

Saturday Night Wrestling

April 1st, 2017

Cow Palace

San Francisco, California



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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and then 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.

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 now usual setup - a massive steel structure serving as the entrance stage 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.

And as we fade to the ring, we find quite the setup.

A red velvet rug has been laid down over the canvas of the ring which is filled with people. Upon quick glance, one spots Veronica Westerly and Polemos... all three members of the Axis... Callum Mahoney... Kurayami... a baseball-bat wielding Supernova, and of course, the AWA President Javier Castillo backed by his bodyguard MAWAGA. A wooden table is center ring with several glasses filled with champagne upon it. Extra bottles sit in ice-filled buckets as well. Castillo, mic in hand, rises from a leather chair in mid-ring.]

JC: Welcome! Welcome one and all to a brand new era of the American Wrestling Alliance!

[The crowd jeers Castillo who keeps on smiling.]

JC: Emotions are strong here in the Cow Palace tonight... I can hear it. That's okay. That's okay. I know... I know that many of you don't understand this new era. And that's okay too. But I understand... and you all...

[He gestures to the fans.]

JC: ...you need to TRUST me.

[And the boos REALLY pour down now. Castillo smirks.]

JC: When I came to the AWA late last year, I came with a mission... with a goal. And now... now that the AWA's champions...

[He gestures to the assembled champions - Kurayami, System Shock, and Callum Mahoney.]

JC: Now that they are champions of honor.. of skill... now that they're respectable... now the real work can begin.

[Castillo chuckles as the jeers intensify.]

JC: The first order of business! Two weeks ago, I told the world that the first Pay Per View of this new era would NOT be provincial... it would NOT be a look back... it would NOT be fan service to people who USED to be important to his company.

It would be a look forward. It would be groundbreaking! It would be history-making!

And it will be in a REAL city. An important city. A place where the AWA has never been before but should have been long ago.

CHIIIIICAAAAGOOOOOO!

[The San Francisco fans boo the mention of another city.]

JC: And unlike the ungrateful savages of Dallas - and apparently San Francisco...

[He looks with disdain on the crowd.]

JC: ...the people of Chicago DO appreciate us and they've proved it by SELLING OUT the Allstate Arena in less than a week's time!

[Castillo tucks the mic under his arm, applauding... himself, I guess.]

JC: And even though Jon Stegglet tried - and failed - to get it moved back to Dallas, I do not hate him. No, no... in fact, I respect him and all he's done to get my AWA to this point.

And that's why I am accepting his idea to bring the Rumble to Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Castillo nods again, the crowd cheering that idea.]

JC: But that's all business. And right now...

[He throws his arms wide, gesturing all around him.]

JC: ...IT'S TIME TO PARTY!

[Castillo smiles broadly as the fans jeer. He turns towards the stage.]

JC: Ladies and gentlemen... please welcome the NEW AWA WORLD CHAMPION... AND THE FACE OF THIS NEW ERA... JOHNNNNNNNNYYYYY DEEEEEEEETSOOOOOON!

["Kashmir" begins to play and it's almost drowned out by the negative reaction from the San Francisco crowd. Out from the back comes Johnny Detson in a navy blue three piece suit with a red pinstripe tie and designer shades on his face. The smirk can't get any wider as he stands on the entrance ramp, suddenly flanked on either side by a pair of barely-dressed young ladies, listening to the reaction.]

BW: It's party time and the champ is here!

GM: The champion?! Are you kidding me?! Good evening, everyone... and I would normally welcome you here tonight for another night of incredible AWA action on Saturday Night Wrestling... but instead, we have to start things off with THIS guy trying to celebrate his... I can't even call it a victory.

BW: You don't have to call it a victory, Gordo, but the record books call it a victory and El Presidente certainly called it a victory! Johnny Detson IS the new World Champion.

GM: Maybe in the record book but not in my book!

[Detson remains on the ramp and looks to his left and then to his right at the lovely ladies before he slowly unbuttons each of the three buttons on his jacket. Pulling his suit jacket open, he shows off the shiny AWA World Championship belt once again secure around his waist, and if you thought it couldn't get any louder in here

before, you were wrong. Detson pats the belt and smiles as he heads to the ring, the women in tow.]

GM: He may be wearing that title for the second time around his waist, Bucky... but listen to these fans here tonight in San Francisco! They know exactly what he did to get it! They know what Castillo did to get it! And they know what Supernova, that back-stabbing little-

BW: Easy there, Gordo. You don't want to have another chat with the boss like after we went off the air in Los Angeles, do you?

GM: I certainly do not... so I will do my best to keep my cool out here...

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Although I certainly don't know how that's going to happen with these guys out here.

[Reaching the ring, Detson allows the women to trail up the ringsteps, taking a seat on the middle rope to hold them open for the World Champion as he climbs through. Javier Castillo is there to greet him with a smile and a warm handshake. Detson smiles at Castillo, gives a polite nod to Veronica Westerly, a thumbs up to Supernova... and basically ignores everyone else. He takes the offered mic from Castillo, unfastening the title belt with his free hand as he takes to center ring.]

JD: Like I've always said, winners always find a way to win!

[Detson hoists the title up into the air to a deafening negative reaction as Castillo politely claps. Detson lowers the title and smiles as he waits for the noise to die down.]

JD: Losers on the other hand... they complain and whine about all the ways they lost. Excuses never get in the way of winners. And from the sounds of it, San Francisco is nothing but a town of losers!

[Detson laughs as he riles up the crowd again. Throwing the title over his shoulder, he continues.]

JD: I won at the Ninth Anniversary Show because I was the better man! I overcame cheating, an attack before the bell, and a coward champion trying to run out the clock!

[Detson nods in agreement with himself as the crowd disagrees... loudly.]

JD: I overcame that all because I AM the better man; I AM the better wrestler. But I didn't do it alone - oh no, everyone knows that I had help.

[Castillo looks puzzled at the champion as Detson continues.]

JD: And without this man I wouldn't be here today! Without this man saving the day, I wouldn't be the AWA's greatest two time World Champion! In my darkest hour, this man shone like the brightest star! Of course I'm talking about...

[Detson raises a finger in the direction of Supernova before quickly pivoting and pointing to...]

JD: El Presidente, Javier Castillo!

[Detson claps as Castillo smiles, the crowd letting this mutual admiration show have it.]

JD: Finally... FINALLY... the AWA has the one thing it's sorely needed for all these years... COMPETENT LEADERSHIP! And you, sir, have that and more! Mr. Castillo, you put your faith in me to correct the errors of people that let you down...

[Detson throws the quickest of glances towards the Axis before looking right back at Castillo.]

JD: ...and I rewarded that faith by becoming the AWA World Champion this company can finally be proud of again!

[Detson slaps the belt over his shoulder and smiles. He then grabs a flute of champagne and holds it towards Castillo.]

JD: So I would like to propose a toast...

[Castillo looks around, waiting for the rest of those assembled to raise their glasses as well. Seeing everyone armed with liquor, Detson continues.]

JD: To a real champion of this company... a driving force of necessary change...

The brightest, the best, the greatest mind this company has...

[Castillo's eyes are closed, his head tilted back slightly as he soaks in all this praise... and the accompanying jeers.]

JD: The man who will lead us into the new era of this Company with me as one of its pillars.

The omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient...

[Detson trails off as the giant video wall hanging over the entrance stage lights up...

...with a shot of a car screeching into the parking lot. It comes to an abrupt halt in front of the cameraman who has apparently been waiting out there all evening. The crowd begins to buzz with hope, thinking they know who is driving this Acura NSX Hybrid into the Cow Palace's garage.

Detson looks up at the video wall with confusion, still holding his champagne flute at the ready as he throws a glance over to Castillo who shrugs, pointing angrily at the screen.

And that anger increases as the door swings open and now-former World Champion Ryan Martinez steps out. The crowd, however, ROARS at the sight of the AWA's White Knight as he stands in street clothes of a white Under Armour custom-made "White Knight" compression shirt (currently available at AWAShop.com) and blue jeans. He doesn't carry a bag with him... which probably has certain implications if one were to stop and ponder them.

He storms right past the cameraman without a word of acknowledgement, unusual for the man who is known for knowing everything about the AWA backstage team. Names... family members... interests. On this night though, there is no "Hey Jimmy, how was Carrie's soccer game?"

He is all business.

And as Johnny Detson flings his champagne aside, shouting at no one in particular, Ryan Martinez is seen entering a hallway in the backstage area. We cut back to the ring where Detson and Castillo, both with looks of concern on their faces, are handling things very differently.

"Where the hell is James?!" shouts Detson to no answer. Castillo, however, has pulled Supernova in front of him. Supernova stands at the ready, his eyes aimed down the aisle as Westerly shoves Polemos to stand alongside him.

We cut backstage again where a cameraman is running, trying to keep up with Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Ryan! RYAN!

[Martinez doesn't even act like he heard his longtime friend's shouts, still walking steady and determined through the backstage area. Stegglet comes to a halt in front of Martinez' path...

...but the former World Champion brushes past him, knocking him back into the wall as the cameraman has to sidestep to avoid getting run over as well.]

MS: This is...

[Stegglet shakes his head as we can hear shouts from Adam Rogers, Colt Patterson, and others. Martinez ignores them all, walking with purpose towards the sign with an arrow pointing out the Chimpanzee Position. He goes past that, shoving an official aside as he climbs up the ringsteps.]

BW: Is he coming out here?!

GM: It sure looks that way!

[The shot cuts back into the arena where someone manages to hit the button to start play "Vox Populi" right after Martinez walks into view.

He pauses, not for the music to reach the right spot for his entrance, but to take in the scene. His eyes wash over the assemblage in the ring, steely cold in their gaze. He takes a deep breath...

...and walks.]

GM: He's coming to the ring!

BW: Is he crazy?! Look at these people lining up to take his damn head off!

GM: Martinez doesn't care! Martinez is heading for the ring! He's been pushed to his limits and he's out for payback here in San Francisco!

[Detson scrambles backwards, making sure the title belt is still over his shoulder as Martinez stomps down the ramp, heading towards the ring where Supernova and Polemos are waiting...

...and he doesn't even hesitate, sliding right under the ropes into the ring where Supernova rushes forward...

...and gets his legs taken out from under him in a HUUUUUUUGE double leg takedown that pops the crowd!]

GM: OH MY!

[Martinez brings the fire, raining down fists on the face-painted traitor as fast as he can throw them!]

GM: MARTINEZ ON SUPERNOVA! MARTINEZ ON SUPERNOVA!

[Westerly shouts something to Polemos who steps around the brawl, reaching out an arm...

...and snatching Martinez by the throat, yanking him to his feet!]

GM: POLEMOS HAS GOT HIM! POLEMOS HAS-

[But Martinez SWINGS his right foot up, catching Polemos in his Eyes of Tyr!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: LOW BLOW! MARTINEZ KICKS HIM LOW!

[The masked man lets go of Martinez, staggering backwards...

...which opens up a clear path between Martinez and Detson. Detson backs off, begging for mercy...]

GM: Oh yeah! Get you some, White Knight!

[Martinez LUNGES for Detson in a full-body spear, sending him flying backwards into the table, knocking glasses and champagne everywhere, sending them both crashing down to the mat as the crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

GM: MARTINEZ ON DETSON! GET HIM! GET HIM!

BW: You sound like that idiot Westerly on the Power Hour!

GM: I don't care!

[Martinez is pounding on Detson, absolutely pummeling him as the other bodies in the ring scramble to clear out...

...except for one...]

GM: WILLIAMS!

[He yanks Martinez to his feet from behind, spinning him around...]

GM: FUTURE SHOCK!

[...and DRIVES Martinez skullfirst into the canvas! Williams pops up, eyes wide, body pumping with adrenaline as he pounds his own chest, waving an arm towards Martinez as Zharkov and Hunter surge forward, stomping the White Knight into the canvas. A shout from Castillo brings the others into the mix, soon enveloping Martinez in a sea of stomps and kicks.]

GM: THEY'RE ALL OVER THE WHITE KNIGHT!

[A few moments of beating pass before...]

GM: HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Jordan Ohara, Jack Lynch, Jeff Matthews, Supreme Wright, Next Gen, and others tearing down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[The fan favorites hit the ring and the crowd ROARS for the sudden makeshift Battle Royal breaking out in the ring!]

GM: We've got chaos! We're out of control! Fans, we'll be right back!

[As chaos reigns, 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 we come up live backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Fans, I-

[A loud shout is heard from off-camera as if a struggle is going on. Stegglet nods in that direction, causing the camera to turn to show Ryan Martinez in the grasp of several of San Francisco's finest.]

MS: Wait a second! He's being arrested?!

[Javier Castillo emerges from behind the crowd of police dragging Martinez through the backstage area.]

JC: This is none of your business, Stegglet! Get the hell out of my way!

[Stegglet steps aside as Castillo leads the police down the hallway.]

JC: I want him locked up! He RUINED our celebration and he's got no business here tonight! He's not scheduled to be here... I want him booked for trespass-

[Martinez shouts "YOU SON OF A-" before one of the police officers shove his head down.]

JC: I won't have you here disturbing our show! I won't risk another appearance by RIOT Martinez! Get him out of here! Get him the hell out of here!

[A door swings open and the police drag Martinez through it as a fuming Castillo watches...]

...and we fade back out to the ring as "Banshee" by Dance With The Dead slowly fades out. The AWA's own resident banshee Cinder is hanging bat-like from the top turnbuckle by her ankles, arms crossed over her chest like a vampire.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: A chaotic scene backstage but.. well, the show must go on, I suppose, and in the ring right now is Alannah Ash, fighting out of Dana Point in Southern California, but she has a bit of a tall order ahead of her, as she is facing this firebrand from Scotland, Cinder!

[Cinder grasps on the middle ropes and dismounts the buckle in a fluid motion. Alannah Ash is a pretty average looking Caucasian woman, roughly the same size as Cinder. Her blonde hair, bronzed skin, and vibrant purple and zebra stripe attire contrasts sharply with the gothic, pallid redhead in studded black velvet and red leather. They lock up.]

BW: I gotta wonder though, where is Ricki Toughill?

GM: Bucky, word is backstage that efforts are being made to keep Cinder and Erica Toughill separated for the safety of the rest of the women's locker room, but with Cinder's deviousness and Toughill being nigh unstoppable that's a feat easier said than done.

[In the ring, Alannah Ash finds the hammerlock she applied to Cinder quickly reversed. Cinder drops to the mat and swats Ash's leg from under her.]

GM: Good sweep kick from the young Scot. Cinder is so unpredictable in that ring.

BW: Ricki Toughill really created herself a monster there.

[Cinder briefly floats over and applies a headlock...]

...but rather than cinch it in fully, she softly caresses Ash's scalp.]

GM: Now what is this?

BW: Oh, that's some mind games, daddy. This little sister can get inside your head like no one!

[Ash backpedals to the corner, somewhat perturbed by her unorthodox opponent. Cinder grins back at her, biting her bottom lip mischievously. Ash straightens her hair as Cinder mimes a pair of scissors with her fingers.]

GM: And what is Cinder's obsession with her opponent's hair? She has been menacing Victoria June with a pair of scissors for weeks now and to what end?

[Cinder and Alannah Ash lock up again. Ash tries for a wristlock, but Cinder rears her torso back and headbutts Ash in the face with her entire upper body's momentum.]

GM: And a Glasgow Kiss to take over!

[Now in change of Ash's wristlock, Cinder pulls Ash toward her and scoops her into a short-arm sidewalk slam. With a demented smile on her face, Cinder playfully taunts the Cow Palace.]

C: "Aye! 'Mon then!"

[Turning around to see her opponent slowly rising to her feet, Cinder measures Ash up, and snaps off a roundhouse kick to the SoCal competitor's face.]

GM: Cinder showing that ruthlessness that has allowed her to go from virtual obscurity last year to one of the top 5 ranked female competitors in the world this year.

BW: You don't win an Empress Cup by playing demure and innocent, Gordo. And she'd still be showing off that Cup if it weren't for an act of vandalism by Victoria June!

[Cinder pulls Ash upright into a headlock, and cradles the opposite leg. She tilts her head upward toward the rafters...]

C: "AIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!"

[...And after a eardrum-perforating shriek, twists her opponent into...]

GM: The In-Cinder-ator! Referee in position... two... for three!

BW: Chalk up another one for the living dead girl, daddy!

[The referee raises Cinder's hand as she kneels over Alannah Ash. Cinder's attention is elsewhere. She digs into a pocket of her ring pants and starts unwrapping something palm-sized. It glints under the light.]

GM: Oh my gosh... those are... those are scissors! Get those away from her!

[Cinder carves a couple of small chunks off of Alannah Ash's blonde hair before the referee is able to trap her hand and relieve her of the implement. Cinder pouts momentarily, strands of blonde hair in littering the ring around her.]

GM: Good grief. All the credit to Shari Miranda for stepping in the line of fire, taking those scissors away from this... nut! "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, you've been tasked with interviewing this buzzsaw. I really hope you brought your safety glasses.

BW: [muttering] Of course. Send Chrome-Dome out there to interview her.

[Cut to ringside, where Cinder rolls out of the ring, disappointed. Sweet Lou awaits.]

SLB: Alright, thank you, Gordon. I made sure to have garlic toast with dinner tonight; hopefully that'll be enough to save my neck.

C: Look at this, Master Blackwell!

[She shakes a lock of hair freshly removed from her opponent.]

C: Fulla peroxide! Fulla chemicals! FOOL'S GOLD!

[She tosses it to the ground and wipes her palms of it in disgust.]

C: I've tried to find to fill th'hole that ya made in me when you took me Empress Cup from me, Vekki!

SLB: Are you serious?! Are you still carrying that?

[Cinder holds in her hand the same hair she cut from Victoria June's hair, reverentially.]

C: Vekki, ye took me trophy from me. Ye took me greatest accomplishment from me, and I took a piece o' you, di'n'ae? I made ye realize that I can take from you too. And I can do it when'er I want, by the way. How's ye gettin' on, Vekki? How ye feel, sittin' in the palm of my hand, aye?

[She squeezes the hair tightly.]

C: Oh, my fairy godmum's been right sorrowful lately, hasn't she? That's why she's not here to see her wee Cinder doin' some heavy ragin' in her name. When ye have wicked stepsisters like the Spitfire and Afro Punk it's no wonder, is it?

Sisters... every sorrow ye lay on me fairy godmum... I'll visit 'em on your head, Vekki. Tenfold.

[She mimes a pair of scissors with her finger again.]

C: Ten... fold...

[Cinder mashes the lock of Victoria June's hair between her index and middle finger.]

SLB: Makes me glad I didn't go for the combover when I had the chance. Fans, we're going to take a break but when we come back, it'll be the National Champion Maxim Zharkov in action!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

LS: *grumbles*

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

[Uncle Lorne Schutzman holds up a brown bottle.]

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

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

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

LS: *grumbles*

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall... and is for the AWA National Championship!

[Big cheers in anticipation of the title match.]

GM: We're back LIVE on Saturday Night Wrestling where it's time for the National Title to be defended! Javier Castillo has been scouring the world of wrestling to find suitable competition for "The Tsar" Maxim Zharkov. No small feat, let me tell you, fans.

[The arena darkens, and dry ice fills the stage. The familiar opening chords of Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Phantom of the Opera" fill the air.]

GM: And already my interest is piqued.

RO: Introducing first, the challenger, accompanied by Ai Matsuyama...

[A shapely Japanese woman in an updo and an ornate, lacey miniskirt makes her way through the fog gloomily.]

BW: I'll say, Gordo! Who is this slice of gorgeousness?

[She "sings" to the playback, although sharp-eyed viewers can see the lip synching.]

Ai: Yume no naka de, anata wa
Kono kokoro ni sasayaku
Ima sugata mo araware
The phantom of the opera, sou
Anata ne

[Behind her, steps a man in a similarly ornate aristocratic cloak, half his face covered with a mask, a big floppy hat on his head. He also "sings" into a microphone as he makes his way toward the ring.]

"Itooshii hito yo kon yoi mo
Kimi no kokoro ni hisomite
Kyou ni utaou, kono uta
The phantom of the opera, sou
Watashi da"

RO: ...From Nagano, Japan, representing Tiger Paw Pro, weighing in at 214 pounds... KENKIII!

[Kenki steps into the ring, and "sings" another verse to Matsuyama.]

K: Itooshii hito yo kon yoi mo
Kimi no kokoro ni hisomite
Kyou ni utaou, kono uta
The phantom of the opera, sou
Watashi da

GM: Fans, words don't often fail me.

BW: I'm just giving in and admiring those killer gams Ai is sporting, Gordo. Hope you don't mind.

GM: Well, while we're admiring all this... let's call it "pageantry"... I would remind our viewers that Kenki has a strong background in freestyle wrestling, and he scored an upset fall over Manzo Kawajiri in a six-man tag match at Tiger Paw Pro's New Year's Eve show just a few months ago. So he is no pushover.

[In the ring, Kenki has discarded the mask, hat and robe, ready to wrestle in his silver and black filigreed ring pants.]

RO: And introducing now, the Champion...

[Boos have already started.]

RO: From Magadan, in the former Soviet Union...

[The explosion of artillery ricochets through the arena, kicking off James Hannigan's "Soviet March."]

RO: ...Weighing 141 kilograms...

[Enter through the curtains Maxim Zharkov-- the towering specimen from Siberia. Zharkov strides 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: ...The AWA National Champion...

[The National Title Belt glitters tantalizingly over Zharkov's shoulder, a red hammer and sickle decal over its center plate.]

RO: ...the Tsar... MAXIM... ZHARKOOOOV!

[Zharkov swiftly ascends the ring steps, glaring at all in his sight. He steps through the ropes, and circles the ring, herding Ortiz, the match official, and Kenki into the corners of the ring.]

GM: Fans, I wish you were here with us in the Cow Palace. There is nothing like the feeling of electricity in the air when the bell rings and the title is on the line!

BW: Even if that title match ends up being legalized assault and battery!

GM: Bucky.

[The referee holds up the National Belt for all to see.]

BW: I'll bet Kenki lasts about as long as his entrance. And that'll be generous.

GM: I have my doubts, but Zharkov is probably the most formidable opponent in the AWA today: for almost two years now, he has never been pinned, and has never submitted, and never been counted-oh my!

[Kenki has jumped Zharkov, laying in kicks to the Last Son of the Soviet Union's massive back as he discards his robe at ringside.]

"DING DING DING!"

GM: A signature of many Kenki matches... attacking before the bell.

BW: I take that back. This Kenki might have bought himself fifteen more seconds.

MZ: "PUSHKA!"

[Momentarily staggered, Zharkov responds with a devastating palm strike that levels Kenki! Kenki rolls through, and charges in to attack again, but Zharkov is quick on his feet.]

GM: Snapmare from the big Russian-

SMACK

GM: ...And a slap to the back of Kenki's head for good measure!

BW: That's a wake up call on Moscow time!

[Kenki hops to his feet...]

GM: We could have a live one here, fans...

[...And tears his ring attire away to reveal a one-size too small pair of similarly filigreed tights.]

GM: Well then.

BW: Ohhhh-kay.

[Kenki locks up with Zharkov. They jockey over a rear waist lock a couple of times before Zharkov gains the upper hand.]

GM: Zharkov going for that German Suplex!

BW: EAST German Suplex, Gordo! Get it right!

GM: My stars, wherever it's from, poor Kenki took all of it on his neck and shoulders and-

MZ: "TSAR BOMBA!"

GM: And Zharkov knows he is not getting paid by the hour, pulling Kenki into that standing headscissor, looking for that Tsar Bomb!

[Kenki is picked up like a rag doll, but is still fighting.]

GM: Kenki wriggled out the back door! And now-

[Before Kenki can plan his next move, Zharkov whirls around and turns the challenger inside out with the...]

BW: PEACEMAKER, DADDY!

GM: Oh, he got him with that Peacemaker discus lariat!

[A clearly annoyed Zharkov wipes his brow, and lightly puts his boot on the chest of the downed Kenki.]

GM: And how disrespectful of your opponent is this?

BW: Two... Three. It got a three count, Gordo! That's all that matters in the books, daddy.

"DING DING DING!"

RO: Your winner.. and STILL AWA National Champion... The Tsar.. MAXIM ZHARKOV!

BW: Just timing it now... yep, Kenki lasted about as long as his entrance. Pay up, Gordo.

GM: We made no bet, Bucky... oh my gosh, don't get him angry, Rebecca...

[Zharkov shouts down to Ortiz. Ortiz quickly obliges the roaring Russian by handing over the microphone quickly.]

MZ: Comrade Castillo! I would ask for your attention. I asked for competition from you!

[He points down to Kenki, who is being helped from the ring by Ai Matsuyama.]

MZ: You send me little babies, tovarisch! If you keep sending me little children playing "pretend fighter," I find myself with no choice but to select competition for myself. Whether it is one man, two men, a battalion of a dozen men...

...Or a Rumble of 29 other men, who I will crush one after the other, or all at once if I must.

BW: Wow, daddy! That is how you send an ultimatum.

[Zharkov steps through the ropes and hands the microphone with calm chivalry to a clearly intimidated Rebecca Ortiz.]

GM: There you have it, fans. The National Champion has just declared himself the very first entrant for the 2017 Rumble! Twenty-nine more to go but they've all got a tall task ahead of them to topple the National Champion. Fans, earlier tonight, we saw Cinder in action... a woman who has had a heated issue with Victoria June for several weeks now. Two weeks ago, that issue got even hotter. Let's take a look back at the Anniversary Show.

[We fade to footage marked with the date and venue of the Ninth Anniversary Show where we see Victoria June whipping Copperhead across the ring, following her in with a flying avalanche. Copperhead stumbles out to mid-ring where June lifts her up, holding her across her torso... ..and DROPS down with a front falling powerslam! She reaches back, snatching the legs.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: She did it! She got it!

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

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

GM: OHH!

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

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

GM: Get her off Victoria June!

[With June down at her feet, Cinder kneels down, dipping into her boot... ...and with a wicked grin, she straightens up, holding a pair of scissors for all to see.]

GM: Oh no.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and we crossfade from the pre-taped footage to an image of Victoria June's ruined afro. The pale strawberry blonde afro is visibly missing a chunk of hair at the front left side of her head.

The camera pulls out to show Victoria June standing backstage with Sweet Lou Blackwell. The Afro Punk looks mighty pissed off. Her arms are folded over her chest. She wears black leather pants, studded leather belts, a black motor cycle vest and a Rolling Stones concert T-shirt. She rubs her fist as she chews her lip. Her freckled pale face is set up for rain. Her pale green eyes stare off at the video monitor as something wicked plays through her head. Blackwell holds the microphone up in silence for a moment before he decides to intrude on her private thoughts.]

SLB: Victoria June... that has to be tough to watch. Two times now, Cinder has tried to maim you and cut your hair with those scissors! What is it between you and Cinder? Why is she so focused on humiliating you?

VJ: What's it between me an' Cindy, Sweet Lou? You shoulda asked her earlier. But I reckon I know.

[June turns her green-eyed gaze on the cameras.]

VJ: I reckon it's cause she ain't as comfortable in her skin as ah am. And it's jus eatin' her up.

SLB: You think this is all a matter of jealousy?

VJ: I think it's l'il Cindy not bein' able to handle her own insecurities, sugah. You lookit Cindy and you lookit me and we a lot alike. Two freaks when you really look at it. She's a pale little gingah. Ah'm a pale gingah, too. Ain't too popular a look, yuh know? So l'il Cindy is tryin' tuh make a name for herself in the AWA and she knows she's a nasty little weirdo. How do yuh stand out, Lou? How do yuh make yuhself feel better about knowin' yuh ain't good enough on yer own?

SLB: How?

VJ: Yuh take it out on the only freak weirdah than you. Mah whole life I been teased bout these eyes, these gap teeth, this here pale skin and these freckles. This nappy fro o' mine. I been fightin' my whole life on it. And it looks like ah got me one more fight, sugah.

SLB: So what are you going to do about it?

VJ: Cindy, ah'm gonna do the same thing ah've been doin' my whole life an mah whole wrestlin' career. Ah'm find yuh and ah'm gonna finish yuh. Ah'm gonna stomp a mudhole in yuh and walk it dry. It's gonna be an eye for ah eye, ah promise yuh.

[She holds her hard stare at the camera before angling her head towards Sweet Lou.]

