



Saturday Night Wrestling

August 19, 2017

Alerus Center

Grand Forks, North Dakota

## HOOR TWO

## HOOR THREE

[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 to black...

...and we fade up. But there is no opening credits sequence... not on this night. Instead, we end up out in the parking lot of the Alerus Center where we find Hannibal Carver pacing back and forth. Nerves wouldn't be the right word to describe his expression - maybe... annoyance? That might be closer to the target. A very brave Mark Stegglet steps into frame, causing Carver to abruptly stop.]

HC: I don't know what the hell yeh're doin' out here, kid, but yeh'd better go back the way yeh came. This ain't the time.

[Stegglet, again very brave, actually grins.]

MS: I can see that.

[Carver comes close to snarling at Stegglet who - to his credit - continues.]

MS: I just had one quick question for you - what are you doing out here? The show's about to start.

[Carver sneers.]

HC: Yeh think I don't know what the hell time it is? I'm out waiting for him.

[Stegglet's brow furrows.]

MS: Who?

[Carver seems about to answer when the sound of a car causes him to point off-camera.]

HC: Him.

[The car comes to a halt, the door swinging open as Carver walks towards it, trailed by Stegglet and the cameraman.]

HC: Hey! Where the hell have you been?!

[As the driver gets out, we see that it's Ryan Martinez who slams the door without a response.]

HC: Yeh kinda got out of there pretty quick in Winnipeg when we all got our asses kicked.

[Again, no response.]

HC: Yeh need yer hearing checked?! What the hell is going on?!

[Martinez swings the trunk of his car open, finally turning to look at Carver.]

RM: For once, I didn't want to go off half cocked and do something I'd regret.

[Carver smirks, nodding.]

HC: That's what I told the public defender once. So... yeh're pissed.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: That's putting it mildly....

[Martinez exhales.]

RM: But you're damn right, I'm pissed.

[Martinez turns, digging in his trunk as Carver stands, hands on his hips.]

HC: Alright, then what the hell are we gonna do about it?

[The White Knight shakes his head as he looks at Carver while pulling his luggage out of the trunk.]

RM: Not "we." Me.

[Carver rolls his eyes.]

HC: Not this crap again.

[Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: Listen to me, Carver. This isn't me bailing on our deal. We're still going to take Korugun down... together. But tonight... I'm gonna do something myself. I need to take care of something myself.

[Martinez doesn't wait for a response, slamming the trunk closed and walking towards the arena as Carver stands, watching him go. Carver slowly shakes his head as Stegglet approaches...

...and then Carver's gaze shifts just slightly... barely perceptible.]

HC: Yeh. Me too.

[And Carver starts to step away from Mark Stegglet as we fade from the parking lot into the interior of the arena.

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: North Dakota is the place to be on this night as the flagship show for the American Wrestling Alliance - Saturday Night Wrestling - is ON! THE! AIR!

[Big cheer from the Grand Forks crowd!]

GM: Hello everybody and welcome to another star-studded edition of Saturday Night Wrestling! I'm Gordon Myers and by my side, as always, is Bucky Wilde. The Alerus Center is rockin' as they remember what happened when the AWA came to town last year, Bucky.

BW: How could they forget? The rest of the year they spent watching the grass grow between their toes! Last year in this joint was crazy and this year - when you see the lineup we've got on the books - just might be even crazier!

[Another big cheer as 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...

...and we abruptly cut back to the entrance ramp where - without pomp or circumstance - Ryan Martinez has appeared and is walking straight down the aisle towards the ring. There is no music. He's still in the street clothes we saw moments ago. And he still looks - in his own words - pissed.]

GM: The AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez, is coming out here, Bucky and... well, he's definitely not scheduled to be out here right now to address the crowd.

BW: You want to tell him that?

GM: In the mood he's in, definitely not. Ryan Martinez was with us in Winnipeg two weeks ago... for a short while... but after confronting the Korugun Army, he found himself - alongside Next Gen and Hannibal Carver among others - in a laid out pile of bodies. Shortly thereafter, he left the building and has not been heard from since... until now.

[Martinez strides up the stairs, ducking through the ropes and promptly gesturing for a mic which he's given.]

RM: Out there... out in the parking lot just now, Carver asked me why I left two weeks ago in Winnipeg. Now, knowing Carver, after getting beat down, he was looking for the nearest tire iron or beer bottle or... staplegun, who knows... and he was looking for the nearest Korugun member to put in the hospital.

