



Saturday Night Wrestling

April 29, 2017
Seattle, Washington

[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.]

GM: Seattle, Washington - the AWA has come to town! We are live inside the KeyArena! We are live for the best three hours of professional wrestling action on the planet! We are live for SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING!

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

The shot pans a little, showing off the 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.

From there, we see a royal blue roped ring with matching ring apron and steel ringposts. Protective blue mats encircle the ring, leading to the barricades beyond which the AWA faithful are seated. A pair of wooden tables are at ringside - one with our timekeeper and ring announcer's seats, the other near where our announcers are standing as we cut to them.]

GM: Hello everyone, I am Gordon Myers and - as always - I'll be right here with you for the next three hours of AWA action... and by my side is the most colorful color man in the business, Bucky Wilde!

BW: You know what I like best about Seattle, Gordo?

GM: What's that?

BW: Nothing! So, let's get these three hours over with so we can get on the road to VEGAS, BAYBEEEEEE!

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: My apologies to the fans of Seattle. We are on the road to Memorial Day Mayhem X - less than a month away now - and as that show is coming together before our very eyes, we've got quite the lineup here tonight as well. We've got the AWA Women's World Champion Kurayami in action!

BW: Kurayami is getting ready for Medusa Rage in Chicago and I don't envy anyone in her path between now and then.

GM: In addition to that, the turncoat himself - Supernova - will be in action for the first time since his shocking betrayal when he goes one-on-one with a fellow former World Television Champion Alphonse Green!

BW: You call him a turncoat... I say he finally saw the light... thanks to Korugun!

GM: And of course, in our night's Main Event, the AWA World Tag Team Titles will be on the line when Howie Somers and Daniel Harper - Next Gen - take on Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter of System Shock!

BW: The Axis is in full effect, Gordo. The most powerful unit in all of wrestling is covered with gold and I see no reason that's going to change tonight when they send Harper and Somers to the back of the line where they belong!

GM: We've got all of that and so much more and-

[Gordon is interrupted by the opening notes to the rock and roll classic "Kashmir" ripping over the PA system and the ensuing boos.]

GM: Oh, sure... I wasn't talking or anything. Come on out here.

[Storming through the back with a sour expression on his face is the AWA World Champion, Johnny Detson. Detson has on a pair of jeans with a white sweat jacket with blue trim and the Korugun logo embroidered on it. He looks around in disgust at the negative reaction from the Seattle crowd and then down at the AWA World Heavyweight Championship clutched in his hand, before making his way to the ring.]

BW: Here's a guy who has had a bad couple of weeks.

GM: Bad couple of weeks? One could argue that nothing has gone his way since winning the World Championship. One might also call that karma.

BW: Karma?! It's been nothing but sneak attacks and double crosses since he's won that title. The life of a champion is never easy.

GM: And it doesn't look to be getting easier any time soon.

[Reaching ringside, Detson grabs a microphone off the timekeeper's table before climbing into the ring. He walks out to the center, his music fading. The sudden silence from the PA system just amplifies the jeers of the AWA faithful. He shakes his head, looking around at the crowd again before he speaks.]

JD: Just WHAT... in the HELL... is going on around here?!

[Detson looks around as if expecting an answer.]

JD: Can someone tell me that please because I am the undisputed AWA World Champion and the last time I looked that garnered a little respect!

[Detson hoists up the title to a negative reaction. He angrily drops the title back down over his shoulder, pacing a bit now.]

JD: Two weeks ago... in Portland... I was ATTACKED... BRUTALLY ATTACKED... unprovoked I might add... by somebody in a mask!

[The crowd cheers for that memory from the last Saturday Night Wrestling.]

JD: You people WOULD cheer that... that...

[He spits it out like it's something disgusting in his mouth.]

JD: ...MASKED OUTLAW!

[Another big cheer goes up!]

JD: The Masked Outlaw... and just who the hell is that supposed to be, huh? Who is it?! Do YOU know?!

[He points down at Rebecca Ortiz at ringside who shakes her head.]

JD: No? How about you?!

[He points to the timekeeper who shrugs.]

JD: Right, right... nobody knows... what about...

[He walks over to the cameraman on the apron, grabbing the lens of the camera, shouting into you.]

JD: YOU! Do YOU know?!

[A struggle ensues with a "Johnny, let go... let go!" Detson relents, letting the cameraman escape. Detson paces across the ring, staring down at the announce table.]

JD: You.

[Detson nods.]

JD: You know, don't you?

[The camera cuts to show Gordon Myers sitting stoically at ringside.]

JD: Of course you'd know. But you'd never tell me... because you're as BIASED against me as these idiots in the crowd!

[He points at the fans, getting booed again.]

JD: Someone in this place is trying to drive me crazy... and it's NOT going to work!

[Gordon speaks.]

GM: Are you kidding me right now? Sure looks like it's working to me.

BW: Gordo, do you know who it is?!

GM: No! And if I did, he's right. I sure wouldn't tell him!

[Detson raises the mic again.]

JD: Everyone thinks this is SO funny... well, it's not! Everywhere I go now, I see this stupid mask! At the country club... at the tailor who does these custom-made suits...

[He gestures to his suit, doing a little twirl to show it off.]

JD: ...at the spa... it's making me physically ill! I just can't stand it!

[He points to the camera again.]

JD: Outlaw... I know you're out there... I know you're listening. You want to play these little games?! You want to attack me from behind after a grueling but successful title defense in Portland?!

[The crowd jeers.]

GM: Oh, please... who is he kidding? That title match was a fraud from the get-go!

[Detson glares at the jeering crowd... then turns back to the camera.]

JD: Well, masked man... I'm DARING you to come out... right HERE... right NOW... when I'm not distracted... when I'm fresh for a fight... I dare you to come out here and confront me face to... mask. No more hiding! No more games! Let's do this!

[He lays the title belt down on the canvas, beckoning towards the back.]

GM: It looks like Johnny Detson is calling out the Masked Outlaw here to start our show tonight here in Seattle, fans... the home of last year's Memorial Day Mayhem. Is he going to get what he wants?

BW: If this Masked Outlaw was any kind of a man at all, he'd come out here and fight Johnny like one!

GM: I have a feeling that this masked man does things on his timetable. He does what he wants, when he wants... and Johnny Detson's tantrums may have no impact on that at all.

BW: What?! He's calling him out!

GM: Bold of him, considering this time it isn't one of his plants in that mask.

BW: Baseless accusation! I think-

[But Bucky is cut off by the sound of static, the lights flickering, and then going out completely. The crowd roars with excitement, buzzing with anticipation as we sit in the darkness for several moments.]

GM: The lights here in the KeyArena, fans, have gone out and... well, I can't see a thing!

BW: There! There he is! I saw him, Gordo! Hit the lights!

GM: You can't see anything out here!

BW: I saw him move! I think he's here!

[After several more moments, the lights snap back on to full illumination just as quickly as they went out. Detson immediately and wildly spins around, looking for his assailant with his fists drawn back ready to fight...

...but he finds himself all alone.

Well, almost.]

GM: Oh, look at this! The Dogs of War are out here! What kind of a setup is this?!

BW: An insurance policy!

[Indeed, we can see Wade Walker, Pedro Perez, and Isaiah Carpenter fanned out around the ring, ready to trap the Masked Outlaw if he'd happened to arrive but he hasn't...]

GM: Call it whatever you want, Bucky... but this is obvious another attempt at a setup by the World Champion. He tried to lure the Masked Outlaw into a trap and turn the Dogs loose on him. But it's just as obvious that the Outlaw is not about to fall for Johnny Detson's tricks!

[Detson continues to wildly spin around, desperately looking for someone who isn't there. Upon realizing that his plan has failed, he begins to stomp his feet in the ring, scooping up the mic again.]

JD: OUTLAW! OUUUTLAAA! THIS ISN'T OVER! THIS ISN'T OVER!

[He retrieves his title belt, slinging it over his shoulder.]

JD: I'm going to find out who the hell you are... and then they...

[He points to the Dogs of War outside the ring.]

JD: ...are going to put that damned mask through a windshield!

[Detson angrily throws the mic down on the canvas before storming out of the ring, clearly even more upset than when he first came out to the ring. He stomps up the ramp, heading to the back with the Dogs close behind.]

GM: Well, the saga of the identity of the Masked Outlaw continues tonight here in Seattle... and Johnny Detson is absolutely losing control as he tries to figure it out! Detson thinks the Outlaw is here tonight... is he? We'll find out as the night goes on. Fans, we're going to take our first break of the night and when we come back, it'll be the now FORMER World Television Champion, Callum Mahoney, in action! So don't you dare go away!

[We hold on Detson and his pack of Dogs storming up the ramp 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 as we come back, we're with Johnny Detson - no longer flanked by the Dogs of War - as he stalks angrily through the backstage area.]

JD: I'm gonna get to the bottom of this, damn it.

[The cameraman trails him as he walks around a corner, shoving past a pair of preliminary wrestlers who were chatting. Detson comes to an abrupt halt as he spots someone standing along the wall, talking to a production assistant.]

JD: You.

[The camera pans to reveal Wes Taylor standing on the wall in blue jeans and a white t-shirt.]

WT: What the hell do you want, Johnny?

[He throws a glance behind Detson.]

WT: And where are your new buddies?

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: Don't you worry about them. This is about you and me...

[Taylor shakes his head.]

WT: I've got nothing more to say on that topic, Johnny. You're on your own.

[Detson extends a hand, stopping Taylor from leaving for a moment.]

JD: I have to say, Wes... I can't even put into words how...

[He looks at Taylor... and for the first time, a look of disgust comes over his face.]

JD: ...disappointed I am in the decisions you have been making and the things you have been saying.

[Taylor smirks, giving a scoff.]

WT: You're not the only one, Johnny... but is there a point to this?

[Detson nods.]

JD: Due to our past and the respect I have for you, I'm going to ask you ONE time.

Is it you?

[Taylor looks puzzled.]

WT: What are you talking about? Is what me?

[Detson snaps.]

JD: DON'T PLAY DUMB WITH ME, KID!

[Detson clenches his fists in anger as Taylor takes a step back, his back literally against the wall now.]

JD: I've done my homework. I know your old man's history with that mask.

A month ago, I wouldn't have dreamed it... but now?

[He shakes his head, glaring at Taylor.]

JD: Who knows if you're getting into family traditions.

[Taylor grins, finally getting what Detson's implying.]

WT: Ahhh, I get it. You think it's me? You think I jumped you in Portland?

[Taylor chuckles.]

WT: You're delusional, Johnny... even moreso than usual. No, Johnny... if it was me...

[He steps forward, a finger jabbing into the World Champion's chest.]

WT: ...if I was coming for you, you'd know it.

[Taylor's finger turns to an open hand, pushing Detson aside as he walks past, leaving the World Champion behind...

...and then with a chuckle, Taylor turns back.]

WT: But if you've REALLY done your homework, Johnny... you'd know that I'm not the only one whose family has a history with that mask.

[Taylor turns, making his exit as Detson stares after him, shaking his head.]

JD: He wouldn't... he couldn't... no... it can't be... it just can't be.

[Detson abruptly turns in the opposite direction, walking away as we fade from the backstage area out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing by in the ring with referee Andy Dawson and a brown-haired young man, dressed in red tights, white boots and a white satin ring jacket.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner on my right... he hails from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 210 pounds...

DEAN ABERDEEN!

[Aberdeen raises both arms to some cheers from the hometown crowd. He takes off his jacket, to reveal a lean physique, and drops the jacket to the outside.]

RO: And his opponent...

[Jeers as The Chieftain's "Brian Boru's March" starts to play. Callum Mahoney, sandy-haired with lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway, dressed in a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear standing on its hind legs across the front, black knee pads and black boots. He stands with hands on hips and a sneer on his lips, soaking in the reaction from the crowd.]

RO: Hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!

[As he makes his way down the aisle, Mahoney largely ignores the jeers and taunts, although he does have to stare down a particularly vociferous youth at ringside.]

GM: Callum Mahoney, no longer the World Television champion, and he's not looking too happy about it.

BW: I think he looked like that even when he was champion, Gordo. Both times.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: My mistake... you're absolutely right about that, Bucky.

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney climbs the steps, wiping the soles of his boots on the canvas before stepping through the ropes. As the music fades, Mahoney heads to his corner, eyes locked on his opponent.]

GM: Nonetheless, he has young Dean Aberdeen across the ring from him here tonight. You have to wonder, Bucky, how does a competitor recover, if you will, from losing a title? That must take a toll on your confidence.

BW: Some guys never recover from such a loss, Gordo, but some guys use that as motivation to do better. Mahoney is focused, always has been, and we know he is tenacious and has no problems grinding things out for as long as it takes, so I think he'll bounce back from this temporary setback.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go! Both men circle each other, Aberdeen with one arm extended, reaching out towards Mahoney. Mahoney slaps the hand away.

[Aberdeen shakes his hand as Mahoney lunges, grabbing the collar-and-elbow on his own terms before quickly transitioning to a side headlock.]

GM: Into the side headlock for Mahoney... squeezing that head in his arms... forcing Aberdeen down to a knee...

[Pulling the Seattle native to his feet, Mahoney again transitions, this time into the armwringer.]

GM: Going after the arm now... the Armbar Assassin going after the limb... oh ho! Aberdeen ducks under and turns it into an armwringer of his own!

[The crowd cheers the counter but they don't get long to do so as Mahoney swings a knee up into the gut. He leans down, yanking a leg out from under him.]

GM: Single leg, down to the mat goes Aberdeen...

[Mahoney grabs Aberdeen's ankle, and placing his own knee in the crook of Aberdeen's leg, pulls up on the ankle, applying pressure to the knee.]

BW: Mahoney showing just how dangerous a competitor he can be. See, normally the Armbar Assassin would be working the arm, Gordo, but we see that Mahoney is equally capable working the leg here.

GM: Indeed, Bucky, Mahoney is just cranking on the young man's leg. After the grueling two out of three falls match he had against Terry Shane last week, Mahoney is not showing any ill effects from the Shane family's signature spinning toehold.

BW: It's Mahoney's self-preservation instinct, Gordo. He knew he had to give up, even if it meant losing the TV title, in order to prevent any lasting damage to the leg, and live to fight another day.

[With Aberdeen writhing in pain, but not ready to submit, Mahoney gets to his feet, still holding the ankle, and plants his boot to the back of Aberdeen's thigh. He lets go of the leg and grabs Aberdeen's arm instead, pulling him to his feet. Mahoney wrings the arm, then pulls Aberdeen towards him...]

BW: Oof! Short-arm clothesline from Mahoney! Nearly took this kid out of his boots!

[Aberdeen rolls onto his knees, arms flailing. Mahoney, with two handfuls of hair, pulls him to his feet.]

GM: Look out here... ohh! European uppercut!

BW: One of the hardest hitters in the AWA locker room, Gordo.

GM: It rattled the teeth of Aberdeen... but the kid fires back, going downstairs with a boot to the gut...

[Mahoney throws a right hand in response... and Aberdeen returns fire with one of his own!]

GM: They're trading shots here in the ring - perhaps not the best idea by this young hometown grappler!

BW: Maybe not, Gordo! He's got Mahoney on his heels!

[The crowd gets louder as a fired-up Aberdeen backs Mahoney across the ring with a series of right hands...

...which Mahoney cuts off with a well-placed thumb to the eye!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot!

BW: The great equalizer, Gordo! There's no counter for the poke to the eye!

[Aberdeen stumbles away, rubbing vigorously at his eye. With his back to Mahoney, the Fighting Irishman slides in behind him, snatching a three-quarter nelson to flip him over into a seated position with a snapmare...

...and takes a few step back before drilling him with a kick between the shoulderblades with the top of the boot!]

GM: Soccer kick to the spine of Aberdeen!

BW: It doesn't matter if he's punching you or kicking you or throwing one of those forearms, Gordo... Mahoney strikes with such viciousness and such crisp brutality.

[With two handfuls of hair, Mahoney drags Aberdeen towards the ropes. He drops to the canvas and rolls to the outside, and pulls Aberdeen under the bottom rope.]

GM: Mahoney to the outside and-

[With Aberdeen facedown, Mahoney lifts his torso off the mat and slams him chest-first into the hardest part of the ring.]

GM: Oh, goodness! Now Mahoney is just showing his sadistic side. Now he just wants to punish this young man.

BW: Hey, he lost the TV title last week; he's allowed to let off some steam.

[Flipping Aberdeen onto his back, Mahoney clubs him violently across the chest.]

GM: Mahoney rolls back in, breaking the count.

[The former champion has a few words with the officials as Aberdeen works his way to his feet, falling back against the turnbuckles, the ropes helping to hold him up.]

GM: Mahoney moving back in on Aberdeen... ohh! Another clubbing forearm across the chest!

[Aberdeen hangs on tightly to the ropes as Mahoney winds up, laying in another heavy forearm!]

GM: Another one! Just pounding on this kid!

[But as Mahoney winds up again, the Seattle native pushes off the buckles to throw a forearm of his own!]

GM: Aberdeen fighting back!

BW: The kid's got spunk, Gordo!

[But Mahoney responds with another European uppercut, nearly lifting the kid off the mat before he scoops him up, throwing him down.]

GM: Scoop and a slam by Mahoney...

[With Aberdeen down on the mat, Mahoney takes a moment to shout at the jeering fans, taunting them about their hometown "hero." He smirks at their reaction before dashing to the ropes...]

GM: Mahoney to the ropes...

[But a recovering Aberdeen throws himself at Mahoney's feet, forcing him to hurdle over him.]

GM: Up and over goes Mahoney... to the far side...

[Aberdeen leaps into the air, leapfrogging the rebounding Irishman.]

GM: Leapfrog, Mahoney off the ropes again...

[And the rebounding Mahoney gets taken up and over with a big hiptoss, throwing the former champion down to the mat to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Mahoney gets taken off his feet! And this kid might be building up some momentum, fans!

[Aberdeen pumps a fist to the cheering crowd, a smile on his face as Mahoney comes off the mat, stumbling back into the turnbuckles...

...which is where Aberdeen races in, stepping up to the middle rope and he JACKS THE JAW of Mahoney with a kneestrike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE GOT HIM! HE CAUGHT HIM FLUSH!

BW: Mahoney's in trouble, Gordo!

GM: Could we be on the verge of a major upset?!

[Aberdeen grabs Mahoney by the arm, winging him across the ring to the opposite corner.]

GM: Big whip to the corner.. and the kid's gotta stay on him, Bucky.

BW: I think he's struggling to do it because of the abuse he's taken during this match, Gordo. Just a little slow to follow up...

GM: Here he comes!

[A charging Aberdeen comes at Mahoney who leans back...

...and catches Aberdeen right under the chin with a raised boot!]

GM: OHH! HE CAUGHT HIM COMING IN!

[And Mahoney EXPLODES out of the corner with a thunderous clothesline, wiping the Seattle native out!

BW: And so much for any dreams of an upset, Gordo!

[With the young man down on the mat, Mahoney flips him over and wraps up his legs in an inverted Indian deathlock.]

GM: Mahoney looking for a submission now... drops down to hook the head!

BW: That's the Celtic Knot, Gordo! The leglock and the crossface and...

GM: It won't be long now.

[Aberdeen struggles... strains... and ultimately submits.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And Aberdeen taps!

[The crowd boos as The Chieftain's "Brian Boru's March" starts to play again.]

RO: Here is your winner by submission...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!

[Mahoney holds on to the inverted Indian leglock and crossface for a little bit longer, releasing only as Andy Dawson threatens to reverse his decision. He pops up to his feet and allows the official to raise his arm.]

GM: Unlike last week, Callum Mahoney emerges victorious here tonight.

BW: Spoiling the hopes of these goofs in the crowd who thought their kid actually stood a shot against a two-time former World Television Champion.

GM: We've got Sweet Lou making his way down to ringside, he'll be talking to Mahoney in just a moment now. Best of luck, Lou.

[We cut outside the ring where Blackwell is standing as Mahoney rolls out to join him.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon... and Callum Mahoney, likely not in the best of moods right now as Terry Shane beat you - once again - in a grueling two out of three falls match to regain the World Television Title last weekend on the Power Hour. The question I've got, Mr. Mahoney... is how to do you recover from a loss like that and what's next for the Armbar Assassin?

[Mahoney sneers at Blackwell.]

CM: How do I recover from this loss? What's next for the Armbar Assassin? I am a two-time World Television champion, Blackwell.

I am, for all intents and purposes, A CHAMPION. And I want what all champions want... A shot at a bigger prize... Perhaps the biggest prize this sport has to offer.

[Blackwell raises an eyebrow as Mahoney continues.]

CM: And it doesn't matter who I have to put down along the way. It doesn't matter who I have to make deals with to get my shot; the Armbar Assassin's always happy to provide his services... For a price, of course.

[He rubs his fingers together in the universal gesture for money.]

CM: And at Memorial Day Mayhem, it doesn't matter how many men I have to throw out of the ring; I want the opportunity winning the Rumble will bring me.

So, consider this noticed served, Sweet Lou... today is the first day of the inevitable.

[And, with one final sneer directed at Blackwell, Mahoney makes his way to the back. He raises his right fist in the air, in defiance of the booing crowd as we fade to black...

...where a voiceover begins.]

"They say beauty is only skin deep."

[A shot of a woman. Young, fair skinned, beautiful. She looks elegant, wrapped in a kimono, hair pinned up, sitting on her heels, hands neatly folded in her lap.]

"That first impressions are made with their eyes."

[A Japanese woman along the waiting deck of a train station. Her long legs are shown briefly as her dress flutters as the train whips by.]

"And their eyes...are unique. Stunning."

[Cut close to her face. Gorgeous double eyelids, it accentuates her soft blue eyes.]

"Bon Kyu Bon."

[The camera cascades down to her bust. Then her thin waist. Finally, her curved hips.]

"We can't help ourselves. We have to look. We are human."

[Her skin is smooth, clear, phenomenal.]

"But not everything is as it appears."

[Suddenly, her soft skin begins to crack...like shattered glass sections of her image begin to fall. Piece by piece until we are staring at an image of the train rolling by and where the woman once stood is black silhouette. Suddenly, an image of a man flying through bursts through the black hole and his body crashes down. The background suddenly changes entirely!]

"They...

...are not human."

[The background morphs into a wrestling ring. In the center is the TJPW logo and beside it lies one man motionless on the ground.]

"They."

[Out of nowhere two men SLAM another helpless body on top of the other man. You can see the exact moment when the air leaves his lungs as his partner is smashed across his chest.]

"Are."

[The camera cascades up their black boots to their legs also covered in black trunks. Both figures have impressive musculature as you can see their built physiques pushing through.]

"Machines."

[The camera moves up their chests. Incredible physiques. Both ripped, both solid, both built like warriors.]

"And they are coming."

[The camera pans upwards further and as it moves up over their torsos to their neck and slowly to their faces the screen bursts into a solid RED frame as a faint buzzing sound is all we are left with.

Fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up backstage where, in front of an AWA logo, is "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, standing alongside Alphonse Green. Green's already dressed to wrestle and looking focused on the task at hand. Green doesn't seem to be his hyper self, standing firmly and looking towards the camera, his eyes behind a pair of sunglasses.]

SLB: We are back here LIVE from the KeyArena in Seattle for Saturday Night Wrestiing and I'm here with Alphonse Green, a man who is looking to get back in the Television title hunt, and he made that clear two weeks ago. Much like the rest of the world, I'm sure Alphonse here got a chance to see one of the gutsiest performances of all time as Terry Shane defeated Callum Mahoney to win the World Television Championship..

[Green nods his head, then turns back towards "Sweet" Lou.]

AG: I did, and as much as I'd like to get Shane in the ring an' take him to the limit with no disgustin' shenanigans like Michael Aarons did on the Power Hour, for the last two weeks I've been laser focused at the task at hand.

SLB: You were issued the challenge from Supernova and Veronica Westerly two weeks ago after comments you made after your victory over Paul Geisenberger, and jumped immediately at the chance to sign your name next to his for one of our featured matches tonight.

AG: I took this match tonight, simply because it's the right thing to do. Sometimes in life you set yerself a buncha goals, and want to achieve them by however you see fit. I set myself a goal after I went on my losing streak not that long ago an' I got myself back on it.. but ol' Westerly decided to give me a little detour. Take me off the beaten path.

[Green pauses.]

AG: Sometimes ya gotta go down that road once, twice, maybe as many times as it takes? I believe in a little thing called karma, Sweet Lou, and eventually karma puts ya right back on that road to your goals, and that's somethin' some people forgot.

Like our good ol' face painted traitor.

[Blackwell smirks.]

SLB: Those exact words are why Westerly and Supernova wanted to get you in that ring tonight. Westerly even issued some harsh words of her own when the challenge was laid down.

AG: Oh, those words were definitely on my mind, for sure. I spent, what? 18 months? 2 years? A decade? A century cooped up an' unable to compete in front of all these wonderful fans that deserve my best? I dunno, time flies when ya ain't havin' fun. I wouldn't wish that upon my worst enemy. Maybe.

That's a lot of time I ain't gettin' back, but ya know what, if Westerly, Castillo, Supernova, an' the rest of their stupid little gang wants to put ME back in the hospital.

[Green takes off his sunglasses, a bit of fire in his eyes as he finishes his speech.]

AG: Apologies ahead of time to Ryan Martinez... but I feel like takin' on karma's role tonight, an' I'm takin' Supernova with me.

Let's ride.

[Green puts the sunglasses back on, and turns on his heels, quickly walking off camera. "Sweet" Lou then turns back towards the camera.]

SLB: Alphonse Green with some strong words in response to Veronica Westerly and Supernova ahead of one of the biggest matches of his career so far here later tonight... and speaking of Veronica Westerly, let's take a look at an interaction that her associate - Javier Castillo - had moments ago with the World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson, courtesy of Access 365!

[The Access 365 splashes across the screen as we fade to pre-recorded footage. We're looking at the inside of El Presidente's office as Castillo works at his desk. MAWAGA stands omnipresent nearby, ready to defend as needed. Veronica Westerly is seated across from Castillo as Polemos lurks behind her.

Suddenly, the door swings open and an angry Johnny Detson storms into view. Polemos and MAWAGA both move to block his path but a raised hand from Castillo clears the way as Detson eyeballs both monsters and makes his way over to Castillo's desk, leaning on it with both hands as Westerly arches an eyebrow at the intrusion.]

JD: We need to talk.

[Castillo, who hasn't looked up yet, puts down his pen, slowly leaning back in his chair. There is no emotion in his staredown of Detson as he slides his hands back behind his head, leaning even further back.]

JC: So talk.

[Detson throws a glance at Westerly who doesn't budge. Seeing Castillo make no effort to dismiss her, Detson speaks again, obviously agitated.]

JD: Your World Champion has a problem... and it needs to be addressed.

[Finally, a smirk crosses the face of El Presidente.]

JC: Is that right? Tell me, Johnny... about your problem.

[Detson doesn't acknowledge the smirk, staying angry and focused on the matter at hand.]

JD: It's this Masked Outlaw. What do YOU know about about him?

[Castillo throws a glance at Westerly this time, a little uneasy as he straightens up in his chair, meeting Detson's angry stare.]

JC: Johnny, I can assure you that if I had any information on this so-called Masked Outlaw, you would know it as well.

[Detson arches an eyebrow.]

JD: Is that right?

[His glance turns over towards Veronica Westerly.]

JD: What about you?

[Westerly meets Detson's gaze unflinching... but silent.]

JD: I can't believe he'd have the guts to do it... but is your son trying to pull a fast one? Does he think that mask is a back door to getting his job back?

[Westerly again refuses to respond.]

JD: His family has hid behind that mask before... and you've been less than forthcoming when it comes to him in the past.

[Westerly's eyes flash with a touch of anger.]

VW: Mr. Detson, are you trying to imply that I-

[Castillo again raises a hand, cutting her off.]

JC: People... please. Let's not do this. Again, Johnny... I assure you that neither myself nor my associates know anything about this Masked Outlaw... and I can also assure you that I have security all over this building tonight. There have been no sightings of the Masked Outlaw... or Brian James.

[Detson goes to speak but Castillo runs right over him.]

JC: IF Mr. James attempts to enter the building here tonight, he will be arrested for trespassing.

[Detson again goes to speak but Castillo raises a finger to hold him.]

JC: And if someone can remove this Outlaw's mask... and prove to me that Brian James is underneath it... then he won't have the chance to quit again because I will FIRE him on the spot and sue him for breach of contract.

[Westerly turns her gaze onto Castillo who doesn't bother returning it, still staring at Detson.]

JC: Are you satisfied... el campeón?

[A grin breaks out across Detson's face as he nods.]

JD: That's good to hear, boss man. I appreciate the fact that you're looking out for your top star... for your champion. It's been a rough few weeks and... well, that brings me to the other reason I'm here.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: There's more?

[Detson nods, deciding to take a seat on the corner of the desk, earning himself an unnoticed glare from El Presidente.]

JD: Yeah, well... this whole Outlaw thing has been pretty stressful, you know? And it's really taken a toll on my emotional and mental well-being. So, I've been thinking that... I... the greatest AWA World Champion of all time... could use a vacation.

[Castillo smiles.]

JC: I see.

[Detson nods.]

JD: No big deal though. Just a couple of weeks off to clear the mind and rest up the body. So, since I successfully defended my title two weeks ago in Portland, I thought I'd take a month off, catch Memorial Day Mayhem - I'm sure it'll be a great show, boss - from the comfort of a beach somewhere tropical... and then come back in June ready to go again.

[Castillo looks up at a smiling Detson, still smiling as well...

...but the smile fades.]

JC: No.

[Castillo looks down, picking up his pen again. Detson smirks, shaking his head.]

JD: I'm sorry... maybe I misheard you. It sounded like you said no. Which is weird because... I wasn't really asking.

[Castillo looks up.]

JC: No? Johnny, I think perhaps you have a misunderstanding as to how things work around here.

[He steeples his fingers together.]

JC: Would you say that me being in power here has been... beneficial... to you?

[Detson nods.]

JD: Sure, of course I'd-

[Castillo interrupts.]

JC: Of course you would. And do you understand how I stay in power?

Money. I make this company money... and I make the people who put me in charge money.

And I make this company money by providing ratings... buyrates... the... how you say... asses in the seats!

[Westerly smirks at Castillo.]

JC: And all that happens because of what I provide to the fans... to the sponsors... to the network...

[He waits, watching Detson.]

JC: What do I provide them, Johnny?

[Detson shrugs, obviously not enthusiastic about where this is going. Castillo grins broadly.]

JC: VIOLENCE!

[He claps his hands together, causing Detson to jump slightly.]

JC: I provide them with violence that the fans pay to see... that they tune into Fox Sports X to watch... that they travel to places like Seattle and Portland and Las Vegas to witness firsthand.

And you? You sitting at home?

[He opens his hands, shaking his head.]

JC: That's not violent, Johnny. People want to pay to see you... sure, some are paying to see you get beat up but that's the business!

So, I need you, Johnny... I need you in the ring... not on a beach.

[Detson grimaces.]

JC: I need to give the people what they want to see... do you understand?

[Detson shrugs again.]

JD: I suppose.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Good. Then I hope you understand when I tell you that at Memorial Day Mayhem when the AWA goes to Chicago for the first time, you'll be defending the World Heavyweight Title against...

[He smiles.]

JC: ...Ryan Martinez!

[Detson and Westerly both shouts at the same time.]

JD/VW: WHAT?!

[Castillo turns, glaring at Westerly for a moment, and then turns back to Detson.]

JC: It is what the people want to see, Johnny... and never let it be said that I don't give the people what they want.

[Detson stands up again, smashing a fist down onto the desk.]

JD: You can't do that!

[Castillo rises from his seat, a tension now evident in the air between Castillo and his World Champion.]

JC: Never. Never presume you can tell me what I can and can't do.

[He snaps his fingers, causing MAWAGA to step towards Detson who backs up two steps, still staring at Castillo.]

JD: If you think for one second that I'm going to let...

[Detson's words trail off as he thinks better of finishing his sentence as MAWAGA gets closer.]

JD: If you think I'm just going to let you play...

[Again, he decides not to finish his statement as MAWAGA is within reach now. The World Champion points a finger at Castillo, a finger that is shaking with anger. He opens his mouth to speak but nothing comes out as his gaze drifts onto the Suited Savage nearby. Slowly, he lowers his hand, saying nothing as he backs up out of MAWAGA's reach, turning and leaving the office in a huff. Castillo nods at MAWAGA who returns to his position as Castillo sits back in his chair. Westerly looks across at him.]

VW: Are you sure that's a good idea?

[Castillo looks up, his gaze icy. This is a man who is not used to his words being questioned by anyone.]

JC: Better him than us, yes?

[Westerly is silent for a moment and then gives a slight nod of agreement. Castillo nods again, going back to the paperwork on his desk as Westerly glowers in anger...

...and with a flash of the Access 365 logo, we're back on a live shot of the KeyArena crowd.]

GM: An interesting turn of events there between the World Champion Johnny Detson and El Presidente Javier Castillo, Bucky.

BW: Interesting?! It's awful! Can't we all just get along?!

GM: Johnny Detson apparently intended to pull a repeat of what he tried to do a year ago in this very building! Remember last year at Memorial Day Mayhem when he tried to take the night off? It didn't work for him then and it's apparently not going to work for him again, Bucky!

BW: I mean... El Presidente can do whatever he wants but... a rematch with Ryan Martinez?! I don't get it! Why would he do that?

GM: Detson seemed less than pleased with it as well and very nearly said something that I'd imagine Javier Castillo might make him regret. That's one to keep an eye on but... well, I can't wait for the White Knight to get out here and accept that match for Chicago!

[Without warning, the sounds of Nas' "I Can" thumps to life as the Seattle crowd ROARS to life!]

GM: And speaking of Chicago! This young man is ready to take the Windy City by storm!

[Jordan Ohara bounces out on stage in his Carolina blue Phoenix ringer T-shirt, faded blue jeans, and light blue Chuck Taylors. His hair is tied into a samurai topknot. He has a microphone in hand as he bounces around on the stage, raising it to his mouth as he sings along with the music, getting a little call and response going from the crowd...]

JO: I know I can!

[The crowd responds with the same lyric.]

JO: Be what I want to be!

