the way out] "Las Cruces."

SMC: Really? "Wwwwwwwwhat's up, Las Crooses, New Mexico! Thrilling six-man tag team action coming your way as the Axis of Evil takes on-" Say, Mark? What happened to the Old Mexico that they had to make a New one?

[Silence. McIntyre is now no longer reading off the notes, seemingly improvising.]

SMC: THRILLING six-man tag team action as the Axis of Evil takes on the SUPERPOWERED team of...

[The ACCESS 365 logo flashes by again as we fade back to live action where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing in the middle of the ring. To his right, a person we've come to know recently as Dr. Leah White - dressed in heels, a sharp pair of dark blue slacks, a white short sleeve blouse, and black horn-rimmed glasses, her brown hair pulled back into a pony tail.

To Lou's left, appears to be Charisma Knight, but looking... normal... for lack of a better word. She's wearing sneakers, blue jeans, and a generic AWA T-shirt, her hair a subdued color of natural looking brown, tied back. Her hands are folded in front of her and she's almost nervously rocking back and forth on her heels]

SLB: Welcome back, fans, to Saturday Night Wrestling and we're here with Dr. Leah White and her patient, Charisma Knight... who quite frankly is looking rather well.

[Charisma looks down at the mat, an almost shy smile on her face.]

SLB: Now, Doctor... two weeks ago, you told us that you would be here with Ms. Knight to address her status here in the AWA.

[The solemn White nods.]

LW: Indeed I did... and so here I am with that update. At Ms. Knight's request, we've been very open and honest with her status, and her progress regarding her mental state. And as you know, people that suffer with mental illness are never really cured, but merely managed and it is of my belief that Charisma has made tremendous strides in my care.

I have gone before AWA President Javier Castillo with my belief that not only is Ms. Knight in control of her faculties... but that she should be cleared to return to AWA competition immediately.

And with one condition, they have agreed with my recommendation.

[This draws a mixed reaction from the crowd, some wanting to boo because... well, it's Charisma. The rest cheer, possibly out of sympathy]

LW: And that one condition is that Charisma must publicly apologize to Skylar Swift for her actions of late last year. Now, we invited Ms. Swift out here to hear the apology in person... but she obviously is not here. However, Charisma will still fulfill her promise. Charisma?

[Lou turns toward Knight, who unfolds her hands and reaches into her back pocket, withdrawing a folded sheet of paper. The microphone extended in front of her, Charisma begins to speak...

CK: Ladies and gentleman... fans of the AWA Galaxy...

Since Spring of last year, I've been suffering from several issues that caused me to make questionable choices. Among these choices included a series of horrible attacks on Skylar Swift, both mentally and physically.

[Knight looks up, a slight twinkle in her eye.]

CK: I tortured her... kept her awake many sleepless nights... tried driving her mad... tried causing severe head trauma... threatened to kick her puppy... stole her lunch money... taunted her a second time... called her a spoony bard... mistook her for a stuck up, half-witted, scruffy-looking nerf herder...

[A harsh clearing of the throat from Dr. White stops Charisma short. She pauses, flashing a bit of a grin before continuing.]

CK: ...and caused her severe emotional distress. What I did was very very bad, and I sincerely, from the cockles of my heart, maybe even below the cockles, perhaps in the sub-cockle region, maybe the liver...

[Another throat clearing gives Charisma pause.]

CK: ...I apologize to Skylar Swift and... Scout's Honor promise to never ever do it again.

[Knight is cut off abruptly as the lights go down and New Year's Day's "I'm About To Break You" fills the arena.]

GM: Now what the heck is this?

[A spotlight hits the entrance, and under the light stands...]

BW: WHAT?

GM: I... don't get this!

[...Charisma Knight? Half red/half black hair spills out the back of a fiendish clown mask covering her face.]

BW: Is that Charisma Knight... or is THAT Charisma Knight?!

GM: How could there be TWO Charisma Knights, Bucky?!

BW: I don't know but my eyes are telling me that there are!

[The other Charisma Knight stomps her way down the aisle with uncharacteristic urgency. Dr. White and the actual Charisma Knight look shocked at this turn of events. The masked Charisma Knight grabs the microphone.]

"CK": I tried to be polite about this, Charisma: I want you to remember that. I tried to reach out to you. I tried to settle things with you privately, but since you won't do that, it's time for some real talk...

[The masked Charisma Knight pulls off the mask. The red and black hair comes with it.]

GM: Hey, that's one of Burt Wallace's kids! That's T-Bone Wallace!

BW: I saw her lifting weights on the Power Hour - impressive stuff but what's she doing here?

[Trish Wallace smooths out her two braided pigtails and tosses the mask into Charisma's arms.]

TW: Do you remember SuperClash in New Orleans last year, Charisma? Do you remember telling me to put on this mask and just stand there and take whatever Skyler Swift dished out?

[Dr. White steps in holding her hands up.]

TW: Do you remember promising to pay me for that?

[The doctor tries to physically push the annoyed Wallace away from Charisma Knight.]

LW: Wait, wait, wait, Ms. Wallace... I know you're upset and we'll address you in time but we needed to address Ms. Swift today and-

[Suddenly, the voice of Meg Warren from Repartee belts out over the loudspeakers and the arena erupts.]

#'CAUSE YOU'RE WORTH FIGHTING FOR!#

[The synth-pop band Dukes signature song kicks in as Skylar Swift steps out with her game face locked in tight. Her honey-brown hair is pulled up into a power bun, her fists clenched at her sides, and she's putting the "work" into her baby blue workout gear as she looks all business tonight.]

GM: The Dream Girl is in the house, Bucky, and she's got a look in her eye I'm not quite sure we've seen out of her. She is BEAMING a hole down towards Charisma Knight as she makes her way down the ring.

BW: She doesn't look quite appreciative of that sincere apology from Charisma Knight. Millennials, I tell you Gordo, you give them exactly what they want and it's never good enough.

[Skylar continues to head straight for the ring. Dozens of young girls reach over the railing and for the first time since joining the AWA, Swift isn't playing to the crowd as her eyes are fixated on Charisma Knight. For one fleeting moment, she breaks her stare, eyeing Trish to her left, and as she does so you see the slightest retightening of her fists as she makes her way to the steps.]

LW: Miss Swift... Miss Swift...

[The doctor tries to call to Skylar but Swift ascends the ring steps and glides right up onto the corner turnbuckle and finally acknowledges the crowd by patting her heart with the palm of her hand and then saluting it out to the fans. You can see dozens and dozens of little girls making the heart gesture with their hands and Swift returns the symbol before staring down at Charisma and Trish.]

LW: If you would please just come down here for a...

[Before the doctor can even finish this thought, Swift leaps into the air, arms spread wide like an eagle's wings...

...and she comes CRASHING down across both Charisma Knight and Trish, wiping them both out!]

GM: Be careful what you wish for, Doctor!

BW: What is she doing?! Charisma just apologized to her!

GM: It looks like she's beating just a little bit more out of her, Bucky!

[Swift, straddled over Knight, begins raining down pistol-like punches! Doctor White begins yelling frantically, feinting towards the ladies but not sure how to go about grabbing Swift as Charisma Knight tries to shield her face!]

GM: Swift with punches in bunches! Knight is doing her best to cover up but some of those shots are landing clean, Bucky!

BW: Doctor White needs to... well, I'm not sure what she should be doing but it's gotta be more than nothing!

[White tries once more to size up Swift...

...but then Trish leaps in, yanking Swift by the neck and throwing her off of Knight!]

BW: YES! GET HER TRISH!

[Swift wrestles her way to her feet and Trish shoves her HARD into the corner.]

TW: "HEY! What was that for?!"

[Charisma Knight staggers up, wiping a spot of blood from her lower lip.]

GM: Oh, and now Trish Wallace better not lose focus of the moment here.

[Knight lashes forward with a shove to the back of T-Bone Wallace, which sandwiches Skylar Swift into the corner. Wallace wheels around, eyes wide,

scanning for Charisma Knight, only to see her dive through the ropes and exit the ring.]

GM: Charisma Knight starting a fight between these two ladies and now she's running!

BW: She isn't running, she's...

GM: What would you call it?

BW: Plotting her next move. Skylar Swift isn't right in the head and she is acknowledging this as the bigger person and letting her clear her mind to make a more well thought out decision. She just assaulted both of them! Castillo should be fining her!

GM: For what exactly?

BW: She put Dr. White in harm's way! She could have suffered a number of different injuries out there!

[While Bucky continues to babble on, Trish calls out to the backpedaling Knight, forgetting for a moment that a fuming, fired up Skylar Swift is several feet away from her. You can see the moment click in her head as she slowly turns her head...

...just in time to see Swift DRILL her with a jumping elbow strike that sends her crashing through the ropes to another enormous pop from the crowd!]

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A SHOT! SWIFT IS ON A TEAR! The Dream Girl has been lost and I'm not even quite sure how to explain it...

BW: Crazy. Absolutely crazy.

GM: Well, can you blame her?! Charisma Knight has TORTURED her for months on end and now she may just be seeing and hearing clearly for the first time in a long time! We may just have the old Skylar Swift back that these fans fell in love with, Bucky.

BW: They're an easy sell with short term memory loss, Gordo. Should we go down the list of superstars these fickle fans have fallen head over heels for?

GM: Regardless, Skylar Swift is back and ready to FIGHT, Bucky.

[Trish Wallace rolls back into the ring, but a retinue of referees and backstage personnel have finally made their way to the ring to keep the fired up Swift and an enraged T-Bone Wallace apart.]

GM: ...But Charisma Knight seems to have manipulated the situation for her advantage.

[As half-a-dozen officials try to subdue the fracas in the ring, the camera catches Charisma Knight halfway up the aisle. She shrugs, playfully and innocently.]

CW: "I just said I was sorry."

[The camera holds on a smirking Knight as we 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 Mark Stegglet who stands backstage in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MS: We're backstage here in Phoenix, Texas with Saturday Night Wrestling and joining me right now is a man who has had a lot of issues of late on with the Wallace twins and upcoming on Power Hour will face them in a tag match. But who's his partner? The American Idols have made it clear to anyone who will listen that they think he doesn't have a partner at all! "Cannonball" Lee Connors, come on in here and shed some light on this situation.