VJ: Yuh know what the sad thing is, sugah?

SLB: What?

VJ: It didn't have tuh be this way. We coulda been friends. Ah coulda showed her the ropes and made her feel welcome round here. But she chose tuh lash out like a petulant little child. The pressuh was too much after winnin' the Empress Cup, knowin' she didn't really beat the field. She got lucky people pulled out. And so she went and tried to prove herself that she belonged, by attackin' the weirdest of the weird. But you see what I've done since I made it to the AWA. First entrant in the Women's title Rumble in New York. First challenger for the World Title in Europe. One of the most prominent faces on Power Hour. And just celebrated whuppin them damn Snakes' butts on the ninth Anniversary show in LA. Cindy, you coulda had that, too. Now all yuh gonna get is my boot up yuh-

SLB: (jumping in) Okay! Strong words from the Afro Punk, Victoria June!

[June glowers at the camera before she walks away, staring down the viewers who presumably include the wrestler named Cinder.]

SLB: Now, let's go back out to the ring to the Think Tank!

[Fade back into 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 dirty blonde hair touching his shoulders of his black t-shirt, a Philadelphia Eagles-inspired logo in midnight green and silver on the front and the

phrase, "The Glass Ceiling Just Got Thicker" on the back. Erica Toughill lurks morosely to one side, arms folded, missing her ubiquitous baseball bat.]

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...

[The boos already begin to escalate in response to the arrogant smugness.]

KK: ...And the sad fact of life is I always will be. And it is officially Rumble season. So I'm going to take this opportunity to officially declare that the Self Made Man is in the Rumble. That's right... I have the tenure to declare for it, and I've got the cache to back it up. And when I enter my first Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem, there's gonna be no more people cutting the line in front of me. It's just gonna be me, and a star-making performance you've gotta watch out for.

Now, onto tonight, I promised a surprise guest on the Think Tank earlier this week.

Someone who has been frustrating me, and vexing me for a long while.

Someone I've been wanting to give an earful to for a long time.

Fans, my guest tonight...

[Dramatic pause...

...and then a pivot towards the other person in the ring.]

KK: ...Is Erica Toughill.

[Toughill does a quick double-take over her shoulder. She looks completely surprised.]

KK: Yeah, Rick. You're my guest tonight.

[The usually scowling Toughill is now nervously smirking, mumbling to Kendrick off-microphone.]

KK: No, this is not an April Fool's joke. Do I look like I'm laughing? I'm serious. Serious as a heart attack, Rick.

[Toughill picks up a microphone, tentatively.]

ET: The way you were talking... I thought you meant Grant Carter or Calisto Dufresne...

KK: Oh, you'd like it if that ruggedly handsome GGC or that suave Lazykiller were within ten feet of you, wouldn't you? A little something to get your heart racing, right?

[Toughill looks around nervously at the crowd.]

ET: Kerry... can we talk about this... not in front of everyone?

[Kendrick shakes his head.]

KK: No no no. We're talking about this now. We're getting this out into the open in front of everyone. In front of the whole world, they're gonna hear what I have to say to you.

[Toughill looks at Kendrick with an almost pleading expression.]

ET: Kerry, I'm your best friend. Please... don't do this.

[But Kendrick isn't even looking at her, pacing around the ring a bit now.]

KK: Yeah, there's that word, Rick. "Friend." When you and I pooled our resources a couple of years ago, when I first brought you into the AWA...

[He snaps his fingers.]

KK: ...we clicked like that, Rick. You kept my business clean, and I gave you an outlet for what I thought was an endless stream of aggression from you. Because that's what friends are like, Rick.

When I won the TV Title last year, the same night you didn't win the Women's Championship in last year's Rumble? Who stayed with you and kept you company when I should have been out celebrating all night in New York City? I did. Because you and I are friends, right?

But ever since SuperClash, you've been walking around with this constant look on your face like you just saw Ebola Zaire getting out of the shower. You've lost your mojo. You've lost your groove. You used to be able to go places in that ring that no one else would go. All that aggression I thought you had... the well's gone dry.

You remember the day after SuperClash? Black Friday?

[The crowd buzzes a bit at bringing up that topic.]

ET: [through gritted teeth] Kerry. Don't.

[Nevertheless, Kendrick persists.]

KK: No no no. These people deserve to know what a great friend I am to you. Remember when all that bloodletting happened? All those people getting their contracts dumped? I went to bat for you! Because I'm your friend! I said, "as long as Ricki is by my side, she stays!" And you're by my side...

...And you're here right now. The sad fact of life is I was the one who brought you in the the AWA. They had you pegged for the career trajectory of Lori Wilson. And I am the one keeping you here right now. Because we're FRIENDS, RICK!

[Toughill's eyes are downcast. She is seething.]

KK: And about this rematch with Julie Somers two weeks from now-

[Toughill interrupts.]

ET: Like I've told you before, I am not taking that match! I am sick of losing to Julie Somers!

[Kendrick's face flashes with anger.]

KK: You're sick of losing to Julie Somers? I'M SICK OF YOU LOSING TO JULIE SOMERS TOO!

You've lost everything that made you Ricki Toughill. She's in your head, rent free! She's affecting our friendship, Rick. And because I'm still your friend, I had my girlfriend... you know, the one who is pretty high up the totem pole in the AWA-

[Toughill interrupts angrily.]

ET: Who is this "girlfriend" of yours anyway?

KK: Don't snap at me! I'm trying to help you! She went ahead and signed the paperwork. You are facing Julie Somers in two weeks time: SuperClash rematch. I want my friend back. In two weeks, I want Ricki Toughill to lay the beating of a lifetime on Julie Somers. I want you to beat the Spitfire down as if your life depended on it.

Because, Rick, one day it will.

[From ringside, he picks up a baseball bat and extends it to her.]

KK: Friends?

[Still seething, Toughill methodically wraps her hand around the handle of the bat so tightly her knuckles turn red and white.]

KK: Hey, camera-man, get a good look at this.

[Close-up on Toughill's face turning a bright red.]

KK: Spitfire, careful what you wish for. In two weeks time, you'll find out why you don't mess with a Self Made Man's best friend.

[Kendrick drops the mic, the sounds of Queen ripping out over the PA system again as Toughill stares into the camera...

...and 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."

[Fade to black...

...and we fade back up on the ring where we see two masked wrestlers on either side with the always-professional Angelica Westerly standing mid-ring in an olive green blouse and a black leather skirt, mic in hand.]

AW: Two weeks ago, Stevie Scott pulled a fast one on me.

[There are some cheers from the crowd for that admission.]

AW: And it seems like some people were expecting me to come out here and... what? Throw some kind of a hissy fit? Swear vengeance? Offer good money to the man who breaks Max Magnum's leg and sends Scott back to the scrap pile?

[Westerly smirks, arching an eyebrow.]

AW: Okay, maybe that last one crossed my mind. But I'm a businesswoman. I am a professional. And I can admit that Stevie Scott... on one night... got the best of me.

[Another set of cheers.]

AW: But Mr. Scott, I can also assure you that some day, our paths will cross again. And next time, I will know EXACTLY the kind of man I am dealing with.

[She gives a mocking salute.]

AW: Now, we move forward... and seeing as though Kaz Kanoe is settling in quite nicely in the AWA roster, continuing to make sure Guerreros del Mundo receives a portion of his paycheck as a promoter's fee... it's time to move on to new clients.

[She gestures to the two luchadors inside the ring.]

AW: New clients. New superstars. New competitors put forth by Guerreros del Mundo.

In the corner to my right... from Tijuana, Mexico... weighing 198 pounds... FURIOSO!

[The taller of the two competitors pops from his corner, throwing an arm into the air to a mixed reaction. Furioso wears a full black bodysuit with red lightning bolts random throughout. A red mask with a nasty-looking black unicorn horn emerges from the middle. He thrusts his head wildly into the air repeatedly, looking ready to gore someone on the horn. A hole cut in the back of the mask reveals a shoulder-length braid of black hair.]

AW: And in the corner to my left... also from Tijuana, Mexico... weighing 136 pounds... MILAGROSO!

[The amazingly small competitor rushes to the ropes, leaping up to the top rope, springing back with a breathtaking moonsault in one motion as he falls to a knee, arms outstretched to show his small but fit physique packed into purple full-length tights, white boots, and a golden mask with a large purple cross bisecting his face. The bottom of the mask is cut away to reveal his mouth, chin, and neck. He comes to his feet, pointing a finger across at Furioso who is pawing at the mat with his boot now as Westerly grins, exiting the ring.]

GM: Lucha libre action coming up here, fans... and from the size of Milagroso there, I'd expect the action to be a mile a minute... and maybe even faster.

BW: Don't worry, Gordo. I can keep up.

GM: I'm sure... and it looks like Angelica Westerly is going to be joining us. Miss Westerly, welcome to the announce table.

[A few moments pass before a third voice is heard.]

AW: The pleasure is all yours, Gordon Myers.

GM: I see. It's going to be like that, is it?

AW: It depends on if you pay the proper respect to my two talents in there.

GM: You're out here to keep us in line, huh?

AW: Something like that.

[Referee Scott Ezra steps back, signaling to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell sounds and the two cruiserweights immediately emerge from their respective corners, circling one another as the crowd cheers for the start of the match.]

GM: So, these two young luchadors signed their fates over to you?

AW: You've gotta have a better question than that.

GM: I suppose I do. Can you explain to me how Guerreros del Mundo works?

AW: Ah, now we're talking.

[A quick circle sees Furioso change levels, making a lunge at the legs of Milagroso who scrambles back out of reach.]

AW: You see, Gordon... the AWA Talent Relations division does a fine job.. most of the time. But where they're lacking is in International contacts - contacts in Japan... in Mexico... in Europe.

GM: They seem to do alright to me.

AW: They're fine if you want the biggest name that they can buy. Men like Noboru Fujimoto... like Raphael Rhodes... like the Colton Family... they're all willing to sell themselves to the highest bidder and everyone's heard of them. But the diamonds in the rough? That takes work. That takes someone with a keen eye for talent. It

takes someone willing to walk a mile in the streets of Mexico City to see who the people are buzzing about.

GM: And that's these two?

AW: Without a doubt.

[The two luchadors finally come together in a collar and elbow tieup that Furioso quickly turns into a drop toe-hold, bouncing his masked opponent's face off the mat.]

GM: And then what happens? You bring them here?

AW: For a fee. I sign these competitors from all over the world with the agreement that I'll serve as their promoter. I'll get them booked in Tiger Paw Pro... in SouthWest Lucha Libre... here in the AWA and everywhere else that top shelf professional wrestlers are wanted. And when I do, I get a promoter's fee of their contract. I bring the goods, I sell the goods, I get the money. It's a simple arrangement.

GM: So, someone like Kaz Kanoe... you don't manage him?

AW: He's got a manager.

[While our announcers continue to chat, a Furioso chinlock attempt is countered into a makeshift arm-scissors down on the canvas.]

GM: Yet you continue to get paid.

AW: Precisely. I brought him here. I showed the AWA what they were missing. They signed the contract. Don't I deserve a portion of that?

GM: I suppose that's debatable. So, is that why these two are here tonight? To show the AWA what they're missing.

AW: You're learning fast, Gordon.

BW: I wouldn't bet on that, Angelica.

[With one arm scissored, Milagroso grabs the other arm, trying to wrench it but Furioso swings his legs up, attempting to counter with a head-scissors. Instead he hooks an arm, pulling him into a crucifix position and getting a one counter before Milagroso escapes and snatches a front facelock as both men kneel on the canvas.]

GM: Both men down on the mat. A mat-based start to this one which was certainly not what I expected when I saw these two luchadors out here.

AW: These two can do it all, Gordon. They can wrestle, they can fly, they can fight.

[Furioso spins out of the front facelock into an arm-twist, cranking the arm around into a hammerlock as they work back to their feet.]

GM: When you think of the world of lucha libre, you imagine a lot of flips and flying.

AW: So much to learn.

BW: I've tried to teach him! Horrible student.

[Milagroso attempts to get to the ropes but Furioso holds his ground, spinning his masked opponent back the other way into a single leg trip, both men falling down to the mat with Furioso landing on Milagroso's back.]

GM: Furioso hanging onto the hammerlock... and with the size advantage he has over Milagroso, he might be able to keep that on all night.

AW: You men always obsessing over size. Milagroso may be small-

GM: Maybe the smallest man I've ever seen in the ring.

AW: -but he's going to dazzle you so much, Gordon, you might need to get those bifocals tinted.

[Furioso attempts to stay on the back of Milagroso who manages to pick an ankle, pulling the leg out from under his opponent. Milagroso quickly traps the leg between his own, leaping up and dropping a knee down across the side of Furioso's knee.]

GM: Nice attack to the knee there... maybe trying to take that high flying away before we get a chance to see it. You announced both of these men from Tijuana down in Mexico - is that right?

AW: That's right, Gordon. These two have grown up together in this business. They've teamed together. They've fought against each other for years.

GM: Years? Milagroso looks like he's... what? 20?

AW: He's 20 but he's been wrestling professionally since he was fifteen years old and has been training twice that long.

GM: He's been training since he was ten?!

AW: At least. They do things a little differently down in Mexico, Gordon. Lucha libre is a way of life. He grew up in this business because his family's a part of this business. His father. His uncle. Even his mother.

[With Furioso grabbing at his head in pain, Milagroso keeps the leg scissored, bending the knee down on the mat.]

GM: Modified kneebar of sorts applied there, continuing to go after that leg.

[Furioso uses a pair of grounded elbows to the temple to escape the leglock, coming quickly to his feet and grabbing his foe by the arm, pushing him back against the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip on the way, no- reversed!

[The reversal sends Furioso bouncing off the ropes to Milagroso who lifts him up, twirls him around, and slams him down hard to the canvas!]

GM: Oho! Tilt-a-whirl slam out of Milagroso!

BW: How does a guy that small pack that much power into his body?!

AW: I told you you'd be impressed.

BW: I don't impress easy.

AW: And yet, it will happen.

[Furioso is slow to rise, rushing forward again...

...and again he's lifted up, twirled around, and this time dropped across a knee!]

GM: Ohhh! What a backbreaker!

AW: In the world of lucha libre, that's a quebradora, Gordon.

GM: You said it, not me!

[Bringing Furioso back to his feet, Milagroso twists the arm around in an armwringer but Furioso reverses it, shoving his foe back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Back in the corner... hard chop by Furioso... and now a whip...

[Milagroso slams hard into the corner, his arms hooking over the top rope to stay on his feet as Furioso dashes from one corner to the other at the highest speed, flinging himself recklessly into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands so high that his hindquarters smash into the chest of Milagroso before Furioso topples backwards down to the mat. He scrambles right back up though, attempting to keep the offense coming.]

GM: Right back to the armtwist... and to the hammerlock as well. An interesting strategy by Furioso... using that high risk offense and then going back to basics.

BW: Seems like a good way to keep an opponent off-balance, Gordo.

GM: I'd have to agree.

[Trapped in the hammerlock, Milagroso reaches back, wrapping an arm around the neck.]

GM: Milagroso looking for a way out...

[The masked man leaps high in the air, using his momentum as he comes down to snapmare himself out of the hammerlock, flinging Furioso across the ring. The two luchadors scramble to their feet, turning to face one another as Furioso makes a charge at the smaller man who sidesteps, giving Furioso a push towards the ropes.]

GM: Furioso coming back...

[But as he does, Milagroso sidesteps again, this time sweeping the back of Furioso's knee, sending him flying into the air..

...where he bounces off the ropes, landing on his feet on the canvas. He wiggles a finger at Milagroso whose hands on his hips shows a little surprise at the counter. Furioso advances on his opponent, giving a shove as he sweeps the leg out.]

GM: Down goes the masked man...

BW: Which one?

GM: A good point...

[With Milagroso down on the mat, Furioso leans over him, locking fingers and pinning his shoulder to the mat as Milagroso lifts his legs in a monkey flip type position...]

GM: Milagroso looks like he's trying to fend the larger competitor off... keep him at bay..

[Furioso straightens up, pulling hard on the arms as Milagroso gets tossed into the air, twisting around to bodyscissor his opponent...

...and then armdrag his way out of it, sending Furioso across the ring.]

GM: Whoa my! Nice counter by Milagroso!

[Scrambling up, both men run past each other, building up speed. Milagroso is faster though, catching up to Furioso near the ropes where he leaps into the air, snaring Furioso's masked head between his legs. Furioso turns, facing the ropes, and Milagroso snaps backwards, flipping Furioso over the top rope and out to the floor with a rana as Milagroso hangs on, the crowd roaring for the daredevil maneuver.]

GM: WHOOOOOOA MY!

AW: Need me to call your optometrist for that tinting yet, Gordon?

[Milagroso, having landed on the apron, rolls back under the ropes into the ring. He scrambles to his feet, racing to the ropes, running parallel to the floor where Furioso is, bouncing off to build up speed as he races to the opposite ropes, leaping to the second rope, springing back...

...and CLEARING the ropes with a somersault dive onto a surprised Furioso!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another incredible move out of Milagroso!

[The masked fan favorite who is quickly winning over the San Francisco crowd comes to his feet, gingerly grabbing at his lower back before pulling his opponent off the barely-padded floor, shoving him under the ropes.]

GM: Furioso back in... and Milagroso follows him...

[Furioso manages to get to his feet before Milagroso does inside the ring, dashing to the far ropes. Milagroso throws himself at the ankle, looking for a trip but Furioso hurdles him with ease, hitting the next set of ropes before rebounding back strong, leaving his feet, and driving a dropkick into the kneecap of Milagroso!]

GM: Ohhh! And Furioso taking his turn at going after the knee of his opponent. We saw Milagroso do it earlier and now it's Furioso who has him down and hurting on the canvas

[Furioso walks around the ring, taunting the crowd a little as Milagroso writhes in pain on the mat. He finally pulls Milagroso off the mat, pushing him back against the ropes.]

BW: Hey, Angelica... what's with the horn?

AW: In Mexico, Furioso is known as the One Horned Bull.

[A whip sends Milagroso towards the ropes but as Furioso turns to taunt the fans again, Milagroso grabs the top rope, swinging his legs between the top and middle to come right back facing Furioso who rushes forward...]

GM: Another clash on the way... whoooooa!

[The crowd roars as Furioso lands a shoulder block to create space, knocking Milagroso back into the ropes. He dashes the other direction, hitting the ropes as Milagroso goes into a cartwheel, popping himself up into the air to land on Furioso's shoulders in an electric chair position...

...and then spins around on the shoulders, snapping Furioso over with another rana takedown!]

GM: This is something else right here, fans!

[Milagroso dashes to the far ropes, bouncing off as he stampedes towards a waiting Furioso...

...who drops his head, elevating Milagroso with a backdrop over the ropes but the fan favorite lands safely on the apron...]

GM: Milagroso avoids catastrophe right there and- OH!

[The crowd groans as Furioso pivots and SLAMS a straight right hand into the jaw!]

GM: What a right by the... you called him the One Horned Bull?

AW: I did.

[Stepping out on the apron, Furioso walks into a right hand from Milagroso.]

GM: And there's that fighting you spoke of earlier.

AW: This is nothing, Gordon. If you want to see these two tear down the house in Mexico, go to YouTube and look for their Mexican Death Match series last summer.

[Furioso lands another right hand, staggering the smaller man... who returns fire with an overhand chop across the covered chest.]

GM: Big overhead chop... and Furioso returns fire with one of his own! These two are trading blows out on the apron - not the safest place to be for certain.

[Milagroso lands another overhead chop, sending Furioso stumbling backwards...

...where he lands a huge front kick to the chest, pushing Milagroso down the length of the apron where he nearly crashes into the steel ringpost!]

GM: You talk about creating space - he nearly kicked him to the floor right there!

[With Milagroso laying prone on his back on the apron, Furioso paws at the apron with his boot, lowering his horned head as he charges in...

...and Milagroso raises both legs, using a monkey flip to toss Furioso off the apron, nearly sending him headfirst into the ringpost before he manages to clear it and crashes and burns hard out on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: An incredible fall to the floor by Furioso!

BW: This is something, ain't it, Gordo?

GM: It's certainly an impressive match so far by two impressive competitors.

BW: Did you thank Angelica yet?

GM: Did I-

AW: No, no you didn't. But I'll wait, Gordon. I'll wait until it's over.

GM: Alright. Well, I'm very impressed by what I've seen so far in this one. Furioso just took an incredibly hard fall to the floor and... now what in the world...?!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Milagroso, back on his feet on the apron, begins climbing the ropes while his opponent tries to recover out on the floor.]

GM: Furioso may be down but Milagroso is heading up! He's heading up top! Standing on that top turnbuckle... so far above the floor where Furioso is trying to get to his feet!

[The One Horned Bull does manage to get to his feet though as Milagroso takes aim... and hurls himself from his perch, snaring the head of Furioso between his legs, drastically swinging to the side, and flipping him over with a rana that sees Furioso flip upside down and smash backfirst into the ringside railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another highlight reel type maneuver out of Milagroso! This kid is something special, Miss Westerly. You're one hundred percent right about that.

AW: They're BOTH something special, Gordon.

[Milagroso climbs to his feet, stepping up on the barricade, delicately balancing as the crowd roars their approval. He hops down, making his way around the ring, taking a breather as his opponent attempts to recover down on the ringside mats.]

GM: Milagroso over, slapping a few hands...

BW: Are you kidding me? Furioso is on his feet, Gordo!

GM: Impressive in its own right as he rolls back in... Milagroso back up on the apron...

[A stiff forearm shot to the jaw stops Milagroso from doing whatever he intended to do next. Furioso grabs a front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck as he elevates his opponent for a suplex...

....but Milagroso lands on his feet in the ring, breaking away to hit the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: FURIOSO!

[...and nearly gets his head ripped from his torso with a running spinning leg lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Where the heck did that come from?! Furioso looked to be in serious jeopardy and out of nowhere, he lands that big homerun shot. But is it enough?

[Reeling from the impact of the blow, Milagroso rolls under the ropes to the floor as Furioso regains his feet, promptly hitting the ropes and sprinting across to hit a second set of ropes.]

GM: Look out here!

[The crowd roars as Furioso leaps into the air, clearing the top rope easily, and crashes down on top of his opponent with a crossbody!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Furioso takes to the sky and it pays dividends for him, wiping out Milagroso on the floor!

[Both men are down on the floor after that one, barely moving on the thinly-padded ringside mats.]

GM: As we cross the ten minute mark in the time limit to this one, these two are really showing the world the untapped talent that can be found in Mexico.

AW: I told you, Gordon - diamonds in the rough. And this is just the tip of the iceberg. If the AWA listens to me, the entire company will be busting at the seams with the best international talent on the planet in no time at all. I’m talking about competitors like Yoshi Akiyama in Japan! I’m talking about these two and more just like them in Mexico! I’m talking about-

GM: I think we get the point.

AW: I hope so, Gordon. Because the fans of the AWA have been deprived for too long, stuck watching the same vanilla talent when they could be witnessing action like this!

[The two luchadors have both slowly made their way back to their feet, Furioso rolling into the ring first. Outside the ring, Milagroso has managed to work his way back up onto the apron as Furioso approaches.]

GM: Furioso winds up and-

[Clinging to the top rope, Milagroso leaps up, snapping his foot off the masked skull of his rival, sending him stumbling away from the ropes to center ring, his back to Milagroso who grabs the top rope.]

GM: The One Horned Bull got rocked by that kick... and that might not be the last time we say that!

[Milagroso leaps to the top rope, springing off, and DRIVES both feet into the back of Furioso’s head, sending him down to the mat where he rockets under the ropes headfirst, crashing down on the floor on the other side of the ring!]

GM: Goodness! What impact on the dropkick! Back and forth this one continues to go as these two luchadors attempt to make their mark and make the most of their minutes here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

AW: The entire world is watching... they know what’s at stake.

[Furioso, down on the floor, starts crawling towards the entrance ramp as Milagroso slowly walks across the ring, looking out after him.]

GM: Furioso looks like he’s had enough. He may be calling it a night.

BW: Not if Milagroso has anything to say about it.

[As the One Horned Bull works his way back to his feet, staggered and dazed, Milagroso again grabs the top rope, leaping to the top where he pauses a moment, the crowd roaring...

...and then springs off, flipping through the air in a somersault plancha that WIPES OUT both men!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SOMERSAULT DIVE TO THE FLOOR! OH MY STARS!

BW: He got height! He got distance! And they went down HARD on that metal ramp, daddy! Or should I say, mamacita!

[Westerly chuckles.]

AW: I like you, Buckthorn. You’re the one I like.

GM: An incredible maneuver by Milagroso, bouncing off that steel ramp like Bucky mentioned. That’ll take a lot out of both of these competitors. Angelica, I have to say that I’m impressed and I have to wonder who you have for us next.

AW: Awww, wouldn’t you like to know. That’s a trade secret, Gordon. I’ve got talent contracted all over the globe and you just never know where or when they’ll arrive.

GM: Would any of these talent ever appear on your behalf in a more traditional managerial relationship? Would you ever choose to lead someone to... say, a shot at the AWA World Title?

AW: Absolutely. Guerreros del Mundo has one goal - to show the world that we work with the most talented wrestlers all over the globe. And if I have to make that point by working with someone exclusively for a period, that’s exactly what I intend to do.

GM: That sounds like a “sooner rather than later” type thing.

AW: You’re not going to trip me up, Myers. I know exactly what I’m saying.

GM: Fair enough... and I can’t believe Furioso is even walking, let alone climbing into the ring right now. Milagroso isn’t far behind though, again getting up on that ring apron.

[Milagroso kneels down, breathing heavily as Furioso staggers to his feet once more.]

AW: Check out my Masked Miracle now, Gordon.

[Milagroso suddenly straightens up, grabs the top rope, leaps into the air, springs off the top...

...and snatches another rana, snapping Furioso over quickly and tightly wrapping him up in a double leg cradle!]

GM: OH MY! HE GETS ONE! HE GETS TWO! HE GETS THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[A shocked Milagroso questions the referee who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Two count only... and as the pace picks up yet again, you sense that the end might be near for one of these tremendous competitors as we creep towards the fifteen minute mark of this twenty minute time limit.

[Milagroso claps his hands together in frustration, turning towards Furioso who suddenly sprints at him. The Masked Miracle sidesteps, shoving the masked man towards the ropes. As he rebounds, Milagroso sidesteps again, sweeping the leg as he did earlier, sending Furioso flying into the air, hitting the ropes and smashing down on the canvas.]

GM: Milagroso measuring his man... perhaps getting ready to fly once more...

[As Furioso stumbles to his feet against the ropes, Milagroso sprints across the ring, leaping up with a crossbody that takes both men over the top rope. Furioso gets deposited on the floor on his feet, staggering across the ringside area towards the barricade. Milagroso manages to hang onto the ropes, staying safely on the ring apron. He gets up, throwing a glance over his shoulder at his foe as he grabs the top rope.]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

[Milagroso leaps high into the air, landing on the top rope facing away from his opponent...

...and SPRINGS OFF with a breathing top rope moonsault that WIPES OUT Furioso again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHHH MYYYYYY STARRRRRRRRS!

[The move ends up with both men laid out on the floor as the crowd cheers wildly for the death-defying maneuver.]

GM: Both men are down! Both men are hurting! What an incredible maneuver out of the... what did you call him? The Masked Miracle?

AW: You better believe it.

GM: Oh, I do! Wow!

[The referee leans over the ropes, starting a count on both downed luchadors.]

GM: This could be it here. That was a big fall to the floor for both men and... we could be seeing this one end in a way no one wants to.

[Ezra counts "TWO!" for all to hear as the ringside fans roar their support for both men.]

GM: That fifteen minute mark is fast approaching as well - just five minutes left in the time limit for what has been an absolutely thrilling encounter between these two young Mexican superstars.

["THREE!"]

GM: Milagroso starting to stir a bit, rolling over onto his chest, trying to get his arms underneath him and don't ask me how he's doing it. After a dive like that, I'd take a couple weeks off if I were him.

["FOUR!"]

GM: And hopefully these two are aware of a ten count being the end here in America. I believe in Mexico they use a twenty count - is that right?

AW: Look at you, Gordon. You'll be a student of the world of lucha libre yet. Wait until you hear about the trios matches.

["FIVE!" and then... "SIX!"]

