



Saturday Night Wrestling

May 13, 2017

Las Vegas, Nevada

[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: Las Vegas, Nevada - the AWA has come to town! We are live inside the T-Mobile Arena! We are live for the best three hours of professional wrestling action on the planet! We are live for SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING!

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

The shot pans a little, showing off the 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 everybody and welcome to another star-studded edition of Saturday Night Wrestling! I'm Gordon My-

[A voice rings out, cutting Gordon off to his annoyance.]

"ATTENTION!"

[Myers makes a dismissive gesture, sitting down at the table as Bucky looks up towards the ring. A quick cut shows AWA President Javier Castillo standing in the ring, dressed all in black, mic in hand.]

JC: ATTENTION!

[The crowd jeers him as he sneers in response.]

JC: Excellent. My apologies, Gordon Myers... but these people have tuned in tonight to hear from someone important... someone powerful... which is... not you.

[The crowd jeers again as we cut to Myers, shaking his head in annoyance. We cut back to Castillo who is smirking at the reaction.]

JC: Two weeks ago, I told the world that if Ryan Martinez wanted to face Korugun at Memorial Day Mayhem in Chicago... he could do so... but only inside my newest creation...

[He lifts his hands, envisioning it on a marquee.]

JC: THE TOWER OF DOOM!

[He nods, smiling broadly.]

JC: It has a good ring to it, no? But since this concept is fresh out of my mind, let me explain to you all the rules.

Two teams of five will be chosen for this Tower... and oh, what a Tower it is! It is THREE STEEL CAGES... STACKED ON TOP OF EACH OTHER!

[He nods enthusiastically.]

JC: Each one moving up is smaller than the one below it. The two teams will start by sending one man each into the Tower... and you will need to fight your way down. In timed intervals, the NEXT man on each team will enter! And ultimately, we will battle all the way down to the bottom where there's a padlocked door. In the bottom cage, there will be a GATEKEEPER! Someone who is the only one to hold the key to the lock! They will open the door... and the competitors will exit the Tower.

To win... all FIVE members of a team must exit the Tower!

[Castillo grins.]

JC: It will be bloody. It will be brutal. And it will be the end of Ryan Martinez and his pitiful band of brothers!

[He lifts a hand, holding up one finger.]

JC: Jeff Matthews, the man that time forgot...

He's a Hall of Famer, they said. He's a former World Champion, they said.

[Castillo waves a hand.]

JC: He's a waste of an overinflated contract... a man who shows up for a paycheck and nothing more. He has no fire. He has no ambition! He sidles up alongside Martinez and his friends in hopes that someone will remember that he used to be relevant.

[The crowd jeers again as Castillo sneers.]

JC: Speaking of irrelevance... hello, Mister Ohara.

[He waves.]

JC: Jordan Ohara had the greatest rookie year in AWA history. How do I know that since I wasn't here for it? Because he won't stop telling anyone who stops near him for a few seconds.

Ohara is the odd man out on this team. The man no one likes... the man no one trusts... the man that Supreme Wright wouldn't even lower himself to shake his hand.

[Castillo smirks as the crowd boos.]

JC: Where will he be when they need him? Where will they be when he needs them?

[He shrugs.]

JC: We'll find out together in Chicago... and speaking of Supreme Wright...

[The crowd cheers.]

JC: Yes! Yes! Supreme Wright... hero to the masses! The man who stood so bravely and battled the Syndicate! The man who stood so loyally alongside Jack Lynch...

...for now.

[He arches an eyebrow.]

JC: Come on. Do you REALLY trust Supreme Wright? Supreme Wright was the man who SLAMMED the cage door on the hopes and dreams of the AWA once before. Supreme Wright WALKED OUT on the Combat Corner when he didn't get his way, fled to some pathetic promotion... right here in Las Vegas if memory serves... and hid his embarrassment in bars and strip clubs, dreading to show his face to his disappointed grandfather.

Supreme Wright hates Ryan Martinez. He hates Jack Lynch.

And if you believe otherwise, I have a bridge in downtown Tijuana to sell you.

[He taps his chin thoughtfully.]

JC: The Iron Cowboy.

[Big cheer! Castillo nods... and then waves a dismissive hand.]

JC: I'll deal with him later.

[He chuckles as the crowd jeers.]

JC: Which brings me to the White Knight himself. So proud. So honorable. So bold. Eternally struggling to break out of his father's massive shadow.

You can't win, White Knight.

You can fight. You can bleed. You can struggle. You can sacrifice it all.

But you will lose.

Always.

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: Five men standing aligned against a common foe. A foe that is smarter than them. A foe that is stronger than them. A foe with much better resources than them.

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

JC: And a foe that is destined to prevail.

[He shrugs again.]

JC: That's the reality of the situation and I deal with realities. And now, I'll introduce you to the team that will bring forth that reality... who will put down the White Knight and his merry men once and for all.

Ladies and gentlemen...

[He pauses dramatically... then sweeps out his arm towards the entrance!]

JC: THE KORUGUN ARMY!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as we see the five men who will represent Castillo and Korugun in the Tower of Doom at Memorial Day Mayhem walking out onto the stage.

The first man through - the face-painted traitor himself, Supernova - walks down the ramp in a black trenchcoat with a baseball bat slung over his shoulder. He is stoic towards the jeers aimed in his direction. No longer a hero of the people but a villain through and through.

Right behind him comes the most dominant trio in AWA history - the Dogs of War. The Dogs are dressed for battle at any time, keeping their heads on a swivel as they walk behind Supernova, heading towards the ring.

And bringing up the rear is the wild-eyed whirlwind of destruction, King Kong Hogan. Hogan is in a stained white tank top, a pair of blue jeans, and cowboy boots, twirling a finger through his tangled messy beard as he grins maniacally at the booing crowd.]

GM: Wow.

BW: This is like something out of a bad dream for the White Knights, Gordo.

GM: Supernova, the Dogs of War, and King Kong Hogan make for quite the team, no doubt. That's gotta be an intimidating sight for the other squad.

BW: We'd heard rumors that Castillo - after Zaire and Muteesa failed him two weeks ago - that he was changing his mind on his team. And this is the result? Well played, El Presidente.

[The quintet hits the ring, moving in to stand around the grinning Castillo.]

JC: How about this team, huh? How about this team? And when we come en force to the Tower, there will be no one that can-

[Castillo stops short, a flash of irritation crossing his face as he hears the sounds of Led Zeppelin's classic "Kashmir" which can mean the imminent arrival of one only one man...

...and that man marches out from the black, all business as he walks the ramp in a black three piece suit, the World Heavyweight Title resting over his shoulder.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: What?

GM: Well, these two weren't exactly on the same page two weeks ago in Seattle, Bucky... and it appears as though Johnny Detson's out here without an invitation with business on his mind!

BW: Gordo, stop looking to make trouble where there isn't any! This is how you ruined the Kings of...

[Bucky trails off as Detson steps into the ring, marching right up to Castillo and insistently sticking out his hand.]

GM: It looks like the World Champion has something to say.

[Castillo eyes Detson cautiously for a moment, his army standing behind him, ready to act if needed...

...but El Presidente hands over the mic to the champion who immediately raises it up to speak.]

JD: Hey, that's great, chief!

[He gives the "okay" signal, a big fake smile on his face.]

JD: Made a little match for yourself, did you? Assembled an unstoppable force, huh? Created a brainchild of steel forged in pain and blood?

[Big thumbs up!]

JD: Fantastic! No, I really, truly mean it!

[Castillo looks annoyed as Detson clearly does NOT "really, truly mean it."]

JD: Now, that all that's out of the way, how about we move on to the important stuff, huh? And that's me. You remember me, right? Your AWA World Heavyweight Champion? The one you tried to screw over two weeks ago in Seattle... no, no... don't try to deny it!

[Detson raises his hands as Castillo moves to interrupt.]

JD: I'm not here to talk about Martinez or whoever else you want to throw me recklessly in there again. What I'm here to talk about is this masked COWARD who has been tormenting me for weeks now!

Did you even know he came after me this week, huh? Did you even care?!

Roll it!

[Detson's shout of "roll it!" is apparently an order to the production truck as the video wall lights up with handheld footage - apparently captured on a fan's cell phone in the crowd. A Twitter username and icon are in the bottom corner.]

JD: Yeah, this was in Boise last Saturday night. I was in the ring... victorious once again...

[We see Detson on the big screen holding up the title belt.]

JD: ...oh, look... someone forgot to pay the light bill. Stupid Idahoes.

[The lights go out on said video footage. After a few moments, they come back on and the mysterious Masked Outlaw is standing in the ring.]

JD: Hey! There's a familiar face... mask, whatever....

[Detson begs off from the masked man as we see the Dogs of War swarm the ring on camera...]

JD: And my VERY expensive protection goes after him...

[...and the lights go out again.]

JD: Hey, imagine that, huh? This guy's better than that old Clapper commercial. You remember that, boss? CLAP ON! CLAP OFF! CLAP ON CLAP OFF, THE CLAPPER!

[He claps his hands as the lights on the video wall come back up to show Detson and the Dogs of War alone in the ring, looking puzzled as the video fades and we cut back to the ring.]

JD: Perfect. Just perfect. I happen to employ the only Dogs in the world who couldn't hunt down a fly if it landed on their damn noses!

[Pedro Perez takes a step towards Detson but Isaiah Carpenter extends an arm to block him. Detson seems not to notice any of that as he turns his attention abck to Castillo.]

JD: So, what I want to know, El Presidente...

[Castillo arches an eyebrow, not liking the way Detson said that.]

JD: ...is what... in the HELL... you've been doing to find out who that piece of garbage under the mask is, huh?! What have you done?! What have you done to solve my little problem?!

Because... seeing as thought I'm... you know, your most valuable asset... I would figure it would be your top priority! Number one with a bullet!

[Detson looks around the ring.]

JD: But I'm thinking you had other things on your mind. Tell me I'm wrong, please. Tell me you've done something... ANYTHING... to fix this situation for me.

[Detson glares down at Castillo who returns the glare, the crowd buzzing at the tension between these two...

...and a loud "ohhhhhh" breaks out as Castillo snatches the mic out of Detson's hand, raising it to speak.]

JC: What have I done...? What have I done? Johnny, what have YOU done?!

[Detson looks stunned.]

JC: Because the way I look at it, I've got an entire company to run. I've got to deal with everyone's issues... not just yours. And believe me... THIS? This is YOUR problem, Johnny.

I gave you my word. If he shows up at the building, we'll try to stop him. If you pull that mask off and it's Brian James... I'll fire him.

But other than that... he hasn't done a damn thing to me...

[He smirks.]

JC: ...which makes him none of my concern. So, instead of standing in here and crying about how I haven't helped you... why don't you go-

[And Castillo is in mid-sentence when he is interrupted again. This time, it's when the arena lights flicker and cut out, leaving the crowd in darkness as a big cheer rings out.]

BW: There! There he is!

GM: That's the timekeeper, you ninny!

BW: Who the heck are you calling-

[After a few moments in blackness, the lights flicker again and come back to reveal a masked man standing on the entrance stage. The crowd ROARS at the sight of the legendary Masked Outlaw who stands in a full bodysuit and black trenchcoat. The Outlaw raises his covered arm, pointing down the aisle at the ring where Detson is beside himself and Castillo looks concerned.]

BW: HE'S THERE! GET HIM!

[Castillo gestures to the Dogs of War, pointing down the ramp as Detson does the same. The most dominant trio in AWA history obliges, bailing from the ring and charging up the entrance ramp up to where the Masked Outlaw is waiting, not showing any signs of getting ready for a fight or even running for it...]

GM: The Dogs are charging! The Dogs are on the hunt and-

[..and out go the lights.]

BW: You gotta be kidding me! They almost had him, Gordo!

GM: They still might! I'm not sure if he had time to get away from them! They were almost there and he was up there all alone... undefended... unarmed...

BW: You're right! They could be kicking his tail in the dark right now! Can somebody get the damn lights back on?!

[Ask and ye shall receive. The lights come back on with a flicker...

...and reveal the Dogs of War looking around confused, all alone on the entrance stage.]

BW: He's gone! How the heck did he do that?!

GM: I have no idea. There's no sign of the Masked Outlaw... the Dogs of War can't believe it!

[Detson angrily kicks the ropes in the ring, pointing down the aisle, shouting at Castillo.]

"YOU SEE?! YOU SEE WHAT HE'S DOING TO ME?!

[Castillo chews his bottom lip nervously, his eyes scanning the building...

...and then as the crowd begins to roar, Castillo points wildly to another area of the building where a spotlight is on a masked man!]

GM: What the...?!

BW: HE'S UP THERE!

GM: But... how?

BW: I don't know but he is! Get him! Someone get him!

[The masked man is now standing in a completely different part of the building, looking down from a section of seats on the ring. Castillo nudges King Kong Hogan,

shouting "BRING HIM TO ME!" Hogan nods, ducking through the ropes, dropping to the floor. He hurdles over the barricade, shoving fans aside as he wades through them towards the section of seating where the Masked Outlaw is now standing.]

BW: I don't get it, Gordo. They say this guy is "mysterious" but what the hell is happening?! Can he teleport or something?!

GM: Don't be ridiculous, Bucky. We've seen a lot of strange things in the AWA over the years... some things not exactly explainable by...

[Gordon trails off as Hogan gets closer to the unmoving Outlaw.]

GM: Hogan's getting up there though! He's going after the Outlaw and you heard Castillo, he wants this Outlaw brought back to him in the ring!

BW: Yeah! Rip that mask off him in front of the entire world! It's gotta be Brian James, right? It's gotta be!

GM: There's certainly a long history of men behind that mask and-

[But as Hogan gets about ten feet away, moving swiftly up the stairs...

...out goes the lights.]

BW: Son of a...

GM: Easy there, partner. The lights here in the T-Mobile Arena are out once more and...

[A few more moments pass in darkness as the crowd buzzes with confusion...

...and when the lights kick on again, the Vegas crowd EXPLODES in a roar!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[The crowd is absolutely deafening as they see the Masked Outlaw again...

...standing in the ring behind Johnny Detson, Javier Castillo, and Supernova!]

BW: HE'S IN THE RING! BEHIND YOU! BEHIN-

[But Bucky's shouts of warning are of no use as the masked man reaches out, spinning Supernova around, burying a boot into his midsection...]

GM: THE OUTLAW STRIKES AND-

[...and with the face-painted traitor trapped in a front facelock, the Masked Outlaw elevates him into the air...]

GM: CATTLE BUSTER!

[...and DRIVES him skullfirst into the canvas to a tremendous roar from the AWA faithful!]

GM: HE GOT HIM! HE LAID OUT THAT BENEDICT ARNOLD SUPERNOVA!

[And as Detson and Castillo turn to witness it, the World Champion surges forward with reckless abandon, seizing the moment of vulnerability with the Outlaw down on the mat to jump on top of him, flailing his arm to batter his masked head repeatedly!]

BW: YEAH! GET HIM, JOHNNY! RIP THAT DAMN HOOD OFF!

[Detson gets enough of an advantage to scramble up to his feet, pulling the masked man with him as Castillo nods eagerly...]

GM: Detson's got him! He pulls him in... grabs one arm...

[The World Champion goes to grab the second, getting ready to deliver his signature Wilde Driver...]

...when the Masked Outlaw suddenly straightens up, backdropping Detson through the air and sending him crashing down on the canvas to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: THE OUTLAW COUNTERS!

[The Masked Outlaw spins away from the downed Detson...]

...and scoops up Supernova's fallen bat, lifting it up...]

GM: HE'S GOT THE BAT!

[...and points it right at a cowering Javier Castillo!]

GM: OH YEAH! THE OUTLAW SENDING CASTILLO A MESSAGE!

BW: WHAT?! I THOUGHT HE WAS HERE FOR DETSON!

[Castillo shakes his head, looking around nervously for help as he backs up, begging for mercy...]

...which is when the Dogs of War come tearing down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: The Dogs of War are coming! The Outlaw's got the bat and-

[Seeing another chance to strike, Detson gets to his feet, racing at the Outlaw from the blind side...]

...which is when the Outlaw pivots and DRIVES the baseball bat right between the eyes of the World Champion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Detson collapses to the mat in a heap. The Outlaw spins, pointing the bat at Castillo again...]

....and just before the Dogs of War clear the ramp, the lights go out again!]

BW: NOOOOO! GET HIM! HE COLDCOCKED JOHNNY!

[We sit in darkness for a few moments... and then the lights come back up to reveal a cowering Castillo, a searching Dogs of War, an unconscious Johnny Detson...]

...and no sign of the Masked Outlaw.]

GM: He's gone! The Outlaw came, laid out Detson and Supernova, threatened Castillo, and now he's gone as quickly as he arrived!

[Castillo nervously moves out of the corner, looking at the laid out Detson. He seems shaky, grabbing onto Wade Walker and pulling him closer. He shouts "GET A DOCTOR!" to anyone who will listen.]

GM: The Outlaw is gone! Detson is out! And we're just getting started!

[We fade to black on the motionless Detson with a freaked out Castillo standing over him...

...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 with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves backstage where the World Champion is being quickly wheeled towards a waiting ambulance, its lights flashing. Javier Castillo is walking alongside the stretcher.]

JC: That son of a bitch made this personal now, Johnny. We'll find him. We'll get him for you.

[Castillo pats the stretcher as it wheels off, leaving him standing behind, flanked by King Kong Hogan and Veronica Westerly.]

JC: Get them. Get them all. Tell them that I want them in front of my office door ALL DAMN NIGHT! I don't want anyone getting in there without my permission. Comprendé?!

[Westerly nods as Castillo storms off...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we end up back inside the T-Mobile Arena where the camera is panning across the buzzing crowd.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... where the building is already abuzz over the appearance of the mysterious Masked Outlaw. In fact, you can still hear them buzzing in Las Vegas where-

BW: That's not why... watch it, Gordo!

[A quick camera cut shows someone in a hooded sweatshirt come over the ringside barricade near the announcers. Security rushes to protect the announce duo but quickly halts with looks of confusion showing on their faces as the figure pulls back the hood of his hooded sweatshirt. He turns to face the crowd, many of whom explode in cheers of recognition. As his face lights up the video screen in the arena, a significant ovation rings out from the Las Vegas crowd!]

GM: What is he... isn't that...?

BW: It is!

[Security seems to recognize him to, clearing a path as the man in the hoodie scoops up a mic from the timekeeper's table, rolling into the ring. He strides out to mid-ring, looking out with a grin on the crowd - more of which seem to recognize him now - with a nod. He raises the mic, pausing as a very clear chant starts up in some areas of the building.]

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

[One of the most talked about pro wrestlers to not currently be on the roster for a worldwide promotion, the Sin City Savior himself, Sid Osborne, is standing in the center of the ring, mic in hand... which can't be good for anyone.]

SO: Well, well, well...

[Osborne looks around at the crowd, smirking as he rubs his chin. He grins as the crowd gets louder.]

SO: Don't look now, Castillo... but it seems like someone HAS heard of me after all!

[The cheers intensify as Osborne lowers the mic.]

GM: Fans, if you're just tuning in and wondering-

[Osborne walks over to the ropes, wagging a finger.]

SO: Gordon Myers, I have all the respect in the world for you but right now, I need to ask you to please sit down and shut your mouth because I've got something to say... and there's a whole lot of people out here...

[He points to the crowd.]

SO ...and back there...

[He points towards the locker room.]

SO: ...who need to hear it!

[Another big cheer goes up!]

SO: And since the powers that be seem like they can spare the air time any time that Jack Lynch decides to put America on his lap and tell us a bed time story, I'm pretty sure you've got the time for me too so I'm going to...

[He drops down to the mat, crossing his legs as he sits.]

SO: ...sit right down and let the entire world hear me out.

[The chants start up again as Osborne pauses to listen.]

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

[Osborne smirks.]

SO: I love this so much... and it seems like some of you already know me... but ALL of you watching don't.

And therein lies the damn problem... because you see, you SHOULD know me. You should've all been very well acquainted with me and what I can do for a long time now.

For those who don't... my name is Sid Osborne. I'm the Sin City Savior.

[Again, the chant breaks out.]

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

[Osborne nods.]

SO: It's music to my damn ears to hear that because for two years now, I've sat in a dusty old building in Dallas, Texas waiting for someone... for anyone to say that it was MY time. But the answer was always the same... "Not yet... but soon."

When they called up body after body... men I'd taken to the limit and beyond inside this ring... men I'd pinned... men I'd even tapped out... they were good enough to be here... but I apparently wasn't. When they got the call, I'd ask the question. "Why not me? What am I missing?" And they'd just smile and nod and...

[He opens a palm, a disingenuous smile on his face.]

SO: "Not yet... but soon."

[Osborne closes his fist and grimaces.]

SO: I sat in class after class with Michaelson... with Vasquez... with Broussard... all of them telling me I was one of the best they'd ever seen...

[He waves a dismissive hand.]

SO: To hell with that, I was THE best they'd ever seen!

I was THE best to ever step foot in that damn building that crushes more dreams than it makes come true.

Yeah, Supreme... I'm talking to you when I say that. I was... and am... quite simply... better... than you.

[He smirks as some boos pick up.]

SO: Oh? You didn't like that one? Buckle up because there's more where that came from.

[The cheers pick up again.]

SO: So, why... you might ask... why would the best wrestler to ever step foot in the Combat Corner be kept there? Why would guys like Bret Grayson... who I beat. Why would guys like the Velvet Revolution... who I beat. Why would guys like Max Magnum...

...whose leg I stretched across my neck until it snapped and they wheeled his jacked-up ass into a hospital bed...

[HUGE CHEER!]

SO: Why would all those guys get "the call" while I sat my ass in my apartment, watching this show on a hand-me-down TV, and wondering if that's the closest I'd ever get to wrestling on a Saturday Night?

It's a damn fine question. One I've been asking myself time and time again. And I've heard it countless times from fans... from wrestlers... from executives.

No one has the answer.

[He shrugs.]

SO: Oh, they have some answers...

[Osborne makes "quote fingers" in the air. His anger growing, clearly living in the moment that this story first took place.]

SO: "He's injury prone."

[He smirks.]

SO: I blew out my damn knee in a match on THIS show in a town in the middle of nowhere on a show that was so hot because I was on it, the company rearranged their whole damn schedule this year so they could get back there. I did that... for you.

[He points to the fans.]

SO: And you appreciate it. They didn't. I thought that was it. I thought that was my moment. And then they sent me back...

"Not yet... but soon."

[He shakes his head.]

SO: In September, my knee was healed up JUST enough to get back in the ring. They said we've got this tournament... this Brass Ring Tournament... and we won't say the winner will go to the main roster but... maybe.

So, I taped it up and I got in that ring. I made that sacrifice... I jumped through that damn hoop... for you!

[He points to the fans who cheer.]

SO: And you appreciate it. They didn't. And when I banged up their favorite, Whaitiri... they didn't appreciate that either. But the ratings were up. Social media wanted it. We Want Sid trended for two days after my match aired... people begging them to give me the shot I deserved.

"Not yet... but soon."

That's when I got it. It doesn't matter if you jump through every imaginary hoop they set up. Which I did. It doesn't matter if you sacrifice sleep and sanity to learn every in and out of this sport. You play their sad little game... or they ride you until you're out of the sport entirely.

[Osborne turns to look directly into the camera to his right.]

SO: Hey Travis Lynch, how's it going?

[Big reaction for the mentioning of that name, which elicits a smirk from Osborne who then sighs.]

SO: Oh, and my other favorite answer...

"He's got a bad attitude."

[Osborne shrugs.]

SO: Can't argue with that but so does Casey James... Juan Vasquez... Luke Kinsey... Courtade... Destiny... Carver... and a dozen other guys who made this business a ton of money. They all had bad attitudes at one time or another... but they got that chance... they got that opportunity to be all that they could.

All I wanted was that one chance.

They said no. I say piss off!

[Another big cheer!]

SO: I've waited long enough. I've waited TOO long.

And so, I say to Michaelson... to Stegglet... to Taylor... to Castillo... to that piece of crap Blue who buried our business in blood and guts that took fifteen years to get us to crawl out of the sewer...

To all of them, I say that this is the night... this night... with the whole world watching... in front of MY people...

[Another big roar from the Vegas crowd!]

SO: This is the night that "not yet...but soon..." becomes...

RIGHT... DAMN... NOW!

[The crowd ROARS in response as Osborne gets to his feet.]

SO: I'm going to expose how wrong they are in thinking that THEY alone can choose who makes it and who doesn't. Because I haven't survived everything that I have just to be told by someone ELSE what my life is going to be.

[Osborne nods.]

SO: Because I've earned every single thing I've gotten in life and especially in this sport. I'm not asking questions anymore. I'm not asking for anything at all.

[Osborne walks forward, leaning on the top rope with his free hand.]

SO: I grabbed every ring and jumped every hurdle. They rewarded me with disrespect. You don't want me in the big time?

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: Tough. I'm TAKING it. I'm not asking for the spot I've earned, I'm slapping it out of your hands and taking it for MYSELF.

[The expression on Osborne's face becomes very stern. Very serious.]

SO: And to make it official, I'm not asking... I'm not begging... I'm not saying pretty please...

[He pauses.]

SO: I am TELLING you that I'm coming to Chicago... and I'm gonna be in that damn Rumble...

[Another big cheer!}]

SO: And if there's a single one of you back there right now in that locker room... or in some office... thinking this kid's got a big mouth...

[He smirks.]

SO: You're right.

Now all you have to do...

[He points to the camera.]

SO: ...is shut me up.

[He drops the mic, turning to the crowd with a shout. The Vegas crowd ROARS in response for their hometown hero as Osborne hops through the ropes, hurdles back over the barricade where he's promptly swarmed by AWA fans, and disappears into the mass of humanity...

...and our cameras cut to ringside to a slack-jawed Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde.]

GM: Well... uhh... well, they say that Vegas is the city where anything can happen, and... uhh... well, Bucky... I'd say it already has!

BW: We're barely getting started and I already can't believe what I've seen!

GM: The Masked Outlaw makes another appearance and lays out the World Champion, sending him to the hospital. The hometown hero himself, Sid Osborne, makes a surprise unscheduled appearance and drops a bomb on the entire AWA and... well, what the heck else is gonna happen here tonight?

[A loud orchestral hit echoes through the hall: the climactic scene of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." The fans rise to their feet and look to the entryway.

Another orchestral hit and two wrestlers appear, standing at ease, their arms clasped behind the back. Ringkreiger. The deep operatic bass of the Commendatore roars.]

"DON GIOVANNI... A CENAR TECO... M'INVITASTI... E SON VENUTO"

[Daniel Ross has the lean, vascular definition of Bruce Lee and the face of a hockey goon. He wears a t-shirt with the art deco "Ringkreiger" logo over his basic black track pants. A white scarf with black lettering is around his neck.]

GM: At least this one is on our format, Bucky.

[Bucky chuckles.]

GM: These two made an appearance when we were last with you two weeks ago; they've certainly had their problems with The War Pigs in recent months. But tonight it's one-on-one action, with MISTER warming up to enter the Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[MISTER, despite being impeccably groomed and radiating class and respect, lives up to his nickname as "Der Oger aus Innsbruck." His forehead slopes sharply, and his head seems to rest on his pallid, stocky torso without a neck between. Under the gold-buttoned grand coat the color of red wine he wears to the ring, he wears basic black tights and boots. A white scarf with black lettering is around his neck.]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first to my right... from Spokane, Washington... 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: His opponent, now entering the ring... From Innsbruck, Austria. He weighs in at 138 kilograms... Accompanied by Daniel Ross... representing Ringkrieger... he is "Der Ringmarschall"... MIIIIIIIIISTERRRR!

[Upon climbing the ring apron, they wipe their boots before stepping through the ropes. They stand in the ring, facing out to the audience. MISTER stands upright, hands clasped behind his back, standing at ease. Ross takes off his scarf and holds it aloft, revealing the words on it: "RESPEKTIERE DIE LEINWAND." ("Respect the Canvas.")]

GM: MISTER and his Ringkrieger team have been very busy since we last saw him in action on Saturday Night Wrestling in 2016. He's coached Karsten Marquardt and

Oliver St. Laurent to the British Tag Team Championship in Battle Knights Wrestling across the pond. He's recruited Daniel Ross—a bona fide stud in technical wrestling—to Ringkrieger.

BW: And he's about to commit legalized assault here.

[MISTER discards his coat and Daniel Ross hops down to the floor. As “Don Giovanni” fades out and the bell rings, several fans can be heard singing mockingly...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

“MISTER'S GONNA KIIILL YOUUU.”

“MISTER'S GONNA KIIILL YOUUU.”

“MISTER'S GONNA KIIILL YOUUU.”

[The obtuse Dilligaf jawjacks with the ringside fans belligerently. He shouts down a few garbled threats to the fans, then turns around...]

...and finds himself face-to-sternum with Der Ringmarschall.]

“MISTER'S GONNA KIIILL YOUUU.”

“MISTER'S GONNA KIIILL YOUUU.”

“MISTER'S GONNA KIIILL YOUUU.”

BW: I mean... they're not wrong, Gordo.

[MISTER's looks down at Dilligaf sternly.]

GM: You know, people who have been in the ring with MISTER have come out saying they could never prepare for how hard he hits you, or how punishing his back-to-basics approach to the catch-as-catch-can game is.

[Dilligaf throws a few forearms up to the face of MISTER, who barely staggers.]

GM: And I think this poor fellow fighting out of Spokane has done even less preparation.

[MISTER replies with a side kneelift to Dilligaf to shut him down. The leader of Ringkrieger then begins to wind up his long, gangly arm...]

GM: Oh, look out...

BW: We've heard this before!

“SMAAAAAAACKKKKKK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The sound of MISTER's chop to his opponent's chest echoes for what seems like seconds through the arena. Dilligaf doubles over.]

BW: Oh my!

GM: I've spoken with some of MISTER's opponents, and they say that the first time you feel one of those chops to the chest, you could swear that your heart stops!

BW: I don't doubt it!

[With Dilligaf doubled over, MISTER hooks both arms...]