[Walking off from the right is the affable "Cannonball" Lee Connors. He's dressed in a red and white track suit, jacket open with a vintage Bruce Lee shirt underneath.]

LC: Oh, I have a partner, Mr. Stegglet, don't you worry.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Lots of wild rumors about where a guy like you might find a partner so let me get ahead of this. You found him on the top of Mount Fuji after a long climb, sitting amongst a bed of lotus blooms?

[Connors is baffled.]

LC: I... no?

MS: You had to enter a cave and battle a dragon?

[Lee's eyes show his completely baffled state.]

LC: What? Mark, are you feeling okay?

[Stegglet lets loose a chuckle.]

MS: Well, Lee... then tell me... who is going to be your partner on Power Hour as you face the American Idols? Who did you find to help you?

[Lee looks into the camera, stepping forward so he's in full focus. He grins as he rubs his hands up and down his arms.]

LC: Hey Mark... does it feel a little bit like the weather's turning?

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

LC: It smells like rain to me. Like...

...a Downpour.

[Connors turns quickly, fist pumping and nodding his head enthusiastically as he walks off camera. Stegglet himself is baffled, shaking his head and watching "Cannonball" walk away.]

MS: Well, I have no idea what that means, but it sounds like young Cannonball has found a partner and is ready for Power Hour! Now let's head back to the ring for Kerry Kendrick's Think Tank!

[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, 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. And by the way, in two weeks time, I mark nine years of longevity in this organization. I've seen them all come and go. I've seen your AWA Founding Fathers become more like AWA Deadbeat Dads.

And to address Ol' GGC popping off out here a short while ago: My dance card's open in two weeks time. Why don't we make a date?

[He puts his arm around Erica Toughill's shoulders.]

KK: And if you think that Rick doesn't have my back, why don't you try using some of those lines in your little black book on her and see how far it gets you?

[Toughill smirks, pops a pink bubble, and churns it back into her mouth.]

KK: And on the topic of rookies who have come in to the AWA, made some big noise, but couldn't put it together when it counted... My guest this week is apparently the EX-protege of Miyuki Ozaki... Ayako... Fujiwara!

["The Cyborg Fights" by YellowExxhy rings out over the PA system to a large cheer from the AWA faithful. The Olympic gold medalist, Ayako Fujiwara, walks into view to another loud reaction. Her thickly muscled frame is contained within a white t-shirt with a caricature of her squat-lifting the Olympic rings (now available at AWAShop.com) and a pair of royal blue yoga pants. She smiles at the cheering crowd, giving them a wave as she power walks down the aisle to where Kendrick and Ricki Toughill await.]

GM: There she is, fans. The gold medalist herself, Ayako Fujiwara, who came up short in becoming the Women's World Champion last year at SuperClash. Many thought she would make getting another shot at that title her top priority for 2017 but lately, she's found herself with another issue altogether on her hands.

BW: That's right, Gordo. Someone's got a grudge against Miss Germany and she's letting the whole world know about it.

GM: Well, we may know about her grudge but we definitely DON'T know about her identity - something she's been keeping a secret so far.

[Fujiwara climbs the ringsteps, turning to salute the fans with her back against the ropes. She spins and swoops through the ropes...

...and finds herself face to face with a gum-chewing and bat-wielding Erica Toughill who looks coldly at Fujiwara. Fujiwara looks a bit surprised but doesn't back down, holding her ground against Toughill.]

BW: Looks like we might have a problem here.

[Toughill stands unblinking, glaring at Fujiwara who returns the gaze when Kerry Kendrick's voice suddenly intervenes.]

KK: Ladies, ladies... let's not start things off like that! After all, she's our guest, Ricki.

[Toughill grimaces...

...and then backs up a few steps, gesturing for Fujiwara to join Kendrick in the middle of the ring. Fujiwara obliges but twists her body as she walks, refusing to turn her back on Toughill.]

BW: Hey Gordo... I just thought of something. What if it's Ricki who attacked Ayako two weeks ago?

GM: Ricki?

BW: Sure. Looks like there's no love lost between them from that little encounter. Maybe she's playing some mindgames with her.

GM: That seems unusual for Erica Toughill who is best known for going right at someone... not messing around one bit.

BW: You've got a point there, Gordo. I don't know. In a mystery, you gotta suspect everyone, right? Maybe it's you!

GM: Me?! Give me a break!

[A smirking Kendrick watches as Fujiwara keeps trying to keep an eye on Toughill.]

KK: Relax, Ayako. Ricki won't lay a finger on you unless I tell her to. Besides, with her aim lately, she'd probably lay me out instead of you!

[Kendrick glares at Toughill who looks away, a flash of shame on her face.]

KK: Now, Ayako... let's get down to business.

It's been a bit of a bumpy ride, hasn't it? You came into the AWA less than a year ago with some mighty high expectations. Expectations of championship gold. Expectations of a continuation of your Olympic pedigree. Expectations of a dynasty worthy of Miyuki Ozaki.

Miyuki, are we still waiting on these expectations?

[He cups a hand to his ear, as if he's expecting Miyuki Ozaki to answer him from across the pond.]

KK: Hmm. No response. She's more disappointed in you than I thought. Shame.

[Kendrick smirks as Fujiwara glares at him.]

KK: Let's try this a different way. How about you? Are YOU disappointed that you haven't met those expectations?

[He extends the mic to Fujiwara who goes to speak.]

AF: I think you and I-

[Kendrick jerks the mic away.]

KK: Of course you are. Of course you are. Who wouldn't be disappointed in themselves for not being able to do what everyone expected out of them? I mean... sure, you made the Women's World Title match at SuperClash and hat's off to you for that...

[Kendrick tucks the mic under his arm, mockingly clapping.]

KK: ...but you lost. You lost to Ricki's little buddy, Lauryn Rage.

[Kendrick extends the mic again as Fujiwara speaks up.]

AF: Thanks to Kuraya-

[The Self Made Man jerks the mic away once more.]

KK: And now come the excuses. "Oh, Kurayami got involved." "Oh, Lauryn Rage needed help." "Oh, I was distracted by Melissa Cannon's politics."

[Kendrick smirks in the direction of the camera.]

KK: Whoops.

[He covers his mouth for a moment before turning back to Fujiwara.]

KK: The fact is, Ayako... is that when someone comes in with all sorts of hype and then lets everyone down... there's a name for that, right?

Well, there's probably a few names for it.

[Kendrick ticks them off on his fingers as Fujiwara glares hotly at him.]

KK: A bust.

A waste of time.

[Fujiwara's cheeks flush with anger as Kendrick continues.]

KK: A flash in the pan.

A never-was.

An overhyped wannabe.

[Kendrick pauses, looking dead into Fujiwara's eyes for his final jab.]

KK: A loser. And you-

[This time, it's Kendrick who gets cut off as she jerks the mic away from a shocked Kendrick.]

AF: ENOUGH!

[The crowd roars for Fujiwara taking a stand.]

AF: Enough talking from you.

[Fujiwara sighs.]

AF: Have I done everything I hoped to do since arriving? No. But I was IN the title match at SuperClash!

[Cheers from the crowd!]

AF: Where were you?

[An "OHHHHHHHHHH!" rings out as Kendrick looks agitated.]

AF: Losing to a baseball player in his first match?

[Fujiwara smiles as Kendrick seethes.]

AF: I came THIS close to being the champion... and when I get Kurayami in the ring, things will-

[That's when a voice can be heard over the PA.]

"Ayako."

[The voice is distorted, but it's enough to cause everyone in the ring to look around... and to put Ayako in a defensive posture.]

"Look over here, Ayako."

[On the video wall, there's a shot of... well, it's a silhouette of somebody. Apparently, this is the person talking.]

"You continue to disappoint me, Ayako. You thought you had everything figured out in Albuquerque, but I'm smarter than that."

[Ayako gestures at the video wall. Meanwhile, Kendrick stands there and says nothing, though it appears he's enjoying Ayako's agitation.]

"I know, Ayako... you want me in that ring, don't you? You want to prove to Miyuki that you haven't let her down. That you are capable of beating Kurayami... that you won't lose focus like you did with Lauryn Rage. But before you can prove that, you must prove yourself to me."

[A furious Ayako raises the mic again.]

AF: WHO?! WHO ARE YOU?!

[The silhouetted figure on the video screen stays there and we see no movement.]

"You may call me Madame X. As for my true identity, I will give you a hint of who I am, when I face you at the Anniversary Show in two weeks."

[That draws a buzz from the crowd and a dropped jaw from Fujiwara who quickly shakes it off, nodding her head emphatically.]

"But it won't be that simple, Ayako. If you want to know my true identity, you will have to beat me. If you can do that, Ayako, I will tell you who I am. But I will leave you with a clue... Cleveland, Ohio."

[Fujiwara looks puzzled, shaking her head. She throws up her arms questioningly.]

"You figure it out, Ayako... and you better prepare for the Anniversary Show. Prove to the world you can defeat me... or prove that you are still a disappointment to everything Miyuki expected of you."

[And the image disappears from the video wall, leaving Fujiwara with more questions than answers. She stands in the ring, muttering to herself as she looks down at the mat...

...and we fade to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing outside the office of El Presidente, Javier Castillo.]

SLB: The mysterious... well, I guess we now can call her "Madame X" making her presence known once again and she apparently has set up a match for two weeks from tonight at the Anniversary Show in Los Angeles. Right now, I'm back here backstage again looking to-

[Blackwell pulls up short as someone brushes past him, bumping him back towards the wall.]

JW: Excuuuuuse me.

[Blackwell seems about to say something to Jackie Wilpon when we spot the towering form of Blaster Masterson coming behind him. Blackwell swallows his retort as Wilpon shoves the door open, Masterson trailing behind... and with a shrug, Blackwell waves the cameraman through as well.]

JW: Hey, boss man!

[The camera comes to rest on Javier Castillo, Veronica Westerly, and the Suited Savage, MAWAGA. Castillo lowers his feet off his desk as he turns to glare at the intrusion.]

JC: Wilpon. I don't take kindly to someone barging into my office and interrupting my business.

[Wilpon throws a leering glance at Westerly, flashing a wink and a smile at her.]

JW: Sorry, toots. But the men have something to discuss.