GM: The count is up to six... Milagroso up to his knees... can he beat the count?

[Nearby, Furioso manages to sit up on the floor as "SEVEN!" rings out.]

GM: Now, both men are showing signs of life but is it enough to beat this count back into the ring?

["EIGHT!" is called as Milagroso gets to his feet to the cheers of the crowd. He quickly makes his way over to the One Horned Bull, dragging him up by said horn as "NINE!" is shouted for all to hear.]

GM: We're at nine! They'd better hurry!

[With a weary shove, Milagroso puts Furioso back in before rolling himself in as well just before the ten count. Cheers ring out from the San Francisco crowd as the two luchadors lie on their backs in the ring, breathing heavily still.]

GM: The battle continues! Milagroso climbing to his feet, falling back against the ropes though. That big dive to the floor took a lot out of him.

[As Furioso manages to push himself to his knees, Milagroso makes a charge towards him but Furioso surges to his feet, sidestepping and shoving the Masked Miracle into the ropes. Milagroso rebounds back towards Furioso who scoops him up, pivots, and DRIVES him down with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM!

[Furioso climbs to his feet, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture. He pulls Milagroso up by the mask, yanking him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: And now the size and strength advantage of Furioso comes into play, setting up for a powerbomb perhaps.

[The One Horned Bull lifts the Masked Miracle with ease, flipping him over, and then laying out with a thunderous powerbomb, dropping down to the canvas with him. He repeats the "it's over!" gesture as he gets to his feet again, pointing to the top rope.]

BW: He should cover him now... now!

GM: But he's not going to. Furioso looks like he's gonna fly!

[He turns towards the corner, stepping out to the ring apron to begin a climb to the top.]

GM: And just like that, it's Furioso looking to finish off his much-smaller opponent with about five minutes to go in the time limit for this incredible battle!

[The One Horned Bull climbs to the top rope, perched high for all to see, his arms spread wide over his head...

...and snaps off a tight somersault, crashing down with a legdrop across the chest of the prone Masked Miracle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SOMERSAULT LEGDROP FINDS THE MARK!

BW: THAT'S IT!

[The referee dives to count, Furioso counting along with him...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[But Milagroso pops a shoulder off the canvas at the last moment, breaking up the pin!]

GM: No! No! He kicks out! The Masked Miracle kicks out in time!

BW: I can't believe it!

[Furioso lives up to his name, pounding his fists into the canvas repeatedly before coming to his feet. He quickly snatches up Milagroso, scooping him up across his chest, and dropping down into a front slam. He pops back up, pointing to the corner again.]

GM: A powerslam puts him down... and now Furioso is heading back to the top rope!

BW: He's REALLY looking to finish him now.

GM: Time is ticking though as he steps to the second rope... now to the top!

[The One Horned Bull hurls himself into the air, backflipping through the sky...

...and CRASHES down on the canvas as the Masked Miracle backrolls out of the way!]

GM: OHHH! NOTHING BUT CANVAS!

[Milagroso rolls out to the apron, climbing to his feet, slapping the top rope a few times as he waits for Furioso to push up off the mat...

...and then leaps into the air, springing off the top rope again, doing a full front flip as he lands on the shoulders of Furioso and SNAPS him over into a tightly cradled rana!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He got him!

[The crowd ROARS for the pinfall victory as Milagroso pushes to his knees, his arms thrust into the air in triumph.]

GM: The Masked Miracle himself, Milagroso picks up the win in a fantastic battle... and Miss Westerly, I have to admit that I'm impressed.

AW: As I knew you would be. Gentlemen, it's been a pleasure... for you.

[She gets up from her seat, depositing her headset on the table with a "THUNK!"]

GM: The always-gracious Angelica Westerly, fans... but on this night, we are grateful to her for introducing us to the talents of Furioso and Milagroso. A fabulous matchup here on Saturday Night Wrestling for sure.

[We cut to a ringside shot of the announce pair.]

GM: Fans, two weeks ago on our Ninth Anniversary Show, we saw the much-anticipated arrival of one of the Combat Corner's greatest hyped stars - Max Magnum. That was a surprise on its own but what was an even bigger surprise is that he arrived on the behalf of Stevie Scott and brutally assaulted the man who was defending Scott's career in that moment - former AWA World Champion Calisto Dufresne. Earlier this week, I personally sat down with both Stevie Scott and Max Magnum to try and get some answers. This is the first part of that interview... take a look.

[We fade to what looks to be a room in a production studio with a black backdrop behind a small round table that sits between three chairs, one to the right and two to the left.

And those chairs have butts in the seats. In the lone chair on the right is the dean himself, Gordon Myers wearing his usual suit-and-tie attire. In the chair closest him on the left, the AWA original, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Stevie is clad in a dark blue sportcoat, white shirt, and a red tie.

Lastly, the final chair on the far left of the picture is the newest addition to the AWA roster after making his shocking debut at the Ninth Anniversary Show. All business, he simply wears a black t-shirt with two abbreviations stacked in white block font: "SPLX BCHS", his blonde hair formed in a tight crew cut, and a scowl on his face - Max Magnum.]

GM: Gentlemen, thank you for joining me here. Let's get right down to business and start with the obvious question. Stevie, why Calisto?

[Stevie hesitates, then nods. Noticeably not present is the trademark smirk.]

HSS: A fair question, Gordo, a fair question. Let's get this clear from the jump - you and I go way back. Nine years to be exact. You have my respect...

[Still looking at Myers, Stevie thumbs over his shoulder toward a glaring Magnum.]

HSS: ...but you don't have HIS yet, so please be sure to tread carefully.

[Stevie continues before giving Gordon a chance to respond.]

HSS: So why did I lure Calisto Dufresne like a lamb to the slaughter to meet his ultimate demise at the hands of the behemoth beside me?

To explain this, we need to travel back in time. Hey, Kevin in production back there...roll the cut I told you do.

GM: Alright, let's take a look.

[The scene cuts to show footage from, as the chyron says: "SUPERCLASH IV: 11/22/12; LOS ANGELES, CA", joined in progress...

Juan Vasquez steps to the center of the ring where an unmoving Calisto Dufresne is still lying facefirst on the canvas. The former two-time National Champion looks around at the jeering crowd and then places his foot right behind Dufresne's knee, pinning the leg against the mat!]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: I recognize that!

GM: So do I... so do all these people in the Los Angeles Sports Arena... so does every wrestling fan around the world! You don't have to be a fan of the other place where Vasquez competes to know what he's done there. The legend of Juan Vasquez breaking Alex Epstein's leg is VERY well known around the wrestling world!

BW: He's gonna break Calisto's leg!

GM: He can't! Juan, my god, no... you can't do it, Juan! You absolutely can NOT do this!

BW: He's going to, Gordo! So much for your hope!

[Vasquez leans down, looking to grab Dufresne's ankle and complete the dastardly act...]

GM: Please lord... somebody's gotta stop this. Dufresne's a cold-hearted son of a... but even HE doesn't deserve this! This is the most vile... the most disgusting... the most-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: STEVIE SCOTT! STEVIE SCOTT!!

[The Hotshot comes TEARING down the aisle, steel chair in hand. He shoves past a suddenly-terrified Percy Childes, diving through the ropes with the chair at the ready... ..and comes to a halt, staring dead into the eyes of his long-time rival!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa!

BW: We've got a standoff!

[Vasquez releases his grip on the ankle, looking up at the chair-wielding Hotshot as Childes frantically waves his arms towards the locker room area...]

GM: Uh oh! This could be trouble!

BW: For who!?

GM: For everyone!

[Vasquez turns his back to the ramp, facing Stevie Scott who turns with him, now holding a protective stance over Calisto Dufresne.]

GM: If this is the damndest thing I've ever seen, Bucky... Stevie Scott is PROTECTING Calisto Dufresne!

BW: Never thought we'd see that one happen.

GM: Neither did I.

[Cut back to the production room.]

HSS: You saw what happened there, right?

Juan Vasquez ready to break a man's leg, snap his tibia into pieces, and what did I do?

I stopped it from happening.

[A nod.]

HSS: Didn't matter that Calisto and I had moved onto different paths. We had our own problems, that's well-documented. But there's a line between what's professional and what's personal. And when that line gets crossed, Gordon, do you know what friends, what BROTHERS do?

GM: You look out for each other.

[Stevie smiles, raises an arm, and leans back in his chair.]

HSS: Exactly!

So fast forward to 2016, when I had to come back one more time in order to talk some sense into Juan Vasquez...and that time, it didn't work...where was Dufresne, Gordon?

GM: I...don't know.

HSS: You don't know.

GM: I'm afraid not.

HSS: See, neither do I. And that's a problem, isn't it? Because I tried to find him. Called. Texted. Emailed. Skyped. DM'ed. Carrier pigeoned. Nothing. And don't even get me started on where he was when this whole thing...

[He unconsciously grabs at the back of his neck.]

HSS: This whole neck thing went wrong to begin with... when Vasquez dropped me on my head with that piledriver.

GM: But he answered this time, Stevie. To be fair, he DID show up for you two weeks ago.

HSS: He did, didn't he?

[A snort.]

HSS: When it was convenient for HIM.

[The Hotshot shakes his head.]

HSS: But it was too late. My in-ring career had already suffered. I saved his, Gordon, but he didn't even attempt to help save mine. So do you think I was really going to rely on him NOW? Hell no. As you saw...

[He motions toward Magnum.]

HSS: I had MUCH bigger and MUCH greater things in mind.

One time pays for all, Calisto?

[Stevie scoffs.]

HSS: Well, you got THAT right, pal.

You can consider your debt paid now.

[The Hotshot extends his hands and wipes them together three times.]

HSS: You're welcome.

[And with that, we fade back to the announce desk in the Cow Palace.]

GM: So we get an explanation from Stevie Scott with regards to the situation with his former teammate - and friend - Calisto Dufresne.

BW: Gordo, you did NOT look very comfortable in there.

GM: Would you be comfortable, Bucky?

BW: Fair point.

GM: Fans, we've got plenty more of this exclusive interview with Stevie Scott and Max Magnum coming up later in the broadcast. You will not want to miss it. But right now, we're going to take a quick break. When we come back, it'll be-

["The Cyborg Fights" by Makoto Miyazaki plays as the crowd rises to their feet at the appearance of Ayako Fujiwara.

The former Olympic Gold medalist is dressed in a floral print sundress, a bomber jacket and has her multi-colored hair tied up in a messy bun. She makes her way down to the ring with a microphone in hand.]

GM: Well, we knew she was coming out here at some point tonight but we didn't know it would be now! Here is a young lady who has had all sorts of trouble lately. Ayako Fujiwara was once on a path headed straight for the AWA Women's World title but she's seen those title hopes derailed by the mysterious Madame X!

BW: I ain't got a clue who that Madame X is... or I mean ARE! There are two of 'em!

GM: Indeed. Ayako was defeated at the Ninth Anniversary Show after she was distracted by the appearance of a SECOND Madame X.

[Standing in the middle of the ring, Ayako has a somber look on her face.]

Ayako: I can't believe I was such a fool!

[She shakes her head.]

Ayako: Madame X leaves me a clue to her identity and I immediately believed her like some idiot! I never thought she could be lying to me or leading me into a trap. I thought I had all the answers, but I only left Los Angeles with so many more questions.

There's two Madame X's!?

[Ayako runs her hand through her hair, looking visibly frustrated.]

Ayako: Just who is she???

[Just then, the lights darken in the arena and the video wall lights up, revealing the masked Madame X.]

"Oh, Ayako. You have so many more questions, Ayako."

[The crowd boos Madame X loudly.]

"I thought you were suppose to be a genius. But like so many other things about you, I guess that was just a myth. Try as you could, you couldn't find a way to beat me, because all you did was kept asking questions rather than finding answers."

[The masked woman chuckles.]

"And look at you now... you're out here whimpering like a lost little puppy. How disappointing. What would Miyuki say about you now?"

[An angry Fujiwara shouts at the video wall.]

Ayako: You keep her name out of your mouth!

[Madame X's tone does not change - mocking, taunting.]

"Mind your temper, Ayako. If you lose your focus again, it might just cost you more than a match. But seeing how sad and desperate you are, I'll leave you another clue to my identity."

[Fujiwara angrily shakes her head.]

Ayako: You've already deceived me once! Why should I continue to believe anything you say?

[Madame X shrugs her shoulders slightly.]

"Because you have no other choice."

[Ayako falls silent. She knows Madame X is right.]

"Go to the Combat Corner, Ayako. And just maybe..."

[At that moment, the other Madame X appears from out of the shadows, standing right beside the video wall, mocking Ayako with her presence.]

"...you'll find all the answers you seek."

[The video wall then goes black and the lights return to the arena. Ayako stares silently at the video wall for a moment, before a hardened expression forms on her face and she spikes the microphone into the canvas and makes a quick exit from the ring as we fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

HOUR TWO

...and fade back up backstage and a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo where we find Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, the members of Next Gen, walking down a hallway.]

HS: You sure about this?

DH: Hey, if he's not going to come to us with an answer, then we're going to have to get it ourselves, right?

HS: Well, just let me do the talking, OK?

DH: [gritting his teeth] Fine.

[The two approach a door and Somers turns the knob to open it. He and Harper walk inside, where we find Javier Castillo seated behind a desk. He appears to be in the middle of something. MAWAGA is also in the office, and when he notices Next Gen entering, he steps forward.]

HS: [holding up his hand] We're just here to talk to him. Nothing more.

[MAWAGA stands at the ready, waiting for the slightest provocation...]

JC: Stand down, MAWAGA. It's alright.

[Castillo stays seated at his desk, shuffling a stack of paperwork to the side while gesturing to the seats in front of him as MAWAGA returns to his spot standing behind El Presidente.]

JC: My door is always open to a team on the rise... of course, I am a very busy man so please... tell me what's on your mind.

[Somers and Harper oblige, taking a seat across the massive wooden desk from the AWA's top boss these days.]

HS: You're a tough man to pin down, but now that we have your attention, let's get right to the point.

I won that Battle Royal, and like I told System Shock, the money isn't what matters.

[Castillo chuckles.]

HS: Did I say something funny?

[Castillo beams a huge grin.]

JC: Money is ALWAYS what matters, young man.

[Somers glares at Castillo, extending an arm to try and keep Harper from speaking up.]

HS: Not for me. Not for us. For us, what matters is a shot at the World Tag Team Titles. And considering I had to overcome two-on-one odds, I think that we proved our point and should get that shot at the titles, no?

[Castillo pauses, stroking his chin thoughtfully for a moment...

...and then slams his open palm down on the desk.]

JC: No.

[Somers looks shocked.]

HS: No?

[And finally, Harper interjects.]

DH: Really? No?

[Somers holds up his hand, directing Harper to be quiet.]

JC: Don't get me wrong. I was impressed by your showing in the Battle Royal. You showed true toughness... determination... strength... power... fighting spirit... all of that.

DH: Thank you.

[Castillo grins.]

JC: I was speaking to Mr. Somers... who actually won the match... while you were out on the floor having been eliminated.

[Harper responds, obvious anger in his voice.]

DH: Oh, so you think only my partner proved anything? Come on now! Whether it's as individuals or as a duo, everything we've done is to prove ourselves as a team! And now you want to have us jump through more hoops?

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: Again, you have me mistaken. Mr. Somers has proved himself worthy of a shot at... well, any title he'd like to challenge for.

You on the other hand...

[Harper is about to say something, but Somers holds up his hand once more.]

HS: All right, so let's hear it. What exactly does my partner have to do?

[Castillo smirks, leaning back with his hands behind his head.]

JC: It's simple. Later tonight, we'll have a singles match. Daniel Harper against... Riley Hunter. If Mr. Harper wins, then you two have rightfully earned your shot at the World Tag Team Titles. If not... it's back to the bottom of the ladder for you both...

...and if that happens, I'd suggest Mr. Somers might be better off challenging Callum Mahoney or Maxim Zharkov.

[Harper grits his teeth, then lets loose a breath.]

DH: Fine... have it your way, Castillo.

[Next Gen climbs from their chairs, turning to leave.]

JC: Oh, and one more thing... to make sure all is fair... Mr. Somers?

[Somers looks back at Castillo.]

JC: You are barred from ringside.

[Somers sighs, shaking his head as Harper speaks up.]

DH: Well, as long as you make sure the same applies to Williams and-

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: You don't make the rules around here. I do.

[Harper's eyes widen, but again, Somers holds up his hand.]

HS: All right, I get it... but I'll say this to my friend and to you, Castillo. My friend here proved he was more than capable of handling himself when I missed weeks because of an injury. He was more than willing to take on the whole world if need be to prove his point, and he'll do it again. And once that's done, there's not going to be any more denying us the shot at the titles.

[He turns to Harper.]

HS: You go take care of business tonight like I know you can, my friend.

[Harper stares for a moment, then nods.]

DH: All right, I will! The only thing I'm going to add -- after I win, my friend and I will be expecting that title shot.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: IF you win... you will get it.

[Harper nods, the scene vanishing in a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo and then crossfading out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing in the ring alongside referee Davis Warren and a dreadlocked young man, with lightly-tanned skin and an athletic build, dressed in trunks with a tie-dye pattern, purple knee pads and electric blue boots.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from San Francisco, California, weighing in at 245 pounds...

"GROOVY" GREGORY GRADY!

[Grady holds up the index and middle fingers of his left hand, while flashing the shaka sign with his right hand.]

RO: And his opponent...

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

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

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

GM: Kaz Konoe on his way to the ring for singles action... and this young Japanese star has certainly started to make a name for himself here in the States as of late.

BW: He's on quite the winning streak too, Gordo. Really putting people down on the live events throughout the country.

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

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

KAZ KO-NO-E!

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

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Grady leans back against the ropes...

...and flips over them, dropping down to the floor.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Konoe's a bit of an odd duck, Gordo, but this kid might give him a run for his money on the weirdness scale.

[Grady comes face to face with Luciana. With a wide grin, he reaches for Konoe's sunglasses, takes them off Luciana's head and puts them on. He turns to the fans and throws his arms out, grinning wider still.]

BW: I wouldn't mess with Konoe's-

[The crowd groans as Grady gets leveled from behind as Konoe sprints across the ring, flinging himself between the ropes!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: OH MY STARS! Konoe with a dive through the ropes, knocking Grady into the barricade.

[Pulling himself to his feet, Konoe bends down, picking up his fallen sunglasses. Now in two pieces, one of the lenses pops out of the broken frame.]

GM: The usually stoic Konoe looks as broken as those sunglasses, Bucky.

BW: Now he just looks mad and I don't really blame him.

[Apparently fuming mad, Konoe pivots to put the boots to the downed Grady before hauling him to his feet on the floor by the arm...]

GM: Pulls him up... TO THE POST!

[With a loud "SMACK!", Grady gets whipped into the post, taking flight on impact and flopping down onto the floor as Konoe rolls under the ropes back inside the squared circle.

GM: Kaz Konoe strikes hard after Gregory Grady decides to have a little fun with him.

BW: Not having too much now, is he?

GM: I should say not.

[Having broken the count, Konoe walks to the far corner, stepping through the ropes onto the apron. He stands near the post, waving a hand for Grady to get back to his feet.]

GM: And it looks like Konoe wants to continue this fight out on the floor...

[As the San Francisco native gets to his feet in a daze, Konoe runs along the apron and throws himself into a somersault, hitting Grady back-first with the cannonball senton.]

GM: Ohhh! Throwing caution to the wind, Konoe hurls himself off the apron onto Gregory Grady!

[Rolling to a knee, Konoe leans over the downed Grady.]

"¿Me faltaste el respeto?"

"SLAP!"

"¿Me faltaste el respeto?"

"SLAP!"

GM: And now he's just paintbrushing him right across the face, as Grady tries to figure out where he is.

[Piefacing him back down to the floor, Konoe climbs to his feet, looking out on the jeering crowd before he leans down, grabbing Grady's face around the jaw, dragging him to his feet where he buries a stiff forearm into the side of the head. Before Grady can crumple back to the floor, Konoe grabs two handful of dreadlocks and forces Grady under the bottom rope, back into the ring.]

GM: Konoe showing more fire... more aggression than we're used to seeing out of him. He usually seems like a very laid back kind of guy... and he-

[With Konoe still standing on the apron, he suddenly slingshots over the top rope, snaring the rising Grady in a front facelock, twisting around, and DRIVING him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: SLINGSHOT TORNADO DDT! OH MY!

BW: I don't think the 'locs offered much protection to the top of Grady's head, Gordo.

GM: The what now? Never mind! Konoe with the cover! One! Two!

“DING! DING! DING!”

BW: That might have been the most driven we’ve seen Konoe, Gordo, and all it took was for Grady to break his sunglasses.

[Konoe stands over Grady’s prone form and continues to berate him. He then rolls out of the ring before the official can even raise his arm in victory. Ignoring Luciana, who tries to placate him, Konoe makes his way up the aisle.]

GM: Whatever the cause, it’s resulted in another singles victory for Kaz Konoe here in the AWA. And here comes our broadcast colleague “Sweet” Lou Blackwell to get some comments from the Blackstar.

[Sweet Lou Blackwell hustles down the ramp, mic in hand. Seeing Blackwell’s arrival, it is Luciana who hastens to meet him.]

SLB: Another victory indeed, Gordon. However, Kaz Konoe, two weeks ago, on the Anniversary Show, you were much less successful in your attempt at being the last man standing in the Battle Royal and walking away with fifty thousand dollars. What were you thinking getting in the way of Bret Grayson AND Supreme Wright’s attempt at eliminating Derrick Williams?

L: No, no, no, no, NO, Sweet Lou, El Renegado de Japón does not have to explain himself to anyone, least of all to you! He’ll go after anyone he wants to, whether that’s Bret Grayson...

[The crowd cheers.]

L: Supreme Wright...

[The crowd cheers louder.]

L: Or Mifu-

[Konoe’s eyes visibly widen, as he realizes what Luciana is about to say. He places his hand over the microphone, effectively cutting her off.]

KK: ¡Cálmate, Lu! ¡Cálmate! Mira, Sweet Lou, quizás lo que hice en el Battle Royal no fue la decisión más sabia. Pero eso fue por solo cincuenta mil dólares...

[Konoe gives an exaggerated shrug.]

KK: Now imagine what I will do for future shot at AWA World Title?

SLB: You mean...?

KK: Simplemente, Sweet Lou, El Renegado de Japón will be in the Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem. Y la Estrella Negra ganará la oportunidad de competir por el Campeonato Mundial de AWA.

[And with another exaggerated shrug, Konoe continues on his way up the aisle. Instead of following him, a still-scowling Luciana steps up to Blackwell.]

L: You really should not annoy him with your stupid questions, Sweet Lou. Didn’t you see what he did to the guy?

[Shaking her head disapprovingly, Luciana continues walking up the aisle. She looks up at Konoe, who has been standing nonchalantly at the top of the ramp, as he

flashes her another quick thumbs up, before turning and stepping through the curtains to the back.]

SLB: My stupid questions? Just doing my job here, young lady! Anyway, there you have it, folks, the so-called Renegado de Japón has announced his intention to be part of the Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem. I'm sure more names will be announced in the days and weeks to come. Fans, we'll be right back after this short break so stick around for more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black.

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

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

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

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

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

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

"The Official AWA Playlist, available now on Apple Music and Spotify."

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[We fade from the commercial to the backstage area. In front of the old reliable AWA backdrop is "Sweet" Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling on The X! Tonight on the AWA app, I'll have some hot rumors regarding a former huge name in the AWA playing a game of "Chicken" with El Presidente for some huge stakes; just click on the Blackwell Report tab for more. My guest at this time, still a newcomer to the AWA... still not yet graduated from Combat Corner Wrestling... but she has made a huge splash already... Trish Wallace.

[The stocky Trish "T-Bone" Wallace enters from off-camera. This is one of the few times "Sweet" Lou Blackwell has to hold the microphone a little lower.]

SLB: Come on in here; do you mind if I call you "T-Bone," Trish?

TW: Not at all.

SLB: Well earned, I understand, from your proficiency in using that particular suplex. But that's not the reason you're here speaking to us on Saturday Night Wrestling, is it?

TW: As much as I would like to focus on being ready to make my debut... yeah, I am getting sidetracked.

SLB: To say the least. In the past month, there seems to be an ongoing fracas between yourself, Charisma Knight, and the "Dream Girl" Skylar Swift.

TW: Exactly, Sweet Lou. And I gotta say, I take a lot of responsibility for that myself. I have a bit of a temper, I'm a bit of a hothead. I escalated the situation when I should have been talking it down. Story of my life, right? I mean... I grew up in the same house as Chet, Chaz, and Larry. If you grew up with those stooges, would you just stand there and take it?

SLB: I can't speak to your background, but I do empathize.

TW: Yeah, you know what I'm talking about. What I'm trying to say is, that I'm on Skylar Swift's side. Charisma Knight owes me and she's trying to dodge taking responsibility for her debts. She's doing the same for Skylar Swift, right? So what I'm proposing, Lou, is that we be grownups about this. Not bickering little backstabbing girls, right?

[She turns to face the camera.]

TW: Skylar, I know you're watching, so here's what I think you and I should do: I'm going to take a couple of weeks to cool off. Two weeks from now, you and me are going to talk face-to-face like adults, and you and I can show Charisma Knight how grown-ups handle things.

SLB: There you have it, "T-Bone" Wallace will patch things up with Skylar Swift in two weeks time. Let's take it back to ringside with Bucky and Gordon!

[But as we fade back up to the ringside area, it's not Gordon and Bucky we see. Instead, it's Hall of Famer Medusa Rage sitting at ringside, a chyron with her name underneath her as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Thanks, Lou... and as you can see, Medusa Rage, Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer, is in her ringside seat. She was invited, as you know, by El Presidente himself, Javier Castillo, after what went down two weeks ago.

BW: You mean when she stuck her nose in Korugun business... in Kurayami's business!

GM: She was saving her sister, Bucky! Kurayami was getting ready to assault an injured woman and Medusa Rage did what anyone would do when their family was in trouble. Unfortunately for her, all she did was manage to upset Kurayami AND Castillo who I'm told are-

[Gordon gets off by the sounds of "Demonizer" by Judas Priest which sets the crowd into booing lustily. A few moments pass before the Women's World Champion - Kurayami herself - strides into view. She's dressed in her ring gear, the World Title slung over her shoulder as she stomps angrily down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Kurayami heading to the ring... and she's coming alone.

BW: You sound surprised by that, Gordo.

GM: Well, I am a little. Almost every time we've seen Kurayami since becoming the Women's World Champion, she's had Javier Castillo by her side... but not tonight.

BW: The boss is having a busy night. Maybe he figures Kurayami can handle... whatever this is.

GM: We still don't know why Castillo invited Medusa Rage here. We don't know why Kurayami is out here now... but as she gets in the ring and asks for the microphone, I think we're about to find out.

[Kurayami waits for the music to silence before she grips the mic tightly, striding across the ring so she can look down on the Hall of Famer.]

K: Duuuuuceeeeeeeey...

[A terrifying chuckle comes next.]

K: When Javier Castillo asked me to come here, he made me an offer I couldn't refuse. The money was more than I've ever been paid to beat people up in Japan. So, I took it. Not for the glory. Not for the fame. But the fortune. For the money.

And so every time Castillo asks me to beat someone up... I do it for the money all over again.

[Kurayami points over the ropes at Rage whose eyes are locked on the champion.]

K: But you? You're different.

[The corner of her mouth twitches up in a lopsided smile.]

K: For years, I've heard about the mighty Medusa. The one better than all the rest. And I dreamed... dreamed of a day when I could stand in the ring with you and find out... find out just where I stand in this sport.

[She shrugs.]

K: Money makes the world go 'round but from time to time, everyone wants to test themselves. Everyone wants to prove that they're the best. But they told me it could never happen. They told me no matter how much I asked... how much I

begged for one of these money mark promoters in Japan to bring you to me... they told me it would never be...

Because you were retired.

And then last year in the Rumble... for a moment... just for one moment, we met and it was...

[She actually smiles. A legitimate smile.]

K: But just like that...

[She blows into her hand.]

K: ...it was over. And I thought I'd lost my chance forever.

And then... two weeks ago... when I was about to shut your sister's mouth permanently...

[She claps her hands together hard over the mic, sending a loud "CLAP!" out over the PA system.]

K: You were there. You were there and...

[She chuckles darkly.]