...and HURLS his opponent through the air in a butterfly suplex!]

GM: My goodness! MISTER tossing a 240 pound grown man like a small child!

[MISTER sits Dilligaf upright, placing one giant palm on his victim's skull and another on his opponent's chin, applying a basic neck crank.]

GM: Boy, you think about some of the names in the Rumble already... Zharkov, Rage, Muteesa, King Kong Hogan, Supreme Wright... some of the favorites to go all the way... you have to wonder how they'd fare against this massive machine from the Austrian Alps.

[The camera zooms in to Dilligaf's strained face, his jaw looks dislocated under the torque of MISTER.]

BW: This is too much, daddy! Not only can he make your heart stop, he can give you free cosmetic surgery!

GM: And he's trained in multiple styles: catch-as-catch-can, Greco-Roman, he's practiced some basic MMA...

[MISTER releases the neck crank, and plows his boot into Dilligaf's back.]

GM: ...not to mention hitting like a freight train.

[MISTER scrapes Dilligaf up off the mat and scoops him up as though for a backdrop. Rather than falling back, Der Ogor Aus Innsbruck thrusts forward, tossing the bro from Spokane.]

GM: From over six feet in the air DOWN to flat on the canvas!

BW: WOW! Think if he aimed that over the top rope! Instant elimination! Not just from the Rumble, but from your career!

[The big Austrian beckons Dilligaf to get up.]

GM: Boy, you know this MISTER reminds me a lot of a young Torin the Titan the way he dominates the canvas. No one could ever quite be Torin, but the man from Ringkrieger sure follows in his footsteps.

[Dilligaf pulls himself upright in the corner, but MISTER is right on top of him.]

"SMAAAAAAACKKKKKK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars and...

[The force of the chop sends Dilligaf over the top rope.]

GM: ...and that sent this young man over the top rope! What if MISTER hit that chop at just the right moment on Supreme Wright, Terry Shane, Kerry Kendrick, or Alphonse Green?

BW: It would be Ringkrieger's Rumble, daddy.

[Dilligaf considers taking the 'L' via countout, but his path to the aisle is blocked.]

GM: And look at this: Logan Dilligaf was going to call it a night, but the very sight of this Mauler from the Mojave coming at him was enough to change his mind! That's how intimidating Daniel Ross is!

[Dilligaf rolls back into the ring and is welcomed with a massive forearm across the back from MISTER.]

GM: My stars, nothing complicated or complex about MISTER's offense, just plain brutality!

[MISTER scoops Dilligaf into a waistlock and hefts him high into the air...]

BW: Like a sack of cement, daddy!

[...and splatters him onto the canvas!]

GM: Powerbomb from the imperious Ogre! Into a lateral press and that's a three-count!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: If the War Pigs are on the mind of MISTER going into the Rumble, he sure isn't showing it. Domination from bell-to-bell from Der Ringmarschall.

BW: And as dominant of a win as that was, MISTER is STILL a dark horse heading into the Rumble. He's got very little experience here in the AWA as a singles competitor... but after seeing that performance, Gordo... I wonder if we're all badly underestimating him. He could go all the way.

GM: And if you're the World Champion, Johnny Detson... you gotta be concerned about this possibility of facing someone like MISTER for the World Title if he wins the Rumble.

BW: Absolutely.

GM: Of course, if you're Johnny Detson, right now you're laid up in a hospital somewhere here in Vegas after the Masked Outlaw hit him in the skull with that baseball bat earlier.

BW: Oh, you're hysterical, Gordo. A man's health and career are in jeopardy and you're making jokes about it?!

GM: It wasn't a joke. It was simply an observation... and with Detson laid out by the Outlaw, I've gotta wonder if he'll even make it to Chicago... and if he does, who will he defend the title against with Ryan Martinez refusing the shot at this time?

BW: He should have the night off like he requested! It's only fair!

GM: Fair to who? Not to the fans coming to Chicago in hopes of seeing him defend the title! It remains to be seen who will get that title shot but I hope we find out here tonight.

["Gettin' Down on the Mountain" by Corb Lund plays over the sound system.]

GM: We're just about set for Women's Division action now... and here comes Kayla Cristol, who has made it no secret she's here to teach her opponent, Harley Hamilton a lesson in humility!

BW: Don't make me laugh, Gordo. More like she's jealous she wasn't born into wrestling royalty!

GM: While Harley's father - the legendary Hamilton Graham - is certainly one of the greats of professional wrestling, that remains to be seen for Harley, herself.

BW: Hey, Roosevelt Wright himself said she's got the goods! And that man doesn't going around throwing praise to just anybody!

[Through the entrance steps a bronze-skinned woman with unruly dark brown hair. She extends both hands in front of her, pointing her index fingers forward. She fires them in quick succession, and mimes holstering them in her rhinestone and sequin-covered gun belt.]

RO: Introducing first, coming down the aisle... from Fouke, Arkansas... weighing in at 138 pounds... Kayla... THE PISTOL ... CRIIIISTOLLL!

[Kayla Cristol jogs down the aisle, slapping palms along the way, her white teeth glistening in contrast to her well-tanned skin. Cristol is dressed in pink leather chaps with many tassels, turquoise cowboy boots, and pink studded crop top that cuts off at the base of her ribcage, a pair of crossed pistols silkscreened on the front. She hops on the ring apron, climbs to the second ropes, and crosses her forearms in front of her, pointing her index fingers outward.]

RO: And her opponent... making her AWA debut...

[The lights in the arena dim as "Flashing Lights" by Kanye West begins to play over the PA system. Bright gold flood lights fill the entranceway and dry ice smoke rises as we see Harley Hamilton coming up from beneath the floor, wearing big movie star sunglasses, dressed in a full length, hooded white Arctic fox fur coat over her wrestling attire. She turns and lets the fur coat slip slightly to bare a little skin as she strikes a sultry pose. White lights then immediately flash all around her, as if paparazzi were taking photos of her.]

RO: ...she hails from Kansas City, Missouri...weighing in at 145 pounds...

HARLEYYYYYY HAMILTOOOOONNNNN!!

GM: Quite an entrance for young Harley Hamilton, making her debut here tonight in the AWA.

BW: An entrance befitting a woman with her pedigree!

[Harley sashays her way down the aisle. Reaching the ringside area, she shimmies out of her fur coat, revealing her wrestling attire underneath: a black vinyl mock neck sports bra top with the image of a gold crown across her chest, a pair of almost obscenely low-rise boy shorts, black wrist tape and knee-high wrestling boots. She has the powerful build of an elite athlete, her shoulder length strawberry blonde hair styled with tight side braids on one side and curls on the other.]

GM: Harley's rubbed a lot of people the wrong way with her attitude so far and she hasn't even wrestled a single match.

BW: Hey, if the Margarita Flores' and Kayla Cristol's of the world want a brush with greatness, I'm sure Harley is more than happy to oblige!

[The two women lock eyes from across the ring and slowly step out from their respective corners. Cristol stretches out an arm and makes a finger gun, firing an imaginary shot right at Harley Hamilton. However, Harley mimes catching the bullet out of mid-air and with a bored expression on her face, flicks the "bullet" out of the ring.]

BW: Haha!

GM: Harley Hamilton apparently unimpressed with Kayla Cristol's threat.

BW: This is a young woman who graduated from the Combat Corner. Who endured the legendarily torturous training from masters of the ring like Roosevelt Wright and Miyuki Ozaki. Who had to GROW UP with a mean, nasty son of a gun like Hamilton Graham for a father...and you think she's going to be afraid of an imaginary bullet? Get real, Gordo!

"DING DING DING!"

GM: Well, we've heard the war of words between these two for weeks now...and here is the match to settle it all!

[Kayla Cristol and Harley Hamilton both walk towards each other, meeting in the middle of the ring. The two continue to exchange words, before Cristol suddenly rears back and slaps the taste out of Harley's mouth!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: Cristol ain't offering no handshakes before the match tonight, daddy!

[Cristol goes to grab Hamilton, but the second-generation wrestler slaps her arms away and CRACKS Kayla across the jaw with a hellacious forearm smash!]

"SMACK!!!"

GM: OH!!! A vicious forearm sends Kayla Cristol reeling!

BW: Harley's daddy was one of the hardest hitters in the history of wrestling and one of the toughest men that's ever existed...period! And she's showing the world the apple didn't fall far from the tree!

[Grabbing a handful of Cristol's hair, Hamilton winds up and smashes home another stiff forearm. And another! And another! And another! And another!]

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

[And repeated kneelifts into the gut double Kayla over and send her to her knees!]

GM: This is an absolute mugging by Harley Hamilton!

[Grabbing Cristol in a 3/4 Nelson, Harley snapmares the Arkansas native over, using the momentum to roll with her as she quickly pops up to her feet and runs into the ropes. As she rebounds off, she comes in with a head full of steam...]

GM: Harley Hamilton off the ropes with a...what?

[...and comes to a complete stop in front of Kayla Cristol.]

"OHH!"

[Before lightly paintbrushing her across the face!]

GM: Harley Hamilton showing complete disrespect for Kayla Cristol!

BW: Yeah, ain't it great?

GM: No it is not, Bucky.

BW: Hey, Harley wasn't the one that called Kayla Cristol out. It was Kayla who decided she had to defend the good name of the Stenches and now she's getting embarrassed by a superior athlete for it!

[Hamilton is serenaded by boos as she struts around the ring with her arms held out wide and an arrogant smirk on her face.]

GM: The crowd letting Harley Hamilton know exactly what they think of her.

BW: Hey, I think she's great!

GM: And you might be the only one that does, Bucky.

[As Cristol gets to her knees, Harley bends down close to her, berating the Arkansas native.]

"Come on, Cristol! I thought you were going to teach me a lesson!"

[A disrespectful shove with the flat of her boot to Cristol's head knocks the cowgirl back down to the mat, but she refuses to stay down.]

"Fight back! Show me what you're made of!"

[Harley grabs Cristol off the canvas and shoots her into the far corner with an Irish whip. She runs in, but meets Cristol's raised feet!]

GM: OH! Harley Hamilton runs into Kayla Cristol's boots!

[Wasting no time, Cristol quickly pushes herself up onto the second turnbuckle. As Hamilton turns around, Cristol leaps off...]

GM: OH! A double axhandle right between the eyes! Harley might've wasted a little too much time taunting there and let Cristol regain her bearings.

[The blow knocks Harley down to the canvas, but she's quickly back to her feet as falls back into the ropes...]

GM: OHHH! And a big clothesline sends Harley Hamilton over the ropes and out to the floor!

[With the crowd fired up, Kayla mimes firing a pair of pistols into the air, before running into the far ropes and coming straight for Harley Hamilton on the outside. However, as she goes into a baseball slide, Harley grabs the ring apron and lifts!]

"OHHHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY! I don't think I've ever seen anyone do that before! Harley Hamilton stops Kayla Cristol by lifting up the ring apron skirt!

BW: And Cristol's trapped! She's defenseless! How brilliant was that!

[Suddenly finding herself stuck in the interior of the ring apron skirt, Kayla Cristol is caught completely off-guard by a spinning back elbow that catches her across the jaw, a teeth-rattling European uppercut and then a short clothesline that bends her back over the edge of the ring!]

GM: Harley Hamilton is beating the heck out of Kayla Cristol!

BW: How many veteran wrestlers do you know who would even think of using the ring apron skirt as a weapon, much less a rookie? This kid just might be special!

[Shoving a dazed Cristol back underneath the ropes to break the referee's count, Hamilton grabs her by the ankle and drags her leg right out over the crook of the ring apron...]

GM: OHHH!

[...and slams it down across the edge!]

BW: Right on the hardest part of the ring, Gordo!

[The jolt of pain seems to snap Kayla out of her daze as she cries out in pain! Unconcerned, Harley pulls Kayla further along the ring apron, towards the ring post. There, she winds up and swings Kayla's knee right into the steel!]

"OHHHH!"

GM: Get her back inside the ring, ref! This is uncalled for!

BW: But just about perfectly legal! It's almost a lost art these days, but some old timers'll tell you that knowin' how to use the ring as a weapon is almost like having a tag team partner out there with you, Gordo!

GM: I'm not sure I agree with you about how legal any of this is, Bucky, but there's no doubt Harley Hamilton is using the ring area as a very effective weapon!

[Finally heeding the referee's warnings roll get back in the ring, Hamilton rolls back in. She stomps down hard on Cristol's hurt left knee, before grabbing the wounded limb and twisting around in a spinning toehold and sitting down, driving her weight into The Pistol's!]

GM: Harley Hamilton homing in on Kayla's left leg now.

[With Kayla's left leg trapped between hers, Harley grabs The Pistol's right leg and laces it over her left, before intertwining them with her own right leg. As she gets to her feet, Kayla gives off a cry of pain as she finds herself trapped in an Indian Deathlock!]

GM: That's an Indian Deathlock! The leglock that Harley Hamilton's father made famous!

BW: Hamilton Graham won the World Title by makin' Tommy Fierro pass out in this hold in 1981 and if Cristol ain't careful, she might be doin' the same in 2017!

[Harley stands tall, looming over Cristol as she bridges up, trying to relieve the pressure on her legs as best she can.]

"Give it up, Kayla! You're just not good enough!"

[A hammerfist to Cristol's exposed midsection knocks her down flat back onto the canvas.]

"You actually thought you were in my league!?"

"SLAAAAP!"

"OHHHHH!"

GM: Harley Hamilton laying in the badmouth on Kayla Cristol while she's trapped in this Indian Deathlock!

BW: If Harley really wanted to force a submission outta' Cristol, she could lay back or bridge back and turn up the pressure on those knees. But it looks like she just wants to humiliate her!

GM: It might be a rookie mistake on Harley's part.

BW: Or maybe she knows she's got this match in the bag!

GM: I wouldn't count Kayla Cristol out just yet!

[Fighting back to a seated position, Kayla Cristol stares at Harley Hamilton with a furious look on her face, before grabbing a handful of her hair and slapping her!]

"OHHHHH!"

GM: OH! Kayla Cristol showing she's not out of this fight just yet!

[Harley surprisingly absorbs the slap and smiles at The Pistol.]

"Is that all you got!? Do it again!"

[Another slap!]

"OHHHHH!"

"Again!"

[Another slap!]

"Again!"

[And another! And another! And another!]

"Come on! Hit me like you mean it!"

[And another!]

GM: This is bonkers! Harley Hamilton is asking Kayla Cristol to pour it on with these slaps!

BW: This is a show of dominance, Gordo! How demoralizing must this be for Kayla Cristol!

[The crowd has been driven into a frenzy by the flurry of slaps from Cristol, but Harley simply grabs Cristol by the hair and yanks her towards her while still stuck in the Indian Deathlock. She rears her head back and cracks The Pistol with a headbutt that knocks her right back down to the canvas!]

GM: Skull meets skull! I don't know about you, Bucky, but I'm certainly surprised at the level of grit displayed by Harley Hamilton. She's not really what I expected.

BW: You know the old saying, Gordo... don't judge a book by its cover. She might be a cutie on the outside, but she's got the mean, bloodthirsty nastiness of her daddy on the inside!

[Looking to punish Cristol even more, Hamilton bridges back, causing The Pistol to thrash in pain!]

GM: And Kayla Cristol is in big trouble here! That's unbelievable pressure on the legs!

BW: What'd I say! I think Harley's had enough fun with Cristol. Now she wants to hear her scream "Uncle!"

"Give it up, Pistol!"

[Fighting the pain, Cristol grits her teeth and crawls towards the ropes...]

GM: Kayla Cristol showing some toughness herself, refusing to submit!

[...and with one last gasp, she grabs onto the bottom rope!]

GM: She made it to the ropes!

[Boos!]

GM: But Harley Hamilton isn't releasing the hold!

[The crowd jeers as the second generation wrestler keeps the Indian Deathlock on, milking every last second of the referee's five count, before she breaks the hold.]

GM: And Harley Hamilton was dangerously close to getting disqualified there.

BW: She's got five seconds to break the hold, Gordo. And you better believe she was taught not to break any hold before she's used all five!

[Annoyed by the referee forcing her to release the hold, Harley gets up into the referee's face, drawing another round of boos from the crowd.]

GM: Come on! What could she possibly be complaining about?

BW: I don't know Gordo, that five count might've been a little fast!

[However, taking her eyes off Cristol proves to be a mistake, as the rhinestone cowgirl sneaks up from behind and pulls Harley into a schoolgirl cradle!]

GM: CRISTOL WITH THE ROLL UP! No! Harley Hamilton kicks out at two!

[Big cheer!]

GM: OH! And Kayla Cristol just waffled Hamilton with a diving elbow to the back of the neck as she was trying to get back up!

BW: Harley ain't giving her too many openings. That looked like desperation to me, Gordo!

GM: Desperate or not, Kayla Cristol is making sure Harley Hamilton has to work her tail off if she wants this win!

[Pulling a stunned Hamilton to her feet, Cristol shoots her off into the ropes, only to have the Irish whip reversed. However, as she rebounds off the ropes, the hobbled Cristol leaps into the air, taking down Hamilton with a sloppy Fierro press!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! Kayla Cristol is all over Hamilton!

BW: That was ugly as heck! She looked like a wounded duck.

[Cristol grabs Hamilton by the hair and slams the back of her head into the canvas one, two...three times!]

GM: OH!

[Limping on one leg, Cristol gets to her feet and hops over to the ropes, using it build whatever momentum she can as she catches a rising Harley Hamilton with a running back elbow!]

GM: Not a lot of steam behind that back elbow strike that Kayla Cristol loves using.

BW: That left knee is shot, Gordo. Hamilton did a real number on it.

GM: Cristol shoots Hamilton into the ropes... tilt-a-whirl-NO! Hamilton lands on her feet! Cristol's knee buckled!

[As a limping Cristol turns back around, Hamilton is waiting for her, striking her with a superkick targeted to her injured left knee!]

GM: OH! Harley Hamilton goes to the knee once again!

[And as Cristol falls to her knees, Hamilton is quick to follow up.]

"SMAAACK!"

GM: And a roundhouse kick to head!

"SMAAACK!"

GM: AND A KNEELIFT! Kayla Cristol might be out on her knees!

[Grabbing Cristol in a front facelock after her brutal combo, Hamilton finishes it off by lifting The Pistol up into the air and dropping her into a bridging pin!]

GM: CRADLE SUPLEX!

BW: Hamilton Graham's signature move!

GM: This might be it! ONE! TWO! THR-OH!! Kayla Cristol gets a shoulder up!

BW: No way!

GM: And Harley Hamilton is in shock! She thought she had it right there!

[Hamilton gets right up in the referee's face, insisting "That was three!"]

GM: Harley Hamilton is really pushing her luck with the referee tonight.

[Frustrated, she shoves the referee out of the way to get at Cristol!]

GM: She just pushed the referee!

[However, that split second distraction allows Kayla Cristol to avoid the big boot Hamilton aimed right for her head as she ducks down. An off-balance Hamilton spins around and walks right into Cristol's waiting arms and she scoops Harley up and drops her into a sloppy version of a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker!]

GM: OH MY! With bad leg and all, Kayla Cristol somehow muscled Harley Hamilton up for that backbreaker!

[Big cheer!]

GM: And she's signaling for the Boggy Creek Buster!

[Limping, Cristol pulls Hamilton over to the corner, where she slowly climbs up the turnbuckles for her version of Calf Branding. However, she takes too long, as Hamilton suddenly leaps into the air, striking Kayla right under the chin with a rising palm strike!]

GM: OH! That jumping uppercut stops Kayla Cristol right in her tracks!

[The blow causes Cristol to take a seat on the top turnbuckle, as Hamilton grabs a handful of hair and yanks The Pistol down from her perch, repositioning her into a tree-of-woe!]

GM: This is bad! Kayla Cristol does not want to be in this position!

[With her opponent helpless, Harley drops down to her knees in front of the upside down Cristol, taunting her.]

"You should've just stayed down, Cristol!"

"SLAAAAPPPP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That was completely uncalled for!

[Backing up, Harley Hamilton suddenly runs into the opposite turnbuckles, pinballing off and running straight for Cristol...]

"OHHHHH!!!"

[...and skewering her with a shotgun dropkick right into the ribs!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: That's gotta' be it! Harley Hamilton just tried to cut Cristol in half with that!

[Cristol slides off the turnbuckle, clutching her stomach as she hits the canvas. Mocking her opponent, Hamilton mimes firing a pair of pistols, much to the disgust of the crowd.]

GM: This young lady may be talented, but her attitude stinks.

BW: I don't know about you, Gordo, but it smells like money to me!

GM: You're unbelievable, Bucky. And I don't know what Harley Hamilton has planned now, but this doesn't look good for Kayla Cristol!

[Backing up into a corner now, Harley is revved up and ready to go, as a wounded Cristol crawls out of the corner. As Cristol pushes herself up to her knees, Hamilton runs out and uses her back as a stepladder, pushing herself up into the air...]

HH: "HAIL TO THE QUEEEEEENNN!!!"

"THHHUUUUUDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM and BW: OHHHHHHHHH!!!

[...and DRIVING both of her boots into the back of Cristol's head with a double stomp!]

GM: DEAR LORD!

[Gordon is still too busy trying to process what happened, as Harley Hamilton turns Cristol's limp body over and lays back, counting along as the referee makes the one, two, three.]

"DING DING DING!"

RO: YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH...

HARLEEEEEEYYYY HAMILTOOOOOOONNNN!!!

["Flashing Lights" plays as Harley Hamilton's hand is raised in victory, much to the crowd's chagrin.]

GM: A very impressive debut by Harley Hamilton, who defeats a very tough opponent in Kayla Cristol.

BW: Cristol's got some big wins in her time in the AWA and Harley dismantled her!

GM: And we've got Sweet Lou standing by with the victorious rookie.

[We cut to Harley with Sweet Lou Blackwell in the ring. Harley is still berating Cristol as she's helped out of the ring by AWA officials.]

SLB: Harley Hamilton...excuse me! Excuse me, young lady!

[Harley walks over, all smiles.]

HH: Sorry about that, Lou, I was just busy putting that piece of trash in her place!

[Harley feigns a yawn and tosses her hair, as the crowd serenades her with boos.]

SLB: Hey, come on! That's uncalled for!

HH: You all saw what happened! Kayla Cristol's mouth wrote a check her butt couldn't cash. She wanted to show the world that I was just a spoiled little princess?

[She smirks.]

HH: I'm no spoiled princess. I'm a natural born legend! And I think I just showed the world that Kayla Cristol's not fit to lick my boots!

[Big boos!]

SLB: You know, Margarita Flores recently...

HH: ...tried to ride my coattails to make a name for herself too? Been there, done that, crushed the jealous thot's face beneath my feet.

[She laughs.]

HH: Don't you get it? You're looking at the real deal, sweethearts! And if my greatness offends all you precious little gatekeepers, then you're more than welcome to stop getting your panties twisted and come get a taste of my boot stuffed down your throat!

[And with that Harley mockingly blows a kiss to the crowd and walks off to a chorus of boos.]

SLB: She's got the talent but the attitude...

[He fans his nose.]

SLB: Let's just say it stinks as bad as three day old oysters on the buffets at one of the joints downtown! Fans, a big win for Harley Hamilton nonetheless... and when we come back, it'll be the Saturday Night Wrestling debut of the man known as the Violet Revolution!

[We fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and we find ourselves backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing right outside the office door of Javier Castillo. The towering form of Polemos and the hulking form of MAWAGA stand in front of it, Stegglet throwing a nervous glance over his shoulder at them as he speaks.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where I've been trying to get Javier Castillo to come out here and answer some questions... but as you can see, his door is being guarded tonight thanks to the actions of the Masked Outlaw earlier. Mr. Castillo is said to only be accepting invited guests here tonight and obviously, I'm not one of-

[Stegglet stops short as the door cracks open. Javier Castillo emerges, silently swearing to himself as he sees Stegglet and the cameraman.]

JC: I heard voices out here. I thought it might have been Veronica back with...

[He trails off, looking to duck back in.]

MS: Sir? Sir! A quick question?

[Castillo sighs.]

JC: Make it fast.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: For weeks now, we've seen Jackson Haynes and Shadoe Rage fighting it out - in the ring, out of the ring, in the parking lot... two weeks ago in Seattle, we actually saw the police called on them for a brawl in the parking lot.

[Castillo nods.]

MS: And the rumors have been swirling that you've got a solution to this problem... that you've got a match in mind for them. Is that right?

[Castillo smiles.]

JC: But of course, Mark. El Presidente ALWAYS has the answers for his people. You know, I actually have to give Gordon Myers some credit on this one.

MS: Oh really?

JC: Yes, yes. Because it was about a month ago, he said something about how I was likely... how did he put it?

[He snaps his fingers.]

JC: Yes, that I was "drooling over the idea of those two brutes going at it." And then he demanded that I not let them in the building.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: I do recall that, yes. But what does it have to do with the match you've set up for them?

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: I've decided he's right. I'm not going to let them in the building.

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

JC: You see, I've instructed my people to go to Chicago... go find the biggest junkyard in town... and find me my ring.

MS: What are...?

JC: IT'S A RING OF IRON, STEGGLET! A RING OF IRON! We will take cars! Trucks! Motorcycles! Whatever we can find... and we will make a ring out of them! And if Haynes and Rage want to slam car doors on each other's heads... they can! If they want to bodyslam each other onto hoods of cars... they can! If they want to put each other through windshields... they can!

Anything goes in the Ring Of Iron... and only one man can walk out the winner. Pinfalls or knockouts only! No submissions! No countouts! No disqualifications! There MUST be a winner!

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: Now that's what I call mayhem, Mark. That's what I call-

[Castillo's mood changes abruptly when he hears a familiar roar from off-screen.]

"COMRADE...

[El Presidente braces himself as Zharkov approaches in his Axis-branded track suit, the National Title over his shoulder.]

MZ: ...Castillo.

JC: Mister Zharkov, how... how excellent to see you.

[Once again, Zharkov and MAWAGA exchange glances. Then Zharkov fixes Castillo with a steely gaze.]

JC: If I may hazard a guess...

You would speak with me, yes?

[Zharkov nods sternly.]

MZ: Da.

JC: It... regards your National Championship match against Jordan Ohara two weeks ago; do I have that right?

MZ: Da.

JC: I... I see.

[Castillo looks away nervously.]

MZ: Comrade Castillo. I won this accolade when I vanquished Travis Lynch. The same night, I overcame Alex Martinez. Do you not think me capable of reducing Jordan Ohara to a stain on the bottom of my heel as well?

JC: Very... extremely capable, my friend!

[Castillo nods for emphasis.]

MZ: You would have the National Champion defend his title against mediocre luchadors and Japanese pop stars? That may sit well with Comrade Detson, but I hunger to bring glory to this belt!

[Zharkov claps his hand over the hammer-and-sickle decal that covers the main plate of the National Championship belt.]

MZ: Tovarisch, I understand why you dispatched Comrade Zaire, Comrade Muteesa, and that capitalist dog to end what would have been a glorious title defense. But... I do not appreciate it.

[Castillo spreads his arms, trying to appeal to the mighty Russian.]

JC: Mister Zharkov... i-if-if I may explain-

MZ: You may not explain.

[In the background, MAWAGA prepares to spring into action as Castillo goes silent.]

MZ: Javier, my friend: you are already forgiven.

[MAWAGA, just as quickly, stands down as Zharkov puts a bear paw of a hand on Castillo's shoulder, nearly buckling his knees.]

JC: Oh... well... I-that's very generous of you.

MZ: You worry too much, my friend, like my previous... advisor. I do appreciate you giving me, the Last Son of the Soviet Union, the opportunity to win the Rumble.

JC: Ah, of course, I believe in unique opportunities for unique-

MZ: And for giving me the opportunity to eliminate Muteesa, Ebola Zaire, Hogan, and Ohara all in one match!

JC: That sounds ex—w-what?

[Castillo looks concerned again.]

MZ: Think of it, Comrade Castillo! On the day these Americans celebrate their wars, I shall remind them that they never won the Cold War! The Rumble will be magnificent! Who needs the Tower of Doom?

I AM a Tower of Doom! Ah ha ha ha!

[With a deep baritone cackle, Zharkov leaves the unnerved Castillo, who looks around in a brief panic before disappearing back through his office door as we fade back out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Maxim Zharkov certainly does have a way to make people shake in their stockings, Bucky.

BW: What? Now you're trying to make trouble between the Tsar and El Presidente!

GM: Oh, I think there's plenty of trouble there already, Bucky. Castillo crossed a line when he got his men involved in Zharkov's match two weeks ago... and now Zharkov is threatening to dispatch all of Castillo's thugs in the Rumble? That's going to be a problem... for both of them. But that's Chicago on Memorial Day. Right now, we're going to take a look... the Saturday Night Wrestling debut of yet another unique individual who has shown up on the all-new Power Hour in recent weeks. In fact, he made his debut on that very show recently... and seems to have taken issue with having to share that spotlight. We caught up with him a little earlier to hear his thoughts on this - his SNW debut. Let's hear what the man known as the Violet Revolution had to say!

[We fade from the ringside area onto a Vegas-style scene. A group of men and women dressed like Egyptian servants in a Pharaoh-themed room serve a caramel-complexioned African-American man in a purple trenchcoat lounging on a plush chaise lounge. He wears a violet fedora with veil tilted jauntily over his left-eye. His eyes are outlined in black mascara and his lips are rouged. He holds the camera with a smoldering gaze as he licks his lips.

This is the Violet Revolution.]

VR: Las Vegas, you are in for a special treat.

[He throws a dismissive wave at the camera.]

VR: Because some idiot in Atlanta decided to have the Violet Revolution debut on the Power Hour at the same time as some muscle-bound moron, the Revolution refused to wrestle last Saturday night. REFUSED!

[He nods his head emphatically.]

VR: Instead, the Violet Revolution is set to make his re-debut tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling. So prepare yourselves for the spectacle of all spectacles, because tonight the Revolution will be televised! Mwah!

[The Violet Revolution puckers up and blows the camera a kiss as we cut back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

GM: Did he say a RE-debut?