[Westerly's eyes flash in annoyance as Castillo visibly stifles a chuckles.]

JC: It's fine. Veronica, we'll continue this later.

[Westerly nods her head at Castillo silently, continuing to glare at the slimy Wilpon as she works her way towards the door. Wilpon watches her go, whistling softly to himself. He's shaking his head as he turns back to Castillo with a sleazy grin.]

JW: Boy, I tell ya, she sends shivers up and down my spine. Dunno if these chills I got should be multiplyin' or not. So... what's the sitch there, boss man? I don't want to step on anyone's... toes.

[Castillo looks annoyed all over again.]

JC: Never mind that. Why are you here... again?

JW: I wanted to see if you saw how we in the big city handle a little animal control problem.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: The... mad fox problem? Oh, I saw. Impressive. Most impressive.

[Wilpon grins proudly.]

JC: But I also noticed that you turned tail and ran at the sight of Lynch and Wright. And that Jeff Matthews - while hurting - is still walking.

[Wilpon shrugs.]

JW: My pops always told me to live to fight another day. You want Lynch and Wright taken care of too? No problemo! You know the answer. Put my man in that six man tag tonight!

[Castillo throws a thoughtful look at Masterson who storms forward, slamming his fists down on Castillo's desk, giving him a jump.]

BM: YOU HEARD THE MAN, EL PRESIDENTE! GIVE ME THE CALL! PUT ME IN, BOSS! I'LL BREAK ALL THEM PUNKS INTO ITTY BITTY PIECES!

[Castillo grimaces.]

JC: Please. You're sweating on my desk.

[Masterson backs off, agitated as Wilpon tries to nudge him further back. He produces a stained handkerchief, going to work in wiping up the sweat.]

JW: I got that for you, boss man.

[A disgusted Castillo stares at both men.]

JC: Thank you.

[Sarcasm is dripping off Castillo's words as he eyes both men.]

JW: Sorry, my man gets a little excited at the thought of breakin' mooks into two...

JC: [interrupting.] The answer is no.

[Masterson's eyes flash as he pushes past his manager.]

BM: NO?! NO?! WHY I OUGHTTA...

[Masterson raises his hands to his head, seemingly in disbelief. Then, grabs at Castillo's desk and leans forward, shouting incoherently. Castillo leans back in his chair, a nervous expression on his face...

...until MAWAGA surges forward, shoving Masterson backwards and striking up a defensive posture in front of the desk.]

JC: MAWAGA! Stop!

[Masterson is seething, breathing heavily as Wilpon physically tries to hold him back. MAWAGA stays ready, staring at Masterson.]

JW: Everyone take a breath! Settle down there, big man! We don't want anyone to do something they'd regret!

[Castillo rises from his desk.]

JC: I never regret. Now... your man there... despite all the sweat and spittle pouring out of his body, I like his style. So, for now... you two can consider yourselves in my good graces. Except more... tasks... like Jeff Matthews in your future.

[Wilpon grins.]

JC: But you will NOT be involved in the six man tag. I've got special plans for that and I won't have them altered. Understood?

[Masterson seems about to say something but Wilpon shoves him back towards the door.]

JW: Understood! Understood! Thanks, boss!

[Wilpon and Masterson disappear through the doorway. Castillo sighs deeply, noticing Blackwell is still in the room.]

JC: What do you want?

SLB: Special plans? Feel like shedding some light on-

[A loud "CRASH!" is heard from outside the office. Castillo shakes his head, rubbing his temples.]

JC: Now what?!

[Blackwell and the cameraman go running through the doorway, only to find Jackson Haynes laid out on the floor nearby with Shadoe Rage kneeling over him, battering Haynes with clenched fists. A voice is heard from off-camera.]

"He came out of nowhere! Rage just attacked him from behind!"

[Rage drags Haynes up by the hair, hurling him bodily into the wall across from Castillo's door!

SLB: OH! We need some help back here! We need-

[Rage wheels around, throwing Haynes across the hall.]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSH!"

SLB: OHHHH!

[The cameraman follows the duo that just went flying THROUGH Javier Castillo's door onto the floor of his office. Rage dives on top of Haynes, still pummeling him with clenched fists. A furious Castillo is on his feet.]

JC: WHAT THE HELL?! GET THEM OUT OF HERE! GET THEM OUT OF MY OFFICE!

[MAWAGA surges forward, snatching Rage off of Haynes by the hair..

...and FLINGS him backwards into the hallway through the doorway where the door once stood.

Rage pops up, shoving his way back in as a flood of black-shirted security guards run into view. Rage is promptly swallowed in a sea of bodies as security attempts to get control as Castillo continues to shout for both men to get out of his office as we abruptly cut 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?"

We fade to a black screen. "3/11/17" appears on the screen in white letters. After a few seconds, the date disappears. Switch from a black screen to Danny Morton being taken to the mat with a double slingshot suplex by the Southern Wrecking Crew.]

V/O: We have Violence Unlimited in the ring with the Southern Wrecking Crew! VU has finally met a team as intense and aggressive as they are.

[The action fades into another shot of the Overlord on one knee. The Overlord takes a shuffle superkick to the face, knocking the big man to the mat.]

V/O: "The Ragin' Cajun" just kicked the Overlord's head off! The Overlord is used to tossing around smaller men. Those smaller men typically don't get right back up and charge right back at you like De La Croix!

[The action fades into another shot of the bigger of the Crew applying a full nelson to Hammer of the War Pigs.]

V/O: Hammer now in a full nelson! "Bulldog" may not have the strength to keep this on...

["Bulldog" keeps the full nelson on long enough to send Hammer to the mat with a full nelson faceslam.]

V/O: Kannen Shot! Lance Kannen hit the Kannen Shot!

[The voice fades as the screen fades back to black. "3/11/17" appears in white letter on the black screen again.]

LK: AWA tag teams. Are you ready?

BDLC: You better hope y'all are.

[The date fades off the screen...

We suddenly fade into a test pattern, and a loud piercing beep is heard. The test pattern slowly transforms into the Punisher Skull style logo of the Soldiers of Fortune. The camera then fades to a lightbulb, swinging from the ceiling. The lightbulb isn't illuminating much in the room, just a table with what appears to be a map and pictures of various AWA wrestlers on it. Stepping into view behind the table are the Soldiers themselves, Charlie Stephens and Joe Flint. Stephens is carrying a combat knife, staring at it intently, while Joe Flint is slamming the end of a riding crop into the palm of his right hand. Stephens is first to speak, fiddling with the combat knife.]

CS: You can't silence us forever.

[Stephens sharpens his fingernails on the edge of the combat knife as Joe Flint steps into view.]

JF: The AWA figured that by de-platforming us and cutting us off from the world, that the we would come to our..

[Flint makes air quotes.]

JF: ...senses and call off our war.

[Flint grins, and then shakes his head.]

JF: Nah.

Ya see, maggots, next Saturday Night on the AWA Power Hour... the war..

[Stephens stops sharpening his fingernails with the knife, and slams it down, going right through one of the photographs on the table.]

JF: ...has just begun.

[Stephens leans forward, obscuring the knife on the table and the picture that the knife has punctured.]

CS: Consider what we do to the poor unfortunate souls our opening salvo.

JF: At ease!

[The camera then fades out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring... from Sacramento, California, weighing in at 225 pounds, this is KEN LANGLEY!

[A short man with short brown hair and a lean build, dressed in blue trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, raises his arms to the crowd, a smirk on his face.]

RO: His partner, from Las Vegas, Nevada, and weighing in at 240 pounds, this is SCOTT "SNAKE EYES" ELLINGTON!

[A blonde-haired man, taller than Langley and with an athletic build, dressed in a black singlet with two dice on the front, the dice showing double ones, and black wrestling boots with the letters "SE" in white, raises an arm and shakes his fist, as if rolling a pair of dice.]

GM: Ken Langley is one of the newcomers to the Combat Corner, and he's going to be teaming with a journeyman around the independent circuit who is looking for his big break.

BW: I've heard about Ellington -- he's the kind of guy willing to take his chances, so maybe he thinks Langley is the perfect partner.

GM: We'll find out how well they work together, but they've got a tough task ahead of themselves, as we are about to find out.

["Wake Up" by Story of the Year plays, drawing cheers from the crowd.]

RO: And their opponents, about to make their way to the ring, at a combined weight of 495 pounds... first, from Boston, Massachusetts, HOWIE SOMERS... his partner, from El Paso, Texas, DANIEL HARPER!

They are NEXT GEN!

[The members of Next Gen appear in the entranceway. Howie Somers wears a navy blue singlet with the letters "NEXT GEN" printed on the front in white lettering, blue kneepads and wrestling boots. Daniel Harper wears a white single with the same words in blue lettering, white kneepads and wrestling boots.]

GM: Next Gen set for tag team action and these two young men believe that the moment is past due for them to get a tag team title shot.

BW: Get in line. System Shock has a busy schedule and lots of challengers lined up.

GM: Such as?

BW: Such as that Double Or Nothing Battle Royal at the Anniversary show.

GM: I was thinking of tag team title defenses, Bucky.

BW: They've gone on a 20 show circuit defending them, Gordo. It's all over YouTube!

GM: I'll bet it is.

[Somers and Harper stand at the entranceway, turn to each other and exchange a high five. The two then head to the ring, focused ahead, though they extend their arms to slap hands with fans. They reach the apron, climb up and duck between the ropes.]

In the ring, Somers walks to the corner and leans against the turnbuckles, an intense expression on his face. Harper goes to the opposite corner on the same side of the ring, climbs to the second turnbuckle and raises his arms.]

GM: I would sure hope that, if System Shock is actively defending the belts, that they have a match against Next Gen in the near future.

BW: Rookies got to pay their dues, Gordo.

GM: Next Gen has been in the AWA for two years and Somers has experience beyond that, so they are far from being rookies.

BW: Okay, but they're still in the minor leagues, Gordo, compared to System Shock.

GM: Give me a break, Bucky.

[Harper climbs down from the buckles and walks toward Somers, the two exchanging another high five. Harper then ducks between the ropes and Somers walks toward the center of the ring, motioning to Langley and Ellington to step forward.]

GM: Howie Somers will start things off for Next Gen... and it looks like the man called Snake Eyes will start for his team.