[Ohara grins at the crowd calling it back.]

JO: And if I work hard at it!

[He cups a hand to his ear, listening to the Seattle crowd dropping the lyric.]

JO: I'll be where I want to be!

[Upon the final lyric being called back, Ohara grins, clapping his hands together as he enthusiastically jogs down the ramp, heading over the to the sides to slap all the outstretched hands.]

GM: And listen to this crowd, Bucky! Quite the ovation for Jordan Ohara out here in Seattle.

BW: It's Seattle, Gordo. They're just happy to be out of the rain.

[Ohara reaches the ring, running up the ringsteps. He bops his head, bouncing up and down as he walks midway down the apron. Turning his back to the ropes, he loops his arms over the top, leaning back, and flipping over them to land on his feet inside the squared circle!]

GM: Oh yeah! And it's athleticism like that that could take the Phoenix all the way to the top in Chi-Town!

[Ohara waits for the music to fade, lifting the mic.]

JO: SEATTLE!

[The crowd cheers as we all knew they would for that. Ohara grins, nodding.]

JO: My name is Jordan Ohara and I'm currently the Number One Contender for the AWA National Championship.

[Another big cheer! Ohara nods again.]

JO: It's a championship that means something all around the world. A championship that should be held by men who are dedicated to the sport of wrestling and dedicated to the people like you who pay to watch. A title with that lineage, with that history ... should be defended with honor. It shouldn't be held by

a man like Maxim Zharkov, a selfish man out of touch with time and reality. A man who cares nothing about anybody except himself.

[Ohara looks towards the back.]

JO: All that talk about American decadence, but you love those two hundred dollar steaks, don't you?

Zharkov took Vasquez's money and stole the National Title. And he's been allowed to keep on stealing that title by our president, Javier Castillo.

[Jordan pauses to let that sink in.]

JO: This is America... this is the land of the free and what better representative than me to take the title back for America.

Son of a soldier? My mother fought and risked her life for the ideals of this country... for the notion that each person should have the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

[Ohara turns to the ramp, pointing a finger towards the back.]

JO: Javier Castillo, you've been trying to erode those rights in the AWA, abusing your power... rewarding wrestlers who would rather sell out than earn their right to compete for championships.

Well, I'm telling you I won't stand for it.

[The crowd cheers as Ohara takes a little walk around the ring.]

JO: So Zharkov, Castillo... you both better understand that I will never stop until I've got you in that ring and I will-

[The sound of artillery cuts off Ohara. The "Soviet March" answers his challenge...]

BW: Oh, be very careful what you wish for, kid!

[Zharkov powers through the curtains. He's in his street gear: black track pants and a red "CCCP" t-shirt. The National Title belt glints tantalizingly on his shoulder as he marches down the ramp towards the ring where Ohara crouches down, waving him forward anxiously.]

GM: Well, fans, it looks like the National Champion has finally decided to answer Ohara's challenge face-to-face after dancing around the issue for months... including two weeks ago in Portland when he attacked Ohara from behind and laid him out!

[In one swift motion, Maxim Zharkov leaps from the floor to the ring apron. He glowers at Ohara menacingly, but the Phoenix remains steadfast in place. Zharkov steps through the ropes, raising a mic of his own...]

MZ: You wish to speak to me, tovarisch?

Please tell me if I speak any... how you say... half-truths, Comrade Ohara.

[Zharkov stares at Ohara who stays steady, ready for whatever comes next.]

MZ: This man here that you speak to... the National Champion... The Tsar... have I not defeated every obstacle placed before me?

Have I not defeated the likes of Alex Martinez? Comrade Sudakov? Dozens of others? All... larger than you, tiny bird?

[Zharkov looms closer to Ohara. He allows himself a brief chuckle.]

MZ: Little Ohara, I admire your ambition, but that is all I admire.

As you know, I have declared for the Rumble on your Memorial Day. How can you hope to defeat a man if you cannot even move him from where he stands, tovarisch?

[Zharkov gently nudges Ohara back a step with his mighty finger.]

MZ: How can you hope to overcome the might of the Last Son of the Soviet Union, little bird?

[Zharkov goes to nudge him again but Ohara is ready this time, shoving Zharkov right back with both palms. Zharkov leans back, but his feet are planted in place. The Tsar's eyes ignite with rage.]

MZ: Lights out, Tiny Ohara!

[Zharkov swings a knee up into the gut of Ohara, grabbing him by the back of the head, storming across the ring with him in tow...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[The National Champion HURLS Ohara over the top rope, turning away to dust off his hands...

...while the crowd roars at the sight of Ohara hanging from the top rope with both arms!]

GM: He caught the rope! Ohara caught the rope!

BW: MAX! BEHIND YOU!

[Ohara tugs on the rope, pulling himself up and over, landing back inside the ring on his feet where the roar of the crowd has alerted Zharkov to a problem. The Russian charges as Ohara settles...]

GM: Zharkov's coming for him - PEACEMAKER!

[The National Champion goes into the full spin, ready to decapitate the Carolina native...

...but the Phoenix ducks, whirling his Chuck Taylor into Zharkov's roaring maw!]

BW: Oh, cheapshot!

GM: Zharkov tried to start something, but Ohara is finishing it!

[Zharkov stumbles backward to the ropes, discombobulated. Ohara goes into a deep spin again, connecting with the whirling roundhouse that catches Zharkov FLUSH on the jaw, sending him flipping over the top rope, crashing down to the floor as the crowd ERUPTS and Ohara jubilantly leaps into the air, pumping both arms triumphantly!]

GM: MY STARS! THE PHOENIX JUST SENT THE TSAR OUT OF THE RING TO FLOOR IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!

[Out on the floor, Zharkov struggles to sit up as Ohara rips his shirt off, flinging it into the crowd as he steps up to the middle rope, standing tall as he waves Zharkov on, beckoning the Champion back into the ring.]

GM: And Ohara wants more!

BW: Oh, you better believe he's gonna get it, Gordo! It may not happen tonight! It may not even happen in Chicago at the Rumble but this is something that Maxim Zharkov will NOT forget any time soon! This is an embarrassment that Ohara will pay for in blood, daddy!

GM: Time will tell! Fans, we'll be right back with our first featured attraction of the night when Alphonse Green goes one-on-one with Supernova! Don't go away!

[Fade to black as Ohara continues to stand tall...

Fade in to a field in the Canadian prairies. The two Schutzmans from Mooselips Beer stand knee-deep in the grass and weeds. The younger close-up, the older one holding a beer bottle in the middle distance. Beside the older man is a 24-foot tall coffee pot.]

SA: Peanut butter and jelly! Grilled cheese and tomato! And here in Saskatchewan...

[Avery Schutzman gestures to the scrubby trees and tall grass.]

SA: ...Cabbage rolls and coffee! I'm "Savoury" Avery Schutzman, coming to you from Davidson, Saskatchewan. Population 1,025 strong. Smack dab between Saskatoon and Regina on Highway 11. Home of the world's largest coffee pot, which our brewmaster Uncle Lorne Schutzman is now standing beside.

[In the middle distance, Lorne Schutzman turns and looks up at the 24-foot tall coffee pot, probably pondering what would possess someone to build a 24-foot tall coffee pot.]

SA: You know, there are a lot of good things that go better together, like the American Wrestling Alliance and Mooselips Beer, brewed right here in Saskatchewan.

[Lorne Schutzman holds up the bottle, not particularly caring that the camera is too far away to properly read it.]

SA: And to celebrate this new tag team, Mooselips Beer is on the hunt to find the best tag team in the world, whether it be System Shock, Next Gen, the War Pigs, the Southern Wrecking Crew... Whomever stands out the most! That team will win cash and a portion of the proceeds earned from Mooselips newest Iced Pale Ale Blend! It's golden brown with a texture like sun! And from all of us at Mooselips Beer, thank you for your support.

[Lorne mutters something unintelligible.]

SA: I know, Uncle Lorne. We've got so many of these goshdarn giant things, the world's biggest cabbage roll has got to be around here somewhere.

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo which puts us out in the parking lot of the arena. We see a beatup looking pickup truck pulling into a

line of cars waiting to get into the wrestler parking area. It's the last car in line as Mark Stegglet approaches, mic in hand.]

MS: There he is... come on...

[The cameraman jogs behind Stegglet, drawing close to the open window of the truck which reveal Jackson Haynes sitting behind the driver's seat. He angrily slaps a hand down on the dash as Stegglet and the camera approaches.]

JH: Damn traffic everywhere you go! Even in the parking lot! I'm already late and if Castillo fines me again, my wife's gonna get madder than Rage's daddy.

[Stegglet reaches the car.]

MS: Jackson Haynes, it's the first time you've been allowed back in the arena-

JH: I AIN'T IN THE ARENA YET!

[Stegglet smirks.]

MS: Yes... right. Well, when you do get inside the arena, it'll be the first time you've done so since-

[Haynes leans out the window, shouting "GET A MOVE ON UP THERE!" to whoever is at the front of the line of vehicles before sitting back in his seat which a sigh.]

JH: They've kept me and Rage apart for damn near a month now 'cause they're afraid of what might happen if we see each other again. Can you believe that? Did they think the blood lust was just gonna' magically disappear?

[Suddenly, Haynes slams down on the steering wheel, honking the horn at whoever's in front of him, screaming out the window.]

JH: MOVE YER ASS!!! WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY, DAMNIT!!!

[He honks a few more times.]

JH: 'Course it's gotta' be one of them hippies driving one of them electric cars! Anyway, like I was sayin', keepin' us apart ain't done a damn thing but made me angrier. Drive me a little crazier. Make me wanna' be just a little MORE violent. And I swear, if I see that bastard Rage tonight, I'm gonna-

"CRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[Suddenly, the shot shakes as Haynes' truck is apparently rear-ended! Stegglet and his cameraman jump backwards in shock as Haynes lurches forward, shouting.]

JH: WHAT THE HELL!!!

[Haynes is quick to respond, quickly unbuckling his seatbelt and opening the driver side door, leaping outside. The cameraman pans quickly to the back of Haynes' truck, revealing a black Toyota Camry with tinted windows firmly embedded into the back-end of Haynes' pickup truck. Smoke rises from beneath its dented hood as Haynes runs up to the driver side door.]

JH: YOU CRAZY SUMBITCH! You coulda' got us all killed!

[However, as Haynes runs up, the door flies open, knocking him over. And out steps Shadoe Rage dressed in a black leather coat, torn pink v-neck T-shirt, combat boots

and ripped black jeans. The Canadian Wildman sheds his sunglasses to fixate on Haynes.

SR: You want a piece of me? You want a piece of me? You got it!

[Rage is immediately on Haynes, his right hand becoming a blur as he slams his fist down repeatedly on the Tennessee Madman's skull as he lies, spread out on the black asphalt. Stegglet turns to the side shouting, "GET SOME HELP!" as Rage pistons his fist into the skull of Haynes.]

SR: Unlimited violence? I've got your unlimited violence!

[Dragging Haynes to his feet, Rage grabs a handful of his hair and throws Haynes' head against the side of his own pickup!]

"THUNK!"

[And he repeats it. Over and over again!]

"THUNK!"

"THUNK!"

"THUNK!"

[Stegglet shouts again, screaming for help as voices start to call out from the distance now, getting closer. Rage pays them no mind though as he drags a dazed Rage over to the open driver's door of the pickup.]

SR: Think you're a Lynch?! Champion their name? Then suffer their wrath!

[Stegglet can be heard murmuring, "No, no, no" as Rage places Haynes' head limply against the seat. He opens the door wide...]

MS: You can't do that!

[Rage turns towards Stegglet, pointing a finger.]

SR: WATCH ME!

[Stegglet again shouts.]

MS: You can't

[Rage interrupts.]

SR: One more word out of you, you're next!

[He sneers, gripping the door tight as he leans down over Haynes.]

SR: I'm gonna chop your head off!

[He pulls the door back as far as he can before swinging it quickly back the other way, aimed at Haynes' skull...]

"SLAAAAMMM!!!"

[However, Haynes rolls out harm's way at the last moment!]

SR: Son of a-

[Haynes, down on all fours, grabs Rage by the ankle, yanking him off his feet which causes him to land hard on his back on the unforgiving asphalt, narrowly avoiding cracking his skull on the pavement.]

JH: Ya' crazy bastard, I've got you now!

[Haynes grabs a handful of Rage's locks, smashing his heavy fist down into the face once... twice... three times.]

JH: You don't want to get in the building? Fine with me!

[He pulls Rage off the pavement, dragging him towards the truck again...]

MS: This is...

JH: Out of the way, talkboy!

[With a wild look in his eyes, Haynes FLINGS Rage facefirst into the side of his driver's side door!]

"THUNK!"

[Rage recoils backwards, falling to his knees for a moment before pushing up, stumbling away with wobbly legs.]

JH: NAH... YOU AIN'T GETTING AWAY THIS TIME!

[Haynes pursues Rage, snatching him by the hair from behind...

...which is Rage's cue to whip around, lashing out with a blow right in the Adam's apple! Haynes stumbles back, holding his throat, coughing and gasping for air as he falls back against the front of his pickup. The car in front of him has pulled away, leaving a space in front of him that Rage quickly fills, pacing around, pulling at his own hair.]

SR: I'm not running away... not at all... nuh uh...

[Rage suddenly charges Haynes, screaming wildly as he does. Stegglet can be seen wincing away as Rage draws near...

...but at the last moment, Haynes drops his head, lifting Rage into the air and THROWS Rage over his head with a back body drop, sending the Canadian high into the air...]

"SLLLLLLAAAAAMMMMM!!!"

"CRRRAAAAASSSSSHHHH!!!"

[...and crashing down onto the hood of his pickup! The heels of Rage's feet leave huge holes in the windshield where they slammed into the glass and Rage's body leaves an impressive dent on the hood!]

JH: Ya' sumbitch. We don't need to end this in a ring. I'll end you right-

[Before Haynes can finish off Rage, the arrival of sirens and flashing red and blue lights announce the arrival of the police. Haynes raises his hands into the air in surrender as policemen arrive on the scene. Stegglet looks at his cameraman in shock...]

MS: Did you get all that?

[And with another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we end up back inside the backstage area of the arena. This appears to be a live shot as a cameraman is running behind a jogging Javier Castillo alongside a production aid we don't know.]

JC: Where are we going? The parking lot you said?

PA: Almost. They were about to get into the parking lot when-

JC: HE DROVE HIS CAR INTO HIM?!

[The production assistant winces.]

PA: Almost. He rear-ended his truck.

[Castillo sighs, shaking his head.]

JC: "Yes, sir. One of our contracted talent did attempt to commit vehicular homicide. Why do you ask?"

[Castillo says something under his breath.]

PA: What's that?

JC: I said, the police are here?

PA: They are.

JC: And I'm assuming they're both being arrested?

PA: They are.

JC: So, once again, someone from our locker room is going to jail and-

"COMRADE CASTILLO."

[Castillo comes to an abrupt halt while the production assistant topples into the wall in shock. Castillo's eyes go wide as the roaring National Champion storms into view.]

JC: Mr. Zharkov...

[The cameraman abruptly gets shoved to the side as the previously unseen MAWAGA steps into view, moving into position alongside Castillo as Zharkov draws closer.]

MZ: [politely, but firmly] MAWAGA, pozhaluysta.

[A look to Castillo gets a nod as MAWAGA shrugs and allows Zharkov to stay. Castillo looks at the production assistant who appears to be terrified.]

JC: Go. Deal with what's going on out there.

PA: But... how do I-

JC: GO!

[The assistant now looks more terrified as he jogs out of view, leaving Maxim Zharkov to tower over a clearly-uncomfortable Javier Castillo even with MAWAGA standing behind him.]

JC: Alright... what can I do for... for our National Champion?

[Castillo extends his arms, a used car salesman grin on his face.]

MZ: Comrade Castillo, you know that I am a reasonable, measured man like you. I am not prone to rash decisions. But surely you saw what that little baby Ohara dared to do to the National Champion!

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Of course, Mr. Zharkov. I-I just saw it and thought it was most humil-

[Zharkov inches closer to Castillo, one of his mighty eyebrows raising.]

JC: ...It was most un-unsportsmanlike. A fluke cheapshot surely.

MZ: Then you know I must answer that insult in kind.

JC: I will ensure that Jordan Ohara never-

[Zharkov interrupts.]

MZ: I will defend the National Championship against the tiny Phoenix!

[Castillo shakes his head at first... then pauses.]

JC: A title defense? Ah. I see. Well, give me a couple of days to draw up the contracts and we will-

MZ: Nyet!

JC: Nyet?

MZ: No! Tonight!

JC: Tonight?!

[Zharkov grits his teeth as he looms closer to Castillo.]

MZ: I am hungry for satisfaction, and I must have it quickly! The Soviet Union does not tolerate weakness, and I can taste the glorious moment when little Ohara cries in the grip of the Gorynych.

[Zharkov nods confidently as Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: Please... you must be reasonable. We... this match is a ratings draw, Mr. Zharkov. Surely you must understand that. We must have time to promote it for the-

[Zharkov interrupts again.]

MZ: Are we not comrades, Castillo?

JC: Oh, of course!

MZ: Have I not been a loyal companion to your Korugun?

JC: A model citizen!

[Zharkov nods in satisfaction.]

MZ: Then... you can grant me this request. I will defeat the young Phoenix in the ring. Tonight in Seattle.

[Castillo sees he has no other options.]

JC: Of course. You will defend the National Championship later tonight... tovarisch.

MZ: Spasibo, Comrade Castillo.

[Zharkov warmly claps Castillo on the shoulder before leaving. Castillo turns to MAWAGA.]

JC: Find them, MAWAGA! Call them all! This is an emergency meeting!

[An agitated Castillo storms off out of view as we cut to another part of the building where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing between Veronica Westerly and Supernova. Polemos stands behind a nervous Blackwell, towering over him.]

SLB: While you're up there, pal, ya mind changing the light bulbs?

[Blackwell looks at the camera with a grin.]

SLB: El Presidente certainly has his hands full here tonight in Seattle... and he's not the only one because in just a few moments now, the two of you... three and three-quarters if we count the big man there... are heading out to the ring where you, Supernova, will compete for the very first time on AWA television since you betrayed-

[Westerly interrupts.]

VW: Blackwell, all this talk of betrayal is so sad. Who did Supernova betray? Ryan Martinez? What has Ryan Martinez ever done for Supernova? Did I miss the thrilling series of title matches between Ryan Martinez and Supernova when that little brat held the title for over a year? Supernova had loyalty to Ryan Martinez because he believes Martinez was his friend.

[Westerly throws a glance at Supernova.]

VW: Was he your friend?

[Supernova shakes his head in response.]

SLB: No? What about the time you two teamed up against the Wise Men?!

[Blackwell sticks the mic into Supernova's face...

...and gets the barrel of a baseball bat shoved up under his chin. Blackwell grimaces as Supernova pushes his head back.]

VW: I told you, Blackwell. I'm doing the talking for Supernova now.

[Blackwell twists away from Supernova, rubbing at his chin as Westerly continues.]

VW: Alphonse Green thinks Supernova is a traitor. We think Alphonse Green is jealous because the title he treasures more than any other was around this man's waist...

[She points to Supernova.]

VW: ...and he was TEN TIMES the champion that Green ever was!

SLB: You think that's what this is about for Green? Jealousy?

[Westerly shakes her head.]

VW: No, Blackwell. I think Alphonse Green is delusional. I think he has visions in his head of being some grand savior. He thinks he's the boy from the village who destiny has plucked from his mundane life to go forth and slay the dragon that looms overhead, ready to rain down doom on the peasants.

This is no fairy tale, Mr. Green. This is reality.

Bring your sword. Bring your shield. Bring your suit of armor.

[She smirks.]

VW: But know that none of it will save you when this dragon turns his flames upon you.

[She wipes a hand across her brow.]

VW: Can you feel the heat?

[With a throaty chuckle, Westerly turns to exit, Supernova following behind her with the bat over his shoulder. Polemos stands looming for several more moments as Blackwell nervously stands before him...

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

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

[The crowd's reaction starts buzzing in anticipation as the lights dim a bit....

Hit it, Freddie!]

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

I feel Alllllllll---iiiiii---iiiiii---vvveee

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

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

Don't. Stop. Me..

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

RO: From Paducah, Kentucky... weighing in at 194 pounds...

ALLLLLLLLPHONNNNNNNE GREEEEEEEEEEEN!

[The crowd roars in approval as Green pauses at the top of the aisle, closing his eyes and spreading his arms out to soak in the cheers. Green is still as baby-faced looking as ever, although his jawline and cheeks are starting to be more defined as he gets older. His dark blonde hair is stringy and curly, extending down towards his shoulders. Green's wearing a black leather jacket with the letters A.G. ripped into the back, and his wrestling gear consists of an odd combination of colors: Kentucky Wildcat blue, and dark green stripes representing Gang Green running across seemingly random portions of his trunks. He has a pair of white boots on as well.]

GM: Alphonse Green, newly returned to the AWA and looking to get himself back into the hunt for the World Television Title once again held by Terry Shane... but tonight, he's got one heck of a roadblock standing between him and Shane, Bucky.

BW: Hey, look... I think Supernova had no interest in Green at all until Green started running his mouth in his direction. Then? Then it became personal.

GM: Two weeks ago in Portland, Green referred to Supernova as a... "face-painted traitor."

BW: And now look where it's got him.

GM: We haven't seen Supernova in action since that night in Los Angeles - the Anniversary Show - when he betrayed Ryan Martinez... when he betrayed all of his fans... when he betrayed all of us, Bucky!

BW: Speak for yourself there, sunshine. I've got no problem with what Supernova did in LA.

[Green slowly saunters down the aisle, soaking in the cheers. Once Green reaches the ringside area, he runs up the steps to the apron, grabs the top rope, and launches himself over the top rope and into the ring. He leans up against the ropes, removes his jacket, and throws it over the top rope for the ringside attendant to retrieve. The music dies down as Rebecca Ortiz speaks up again.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The sounds of Judas Priest's "You've Got Another Thing Coming" rips across the PA system to overwhelming jeers from the AWA faithful.]

RO: He hails from Venice Beach, California... weighing in at 250 pounds... being led to the ring by Veronica Westerly...

THIS!

IS!

SUUUUUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOOOOVAAAAA!

[The boos get even louder as the trio emerges onto the entrance stage. Veronica Westerly is first, Polemos right behind her. She absorbs the disdain from the crowd before turning slightly, clapping as Supernova walks out onto the stage. He's wearing a black full-length trenchcoat and carries a baseball bat resting on his shoulder as they walk towards the ring in lockstep.]

GM: Well, if you thought there might be a few fans holding out hope that Supernova would snap out of whatever's gotten over him... and I'm still not convinced it's not that damned Eye of Tyr, Bucky... I'd say the reaction of the fans in Seattle tonight says it all. The love that these fans had for 'Nova is long gone now.

[It takes a while for the trio to reach the ring as Green paces impatiently.]

GM: Supernova climbing those ringsteps, leaving Westerly and Polemos out on the floor thankfully... but not that Louisville Slugger unfortunately.

[He ducks through the ropes, stepping into the ring where he immediately lifts the bat, pointing it towards Green who backs off, pointing at the bat and shouting at referee Koji Sakai who steps between the two, ordering 'Nova to get rid of the bat.]

GM: That's right, ref. Get that bat out of there. We don't need that.

[Supernova slowly lowers the bat, putting it down on the ring apron as he shrugs out of his trenchcoat, revealing that he's changed his ring attire slightly. He's wearing a black singlet with a burning yellow sun in the middle of the chest.]

GM: Supernova's looking good in there, Bucky... even in the new ring gear.

BW: Veronica says that she's got him on a new workout regimen. She wants him to be explosive in there so she's got him trimmed down, dumping the extra mass.

GM: Whatever he's doing in the gym, it appears to be working and...

[Supernova whips around, charging across the ring towards Green as the referee quickly signals for the bell.]

GM: Supernova off to the quick start... but Green was ready for him!

[The crowd cheers as Green greets the incoming Supernova with a quick right hand to the jaw... and another... and a third, causing 'Nova to backpedal out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Green to the ropes...

[A running tackle by the smaller Green connects, knocking Supernova a step back but the Venice Beach native holds his ground. Green dashes to the ropes again.]

GM: Green off the ropes again... another big tackle!

[But again, Green's efforts end up with Supernova just backstepping as Green grimaces.]

GM: Another step or two but those tackles aren't having much of an effect.

[Green grabs at his shoulder and then gestures for Supernova to take his turn. Silently, Supernova obliges, dashing to the ropes. He runs back at Green, lowering his shoulder, and sends Green crashing down to the mat with a tackle of his own!]

GM: Ohh! And down goes Alphonse Green!

[Supernova stands over Green, looking down at him as Westerly claps out on the floor.]

GM: Veronica Westerly apparently liked the looks of that one... and here we go again!

[As Green gets to his feet, Supernova dashes to the ropes, bouncing back off as Green dives at his feet causing 'Nova to hurdle him.]

GM: Up and over goes Supernova... off the far side...

[A leaping dropkick catches Supernova on the chin, knocking him off his feet.]

GM: Dropkick on the mark! Down goes 'Nova!

[The Korugun soldier regains his feet as Green leaves his, landing a second dropkick, knocking Supernova down to the mat a second time.]

GM: The second dropkick takes him down again...

[And as Supernova gets back up, Green leaps up one more time, lashing out with his legs at full extension, driving Supernova through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohhh! And out to the floor goes Supernova!

[Green gestures at the referee, waving him aside as the former Television Champion runs to the ropes, bouncing back, sprinting across the ring...

...and HURLS HIMSELF between the ropes, extending his arms and DRIVING Supernova back into the ringside railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

GM: SUICIDE DIVE INTO THE BARRICAAAADE! OH MY!

[Green climbs up off the canvas to his feet, grinning at the reaction of the crowd as he holds up a fist triumphantly. Veronica Westerly is standing nearby, a look of concern on her face as one former World Television Champion pulls the other off the ringside mats, dragging him around the ringpost.]

GM: Green's got Supernova back up... and wham! Facefirst into the apron!

[Supernova grabs at his paint-covered face, staggering away from Green who pursues close behind. He catches him quickly, using a handful of singlet to toss him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Green shoots him back in... wanting to get this done inside the ring...

[Grabbing the ropes, Green pulls himself up on the apron. He turns to the crowd, giving a big grin as he slaps his forearm a couple of times.]

GM: And he's looking to end it right now, Bucky!

BW: What?!

GM: He's going for that springboard forearm that he's deemed the Main Course! He's on the apron, setting the table for dinner!

[Green grabs the top rope with both hands, nodding his head as Supernova rolls over onto his back...

...and immediately reaches out, grabbing the referee's ankle.]

GM: What the-?!

[The crowd jeers loudly as the referee nearly stumbles over, shouting at 'Nova, shaking his leg vigorously.]

GM: Green's got 'Nova in his sights but Supernova saw it coming and... can you believe this? I never - in a million years - would've thought we'd see this kind of chicanery out of Supernova, Bucky! NEVER!

BW: Call it chicanery if you want, Gordo... but he avoided the Main Course so I call it smart!

[With the referee tied up with Supernova, Veronica Westerly slides along the floor, snatching Green around the ankle as the fans explode into jeers!]

GM: Oh, come on! Westerly's got ahold of the ankle now!

BW: The referee doesn't see it thought! Brilliant by Supernova and Westerly!

[Green starts shaking his leg, trying to pull himself free as the referee tries to do the same thing inside the ring. Westerly manages to hang on for a few seconds, finally letting go as Green turns to confront her, shouting angrily down at her..

...which is Supernova's cue to get to his feet, rushing Green from behind as Westerly scampers out of the way!]

GM: FROM BEHIND!

[A charging Supernova twists slightly, throwing his elbow and shoulder into Green's back, sending him flying off the apron, soaring over the ringside area...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRASHING chestfirst into the barricade!]

GM: OHHH! ALPHONSE GREEN GOES FLYING STERNUM-FIRST INTO THE STEEL RAILING!

[Pleased by this, Westerly claps enthusiastically as Supernova stares down from inside the ring for a few moments before ducking through the ropes, dropping down to the floor...]

GM: Uh oh. Supernova's going out after Alphonse Green and I can't imagine this will turn out well for the leader of Gang Green, Bucky.

BW: Westerly pointing at the railing again, Gordo. She wants 'Nova to really do a number on Green now.

[Pulling Green off the railing by the hair, Supernova stares down at him with cold eyes before lifting Green into the air, pressing him slightly overhead before dropping him chestfirst down on the edge of the railing again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHESTFIRST TO THE STEEL A SECOND TIME! OH MY!

[Green collapses to the floor this time, grimacing as he grabs at his chest. Supernova stands over him - a looming, dark presence that casts a large shadow over all he comes near.]

GM: An absolutely vicious move out of Supernova and... well, Bucky, I'd say with every move this man makes, we discover that he's lost more and more of the man we've supported for so long.

BW: Again, you gotta speak for yourself, Gordo. I NEVER supported Supernova when he was a hand-slappin', baby-kissin' goof! But this Supernova? This is a guy I could get behind.

[Supernova leans down, pulling Green off the ringside mats before tossing him under the ropes.]

GM: Green back in... Supernova rolls in after him...

[Climbing to his feet, the "face-painted traitor" violently stomps down on the sternum once... twice... three times.]

GM: Oh, come on, ref!

BW: Nothing illegal about that. That's the flat of the boot, Gordo. Just because one of your favorites is getting stomped into the mat, that doesn't make it something the referee can stop.

GM: I'm just... so shocked by what we're seeing out of Supernova tonight. So saddened.

BW: Oh, boo hoo. Can I get you a tissue?

GM: You're a real piece of work, you know that?

[With Green down on the mat, Supernova pulls him up, scoops him up, and slams him down mid-ring.]

GM: Hard bodyslam by Supernova... backs to the ropes...

[And in a move we've seen thousands of times, Supernova leaps high into the air, dropping a heavy elbow down across the chest.]

GM: Ohh! High flying elbow finds the mark - and there's the first cover for Supernova!

[A two count follows before Green kicks out.]

GM: Two count only... still some fight left in the man from Kentucky.

[Supernova snatches a handful of Green's curly blonde hair, smashing a fist down between his eyes... and another... and a third which earns him a warning from the referee for the closed fist.]

GM: Supernova pounding Green into the canvas after failing to get the three count.

[The referee is still on a silent Supernova's case as he rises to his feet, looking out stoically on the jeering crowd. Westerly smirks at the reaction, nodding her head as Supernova leans down to pull Green off the mat...

...but catches a right hand in his painted face!]

GM: Oh! Green caught him good there!

[Supernova staggers back, the crowd cheering as Green gets to his feet.]

GM: Green's fighting back... another right hand!

[With Supernova in a bit of a daze, Green dashes to the ropes, bouncing off towards him...

...and gets FLATTENED with a big clothesline across the chest!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Don't call it a comeback... 'cause it ain't one!

GM: You're really enjoying this, aren't you?

BW: Hey, I love it when one of the fans' darlings sees the light.

[Supernova stands over Green, reaching up to rub at his jaw.]

GM: No word yet on what either of these men will be doing at Memorial Day Mayhem, Bucky, but I'm sure Javier Castillo is looking on with interest.

BW: El Presidente is ALWAYS looking on with interest, Gordo. He doesn't miss a thing that happens in his company.

GM: First off, it's not HIS company.

BW: Try telling him that.

[The Venice Beach native pulls Green to his feet, flinging him backwards into the turnbuckles where he marches in after him.]

GM: 'Nova's got him in the corner... look out here...

[Grabbing the top rope, Supernova lays in a heavy boot to the midsection... and another... and another. As Green slides down a bit, the kicks are now aimed at the sternum... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[The referee does finally step in, forcing Supernova back. Emotionless, Supernova takes a walk around the ring as Green struggles to use the ropes to pull himself back to his feet.]

GM: 'Nova moving back in now...

BW: The referee tries to stop him but no way!

[Cornering Green once more, Supernova rocks him with a right hand... and another... and another... then switches to sharp backhand blows to the skull... over... and over... and over...]

GM: Get him off! This is totally illegal!

[The referee protests as Supernova rains down repeated blows, driving Green down to the canvas. The face-painted Korugun soldier turns to mid-ring, cupping his hands to his mouth. The crowd instinctively gives Supernova's signature howl... but he silently lowers his hands, shaking his head at them, which of course draws even louder boos.]

GM: Supernova just toying with these fans now... ridiculous.

BW: Bending the rules AND taunting the fans? This guy might be my new favorite wrestler, Gordo!

GM: You really are too much, you know that?

BW: My mama always said I was just right, baby bear.

[With Green down in the corner, Supernova goes right back in, again ignoring the referee as he plants a boot on the throat of Green, hanging from the ropes as he chokes the Kentucky native.]

GM: He's choking him, ref!

[Supernova breaks the choke at the count of four, again taking a walk around the ring as Green struggles to recover in the corner.]

GM: Green's trying to get up... trying to stay in this thing. The son of former pro wrestler Anthony "Dead Lift" Green who competed here in the Pacific Northwest in the 80s, trying to do his father's legacy proud here in Seattle tonight.

[Green is up on his feet as Supernova steps back in...

...and Green throws a knife edge chop across the chest of the Venice Beach native!]

GM: Stinging chop by Green!

[But Supernova doesn't react, staring stoically at Green who looks surprised.]

GM: Another chop!

[Again, Supernova doesn't react to the knife edge blow, instead grabbing Green by the arm and shooting him across the ring...

...where Green leaps up to the midbuckle, leaping off with a twisting crossbody at the charging Supernova!]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE SECOND ROPE! HE GETS ONE! HE GETS TWO!

[But that's all as Supernova kicks out in time. Green struggles to get off the mat, hoping to beat Supernova to his feet as the crowd cheers him on.]

GM: Green to his feet first... just barely... kneelift up into the chest of Supernova!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Green marches Supernova into the corner, smashing his face into the top turnbuckle... and then looks out at the crowd who cheer even louder!]

GM: Green's going to town on Supernova!

[Green repeatedly slams Supernova's painted face into the top turnbuckle as the Seattle crowd counts along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Supernova slumps over the turnbuckles as Green finishes, the crowd shouting for him.]