But that's not the way I operate - you all know that.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: And when I told him just now that I didn't want to do something I'd regret, I meant that. See, I've been in this company for a while now... and I've had some pretty nasty people do some pretty terrible things to me. The likes of Percy Childes and his merry men... Caleb Temple... Team Supreme... that guy that the office would really rather I not mention right now, Juan Vasquez... and yeah, even Hannibal Carver.

It wasn't that long ago that someone said - "when they go low... we go high." And that's how I've tried to live my life... and my career here in the AWA.

So, two weeks ago in Winnipeg when the Korugun Army went low...

[Martinez shrugs.]

RM: ...well, it took every bit of honor that I had not to go even lower. In that moment, if Carver came back with matching stapleguns, I think I might've gladly taken one and helped him redecorate a few foreheads.

[The crowd cheers and Martinez smiles.]

RM: You say that now but that's not how I operate... no matter the circumstances. When someone comes at me, I come right back at them face to face... man to man... in this ring...

Which is why I wasn't kidding when I told Carver I had business to take care of tonight myself.

And it's also why I'm not kidding when I say that tonight... in this ring... I intend to cut the head off the damn snake itself.

I! WANT! CASTILLO!

[Martinez angrily throws the mic down as the crowd EXPLODES!]

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?!

GM: HE WANTS CASTILLO?! IN THE RING?! IN A MATCH?!

BW: CAN HE EVEN DO THAT?!

[The crowd is still roaring as Martinez angrily paces the ring, beckoning towards the entrance stage. This goes on for a few moments until the signature snarl of a big

jungle cat is heard followed by the sounds of "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez creeping across the PA system. The boos intensify as Generalissimo Castillo, trailed closely by the dark suit-wearing MAWAGA, struts into view in his military uniform that was unveiled two weeks ago...

...oh, and he's laughing. MAWAGA pulls a mic out of his suit jacket, handing it over as we heard Castillo cackling madly.]

JC: Hahah...hahahaha... hahahahahaha...

[He's practically wheezing as he gasps for air.]

JC: Oh, Martinez... that's a good one. I love a good joke and that was a good one. You... you want a match... with me?

[Martinez nods as the crowd cheers the idea of that.]

JC: It amuses me to hear this challenge, Martinez, because you know there is no chance I will accept it.

[The crowd jeers LOUDLY at that as Castillo grimaces.]

JC: You claim to be a man of honor, Mr. Martinez... and yet you want to spend your Saturday night pummeling a man with no professional wrestling training. Yes, I am a fighter since birth. Yes, I am a man who has scaled countless obstacles... who has fought and clawed and bled for all that I have and all that I am...

[He grins as he holds up a clenched fist.]

JC: ...and yes, I've even kicked my share of ass on the streets!

[He blows his knuckles before busting out a funky little Ali shuffle to more jeers.]

JC: But a trained professional wrestler? No, no, no.

Besides, I am much too valuable to the AWA to ever put myself at risk like that. But perhaps we can reach a compromise, Mr. Martinez. Are you a betting man, White Knight?

[Martinez shakes his head with a loud "WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!" off-mic. Castillo smirks.]

JC: I think - perhaps - I have something that might... suit your needs.

Tonight... in our Main Event...

[MAWAGA steps forward, seemingly whispering in Castillo's ear.]

JC: Oh... yes, the World Title. Well, I think people would MUCH rather see what I have in mind than Johnny Detson!

Tonight... in our Main Event... it will be you Ryan Martinez... the fabled White Knight...

...versus the Suited Savage himself, the mighty MAWAGA!

[Martinez grimaces, shaking his head at the offer.]

JC: Oh, but it gets better. If you win, Mr. Martinez...

You will get EXACTLY what you want.

You will get ME... in that ring... for five minutes!

[He holds up a hand with five fingers extended. Martinez nods.]

JC: You like that, eh? Well, let's make it even more interesting then...

Because if you lose...

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: I know how much you've been looking forward to being on the Mexico show as the proud, young, heroic Latino that you are.

If you lose...

...you are OFF that show! Gone! You can't even be in the building! You won't even be in the country!

[Martinez grimaces, pacing the ring, smelling the trap. He slowly leans over, picking up the mic.]

RM: Castillo...

[Dramatic pause.]

RM: ...you got yourself a match.

[And he drops the mic, the crowd ROARING at the agreed-upon match and its stipulations as a grinning Castillo backs off, MAWAGA staring down the ramp at Martinez who nods his head, rubbing his hands together in anticipation of the match to come.