[Ellington strides forward and says some words the camera doesn't pick up.]

GM: And Ellington getting mouthy with the nephew of Eric Somers.

BW: He's just reminding the kid to watch his manners.

GM: I don't think it's Somers who needs to watch his manners at the moment.

[As Somers stares intently, Ellington gives him a slight shove, which causes Somers to take a couple of steps back.]

BW: You see that? Somers disrespecting Ellington already!

GM: How, exactly? He's just staring at him.

BW: That's right. It's impolite to stare, Gordo.

[Ellington motions for Somers to step forward, and the Next Gen member does...

...only to shove Ellington in the chest, causing the man from Las Vegas to stumble to the canvas.]

GM: I think it's pretty clear who disrespected who, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, it's Somers again!

GM: Not what I saw.

[Ellington, now angry, hurries to his feet and charges Somers, but a right hand gets blocked.]

GM: Ellington tries to strike, but Somers saw it coming! And now Somers firing back! Look at those forearms!

[Somers rocks the man called Snake Eyes with forearm blows, backing him up into a neutral corner.]

GM: Somers not letting up! Look at this, Bucky!

[Somers leans forward and drives his shoulder repeatedly into Ellington's midsection.]

BW: Yeah, he's not letting Ellington out of the corner! Talk about disrespect now, Gordo!

GM: Ellington took his chances, as you might say, with that shove earlier and it's not going well for him.

[Somers has now dragged Ellington out of the corner and pulls him in close.]

GM: Somers with the waistlock applied... he lifts him up...

[Somers takes Ellington down to the canvas with a belly to belly suplex.]

GM: Oh my! What impact on that belly to belly!

[Ellington arches his back in pain, as Somers bends down and drags the man from Las Vegas off the canvas.]

GM: Somers has Ellington... backs him into the ropes...

[Somers reaches over to Harper, who extends his arm for the tag.]

GM: And in comes Harper! What does Next Gen have in mind here?

[Somers sends Ellington into the ropes, then charges forward.]

GM: Leaping shoulder tackle takes down Ellington!

[As Ellington comes to his feet, Somers steps aside and Harper charges.]

GM: Dropkick by Harper follows! Ellington having his problems!

BW: He's just sticking to his bet, and when the moment is right, he'll pull out his trump card!

[Ellington rises to his feet, where Harper is quick to grab him and apply a side headlock.]

GM: Harper setting up Ellington and... oh no!

[Myers' reaction is to Ellington reaching up to jam a finger to Harper's throat.]

GM: Ellington with an illegal shot to the throat!

BW: Told you he had a trump card!

[Harper stumbles backwards and tries to catch his breath, but Ellington gets him with a kick to the midsection.]

GM: A kick to the gut by Snake Eyes... now several forearms and... oh, come on!

[Ellington has backed Harper into the ropes and now gouges his eyes.]

GM: Thumb to the eye! Ellington taking the low road!

BW: Sometimes you gotta do that when the odds are against you.

GM: That's what I call disrespecting an opponent, Bucky.

BW: Then Harper shouldn't be talking smack, Gordo!

GM: Once again, give me a break.

[Ellington grabs Harper by the arm and whips him into the ropes.]

GM: Here's an Irish whip... Ellington trying a clothesline... but Harper ducks it!

[Harper comes off the opposite side and Ellington swings a fist.]

GM: Ellington tries to catch him again... Harper avoids it!

[Harper puts on the brakes, spins around and, when Ellington turns, he catches him.]

GM: Oh my! There's that patented European uppercut!

[Ellington staggers backward and Harper delivers a kick to the midsection, then pulls the man from Las Vegas forward.]

GM: Harper setting up Ellington... takes him over with a vertical suplex!

BW: Snake Eyes needs to get out of there!

[And it appears Ellington will take Bucky's advice, because he rolls to the corner and slaps Langley's hand.]

GM: First action for Langley... he's rushing Harper... but Harper with a dropkick!

[Langley falls to the canvas and Harper pulls him up quickly, hooking a front facelock, then Langley's right leg.]

GM: Now Harper takes Langley up and over... fisherman suplex!

BW: He's not bridging, though!

GM: It appears Harper may not be finished yet with the Combat Corner youngster.

[Harper drags Langley off the mat and slaps Somers' hand.]

GM: Tag is made to Somers... now Harper has Langley in Next Gen's corner...

BW: Now this is disrespectful! What did Langley do to deserve this?

[Somers is in the ring and Harper grabs him by the arm, then whips him toward the corner.]

GM: Oh my! Somers crushes Langley in the corner!

BW: Ellington has seen enough! Here he comes!

[Snake Eyes leaps at Somers from behind and nails him with a pair of forearms, but Harper is there to drag him off.]

GM: All four men in the ring! But it's Harper and Somers with the advantage!

[Harper takes Ellington to the opposite corner and motions to Somers, who has just finished driving another shoulder into Langley's midsection. Somers nods.]

GM: They've got both men by the arms...

BW: Why is the referee allowing this?

GM: He's putting the count on them, but...

[Harper and Somers whip Ellington and Langley right into each other. The two men stumble backward, but then Harper leaps up behind Ellington.]

GM: OH MY! Next Gen sends their opponents into one another, then Harper with the dropkick and Ellington and Langley collide again!

BW: Get Harper out of there! He's not legal! You see what I mean by disrespect, Gordo?

[The referee steps in, ordering Harper back to his corner. Meanwhile, Somers pulls Ellington up and tosses him through the ropes.]

BW: And there's more of it, Gordo!

GM: Well, Ellington isn't legal, either.

BW: Now you give me a break!

[Somers then turns back to Langley, then hoists him onto his shoulder.]

GM: Somers with Langley draped over his shoulder... he has a clear size advantage over the Combat Corner youngster.

[Somers then leaps forward, driving Langley straight into the canvas with a powerslam.]

GM: Big powerslam! Langley flat on his back!

[Somers then gestures to the corner, where Harper has his arm extended.]

GM: And he tags Harper back in... now Somers lifts Langley up.

[Somers has Langley over his shoulders in a fireman's carry, as Harper steps between the ropes and grabs him by the neck.]

GM: OH MY! Swinging neckbreaker out of the fireman's carry! They call it the Generation Gap!

[Somers ducks between the ropes and Harper drops down to cover Langley.]

GM: And that's going to do it... there's one, two and three! Next Gen takes the win!

BW: Well, I'll give them this... that's an impressive finisher, but they've still got a lot to learn about manners.

GM: I'm just going to send it to Rebecca for the official word.

[The bell rings and Harper gets to his feet, while Somers steps back in between the ropes to join his partner.]

RO: The winners of the match...NEXT GEN!

[The referee raises the arms of Somers and Harper. The tag team partners exchange a high five, then duck between the ropes.]

GM: Next Gen with the win, and now, we'll send you to Sweet Lou who will try to get some words with these two young men.

[We cut to the aisleway, where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands, mic in hand.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Next Gen!

[The fans cheer as Somers and Harper head to Sweet Lou. Somers stands to Blackwell's right and Harper to his left.]

SLB: Daniel Harper, you and your partner have made it known that you want a shot at the World Tag Team Championship... you saw what went down two weeks ago as System Shock became the new champions. I'm sure you have those two in your sights.

DH: [nodding] You better believe it, Sweet Lou! And it seems funny how history has repeated itself, because we have another tag team title change happening when the champions weren't at 100 percent!

Remember when Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor first became the champions? They beat Air Strike, who was at less than 100 percent! Now we have System Shock winning the belts, a little more than one year later, and this time, it's Donovan and Taylor who are less than 100 percent!

SLB: Some might say that's a case of what goes around, comes around, Daniel.

DH: In a way, I'd be inclined to agree, Sweet Lou! It's no secret that Howie and I aren't friends with Wes and Tony. However, what made me so sick two weeks ago was what happened to Xenia Sonova at the hands of Kurayami! There was absolutely no call for what happened to Xenia and, while I don't like Tony, I don't blame him one bit for coming to Xenia's aid! And I certainly won't condone what Castillo and his brutes did to Tony after that!

So what you see as a case of what goes around, comes around, I see it as just another example of people running around the AWA who are only interested in hurting others! And I, for one, am tired of it!

[He gestures to Somers.]

DH: I already went through losing my friend and partner here for a few months, in which he could have lost his career, and I will not stand for it happening to anyone else! And just as importantly, I'm not going to accept the idea that titles should change hands simply because one team isn't at full strength! But that's why Howie and I have at least one idea in mind at how to rectify that!

[He gives a quick nod at Somers, which prompts Blackwell to turn.]

SLB: What about it, Howie? You've been hinting at the idea that you and Daniel may need to take certain measures to get noticed.

[Somers pauses for a minute.]

HS: I've had a lot of ideas run through my head, Sweet Lou. But, earlier tonight, Javier Castillo made an announcement that gave me an idea.

He says he's going to put Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter into a Battle Royal, where it's double or nothing for the money they split from another one? Then that's exactly where we are going to get noticed.

In other words, Daniel and I are informing Castillo that we will be entering that Battle Royal at the Anniversary show.

[That draws a positive response from the crowd.]

Somers raises a finger toward the camera.]

HS: But believe me when I say this... it's not about the money. We're not looking for the paycheck, as much as we are looking for the payoff, and that's getting a shot at System Shock and, ultimately, the World Tag Team Championship.

Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter might think the Anniversary show is just a chance for them to double their winnings. But they're going to find out that it's really the chance for Next Gen to show that they better take our challenges seriously... and when Daniel and I do win that Battle Royal, neither Williams, nor Hunter, nor Javier Castillo himself will be able to deny that Daniel and I should get our shot at those titles.

And if System Shock thinks they can just keep blowing us off after that, or if Castillo thinks he can make us jump through hoops or stack the deck against us, the way he's been doing to people such as Jack Lynch, Supreme Wright and Jeff Matthews, and that we'll just stand by and take it, then there's only response to that.

[His stare hardens.]

HS: Like hell!

SLB: Hold on... did you just deliver an ultimatum to Castillo himself?

[Somers stares at Blackwell for a moment.]

HS: It looks like I just did, Sweet Lou.

[Harper reaches over and slaps Somers on the shoulder.]

DH: You know I'm backing you on that, my friend!