BW: Sure did.

GM: Is that even a thing?

BW: It is tonight... and I defy you to tell the Revolution he's wrong.

[Rebecca Ortiz raises the mic.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. First, in the corner to my right, from Stone Mountain, Georgia... weighing in at 210 pounds... Ernest Barnes!

[Barnes is a smallish, but well-muscled Afro-American man with a lot of curly chest hair, bushy beard and a nappy afro. He wears dark red spandex bicycle short style trunks. He does the Ali shuffle and flashes surprisingly quick hands.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The arena lights turn purple and the arena fills with smoke. A kissing sound smacks over the PA system before the guitar riff rings out before the signature grunt and drum track as Prince's "Kiss" plays over the PA system.]

RO: From your Most Vivid Dreams... weighing in at 222 pounds...

He is... the VIOOOOOLEEEEEET REVVVVVVVOOOOOLUUUUUUUTIONNNNNN!

GM: And hold onto your seats, ladies and gentlemen, we're about to see one of the wildest wrestlers around. The Violet Revolution is making his Saturday Night Wrestling debut and Vegas is probably the most fitting place for him to do it!

BW: The crowd may not know what to make of the Violet Revolution, but they seem to enjoy his theme music. It is funky. I see you tapping your toes, Gordo.

GM: Don't you just love Prince?

[With the purple lights throughout the arena, a bright white light comes from inside the entrance tunnel, illuminating the Violet Revolution as he sashays out onto the stage, standing at the top of the ramp, arms outstretched and twirling for one and all to see.]

The Violet Revolution is a tall, caramel-complexioned Afro-American man cloaked in a purple trenchcoat with studded shoulder pads and chainlink epaulets. He has a thin mustache and permed and feathered hair. He wears big round mirrored sunglasses and lace gloves. He holds a purple rose in his right hand. A close look at his black wrestling boots reveal that the boots have wedged heels.]

GM: This is our first look here on Saturday Night at the Revolution in person... and I have to say, after watching his debut on the Power Hour, I was impressed by his athleticism... and a bit puzzled by his demeanor and his attitude. And Bucky, what's with this re-debut nonsense?

BW: Hey, it's perfectly clear to me, Gordo. The Violet Revolution will not play second fiddle to anybody. I have it on good authority from the Violet Revolution that he is calling this a re-debut because the AWA had him debut the same night as Atlas Armstrong. So the Violet Revolution is making his debut tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling and Gordo, you better believe he is right here at home on the Vegas Strip!

[The Violet Revolution strolls to the ring, twirling the rose in his hand. He eases down the ramp, eyeing one and all that he comes across. He pauses a couple of times... in front of the librarian looking blonde with her hair in a tight bun... past the big redneck cowboy in a ten gallon hat...

...and then finally comes to a halt in front of a muscular football player-lookalike, tilting his glasses down on his nose, appraising him for a moment before he winks, flipping the rose towards him. The man looks surprised as he catches the rose.]

GM: The Revolution with a gift for a member of the crowd...

[With the man still holding the rose, the Revolution slithers the rest of the way down the aisle, his hips swaying from side to side as he nears the ring.]

BW: Once the Revolution gets over his shyness he will certainly be able to make an entrance, eh Gordo?

GM: Indeed. He certainly isn't afraid to make a scene... which we saw on the Power Hour when he crushed the rose he gave to that child in the crowd. And it seems like no one in the crowd is safe from the Revolution's headgames.

[The Revolution comes to his feet, throwing a glance over his shoulder at Barnes before he unties the belt on his purple trenchcoat, shrugging out of it. He stands in a pair of tie dyed purple trunks to go with knee high wedge-heeled boots. His well-toned upper body has been oiled up to the max and he shimmers in the arena lights, twisting around to blow a kiss in Barnes' direction before marching to the corner, stepping up to the middle rope as the chorus to the song hits...]

#Ain't no particular sign
I'm more compatible with
I just want your extra time and your...#

[The Revolution puckers up, blowing another kiss to the crowd.]

#Kiss#

[He hops down off the ropes as the lights come back up, the music fading as the referee signals for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: The bell sounds and we’re off and running in this one. All the theatrics are over and it’s time to see if this kid can hack it on the biggest stage in the business, Bucky.

BW: He certainly looks the part, Gordo. He’s got the body of an athlete, long and lean... but we’ll see what he can do with it.

[The Violet Revolution slides out to center ring, leaning over to look at Barnes who stands in a boxer stance, hands at the ready. With a grin, the Revolution sidesteps, his arms sweeping theatrically with him.. Barnes twists to match, fists at the ready as he does it again.]

GM: Two very different styles here as we see the almost... I’m not even sure how to describe it, Bucky.

BW: Balletic?

GM: I suppose that might be a good fit.

[The Revolution does another dramatic sidestep, smirking as Barnes twists again to match... and again... and again. The movements of the Revolution get faster and faster as Barnes sidesteps again and again, finally ending up with the Revolution making him go in a full circle a few times as the crowd laughs.]

GM: Now the Revolution is just playing with Ernest Barnes...

[Barnes angrily rushes forward as the Revolution steps out, ducks down, and twists around to end up in a rear waistlock...

...which he abruptly breaks, grabbing at the hair of Barnes, running his fingers through his hair. Barnes whips around, fists at the ready as the Revolution shakes his head.]

“Have they no barbers in Stone Mountain?”

[He wipes his fingers on his tights with disgust as Barnes rushes at him again, taking a swing that the Revolution ducks under with ease, popping up to tousle Barnes’ mane.]

BW: Trying to make the guy look presentable here.

[Barnes angrily slaps his hand away, threatening him with a point. The Revolution feigns shock, blowing on his “wounded” hand...

...and then lunges at Barnes who catches him on the nose with a jab!]

GM: Boxer-style jab to the chops! Another! And a hook spins him around!

[The Revolution swings around, arms swinging wildly out with him as he comes to a halt in front of Barnes...

...who reaches up with both hands to tousle the feathered hair of the Revolution to big laughs and cheers from the Vegas crowd. In a huff, the Revolution flails away backwards, falling to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: And that'll send the Revolution out here to regroup.

[The Revolution grabs at his hair, his face aghast at Barnes' actions. He stomps over to the announce table, grabbing Bucky by the collar.]

BW: Easy there, kid!

[Despite being off-mic, we can hear the Violet Revolution clearly.]

"Give it to me straight, Buckthorn! How is my hair?"

BW: It looks fine! Great, even!

[An angry Violet Revolution poofs up his hair with both hands before diving under the bottom rope, storming in on a waiting Barnes...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The Violent Revolution goes upside the head of Ernest Barnes!

[Barnes simply steps back, reaching up to touch his mouth to check for blood with a nod. The Revolution is still up in his face, jabbing a finger angrily into his chest as he reads him the riot act...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets taken off his feet with a slap from Barnes that gets a big cheer as the Revolution falls to his backside on the mat, looking up with shocked wide eyes at Barnes who beckons him back up, fists at the ready once more.]

GM: Well, this is certainly not the match I expected to see so far but both men are showing a lack of respect for one another and... well, with the antics of the Violet Revolution, I expect he'll find a lot of people unwilling to respect him unless he can prove them wrong inside the ring.

[Getting to his feet, the Revolution gives a rub of his cheek, turning to complain to the referee...

...but he feigns the complaint, diving in to snatch a side headlock on Barnes.]

GM: Nice fakeout by the Revolution, grinding in that headlock on the Georgia native.

[The Revolution smirks as he establishes control in the center of the ring, holding on snugly.]

GM: The headlock is sunk in, wearing down Barnes... but Barnes is looking to get out...

[Barnes shoots the Revolution into the ropes, dropping down at his feet as the Revolution hurdles over him.]

GM: Up and over he goes... leapfrog coming back the other way...

[The Revolution leaps to the middle rope, springing back high into the air..

...and goes all the way down to the mat in a splits!]

GM: Impressive.

BW: Most impressive?

GM: No. I'd be more impressed if he went for some kind of offense out of that instead of just showing off.

[The Violet Revolution gets back to his feet, throwing his arms wide in a celebration of his athleticism...]

BW: I mean, sure... he could've done a crossbody or something like that... but there's a showman in this kid too, Gordo. He reminds me of Skywalker Jones back in the day a little.

GM: I can certainly see that... but as a former World Tag Team Champion, Skywalker Jones knew when to turn off the show-off side and turn up the side that actually competes. I haven't seen that out of this young man yet.

[The Revolution and Barnes get into a tieup, struggling for an edge when Barnes ends up back in the headlock.]

GM: Back in that side headlock... Barnes fighting it... and what in the world is the Revolution doing now?

[The Violet Revolution high steps around the ring, wrenching the headlock with exaggerated gestures.]

BW: The Revolution with some mind games in the ring. He's certainly having some fun at his opponent's expense.

[But that fun is short-lived as Barnes pushes him back into the corner. The referee steps in, calling for a break, but the man from Georgia has other ideas as he steps back and unloads with blows to the body.]

GM: Right hook to the ribs... left on the other side... rocking him back and forth...

[The Revolution recoils from the blows as Barnes keeps firing away, the referee trying to wedge himself between the two.]

GM: Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller on the job for this one, pushing them apart and-

[And as soon as Barnes steps back, the Revolution uses the momentary break to SNAP his head back with a lunging Right Cross!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a shot from the Violet Revolution!

BW: Looked awfully familiar too, huh?

GM: I've heard tell that this young man is a true student of the game and liked to show off in his CCW days by mimicking some famous maneuvers from time to time... that might've had a little bit of Hall of Fame sauce on it.

[As Barnes staggers backwards, falling to a knee mid-ring as the Violet Revolution turns towards the camera on the apron, beckoning it closer..]

"My kiss just don't miss. Mwah!"

[With a trot out to mid-ring, the Revolution smirks as he stands over Barnes, the former boxer reeling from the blow. He lifts his arms with a flourish, leaning down to grab two hands full of hair..

...and Barnes explodes off the mat, throwing an uppercut to the jaw that snaps the Revolution's head back, sending him flying into the air, and falling down onto both knees as he twists away!]

GM: And Barnes lands a high impact blow of his own!

BW: I'm not sure the Revolution should be matching fisticuffs with this guy, Gordo. Barnes seems like he knows what he's doing when it comes to the boxing game.

GM: He certainly does.

[Barnes marches in on the Revolution, grabbing his feathered hair from behind, hauling him to his feet. He spins him around, striking another fighting stance as he throws a right hand that the Revolution ducks... a left hand the Revolution ducks...

...and then the Violet One leaves his feet, extending his legs fully to catch Barnes on the chin with a picture perfect dropkick!]

GM: Beautiful dropkick right there!

BW: You might even call it... Flawless.

GM: You might indeed.

[And now, the Revolution seems a little fired up as he dives on top of him, battering him with wildly-flung blows to the head. The referee calls for a break and as the Revolution gets up, he starts stomping the downed Barnes. Miller again pushes his way in, trying to get the Revolution to back off...

...but the Revolution gets in one last kick to the back of Barnes' head before he spins away, pirouetting for the booing crowd.]

GM: Arrogance seems to be the name of the Revolution's game, celebrating every single one of his tactics like he just won the World Title.

BW: Hey, he's in Vegas, baby! Showmanship is how you become a star in this town! Mark it down - this night in Vegas, the Revolution begins!

GM: We'll see about that.

[Snatching a front facelock on the rising Barnes, the Revolution muscles him up into the air, holding him high for several seconds...

...and then falls back, shaking the ring with a vertical suplex!]

BW: And he's not just style and flash, Gordo. That was a textbook suplex executed to sheer perfection.

GM: I'll agree with that. He's got game as the kids say.

[The Revolution kips up to his feet, looking out on the jeering crowd. He strides across, laying the badmouth on them as Barnes rolls to his stomach, trying to push up off the canvas.]

GM: Barnes struggling to get up after that suplex... but this is what I'm talking about, Bucky. The Violet Revolution is wasting valuable time with this trash talk and...

[The Revolution whips around as he spies Barnes getting to a knee, rushing across the spring, springing off the bent knee to drive his own knee into the skull of Barnes, knocking him flat as the crowd roars at a very familiar sight!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: And if the Right Cross wasn't enough for ya, he just DROPPED this guy with a SHINING WIZARD! A SHINING WIZARD, Gordo!

GM: I saw it! And in the hometown of Devon Case who set the wrestling world on fire almost twenty years ago with that very maneuver!

BW: And man oh man, did it look good!

[The Violent Revolution springs to his feet, throwing his arms apart as he marches towards the ropes shouting...]

"I AM A GOLDEN GOOOOOOOOD!"

[He throws his head back, soaking up the mixed response from the Las Vegas crowd.]

GM: A little bit of an homage, I suppose, to the Vegas native, Devon Case... and with Barnes down from that, I feel like the Violet Revolution could get the win at any time but again, he's wasting valuable time.

[He steps towards a still-prone Barnes, raising his right leg into the air before he leaps up and delivers a corkscrew legdrop with the opposite leg. The crowd "ooooohs" at the athleticism as the Revolution rolls to his stomach, slinking sexily across the canvas, beckoning the camera towards him before he puckers up and offers another kiss...]

GM: My goodness, this man is certainly full of himself.

BW: Say what you will about the Violet Revolution's theatrics, but he is an athletic marvel. That corkscrew leg drop is a thing of beauty.

[The Violent Revolution turns towards Bucky, flashing a grin at the color commentator who was apparently speaking loud enough to be heard in the ring.]

"If you think that was something, wait til you see this, baby!"

[Back on his feet, the Revolution steps on Barnes' chest as he walks over him on his way to the corner.]

GM: Where is the Violet Revolution going now and what has he got planned?

BW: It looks like he's going up top... and I'm guessing the plan calls for bad intentions!

[The Revolution slingshots over the ropes, landing on the apron. He steps to the middle rope... then to the top in two big strides. He perches himself there, bringing his hand to his mouth before blowing another kiss to the jeering crowd...]

[With that, the Violet Revolution leans through the ropes again, planting a kiss on Ortiz' forehead. She looks shocked as he slips back through the ropes, arms raised once again.]

GM: Well, theatrics aside, this was quite the debut-

BW: RE-debut!

GM: Fine. The re-debut for this unusual individual.

BW: Don't look now, Gordo... but the Revolution has been televised!

[Gordon sighs as the Revolution celebrates his win...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we cut back to the office of Javier Castillo. Castillo is sitting behind his desk, nervously fingering the large rusted key on a large metal chain that hangs on a hook on his desk at the moment. He seems to be jotting something down on a piece of paper when there's a knock on the door.]

JC: ENTER!

[The door swings open and Veronica Westerly walks into view, followed by Polemos and then finally someone we might not have expected to see in this moment... the King of the Cowboys, Jack Lynch. Lynch ambles in, throwing a disdainful glance in Westerly's direction as he flops down in the chair across from Castillo who looks up at him with a grin.]

JL: Miss Westerly said you wanted to see me.

[Castillo claps his hands together enthusiastically.]

JC: I do! I do! Thank you for coming. I wasn't sure if you would.

[Lynch arches an eyebrow.]

JL: Yeah well, ya got me curious. 'Cuz I can't imagine what WE would have to discuss.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: Yeah, I thought that might be where ya wanted to go. What's there to talk about though? I'm gonna be on Ryan's team for the Tower. Nothing else that night matters to me.

JC: Nothing?

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: What if I were to offer you the 30th spot in the Rumble?

[Lynch chuckles.]

JL: We playin' poker, boss man?

[Castillo laughs.]

JC: My favorite game.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: Mine too. I'm afraid I'm gonna have to pass though. Ryan and I talked about it and I told him that I was gonna pass on the Rumble to make sure I'm in top shape for the Tower.

[Castillo scoffs.]

JC: A noble sacrifice. Does it bother you that your teammates have not?

[Lynch shrugs.]

JL: Everyone's gotta make their own decisions and be their own man. And if ya knew the first thing about me, you'd know I'm always there for the people that I call my own. And if that means I gotta sacrifice somethin' I want... I got no problem with that.

[Lynch rises from the seat.]

JL: Now, if that's all ya got...

[Castillo raises a hand.]

JC: Please. Sit. We're not done... playing... yet.

[Lynch smirks.]

JL: Gonna need a better hand if you're lookin' to impress me.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Alright... then it's time to go... all in.

[Lynch looks questioningly.]

JC: You see, I've been looking at some old AWA matches lately... doing my research... and it came to my attention that a most grave injustice has been done to you, Mr. Lynch.

JL: Oh?

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Last summer, you were the AWA World Champion... and when you lost that title to Juan Vasquez-

JL: Your buddy... your employee, I remember.

[Castillo smirks, shrugs, and spreads his arms.]

JC: Yes, well... things change. Anyways, I was told that after you lost that title, you never received a rematch for it. Is that right?

[Lynch nods with a grimace as though the memory sticks in his craw.]

JL: That's right.

[Castillo claps his hands together again.]

JC: Yes, well... I think it's time we remedy that. So, at Memorial Day Mayhem, I'd like to give you that chance to regain the World Title... against Johnny Detson.

[The crowd inside the arena ROARS at this piece of video. Lynch, his attention obviously caught, now leans forward in his seat, a fist on the desk.]

JL: You want me to wrestle Detson for the World Title?

JC: I do.

JL: And how's he feel about that?

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: I didn't discuss it with him. Should I take that as a yes?

[Lynch pauses, rubbing his chin.]

JL: So, you want me to pull double duty? The Tower and the title match?

[Castillo smiles.]

JL: I thought so.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: To ensure that the World Title Main Event is able to go on as scheduled, I cannot risk you get injured in that Tower, Mr. Lynch. So, if you want your chance to regain the World Title... then you must withdraw from the Tower.

[Lynch sighs.]

JL: Yeah, that sounds about right.

[He sits for a moment in silence, tapping a finger on the desk. Castillo impatiently waits for an answer.]

JC: Well?

[Lynch gets up from his chair, standing as he stares down at Castillo.]

JL: I don't think so.

[The Iron Cowboy turns to make his exit.]

JC: You're making a huge mistake! How can you walk away from a shot at the title?!

[Lynch pauses at the door, turning to look back.]

JL: If you're asking me to walk away from a shot at the title or walk away from my friend when he's counting on me, I'll be standing by Ryan's side every day of the week and twice on Sunday, Castillo.

[Lynch pushes the door open, walking through it. Westerly sidles up next to him.]

VW: I told you he wouldn't go for it.

[Castillo grimaces.]

JC: It's still early. He'll change his mind.

VW: I don't think so. He's as stubborn as his old man is.

[Castillo slams a fist down on the desk.]

JC: DAMN IT!

[And we cut to black...

HOUR TWO

...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 in the arena. Our shot is of the ringside area where Riley Hunter is haranguing the ring crew.]

"No! Two inches... THAT WAY!"

[He retracts his tape measure with a loud 'zip'. The ring crew shuffles a large Mooselips Beer banner a couple of inches in one direction. Hunter checks his notes and diagrams and nods approval.]

"Hey, Ri. All four corners are done!"

[Across the apron, Derrick Williams supervises the last Mooselips Beer branded padding being secured over each ring post.]

GM: Well, fans, I was told that was to be this was to be Next Gen returning the World Tag Team belts to System Shock-

BW: The rightful and reigning champions, Gordo. Don't omit that!

GM: -but they seem to be renovating the ringside area here!

[As Hunter and Williams climb the apron, you can hear a bit of their conversation.]

"You think Schutzman will like it, Duke?"

"He'll love it."

[Williams reaches into his pocket and tosses a single dollar to the floor where the Ring Crew is packing up.]

"For your troubles, fellas."

[Hunter picks up a microphone, turning to address the already-jeering fans.]

RH: Ladies and gentlemen, the Axis - in association with Mooselips Beer - presents the greatest tag team in the AWA bar none! Fans, we are System Shock. And we are pleased and proud to be a nominee for the AWA's top tag team!

[Williams nods, raising his own mic now.]

DW: And as the eventual winners of the 2017 Stampede Cup... the Mooselips Top Tag Team... and the REAL World Tag Team Champions, we would be proud to endorse and represent Mooselips Beer.

As some of you remember, I am quite the fan of beer, and would only endorse the best of the best of beers, such as the high quality, smooth tasting Mooselips Beer. We are the complete package of the Real Greatest Tag Team in the AWA, We are the unsolvable puzzle.

[Hunter smirks.]

RH: There is only one piece of the puzzle missing in our campaign to be named Mooselips Beer's top team, and that's the belts. So Danny... Howard... come on out here...

[Williams interjects.]

DW: With our belts...

[Hunter quickly agrees with a smile and a nod.]

RH: With our belts! And remove all doubts!

[System Shock stands in the ring, waiting expectedly.]

GM: Fans, this goes back to two weeks ago when we all thought that Next Gen had won the AWA World Tag Team Titles... only to have the decision overturned nearly a week later by Javier Castillo, a controversial decision at best.

BW: Controversial?! It was as clear as those coke bottle glasses on your face, Gordo! The referee got accidentally knocked out by Derrick Williams and-

GM: Accidentally?! He struck him on purpose, Bucky!

BW: Well, even more of a reason to disqualify him, eh? The fact is, one referee made the right call-

GM: A week later.

BW: The other made the wrong call... and those belts are going back where they belong... if these two punks ever get out here to do the right thing!

GM: No sign of Next Gen out here yet... and the champions seem to be getting a little impatient.

[Williams says something off-mic to Hunter who lifts his wrist to glare at a watch that isn't there.]

BW: And how disrespectful is this, Gordo? These pretenders need to return the titles back where they belong and they're stalling now!

GM: It's only been a few... ah, here they come now.

[Howie Somers and Daniel Harper are walking down the aisle, no music playing. The two each have a tag team belt in their possession.]

GM: And there's Next Gen on their way to the ring with the belts in hand.

BW: Yeah, but are they gonna hand the belts over or are they gonna put up a fuss like the entitled millennials that they are?

GM: Will you stop, Bucky?

[With the fans split between cheering Next Gen and pleading with them not to give the titles back, Somers and Harper climb onto the ring apron, ducking through the ropes to get into the ring. Williams and Hunter are waiting for them, the latter tapping his foot and smirking as Williams extends his arm outward, hand reaching for the title belt...

...but Next Gen doesn't immediately respond, standing with the titles still over their shoulders.]

BW: Are you going to give them back what's rightfully theirs or what?

GM: How impatient can you be, Bucky?

BW: When it comes to those who dare to defy System Shock and the Axis, I have no patience, Gordo!

[Somers leans over to Harper, whispering to his partner as Williams shouts "HAND 'EM OVER!" to no reaction. Harper turns, whispering to Somers this time.]

BW: This is ridiculous! You have your orders! Give 'em back the belts!

[Finally, Somers and Harper look back at Hunter and Williams, each extending a title belt towards them. The champions hesitate, as if they expect something to happen, then quickly snatch the belts away.]

GM: There. Are you happy now?

BW: I'm surprised they didn't try to backjump 'em.

[Williams and Hunter raise the belts above their heads, all smiles, but don't turn their backs on Next Gen... which is when Somers gestures towards them.]

BW: No! You don't get to touch the belts again! You sullied them enough in the two weeks you had them!

GM: I don't think it's the belt he's after, Bucky.

[The camera picks up Harper's request for the mic. Hunter glares at him, then holds out the mic and tosses it towards Somers who taps it a couple of times to make sure it's on before speaking.]

HS: Some might think this is the part where I point out that we actually have the win over you guys, even without a title change. But then would come the part where people say that the champion doesn't have to beat the challenger, the win is on a technicality, and moral victories don't really mean anything.

But I will say this: If it wasn't for Derrick Williams hitting the referee, he might have actually gotten the win.

[Williams shouts "THAT'S RIGHT! I HAD YOU TWO BEAT!" as he slaps the title belt on his shoulder now. Somers continues.]

HS: And deep down, Derrick Williams, you know that an old friend of yours would tell you that when you have the opportunity to beat an opponent, you don't screw it up. But that's exactly what you did, Derrick.

So you'll get your chance to rectify that mistake at Memorial Day Mayhem.

But we'll get our chance to rectify a mistake, too -- and that's ensuring there is no controversy, no reversals, not anything but my partner and I walking out with the title belts around our waists.

[The crowd cheers as Somers nods confidently. He seems about to toss the mic aside but Harper stops him. Somers pauses then hands the mic over to his partner.]

DH: You know the first thing that tells me that those titles should be with us and not the two of you?

That you came out here tonight not to celebrate still being the tag champs... but to celebrate that maybe... just maybe... you'd get an endorsement deal.

[Williams shrugs.]

DH: Well, I wonder what the fine folks at Mooselips are going to think when the two of you - after we meet in Chicago - look into the camera and deliver your big sales pitch...

"All we can do is cry in our Mooselips Beer because we just lost the belts to Next Gen!"

[The crowd cheers loudly as Hunter sneers at Harper.]

DH: And don't forget that you're not the only team being considered for that deal. You may end up without the belts AND without the money when we're done with you.

[Harper throws the mic back at a surprised Hunter who catches it against his chest. Next Gen turns to exit when Hunter speaks up.]

RH: What if it happens again?

[The interjection stops them in their tracks.]

RH: What if we win again, huh?

[Hunter smirks, nudging Williams.]

RH: The way I see it, that would leave Next Gen all the waaaaaaay...

[He lifts his hand to his eyes like he's looking a great distance.]

RH: ...at the back of the line. Behind the Soldiers of Fortune. Behind that karate geek Connors and his little masked pal. Behind my old buddies, the American Idols. Behind the War Pigs. Behind Ringkrieger. Behind... well... everyone.

[Harper and Somers are silent as Hunter edges closer.]

RH: Because remember... this is the Participation Era... and after you get your shot, we've gotta go to the next in line! Who's the next in line, Derrick?

[Williams replies off-mic with a smirk.]

RH: Right, right! We've promised "Concrete" John Yeates and... whoever his new partner is that we won't be going into our defense against them on the next Saturday Night Wrestling soft!

And you two... you two don't know what you've gotten yourself into in Chicago.

[Hunter nods, jerking a thumb at himself.]

RH: I'm going into Memorial Day Mayhem with nothing other than tag team gold on my plate! There's no Tower of Doom for the Seven Star Athlete! There's no Rumble for US to prepare for! You had better be ready to give us the fight of your lives!

Oh, and this time... you're not getting away with throwing poor Koji Sakai into Duke's elbow!

[Hunter nudges Williams who holds up his most-feared elbow.]

RH: You know that poor guy weighs 120 pounds and the elbow of The Future is hard enough to cut diamonds!

[Williams raises his mic now.]

DW: The fact is, unless your name is "Williams" or "Hunter," history always seems to repeat itself in the AWA tag ranks.

But the two of us?

We make our OWN history... and there's more than enough to go around.

[Williams sneers, stepping closer to Harper.]

DW: Don't worry though, fellas.

I'm sure you'll find a way to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory again.

[Williams reaches out, stabbing a finger into the chest of Harper who takes a step back, looks at Somers, shrugs...

...and then DRILLS Williams with a surprise right hand, knocking him off his feet!]

GM: OH!

BW: I told you, Gordo! I told you these two backjumpers-

GM: He hit him when they were face to face like a man, Bucky!

[Harper dives on top of Williams, battering him with angry right hands as Riley Hunter moves to intervene from behind...

...but gets grabbed by Somers who flings Hunter backwards into the closest set of buckles as the crowd cheers!]

GM: Somers throws Hunter to the corner...

[Leaning over, Somers grabs the middle rope, laying in a big shoulder tackle once... twice... three times as Williams manages to get Harper onto his back, returning the favor with heavy blows to the skull.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! Perhaps a sneak preview of what's going to go down in Chicago at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[And with that, a flood of AWA officials and referees come running from the back.]

GM: That didn't take long. I'd imagine these folks were on standby just in case this thing broke down and-

[AWA official John Shock is the first one in, diving under the ropes and wrapping an arm around Howie Somers, trying to pull him off of Riley Hunter. A pair of referees are quickly in after, wrapping up Derrick Williams, dragging him off of the downed Daniel Harper who gets quickly to a knee...

...and throws himself in a double leg takedown attempt, knocking both Williams and the two referees down in the process!]

GM: Harper with the takedown on Williams!

BW: And the referees! Who's abusing referees now, Gordo?!

[Kevin Slater and Adam Rogers are the next ones in, moving to help secure Harper as Williams tries to fight off the mat. Another referee is in next, trying to help keep Howie Somers back... two more referees follow, trying to get Somers back...]

...and they create just enough space for Riley Hunter to race in, leaping up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: INSTANT KARMAAAAAA! HE DROPS SOMERS...

[A fired-up Hunter wheels and BLASTS John Shock with a right hand as well!]

GM: OHH! HE HIT AN OFFICIAL, DAMN IT!

[Hunter wheels again, fire in his eyes...]

GM: AND A REF! COME ON!

[Hunter gets physically tackled down to the mat by Adam Rogers to the cheers of the crowd. The former World Champion holds him down as more officials come charging into view followed by security...]

...and a loud booming voice cutting across the PA system.]

“ENOUGH! EEEEEEEENOUGH!”

[The crowd jeers as they realize the interrupting voice is coming from the AWA President himself, Javier Castillo.]

JC: I’ve had enough of this! You two have been a giant pain in my...

[He pauses, swearing off-mic to himself.]

JC: At Memorial Day Mayhem, I want NO controversy! I want a clear winner! And since it’s obvious that NONE of you have any respect for the officials of the AWA, I am appointing a special OUTSIDE THE RING ENFORCER for your match in Chicago... someone tough enough to handle ALL that the four of you might throw at him. Someone tough enough to make the hard call... and someone fair enough to make the RIGHT call.

[Williams can be heard shouting “WHO?! WHO IS IT?!” from down on the mat.]

JC: To make sure that none of you have a chance to influence him, I will not announce who it is until it’s time for your match in Chicago!

But I DARE any of you to take a swing at him.

[Castillo smirks.]

GM: Wow! A new wrinkle in an already-heated situation as Javier Castillo says he’s assigned a special Outside The Ring Enforcer for the tag title match at Memorial Day Mayhem! Who’s it gonna be, Bucky?!