GM: Green's got Supernova in trouble, spinning him around in the corner...

[Green slams a forearm down across Supernova's chest!]

GM: Solid forearm by Green...

[Green reaches out a hand, piefacing Supernova, and then rubbing his hand vigorously back and forth across the face, causing the crowd to roar.]

GM: Green wiping the paint off the face of Supernova!

[Westerly angrily shouts, quickly getting up on the apron, protesting loudly as Green throws her a glance...

...and then steps up on the second turnbuckle, holding up a fist as the crowd cheers!]

GM: Here we go again!

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

[But before another blow can land, Polemos pulls himself up on the apron, looking to strike...

...but Green springs off the middle rope, lashing out with a dropkick to the big man's masked face, sending him falling off the apron to the floor to big cheers!]

GM: GREEN CLEARS OUT POLEMOS AS WELL!

[Westerly shouts angrily, dropping off the apron as Green turns his attention back on the dazed Supernova. He grabs the Venice Beach native by the arm, winging him across the ring...]

GM: Corner to corner whip by Green... coming on strong!

[A rampaging Green connects with a running clothesline, stunning Supernova.]

GM: Ohhh! Big shot in the corner!

[Green grabs Supernova by the arm, whipping him across the ring again.]

GM: Another big whip... and Green coming on quick again!

[Leaping into the air, Green lands with his feet on Supernova's thighs. He raises an arm, pointing to the crowd before grabbing Supernova's head with both hands, falling back for a monkey flip...

...but 'Nova stays in the corner, thanks to Veronica Westerly grabbing his ankle!]

GM: Ohhh! And Green hits the canvas hard! Right down on the back of the head!

[Westerly smirks as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Westerly interfering in this match yet again! And again, I have to say that the Supernova we've known for so long would NEVER allow that to happen.

BW: Face it, Gordo. That Supernova is dead and buried! He's a whole new man... and a successful one at that!

GM: That remains to be seen, Bucky.

[Supernova moves out of the corner, pulling Green to his feet. He whips him towards the ropes.]

GM: Whip to the ropes... Green comes off...

[Supernova pushes him skyward off the rebound, sending Green several feet into the air before he comes CRASHING down on his chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Right down on the chest again! Good grief!

BW: Impressive show of power on his part too. Very impressive.

[Supernova stands over Green, looking out at the jeering crowd.]

GM: The Seattle fans are all over Supernova... and quite frankly, I'm not sure he cares.

BW: Of course he doesn't care, Gordo! If he cared, he wouldn't have jammed the business end of a Louisville Slugger into Martinez' face!

GM: I suppose you're right about that, Bucky.

[With Green hurting, Supernova pulls him up by the hair, staring into his eyes.]

GM: Trying to intimidate Green here, I suppose.

[Supernova grabs Green by the arm, whipping him into the corner. He slowly backs across the ring, his back up against the turnbuckles...]

GM: And it looks like we're about to get the Heat Wave, Bucky. Some things never change.

[But before Supernova can charge across the ring for his signature flying avalanche, Westerly shouts, waving him off.]

GM: What's this about now?

BW: It looks like Veronica doesn't want the Heat Wave. She's telling him to do something else.

GM: Something else? Like what?

[Nova gives his associate nod, leaning forward a bit, hanging onto the ropes...

...and then tearing across the ring at full speed, swinging his leg up, and DRIVING his foot into the underside of Green's chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: YAAAAKUUUUZAAAAA!

[Supernova drops back, waving his hands at Green who stumbles forward towards him. He ducks down, lifting Green up onto his shoulders...]

GM: Wait a second!

[...and then standing mid-ring, he shoves Green back up and over his head, dropping down to the mat and raising both knees so that Green lands torso-first across them!]

BW: FAT TUESDAY!

GM: Supernova is... he's stealing their moves!

[Green flops over onto his back, kicking his feet as Supernova climbs up off the mat, looking down at him...]

BW: No, no, no! He's giving them a highlight reel! An AWA hero highlight reel!

[Supernova points to the corner, walking across the ring as Green clutches his chest in pain. The Venice Beach native ducks through the ropes, stepping out on the apron.]

GM: Now where the heck is he going?

BW: We saw the Yakuza from Martinez. The Fat Tuesday from Wright. And now he's headed to the top? I'll give you one guess, Gordo!

[Standing, one foot on the top rope, Supernova looks out on the jeering crowd...

...and leaps into the air, tucking his arms and legs and then extending out fully...]

GM: PHOENIX FLAAAAAME!

[...but Green brings his knees up at the last moment, catching the soaring Supernova in the midsection!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KNEES! KNEES!

[Cradling 'Nova's head and leg, Green rolls him sideways into a makeshift small package!]

GM: CRADLE! HE'S GOT HIM! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans and Veronica Westerly clutches her chest in horror as Supernova just BARELY gets a shoulder off the canvas in time!]

GM: A near fall there for Alphonse Green! He countered the frog splash, got the cradle, and almost got this match!

BW: That was a close one, Gordo.

GM: And this gives Green a window of opportunity...

[A weary Green pushes himself off the mat to his feet, watching as Supernova gets up to his knees...]

GM: Supernova down on the mat... Green is up and-

“WHAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[A hard kick rattles the torso of Supernova!]

GM: Oh! Kick on target!

“WHAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[Supernova recoils again, visibly wincing through his smudged paint.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[The third kick nearly folds Supernova backwards as Green sizes him up, waving a hand for him to get up.]

GM: Supernova now, trying to get to his feet... Green runs past him, leaping up!

[Green leaps to the second rope, springing off back towards Supernova...

...and DRILLS him with a flying kick to the head!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GROUND CHUCK! GROUND CHUCK CONNECTS! COVER!

[The referee dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

[Again, the shoulder pops up off the mat just in time!]

BW: NO! NO! TWO COUNT! JUST A TWO!

[And again, Westerly clutches at her chest in shock. She looks beside herself as Green pushes up to his knees, looking at the referee in disbelief.]

GM: Veronica Westerly certainly didn't expect Alphonse Green to put up a fight like this when they made this challenge two weeks ago, Bucky.

BW: No, I don't think they did. They overlooked him and that's proving to be a mistake.

GM: Green's up. He's so close. He's gotta find something... anything... to put Supernova down for a three count!

[Green runs his hands over his face, giving a shout as he moves towards Supernova who is crawling away from him. He grabs the Korugun soldier from behind, dragging him to his feet by his singlet.]

GM: Green pulls him up...

[He steps in front of Supernova, twisting his body around to snatch a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: He's looking for the Hunger Strike! If he hits this, it's over!

[...but as he steps towards the corner, the towering sight of Polemos ends up back on the apron.]

GM: Polemos is on the apron! Get him down!

[Green abandons Supernova, walking over with the referee to shout at Polemos...

...which is Veronica Westerly's cue to act.]

GM: What is she... no!

[Westerly scoops up Supernova's bat, handing it through the ropes to the face-painted traitor who snatches it out of her hand, clutching it close to him.]

GM: The referee orders Green back, looking to deal with Polemos himself...

[And when Green comes back Supernova from behind...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...Supernova wheels around and JAMS the barrel of the bat into Green's jaw, knocking him flat!]

GM: OH! COME ON!

[Supernova quickly tosses the bat out of the ring, turning back to the motionless Green as Polemos drops off the apron.]

GM: Ref, the man's out cold! Something happened that you didn't see!

BW: That's the key, Gordo! He didn't see it!

[Supernova snatches a handful of hair, pulling Green's limp body off the mat slightly...

...and then wraps his hand around Green's skull in another familiar AWA sight!]

GM: And that's the Iron Claw! The Lynch family legacy is locked on! Adding more insult to injury to the heroes of this company!

[With Green out cold, the Claw easily forces him down to the mat where a confused referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: Not like this.

[...and three times before calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Supernova holds the Claw for a few more moments for good measure before pulling Green's head up... and letting go of the Claw, allowing Green's head to bounce off the mat. The face-painted traitor climbs to his feet, standing over Green as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner... SUUUUUPERRRRRNOOOOOOVAAAA!

[Supernova waits for Veronica Westerly to arrive before he allows anyone to raise his hand, the crowd jeering as Polemos takes up a spot behind them, adjusting his glove.]

GM: A win for Supernova... a tainted win for Supernova... and I can hardly believe I just said that, fans.

BW: Get used to it, Gordo.

GM: He plans on cheating a lot?

BW: I mean the win! Get used to the win!

GM: It's been a wild night of action here on AWA Saturday Night Wrestling already, fans... and when we come back, it's about to get a whole lot wilder because for the first time since being ARRESTED... Ryan Martinez returns to Saturday Night Wrestling and you do NOT want to miss that!

[Supernova continues to stand over Green, hands raised in triumph as we fade to black...

OUR TWO

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then fade back up on a panning shot of the sold out KeyArena, buzzing with anticipation for what is coming up next.

We cut to Rebecca Ortiz standing center ring.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen...

[As Rebecca Ortiz speaks, there is the soft tinkling of synth music playing over the loudspeakers, a sound every AWA fan recognizes.]

RO: ...RYYYYYYYYAAAAAAN MARRRRRRRTIIIIIIINEZZZZZZ!

[As Ortiz points to the entranceway, the synth gives way to the pounding of drums and the audience stomping their feet in time to that heavy drum sound. As one, the fans in Seattle join in with the chorus playing, singing along to words they know so well.]

#This is a call to arms
Gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

GM: He began his career in Japan. First, under the private tutelage of "Black Dog" Yoshito Katsumura, and then he made his way to the Tiger Paw Pro dojo. His earliest years in pro-wrestling saw him tested by fire – tortured and pushed to his limits by Takeshi Mifune, the most sadistic man in the history of this sport.

#This is a battle song
Brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

GM: After a shocking win over then-National Champion Mark Langseth in another promotion, he made his way here to the AWA.

[As the song continues, Ryan Martinez emerges, eliciting a roar from the Seattle fans. A spotlight shines upon him, and Martinez lifts his head, soaking in the crowd's adulation.]

GM: In 2013, he and his partner Gunnar Gaines reached the Finals of the Stampede Cup.

[Martinez wears a blue t-shirt with the words "White Knight" emblazoned across the chest. As he begins to walk down the aisle, we see that there is the familiar swords crossed over a shield logo on the shirt's back.]

GM: He has been a World Television Champion. He has challenged and defeated The Wise Men. He retired Caleb Temple. He's defeated Supreme Wright and Juan Vasquez.

[Martinez enters the ring, and with a gesture towards Ortiz, he takes the microphone.]

GM: Two times, he has held the World Heavyweight title. His first reign is the longest in AWA history. Time and time again, he has earned the title that the AWA fans gave him. He is the White Knight.

BW: Yeah, and after all that, he's still just a dumb kid, Gordo!

[Martinez pauses a moment, once more drinking in the crowd's reaction. Finally, standing in the center of the ring, he clears his throat.]

RM: You have no idea how good it is to be back in AWA ring!

Two weeks ago, Javier Castillo forced me to stay home. He refused to allow me the opportunity to set foot in an AWA ring.

But you...

[Martinez points to the crowd, and then turns to the camera.]

RM: And everyone else watching did what you always do – you raised your voices. You stood up and held the line. And you told the people who think they hold the power that you will not be denied. That you will be listened to.

And that is you, not some suit in an office, that are the voice of the AWA.

And so here I am!

[There's another deafening roar from the crowd.]

RM: I know you all heard what Castillo said earlier. That at Memorial Day Mayhem, I'll be facing Johnny Detson for the World Heavyweight title – a title he stole from me for the second time.

[Big cheer!]

RM: But there's something I need to say, and believe me, it's one of the hardest things I've ever had to say...

[Martinez takes a deep breath and exhales slowly.]

RM: That match will not be happening.

[The crowd roars in shock... as does Gordon Myers.]

GM: What?! Why?!

BW: What'd I tell ya? Dumb kid!

[As the audience reacts negatively, Martinez raises his hand.]

RM: There is nothing I want more than to step into the ring and reclaim that title. The title I took from Juan Vasquez. The title that deserves to be restored to its glory.

But, a few weeks ago, I was reminded by someone that there's a larger fight that needs to be won first.

Right now, and I never thought I would say these words, there is a higher calling than the World Title.

Javier Castillo. Veronica Westerly. They must be stopped.

The Korugun Corporation needs to be ripped out of the AWA, root and stem!

[Big cheer!]

RM: After all they've done. All the firings. All the hiring of their own people. After they corrupted a man who was the very heart and soul of the AWA for years before I even got here... they have to pay.

One of the many things my father taught me was that a man settles his accounts. A man stands up and fights, even at the cost of the things that he wants.

Castillo, you've been riding high for months now. You've been doing whatever you want to whoever you want to do it to.

But you forget that this is the AWA. And as Jack Lynch said two weeks ago – blood pays for blood.

[Martinez points at the camera.]

RM: I intend to make you pay for all the blood on your hands, Castillo.

[The crowd ROARS again as Martinez nods confidently.]

RM: So at Memorial Day Mayhem, it will be Ryan Martinez taking on the Korugun Corporation. I know that you love to come up with stipulations and "invent" matches. So Castillo, you choose whoever you want... choose WHATEVER you want...

But I will show you that as high you've come, the fall off your high horse will only be steeper.

[With a nod, Martinez says the words that have, so many times, lifted the spirits of the AWA Galaxy.]

RM: Count on it!

[Martinez throws the mic aside as the crowd ROARS again at the challenge.]

GM: Wow! How about that, Bucky? Ryan Martinez has decided to forego his shot at the AWA World Heavyweight Title - at Johnny Detson - at Memorial Day Mayhem X in Chicago to take on Korugun! He wants Castillo's thugs in that ring!

BW: Like I said, Gordo... dumb kid. It's dumb enough that he's passing up a shot at the greatest championship in our sport but to do it in some sort of... what? Suicide mission? Taking on Korugun on their terms? This kid is dumber than I thought and that's saying something, daddy.

GM: The challenge has been issued... and now we wait to see if Javier Castillo accepts! And we may not need to wait long... Mark Stegglet is standing by and apparently he's trying to get a response-

[Gordon is cut off by an abrupt cut. A quick pan by the cameraman show that we're not in the Chimpanzee Position. Mark Stegglet's voice is heard as the cameraman moves quickly.]

MS: Mr. Castillo? Mr. Castillo!

[A figure moving quickly through the area comes to a halt. As the camera comes to a focus, we can see it's AWA President Javier Castillo who looks absolutely furious.]

JC: You. What do you want? What could you possibly want right now?

[Stegglet gets closer, getting into view.]

MS: Well, we all just heard what Ryan Martinez had to say... you were right here, you heard it yourself...

[He gestures with an arm.]

MS: It was a sellout at the curtain as they say... everyone wanted to know what the White Knight would say and-

[Castillo angrily interrupts.]

JC: WHITE KNIGHT?! WHITE KNIGHT?! When I'm done with him, that White Knight will be covered in red!

[Stegglet steps back, shocked. He's about to respond with another voice rings out.]

"Hey chief!"

[A pan of the camera shows a smug-looking AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson, leaning against the wall.]

JC: Now is not the time.

[Detson smirks as he pushes off the wall, moving close enough for Stegglet, Detson, and Castillo to all be within the camera's view.]

JD: Sure, sure. But... I guess I'll be taking that night off after all, huh?

[Castillo glares at Detson long and hard. MAWAGA appears out of nowhere, standing at Castillo's shoulder, ready to move if ordered. Detson chuckles, turning to walk away. He gets a few steps from Castillo before he turns, pointing at El Presidente.]

JD: It's not a fun feeling when you don't get what you want, is it?

[Detson chuckles again as he walks out of view as Castillo glares at his back. Stegglet interrupts the silence.]

MS: Mr. Castillo?

JC: No.

MS: What?

JC: I need to time to think. To...

[He looks at Stegglet, a cold look on his face.]

JC: No comment.

[And with that, Castillo and MAWAGA walk out of sight, leaving Stegglet alone. We fade back to the ringside area.]

GM: No comment says it all, I think. Javier Castillo came into this night with a plan. He knew Ryan Martinez was coming for him... and he wanted to distract him! He wants to put him in the World Title match so that Martinez couldn't come after him. The White Knight though had other plans... and now Castillo's got a challenge laying on his lap that he's gotta answer! And then there's Johnny Detson who went from no title defense at Memorial Day Mayhem to the match he wanted to avoid the most... to no title defense again!

BW: What El Presidente wants, El Presidente gets!

GM: Not tonight! Fans, let's go to the ring!

[Fade up to Rebecca Ortiz standing center ring.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from Spokane, Washington, weighing in at 248 pounds... Logan Dilligaf!

[Dilligaf has a certified dad-bod and a face that looks like it belongs in a collage of people who take selfies in the car with their sunglasses on. He doffs his snowmobile jacket and flexes his "use your imagination and you can get there" biceps.]

RO: And his opponent...

"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.]

RO: ...Hailing from...

[Ortiz trips up slightly, but maintains her poise when announcing the oddball superhero.]

RO: ...Hailing from Neptune! THIS. IS. OOOOOOMEGA!

[Omega pauses at the end of the aisle, not quite expecting to hear the volume of cheers at the announcement of his name.]

GM: This young fellow Omega is definitely making some friends with his neighbors in the AWA Galaxy!

BW: I don't get it. Look at this dweeb. And it's patently obvious that it's--

GM: [talking over Bucky] This is our first look at this youngster, though he claims to be much older than he looks. Our... colleague Sebastian McIntyre gave us this excerpt from his in-depth interview from the Neptunian... Omega...

[Cut to a darkened studio with the chairs pointed at each other. From over Omega's shoulder, the weedy Sebastian McIntyre sits very intensely, hands rented, fingertips pressed together.]

SMC: So let me ask you, Omega, bluntly: Once Nick Axis is vanquished, what then?

[Cut to Omega, shot over McIntyre's shoulder.]

O: Citizen McIntyre, that's very perceptive of you to ask.

[Cut back briefly to McIntyre, nodding with all the gravity he can muster.]

O: Once the threat of Nick Axis to the AWA has been neutralized, there will always be monsters to fight. Demons to slay. Fraudsters to expose. Jerks to pants with butts to laugh at. I must turn my attention to Korugun. To the ex-Kings of Wrestling. To Guerreros Del Mundo.

SMC: Guerreros Del Mundo, you say.

O: Yes. I don't know if you speak espanol, Sebastian, but "Guerreros Del Mundo" translates to...

"The World's Guerreros."

[McIntyre nods as gravely as he can again.]

O: So it only seems fit to be ready for when the best of Earth challenges Neptune's greatest champion.

SMC: And what do you say to those who doubt your skills as a combatant?

O: I am trained in multiple styles of combat, Sebastian. Venusian Aikido. Martian Jiu-Jitsu. Ionian Ladder Matches. I've trained in the blizzards of Neptune, where the wind chill is a thousand mile-an-hour, and it snows pure methane.

Lemme tell ya, Sebastian. That's some cold, buddy.

[Cut back to live action.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Quite a tale, isn't it, Bucky?

BW: I got a bridge to sell ya if you buy that.

[Dilligaf smirks at the weedy superhero in black and royal blue. Omega responds with the Omega Pose.]

BW: Bet this kid is real fun at horseshoes.

GM: Tall tale or not, what matters in the AWA happens between the bells, so I'm looking forward to seeing what exactly Omega is capable of.

[Logan Dilligaf gives a bullying shove to the Neptunian.]

BW: Yeah, out of the way, nerd.

[Omega responds with a lightning quick armdrag takedown.]

GM: Excellent use of leverage there! Omega looks to be giving up around 30 or 40 pounds to his opponent.

[Omega sits Dilligaf upright and hits the ropes for a low drop kick to the face.]

BW: At least. Thousand mile an hour winds, huh? It looks like a stiff breeze could cause this dork to go flying like a plastic bag.

[Dilligaf scrambles to his feet in truculent annoyance, and rushes straight into...]

GM: Omega has him by the throat!

BW: And...?

GM: Oh, you cannot be serious, kid.

[Omega's string-beany arms do their darndest to try to chokeslam the larger Logan Dilligaf, but those mean old laws of physics seem to not be on his side.]

O: "Rrrrrrrkk! Had enough?! Nnnnnnn!"

[Omega's knees buckle and he places his hand on Dilligaf's lower back in a valiant attempt to chokeslam him...

...but eats a standing lariat in response.]

BW: And down goes the twerp!

[Dilligaf circles the ring in annoyance. The fans seem to be laughing at him, which only riles him up more.]

GM: Well fans, Omega may not have been able to chokeslam his opponent...

[Dilligaf shouts "SHADDUP" over the ropes to the front row, unaware that his wrestling trucks are hiked up into his rear end.]

GM: ...but the Neptunian has ensured a full moon tonight in Seattle!

BW: Ohhhh-kay, atomic wedgies are now en vogue. What has happened to the sport of wrestling, Gordo?!

[Omega is about to charge in to catch his opponent unaware, but sees that Dilligaf is presently immodest and shields his eyes. Dilligaf finally notices the extent of his wedgie and chases Omega out of the ring to the floor.]

GM: Omega to the floor, with his opponent in hot pursuit!

[Omega does a quick circuit of the ringside area then dives back under the ropes, grabbing his cape on the way, dashing to the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Why in the world does Omega need his cape?

[Dilligaf charges in afterward, only to catch a caped superhero somersaulting overhead...]

GM: Omega with a big overhead neckbreaker off the top!

BW: It's a bird! It's a plane! It's Ultra-dork!

[Omega whirls around dramatically in his cape, as one is wont to do whilst wearing a cape.]

GM: And listen to this, they love Omega in Seattle!

BW: They do know the Space Needle isn't actually from space, right?

[Omega shoots a "thumbs up" pose to the fans, and turns his attention back to his opponent.]

O: "Pass.. the EVENT HORIZON!"

[Omega sweeps Logan Dilligaf into an inverted face lock, then pivots 180 degrees, dropping to a knee.]

GM: OH MY!

[Omega sandwiches Dilligaf between his outstretched knee and a down-swinging lariat across the sternum.]

GM: We saw Omega take out Nick Axis with that maneuver last time they met! Referee into position... one, two, and a three! It was that Event Horizon that did it, Bucky.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Omega springs upright upon hearing his theme, and adopts his superhero pose. Referee Scott Ezra tries to raise Omega's arm, but the oblivious superhero won't stop posing.]

BW: I don't even know if he knows he won, Gordo.

GM: There appears to be some communication problems... perhaps they don't speak English natively on Neptune.

BW: Gordo, I swear...

GM: Oh, Bucky, you're such a stick in the mud.

[The referee loudly clears his throat. Omega immediately becomes contrite and allows the official to raise his arm.]

GM: A win for Omega, looking ahead to his eventual showdown with Nick Axis and perhaps beyond. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be time for action in the AWA Women's Division so don't you dare go away!

[Omega steps up to the midbuckle, striking his signature pose as we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[Fade to black...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we are backstage somewhere where Riley Hunter is standing in a darkened corner of the large warehouse looking room. He's dressed in what can best be described as "warm-up gear" which consists of a half-ironic t-shirt with three wolves howling at the moon t-shirt and is rapidly whipping a pair of nunchucks around and around, working up a sweat. He is the epitome of focus, unblinking and determined. The slightest sound seems like it might burst him from this deep fighting tra-]

"HEY RILEY!"

[Sigh. Hunter's focus is indeed broken as he accidentally whips the martial arts weapon into the back of his shoulder. He winces, pausing to rub his shoulder as a few moments pass before we see Chaz and Chet Wallace, the American Idols, break into view. The Wallace twins are in faded blue jeans with strategic pre-made rips all over them. Chaz is wearing a white t-shirt with his face... or maybe it's Chet's... airbrushed on it. Chet is wearing a black t-shirt with an American flag bisecting a Japanese flag with the letters DMPUSA written across the top. He throws a little hand signal towards the camera as he approaches.]

RH: Fellas. How goes it?

[Chet nods as Chaz shrugs.]

Chaz: We've had better days... weeks... months even, I guess.

[Riley nods.]

RH: Tough break against the Karate Kid. What did I always tell you guys? Never trust a Colton... or their students apparently.

[Chet nods again as Chaz raises his eyebrows at him once... twice... and then nudges him... hard. Chet falls forward before casually steadying himself with a hip against a rolling equipment case.]

Chet: That's actually kinda why we were looking for you.

[It's Riley's turn to raise his eyebrow.]

RH: Go on...

[Chaz steps forward awkwardl shrugging.]

Chaz: You know that after.. well, because of... since we...

RH: You lost.

[Chaz winces at the words.]

Chaz: Harsh, bro. But yeah, since we... what you said... to Connors and Downpour, apparently the contract says we can't have another match with them. So, that means we can't kick Connors' Canadian ass back across the border...

Chet: And we can't rip that stupid mask off stupid Downpour's stupid face and make him eat it... stupid.

[Hunter shrugs.]

RH: Sucks. What's it got to do with me?

[Chet grimaces.]

Chet: That's the thing. It's not just you. You'd need to convince-

[A voice rings out from behind the Idols.]

"Me."

[They turn in unison as Derrick Williams brushes past them to stand next to his World Tag Team Champion partner.]

DW: Hey, Ri. I was looking for you.

[Chaz puts on his best Yoda voice... which is bad.]

Chaz: Found someone you would, I would say... mmmmm?

[Williams rolls his eyes at Chaz. He gestures at them with his head.]

DW: What's with these two?

[Hunter shrugs.]

RH: Said they needed our help with something. They were just getting to it.

[Chaz looks around nervously.]

Chaz: Well, uhh... we were kinda hoping that maybe you guys... you know, since we can't and all... maybe you guys could... uhhh...

Chet: Beat the hell out of Connors and Downpour for us!

[Williams scoffs with derision as Hunter looks over at him questioningly.]

DW: What?

RH: You laughed.

DW: Well, yeah. They're joking, right? Look, we've got enough problems of our own to deal with. This is a tad below our notice. Sorry, not our problem, kids.

[Chet looks annoyed.]

Chet: Does this LOSER make decisions for you now, Riley?

[Hunter looks over at his partner for a moment... and then back to the Wallaces.]

RH: Sorry, guys. Duke's right. We've got enough going on.

DW: I suffer you two normally because it doesn't mess with our stuff. We don't have time for your problems too.

[Chaz suddenly straightens up, stepping closer to Williams, staring him dead in the eye.]

Chaz: Is that right? You don't have time for us?

DW: No, I don't.

[Chaz smirks.]

Chaz: Well, maybe... just maybe... WE'LL take those tag titles off the two of you...

[Williams steps closer, not much space between them now.]

Chaz: ...and then you'll have all the time in the world to take care of our problem! How's that sound?

[Williams chuckles]

DW; You two can't get past Connors and Downpour and you're talking beating US? That's rich.

[Hunter steps forward, wedging himself between his friends.]

RH: That's enough. Everyone back to their corners.

[Chaz steps back, raising his hands defensively.]

RH: The answer's still no, guys.

[Chet nods.]

Chet: I see how it is. New friends... new loyalties... we get it, right, Chaz?

[Chaz nods.]

Chaz: Yeah, we get it. Hey... we'll always have Roppongi, yeah?

[Hunter grimaces as the Idols turn to leave.]

RH: Hey, I'll see you guys later. We still have to tape Idol Chatter this week, right? Guys?

[But there is no response for the American Ninja as his friends walk away, leaving him with his partner.]

DW: Don't worry about them. Let's gameplan this out for tonight.

[Hunter nods, still looking at his departing friends as we get another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo...

...and then fade back up on the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling... and as we said before the break, we're about to see some action in the AWA Women's Division, Bucky.

BW: You look up and down that Division, Gordo, and you've got some of the best in the world... and all sorts of competitors. You've got powerhouse toughies like Ricki Toughill... you've got spunky fan favorites like Skylar Swift and Julie Somers... veterans like Charisma Knight... a former Olympic gold medalist in Ayako Fujiwara... that tough ol' cowgirl Margarita Flores... and a whole lot more.

GM: Kurayami stands atop them all as the Women's World Champion, absolutely dominating everyone we've seen step up to her... with the possible exception of the Hall of Famer Medusa Rage.

BW: No, no, no! Let's make it clear, Gordo. Rage has had "success"...

[Yeah, he did the fingerquotes.]

BW: ...against Kurayami only when she hits her with that Snakebite. So, yeah... she's a veteran... she's a Hall of Famer... a former champion... she's found one move that seems like Kurayami has no counter for... yet. But that doesn't mean she's going to survive a one-on-one match with her.

GM: That match is coming up at Memorial Day Mayhem... and of course, we'll also see Kurayami in action later tonight against Betty Chang. But with Rage and Kurayami on the near horizon, the women in this division are scrambling to see who will be the one to challenge the winner - who will get the next shot to become the Women's World Champion.

BW: Maybe it'll be one of the women in this match we're about to see, Gordo.

GM: It's certainly possible as our ever-expanding Women's Division gains new participants, as well as some European flavor. Let's go down to the ring!

[We fade back to the ring and to Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: The following contest is a Women's Division match, scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, weighing in at 152 pounds and fighting out of Richmond, Virginia... MOLLY BELL!

[We pan to a fairly stocky caucasian woman with long blonde hair standing on the apron of the ring, dressed in a purple halter crop top and matching lycra shorts that cut off mid-thigh. The word "meow" has been heat-pressed across the seat of the shorts in white lettering. She's also wearing black kneepads and boots. Her face has been painted with three black whiskers on each cheek, with three black dots underneath the whiskers on both sides, a black triangle on her nose with a line running down to connect to her upper lip, which has had black lipstick applied. The crowd has no idea what to make of her, and she makes practically no effort to curry favor, instead trying to bat at the tag rope on the turnbuckles.]

RO: And her opponent... about to make her way to the ring, hailing from Wigan, Greater Manchester, England, and weighing 141 pounds, this is... MAGGIE RHODES!

["Bouncy Castle" by VUKOVI starts to play as one of the youngest members of the Rhodes family bounds from the entrance, far more enthusiastic and upbeat than her family members, definitely trying to get the fans behind her.]

GM: It's been a long time since we've seen a member of the Rhodes family here in the AWA, Bucky! Maggie Rhodes is the first cousin of the one we're most familiar with, Raphael.

BW: When I heard we were going to have Maggie here tonight, I got in touch with Raph, and you know what he told me? That Maggie here's the black sheep of the family!

GM: Why's that?

BW: No killer instinct, Gordo! Look at how she's bouncing around as she walks to the ring, trying to get everyone to cheer for her!

[Rhodes walks to the ring, slapping hands with anyone who offers one to her. She is, much like her family, extremely pale. She has shoulder-length hair dyed lime green, and is wearing a black singlet with lime green lightning bolts down the legs, and a lime green sports bra underneath the singlet straps. She's also sporting black boots and has on a black leather jacket, which she sheds before hopping into the ring as the music fades.]

GM: I don't know, Raphael Rhodes was a surly customer. If Maggie here has the grappling tendencies that the Rhodes family has without the penchant for violence, I could see her going a long way. She's already a big star in Europe.

BW: Yeah, but that's Europe, Gordo. That's not Japan, and that's certainly not the AWA.

GM: And she's certainly got herself a, shall we say... unorthodox opponent here, who seems transfixed on the tag rope.

[Bell has not moved from the apron, and has to be told by the referee to get into the ring.]

BW: You know anything about this one, Gordo?

GM: Only a little.

BW: Oh yeah? What do you know?

GM: That she hissed at me when I asked her for information earlier today.

BW: ...bunch of weirdos in this sport sometimes.

[The bell sounds to start the match, and Bell looks startled, running into the ropes and flopping down to the mat center ring. Rhodes, who hasn't moved from her corner, looks amused by this action. Bell turns over to her side and beckons Rhodes to center ring, pointing to her stomach.]

BW: I... have no idea what she's doing.

GM: It appears, fans, that Molly Bell is starting her AWA debut match off by trying to get Maggie Rhodes to... pet her belly?

[Rhodes shakes her head, motioning for Bell to stand up.]

GM: I've never seen anything like this in all my years.

BW: This is what Raph was talking about though when he told me Maggie had no killer instinct. If my opponent's just laying there offering me the stomach, you'd better believe I'm coming over there and kicking it.

[Rhodes walks over to center ring and leans over, only for Bell to sweep her legs out from underneath of her, and try for a quick cover. Rhodes kicks out before a count is even administered, and immediately reverses position to take Bell's back in a referee's position.

GM: And this is exactly where Bell doesn't want to be! The Rhodes family is world-renowned for mat grappling, it's how Raphael Rhodes cut down a lot of larger competitors here in the AWA to size.

[Rhodes transitions Bell into a seated position and applies a chinlock, but before she can do anything else, Bell sinks her teeth as well as her fingernails right into Rhodes' forearm, causing Rhodes to release the hold with an agonizing yelp.]

BW: Now that's some killer instinct!

GM: That's dirty fighting, Bucky! Bell not only bit Maggie Rhodes, but clawed her as well!

BW: Well, I can't believe I'm going along with this, but... you ever held a cat that doesn't want to be held?

GM: Yeah?

BW: Have you seen how Molly Bell's dressed? Is this a surprise?

[Both wrestlers get to their feet, as Rhodes holds her arm, complaining to the referee. Bell runs at Rhodes, wildly swinging her arms, but Rhodes is able to easily dodge.]

GM: Not much technique there from Molly Bell.

BW: I have a feeling she's a little rough around the edges.

GM: You don't say.

BW: Maybe she's feral.

GM: Bucky!

[Rhodes dodges another wild charge...]

GM: Well, Bell's lack of an orthodox approach seems to be okay with Rhodes who avoids her again...

[Bell throws her arms in the air, screeching as she charges a third time but gets taken down with an armdrag!]

GM: And that time, Rhodes gets down... right into the armbar... no, Bell spins out into a wristlock!

[Holding the wrist, Bell guides Rhodes up to her feet alongside her.]

GM: Both women up now and... what's this?

[Bell starts rubbing her temples against the back of Rhodes' wrist, with a big grin on her face.]

BW: I bet that's where her scent glands are located.

GM: What?!

BW: That means Maggie Rhodes is Molly Bell's property now, you realize!

GM: I somehow doubt that, Bucky.

[Showing some frustration, Rhodes twists out of the wristlock into a hammerlock, stepping on the back of the knee, forcing her down onto a knee... and then down into a seated position.]