[The two then exchange a high five, then leave the podium.]

SLB: Next Gen not only with words for System Shock, but the man in charge, too! I can only imagine what could result from that, fans! We'll be right back!

[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 the backstage area of the arena where we see Johnny Detson leaning back against a wall. He is wearing a black suit with a white shirt unbuttoned a little bit at the top. He's looking down at the floor as he speaks.]

JD: Here we go again, Ryan... you... me... it seems so...

[Detson looks up at the camera, arrogant smirk plastered on his face.]

JD: ...familiar.

[Detson pushes off the wall to stand upright, staring right at the camera.]

JD: You feel it too, don't you, Ryan? The familiar feeling this brings to both of us? You know why that is? It's because history is about to repeat itself!

[Detson gives a brief chuckle.]

JD: And in LA of all places too; where we both got our start. Me, a lifetime ago, as a star on the silver screen. You, because this is where people really, truly started taking notice of the last name... Martinez.

[Detson gives a dismissive wave.]

JD: Sure, sure, it was Alex and not Ryan, and sure enough you've managed to carve out a bit of legacy on your own. I'm not here to talk about what's been handed to you, Ryan. It's been talked about so much at this point that it's becoming a little cliché, wouldn't you agree?

[Detson arches an eyebrow as if waiting for a response before shaking his head.]

JD: No, I'm not here to talk about what's been given to you but rather what's going to be taken from you! The AWA World Heavyweight Title

[Detson's eyes go wide as his smile gets even wider.]

JD: You see, Ryan... the only reason you get stuff is so that I can take it away! And that's what I've done each and every time. And you can cry about this and that or the way it happened, but at the end of the day, results are results. At the Anniversary Show, the results will be no different.

Because every title you have, everything you've earned gets taken by me! Because I am the greatest nemesis you have in this company, I am the biggest thorn in your side, I am the dent... the crack in the White Knight's armor; but you're too busy chasing other windmills to even see.

[The anger flush in Detson's face as his brow lowers.]

JD: It's not Javier Castillo, it's not Percy Childes, it's not Gunner Gaines, it's not Hannibal Carver, it's not Supreme Wright and it's not... Juan... Vasquez...

[Detson cracks his neck back and forth and rolls his shoulders in discomfort as he says the name.]

JD: It's me, Ryan... it's been me the whole time! The person you treat like an afterthought has been your greatest detriment this whole time! This time will be NO DIFFERENT! I will win in LA and that title will be around my waist! Because I'm

the guy who gets the job done. I have, I will, I continue to do everything and anything to make sure that still happens. You take your moral codes... I'll just take my title back while you're clutching to that code.

[A calm comes over Detson as he nonchalantly looks at the camera.]

JD: Only then in the end will you understand that you've been a fool. Only then in the end will you understand... but by then it will be too late!

[Detson glares at the camera and points straight at it.]

JD: Come March 18th, come LA... that title... MY title... is coming home!

[We fade from Detson to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet stands with the three men who've come to be called The Pillars of the AWA – former World Champions Supreme Wright and Jack Lynch, and the current World Champion, Ryan Martinez. All three men look poised and ready for the challenge ahead of them.]

MS: Gentlemen, I know that the three of you are chomping at the bit to step into that ring and seek out vengeance against Javier Castillo and the forces of the Korugun Corporation. But I have to wonder – what goes through your mind? How do you prepare to fight three, well, let's call them what they are: monsters?

[It's Jack Lynch who speaks first. The tall Texan tilts his white cowboy hat back and scratches his chin.]

JL: Well Mark, preparin' for these monsters ain't like preparin' for a normal match. There ain't no weight ya can lift that'll get ya ready. Ain't no drill to run or stair to master. What ya do Mark, is ya look inside yourself. And ya ask yourself a simple question:

What do I believe in?

Now me...

[Lynch gives a subtle shrug of his shoulders.]

JL: Ain't no secret what I believe in. It's family. It's what I've always stood for, and what I've always fought for.

But what my time in the AWA has taught me is that family ain't just about blood. A man goes through this life, and if he's lucky, he'll make his own family, people who'll have his back just like they know you got theirs.

And these two men right here –

[Lynch points to Martinez and Wright.]

JL: They're my family, and I believe in 'em.

I believe in Ryan Martinez. I believed in him when he stood up and told us all that we could stop the Wise Men. I believed in him when he told us to hold that line. And I believed in him when he took on Juan Vasquez and saved the whole damn AWA.

And I tell ya what Mark, I believe in him right now. I believe he'll get us through this, same as he always does.

And ya know what?

[Lynch turns to look at Wright.]

JL: I believe in you too.

I already knew that you were the best pure, as you say, WRESTLER there is and maybe ever was. But what I've learned, seein' ya with 'Reesa and fightin' against the Syndicate the way we have is that, as great as a wrestler as ya are...

You're a better man, Mr. Wright.

You've done the hard work, Supreme. You've faced yourself, and ya made yourself a better person. There was a time I wouldn't have believed it.

But I believe it now.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: And you, Supreme Wright? Are you a believer?

SW: Do I "believe"?

No. I don't "believe".

[Supreme shakes his head, drawing a look of confusion from Stegglet.]

SW: Belief implies opinion. Belief implies doubt. And in my mind there are only cold, hard facts. In my mind there is only absolute truth. So no, I don't believe.

I KNOW.

[He points to Jack Lynch.]

SW: I know Jack Lynch is the toughest damn person I've ever stepped into the ring with. I know I can trust him to walk with me through the gates of Hell and fight alongside me against the Devil himself. And I know that there's no man that walks this Earth that draws more grit, inspiration, strength, and determination from protecting the things precious and close to his heart. I know Jack Lynch is one hell of a man and I'm glad to have him on my side.

[Supreme motions to Ryan Martinez.]

SW: And The White Knight...

...is the one man I consider my greatest rival.

And that's not something to be taken lightly.

[Wright stares Martinez right in the eyes.]

SW: The White Knight is my motivation. My drive. My goal. He pushes me to be my very best as much as I push him. The reason I push myself as hard as I do everyday to be the very best, is because I know there's not a man that works harder in this sport to reach the heights that he has, than Ryan Martinez.

[Supreme nods in respect towards Martinez.]

SW: These are the two greatest men I have ever stepped into a wrestling ring with, Mr. Stegglet. To asking if I simply "believe" we can defeat these monsters is almost

insulting. What you should have asked was if I KNOW that we can defeat Castillo's monsters.

MS: Well Supreme...do you know if you can defeat Castillo's monsters?

[Wright is stoic for a moment, before raising his voice with uncharacteristic enthusiasm.]

SW: Hell yes we can!

[Jack Lynch slaps Supreme on the back and shakes him by the shoulders, clearly happy with his declaration. Stegglet is almost stunned by Wright's words.]

MS: Well...some stirring words from your partners. You've got to feel good to hear them, champ.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: You know it, Mark.

And let me tell you something. I'm a believer too. Every day that I've been in the AWA, I've been made a believer.

Every time I've fallen, someone has been here to pick me up. When I was down, and I didn't have a friend in the world, Jack Lynch was there, not as my friend, but as my brother.

When I couldn't see my way to victory, when I didn't know I'd beat Juan Vasquez, then Supreme Wright came to me, and he taught me everything I needed to know.

And through it all, every AWA fan was right there. They never faltered. They never turned their backs on me or anyone else.

And I believe in the power of their faith.

I believe this...

[Martinez taps the title belt that rests on his shoulder.]

RM: Represents the very best in this sport. And I believe that we three, all of us men who've had this belt, will never do anything less than live up to the ideals it represents.

I believe that Castillo, Westerly, and every so-called monster on their payroll is a challenge for us to overcome.

And I believe we will. And I don't just believe... like Supreme, I know! I know that every person who can hear the sound of my voice, that if you just keep believing, then our victory is assured!

Count on it!

[We fade through black back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing center ring.]

RO: The following contest is a six man tag team contest set for one fall with TV Time Remaining and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first...

[“La Cama de Piedra” by Cuco Sanchez plays over the PA system, bringing jeers from the AWA faithful.]

RO: Being accompanied to the ring by...

[Ortiz refers to her notecards with a sigh.]

RO: ...El Presidente, Javier Castillo... the team of EBOLA ZAIRE, MUTEESA. AND KING...KONG... HOOOOOOGAAAAAAN!

[The jeers intensify as Javier Castillo swaggers out onto the stage, MAWAGA just a few steps behind him, looking on menacingly.]

GM: Zaire, Muteesa, and Hogan certainly are an ominous sight out there together but Bucky, I don't get it.

BW: Get what?

GM: Why the secrecy? Why was Castillo so hush hush about who he was sending out here tonight?

BW: A good general never reveals his plans for war, Gordo.

GM: I suppose.

[Castillo's smile grows as his team arrives behind him. Ebola Zaire, a walking nightmare in a black hood with one horizontal slit to see through, carrying a bright red Singapore cane that he uses to smash over his own head every few steps as he wobbles down the ramp past Castillo.

Muteesa comes next. Very, very large. Tall, and immensely fat. Dark skin, completely hairless. Muteesa's body is covered in white war paint, with a hand print over each pectoral, and a series of concentric circles over his prodigious belly. Strange, abstract designs cover his arms. Muteesa stops frequently, slapping his enormous hands against his round belly. His only clothing is a leopard print skirt. To the ring, he wears a wooden mask, that looks like some sort of screaming demon.

Lastly, King Kong Hogan stomps his way into view, dressed in a stained white tanktop and blue jeans. His cowboy boots on his feet look to be covered in mud and who knows what else. His eyes are wide, his snarled and tangled unruly beard has remnants of something in it as he barks incessantly at the crowd.]

BW: You called them an “ominous sight,” Gordo... but this has gotta be like a bad dream for Wright, Lynch, and Martinez.

GM: Perhaps it is but you better believe they won't back down, Bucky. Not for a second. This trio is dangerous but Wright and Lynch just faced down the Syndicate, one of the most dangerous duos in the history of our sport... and won. Ryan Martinez has faced and defeated nightmarish opponents like Caleb Temple... like Hannibal Carver... like the Wise Men's army. This is just another fight to them.

BW: We'll see about that.