K: ...and I was down. An unusual feeling for me.

But Ducey... I got up, queen. I got up and I'm still standing.

[Kurayami nods.]

K: And even now... with you sitting there and your lawyers telling Castillo that you're retired... I can taste it... I can smell it. One match. One shot. The best of the past versus the best of today. Castillo's marketing boys would melt at the chance to promote it.

One match. One shot.

To see who's the best.

One match. One shot.

But they tell me you don't want it.

[She shakes her head.]

K: They're wrong, aren't they?

You want it... but you're afraid. And I don't blame you. Because you've got eyes. You've seen what I've done to everyone who they've put in front of me for the past few years.

You saw what I did to your sister.

[Medusa Rage's eyes sparkle at that comment, seemingly about to come out of her seat but she stays seated. Kurayami nods.]

K: Good... goooooo.

[The AWA Women's World Champion steps back, gesturing to Rebecca Ortiz who takes center ring, holding a set of index cards.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is a two-on-one HANDICAP MATCH set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit.

[Kurayami backs into a corner, staring coldly out to mid-ring.]

RO: Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Japan... weighing in at 250 pounds... she is the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONNNNN...

THE BLOODY SHE WOLF OF TOKYO...

KUUUUUUURAAAAAYAAAAAMIIIIIIIIIIII!

[Kurayami steps from the corner, throwing up her arms gripping the title belt, and letting loose a horrific war cry. She lowers the title belt, handing it over to the referee as Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponents... at a total combined weight of 310 pounds...

[Ortiz grimaces.]

RO: Representing Age of Rage Wrestling...

[We cut to the ringside seats where Medusa Rage rises suddenly, looking down the aisle with concern on her face.]

RO: They are SHIVA TALWAR and FELICIA LOOOOOVE!

[The duo makes their way into view. Talwar is the first one through - a dark-skinned Indian woman like the Goddess that is her namesake. She has blue-black hair parted into two braids at the front of her head, meeting into a pony tail flowing down to her shoulders. She wears crimson harem pants, gold boots and a crimson gold-trimmed halter top. A rainbow colored sash is tied around her waist.

Felicia Love comes out next, standing beside her fellow trainee. Love's silver-colored hair hangs loosely as she stands in her silver-ruffed leotard, white ruffed gloves, and white ruffed boots.]

GM: I'm sorry... did I hear that right? These two are from the Age of Rage wrestling school?

[Bucky chuckles.]

GM: Something funny?

BW: Medusa Rage got involved in Korugun business two weeks ago. She embarrassed Kurayami and more than that, she embarrassed El Presidente. And this is how they get payback for that... by bringing Medusa Rage's own students to Saturday Night Wrestling to get dominated by the Women's World Champion.

GM: We've seen Shiva Talwar before, Bucky. She challenged Lauryn Rage for the title at one point. If I remember correctly, she's a former MMA fighter turned pro wrestler and... well, she's very new to this business but at least has some combat skills in her background. But Felicia Love is...

BW: Tiny.

GM: She's... she looks like she's barely over five feet tall! She can't be more than 125... maybe 135 pounds!

BW: Like lambs being led to the slaughter, daddy.

[Talwar gives Love a firm pat on the shoulder, gesturing down the ramp towards the ring where Kurayami is waiting. We again cut out to Medusa Rage who looks extremely concerned at the situation unfolding in front of her.]

GM: Kurayami spoke of... one match, one shot. It's obvious that she wants to get the Hall of Famer into the ring with her for that match... but Medusa Rage says she's retired. She says she was helping her sister two weeks ago and that's that.

BW: Kurayami wants this match... and you better believe that Kurayami is used to getting what she wants.

[The two young ladies reach ringside, moving over towards their trainer and mentor who drapes an arm over both women's shoulders, having a brief huddle as Kurayami barks at the trio from inside the ring.]

BW: Whew... she just told Medusa to say her goodbyes. I would NOT want to be getting into this ring against her right now.

[Rage pats the women on the back as they turn towards the ring. Love pulls herself up on the apron, trying to show off some confidence as she turns to blow a kiss to the San Francisco crowd...

...which is when Kurayami bullrushes forward, slamming into her back, sending her sailing off the apron, SMASHING chestfirst into the ringside railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[A shocked Talwar slides under the ropes, coming to her feet as the champion barks "RING THE DAMN BELL!" to referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller who obliges with a wild flourish of his arms.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What the...? Are we really starting this match now?!

BW: At least the bell rang this time!

[Kurayami moves towards Talwar as she comes to her feet, already in a fighting stance and a blur of motion as she starts swinging, landing several big haymakers on Kurayami who keeps on coming. She wraps up Talwar, shoving her back into the corner with aggression.]

GM: Oh! She tosses Talwar to the corner like she's nothing!

[Kurayami charges the short distance towards the corner...

...where Talwar pulls herself clear, causing Kurayami to slam chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Big miss in the buckles by Kurayami!

[As the champion turns, she finds Talwar waiting to deliver a front kick to the chest, keeping her back in the corner. The former MMA competitor unleashes a hailstorm of kicks to the body followed by short elbows to the head.]

GM: Talwar's got her on the ropes, Bucky! She's got the champion trapped in the corner and-

[With a mighty shove, Kurayami hurls Talwar out of the corner, sending her backrolling to her feet in center ring...

...where Kurayami comes rushing from the corner, leaping into the air, and completely squashing Talwar underneath her with a Fierro Press!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS OUT OF THE CORNER!

[Snatching a handful of hair, Kurayami opens up with clubbing fists to the face on the downed Talwar who desperately brings up her arms, trying to defend herself.]

GM: Kurayami's laying waste to Shiva Talwar in the middle of the ring!

[Climbing to her feet, Kurayami buries a hard stomp down into the stomach, leaving Talwar gasping on the canvas as she takes a stroll around the ring, staring out at the jeering crowd.]

GM: Talwar is reeling from this early assault by Kurayami who... off the ropes! ELBOW!

[The crowd groans at 250 pounds being dropped down into the sternum as Kurayami rolls into a lateral press, earning a two count before Talwar escapes.]

GM: Two count there... and Kurayami looks a little impressed.

BW: She's not the only one, Gordo. I thought it was over after that elbowdrop.

[Kurayami climbs to her feet, again walking around the ring, soaking up the negative shouts from the crowd before circling back to Talwar who is struggling to get up off the mat.]

GM: Kurayami snatches her by the hair... ohh! Headbutt!

[Hanging onto the hair, Kurayami uses headbutt after headbutt to the back of Talwar's head, her victim's knees buckling under her but unable to sink to the mat thanks to the two hands full of hair that Kurayami is holding...

...and then using to HURL Talwar halfway across the ring, tossing her near the corner buckles with ease!]

GM: Good grief! What incredible power on the part of Kurayami!

[Talwar manages to get onto her back, scooting backwards towards the corner as Kurayami advances on her. The referee pleads for Kurayami to stay back but the Women's World Champion ignores him, planting her boot on the throat of Talwar.]

GM: That's a choke! Right there in the corner, ref!

[The referee starts his count and the fans' jeers get louder as Kurayami flashes a middle finger in their direction.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for that!

BW: The choke or the sign language?

GM: Neither of them!

[Kurayami backs off at the referee's four count, turning to look at Medusa Rage who is holding onto the steel ringside barricade with white knuckles. The Lady of Pain sits on the middle rope, inviting the Hall of Famer into the ring.]

GM: Look at her, Bucky... trying to draw an angry Medusa Rage into the ring.

BW: Hey, at least now she knows what'll stop this. Whatever happens from here is on her.

GM: How can you even say that?! She's retired! She's said she has no interest in facing Kurayami!

BW: No interest in facing the Women's World Champion? No interest in facing the most dominant woman in our sport? Come on, Gordo!

[Rage eyes the ring, shaking her head as Kurayami turns her attention back towards Talwar as she manages to get to her feet in the corner. The champion moves back in on her..

...and Talwar surges forward, throwing an elbow that bounces off the jaw of the champion!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[But Kurayami stands still, looking down at Talwar..

...and then to the terror of all who may someday face her, Kurayami starts to laugh.]

BW: She's laughing at her, Gordo! Laughing at that elbow!

[Kurayami angrily shoves Talwar back into the corner, opening up with hooking forearm blows - both right and left.

Boom! A right hook sends Talwar's world spinning.

Wham! A left catches her across the ear, buckling her knees.

Smash! Another left leaves her with glassy eyes...

...and a right going back the other way takes her down to a knee before Kurayami yanks her right back up, lifting her across her torso, striding out to the middle of the ring where she throws her down violently on the canvas.]

GM: Mid-ring slam by Kurayami... look out now!

[The 250 pounder backs off, looking for a big splash.]

GM: It was a splash just like this - several of them in fact - that put Miyuki Ozaki in the hospital once upon a time!

[She backs into the ropes, ready to rebound off...

...when she suddenly flops facefirst to the canvas, the crowd cheering!]

BW: What the-?!

GM: Felicia Love! Love with the trip from the floor!

[Love quickly pulls herself up on the apron, earning a shout from Medusa Rage, cheering her one as Love steps up on the bottom rope, then on the middle, reaching down to grab the top rope as she flips over into a makeshift somersault senton onto Kurayami's back!]

GM: Ohh! Inventive offense out of Love, coming down hard on top of Kurayami!

BW: And it may only be a buck twenty-five and change coming down on the champion but that ain't nothing!

GM: It certainly isn't... and Love isn't done yet.

[Getting a running start, Love bounces off the ropes, coming back with a double stomp on the lower back of Kurayami before she can turn over... but as the champion does, Love snaps off a standing moonsault on top of her!]

GM: Ohh! The moonsault finds the mark! Is it enough?

[A two count follows before Kurayami shoves Love skyward, flinging her a few feet away from Love crashes chestfirst to the canvas.]

GM: A powerful kickout by the champion and Felicia Love needs to stay on her, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. This is no time to preen for the fans. Stay on top of her, do everything you can to keep her down on the mat.

[Getting a running start, Love builds up some speed before landing a low dropkick on Kurayami who is up on a knee. The blow puts her down on her butt as Love scrambles up, hitting the ropes again...]

GM: And a second dropkick knocks Kurayami back down to the canvas... and Medusa Rage is on her feet now, cheering on her students!

[Love gets up, looking around a bit nervously. Fear and uncertainty is all over her face as she goes quickly to the ropes, ducking between them to go out onto the apron. She rushes down the apron, quickly climbing the ropes as Kurayami comes right back to her feet...]

GM: Love is up top! And Kurayami is waiting for her!

[Standing several feet from the corner, Kurayami beckons Love to jump, daring the much-smaller competitor to come flying at her. Love looks concerned, throwing a glance out to Rage...]

...and then confidence seems to wash over her, lifting her into the air as she soars towards Kurayami, catching her across the chest with a crossbody...

...and with the aid of Shiva Talwar kneeling behind the champion, Love actually topples the Lady of Pain!]

GM: Ohh! Crossbody takes her down!

[Love rolls off of her, pointing to her prone form as Talwar comes to her feet, diving on top.]

GM: Talwar's got the mount on the champion - rights and lefts, tearing into her.. and look at Medusa Rage going crazy out on the floor!

BW: This is their chance, Gordo.

GM: It sure is. Can they keep her down to finish her off though?

[Talwar gets up at the four count, backing off as Kurayami struggles to get into a seated position on the mat. She pushes up to a knee as Talwar suddenly rushes her..

...but Kurayami surges to her feet, reaching out to snatch Talwar by the throat!]

GM: Oh! She caught her! She caught her coming in and-

[Love races forward in an attempt to help her partner but she too gets caught around the throat...]

GM: Love's caught too!

[Kurayami looks outside the ring, eyes locking with Medusa Rage's gaze...

...and then lifts both Talwar and Love into the air, throwing them down with a mighty double chokeslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

[Rage angrily slams a fist into her open palm, sinking down into her ringside seat in disappointment. She looks up at the ring, concern on her face as Kurayami looks down at the prone bodies in front of her. The referee implores her to make a cover but the Lady of Pain has other ideas apparently, ignoring the official's call.]

GM: Come on! Just pin one of them!

BW: It's pretty clear that this isn't about winning this match, Gordo. She can do that at any time she wants. This is sending a message to Medusa Rage.

[Kurayami reaches down, snatching a handful of silver hair as she hauls Felicia Love to her feet, yanking her into a standing headscissors.]

GM: What now?! This isn't necessary!

[Kurayami turns, making sure she's looking right at Medusa Rage who shakes her head, almost pleading with the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo to stop. But Kurayami cannot be stopped, lifting Love into the air with ease...

...and DRIVES her down onto the prone Talwar with a powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HINOTAMA! Good grief!

[Blue Shoes, having leapt into the air on impact, buries his face in his hands for a moment before shouting at Kurayami to cover. She sneers at him, again looking out at Rage, pointing down at the two prone figures on the canvas...]

"YOU! THIS IS ON YOU!"

[Rage looks down at the floor, not wanting to watch any longer as Kurayami leans down, dragging Love off of Talwar so that they're side-by-side on the canvas...]

GM: Finally, this appears to be over.

BW: I don't think so, Gordo.

[Kurayami walks to the corner, again staring down at Rage before ducking through the ropes.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me. The referee needs to stop this! He needs to stop this match right now!

BW: You honestly think that would matter? You think it would stop Kurayami? NOTHING stops Kurayami!

[Kurayami barks something in Japanese at Rage from the apron as she puts a foot on the bottom rope. The crowd begins to rumble with concern as the Lady of Pain climbs.]

GM: That's a 250 pound woman climbing those ropes, fans! I do NOT like the looks of this! I don't know what she's thinking about up there but I know it's the result will NOT be good for Talwar and Love!

[Kurayami steps to the middle rope, the buzz of the crowd getting louder with each step...

...and as she puts one foot on the top rope, the Women's World Champion throws her head back in a roar...]

GM: No, no... don't do this.

[And that roar is the cue for Medusa Rage who has finally seen enough. The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Rage coming over the railing, clearing the ringside area, and diving under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: RAGE IS IN! RAGE IS IN!

[The referee steps back as Rage strikes up a protective stance over her students, shouting defiantly at Kurayami that "ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!" Kurayami's eyes gleam with excitement that she drew Rage into the ring, watching the Hall of Famer intently.]

GM: We've got a standoff now!

[Kurayami stays on the ropes, one foot on the top as she stares down at the defiant Rage!]

GM: Who's gonna blink first?! Who is going to-

[Rage suddenly rushes forward, swinging her leg up to kick the top rope, shaking it out from underneath Kurayami who struggles to keep her balance. Rage grabs the top rope, violently shaking it with all her strength as the crowd cheers the idea of Kurayami potentially toppling off the ropes...

...but she reaches down with one hand, cuffing Rage across the face, sending her staggering away.]

GM: Oh!

BW: One shot, Gordo! One shot from Kurayami puts the Hall of Famer on her heels!

[Kurayami hops down off the top rope, swooping in behind Rage who staggers away. She spins her around, lifting her up...

...but Rage slips out over the top to the cheers of the crowd which only get louder as Kurayami turns into a boot to the gut!]

GM: Rage slips free and-

[The Hall of Famer snatches a grip around the head and neck of Kurayami, twisting around and leaping into the air...

...and JAMS the champion's jaw into her shoulder, sending Kurayami flopping back down onto the canvas to a HUUUUUUUGE ROAR from the AWA faithful!]

GM: SNAKEBITE! SNAKEBITE! SNAKEBITE!

[Rage rolls to a knee, staring coldly at the downed Kurayami.]

GM: And don't look now, Bucky, but the so-called unstoppable Kurayami has been STOPPED COLD! For the second time in three weeks, Kurayami has tangled with Medusa Rage and once again, she's been LAID OUT by the Hall of Famer and that Snakebite.

BW: She cheated! She attacked her from behind! Kurayami wasn't ready for it!

GM: Nevertheless, I think we may have just discovered the one weapon that CAN stop Kurayami! The Snakebite puts her down again and... wow! Listen to these fans here in San Francisco!

[The crowd is roaring for Medusa Rage as the Hall of Famer gets to her feet, looking down at the stunned Kurayami.]

GM: One match... one shot... could it be? Could we finally get to see it?

BW: Not if Rage values living out her retirement in one piece.

GM: Medusa Rage has come to the aid of her allies here in San Francisco... and if you thought Kurayami was embarrassed after what happened in Los Angeles, fans, I'm guessing she's going to be through the roof over what just happened here tonight. Sweet Lou, the action is wild out here - what's going on back there?

[We cut backstage to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, who's standing next to Joe Flint as Charlie Stephens stands in the background. Both members of the Soldiers are dressed for war, as Flint is dressed in his camouflage pants and jacket, and Stephens is wearing a pair of ripped jeans and a black t-shirt with the Soldiers of Fortune logo along the front. Stephens has the Gadsden flag on a flag pole over his left shoulder, and an object in his right hand. He starts looking a bit impatient and turns to the side, grunting in disapproval.]

SLB: Thanks guys! I'm standing here with the Soldiers of Fortune, just a short before the biggest tag team match they've had as a unit, and...

[Stephens paces back and forth, shouting out at nothing in particular, which catches Sweet Lou off guard, he turns back towards Stephens.]

SLB: Uh, are you okay?

[Joe Flint puts his hand on Lou's shoulder. Lou shudders, and he turns back towards Flint.]

JF: He's fine, he's just gettin' himself psyched up! Look at him, he's in the zone right now. Somethin' ya know nothin' about.

[Blackwell shakes his head and seethes.]

JF: Ah, ya know I'm just messin' with ya. See, "Sweet Lou", we've spent the last two weeks at our boot camp in an undisclosed location gettin' ourselves ready for tonight. It's an area where almost nothin' gets in, and whatever gets in, doesn't come out alive. Two weeks of some of the harshest trainin' known to man, only the elite of the elite get this sort of trainin'. Lemme tell ya, our bond as a team has never, ever been stronger. This, old friend, is truly the best version of the Soldiers that I've ever been a part of.

Speakin' of bonds, Jack Lynch, I know you've had yer nice little bond with Supreme Wright recently. Hell, Wright's pretty much a member of yer joke of a family at this point. Unfortunately for you, maggot, we ain't facin' Wright in that ring tonight. Instead it's you and... "Flawless" Larry Wallace.

[Flint chuckles.]

JF: Don't get me wrong, Wallace is a hell of an athlete, but, he's always been a scum suckin' pig from the moment he opened his eyes for the first time. Hey, at least he's the type of guy that'll tell ya he's a Grade A scumbag before he puts his feet right into yer face with that fancy little dropkick he's got. That's simply who he is, Sweet Lou, a devious little rotten egg with a history of bein' nothin' but bad news, even to his own family.

You can't trust him, can ya, Jack? Ya know the moment ya turn yer back towards him, he's gonna bury those size whatever boots he's got on into the back of yer skull.

SLB: I'm going to have to disagree, Joe, I really do think Wallace has something to prove tonight. He wants to finally be a man that Lynch, and the AWA fans can trust. We all saw Power Hour, right?

JF: [Scoffing.] Yea.

SLB: For the first time, I really thought he was being sincere.

[Flint grins, and pats Blackwell on his head. Blackwell grimaces as Flint obviously does not take his statement seriously. Stephens stops pacing for a second, turns towards the camera, and rolls his eyes in disbelief before resuming.]

JF: Oh, poor, sweet, naive "Sweet" Lou Blackwell.

[Flint tsks at Blackwell.]

JF: Are ya gonna think that Wallace is being sincere about his so-called change of heart once Lynch is all alone in that ring after Wallace realizes he's in a situation where he can't win...

[Stephens stops pacing, and steps forward, flexing his arm, where his hand is holding a can of Monster Energy drink.]

JF: And Lynch catches the real reason why our Founding Fathers granted us the right to bear arms right in his stinkin' throat?

Y'all should know better, Blackwell. Tonight, we're gonna be proven right, yet again.

[Flint adjusts his camouflage jacket, before giving a salute.]

JF: At ease!

[Flint walks off camera. Stephens starts to follow, and then stops. He turns towards Blackwell, and glares at him. He opens his can of Monster Energy drink and takes a big swig. He turns towards the camera and spits it out all over the place before shouting "JACK LYNCH IS A DEAD MAN" and marching off camera. Blackwell looks on, flabbergasted as the camera fades to...

...another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing with a man who cuts an unmistakable silhouette. Six foot seven, with a lanky build. Dressed in a clean and pressed white button shirt, blue jeans, and a white cowboy hat that's tilted forward to shade his eyes. This is Jack Lynch; the Iron Cowboy and he stands with his hand scratching his stubbly chin thoughtfully.]

MS: It's something of a cliché to say it this way, but these are very interesting times we're living in, Mr. Lynch.

[The King of Cowboys nods his head.]

JL: Well Mark, ya said that right.

These right now are very interestin' times. Let's take a look at what's goin' around.

Ya got Johnny Detson runnin' around with a belt that ain't rightly his. A belt that I took from around his waist the last time he was wearin' it.

And Mark, ya best believe that I ain't forgotten that I'm owed a rematch for that beautiful World Title belt. And sooner or later Castillo, you're gonna have no choice but to give it to me.

And then ya got these people who call themselves The Axis...

[The former World Champion pauses a moment, tilting his cowboy hat back so that the camera can catch the look in his eyes.]

JL: Maxim Zharkov, runnin' around with a belt he stole from my brother. Zharkov, you got a big mouth and a lot to say about a country whose money you don't mind spendin'. Now I ain't got no problem with any hard workin' people of any country. But when you come here, and you start tryin' to feed of my people, when you start takin' advantage of all the freedoms we got and then ya spit in our face?

Well, I got a problem with that. And the only way I know how to solve a problem is with the Iron Claw.

And then ya got Derrick Williams, man who calls himself the future. Well, Williams, the only future I see for you is one where you learn why I am the Iron Cowboy.

And that future is comin' faster than you might think.

And then, on top of all that, we got Supernova...

[Lynch drops his head, shaking it in disbelief.]

JL: Supernova put a knife in Ryan Martinez' back, and then pulled it out...

And plunged it right in the heart of the AWA.

Now I don't know how you live with yourself, 'Nova. I don't know how ya sleep at night. But I hope you keep those thirty pieces of silver that Castillo paid ya real close, and I hope you keep one eye open at all times.

Because this cowboy is comin' for ya, and when I do, it'll be a lesson in Texas justice that I'm bringin' with me.

And yet all that, Mark Stegglet, ain't why I'm here tonight. All of that is for another day and time.

You know what I'm looking at tonight, don't you?

MS: The Soldiers of Fortune.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: That's right, the Soldiers of Fortune. Flint, Stephens, I'm gonna say some words ya ain't expectin' to hear from me –

Thank you.

And I say "thank you" for a simple reason. Because you two went ahead and got in my face, and tonight, you're givin' me a chance to remind the world that when I speak, it ain't just hot air. The words that come outta my mouth, well, ya can take 'em to the bank.

Now I know you two are rough customers, and I know you're a solid, cohesive team that would give any team troubles.

But right about now, my good friend Mark here is about to tell you what I know about tag teams.

MS: Well, you are a Stampede Cup winner. You are a former National Tag Team Champion. A former World Tag Team Champion. And the only man in the history of the AWA to win tag team gold with two different partners.

JL: Thanks, Mark.

MS: I do have to bring up something. And that is your partner tonight, Larry Wallace, isn't here.

JL: You're right, Mark. Wallace ain't here. Hell, I don't know where Wallace is. But I hope he hears what I am about to say...

[Before the Iron Cowboy can finish, a voice calls out.]

LW: Whatever you've got to say, cowboy... you can say it to my face...

[Wallace steps into view, now standing quite close to his partner on this evening. Mark Stegglet looks a little uneasy at both men.]

LW: Or I can say it for you.

Because it seems like since the moment I stepped foot in the AWA, this moment... right here... was destiny. When you look back, Jack... our paths have been twisted together the whole time.

First, I showed up teaming with a guy who you'd eventually take on as YOUR partner.

[Lynch grimaces at the mention of his missing TexMo Connection partner.]

LW: Then I ended up running with Team Supreme at a time when you were all wrapped up with Supreme... with Cain... with all of us.

And yeah, I had a front row seat to when Supreme broke Bobby's arm to get to you.

[Wallace shakes his head.]

LW: I've got a long list of misdeeds that you can hate me for... and that's fine. I deserve it.

And I'm sure you're here to tell me that if I step out of line, you're going to end me.

But remember, I didn't have to stand next to you... not two weeks ago in Los Angeles... and not here tonight.

[Wallace points at Lynch.]

LW: I'm doing this for Supreme... and I'm doing it for Bobby.

Believe it or not... that's up to you.

[Lynch takes a few moments to chew on all that Wallace has had to say.]

JL: I'm gonna bottom line it for ya, Wallace: we ain't friends, and I ain't sure I can trust ya. But ya say you wanna do this for Bobby? All right then, I'm gonna give a chance.

But let me make this real clear.

Ya try anythin', and just remember that you'll be in arm's reach of me. Ya play it straight... and win, lose or draw, I'll shake your hand and we'll leave it that.

But try anything silly, and there won't be enough left of ya to identify.

Got it?

[Both men exchange a tense stare, before Wallace nods his head. With that, the men depart, each exiting the backstage area from a different direction.]

MS: A very tense situation between these two men who find themselves as tag team partners here tonight. We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action so don't go away.

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cut back to the young boy who shouts.]

"RYYYYYAAAAAN!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Go get him, White Knight."

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

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

"Wow."

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

Fade through black back into the production studio from Hour One where Gordon Myers, Stevie Scott, and Max Magnum remain in their respective chairs. Picking up where we left off...]

GM: This one is for you, Max...we first saw you at SuperClash VII standing alongside one of the AWA's most famous managers, Ben Waterson. What happened to your relationship with the self-proclaimed "Agent to the Stars"?

MM: ...

[Yep, Magnum doesn't answer but instead glares a hole through Myers as he leans forward in his chair. The uncomfortable tension is palpable before Stevie reaches an arm out toward Magnum and breaks the silence.]

HSS: What happened between Max and my old cohort is a bit of a sore subject, so again Gordon...tread cautiously.

[Magnum slowly leans back in his seat as the tension eases.]

HSS: Allow me to answer instead. If there's anyone who knows about how Ben Waterson will screw you over in business dealings, it's Stevie Scott. The guy is a leech in every sense of the word, a snake-oil salesman. The second he thinks he can pull one over on you in the name of a dollar? He'll do it.

He's the guy who will stick a knife in your back and then, with a look of shock on his face, ask you who put it there.

[Stevie pauses, scowling at the memory of his former manager.]

HSS: His alignment with Max Magnum was no different, Gordon. So when I found out about Max's situation more than six months ago, I saw a chance for us to be a benefit to each other.

GM: Six months ago? So hold on. Are you telling us that you and Mr. Magnum already had a deal in place when you returned to the AWA?

[A smug smile from the Hotshot.]

HSS: As I said to Sweet Lou in LA, Gordon...have you ever known Stevie Scott to not have a plan? Did you think I really just showed up one day and decided, "Hey, I can't wrestle but being a manager sure looks like fun! Let's see who I can find!"

Short answer, Gordon - yes. The deal was done.

I just had to wait for the time to be right.

[Myers gets a quizzical look on his wizened face.]

GM: So why not bring him along your first night back? Given his size and his reputation, he could already have worked himself into the championship picture by now.

[Stevie raises his index finger toward Gordon.]

HSS: Again, Gordo...timing is everything. Yeah, we could have already debuted, had him throw around a few ham-and-egggers, and wait for his chance to get a meaningful match.

Or, we do it MY way. I sucker in someone like an Angelica Westerly. I bring in one of the biggest names from AWA days gone by and all of a sudden, it's a headline match.

And now...now we have EVERYONE'S attention.

[He motions toward Magnum, who shares a glance with the Hotshot.]

HSS: That's why Max and I make a helluva team, Gordo. I develop the perfect gameplans...

[Stevie grins and looks back at Magnum.]

HSS: ...and he delivers the perfect execution.

[Myers nods before interjecting.]

GM: Speaking of attention, you surely have that of Angelica Westerly now. Perhaps she did underestimate you, but with her resources, you can't expect to have heard the last from her.

HSS: Gordon, look at my face reeeeeaaaal close. Look at my eyes.

[Stevie leans forward toward Myers, getting as close to him as he can while remaining in his chair.]