BW: I have no idea... but if the boss says it’s someone who can keep this thing under control, I believe him!

GM: Fans, we’re going to get this situation cleaned up in here... let’s go backstage to Mark Stegglet and the King of the Cowboys!

[Cut to backstage, where Mark Stegglet is standing with Jack Lynch. The tall, lanky Iron Cowboy is scratching his chin thoughtfully.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. These last few weeks, the man joining me has been making a lot of waves in the AWA. And earlier tonight, you made a decision that many find surprising.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: Ya know Mark, it sure is somethin', bein' the man on the lips of everyone here in the AWA. I mean hell, even I'm surprised that Henrietta Ortiz Lynch's baby is suddenly the man that everyone is talkin' about.

I mean, ya got Stevie Scott comin' out two weeks ago, tryin' to be all big and bad by puttin' my name in his mouth. I'll hand it to ya, Hotshot. Max Magnum ain't no one to be taken lightly. That man is as rough and tough as they come, no doubt about it.

And then, just earlier tonight, out comes the straight shooter, one Mister Sid Osborne, runnin' his mouth, and includin' yours truly in his little speech.

Well boys, lemme say somethin' that shoulda been clear already – I ain't a hard man to find.

But what you, and anyone else that comes at me, is gonna discover is that talkin' and doin' are two complete different things.

It's one thing, Stevie, to make threats and talk about what that big old Neanderthal standin' next to ya is gonna do.

It's another thing entirely to win a World Title, to win the Stampede Cup. To be the only man in AWA history to win tag team gold with two different partners.

Stevie, I've done all the things your boy dreams of doin'. And I'd more than happy to add "takin' down Max Magnum" to my long list of accomplishments.

[Lynch cracks a smile.]

JL: As for you, Sid? Well, you come out here talkin' about all the things ya woulda done if only someone would give ya the chance. You talk about bein' in the Rumble.

Well, let me just remind ya that they call me the Iron Cowboy on account of just how long I've lasted in every Rumble I've ever been in.

While you're out here runnin' your mouth and dreamin' about all ya could accomplish, I'm the man that fought in, and won four of the most hellacious matches in SuperClash history. Street fight against the Bullies. Texas Death Match against Lake. The towel match against Supreme Wright. And the damn war against the Syndicate.

Sin City Savior is a name ya gave yourself. Mr. SuperClash is the name I've earned.

MS: But of course, the real reason you're here right now is because of what Javier Castillo offered you earlier tonight. An offer you declined.

[Another nod from Lynch.]

JL: You and I both know, Mark, that the AWA World Heavyweight Title is the richest prize in sports, period. It's a belt I've held before. I know what it means, Mark. And I know I can beat Johnny Detson for that title.

MS: You were the man who ended his first reign.

JL: And I know I could do it again. But I also know that it ain't worth my soul. It ain't worth doin' for the sake of El Presidente gettin' what he wants.

"Then don't do it for him."

[The voice comes from off-camera, but the camera quickly shifts to show who the voice belongs to – none other than Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight shares a handshake with the Iron Cowboy before he speaks.]

RM: I know this is your time, but I need you to hear this.

Don't take that match because Castillo offered it to you. Take that match because I'm asking you to take it.

Take that match for me. Take that match for all of us here in the AWA, and for all the fans watching. Do it for your family.

We need this. We need you.

JL: But the Tower. I gave ya my word. Ya know what that means.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: I do. And I know you always keep your word. I know what it means to be backed by Jack. You were there in the Cibernetico. You were there a thousand times when I needed you. And what I'm saying is, right now – I need you to get that belt from Detson.

I know you can do it. I'm asking – will you do it?

[Lynch pauses a moment, and finally nods his head.]

JL: If this is what ya want...

Then I guess I better go see El Presidente.

[Martinez smiles with relief, shaking his friend's hand again as we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca is standing.]

RO: The following contest is a Women's Division matchup set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. If Ayako Fujiwara is victorious, she will move on to Memorial Day Mayhem to face Madame X!

[The crowd cheers that announcement.]

RO: Introducing first...

[The sounds of an infectious pop song that just might sound familiar to the right demographic begins to play... to almost no reaction from the crowd.]

RO: She hails from New York City... weighing in at 145 pounds...

DONNNNNNNAAAAA MARTINELLLLLLLLLLIIIIII!

[The curtain parts and an extremely-nervous looking rookie comes striding into view. Martinelli pauses, hand on her hip, the other extended towards the sky in a picturesque pose. She's a very beautiful young lady, standing in a pair of red sparkling full-length tights and a golden sports bra type top. Her long blonde hair dangles down around her shoulders. With a deep breath and a little hop, she starts down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: A huge piece of news there from Jack Lynch... he's gonna accept the World Title match against Johnny Detson in Chicago... and speaking of matches we may see in Chicago, Donna Martinelli, fresh out of the Combat Corner, is on her way down the aisle... and Bucky, I have to say that I think this young lady bit off more than she can chew here tonight.

BW: That's entirely possible, Gordo. Martinelli is apparently the protege of Madame X and the masked woman has used Martinelli in some of her mindgames with Ayako in recent weeks. Fujiwara is pretty hot under the collar and I don't envy anyone about to climb into the ring with a ticked-off Olympic gold medalist, daddy.

[Martinelli tries to force down her nerves, grinning broadly, waving at the Vegas crowd.]

GM: Alright, Bucky... tell me what you know about this young lady.

BW: Well, she's still training in the Combat Corner...

GM: Mm-hmm.

BW: She's Madame X's protege.

GM: Right.

BW: And that's about it... except for the whole pop star thing.

GM: Sure, but... I'm sorry... what?

BW: Gordo, even you're not fossilized enough to NOT know the song that's playing right now.

GM: I'm sorry, I don't-

BW: Gordo, it was the pop sensation that swept up the entire nation! "You And Me Were Meant To Be!"

GM: The song that's playing right now?

BW: That's right! Donna was a world class pop star... she went everywhere performing this song! State fairs, shopping centers, college campuses! She was GLOBAL, daddy!

GM: I... wow. I had no idea. Have I heard any of her other stuff?

BW: What other stuff?

[Martinelli scampers up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes. She spreads her arms, going into a quick twirl before she steps onto the bottom rope, leaning over them to blow kisses to the fans.]

GM: Well, I suppose she's no stranger to the spotlight then. Maybe nerves won't be a problem for her.

BW: There's only one problem with that.

GM: What's that?

BW: When she went out on stage to sing, no one was waiting to punch her in the mouth.

GM: A fair point.

[The music fades as Rebecca Ortiz raises the mic.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd her opponent...

[There's a very loud roar of cheers as the lights go out and "The Cyborg Fights" by Makoto Miyazaki plays. The roar grows even larger once the crowd sees Ayako Fujiwara emerging from behind the curtains. She has foregone any efforts at an elaborate entrance, simply appearing in her ring gear and marching down the ramp at full speed.]

RO: From Fujinomiya, Shizuoka Prefecture, Japan... weighing in at 73 Kilograms... she is a former Olympic Gold Medalist...

AYAAAAKOOOOO FUJIWARRRRRRRA!

[Fujiwara is down the ramp in no time at all, diving headfirst under the bottom rope. As she pops up to her feet, she is bombarded by red and white streamers from all sides by the ringside fans. But she does not spin to wrap herself in them per usual, staying stoic as she glares at Martinelli across the ring.]

GM: And it appears as though Ayako Fujiwara is ALL business here tonight, fans. There's usually a little flair to her entrance but not tonight. For months now, she's been haunted by Madame X. There were rumors that Fujiwara - after SuperClash - was going to focus on Kurayami and the Women's World Title but Madame X derailed all that. Fujiwara has been absolutely obsessed with finding out who is hunting her and if she defeats Donna Martinelli tonight, she'll get one step closer to that answer.

[Fujiwara waits for the ring to be cleared of the streamers, eyes still locked on Martinelli who looks as anxious as anyone could possibly look at this moment.]

BW: I sense trouble for Donna, Gordo. She may be about to fall as hard as she did when she fell off the Billboard charts.

[Martinelli nervously looks around for help as referee Shari Miranda checks in with her, letting her know the match is about to start. Martinelli nods meekly as Fujiwara has not removed her eyes from her...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and at the sound of the bell, Fujiwara sprints across the ring like a thoroughbred getting their first nudge with a riding crop. Martinelli covers up as Fujiwara bullrushes her into the corner, throwing devastating elbow strikes with either arm in the corner.]

GM: Fujiwara's all over her, Bucky!

BW: Martinelli's trying to cover up though, trying to block some of these blows.

[Grabbing a blocking arm, Fujiwara uses it to whip Martinelli across the ring HARD. She slams into the buckles, stumbling out towards the Olympic gold medalist who

lets loose a shout as she charges out, bowling Martinelli over with a running elbow strike!]

GM: Ohhh! Good grief!

[A dazed Martinelli pushes herself off the mat, getting to her knees as Fujiwara stands over her...]

“WHO IS SHE?!”

[...and snaps off a roundhouse kick to the chest that can be heard throughout the T-Mobile Arena.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Fujiwara shouts again.]

“WHO! IS SHE?!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Martinelli doesn't respond, crumpling down onto her hands so she's on all fours. Fujiwara sweeps around her, raising her leg high, and brings her heel CRASHING down into the spine of Martinelli!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Fujiwara stands over her, staring down disdainfully as Miranda is already checking to see if Martinelli can continue...

...which is when Fujiwara actually shoves Miranda aside with a loud “NO!” The referee looks at Fujiwara in shock, gesturing to the AWA logo on her chest as Fujiwara ignores her, leaning down to wrap the body of Martinelli up in her powerful arms...]

GM: Watch yourself, Ayako.

BW: She pushed the ref, Gordo! Miranda should disqualify her and give Donna her first win!

GM: She would've been within her right to do that, for sure... but she's giving Ayako some leeway...

[Fujiwara deadlifts Martinelli off the mat, letting her dangle there in a gutwrench. Martinelli flails her arms a bit, screaming for mercy as Fujiwara walks around the ring a little bit, showing off her tremendous strength...

...and then HURLS Martinelli through the air, dumping her on the mat with a released German Suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Incredible! No matter how many times I see that move, Bucky, I'm never not impressed by it.

BW: The strength of Fujiwara is really something to behold. The powerful arms... the legs... the back... the core. She's a tank in there and Donna's obviously outmatched in her debut.

GM: Fresh out of the Combat Corner... not even a graduate there yet from what I understand... well, she got thrown into the deep end here tonight for sure.

[A few moments pass as Martinelli tries to fight her way to her feet, ending up sitting on the mat when Fujiwara hits the ropes, rebounding back...

...and FLATTENS Martinelli once more with a sliding lariat!]

GM: Goodness!

[But instead of going for a cover, Fujiwara grabs the long blond hair, shouting down at her.]

“WHO IS SHE?!”

[Martinelli doesn't - or is unable to - respond and gets the back of her head slammed into the mat for it...]

“WHO IS SHE?!”

[No response. Another head slam. The referee shouts for her to break the grip on the hair but again Ayako ignores her.]

“WHO IS SHE?!”

[You know the drill. Martinelli's skull bounces off the canvas a third time as the crowd starts to buzz.]

GM: This is a little hard to watch, Bucky. Like we've said, Martinelli is obviously outmatched and Fujiwara is just dominating her. I know she's frustrated. I know she's upset but this is... it's still a wrestling match. Pin her and move on.

BW: It doesn't look like Ayako agrees, Gordo. Not yet at least.

[Fujiwara grabs her by the wrist, yanking her up to her feet violently, and flings her into the buckles. The former Olympian backs off, taking aim...]

GM: Fujiwara charging in and-

[A desperate Martinelli suddenly leans back, raising both of her legs in front of her. Fujiwara runs chestfirst into the raised knees...

...and Martinelli grabs her around the head, leaning forward to ride Fujiwara down, her knees still crashing into the chest as they hit the mat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Wow! What a counter by Martinelli!

[Martinelli rolls to the side, taking a breather as Fujiwara clutches her chest in pain from the surprise counter.]

GM: Martinelli with one big move there, turns the complexion of this match around... but for how long? With her inexperience, can she string together some offense against an Olympic gold medalist?

[Fujiwara rolls to her side, pushing her way up off the mat...

...and Martinelli goes into a big spin, swinging her leg up and catching Fujiwara across the chest with a spinning back kick across the face!]

GM: Impressive kick by Martinelli! That puts Fujiwara back down on the mat!

[Martinelli throws herself forward, doing a brief handstand...

...and then drops back down, both knees into the abdomen of Fujiwara!]

GM: Handstand kneedrop... similar to Fujiwara's own cartwheel kneedrop... and Martinelli makes a cover!

[Hooking a leg, Martinelli hears the count of one... the count of two... and that's all as Fujiwara kicks out strongly.]

GM: Not enough to keep Fujiwara down for three!

[Martinelli scrambles to her feet, looking around nervously again. She moves to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope. She waves a hand at Fujiwara, some confidence creeping in as she strings together a flurry of offense.]

GM: Fujiwara slowly getting off the mat...

[Martinelli leaps into the air, fully extending her body for a crossbody...

...but gets snatched out of the sky!]

GM: CAUGHT!

[Fujiwara defiantly shakes her head, holding the 145 pounder across her torso. She walks out to center ring, looking dead ahead into the camera. Spinning to her left, she dips down low so that Martinelli's head nearly touches the canvas before spinning back the other way...]

GM: KANPEKINA!

[...and DRIVES Martinelli into the canvas with her signature reverse-spinning powerslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it. You can count to a hundred.

[Fujiwara stays down on Martinelli, staring into the camera as the referee counts once... counts twice...

...and Fujiwara abruptly and shockingly pulls Martinelli's shoulders off the mat by her blond hair!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: I... I can't believe that just happened, Bucky!

BW: You said it yourself, Gordo. She's angry! She's frustrated! She's tired of playing Madame X's games!

[She shakes her head, climbing to her feet, and dragging Martinelli up with her.]

GM: Martinelli can barely stand, Bucky. I don't know what Ayako is hoping to accomplish by not ending this match but-

[Fujiwara holds her by the hair, staring into her eyes, shouting at her...]

“WHO IS SHE?!”

[Getting no response, she swings Martinelli around, snatching a rear waistlock, and promptly takes her up, dumping her down on the back of her head and neck with a ferocious German Suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Fujiwara rattles the ring with that suplex... and hopefully that’s all she’ll-

[Gordon is cut off by Fujiwara keeping the waistlock applied, rolling up to her feet again. She leans forward, shouting into Martinelli’s ear as the rookie attempts to not collapse.]

“WHO IS SHE?!”

[Again, Fujiwara gets no response... although at this point, it may be due to a lack of an ability to speak complete sentences... and she angrily lifts Martinelli up a second time, dumping her down on the back of the head a second time.]

GM: Another German Suplex... and the referee needs think about stopping this, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Martinelli is like a rag doll in there, just getting tossed around at will by Fujiwara.

GM: Miranda’s advising Ayako to end this... but Ayako rolls her back to her feet again. This is not good, fans. This is a bad scene and I’m shocked at who it is coming from. I don’t care how angry you are... how frustrated you are... this is NOT the way to handle this situation.

BW: I don’t know. I kind of like it!

[On her feet again, Fujiwara goes to shout at Martinelli who folds over, falling to her knees despite the waistlock. Fujiwara looks down at her, just about set to deadlift her off the mat when she pauses...

...and looks out on the crowd which is buzzing with concern over what they’re seeing. Fujiwara looks out at them for a moment...

...and abruptly releases the waistlock, dropping down and gently rolling Martinelli over onto her back. Miranda swiftly counts the three, calling for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And this one is over. Ayako Fujiwara will get her match with Madame X, who we have-

[Suddenly, Gordon is interrupted by Ayako, still standing inside the ring, now with a microphone in hand.]

Ayako: MADAME X! No more games! There’s nowhere for you to hide now. I’ve defeated your student and at Memorial Day Mayhem, I will-

[The crowd begins to buzz as they see what Ayako doesn’t!]

BW: Gordo, look!

[A masked figure has just climbed over the barricade and slides underneath the ropes, as Ayako is busy looking into the camera.]

GM: SHE'S HERE! MADAME X IS IN THE RING!

[Madame X rushes Fujiwara from behind, hitting her with a clothesline that sends her crashing to the canvas.]

GM: Madame X - or, I assume that's the real Madame X - got the jump on Fujiwara!

BW: How long do you think she was lurking there, Gordo?

GM: That's a good question, and right now, the woman Fujiwara will face at Memorial Day Mayhem is having her way!

[Madame X stomps Fujiwara several times in the head, before spreading her arms out to the side, drawing boos.]

GM: The referee trying to get Madame X to stop, but this masked woman is having none of it.

[Madame X waves a dismissive hand at the referee, then drags Fujiwara to her feet.]

GM: She's got her by the arm... she whips her into the corner!

[Madame X sizes up Fujiwara and rushes toward her..

...but Fujiwara slides out of the way and the masked woman crashes into the turnbuckles.]

GM: OH MY! Madame X tastes the turnbuckles!

BW: Fujiwara's right behind her and she's not happy, Gordo!

GM: Can you blame her?

[Before Madame X can react, Fujiwara grabs her in a waistlock and hoists her up and over.]

GM: German suplex! Rattling the ring, just like with Martinelli!

BW: And she's not done!

[Madame X staggers to her feet, but Fujiwara is ready for her, grabbing her in a waistlock again.]

GM: OH MY! Another German Suplex! Madame X now paying for her attack!

BW: Ayako's up... and look at what she wants!

[Fujiwara dives on top of Madame X and grabs at her mask, the fans cheering as the masked woman flails about, trying to get Fujiwara off her.]

GM: We may find out before Memorial Day Mayhem who Madame X really is!

[Fujiwara, however, can't get a good grasp, with Madame X waving her arms about and the referee trying to pull Fujiwara off. The two wrestlers roll toward the ropes, where Madame X grabs the bottom strand.]

GM: Madame X is getting out of that ring!

BW: And you're surprised? Now somebody do something about Ayako!

[Fujiwara tries to follow, but the referee get in front of her and tries to push her back.]

GM: Are you kidding me, Bucky? Madame X attacked Ayako from behind and I don't blame her one bit for being upset!

BW: She's not simply upset... she's lost her mind! Where's Miyuki to control her students when you need her?

[Madame X leans against the ring apron and catches her breath.]

GM: That masked woman hasn't left ringside and... look, Fujiwara wants another piece of her!

[Fujiwara has pushed past the referee and reaches toward Madame X, going for the mask again...

...but that's when Madame X suddenly reaches out with her hand and grabs Fujiwara's left leg.]

GM: Wait a minute! Madame X has Ayako by the leg!

BW: She was playing possum, Gordo! She got Ayako again!

GM: Madame X has her by the leg... oh no!

[Madame X snaps Fujiwara's leg against the ring apron, drawing boos from the crowd.]

GM: She just slammed the left leg into the ring apron! Come on!

BW: She's softening her up for Memorial Day Mayhem, Gordo!

[Madame X isn't done, as she grabs Ayako by the legs and drags her toward the corner.]

GM: Somebody needs to stop this assault!

BW: Hey, if Miranda couldn't stop Fujiwara from snapping on Martinelli, what makes you think she can stop Madame X?

[The masked woman slides Fujiwara's right leg around the ring post, keeps her grasp on the left leg, and pulls Fujiwara toward the corner.]

GM: I don't even know what Madame X has planned, but we need some help out here!

[The referee shouts at Madame X, who ignores the referee. She then bends Fujiwara's right leg around the post, keeps her left leg straight, then reaches up, pulling herself up.

Madame X wraps her legs around Fujiwara's, then falls backwards, the fans now screaming, some in fear and some in awe, for what the masked woman has just done.]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! A FIGURE-FOUR LEGLOCK AROUND THE RINGPOST!

BW: How long has it been since we've seen a move like that, Gordo!

GM: This could cause permanent damage to Fujiwara! Somebody please stop this!

[Fujiwara squirms on the mat and screams in pain, but it isn't long before more referees and officials hurry to ringside. It's at that point that Madame X releases the hold, dropping to the floor, then scrambling to her feet and slipping back over the barricade, disappearing into the crowd.]

GM: Thank goodness we got some help before Madame X could cause serious injury!

BW: To think Ayako got her match at Memorial Day Mayhem, and then nearly lost it! What a brilliant strategy by Madame X!

GM: I'd call it a cowardly one, Bucky. Nonetheless, Ayako Fujiwara will get another shot at Madame X at Memorial Day Mayhem in Chicago... and fans, when we come back after this break, we're going to hear from another man who is looking ahead to Chicago - Cody Mertz! Stick around!

[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 other hand, you'd swear he was giving the branch an armbar.

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

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

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

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

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[Fade to black...

...and then back up to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing by with a microphone in hand.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is Cody Mertz.

[Mertz walks up next to Stegglet, standing to his right. Mertz is wearing green and white track pants with a white Combat Corner tee shirt on. He has a serious expression on his face as Stegglet begins.]

MS: Cody, I know you know this, but the time is almost upon us. The time you probably thought would never happen, when you step into the ring not with Michael Aarons, but against him.

CM: You're probably right, Mark. I never thought I'd get in the ring to fight Michael Aarons. Michael Aarons, my brother, my partner, the man that grew up with me in the Combat Corner, the man that stood by me and won championship gold right here in the AWA and over in Tiger Paw Pro. I never thought I would have to fight that man.

[Mertz looks at Stegglet.]

CM: And I don't. Because you see that Michael Aarons was my friend. That Michael Aarons traveled up and down the road with me night after night, day after day becoming one of the best teams this place has ever seen! That was that Michael Aarons. This Michael Aarons? This Michael Aarons is a coward!

[Mertz shakes his head in disappointment as he looks down at the floor. He looks back up, fire in his eyes.]

CM: And he's not a coward because of all the times he's run from me, from this match, since Supercash when he blindsided me with a kick to the head. No, none of that stuff makes him a coward. He's a coward because he did all that stuff because he was too afraid to tell me what was going on inside that head of his...

[Mertz trails off before continuing.]

CM: You want to break up Air Strike? Tell me. You want to blame me for personnel decisions around here? Hey at least clue me in. You think I'm holding you back?

[Mertz chuckles.]

CM: Maybe you're right Mikey, but at least tell me. You've been talking so much since SuperClash; flapping your lips with all that utter nonsense. But the stuff that counts? I haven't heard a word of it, and that makes you a coward.

[Again, Mertz shakes his head.]

CM: You can have all the talent and the smarts in the world and I know you think you do, but when it comes to what counts... what truly makes you great...

[Mertz taps his chest with his fist several times.]

CM: ...you seem to have a depleted supply. So it seems to me, that maybe, just maybe, you need a timeout to think about what you've done and maybe fill that tank back up.

[Mertz turns to Stegglet.]

CM: What do you think, Mark? Maybe thirty days would do the trick?

MS: You're talking of course of the stipulation that the winner gets number thirty in the rumble and the loser is gone from the AWA for thirty days.

[Mertz nods.]

CM: Another in the long list of shortcuts that he's made for himself. Well, sorry Mikey, this time there are no shortcuts, there are no easy ways out. Come Memorial Day Mayhem, I am going to beat you and I am going to compete in the Rumble and do my best to win the whole thing. After that?

[Mertz sort of flashes a familiar smirk and shrugs.]

CM: I saw Terry Shane looking for competition. Before he had Mahoney slapping the canvas, you'll remember the Broussard Special was doing the same.

MS: Is that a challenge?

[Mertz chuckles.]

CM: One thing at a time, Mark. And right now that one thing is Michael Aarons!

[With that Mertz walks off in the direction he came in at.]

MS: There you have it, folks... Cody Mertz is focused and determined right before his big match with his former partner, Michael Aarons coming up in just a couple of short weeks in Chicago! Now, let's go down to the ring for more action!

[We fade from backstage to Rebecca Ortiz who is in the ring along with Scott Ezra and a mustachioed, olive-skinned, burly man, with short, wavy, and more than a little greasy, dark brown hair. His white singlet features the image of a gambling chip, with \$100,000 on it, across the front, with the words "HOLLA HOLLA" printed above the chip, and the words "ROCCO ROLLA" below the gambling chip.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, to the corner on my left... from Reno, Nevada and weighing in at 289 pounds...

ROCCO "HIGH" RRROLLAAA!

[Ignoring the jeers, Rolla throws his arms out to his sides, and we hear him yell, "I'm all in, bay-bee!"]

RO: And his opponent...

[The crowd cheers as the traditional military march "The British Grenadiers" starts to play over the arena speakers. Rory Smythe strides through the entranceway, dressed in tights that are white for the most part, with the Union Jack covering most of the left thigh.]

RO: From London, England, weighing in at 265 pounds, he is "Her Majesty's Might"

RORY SMYTHE!

[Smythe makes his way in a zigzag down the aisle, trying to reach out and touch as many outstretched hands as possible.]

GM: Here he is, "Her Majesty's Might," Bucky. We thought he'd been sent packing back to Britain at Korugun's behest, along with his then-tag team partner, Robbie Storm and his trainer and mentor Colin Hayden, but we learned last week that he has been down in the Combat Corner all the while.

BW: All thanks to Callum Mahoney, who put in a good word for him with Marcus Broussard, despite what the ingrate says. And he got Smythe this match and opportunity too, Gordo.

[Reaching the ring, Smythe climbs the ring steps, onto the apron, wiping the soles of his red boots on the canvas, before stepping through the ropes.]

BW: Speaking of whom, Callum said he'd be here at ringside, so he can keep a close watch on his investment, Gordo, and he said he'd have family with him. I wonder what he means by that.

GM: Who knows what Mahoney ever means, Bucky. He's been known to twist his words on more than one occasion. He's conspicuous by his absence right now, but young Rory Smythe would do well to keep his wits about him.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go! This is one of those rare instances when Smythe is in there with someone who outweighs him, Bucky. Both men circling each other...

[Smythe extends his powerful arms upwards, asking for a test of strength but Rolla lunges in, snatching a side headlock instead.]

BW: Is that what Broussard is teaching these kids down at the Corner?

GM: Rocco Rolla with that headlock, grinding away on it... but Smythe shoves him right off with all that power...

[Rolla bounces off the ropes, lumbering towards Smythe who he smashes shoulder-first into...

...and Smythe doesn't budge an inch, smiling at his opponent.]

GM: Goodness. Nearly three hundred pounds there on Rolla smashing right into Rory Smythe who not only doesn't leave his feet... but he barely moved!

BW: The kid's big and strong, I'll give him that.

[Rolla decides to try it again, throwing himself into the ropes, charging back where he runs right into Smythe a second time...

...but again, Smythe doesn't move.]

GM: Wow. Again, he holds his ground. It takes a lot of strength to absorb a three pound shoulder tackle and just smile at your opponent.

[Rolla apparently believes in the "third time's a charm" philosophy as he hits the ropes again, coming back fast...]

GM: Whoa! Leapfrog by Smythe... strength AND agility!

[Rolla bounces off the far ropes towards Smythe who elevates him up and over with a hiptoss to cheers.]

GM: This kid's a total package in there, Bucky. The power. The speed. The quickness. The agility. He might be destined for big things here in the AWA.

BW: Which is why Callum Mahoney put in a good word for him, I'm sure. Mahoney's got a lot of ties back in the European wrestling scene and he's always on the lookout for the kids there that he thinks can succeed here.

[The Reno native doesn't stay down long though, coming up swinging towards Smythe who catches the arm, flipping Rolla over onto his back with an armdrag.]

GM: Deep armdrag by the young man from the United Kingdom!

[Rolla regroups to his feet, charging again...]

GM: A second armdrag takes him down again... and out to the floor goes Rolla, looking for a breather.

BW: A pair of expertly executed DEEP armdrags, Gordo.

GM: Maybe THAT'S what the San Jose Shark is teaching the young men and women down in the Combat Corner.

[Smythe stands in the ring, urging his opponent to get back in as referee Scott Ezra begins the count.]

GM: Smythe wants to keep this thing going... but Rolla's out there trying to catch his breath. He's got a lot of weight he's carrying around.

[Rolla is breathing hard, his cheeks puffing out with every exhalation. As the official's count increases, Rolla reluctantly pulls himself onto the apron. He waves at Ezra to keep Smythe back, even though Smythe is nowhere near the side of the ring.]

GM: Rolla back in the ring... moving a little slower this time...

[He moves back in towards a waiting Smythe, feigning a lockup attempt before going downstairs with a knee to the gut.]

GM: Oh! Rolla caught him by surprise with that knee.

BW: Nice veteran trick by Rolla on this kid.

[Rolla grabs the side headlock again, shouting "I GOT HIM THIS TIME!" to the crowd who boos accordingly...

...but the Reno native is quickly proved wrong as Smythe powers him off, throwing him into the ropes again...]

GM: Dropdown by Smythe, up and over goes Rolla... off the far side...

[The crowd cheers another deep armdrag that puts Rolla down on the mat as Smythe switches to an expertly applied kneeling armbar.]

GM: And right to the arm goes Smythe, putting on-

[The cheers of the crowd turn swiftly to boos.]

GM: And it looks like we're about to have company, Bucky.

BW: The Fighting Irishman is here... and he's not alone, Gordo. Who is that?

[Making his way towards the ring is Callum Mahoney, dressed similarly to the way we saw him last, in a gray flat cap and a gray three-piece suit over a white dress shirt, no tie. He is accompanied by a strapping bearded redhead, with pale skin, and who is dressed in a long-sleeved white dress shirt and a pair of black trousers. As the pair make their way down the aisle, the redhead undoes the cuff of one sleeve, then the other, and begins to fold them.]

GM: Oh, I know exactly who that is! That's Malcolm Sweeney, Bucky! Sometimes referred to as Mad Sweeney. You might remember him from the International Wild Card tournament leading up to Battle of Boston last summer. Sweeney made it to the second round of that tournament before being eliminated.

BW: He also happens to be Callum's cousin! That's what Callum meant by family, Gordo. And they are here at ringside as promised.