GM: Back down on the mat... Rhodes stacks her up on her shoulders!

[The referee drops down to count.]

GM: Gets the one, and a two... but Bell kicks out!

BW: I tell you, Gordo, Rhodes is going to have to keep this one on the mat. Bell's ring style is so unusual that if Rhodes doesn't force her to wrestle her match, it could go wrong quick.

GM: I think you could be right, Bucky.

[With some space between them, both women return to their feet, Rhodes coming in quickly to lunge for a tieup.]

GM: I think Rhodes also wants to close the gap, keep contact on her, make sure she doesn't have room to maneuver...

[Rhodes grabs the arm, twisting it around for a hammerlock...

...but Bell twists back out, hanging onto the wrist, and drives a knee up into Rhodes' sternum!]

GM: Kneelift there by Molly Bell, who has Rhodes by the wrist still, and-...

"THWACK!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Oh wow!

[Bell pulls Rhodes in by the wrist, directly into a headbutt, forcing the bridge of Rhodes' nose to connect with Bell's forehead!]

GM: Was that a... short-arm headbutt?!

BW: That was incredible!

[Rhodes staggers back, dazed, a trickle of blood running out of her nostril, as Bell grabs her by the wrist once again. Bell whips Rhodes into the north set of ropes, and then runs into the east set of ropes.]

GM: What is Bell doing here, Bucky?

BW: Whatever it is, it's about to be violent!

[Rhodes bounces back towards center ring, as Bell comes rushing back at full speed, diving into the air and driving her right shoulder squarely into Rhodes' sternum. Rhodes is lifted off her feet, flying through the air six feet and thudding to the mat hard.]

BW: A pounce! A POUNCE!!

GM: Good grief, Molly Bell just knocked the starch out of Maggie Rhodes!

[Bell drags Rhodes' feet away from the ring ropes and makes the cover, hooking both legs.]

GM: A deep cover there by Molly Bell! That's one!

BW: That's probably a thousand, Gordo!

GM: It's certainly three!

[The bell sounds, as Bell bounds to her feet, rubbing her forearm on her head, a wide grin spreading across her face.]

RO: Here is your winner... MOLLY BELL!

[We cut to replays of the headbutt, as well as the pounce.]

GM: Folks, I have to term this one an upset! Maggie Rhodes is a big star over in Europe!

BW: Yeah, and she just got beat by someone who had more killer instinct than her!

GM: That headbutt, Bucky, I think Molly Bell may have busted Maggie Rhodes' nose.

BW: Oh, it wouldn't surprise me one bit, that wasn't your average headbutt. That was the kind of headbutt you'd see Raphael Rhodes throw. Maybe it'll teach Maggie Rhodes a lesson about what her family is actually good at, not slapping hands with the fans.

GM: Bucky, stop! I understand Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by with the newcomer here, Molly Bell!

[We now cut to Blackwell standing next to Molly Bell at ringside, who looks antsy.]

SLB: Molly Bell, you certainly took us all by surprise! How do you feel picking up your first win here in the AWA?

[Blackwell holds the microphone in front of Bell, whose eyes dart around for a moment. She then looks at Blackwell, slightly pouting.]

MB: ... scratch me?

[Blackwell looks confused.]

SLB: What on earth do you mean?!

MB: Behind the ear. I'm a good kitty. I won. Scratch me.

SLB: I don't...

[Bell holds up her hand with her fingers tensed like a claw.]

MB: Like this.

SLB: Young lady, we don't have time for this, you...

[Bell shrugs, scratching herself behind the ear as a wave of relief washes over her face.]

MB: Nyaaaaaaaaaaaaa, that's the stuff... okay, sorry, what was your question? I wasn't paying attention.

[Blackwell sighs briefly but tries again.]

SLB: How do you feel picking up your first win, and none of that cat business.

MB: Oh! Yeah, it was great. I mean, I don't think anyone expected that, yeah? Except for me, because you see, Sweet, I'm a positive thinker.

SLB: It's Sweet Lou.

MB: It sure is! And I'm here in the AWA to do what I just did to Maggie Rhodes, to as many people as they'll let me. Which I mean, that's a generic goal, but you gotta start somewhere, right? And right meow I know I got to work my way up.

SLB: Excuse me, did you just say "right meow"?

MB: Yeah! Don't all of you say that?

SLB: ... no. No, we don't. Well, thank you, Molly Bell, for joining us, and congratulations on your debut win here tonight!

[Bell shouts "KITTY'S GOT CLAWS!" loud enough to be heard without needing the microphone, and laughs loudly. Blackwell shakes his head in... shock? Horror? Dismay?

With a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves backstage somewhere in the KeyArena.

In front a dark background, Betty Chang jumps up from a horse stance punch. Lights surround her, a photographer checking his camera before telling her "Good work! These will work excellent. I'll be sure the office gets them this week." The diminutive Asian, dressed in a tight fitting red and black singlet with high black boots and kickpads. She smiles shyly, running a hand through her hair and walking off the set towards her bag and a towel. She is about to reach down and pack up when she's seemingly interrupted.]

"Um... Miss Chang."

[Chang looks towards the sound of the voice as we see an awkward standing Lee Connors. Wearing a yellow Tiger Claw t-shirt, black shorts and running shoes, he looks almost embarrassed, like he's interrupting the most important thing in the world. Betty Chang looks up with a curious arched eyebrow.]

LC: I... uh... just wanted to say good luck in your match against Kurayami. She's no pushover but I know you can do this, Miss Chang.

[She looks down, awkwardly. Everything here is awkward.]

LC: Oh, sorry. We haven't met officially. My name is...

BC: Lee Connors. I know who you are.

[Red cheeks!]

LC: Oh... wow... I mean... uh... yeah, good luck. I know you can do this, Betty. Can I call you Betty? Anyways, good luck!

[He turns away, rolling his eyes at his absurdness. He walks off, Betty Chang shaking her head as he does. He turns a corner, stops and bites a knuckle.]

LC: She knows my name!

[He gleefully runs off as we cut back to the ring where we find an older-looking dude in standard dark blue trunks and boots with "RW" on the outsides in cursive script. He stands under 6 feet tall but is thick and barrel-chested, his face covered with a scraggly beard underneath a receding hairline. He shakes his head back and forth in an effort to get loose before his match.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit.

[Bucky interjects.]

BW: Pretty sure we'll need about 10% of that.

[Rebecca continues.]

RO: Introducing first, already in the ring, from Aberdeen, Washington, weighing in at 267 pounds..."IRON" RON WAYNE!

[The heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" reverberates off the walls of the KeyArena.

Coming first, it's the manager, the AWA legend, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Eschewing his former casual attire, Scott is much more business-like now with a perfectly-ironed pair of deep blue pants to match a khaki jacket over a light gray button-down. But what isn't gone is the good old STEVIEGRIN~! And why not, because he represents the man coming out just behind him.]

RO: And his opponent...accompanied to the ring by his advisor, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott...

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

MAAAAAAAX! MAGNUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMM!

[And there's the beast himself a few steps behind Stevie clad simply in black trunks, black knee and elbow pads, and black boots that reach halfway up his calves. The massive physical specimen is intense but emotionless as he takes his place beside his manager and pause at the top of the ramp, Magnum hopping side-to-side. The edited song skips the first few lines and cuts directly into Gene Simmons' strikingly accurate description of Magnum 40 years prior.]

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

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

GM: And here he comes, it's Max Magnum who made his long-awaited debut two weeks ago in Portland, where he had little trouble with his first opponent, Bucky.

BW: He did, Gordo, but the competition was light. Can't ignore that, even if he did look impressive in the process.

GM: Two weeks ago, it was a young lion and tonight he gets the grizzled veteran in "Iron" Ron Wayne, who has made his name throughout many smaller promotions across the country including right here in Washington. And perhaps, with a strong performance tonight, he could find himself with a roster spot here in the AWA.

BW: Yeah, good luck with that.

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

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

[Magnum glares a hole through Wayne and takes his place in the middle of the ring as the music fades...]

...and of course, Stevie produces a microphone and raises his index finger on his free hand.]

HSS: One match.

One match is all it took to get the boys talking about Max Magnum.

[Stevie shrugs, seemingly amused.]

HSS: It seems that we quickly garnered the attention of the Iron Cowboy himself, Jack Lynch, back in Portland during his bi-weekly snoozer of a recap of everything he's watched on the monitor while snarfing down meatballs in catering.

[Stevie looks at Magnum with a grin, who returns a smirk.]

HSS: Now, I'm not sure why Jack feels the need to ramble mindlessly on about things that do not involve him, but...since you decided to let the words "Max Magnum" tumble out of your mouth, I feel it only befitting that we respond. Because, after all, I hear you're considered to be...

[Stevie pauses, with a bit of a smirk himself.]

HSS: ...one of the pillars of the AWA these days.

Well...Iron Cowboy...

[Those last two words were spoken more slowly and with more intentional inflection with a little bit of sarcasm thrown in.]

HSS: Max Magnum is the man who takes a good, hard look at those pillars...

...and knocks. Them. DOWN.

[Magnum stares intensely ahead, hopping side-to-side.]

HSS: So, Mister Pillar, any time you want to stop talking and start doing?

[Stevie points at the hard camera.]

HSS: You don't have to look very hard to find us.

But if you do, you'll find out that Max Magnum is unlike ANYONE you've seen come through here before.

[The Hotshot pauses, pointing at Magnum.]

HSS: Don't think we don't hear the rumblings back in the locker rooms. Don't think we can't hear the whispers, the questions, the doubters...

"Is Max Magnum all he's hyped up to be? Or is he just another flash in the pan, here one month and gone the next? Is he the next big thing, or is he the next...

MAAAAAASSSSSSOOOOOONNNNNNN!"

[Stevie chuckles at his overly-drawn-out imitation.]

HSS: So please, allow me be very clear with each and every one of you who doubts Max Magnum or feels emboldened enough to try him on for size.

You WILL be defeated. You WILL be injured. You WILL be humiliated. And you WILL lay broken at the feet of the man who will prove to be the most dominating force that the AWA has ever seen...

MAX! MAGNUUUUUUUUMMM!

And that, my friends, is not a threat.

[Another pause and a confident smile.]

HSS: That...is a GUARANTEE.

[Stevie turns to Magnum and gestures toward Wayne, as the young phenom turns and eyeballs his victim for the night. Satisfied with his diatribe, Stevie exits the ring so the match can begin when Scott Ezra calls for the bell.]

GM: Here we go, Bucky, Max Magnum set to do battle with the veteran in Ron Wayne, who has no doubt seen a lot in his day...but has he even seen anything like Max Magnum?

BW: Have YOU ever seen anything like Max Magnum, Gordo?

GM: Fair point.

[Magnum and Wayne circle each other for a moment, then move into a collar-and-elbow tie-up, from which Wayne emerges with a side headlock.]

GM: Ron Wayne showing his experience in coming out of that tie-up with a side headlock.

[The advantage is short-lived, though. Magnum simply lifts Wayne into the air and HURLS him across the ring!]

BW: But not for long! That's one way to break a headlock.

GM: Wayne looks stunned, Bucky. I don't think he expected that sort of a counter.

BW: No kidding, genius.

[Wayne slowly gets to his feet before the two circle again into another tie-up. This time, Wayne manages to come out with an armwringer.]

GM: The veteran twists the massive arm of Max Magnum, looking for a way to weaken the monster at least a bit.

[A grinning Stevie waits a few beats on the outside before shouting "NOW!" to his charge...who responds by nearly decapitating Wayne with a brutal clothesline!]

GM: OH MY STARS! What a clothesline by Max Magnum! He nearly took Wayne's head clean off his shoulders!

BW: Seems clear that Stevie told Magnum to toy with his prey for a little bit tonight before going for the kill.

GM: And Magnum indeed now seems to be going for the kill, pulling a stunned Ron Wayne.

[Magnum wraps his massive arms around the waist of Wayne in a front waistlock, pausing momentarily before hoisting him over his head and into the air with a brutal overhead belly-to-belly suplex.]

GM: WOW! Magnum again displaying his raw power with that suplex!

BW: He threw Ron Wayne across the ring like he was a lightweight, Gordo!

[Magnum gets back to his feet and looks to Stevie on the outside, who holds up three fingers. Magnum nods and stalks the downed Wayne.]

GM: Stevie giving some sort of a sign to Magnum, and I guess we're about to see what that means.

[Magnum yanks Wayne off the mat; this time, he applies a rear waistlock. After another pause, Magnum lifts the bearded vet into the air and over his head with a devastating German suplex!]

GM: OH MY STARS! What a suplex from Magnum! Wayne looks folded in half!

BW: Check it out, though. He ain't done, daddy!

[No he is not. Instead of releasing, Magnum maintains the waistlock and lifts Wayne back to a vertical base, then hooks Wayne's arms behind him.]

GM: ANOTHER...SOME KIND OF SUPLEX!

BW: That's called a tiger suplex, Gordo! And I know what's coming next.

[Magnum again holds on and yanks Wayne back up, releasing his arms only for a second in order to apply a full nelson and throw the final suplex of the combo.]

BW: And a dragon suplex finishes it off! Stevie told me they call this the Chimera Suplex Combo!

GM: That's got to be it for "Iron" Ron Wayne but...wait a minute...

[Stevie quickly and excitedly leaps into the ring, pushing Ezra aside and lifting Magnum's arm in the air. Magnum, for his part, looks a little bored.]

GM: Another impressive victory for Max Magnum here in Seattle, Bucky.

BW: Lemme tell you why Stevie and Max make a good team. Did you see how Max immediately went to work on the back of Ron Wayne? It was all to set up that submission hold. Right before the hangman's clutch, did you see what Magnum used? A powerbomb on the knee. Soften him up, wrap him up, finish him up.

GM: A sound strategy... a solid win... and as Stevie and Magnum celebrate in the ring...

[The shot is close enough on Stevie and Magnum to not catch anything else as the crowd starts to ROAR!]

GM: WAIT A SECOND! WAIT A SECOND!

[And suddenly, we see Calisto Dufresne standing in the ring behind them, steel chair in hand!]

GM: DUFRESNE IS HERE!

[Hearing the crowd and sensing trouble, Stevie Scott wheels around in time to see his former ally coming for him... and bails out of the way, leaving a clear path to Magnum...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF MAX MAGNUM! OH MY!

[Magnum goes flying forwards across the ring, catching himself against the ropes as Dufresne winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS Magnum across the back a second time, causing the big man to arch his back as he stumbles across the ring, clutching his lower back. Stevie bails out to the floor, shouting at Magnum as Dufresne winds up one more time...]

BW: AGAIN?!

GM: AGAIN!!!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The third blow with the chair is swung like a baseball bat, catching Magnum across the shoulderblades which causes him to fly headfirst between the ropes, falling out to the floor where he goes to a knee as Stevie Scott sprints to stand by his side. Dufresne throws the chair down in the ring, letting loose a string of unmentionable words that get blocked by a quick-triggered censor.]

GM: CALISTO DUFRESNE HAS COME BACK AND HE CAME WIELDING THAT CHAIR, BUCKY!

BW: It was Dufresne who was the victim of Max Magnum when Magnum made his official debut back at the Anniversary Show and... wow! He struck back hard tonight! I thought we'd never see him again, Gordo!

GM: I think a lot of us did! A lot of people assumed that Magnum's beatdown of the former World Champion in Los Angeles was the exclamation point on an impressive career but obviously not! The Ladykiller's still got some fight in him!

[Dufresne is still shouting angrily at Magnum and Scott from inside the ring as Stevie puts himself between a rising Magnum and the ring, shouting "NO! NO! NOT NOW!"]

GM: I think Magnum wants to get back in there! How the heck is he even standing?!

BW: He wants a piece of Calisto Dufresne but Stevie's saying no! He's trying to keep Magnum back!

GM: No easy task! Magnum's trying to get past him to get his hands on Dufresne... HE'S GOT THE CHAIR AGAIN!

[Dufresne takes a wild swing over the ropes, narrowly missing the skull of Stevie Scott as the Hotshot shoves Magnum back towards the ramp, the crowd jeering loudly!]

GM: Stevie Scott is telling Magnum to back off! He wants no part of Dufresne and that chair!

BW: Magnum does!

GM: He certainly does! Calisto Dufresne, where the heck did he even come from?! Out of the crowd?!

BW: I think so, Gordo. One second Magnum and Stevie were on top of the world and the next second, Dufresne was in there with that chair beating the hell out of Max... and I think he wanted a piece of Stevie too!

GM: Can you blame him? Stevie Scott set Dufresne up... he set this whole thing in motion... and it looks like the Ladykiller wants a piece of BOTH of these men! Wow! Fans, we've got take another break while we get this under control and... we'll be right back so don't go away!

[The camera shot holds on Stevie Scott, struggling to keep Magnum from storming the ring, as we fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside the leader of Guerreros del Mundo, Angelica Westerly. Westerly is in a hip-hugging short black dress, a gold chain hanging around her neck and dipping down to her chest.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where the head of Guerreros del Mundo, Angelica Westerly, has requested this time to talk about Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Westerly nods with a grin.]

AW: That's right, Mark. Memorial Day Mayhem is just around the corner and I've been hard at work talking to Javier Castillo to make sure that Guerreros del Mundo has a presence on the biggest event of the summer.

MS: What are we talking about here? Another showcase match?

[Westerly shakes her head.]

AW: No, no, no. In Chicago, the time has come for GDM to kick things up a notch and show the entire wrestling world why our global reach makes us the threat that everyone is talking about. Through extensive negotiations, I've been able to secure a spot in this year's Rumble for a GDM representative!

[She leans back, arms crossed, looking quite pleased with herself.]

MS: Wow! That IS big news and quite the coup on your part. Then I suppose the next question has to be - who's it gonna be? We've seen quite a few competitors here under the GDM umbrella over the past few months and-

[Westerly raises her hand, pointing at Stegglet.]

AW: A momentous occasion like this calls for a momentous splash. I've told you all before that GDM's arms reach all around the world. So, I made my phone calls... to Japan... to Mexico... to the United Kingdom... to South Korea... to Germany... to Russia... to Australia and New Zealand... and I've scoured the globe to find the one talent that I think can take GDM to the next level by winning that Rumble and putting us in line for a shot at the World Heavyweight Title.

MS: Alright, so who's it gonna be?

[The corner of Westerly's mouth twists up.]

AW: All in good time, my man. When I decide the moment is right, I'll spill that secret to the world. Until then... I'm putting the entire AWA locker room on notice. Guerreros del Mundo has arrived... and we're not going anywhere.

[Westerly turns, making her exit.]

MS: Alright, fans. Another entry into the thirty man Rumble has been revealed... but the question remains - with the entire world at her disposal, who has Angelica Westerly selected to represent her in Chicago in the Rumble? Now, let's go down to the ring for tag team action!

[We fade from backstage and then up on the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing, a pair of musclebound bros standing near by flexing for her benefit.]

RO: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. In the ring to my right... from Huntington Beach, California... at a total combined weight of 540 pounds... Chad Martin and Kyler Boggs... THE IIIIIIRON BROOOOOOOOS!

[Cue a big double bicep flex as Kyler takes a knee and Chad stands behind him in the identical pose.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The AWA faithful cheer the sounds of a rock anthem that has been a major part of tag team professional wrestling for a long time - "War Pigs" by Black Sabbath.]

#GENERALS GATHERED IN THEIR MASSES#
#JUST LIKE WITCHES AT BLACK MASSES#

[The specially edited version of the song cuts ahead to "OH LORD YEAH!" and as the guitars come shredding across the PA system, the entryway is suddenly filled with the hulking form of the two men we know as the War Pigs.]

RO: From DEEEEEEE-TROIT, MICHIGAN... RIPPER! HAVOC!

THE WAAAAAAAARRRRRRR PIIIIIIIIIGS!

[The crowd continues to cheer as the powerful duo makes their way down the aisle. Ripper is about six foot four and built like a tank. He's shaved bald except for his goatee, wearing blue and black facepaint while carrying a huge metal chain across his shoulders that drapes down to his waist. Havoc stands a little shorter - about six foot two - and while muscular, is not as broad as his brother. He has a shortly-trimmed Mohawk. With matching blue and black facepaint and tights, Havoc also wears a midnight blue weightlifting belt around his waist with metal studs and the word HAVOC printed across the back.]

GM: For the first time since returning to the AWA, the War Pigs have come to Saturday Night Wrestling, Bucky!

BW: They're here... but I don't even know if you can call it a return, Gordo, since these aren't the War Pigs we saw here on SNW so many times.

GM: That's true. Ripper and Havoc are the sons of Hammer from the original War Pigs who suffered a career ending neck injury during his time in Japan and asked

his sons to carry on the family legacy. And carry on they have, succeeding in Japan and now bringing that success here to the AWA.

[Having marched their way down the aisle, the two men shed their respective chain and weight belt before diving under the bottom rope, coming to their feet...

...and storming across the ring to the opposite corner, going right after the Iron Bros!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And the Iron Bros might want to spend a little less time flexing and posing and a little more time watching out for their opponents because Ripper and Havoc are off to a hot start!

[Ripper goes right after Kyler Boggs, pummeling him down to the mat with a series of clubbing forearms. Havoc smashes Chad Martin’s face into the top turnbuckle before whipping him across the ring, catching him on the rebound with an elbow up under the chin.]

BW: The referee’s just letting all this go. I guess he wants no part in trying to split this up either.

[Ripper pulls Boggs up off the mat, flinging him towards Havoc who sidesteps and then BLASTS him with a standing clothesline in the back of the head.]

GM: Good grief! He nearly took his head off with that one!

[Havoc turns back towards a rising Martin, rushing him with a clothesline that takes him over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor.]

GM: Out goes Martin... which leaves Kyler Boggs all alone in there with both Ripper and Havoc.

BW: Illegally!

GM: A fair point but as you said, who is going to tell the War Pigs no?

[Havoc pulls Boggs off the mat as Ripper grabs the other arm, using a double whip to rocket him across the ring...

...and send him bouncing off the mat with a double shoulder tackle!]

GM: So much power... so much brutality. These War Pigs are a threat to anyone they face in there... oho... including these two!

[The crowd starts to buzz as Daniel Ross and MISTER of Ringkrieger walk out onto the stage.]

GM: The arrival of Ringkrieger has created quite a stir here tonight in the KeyArena... and quite a stir in the tag team division as well.

BW: When we first met MISTER last summer in Europe, we knew he was a special talent. But when you add Daniel Ross to the mix, they are one heck of a dangerous duo, daddy.

[Standing at attention, their arms behind them, they look up at the ring where they’ve been spotted. Ripper has a few choice words for them as Havoc pulls Boggs off the mat, whipping him into the corner.]

GM: And these two teams have been trading words for several weeks now. I can't wait to see them collide. It should be one heck of a matchup and could go a long way to determining future challengers for the World Tag Team Titles. But you better believe System Shock and Next Gen aren't paying attention to this tonight since they'll be battling it out for those titles a little later.

[Ripper grabs Havoc's arm, whipping his own partner across the ring into a crushing clothesline in the corner. He follows right behind, smashing Boggs in the buckles with an avalanche...

...and then throws him out of the corner by the head towards Havoc who leaps into the air, lashing out with a perfect standing dropkick!]

GM: Wow! And athletic as well! Strong and athletic is a dangerous combination for any team facing this dangerous duo...

[We cut to Ringkrieger again who look less than impressed.]

BW: Maybe not that duo.

GM: Like I said, Bucky... I can't wait to see that match go down whether it's here on Saturday Night Wrestling or over with our colleagues Big Sal and Dee Dub on the all-new Power Hour.

BW: Do we have to call him Dee Dub?

[Gordon chuckles as Ripper shouts at Ringkreiger to "WATCH THIS!" before he easily lifts the 270 pound Boggs up into an electric chair.]

GM: He's got a big, big man way, way up... and Havoc to the top rope, looking down!

[Havoc points at Ringkrieger before launching himself from his perch, catching Boggs across the collarbone with a flying clothesline that flips the beach bro off of Ripper's mighty shoulders, crashing facefirst down to the canvas. Ripper flips him onto his back, planting his palms on the chest, pressing up and sticking out his tongue as the referee quickly counts to three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And the War Pigs take the win here in Seattle!

[Havoc is over by the ropes, shouting down the ramp at Ringkrieger who are still watching. With a dismissive wave of his hand though, MISTER turns and steers Daniel Ross back into the backstage area as we cut to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Well, it looks like this battle between Ringkrieger and the War Pigs will NOT go down tonight but I'm guessing it will go down in the very near future and I can't wait to see it. Fans, the War Pigs are victorious and this tag team scene continues to heat up.

BW: The Idols were back there earlier getting mixed up with the tag champs, System Shock...

GM: Who might not even BE the tag champs after this night is over.

BW: Entirely possible...

GM: Exactly.

BW: ...yet highly unlikely.

GM: I don't think so. Plus, we've seen the Soldiers of Fortune out here in recent weeks - they've declared and secured themselves a spot in the upcoming return of the Stampede Cup tournament which will go down towards the heart of the summer in Canada. We recently saw Lee Connors and Downpour defeat the Idols in a thrilling battle... they've gotta be in the picture for the titles as well.

BW: A whole lot of teams taking aim at the titles, Gordo... but only one team can be the champs.

GM: And we're about an hour and change from knowing who that team will be. But let's shift gears. We talked about the Women's Division earlier tonight and how they're lining up to see who will be the next to challenge for the Women's World Title after Kurayami faces Medusa Rage with the title on the line in Chicago.

BW: One match, one shot... what the heck happens if Rage wins the title, Gordo? Is she coming out of retirement permanently?

GM: An excellent question, Bucky... and one we probably need an answer to. But right now, we're about to see the current champion... the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo... the Lady of Pain... call her what you will. Kurayami is in the house and... well, I'm quite concerned for her opponent. Rebecca, take it away.

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

RO: The following non-title contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 112 pounds... BETTY CHANG!

[A young Asian woman in a tight-fitting red and black singlet and high black boots and kickpads throws a trio of roundhouses ending with a "HAAAAAAAA!" towards the camera as the hometown crowd ROARS in response. The bashful Chang gives a sheepish grin, waving to the crowd.]

GM: The hometown girl, young Betty Chang set for action. I'm told she has family in the crowd tonight, Bucky.

BW: Oh, that's convenient.

GM: Why's that?

BW: Won't have to go too far to find her next of kin.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Chang settles back in her corner, taking a deep breath as the mood is about to change.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent...

[The sounds of Judas Priest's "Demonizer" starts ripping over the PA system.]

BW: Here comes trouble, Gordo!

GM: You can say that again.

[All eyes turn towards the entrance as the hulking behemoth that is the AWA Women's World Champion, Kurayami, strides out on the stage wearing a ripped and

shredded t-shirt with the word "ALTERBEAST" across the top over a black singlet. Back jeans and heavy black leather steel-toed boots round out the ensemble. A white "slash" of facepaint is across both eyes running from temple to temple.]

GM: And here she comes, fans... the AWA Women's World Champion has arrived and she's ready for battle!

BW: I'm not sure Betty Chang is up for much of a battle, Gordo.

GM: We're about to find out.

[Kurayami storms down the ramp, not breaking stride as she reaches the ring, sliding under the bottom rope where Rebecca Ortiz gets the hell out of town as Kurayami tosses the belt towards a surprised Shari Miranda.]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[On her feet, Kurayami storms across the ring towards Chang in a repeat from two weeks ago, drawing back her massive arm...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[But this time, Chang sees it coming, using her speed and agility to duck under it. She wheels around as Kurayami spins, slightly off-balance.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[With the match official, Chang snaps off a pair of kicks to the side of Kurayami's knee, stunning the larger opponent...

...and then leaps up, cracking her foot off the back of the champion's head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ENZUUUUUGIRI!

[Chang pops up, looking a bit surprised when she sees Kurayami is still on her feet - dazed but standing.]

GM: She's got her reeling, Bucky!

BW: Does she?! She kicked her in the head and Kurayami's still standing!

[Chang shakes off her surprise, throwing a side kick to the midsection that causes the champion to hunch over. The popular hometown girl pumps a fist, dashing to the ropes.]

GM: Betty Chang building up speed, off the far ropes and-

[Kurayami leaps into the air towards the rebounding Chang, completely wiping her out!]

GM: OHH! FIERRO PRESS!

[The Women's World Champion, now with her 250 pound pinning Chang to the mat in a mount, unleashes hell on her much-smaller opponent!]

GM: Pounding away on Chang who is trying to cover up but there's not much you can do when you're getting mauled like this!

BW: Chang was an idiot to sign this contract, Gordo. This might be the last match she ever has.

GM: Kurayami coming off the mat, hauling Chang up by the hair..

[Hanging onto Chang's hair, Kurayami rears back and SMASHES her skull into the back of Chang's head... and again... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Headbutt after headbutt by the Women's World Champion who is just under a month away from a dream match for her - a one-on-one battle with Hall of Famer Medusa Rage for the AWA Women's World Title!

BW: One match, one shot! And if Kurayami delivers shots like this against Rage, they'll need to make room at the hospital next to Lauryn 'cause sissy's comin' to stay awhile, daddy!

[Kurayami still has her hands tied up in the hair as she pushes a dazed Chang away from her, twisting her around...]

...and HURLS her through the air by the hair, sending sky high halfway across the ring before Chang CRASHES down incredibly hard on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Whew.

BW: You can say that again. Anything that flies that high oughta have a pilot and free drinks!

[Kurayami pauses in her assault to look out on the jeering crowd. She waves a dismissive arm at them as she stalks Chang who is trying to use the ropes to drag herself to her feet.]

GM: Chang trying to get up, these fans still solidly behind her..

[But the champion gets there first, pulling her the rest of the way up, shoving her back into the buckles where she leans in...]

...and SINKS her teeth into the forehead of Chang!]

GM: She's biting her! She's biting Chang!

BW: Maybe we caught her before dinner!

[The bite continues for a few seconds, Chang squealing and slapping at Kurayami, trying to drive her away...]

...but when Kurayami breaks, she breaks with a devastating overhead chop dropped down over the top of the skull, causing Chang to crumple down to a seated position in the corner!]

GM: She calls that the Kokuto - the Black Sword! And Chang might be seeing stars after that.

BW: She was seeing stars a little while ago. She'll be lucky if she can see anything at all at this point!

[Referee Shari Miranda steps in, ordering Kurayami to step back but the Women's World Champion ignores her, planting a boot on the throat of the seated Chang, shoving her back against the buckles while choking her.]

GM: And now she's choking her! Biting and then choking! What's gotten into her?! She's 250 pounds! Brutal! Vicious! Undefeated!

BW: You look up "monster" in the dictionary and she's the one, daddy!

GM: No doubt about that.

[Kurayami again breaks off her attack at four, taking a walk as Chang struggles for breath down on the canvas.]

GM: Kurayami finally letting up... and I think the referee needs to think about stopping this match, Bucky.

BW: They never should've started it! Look at Chang, Gordo. You talk about being outgunned... outmanned... outnumbered... outplanned...

GM: Don't start that again.

[The referee is asking Chang if she wants to give up but the hometown girl defiantly refuses, climbing back to her feet, telling Miranda she wants to go on...

...which is when Kurayami storms across the ring!]

GM: AVALANCHE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The 250 pounds of Kurayami crushes Chang in the corner, Kurayami immediately grabbing her by the hair, refusing to let her drop. The champion shakes her head, leaning closer and speaking in Japanese to Chang...]

BW: She shoulda stayed down, Gordo.

GM: You may be right and-

[Taking a step back, Kurayami squares up, throwing a hooking forearm to the side of Chang's head... and another... and a third.]

GM: Ohh! Brutal shots in the corner!

[Switching to the left arm, we get two more shots... then back to the right... then a trio of lefts... and two from the right...]

GM: GET HER OUT OF THE CORNER!

[The referee shouts at the champion to back off as the blows land stronger and quicker...

...and Kurayami SCREAMS in the face of Chang!]

"SHIIIII-NE!"

[She spins around, rapidly for someone of her size, building momentum at a horrifying pace...

...and BLASTS Chang across the cheekbone with a spinning backfist!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[Again.]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[Again.]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, STOP!

"OHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[On the last one, referee Shari Miranda literally dives at Kurayami, hooking onto her arm to prevent any more blows from being thrown. Kurayami shoves Miranda off, raising her fists as Miranda begs off, falling to the mat in fear!]

GM: Good... good lord.

[Kurayami is breathing heavily, her eyes burning with... rage.]

BW: Is it over?

GM: I...

[Kurayami stares at Chang in the corner, almost daring her to keep going. Chang suddenly falls to her knees, collapsing facefirst on the canvas as Kurayami raises her fist to jeers from the crowd.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Women's World Champion jerks her head in the direction of Shari Miranda who has rolled out to the floor and gone over to the timekeeper. She then speaks to Rebecca Ortiz who nods before raising the mic.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... referee Shari Miranda has called for a stop to this match at three minutes and thirty-seven seconds due to Betty Chang being unable to defend herself. Your winner via referee's decision... Kurayami.

[The champion snarls, raising both arms triumphantly again.]

GM: Kurayami... she's your winner... but I think everyone watching is more concerned right now about Betty Chang and-

[The camera cuts, showing a wailing older Chinese woman in the crowd.]

GM: Oh... oh no. That's gotta be her mom... please... cut away from her please.

[The technical director obliges, cutting back to the ring where we see an AWA medic has raced to the ring. Kurayami stands in the middle of the ring, throwing a glance at the jeering crowd. She lets loose a horrible roar, raising her arms.]

GM: We've got medical team members in the ring. This is a bad situation... and... are you kidding me? Well, apparently Sweet Lou is coming out here to interview the champion. I don't like this at all. We've got someone hurt in the ring... potentially very badly. Her family is in the crowd... well, anything for the ratings, right?

BW: Gordo...

GM: Castillo's gotta have his blood money, right? Well, you do whatever the hell you want but I want no damn part of it. Not one damn bit.

[A loud "THUNK!" is heard as we see Sweet Lou Blackwell climbing through the ropes. He walks towards the downed Betty Chang, obviously concerned as Kurayami grabs him by the arm, pulling him towards her.]

SLB: HEY! What's the big idea here?!

[Kurayami snatches the mic away from him.]