HSS: Do I look like I CARE?

[A brief laugh. Stevie redirects his attention from Myers and to the camera instead.]

HSS: Angelica, you say you represent the best from around the whole world? Lady, you didn't know what the best WAS until I showed it to you. The fact that you never even attempted to contact this monster - and believe me, I would have known if you did - speaks volumes about your true eye for talent.

So a word of caution to you, should you be itching for a little revenge.

[He leans forward in his chair, glaring into the camera.]

HSS: Stay in the minor leagues where you belong.

[The camera holds on Stevie's face for a couple of seconds before fading back to Gordon and Bucky at the broadcast table.]

BW: Boy, you're treading on thin ice already with those two.

GM: I'm just trying to do my job, Bucky. Something you might want to do a little research on the next time you get invited out to a dinner paid for by one of your favorite wrestlers.

BW: Ay! I'm as impartial as they come... and I also enjoy a free lunch so...

GM: Unbelievable. Fans, we'll have the final part of my exclusive sit-down interview with Stevie Scott and Max Magnum a little later tonight but right now, I want to show you some exclusive footage captured by our Access 365 cameras just a few minutes ago when Jordan Ohara paid a little visit to El Presidente himself, Javier Castillo. Take a look...

[With a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves just outside the office of Javier Castillo. Jordan Ohara is walking down the hallway with purpose, not even hesitating - or knocking - as he shoves the door open. MAWAGA immediately senses a threat, posturing up and stepping forward as Javier Castillo looks up. He doesn't stop MAWAGA who walks across the room, getting right in Ohara's path. The Phoenix glares at the new threat, his eyes glowering with intensity.]

JO: I'm not here for you, MAWAGA... I'm here for your boss.

[Castillo rises from his large wooden desk.]

JC: That's not going to make him any happier.

[MAWAGA stares coldly at Ohara through his dark-tinted sunglasses, ready to strike at a moment's notice. Ohara returns the stare.]

JO: Mr. Castillo, I'm not here to get physical.

[Castillo's mood brightens, clapping his hands together.]

JC: In that case... have a seat.

[Castillo gestures to the chair in front of him. MAWAGA reluctantly steps aside, allowing Ohara to pass as he stares at his back. Ohara steps into the heart of the office, taking a seat... not before he throws one more glance at MAWAGA who moves to stand menacingly behind his chair.]

JO: Look, I'm not here for any trouble. I'm not here to cause any problems.

[Castillo interrupts as he sits.]

JC: Oh, but you are... and you have. In fact, it seems like every time I see you lately, you're causing problems for Korugun... or was that a lookalike who ran out there tonight to get involved when Martinez foolishly stormed the ring?

[Ohara grimaces.]

JO: I stand up for what's right, sir. I'm not going to stand back and watch a bunch of thugs beat someone up.

[Castillo bristles at the word "thugs."]

JC: Nevertheless... you are a problem to me... so much so that I wonder why you're here.

[Ohara shrugs.]

JO: Sir, we may not see eye to eye on the way you're running the AWA... but you're in charge. You're the man with the power. I respect your authority. So, I've come here to talk to you about business. You're a smart man. You know for almost a year now, I've been trying to take down the Axis but-

JC: But you've failed. They've done more damage to themselves than any of you have done to them, In fact, they're holding two championships between them and you...

[Castillo smirks.]

JO: Yes, they've been a step ahead of me because of their numbers advantage. They've been willing to go to lengths that I'm not. They'll do anything to win a match and... well, I've got a code - a sense of honor that my mother taught me never to break.

JC: That's... touching.

[Ohara nods.]

JO: It is. I want my sophomore year in the AWA to be even bigger and better than my rookie year was... and I think we can all say that my rookie year was the biggest that anyone has ever had around here.

[Castillo nods.]

JO: And I want to start this year off in a big way.

[Ohara pauses.]

JO: I want to take down the biggest and baddest villain on the block.

[He leans over the desk, causing MAWAGA to stiffen up.]

JO: I want Zharkov.

[Castillo raises his eyebrows.]

JC: Is that right?

JO: That's right. I want the guy who has been mocking everything this great country stands for. The man who has taken all the money... all the luxury... all the privilege this country can provide and then spit on everything that the people of this country have sacrificed.

[Castilo eyes Ohara warily.]

JC: Jordan - can I call you Jordan? Jordan, it seems to me that this isn't just about the National Title. This isn't even just about landing a big fish and bettering your career. This seems... personal.

[Ohara nods solemnly.]

JO: This IS personal. My mother didn't sacrifice years of her life in service to this nation for me to sit by and let a man like that make a mockery of her and everything she fought for. And to wear that National Title... the title that represents this country?

[Ohara shakes his head with disgust.]

JO: That's why I've wanted to get my hands on him since the moment he beat Tra... since the moment he won the title.

I want Zharkov at Memorial Day Mayhem for the National Title.

[Castillo nods in understanding.]

JC: And Comrade Zharkov has been in search of top flight competition for weeks now. Interesting. Very interesting.

[Castillo taps his desk thoughtfully.]

JC: And yet, I can't help but remember that at SuperClash, it was you who lost to Derrick Williams. The Future.

[Ohara glowers, but can't deny that fact.]

JC: But at the same time, you're the current Number One Contender. Decisions... decisions...

[Ohara speaks up.]

JO: I don't care what I've got to do to get my hands on him, Castillo.

[Castillo raises an eyebrow.]

JC: MISTER Castillo. Mr. Javier Castillo perhaps. El Presidente if you're not into the whole brevity thing.

[Ohara sighs.]

JO: Señor Castillo. The title shot?

[Castillo pauses, looking thoughtful.]

JC: I think you have given us the answer... you say you'll do anything to get your hands on him. Perhaps an arrangement can be made.

[Castillo leans closer.]

JC: I have fears that Comrade Zharkov may become... an issue... down the road for me. He is strong-willed. He is reckless. You, on the other hand... perhaps you would look good standing alongside some of Korugun's allies.

[Ohara shakes his head 'no.']

JC: I won't break my code, Señor Castillo. I can't do that.

[Castillo eyes Ohara appraisingly... then sighs.]

JC: I see. A shame.

[Castillo throws a dismissive hand towards Ohara.]

JC: I think our business here is finished then.

[MAWAGA moves to pull Ohara's chair back when the Phoenix extends a hand.]

JO: Wait! You're too smart to throw a big match like this away. There's got to be something else. A match... a match against whomever you want. Throw whomever you want at me. Detson. James. The Dogs of War. Even your pet monster here...

[He throws a glance back at MAWAGA who seems to growl at being labeled a "pet."]

JO: I'm ready... and I can beat them all. For a shot at Zharkov.

[Castillo eyes Ohara for a bit again.]

JC: Maybe... maybe there IS someone you can face..

JO: Name him.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: As of late, there's another member of the locker room that's been... let's say... an issue for me. A nuisance. Perhaps...

[Castillo taps the desk thoughtfully and then slaps his hand down on the desk.]

JC: Yes! That's it! Later tonight, it will be Jordan Ohara versus... Jeff Matthews! And the winner will face the National Champion, Maxim Zharkov, at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Ohara draws a deep breath.]

JO: Okay, I'll admit you surprised me with that pick. Hmmm, the battle of North Carolina ... Tobacco Row ... you know Jeff Matthews is from Durham, right?

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: I'm not interested in that. What I'm interested in is seeing you take him to his limits... and beyond... and show him what happens when you cross Korugun. Or I'm interested in seeing him do the same thing to you. Either way... I win.

[He smirks at Ohara who slowly rises from his chair, MAWAGA still lurking behind him,]

JO: Well, then I've got to give you credit for being even more clever than I thought you were because that Blue Devil and this Tarheel are going to tear the house down.

[Ohara nods.]

JO: And when I win, I'm going to Chicago to show Zharkov - on Memorial Day - why he'll NEVER be enough to put this red-blooded American down.

[And with that, Ohara turns to leave as we fade back to...

...a television monitor showing what we just saw. The camera pulls back as the Ohara footage ends, showing the towering National Champion, Maxim Zharkov, watching with interest. He has already returned to his street attire: the Axis and Korugun branded tracksuit and venerable red "CCCP" t-shirt. He speaks his precise, accented English directly to the camera.]

MZ: The Tsar may be, as our president believes me to be, strong-willed. The Last Son of the Soviet Union may be, as Mr. Castillo says, reckless.

But Maxim Zharkov is not an insubordinate; it is not in, as you say, my fabric. So it shall be. I accept our president's conditions on little Ohara's challenge for the National Championship.

But while some champions may be placated with champagne... money... decadence... depravity...

[He holds the glittering National Title belt up to the camera.]

MZ: ...A true champion is only motivated by glory. To defend the National Title, and to ascend to victory in Rumble?

[Zharkov allows himself a loud, solitary chuckle as he shoulders the National Championship belt again.]

MZ: HA! I have gotten quite used to having my arm held high twice in one night on your American holidays! I shall defend the AWA National Title AND overcome twenty-nine little babies, all in one night on your Memorial Day Mayhem!

Lights out, all thirty of you, tovarisch.

[We fade away from the National Champion...

...and back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing in the ring with a pair of masked men.]

RO: The following match is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring...weighing in at a combined 520 pounds...

THE EXECUTIONERS!

[The AWA's long-time preliminary tag team haven't changed at all over the years. They're still the same two masked men clad in black from head to toe.]

RO: And their opponents...

[The arena goes dark, as "Kaze ni Nare" by Ayumi Nakamura begins to play over the PA system. As it plays, images of Takeshi Mifune beating the living hell out of various people (wrestlers, referees, fans, Japanese celebrities, mascots... anyone and everyone) interspersed with footage of Bret Grayson doing the exact same to opponent after opponent in the ring are shown on the video wall.]

#Oshiete yo hito wa naze sagashi tsuzukeru no#
#Kagirinaku setsunai ashitano#
#Yumeeeeee woooooooooooooooooooooooooo#

RO: They weigh in at a combined weight of 473 pounds... "THE SHADOW WOLF" TAKESHI MIFUNE... BRET GRAYSON...

THE GOOOOOOLLLDDDDDD STTTTTTAAAAANNNNNDDDDDARD!!!

[The crowd then breaks into a very respectful burst of cheers as they see "The Shadow Wolf" Takeshi Mifune and the Olympic Gold Medalist Bret Grayson, emerging from the entrance, looking like everyone's worst nightmare. Mifune, a thick, stocky Japanese male, is wearing simple black trunks and short black boots with white tape on his wrists. On his head is a porkpie hat and in his hands is a black towel. To his left, stands Bret Grayson, draped in the American flag and with his Olympic gold medal hanging around his neck.]

GM: I've seen some amazing tag teams come down the pipeline in my time, but these two have the potential to top them all.

BW: You ain't kiddin', Gordo. Not only are these two of the best technical wrestlers in the world, but I don't think there's a single team competing today that enjoys HURTING people as much as these two!

[Grayson and Mifune both step into the ring, with Grayson dropping to his knees and spreading the American flag open like a pair of wings as Mifune stands behind him menacingly, arms crossed over his chest, at the exact moment the song hits its climax...]

"KAZE NI NARRRREEEEEE!!!"

GM: And would you listen to the ovation for The Gold Standard here inside The Cow Palace!

BW: As much as I doubt their intelligence sometimes, the AWA fans ain't no dummies when it comes to recognizing in-ring excellence and that's exactly what you're gonna get from these two!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Bret Grayson to start against who I believe is Executioner #2.

BW: How can you even tell the difference?

GM: You call the action around here long enough and you start noticing the smallest details. By the way, Bucky... nice stain on your shirt.

BW: The shirt's suppose to look like this!

[Grayson and #2 both reach their hands out, attempting to grapple, but Grayson surprises #2 by quickly shooting in and grabbing a rear waistlock on the masked man. With relative ease, he hoists #2 into the air and drops him face-first into the canvas with a classic amateur wrestling takedown. He rides on #2's back and helicopters off, backing away and giving a loud "WOO!" as the crowd responds in kind.]

"WOO!"

GM: Bret Grayson showing off some of the very skills that took him all the way to the Olympic Gold Medal right there.

BW: And he let him go. Like he was telling #2 that he ain't even here to wrestle him. He's just here to embarrass him!

[Slamming his fist on the canvas in frustration, Executioner #2 rises to his feet and charges at Grayson, who smoothly side-steps the charge and sends #2 slamming chest-first into the turnbuckles. As he stumbles backwards, he finds himself grabbed around by the waist once again...]

"THUUUUUDD!"

GM: OH! BIG GERMAN SUPLEX BY BRET GRAYSON! But he's rolling over and holding on!

BW: He ain't done yet!

[Grayson smoothly floats over #2's back and switches his grip, before he DEADLIFTS the masked man off his feet, and tosses him over...]

"THUUUUUDD!"

GM: And Grayson with a gutwrench suplex! He's ragdolling Executioner #2!

[Pulling Executioner #2 to his feet, Grayson lifts him over his shoulder and carries him towards his corner, slamming him roughly back-first into the turnbuckles.]

GM: And there's the tag to Mifune!

BW: Things just went from bad to worse for Executioner #2, daddy!

[A loud cheer can be heard from the crowd as Mifune steps through the ropes. The Shadow Wolf grins big, sizing up his prey, before lashing out with a massive chop across the chest!]

GM: OH!

BW: I could feel that from here! They said Ryan Martinez learned just about everything he knows in a wrestling ring from Mifune and you gotta' believe those chops he loves to throw was one of 'em!

GM: I believe it!

Grayson: "IS THAT ALL YOU GOT, MIFUNE!? MY GRANDMOTHER CAN THROW CHOPS HARDER THAN THAT!"

[Bret Grayson playfully taunts Mifune as he shoots Grayson a dirty look.]

GM: Bret Grayson egging his tag team partner on.

BW: I know these are two of the most competitive guys you're ever gonna see, but Grayson's insane if he wants to provoke Mifune! The guy's a ticking time bomb!

[Laughing madly, Mifune points to Grayson.]

Mifune: "WATCH THIS!"

[Mifune lines up Executioner #2 and raises his hand into the air...]

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

[...and SLAMS down five overhead chops on Executioner #2's chest, beating him down to the canvas! He turns to Grayson, who mockingly golf claps at his tag team partner.]

GM: MY STARS!

[Mifune isn't done yet, making a mad dash into the ropes and rebounding back at full speed towards Executioner #2 seated in the corner and facewashes his boot across the masked man's face!]

"OHHH!"

GM: Takeshi Mifune is an animal in there!

BW: Ya' gotta' remember...this was a man that was trained by Roosevelt Wright, one of the roughest, toughest, most sadistic men a wrestling ring has ever seen. And until Supreme came along, Mifune was his prized student! Of course he's an animal in there!

[Grabbing a dazed Executioner, Mifune pulls him to his feet and grabs him by both sides of his mask, roughly biel throwing him towards Executioner #1.]

GM: I'm not exactly sure why, but Takeshi Mifune just threw Executioner #2 at his corner and Executioner #1's tagged in!

BW: Isn't it obvious? Mifune is an equal opportunity sadist! Everyone gets a ride on the pain train!

GM: If that's the case, Executioner #1 might regret tagging in.

BW: Gordo, I'm sure Mifune's ready to make him regret being born!

[Executioner #1 looks cautiously at Mifune, before throwing caution to the wind and charging in with a clothesline, that Mifune easily ducks. As #1 turns, Mifune is there to greet him with a monstrous push kick into the chest that sends him into the ropes!]

GM: OH! A big kick right into the chest sends Executioner #1 flying!

[And as he bounces off the ropes, Mifune leaps high into the air and takes him off his feet with a picture-perfect dropkick!]

GM: And a dropkick...a DROPKICK from Mifune takes him down!

BW: Are you kidding me!? A dropkick from Takeshi Mifune!? When was the last time he ever left his feet? 1998!?

[Mifune cackles and walks over to Grayson, tagging him in. Grayson whips #1 into the corner and quickly charges in with a clothesline, before grabbing #1 by the back of the head and shoving him out of the corner...]

"OHHH!"

[...right into a Yakuza kick from Mifune!]

GM: This is some high-level teamwork from the team of Mifune and Grayson! System Shock and the rest of the AWA tag team division better take notice!

BW: I'm sure Williams and Hunter are well aware of them. But they're nothing to worry about. Yet.

[Grayson pulls Executioner #1 up and sends him flying with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex.]

GM: Big overhead suplex by Bret Grayson and he's signaling it's over!

BW: It's been over since the bell rang!

GM: Grayson tags Mifune back...

[Placing Executioner #1 in a standing headscissors, Grayson double-underhooks the arms and lifts him up into the air...]

"THUUUDDDD!"

[...and sits out with a powerbomb!]

GM: BILLION DOLLAR BOMB FROM GRAYSON! Straight out of the Combat Corner!

[Not done yet, Grayson quickly gets to his feet and rolls Executioner #1 backwards onto his knees, just in time...]

"SMAAAACCCCKKK!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS! PENALTY KICK FROM MIFUNE!

[And if that wasn't enough, Mifune drags Executioner #1 back to his feet and places him into a standing headscissors. He lifts #1 up for what looks like a piledriver, but he then hooks his arms around #1's left leg and falls forward...]

"THUUUDDDD!!!"

[...driving him face-first into the canvas with a cradle pancake piledriver!]

GM: That's...I don't even know what that is!

BW: He calls that "The Roosevelt", Gordo! That used to be one of Roosevelt Wright's big moves!

GM: Whatever he calls it, that's gotta be it! One, two...

[And as Executioner #2 enters the ring to break up the pin, he's quickly intercepted by Bret Grayson, who ducks under and lifts him into the air in a torture rack and spins, slamming him down into the canvas with the Gold Medal Slam!]

BW: HOLY COW!

GM: ...three! The Gold Standard win and they win big!

"DING! DING! DING!"

LO: YOUR WINNERS OF THE MATCH...

THE GOOOOOOOLLLDDDDDD STTTTTTAAAAANNNNNDDDDARD!!

[The crowd roars as Mifune and Grayson's hands are raised in victory.]

GM: And after that impressive and often times brutally violent victory, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell will interview the victors!

[We cut to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, standing by with Bret Grayson and Takeshi Mifune at ringside.]

SLB: Gentlemen, congratulations on a successful debut as a team here in the AWA.

BG: There's no need for congratulations just yet, Sweet Lou. This is just the beginning. What we did tonight is just a taste of what's to come. So save the congratulations and celebrations for another time. Right now, Mifune-san and I are focused on one thing and one thing only...

...to get those AWA World Tag Team titles around our waists!

[A big cheer!]

SLB: A few more performances like the one you just put on tonight and I'm sure you'll get your shot in no time.

BG: Hey, just tell Castillo or whoever's in charge now to keep on upping the competition and we'll make sure to keep tapping, snapping and cracking any tag team that gets in our way! Because we ARE the gold standard of professional wrestling!

[Mifune grabs the microphone out of Sweet Lou's hand.]

Mifune: And we are...ICHIBAN!

[Mifune drops the mic on the ground. Lou looks like he's about to protest but wisely just shrugs, giving Mifune a thumbs up as the duo walks away.]

GM: Smart move, Lou.

BW: First time he's ever kept his mouth shut and couldn't have happened at a better time.

GM: Fans, we move from the debut of a new tag team here in the AWA to a conversation with one of the AWA's longest-tenured superstars. This is an interview I've been waiting two weeks to see. Mark Steglet, take it away.

[We fade backstage where Steglet is standing, a strained expression on his face.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen... my guest at this time... the man who shocked the world two weeks ago... Supernova.

[Stegglet looks off-camera, his face twisting a bit as he spots an unexpected arrival who sashays onto the screen, Supernova trailing behind her, baseball bat gripped in hand.]

MS: Veronica Westerly.

VW: In person.

MS: I didn't... I wasn't expecting you.

VW: And yet, here I am all the same, Mr. Stegglet.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: I have some questions for Supernova regarding his actions two weeks ago.

VW: I'm sure you do. And seeing as though I brokered the deal to bring Supernova back to the AWA and ensure that he was on the side of Korugun, I've been asked to tag along and make sure you show him the proper respect.

[Stegglet looks aghast.]

MS: Respect?! I've been with this company since the beginning, Mrs. Westerly. And since the first day that Supernova arrived, I've shown him NOTHING but the utmost respect. You know who else can say that?

[He points to the camera.]

MS: Them! The fans! The AWA faithful!

[A big cheer goes up from inside the Cow Palace.]

MS: They've been on his side from the beginning and they DESERVE an explanation why he threw away that bond... that relationship.

[Westerly smirks, throwing a glance at Supernova.]

VW: He doesn't want to answer that... but I will.

[Stegglet shakes his head with a sigh.]

MS: You're going to explain why he betrayed the fans?

VW: I am.

[Stegglet gestures with an open arm - a "the floor is yours" sweep.]

MS: Be my guest.

VW: Mr. Stegglet, you talk about this love from the fans. This respect from the fans. And I ask you... where has that gotten Supernova?

MS: What do you mean?

VW: The question was clear. As you say, you've been here from the beginning. Tell me... tell me what the Main Event was for SuperClash 3 - the first SuperClash Main Event to NOT feature Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez.

MS: It was Calisto Dufresne and-

VW: And this man, Supernova. A Rumble winner. A SuperClash Main Eventer. A World Title challenger. And since then?

[Stegglet pauses.]

VW: I'll answer for you. Nothing. No SuperClash Main Events. No Pay Per View World Title matches.

MS: He won the World Television Title.

VW: Yes he did. And to do, the AWA put him in match after match with that lunatic Shadoo Rage. Supernova risked his career night after night against that man... and when he finally he won the title, he was so exhausted, he dropped it a few months later.

Six years, Mr. Stegglet. Nearly six years this man has gone without a SuperClash Main Event and all he has to show for that valuable time in the prime of his career is one TV Title reign... and the love of the fans.

The love of the fans.

[She smirks.]

MS: Are you saying that's... worthless?! Supernova, I know you don't feel that way! I know how much you adore your fans - how much they mean to you! I know-

[Westerly interrupts.]

VW: You know little of this man, Mr. Stegglet. Nobody does. And when I went to see him after his suspension, I was able to get to the real core of the man himself. I was able to find out his dreams... his goals... what drives him.

[She fingers the crystal hanging around her neck. Stegglet notices and gestures towards it.]

MS: It's that? The Eye of Tyr? That's what it took to get Supernova on your side?!

[Westerly taps the crystal.]

VW: No, Mr. Stegglet. Supernova did not need to be... persuaded. He simply needed certain promises... certain guarantees. He needed to know that Korugun would value him and his talents in a way that the previous AWA management did not.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: But I don't understand. You all just helped Johnny Detson win the World Title two weeks ago! Are you telling me that Supernova is going to challenge Detson for-

VW: I know you don't understand, Mr. Stegglet... and that's okay. Because soon... everyone will understand. Soon... those who have stood in my path... in his path... in our path... will understand all.

[Westerly pauses, slipping an arm through Supernova's.]

VW: Now, if you'll excuse us...

[Westerly and Supernova make their exit, leaving a confused Mark Stegglet behind as we fade to black...]

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then fade back up to a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo across the screen. In a dark, lower level of the Cow Palace, Erica Toughill paces back and forth angrily, stopping only to victimize some poor inanimate object with her baseball bat. She stops in her tracks when she hears...]

"Ya know, Ricki... you don't gotta take that."

[Toughill wheels around, shouting back at the suddenly-present "Golden" Grant Carter.]

ET: Don't got to take what, Grant? Don't got to take what, exactly?

GGC: All that talking down... All that "you owe me" talk from Kendrick. Ricki, I know you wanna appear loyal and all that, and I probably can't offer you as much

as Kendrick, but... I wouldn't mind someone like you watching my back. Keeping me from getting too deep in trouble.

That's what I think, anyway.

[Toughill raps her bat hard against the wall before responding.]

ET: Oh, Grant... I LOVE that you're thinking. Everyone is thinking about what I should do. Everyone has an opinion about me. Julie Somers, Victoria June, Brian Potter... and you. Oh, let's not forget about allllll the good things you've done for me, GGC! Well, guess what? Right now, You are going to listen to what I think I should do.

I believe in a little thing called loyalty, Grant! Kendrick is right! Landon O'Neill... Jon Steggle... when Melissa Cannon was doing all that saber-rattling to start up HER Women's Division, I wasn't viewed as anything more than a bit player! I would have never got the matches on TV! I'm not photogenic! The only reason I look like I have a perfect smile is that one quarter of my teeth are ceramic! You see this, Grant?

[She hikes up her sleeve to display the octopus tattoo that covers her right shoulder.]

ET: Yeah, they don't like girls with tattoos either, GGC. But I would look even worse without it... because this is covering a burn scar that I got from a C4 explosion! Where was the vaunted and progressive AWA Women's Division when I needed them? Where were they when I was slowly killing myself in deathmatches, huh?

Kerry gave me the opening that I needed, and I owe him for that, whether you like it or don't. You think I can just say "no thank you" to him? You think there's an easy path for me? Just like flicking a light switch?

Picture me in World of Combat, Grant! Picture me being degraded by a bunch of Barbie Dolls. If I don't have the AWA... I might as well go back to the Dunkin' Donuts on Lyell Avenue before I decided to start wrestling. Because if I keep wrestling, I can't keep worrying about being nickel-and-dimed by some promoter. I can't constantly be afraid that some fan is going to get his buttery hands a few inches too close to me. I can't live in the fear that some insecure woman is going to try to make a name for herself on my back like Kurayami did.

GGC: Kurayami?

[Toughill swings a hand in a gesture.]

ET: 2012 Empress Cup. Knocked me out of the tournament. Broke my orbital bone and tried to take my eyesight with it. But ever since then, every time we went one-on-one, I made sure she never forgot, because I never forgive.

When we had our rematch, I put her down on the canvas.

When she thought she could take a piece of me again in 2014, she may have broken my back, but I put her to sleep. I put her to sleep with a broken back, Grant!

And if we meet one-on-one again, after what she did Lauryn Rage, the only other woman in this locker room who had my back? I'll put Kurayami in a grave. In. A. Grave.

Of course, that's not gonna happen is it? Nah, that's the spotlight for the Spitfire, isn't it? And as long as I can't beat Julie Somers, I'm stuck where I am. I'm stuck being the Number 3 contender for as long as I'm here.

And if this is as high as I get in my career, I might as well make the most of it. Who is going to keep me in the Women's Division? Who is going to keep me in the AWA? You? Julie Somers? Victoria June? They want me GONE. Kerry Kendrick stuck his neck out for me, so spare me the inspirational lecture! And I've got to be here for Cinder. I have to protect her from everything that ever hurt me. I have to give her every opportunity that I couldn't get sleeping in my car while trying to make it as a wrestler.

So if you're telling me that I can just walk away from Kerry Kendrick... You can walk away from me, Grant.

[Carter sighs.]

GGC: Are you done?

ET: YOU'RE done. Get lost!

GGC: Just remember what I said, okay?

ET: OUT!

[Toughill swings her bat at a support beam in fury... and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves back inside the Cow Palace arena bowl, a burst of boos greeting us... and the scene that's unfolded in the ring. Our shot, however, is on our announce duo. You can see the disgust in his face as Gordon sighs deeply before speaking.]

GM: We're back, folks, and... well, I can't believe what I'm seeing. The utter ridiculousness of this evening continues and this... atrocity... has found its way back to the ring.

[On that note, we cut to the ring which we find has been set up for yet another celebration. The red velvet rug has been laid back out across the canvas. The wooden table with glasses of champagne has been set up again - although there are far less glasses.

There's also far less people as Johnny Detson - dressed as he was at the start of the night - stands, AWA World Title slung across his shoulder and a sour expression on his face.

But he's not alone.]

GM: Bucky, I'd imagine Johnny Detson didn't like how the celebration went at the beginning of the show to drag all this out here... sorry, to have SOMEONE ELSE drag all this out here for Take 2 of this Victory Party.

BW: Well, at least this time Ryan Martinez is in jail... that oughta put his mind at ease.

GM: If it doesn't, I'm guessing the men standing behind him sure will.

[The boos aimed primarily at Detson also extend to the three men standing behind him. Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker - the Dogs of War - are on standby, scanning the area looking for any signs of trouble as Detson raises a microphone to his mouth.]

JD: Now... before I was so rudely interrupted...