[Now aware of the new arrivals, Smythe relinquishes the armbar to yell at Mahoney, who, for his part, chooses to ignore the Englishman, conferring with his cousin instead.]

GM: Rory Smythe looks less than thrilled to see these two out here and... look out!

[Back on his feet, Rolla whips Smythe around into a straight right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! Big shot by Rocca Rolla... and another one!

[A headbutt follows, sending Smythe falling back into the ropes. Rolla winds up, throwing another big haymaker to the jaw, leaving Smythe hanging onto the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: Smythe is laying in those blows... and Smythe is suddenly in a bit of trouble.

[Grabbing Smythe by the head, Rolla walks him to the corner where he rams his head into the top turnbuckle. A few more haymakers land before he grabs the arm, whipping Smythe across the ring where Smythe slams back into the corner, falling forward to the canvas and rolling over onto his back.]

BW: And this is the first time, in this match, we've seen Smythe on his back. Rolla grabs the legs...

[Holding Smythe by the feet, Rolla looks out at the crowd...

...and then STOMPS down on the lower midsection... maybe.]

GM: Oof! That stomp might have been a little low, Bucky.

BW: Seems legitimate from Scott Ezra's position, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps so. And Rolla is trying to take advantage of- Hey! What is Mahoney doing up there? Get him off the apron, ref!

[We indeed see Mahoney on the apron, yelling something at Scott Ezra, who comes over to confront him. With the referee distracted, Malcolm Sweeney goes around the ring, so the official cannot see him, as he slips under the bottom rope and enters the ring.]

BW: Mahoney's on the apron but Sweeney's in the ring!

[With the official engaged elsewhere, Sweeney grabs Rolla by the shoulder, spinning him into a boot to the gut. He snatches a standing headscissors...]

GM: All this is going on behind the referee's back and- wow!

BW: You talk about power! Sweeney's got the 300 pounder up!

[He holds Rolla in crucifix powerbomb position for a bit...

...and then THROWS him down to the canvas to a massive thud!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Malcolm Sweeney getting involved with this match... he's out now... Mahoney's down... and Rory Smythe is getting back up and he has no idea what just happened!

BW: Mahoney's shouting at him, telling him to cover Rolla who is out like a light, Gordo!

GM: Smythe is confused. He doesn't know what happened but he knows he's not responsible for it!

BW: Who cares?! Take the win, kid!

[Smythe turns to the official, holding out his arms.]

"What happened?! What the hell happened?!"

[The referee shrugs, pointing to the downed Rolla. Smythe takes a step towards him, looking like he's about to make the cover...

...and then turns to look at Mahoney and Sweeney on the outside, both of whom are now shouting for the pin!]

GM: They're telling Smythe to cover him but-

[Smythe abruptly exits the ring, dropping out on the floor beside Mahoney and Sweeney.]

"Did you do this, Mahoney?! Was it you?!"

[Mahoney backs off, shaking his head, shouting in response.]

"Who cares who did it?! Just get in there and do as I told you!"

[Smythe shakes his head angrily.]

"No! Not this way! I won't do it!"

[Mahoney glares at the young man.]

BW: A win's a win, kid! Just get in there and finish the job!

GM: The referee is counting Smythe... he's certainly risking a countout here. Maybe he's okay with that, Bucky. Maybe he's okay with taking the countout rather than winning through Mahoney's methods.

BW: Huh. How about that? They grow dumb kids in the UK too!

[Smythe shakes his head again, walking past Mahoney...

...and his shoulder brushes against Sweeney's as he does. Smythe keeps on walking, not noticing the redhead's eyes bulge with anger...

...and then he SMASHES a double axehandle into the back of Smythe's head, knocking him down to the floor!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Oh! There's the bell! That's gonna be a disqualification!

BW: Who cares, Gordo?! Mahoney and Sweeney are doing a number on Smythe now!

[The crowd jeers as the duo puts the boots to Smythe out on the floor, the referee shouting a protest from inside the ring.]

GM: Smythe is getting pummeled by Mahoney and Sweeney... look out here...

[Snatching up a nearby power cable, Sweeney loops it around the throat of Smythe, pulling back and lifting his torso off the floor as Mahoney peppers punches promptly into Smythe's skull!]

GM: This is a damn mugging out there! And the referee's going to try and stop it himself!

[Outside the ring, Scott Ezra tries to pull Mahoney back but Mahoney simply backs off, holding Ezra back as he shouts at Sweeney to pick Smythe up.]

GM: Ezra tried to get Mahoney away but now it's Mahoney keeping the referee away!

[Sweeney tries to drag Smythe off the floor but the Brit is on wobbly legs, slipping back to a knee. Sweeney doesn't seem to care though, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Oh man, he's gonna go for that crucifix powerbomb on the floor, daddy! They're REALLY gonna finish this kid off!

GM: And Mahoney's pointing towards the aisle! He wants him to do it over there!

BW: There's no padding over there, Gordo. Either on the concrete or on that steel ramp!

GM: Either landing spot would be extremely dangerous for Smythe... and-

[Mahoney suddenly seems to change his mind, pointing instead at the steel barricade surrounding the ring.]

GM: No... no, no.

BW: He wants him to powerbomb him on the railing?!

GM: They'll break him in half if they do that!

[The crowd is buzzing as Sweeney turns towards the railing, again leaning over to lift Smythe into the air...]

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this! Somebody's gotta-

[As Sweeney lifts Smythe into the air, someone grabs Rory by the legs, pulling him down from the powerbomb attempt to big cheers!]

GM: Hey! It's Rocco Rolla! Rocco Rolla just saved Rory Smythe! Thank the heavens for Rolla who has already felt that powerbomb once tonight and wasn't about to let someone else feel it!

[Rolla charges a surprised Sweeney, throwing heavy blows as quickly as he can...

...which leaves his back exposed as Callum Mahoney rushes him from behind, leaping up to jam a knee into the lower back, causing Rolla to slump down to the mat!]

GM: Ohhh! Down goes Rolla thanks to Mahoney!

[Mahoney viciously stomps the lower back of Rolla a few times as Sweeney looks on...

...and then joins in, stomps aplenty for the downed Rolla!]

GM: Rocca Rolla is now taking a beating from BOTH of these men out on the floor! He came to the rescue of Rory Smythe and-

[The crowd reacts... not necessarily cheers though as someone comes charging down the ramp. A quick cut shows a blond-haired man in a Combat Corner tracksuit running into view...

...and THROWS himself into a full body spear tackle on Mahoney, taking him down to a big cheer!]

BW: WHO THE HECK IS THAT?!

[There's a moment of silence from the announcers as the attacker rains down blows on a shocked Mahoney.]

GM: That's Lenny Abraham! We saw him on the Power Hour! He's a student down in the Combat Corner and the guy that Mahoney caused to lose to Smythe on the Power Hour! And it looks like he's arrived in Vegas with a receipt for the Fighting Irishman!

[The crowd is still cheering as Abraham and Mahoney are battling it out on the floor. Meanwhile, Rory Smythe has managed to get back to his feet and is engaged into a fight with Sweeney, using heavy blows to batter him back up the aisle.]

GM: The sides are even now and-

BW: Even?! It's a three on two! How is that even?!

GM: Rocco Rolla is down and- well, maybe not!

[The crowd cheers again as Rolla runs down the aisle, leaping up to slam a forearm into a stumbling Sweeney!]

GM: Alright, NOW it's a three on two! But Mahoney and Sweeney started this and-

BW: They're fighting at ringside! They're fighting in the aisle! Vegas be crazy tonight, Gordo!

GM: We're a few weeks away from Chicago but mayhem has come to Vegas tonight for sure!

[With all the bodies on the move, Scott Ezra hesitates to get in there and create some separation. Instead, he waves to the back. Mahoney manages to get out from under Abraham and scrambles to aid his cousin, but Abraham stays on his tail. As all five men battle their way to the stage, the rest of the officials – Andy Dawson, Koji Sakai, Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller, Shari Miranda, and senior official Davis Warren come running out, together with the likes of Adam Rogers, Kevin Slater and John Shock, and try to hold all parties back.]

GM: The backstage officials and refs need to be getting hazard pay tonight! Oh yeah! Fans, we'll be right back!

[With the fight out of control despite the officials' best efforts, we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A voiceover is heard.]

"The AWA began in a studio...

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

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

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and come back up backstage at the T-Mobile Arena where Callum Mahoney and Malcolm Sweeney are looking slightly more disheveled from how they started the night. Mahoney has his suit jacket off and slung over his shoulder. His flat cap sits slightly askew on his head. Sweeney looks like he's lost a couple of buttons off his white dress shirt, which is now also untucked from his black trousers.]

CM: Rory! Are you forgetting our deal? Are you seriously going to ignore all that I have done for you? All that I have invested in you when your so-called mentor got sent packing from the AWA? Are you seriously walking from the family? From all this? Do you want to end up in the same dump your FORMER tag team partner's at? In the same dump your FORMER trainer runs? When you could be having more matches on the AWA's Saturday Night Wrestling? On FOX Sports? And be trained by the likes of Marcus Broussard? By the likes of the Armbar Assassin even?

[Sweeney steps forward, shouting angrily.]

MS: And Abraham! And the other guy! How stupid do you have to be to get involved in this family's business? In the affairs of my cousin and his investment? Or were you simply jealous we aren't interested in improving you two's respective standings here in the AWA? The way I see it, things aren't square between the two of us and all three of you.

[Mahoney nods.]

CM: Now, in just over two weeks, I'm going to be in the Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem. It's going to be my opportunity for a shot at the World Championship and I cannot afford to have my focus on anything AND anyone else, especially not three people who aren't even in the Rumble.

But after... after I get that title shot safe in my pocket, Rory, we've got some accounting that needs to be done... An investment whose returns are going to be due, one way or another.

[Sweeney shouts again.]

MS: It doesn't matter if it's Abraham you team up with, Rory. Or the other guy. Or if you bring both of them along with you. After Memorial Day Mayhem, after Chicago, you're going to have a match against the two of us. If you and your newfound buddy, or your fellow Combat Corner trainee, win, Rory, you get to walk away... My cousin and I? We'll forget EVERYTHING that you owe us.

[Mahoney smirks.]

CM: But if we win, Rory, you don't get a choice. You give us what we want and you do things the way WE tell YOU to!

[He slaps Sweeney across the shoulder.]

CM: Let's go, cousin. We've already wasted more than enough time on Rory Smythe, when we could be out there enjoying Las Vegas. Let's go.

MS: Right behind you, cousin.

[And with that, Mahoney walks away, followed by Sweeney...

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit.
Introducing first, weighing in at 243 pounds... The South... Philly... PHIGHTER!

[The slobby, greasy Phighter tugs at his faded Phillies t-shirt for the unimpressed Vegas crowd.]

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 Neptune! THIS. IS. OOOOOOMEGA!

[Omega pauses at the end of the aisle, still pleasantly surprised to hear the volume of cheers at the announcement of his name.]

GM: Omega with something of a test ahead of him as he faces the journeyman South Philly Phighter. Not quite the test he has ahead of him at Memorial Day Mayhem when he enters the fray at the annual Rumble. Our colleague Sebastian McIntyre has provided us more of his exclusive interview with this mysterious Neptunian.

[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 tented, fingertips pressed together.]

SMC: Mmmhmm. Mmmhmm. You spoke previously about your disappointment about losing the Double or Nothing Battle Royal...

[From over Seb Mac's shoulder.]

O: That's right, Seb Mac. I felt that my performance in that match was perfect, up to the point where I forgot the rules. Believe me, Sebastian: I weighed the odds of being able to still win the match after eliminating myself and the odds that I was doing something completely stupid...

...And I, uh... went ahead anyway.

[From over Omega's shoulder.]

SMC: And now you're looking to atone by entering the Rumble and surviving that melee. What do you make of your chances on our, as we humans call it, "Memorial Day."

[From over Seb Mac's shoulder]

O: It's quite a challenge. I'll be competing against Alphonse Green, the King of Battle Royales. That's a title that has been handed down to him by his father. And

his father's father. And his father's father's father. And I'm not familiar with Shadowrage, but that's the name and mantle of an evildoer. I'll see that his Rage is in the light of day. Memorial Day!

[Cut back to live action.]

BW: The guy buys right in to that whole "superhero" stuff. I knew that he was stupid the first day that kid stepped in to-

[Omega removes his glittering royal blue and gold cape from his shoulders and slides into the ring. The Phighter greets him with a series of stomps.

GM: [talking over Bucky] And the action starting early here!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Omega once again looks to be giving up thirty or forty pounds to his opponent. We've seen him beat larger opponents; let's see what he can do against a seasoned veteran like the South Philly Phighter.

[The Phighter throws the Neptunian into the corner, and rams Omega's head into the buckle.]

BW: A guy like the South Philly Phighter would tear a string bean like this dork in half, Gordo. Like the weekend when Comic-Con was double booked with the Hell's Angels

[The Phighter has Omega reeling in the middle of the ring, outbrawling him.]

GM: Vicious shot to Omega's forehead from the South Philly Phighter! He's got a fire lit underneath him this week; maybe he's hoping to secure a spot for himself on the show when the AWA rolls into the City of Brotherly Love on July 4th.

[Omega dodges a wild swing from the Phighter and counters with a dramatic leaping forearm strike.]

GM: What a shot from the Neptunian!

[The Phighter charges, but walks into a fireman's carry takedown.]

BW: Gordo, please please please tell me you do not buy into this "space alien" jazz.

[The Phighter gets back up and charges again, walking into another fireman's carry takedown off Omega's other shoulder.]

GM: I don't "buy into" it, Bucky. But I've seen so gosh darn many things that were hard to believe since working for the AWA that I figure that there's very little harm in taking Omega at his word.

[The Phighter, reeling, stumbles to a knee as Omega winds up; the Neptunian strikes his "Omega pose," then gets a short running start. He hops up on the South Philly Phighter's knee and delivers a back brain kick!]

GM: Oh, what a shot there! Into a pinfall... Omega hooking the leg...

[Davis Warren managed to get a two-count before the Phighter kicks out.]

GM: Only a two count. You know, those gangly limbs of Omega may look weedy and skinny, but he can pack quite a wallop with them!

[As the Pighter stumbles to his feet, Omega measures him, raising his open palm in the air.]

BW: Oh, are you kidding. He's not going to-

[Some of the fans in attendance try to get Omega's attention, trying to warn him that what he's about to attempt is not a good idea. Omega nods the opposite. The South Philly Pighter turns around and finds Omega's hand clasped around his throat.]

GM: This... this kid is going to find out the hard way that he's got to stick to what he's good at.

O: "Hrrrrr! HNNNNNG! HAAAAAA!"

[Omega tries valiantly to chokeslam the South Philly Pighter, while sounding like he's passing a kidney stone. He puts his hand on the Pighter's lower back to brace himself for one final push.]

O: "grrrrYAAAAAAH!-oof!"

[Omega twists around with his hand in the air, and the Pighter not in it, thinking he has successfully chokeslammed his opponent.]

O: "Ha ha!"

[Omega notices that the South Philly Pighter is not on the canvas where he expected him. Only a square of Philthy denim. Omega's mouth gapes open in shock as he holds up the square of denim.]

O: "I killed him! No! I killed him!"

[Omega bawls to the referee while clutching the square of denim.]

O: "I killed him! Disqualify me, I killlllled hiiim!"

[Warren shakes his head and points behind the anguished Omega. Omega whirls around.]

O: [brightly] "Pighter! You're alive!"

[The Pighter pops Omega in the jaw, and takes the remains of the back pocket of his jeans.]

GM: That chokeslam that Omega attempts to do always ends up being harder on his opponent's ring attire than their bodies.

BW: Well, it's a matter of time before the Pighter's clothes spontaneously decay anyway, so no loss.

[The Pighter takes another wild swing at Omega, but Omega ducks behind him and shoves him to the buckle. The South Philly Pighter stumbles backward on his feet as Omega quickly runs the ropes.]

GM: Beautiful somersault neckbreaker from Omega. Neptunian or not, this kid has some serious agility!

[Omega once again strikes his cheesy "Omega pose."]

O: No evil shall pass...

THE EVENT HORIZON!

[Omega bundles the South Philly Phighter into an inverted facelock, raises his free arm in the air heroically....

...and drops the Phighter between his clubbing forearm and his knee!]

GM: Event Horizon! And Omega into the cover...

BW: No escaping that black hole.

GM: And that's a three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Omega springs upright, waiting politely for the official to raise his hand.]

GM: Well, I gotta say this kid looks good going into the Rumble. If he stays in his shoes he could put on an impressive performance.

BW: He's a lamb headed for the slaughter.

[Warren raises Omega's arm, then Omega sees the scrap of denim on the canvas. Trying (and failing) to look surreptitious, Omega takes the remains of the Phighter's back pocket and places it over the Phighter's nose. Omega sneaks out of the ring snickering like a 12-year-old...

...and we fade through black to the tune of Black Flag's "TV Party..."]

DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #
DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #
DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #
DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT!

[In yellow Comic Sans text the words, 'IDOL CHATTER' flash across the screen. Star wipe to the American Idols. America's Most Obnoxious Twins (it's true, they won an Internet poll!) are leaning against a wall in the backstage area at an AWA event.]

Chet: This sucks, man.

Chaz: I know.

Chet: No, I mean... it REALLY sucks.

Chaz: Yeah.

Chet: Like... we've talked to everyone in the front office and everyone says we can't get another match with Daniel-san and Sub-Zero.

Chaz: Downpour.

[Chet looks up... like he can see outside.]

Chet: Nah, it's sunny out, bro.

[Chaz looks like he's going to correct him but just shrugs.]

Chet: And then... our so-called friend Riley blows us off thanks to UBERDOUCHE Williams.

[Chet looks at the camera.]

Chet: Nick, make a note. See if we can say "UBERDOUCHE" on the air.

[The camera bobs up and down.]

"You got it!"

[Chet chuckles, muttering "UBERDOUCHE" again.]

Chet: So, anyways... you said you have another idea.

Chaz: Yeah, I told him to meet us here right about... now.

[Chaz looks to the right, expecting someone to appear.]

Chaz: Jeez, even his sense of time is flawed now.

Chet: You don't mean...

[Oh, he does mean. Larry Wallace strides into view in a black buttoned shirt and jeans. The twins' big brother looks annoyed already.]

LW: Boys.

[Chet nods in greeting as Chaz grimaces.]

Chaz: Hey Larry... we wanted to talk to you because... well... we think that the last time you were on the show-

[Larry interrupts.]

LW: The show?

[Chet does a wild overhead double point to the camera. Larry rolls his eyes.]

LW: Oh, I see this is a photo opportunity.

[Chet shrugs.]

Chet: He called you, not me.

Chaz: Texted but whatever. Larry, we think we wronged you the last time we saw you.

[Chet and Larry answer in... sort of tandem.]

Chet: We do?!

Larry: You do?

[Chaz throws a threatening glance at his twin brother and then back to Larry.]

Chaz: Yes. You came to us... you asked us to do you a solid... and well, we should've done it. We may not always see eye to eye but... well, we're blood. You, me, Chet, and Trish... we're family. So, we gotta have each others' backs all the time, right? We gotta be willing to do each other a favor.

[Larry arches an eyebrow.]

LW: Is that right?

[Chaz nods emphatically.]

Chaz: That's right. So, whatever you need from us... we're here for you. Cool?

[Larry nods slowly.]

LW: Cool.

[Chaz pauses.]

Chaz: And whatever we need, you're there for us, right?

[Larry smirks.]

LW: There we go. What do you want?

[Chaz shrugs.]

Chaz: No big deal but we noticed you hanging around Jack Lynch lately.

[Wallace nods.]

LW: I teamed with him once. It's not like we're buddies. He still doesn't really trust me.

[Chaz shrugs again.]

Chaz: Does he trust you enough to team with him again?

[Larry looks curious.]

LW: Against who?

[Chet leaps forward, tired of Chaz beating around the bush.]

Chet: Those total LOSERS Connors and Downpour! We want you to take 'em down! Take 'em out!

[Larry looks at his brothers.]

LW: You two are unbelievable, you know that?

[Chet puffs out his chest.]

Chet: Thanks.

[An elbow from Chaz shuts him up... for now.]

Chaz: So what do you say, bro?

[Larry shakes his head.]

LW: Not a chance. You two wanted nothing to do with me the last time I saw you. I was cramping your style. You were hanging out with Riley and telling me how great the Dead Man's Party used to be. You wouldn't even let me hang out on the show with you guys.

[He gestures at the camera.]

LW: And now you want a favor from me?

[He shakes his head.]

LW: You guys lost. Be men. Accept it. Move on.

[Larry turns to exit.]

Chaz: Oh yeah?! I'm telling Dad!

[Chet smirks, nudging his twin.]

Chet: You sure told him.

Chaz: Well, I'm out of ideas. You?

Chet: Nah, I got one more. Let's go.

[Chet throws a hand signal at the camera before the duo exits 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...

We go backstage where we see Mark Stegglet standing with Lee Connors and the masked Downpour. Connors is dressed in a pair of black track pants and a LION Tetsuo retirement show commemorative t-shirt. His dark hair is slicked back, his babyface tied a bit more serious than normal. He nods over his shoulder at Downpour, who other than his trademark mask is dressed in an AWA t-shirt and long blue pants.]

MS: Cannonball, Downpour, as you likely saw, it seems the Idols want a crack at you again. They lost their chance in a spectacular match but it seems you're in their sights still. Thoughts?

LC: It's over. We've moved on, I hope they move on. We are looking up. We are in the gym every day, working on becoming a better and better tag team each day. And Mark, I talked to Betty Chang last night and she told me she believed in us and what we are trying to do. Battered, barely able to move, distraught, she still had it in her heart to talk about us. To congratulate others. We can't let someone like that down.

[Downpour leans in, Stegglet moving the mic to him.]

D: Mark... we're going to the top. We're lighting up the night.

[He talks! His voice is somewhat muffled by his full face mask. Connors takes his place and smiles.]

LC: We're Shooting Stars!

[And they strike a pose, both with a fist out in front of them as we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit in the Women's Division! Introducing first, to my left, from San Francisco, California, and weighing 125 pounds... WENDY HUGHES!

[A slender blonde-haired woman with a smirk on her face tosses her hair back. She is dressed in a baby blue top and matching tights with white wrestling boots.]

RO: And her opponent...

[The industrial electronica of "Banshee" by Dance With The Dead sounds through the T-Mobile Arena, which is bathed in a blood red light.]

RO: ...accompanied by Erica Toughill. From Kilmarnock, Scotland... weighing in at eight-and-a-half stone...

[Through the entrance slinks a hooded, ghostly and grinning grappler. Her hands are clasped behind her back. Behind her, another woman emerges.]

RO: ...CINNNNNNNNDERRRRRRR!

[She tears back the hood revealing the mane of orange and blood red hair that drips over her shoulders and over her dark, heavily-shadowed eyes. In broad steps

she glides her way down to the ring. Erica Toughill shuffles her in her shadow in an odd, pained gait. She's obviously a hurtin' unit.]

GM: Fans, if you missed the all-new Power Hour last week, you missed one of the most hellacious brawls I think I've ever witnessed between that woman, Ricki Toughill and an AWA newcomer by the name of Kelly Kowalski.

[Toughill watches her protege from behind a very large pair of sunglasses, which almost, but not quite, mask the massive shiner in the shape of Kelly Kowalski's fist.]

GM: The Queen of Clubs was taken to the limit and beyond by Kowalski in a way that I have not seen since that knock-down, drag-out affair against The Spitfire at SuperClash last year.

BW: I guarantee you Ricki has not forgotten about that, Gordo, and she and her little buddy Cinder are going to put an end to Julie Somers and her co-conspirator Victoria June on Memorial Day, daddy.

[Cinder slithers onto the ring apron; she is ghostly pale, quite a contrast from her black velvet and blood red ring attire. She climbs to the middle rope, hooks an ankle underneath the turnbuckle, crosses her arms over her chest and inverts her body, hanging upside down like a bat, licking her cherry red lips.]

GM: I've seen some warped and vicious individuals step through those ropes, Bucky, but I don't know that I've ever seen a woman as cruel or capricious as that little lass Cinder; she is a demon spawn.

[Cinder rolls off the buckles and hijacks the microphone from Rebecca Ortiz.]

C: First thing's first, aye? I want tae dedicate this match to my Fairy Godmum.

BW: "Demon spawn?" Gordo, this "little lass" adores Ricki! What's so demonic about that?

[Cut to Erica Toughill, face in her palm shaking her head.]

C: Mummy, I'm sorry I was in Boise when that... WOMAN... did terrible things to ye. An' I'm also sorry I ever went to Boise, by the way, but that's beside the point. Mummy, for you, I'll beat this peroxide blonde boot in the ring with me like she were the Spitfire, or Vekki, or that reprobate Gal Gad-Dot hersel'!

GM: "Reprobate?!"

BW: "Gad-Dot?!"

C: An' I also want tae dedicate this match to you, Chris Pine. I cannae wait to chain ye to me radiator, love.

[She bites her index finger mischievously as she drops the microphone and stares at the hard camera with a crooked grin.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Hughes walks to the middle of the ring to lock up, but is met with a barrage of overhand chops from Cinder.]

GM: And this young lady from Northern California walked straight into an ambush from Cinder! Come on!

BW: Well, to be fair, preparing for a match with a Teenage Psycho Scottish Vampire is not something that Broussard has on the Combat Corner curriculum.

[With a growl, Cinder fires Wendy Hughes to the ropes. She puts her foot in the air...]

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!"

[...And with a glass-shattering shriek, stomps Hughes to the mat!]

GM: Goodness! That is the question, isn't it, Bucky? How have Julie Somers and Victoria June prepared for this hellion? We've seen both of them go toe-to-toe with Cinder's "fairy godmother" Erica Toughill and come out on top. But Cinder is the real unknown going into Memorial Day.

[Cinder sits Hughes up and showers the crown of her head with a series of bony elbow strikes.]

GM: Those elbows... those have got to be some of the sharpest elbows in the business. Like pickaxes!

BW: Gordo, I gotta call you out on something: What's unknown about Cinder? She's the Empress Cup winner, she's got one of the best win/loss records in the Women's Division, and she wants to derail the press junket for the new "Wonder Woman" movie.

[Cinder slinks back to the corner where Toughill waits on the floor, looking for her approval.]

"Did ye like aat, mummy? Did ye, aye?"

[Toughill half-heartedly nods approval.]

GM: What's unknown about Cinder is how devious and diabolical she can be.

[With the referee's back turned to check with Hughes, Cinder leans in to Toughill conspiratorially.]

"Aye, then cop a load o' this!"

[Cinder pulls a rag from her boot and unwraps a small pair of scissors.]

GM: Case in point! Hey ref!

[Just as Cinder is about to leap up and attack with the scissors, Erica Toughill snatches them from her and quickly stashes them in her pocket!]

BW: What the-?

[The camera catches Toughill scolding Cinder in a stage whisper.]

ET: "What's wrong with you? Do you wanna get disqualified?!"

C: "MuuuummieEEEE-!"

[Cinder's disappointed pouting is interrupted, when she is swept backwards off her feet, shoulders to the mat!]

GM: CINDER GETS ROLLED UP-MAYBE AN UPSET! TWO, AND... oh, only two!

BW: Now suddenly Ricki Toughill wants to be the sensible one? What gives?

GM: I'm surprised too! Toughill, who never met someone whose blood she didn't want to shed, trying to keep her Weird Sister on the straight and narrow.

[Cinder, flustered, leaps to her feet and throws her upper body toward her opponent, smashing her forehead head into her face.]

GM: Glasgow Kiss and the Deadly Diva is in a rage!

BW: That doesn't take much; I've heard her call a vending machine some truly traumatizing things after her chocolate bar got stuck between the spiral and the glass. No one gets angry like a Scotswoman.

[Cinder circles Hughes, wild-eyed. She grabs her stunned opponent by the wrist and yanks her toward her.]

GM: Short-arm sidewalk slam and Cinder is back in control. You have to wonder what's going to happen this Memorial Day when Cinder and Victoria June--two highly unorthodox wrestlers--finally come face-to-face to settle their grudge.

[Cut to Toughill staring at the action from ringside, arms folded.]

BW: Well, Toughill had better stop sulking before Memorial Day. Or she had better hope she trained Cinder well enough to take out both Victoria June and Spitfire Somers.

[Cinder snares Hughes in a front facelock and with a snarl she shouts out to no one in particular.]

"Lasso this Justice, ye wicked stepsisters!"

[Cinder hooks Hughes' far leg and twists around with the small package driver.]

GM: In-Cinder-ator! The legs are hooked... two... and three, and this match is over.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Cinder picks up another win, continuing her victorious ways in recent months and... well, picking up even more momentum as she heads towards that tag team clash at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: Aw, but she ain't done, Gordo!

[With malice and a hideous shriek, Cinder claws recklessly at the face of her attractive opponent.]

GM: She's raking her face with those nails! Get this maniac out of there! Come on!

[The referee pries himself between Cinder and Wendy Hughes, separating Cinder's talons from Hughes' face. Cinder scuttles to the corner where her ring jacket still lies...]

GM: Thankfully, they manage to get her back. Hopefully Wendy Hughes didn't suffer any kind of facial trauma after-

BW: LOOK OUT!

[...and roars past the referee, attacking the downed Wendy Hughes with a blunt object of some kind.]

GM: My stars, Victoria June and Julie Somers could be taking their well-being into their hands when they step into the ring with this hellion!

[After a couple of jabs with the object, Cinder fiddles with it, and as she drags it roughly over Hughes' scalp, it becomes more clear what she's wielding.]

GM: That's a cordless trimmer!

BW: Give her credit, Gordo, that's more practical than scissors!

GM: What is this headcase's obsession with her opponents' hair?! First Victoria June is attacked, and now this poor young lady is being brutalized!

[Cinder throws handful after handful of Wendy Hughes' blonde locks to the canvas as she crudely shears her hair away. The referee once again tries to pry Cinder away, but she is on Hughes like she is possessed.]

GM: Finally! Get her out of there!