K: Don't talk to her! Nobody cares about her!

[She turns, sneering in the direction of where we saw Chang's family earlier.]

K: Nobody.

[Blackwell snatches his mic back, getting a small cheer from the crowd.]

SLB: I don't think that's true at all. This young lady has gotten a lot of attention online over the past two weeks... and these people of Seattle certainly care about her.

[The crowd cheers as Kurayami shakes her head.]

K: A wolf doesn't care about the sheep it has for dinner... as long as it fills its belly. And this Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo doesn't care about... her!

[She points at Chang.]

SLB: She could be badly hurt! You really did a number on her!

[Kurayami shrugs.]

SLB: You don't care at all?!

[Kurayami leans over the mic.]

K: You Americans always like to quote your movies, yes?

[She sneers, looking again at Chang's family.]

K: If she dies... she dies.

[The crowd gasps in horror, Blackwell jerking the mic out of her hand.]

SLB: That's enough of that! What the hell is wrong with you?

[Kurayami snatches Blackwell by the throat, staring menacingly at him as referee Shari Miranda screams at her to let him go. The champion grabs the mic, pulling it from his hand.]

K: Ask me the real question, Blackwell. Ask me about the Queen.

SLB: I'm not asking you anything! Let go of me!

[Blackwell jerks out of her grip, backing off as Kurayami keeps the mic.]

K: LOOK! LOOK, QUEEN!

[She sneers.]

K: See what you made me do. Her blood is on YOUR hands!

ONE MATCH! ONE SHOT!

[She holds up one finger.]

K: I wish it was tonight, Queen. I wish you were her.

Battered... beaten...

[She chuckles softly.]

K: Broken.

[Kurayami leans her head back, looking up at the sky.]

K: "I worshipped dead men for their strength, forgetting I was strong."

[She tilts her head back now.]

K: Only now do I see my error, Queen.

For so long I worshipped you for your strength... for your power... for your glory...

[She raises her hand, squeezing it into a fist.]

K: ...forgetting my strength... forgetting my power...

But no more. I know my strength... I know my power.

And in Chicago...

[The fist starts to tremble from how hard she's squeezing it.]

K: ...I will know my greatest glory.

[She drops the mic, throwing one more disdainful look at the downed Chang as she exits the ring.]

With a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we cut to the locker room area... more specifically, inside the office of Javier Castillo. Three massive men stand in front of him with two more standing behind him. Veronica Westerly is also nearby, observing the situation. Castillo seems to be filled with nervous energy, pacing back and forth in front of the assembled group.]

JC: Great time and money have been spent to make sure the three of you are the centerpiece of this... group... we have assembled. All of you have different motivations... all of you have been... persuaded... in different ways.

[Westerly fingers the crystal hanging around her neck.]

JC: Korugun has spared no expense in bringing you to me - the most brutal... the most savage group of killers this sport has known.

[He steps in front of Ebola Zaire, eyeing the African Nightmare.]

JC: Men who have no qualms about bathing in the blood of their victims.

[He steps again, now in front of Muteesa who bobs about wildly, slapping his massive belly.]

JC: Men who would tear the still-beating heart out of my enemies if I ask.

[And then in front of King Kong Hogan who sneers, running his hands through his greasy wet hair.]

JC: Men who would put their own families in the hospital if the price is right.

[Hogan shrugs with a nod.]

JC: The three of you have been brought together with a purpose - total domination!

And yet...

[He taps his chin thoughtfully.]

JC: I do not feel dominant.

[He turns around, looking over the masked giant, Polemos and the Suited Savage, MAWAGA.]

JC: Protected, yes. Dangerous, yes. But... our enemies are proving to be stronger than I thought... more resilient than I had planned.

And you...

[He turns back to the three men assembled.]

JC: Some of you are proving to not be as adept for this role as I had anticipated.

[El Presidente strokes his chin.]

JC: Only a few months into this... situation... and things are becoming clear. Steps have been taken to assure our success but timing is key.

And if it is time to take our plans to the next level, I need answers.

Tonight, I get those answers.

[Castillo pauses.]

JC: You have two missions here tonight. Two goals to accomplish. Goals that...

[He looks at the camera.]

JC: ...we discussed privately.

[He smirks at the viewing audience before continuing.]

JC: Consider this a true test of your... talents.

[Castillo turns, satisfied with his "pep talk" when someone clears their throat loudly. He turns his head, looking at the throat clearer - King Kong Hogan.]

JC: You... have something to say?

[Hogan smirks.]

KKH: I ain't like these two, boss man. You know that.

[Castillo appraises Zaire and Muteesa... and then nods with a shrug.]

KKH: You gave me a job to do... and I'll do it.

[Hogan steps forward.]

KKH: Ashes... ashes... they all fall down.

You just get someone ready to pick up the bodies.

[Hogan gives a mock salute, turning to exit. Castillo smiles as he watches him leave.]

JC: Him. I like him.

[He walks back to his desk, placing his hands on it as he leans over it, looking at the rusted metal key hanging on a heavy chain over his desk.]

JC: Now... we see what happens.

[And we fade to black.

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

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

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

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

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

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

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

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[Fade to black...

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit... and is for the AWA NAAAAAATIONALLLL CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer!]

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

[Ortiz lowers the mic as we hear Nas' "I Can" for the second time tonight.]

RO: From Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing in at 225 pounds...

He is the Phoenix...

JORRRRRRRRDAAAAAAN OOOOOOOOOOHARAAAAAAA!

[With the intro complete and the music going, Jordan Ohara bounces through the curtain. He points to the fans almost immediately, drawing a big cheer from the Seattle faithful. With a grin, he walks towards a stage-side camera, getting close enough that they can pick him up on mic.]

"This is it, sports fans! The big night! That title's coming home with the Phoenix!"

[He smiles, making the belt gesture as he backs up to another big cheer.]

GM: Well, fans... we didn't think we were getting this tonight but Maxim Zharkov demanded it! The National Title on the line between Zharkov the champion and Ohara the Number One Contender. Ohara's been looking for this match since SuperClash and tonight, he's finally gonna get it!

[Ohara is bopping and slapping hands all the way down the ramp, grinning with excitement at finally getting his title shot. He scampers up on the apron, slingshotting over the ropes into the ring to more cheers.]

GM: Jordan Ohara is pumped! He's ready! And he wants to win that National Title here tonight in Seattle and possibly walk into the Rumble in Chicago with one piece of gold already around his waist!

[He steps out to mid-ring, going into a karate kata to cheers before he throws a big roundhouse kick with a shout. He throws up the "I love you" sign to the fans before backing into his corner as the music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The sound of an artillery strike echoes throughout the building, kicking off the "Soviet March." Enter through the curtains Maxim Zharkov-- the towering specimen from Siberia. A dark teal robe, trimmed in red and gold, conceals his frame. His thickly eyebrowed and mustached face is mostly stoic, occasionally belying a disdain for the American spectators.]

RO: From Magadan, Russia... weighing 151 kilograms... representing The Axis... he is the AWA NATIONAL CHAMMMMMMPIOONNNNN...

THE TSARRRRRRR... MAXIM... ZHARRRRRRRRRRRKOOOOOOOOV!

[Zharkov, with one swift motion, leaps onto the ring apron, throws his arms upward, casting his cloak off. He quickly steps through the ropes, striding eagerly towards Ohara, shoving the title belt up over his head with one powerful arm as Ohara steps forward to meet him, not backing down from the potential fight.]

GM: Zharkov is ready and Ohara's right there with him, Bucky!

BW: They're ready! The fans are ready! Even you look kinda ready, Gordo.

GM: Thank you very much. Zharkov handing the title belt off to referee Koji Sakai who shows it to the crowd... that's what this is all about, fans. One on one for the AWA National Title.

[Zharkov backs to his corner, swinging his arms across his chest, staying loose for the battle to come as Ohara gives the ropes a few final tugs...

...and then the bell sounds!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Ohara sprints out of the corner towards Zharkov who comes out swinging...

...but Ohara drops down into a baseball slide, going between the legs of the mighty Russian. He pops up to his feet, the crowd cheering the athletic move as he dips low, going into a spin...]

GM: ROUNDHOUSE!

[...but Zharkov sees it coming, spinning away from it this time! He looks anxiously at Ohara though who grins, holding up two fingers to show how close he came to potentially turning Zharkov's lights out.]

GM: How close was that?!

BW: Too close!

[Zharkov comes charging in, lowering his shoulder to catch Ohara around the torso, driving him back into the corner.]

GM: Oh! He caught him!

BW: Here's where the fun begins.

[Hanging onto the middle rope, Zharkov lays in a heavy tackle to the gut once... twice... three times. The referee shouts at him to let up and Zharkov obliges, grabbing Ohara by the arm, shooting him across the ring as he races after him...]

GM: Zharkov coming on quick behind... Ohara up!

[The Phoenix leaps to the second rope, springing off and twisting around to catch the incoming Zharkov with a crossbody!]

GM: Ohhh! Down goes the Russian! Ohara gets one but that's it!

[The mighty knockout flings Ohara a few feet away but the much quicker Phoenix is up much faster, coming up with a knife edge chop as Zharkov gets to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[Zharkov stumbles backwards from the chop, his arms pinwheeling as Ohara winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: Another chop by Ohara!

[With Zharkov falling back near the ropes, Ohara rushes him, leaping up and snaring the head between his legs, posturing tall to salute the cheering fans...

...and flips the Russian over to the canvas with an old school flying headscissors!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: You don't see those too often anymore, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not...

[As Zharkov gets to his feet again, Ohara greets him with a flying dropkick to the chest that sends the Russian falling backwards...]

GM: Dropkick on the money!

[The National Champion pushes forward, a little slower than before...]

GM: Another dropkick connects!

[Zharkov falls back again, getting closer to the ropes...

...and a third dropkick sends him flying over the ropes, crashing down to the floor!]

GM: And Ohara sends Zharkov over the top for the second time tonight! If we were in Chicago, he'd have eliminated him from the Rumble TWICE, Bucky!

BW: WE'RE NOT! WE'RE NOT IN THE RUMBLE! I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT!

[Ohara gets to his feet, all smiles as he pumps a fist to the cheering crowd...

...but the smile fades as quickly as the cheers at the emergence of a trio on the top of the ramp!]

GM: What the hell?!

BW: Oh, but I LOVE this!

[Javier Castillo is on top of the ramp, flanked by MAWAGA as always, shouting angrily and pointing towards the ring...

...which is exactly where Muteesa, Ebola Zaire, and King Kong Hogan are moving in a hurry. The fans are furious, jeering loudly as Ohara looks around with concern.]

GM: Castillo's out here with his damn... was THIS the business he was talking about?!

BW: I don't know, Gordo... but Ohara's a little minnow in shark-infested waters!

[Ohara looks around nervously again...

...and then dashes to the ropes behind him, building up steam as he sprints back towards the ropes nearest the aisle...]

GM: OHARA!

[...and turns himself into a human missile, diving between the ropes on top of a still-charging Mutessa!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ohara gets up quickly... but not quick enough as Ebola Zaire starts clubbing him about the head and neck as the Phoenix tries to rise.]

GM: Korugun on the scene... Castillo coming down here with them... I can't believe this! Was this another damn setup?!

BW: I don't know but-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Ohara gets HURLED shoulderfirst into the steel ringsteps at ringside thanks to the African Nightmare!]

GM: Zaire sends him into the steps! Good grief!

[King Kong Hogan pulls Ohara off the ringside mats, tossing him under the ropes into the ring. He digs under the ring apron, pulling a steel chair into view as Zaire rolls into the ring after Ohara.]

GM: I don't know if this was a setup or-

[Outside on the floor, we cut over to Javier Castillo who is looking with interest...

...and suddenly looks quite concerned as a pissed-off Russian strides towards him.]

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!"

[Zharkov grabs Castillo by the shirt collar aggressively, causing the crowd to roar!]

GM: Now what's THIS about?!

[MAWAGA goes to intervene but Castillo waves him off... for now. Castillo rapidly starts talking, quick enough and with enough fits of nervous Spanish for us to be completely clueless as to what he's saying.]

MZ: HE WAS MINE!

[Castillo nods wildly, pointing to the ring as Zaire and Hogan put the boots to the downed Ohara, finally joined by Muteesa who adds his bare feet to the mix as Zharkov glares at the trio.]

GM: It looks like Maxim Zharkov is less than pleased with this development, Bucky.

BW: I'd say so! Get your hands off the boss, Max!

GM: If this was a setup, I'm guessing Zharkov has NO part of it!

[Zharkov turns back to Castillo, speaking quieter now before he finally shoves him away, turning his back on the ring to stalk up the aisle, leaving Ohara to take a beating from the three men in the ring. Castillo dusts himself off, pulling at his collar as he looks up at the ring where Zaire and Muteesa are holding Ohara by the arms as Hogan grabs the chair off the mat, tapping it lightly against the canvas...]

GM: And now Jordan Ohara finds himself in a three-on-one with three of the most dangerous men in the business!

BW: Don't look now, Gordo... but it just got worse because one of those three has a steel chair and he ain't afraid to use it!

[Hogan gleefully smiles at Ohara, using his fist to lift Ohara's head up, looking into his eyes...

...and then Ohara SPITS in his face, drawing a big cheer!]

BW: What an idiot.

GM: I don't know if that was the best move but Ohara showing he's not gonna lie down and take a beating without fighting back however he can!

BW: This isn't some messed up version of Rock, Paper, Scissors. Spit don't beat chair, Gordo.

[Hogan cackles loudly, not even bothering to wipe the wad of spit from his nasty, tangled beard as he backs off, gripping the chair tighter...

...and just as he starts to wind up, the AWA Faithful blows the damn roof off the KeyArena!]

GM: HERE THEY COME! HERE THEY COME!

[Sprinting down the aisle at top speed comes Jack Lynch, Supreme Wright, and Jeff Matthews to a thunderous ovation from the crowd. Hogan shouts at Zaire and Muteesa, telling them to throw Ohara aside...

...which Zaire takes to mean throw Ohara over the top rope, sending him falling hard to the floor!]

GM: OH! Ohara goes down hard and-

[Wright brushes past a shocked and angry Castillo... Matthews does the same...

...and Lynch bumps him hard enough to knock him down to the floor!]

GM: DOWN GOES CASTILLO! DOWN GOES CASTILLO!

BW: WHAT?! LEMME GO HELP HIM!

[Wright dives under the bottom rope, coming up low and throwing himself at the legs of a chair-swinging Hogan, taking him right the hell down to the canvas!]

GM: WRIGHT TAKES DOWN HOGAN!

[The two-time World Champion goes to work, driving down palm strikes into the face of the burly brawler. Ebola Zaire goes right for Jeff Matthews who ducks a wild swing, keeps on running, and throws himself into a crossbody that takes both he and Muteesa over the top rope, crashing down to the floor!]

GM: WHOOOOA MY!

[Jack Lynch is in now, on his feet, and dishing out some stiff fists to a man who terrorized his father's territory on many occasions!]

GM: LYNCH AND ZAIRE! LYNCH AND ZAIRE! WE'RE DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST!

[The two are throwing wild blows at one another as Castillo - from the floor - starts screaming for security!]

GM: Oh, now you want help?! Now you want security, you damn thug!

BW: GORDON!

[A flood of security comes pouring from the locker room, racing down the aisle to the ring where Lynch has driven Zaire to the floor and Hogan has retreated on his own, a trickle of blood coming from the corner of his mouth that he obsessively is licking at.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! We've got- HEY!

[Gordon's angry shout comes as Javier Castillo rips the headset off him, throwing it aside angrily. He shouts something off-mic at Myers before stomping over to the ringside announce table as Ohara rolls back into the ring, joining Lynch, Wright, and Matthews.]

JC: YOU WANT A FIGHT?! YOU THREE WANT A FIGHT?!

[Ohara angrily stomps over to the ropes, shouting down at Castillo.]

JC: NO! NO! I'M THROUGH WITH YOU TONIGHT!

[He points to the other three!]

JC: YOU THREE! YOU GOT IT! YOU THREE VERSUS MY THREE... NOOOOOOOOW!

[Castillo flings the mic at the shocked timekeeper, stomping away in a huff as the crowd roars!]

BW: What the... ?! We've got a six man tag... now?! Fans, we've got a break but I guess we're comin' back to... GORDON, SIT DOWN!

[We can see Myers and Castillo trading words off-mic again before we cut to black...

HOOR 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...

...and as we come back, we find Jeff Matthews in the ring, trapped in the corner against the massive bloodthirsty beast known as Ebola Zaire who is jabbing stiff-fingered blows into the ribs of the former World Champion and Hall of Famer!]

BW: Yeah, well... we're back... Matthews is getting whapped on by the African Nightmare and... for the love of- Gordon, please sit down!

[Zaire lands a blow to the throat that takes Matthews off his feet, leaving him gasping for air down on the canvas.]

BW: Caught him in the windpipe there... Matthews will have a hard time breathing after that and if a man can't breathe, he can't fight.

[With Matthews sitting on the mat, Zaire plants his hooked boot on the throat, pushing down as referee Davis Warren calls for a break.]

BW: The ref's countin' him for the boot choke. If you're just joinin' us, where the heck have you been cause it's been crazy here in Seattle on this Saturday Night Wrestling show and...

[Bucky breathes a sigh of relief.]

BW: Welcome back, partner.

GM: My... my apologies, fans. No matter how I feel about a certain situation, I should not let that get in the way of the job I have to do for all of you and... well, I certainly let my emotions get the better of me there and... well...

BW: Let's just call the match, buddy... okay?

GM: That sounds okay to me. Fans, Ebola Zaire finally breaking that choke but Matthews in a bad way after that.

[Lumbering across the ring, Zaire makes the tag to Muteesa, bringing the other massive individual into the ring. Zaire circles back to the neutral corner, pulling Matthews up as Muteesa grabs the other arm.]

GM: Double whip... and a double overhead chop down between the eyes!

[With Matthews down on the canvas, Zaire wobbles out of the ring as Muteesa scampers around the downed Madfox, slapping his massive belly. Javier Castillo is on the outside, flanked by MAWAGA, gesturing wildly at Matthews.]

GM: Castillo trying to get some focus out of Muteesa.

BW: Good luck with that.

[After one more loop around the ring, Muteesa drops to his knees, wrapping his hands around the Hall of Famer's throat as Jack Lynch shouts at the official from outside the ring.]

GM: The referee starts up another count... three... four...

[Muteesa breaks off the attack at four, stares blankly at the protesting official...
...and then locks it back on!]

GM: Right back to the choke, trying to steal the air out of Jeff Matthews!

[Another four count follows before Muteesa lets go, climbing slowly to his feet.]

GM: Muteesa doesn't have the most technically advanced arsenal I've ever seen but...

BW: That is a candidate for understatement of the year, daddy.

[The giant from the Congo lifts Matthews up by the hair, scooping him up in his arms, spins him around wildly, and then throws him down in a mighty slam near the wrong corner!]

GM: Uh oh. Wrong direction.

[Castillo can be heard shouting something like "YOU IDIOT!" as Muteesa looks puzzled at him and Matthews stretches a weary arm up, looking for a tag to either Supreme Wright or Jack Lynch.]

GM: Matthews looking for the tag and-

[Muteesa suddenly leaps up, dropping 380 pounds down on the Madfox's midsection with a double stomp...

...and hops right off, throwing a knife edge chop to the temple that knocks the Iron Cowboy to the floor!]

GM: OH!

[He goes for a swing on Wright too but Wright catches the slowly-moving arm, leaping up to scissor it between his legs, hanging down with Muteesa's arm over the top rope!]

GM: ARMBAR! ARMBAR!

[Muteesa wails in pain, smashing his free arm repeatedly into Wright's leg as the referee orders a break.]

GM: Hanging armbar applied by Wright... and he lets go before the count of five, dropping down to the apron.

[The Congolese Savage stumbles across the ring, clutching at his elbow as Matthews, back on his feet grabs him by the arm, looking to take him down...]

GM: FUJIWARA! MATTHEWS LOOKING FOR THE FUJIWARA!

[But the mighty Muteesa holds his ground, using his free arm to club Matthews in the back of the head before lifting him up, and dropping him down with a huge side slam!]

GM: Side slam... and Matthews goes down hard!

[Climbing off the canvas, Muteesa slaps his belly a few times before he bounces to the ropes...

...and gets his ankle hooked by Jack Lynch, tripping him up as Muteesa bellyflops on the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Lynch tripped him! That cheating, thieving, no-good piece of worm-ridden filth tripped him!

GM: Lynch backing away, pleading innocent to the referee but I think we all know differently.

[The Iron Cowboy climbs back up on the apron with a smirk as Muteesa tries to belly-crawl across the ring to his corner. Matthews is on all fours, doing the same to try to reach his partners as the fans cheer him on.]

GM: Matthews heading one way! Muteesa heading the other! Who's gonna get there first?

[The crowd is roaring now by the time Matthews - on his hands and knees - get close enough to his corner to extend his arm...]

GM: Just out of reach and...

BW: Tag to Zaire!

[The African Nightmare slips through the ropes again, hustling across the ring...

...and DROPS down with a heavy elbowdrop to the small of Matthews' back, cutting off the tag!]

GM: Ohhh! And there goes any chance of Matthews making a tag right now.

[Zaire stays on the mat, his near 400 pound frame resting on the back of Matthews as Lynch leans over the ropes, taking a swing at Zaire.]

GM: No love lost between those two, Bucky.

BW: Nope. And I'd love to see Zaire get his hands on Lynch again... or more specifically, I'd love to see him get his fork INTO him again! Hahaha!

GM: Oh, you're a real riot.

[Zaire comes to his feet, looking to go after Lynch as well but the referee manages to get between them, ordering Zaire to keep his focus on the ring.]

GM: Zaire pulling Matthews to his feet...

[An Irish whip sends the Madfox from one corner to the opposite, crashing into the buckles. Zaire turns back, making a lunge at Lynch, wrapping his hands around his throat as the referee protests...

...and King Kong Hogan loops the tag rope around Matthews' throat, violently choking him!]

GM: We've got choking going on BOTH sides of the ring, fans!

[Lynch manages to punch his way free though, causing Zaire to stumble backwards as the Iron Cowboy struggles for breath. He starts to step into the ring to pursue but Wright holds him off, pointing across the ring where Hogan is using the distraction to strangle Matthews. Lynch nods, pointing as well...

...and the referee whips around as Hogan walks away, leaving Matthews on a knee sucking wind.]

GM: Wright - always aware of what's happening in the ring- keeps Lynch from causing even more of a distraction. Matthews continues to struggle though under these illegal attacks from the Korugun thugs.

[Zaire spins around from Lynch, charging across the ring towards the kneeling Matthews...

...who front rolls under Zaire's clothesline, sending the African Nightmare crashing chestfirst into the buckles as Castillo shouts "NO!"

GM: Matthews avoids the clothesline and-

[Matthews uses the momentum from the roll to come back to his feet, leaping and stretching...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Jack Lynch makes the tag, barreling through the ropes and charging right in on Zaire with a right hand to the skull... and another.. and another.. and another. He grabs a side headlock, rapidly smashing his knuckles into the skull of his old rival!]

GM: AND JACK LYNCH PICKS UP WHERE HE LEFT OFF WITH THIS MANIAC IN TEXAS SO MANY YEARS AGO!

[Lynch lets go as Zaire stumbles away, falling into the neutral corner. The Iron Cowboy follows him in, leaping up to drive a knee up under the chin!]

GM: Ohhh! Leaping knee finds the target... and now Lynch steps up on the second rope, showing that fist to the Seattle fans!

[With Zaire in a daze, Lynch opens fire with fists to the head as the crowd cheers and counts along!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down, grabbing Zaire by the back of the head and marching him all the way to the opposite neutral corner before SMASHING his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohhh my!

[Zaire stumbles backwards, swinging wildly at the air as Lynch drops down into a three point stance...]

GM: Straight out of the NFL, Jack Lynch looking to sack a really big quarterback!

[Lynch surges forward, raising up as he does, and SMASHES into Zaire with a shouldertackle that sends Zaire flying backwards into the buckles where he does a wild spin, stumbling back towards the center of the ring...]

GM: CLAW!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Lynch digs his glove-covered fingers into the fleshy skull of the African Nightmare!]

GM: THE IRON COWBOY LOCKS IN THE IRON CLAW ON EBOLA ZAIRE!

[A furious Castillo smashes his fists into the canvas, screaming into the ring as Lynch tries to apply pressure to the temples of his victim.]

GM: LYNCH HAS GOT THE CLAW LOCKED IN AND-

[Cue King Kong Hogan who rushes into the ring, winding up and BLASTING Lynch in the back of the head, breaking the hold and knocking the Iron Cowboy to the canvas to jeers from the crowd. Hogan stomps and kicks the downed Lynch, forcing him out to the floor...]

GM: Come on!

[Hogan stands on the bottom rope, leaning over and taunting Lynch...

...which is when the roof of the KeyArena blows the hell off the place.]

GM: UH OH!

BW: TURN AROUND, HOGAN!

[And as the burly brawler hears the roaring crowd, he grins, knowing exactly what he's going to find as he slowly turns around...

...and finds an ice cold Supreme Wright staring across the ring at him, standing inside the squared circle just beyond the ropes.]

GM: Oh yeah! These fans in Seattle are ready for this one! They've been ready for this one for WEEKS now!

[The showdown at the OK Corral has the Seattle fans on their feet as Hogan edges closer and Wright does the same until the two men are just outside of reach from one another...]

GM: It's go time!

[Hogan rushes forward, throwing his right hand as fast as he can, battering Wright back the few steps to his corner where Hogan keeps on swinging, pummeling the two-time World Champion with clenched battering fists...]

GM: HOGAN'S ALL OVER WRIGHT!

[Hogan steps back, giving a roar...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Supreme Wright ROCKS him with a roundhouse kick to the head that has Hogan staggering backwards, his eyelids fluttering as Wright straightens up in the corner, a determined expression on his face.]

BW: Get him out of there! He's not legal!

GM: Neither is Hogan, Bucky!

[Wright comes out of the corner, swinging as well. His open palms strike quick and hard, battering across the ears of Hogan!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Hogan is recoiling from the blows as Wright steps forward, snatches a three-quarter nelson...

...and starts swinging his knee up into the head!]

GM: KNEES!

[Knee after knee lands on the skull of Hogan before Wright flips him over into a seated position...]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A CROSSFACE!

[A second one lands... and a third that causes Hogan to crumple down to his back on the canvas!]

GM: WRIGHT IS PUTTING A WORLD CLASS BEATING ON KING KONG HOGAN!

[The crowd ROARS as Wright stands over Hogan, staring down at him menacingly as Castillo loses his mind at ringside, screaming at the ring... at Hogan... at the fans... at anyone who will listen.]

GM: Supreme Wright reigns supreme over King Kong Hogan and-

[But as Wright turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! MUTEESA WITH THE SUPERKICK!

BW: How the heck does a guy that size land a superkick?!

GM: He did it and he knocked Wright into the middle of next week with it!

[Castillo can be heard screaming orders at Muteesa who pulls Wright off the mat, tossing him over the ropes to the floor where we spot Jack Lynch and Ebola Zaire tangled up in another massive brawl!]

GM: We've got a fight on the floor!

[Zaire digs his fingers into Lynch's eyes, temporarily blinding him...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which allows Zaire to ROCKET Lynch into the ringside steel steps!]

GM: OHHH! That'll take Lynch out for the time being! No, no! I'm sorry, fans. Lynch is legal and Zaire is putting him back in at Castillo's orders!

BW: This thing is breaking down, Gordo. I'm not even sure I can tell who's legal at this point.

GM: It's Jack Lynch... and I believe it's Ebola Zaire still!

[Back in the ring, Zaire and Muteesa run to the ropes together, rebounding off...

...and drop a KING-SIZED DOUBLE ELBOW down into the sternum!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NEARLY A HALF TON OF HUMANITY DOWN ON JACK LYNCH! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Zaire rolls onto Lynch as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Jeff Matthews flies in from off-camera, landing on Zaire's back and breaking up the pin!]

GM: NO! MATTHEWS MAKES THE SAVE!

[Castillo again loses his mind, shouting in at Muteesa who grabs Matthews, pulling him off the mat and throwing him into the corner. He runs in after him, looking for an avalanche...]

GM: MATTHEWS PULLS CLEAR!

[...and as Muteesa bounces out of the corner, Matthews gets in position, leaping up, snaring the three-quarter nelson...]

GM: FOXDEN! FOXDEN!

[...and DRIVES Muteesa's massive skull into the canvas to a THUNDEROUS ROAR!]

GM: HE NAILED IT!

[Matthews pops up to his feet, giving a whoop...

...and turns right into King Kong Hogan who catches him with a running bare foot to the mush, flipping Matthews inside out!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The running kick causes Matthews to roll out to the floor as Wright gets back into position, fingers wiggling as he waits for Hogan to turn around...]

BW: HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU TO LOOK BEHIND YOU!?

[...and as Hogan turns, Wright lifts him up onto his shoulders...]

GM: He's got him up! Out to the middle of the ring!

[Wright pops Hogan up into the air, dropping onto his back and raising his knees...

...but Hogan lands on his feet, grabbing the feet of Wright and tugging him into a seated position where he CREAMS him with a lunging kneestrike to the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright slumps backwards on the canvas, completely motionless as Hogan dives on him, clubbing him with his balled-up fists, battering his prone form with every bit of ferocity he can manage...]

GM: HOGAN'S GOT WRIGHT IN TROUBLE! HE'S POUNDING HIM INTO PASTE!

[The referee dives into the fray, shouting at Hogan to back off. The wild-eyed brawler gets to his feet, his eyes glazed over with blood lust as he twists around, spotting Jack Lynch on the canvas...

...and shoves the referee aside as he stomps over to Lynch, pulling the rising Iron Cowboy off the mat into a standing headscissors!]

GM: Wait a second! Wait one damn second!

[Hogan gives a gleeful nod and a sneer to the screaming crowd!]

GM: He's got Lynch wrapped up! Looking to finish him off and-

[The Iron Cowboy suddenly straightens up, backdropping Hogan over the top rope and sending him BOUNCING off the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Zaire on the move towards him, Lynch comes off a knee, ducking under a big swing from the African Nightmare...

....and comes up ready, locking his gloved hand around his old rival's forehead again!]

GM: CLAW! THE CLAW IS ON ONCE MORE!

[Zaire's arms pinwheel wildly as Lynch pulls him out to the center of the ring, Castillo SCREAMING at his well-paid soldier to get out of the Lynch family signature hold...

....which is when Lynch abruptly breaks it, dashing to the ropes behind him, rebounding off towards the dazed 400 pounder, leaping slightly into the air!]

GM: LAAAAARIAAAAAT!

[The leaping clothesline takes Zaire off his feet, dumping him to the mat like a sack of garbage as Lynch scrambles across him, pulling back on a tree trunk-like leg.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE GOT HIM!

[Lynch rolls off the downed Zaire, throwing an arm up into the air as Castillo flips out on the floor, screaming at the referee... the timekeeper... the ring announcer...

...and then abruptly turns his back on the scene in the ring, angrily stomping up the ramp with MAWAGA in tow.]

GM: And look at that, Bucky! Castillo is walking out on his guys!

BW: Well, they failed him, right? He gave them a job to do and they failed him.

GM: I don't know if I'd say that too loudly... but Lynch, Wright, and Matthews are victorious and that's obviously not what Javier Castillo wanted... or expected! He's out of here... and we're going to take a quick break! We'll be right back with Kaz Konoe in action so stick around!

[Fade to black as the fan favorites celebrate in center ring.]

Fade in to a field in the Canadian prairies. The two Schutzmans from Mooselips Beer stand knee-deep in the grass and weeds. The younger close-up, the older one holding a beer bottle in the middle distance. Beside the older man is a 24-foot tall coffee pot.]

SA: Peanut butter and jelly! Grilled cheese and tomato! And here in Saskatchewan...

[Avery Schutzman gestures to the scrubby trees and tall grass.]

SA: ...Cabbage rolls and coffee! I'm "Savoury" Avery Schutzman, coming to you from Davidson, Saskatchewan. Population 1,025 strong. Smack dab between Saskatoon and Regina on Highway 11. Home of the world's largest coffee pot, which our brewmaster Uncle Lorne Schutzman is now standing beside.

[In the middle distance, Lorne Schutzman turns and looks up at the 24-foot tall coffee pot, probably pondering what would possess someone to build a 24-foot tall coffee pot.]

SA: You know, there are a lot of good things that go better together, like the American Wrestling Alliance and Mooselips Beer, brewed right here in Saskatchewan.

[Lorne Schutzman holds up the bottle, not particularly caring that the camera is too far away to properly read it.]

SA: And to celebrate this new tag team, Mooselips Beer is on the hunt to find the best tag team in the world, whether it be System Shock, Next Gen, the War Pigs, the Southern Wrecking Crew... Whomever stands out the most! That team will win cash and a portion of the proceeds earned from Mooselips newest Iced Pale Ale Blend! It's golden brown with a texture like sun! And from all of us at Mooselips Beer, thank you for your support.

[Lorne mutters something unintelligible.]

SA: I know, Uncle Lorne. We've got so many of these goshdarn giant things, the world's biggest cabbage roll has got to be around here somewhere.

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, to the KeyArena in Seattle and Saturday Night Wrestling. And we're still trying to clear up the chaos from just a short while ago where Jack Lynch, Supreme Wright, and Jeff Matthews were victorious against Javier Castillo's thugs and... well, while we do that, Bucky, let's talk about the World Television Title and the new champion.

BW: Ugh. Do we have to?

GM: Of course, as the whole world knows by now that one week ago on the all-new Power Hour, Terry Shane became a two-time World Television Champion when he defeated Callum Mahoney to regain the title. Now, we're going to talk to the new champion in just a moment by phone... but before we do, I want to take a look back at what happen BEFORE he regained the title, Bucky. I want to take a look at what happened when Michael Aarons decided that HE deserved the title opportunity.

BW: Oh, I'm ready for that. Let's roll it!

GM: Before we do, I do need to warn our viewers that what you are about to see isn't for the faint of heart. It is gruesome. It is gory. If you have small children with you, well, I advise that maybe you have them leave the room for a moment.

BW: I've got my popcorn.