[But he's barely gotten those words out of his mouth before he's cut off by the booing San Francisco crowd. Fuming, he glares out at the fans for a moment, absorbing their dislike before he angrily stomps his foot shouting...]

JD: I AM THE AWA WORLD CHAMPION AND I DEMAND YOUR RESPECT!

[The boos get even louder for Detson who stomps around the ring, angry enough to spit nails. That anger gets progressively worse as the crowd responds with a loud "MAR-TI-NEZ!" chant that gets louder and louder, rocking the Cow Palace.]

JD: Ryan Martinez?! RYAN MARTINEZ?!

[Detson is practically beside himself now, shouting at the crowd.]

JD: RYAN MARTINEZ IS A CRIMINAL! HE'S A CHEATER! A SORE LOSER!

[The fans are really letting Detson have it now. He seems to calm a bit, a smile drifting over his face.]

JD: Everything he's EVER won, I've taken from him... like that!

[A snap of his fingers gets even more jeers aimed in his direction. The Dogs of War keep their eyes in motion, watching the crowd and the ramp.]

JD: Ryan Martinez could never see the big picture... and that's why he fails. He spent so much time climbing back up that mountain, just for me to knock him back down it again.

[Detson laughs as he taunts the crowd.]

JD: But me? I have the intelligence to see the big picture. And the bigger picture is this...

[Detson points and circles the ring with his finger.]

JD: ...all this? This is a start of a new era - a better era - and there's no one better than me to lead it as your new AWA World Champion!

[Detson hoists up the title again as the crowd boos.]

JD: The greatest World Champion in the history of this company! Not Ryan Martinez, not Supreme Wright, not Jack Lynch... not anyone but me! And if anyone has a problem with that, maybe they would like to have a word with my associates here.

[Detson points to the Dogs of War, who barely react at all except for Perez who arches an eyebrow.]

JD: That's what I tho-

[Detson's interrupted yet again... but this time, it's not the boos of the fans that halt him in mid-speech. It's the sound of ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers" - a theme that draws a few cheers. Detson arches an eyebrow, throwing a glance over to Isaiah Carpenter who gives a nod, gesturing for his squad to take up positions around Detson.]

GM: Hang on a second here. Johnny Detson talked about being rudely interrupted and-

[Wes Taylor walks into view on the stage, a mixed reaction greeting the former two-time World Tag Team Champion. He pauses, dressed in blue jeans and a plain black t-shirt. Taylor walks down the ramp with purpose, keeping his eyes on the ring where his ally... and his enemies... await him.]

BW: This should be VERY interesting, Gordo.

GM: A lot of moving parts here. Taylor is part of the Kings of Wrestling with Johnny Detson... some might even argue that Taylor was chiefly responsible for bringing Detson and the James Gang together to begin with alongside Brian Lau. Of course however, it was Detson who threw Taylor and his partner, Tony Donovan, to the wolves and cost them the tag titles. And then you mix in the Dogs of War and...

[Taylor climbs the ringsteps, taking an offered mic before stepping through the ropes into the ring. Wade Walker immediately steps forward to meet him, causing Taylor to raise his fists at the ready..

...but Detson holds up a hand, shaking his head.]

JD: This one's a friend, guys.

[Detson beams a big smile at Taylor who does not return the favor. Taylor looks at Walker... then over at Perez and Carpenter... and finally, his gaze comes to rest on the AWA World Champion.]

WT: The company you keep these days...

[Taylor shakes his head.]

WT: Johnny, we need to talk.

[Detson nods.]

JD: Look, if you're here to apologize for not showing up for the Victory Celebration earlier, I forgive you! You're here now! If it's to apologize for not coming to my aid when that lunatic Martinez attacked me... well, Derrick Williams showed he was more than up for the task and-

[Taylor interrupts angrily.]

WT: JUST SHUT UP, JOHNNY!

[The crowd ROARS as Detson looks taken aback by the outburst.]

WT: It's not about any of those things. I don't... I don't care about any of that, Johnny. Not right now. I've been trying to talk to you for days now and you just aren't listening.

This... right now... you and me...

This is about the Kings.

[Detson looks seriously at Taylor for a moment... and then bursts into laughter.]

JD: That's what you're all worked up about? Look... everything is back to the way it should be.

[Detson grins, slapping the title belt on his shoulder.]

WT: Look, Johnny... there's not a person in the world happier to see you with that title than I am. No matter what's happened between us lately... no matter what we've all been through. I'm still your friend, Johnny...

[Taylor looks at the Dogs of War still lurking behind Detson.]

WT: Maybe the only real friend you've got. And that's why I came out here to talk to you... to settle this once and for all.

JD: Wes, the Kings are fine.

[This time, it's Taylor who laughs but there's no humor in his chuckle.]

WT: No, Johnny... the Kings AREN'T fine. And everyone but you sees that. The Kings are... well, damn it... it's a damn wreck.

And that's on you.

[Detson's jaw drops.]

WT: You were the one who kicked Mr. Lau to the curb... and I'm starting to think he was the one holding us all together.

Johnny, the Kings are in trouble... and I don't know if it can be fixed.

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: But the contract-

WT: Enough about the damn contract! Yes, the contract put you in charge but you...

[He jabs a finger into the champion's chest.]

WT: You still need to lead. Brian's too mad to even see straight right now with all the crap you've got him doing. He's about to boil over and you can't even see it. I don't know... I don't know if this thing can be saved anymore. Brian's messed up... Mr. Lau's gone... and Tony...

[Detson raises a finger.]

JD: Tony?

WT: Yes. Maybe if Tony wasn't hurt... maybe if he was here, he could-

JD: Do what exactly? Defy my orders again? Get dropped through the canvas again?

[Detson chuckles.]

JD: Wes, I admire your loyalty... I always have. But I thought I made myself clear. Hurt or not... Tony Donovan is gone. He's no more. He's OUT! He's out of the Kings! He's out of my life! He's out of YOUR life!

[Taylor grimaces, lowering his head.]

JD: Now, let's talk some more about YOUR future. Let's talk about-

[Taylor's hand darts out, snatching the mic away from Detson, flinging it from the ring to cheers from the crowd. Pedro Perez steps forward, just out of reach from Taylor's blind side now. Detson again raises a hand to stop him.]

WT: You know what, Johnny?

[Taylor looks down at the mat, shaking his head.]

WT: You selfish son of a bitch!

[The crowd ROARS for that as Taylor looks up, locking eyes with the World Champion.]

WT: You screwed over Mr. Lau... you screwed over Tony... you screwed over me... you screwed over Brian...

[He pauses.]

WT: And you just screwed over yourself.

You know what I said about saving the Kings?

[Taylor takes a couple of steps back, ending up near the ropes.]

WT: The hell with it. Let it die.

[He throws the mic, causing it to smack against Detson's chest before the World Champion fumbles it to the mat. Taylor ducks through the ropes, making his exit as a shocked Detson looks on in disbelief.]

GM: My... oh my! Did we just witness the END of the Kings of Wrestling?!

BW: No! No! He's still got the contract! Johnny's still in charge!

GM: A general with no soldiers doesn't have an army to speak of, Bucky... and we might be watching Detson's most loyal soldier walking out on him right now.

[A fuming Detson is muttering to himself as the Dogs of War look almost amused by this turn of events as we fade to black...]

hour three

...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...

With a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we fade backstage to a locker room that looks like a tornado's run right through it. Various bags, trash cans, and benches are strewn about, and another large bag is thrown on screen. A loud shout is heard off screen, and the camera pans to the source of the screaming. It's Blaster Masterson, and he's in one of his usual moods. He grabs another trash can and hurls it off screen. Suddenly, Masterson's manager, Jackie Wilpon walks into the room, looking exasperated.]

JW: Whoa, whoa, whoa, hey big man, I went to the can for a few minutes and I come back to th-

BM: I WANNA BREAK SOMEBODY!

[Wilpon steps back for a second, as spittle flies onto his suit.]

JW: Jeez... I just had this thing dry cleaned.

[Wilpon wipes the spittle from his suit and lets out a sigh.]

JW: Look, firsta all, none of the guys back here are gonna be happy when they come back and see their stuff all over th' floor.

BM: DO AH LOOK LIKE AH CARE?

[Wilpon rubs his chin, trying to figure out a way to calm the agitated Masterson down, as he doesn't want his friend to make him a victim of his tantrum.]

JW: Well, uh, I mean, what are they gonna do about it, huh? Ain't a body here that can stop ya.

But, cool yer jets for a sec and listen, okay? No one's seen the Madfox since he came out earlier in the evening to protect Martinez from bein' turned into a stain on that mat.

BW: But I wanted to...

JW: I know, I know. There's another time and place for that particular individual. Castillo's not given us the a-okay to handle him yet. Now, listen, there's no room on the card tonight for ya, but I got ya a spot on Power Hour so you can let out all this pent up anger and energy, alright?

[Masterson looks down and seethes.]

BM: Alright.

JW: Ain't nothin' we can do about tonight. Hey, listen, I might not be a fan of San Francisco's nightlife, or the Giants for that matter, but they do have some good all you can eat buffet places around. How 'bout it, big man? My treat.

[Wilpon and Masterson turn to leave, but are stopped by a large suitcase.]

JW: This piece of... Hey, wanna take care of that for me?

[Masterson grunts, then runs up and kicks the bag as hard as he could, sending it flying against the wall. Wilpon raises his arms up in triumph, and the duo exits the room. We then fade...

...and come back out on the ring. A panning shot of the Cow Palace crowd sets the scene as the crowd buzzes with anticipation, not knowing what's coming next.

That crowd shot is particularly perfect as the opening to "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play over the PA system, driving the fans into a frenzy.]

GM: Oh yeah! And if you want to talk about a major way to kick off Hour Three of Saturday Night Wrestling - Supreme Wright is in the house!

[The former two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion is dressed stylishly in a bottle green Herringbone tweed suit, with a matching waistcoat and a gold necktie. He marches down to the ring with purpose, microphone in hand. The expression on his face is as it always is: emotionless, distant and cold.]

SW: I'm sure all of you understand what the AWA World Heavyweight Title means to me, so I'm not going to waste words expressing my disgust and disappointment at how Johnny Detson once again found a way to get MY-

[Realizing his slip of the tongue, Supreme stops and corrects himself.]

SW: ...the title around his waist.

[His face remains a stoic mask, but the anger is evident in his voice.]

SW: They would like you to believe that this is the dawn of a new era in the AWA. An era ruled by liars, thieves and... monsters.

But the fact remains that the AWA belongs to me and the White Knight, no matter what Johnny Detson, Javier Castillo and the Korugun Corporation would like you to think.

[A cheer from the crowd. Supreme completely ignores it.]

SW: Earlier tonight, Johnny Detson declared himself the greatest World Champion in the history of the AWA.

[A roar of jeers at the mention of the current World Champion.]

SW: He said that he was a better man than The White Knight. And maybe he doesn't realize it, but by saying he was a better man than The White Knight, he was implying he's a better man...

...than me.

[Supreme's eyes widen at the slight, his voice calm, yet holding back so much bitter rage.]

SW: I respectfully disagree.

[The crowd roars.]

SW: I only need one opportunity, one chance at the AWA World Heavyweight Title...and I'll show Johnny Detson just exactly who is the better man. And for a third time, I WILL be the AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

[Another roar from the crowd.]

SW: But I know Javier Castillo would never give me that opportunity.

[Those cheers quickly turn to boos.]

SW: We ALL know. No matter how much I may deserve a title shot, he's always going to protect his golden boy.

Which is exactly why I will give him no control over my destiny.

[A beat.]

SW: I'm entering the Rumble.

[A huge cheer!]

SW: At Memorial Day Mayhem, I will win the Rumble once again and then I-

[Wright's next words are cut off by the sounds of Led Zeppelin's "Immigrant Song" roaring to life over the loudspeakers. It's trademark cry at the beginning draws a raised eyebrow from Wright who turns to face the entrance. After a moment, King Kong Hogan strides into view, carrying a microphone of his own. Hogan stands in a pair of blue jeans, brown cowboy boots, and a black vest over his bare, scarred torso. His wild hair looks like it hasn't any form of comb or brush run through it in a week and his tangled beard is no better. The music fades as Hogan raises the mic, a harsh, gravel-toned voice coming out.]

KKH: Supreme Wright. Heard of you.

[Hogan sneers.]

KKH: Since you were out here with the people in the palm of your hand...

[Hogan extends an open hand and then snaps it closed, looking like he's trying to squish the air between his fingers.]

KKH: ...I thought I'd stop being so rude and come out here and introduce myself. See, we keep bumping into each other, Supreme... but I think formalities are important, don't you?

[He extends his hand again, as if he was going to shake Wright's hand from a distance.]

KKH: The name is Hogan. King Kong Hogan. A pleasure.

[Wright doesn't respond, staring down the ramp.]

KKH: I see...

[He pulls back his hand, wiping it on the side of his stained jeans.]

KKH: The man who respectfully disagrees would never be so rude... so maybe you can't hear me.

[Hogan nods.]

KKH: That's gotta be it. Lemme get a little closer.

[The crowd begins to buzz with anticipation as Hogan strides down the ramp towards the ring and the waiting Wright.]

KKH: Have you heard of me, lil' puppy? The guy who used to be a good... man. The guy who made all of Japan bleed. The guy who blew up The Great Kaori in a baseball stadium and left him to die. The guy who tangled with every badass who walked into another country and said they were going to take over.

You've heard of me... I know you have. I can see it in your eyes...

[He sniffs the air.]

KKH: ...and I can smell the fear on ya, pup.

[Hogan reaches the ring, scrambling up on the apron.]

KKH: Look at us now, pup. Nothing between us but air. No officials holding us back. No powers that be worried what we're gonna do to each other if they let us go. It's almost... liberating.

[Hogan ducks through the ropes, the crowd really buzzing now as Wright and Hogan stand in the same ring.]

KKH: But enough with the small talk. I'm here for two reasons.

[He holds up two fingers.]

KKH: First... I'm joining the Rumble too.

[Big cheer!]

KKH: And I can't wait to see you there so I can drag you to hell.

[Hogan smirks, standing silent as he steps closer to Wright. Wright watches, raising his mic.]

SW: And what's the oth-

[The words don't even get out of his mouth when Hogan lunges forward, smashing Wright in the mouth with a headbutt!]

GM: OH!

[Wright stumbles backwards towards the ropes as Hogan keeps up the attack, raining rapid-fire right hands down on the former World Champion, driving him across the ring into the ropes. He falls back, a gleam in his eye as he twists around, wandering the ring, maniacally talking to himself before he rushes back in...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[...and connects with a wild running lariat that takes both he and Wright over the ropes, dumping them both HARD on the barely-padded floor!]

BW: OH! AND IF HE DOES THAT AT THE RUMBLE, THEY'LL BOTH BE ELIMINATED!

[Hogan pushes up to his knees on the floor, a quite mad look in his eyes as he crawls over towards Wright, grabbing him by the head, pounding him with fists to the skull!]

GM: Hogan's all over Wright! He's all over him on the floor!

[And on cue, a sea of officials come pouring out of the locker room area, shouting at Hogan and Wright.]

GM: We've got some help out here, trying to restore order!

BW: Good luck!

[They make a grab at Hogan, trying to pull him off Wright as Hogan slips his hands around Wright's throat, trying to choke the life out of him.]

GM: Hogan's trying to strangle him! This guy's sick, Bucky!

BW: They didn't hire him for his good looks and charm!

[A handful of officials are finally able to pull Hogan off of Wright, his fingers still grasping at the air like he might be able to choke Wright some more from a distance. Adam Rogers kneels down on the floor, helping Wright to a seated position. We can now see Wright's mouth is bleeding as he spits a mouthful of crimson on the mats. His eyes are locked on Hogan as Rogers helps the former champion to his feet...

...where he breaks away from the Natural, sprinting the distance to Hogan, leaping into the air to DRILL him with an elbowstrike!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Wright grabs a handful of tangled hair, throwing that elbow over and over and over on Hogan whose arms are being held by AWA officials.]

GM: Wright's tearing into him!

[Using the handful of hair, Wright pulls Hogan away from the officials, throwing him under the ropes back into the ring. The former champion climbs through the ropes as well...

...and gets a running cowboy boot upside the head before he can get to his feet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hogan grabs Wright by the head, dragging him into the ring and up to his feet. He shouts at him...]

"YOU NEED TO BE PUT DOWN, PUPPY! YOU NEED TO BE PUT DOWN!"

[Curling his fingers into a "pistol," he holds it up against Wright's temple and shouts "BANG!" before ducking down, lifting Wright up into a fireman's carry.]

GM: What in the...?

[A sea of officials surround Hogan and Wright again, shouting and trying to block his path. Hogan is insistent, screaming for people to get out of his way as Adam Rogers slides in behind Hogan, yanking Wright down off his shoulders...

...which allows Wright to break away from Rogers again, throwing himself into a double leg tackle from behind, taking Hogan down to the mat as the crowd roars again!]

GM: This is crazy! A chaotic scene out here as these two are trying to tear into one another! Fans, we've got to take a quick... no, we're going backstage? Okay... let's go backstage!

[We quickly cut to the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing outside a locker room door.]

SLB: A wild scene out in the arena but backstage, I've been trying to get a word with Wes Taylor after what-

[The door abruptly opens and Wes Taylor in street clothes walks through.]

SLB: Wes! Wes? A quick word?

[Taylor pauses with a sigh.]

WT: What do you need, Lou?

SLB: I just wanted to get a comment on what happened out there tonight.

[Taylor pauses, looking off-camera before looking back to Lou.]

WT: A comment? I think I said all that needs to be said already, didn't I?

[And Taylor walks off, leaving Blackwell behind...

...and we fade back out to the ring where the crowd is still buzzing over the brawl that saw. We can see remnants of it still at ringside as officials are swarming all over. Inside the ring stands Rebecca Ortiz.]

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

[A loud crackling noise is heard, slowly fading into a piercing buzz, as a distorted voice is heard shouting out partial lyrics to "My Country 'Tis of Thee"]

Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side,

Let freedom ring!

[The 'ring' starts echoing, and it starts resembling an actual ringing sound. Suddenly, the ringing sound fades perfectly into the opening guitar riff by Ted Nugent of the Damn Yankees, as "Don't Tread on Me" by the early 90s super group Nugent played guitar for starts playing over the PA to a loud chorus of boos.]

RO: Heading to the ring.. at a total combined weight of 522 pounds...

..."CAPTAIN" JOE FLINT....

...CHARLIE STEPHENS....

...THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!

[The vocals start up, and the duo known as the Soldiers of Fortune step into view, soaking up the loud boos from the crowd. Any sympathizers that may be in the crowd to the Soldiers of Fortune are easily drowned out.]

GM: The fans here in San Francisco are letting the Soldiers of Fortune know how they feel about Flint and Stephens.

BW: How could they boo American heroes like this, Gordo?

GM: American heroes? Are you kidding me? Look, I respect Flint and Stephens for the sacrifices they made when serving our country in the Armed Forces... but their attitude as of late stinks and THAT'S what these people are booing.

[Flint is a big, burly fellow. His barrel-chested physique isn't a picture of rock-solid conditioning, but it is a battle-scarred picture of toughness and raw power. The Captain keeps his hair in a military high-and-tight, and his prominent jaw and nose are the primary features of a face that strongly resembles a famous American actor of long ago... which is the reason many call him "The Duke". He wears camo fatigue pants and black combat boots, his hands are taped up, and he sports a single elbow pad on his left arm. The elbow pad is black, with the Soldiers of Fortune American-Flag colored Punisher skull logo on it.

Stephens is wearing a pair of dark blue jeans, with a rip above the left knee, and a black t-shirt with the Soldiers of Fortune logo across the chest (Punisher Skull with an American Flag pattern). He wears a pair of black boots underneath the jeans. In his right hand is a flagpole, with the American flag draped along the top.

As the boos continue, Flint barks out "Forrrrwaaarrrrrd MARCH!", and the Soldiers of Fortune start to quickly head towards the ring. Both men disregard the negative reaction from the crowd. In the past, Flint would pass out American flags to the children, and stop for any veterans in the crowd, but those days are long past. All that is on the mind of the Soldiers of Fortune is American supremacy over all.]

GM: The Soldiers are in their biggest tag match to date here in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: It's a big match, a tough match. When all roads lead to the AWA World Tag Team Titles and System Shock, every match is important.

GM: The Soldiers of Fortune are currently the Number Three Contenders to those titles... Jack Lynch is also on the Top 5 but with a different partner - with Supreme Wright. A win for either of these teams tonight though could send them rocketing up the rankings - especially with the former champions - Taylor and Donovan - currently out of action.

[Finally, the former (don't dare call him "ex-") Marine and Army Private climb the ring steps and enter the ring. Both men sneer at the negative reaction from the crowd, and step through the ropes. "Don't Tread on Me" dies out, but the boos keep going as Flint goes to the ropes, cupping his ear and encouraging the boos. Stephens stretches against the ropes, a satisfied smirk on his face as he waits for their opponents.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[First comes Larry Wallace. Wallace has foregone any entrance music, striding into view wearing a pair of deep purple trunks with matching kneepads and white boots. A simple gold chain hangs around his neck as he makes his way down the ramp.]

RO: First... weighing in at 233 pounds...

LARRYYYYYYYYY WALLLLLLLLAAAAACE!

[The second generation wrestler walks down the ramp towards the ring, taking in a mix of cheers and boos from the San Francisco crowd. He takes it all in stride though, slapping the occasional offered hand from a young fan before reaching the ring where he rolls under the ropes...

...and is promptly assaulted by the Soldiers of Fortune!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Flint and Stephens aren't about to wait, daddy! They're bringing the war to Wallace right now!

[The referee shouts his complaints as Charlie Stephens and Joe Flint launch into a series of stomps on Wallace before he can get back to his feet.]

GM: Jack Lynch isn't even out here!

BW: Hey, he's got no love for Wallace as his partner. Maybe he'll take this as a sign that he should just stay in the locker room and let the Soldiers run wild over this kid.

GM: I don't believe that for a second. Jack Lynch signed this contract! Jack Lynch agreed to be this man's partner! Jack Lynch will-

[The crowd ERUPTS as the Iron Cowboy comes jogging into view, heading swiftly down the ramp...

...yet there is a quite passionate vocal group letting Lynch have it.]

GM: You always have to wonder when you're in San Francisco what kind of reaction Jack Lynch will get. To most, he's the Iron Cowboy... the big hero of the AWA fandom. But there's always a handful in every crowd up this way that remembers when Lynch competed in the local promotions and he... well... how do we put it, Bucky?

BW: He was a scumbag like his piece of trash brother.

GM: BUCKY!

[The King of the Cowboys makes the trip in no time at all, diving headfirst under the bottom rope into the ring. He comes to his feet, pulling Charlie Stephens off of Wallace and dropping him with a haymaker on the jaw. Stephens hits the mat and

promptly rolls to the floor as Lynch grabs Flint, throwing a second big shot that sends Flint flying backwards through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: And just like that, Jack Lynch manages to clean house of the Soldiers of Fortune and... look at this...

[Most of the crowd cheers as Lynch extends his gloved hand towards Larry Wallace who is laid out on the mat. Wallace gratefully accepts, being helped to his as the Soldiers regroup on the floor, Stephens shouting back into the ring at the former World Champion who waves Stephens on as the referee signals for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[As the bell sounds, Stephens and Flint dive back in, coming swiftly to their feet. Stephens pairs off with Lynch as Flint does the same with Wallace, trading haymakers as the Cow Palace crowd shouts for the action.]

GM: Referee Andy Dawson is going to have some trouble with this one, it appears. Fists are flying once again and-

[A big haymaker from Lynch sends Stephens flying through the air, crashing down on the mat where he rolls out. Wallace and Flint are still trading blows when Wallace manages to get Flint up against the ropes, Lynch swiftly moving to the aid of his new partner.]

GM: Double whip by Lynch and Wallace...

[The duo sets for a double back elbow...

...but Flint gets tripped up from the outside, dragged under the ropes to safety by Charlie Stephens who promptly slips an arm over his partner's shoulders and immediately calls for a time out.]

GM: Time out?! There's no time out in the world of professional wrestling, Bucky!

BW: It's worth a try though when you're rattled. Sometimes the referee wastes enough time explaining the rules to you that it's almost like he granted the time out.

[Stephens and Flint are conferring on the floor when Jack Lynch angrily approaches the ropes, shouting at them to get back into the ring. The former Army soldier Stephens is agitated as he hops up on the apron to confront Lynch...

...and gets drilled with another gloved right hand, getting knocked right back down on the apron!]

GM: Oh! Lynch drops him...

[The referee backs Lynch off, ordering him to allow Stephens to get to his feet as Wallace ducks out to the apron.]

GM: Stephens getting back up and-

[Lynch steps back in, quickly wrapping his powerful right hand around the skull of Stephens in the Lynch family's signature hold.]

GM: CLAW! HE'S GOT THE CLAW!

BW: WHAT?! He's on the apron! That's not legal!

[Stephens grabs onto the ropes, struggling against the hold as most of the crowd cheers wildly...

...but the cheers turn to jeers as Joe Flint grabs Stephens by the leg, yanking down hard and literally pulling Stephens free from the hold!]

GM: Ohhhh... and Joe Flint quickly saves his partner from the Iron Claw. There was a chance this one was going to be over REAL quick if it wasn't for that, Bucky.

BW: He never should've put that hold on in the first place! It was totally illegal! Besides, there's a reason why that hold used to be banned.

GM: Don't even start that again.

[Flint and Stephens are still conferring outside the ring when Lynch ducks through the ropes, grabbing each by the head, and CLASHING their skulls together to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!

[The duo stumbles away from each other, Stephens falling to his knees on the floor as the referee again backs Lynch away, trying to start a count on... whichever member of the Soldiers he's deemed the legal man.]

GM: The referee starting a ten count... and now it's Joe Flint who appears as though he's going to get back in the ring.

[Flint, rubbing his forehead, climbs the ringsteps, waving Lynch back as he ducks through the ropes.]

GM: Now, this is an interesting encounter to me, Bucky.

BW: Any particular reason?

GM: Well, if you take a look back at the career of Joe Flint, he was a major star for Blackjack Lynch's Premier Championship Wrestling many years ago. A Main Event level, former champion type star. I'm sure he and Jack have known one another for a very long time.

[Flint glares across the ring at Lynch, still rubbing his head...

...and then slowly raises his right hand, calling for a test of strength.]

GM: Oho... Flint looking for the old knucklelock and that could prove interesting.

BW: Flint's about 6'5... 280 or so pounds. Lynch is around 6'7 and 265. You would think Lynch would have a leverage advantage thanks to the height but when it comes to rugged power, that may be a Flint area.

[Lynch nods as the two men slowly edge out towards the middle of the ring, the Iron Cowboy bringing his hand up to meet Flint's. The second hand soon follows just before the two men slam chest-to-chest.]

GM: And here we go now... the Greco-Roman knucklelock known in pro wrestling circles as the test of strength. You can see the exertion on the faces of both of these men as they seek out an advantage.

[Creating a little bit of space, both men get the arms back up as they attempt to control the wrists and force the other to their knees.]

GM: And it looks like it's Joe Flint getting the edge on this, Bucky!

[The former Marine postures up, pushing down hard on the Iron Cowboy whose wrists are bent backwards as he slowly sinks down to his knees on the canvas. Charlie Stephens gives a whoop from the corner as Flint nods to the jeering crowd.]

BW: Impressive show of strength by the Duke, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is... and with Lynch down on his knees, you have to wonder if- uh oh, look at this! LOOK! AT! THIS!

[The crowd begins to roar as Lynch starts to push back up, getting to a knee as he tries to shove his way back to his feet.]

GM: Jack Lynch is fighting it! He's fighting it!

[The cheers get louder as Lynch pushes off his knees, back on his feet as he tries to reverse the knucklelock, Flint looking panicked at the surprise recovery.]

GM: Lynch is doing it! He's getting up! He's looking to turn this around!

[As they get back with both men on their feet, Flint makes a comment to the referee who spins around Flint, looking for a hairpull that doesn't exist...

...until Flint slips out of the knucklelock, yanking the hair to pull Lynch off his feet and down to the mat. The crowd jeers as Stephens cheers the blatant breaking of the rules.]

GM: He yanked the man's hair, Bucky!