[The trio hits the ring, pacing madly around it as Rebecca Ortiz looks concerned. Javier Castillo and MAWAGA reach ringside, sliding into position in the corner. Castillo's eyes are shining with glee as he watches his monsters stalk about.]

RO: Ann-

[Ortiz cuts herself off with a yelp as Ebola Zaire stands behind her, his Singapore cane resting on her neck as she looks on the verge of a panic.]

RO: Please...

[Zaire doesn't budge, breathing heavily as the cane taps the shoulder over... and over... and over...]

RO: And their oppon-

[Zaire steps closer, ripping off his hood and tossing it aside as the sudden movement causes Ortiz to jump before fleeing the ring, shaking her head.]

GM: Absolutely disgusting and-

[The crowd ROARS at the sound of "Vox Populi" tinkles across the PA system.]

GM: Oh yeah! Here comes the opposition!

[As the drums kick in, the crowd claps along in rhythm and when the first lyric rings out, Ryan Martinez, Jack Lynch, and Supreme Wright come charging through the curtain...]

GM: HERE! WE! GO!

[The trio sprints down the aisle towards the ring, sliding headfirst under the bottom rope into the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which is when Ebola Zaire CRACKS Jack Lynch on the back of the head with his Singapore cane!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Lynch slumps backwards, falling from the ring to the floor as Javier Castillo claps proudly. King Kong Hogan and Muteesa are on the move as well, assaulting Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez respectively. Hogan stops Wright short with a leaping kneedrop to the back of the skull while he's still on the canvas. Muteesa falls to his knees, dropping a knife edge chop across the back of Martinez' neck, cutting him off as well.]

GM: We've got a sneak attack before the bell and I suppose we should've expected that!

[Muteesa yanks Martinez off the mat by the hair, flinging him backwards into the turnbuckles as Hogan does the same to Wright across the ring.]

GM: Zaire going out to the floor... this match hasn't started yet officially... look out!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A second blow with the Singapore cane catches Jack Lynch between the eyes, knocking the Iron Cowboy off his feet and down to the floor. Bloodlust in his eyes, Zaire licks the cane, sticking it between his teeth as he carries it around the ringside area.]

GM: We've got fighting all over the damn place!

[Back in the ring, Muteesa is hammering Martinez' head into the top turnbuckle repeatedly as Hogan uses his big cowboy boot to strangle the air out of Supreme Wright with a choke in the corner.]

GM: What is Castillo doing out by us?

BW: He's talking to Davis Warren and... he's telling him to ring the bell!

[Warren points at the chaos unfolding all around but Castillo insistently points to the timekeeper.]

"RING IT OR YOU'RE FIRED!"

[The timekeeper doesn't hesitate with the ultimatum.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Warren looks shocked at Castillo overruling him but quickly slides into the ring, shouting at Hogan to break off the choke. Hogan obliges, dragging Wright to his feet.

Across the ring, Muteesa slams Martinez into the buckles again...

...and then snaps off a knife edge chop that causes Martinez to flip backwards over the ropes, crashing down to the floor below.]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WHAT A CHOP!

BW: If Martinez has machine gun chops, what the heck was that, Gordo? A bazooka?!

[Muteesa spins around as Hogan grabs Wright by the arm, whipping him across the ring towards the man from the Republic of the Congo...

...who snaps off another chop, taking Wright off his feet as Hogan leans over the ropes, barking madly at the jeering crowd.]

BW: The referee's trying to get some control here but - good luck!

GM: Zaire's put down the Singapore cane at least. That's a start.

[The crowd gasps as a camera cut shows Jack Lynch down on the floor, crimson spurting from a wound on his forehead.]

GM: Oh my! Jack Lynch has been busted open thanks to that Singapore cane shot from Ebola Zaire!

[The bloodied Iron Cowboy is struggling to get to his feet as the referee demands that King Kong Hogan exit the ring. Hogan gets a shouted order from Javier Castillo, leaving Muteesa along in the ring with Supreme Wright.]

GM: Somehow, referee Davis Warren gets this one down to business. Muteesa pulling Wright up, shoving him into the neutral corner... oh, that's a choke!

[The crowd jeers as Muteesa locks his large hands around the throat of Wright, choking him wildly... and blatantly... in front of the referee who immediately starts a five count.]

GM: Wright's being choked by Muteesa!

BW: Gotta be careful about a disqualification here... although I'm not sure Muteesa would care.

GM: Castillo would though, I believe.

[Muteesa breaks the choke at four... and immediately lashes out both arms in a cross thrust to the throat, knocking Wright off his feet and down into a seated position in the corner. The Congolese Savage stomps across the ring, slapping the outstretched hand of King Kong Hogan who comes in hot, steaming across the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING KNEE IN THE CORNER!

[Hogan grabs Wright by the leg, dragging him away from the buckles. He walks around the downed Wright, barking harshly...

...and then leaps high into the air, dropping a leg across the chest. He stays seated, waving a hand at the referee.]

GM: Hogan ordering the ref to count... that's one... that's two... that's- no!

[Wright rolls to his chest, breathing heavily as Hogan climbs to his feet. Hogan steps through the ropes, dropping off to the floor. He reaches under the ropes, dragging Wright so that his chest rests on the apron and his head hangs off it.]

GM: I don't like the looks of this one, Bucky.

BW: Hogan getting back up on the apron... taking aim...

[Hogan gets a running start, leaping high into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and drops his massive leg down on the back of Wright's head and neck!]

GM: Good grief!

[Wright rolls back and forth in pain on the apron, clutching the back of his neck in agony.]

GM: King Kong Hogan with an absolutely devastating move right there!

[Hogan leans against the ropes, a pleased smile on his face as his tongue lolls out of the corner of his mouth. Castillo claps, nodding approvingly as Ryan Martinez drags himself over to the bloody Jack Lynch, helping his friend get back to his feet.]

GM: Wright's all alone in there right now but that looks like it won't be the case for long as Lynch and Martinez are both up on the floor.

[Hogan slides off the apron to the floor, walking around the ring towards Lynch and Martinez...

...and Martinez pushes off Lynch, throwing himself at Hogan with a flurry of fists that get a huge cheer from the AWA faithful!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON THE FLOOR!

[Hogan takes a wild flurry, getting knocked back a few steps before he digs his fingers into Martinez' eyes, temporarily blinding the White Knight...

...and then snatches him by the hair, swinging him around and HURLING him backwards!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEFIRST INTO THE STEEL!

[Hogan sneers at Martinez who is hanging onto the barricade to stay on his feet. He turns back towards the ring...

...which is when the bloodied Jack Lynch throws himself at Hogan, toppling him with a sloppy-looking Fierro Press out on the floor!]

GM: LYNCH ON HOGAN NOW AS WELL!

[The fists are flying from the former World Champion as he pounds the skull of Hogan who raises his arms, trying to cover up as the referee shouts at Lynch from inside the ring.]

GM: Lynch is putting the fists to the face of King Kong Hogan and-

[Hogan reaches up, shoving Lynch off of him. He gets to his feet as the bloodied Lynch struggles to get to a knee...

...and rushes forward, delivering a big boot to the face of the kneeling Lynch!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY...!

[Hogan hugs the ringpost, his tongue lolling out as he stares at the downed Lynch... then Martinez...

...then turns back to the ring where Supreme Wright comes tearing down the apron, leaping off!]

GM: WRIGHT!

[Wright hurls himself into the air, smashing Hogan with a flying elbowstrike that takes the wildman off his feet!]

GM: OHHHHH! WRIGHT TAKES DOWN HOGAN!

[Wright grabs Hogan off the floor, chucking him back under the ropes into the ring before rolling in after him.]

GM: Wright puts him in... and for the first time in this one, I think a member of Korugun's army is in trouble!

[Wright gets to his feet, measuring Hogan as the wildman struggles back to his feet. The former two-time World Champion ducks low, lifting Hogan up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: He's got him up!

[Wright steps out to middle ring, looking out on the cheering crowd...

...and Hogan digs his fingers into Wright's eyes, breaking free of his grip, falling back into the corner where Ebola Zaire tags himself into the match!]

GM: The African Nightmare makes the tag!

[Zaire spins the blinded Wright around, jabbing his fingers into the throat of Wright!]

GM: OH! Right to the throat!

[A gasping Wright stumbles backwards, falling into his own corner but there's no sign of anyone waiting for a tag as both Martinez and Lynch are still laid out on the floor. Zaire takes advantage of the situation, moving in again...

...and wraps both hands around the throat of Wright!]

GM: Zaire choking Wright now! Wright's fighting to get free but Zaire's too strong for him! Just physically overwhelming!

[The referee's count hits four before Zaire lets go of his chokehold, smashing Wright with a headbutt that puts him down on his knees.]

GM: Down goes Wright again...

[Zaire steps back, eyes glazed over as he dips into his tights, pulling a pencil into view.]

GM: What the heck?! He's got a pencil, Bucky!

BW: Maybe he wants to erase Wright from history!

GM: He's gonna get disqualified! He's gonna get-

[Panic in his eyes, Javier Castillo dips into his suit jacket and produces a very familiar crystal, grimacing as he holds it high enough to catch Ebola Zaire's eye.]

GM: Castillo's got- is that?

BW: The Eye of Tyr! It's gotta be!

GM: Zaire froze in his tracks. He's staring at that crystal and-

[The momentary pause in Zaire's assault is enough for Wright to push himself off the mat, snatching Zaire's massive legs, dragging him down to the mat in a double leg takedown that gets a big cheer! Zaire drops the pencil on the fall to the mat, allowing the referee to quickly kick it from the ring.]

GM: Wright takes him down!

[Supreme quickly transitions into the mount, slamming home a pair of elbows to the downed Zaire...

...and then grabs him by the wrist, twisting the arm into a cross armbreaker, and falls back with it!]

GM: Armbreaker! Submission hold applied by Wright!

[Zaire's flabby arm is trapped between Wright's legs as the former World Champion tries to snap it...

...but only gets to hold the grip for a split second before King Kong Hogan steps in and viciously stomps the chin of Wright again and again until he lets go of the submission hold!]

GM: Oh, come on, ref!

[Davis Warren climbs off the mat, warning King Kong Hogan as the wildman backs down, smirking as he steps out to the apron. Zaire shakes out his arm as he slowly gets to his feet, reaching out to slap the hand of Muteesa.]