GM: Let's take a look back one week ago.

[A graphic comes up promoting footage from the Power Hour on April 22nd from Atlanta where we see Michael Aarons and the referee trading words before Aarons backs off, ducking through the ropes. Terry Shane mockingly waves at him as Aarons drops to the floor, straightening out his jacket as he walks around the ring.]

SA: Alright, looks like it's time to get back down to business now and-

[As Shane turns his attention back to Mahoney, Aarons suddenly sprints around the ring, snatching Terry Shane by the ankle...]

SA: Hang on! Aarons- he pulls him to the floor!

[A shocked Shane throws some wild haymakers, trying to defend himself but Aarons swings a knee up into the gut. He grabs the hair of Shane, pulling him back, and smashing him headfirst into the ring apron!]

SA: Ohhh! Skull to the apron!

DW: Ring the bell, Blue Shoes! This one's over!

SA: Over? It never even started! This match isn't officially underway yet and-

[Aarons pulls Shane's head back by the hair, speaking into his face off-mic...

...and then SLAMS Shane facefirst into the steel ringpost!]

"CLAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[Shane goes down like a stone, referee Miller diving outside to shout at Michael Aarons as he stands over him, staring down on the prone Shane.]

SA: HE HIT THE POST! HE HIT THE POST!

[The crowd falls silent as Shane is unmoving on the floor as the referee shouts at Aarons...

...and gets shoved aside by Aarons who leans down, flipping Shane over to reveal a horrific laceration on his forehead, spurting blood down over his face.]

DW: Oh holy God.

[Even Aarons seems stunned by the amount of blood, pausing for a moment before knuckling up and driving his fist down into the forehead once... twice... three times...]

SA: Terry Shane's been BUSTED wide open, fans! He's been severely cut open and Aarons isn't stopping! Michael Aarons is going after that cut and... gaaah, enough is enough! Get some help out here for Terry Shane for crying out loud!

[Aarons puts the boots to Shane, putting him back down on his back, blood pouring from the wound onto the surrounding ringside mats as Adam Rogers comes running into view shouting "HEY! THAT'S ENOUGH, AARONS! OUT OF HERE!" Aarons looks down at his blood-covered knuckles, sneering at the loudly-jeering crowd as he nods, walking back up the entrance steps as the fans let him have it.]

SA: Terry Shane's head was rammed squarely into the ringpost, fans! That unforgiving solid steel ringpost! We've got Adam Rogers out here from backstage... here comes the doctor now, Dr. Ponavitch...

[Ponavitch kneels down next to Shane, blood still soaking the ringside area along with Shane's face.]

DW: He's bleeding all over the place, Sal. This is bad. This is REAL bad.

SA: Terry Shane, fans... was about to challenge for the World Television Title and Michael Aarons...

DW: That piece of trash Michael Aarons.

SA: ...came out here, looking to take the title match for himself, and when Shane responded and refused, Aarons struck and struck mightily. Fans... I don't know... Shane's- wait a second!

[Aarons suddenly rushes back into view, shoving past the doctor, knocking the referee and Adam Rogers aside.]

SA: Aarons is back down here! We all thought he was leaving and-

[Aarons pulls the bloodied and barely-moving Shane by the taped up arm, yanking him to his feet. He drags him along the ringside area, the crowd jeering even louder as he nears the ringsteps, lifting Shane's arm high...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS the taped-up arm down on the ringpost!]

SA: GOOD LORD!

DW: He's gonna try and break his arm now!

[A bloodied and howling Shane collapses against the ringsteps as Aarons scrambles up on the apron, threatening to kick the ring doctor as he draws near...]

SA: Get him down from there!

[Aarons runs down the apron, leaping up into the air...]

DW: NOOOOO!

[Dylan Westerly's voice fades out as we cut back to the SNW booth where Gordon Myers sits, shaking his head with disgust.]

GM: Michael Aarons wasn't done there as he went on to nearly break Terry Shane's arm who...I 'm not even sure there are words to describe it... miraculously came back to the ring later that night and defeated Callum Mahoney for the World Television Title.

BW: Gordo, I'm not one for complimenting the likes of Terry Shane these days but even I was impressed by him coming back to win that title. Heck, I hear even the 1980 Men's US Hockey team is shocked!

GM: Right now, as promised, we're going to hear from the new champion as he calls in from his home in Missouri to give us an update on his physical condition as he was attacked that night by not only Michael Aarons... not only Callum Mahoney... but even after the match by the shocking return of TORA.

[There's a brief pause. You can hear some fidgeting and audio kickback as we get a split screen of Gordon and Bucky in the booth and a small screen shot that just reads Shane's name over an AWA logo.]

GM: Terry? You there?

TS: Yes, Gordon. I'm here.

[His voice is low. Softer, scratchier than normal.]

GM: Well, first off we-

[Bucky tries to intervene and Gordon cuts him off.]

GM: WE want to congratulate you on your huge victory last week against Callum Mahoney and becoming only the third man to ever win the World Television Title twice alongside two men you are very familiar with. Dave Bryant and - of course - the man you bested in a two out of three falls match in Atlanta, Callum Mahoney himself.

TS: Yes, thank you.

[Shane's voice sounds a bit weary as he speaks.]

GM: Despite the hard earned... and I do mean HARD EARNED... victory. What everyone wants to know is... how are you feeling, Terry? What are the doctors saying about the injuries you suffered at the hands of not only Mahoney but Michael Aarons and later... TORA. It seems like the entire world was out to you get you last week!

TS: It sure seemed that way didn't it, Gordon? I'd love to get you fired up with a passionate speech about overcoming all odds and battling through adversity but I'm not sure I have it in me right now. In fact, the only thing I can tell you for certain is that I'm lucky to have escaped with only the damage they did.

GM: Lucky?

TS: Extremely. Had my head hit an inch to the left... an inch to the right... hell, had it hit that post any other way than in it did... well, they say that I could STILL be in the hospital. I'm very fortunate to have not sustained a concussion or worse after what Michael Aarons did to me. My head got busted open real good, that's for sure... you've seen the footage... the entire internet world has the photos and video trending worldwide. I bled out real good, Gordon.

[Gordon nods.]

GM: And your arm? How is it?

[Shane chuckles humorlessly.]

TS: Honestly, it feels like it went through a meat grinder. But you know what? I'm still here. I'm still standing. I'm still... no... I'm once AGAIN a World Champion and despite how my head feels or how my arm feels... the rest of me feels DAMN PROUD. Alright, I guess I do have a little fire left to give you.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: And you have every right to be proud, Terry. But I wouldn't be doing my job if I didn't ask. With your current physical condition, can you-

[Shane interrupts]

TS: I'll save you some time, Gordon. I'll tell you and everyone else what I already told Javier Castillo when he asked me about being in Atlanta next week. I'm a Champion. A champion defends his title. A champion overcomes. A champion defies logic and explanation. You better believe I'll be in Atlanta next week. I'll have my title when I walk into Atlanta and I'm going to have it still when I walk out.

A lot of old timers like yourself may remember that my father suffered a similar injury at the hands of Hamilton Graham and it ended his career. I guess I should be thankful, you know? I get another chance. I get to come back to the ring and do the only thing I know how to do. I never had a plan B in life, Gordon. My father taught me one thing and one thing only. Wrestling. I'm not about to start making back up plans now.

[Shane pauses.]

TS: But I'm not just going to show up at Center Stage to walk in some phony parade or have yet another coronation. I've been there. I've done that. Quite frankly, it didn't end all that well for me. I'm showing up to put my title on the line and I don't care if it's Michael Aarons, TORA, or if Callum Mahoney thinks he can go another round with me. That's for Castillo to decide. My job is to defend this title and that's exactly what I plan on doing.

GM: I think you made your intentions pretty clear there, Terry. We thank you for your time and please, for the sake of all of us, get some rest and heal up... Champ.

TS: Thanks, Gordon.

[The call disconnects as we return to a normal screen.]

GM: The new champion, Terry Shane, mentioned a few of his potential future challengers there, Bucky. He mentioned Callum Mahoney, the former champion. He mentioned Michael Aarons who he certainly has an issue to settle now. And of course, he mentioned TORA who shocked us all by returning in Center Stage and brutally attacking the new champion... AND Michael Aarons!

BW: Hey, the talk of the Internet these days is that Javier Castillo has given the green light... and a whole lot of other green... to the AWA's tremendous talent scouts to go out and bring in the best in the world. And it would be hard to deny that TORA is not one of the best in the world, Gordo... especially with his new attitude!

GM: New attitude, indeed. I remember this young man as a polite, respectful kid with nothing but a thirst to be the best. He wanted to be a role model to the kids. He wanted to-

BW: He wanted to do a lot of things but he lacked the killer instinct to do it, Gordo. Not anymore.

GM: Apparently. We caught up with TORA moments after his attack on Terry Shane on the Power Hour. Let's see what he had to say.

[We cut to the backstage area of the Center Stage Studios where the masked man TORA stands. He slowly raises the Tiger Paw Pro CAGE title into the air with his left hand, the words Previously Recorded are in the lower right-hand corner.]

T: The days ticked by, slowly turning into weeks, those weeks became months and still, I remained in Tiger Paw Pro... awaiting the call that would end my overseas excursion. A call that never came!

[TORA paces three or steps to the right and quickly turns around pacing back to the left as he continues to speak.]

T: So I remained in Tiger Paw Pro, scratching, clawing, bleeding but more importantly, understanding. Understanding why a man would throw caution to the wind and betray someone who thought he was a friend. Understanding why someone would use another as a stepping stone. Understanding that it's not about making others happy, it's about taking care of number one.

[The pacing stops and TORA tilts his head slightly to look at the camera and again raises the CAGE title towards the camera.]

T: When you take care of number one, people take notice and the phone begins to ring all over again.

[TORA turns to face the camera and points to the CAGE title, the camera zooms in upon the face plate where portions of Terry Shane's blood still run down the metal as other portions have begun to dry.]

T: Like Shane's blood, the ink was barely dried on my new contract when I decided to aim for the bullseye.

[The camera pulls back from the faceplate of the CAGE title.]

T: Tonight, Shane... you were just a statement. For you see...

[TORA again points to the blood running down the faceplate.]

T: ...this could have just as easily been your blood, Mahoney, IF you were able to finish off Shane. But since Shane was the man walking out with ten pounds of gold, he became the statement! And Aarons, you were the exclamation point.

The statement is simple...

TORA! IS! BACK!

[The camera zooms in on upon the black mask with ragged orange stripes, as TORA menacingly looks at the camera.]

T: ...and I will NOT be overlooked again!

[After a long pause, TORA slings the CAGE championship over his right shoulder, turns away from the camera, and begins to walk away as we cut from the pre-recorded footage back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is with referee Davis Warren and an athletically-built African-American male. He has closely-cropped hair and has on a pair of blue trunks, black knee pads and black boots, with blue kickpads.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first, to the corner on my left, hailing from Seattle, Washington and weighing in at 215 pounds, he is... STEPHEN BATES!

[Bates raises his right arm and points to the crowd.]

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 leopard print – if leopards had bright red pelts – miniskirt emerges. 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 red 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 white baseball jersey, with black pinstripes and "Renegado" in a black cursive font across the front, over his ring attire: white boxer-style trunks, black knee pads and white boots, with black piping and laces.

With Konoe behind her, his 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. Luciana, in the meantime, has taken up position in the center of the ring, dancing to the music that is still playing. She stares directly at Bates, as she her body writhes enticingly. Bates, with a smile on his face, looks on approvingly. He even attempts to move to the music himself...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And Konoe with the sneak attack! Luciana is out of there! Konoe with those closed fists, followed by these kicks to the midsection of Stephen Bates.

BW: Well, Bates should not have been making those eyes at la Chola Japonesa, Gordo.

GM: Bates is fighting back. Both men are exchanging right hands in the center of the ring! But a rake of the eyes cuts short Bates' rally.

[Konoe forces Bates against the ropes and tries to whip him across the ring, but Bates reverses, sending Konoe into the ropes instead. Bates catches Konoe with a hip toss on the rebound.]

GM: Hip toss takes him over and- ohh! Dropkick right to the face of the sitting Konoe... and that had to be pure instinct, Bucky, 'cause he couldn't see a thing.

BW: Bates might have only been wrestling as a pro for the past three years, but he sure honed that instinct wrestling all over Washington State, across the Pacific Northwest, and even venturing into Canada. And he's got heaps of athleticism, Gordo.

GM: As we saw just there.

[Bates stays on Konoe, smashing him facefirst into the top turnbuckle. Now it is Bates' turn to attempt the Irish whip and it is Konoe who reverses. Bates crashes back-first into the opposite corner.]

GM: Konoe reverses and sends Bates to the corner... coming in hot!

[Konoe rushes in, landing a dropkick, grabbing the top rope as he does so, and vaulting over it onto the apron, setting up for the combination dropkick. Instead, Bates steps out of the corner, turns around, jumps onto the middle rope and springboards himself into a dropkick of his own.]

GM: There you go! More flashes of athleticism on the part of Bates. What's he thinking now?

BW: He hits the ropes... Baseball slide!

[Konoe sidesteps the attack, sliding into the ring as Bates slides out. The Blackstar gets to his feet as Bates gets up on the apron, snatching Bates around the back of the head and drops down to his knees, snapping Bates' throat on the top rope, sending him falling back to the floor.]

GM: Nice move out of Konoe... and I don't think he's done, Bucky.

BW: He's gonna fly, daddy!

[Hitting the far ropes, Konoe bounces back off...]

GM: Clear the runaway! The Blackstar is going to-

[Instead of launching himself to the outside, Konoe hits the ropes on the opposite side and rolls onto his side in the center of the ring. He props up his head with one arm, while raising the other straight up in the air as the overwhelming majority of the crowd boos.]

GM: What nonchalance, what cockiness being shown by Kaz Konoe here.

BW: Hey, you can afford it when you're that many steps ahead of your opponent. Bates has his athleticism; well, Konoe has some of that, too, but he's also the superior strategist, Gordo, and he's got the experience edge.

GM: Indeed, Bucky, as Konoe, now back on his feet, inviting Bates back into the ring.

[Bates, warily, climbs onto the apron and steps through the ropes. Almost exaggeratedly, Konoe waves him over, holding his arms out in front of him in preparation for a collar-and-elbow tie-up.]

GM: And suddenly, it's back to basics here, as these two competitors lock up.

[Bates seemingly gets the upper hand, as he powers Konoe towards the ropes. Suddenly, Konoe launches his legs backwards, kicking off the top rope, while adjusting his hold of Bates into a front facelock, and swinging his body around, dropping Bates with a DDT.]

BW: A modified swinging DDT by Konoe!

GM: Konoe turns him over and covers! One! Only two, as Bates kicks out.

BW: He didn't hook the leg, Gordo. He thought dropping this kid on his head was enough to put him away.

[Konoe gets to his feet, arguing with the official as he does so. He turns his attention back to his opponent, pulling Bates to his feet. Konoe turns Bates, so that Bates has his back to him, and wraps his arms around Bates' waist.]

GM: We could see a German here, but Bates mustering what strength he has left to block it. Konoe with a forearm to the back instead.

[Konoe lets go of Bates' waist and backs up. He waits for Bates to gain his bearings and to turn around. Konoe steps towards Bates, aiming for a kick to the midsection. Bates catches Konoe's foot, but Konoe leaps off his other leg...]

BW: Enzuigiri! The enzuigiri has Bates dazed...

[Which allows Konoe to snatch a three-quarter nelson, backflipping over his opponent, and DRIVING the back of Bates' head into the canvas!]

BW: DESAFIIIOOO!!!

[Konoe leans forward, snatching both of Bates' legs, straddling Bates' chest with one leg, while kneeling with the other, as he pulls the legs towards him for the three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official as La Banda Bastön's "Quiúbole" starts to play. Konoe rises to his feet and allows Davis Warren to raise his arm. He then looks down on Stephen Bates, who is still out of it, and shrugs, before exiting the ring.]

GM: Another impressive win by Kaz Konoe. And it looks like Mark Stegglet is working his way down here to ringside to talk to Konoe and Luciana!

[Konoe and Luciana drop down to the floor as we cut to Mark Stegglet who is soon joined by the duo.]

MS: Another impressive win for Kaz Konoe... and Luciana, I'm told Kaz requested this time. What have you got to say, especially with regard to your antics two weeks ago?

[Luciana opens her mouth to say something, but Konoe slips himself in between her and Stegglet's proffered microphone.]

KK: Mark... Two weeks ago... In Portland... I was out there to study Mahoney, because Mahoney was TV champion, and I want TV championship. Who would have thought... Terry Shane got lucky and become new TV champion?

[The crowd boos the insinuation that Shane "got lucky" drawing an exaggerated shrug from Konoe.]

KK: But that means la Estrella Negra now have eyes on Terry Shane. After his match, TORA – yes, I know TORA Kitty – he do a number on Terry Shane, so Terry... Unfortunately, he's not here tonight.

But when Terry comes back, I hope he not just have eyes on TORA. I hope he not just have eyes on Michael Aarons or Cody Mertz. Terry going to need four eyes, at least, because he is going to need to keep one eye out on ME... El Renegado de Japón... Kaz Konoe... El futuro campeón del tele de AWA!

[And, smiling at the idea, Konoe walks away from Stegglet. Luciana looks at the interviewer and shrugs, before following Konoe.]

MS: Kaz Konoe there with a word of advice to the new AWA World Television champion, Terry Shane. And when Terry Shane comes back - apparently this week on the Power Hour - he's going to have no shortage of contenders for the title. Can Terry Shane step up to the challenge that awaits him? Back to you, Gordon.

[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 back up backstage at the AWA backdrop, Sweet Lou Blackwell is microphone in hand, ready to interview.]

SLB: Welcome back to Seattle, fans... and two weeks ago we saw a major fracas in the AWA Women's Division when Julie Somers and Victoria June invited ringside the star of the upcoming "Wonder Woman" movie, Gal Gadot, to ringside. A film that opens here in North America in just a few short weeks on May 25th, might I add. But this quickly degenerated into an all-out brawl thanks to the actions of my guests at this time...

[A familiar Scottish brogue sing-songs in from off-screen.]

C: By the pricking of my thumbs, Cinder and her Fairy God-mum this way comes.

[Cinder and Ricki Toughill come from opposite sides off-screen and sandwich Sweet Lou between them. Cinder produces her omnipresent-as-of-late scissors as she walks in, causing Blackwell to cringe away.]

C: Oh, don't worry about me croppin' yer top, Master Blackwell. I know how much what ye have left means to ye.

SLB: Cinder, dare I ask what the intention was of you trying to ambush Gal Gadot two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling?

C: Aye! Master Blackwell, I just wanted a closer look! I was like the press, or... what's that Italian name for 'em... panzarotti! Gal Gadot's gonna have tae get used to that, by the way, if she wants to be a big Hollywood star, aye?

So if the Spitfire and Vekki June can't keep control of themselves when they see me goin' about me personal business, I don't see how that's any problem of mine, Master Blackwell.

[Blackwell turns to the other side.]

SLB: Well, Erica Toughill, you seem to have made yourself a monster here-

C: [interrupting off-mic] Oh, mummy's wee monster!

SLB: -And now you've raised the ire of not only Victoria June and Julie Somers, but also Gal Gadot.

ET: Lou... Fourteen years I've given this business. I don't have a special effects budget or a makeup and costume department to make me look good.

You know what I'm sick of, Lou?

[She grabs Lou's wrist and pulls the microphone in closer.]

ET: I'm sick of making of making stars, Lou. Kayla Cristol? She beats me once and suddenly she's getting high profile match purses!

When my best friend in this business was the Women's World Champion, I did the right thing and stepped out of the spotlight for her, and what did I get? Nothing!

I gave Julie Somers the best match of her career: I put her into the opening montage of the show, and she still wants more from me!

Victoria June... the only reason you haven't been shipped off the CCW is because you scored a win over me.

And the current World Champion? I MADE HER! You heard that right, Kurayami. I know you like to pretend you don't speak English, but here's a sentence you'll understand perfectly: your boss? El Presidente? He is so afraid of what'll happen if I step into the ring with his precious World Champion.

I've got a lot of anger issues, Sweet Lou.

SLB: [half-afraid, half-deadpan] I hadn't guessed...

C: Ohhhh, if you're having a go at my mummy...

ET: Yeah, and now Gal Gadot wants a piece of the action in the AWA. As if this were "Hamilton" or "The Tonight Show" or something else that were a big joke to her. My career and my life are not accessories for an "Entertainment Tonight" appearance or a cute story to tell to Conan O'Brien!

So I'd love for Gal Gadot to show up at ringside and see what I really do to her new pals Julie Somers and Victoria June. I'd love for her to see in person what unleashing fourteen years of rage and hate and frustration does to two women.

C: And...! Master Blackwell...! And if Gal Gadot decides she wants a go, I'll take guid care of her meself!

SLB: Young lady, I would advise against that! My sources tell me that Gal Gadot is trained in hand-to-hand combat by the Israeli Defense Force!

C: [withering with sarcasm] Aye? Is she? Well, I've trained in hand-ta-hand combat in the pubs of Glasgow! One swift bottle ta her numpty head an' she'll drop like anyone!

[She waves her finger in Blackwell's face with a wicked, conniving grin.]

C: An'... I'll make her give me Chris Pine's private number tae boot!

[Toughill looks confused. They hadn't talked about that obviously.]

C: Think about it, mummy! Those dimples... Those baby blue eyes that jest scream out, "corrupt me." Us two, we could take turns-

SLB: That's quite enough from you two Weird Sisters! Let's go... please... let's go anywhere!

[Fade in on a silhouette in a darkened room. By this point, we should all know by now that this would be Madame X. We get no other details as to this woman's identity, and when she speaks, her voice is distorted, so you still have no details.]

MX: Well done, Ayako Fujiwara. You figured it out. You found my protege.

Donna Martinelli was just looking for her big break. She learned about me, watched me, admired me, and when we first met, she wanted to learn from me.

I taught her a few things -- didn't share all my knowledge, of course, because why would I teach her everything I know?

But I taught her enough and, when I said it was time for her to return the favor, she understood what I needed her to do.

[The silhouetted figure appears to move slightly in the frame.]

MX: Now, I'm sure you have even more questions running through your head. When was it Donna that you faced? Did you ever face her? Did she attack you? Or does she happen to be talking to you right now?

That's the thing, Ayako -- you still don't have all your questions answered. And I can see just how desperate you are to get them answered.

Good. This is what I've been trying to get you to learn, Ayako -- to focus on an objective, to not let yourself get distracted and to keep your eye on what matters. And right now, that's you figuring out how to beat me in that ring, when you failed to do it the last time.

And I'm sure you are expecting that to happen in the near future, aren't you?

[A pause, then you can see enough the silhouette to notice Madame X raise a finger and wag it.]

MX: Well, that won't happen -- at least, not yet. Not until you I am truly convinced that you are focused on the task at hand.

So this is what you will do, Ayako, if you want me in that ring again. It's a simple task, really.

You must face my protege, Donna Martinelli, in two weeks' time. And if you can beat her, Ayako, then I will grant you what you want.

A rematch, with me, at Memorial Day Mayhem.

These are my terms, Ayako. Accept them and you may get what it is you are after.

[Another pause and the silhouette appears to shift posture again.]

MX: But don't expect it to be that easy, Ayako. Because while I didn't teach Donna Martinelli everything I know, I taught her enough.

I especially taught her to do the same I expected from you -- to focus on the task at hand.

And that's to beat you in that ring.

[We fade to black...

...and then fade back up on an American flag blowing in slow motion in the wind. A voiceover begins.]

"The winds are blowing in the streets of Chicago... but as the temperature rises..."

[Cut to a thermometer with the mercury rising.]

"...even the wind chill can't cool down how hot this summer is going to be."

[The thermometer explodes into a shower of shrapnel.]

"The AWA kicks off the summer as they have every year!"

[We get rapid fire clips of Memorial Day Mayhems gone by.]

"Memorial Day Mayhem X brings the AWA to the Windy City for the very first time..."

[And then the footage "bursts into flames."]

"And we're going to burn the place down."

[Cut to black...

...and then back up on "Kiwi" Luke Boyd standing in a desert area. Behind him is a some small bushes and one tree. Boyd is wearing a pair of cargo pants, heavy duty boots and a sleeveless t-shirt.]

LB: We're getting close, mates. Only a short time away from the battle royal and the debut of "Kiwi" Luke Boyd. In fact, I've got my ticket booked to the U.S. I'll be leaving in the next few days to make the fifteen hour flight from Sydney to Los Angeles.

[Boyd smiles broadly.]

LB: Mates, I'm excited to finally get a shot in wrestling in the U.S. I've traveled down under, as you yanks call it. I've traveled to Japan. I've traveled to Europe. I wanted a shot at the U.S. professional wrestling scene. Here I come.

[Boyd leans in towards the camera.]

LB: I hear you yanks refer to Australia as the land of death with all the poisonous animals we have down here. I believe Steven Irwin introduced you to the king brown, the funnel web spider, and other deadly animals down here. Ain't a one of them got anything on an Ozzy professional wrestler, mates.

[Boyd winks.]

LB: We'll see ya soon.

[Fade out...

...and then back up on 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, baseball bat over her shoulder.]

KK: This... is the Think Tank.

I am Kerry Kendrick. I am a Self Made Man. I am the longest tenured member of the AWA roster...

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

KK: ...And the sad fact of life is I...

[A few fans chime in with "always will be," but...]

KK: ...am The FOUNDATION of the AWA. And GGC, it sounds like you've got someone to strap her hands across your engines when you and I tangle again next week on Power Hour.

[Kendrick saunters over to one side of the ring and places his arm over the shoulder of Ricki Toughill, who does her best not to look like she'd rather be anywhere else.]

KK: And when Rick and I get through with you and whatever orange-skinned, false-eyelashed, gibberish-spewing girl of yours you dredge up from the Jersey shore, the highway to Chicago and Memorial Day Mayhem really will be jammed with broken heroes like you on a last chance power drive!

And on the topic of Memorial Day Mayhem: it's one month away. 30 days. 30 days until 30 wrestlers, including The Foundation, compete to win that all-important Rumble. 30 is a very important number when it comes to my next guest, who has bet the farm that he can enter the Rumble at the number 30. Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome...

...CODY MERTZ.

[The earworm that is "Can't Hold Us" begins to play to a big cheer from the crowd. Out from the back comes Cody Mertz wearing his standard long white tights with two vertical green stripes down each leg. He smiles at the crowd and begins bouncing back and forth on each foot before breaking into a sprint towards the ring.]

GM: Cody Mertz heading to the ring, fans... and it's been a tough six months since SuperClash for the former tag team champion. But the end is in sight at Memorial Day Mayhem when he finally gets his hands on his former partner, Michael Aarons, in that 30 For 30 matchup!

[Toughill pries the top and middle ropes open for Mertz, which comes as a bit of a surprise. He smells a rat, though, and slides in under the bottom rope. Ricki Toughill returns to her corner and sulks.]

KK: Well, Cody... as I'm sure you know, in a match like the Rumble while the luck of the draw isn't everything, it can be a difference maker. A guy who draws a number in the single digits doesn't stand as good of a chance of going the distance as someone who drew 27, 28, 29. But you decided to risk it all and wager a shot at entering the Rumble on Memorial Day at 30 after 29 other guys have punched themselves out.

And Michael Aarons wants you to wager that against a month on ice.

[Kendrick grins, shaking his head.]

KK: Imagine that, will you? Imagine being out of the sight of these fans and the suits in the back which means you'll be out of mind to. Imagine losing that in-ring time for a month while the guy you lost to gets the track greased for him! Imagine having a shot to win the Rumble from the best number you could draw and saying you bested Blaster, Hogan, Zharkov... my girlfriend has shown me some of the other names too and they're no walk in the park.

Imagine you've got that and chancing that against a man with an axe to grind with you.

[Kendrick shrugs as Mertz looks on expectantly.]

KK: So I gotta ask, Mertz... being the guy you are with all the luck of a broken mirror... Why would you do that to yourself?

[Kendrick raises the mic to a waiting Mertz.]

CM: I was always told you make your own luck. But you want to know why I'm taking this match with these stipulations? Why I'd risk 30 days of my career? Why?

[Mertz shakes his head.]

CM: Because last SuperClash, we BOTH lost tag matches, Kerry. You to a baseball player and me to the tag team champions!

But unlike you, I had my match won in the middle of the ring when my so-called friend blindsided me with a kick to the head! Ever since that time, Michael Aarons has been making excuses and finding reasons why we can't step into the ring until his own ego cost us both another shot at a championship!

[Frustrated, Mertz places his hands on his hips.]

CM: Now he wants to blame me? That's fine because I get the one thing... the only thing... I've wanted since last November, and that's Michael Aarons in this ring so I can kick him in the head!

[The crowd cheers the fired-up Mertz.]

CM: And as far as the stipulations, the way Mikey's been acting, I'm not surprised at all the hoops I have to jump through, but it's worth it just to get him in the ring!

[Kendrick grins.]

KK: Now that you mention him, you have to be seeing all this press and hype that Michael Aarons has been getting, right? He looks like a breakout star right now. Are you willing to admit that Air Strike was holding back a guy who you claimed was your friend?

[Mertz shakes his head.]

CM: He certainly seems to think so... but I think all of the success we had together as a team says differently. Besides... we all saw on Power Hour, the only thing that's ever held back Michael Aarons is Michael Aarons.

[Kendrick smirks.]

KK: Certainly an interesting point... and one I'm curious if he would agree with.

[He snaps his fingers.]

KK: Well, why don't we just ask him? Your opponent in the 30 For 30 Challenge...
MICHAEL AARONS!

[The bouncy "My Type" by Saint Motel begins to play throughout the arena as skipping out from the back without a care in the world comes Michael Aarons. Aarons is wearing long pink tights with purple lightning bolts going down each leg and a black sleeveless leather vest. He begins dancing a little on the entrance ramp as his song continues to play to a negative reaction from the crowd.]

GM: And the other half of the team formerly known as Air Strike, Michael Aarons has arrived here in Seattle.

BW: Listen to the girls squeal!

GM: All I hear is these fans booing... and rightfully so, I might add.

[Finally, Aarons begins to move, chomping on his gum as he cockily struts towards the ring. Aarons climbs onto the ring apron, beckoning Ricki Toughill over. Kendrick hustles her into position, making her open the ropes for Aarons to step through. Aarons shakes Kendrick's hand before going into a spin for the fans who continue to jeer as the music fades.]

KK: Well, Michael, you've heard your ex-partner. You seem pretty confident the number 30 slot is a lock for you. What d'ya say?

MA: DOUBLE KAY! What's shaking, first time guest and first time listener to the show, man!

[Aarons gives Kendricks the wink and the gun. Kendrick flashes a grin back.]

MA: But I like what I'm hearing.

[Aarons looks over at Toughill and stops, smirking in her direction.]

MA: What's up?

[Aarons gives a slight nod to her as she rolls her eyes before Aarons turns to his former partner.]

MA: And of course I didn't forget you, Cee Dee.

[Aarons holds out a fist for a fist bump. Mertz simply looks at the fist and then up at Aarons with a look that says "Are you kidding me?"]

MA: What? Too soon?

[Aarons laughs as he lowers his hand.]

MA: Nah, I get it, you're upset! As upset as maybe someone whose tag team partner got hurt? Maybe as upset as someone who got shipped all over the world because the office had nothing for him? As upset as someone who dominated said world and then got brought back as an afterthought?

Are you that upset, Cee Dee? Are ya?

[Mertz grabs the mic, steering it towards him.]

CM: You're blaming ME for that? I had nothing to do with-

[Aarons interrupts.]

MA: Oh, here we go... entitled Cee Dee always the problem, never the solution. Well, last SuperClash, I gave you the solution but you didn't seem to like the answer. The talent got tired, Cee, so the talent... left the equation!

And after all your huffing and puffing for going on six months now... you finally got what you wanted. You finally get the chance... the privilege of being embarrassed by THE... HOTTEST... TALENT this company has seen since-

[He pauses, tapping his temple in thought before finally shrugging.]

MA: Well, the hottest talent this company has EVER seen!

[Aarons smirks as he hooks his thumbs in his vest and puffs out his chest.]

MA: And then... after that... you can find one of these front row seats and get real comfortable as I imitate my Battle Royal performance and chuck people out of the ring on my way to winning the whole thing! Last in the ring--

[Aarons smiles wide as he holds out his arms.]

MA: --last out!

[Mertz jerks the mic out of Kendrick's hand, stepping closer to Aarons who edges backwards.]

CM: Never at a loss for words, huh? Well, "pal"... why wait?!

We could do this right now!

[Mertz throws the mic aside, getting a big cheer as he balls up his fists, stepping closer to Aarons who drops to the mat, quickly rolling under the ropes to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Aarons out here talking a big game but he sure doesn't want any part of Cody Mertz when the situation gets physical!

BW: He's just a smart guy, Gordo. Never get a in a fight you're not getting paid for, daddy. That's my motto.

[Aarons wags a finger at Mertz as he backpedals down the ramp. Mertz stays in the ring, hands on his hips, glaring at Aarons as he vacates the premises.]

GM: Well, this might not be happening tonight.. but it WILL be happening at Memorial Day Mayhem. And speaking of which, let's go over to Mark Stegglet in the Control Center!

[We fade from the Think Tank to the bank of television monitors showing various AWA matches from over the years that can only mean one thing - the return of the Control Center!

After a few moments of this plus the appropriate synth music, we fade to a Memorial Day Mayhem logo with the accompanying voiceover.]

"And your host of this week's Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center - Mark Stegglet!"

[Cut to Mark Stegglet standing in front of more of the television monitors.]

MS: Good evening, wrestling fans... I'm Mark Stegglet and this is your Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center! Mark your calendars as we are just 30 days and counting away from the AWA's annual summer kickoff show - Memorial Day Mayhem! For the first time ever, the AWA is coming to Chicago and if you don't have your tickets, you're out of luck because we are SOLD OUT! But you can still join us on Pay Per View for all the action!

[Cut to a different shot of Stegglet with a smaller version of the MDM X logo superimposed over his right shoulder.]

MS: And when I talk about action, I mean it, fans! Let's take a look at this already-jammed lineup! First, let's talk about the match we just head a little more about.