BW: Did he? I couldn't see that from my vantage point.

GM: We're sitting eighteen inches apart! We have the same vantage point!

[Flint smirks at the crowd before pulling the Iron Cowboy to his feet, measuring him and drilling him between the eyes with a well-placed right hand.]

GM: Hard shot by Flint who really throws one heck of a punch. Jack Flint, a 13 year veteran of the ring now, was trained originally by the legendary former World Champion, Hamilton Graham. And Bucky, I hear that the daughter of Hamilton Graham may be arriving here to the AWA in short order.

BW: If she learned anything from the old man like Flint here did, we're in for a heck of a treat when that happens.

[Grabbing an arm, Flint goes to whip Lynch to the far side, doubling over for a backdrop.]

GM: Flint with the backdrop... no, Lynch leapfrogs up and over...

[The Iron Cowboy slams on the brakes, spins around to grab a handful of what hair is there, and YANKS Flint down to the mat in a mirror of what Flint did to him moments before.]

GM: Ohh! And turnabout is hell for Joe Flint right there!

[Flint scrambles up into a right hand... and another... and a third!]

GM: Lynch opening up now on Joe Flint... ohh! What an uppercut!

[Grabbing Flint by the back of the head, Lynch drags him across the ring, slamming him headfirst into the top turnbuckle. He reaches out a hand, perhaps reluctantly tagging Larry Wallace into the match.]

GM: The first tag of the match comes from the second generation duo of Lynch and Wallace...

[Wallace steps in as Lynch whips Flint across, throwing himself at the former Marine's feet. Flint hurls over the downed Lynch and just as he lands, he gets dropped with a back elbow up under the chin.]

GM: Nice teamwork there. A simple double team but effective.

[Flint starts to get back up as Wallace greets him with a boot to the midsection, using a snapmare to flip him over into seated position, and then DRILLS him with a boot to the spine!]

GM: Ohh! That'll send a tingle from your hairline to your heels. Wallace to the ropes now... and a basement dropkick finds the mark as well!

[Flint flops back from the strike thrown by the master of the dropkick, allowing Wallace to apply a cover with ease. A two count follows before Flint kicks out.]

GM: Two count only right there.

[Wallace grabs a side headlock on Flint before he can get up, clenching his jaw as he sinks the hold in.]

GM: Wallace to the side headlock... again, a basic hold but effective.

BW: He's got the upper body strength needed to pull off a hold like this... plus his old man had a great headlock, Gordo, so I'm sure he's passed along some tips over the years.

[Powering his way to his feet, Flint throws a couple blows at the ribs of Wallace, trying to escape the hold...

...and then goes to the ropes, throwing Wallace out of it to the far side.]

GM: Flint shoots him off to escape, Wallace off the far side... dropdown by Flint... off the-

[The crowd groans as Charlie Stephens slides along the apron, burying a knee in the lower back of Wallace as he hits the ropes.]

GM: Oh, come on! Cheap shot there by Stephens!

[And as Wallace stumbles towards Flint, the former Marine lifts him up, and slams him down to the canvas. He pulls Wallace up a second time...]

GM: Two big scoop slams... maybe looking for the trifecta here...

[A third bodyslam leaves Wallace quivering on the canvas as Flint makes the tag to Stephens.]

GM: The tag is made, bringing in Charlie Stephens for the Soldiers of Fortune. Stephens pulls Wallace up... and there's a slam of his own! The Soldiers drawing themselves a bullseye on the back of Larry Wallace!

[A boot to the ribs flips Wallace onto his stomach, allowing Stephens to jump up, dropping a knee into the lower back. He stays kneeling, grabbing two hands full of Wallace's hair and pulling him back into a makeshift camel clutch.]

GM: An illegal hold but a lot of pressure on the spine with it.

[A count of four follows before Stephens lets go...

...and with a smirk, he pulls back on the hair again, drawing a quicker count from the referee this time.]

GM: Stephens lets it go again... and the fans getting on his case for those illegal activities.

BW: Illegal activities? You make it sound like he's... I don't know, jaywalking or something.

[Stephens has a brief conversation with the referee before dropping back into the ropes, building up some speed as he leaps into the air, dropping an elbow down into the kidneys of Wallace.]

GM: Stephens rolls him over - quick cover gets one... gets two... but that's all.

[In the corner, Jack Lynch gives a shout of encouragement to his new partner, clapping his hands a few times.]

GM: Jack Lynch cheering his partner on.

BW: Or at least making a good show of it. You know how these Lynches are, Gordo. Always trying to make people think they're good guys.

GM: Bucky Wilde's eternal anti-Lynch bias shining through once again, fans.

BW: Never forget.

[Stephens grabs a handful of Wallace's hair, landing a few big right hands before climbing back to his feet, hauling the second generation grappler up with him. He reaches out, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Quick tags by the Soldiers, bringing Flint back in... they hook up Wallace here...

[The crowd groans as the duo lifts Larry Wallace into the air, bringing him down hard with a double suplex!]

GM: Ohhhh! Doubleteam vertical suplex by the Soldiers!

[Stephens rolls out as Flint rolls into a cover, earning another two count before Wallace kicks out.]

GM: Another two count... still not enough to keep the son of Battlin' Burt Wallace down, Bucky.

[Coming to his feet, Flint uses a snapmare to flip Wallace into a seated position...

...and then drops to a knee, jamming the other one into the back of his victim. He reaches around, clasping his hands under the chin and yanking back hard!]

GM: Chinlock slapped on by Flint, pulling back on the neck as his knee digs into the back that they've been targeting for several minutes now.

[The referee kneels down, checking to see if Wallace wants to submit but the Midwesterner shouts a refusal. Lynch again tries to rally his partner, clapping his hands, stomping his feet, getting the crowd behind him.]

GM: And for the first time in perhaps his entire career, Larry Wallace is hearing the support of the AWA fans... trying to cheer him on... trying to inspire him to escape this hold and get back into this thing.

[Flint shakes his head, pulling even harder on the chin as Wallace starts pumping his arms in rhythm with the claps of the fans...]

GM: Flint's trying to hang on but Wallace is trying to get out of it.

[Sliding to a hip, Wallace manages to reduce the torque of the hold, working his way to his feet, still in a loose version of the chinlock...]

...and he buries a back elbow into the midsection of Flint.]

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

[A second elbow lands as well, lifting Flint off the canvas.]

GM: Flint still hanging on for now and- WHAM! A third elbow downstairs breaks him free!

[With daylight between he and his corner, Wallace starts to stumble across the ring...]

...but Flint hooks the back of the trunks, holding him as Wallace stretches out both arms towards Lynch's outstretched arm.]

GM: He's got the tights! He's got-

[Flint uses the hold on the tights to give a big yank, pulling Wallace into a big forearm to the lower back.]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: And that'll cut off the tag, daddy!

[Grabbing Wallace by the arm, Flint wings him into the neutral corner. He comes rushing in after him...]

GM: Big running clothesline finds the mark! That big Howitzer connects!

[Flint rockets him across again, sending him backfirst into the turnbuckles before he storms in after him...]

GM: A second clothesline connects as well!

BW: He's unloading with the Heavy Artillery, daddy!

[Flint shoots him right back into the original neutral corner, storming across the ring towards a hurting Wallace...]

...who somehow manages to get his leg up, swinging his boot right into the rampaging Flint's path!]

GM: OHHH! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!

[Flint stumbles backwards, having been kicked right in the mouth. He's in a daze as Wallace somehow charges out of the corner, swinging his leg back up...]

GM: OH! And a big running boot to the mush to match!

[Wallace collapses on the canvas just past the now-downed Joe Flint.]

GM: Both men are down after that... and both men's respective partners are begging them to make that tag!

[Lynch slams his hand down on the top turnbuckle, shouting "COME ON, KID!" to cheers from the crowd as Charlie Stephens seems fit to be tied on the apron, grabbing at his head repeatedly.]

GM: Who's gonna get there first? Who's going to make that tag and turn this match in their team's favor?

[A weary Wallace pushes up to all fours, breathing heavily as Lynch tries to call him to the sound of his voice. The former Flawless One inches towards the corner as Joe Flint stays on his back, still reeling from the boots to the mouth.]

GM: Wallace crawling on his hands and knees, looking for that tag!

[Wallace gets closer and closer as the crowd gets louder and louder.]

GM: The son of Battlin' Burt is in a battle of his own right now as he fights his way to the corner where Jack Lynch is waiting for him... arm outstretched...

[Wallace pushes up to his knees, looking to the corner now...

...but a lunge comes up short as Joe Flint grabs hold of his leg!]

GM: Flint's got him by the leg! Flint blocking the tag!

BW: What a ring general move! He saw that tag coming and he stopped it the only way he could!

GM: But is it enough? Wallace to his back now... ohh! Hard boot down between the eyes of Flint! Another one - trying to kick his way free!

[Flint is clinging to the leg as Wallace delivers a third heel strike to the forehead... and with one more, he breaks free, pushing back to his knees with the San Francisco crowd roaring, and makes a diving tag!]

GM: TAG!

[The Iron Cowboy comes through the ropes, barreling across the ring to BLAST Charlie Stephens with a right hand that sends him flying off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Oh my!

BW: No call for that! That no good stinkin'-

[As Bucky releases some of his Lynch venom, Jack Lynch grabs a rising Joe Flint, whipping him to the corner where Flint smashes into the buckles, staggering out as Lynch bends over...]

GM: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP BY THE IRON COWBOY!

[And with Flint down on the mat, Lynch holds up his gloved right hand to a big cheer!]

GM: He's calling for the Claw! The King of the Cowboys is calling for the Claw and-

[As Flint pushes off the mat, stumbling in a circle, he wobbles right into Jack Lynch who...]

GM: HE'S GOT IT! LYNCH LOCKS IT ON!

[The crowd is ROARING as Lynch digs his fingers into the skull of Joe Flint, squeezing away as Flint flails wildly, trying to swat the hand away from his head!]

GM: Lynch has got it locked on in the middle of the ring! Joe Flint's in trouble, fans! Joe Flint is in SERIOUS trouble and-

[The crowd begins to buzz as Charlie Stephens rolls under the bottom rope, climbing to his feet...

...with his flagpole in hand!]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Stephens SLAMS the wooden flagpole between the shoulderblades of Jack Lynch, breaking the hold and bringing Lynch down to his knees as the referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell but Stephens isn't done with Lynch yet, fans!

[Raising the flagpole overhead, he swings it down a second time!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

[Lynch slumps down to the mat in a heap as Stephens stands over him, sneering down at the Texan as the crowd roars their disapproval of this scene.]

GM: Charlie Stephens brought that damn flagpole into the ring and put it to work, hitting Jack Lynch right between the eyes with it!

[As a dazed Flint stands alongside his partner who is still holding the flagpole, the ring announcer makes it official.]

RO: Your winners of the match - as a result of a disqualification... the team of LARRY WALLACE and JAAAAAACK LYNNNNCH!

[Stephens angrily shouts at the official, faking a swing of the flagpole in their direction, causing the referee to bail out of the ring. Joe Flint gestures to his partner who hands the flagpole over to him.]

GM: And now Flint's got the flagpole - this is too much, fans!

[Flint shouts to his partner who nods in understanding, grabbing Lynch by the arms, holding them back as he pulls him back to his knees. Flint sticks the end of the flagpole into Lynch's throat, lifting his chin up so he can berate him off-mic.]

GM: This is ridiculous! We need some help out here for Jack Lynch! We need-

[Flint backs to the ropes, ready to drive the end of the flagpole up into Lynch's throat. He bounces off, building up speed...

...which is when someone comes flying in from off-camera, leaping into the air, and lashing out with a pair of boots!]

GM: DROPKICK! DROPKICK!

[Flint goes flying backwards, tumbling through the ropes to the floor. Stephens throws Lynch aside, making a lunge at a rising Larry Wallace. He tackles him back into the corner, throwing wild rights and lefts at the body as Wallace tries to cover up.]

GM: And now it's Stephens on Wallace... Irish whip...

[But as Wallace comes out of the corner, he drops into a baseball slide as Jack Lynch comes steaming the other way, leaping into the air and BLASTING Stephens across the collarbone with a lariat!]

GM: OHHHH MY!

[Stephens rolls to the floor, joining his partner on the outside as a fired up Jack Lynch shouts down at him to "GET MY BROTHER'S NAME OUT OF YOUR MOUTH!" Wallace smiles at the fiery Iron Cowboy as he walks over towards him. Lynch looks at Wallace for a moment, gives him a nod, and then drops to his back, rolling out of the ring leaving Wallace to stand alone.]

GM: Well, maybe not the moment of enlightenment that Larry Wallace was hoping for but Jack Lynch showing him a little bit of respect there with that nod...

BW: Could've been worse for Wallace - Stench coulda punched him in the mouth.

GM: Indeed. A DQ win for Lynch and Wallace here on Saturday Night Wrestling... and fans, we're going to take a quick break right now. When we come back, we'll see "The Hammer" Jackson Haynes in action!

[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 back up to Rebecca Ortiz already in the ring.]

RO: The following match is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from El Paso, Texas... weighing in at 260 pounds... Manny Mendoza!

[A tough-looking hombre with a mustache in a black singlet lifts his arm into the air to a few scattered boos.]

RO: And his opponent... he hails from Moscow, Tennessee... weighing in at 305 pounds... he is "The Hammer"...

JACKSOOOOOOONNNNNNNNN

HAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYNNNNNNEESSS!

[The opening to Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" whips the San Francisco crowd into a frenzy!]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[And as the main lyric kicks in, the crowd EXPLODES at the sight of "The Hammer" Jackson Haynes tearing through the curtain. Haynes is dressed in his "THE HAMMER" t-shirt and navy blue wrestling trunks, along with his trademark floppy cowboy hat. In his left hand, he carries his trademark bullrope.]

GM: And here comes Jackson Haynes tearing down the aisle!

BW: He doesn't get paid by the hour, Gordo!

GM: We saw Jackson Haynes and Shadoe Rage in a wild brawl at the Ninth Anniversary show. A match so chaotic, that Javier Castillo ordered Rage away from the building tonight in order to keep the two from getting at each other again!

[As soon as Haynes steps through the ropes, he throws down his bullrope and makes a beeline straight for Manny Mendoza!]

GM: And Haynes isn't going to wait for the bell to get this match started!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Well, there it goes!

[The Tennessee Madman lets his fists fly, as Mendoza futilely attempts to hold back the storm that is Jackson Haynes.]

GM: Mendoza trying to throw back with shots to the midsection, but Jackson Haynes is eating him alive!

[Haynes backs Mendoza into the corner and immediately shows why he's called "The Hammer" as he rains down clubbing forearm after clubbing forearm!]

GM: And now he's choking Mendoza with his boot! The referee has lost control of this one before it's even began!

[The referee applies a five count, before Haynes finally releases his boot from Mendoza's throat. He stomps out of the corner and tears off his t-shirt, furiously throwing it into the crowd...]

GM: A souvenir for one lucky fan!

BW: Lucky? Do you SEE how much Haynes sweats?

[...and charging right back into the corner, crushing Mendoza with a lariat! He then grabs Mendoza by the arm and rockets him across the ring, following closely behind and crushing him with another lariat!]

GM: Two big corner clotheslines in a row by Haynes...

"OHHHH!"

GM: ...and he just dropped Manny Mendoza across the top rope throat-first!

BW: Mendoza ain't exactly a small man, either. Haynes lifted him over his head like he was nuthin'!

[As Mendoza coughs and gags on the canvas, Haynes puts the boots to him, stopping to stare in the camera and screaming "I HOPE YOU'RE WATCHIN', RAGE!"]

GM: Jackson Haynes, clearly with Shadoe Rage on his mind.

BW: He's got a one track mind, Gordo. Once he's got his mind focused on hurting someone, he ain't thinkin' of anything else!

GM: Well, he's certainly putting the hurt on Manny Mendoza right now!

[Dragging Mendoza up by the hair, Haynes is caught with a shot to the midsection. And then another. And then another. But Mendoza's quickly stopped in his tracks by a big kneelift into the gut by Haynes. The former AWA World Tag Team Champion then locks both of his arms around Mendoza's waist and lifts him up into the air...

"OHHHH!"

...and drops him across his knee with a backbreaker!]

GM: OH MY! DEVASTATING BACKBREAKER BY JACKSON HAYNES!

BW: That might've broke Mendoza in half!

[Pulling Mendoza up from the canvas, Haynes places him into a standing headscissors and stares out into the crowd, before lifting him up into high the air. He holds Mendoza there for a second...]

"THUUUUUDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A POWERBOMB!

BW: COUNT TO A MILLION! IT'S OVER!

[Haynes holds onto Mendoza's legs after completing the powerbomb, stacking his weight over him as the referee makes the count.]

GM: And there's the three count! Jackson Haynes wins!

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR WINNE-

[Before Rebecca Ortiz can even finish making her announcement, Jackson Haynes takes the microphone out of her hand. Haynes rolls back into the ring. He picks his bullrope up out of the corner where the referee had moved it and stares straight at the camera.]

JH: RAGE! You listen here, you sumbitch!

[Big cheer for profanity!]

JH: It ain't over 'tween us! It ain't over by a longshot! I know you ain't here tonight, but Castillo can't hide you from me forever! We're gonna cross paths sometime real soon, Rage... and I promise, the next time I get my hands on you...

[Haynes stomps over to a still dazed Manny Mendoza and pulls him up by the hair. He turns to the camera and his eyes open wide as a madness seizes control of him.]

JH: ...THIS is gonna' be you!

[He hauls back...]

"CLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAANKKKKK!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and SMASHES the cowbell attached to his bullrope across Mendoza's skull!]

GM: Dear lord! That has to be a fine! Jackson Haynes just hit Manny Mendoza with that bullrope! That's uncalled for!

BW: He's certifiable, Gordo! Haynes doesn't care! I know Shadoo Rage ain't afraid of him, but he's gotta' be careful! A loon like Jackson Haynes is capable of anything!

GM: I think we just saw that firsthand. Let's go backstage to Mark!

[Standing backstage, microphone in hand, we turn to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Thanks guys. I am here tonight with a pair who have had quite the problems with the Wallace twins, the American Idols, of late. Ladies and gentlemen, "Cannonball" Lee Connors and his new partner, Downpour.

[The camera pans out from the solo interviewer showing the aforementioned pair. Downpour stands a bit behind Connors, dressed in his silver and blue slashes full mask and body suit. He is intensely wringing his left wrist, a head shake showing frustration. Connors stands a lot more sullen than normal, wearing a black Tiger Paw Pro t-shirt. He runs a hand through his short black hair, no smile upon his face.]

MS: Lee, your feud with the Wallaces took a strong turn last week on Power Hour when the two apparently waylaid and beat the two of you down in a hellacious assault. How are you feeling and what's next for Lee Connors and this masked man, Downpour?

LC: Mr. Stegglet, if you don't mind I just need to get a few things off my chest. I know it isn't normally how I act and I apologize to everyone out in AWA land for what I am about to say...

...but I have had... E-DAMNED-NOUGH!

[Pointing directly at the camera he continues, throwing a thumb back at his partner, standing in firm affirmation, patting Cannonball on his back as he continues.]

LC: Chaz and Chet had dogged me for way too long. They are playground bullies, kicking sand into my face and I, frankly, Sir, have had enough! I have had enough of being bullied and pushed around in AWA and especially by big jerks like The American Idols. So I made a call. I talked to an old friend and I got some back up and that man is Downpour!

[Connors shoots a thumb back to identify the masked friend.]

LC: And after last Power Hour, when you two scumbags... pardon my language again, Mr Stegglet. These two have me just so fired up. But when you attacked us backstage like bullies, like the cowards you are, something snapped in me. I realize I know what I need to do. I... we... need to stand up to the bully. And we will. Please, Mr. Castillo, please just let us have one more match with those two. "Cannonball" Lee Connors and the amazing, enigmatic Downpour vs the big bullies The American Idols in one match, winner takes all!

JS: What do you mean winner takes all, Lee?

[He shrugs, stands back and throws an air punch towards the camera.]

LC: We'll just have to see, sir. We'll just have to see.

[And with that Connors walks off and out of the camera view. The final piece is Downpour, standing and staring with dark mesh covered eyes into the camera, breathing angrily through his full face mask...

...and we crossfade out to the ring where we see Rebecca Ortiz center stage with Daniel Harper standing on one side of squared circle and the triumvirate of the World Tag Team Champions, Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter, accompanied by their... friend... Nick Axis who is jumping up and down and shouting enthusiastic encouragement for the champions.]

GM: We're almost set for singles action here, fans, with Daniel Harper of Next Gen taking on Riley Hunter of System Shock. Remember what Javier Castillo said earlier tonight. If Harper can score this victory, Next Gen will have earned their title shot at the champions.

BW: Harper's looking a little outnumbered there, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is. Of course, Castillo ALSO barred Harper's partner Howie Somers from being at ringside while obviously Derrick Williams is out here.

BW: And don't forget about Nick Axis.

GM: If only I could. Take it away, Rebecca.

[Rebecca Ortiz speaks.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a TEN MINUTE TIME LIMIT!

[Harper looks surprised by this news, asking the referee who shrugs.]

RO: If Daniel Harper is victorious, Next Gen will receive a future title opportunity against System Shock for the AWA World Tag Team Titles.

[The crowd cheers that news as Harper tries to shake off the surprise of the ten minute time limit and get focused back on business.]

RO: Introducing first... in the corner to my left... from El Paso, Texas... weighing in at 230 pounds...

DANNNNNNIELLLL HARRRRRPERRRRRR!

[The 21 year old raises an arm in salute to the cheering San Francisco fans before dropping back to his corner, rubbing his hands together with anticipation as he stares across the ring at his opponent and his allies.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... in the corner to my right... being accompanied to the ring by Derrick Williams and Nick Axis... representing The Axis... from Calgary, Canada... weighing 213 pounds... he is "The American Ninja"...

RIIIIIIIILEY... HUNNNNNNTERRRRRRR!

[Hunter strikes a pose, menacingly and dramatically pointing a finger gun across the ring at Harper as he stands in profile. A smirking Derrick Williams drops from the ring, encouraging Nick Axis to do the same as referee Koji Sakai positions himself between the two combatants in center ring.]

GM: A lot on the line in this one... and how about that ten minute time limit? Javier Castillo never ceases to surprise, Bucky.

BW: It puts a lot of pressure on Harper, Gordo. Ten minutes - just like World Television Title matches - means you've gotta work fast, you've gotta be aggressive, and you may not have time to wear someone down. It means moves need impact and Hunter's got those in bunches.

[The referee checks both men's readiness for battle...

...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Daniel Harper, now with a ten minute time limit hanging over him, advances quickly across the ring, lunging for a double leg takedown attempt. Hunter backpedals, sticking Harper with a single leg. Harper rises, still holding the leg as Hunter backs off, grabbing onto the ropes. The referee immediately steps in.]

GM: Harper went for the takedown but Hunter avoids it, getting back to the ropes.

[Hunter hangs on to the ropes until Harper lets go, lunging in again but Hunter ducks his upper body through the ropes with a "NONONONO!" The referee again steps in, asking for Harper to back away. The Texan reluctantly obliges, backing to mid-ring as a smirking Hunter hangs out between the ropes for several more seconds.]

GM: Come on. Let's get this going.

BW: Tiiiiiiiiime is on his side, yes it is!

GM: Please never do that again.

[Hunter dances away from the ropes, circling Harper who again moves forward, trying to get his hands on Hunter who backpedals to the ropes again, raising a hand in protest. The referee tries to step in but this time Harper gets to him, smashing a forearm into the jaw... and another.. and another...]

GM: Harper opening up on Hunter!

[A protesting Derrick Williams hops up on the apron, earning a forearm of his own that sends him right back down to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Down goes Williams as well!

[Nick Axis yelps in concern, rushing to the Future's side as Harper turns back towards Hunter who - still hanging onto the top rope - leaps up, trying to lash out with both legs but Harper catches them, gives a yank, and brings Hunter down hard on the back of his head!]

GM: Ohhh! Nice counter by Daniel Harper!

[Harper, still holding the legs, flips over into a double leg cradle, earning a quick one and change before Hunter escapes with ease.]

GM: That cradle comes up empty.

BW: But that's the kind of thing Harper needs to look for. He needs to look for pinning situations that can come out of nowhere and potentially shock an opponent.

[Hunter rolls from the ring after the pin attempt, wagging a finger at Harper who barks an order for Hunter to get back into the ring...

...but instead, the American Ninja makes a trip over to check on his downed partner.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hunter's not going to make this easy for him, Gordo. If Harper wants this, he's gonna have to force Hunter into that ring because a draw is as good as a win for Hunter here.

[An angry Harper ducks through the ropes, shouting at Hunter again but Hunter dances out of reach as Nick Axis shouts a threat at Harper.]

GM: This is ridiculous... and Harper's seen enough!

[Daniel Harper comes out onto the apron, jumping off towards Hunter with a double axehandle!]

GM: Ohh! He got him!

[Harper snatches a reeling Hunter by the arm, whipping him towards the ring, but the super athletic Hunter leaps up, swings his legs under the bottom rope, and ends up sitting on the apron where he waves mockingly at Harper...]

BW: Hah!

[The Seven Star Athlete then greets an incoming Harper with a boot to the mouth, sending him staggering backwards as Hunter spins around, grabbing the ropes with both hands...]

GM: Look out!

[Hunter leaps into the air, springing off the middle rope with a breathtaking moonsault...

...and WIPES OUT Daniel Harper with it, sending them both flying backwards into the ringside railing. Hunter actually ends up in the front row, trading a high five with a fan in a Tiger Paw Pro shirt that is going nuts for his brush with greatness!]

GM: Riley Hunter ends up out in the front row off that moonsault! Oh my!

[A smirking Hunter leaps back over the railing, lifting the dazed Harper off the floor and shoving him back into the ring.]

GM: Hunter puts Harper in, scrambling up on the apron now.

[As Harper climbs to his feet, Hunter leaps into the air, springing off the top rope, and DRIVES a dropkick into the back of Harper's head, sending him flying across the ring where he goes sailing through the ropes, crashing back down to the floor as the crowd reacts!]

GM: AND A FLYING DROPKICK SENDS HARPER BACK OUT TO THE FLOOR!

[Hunter takes to a knee, beckoning for the crowd to cheer him. Some do, no doubt, but the jeers are much louder than the cheers. He pats himself on the back, looking out to the floor where Harper is laid out on the barely-padded floor.]

GM: Harper's down on the floor... and a quick check of the clock shows we're creeping in on the three minute mark of this one. A bit over seven minutes to go, fans.

[A grin crosses Hunter's face as he kneels on the mat, suddenly reaching down to pound the canvas to what a finely-tuned ear might identify as the rhythm of the main theme to 80s action movie Robocop. With the pounding complete, he rises to his feet, pumped up and ready to fly.]

GM: Now what in the world is he doing?

BW: Oh, I think you know!

[Hunter breaks into a dash, hitting the ropes nearest Harper as Harper staggers to his feet near the entrance ramp. Hunter goes flying back the other way, hitting the far ropes as well.]

GM: HUNTER BUILDING UP SPEED! HARPER ON HIS FEET!

[And with Harper in a daze, Hunter HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE AIR...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He goes sailing over the top rope, climbing very high, flying very far, getting king-sized hang time...

...which gives Harper a split second to bail out!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Riley Hunter completely whiffing on the big dive and SLAMMING spinefirst into the steel ramp leading back up to the entrance stage!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

BW: Get a doctor! Get an ambulance! GET SOMEONE!

[Hunter's death-defying dive, having failed miserably, sends Nick Axis and Derrick Williams sprinting to the side of their ally.]

GM: He missed, he missed - my god, he missed! And Riley Hunter may have just cost himself EVERYTHING with that attempted dive - perhaps way too early in this contest!

BW: Riley... Riley... can you hear me?!

GM: Can he- NO! Of course he can't hear you!

BW: I just wanted him to know we're about to pass four minutes! He needs to only hang on for another six minutes!

GM: I'm not even sure he can hang on another six SECONDS at this point.

[Harper, on his feet, shoves his way past Nick Axis. A protesting Derrick Williams backs off, shouting at Harper who ignores him as he pulls a motionless Riley Hunter to his feet, walking him back down the aisle towards the ring where he flings him under the bottom rope.]