[Erica Toughill has gingerly rolled into the ring, putting her hands on Cinder's shoulders.]

"Enough, Cinder! STOP IT!"

[Cinder seems to be in a trance, struggling against her mentor and the ref to plunge the clippers onto Hughes's scalp one more time.]

"STOP IT RIGHT N-"

[Cinder's arm goes wild and in the melee, she accidentally grazes the clippers on the trimmed side of Ricki Toughill's sidecut.]

BW: Ohh... uh oh.

GM: Did she just-

BW: Yup.

[Cinder stares at her stunned mentor in shock at her actions.]

"Mummy! Mummy! I'm so sorry!"

GM: An... uhh... accidental haircut for Ricki Toughill and... uhh... well, thank goodness she stopped her from doing any further damage to Wendy Hughes. This poor young lady, we're going to need some help for her.

[Toughill runs her hand across the side of her head, feeling a small area with significantly less hair than there used to be.]

GM: I've said it before, and I'll say it again: Erica Toughill has created a monster that she has set loose on the AWA. And I think she's now begun to realize it, sadly.

[A small patch of grey hair peeks out from her scalp. Toughill slides to the floor, hand to her temple. The now-suddenly remorseful Cinder follows her, protesting her innocence.]

GM: Well, Ricki Toughill already had her work cut out for her at Memorial Day Mayhem, having to contend with Julie Somers and Victoria June looking for payback. Now she has to keep her little monster Cinder under control as well! Will

she be able to do it? The answer to that question may also answer whether or not they can beat Somers and June.

[With Cinder pleading her apology to Toughill's back, we crossfade...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves back in the office of El Presidente. Castillo is nervously fidgeting with a bronze medallion on a matching bronze chain. A quick glance appears to show a bird of some sort in the center, unfamiliar characters around the edge, and a red crystal in the center.

A loud "WHAM!" on the office door causes Castillo to jump, dropping the medallion onto his desk with a rattle. He looks alarmed, MAWAGA taking a few steps forward as the door swings open.

In walks Jack Lynch, dusting off his shoulder.]

JL: Might need a new bodyguard out there.

[He shrugs, walking into the room as Castillo - looking relieved - waves off MAWAGA who settles back into his protective role.]

JC: Mr. Lynch... you return. Unexpected this is... but fortunate.

[Lynch grimaces, settling into the chair across the desk again, swinging his cowboy boots up onto it. Now it's Castillo's turn to grimace as he sits down across from the Iron Cowboy.]

JC: Back for another hand?

[Lynch smirks.]

JL: Something like that. Since you've got your little...

[He waves a hand towards the very ACCESS camera we're using right now.]

JL: ...eyes everywhere, I suspect you know all about my conversation with Ryan by now.

[Castillo smiles, shrugging.]

JC: I may have heard something about it.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: Right. Well, then you know that he told me to get my ass back in here and take your offer. That I shouldn't pass up a shot at Detson and the title on his account.

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: I don't know if I agree with him completely but I learned a long time ago not to argue with him when he's got his mind set on something.

[Castillo claps enthusiastically.]

JC: Excellent! So, we have ourselves a deal? You will remove yourself from the Tower of Doom and in exchange, you will fight Johnny Detson for the World Heavyweight Title at Memorial Day Mayhem X in Chicago?

[Lynch takes a moment... then rises with a sigh.]

JL: Yeah, we've got a deal.

[Castillo rises as well, extending his hand towards Lynch who glares down on it.]

JL: The old man always said never to grab a snake when it's looking at ya.

[Castillo keeps smiling, lowering his hand as Lynch stands before him.]

JL: We've got a deal, Castillo... on one condition.

[Castillo fidgets a bit.]

JC: Well, I'll see what I can-

[Lynch raises a finger.]

JL: One condition... or the deal's off.

[Castillo pauses a moment... a long moment... and then extends his arms to his sides.]

JC: Name it.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: I want to pick my replacement in the Tower of Doom...

JC: Of course, no problem at-

JL: ...and I want to pick ANYONE I want.

[Castillo pauses, arching an eyebrow.]

JC: Anyone?

[Lynch smiles.]

JL: Anyone. I've got a few names in my mind and I don't feel like going ten rounds with you and Talent Relations over it... if you get my drift.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: I think I might have an idea. But the people you're thinking of, they need to be-

[Lynch shakes his head, interrupting.]

JL: No conditions. No qualifiers. No restrictions. I pick my replacement... and you get what you want. Me out of the Tower.

[Castillo pauses again, obviously weighing his options in his head.]

JC: You...

[He pauses again, eyeing the Iron Cowboy who is staring him down.]

JC: You have a deal, Mr. Lynch.

[Lynch raps his knuckles on the desk with a grin.]

JL: Perfect.

[He turns to exit.]

JC: But... who will it be?

[Lynch turns back with a smile.]

JL: I expect you'll find out soon enough. See ya around, boss man.

[Lynch turns back to the door where he finds Veronica Westerly.]

JL: Ma'am.

[Westerly glares daggers at Lynch before side-stepping...

...and allowing Supernova to step up to the Iron Cowboy. Lynch's gaze locks on Supernova's face.]

JL: You and me have a date one of these nights... you get me?

[Supernova is silent, staring at Lynch who suddenly furrows his brow...

...and Westerly steps back, shoving the office door open.]

VW: We have important business to discuss. If you'll excuse us...

[Lynch pauses, still staring at Supernova...]

JL: Yeah. Sure.

[Lynch brushes past Supernova, bumping his shoulder as he walks through the doorway, leaving Westerly to shut it behind him. She turns back towards Castillo.]

VW: You're playing a dangerous game with that one.

JC: I could say the same to you. He took the deal, didn't he?

VW: Yes. You got him out of the Tower. But what will Detson say when he hears-

[Castillo waves a dismissive hand.]

VW: And this deal. Anyone he wants? You know what that means, right?

[Castillo pauses, sitting back down at his desk.]

JC: I have a few thoughts.

VW: None of them good.

[He shrugs.]

JC: It's a gamble. But while Mr. Lynch thought we were playing poker tonight, I've been playing chess.

VW: What does that mean?

JC: It means... I've got another move still to play.

[He grins slyly as we get a flash of the ACCESS 365 camera and fade to black...

HOUR THREE

...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 fade back to a shot that has a chyron that reads "BREAKING NEWS" flashing across the top as we see actress Gal Gadot, who is seated at what appears to be a large desk. The actress wears a black, sleeveless top and has her hair pulled back behind her head.]

GG: Hello, AWA fans! You all will remember that I was in Portland, Oregon, to visit my friend Julie Somers, and to meet her friend Victoria June. Because of another

woman named Cinder who snuck up behind me, it led to Julie being kicked out of the building and Victoria having to take her place in a match, in which Cinder attacked her.

The only thing I was thinking about at that point was that I couldn't stand by and watch a friend of mine possibly get hurt. My agent told me I should be more careful, and perhaps he's right. But that doesn't change the fact that I was going to stand by both of my friends.

[She clasps her hands in front of her.]

GG: I have heard the challenge issued by Cinder and Erica Toughill, to be there at Memorial Day Mayhem when they face Julie and Victoria in a tag team match. If Cinder and Erica think there is no chance that I will be there, that is where they are wrong.

I will be there at Memorial Day Mayhem to back my friends. There was never any doubt in my mind that I wouldn't be there. I've made it clear to my agent that, as much as he may want to be careful, that I need to be by my friends' side.

And I can promise them this: Not only will I not just stand by and watch my friends get hurt, I will not stand by and listen to Cinder and Erica throw threats and taunts in my direction.

I know Julie and Victoria can take care of themselves. And I can promise you all that I can take care of myself, too.

[She gives a quick nod.]

GG: I will see everyone in Chicago... and I do hope you catch Wonder Woman in theaters June 2.

[We fade from the pre-recorded video back to a live shot of the Vegas crowd, roaring at the announcement.]

GM: How about that news, Bucky? Wonder Woman herself, Gal Gadot, is coming to Chicago for Memorial Day Mayhem!

BW: She's a gutsy gal, Gordo... but when Cinder and Ricki get done with her, the only thing we may be memorializing at Mayhem is Gal Gadot's career!

GM: Would you stop? Fans, let's-

[The heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" reverberates off the walls of the T-Mobile Arena.]

GM: What's this about?

BW: We've got company, Gordo!

[Coming first, it's the manager, the AWA legend, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Eschewing his former casual attire, Scott continues his new theme of business-like appearance with a deep blue suit over a white shirt and charcoal gray tie. And he doesn't look happy tonight.

As usual, Max Magnum emerges a few steps behind Stevie clad simply in black trunks and a black t-shirt with "SPLX BCHS" in a white block font on the front. 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

GM: The last time we heard from Stevie Scott, Bucky, he was none too happy with Calisto Dufresne's attack on Max Magnum two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling and judging by the look on his face, that displeasure has carried on into tonight.

BW: I've gotta say that Dufresne had more fight in him that Stevie expected. Say what you will about Dufresne, but that took some guts for him to bring the fight to a man who looks like Max Magnum.

[The duo wastes little time in striding toward the ring side-by-side. Stevie takes the conventional route of climbing the steps into the ring while Magnum displays his athleticism with an effortless plyometric leap from the floor to the ring apron before stepping through the ropes.]

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

[Stevie walks to one side of the ring to take a microphone from a production assistant, then signals for the music to be cut while taking his place beside Magnum in the middle of the ring.]

HSS: Let's cut right to the chase.

Calisto Dufresne.

[A pretty good cheer from the crowd at the mention of Dufresne's name.]

HSS: Two weeks ago, my old friend, you made a very...big...mistake.

[Stevie nods.]

HSS: But, here's the thing.

Max Magnum and I are willing to let it go. Well, more me than Max...but Max trusts me enough to let me make a plea to you tonight.

We're giving you a chance, Calisto. Extending you an olive branch, if you will.

Max Magnum and I are offering you the opportunity to walk away while you still can. A chance to save your reputation as one of the all-time greats in the AWA. And most importantly, a chance to be able to move around without medical assistance for the rest of your life.

[The shot switches to a close-up of a scowling Magnum during Stevie's diatribe before cutting back to the hard camera.]

HSS: I know you're here tonight, Calisto. So join us in the ring. Come down here, look me in the eye, shake my hand, and then?

Just. Walk. Away.

[On cue, the opening riffs of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kick in over the T-Mobile Arena and the crowd roars in approval – and honestly, a bit of surprise – as the curtain sweeps aside and from it saunters out "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne.]

GM: And how about this, Bucky? One of the most decorated superstars in AWA history is on his way to that ring!

BW: World Title. National Tag. Tag Titles. Stampede Cup. He's done just about everything that can be done inside an AWA ring, Gordo... but now he's going to climb into the ring with a guy who can end it all in a heartbeat.

[Dufresne is clad in a pair of dark indigo jeans, tan chukka boots and a black checkered shirt, tucked in. His blond hair hangs loosely about his shoulders. He stares at the ring for a good five seconds before taking a deep breath and begins to march towards the ring.]

The former World Heavyweight Champion climbs up the steps and through the ropes, eyes never leaving the massive form of Max Magnum. Dufresne collects a microphone and paces around the ring a bit before speaking.]

CD: Oh, Stevie.

[A rueful shake of the head.]

CD: The more things change, the more they stay the same, I guess. Seven years ago, you gathered together the greatest collection of wrestling talent in the world. You were very clear of its purpose. The Southern Syndicate was your shield back then.

Just like Max Magnum is your shield right now.

[A wary gaze at the big man glowering at him.]

CD: The difference though, Stevie, is that back then... you were the sword. You were _sharp,_ Hotshot. You lopped off heads with the best that ever did it.

But now?

[A smirk.]

CD: You're dull. You're rusted. You're wasting away. So now you found this... thing, to be both sword and shield. Your job is that of mentor. Of advisor. Of chessmaster. Of kingmaker.

But apparently your mind has become as dull as your sword, Stevie, because of all people you could have unleashed this child on, you chose _Calisto Dufresne?_ THAT is who you thought would be the best introduction to this cutthroat business?

[A near guffaw from Dufresne as his voice begins to amplify.]

CD: The most calculating superstar in wrestling history! You want to offer ME a chance, Stevie? You want to offer ME an olive branch?

[Dufresne moves nose-to-nose with Stevie. Scott holds a hand out to Magnum to stop him from charging Dufresne.]

CD: The only olive branch I'm considering right now, Stevie, is the remnants of your NECK and whether I can drop you on it before this big son of a bitch makes it over here.

[Huge pop from the Las Vegas faithful! Dufresne steps back a bit. Scott actually grimaces as he tries to prevent Magnum from starting MDM two weeks early.]

CD: So no, old friend. I decline your offer. You're a shell of the man you once were and you hope to regain some old glory by living vicariously through him. There's nothing to be gained by me putting you in an assisted living facility outside Henderson somewhere. Everyone in this arena knows I could do that.

But that's too good for you. Instead, I think I'll just break your plaything over there. That'd hurt worse than anything I could do to your neck.

So I'll see you boys on Memorial Day instead.

[Dufresne holds his ground and his stare at his former ally. Magnum moves a bit from his left to right, seemingly ready to strike at the sound of the word from the Hotshot. Stevie, though, keeps his gaze focused on Dufresne as the sounds from the crowd continue to elevate.]

GM: Just listen to this crowd in the T-Mobile Arena, Bucky! The tension in the ring is palpable and the excitement in the seats is peaking!

BW: It's old school meeting new school right here in Vegas, daddy!

[After giving the crowd ample time to get further hyped up, Stevie turns his gaze to a grin. The former leader of the aforementioned Southern Syndicate looks down and shakes his head.]

HSS: I gotta hand it to you, Cal. That was good. You always had the gift of gab, my friend. And for that, I salute you.

[Yes, Stevie does mock salute.]

HSS: And your courage...your gusto...your intestinal fortitude.

[He nods...]

HSS: Admirable.

[...and then steps right into Dufresne's personal space.]

HSS: And completely stupid.

LOOK at this man, Calisto.

[Stevie points to an anxious Magnum.]

HSS: He is NOTHING like you've ever seen. This isn't James Monosso. This isn't City Jack. This isn't Supreme Wright. Max Magnum is unlike ANYONE you have even thought about getting into the ring with. If Max had his way right now?

[Stevie smirks a li'l bit and he steps back away and Magnum takes his place, glaring down at Dufresne.]

HSS: You'd be a stain on this mat in five seconds flat.

[The Hotshot chuckles.]

HSS: And that's the biggest difference between me and you, pal.

Me? I know when - and how - to change my objectives and my strategy. But you, on the other hand...

[A shrug.]

HSS: You don't know when to quit.

I KNOW what fate awaits you at Memorial Day Mayhem, the very event that Stevie Scott made famous several years ago. Which is why I extended this generous offer to you. Because you and I, Calisto, everyone knows we go way back. Hell, look around us.

[Stevie motions around the arena with his free arm.]

HSS: You and me, we BUILT this. From a local television studio, high school gyms, National Guard armories, and autograph signings at Sergeant Pepper's Hot Chicken...to THIS. This is because of people like US.

But things change, don't they? The AWA exploded onto the global stage and eventually, we weren't the headliners any more, even if our names continued to live on.

So I changed. I adapted. And now I am set to make a brand new name for myself alongside the most dominant force this business has ever seen.

As I said months ago when I made my return...I may not be able to compete myself inside these ropes around us.

But I can still very much influence what happens inside them.

[Stevie pauses and signals for Magnum to step back from Dufresne. Which he does, after a few moments of tension.]

HSS: Now... this is usually the time where Max Magnum would take your head off your shoulders with a brutal clothesline, toss you around like a rag doll with a few suplexes, and then end your night with what we like to call the Bombshell.

[He grins at his former stablemate.]

HSS: But we're not going to do that.

Because what I want you to do, Calisto, is spend the next two weeks thinking about the immense amount of pain that is coming your way. About how brutal the attack will. About what will be racing through your mind after two minutes when you realize you had an out, and you didn't take it.

You called this man my shield?

[Stevie scoffs.]

HSS: Oh, Calisto. He's not a shield.

He's a freaking HOWITZER.

And come Memorial Day Mayhem?

[A pause as Stevie raises a finger toward Dufresne.]

HSS: You get the honor of being his first victim.

[Dufresne glares at Stevie...

...and then turns his gaze onto Magnum, the two stepping towards one another again, staring each other down as the crowd cheers loudly...

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 other hand, you'd swear he was giving the branch an armbar.

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

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

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

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

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

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

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...

...and we fade back up to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside the slim and slinky Angelica Westerly in a black leather mini-dress with a small slit cut at the bottom.]

SLB: We are back here live in Las Vegas for Saturday Night Wrestling just two weeks and change away from the big event in Chicago - Memorial Day Mayhem - and that big Rumble that will go down that night... and Angelica Westerly, two weeks ago we learned that you have secured a spot in that Rumble for a representative from your group - Guerreros del Mundo.

[Westerly nods with a smile.]

SLB: You know, Miss Westerly, I fashion myself as the guy around these parts who can always get the big scoop... but I'll be darned if I haven't been able to uncover your secret for this one. I've asked every source I've got and no one knows who you're bringing to the big dance in the Windy City... so here I am... who's it gonna be?

[Westerly slides a hand up onto Blackwell's shoulder.]

AW: In my organization, no one talks unless I tell them to, Lou. Don't feel so bad that you were unable to find out my secret... and since you tried and failed, I'll let you in on it.

For this night... for that match... I scoured the globe, Lou.

[She smirks.]

AW: I made my calls to my usual contacts in Japan... in Mexico... but I couldn't find the right answer. So, I widened my search. Calls to Australia... to New Zealand... to South America... to South Korea...

[She puts a hand over her eyes, "looking."]

AW: I scoured the globe, Lou - near and far... looking for the one man who would stand the best chance of representing my company and leading us to the promised land - a shot at the AWA World Title.

[Westerly smiles.]

AW: You know what that's worth, Lou. Jack Lynch showed us tonight what it's worth. He walked away from his friend to take that shot at Detson and the gold. Men have betrayed friends... they've broken limbs and crushed dreams... they've ended careers to get that shot, let alone win that title.

There are no limits when it comes to getting a shot at that title.

And so I made the call.

[Lou looks on anxiously, waiting for the name.]

SLB: Who? Who did you call?

[Westerly smiles again.]

AW: I called a dear friend in Europe and said... "Who can do it? Who can I lead to greatness? Who can win this Rumble and go on to win the World Title?"

And then I called another friend and asked the same thing.

And another.

And another.

And every single time I spoke to a friend... a business associate... an expert... the answers were all the same, Lou.

[She raised one well-manicured finger.]

AW: One man on all of their lips...

...and one man who I have signed to an EXCLUSIVE Guerreros del Mundo contract... to represent my company in this Rumble in Chicago... and to lead us to the World Championship...

[Blackwell again looks fit to be tied.]

SLB: Well?!

[Westerly chuckles softly.]

AW: "The Dirty Rotten Scoundrel" Logan Blackburn!

[Blackwell's jaw drops.]

SLB: Blackburn?! That's quite the coup, young lady! There are many who would say that Blackburn is the top wrestler in all of the United Kingdom right now!

[Westerly shakes her head.]

AW: No, no, Lou. In all of Europe...

...and in two weeks, it'll be in all of the world too. See you in Chicago.

[Westerly walks off, a strut in her step as we suddenly fade into a test pattern, and a loud piercing beep is heard. The test pattern slowly transforms into the Punisher Skull style logo of the Soldiers of Fortune. The beep itself slowly becomes a distorted voice, similar to the Soldiers of Fortune entrance.

Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

[The logo fades as does the distorted voice. Suddenly, a dim lightbulb is seen swinging slowly back and forth in a fairly dark room. Some footsteps are heard, and appearing on screen are the Soldiers of Fortune. There's a tense silence before Joe Flint speaks up.]

JF: TEEENNNN--HUT!

[Joe Flint's wearing his black singlet and camo pants, obviously dressed for battle. He wears a whistle around his neck, which he puts to his mouth. He whistles loudly, then more footsteps are heard. Flint's partner, Charlie Stephens enters.]

JF: Alright, maggots, listen up and listen up good. Apparently we struck a nerve with our so-called friends from the Great White North a few weeks ago. Who knew that they take their.. carbonated water that they call beer so seriously?

[Stephens shrugs, then takes a swig from a can of Monster Energy drink.]

JF: Because of all this... feedback...

[Flint coughs.]

JF: ...Including several challenges from teams from the Great White North, ready and willin' to petition the AWA for a match with us, we've decided that it'd be best to resume our USA vs. the World challenge!

Out of all the teams from Canada that have decided that they want to make us pay, we've picked Canada's finest tag team to be the first ones to step into the ring with us, on the first AWA Saturday Night Wrestling after Memorial Day Mayhem.

We could use the warm-up, because we've been itchin' to prove that two honest-to-goodness-true American heroes like us are the best tag team in the world, no matter what the other snot-nosed brats running around have to say.

CS: Personally, I don't care whether or not someone likes beer or not, I'm just itchin' to kick somebody's ass. There ain't no ass kickin' like a good ol' fashioned American ass kickin'.

[Flint turns towards Stephens, a wide grin forming on his face as he turns back towards the screen.]

JF: Damn right.

At ease.

[Flint brings the whistle back up to his mouth and lets out a loud tweet as we fade out to the ring...

...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 "Double K" logo in a midnight green and silver gothic font on the front and the phrase, "The Glass Ceiling Just Got Thicker" on the back. Erica Toughill lurks morosely to one side, trying to obscure herself as much as possible with her hood drawn up and dark sunglasses covering her face.]

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 am the Foundation of the AWA. And in the lead-up to Memorial Day Mayhem, I may have occasionally crossed the line... every time I was given a live microphone. I said some things about certain high profile individuals... certain people getting opportunities, so forth...

...That I felt the need to give one of these... high profile names a chance to respond ahead of the Rumble. Even if the AWA has been an endless circle of Lynch, Wright, Martinez, Detson, Lynch, Wright, Martinez, Detson, Lynch, Wright, Martinez, Detson!

And I guess that's a spoiler, because my guest this week...

...is Supreme Wright!

[A huge roar of cheers is heard as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, announcing the arrival of the former two-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Supreme Wright. The Louisiana native is dressed sharply as always, in a three-piece purple herringbone tweed suit with a high contrast brown blue checker pattern.]

GM: This... should be very interesting, Bucky. Kerry Kendrick is a man never at a lack for words and always willing to speak his mind.

BW: And he's done plenty of that towards the so-called "pillars" of the AWA in recent weeks, Gordo. He took his shots at all of them... including the guy walking that aisle right now.

[Toughill gobbles over to open the ropes, but Wright shakes his head and waves her away as he steps through the ropes himself and strides across the ring so that Wright and Kendrick stand face-to-face, a couple inches closer than is reasonable.]

KK: Hey, Supreme.

[Wright eyes the Self Made Man up with a cool poker face.]

KK: I said, "hey, Supreme."

[Silence.]

KK: Oh, I guess that didn't merit a response, huh? I suppose you want an explanation for the thing I said about you last month on the Think Tank, am I right? Am I close?

[Wright's steady gaze causes Kendrick to back down a couple of steps as Wright picks up his own mic to respond.]

SW: I don't pay attention to every little thing you say, because you say a lot of things, Mr. Kendrick. Why don't you refresh my memory?

[Kendrick sneers.]

KK: Well, Supreme... I brought up this little anecdote that you and I shared from a couple of years back when I had just returned to the AWA. Remember, Supreme, when you and your Team Supreme crew in your fetching bespoke tracksuits came into the dressing room and threw my gear in the hallway. Remember what you said?

"This is a Team Supreme locker room," and then you used a word that, if I repeat it, will get us thrown off the air.

You remember that, Supreme?

[Wright pauses a moment, stroking his chin, considering the tale that's been told.]

SW: I don't remember it happening exactly the way you've described it, Mr. Kendrick. But I'm sure I would remember it a whole lot better if you had actually had the courage to stand up to me back then.

[Wright's words seem to raise Kendrick's ire to a boil, but The Self Made Man keeps his composure.]

KK: Well, let's bring it to something a little more relevant to today. A few weeks ago, you mentioned something about "your" World Title, Supreme. You remember how you first won "your" World Championship, Supreme?

You... stole it, "Champ."

[The crowd jeers a little as Supreme doesn't visibly react.]

KK: Whatever you may think of Dave Bryant, whatever Gyps may have happened in the meantime... The sad fact of life is that this... this lofty reputation you've manufactured for yourself... this CGI wrestler that is Supreme Wright...

He's built his mansion without a foundation, on a swamp of fraud.

And it feels so good to finally be able to say it to your face, because I've done everything in my career the right way. I've haven't jumped any lines... my reach doesn't exceed my grasp, Supreme! I did my time in CCW, I don't remember seeing you there!

[Kendrick snaps his fingers in faux enlightenment.]

KK: Oh wait! You were here! You RAN from the Combat Corner because you didn't get your way! You RAN to Las Vegas because Michaelson dared to think someone was better than you!

I've been waiting two years to be in the same ring as you!

[Kendrick again steps forward, glaring into the unblinking eyes of the former two-time World Champion.]

KK: If you and I end up in the ring at the same time in the Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem... well, I hope you've got some extra thick braces on those knees of yours. I heard from my girlfriend in the front office that for an elite athlete, your knees are held together with duct tape and prayer. And they'll be screaming at you when you hit the ground because it's a long way down!

And on the topic of CCW: I did hear something about you when I was there that I think the world should hear.

"All hat. No cattle."

[Kendrick smirks.]

KK: You know who said that about you, Supreme? Your prospective father-in-law said that about you.

And I cannot wait to prove it, Supreme.

[The stoic look on Wright's face finally breaks, as the corner of his lips curl into the slightest of smiles.]

SW: I believe I finally understand the cause of your frustration, Mr. Kendrick. Far too much timidity...

...and a lack of killer instinct.

[Kendrick blinks.]

KK: What? A lack of-

[Supreme interrupts.]

SW: Time stands for no one, Mr. Kendrick. That's something you and Mr. Osbourne have obviously failed to learn. If you want something, TAKE it. If you believe you deserve something, FIGHT for it and PROVE you deserve it.

You believe you've done things the "right" way? Well...

...I respectfully disagree.

[Wright leans in, close enough to lock eyes with Kendrick and make him just a little less than comfortable.]

SW: I think you've done things the SAFE way. The EASY way. The COWARD'S way.

[The crowd begins to buzz as they sense something's brewing here.]

SW: Take this moment for instance. Why waste a golden opportunity that you may never have ever again? If I'm such a fraud, why don't you do everyone a favor and expose me to the world? If it's my head that you want...

....why do we need to wait until Memorial Day?

[The crowd roars Wright turns his head from side to side, eyeing his surroundings.]

SW: Aren't we standing inside MY ring, right now?

[Wright calmly undoes his watch and pockets it.]

SW: Just a word of warning, Mr. Kendrick: When you come at the King, you best not miss.

[Wright tosses his suit jacket onto the ropes and pops his neck. The fans begin to cheer him on.]

GM: Oh my. OH MY! Is Supreme Wright finally going to give Kendrick what's been coming to him?

[Kendrick instructs Toughill to move the furniture as he takes off his shirt. Meanwhile, Wright has rolled up the sleeves of his dress shirt as the crowd slowly works itself up into a frenzy!]

BW: This could be it! The Foundation of the AWA is about to expose one of the Pillars as hollow!

[Wright adopts a fighting stance. Kendrick backs off, extending his palm, unprepared.]

KK: "WhoaWhoaWhoaWhoa!"

[Kendrick closes his palm and points his finger behind Wright.]

GM: HOGAN!

[But before Wright can respond, King Kong Hogan has barreled into him from the blind side, knocking Wright down to the canvas. The wild-eyed brawler promptly dives on top of him, pinning him to the mat as he slams his fists down into the back of Wright's head and neck.]

BW: Where the heck did he come from, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea but he's all over Wright!

[Hogan is pounding and pounding, a smirking Kendrick gathering his belongings and exiting the ring along with Erica Toughill.]

GM: Hogan's pulling him up... and throws him back into the corner!

[The famed brawler rushes the corner, throwing a wild fist towards Wright's face but Wright snags the arm under his own, trapping it as he smashes an elbow into the back of Hogan's head!]

GM: OH!

[A second blow lands followed by a third that sends Hogan stumbling away from the corner towards mid-ring. Wright rushes out towards him, ducking low to lift him up in a mighty double leg...

...and SLAMS him down to the mat, promptly taking the mount!]

GM: WRIGHT'S GOT THE ADVANTAGE!

[Wright throws a devastating open-handed strike to the ear of Hogan, snapping his head to the side. A big bomb of an elbowstrike comes next, knocking him prone as Wright grabs a wrist, sliding out of the mount, spinning around the arm, wrapping it around his leg and kneeling on it, pinning Hogan's arm and shoulder to the mat as Wright grabs a handful of matted nasty hair...]

GM: OHH! PALM STRIKE TO THE EYE!

[Wright uncorks a few hard shots to the eyesocket region...

...which brings reinforcements in a hurry!]

GM: HERE COMES TROUBLE FOR WRIGHT!

[The lumbering form of Ebola Zaire is next to the party, coming down the ramp as Wright gets to his feet...

...and flips into a koppo kick, knocking Zaire right back through the ropes to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright spins around, fire in his eyes as he looks to inflict more punishment on King Kong Hogan...

...who has rolled out to the floor, holding an arm over his eyesocket as he stumbles back up the aisle, the crowd cheering.]

GM: And don't look now, El Presidente, but that's one of your wild dogs running off with his tail between his legs!

BW: He's going to be so mad, Gordo. I wouldn't want to be anywhere near him right now.

GM: Fans, we'll be right back.

[As Wright looks up the ramp at a wounded Hogan, we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A voiceover is heard.]

"The AWA began in a studio...

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

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

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we find ourselves inside the ring where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside a guest.]

SLB: We are LIVE in Las Vegas and Sin City, lemme hear ya!

[The crowd ROARS in response as Blackwell grins.]