[The graphic changes to say "30 FOR 30."]

MS: We've been waiting for this one since SuperClash. Air Strike will finally collide with major stakes for both men as Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons go one on one for the first time. The winner gets the #30 spot in the Rumble... the loser not only loses their spot in the Rumble but they're leaving the AWA for thirty days! When these two former partners meet, expect the action to be hot and heavy in the Windy City!

[The graphic changes again, showing the words "ONE MATCH, ONE SHOT."]

MS: The AWA Women's World Title will be at stake when the champion Kurayami does battle with the Hall of Famer herself, Medusa Rage! Rage is coming out of retirement to try and stop the warpath that Kurayami has been on since earlier this year when she defeated Medusa's sister Lauryn for that title... and injured her in the process!

[The graphic changes again, showing a new match.]

MS: How about this one, fans? After Calisto Dufresne's attack earlier tonight, it's been signed, sealed, and delivered by El Presidente! It'll be the former World Champion returning to AWA action to take on Max Magnum with "Hotshot" Stevie Scott in his corner. Dufresne's out for payback after Scott's actions at the Anniversary Show... but Magnum is not going to be an easy night at the office for the Ladykiller. I'm looking forward to that one.

[The graphic changes back to the MDM X logo.]

MS: Earlier tonight, we heard Cinder and Erica Toughill with some words for Julie Somers and Victoria June... and right now, let's go back to Sweet Lou who caught up with Somers and June to get a response. Lou?

[We cut to Sweet Lou Blackwell backstage under the AWA banner. He's got a microphone in hand and an earnest look on his face.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark. They've heard the comments made by the AWA's resident Weird Sisters earlier... now I'd like to give them the chance to respond. Please welcome "The Spitfire" Julie Somers and "The Afro Punk" Victoria June!

[June and Somers enter side by side and instead of surrounding Blackwell, they stand side-by-side next to him. The Afro Punk is dressed as eccentrically as ever in a chain mail halter top and pink and gold striped pants. Her blonde afro is twisted into Bantu knots except the shorter patch taken by Cinder. There the yellow fuzz is maybe an inch thick now. Her freckle-spattered face is streaked with silver finger paint and she twirls a pink parasol over her right shoulder.

Somers is dressed in a black shirt with the DC Comics logo plastered across it. She also wears a pair of white shorts and has her long, wavy brown hair pulled back into a ponytail.]

VJ: Yah know sumthin, Sweet Lou, ah like that name you gave those two, the Weird Sisters. Cause they sure do act wrong all the time. Now, seems like they got their tights in a twist because of me, Wondah Woman over here and Gal Gadot. Seems like they want the spotlight so bad they're willing to do whatever nasty thing comes across their mind to get that spotlight. But there's something they don't understand, Sweet Lou.

SLB: What's that?

VJ: That spotlight comes with ah price. It's easy to get the attention, but coping with it and succeeding with it. Naw, that's no easy task. Cindy stooped so low as to attack me and cut mah hair just to get the spotlight. But she didn't think ah'd take it right back smashing her precious little Empress Cup and whoopin' her behind six ways from Sunday. Seems as though ah gotta whup her some more, ah reckon. And now she wants us at Memorial Day Mayhem with Gal Gadot? Oh Lawd, ah don't know what she's thinkin', ah really don't. J, why don't you shed some light on the subject?

[Lou steers the mic towards Somers.]

JS: Sweet Lou, let's go back a few months ago, when Victoria and I teamed together for the first time. We had a partner by our side, and what can you tell me about what happened?

SLB: Well, Cinder was your partner and she turned on both of you.

JS: And do you recall who was on the opposite side of the ring with the Serpentes?

SLB: That was Erica Toughill, but I assume you have a point to all of this?

JS: My point is that Erica wants to claim that I want to keep pushing this issue when it doesn't take much to figure out that she and Cinder set up Victoria and me. Erica, you were the one that created all this trouble to begin with, from the moment you pulled down that rope to take me out of the first-ever Women's Rumble and cost me a chance to become the first-ever Women's World Champion. And you keep on creating trouble, with what happened with Cinder being the latest example, and now you have her creating even more trouble with what happened two weeks ago.

You talk about how you've spent 14 years in this business and have been responsible for making everyone's career, but when it comes to the trouble you've caused, you never want to take responsibility. Nor will you do that with all the trouble Cinder caused. Don't think for one minute she isn't tormenting Victoria because she sees the way you act and thinks that's how you accomplish something.

Now the two of you say you want to face the two of us in that ring? Nothing would make me happier, and I'm sure Victoria feels the same way. So let's book the date for Memorial Day Mayhem and we can settle this, once and for all.

SLB: What about Gal Gadot, though? Have either you or Victoria been in touch with her?

JS: I've only spoken to Gal one time since the last Saturday Night Wrestling. She said she couldn't sit there and watch my friend take a beating. I wish it hadn't come to that, but I appreciate her willingness to have Victoria's back, and I know she'd do the same for me.

But as far as Erica and Cinder wanting Gal to be there at ringside for a match, I can't speak for Gal. I'm sure she'll have a response, though, but if I were Erica and Cinder right now, all I can say is they should be careful what they ask for.

[Victoria runs her fingers back and forth between Julie and her.]

VJ: You see how that synergy works, Sweet Lou. See how we come full circle? That's cause we're real friends. We ain't nasty like them weird sisters. We're actually close. And at Memorial Day Mayhem we gon show Erica and her little Scottish weirdo pet daughter that we ain't no joke.

[She throws up the horns.]

VJ: Wonder Women... let's go!

[We fade from the trio backstage to the Control Center.]

MS: Challenge accepted! And now, we can add the team of Somers and June taking on Toughill and Cinder to this ever-growing lineup!

[The graphic changes to show that match for a moment... and then changes to one word "RUMBLE."]

MS: And of course, the AWA's annual Rumble is coming to the Windy City as well. Thirty of the best in the world headed to Chicago to see who will be the last man standing and walk out with a guaranteed future shot at the AWA World Heavyweight Champion. Who will it be? Let's take a look at the participants already entered as well as some new entries announced right here and now!

[We cut to a graphic showing all the announced names: Maxim Zharkov, Kaz Konoe, Kerry Kendrick, Supreme Wright, King Kong Hogan, Jeff Matthews, Cody Mertz, Michael Aarons, Callum Mahoney, "Golden" Grant Carter, Jordan Ohara, SWLL's Guerrero Azteca, "Kiwi" Luke Boyd, Jackson Haynes, Shadoe Rage, Terry Shane, Blaster Masterson...]

MS: Seventeen names announced - and some big ones in there like National Champion Maxim Zharkov, World Television Champion Terry Shane... former AWA champions like Kerry Kendrick, Supreme Wright, one of the members of Air Strike, Jackson Haynes, and Shadoe Rage... a Hall of Famer like Jeff Matthews... and so many others! But now... it's time to get a few more names on the list.

[The graphic changes to show a pair of individuals.]

MS: How about this news, fans? One of the hottest stars in pro wrestling, MAX MAGNUM, has been added to the Rumble by Javier Castillo! And don't look now but I think he just might be able to win the whole thing!

[The graphic changes to show a big question mark underneath the Guerreros del Mundo logo.]

MS: This one is still a bit of a mystery but we do know that Angelica Westerly has confirmed that she has secured a spot in this year's Rumble for a Guerreros del Mundo representative! Who will it be? We don't know but I'm told that she'll make that announcement for the entire world two weeks from tonight in Las Vegas!

[The graphic changes again, this time showing the banner for Ringkrieger.]

MS: How about this one? The leader of Ringkrieger, the mighty MISTER is in the Rumble! And fans, he could be a dark horse choice to win it all! He's got the strength, the endurance, the size... and don't forget those skin-blistering chops!

[We cut back to the full screen shot of Mark Stegglet.]

MS: That puts us at an even twenty. Ten more to go! I'm told we should be hearing a few more this week on the Power Hour and then two weeks from tonight in Las Vegas, we'll hear a couple of more and we'll be there! Time is ticking... the big event is coming and-

[Stegglet pauses, grabbing at his earpiece.]

MS: Okay... okay, fans... it looks like I'm done here. I'm being told that Javier Castillo has gone out to the ring... he's taken the mic... and he's demanding that we... okay, yes... we'll see you next-

[The shot abruptly cuts from the Control Center to the ring where Javier Castillo is in mid-angry sentence.]

JC: -RIGHT NOW, I'LL FIRE EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU IN THAT TRUCK!

[The crowd jeers as Castillo paces angrily about the ring. A production assistant outside the ring gestures to the camera and Castillo realizes he's live, a smile growing across his face.]

JC: They say... "Javier, do not go out there. We're running low on time and-"

[He throws a dismissive gesture.]

JC: I made the call. FOX says the tag title match can have all the time it needs... and so can El Presidente!

[He smirks as the crowd jeers again.]

JC: I have something to say... and I need the world to hear it...

[He pauses.]

JC: ...especially you, White Knight.

[The boos turn to loud cheers as Castillo sneers at the crowd's reaction.]

JC: The hero of the people! El héroe del pueblo!

[He smiles again.]

JC: You speak to me as a man without care. With no worries... no fear. I admire that... but I also understand when people call you...

[Castillo gestures to Bucky.]

JC: What is it, Bucky? "Dumb kid?"

[Bucky cackles, nodding his head.]

JC: Right. "Dumb kid." And you are, aren't you? Because if you were a... wise man... you'd know that you should have care about facing me... you should have worries... and you certainly should have fear.

You came out here tonight and challenged me.

[He nods as the crowd cheers.]

JC: They want to see it, yes? And never let it be said that El Presidente does not give his people what they want!

So, you can have your match, White Knight.

[Another big cheer!]

JC: But... it will not just be you.

[He smiles as the crowd buzzes.]

JC: You see, I believe that you stand alone on this quest, White Knight.

Yes, yes... your friends may stand with you now... but I do not believe that when the... how you say... chips are down... when the stakes are high... when it comes time to...

[He pauses, smirking.]

JC: ...put up...or shut up... that your friends will still be with you. They know what's at stake. And where you have no fear of my power... they do... or should.

They know they should stand down and leave you to fight alone.

And it is my belief that they will.

[He nods.]

JC: So! I challenge you, White Knight... to a FIVE... ON... FIVE match at Memorial Day Mayhem in Chicago! I will bring forth my...

[He pauses, looking out at Gordon Myers.]

JC: You call them thugs. You call them monsters.

[He smiles.]

JC: And while they are that, they are SOLDIERS! They are MY soldiers! In the grand army of Korugun! I will bring forth my army, White Knight...

[Castillo walks over to the camera, pointing threateningly.]

JC: ...and I dare you to find yours.

[And on that note, the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the White Knight himself, Ryan Martinez, as he walks out onto the stage, mic in hand. He pauses at the middle of the stage, planting a hand on his hip as he stares down at the ring where Javier Castillo is standing. A slight smile is on the face of the White Knight as he looks upon El Presidente.]

JC: Something funny?

[Martinez nods.]

RM: Actually, yeah. I've done my research. I know the man I'm dealing with... and I know that you fashion yourself as some kind of master strategist. I gotta say, Castillo... I'm a little disappointed. Did you REALLY think I didn't expect you make this play?

[Martinez pauses.]

RM: Or maybe a better question is - did you really think I wouldn't be ready for it?

Five on five? Memorial Day Mayhem?

[He looks out on the cheering crowd with a smile on his face.]

RM: YOU'RE ON!

[The crowd ERUPTS into cheers for the White Knight who looks down the ramp at Castillo.]

JC: Good... goooooood. I'm SO glad to hear it, Martinez. And I want you all to remember this day. Write it down. Etch it into the history books because this is the beginning of the end of the great Ryan Martinez' career.

[Martinez chuckles.]

RM: Your overconfidence is your weakness.

[Castillo snaps back.]

JC: Your faith in your friends is yours!

[Martinez smiles.]

RM: I guess we'll find out.

[Martinez lowers the mic, pausing for effect...

...and when "Dead Or Alive" by Bon Jovi starts up over the PA system, the crowd ROARS once more. The Iron Cowboy himself, Jack Lynch, walks out onto the stage still in his ring gear from earlier in the night. He stands right next to the White Knight, a lop-sided grin on his face. Castillo shouts something off-mic as Lynch cups a hand to his ear, pretending not to be able to hear him. He leans over the mic that Ryan is holding.]

JL: That's one.

[Martinez chuckles, slapping his old friend on the back as Castillo seethes inside the ring. The music fades as Martinez and Lynch look expectantly...

...and the Seattle crowd ROARS once more!]

#I know I can#
#Be what I want to be#
#And if I work hard at it#
#I'll be where I want to be#

[Jordan Ohara bops out onto the stage, hopping up and down with excitement as the Seattle crowd EXPLODES for the Phoenix. Ohara walks confidently over towards where Martinez and Lynch are standing, sliding into place alongside them. He reaches out, getting a handshake from the Iron Cowboy and one from the White Knight as well. Ohara leans over to speak into the mic.]

JO: I'm with you too!

[Martinez nods as the music fades and Castillo spits venom-filled words down the ramp.]

JC: YOU?! YOU?! I'LL END YOU! YOU'LL BE A STAIN ON THE RING WHEN I'M DONG WITH-

[Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: Easy, boss man. I wouldn't want you to wear yourself out before...

[Martinez lowers the mic again, raising his eyebrows...]

#HOLD MY BREATH AS I WISH FOR DEATH, PLEASE GOD WAKE ME! #

[And as Metallica's "One" shreds the PA, the Hall of Famer strides out onto the stage.]

GM: Jeff Matthews! The Madfox is on board as well!

BW: This is like a bad dream for Javier Castillo. He thought none of these guys would stand with Martinez and it turns out that ALL of them are!

[Matthews joins the group, nodding his head, pointing down the ramp at Castillo who kicks the ropes in anger. The Madfox grabs the mic.]

JMM: I've got your backs... and that's a promise.

[A big cheer goes up for the catchphrase as Matthews stands alongside the trio. Martinez holds up a finger, mouthing "one more" as Castillo shakes his head...

...and when "Black Skinhead" kicks in, the Seattle crowd LOSES THEIR MINDS!]

GM: OH YEAH!

[Supreme Wright strides out from behind the curtain, moving to stand beside the four men. He looks down the aisle at Castillo who is fussing and ready for a fight right now.]

JC: CUT THE MUSIC! CUT THE DAMN MUSIC RIGHT NOW!

[The music gets cut, the crowd still roaring as Castillo is throwing a tantrum.]

JC: THAT'S IT! ALL OF YOU! YOU'VE ALL CROSSED A LINE! YOU'VE ALL SIGNED YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANTS! I WILL _END_ ALL OF YOU IF IT'S THE LAST [BLEEP] DAMNED THING I DO! END! END! END!

[Castillo lowers the mic as Ryan Martinez goes to respond but Wright grabs him by the wrist, shaking his head as he steers the mic towards him.]

SW: Javier Castillo...

[Castillo glares down the ramp at the two-time former World Champion.]

SW: ...I respectfully disagree.

[HUUUUUUGE ROAR from the Seattle crowd!]

JC: THAT'S IT! YOU WANT A FIGHT?! YOU WANT A WAR?! YOU WANT TO TEST ME AND WHAT I'M WILLING TO DO TO END THIS BEFORE IT GETS STARTED?!

THE FIVE OF YOU... GET READY FOR HELL! ON! EARTH!

[He pauses...

...and then suddenly seems to have an idea!]

JC: GET READY FOR THE TOWER OF DOOOOOOOOOOOM!

[Castillo HURLS the mic to the mat as the crowd ROARS once again. Martinez raises an eyebrow at that proclamation, speaking off-mic to his allies as the Seattle crowd roars for the announcement.]

GM: WOW! THE TOWER OF DOOM IS COMING TO MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!

BW: And the boss says it's gonna be hell on earth for Martinez and his merry men, Gordo!

GM: We'll see about that! What an announcement! Fans, we've got one more match to go tonight! Castillo says FOX has given it all the time it needs and we thank them for that because I've been - we've all been - waiting to see this one go down for a long, long time! The World Tag Team Titles are on the line! It's Next Gen challenging System Shock! And it's up next!

[We cut to backstage where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop, alongside the members of Next Gen. Daniel Harper is to Stegglet's right, and Harper is dressed in his wrestling attire, consisting of a white singlet with the words "NEXT GEN" in blue lettering, white kneepads and wrestling boots. To Stegglet's left is Howie Somers, who wears a navy blue singlet with "NEXT GEN" across the front in white lettering, blue kneepads and wrestling boots.]

MS: It's almost time for the Main Event, with these two men, collectively known as Next Gen, set to face System Shock for the AWA World Tag Team Championships. Howie, you and Daniel had a title shot scheduled almost a year ago, but were attacked backstage and the match never took place. I take it you believe that this match has been a long time coming.

HS: You are correct, Mark. All we wanted was an opportunity to show the world how far we had come as a tag team and get a chance to compete for the titles. But, as you said, we got attacked backstage and the chance never came.

Then I had to spend weeks in a hospital bed, then at home, after getting half my face burned and having to watch my friend and tag team partner fend for himself. I'm not the type to get impatient, Mark, but my patience wore thin, knowing that I couldn't be there for my partner here.

[Somers reaches out, slapping Harper on the shoulder.]

HS: But once I recovered to where I could get back into that ring, there was never a doubt in my mind that Daniel and I would settle things. And once we did that, we knew our objective was clear, and that was to get a shot at the World Tag Team Championship.

We finally earned it, after I won the Double Or Nothing Battle Royal and Daniel came through against Riley Hunter. And, yes, I still have that check, still uncashed, and it will remain that way until we achieve that objective we set out to accomplish.

[He points to the camera.]

HS: System Shock, I don't doubt your talents, and I don't doubt you're going to give us a good test, but you better remember than when Daniel and I set our sights on something, we don't rest until that objective is accomplished. Tonight, it's time to accomplish that.

MS: Daniel Harper, what about it? As I said earlier, it's a chance you've waited a year to get.

DH: It's been longer than that if you think about it, Mark! It all started when Howie and I first came to the AWA. We knew we wanted to be the tag team champions, and we had to go down a long road to get there!

The Longhorn Riders tried to get in our way, but we proved to them that as much as they liked to talk, as much as they liked to fight, that Howie and I were not a team to be messed with!

Strictly Business got under our skin and, while we lost the first time we met, we learned from that experience and proved to them that, as great as their legacy was in wrestling, that Howie and I were bound to build a legacy of our own!

Then we watched as Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan proclaimed themselves the tag team of the year, just a month into 2016, and that's when Howie and I got our chance to prove them otherwise. But that's when Slaughterhouse decide to sneak attack us, deny us our shot, and then tried to end my partner's career -- and, well, you know how things turned out last SuperClash, Mark!

[Harper claps his hands together.]

DH: So Derrick Williams, Riley Hunter, you better realize that if we can overcome a couple of hotheads, a pair of legends and a duo they said was one of the most dangerous in the AWA, that we are more than capable of overcoming The Axis as well! You may think you can intimidate us based on what your group has done over the past year, but tonight, Howie and I will prove not only that you can't intimidate us, but that you won't deny us the one thing we've sought since day one, and that's the AWA World Tag Team Championship!

[He turns to Somers.]

DH: As a good friend of ours once said to us -- to the ring!

[Harper and Somers exchange a high five, then depart the set.]

MS: Next Gen on their way to the ring, for a chance at tag team gold! But can they overcome System Shock? Let's go over to the champions and get their final thoughts before this high stakes showdown!

[We fade to another part of the backstage area where - in front of a Saturday Night Wrestling backdrop - stands the AWA World Tag Team Champions, "The Future" Derrick Williams and "The American Ninja" Riley Hunter, System Shock.

Williams already wearing his standard white, gold, and red ring gear and matching overcoat, with the Tag Title Belt around his waist. Hunter is in his Borg-inspired gear and leather jacket, his belt over his shoulder. Williams folds his hands in front of him, then speaks]

DW: And here we are... Next Gen getting their "long-awaited" shot.

[Williams chuckles.]

DW: And it's kinda funny because what I'm seeing here is what I always see. And that's... well, that's people missing the big picture. People missing what's really going on. Because every time Harper and Somers appear on Camera, Somers waves around that check like it means more that it does. Like him not cashing that check is an affront to us. It's just not as big of a deal as he thinks it is. Because yes, winning two Battle Royals in a row would've been great, and yes, us splitting a hundred grand would be sweet.

But at the end of the day, we're the damn World Tag Team Champions and Next Gen isn't. That check is a drop in the bucket to having...

[He pats the belt on his waist.]

DW: ...these. To being at the top, to being Axis, to being a champion in the AWA. So yeah, we're doing fine. But that brings us to tonight.

Tonight, Ri and I will go out there and do what we do and that's deliver. That's win... that's win without needing the entire deck stacked in our favor ahead of time. That's convert on our opportunities.

Harper, Somers, has it ever occurred to either of you that the reason we have these and you don't, is that you two just keep missing the point? You two were content to wait, and we weren't. We took the belts, beat the "unbeatable team," sent them off, split them up, and they're done.

Now you, and everyone else want to step up? Fine by us... right, Ri?

[Hunter nods.]

RH: Darn skippy, Duke!

[Williams continues.]

DW: At the end of the night, we're still going to be the champs, and you two will spend another six months wondering just where you went wrong or what it is you're missing. You'll be thinking that an uncashed check even fazes me while we're off putting notches into the defense column and cashing the only checks that actually matter... and that's the winner's purse in a World Title match.

[Hunter picks it up.]

RH: And while Number One Contenders get a lot of play, get a lot of buzz... let's face it, Duke: Gone is the era in wrestling where Team A decides to confront Team B... Team B responds with shots to the abdomen of Team A, and Team A goes straight for the jugular.

Nowadays, it's the Participation Era... where every team gets their shot, and tag teams these days would know how to trade if they had seats on the New York Stock Exchange.

[Williams chuckles as Hunter continues.]

RH: Next Gen, without their last names, would have nothing to present to us. Howie, Daniel... you challenging for the AWA World Tag Team Championship... so CHALLENGE us. Make us earn it! Give us a title defense we'll be talking about for months to come.

Otherwise, back to the "5" spot on the AWA Tag Team Rankings to wait for your title shot to cycle around again.

[Williams points to the camera.]

DW: Boys, The Next Generation... it's just... that... simple. We win... you lose.

And then Somers... go ahead and cash that check... because it's the closest you'll ever get...

[He slaps the title belt again.]

DW: ...to being a Champion.

[And we cut away to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: Sixty minutes?! Castillo wasn't kidding when he said the FOX execs said this one could have all the time it needs.

BW: Yeah, but I need Derrick and Riley to wrap it up quick. I've got dinner reservations after this and-

GM: Which of the AWA's worst are picking up the check this week?

BW: I'd rather not say... others might get jealous.

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: Introducing first... they are the challengers...

["Wake Up" by Story of the Year plays as the members of Next Gen emerge from the entranceway. Howie Somers is dressed in a navy blue singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in white lettering, plus matching knee pads and wrestling boots. His tag team partner, Daniel Harper, wears a white singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in navy blue lettering, plus white kneepads and wrestling boots.]

RO: From Boston, Massachusetts and El Paso, Texas... at a total combined weight of 495 pounds...

HOWIE SOMERS... DANIEL HARPER...

THEY ARE... NEXT! GEEEEEEEEEEEEENNNNNNNNNNN!

[Howie and Daniel each stand at the entranceway, slight smiles on their faces, before turning to each other and exchanging a high five. The duo then makes its way to the ring.]

GM: It's been nearly a year since the last time these two have been set to challenge for the World Tag Team Titles. On that night, it didn't happen. Tonight, they're hoping to forget all that and take those titles home!

BW: They can hope all they want, Gordo... but reality is about to slap them in the face and it's gonna sting.

[Howie and Daniel climb onto the apron and duck between the ropes. There, Howie and Daniel spread their arms to the sides, before extending them toward themselves, thumbs pointed toward the "Next Gen" each has printed on their attire as the music starts to fade.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[Ortiz lowers the mic as the arena lights go dimmer and glowing dry ice fog pours from around the entrance curtain. The stuttering voice of the AI SHODAN fills the arena as two figures gradually manifest in the fog...]

"How dare you, insect?"

"How dare you interrupt my ascendance?"

"You are nothing."

"A wretched bag of flesh."

"What are you compared to my magnificence?"

[The spotlights turn on the two figures in the entryway:

Riley Hunter, holding a nunchuck in each of his outstretched fists.

Derrick Williams, his forearm held in front of him, the word "AXIS" printed on the sleeve of his satin jacket.

"Those Who Fight Further" by The Black Mages plays over the sound system, and Williams and Hunter swagger their way down the aisle.]

RO: Making their way down the aisle, at a combined weight of 473 pounds... they represent The Axis... and are the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TAG TEEEEEEAM CHAMPIONSSSSSSS...

"THE FUTURE" DERRICK WILLIAMS...

"THE AMERICAN NINJA" RILEY HUNTER...

SYSTEMMMMM... SHOCK!

[The boos pour down for the Axis duo as they make their way down the ramp, arrogant smirks all around.]

GM: And here they come, fans. System Shock have held those titles since February 18th... a little over two months now... and this will be their stiffest challenge to date for sure.

BW: I don't know. Have you seen the crowds of women these two have to fight through every night when they leave the building? That might be a tougher fight than Somers and Harper.

GM: Joke all you want, Bucky... but if the champions are taking Next Gen as lightly as you are, we're going to see new champions crowned right here tonight.

[The American Ninja gets a running start, leaping into the air over the bottom rope in a front roll up to a knee as Williams ducks through the ropes, striking a pose behind him. Riley Hunter is in his usual gear, mirrored John Lennon shades over his eyes under a mop of black, blue, and dirty blonde hair. Williams is in a black satin jacket with his initials embroidered on the right breast and you can see shiny silver trunks on camera.]

GM: The titles are handed over to referee Koji Sakai... he holds them up for all to see. That's what it's all about.

[The titles are handed out to the ringside attendant as Rebecca Ortiz exits the ring. Williams holds up his hands, allowing Hunter to throw a flurry of quick strikes at his open palms, staying loose as Harper and Somers look on eagerly.]

GM: We're just about to get things going in this one... and as both teams have one last word with one another, it looks as though it'll be Daniel Harper starting things off with Riley Hunter.

[Both sides exchange a final high five with their partners as Somers and Williams step out to the apron. Referee Sakai draws Harper and Hunter to mid-ring for one final conversation...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[...and signals for the bell!]

GM: HERE WE GO! ONE FALL! SIXTY MINUTES! TAG TEAM TITLES ON THE LINE!

[The smaller two members of their respective teams lunge at one another, coming together in an immediate collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Locking it up in the middle... Hunter pulls him into the side headlock...

[Harper grabs Hunter's wrist, trying to twist his way out of the headlock, and succeeds, holding a top wristlock on Hunter. Hunter grimaces, grabbing at his elbow with the off-hand. He backs up a few steps into the ropes where the referee calls for the break.]

GM: Rope break called by referee Koji Sakai and Harper obliges.

[Hunter stays on the ropes a moment, shaking out his left arm. Williams walks along the apron, leaning over to whisper something to Hunter who nods before he steps back to the middle of the ring, engaging in another tieup.]

GM: They wrap each other back up in the middle... and this time, it's Harper who grabs the headlock...

[Hunter grabs the wrist, trying to pull off the same counter but Harper cranks on the headlock, applying enough pressure to force Hunter to abandon his efforts. Instead, Hunter plants his feet, shoving Harper off towards the ropes...]

GM: Hunter shoots him off, drops down... over the top goes Harper... to the far side...

[And Hunter leaves his feet, lashing out with his legs at full extension, taking Harper down with a standing dropkick!]

GM: Oh my! Nice dropkick out of the American Ninja!

[Harper rolls around on the mat, grabbing at his chin as he pulls himself back towards his corner. Somers leans over with some words of encouragement as Hunter goes through an elaborate kata mid-ring, striking a martial arts pose as he beckons Harper out of the corner.]

GM: And there's the ego of Riley Hunter on display.

BW: Hey, when you're a Seven Star Athlete, you can afford to have ego, daddy.

[The fourth-generation grappler pulls himself to his feet, rolling his neck a couple of times, nodding his head as he edges out of the corner, fingers wiggling as he and Hunter approach one another in a crouch...

...and Harper goes first, making a dive at the legs of Hunter who sprawls out, wrapping an arm around Harper's neck.]

GM: Nice counter to the takedown attempt... oh!

[Harper grabs the wrist though, spinning off his chest to apply a grounded hammerlock on Hunter, pushing the champion's face into the mat with his right forearm.]

GM: And speaking of nice counters! He gets him down, working on that arm... and then pushes the face into the mat as well.

[Hunter slaps the canvas with his free hand, giving a shout as Williams shouts advice from the corner. Harper slides his right arm down to join the left, applying more pressure on the wrist and elbow.]

GM: Harper controlling Hunter on the mat... keeping him right where he wants him.

[Harper pushes up to a knee, sliding the other knee onto the small of Hunter's back, pinning his body to the mat as Harper switches to an armbar.]

GM: Staying on the arm, pulling back on it...

[Still holding the arm, Harper gets forced to his feet as Hunter wriggles out from under him, working back to a vertical base. Harper switches to a wristlock, twisting the arm around...]

GM: Harper with the armwringer, cranking on that left arm of Riley Hunter... both men up now...

[Harper smashes his elbow down across the tricep once... twice... three times with Hunter crying out on each blow.]

GM: Harper twisting that arm around again...

[But this time, Hunter reaches out, grabbing the top rope where he backflips out of the pressure, throwing a hard forearm with the free arm that breaks the hold!]

GM: Oh! Hunter fights out of it...

[Grabbing Harper by the arm, Hunter whips him to the ropes again.]

GM: Hunter drops down, Harper over the top again...

[But Harper slams on the brakes so as Hunter gets up, Harper leaves his feet with a standing dropkick of his own that sends Hunter down to the mat, backrolling over to his feet. He charges back in...

...and a second standing dropkick takes him back down to cheers from the capacity crowd!]

GM: Ohh! A pair of dropkicks... and that sends Hunter rolling out to the floor!

[An agitated Hunter paces around the ringside area, keeping an eye on Harper who stays in the ring, waving a hand for him to get back in.]

GM: Riley Hunter going for a little walk, trying to regroup... and Harper's gotta be careful with him out there, Bucky. I wouldn't put it past System Shock to take a countout and keep the titles.

BW: You mean you wouldn't put it past System Shock to have a smart strategy? Me neither.

GM: You call it smart, I call it cowardly.

BW: You call it cowardly, I call them winners, Next Gen losers, and you a goofball!

[Hunter continues to stroll around until the count reaches seven when he climbs up the ringsteps, shouting at the referee to back Harper up as he ducks through the ropes.]

GM: Hunter back inside the ring now... no countout this time.

BW: I expect an apology now.

GM: I wouldn't hold your breath.

[Hunter steps away from the ropes, shouting at Harper who waves him forward again. The tieup follows again, Harper quickly twisting around in a go-behind, lifting Hunter off the mat, and throwing him chestfirst down with a big takedown!]

GM: Big amateur-style takedown by Harper..

[Hunter pops up off the mat before Harper can take advantage of it, walking quickly towards him...

...and piefaces him backwards, shouting as he does.]

GM: Oh!

BW: Hunter might be losing his cool a little, Gordo.

[Harper glares at him... and then DROPS him with a right hand!]

GM: Oh! What a shot that was!

[Hunter scrambles up and gets dropped again!]

GM: Harper's fisticuffs isn't usually his game but they're working so far!

[Hunter gets up a third time and as Harper rears back, Hunter covers up his head with both arms, cringing away to laughter from the crowd. Harper holds up, looking on in disbelief...

...and as Hunter emerges from undercover, Harper drops him again to big laughs!]

BW: Oh, come on! Those are closed fists, ref! Ring the bell!

[Hunter rolls out to the floor a second time, cursing and spitting to himself as he wanders around ringside. Derrick Williams shouts at him from the apron, telling him to "take him out, Ri!" Hunter looks up at his partner, shaking his head as he rolls under the ropes and slaps his hand into Williams' chest.]

"YOU DO IT!"

[Hunter steps out to the apron as Williams stares at his partner for a moment, nodding his head as he ducks through the ropes finally.]

GM: An... aggressive tag to his partner.

BW: No, no... that's just how they do it. They're fired up!

[Williams has a few words off-mic to Hunter who points at Harper. "The Future" nods again, walking out towards mid-ring where Harper awaits him...]

GM: Williams with some words for Harper as he draws near and-

[Williams suddenly throws an elbowstrike, trying to catch Harper off-guard but Harper ducks under it and comes up swinging...]

GM: Right hand! Right hand! Right hand!

[And with Williams teetering, Harper uses another standing dropkick to send Williams sailing backwards through the ropes and out to the floor to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: And Harper clears the ring again!

[A grinning Harper pumps a fist as he gets to his feet, getting some enthusiastic applause from his partner as well as the fans as Williams gets up off the ringside mats, angrily slapping his hands down on the ring apron. He looks up at a smirking Hunter with a glare...

...and then dives under the bottom rope into the ring.]

GM: Williams back in, up quickly...

[He charges Harper who takes him down with an armdrag, quickly grabbing the armbar.]

GM: Well, I don't know what kind of strategy System Shock brought into this one, Bucky... but it's not turning out so well for them so far.

[On his feet, Harper twists the arm around in an armwringer, walking Williams back to the corner where Harper slaps an outstretched hand to cheers.]

GM: There's the tag to big 265 pound Howie Somers!

[Somers steps through the ropes, clasping his hands over his head, and SLAMS the double axehandle down on the arm!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Williams stumbles away, grabbing his left bicep as Somers walks behind him across the ring. He grabs him by the arm, twisting it around... and brings a beefy elbow crashing down across it once... twice... and then back to the armbar.]

GM: Somers cranking on that arm now just as he his partner did earlier... Williams looking for a way out. Somers, of course, the nephew of former AWA tag team champion Eric Somers who was one-half of the team known as Rough N' Ready.

BW: Maybe System Shock should've used that name, Gordo. Lord knows they're rough and ready for whatever these two goofs throw at them tonight.

GM: It certainly doesn't look that way so far.