GM: In comes Muteesa off the tag...

[Grabbing the rising Wright off the mat, Muteesa flings him into Wright's own corner, rushing in after him...]

GM: RUNNING SPLASH!

[...but Wright pulls himself clear, forcing Muteesa to slam chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[And as Wright pulls himself back into the corner, he slaps the hand of Ryan Martinez who just got back on the apron.]

GM: TAG TO THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[Ryan Martinez is fired up as he steps into the ring, grabbing Zaire by the head and throwing a trio of hard elbowstrikes to the jaw!]

GM: Martinez firing away on Zaire!

[A spinning back elbow by the White Knight catches Zaire stiffly on the jaw, sending the big man tumbling backwards. Martinez backs off, rushing to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Zaire with the clothesli- ducked by the champion!

[As Martinez goes to bounce off the ropes again, King Kong Hogan yanks down the top rope, sending the champion tumbling over the ropes, crashing down hard on the floor again!]

GM: Oh, come on! More illegal assists from Castillo's thugs!

[Castillo chuckles as Hogan stomps down the apron, ignoring the referee's cries.]

GM: That was right in front of the referee! If you're not going to disqualify him for that, what WILL you disqualify him for, Davis Warren?!

BW: Look, Warren's got a family to feed too. With El Presidente out there, he's not going to do anything stupid... not even for your favorites, Gordo.

[Zaire wobbles to the corner, slapping Hogan's hand. The wildman waves an arm at Castillo, making sure he and MAWAGA are out of range as he sizes up a rising Martinez...

...and then rushes forward before throwing himself into a sloppy somersault, wiping out Martinez on the floor!]

GM: And down goes the World Champion again!

BW: Speaking of which, Gordo... Johnny Detson's gotta be loving life in that locker room right now. Martinez - in his usual dumb kid fashion - took a match with three stone cold killers two weeks before he puts the World Title on the line against the Number One Contender and a former World Champion in his own right.

GM: Detson, of course, will be looking to wear that crown for the second time when he takes on Martinez two weeks from tonight in Los Angeles at the Ninth Anniversary Show.

[Hogan drags Martinez to his feet out on the floor, pulling him by the hair across the ringside area...]

GM: He's gonna put him into the post!

[Hogan attempts to slam Martinez' head into the solid steel post but Martinez stretches out both arms, grabbing the post himself to block it!]

GM: Martinez blocks!

[Hogan clenches his teeth, trying to shove the World Champion's head into the steel...]

...but Martinez holds his ground until snapping an elbow back into Hogan's jaw!]

GM: Ohhh!

[And with Hogan reeling, Martinez snatches a handful of wild jet black hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES Hogan's skull into the steel ringpost!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES HOGAN!

[The wildman slumps against the steel, sliding down to his knees as Martinez staggers away, leaning against the apron for support.]

GM: The World Champion manages to turn this thing around for his squad... but can he take advantage of this?

[Martinez grabs Hogan by the hair, dragging him away from the post and revealing a stream of blood trickling down his face to a roar from the crowd.]

GM: And now it's Hogan who is busted open as well! Two of the six competitors in this showdown are bleeding and we're less than ten minutes into this thing.

[The champion rockets Hogan under the ropes, rolling in after him...]

GM: Both men back in...

[Martinez comes to his feet, dragging the bleeding Hogan up and shoving him back into the neutral corner.]

GM: The World Champion's got the wildman back in the buckles... look out there!

[The AWA's White Knight pauses, turning to look out at the roaring crowd. He gives a nod, stepping back in...]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[Martinez lets up, shoving the bloodied Hogan forward, watching as the wildman staggers out of the corner, falling to his knees on the mat.]

GM: Hogan goes down... and look at Martinez!

[A fired-up Martinez slams a hand down on the top turnbuckle, turning back to face Hogan as his bloodied opponent struggled to get up off the canvas...]

GM: Martinez is ready! Martinez is set!

BW: He's looking for the Excalibur!

[Martinez crouches down slightly, ready to unleash one of his most deadly weapons...

...which is when MAWAGA snakes a hand under the bottom rope, wrapping it around the World Champion's ankle!]

GM: What the-?!

[The crowd jeers as Martinez struggles to get free from the Suited Savage's iron grip.]

GM: Martinez trying to pull his leg loose but-

[With Martinez tangled up, Muteesa slides down the apron, smashing him with an overhead chop across the skull, knocking him down to the canvas. MAWAGA backs off, holding his hands high as the referee warns him for his outside interference. Javier Castillo protests, pointing back to the action as the bloodied Hogan staggers to the corner, slapping the hand of Ebola Zaire.]

GM: The African Nightmare tagged back into the fray...

[He pulls Martinez off the mat into a loose headlock, turning his massive body to block the referee's vision as he stabs his own extended thumb up into Martinez' throat. Gasping for air, the White Knight staggers across the ring, dropping down to his knees in the middle, stretching out his arms towards the corner where Lynch and Wright both extend arms that they know cannot reach their partner.]

GM: Martinez is down again... and look at Zaire!

[The morbidly obese savage yanks Martinez back by the hair...

...and then sinks his teeth into the forehead of the World Champion!]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting him, Bucky!

BW: I can see that! Someone rang the dinner bell for this maniac!

[Martinez flails about, trying to push Zaire away from him to no avail. Zaire relents at the referee's four count, swinging around Martinez to deliver a hooked boot right into the chest, knocking the champion backwards.]

GM: Down goes the World Champion off the kick to the chest... look out!

[Zaire backs into the ropes, building up some steam for his massive form...

...and DROPS a 379 elbow down into the sternum of the champion whose legs kick up involuntarily into the air before he comes to rest with Zaire still lying across him.]

BW: That's a cover!

[The referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow! Near fall right there on the World Champion!

BW: And we talked earlier about the physical condition of Ryan Martinez after this match and going into the World Title showdown with Johnny Detson two weeks from tonight - what about the MENTAL condition? If he were to get pinned by Zaire or Muteesa or Hogan... what would that do to his headspace going into the Anniversary Show in Los Angeles?

GM: He'd certainly not have momentum on his side as Zaire slowly gets up off the mat...

[A shout from Castillo causes Zaire to wobble towards the corner, slapping the hand of Muteesa.]

GM: There's a tag to Muteesa - 380 pounds from the Congo - and things are not getting better for Ryan Martinez.

[Muteesa drags the champion off the mat, pulling him out towards the middle of the ring where he scoops him up awkwardly, twisting around as if showing him to Castillo before flinging him recklessly down to the mat.]

GM: Unusual bodyslam by Muteesa... to the ropes!

[Bouncing back with unusual agility for a big man, the 380 pounder leaps high into the air...]

GM: BIG SPLASH!

[...and CRUSHES Martinez underneath him!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: THE BIG ELBOW BY ZAIRE! THE SPLASH BY MUTEESA!

GM: Muteesa stays on top!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: KICKOUT! THE WHITE KNIGHT KICKS OUT!

[At ringside, Javier Castillo angrily slams his hands down on the ring apron, shouting at the referee who holds up two fingers in the direction of El Presidente.]

GM: Castillo is frustrated. He thought they had it won right there but he underestimated the heart and soul of the AWA World Champion as so many others have done before!

[Muteesa pushes up to his knees, watching as Martinez rolls away grabbing his ribs in agony. A shout of Castillo snaps Muteesa out of his daze.]

GM: Did he just-

BW: Again, he says! Castillo says to do it again!

[The savage from the Congo climbs to his feet, slapping his belly gleefully as he marches in towards Martinez who is trying to get out of the ring before Muteesa can reach him.]

GM: Martinez gets to the apron but Muteesa is right there to stop him!

[A few hard kicks to the ribs forces Martinez off the apron to the floor though, accomplishing the opposite of what Castillo intended. He can be heard verbally berating Muteesa who grabs his head, wandering around the ring in confusion as the bloody King Kong Hogan drops off the apron.]

GM: Hogan's going after Martinez on the floor!

[The referee shouts at Hogan from inside the ring but there is no stopping the wildman as he drags Martinez up off the floor.]

GM: Hogan pushing him back against the post!

[His hands are gripped around Martinez' throat, laying some trash talk down on him as he snaps his bloody hair back...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

“CLANK!”

[The crowd groans as Martinez slips free and Hogan's skull cracks into the steel with a sickening thud!]

GM: HE MISSED! MARTINEZ ESCAPES!

[The already-bloodied Hogan slumps backwards, collapsing on the floor as the World Champion grabs the ropes, trying to get back inside the ring as Muteesa comes to intervene.]

GM: We've got a few seconds left in our show, fans... but I'm being told that Javier Castillo himself has spoken with the executives at Fox and we've been given the go-ahead to go into OVERTIME here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling! We're going long and we'll be right here with you until the end of this one! Muteesa grabs the champion, pulling him to his feet-

[But Martinez loops his hands around the neck of Muteesa, dropping off the apron and SNAPPING Muteesa's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: Ohhh! What a counter by the champion!

[Martinez lunges under the bottom rope, diving between the legs of Muteesa as he starts to crawl across the ring towards the outstretched hands of Supreme Wright and Jack Lynch.]

GM: Martinez is going for it! He's got a clear path! He's going to make that tag!

[At the shouts of Javier Castillo, Muteesa clears the cobwebs in time to grab Martinez by the ankle, preventing him from getting the tag.]

BW: No! Muteesa stops him short! He's got him by the ankle and-

[Martinez flips over onto his back, Muteesa still trying to keep his grip on the ankle...

...and then draws both legs towards him, shoving the Congolese wildman across the ring and down to the mat!]

GM: Martinez kicks him off! Rolls over to his hands and knees annnnnnnnd... TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the bloodied Jack Lynch slaps the outstretched hand of his good friend!]

GM: IN COMES THE IRON COWBOY!

[Lynch comes in swinging, catching the incoming Muteesa with a right uppercut that sends him staggering backwards, crashing down on his rear end.]

GM: What a right hand by Lynch!

[Tearing across the ring, Lynch lands a right hook that sends Ebola Zaire falling off the apron to the floor as Castillo shouts protests loudly.]

GM: Another right hand by the big Texan!