GM: Harper puts him back in! Williams is beside himself - he might sense a future title shot for Next Gen coming soon! Harper slides back in as well, crawling over to cover! The referee down to count!

[A frantic Williams looks back and forth as Sakai counts one... counts two...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd groans as Derrick Williams acts in sheer desperation, yanking the referee by the leg, pulling him all the way out to the floor!]

BW: YES! YES! WILLIAMS SAVES HIS PARTNER!

GM: What?! He pulled out the referee! Sakai should DISQUALIFY him for that!

BW: That doesn't matter! You can't win the titles on a DQ!

GM: This isn't a title match, Bucky! Castillo said Harper had to WIN... he didn't say how!

BW: Wait... what?! That's not fair!

[The referee shouts at Williams, pointing to the striped shirt... then to the AWA patch on his chest. Williams begs off, shaking his head. And then the referee acts, pointing to Williams...]

"YOU'RE OUT OF HERE!"

[The crowd ERUPTS for the ejection as Williams angrily slams his hands down on the ring apron. The referee again insists, pointing up the aisle as Williams starts to backpedal away from the ring.]

GM: Wow! Derrick Williams just got himself ejected from ringside! That oughta even things up a little... even though I think Williams earned a disqualification for his partner with that little trick there!

BW: Referee's decision is final, daddy!

GM: I suppose that's true... and Riley Hunter is getting valuable time to recover here as Harper and the referee discuss what just happened.

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

BW: Oh good. Halftime. Let's get some Gatorade out here for Riley.

GM: What?! There's no halftime! The match continues!

[Hearing the call of five minutes sends Harper back on the offense, pulling Hunter off the canvas and shoving his limp form back into the corner.]

GM: Harper on the attack and Hunter's in trouble! He looks like he can barely stand right now!

[Looping an arm around the back of the American Ninja's head, Harper blasts him with one European uppercut... and a second... and a third lifts Hunter off his feet before he slumps back down into a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Hunter's on Dream Street, Bucky! If Harper covers him again, I don't think Hunter's getting up!

BW: Stay down, Riley! Make him work for it!

GM: Daniel Harper, a rare fourth generation wrestler in this sport, staying on Hunter though, dragging him out of the corner.

[Holding Hunter by the legs, Harper looks out at the cheering crowd and STOMPS the midsection of Hunter.]

GM: Big boot, just above the belt.

BW: Might want to check that, ref. Could need to disqualify this kid.

GM: Why do you want to avoid this tag title match for Next Gen so badly? For that matter, why does System Shock? Is it because they know that Somers and Harper can win the titles? You know it too!

BW: I know nothing!

GM: I've been saying that for years!

BW: HEY!

[Harper leans down, dragging Hunter to his feet. Again, Hunter looks like a stiff breeze might put him down as Harper pulls him into a front facelock, swinging Hunter's arm over his neck...]

GM: Suplex perhaps...

[Harper reaches down, snatching Hunter's leg as well...]

GM: Cradle suplex!

[Harper snaps him over, holding the bridge near the ropes...]

GM: This should do it! ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A foot on the ropes?! How?!

[The camera cuts to show EXACTLY how.]

GM: NICK AXIS! HE'S STILL OUT HERE!

BW: Of course he is, Gordo! He didn't get ejected!

[Axis is crouching down near the apron, having successfully put Hunter's foot on the rope, hiding from the referee's view. The official calls for the break on the pin. Harper is fuming mad as he gets up, shouting at the referee who will hear none of it, waving for the match to continue.]

GM: This is insane! First, he had to deal with Derrick Williams - then he gets rid of him but he's stuck with Nick Axis of all people interfering.

[Axis is all smiles as he gets to his feet, quite proud of himself until...]

"NO EVIL CAN ESCAPE..."

"...OMEGA!"

[With a flash of light, accompanied by John Barry's majestic "Overture" from "The Black Hole," a caped figure in black, royal blue, and gold emerges from the entrance. He crooks his elbows, places his wrists just above his hips, and turns his palms upward.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: THIS GOOFBALL?!

[The crowd cheers for the AWA's resident superhero as he comes running down the aisle towards the ring. Nick Axis, on the other hand, looks to be in a sheer panic. He looks around wildly, trying to find an escape route as Omega circles around the ring towards him...]

GM: Omega's coming for Nick Axis!

[Axis flees from Omega, running halfway around the ring before he rolls under the bottom rope into the ring. He pops to his feet, running across the ring...

...which is where Daniel Harper BLASTS him with a forearm uppercut, sending him stumbling backwards towards Omega who steps into the ring as well. He snatches Axis in an inverted facelock.]

GM: He's got him! He's got him!

[Omega looks out at the cheering crowd and then swings his forearm down across the chest, dropping Axis down across a bent knee on the way down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?!

[Axis rolls from the ring as Omega rises, looking across at Daniel Harper, and gives him a big thumbs up before exiting the ring.]

GM: I can't believe it! Omega has cleared out Axis and now we're down to business!

[Harper, near the ropes, looks out on Omega exiting...

...which allows Riley Hunter to get to his feet, rushing in behind Harper. He snatches a double chickenwing...]

GM: WAIT! WAIT!

[Hunter lifts Harper into the air, prepared to bring him down with the Day of Lavos...

...but Harper breaks the grip, tucking his head and rolling forward into a cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping it once... twice...]

BW: NO!

[...and three times!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HARPER WINS! HARPER WINS! OH MY!

[A jubilant Harper leaps to his feet, throwing his arms in the air as the AWA faithful goes crazy!]

GM: NEXT GEN JUST WON A SHOT AT THE TAG TITLES!

[With the fans roaring and Harper smiling broadly, Howie Somers comes tearing down the aisle, joining his friend and partner in the ring. A big embrace follows, the crowd cheering as the two partners realize they're finally going to get their long-awaited shot at the titles.]

GM: What a moment for Next Gen! All the blood, all the sweat, all the-

BW: The only tears they're going to have is AFTER they lose to System Shock and cry themselves all the way back to the bottom of the line!

GM: We'll see about that! And we may not know when or where that title shot will go down but when it does, I think we stand an excellent shot of seeing brand new World Tag Team Champions crowned, fans. And as much as I'd love to stick with this celebration all night, I'm being told that someone in the back - you can only imagine who - is demanding we move on to our next segment. The final piece of my interview conducted with Stevie Scott and Max Magnum.

[And one more time, we fade back to the studio with Gordon Myers, Stevie Scott, and Max Magnum. Want more detail on the scene? Go read Hour One, ya lazy jerk!]

GM: So where do you go from here? After that debut, and with the way you out-smarted Angelica Westerly, I'd have to assume that Max will have a target on his back.

[Stevie shoots a look toward Magnum who, for the first time in the interview, cracks a smile.]

HSS: You know what we say to that, Gordon?

Good.

[Stevie nods.]

HSS: That's precisely what we want. We WANT people to come after him, to try to make their names at the expense of his.

The thing about shooting at a target on his back, though?

[The Hotshot raises his index finger.]

HSS: You only get one shot.

One shot to hit. One shot to connect. One shot to simply HOPE you can knock the beast off his feet for a mere second and enjoy what momentary and fleeting advantage you may have.

But in the end, whether you miss or whether you hit, it doesn't matter. One just delays the inevitable a little longer.

[The camera switches to a close-up shot of Magnum, who is intensely staring at who knows what or who...poor soul, whoever it is.]

HSS: But right now, Gordon...I want every competitor on the AWA payroll to take a good look at him right now. From Jayden Jericho and Lee Connors all the way to Jack Lynch, Maxim Zharkov, Ryan Martinez, and yes...even Johnny Detson.

I want you to consider all those names, great as though some might be, and know this.

Max Magnum lives in the shadow of no man...

[As Stevie continues talking, the camera remains on Magnum who has barely moved an inch. Sweat has since formed on his forehead and begins slowly dripping down his face.]

HSS: ...because Max Magnum IS the shadow. He is a 6-foot-4-inch, 295-pound, living, breathing, human cheat code, the true modern-day man of steel. He feels NO pity...NO remorse...NO fear...and left in his wake will be a wave of violence the likes of which the American Wrestling Alliance has never seen before.

[A slight nod of acknowledgement from Magnum and a grin, no doubt from the monster thinking about the aforementioned violence.]

HSS: Bodies will be broken. Careers will be cut short. Those who were once thought to be indestructible will be reduced to whimpering piles of proverbial rubble laying prone, defeated, and humiliated at the feet of...

MAAAAAAAX! MAAAAGNNNUUUUMMMMM!

[Finally, the camera cuts back to Stevie who pauses long enough to let his words sink in.]

HSS: And that, my friends, is not a threat.

That...

[The legendary STEVIESMIRK~! makes its return.]

HSS: ...is a GUARANTEE!

[The camera cuts to one more close up of Magnum timed with Stevie's final three words before we fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: And there you have it, fans. My exclusive interview with Stevie Scott and Max Magnum revealed quite a bit about their plans in the AWA, and I know I'm quite interested to see him in the ring for the very first time.

BW: You may have scored the interview, Gordo, but I got the scoop! I've been texting with Stevie tonight and got the confirmation - he says Max Magnum WILL make his in-ring debut in two weeks' time at the next Saturday Night Wrestling in Portland, Oregon!

GM: Portland is well-known as the birthplace of some of the greatest names in the industry. What a place for Max Magnum to begin the journey of adding his name to that list!

BW: You're not even going to congratulate me on my scoop, Gordon?

GM: *sigh*...Congratulations, Bucky. Fans, we'll be right back.

[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 to black and then come back up backstage, where Mark Stegglet is chasing a blue, gold, and black masked blur through the Cow Palace's backstage corridors.]

MS: Omega! Omega! Could I get a quick comment from you?

[Omega dashes through a door, making a showy exit.]

O: Omega must now depart, citizen of Earth!

[The door slams shut behind him. Stegglet jams on the brakes just after.

He takes a look at the sign beside the door, then decides to knock and break the news to the elusive superhero.]

MS: Er, Omega...

[Knock knock knock...]

MS: Omega, you just escaped into a utility closet.

[The door sheepishly opens.]

O: Exactly, Citizen Stegglet! I found... the...

[Omega grabs and displays the item nearest to him.]

O: ...Dustmop!... That I was... looking for. Particulate matter is a serious hazard, particularly in spaces such as--

MS: Omega, can I ask you a question?

O: I told you before, you'll have to wait for my in-depth interview with Sebastian McIntyre!

[Omega tries to slam the door shut, but the handle of the dustmop catches and the door bounces back open.]

MS: Why Nick Axis? He doesn't strike me as-

O: A real superhero, Mark? Well, of course he's not!

MS: Yeah, the asthma inhaler was a bit of a giveaway-

O: I've never seen him at any of the meetings. He's never paid membership dues. I'm the treasurer, and I would know! He is a certified... Grade A JERK, Mark! He's a jerk!

I heard the broadcasts from Earth last year, Mark. I heard Citizen Myers' pleas for help, that someone might liberate the AWA from the evil Axis! Your pleas were heard, Mark! And I have arrived to protect you and the AWA Galaxy from the evils of Nick Axis!

MS: Uh, I hate to be a downer, but Nick Axis is n-

O: ...is a guileful, daunting nemesis, I know. He's a crafty one. But with the help of your fellow Terrans Next Gen and the Phoenix, I can overcome this villainous mastermind and his henchmen and restore peace and sanity to the AWA!

MS: Wait... you think... Riley Hunter, Derrick Williams and Maxim Zharkov are his HENCHMEN?!

O: That's their names? Jeez, no imagination, those guys. No wonder Nick Axis can push them around. They are but a hyperactive geek, a conceited jock, and a musclebound goon! Nothing compared to the sheer evilness of Nick Axis' evil!

But all evil has its end, Citizen Stegglet! For Omega IS the end of Evil! Stay tuned, People of Earth! Omega... OUT!

[He slams the door of the utility closet again. Stegglet pats the door, somewhat confused about the conversation he just had...

...and we fade back up on the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and the winner will move on to face Maxim Zharkov for the National Title at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Cheers go up from the crowd for the potential title match!]

RO: Introducing first...

“BOOM!”

[Sounds of gunfire reverberate throughout the arena as the opening guitar of Metallica's "One" begins.]

RO: From Durham, North Carolina... weighing in at 259 pounds...

He is a former World Champion... he is a Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer...

He is the Madfox...

JEEEEEEEEEEEEEEFF MAAAAAATHEWWWWWS!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as the spotlight hits the entranceway, staying lit up there as James Hetfield's voice growls out the lyrics.]

#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

[And has been tradition at professional wrestling shows for over twenty years, the crowd joins in on...]

#HOLD MY BREATH AS I WISH FOR DEATH... OH PLEASE GOD WAKE ME!

[The spotlight still in place lights up the form of Jeff "Madfox" Matthews, decked out in his ring attire which consists of crimson colored wrestling tights and high, laced up black boots. He tugs his black elbowpads in place, soaking in the cheers of the capacity crowd before he starts walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Here he comes, fans. You heard the resume from Rebecca. Former World Champion. Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer. The Madfox is on the prowl for championship gold here in the AWA and a win over Jordan Ohara would catapult him into a shot at the National Title against Maxim Zharkov at Memorial Day Mayhem. I find it interesting, Bucky, that Javier Castillo set up this match knowing what a thorn in the side both of these competitors have been for him lately.

BW: That's because you're short-sighted, Gordo. It's not the Madfox that El Presidente wants in this match.

GM: Who is it?

BW: Longtime fans would remember a time when Jeff Matthews carried a different name - the Career Killer. And if Matthews can lock that Fujiwara Armbar on Ohara here tonight, he might snap that limb like a twig... and THAT would be a tremendous help to El Presidente.

[Matthews climbs the ringsteps, wiping his boots on the apron before ducking through the ropes to even more cheers. He raises an arm to salute the cheering fans before the music starts to fade.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The positive hip hop beat of NaS' "I Can" pumps through the arena.]

#I know I can
Be what I wanna be
If I work hard at it
I'll be where I wanna be!#

[With that chorus, Jordan Ohara bounces out onto the entrance stage to a HUUUUGE ROAR from the crowd!]

RO: From Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing in at 225 pounds... he is the Phoenix...

JORRRRRRDAAAAAAN OOOOOOOOHAAAAARAAAA!

[Ohara slides and hops down the aisle to the ring, slapping hands with the ringside fans in his shiny winged jacket and Carolina blue pants. The Phoenix hugs a couple of enthusiastic youngsters at ringside before he turns towards the ring, pulling himself up on the apron.]

GM: Jordan Ohara had perhaps the greatest rookie year in AWA history... and we heard him earlier say he wants to make this sophomore year even better. He wants to face Zharkov on Memorial Day and he wants to BEAT Zharkov for that National Title the same night. But he's got Jeff Matthews standing in his way and that's no easy mountain to climb.

BW: It's funny, Gordo. If you think back twenty years, Matthews was a lot like Ohara. Good, clean scientific wrestler who loved the fans... and then he discovered his dark side. Maybe that dark side is what Javier Castillo is hoping Jordan Ohara will discover here tonight.

GM: Highly unlikely.

BW: Unlikely but not impossible. Two weeks ago, you would have never dreamed that Supernova would find HIS dark side but here we are.

GM: A fair point, Bucky, and we're just about set for action here with referee Davis Warren serving as the man in the middle for this one.

[With both men in the ring, Warren has words for them before calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Ohara grins, clapping his hands together as he scampers out of the corner, circling the ring with the Madfox who matches his younger opponent step for step.]

GM: And you have to imagine this is something of a dream match for young Jordan Ohara who grew up watching the stars of the late 90s like Jeff Matthews, Alex Martinez, and so many others.

[Ohara and Matthews come together in a collar and elbow in the center of the ring, pushing and shoving for position as the crowd cheers them on...

...and Ohara suddenly ducks down, snatching the arm, and flinging Matthews across the ring with an armdrag!]

GM: Nice armdrag by Ohara!

[Both men come back to their feet, a grin still on Ohara's face as Matthews shakes out his arm, eyeing his younger opponent warily. The Madfox nods as the two begin to circle again.]

GM: Here we go again... both looking for an edge...

[They lock up a second time, Ohara trying to use his upper body strength to push Matthews back against the ropes...

...but again ducks down, flipping Matthews down to the mat with a deep armdrag!]

GM: A second armdrag out of Ohara - he loves those and he's damn good at them too.

[He comes back to his feet, still grinning as Matthews works his way to his feet, grimacing as he shakes out his arm.]

GM: Matthews sidestepping around, trying to get around Ohara but Ohara matches his footwork.

BW: Third time's a charm?

GM: Back to the tieup and-

[Matthews abruptly breaks the hold, yanking Ohara's leg out from under him with a single leg, shoving Ohara down to the mat. The Madfox keeps his grip on the leg, twisting it around in a spinning toehold.]

GM: Matthews looking for the Foxtrap!

[But Ohara plants his boot on the rear of Matthews, shoving him away by kicking him off. Matthews whips around, ready to attack but Ohara kips up to his feet, striking a martial arts pose that persuades the former World Champion to hold off, a grin on his face this time.]

BW: What are these two idiots smiling about?!

GM: Hey, they're enjoying being in there with someone they can match skills with without having to worry about someone trying to waffle them with a chair or jump them from behind.

BW: Two things that Matthews excels at by the way.

GM: Maybe at one point in his career but not these days.

[Suddenly, the crowd erupts in jeers!]

GM: Wait a second! What are THEY doing out here?!

[The crowd jeers loudly at the sight of Ebola Zaire, Muteesa, and King Kong Hogan lumbering down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: This can't be good news for... well, for EITHER of these two!

BW: Matthews is out there on the floor, Gordo. They're going to get to him first!

[Reaching the ringside area, Ebola Zaire promptly grabs Matthews by the arm, flinging him into the steel barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Matthews collapses against the steel as Zaire wraps his hands around the Madfox' throat, strangling him as King Kong Hogan retrieves a steel chair from the timekeeper's table, folding it up as Muteesa madly wobbles around ringside, slapping his ample belly.]

GM: They're out in full force and they're going after Matthews! Castillo had no intention of letting this match go on, Bucky - this a damned setup! He wanted these two out here so he could sic his thugs on them!

[Hogan walks swiftly towards the Hall of Famer, steel chair in hand...

...and the crowd begins to buzz as Jordan Ohara, seeing the scene outside the ring, walks across the ring, stepping up to the second rope... then to the top!]

GM: OHARA'S ON TOP! OHARA'S ON TOP!

[The buzz of the crowd seems to warn Hogan that something is amiss. He quickly pivots away from Matthews...

...just as Ohara HURLS himself from his perch, extending out into a crossbody that takes both Hogan and Muteesa off their feet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHARA DIVES OFF ONTO BOTH OF THEM!

[The flying Ohara seems to startle Ebola Zaire who releases his chokehold on Matthews, turning to grab Ohara by the hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him with enough force to lift him parallel to the floor before he SLAMS into the barricade!]

GM: Good grief!

[Zaire turns his focus back to Matthews, dragging the former World Champion by the hair towards the ring.]

GM: The match has been thrown out we've been told but that's not going to stop Ebola Zaire, the African Nightmare!

[Zaire chucks Matthews under the ropes before climbing up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes. His eyes open wide, his tongue lolling out in bloodlust as he dips into the waistband of his loose-fitting pants. He pulls a fork into view, it's metal tines gleaming in the arena lights.]

GM: Oh no... he's got a fork!

BW: He feels like Madfox on the menu tonight!

[Zaire grabs Matthews by the hair, yanking him up onto his knees, holding the fork high over the Madfox' head...

...which is when the crowd ERUPTS into cheers again!]

GM: Is that...?! It is!

[The crowd gets louder as Supreme Wright makes the run from the stage to the ring at top speed, diving headfirst under the bottom rope. Zaire tosses Matthews aside, turning towards his new threat as Wright surges to his feet...

...and ducks under a wild Zaire backhand with the fork, sliding to a stop as he spins around behind Zaire to DRILL him with an elbowstrike to the back of the head!]

GM: OH!

[Wright uncorks three short kicks to the side of Zaire's knee, forcing him to stumble back towards the ropes...

...and then snaps off a rolling koppo kick that catches Zaire in the cheek, sending him tumbling through the ropes to the floor out alongside his allies as AWA officials come pouring into view, forming a wall between the ring and the Korugun soldiers.]

GM: This situation continues to escalate, fans... and thank the Maker that Supreme Wright was here to save the day for Jeff Matthews before the Madfox got carved up like a Thanksgiving turkey.

[Climbing to his feet, a grateful Matthews shakes Wright's hand as the duo stands off with the Korugun army. A few moments pass before Jordan Ohara joins them inside the ring, trading handshakes with the Madfox when suddenly a voice booms out from the entrance stage.]

"No, no, no... this is my night!"

[Out from the back storms Johnny Detson. Still in his three piece suit, title still over his shoulder. But his top button is now undone and his tie is loosened. Shades are gone and he is in full on pout mode.]

GM: Oh, what does he want?!

JD: Set it up, set it all back up. This is the Johnny Detson Victory Celebration! This is my night. MINE! This is Johnny Detson's night as stated by the man in charge himself. You will honor me! You will respect me! And you will set this back up now!

[Detson storms over to the camera and walks right in front of it.]

JD: Get some people out here now and set this thing back up! Cut to commercial right now! RIGHT NOW! Get this set up!

GM: He can't be serious!

JD: NOW NOW NOW NOW N—

[We abruptly cut to black and fade up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then back up where we see the ring and about three people frantically trying to set everything back up for the Victory Celebration. The velvet rug is thrown on the canvas bunched up in several places and only half covering the ring. A table is set up in the corner with a bucket of melted ice and a half drank bottle of champagne. A couple of balloons are tied to the ring post. And a sulking Johnny Detson is watching the whole thing.]

GM: Folks, we're back and apparently we once again have to endure this tired display of pathetic...

BW: Gordo, watch yourself... like you already said you don't want another lecture like you got at the end of the Anniversary Show.

[A producer goes over to Detson and whispers something to him.]

JD: What do you mean we're back on? No, no, no... This isn't ready! Go back to commercial.

[The producer says something else.]

JD: What do you mean you can't? Do it now!

[The producer again speaks and then shrugs. Detson raises his fists causing the man to flinch and fall over. Thinking twice, Detson climbs into the ring.]

JD: I have never been so disrespected in my entire life! NEVER! I'M THE WORLD CHAMPION! YOU WILL RESPECT ME!

[The boos from the crowd indicate otherwise.]

JD: Disrespect... total disrespect from so many people...

[Detson pauses, shaking his head.]

JD: And there is only one person to blame for this! BRIAN JAMES!!!! I know you're here tonight. Get out here... RIGHT NOW!

[Detson paces angrily back and forth back in the ring for a few seconds.]

JD: I said RIGHT NO-

[The pounding drums of Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call" tell the World Champion that his demands are about to be met.]

GM: You know what they say about getting what you wish for, I hope Johnny Detson knows what he's doing!

BW: Are you kidding? The World Champion knows how to handle this. You watch, everything will be fine!

[As guitar joins the drums, out steps Brian James. The six foot six, two hundred and ninety five pound Engine of Destruction wears a blank tank top and black jeans and marches down to the ring at a deliberate pace. With an impressive vertical leap, the Son of the Blackheart is on the ring apron, and a moment later, he's in the ring and in front of the World Champion, hanging back a few inches, and staring a hole into Detson who should be satisfied but somehow looks even more annoyed.]

JD: Oh good... you're finally not too STUPID to listen when your leader and better orders you around!

[Detson marches up to James and sticks a finger in his chest. James looks down at the finger like a fly just landed on his chest.]

JD: This is all your fault! You did all of this! You made the Kings this messed up! You poisoned Wes against me! You made me make all the hard decisions! And for what? Cause brothers gotta fight?

[Detson laughs and takes a step back.]

JD: Who won that fight again... brother?

[James doesn't respond, simply staring at Detson who smirks as he continues.]

JD: Wes is a little hot right now. I'm sure he'll cool down and listen to reason because despite outside influences, he's a smart kid. But I don't want you poisoning him against me anymore... you hear me?

[James doesn't say a word as Detson stares at him nodding.]

JD: Yeah, you hear me. Things are finally getting back to normal. Despite your best efforts, I am once again AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

[Detson holds the title belt up, making sure it dangles in James' face.]

JD: But, of course, you saw to it that you did the bare minimum to help with that, didn't you?

[Detson glares at James who glares right back.]

JD: But in the end... you did do what you were told... finally. But I think more instruction is needed for you. And since this night is a celebration of me, maybe this lesson should be a lesson in humility.

[Detson reaches into his pocket and pulls out a box.]

JD: You see this? I had this made to commemorate the fact that I am now the greatest champion in the history of the AWA!

[Detson opens the box and displays a big ring made of white gold with diamonds and rubies surrounding the AWA symbol. Detson slides it on his finger.]

JD: So the way I figure it, the best way you can honor me and cement my place as your leader and your better...

[The World Champion pauses, letting his words sink in on the fuming James.]

JD: ...is for you to get on your knees and KISS the ring of the leader of the Kings.

[Detson laughs as James is boiling mad. The crowd jeers loudly as Detson steps back, extending his hand. The AWA faithful is immediate in their reaction, screaming at James not to oblige. James pauses, looking out at the fans, making Detson even angrier.]

JD: Don't look at them! They're not in charge of you! I AM! As long as you're here... as long as you're a King of Wrestling... you've got to listen to me!

And you heard me, James... you heard me clear as day... I said... GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES... AND KISS! MY! RING!

[Detson insistently shoves his hand out again as James lowers his head, eyes closed.]

JD: What the hell?! WHAT IS THERE TO THINK ABOUT?! I HAVE THE CONTRACT! YOU DO WHAT I SAY! DO IT! DOOOOOO IT NOOOOOOW!

[Detson again shoves his hand out as James stands, the crowd continuing to scream for him to defy the leader of the Kings of Wrestling.]

GM: What's he going to do, Bucky?

BW: What CAN he do, Gordo? Johnny's got the contract! He's in charge!

GM: That doesn't mean-

[Growing more impatient, he storms over to James, jabbing his finger in the Son of the Blackheart's face, getting right up next to him as he screams. James' eyes whip open at this invasion of his personal space.]

JD: YOU LISTEN TO ME, YOU BARELY TRAINED ANIMAL! LAU MAY HAVE PUT UP WITH YOUR GARBAGE BUT NOT ME! I AM YOUR LEADER AND YOU WILL DO EVERYTHING THAT I SAY!

[Detson finally stops, stepping back, raising an eyebrow.]

JD: Or does your word mean nothing?

[James flinches on that one, his shoulders falling to a slump as realization of the situation he's in settles in.]

JD: That's what I thought. Now... GET! DOWN! ON! YOUR! KNEES!

[Again, the crowd begs James not to do it. He takes one more look around at the roaring crowd...

...and slowly lowers himself to a knee, shaking his head as Detson smirks, spreading his arms wide for the fans who really let both of them have it this time.]

JD: Good. Gooooood! Now...

[He extends his hand.]

JD: Kiss the ring of your superior.

[James looks up at Detson, their eyes locking for a moment as the Engine of Destruction takes Detson's hand in his... looking down at the canvas for a few moments...]

GM: How humiliating. For a man with the pride of Brian James, this is-

[James' head suddenly whips up, locking eyes with Detson again whose eyes have gone wide. The camera zooms in on James' hand now crushing the World Champion's with his mighty grip.]

The crowd ROARS as Detson sinks to the mat, down on his knees himself, screaming as James turns up the pressure, climbing to his feet with Detson now kneeling before him...]

BW: Wait a minute! Wait! Don't do this, James! Don't you dare-

[...and James YANKS Detson off his knees to his feet, the crowd absolutely going nuts as James folds Detson's arm back behind his head, cocking his right fist back and...]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH! BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[The coiled fist BLASTS into Detson's chest, knocking him to the canvas in a crumpled mess. The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of the World Champion in a pile at James' feet. James slowly reaches down, picking up the mic that Detson dropped. He leans down, staring at Detson's prone form.]

BJ: As long as I am here, as long as I am a King of Wrestling, I've got to listen to you right?

Well...

[He pauses, taking a deep breath.]

BJ: I QUIT!!

[The crowd again roars as James tosses the mic down on the motionless World Champion, turning to exit the ring. He walks up the ramp, leaving Detson... the Kings... and the entire AWA behind.]

Fade to black.]