[Williams pulls on his own arm, dragging Somers back across the ring towards the neutral corner...

...where he twists around, pushing Somers back against the buckles.]

GM: The referee looking for a break here in the corner...

[Somers lets go of the arm which allows Williams to step back, throwing a big elbowstrike to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! No clean break on the part of "The Future."

[Grabbing the arm, Williams goes for an Irish whip but the powerful Somers reverses it, sending Williams crashing into the turnbuckles where he stumbles back out...

...and gets run right over by a rampaging Somers who gives a big whoop as he takes Williams down with a mighty football tackle!]

GM: Down goes Williams off the tackle!

[Hunter ducks through the ropes, rushing at Somers who does the same thing to the Seven Star Athlete, sending him flipping backwards across the ring. Both members of the World Tag Team Champions roll out to the floor as Somers lets off a roar, throwing back his mighty arms to a big cheer!]

GM: AND HOWIE SOMERS HAS CLEARED HOUSE ON THE WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

[Harper slaps his partner's hand as Somers walks over towards the ropes, shouting down at Hunter and Williams who have come together on the floor, conversing over what's happened so far...

...and totally oblivious to Harper racing towards his partner who ducks his head, backdropping his own partner over the top rope in a flip onto both champions on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHH MY STARS! SOMERS AND HARPER WORKING TOGETHER HAVE TAKEN DOWN THE CHAMPIONS AGAIN!

[Somers grins, clapping his hands together as he heads back to his corner while Daniel Harper gets to his feet on the floor, giving a shout of "YEAAAAH!" to the cheering fans as he pulls Williams off the mat, tossing him back under the ropes. He crawls towards the downed Williams, diving across to hook a leg.]

GM: HARPER WITH THE COVER! HE'S GOT ONE! HE'S GOT TWO!

[Williams kicks out, breaking up the pin attempt to the disappointment of the crowd. Harper is right back to his feet though, dragging "The Future" off the mat and shoving him back into Next Gen's corner where he promptly DRILLS Williams with a stiff European uppercut!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Gordo, we talk about Derrick Williams being one of the hardest hitters in all of wrestling but Daniel Harper just gave him a run for his money with that one!

GM: That uppercut was taught to Daniel by his mother - a legendary competitor in her own right, Stephanie Harper... and he's looking to do her proud here tonight by winning the World Tag Team Titles here in Seattle.

[Harper lands a second uppercut, lifting Williams off the mat before Harper slaps Somers' outstretched hand.]

GM: Quick tag for the challengers... trying to keep the fresh man in the ring.

[Stepping through, Somers grabs the middle rope, leaning over to drive his shoulder into Williams' gut once... twice... three times.]

GM: Somers is working him over in the corner, leaving Williams sucking wind in the buckles...

[Grabbing Williams by the arm, Somers goes to whip him across the ring...]

BW: He's sending him to the wrong corner...

GM: No! He whips him right back in!

[...and uses his strength to pull Williams back, throwing him right back into Next Gen's corner, slamming into the buckles.]

GM: Ohhh! That one shook Williams from toenails to temples!

[Somers rushes in the half distance of the ring, smashing his 265 pounds into a cornered Williams!]

GM: AVALANCHE IN THE CORNER!!

[Somers steps back out, beckoning Williams towards him as the champion stumbles out of the corner into Somers' waiting and powerful arms...]

GM: Somers locks him up... BELLY TO BELLY!

[The twisting belly to belly lifts Williams off the mat and DRIVES him down into the canvas as Somers reaches back for a leg.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Williams kicks out just as Riley Hunter slips through the ropes from his spot on the opposite apron. Somers points at Hunter, making sure the referee sees him. Referee Sakai walks across the ring, ordering Hunter back out onto the apron as Harper slaps the top turnbuckle, cheering on his partner.]

GM: Somers back on his feet... and there's the tag...

[Somers snatches Williams off the mat, scooping him up and slamming him down as Harper hops up on the midbuckle...

...and leaps off, driving his elbow down into the throat of The Future!]

GM: Harper drops the elbow - makes the cover!

[Another two count follows before the shoulder comes off the mat.]

GM: Harper with a two count again.

[Harper looks a little anxious at the official who confirms the two count as Hunter shouts across the ring at him.]

GM: Riley Hunter trying to get under the skin of Daniel Harper, I think.

[Harper comes to his feet, pointing across at Hunter who shouts again.]

BW: Whatever he's saying, it seems to be working, Gordo. Keep doing it, Riley!

[The El Paso native walks towards Hunter, shouting back at him.]

GM: A little war of words going on between Hunter and Harper as Derrick Williams tries to recover. Harper, as we've said before, is a fourth generation competitor whose family has been involved with this sport for more than 100 years now.

BW: Yeah, his great grandfather William Harper used to be known as a manager called The Big Brain down in Texas... if only his idiot great grandson was showing some brains right now and staying on "The Future."

[Harper however seems to be letting his emotions control him as he angrily shouts at Hunter, getting closer and closer.]

GM: Derrick Williams struggling to get up, Somers is shouting at his partner!

[Back on his feet, one-half of the World Tag Team Champions charges Harper from the blind side, the crowd buzzing with concern as Hunter tries to keep Harper's attention on him...

...but Harper suddenly sidesteps, shoving Williams in the back and sending him crashing into the turnbuckles in his own corner, stumbling back towards Harper who snatches a rear waistlock...]

GM: I think Harper was playing possum there - luring Williams in!

[Harper rushes forward, smashing Williams' chest into the top turnbuckle, and then rolls back into a double leg cradle, dropping back into a perfect bridge!]

GM: HARPER ROLLS HIM UP! HE MAY HAVE HIM HERE!

[But the referee waves it off, pointing to Riley Hunter who leaps to the top rope, springing off...]

GM: HUNTER OFF THE TOP!

[...and DRIVES his feet into the torso of Harper with a double stomp, breaking the pin attempt. He bounces off, front rolling across the ring, leaps up, and SNAPS his foot off the side of Somers' head, knocking him off the apron to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Seven Star Athlete whips around, charging towards the downed Harper, leaping into the air, flipping backwards, and crashes upon the prone challenger with a Shooting Star Press!]

GM: SHOOTING STAR! HE HOOKS THE LEGS!

[The referee dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[Harper struggles out of the tight cradle, breaking the pin in time!]

GM: Whooooa! Hunter had him wrapped up tight, Bucky!

BW: He ALMOST got him, Gordo. He should get right back up and do it again!

[Hunter gets right to his feet, waving for Harper to get up. The Texan grabs at his torso, slowly struggling to get off the mat as Derrick Williams uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet out on the apron.]

GM: Harper trying to get up... Hunter runs past him, bouncing off the ropes...

[With Harper dazed, Hunter leaps HIGH in the air, hooking his leg around the back of Harper's head, and rides him down to the canvas, driving him facefirst into the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The high octane, high impact offense of Riley Hunter is on display... and he makes another cover after the modified bulldog!

[Hunter hooks a leg, getting another two count before Harper lifts the shoulder.]

GM: Two count only... Hunter right back up though. He's not wasting any time, staying all over Daniel Harper.

[Hunter hooks a handful of Harper's head, slamming his fist down between the eyes a handful of times before getting to his feet, throwing a glance to his corner where Williams looks to still be hurting. With a nod, he turns back to Harper, pulling him up to his feet...

...and gets a European uppercut that sends him flying!]

GM: OHH! HARPER CAUGHT HIM!

[A dazed Harper spins in a circle, stretching out his arms towards Howie Somers who is standing on the apron, shouting for a tag...]

GM: Harper's got a clear path! Can he make the tag?!

[Harper steps forward...

...and gets YANKED back by Riley Hunter, pulling Harper back by the singlet into a short forearm to the small of the back!]

GM: Ohhh! Hard shot to the back!

[Hunter swings Harper around, lashing out with an open-handed slap across the left ear... then the right...]

BW: Ohhh! He's lighting up Harper, Gordo!

[A spinning backfist catches Harper flush, sending him spinning to the side as Hunter dashes to the ropes behind him, rebounding back...

...and leaps up, pumping a leg...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES his knee into the side of Harper's head, sending him spinning around where he falls to his knees, slumping over the middle rope!]

GM: INSTANT KARMA! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Harper's torso is hanging over the middle rope as Hunter rushes to the corner, leaping up to the top rope in a single bound...

...and then HURLS himself off the top rope, dropping a leg across the back of Harper's head, taking them both down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEGDROP OFF THE TOP TO THE FLOOR! OHH MY STARS!

[Hunter grimaces, grabbing at his tailbone as Harper lies motionless nearby.]

GM: A death-defying attack by Riley Hunter off the top rope leaves both attacker and victim in a pile on the floor, Bucky!

BW: That's the problem with high risk offense, Gordo. Sometimes the risk pays off and sometimes it leave you holding on to your busted-up butt!

[The referee walks over to the ropes, looking down on both.]

GM: Referee Koji Sakai starting a ten count here on both competitors.

BW: Hunter should stay down, Gordo. They can't lose the titles if both teams get counted out.

GM: They can't lose the titles if just THEY get counted out. This is up to Daniel Harper to get the action back inside the ring.

[Hunter's slowly moving around on the floor as the count gets up to three.]

GM: Riley Hunter showing some signs of movement out there on the floor after that hard fall.

[The American Ninja rolls to his knees, crawling across the ringside area towards the ring apron where he grabs hold tightly.]

GM: Hunter using the apron, trying to drag himself to his feet...

[Hunter winces as he pulls to a standing position, throwing a glance at a downed Harper who has only rolled over onto his hip at the count of six.]

GM: Hunter rolls back in... he's obviously willing to take the countout win here.

[The referee continues counting as Harper struggles to roll to his knees, looking up at the ring where Hunter is leaning against the ropes on his knees, shouting at Harper to "STAY DOWN!"]

GM: Harper's gotta hurry!

BW: The count's at eight! He's gotta move now!

[Harper pushes from his knees, getting to his feet and falling against the apron at nine...

....and throws himself under the ropes JUST before ten, the crowd cheering Harper's show of heart!]

GM: JUST IN TIME! HARPER MAKES IT BACK IN JUST IN TIME AND NEXT GEN'S TITLE DREAMS ARE STILL ALIVE!

[Hunter grabs the top rope, angrily stomping the back of Harper's neck repeatedly. He throws a glance to his corner, getting a nod from Williams. Hunter grins and enthusiastically slaps his partner's hand.]

GM: System Shock makes the exchange and this is bad news for Daniel Harper, fans.

[Somers shouts across the ring at his partner as Williams steps in, joining Hunter in pulling Harper up and pushing him back against the ropes.]

GM: Double whip by the champions...

[As Harper rebounds, Hunter sets early for a backdrop, giving Harper plenty of time to see it, leapfrogging over...

...and getting snatched out of the sky by Williams who pivots, and DRIVES Harper into the canvas with a twisting powerslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A POWERSLAM!

BW: That might do it, Gordo!

[Hunter clears out as Williams stays on Harper, not bothering to hook a leg as Somers shouts "KICK!" at his partner.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! T-

[And Harper does indeed "kick," escaping the sloppy pin attempt from the Axis member who pushes up to his knees to complain about the count to referee Sakai who holds up two fingers.]

GM: A near fall there... so close to Next Gen having their championship dreams extinguished!

[Williams climbs off the mat, still shouting at the official as he stomps the back of Harper's neck as the Texan rolls to his chest.]

GM: Hard stomp on the neck by Derrick Williams... the Future looking for a way to finish off Daniel Harper and walk out of Seattle still the World Tag Team Champions.

[Williams leans down, pulling Harper up by the hair, and tugs him into a side waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock by one-half of the World Tag Team Champions... Harper goes up... and Harper goes DOWN on the back of the neck! Goodness!

[Williams again rolls over into a cover, again failing to hook a leg, and again getting a two and change for his efforts... or lack thereof.]

GM: A cocky cover by Williams gets a two again... and again, he's arguing with the referee! There's no need for that, Bucky. If he wants to win the match, he should stay on his opponent - not the referee!

BW: I gotta agree with you there, Gordo. The ref says it was two, yelling at him is not going to change his mind.

[Williams again pulls up the challenger by the hair, shoving him back into the System Shock corner. He grabs Harper by the ear, pulling his face towards the nearest camera...]

"SAY HI TO MOMMY!"

[...and then POPS Harper with a European uppercut of his own!]

BW: Oho! Williams returning the favor on Harper from earlier.

[A second one lands... then a third that takes Harper off his feet, causing him to slump down into a seated position in the corner. Williams smirks as the referee asks him to vacate the corner. The Future steps back, raising his hands, and then steps back in, planting his boot on the face of Harper...]

"This one's for you, Juan!"

[...and RAKES his boot across the face of Harper in a vicious facewash!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: A little shoutout to an ol' pal!

[A second facewash follows, the crowd groaning as shoe leather tears at flesh and Howie Somers screams at the referee from his corner.]

GM: Come on, ref!

[A third facewash connects before Williams spins away, dashing to the far ropes, rebounding back at top speed...

...and LUNGES at Harper with a high impact facewash kick, slapping Hunter's hand at the same time. Hunter slingshots over the top rope, dashing to the same ropes his partner just hit, rebounding back at an even higher speed...]

GM: HUNTER COMING HARD!

[...and leaps into the air, pumping his knee to drive another Instant Karma into the side of Harper's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER KNEE! HUNTER GOT HIM GOOD!

[Hunter grabs the ankle, dragging Harper out of the corner by both legs, and then flips over into a double leg cradle.]

GM: Flips into a cover! He's got one! He's got two! He's got thr- NO! NO!

[Harper's shoulder comes FLYING off the canvas just before the three count falls. Hunter flops over onto the mat, balling up his fist and pistoning it angrily into the mat as he lets loose a frustrated growl.]

GM: Riley Hunter seems like he thought he had him there, fans... but no dice.

[Harper flops over onto his stomach, attempting to drag himself across the ring towards a waiting Howie Somers as Hunter gets to his feet, looking across the ring at Somers himself...]

GM: Hunter plotting his next move and...

[Hunter rushes across the ring suddenly, leaping into the air, and throws a dropkick to the jaw that sends Somers flying off the apron, crashing down on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A hard fall to the floor for Somers thanks to Riley Hunter!

[The referee shouts at Hunter who grabs Harper by the wrist, dragging the barely-conscious Texan closer to his corner.]

GM: Now what's this all about?

[A smirking Hunter slingshots over the top rope to the apron, now standing in the Next Gen corner.]

GM: Hunter going up... no, no he's not. What IS he doing?

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as Hunter slowly lifts his hands over his head, clapping his hands together...]

GM: Huh?

[...and again... and again... faster and in rhythm...]

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

BW: This is great!

[Hunter claps and starts shouting "DAN-IEL! DAN-IEL! DAN-IEL!" as the crowd jeers him loudly. He leans in, stretching out his hand as he keeps stomping in rhythm...]

BW: Harper's almost there, Gordo! He's almost there for the tag!

GM: Are you... you're out of your mind, Bucky!

[With the crowd jeering loudly and Hunter "cheering him on," Harper reaches up...]

BW: TAG! HE GOT THE TAG! OH YEAH!

[Hunter slingshots over the top rope, high-stepping, pumping his arms...]

BW: HE'S A HOUSE OF FIRE, DADDY!

[Hunter runs in a circle around Harper, waving his arms like a madman...

....and then pulls Harper up, flashing a double middle finger in his face before spinning him around, hooking both arms...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throws him halfway across the ring, dumping him on the back of his head with a vicious released Tiger Suplex!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Hunter swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he flips to all fours, crawling across towards the prone Harper, diving across his torso!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! HE KICKED OUT!

[Hunter pushes up to his knees, his face a pure image of shock as the Seattle crowd ROARS for the knockout!]

GM: WHAT HEART ON THE PART OF DANIEL HARPER! HE KICKED OUT IN THE NICK OF TIME AND THIS MATCH CONTINUES!

[Williams shouts to Hunter from the corner and with a nod, Hunter acknowledges him, hopping up to his feet. He grabs Harper by the hair, dragging his limp form up to his feet.]

GM: Williams wants the tag... and there it is...

[Hunter steps back, hooking Harper by the arms again as Williams steps in, taking aim at the trapped Harper...]

GM: Williams... SPINS!

["The Future" CRACKS Harper with a brutal rolling elbow, giving a little momentum as Hunter lifts him up and DROPS him with another released Tiger Suplex, folding him in half! Hunter vacates the ring as Williams slides to his knees, stacking him up for what should be the end.]

BW: That's gotta be it!

GM: Williams gets one! He gets two! He gets thr-

[The crowd ROARS as a lunging 265 pound Howie Somers dives on top of Williams, breaking up the pin attempt as the referee holds up two fingers!]

GM: And Howie Somers saves his partner right there! Oh my! That's about as close to a three count you can get without heading to the pay window, Bucky!

[The referee forces Somers to vacate the ring as Williams comes to his feet, glaring over at Somers...

...and then SPITS at Somers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A fired-up Somers comes back through the ropes immediately, fists balled up and ready to throw...

...but the referee dives in his path, restricting him from coming in!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

BW: He's not the legal man, Gordo!

GM: HE JUST GOT SPAT ON! WILLIAMS SPAT ON HIM!

BW: That don't make him legal!

[Williams grabs Harper, pulling him back to the middle of the ring, shouting to Hunter who runs along the apron. He grabs the top rope, leaping into the air, springing off the top rope...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[...and goes into a tight front flip, CRASHING down on Harper's ribcage!]

GM: 450 SPLAAAAAASH!

[Hunter grabs his own ribs, rolling out of the ring as Williams dives on top of Harper, shouting at the referee.]

BW: WHERE THE HECK IS THE REFEREE?!

GM: WILLIAMS CAUSED THAT DISTRACTION AND NOW-

[The referee rips away from Somers, diving to the mat!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

[But Harper's shoulder comes squeaking up off the mat JUST in time!]

GM: MY STARS! HE KICKS OUT OF THE FLIP SPLASH!

[Williams lets loose an anguished shout as he pushes up to his knees, glaring at referee Sakai who holds up two fingers before Williams can even ask.]

GM: Daniel Harper refusing to stay down! Daniel Harper refusing to go quietly into the Seattle night! He's turning it up to 11 as they used to say in this city that has produced so much powerful rock and roll over the years! From Hendrix to Nirvana, Daniel Harper wants this city to rock and roll all night for a Next Gen title win!

BW: What the HELL are you talking about?!

[Williams gets to his feet, looking around for Hunter but the Seven Star Athlete is still out on the floor clutching his ribs. With a nod, the Future goes to pull Harper off the mat...

...and shockingly gets pulled into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The referee dives back down, slapping the mat once... twice... annnnnnnnd...]

GM: NO! WILLIAMS KICKS OUT!

[The crowd groans as Williams quickly gets to his feet, grabbing a crawling Harper by the back of the singlet, yanking him so hard by it that he rips one of the shoulder straps, leaving the stretchy fabric hanging loose off of Harper...]

GM: Look at this now. Williams behind him, grabbing the arm...

[In perfect position for some type of Ripcord maneuver, Williams snaps him away, pulling him back in with his elbow cocked...

...and BLASTS Harper upside the skull! The young Texan's eyelids flutter as he stumbles backwards, falling into the neutral corner.]

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was!

[Williams walks towards the corner, shouting off-mic at the dazed Harper who is clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet.]

GM: Harper's on Dream Street after that elbow, trying to stay standing...

[Williams doubles over, grabbing the middle rope as he slams his shoulder into Harper's midsection once... twice... three times...

...and then straightens up to grab a handful of hair, swinging his right arm with deadly force and accuracy as he repeatedly drives his elbow into the side of Harper's head!]

GM: ELBOW! ELBOW! ELBOOOOOOW!

[Blow after blow lands on Harper, snapping his head violently from side to side as Williams switches arms...

...and then gets dragged physically out of the corner by referee Sakai as Harper falls forward, first to his knees and then down onto his face!]

GM: Goodness.

BW: That's gotta be it, Gordo.

GM: I would think it might... but I've thought that before in this match and Daniel Harper keeps on fighting.

[Williams stands over Harper, shouting "HAD ENOUGH?!" at his prone opponent. In the corner, Riley Hunter's standing on the apron once more shouting "GET HIM A BODYBAG, YEAAAAAAAH!"]

GM: Oh, these two are hysterical.

[Williams smirks as he leans down, using all his strength drag an unmoving Harper to his feet.]

GM: Williams pulls him up.. measuring him... taking aim...

["The Future" gives him a shove, sending him to the ropes where he bounces off as Williams goes into a spin for another rolling elbow...

...but Harper collapses to his knees, causing Williams to overshoot, throwing himself into the ropes where he stumbles...]

GM: Swing and a miss by the Future! Harper with a window to-

[Williams spins around off-balance, making a lunge at Harper who pushes off his knees into a front roll, somersaulting across the ring...

...and LUNGES!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Harper comes within a couple of inches of getting the tag but a running knee to the side of his head sends him spinning away as Williams ends up in the Next Gen corner. He smirks at a frustrated Somers...

...and then piefaces him back, shoving him away as the crowd jeers!]

GM: Williams cuts off the tag and-

[Somers takes a swing at Williams who backpedals away, shaking a finger at the burly Boston native. The Axis member grabs the downed Harper by the ankle, dragging him back across the ring to the System Shock corner, reaching out to make the tag to Hunter.]

GM: And just like that, Daniel Harper finds himself in dire straits once more as he's back in the wrong part of town.

BW: He was SO close, Gordo. SO close to getting out of there.

GM: But now, he's right back where he started from.

[Williams hauls Harper back to his feet, flinging him back into the System Shock corner as he slaps the hand of Riley Hunter.]

GM: A tag is made... but not the one these Seattle fans were looking for.

[Hunter slips back through the ropes into the ring, leaning down and popping Harper up into a seated position on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Hunter puts 21 year old Daniel Harper up top...

[As soon as Harper is settled, Hunter dips down low, EXPLODING upwards with a leaping palm strike to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Spinning his back towards Harper, Hunter reaches back with both arms, grabbing the youngster under the armpits...

...and FLINGS him off the buckles, throwing him down with a mighty slam!]

GM: DYNAMITE DREAM SLAAAAAM!

[Having sat out in the slam, Hunter reaches forward, pulling the leg in for a pin attempt!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

[But with no weight on his shoulders, Harper is able to flinch a shoulder up off the mat, breaking the pin!]

GM: ANOTHER NEAR FALL FOR THE CHAMPIONS!

[Hunter angrily kicks at the canvas, climbing to his feet and kicking the bottom rope as well. He grabs at his hair, pulling back on it as Williams shouts at him to keep his focus.]

GM: Hunter seems to be losing control a bit but Derrick Williams is trying to keep him on his game.

[Hunter nods at his partner, dragging Harper up off the mat by the hair, shoving him over the ropes and plants his shin on the back of Harper's neck, choking him against the ropes!]

GM: That's a choke, ref!

[Referee Koji Sakai steps in, shouting for a break but Hunter holds until four before backing off, leaving Harper gasping and coughing as he hangs over the middle rope. Hunter engages in an argument with the referee, making eye contact with Derrick Williams who hops down off the apron, racing around the ringpost...]

GM: What's this now?

[...and leaps up, driving both feet into the head of a dazed Harper!]

GM: OHHH! FLY BY DROPKICK ON THE OUTSIDE!

[A smirking Hunter marches back to Harper, pulling him off the ropes, and throwing him through the ropes and out to the floor with a sickening splat!]

GM: Oh! A hard fall on that barely-padded concrete floor!

[Hunter stands alongside the ropes, eyeing Harper out on the outside as Howie Somers shouts his support for his partner...]

BW: Gordo, I'm taking a look at the clock right now and Harper's been in the ring on his own for about fifteen minutes now... and I don't know how the heck he's doing it!

GM: Heart, Bucky! Pure heart and determination! Harper and Somers have fought so long and hard to get this shot at the titles and they're gonna give it everything they've got to walk out of here with the gold.

BW: I'm not sure Harper's gonna walk out of here PERIOD after a beating like this.

[Hunter slingshots himself over the top rope, landing on the apron.]

GM: Hunter out on the apron now... measuring Harper...

[With a run down the apron, Hunter leaps off, flipping backwards...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOOTING STAR OFF THE APRON TO THE FLOOOOOOOOOR!

[Hunter rolls off of Harper, clutching his ribs again.]

GM: And for the second time, we see Riley Hunter come up holding those ribs. You have to wonder if perhaps he cracked a rib with one of those top rope maneuvers, Bucky.

BW: It's certainly possible. There's a lot of impact on all those attacks - on the attacker as well as the victim.

[Hunter struggles off the floor, dragging Harper up and shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Hunter puts him back in. They're not looking for the countout win anymore, Bucky. They want to finish this!

[The Seven Star Athlete pauses, taking several deep breaths out on the floor before he pulls himself up on the apron, grabbing the top rope. He nods his head, gripping the rope with both hands as he watches Harper roll over onto his back...]

GM: What's he got in mind here?

BW: Knowing Riley, it's gonna be spectacular!

[Hunter takes one more deep breath before leaping into the air, twisting to land facing the crowd on the top as he springs off backwards...]

GM: MOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLLLLLLT!

[...and LANDS RIGHT ON THE RAISED KNEES OF DANIEL HARPER!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HARPER GOT THE KNEES UP! HARPER GOT THE KNEES UP!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the opening created by the timely and desperate counter!]

GM: The knees came up, Hunter went down!

[Williams buries his face in his hands in the corner, shouting at this championship partner, desperately sticking out his hand towards a partner who is nowhere near him!]

GM: Williams is begging for the tag and Howie Somers is PLEADING for it!

BW: This is it, Gordo! This is Next Gen's shot to make the tag!

GM: It is, it is! And Daniel Harper is on all fours, looking to his corner, looking to his friend and partner!

[Somers insistently sticks his arm out, shouting to Harper.]

GM: Howie Somers showing some of the intensity that his twin sister, Julie, is known for! Howie's showing a little bit of the Spitfire!

[Somers again shouts to his partner who draws closer as Hunter rolls over onto his knees, grimacing as he clutches his ribs. Derrick Williams screams at him, shouting "GET OVER HERE, RI!"]

GM: Both men looking for a tag! Both men NEED to make a tag and...

[The crowd groans as a lunging Hunter slaps Williams' outstretched hand.]

GM: TAG! Williams is in!

BW: That's it! It's over, daddy!

GM: Not yet it isn't!

[Williams races across the ring, yanking Harper off the mat by the trunks of his torn singlet. He spins him around, snatching a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: FUTURE SH- NO!

[...and as Williams leaps into the air, a desperate Harper shoves off with all his remaining strength, sending Williams off and crashing down to the canvas! The crowd cheers as Harper teeters... totters... and falls back into his corner, slapping Howie Somers' offered hand!]

GM: TAAAAAAG!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Howie Somers ducks through the ropes, eyes wide as he lets off a big excited shout...

...and STEAMROLLS over a rising Williams with a big running clothesline!]

GM: SOMERS DROPS WILLIAMS!

[Williams gets up again... and gets knocked right back down with another clothesline!]

GM: Two of a kind for Howie Somers!

[The crowd is roaring as Somers echoes their cries, turning back to Williams, pulling him up by the arm...]

GM: Somers shoots him into the corner...

[He runs in after him, landing a third big running clothesline, lifting Williams' feet off the canvas before he settles back down!]

GM: Third time's a charm! And now it's Williams who is starting to see stars!

[Somers grabs the arm, whipping Williams from one neutral corner to the other, sending him crashing into the buckles...]

GM: Williams hits the buckles again... Somers sets in the corner!

[A dazed Riley Hunter stumbles down the apron towards Somers who pivots and CREAMS Hunter with a haymaker that sends him flopping into the air, flying off the apron to huge cheers!]

GM: Big right hand sends Hunter to the floor!

[Williams tries to use the momentary distraction to come charging towards Somers, leaping into the air...]

...but Somers sidesteps as Williams flies by, smashing chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Another miss by Williams...

[The Axis member staggers in a circle towards a waiting Somers who lifts him up, twisting around to face the middle of the ring...]

...and DRIVES his weight down on top of Williams with a powerslam!]

GM: Somers puts him down! COVER!

[The referee dives to the canvas!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[But Williams' shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt to the disappointment of the Seattle crowd!]

GM: Just a two! Williams gets the shoulder off the mat in time!

[“The Future” rolls to his hands and knees, crawling away from Somers as the 265 pounder gets back to his feet...]

GM: Somers is moving in on Williams, pulling him off his knees...

[With Somers behind Williams, the Future grabs hold of the referee, pulling him into the entanglement...]

GM: Let go of him! Williams got the ref and-

[...and Williams uses the distraction to SWING his foot up into the groin of Somers in a mule kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!!

[Williams then SHOVES the referee aside, sending him flying across the ring where he SLAMS into the turnbuckles before collapsing to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

[With the referee down and Somers hurting, Williams leaps up, snatching the three-quarter nelson...

...and DRIVES Somers' head into the canvas!]

GM: FUTURE SHOCK! FUTURE SHOCK!

[A weary Williams flips Somers onto his back, diving across his chest!]

GM: Williams makes the cover... but there's no referee! He knocked the ref out!

BW: I don't think he meant to do it, Gordo! I think he was trying to clear some space for the Future Shock but I don't think he meant to push him that hard! He's got him pinned!

[Williams angrily slaps the canvas once... twice... three times.]

GM: You can count all you want, Williams! You knocked out the ref!

[An exasperated Williams pushes up to his knees, shaking his head as he sees a barely-moving Koji Sakai down on the mat.]

GM: The referee is down... and Derrick Williams can't be mad at anyone but himself, fans!

[Williams flops over on the mat, rolling under the ropes.]

GM: Now where in the world is he going?

[Williams walks over to the timekeeper's table with a "GET UP!" The timekeeper quickly obliges, scampering out of the way as Williams snatches up the steel chair he was sitting on...]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Oh yeah! He's gonna make sure they finish this!

[Williams slides the chair under the bottom rope, looking out with a sneer on the jeering crowd before he rolls under the ropes himself.]

GM: Williams is back in and he's not coming alone! He's got a steel chair!

BW: And the referee is still out! This is totally legal!

GM: It is NOT legal!

BW: Sure it is! The ref is out! It's like speeding when there are no cops around!

GM: And with that, I'm getting a ride with someone else to Vegas because Seattle's finest will be on the look out for that ridiculous pink Cadillac of yours!

BW: HEY!

[Williams gets to his feet, looking over to check on the referee who still isn't moving. He smiles, grabbing the chair off the mat and straightening up as he watches Howie Somers try to push up off the canvas...]

GM: Williams has got the chair! Williams is gonna knock Howie Somers into the middle of next week!

BW: And right back to the bottom of the tag contenders list!

[Williams beckons Somers to his feet, shouting "GET UP!"]

GM: Williams with the steel chair in hand... no referee... no one to stop this!

[And as Somers gets to his feet - still dazed - Williams rears back with the steel chair, ready to crown him with it...

...and suddenly, finds himself unable to swing it thanks to an intervening grasp that causes the crowd to roar!]

GM: HARPER'S GOT THE CHAIR! HARPER'S GOT THE CHAIR!

[Williams struggles, trying to rip the chair out of Daniel Harper's grip as the crowd cheers the El Paso native on...

...and finally Williams spins away, shouting at Harper before turning back to Somers, no longer with the weapon in his grip...]

GM: SOMERS!

[The 265 pounder lumbers across the ring, throwing himself into a huge tackle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPEAR!! SPEAR!! SPEAAAAAARRRRR!!

[Somers throws himself across the prone Williams, looking over at a still unmoving Koji Sakai...]

GM: The referee is still down and-

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Davis Warren hauling serious ass down the ramp!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A SECOND REFEREE! GET IN THERE! GET IN THERE!

[Warren dives headfirst under the bottom rope at a full sprint, sliding to a stop near the pin attempt!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd deflates as Williams' shoulder pops up off the mat JUST in time!]

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! MY GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

[Somers buries his head in his hands, shaking it in disbelief as Harper, still on the apron, gives his partner a shout.]

GM: Harper just told Somers something... he's getting in there now...

[Somers nods to his partner, quickly getting to his feet. He ducks through the ropes, taking Harper's place on the apron...]

GM: What in the...?!

[Harper grabs the top rope as Somers does the same, the referee shouting at Harper to clear the ring...

...and with a shove and a yank, Harper CATAPULTS Somers over the top rope, sending his 265 pound frame CRASHING down on the prone Williams' ribcage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG SPLASH! COVER!!!

[Somers tightly hooks a leg as Harper dives across the ring, landing on top of Riley Hunter as he attempts to get into the ring...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! MY STARS, THEY DID IT!

BW: NO, NO, NOOOOOO!

[Davis Warren walks over to the timekeeper, speaking first to Rebecca Ortiz and then extending his hands for the title belts.]

RO: HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS...

[Dramatic pause.]

RO: ...AND NEWWWWWWWWW AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSSSSSS...

NEEEEEEEEXT GENNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[Somers throws himself into an embrace with Daniel Harper, both men still on their knees as the referee walks towards them...

...and hands them the prizes they've been seeking for so long!]

GM: My stars, what a moment! Listen to these fans here in Seattle! They're on their feet! They're letting these two hear it!

[Somers clutches the title belt to his chest as Harper uses his partner's frame to push to his feet, thrusting his championship into the air to even louder cheers!]

GM: You heard it from Rebecca but I think it merits saying again... we have NEW World Tag Team Champions in Daniel Harper and Howie Somers - Next Gen! And what a moment for them! What a moment for the fans who've supported them so long!

[Harper wobbles over to the ropes, using them for support as he works his way down to the corner, stepping up to the midbuckle and raising the title over his head as a grinning Howie Somers does the same on the other side of the ring.

The camera cuts to Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter, out on the floor consoling one another over their defeat as some ringside fans let them have it for the big loss.]

GM: It's been another tremendous night of action here on Saturday Night Wrestling! We have SO much thanks for our partners at FOX for letting us run DEEP into overtime tonight! We've gotta go! We're WAY out of time! What a moment! What a night! And congratulations, boys... you VERY MUCH deserve it!

[The camera holds on the celebration ongoing in the ring, the fans roaring their support for the new champions as well...

...as we fade to black.]