SLB: Alright! For those of you who checked in on my app - available on the Apple App Store and Google Play now - earlier this week, you saw me refer to a second generation grappler joining the AWA Women's Division with a major announcement... and she's right here with me. Trish Wallace, come on over here!

[The stocky, broad-shouldered T-Bone Wallace shuffled into view in t-shirt tied off at the navel. She seems a little annoyed.]

TW: Sweet Lou, you said it: I am a second generation wrestler. But, you know I sure don't feel like it. Contrary to what my brothers' buddies - the Tag Team Champs have to say - it ain't easy living up to a legacy.

Maybe if you're Harley Hamilton and you look like a Valkyrie. Maybe if you're Lauryn Rage and everything you do has heads turning to look at you. Maybe if you're a certain someone else who doesn't want to advertise, and you have sheer scrappiness on her side.

[Wallace slaps her chest with a mighty hand, causing Blackwell to grimace.]

TW: But not me. Chet, Chaz, Larry... they all got my mom's genetics. She was a track star. Still holds the Minnesota state record for triple jump, too. They're all lean, lithe, toned jocks who can leap six feet in the air from a standing start.

Me? I got the genes of Battlin' Burt. What was it they used to say about him back in the day, Lou? Something with paper?

SLB: The gag was that if Battlin' Burt Wallace left his feet, you wouldn't be able to slide a newspaper underneath him.

[Wallace grins, shrugging.]

TW: Yeah, that's me. I'm a fire hydrant. I admit that. When I was watching wrestling, I didn't have anyone who looked like me to look up to. I am a second-generation wrestler, but I have to blaze my own path. Maybe it'll be important for some girl at home watching wrestling with her family right now to see someone just like her.

And you will be seeing me, Sweet Lou. I've received clearance from my coaches Marcus Broussard and Lori Wilson to join the main AWA roster, effective Memorial Day!

And the very first time you see me in an AWA ring, I want it to either be against Skylar Swift so we can settle this once and for all...

...rr Charisma Knight so I can smash her stupid little face in.

[Wallace is no sooner done speaking, getting some cheers for her threat when suddenly...]

'CAUSE YOU'RE WORTH FIGHTING FOR!

GM: Don't look now but the Dream Girl is in the house in Las Vegas!

BW: Nobody is debating that moniker but I would question her intelligence coming out here to interrupt Trish.

[Trish clearly looks unamused as Skylar Swift skips out into the view of the crowd who respond with a deafening cheer as "Dukes" by Repartee continues to blast over the arena airwaves.]

GM: And if I had to wager a guess, Skylar Swift might be taking issue with the words of Trish Wallace right about now. After all, Skylar and Charisma Knight have been joined at the hip for almost a year now and Swift still hasn't gotten her dukes - so to speak - on her. And then back at SuperClash, Trish interjected herself into the middle of this situation... which, oddly, has yet to produce a match between any of these three competitors.

BW: Well, that might be about to change, Gordo. You heard it a second ago. Trish Wallace has gotten the call to the big leagues and she's calling her shot. She wants Swift or Knight in that ring and she wants it to happen very soon.

[Swift's music continues to play as she trots down the ramp.]

C'mon over and we'll settle it right

Put your dukes up
'Cause I'm ready to fight
For you

I'll fight for yooooou #

[Swift looks as intentionally stunning over. She's not the girl next door, she's right out of a magazine. Her honey-brown hair is tied up perfectly. Her smile is genuine and enduring. Her baby blue eyes greet the adoring young girls who reach out over the railing and she makes to touch every single one of their extended fingertips.

Her upper half is snug in a white crop top with gold "KEEP CALM, DREAM ON" lettering across it. Her lower half has jeggings seemingly glued onto her body grooving around and over her curves. Skylar's calm demeanor fizzles like pop rocks as she finally turns her attention to Trish who begs her forward and the Dream Girl obliges, placing her hands on the apron and propelling herself up into a handstand.]

GM: Though we haven't seen it on display in a bit, Skylar Swift is an athletic up and comer like most of our Women's Division and she lives up to her name with fluid and at time flawless movement.

[Swift grabs a mic as she steps into the ring, staring across at Wallace.]

SS: You want to be a role-model? You want to be an inspiration? You want some little girl at home to connect with your body image?

[Skylar flicks an errant strand of hair out of her eyes.]

SS: That's admirable. I can get behind that, Trish.

[She nods, Trish returns a nod of her own.]

SS: Just like you can get behind me in line to smash Charisma Knight's face in.

[Trish smirks, holding up a finger.]

TW: Stupid little face.

[Swift shrugs.]

SS: Can't argue with that. But hey, I know you and a lot of the other girls don't think much of me, Trish. They see me and think I'm just another pretty face who is trying to make the cover of a magazine. They think I don't understand this business and how it works. But I do get it. I know who you and your family are and what they mean to it. I respect that you want little girls to see you and think to themselves that if they shoot for the stars they can achieve great things no matter what they look like. I'm not out here to tell you that I'm going to hold you back or crush your dream or anyone else's.

[She moves in closer.]

SS: In fact... I am out here to tell you that you can have Charisma. You can punch her "stupid little face" in. You can kick her teeth in. You can do whatever you want to her.

[Trish's brow raises.]

SS: You can do whatever you want with her when I'm DONE with her.

[The crowd cheers as Wallace shakes her head.]

SS: Look, Charisma Knight has been torturing me for nearly a year and-

[Wallace interrupts.]

TW: And what have you done about it? Huh? Nothing! A year and you're still out here asking for a match... begging for a match... and I'm out here to tell you AND her that I'm putting an end to it!

All you've done is cause drama, Skylar.

[Swift glares at her.]

TW: You fell off the deep end... you threw temper tantrums in the ring... you went cra-

[Swift steps closer, bumping her chest into Trish who doesn't budge.]

SS: Do NOT call me that!

[Wallace smiles at her.]

TW: Why don't you try that again, princess?

[An irate Swift snaps her body around, spinning one of her long legs in a kick that Wallace ducks under..

...only Skylar spins back to a standing position and begins to mockingly braid the hair of Trish who is staring at her feet to laughter from the crowd.

Wallace pops up, the point of her elbow grazing Swift's nose, snapping her head back. Swift stumbles backward, grabbing at her own face. Wallace beckons her forward again...]

BW: About time! Let's do this!

[But before the two can tangle up, some old familiar organ music starts up causing both women to stop and look around. The lights in the arena fade down, a spotlight lancing out to single out Charisma Knight sitting in the upper deck at the top of a section of seats, reclining in an oversized heavily stuffed chair, Doc Martin's up on the row in front of her, black and red hair framing a face with massive amounts of makeup around her eyes, looking very similar to how she did last fall before her suspension. She produces a mic, waving a hand at the ring.]

CK: Girls, girls, girls... I'm getting tired of all of this foreplay.

[She smiles, "bashfully" putting a hand up in front of her mouth.]

CK: Can we please just skip to the good stuff where you two start ripping each other to pieces?

Like... what exactly do I have to do for you two to just...

[She giggles... a scary sound in her present state.]

CK: ...TEAR each others' throats out?! Hmmm?

I can only nudge you two SOOOOO much.

[Knight rises from her seat.]

CK: Because right now, watching you two in there is like taking the nerdy kid to promo... the end result is just SO disappointing.

[She bats her eyes suggestively.]

CK: What else can I do? What else? Dear Swifty, do I need to burrow inside your brain again? Send you screaming into the darkness?

Maybe I can arrange for you to spend a night in this old house I know. It might shed a whole new light on all those creepy crawly things in the corners of your mind that you don't want to look at.

[Knight taps her temple, twisting her finger around.]

CK: How about you, T-Bone? Maybe Swifty can use a roomie!

[Knight pauses, placing her chin on a balled up fist, looking pensive.]

CK: Or mayhaps I should try the direct approach... saunter myself on down there... and-

[A voice rings out, cutting off Charisma.]

"ENOUGH!"

[Knight freezes in mid-sentence, an eyebrow raised angrily as people look around in confusion. A moment passes before someone comes through the entranceway, dressed in black slacks, a white blouse, and a white jacket over it.]

GM: Isn't that Charisma's doctor?

BW: Yeah, I'd say her name but I'm afraid she might bill me for it.

[A frustrated Dr. Leah White stands at the top of the ramp, looking up at Charisma.]

LW: Enough... please! All of you!

[She points to the ring to where Wallace and Swift are still standing.]

LW: You two... you've apologized. I've spoken to you both... tried to work things out but you refuse! You both want your pound of flesh and refuse to listen to reason like any rational human beings!

[She shakes her head, gesturing to the locker room.]

LW: I don't know much about wrestling but I've learned in a short time that there are very few rational human beings so I shouldn't be surprised!

I've tried to make peace between all of you and... nothing.

[She looks on pleadingly.]

LW: Don't you understand? We all need to move on from this!

[A smirking Knight echoes her doctor's statement.]

CK: Yeah, you tell 'em, Doc!

[And the sound of Charisma's voice brings the good doctor's attention onto her, her eyes burning with anger.]

LW: And you! Don't you DARE give me that! I've had it up to HERE with you! I put my reputation on the line for you... and you... and you... you poke! You prod! You lie! You manipulate!

[Knight shrugs sheepishly.]

LW: Every single thing we discussed in our sessions... you just walked away from all of it! All of it! And it's quite clear that you were manipulating me during our time together so you could get back in the ring.

We made promises... commitments... to get you back in that ring... promises I haven't been able to keep to your bosses because of you...

[She points to Wallace.]

LW: And you...

[She points to Swift.]

LW: ...and most of all you!

[She points to Knight.]

LW: I can't do my job because of you people and...

[White puts a hand to her head as she gets visibly upset.]

LW: I can't fail at this... I WON'T fail at this. You all have to...

[Knight tilts her head a bit as Wallace and Swift look confused before White snaps out of it.]

LW: We have one more chance.

[She points at Knight again.]

LW: YOU have one more chance to make this right. And if you don't... I'm going to rescind my clearance for you to compete and I'm told by Mr. Castillo that he will reinstate your suspension.

[Knight shouts off-mic but White continues.]

LW: Like I said, I'm new to this wrestling thing but when I took this case on, I did my research. I asked my questions. And I think I have a solution for all of us.

You see, I went back and watched some old videos of wrestling online... some horrible, barbaric stuff... but one thing I saw gave me hope.

One thing I saw gave me a feeling that we could salvage all this.

[White nods enthusiastically.]

LW: We're going to give this one more try... and President Castillo agrees with me.

So, in two weeks at Memorial Day Mayhem in Chicago, we're going to settle this.

[The crowd cheers at the idea of another match added to the show.]

LW: It'll be Charisma Knight... Trish Wallace... Skylar Swift... all coming together in the only way to settle this...

[Dramatic pause as the crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

LW: ...the TABLE OF PEACE!

[If the air being sucked out of the building could make an audible sound, it'd be a loud one. The eager stirring just seconds before has gone replaced by dead silence.]

GM: Did she just say...?

BW: SHE DID! SHE DID!

[Jaws are dropped in the ring and in the crowd. A shot of Charisma Knight catches a "what the f-" before we quickly cut to the ring where Swift and Wallace are looking on with confusion.]

GM: I...

[White looks quite pleased with herself, apparently oblivious to the crowd's reaction.]

LW: I'll see you ladies in Chicago.

[She turns, walking away, leaving the formerly-buzzing crowd to start laughing a little.]

GM: I... it's been a long time since I've heard those words. I'm assuming the same for you, Bucky.

BW: Nah, I watch those Wrestlecrap videos on YouTube all the time. Great stuff.

GM: The Table of Peace is... well... for our newer viewers, I... care to help me out here?

BW: This one's all yours, daddy.

[Swift and Wallace are still in shock. Swift exits the ring first, walking up the aisle, a puzzled expression on her face as we cut to Gordon and Bucky sitting at ringside.]

GM: The Table of Peace. Hmm. Well, this is certainly an... interesting development. Right, Bucky?

[Bucky is very audibly stifling a giggle.]

GM: Bucky?

BW: Oh, Gordo... we've seen some crazy things here in the AWA in our time together and... man oh man... I never thought we'd hear that phrase. The Table...

[He chuckles again.]

BW: The Table... of Peace.

[More laughter as Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: Let's... oh brother... let's go to the ring.

[We cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is also very visibly stifling a chuckle as she starts to speak.]

RO: This next contest on AWA Saturday Night Wrestling is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. Already in the ring, from Kansas City, Missouri... weighing 215 pounds.. DANNY DUDA!

[Duda stands roughly six foot four, and could easily fit an extra 50 pounds on his frame. He's a bit of a string bean with little muscle definition. He's got a brown Caesar haircut and has brown stubble. Duda wears a pair of blue trunks, black boots, and no knee pads. He raises his arms to the crowd to little reaction.]

RO: And his opponent...

[The opening to Fantomas' "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" starts up to the boos of the crowd.]

RO: Accompanied by Jackie Wilpon, and hailing from anywhere he damn well wants... weighing 308 pounds...

BLLLAASSSTTEEERRR MMMMASSSSTTTEERRRSSSOOONNNN!!!

[Stomping onto the stage is the massive Blaster Masterson, with Jackie Wilpon right behind him. Masterson's got long, curly dark hair and stubble, and the usual angry look on his face. His chest has plenty of dark chest hair, caked in sweat. Masterson's wearing a pair of green trunks, black boots, and black knee pads.

Wilpon, on the other hand, is dressed in his usual white suit, with navy blue pinstripes. He also has a fairly serious look on his face as both men walk down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Wilpon's normally running his mouth a mile a minute before the match even begins, but lately he's letting Rebecca Ortiz do her duty, and I bet she's relieved that Wilpon's no longer interrupting her.

BW: I'm kind of under the impression that Masterson and Wilpon aren't much in the mood for talking tonight, Gordo.

[Masterson reaches the ringside area first, and pulls himself onto the apron. Masterson grits his teeth, staring across the ring at Duda, who put up his dukes. Masterson steps over the top rope and marches right towards Duda. As Masterson goes to grab Duda, Duda quickly ducks and runs to the far ropes.]

GM: Duda looking to strike first! He knows what Masterson's all about! Bouncing off the ropes..

[The bell sounds as Duda charges right at Masterson, who throws his shoulder towards Duda, sending him to the mat with authority.]

BW: That must have been like running into a brick wall.

GM: Duda's back on his feet, but Masterson's not even letting him shake the cobwebs loose.

[Masterson grabs Duda in a collar and elbow tie-up, forcing him to the ropes with such force that Duda falls through the top and middle ropes. Masterson, looking down with disdain at Duda on the floor, tries to leave the ring but the referee steps in between in the nick of time.]

GM: We all know what Masterson can do when he gets an opponent out on the floor, outside of that devastating powerbomb, that's where he can do the most damage.

[The referee is admonishing Masterson, not knowing that Jackie Wilpon is waiting for Duda to get back to his feet. Duda pulls himself to his feet, only for Wilpon to rush in and blast him with a right hand to loud boos from the crowd.]

GM: COME ON! The referee was tied up with Masterson! What was that for?

BW: Wilpon was trying to protect himself!

GM: FROM WHAT??

[While Masterson's continuing to try to get to the outside, Wilpon picks Duda up, and instead of rolling him into the ring, throws him into the ring post!]

GM: For goodness sake, what has this kid done to Jackie Wilpon?

BW: To be honest, from the look on Wilpon's face, he's getting some aggression out. It's nothing personal against the kid Masterson's facing tonight.

[Wilpon picks up Duda once again, and throws him into the ring. The referee, noticing that Duda's rolled into the ring, likely not under his own power, turns to ask Wilpon what happened. Wilpon simply lowers his head and raises his hand.]

GM: How so? If it's nothing personal, he should simply leave this young man alone.

[Masterson grabs a handful of hair and pulls Duda to his feet. He grabs Duda, backing him into a corner, putting both hands on Duda's throat. The referee starts to administer a count.]

BW: Wilpon and Masterson came into the AWA with a ton of fanfare and had a lot of momentum, Gordo. It's seemingly stopped in recent weeks, though. We all know that Masterson's a big ball of rage and the best way he deals with it is to hurt somebody. He doesn't care who it is. Wilpon offered Masterson as a weapon to Javier Castillo, but outside of one match against Jeff Matthews, he's been relegated to the sidelines.

[Masterson, after breaking the count, lets Duda slump down in the corner. Duda turns away from Masterson, leaning against the ropes, only for Masterson to drive his knee into the small of Duda's back, forcing his neck against the middle rope.]

BW: Not only that, but we've seen the appearance of people like Max Magnum and Atlas Armstrong, both also physically imposing wrestlers.

GM: So you're thinking that maybe Masterson's lost in the shuffle?

BW: Perhaps. This is a lot of money that Wilpon and Masterson are likely missing out on.

GM: And they're taking it out on Danny Duda here tonight.

[Masterson drags Duda by the ankle to the middle of the ring. He then pulls Duda to his feet, grabbing Duda and taking him up and down with a sidewalk slam.]

GM: Thunderous sidewalk slam by Masterson. Now, Masterson back on his feet, now coming off the ropes and leaps high in the air with a huge leg drop across the throat of Duda.

[Wilpon shouts from the outside to finish off Duda. Masterson looks over at Wilpon, and shakes his head. He yells 'I WANNA PLAY WITH HIM SOME MORE', before pulling Duda to his feet. He throws Duda into the corner, and backs up all the way to the opposite corner. Masterson charges, and leaps high in the air, sandwiching Duda between himself and the corner.]

GM: Corner splash from Masterson..

[Masterson backs off, and Duda starts to fall forward. However, Masterson catches him before Duda hits the mat. Masterson backs away, making sure Duda stays steady, only to charge forward and smash his foot into Duda's face with a charging big boot.]

GM: And a big boot finds it's mark!

BW: That could be a very deadly weapon if he's got someone up against the ropes at the Rumble!

[Masterson looks towards Wilpon, and shouts out that now's the time to finish him. Masterson pulls Duda to his feet, and spins him around. With Masterson right behind Duda, Masterson reaches around with his left hand, grabbing right arm. He then spins Duda around, pulling him in. Masterson then crushes Duda across the throat his right arm! Duda falls on the back of his neck and head, and Masterson drops to his knees on impact.]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! Masterson almost nearly took Duda's head off with that devastating clothesline!

[Masterson kneels over Duda, and looks down at the prone opponent. With a sneer, Masterson spits on Duda, before slapping his right hand down across Duda's chest. The referee deems this an acceptable cover and begins to make a count.]

GM: One, two, and...

[As the ref hits two, Wilpon shouts "NO!" With a nod, Masterson yanks Duda up before the ref hits three.]

GM: COME ON! You've got to be kidding!

[Wilpon shouts out 'NOT LIKE THAT! BREAK HIS BACK!'. Masterson grins an evil grin, as Wilpon starts gesturing to the back. Masterson immediately picks up Duda and sets him up in a standing headscissors.]

GM: Those so-called 'medics' are on their way down here.

BW: And just in the nick of time too. Masterson's gonna give this kid frequent flier miles to go with his hospital trip!

[He then lifts Duda up in the air and spins around. After a couple of seconds, Masterson releases Duda, sending him up in the air and slamming to the mat awkwardly. Masterson stands tall, drops to his knees, and slaps both hands across Duda's chest.]

GM: There's the cover, and there's the three count.

[The bell sounds as the two 'medics' make a move to enter the ring. However, Wilpon tells them to stay at ringside. Masterson then reaches down, grabbing Duda by the neck and yanking him to his feet with one hand.]

GM: This match is over, don't tell me he's gonna continue this..

[Yanking Duda into the air, one handed, Masterson marches towards the ropes, and simply dumps him over the top rope straight out to the floor.]

GM: MY GOODNESS! That had to be an easy ten feet drop! We might need some real medics out here as soon as possible for this young man.

BW: Imagine if he can do that at the Rumble, Gordo. They're gonna need to clear out an entire wing.

[Masterson steps over the ropes and drops to the floor. He stares down at the injured Duda as the 'medics' tend to the young man. Wilpon walks over, whispers in Masterson's ear, and Masterson turns and stomps down the aisle.]

GM: Let's hope it doesn't come down to this. It looks like "Sweet" Lou Blackwell's on his way to ringside, but Wilpon and Masterson are looking to leave. Let's see if Blackwell can get a word.

[We go down to the aisle, as it looks like Masterson's brushed past "Sweet" Lou.]

SLB: Well, it looks like I'm not going to get a word from Masterson about this match. Maybe Jackie Wilpon can fill me in..

[Wilpon appears on screen, and he doesn't look too pleased.]

JW: GAHBAGE IN.. GAHBAGE OUT.

[Wilpon sneers at Blackwell.]

JW: Ya wanna know what this is all about, Blackwell? Ain't nothin' against this kid, but we're simply sick and tired of bein' on the sidelines. We needed to send a message, and what better message than to end some dumb kid's career.

SLB: That did seem a bit extreme, yes..

JW: Ain't no one takin' us seriously anymore, now that the shiny new 'toys' are on the scene, huh? Not only that, but we've been sittin' on the sidelines far too long. I made an investment, a mighty large investment, an' I feel like it's time that the investment finally cashes in.

We ain't playin' second fiddle to no one. Blackwell. We don't care who ya are, or what ya are. There's gonna be 29 men at the Memorial Day Mayhem Rumble, an' Masterson's gonna plow right through 'em all like an F-5 tornado plows right through Farmer Murphy's dilapidated old farm on the outskirts o' Omaha. If anyone.. ANYONE.. tells us that we're old hat, that we ain't useful t' nobody, then we're just gonna do what we do best. Breakin' necks and cashin' checks. Capiche?

SLB: I hear ya...

[Before "Sweet" Lou can finish his thought, Wilpon brushes past Blackwell, going up the aisle and disappearing from view.]

SLB: Blaster Masterson just one of thirty in that big Rumble coming up in Chicago but he's a big one and certainly a force to be reckoned with inside that high stakes matchup! Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll see Michael Aarons in one-on-one action so don't go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

...and then back up on live action inside the T-Mobile Arena where we find Rebecca Ortiz standing center ring.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Henderson, Nevada... Mikey Miller!

[A chunky pale white dude in a double-strapped black singlet and a jet black mullet to match raises some undefined arms to no reaction.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

["My Type" by Saint Motel begins to play and skipping out from the back comes Michael Aarons to a fairly big negative reaction. He is wearing long red tights with patterned pink and purple shapes scattered throughout. He also has on a black leather vest sans shirt.]

RO: ...weighing in at 225 pounds... from Carson City...

MMMIICCHHAAEEELL AAAAAARRRROOOOOONNNNSSSS!!!

[Aarons stares out at the crowd, he puts a finger on his right ear and leans to the right; then he places a finger on his left ear and leans to the left. Laughing, he starts gyrating and dancing to the music clapping his hands as the crowd boos. Shrugging as he nonchalantly begins to skip down to the ring, stopping every now and then to dance in front of some of the women in attendance who don't seem to mind at all.]

GM: Michael Aarons, former World Tag Team Champion, is heading down the aisle to get in one more match before he meets his former partner Cody Mertz at Memorial Day Mayhem in this unique 30 For 30 Challenge.

BW: It's a pretty simple concept though, Gordo. The winner gets the number 30 spot in the Rumble. The loser leaves town for 30 days... oh, AND they get booted from the Rumble. It's a pretty big match for Aarons and Mertz.

GM: Absolutely. Michael Aarons is widely considered one of the hottest rising stars in the entire AWA and to put be on ice for 30 days could be devastating to him right now.

[Aarons gets to the ring steps and slowly walks up them, dancing and strutting one step at a time. Getting to the apron, he turns to the crowd and stretches out his arms so they can take it all in, before quickly turning and slingshotting himself over the top rope. He arrogantly reclines back in his corner, chomping on his gum as he waits for the match to start.]

BW: That doesn't look like a man who thinks he's about to be sitting on the sidelines for a month, Gordo.

GM: No, it doesn't... but as anyone in this sport can tell you, that's why they wrestle the matches. Because you never know what's going to happen. You never know who will win and who will lose on any given night. You never...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...know who is going to-

[Aarons dashes from his corner, dropping down into a baseball slide between the legs of Mikey Miller. He pops up to his feet behind him, swinging a knee up to jam into the spine, bending Miller back, hooking an inverted facelock...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[...and goes into a spin, flipping Miller over, and DRIVING him facefirst into the canvas!]

BW: SHATTERSHOT! THIS ONE'S OVER!

[He dives across as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE! TWO! HE GOT HIM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow!

BW: That might've been some kind of a record, Gordo!

GM: A lightning fast victory for Michael Aarons!

BW: He don't get paid by the hour... and you can forget about that 30 For 30 Challenge, Gordo.

GM: Why is that?

BW: Because after that performance, Mertz decided to leave town PERMANENTLY!

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky... and now it looks like Mark Stegglet has made his way out here to talk to the victorious Michael Aarons! Mark?

[We cut to Stegglet standing ringside with Aarons.]

MS: Another big win indeed, Gordon... and Michael Aarons, I'm wondering if you saw what your former partner had to say earlier tonight?

[Aarons steps back, raising his hands defensively.]

MA: Whoa, whoa, whoa there, Steg-o-mite... what's with the interrogation?

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

MS: It's an interview... I'm asking you questions.

MA: Steg-o-liscious, we don't need the third degree. And I don't need to hear it, I live, I live it everyday! Everyday, people are talking about Michael Aarons, how they're impressed with him, how they want to be like him!

[Aarons smirks.]

MA: But sometimes all that buzz isn't good. Sometimes that buzz is from these little annoying insects like Cee Dee and that other annoying gnat... who is he?

[Aarons snaps his fingers several times.]

MA: What's his name? Small, not very talented, wears a mask...

MS: TORA?

[Aarons snaps his fingers again and points at Stegglet.]

MA: I got it! TORA! Man, you're really no help at all, Mark. Yeah... so TORA... the biggest Michael Aarons wannabe on the planet.

[Stegglet looks surprised.]

MS: Michael Aarons wannabe?

MA: I'm glad you agree, Steggers! When TORA first came in, he was like "I need to be special," so he decided to copy me. I was climbing the ranks carrying Air Strike on my back... so what does he do?

He forms Air Strike Light. I team with Brian James, he teams with Brian James. I go away to get a new outlook on life after dominating the international scene... well, you get the picture. Now he thinks he's going to take my TV Title shot?

[Aarons laughs.]

MA: Well, he's lucky I've got a Rumble to win and another annoying gnat in Cee Dee taking up my time or he'd get taught a little lesson.

MS: Yes... back to Cody Mertz. This Memorial Day Mayhem, you're going one on one with your former partner, and earlier tonight-

MA: Geez... again with the hard hitting journalism! Okay, okay... I saw a little of it, and with what I saw, I agree with him.

[Stegglet looks surprised again.]

MS: You do?

MA: Yeah, he called me smart and talented. After that, I stopped listening. But look, I know I'm smart, I KNOW I'm sexy, I've got the moves- trust me they go for miles and miles.

[Aarons spots a lady in the crowd and points at her.]

MA: She knows what I mean, don't ya?

[Aarons winks at her and continues.]

MA: But look Steg-latro, it's real simple. Michael Aarons needs to do Michael Aarons things. That is to say great things... big things. And little Cee Dee was an anchor on all those things I held precious.

You see, he wanted to live in the past. Michael Aarons is all about the future. So come Memorial Day, I take a step towards that future, and send little Cee Dee away. Where? Who knows? Maybe to Mommy.

[Aarons laughs.]

MA: Maybe to Daddy. Maybe he can go down to Hollywood and try out his acting chops... maybe he's a natural for the silver screen? But the simple fact is, it doesn't matter what he does, it only matters what he won't be doing -- BOTHERING ME!

[Aarons smirks as he points to himself with his thumb.]

MA: And after I call off the Air Strike, I get to enter the Rumble last, I get to then win the Rumble and get my shot at the big prize. And if I have some time in between all that?

[Aarons looks at Stegglet.]

MA: I have no problem taking that title off of Terry Shane. Michael Aarons is just getting started. But this interview? That's over!

[He pats Stegglet on the back.]

MA: You're welcome!

[With a dismissive wave, Aarons walks up the ramp, headed towards the back.]

MS: Michael Aarons is certainly not lacking for confidence as he heads to Chicago for at least one big match... and possibly two! Fans, we're going to take a short break and when we come back, it'll be time for the Control Center starring yours truly so don't miss it!

[Fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

We fade in on a small gym. There's a scattering of old free weight equipment around a boxing ring where young women take hard falls in the centre of it.

A quick cut to a section of boxing bags shows heavy bags and speed bags side by side, some being used and some sitting free.

A loud "HAAA!" is heard as a speed bag gets smashed. A second "GAAH!" is heard as a kick lands in the middle of a heavy bag. It swings back and forth for a moment...

...and from behind it steps the Hall of Fame and former Women's World Champion, Medusa Rage, in a ragged black tank top and black cycling shorts. She is barefoot with her feet wrapped in sweat-stained tape.

She pauses, grabbing a bottle of water from off-camera, taking a long pull from it before wiping a sheen of sweat off her brow with a white towel.]

MR: One match. One shot. You know that phrase has been driving me for the past month. One match. One shot. One match and one shot to put it all right and end my career the way it should have. So I've gotta put in the work to make sure that I do right by that one match that one shot.

[She throws a nod up at the ring where a woman seemingly half of Medusa's size takes a hard slam on the stiff ring.]

MR: I tell my girls all the time: "You can have the pedigree. You can have the natural ability. But if you don't put in the work, it doesn't mean a damn thing." That's why I have them working in a boxing ring. It hurts more. That's why I'm back here. It hurts more. A lot more.

[She nods, taking a seat on an empty weight bench, looking up at the ring, watching woman after woman take fall after fall on the canvas. The camera looks over her shoulder.]

MR: You know, people have been asking me ever since Seattle...

"Medusa, you've been retired nearly twenty years."

"Why the Hell would you accept a match against Kurayami?"

"Are you broke?"

"Are you missing the spotlight?"

"Are you just out your natural mind?"

That's not what it's about. That's not what it's EVER been about.