[Circling back to Muteesa, Lynch catches him on the way back to his feet, using a series of haymakers to back him into the neutral corner where Lynch mounts the midbuckle, raising his fist and letting it fly as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Lynch jumps down from the buckles just as Ebola Zaire comes in after him. He greets him with a pair of right hands before grabbing him by the arm, whipping him into his massive partner!]

GM: OHHH! BIG CRASH IN THE CORNER!

[Lynch rushes to the ropes, bouncing off as Zaire stumbles out of the corner, leaping into the air as he snares a side headlock...

...and DRIVES Zaire facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG ON ZAIRE!

[Castillo again pounds his fists into the ring apron as Zaire rolls over on his back. Lynch circles back to Muteesa, bringing him out of the corner, whipping him into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip on Muteesa...

[Lynch drops down to the mat, snaring a drop toehold...

...and brings Muteesa's 380 pound frame crashing down onto Zaire's prone form!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a move by Lynch!

[With the two larger members of Castillo's team laid out in the middle of the ring, King Kong Hogan comes crawling in behind the Iron Cowboy, blood streaming down his face...]

GM: Behind you! Behind you, Jack!

[But as Hogan goes to make his move, Supreme Wright rushes into view, throwing himself into a front flip causing his heel to SMASH into the chest of Hogan!]

GM: Ohh! Wright cuts him off!

[Hogan stumbles back into the corner where Lynch comes tearing across the ring, landing a big running clothesline on him!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE BY LYNCH!

[Wright follows in after him, BLASTING him with a running European uppercut!]

GM: WRIGHT WITH THE UPPER CUT!

[A dazed and hurting Ryan Martinez brings up the rear, tearing across the ring as he swings his leg up...]

GM: YAAAAKUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[The big boot bounces off the jaw of Hogan, causing him to fall through the ropes to the floor, joining a dazed Zaire out there. Wright nudges Martinez, pointing out there. He shouts at Lynch.]

GM: Wright just told Lynch to finish Muteesa here and now!

BW: Now how the heck is he gonna do that, Gordo?!

GM: I'm not really sure as he brings him to his feet and...

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch locks his gloved right hand around the skull of Muteesa!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW! LYNCH HOOKS THE CLAW!

[Muteesa's arms start pinwheeling around wildly as Castillo loses his mind at ringside, screaming at Muteesa to "DO SOMETHING!"]

GM: Jack Lynch has got his family's legacy, the Iron Claw, wrapped around the skull of Muteesa and-

[Suddenly, the lights begin to flicker...]

GM: What the hell?!

[A moment passes before the sounds of snarling and barking dogs comes over the PA system.]

GM: NO!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers at the sight of the Dogs of War - Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker - tearing down the aisle towards the ring in their signature midnight blue ring gear.]

GM: The Dogs are coming! The Dogs are heading for the ring! We haven't seen them since SuperClash and-

[Lynch shoves Muteesa aside, knowing they're coming for the good guys. Perez is the first one under the ropes and the fiery Puerto Rican gets a right hand that sends him sprawling for his efforts. Carpenter pulls himself up on the apron, springing off the top rope towards Lynch...

...who uppercuts him out of the sky!]

GM: OH YEAH! LYNCH IS FIGHTING THEM OFF! HE'S FIGHTING-

[But as the Iron Cowboy turns...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPEAR!

BW: WALKER CUTS HIM IN HALF, DADDY!

[The muscular Wade Walker gets to his feet, rolling his shoulders at the downed Lynch who clutches his ribcage in pain as the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: This one's over! We've got a disqualification on our hands!

BW: I don't think there's a soul out there on Castillo's side who cares. Gordo, we talked earlier about Korugun and therefore Castillo and Westerly having resources... check it out!

GM: The Dogs of War are hired guns of the first degree and they don't come cheap!

[Walker peels back to a corner as Perez and Carpenter go to work on Lynch, stomping and kicking him repeatedly. From outside the ring, Supreme Wright spots what's going on, rolling back inside the ring...]

GM: Wright's got Carpenter... OHHHH! GERMAN SUPLEX!

[But before he can get back to his feet, Wright is swarmed by Pedro Perez who puts a flurry of fists to the side of the head, keeping the former World Champion down on the mat.]

GM: Wright got in one shot but the numbers game was too much for him... look at this now!

[Pulling Wright to his feet, Perez shoves him backwards towards Walker who lifts him up into a belly-to-back lift, spins him around...

...and then swings him back down towards Perez who leaps up, catching Wright's chest with his knees before both men crash down to the canvas!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: Gaaah!

[With his partners and allies downed, Ryan Martinez is next to slide into the ring, coming up swinging...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The barrage of chops sends Walker falling back into the ropes as Martinez tries to battle out from under this mess...

...which allows Pedro Perez to come up behind him, swinging him around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Martinez has got some for Perez as well!

[The blows batter Perez back across the ring...

...which is when a recovered Isaiah Carpenter springs off the top rope, soaring through the air to catch Martinez with a flying knee to the skull that sends the champion back down to the mat!]

GM: OHHHH! CARPENTER OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Now all three Dogs are working over Martinez, stomping and kicking his injured ribcage.]

GM: This is out of control! We've got a six on three out here and-

[The crowd ROARS!]

GM: OHARA! OHARA! THE PHOENIX RISES HERE IN PHOENIX, ARIZONA!

[Ohara clears the distance to the ring in no time, scrambling under the ropes and up to his feet.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A big chop sends Perez down to the canvas.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[One to Wade Walker sends the big man stumbling back to the corner.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And a spinning back chop sends Carpenter flipping backwards, crashing down on his chest on the canvas to a roar from the crowd!]

GM: OHARA WIPES HIM OUT! HE WIPES OUT-

[Ohara quickly throws a glance around ringside, looking for another target...]

GM: He's going up top!

BW: What?! Why?!

[The Phoenix quickly reaches his perch, looking down to the floor...]

GM: NO! DON'T DO IT, KID! DON'T-

[Ohara leaps off the top, pumping his arms and legs as he CRASHES down onto Ebola Zaire and Muteesa, wiping both large, poorly-balanced individuals out with the Phoenix Flame!]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME TO THE FLOOR! OHHHHH MY STARS!

[But as Ohara scrambles up to celebrate...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GAAAAAAAH!

[The crowd groans at the steel chair being delivered across the back of Ohara by King Kong Hogan, taking the young fan favorite off his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where a second blow across the back leaves Ohara in a quivering clump on the floor. The bloodied Hogan holds up the dented chair, grinning a bloody smile at the jeering Phoenix crowd.]

GM: Oh, real big man with that steel chair! Real tough guy!

[Hogan recklessly flings the chair backwards, sending it crashing down over the ropes into the ring. Pedro Perez throws a hard glance at Hogan as he barely avoids the chair...

...but then goes to work setting it up, unfolding it and setting it down on the mat.]

GM: What's he doing now? What is he doing with that chair?

[Perez points to the downed Martinez, gesturing to Wade Walker who nods approvingly. He moves in on Martinez, dragging him to his feet...

...and then hoists the World Champion up, pressing him straight up overhead as he walks towards the setup chair.]

GM: No, no! Don't do it! Don't do it, damn it!

[Walker stands over the chair, looking out at the jeering crowd...

...and then DROPS Martinez down, sailing facefirst towards the canvas until his fall is abruptly halted by the back of the steel chair jutting up into his already-injured ribcage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOD! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Martinez flails about in pain on the mat, clutching his ribs as the Dogs of War stand menacingly over him.]

GM: They... they dropped him right on that chair! Gutfirst right on that chair!

BW: He's gotta be busted up inside after that, Gordo! He HAS to!

GM: He certainly could be. Martinez in a tremendous amount of pain down on the canvas... and look at El Presidente! Look at the sick smile on the face of that son of a-

BW: GORDO!

[Gordon cuts off abruptly as Castillo smirks at what's unfolding in the ring before him. With bodies of heroes spilled all over the ring and ringside area, Castillo climbs the ringsteps...

...when suddenly, the crowd breaks out into cheers again!]

GM: MATTHEWS! THE MADFOX!

BW: AND HE'S ARMED, GORDO!

[Steel chair in hand, Jeff Matthews comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring, a determined expression on his face. Castillo urgently points down the aisle, getting the attention of his attack Dogs who pivot to confront the new threat.]

GM: THE DOGS ARE STILL IN THE RING AND-

[Matthews slides under the ropes, coming up swinging...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A big blow with the chair across the shoulder of Pedro Perez sends the hot-headed Dog spiraling away, falling to the canvas. Matthews pivots, swinging as he does...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and connects solidly on Isaiah Carpenter’s back, sending him sprawling through the ropes to the floor as the crowd roars!]

GM: MATTHEWS IS CLEANING HOUSE!

[Wade Walker rushes at Matthews who manages to duck a clothesline, coming up standing tall...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and SMASHES the steel chair down between the eyes of Wade Walker who urgently attempts to bring his arms up to block the blow!]

GM: GOOD GOD!

[Walker slumps to the canvas from the blow to the head as Matthews spins again, turning his focus to Javier Castillo who is on the apron, an arm extended to prevent MAWAGA from rushing into the fight.]

GM: Matthews wants some more! He’s daring Castillo to get in there! He’s-

[Suddenly, the arena lights cut to black, sending a shocked roar through the Phoenix crowd!]

GM: What the-?!

[We sit in darkness for a few moments before a white spotlight lances through the blackened arena towards the ceiling...

...and finds a familiar painted face standing in the rafters.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: IT’S SUPERNOVA! SUPERNOVA IS HERE!

[The arena lights flicker, coming back to partial illumination to show Castillo absolutely FREAKING OUT by the ring. He’s urgently pointing to the rafters, grabbing MAWAGA by the arm as he focuses his attention towards the face-painted fan favorite.]

GM: SUPERNOVA HAS ARRIVED! AND CASTILLO LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE JUST WALKED OVER HIS GRAVE!

[Slowly, Supernova raises his right arm...

...to reveal a black baseball bat pointed right at Castillo and his army.]

BW: He’s suspended, damn it!

GM: I don’t think he cares! Supernova is here and... he’s making it crystal clear why!

[Close on the threatening posture of Supernova...

...and then cut to the terrified face of Javier Castillo.

Cut to black.]