It's not about the money. It's not about the glory.

[She chuckles.]

MR: And no, I damn sure ain't crazy.

[The Hall of Famer twists around to face the camera.]

MR: I took the match for them. And every woman who is the future of this business

[She jerks a thumb over her shoulder.]

MR: I was so happy when Felicia got a shot on TV even if it didn't go right.

[Rage pauses, chewing her bottom lip.]

MR: Look, before we go any farther I gotta ... how do I put this ... I gotta clear some stuff I said up. Stuff that's been bothering me. I'm not sorry for what I said the last time they stuck a mic in front of me. I meant it. I'm... I'm disappointed in what I've seen in the AWA. It seems so ... familiar. It's why I quit on this business in the first place. Competition drives me. Competition is the only reason I understand to be part of this business. But it seems like too many of the girls are ... reluctant.

[Rage shrugs.]

MR: It shouldn't be me stepping in there against Kurayami in Chicago.

[She shakes her head again.]

MR: You walk into that locker room and there's a former Olympic gold medalist tossing people around like rag dolls. You see the girls with fire in their bellies like Victoria, Skylar and Cinder.

Erica Toughill would fight the boys if they'd let her.

Julie Somers is the best in the world right now...

[She bites her lip again.]

MR: But she's not. None of them are. Because as strong as they are... as quick, as fast, as tough... as good as they are... they're missing something.

Or really... they got too much of something.

Fear.

[Rage looks into the camera, pointing to her eyes.]

MR: Look right here, y'all. Look close. Tell me what you see.

Do you see fear? Hell no.

[The Hall of Famer shrugs.]

MR: I don't know. I've never been scared of what happens in that ring. I mean sure. You could lose. You could get hurt. So? I mean, sure Kurayami is a killer in that ring. She kept going after Lauryn and put her on the shelf to get that title. She put Xenia and Betty in the hospital for no reason except to hurt them and send a message to any one else who might even think about stepping in the ring with her. And the tactic worked.

Kurayami, you got these girls shook.

These women talk a good game but they don't ever step to you.

[She pauses.]

SR: And that creates this aura around you... this myth that you're unbeatable.

No one's unbeatable, girl. No one. Not you. Not me. No one.

[She closes her eyes for a moment.]

MR: You remind me of my old rival... Andrea Chandler. She was just like you... bigger than everybody... stronger than everybody...

[She opens her eyes, winking at the camera.]

MR: Except me. But she convinced everyone she was unbeatable and they stepped into that ring already beaten.

Except me. I NEVER believed she was unbeatable. So I wasn't scared... and I beat her. And that broke her. Hell, it broke me, because nobody wanted to compete. So I quit the business because I couldn't stand how people were behaving.

[Rage points to the camera.]

MR: A generation later and it's the same damn thing here. You're bigger and stronger than everyone and you've convinced 'em all that you're unbeatable.

Except me. And so I'm stepping in that ring in Chicago even though I shouldn't. Even though I don't really want to. But I have to.

Because I ain't scared of you.

And that makes me the most dangerous opponent you've ever had.

One match. One shot.

[Rage nods.]

MR: That's all you're gonna get. That's all I'm gonna need.

Because I KNOW I can beat you..

[Rage rises from the bench, her voice getting louder and angrier now.]

MR: I don't care that you're undefeated, Kurayami.

I don't care that you're two hundred and fifty pounds. I don't care that you're a heartless monster.

[She shakes her head, pointing at the camera.]

MR: I don't care that you've put everybody who's gone up against you in the hospital, including my sister.

I don't care that I haven't wrestled in almost twenty years. I don't care that I'm not young any more.

[She pauses, taking a deep breath... then nodding a few times.]

MR: You say you know a lot about me, Kurayami... but I don't think that's true. Because if it was, you wouldn't've called me out. You would've let this snake stay out of the game. .

Because no matter the years... I'm STILL Medusa Rage.

That bitch.

[She smirks.]

MR: That bitch that's been beating down monsters like you for my whole career. That bitch that's been defying the odds for years.

And with what you've said about me... what you've done to me... what you've done to Lauryn...

That would all be enough usually. It'd be enough motivation for this snake to bite you.

[She shakes her head tightly.]

MR: Nah, nah... but this is more to me. This is business too. Not the title... I already told the suits that I won't keep it. I won't defend it.

If I win the title, I'm gonna hold it up once for the world to see...

...and then I'm gonna drop it on Castillo's desk, cash one more check, and walk off into the sunset on MY terms.

[She jerks a thumb over her shoulder again.]

MR: But this is for them. The girls. My girls right here. My sisters. The girls in that locker room who aren't my girls but I'm lookin' out for them anyway.

Because they deserve better. They deserve to be in the best Women's Division on the planet - the best in the world fighting over that title every week. They deserve me to rip that title off your waist so that they can have a tournament for it and show the world what they're capable of.

They deserve to know that just because you're big and bad... that don't make you unbeatable.

I can beat you, Kurayami.

[She nods confidently.]

MR: So can they. Julie. Ayako. Skylar, Victoria, that big badass Margarita...

[She smiles again.]

MR: All of 'em. All they need is the chance and the will.

That's why I'm comin' to Chicago, Kurayami.

To stand up to the big, bad bully...

...and to put her down.

[She nods.]

MR: I've already put you down with the Snakebite twice.

[She holds up two fingers.]

MR: And if you know as much about me as you say you do, you know that I'm more than the Snakebite.

[She pauses.]

MR: One match. One shot.

One match to face the Demon.

One shot to take her down... to shatter the aura.

One shot to take the title.

[The corner of her mouth twitches upwards into a smile.]

MR: One match to send the Demon right back to Hell.

One shot to show them all...

[She turns, gesturing to the ring, and then back to the camera.]

MR: ...all of you who should be watching... what they're capable of. I hope they're watching now... and in Chicago.

One match. One shot.

[She slams her fist into her open hand, spins and SLAMS it into a heavy bag with a shout.]

MR: That's all I need.

[We slowly fade to black on a swinging heavy bag...

...and then up 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 16 days away from the tenth edition of this AWA's annual kickoff to summer - Memorial Day Mayhem. And as we've said before, the AWA is headed to the Windy City of Chicago for the very first time... don't bother pulling up your favorite ticketing website because we are SOLD OUT and have been for weeks now! The only way to be a part of what will no doubt be a truly memorable night is to join us LIVE on Pay Per View for all the action! And speaking of action, let's take a look for the final time at the lineup for this huge event!

[Cut to a different shot of Stegglet with a smaller version of the MDM X logo superimposed over his right shoulder that turns into the words "30 FOR 30."]

MS: We heard from both of these men earlier tonight and these two former World Tag Team Champion partners are ready to do battle in Chicago. It'll be Michael Aarons taking on Cody Mertz... and the stakes are high for this one, fans. The winner? They get the Number Thirty spot - the most treasured spot - in the Rumble. The loser? They get 30 days on ice to sit home and think about what comes next in their career.

[The graphic changes to say "RING OF IRON."]

MS: This one was announced earlier tonight. Jackson Haynes came back to the AWA at the beginning of the year looking to get some payback for the Lynch family against Shadoc Rage. These two have been tearing up arenas and backstage areas ever since... and now it'll finally come to a head in the PARKING LOT of the arena! Javier Castillo says he wants a ring of cars with these two in the middle, battling it out with no rules. This one should truly live up to the name "Mayhem," fans.

[The graphic change again, showing a shot of Cinder, Erica Toughill, Victoria June, and Julie Somers.]

MS: This long-awaited tag team matchup will go down in Chicago with the so-called Weird Sisters - Cinder and Ricki Toughill - taking on Victoria June and Julie Somers! And we just learned this a short while ago but we can now confirm that the star of this summer's Wonder Woman movie - Gal Gadot herself - will be in the corner of June and Somers! You do NOT want to miss this one, fans!

[The graphic changes again to show Max Magnum and Calisto Dufresne.]

MS: The stage is set for this one. AWA newcomer Max Magnum with the legendary "Hotshot" Stevie Scott in his corner will go one-on-one with former World Champion, Calisto Dufresne. Scott and Dufresne's names have been linked with one another for years here in the AWA and the Hotshot is looking for his big man to break those chains in Chicago.

[Another change in graphics.]

MS: Another one added here tonight. By virtue of her victory over Donna Martinelli, Olympic gold medalist Ayako Fujiwara will once again get her hands on the mysterious masked woman, Madame X. Madame X has been haunting Fujiwara for months now and in Chicago, Fujiwara hopes to get the bottom of this situation so she can refocus her attention on the Women's World Title!

[Another graphic change as Stegglet chuckles.]

MS: You talk about mayhem, fans... there may be no bigger mayhem in Chicago than the return of one of professional wrestling's most infamous moments - the Table of Peace! Trish Wallace, Skylar Swift, and Charisma Knight will come together one last time to attempt to settle their grievances and... well, I can't imagine we won't all be watching this one with great interest.

[The graphic changes again.]

MS: The big rematch is official! System Shock will put the World Tag Team Titles on the line against Next Gen... and this time, there will be a special enforcer sitting ringside to make sure that nothing fishy goes down. Plus, if Riley Hunter or Derrick Williams get their team disqualified or counted out in Chicago, the titles WILL change hands this time! It appears as though Howie Somers and Daniel Harper have the champions backed into a corner... but that just might be when these Axis members are at their most dangerous.

[Another graphic change, this one changing to say "ONE MATCH, ONE SHOT."]

MS: Moments ago, we heard from the challenger in this one - Medusa Rage - as the Hall of Famer and former World Champion comes out of retirement to take on the mighty monster, Kurayami! Kurayami - we're told - has returned to Japan for a top secret training camp for this one. She has refused to speak to us for this broadcast and sent word that she plans on doing her talking in the ring in Chicago. This one is gonna be something else, fans.

[Another graphic change, now showing the word "RUMBLE."]

MS: This year's thirty man Rumble returns to Memorial Day Mayhem and what a lineup we've got in store for it.

[We cut to a shot showing a graphic with all of the currently-announced Rumble participants: 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, Max Magnum, Logan Blackburn, MISTER, Omega, Alphonse Green, Muteesa, Ebola Zaire.]

MS: Twenty-four out of thirty names already announced... let's add a couple more to that list, fans.

[Cut to a graphic of a man we saw earlier in the night in the ring in a surprise appearance.]

MS: The Sin City Savior himself declared his intent to enter the Rumble and it's been approved! SID OSBORNE is the twenty-fifth man in this year's Rumble matchup!

[The graphic changes to show a face that most wrestling fans have not seen in quite some time.]

MS: How about this one, fans? With Memorial Day Mayhem X about to go down, the AWA reached back into the way back machine and brought back a competitor who competed at the very first MDM event - the Hellion himself... MARK SHAW makes an AWA return in Chicago! Five spots remaining and I'm told that all five of those are likely to be surprises that night in the Windy City!

[The graphic changes again.]

MS: The AWA World Heavyweight Title will be on the line when the champion Johnny Detson puts the title on the line against the former champion Jack Lynch in a rematch from last summer when Lynch ended Detson's first World Title reign. Will lightning strike twice for the Iron Cowboy or will the wily Detson find a way to retain the title?

[And one last graphic change shows the words "TOWER OF DOOM."]

MS: And of course, the one everyone is talking about... the Tower of Doom! On one side of the Tower, we'll see Javier Castillo's soldiers of Supernova, the Dogs of War, and King Kong Hogan. On the other, Ryan Martinez, Jordan Ohara, Supreme Wright, Jeff Matthews, and... a partner still to be determined after Jack Lynch bowed out earlier tonight at Martinez' request so that he could take the title match. But Jack also earned himself the right to pick the final member of that team and... well, fans... I'm being told that Team Martinez is about to head on out to the ring and hopefully reveal the final member of that team! We're going to go to that now as I wish you so long from the Control Center!

[We fade back to the bank of monitors for a moment before crossfading to a live shot of the T-Mobile Arena.]

GM: A jam-packed lineup coming your way in Chicago in two weeks to be sure, fans... and now, we've got one more piece of business to take care of here tonight - the naming of the final member of Team Martinez heading into the Tower of Doom! We are on the verge of heading into overtime here on Saturday Night Wrestling and as always, I want to thank our friends at FOX Sports X for letting that happen. We are now just moments away from-

[Gordon is interrupted from what are - perhaps - the most familiar horns in the history of music. Rousing, uplifting. The song of an underdog who goes all the way. What music? Bill Conti's "Gonna Fly Now," and if you don't feel like running up steps right now, you've got no blood in your veins.]

GM: New music hitting the PA system here in the T-Mobile Arena... and perhaps no finer choice could be possible for this team going up against - as Javier Castillo puts it - a team with more money... more resources... more power... but that doesn't mean that the other team will just roll over and die. They will be coming to Chicago to fight... and fight they shall inside the ever-dangerous Tower of Doom.

[As the bass, drums and harp soar, a man steps out. A legend. Jeff Matthews. Former EMWC World Champion. Former UEW Ultimate Champion. Veteran of a thousand wars. A bonafide living legend. The Madfox turns his head and does a half bow...

And out steps his fellow North Carolinian. Jordan Ohara. The Phoenix - destined to soar to the heights of pro-wrestling. The true future of the AWA. A man who will carry the standard going forward. Ohara draws in a deep breath and raises his hand pointing his index forward and thumb upwards in a "pistol" motion, before pulling the trigger, bringing out...

Jack Lynch. The Iron Cowboy. A former National and World Tag Team Champion. A Stampede Cup winner. The once and perhaps future World Champion. The King of Cowboys join the Phoenix and Madfox on the stage and then turns, tipping his hat in to welcome...

The Sin City Saint. The greatest pure wrestler in the modern era. The inaugural IPW World Champion, two time AWA World Champion the man who has set the standard for in ring performance that every wrestler, past and present will now and forever be measured against – Supreme Wright. Wright turns and gives a single nod of his head to usher out...

Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight. The hot-headed hero of the AWA. The man who stood against the Wise Men and challenged the devil himself. A former World Television Champion, two times the World Heavyweight Champion.

Martinez and Wright, two men on the cusp of being Hall of Famers, give nods to their teammates, and then all five men walk down the ramp and to the ring, Martinez holding the ropes open for his partners as they enter the ring.

Martinez is the last in the ring but the first to speak, taking a mic from Rebecca Ortiz with a nod of thanks before he turns to address the sold out Las Vegas crowd.]

RM: Javier Castillo...

[Before he can say more, the Las Vegas crowd erupts in boos. Martinez raises his hand to silence the crowd.]

RM: Trust me, I don't like him either.

But Castillo has done his best to sow the seeds of doubt and disunity among myself and the four men here.

Now, I could come out here and give the big speech. Lord knows I could do that. But I think that what we need to do is hear from these four men. Let them tell you, in their own words, what's on their minds and in their hearts.

[Martinez nods, turning to the side to face one of his partner.]

RM: This morning, I got a phone call from Hollywood. From my father. A man that had some wars with one of my partners. A man who spilled gallons of blood, across two promotions and all over the world fighting in the ring with Jeff Matthews.

And Madfox? He told me that you liked to get in the last word. But I think tonight, you should get the first word.

So tell us what you're thinking, Mr. Matthews.

[Matthews nods, taking the offered mic to cheers from the crowd.]

JM: Your father's not wrong, Ryan.

But what was it again that Castillo said..."The man time forgot."

[Jeff smirks as he thinks over exactly what he wants to say]

JM: Here's the funny thing about time, Castillo. All those years I was busting my hump to be one of the best damn wrestlers ever and all I could think about was time. How much more time left before my body gives out? How much more time before my will gives up? Time could never forget me with the toll its taken on me.

But that's not what YOU see. What you think standing here in this ring right now is some washed up has been?

[Jeff drops the mic to his side for a brief moment as he runs his hands through his hair.]

JM: I suppose I got a few grays now. That's the only difference between the man I was and the man I am today. You say I lack ambition? You say I lack fire?

FIRE, CASTILLO? YOU WANT SOME FIRE?!

[The crowd starts to get into it as the Madfox ramps it up.]

JM: I've been headlining promotions across the world for damn near twenty years not because I HAVE to but because I WANT to. I've bled for this business. I nearly died for this business. But you question my work ethic. You question my livelihood. WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

I WANT THIS! I NEED THIS!

[The crowd roars as Matthews shouts towards the camera.]

JM: The way my body ramps up, the adrenaline I get when I walk out from behind those curtains and hear the greatest fans on the planet cheering for me.

[The Vegas fans cheer for themselves.]

JM: AND YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT NO FIRE? I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT ME, CASTILLO. BUT YOU DON'T GET TO COME OUT HERE AND QUESTION MY DRIVE.

[The former World Champion closes his eyes for a brief moment while the crowd is buzzing.]

JM: I'm not out here riding coattails. I'm out here putting an end to you and your thugs. For all your bluster and bravado, you're just a scared little boy hiding behind your sea of cronies. You'll wish you never questioned Jeff Matthews. You'll wish that you never even uttered my name. I'll make you remember that I'm still relevant. And that's a promise.

[Matthews hands the mic back to the son of one of his greatest rivals who grins as he turns to another partner.]

RM: And from one man who wears the Carolina blue to another. Ohara... Jordan, seems like everyone wants to put you and I on opposite sides.

And yet, at the end of the day, we're always on the same side. And now, the floor is yours.

[The White Knight hands off the mic to the Phoenix who bows slightly in respect.]

JO: Thank you, Ryan. I think they like to pit us against each other because they're afraid of what we could do together. Now, on to you, El Presidente! You had a lot of stuff to say about me and all of it was crap!

[Shock from the crowd. Ohara jumps up onto the turnbuckles and stares pointedly at the back. He brushes his bangs out of his eyes as he lets anger flow through him.]

JO: Castillo, I was raised to respect my President no matter who it is because the office deserves respect, but you're putting my beliefs to the test. You walk around here and demand that people bow down and kiss your behind but you've done NOTHING to earn my respect!

[Big cheer!]

JO: You've done everything in your power to try to stall me. You've put your petty henchmen like Muteesa and Zaire out there to try and hurt me and you cheated me of my hard-earned shot at the National Title. You even tried to turn me against my fellow Carolinian, Jeff Matthews here.

Why?

[Ohara jumps down to the canvas, stalking back towards his friends and teammates. He spins around to face the hard camera, throwing his arms up in a Phoenix pose before he brings the microphone back to his mouth.]

JO: Because you know you're just an empty suit drunk with power and bathing in Korugun checks, but you really don't have any vision of your own. You have no leadership ability and you cannot stand strong people, like the men standing with me, who don't need you to succeed.

[Ohara jerks his thumb at his chest.]

JO: And when you couldn't take me down in the ring, Castillo, because your henchmen aren't good enough then you went and tried to drag down my name in front of all these fans and all my fellow wrestlers. You want to say that these men dislike me? You want to say that these men can't trust me? Supreme won't shake my hand?

[Ohara looks over at Supreme Wright and mouths 'Is he serious? That's the best he's got?' Shaking his head in disgust, he turns back to the hard camera.]

JO: I feel like I'm a kid in the school yard again and you're out of sticks and stones so you're just calling me names, trying anything you can to stop the Phoenix. Well, Castillo, guess what?

YOU CAN'T!

[The crowd cheers for the inversion of the catchphrase.]

JO: Castillo, I know you've heard this before and I know you're going to hate to hear it again because you've had nothing to do with it, but the Once in Millennium Talent who had the greatest rookie year in the AWA is going to continue that run in his sophomore year!

You've struck the match, Castillo, and now the Phoenix is on fire! These men and I will win this war! And then we will push this sport to heights that can't be rivaled!

[Ohara hands the mic back to the White Knight as the crowd cheers.]

RM: And you want to speak about rivals. You want to speak about wars? Well, how about sixty minutes in Madison Square Garden.

How about a man who has been my rival as well as my guide. A man who has earned my respect a thousand times over.

Supreme... I know there's something you want Castillo and the people to hear.

[The crowd cheers as Wright steps up.]

SW: Javier Castillo called the collection of misfits and freaks that he's assembled against us an army. And maybe he's right. Maybe this army that Korugun has really is fearsome enough to slay gods.

[Wright shakes his head.]

SW: But that's what you think this is, don't you? A battle between gods and monsters.

[He smirks.]

SW: You're wrong. You're not going up against gods at Memorial Day Mayhem, son. You're up against something more fearsome and dangerous and chaotic than any creature you can imagine. You're risking the lives and limbs of your Korugun Army against the most ferocious immortals of them all.

WRESTLERS.

[The crowd roars at that statement.]

SW: I know that must sound like a dirty word to you, Castillo, but the AWA doesn't belong to you, Korugun, or any one else. It was built on the blood, sweat and tears of WRESTLERS. And the WRESTLERS of the AWA have proven time and again that monsters just like the ones you've assembled aren't long for our world. We've slayed plenty of monsters, giants, immortals and even a dragon before you ever hit the scene, boy.

And the Tower of Doom will be no different.

[Wright hands the mic back to his former rival who nods.]

RM: Now earlier tonight, you all saw that the man we were all counting on to back us has got other plans for Memorial Day. Plans on taking back the World Heavyweight title. Plans that will keep him from joining us.

And Jack? I know you've found someone to take your place. So why don't you tell who it'll be?

[Lynch takes the microphone and tips back his hat.]

JL: Ya know, I look at this ring, and I wanna kick myself.

I can't believe I ain't gettin' the chance to take on Castillo's thugs... excuse me, soldiers along these gentlemen.

I guess I'm just gonna have to settle for bein' world champion.

[Lynch chuckles as the crowd roars.]

JL: But even if I can't be there, I'm gonna make sure that the person who takes my place is gonna be the sorta nasty sonuvabitch that'll make y'all forget I ain't in the Tower with ya.

So who is gonna be? In times like this, I usually turn to my family. And somethin' like the Tower could use a man who can slap on the claw and throw a mean discus punch.

[The crowd begins to buzz in anticipation.]

JL: But maybe that's too predictable.

Maybe I need my brother from another mother. The man from Missouri, where they grow 'em double tough. A man who's got the soul of a warrior and a heart of gold.

[Once more, the crowd begins to react to the teased return.]

JL: But at the end of the day, there's only one man for the job. The man that Castillo won't see comin'.

Hell, it's the last man you in the ring will think about.

And that man is-

[But before Jack Lynch can utter the name we're all waiting to hear, a voice cries out.]

"WAIT! HANG ON A SEC!"

[And the crowd buzzes with confusion at the arrival of Wes Taylor, former World Tag Team Champion and member of the Kings of Wrestling. Taylor's in a black t-shirt with "OUTLAW. PERIOD." written across the chest and a pair of blue jeans.]

WT: Look... I know the name that was about to come out of your mouth right there wasn't mine but...

[Taylor pauses, looking down at the steel stage.]

WT: It oughta be. Now, before you shoot me down, Cowboy... lemme speak my peace.

[Lynch pauses... and then gestures at Taylor.]

WT: Thank you. You and I have been on opposite sides of that ring before, Lynch... and you've got no reason to hear me out but you're a man's man and you'll give me that at least... so I thank you.

You know... for a few weeks now, I've been getting asked the same question over and over...

"Where the heck you been, kid?"

[Taylor shrugs.]

WT: I've shown up to the building. I've wrestled a little. I've spoken up a little. But... it's been... off... wrong.

Nothing's been the same since the night Tony went down and we lost the tag titles... and not because we lost the tag titles. Winning feels great, losing feels terrible, and there ain't a lot in between. But I can live with that. I can live with winning and losing.

But Tony getting taken out by those pieces of...

[Taylor trails off, shaking his head.]

WT: And worse, Brian and I standing there like two chumps because Detson ran his mouth and told us too? The whole damn thing makes me sick, you know? Every time I talk to Tony... I know he forgives us... but I don't forgive myself. Because I didn't do anything that night to save my brother... my blood. And I haven't done a damn thing since to get the guys who did it to him.

I want to change that... starting right now.

[Taylor shrugs.]

WT: I think I've made my intent pretty clear out here by now but in case I'm mistaken, let's make sure everyone knows what I'm sayin'...

Boys, I want in that Tower!

[The crowd actually cheers this proclamation.]

WT: I want in that monstrosity of skin-tearing metal... the kind of thing that'll put people in the hospital... and hell, maybe even shorten a career or two.

I want my shot at Korugun.

And you guys can give it to me.

[The crowd cheers and Taylor nods.]

WT: So, whaddya say?

[Lynch raises an eyebrow, looking down the ramp at a pleading Taylor. He turns back towards his allies, speaking in hushed tones off-mic.]

GM: A surprise appearance by Wes Taylor, practically begging to join this team headed into the Tower in two weeks. Bucky, are you surprised by this?

BW: The thing about these Taylors, Gordo... friendship means a great deal to them. Family means a great deal to them. So, am I surprised to see Wes Taylor willing to walk through hell to get some payback for someone he considers family? Absolutely not.

GM: But the question is - will this last minute plea change the plans of the team of men inside this ring?

[After several moments of discussion, Lynch turns back to Taylor.]

JL: You're right... you WEREN'T the name I was about to say... but hell, after hearing what you had to say... maybe you should be.

[Lynch shrugs as a decent part of the crowd cheers.]

JL: You've got the heart... you've got the passion... the will... the desire. And your old man was as tough as they come so...

[He jerks a thumb towards Supreme Wright.]

JL: None of us are real sure we can trust you but Supreme says if Tony Donovan trusts you, that's good enough for him.

So... I guess what I'm saying is-

[But before Lynch can give Taylor his answer, a voice calls out from off-camera.]

"NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!"

[Out from the back storms Johnny Detson, shirtless and his head bandaged from the attack earlier today. There's no World Title, just him and the microphone with the champ shaking his head before he grabs at the bandages with a wince.]

JD: No, no, no! I think we've heard enough about this stupid stuff and this stupid Tower but we've got more important things to discuss that the White Knight's latest crusade and who's he's dragging along with him. I didn't drag myself out of the hospital against doctor's orders and come all the way back down here for that!

[He may be concussed but he's not stupid as he paces back and forth on the entrance stage making no attempt to go down to the ring. He looks at the ring and locks eyes with Jack Lynch.]

JD: You! Looks like you lucked yourself into another title match, huh? Looks like your last name pays more dividends than his ever did!

[Detson dismissively points at Martinez.]

JD: Smartest thing you ever did not getting in the ring again cause I would have owned you like I always do. Not that he would ever know what that's like.

[Now, Detson dismissively points at Wright as he paces on the stage.]

JD: But you Lynch, you just get stuff handed to you left and right. He could have offered that shot to any one of those people in the ring; but he offered it to you. Probably because he knew that you'd be the only person stupid enough to take it.

[Detson shrugs.]

JD: Because you ARE stupid if you think you're taking that title off me again. It was luck last time, plain and simple. You've been getting your tail kicked since SuperClash each and every show.

At SuperClash the feather in your cap is you beat a past his prime Casey James, I beat the in his prime Engine of Destruction Brian James... and then ran him out of town!

[Detson puffs out his chest proudly.]

JD: You might think you escaped the beating that these people are going to suffer in that Tower but that's going to pale in comparison to the suffering you'll face stepping in the ring and trying to take MY World Title!

[The champion nods as the crowd jeers. Detson slowly turns...]

JD: ...and then there's you.

[Detson locks eyes with Taylor who is standing on the side of the stage, seemingly unnoticed by the champion until now. Detson just glares at Taylor for a few moments before breaking out into a smile. He shakes his finger at Taylor.]

JD: You had me going, you know?

[Taylor looks confused.]

JD: You REALLY had me going. For a second, I actually thought that idiot Brian James was in that mask, trying to make my life hell.

But we both know better, right? We both know who's under that mask, Wes.

[Taylor shouts off a "what the hell are you talking about?" off-mic as Detson continues.]

JD: You've "been to the shows," huh? You've "wrestled here and there."

[Detson nods, then scoffs.]

JD: I gave you EVERYTHING and you THREW IT ALL AWAY, YOU UNGRATEFUL LITTLE BRAT!

[The crowd "oooooohs" as Taylor shouts "are you kidding me?"]

JD: And to make matters worse... you put on that stupid mask.

[Taylor again denies it but Detson won't hear it.]

JD: STOP LYING TO ME! I KNOW IT'S YOU!

[Detson grabs at the side of his head again, wincing in pain.]

JD: Arrrrrrgh... I know... I know it's you! YOU suckerpunched me! YOU hit me in the head with that stupid bat!

And if you think I'm going to let you keep going around in that mask, trying to make my life a living hel-

[And suddenly, the lights in the T-Mobile Arena flicker...

...and cut to black as the crowd roars with excitement!]

JD: STAY AWAY FROM ME, KID!

[Bucky's voice cuts through the darkness.]

BW: Taylor's trying to get that mask on in the dark!

GM: Would you stop?!

[The lights flicker again, coming on in full to reveal three people standing on the stage. Wes Taylor without a mask in sight, his eyes wide in surprise. Johnny Detson staring right at Taylor, pointing an accusatory finger at him...

...and the Masked Outlaw standing right behind the World Champion, the crowd roaring even louder at the sight of him!]

GM: HE'S HERE! HE'S HERE! THE MASKED OUTLAW IS HERE AND HE'S RIGHT BEHIND THE WORLD CHAMPION!

BW: TURN AROUND, JOHNNY!

[Detson is still glaring at Taylor, expecting him to make a move, cocking his head to the side...

...and gets whipped around by the shoulder by the masked man who buries a boot into the midsection, hooking a front facelock...]

BW: NO! HE'S BEEN CONCUSSED!

[And with a quick lift, the Masked Outlaw SPIKES Detson skullfirst into the steel entrance ramp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CATTLEBUSTER ON THE STAGE! CATTLEBUSTER ON THE STAGE!

[The masked man gets to his feet, looking down at Detson, his long trenchcoat dangling over Detson's unconscious face.]

GM: It's not Wes Taylor! So... WHO IS THAT MASKED MAN?! Fans, we gotta go! We're out of time! We'll see you in Chicago!

BW: Windy City, here we come - and it's gonna be MAAAAAYHEEEEEEM!

[Fade to black.]