We cut Gordon and Bucky at ringside, both men looking a little shocked at what we just saw.]

GM: As usual, crazy developments early on here in Grand Forks, North Dakota. As we just saw, Ryan Martinez is out for payback after recent events with Javier Castillo but to get it, tonight he's gotta go one on one with the Suited Savage himself, MAWAGA. Of course, MAWAGA is in quite the foul mood after the events from two weeks ago when Shadoe Rage defeated him by countout.

BW: Can you blame him? That was Rage at his most devious, Gordo.

GM: That's saying something. The stakes are high later tonight but during that interaction, we received breaking news about something going on in the parking lot. We did get our cameras back there and... well, let's take a look...

[We fade to a shot of the parking lot area where we can see a large group of AWA officials and security milling around in a bit of a panic.]

GM: Chaos backstage... out in the parking lot rather... we're still not sure who...

[Gordon's words trail off as the cameraman pans around to find a group of AWA medics working on Jordan Ohara who is bleeding from the head as he lies on the asphalt in tremendous pain.]

GM: Oh my! That's Jordan Ohara, Bucky!

BW: It sure is. Did someone get the license plate on the semi that hit him? Whew.

GM: Ohara is laid out on the ground, bleeding from the head... we've got doctors tending to him...

[A wail from a siren cuts off Gordon cold as the camera pans to reveal an ambulance pulling into view.]

GM: There you see the ambulance. It looks like Jordan Ohara is going to be taken to a nearby hospital for further evaluation and treatment.

[The EMTs spill out of the vehicle, pulling the rear doors open as the AWA medics back up to give them room to work.]

GM: Ohara's been lacerated and who knows what else... and you've gotta wonder if this is because of Jackson Hunter and Blake Colton after what we saw here two weeks ago.

BW: That's a whole lot of speculation... but what I know is that Ohara was scheduled to team with Derrick Williams here later tonight in a tune-up for their match with Colton and Hunter down in Mexico.

GM: Which gives those two Canadians one heck of a motive. Fans, we're going to try and get to the bottom of this situation as the night goes on but right now, we're going to take a quick break and let these EMTs do their job. We'll be right back.

[Fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then come back to the ring where we find a tall, nasty, hairy dude who looks like he last bathed in 2015. He wears mud-stained boots and a tattered pair of denim overalls that poorly fit his 6-foot-8 frame. A helpful graphic identifies him as Dirty Harry Zimmerman who lets out a yell while leaning on the ropes and raising his arms to not much of a reaction. But no matter, because he's not why we're here. The focus quickly changes as the heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" reverberates off the walls of the Alerus Center.

Coming first, it's the manager - the AWA legend, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Eschewing his former casual attire, Scott is much more business-like now with a perfectly-ironed pair of deep blue pants to match a khaki jacket over a light gray button-down. But what isn't gone is the good old STEVIEGRIN~! And why not, because he represents the man coming out just behind him.]

RO: And his opponent... accompanied to the ring by his advisor, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott...

...hailing from the city of Mountain Iron, Minnesota...weighing in at 295 pounds...he is...

MAAAAAAAX! MAGNUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMM!

[And there's the alpha beast himself a few steps behind Stevie clad simply in black trunks, black knee and elbow pads, and black boots that reach halfway up his calves. The massive physical specimen is intense but emotionless as he takes his place beside his manager and pauses at the top of the ramp, Magnum hopping side-to-side. Stevie points toward the ring and leads the way with Magnum trailing a step behind.]

GM: It's been a while since we've seen Max Magnum in the ring, Bucky, but after Stevie Scott's...shall we say discussion...with Javier Castillo two weeks ago, it seems that the young superstar has moved to the front of the President's mind.

BW: That's Generalissimo to you, daddy.

GM: Either way, Magnum takes on a man his size tonight, although not close in age, as he squares off against a former champion of one of the many territories in the wrestling boom of the late 90's in Dirty Harry Zimmerman...or Dirty Harry Zim for short.

BW: Whatever happens, I hope Magnum at least forces him to keep his arms down. Did you get a whiff of that when he just raised his arm? He makes a dead mouse smell like a field of roses.

[While Stevie takes the conventional route of climbing the steps into the ring, Magnum chooses to display his freakish athleticism by simply jumping to the apron



from a standing position. Magnum glares a hole through Zim, hesitating for only a short moment before charging him with surprising speed for a man his size.]

GM: And as usual, Max Magnum wasting little time as he takes the fight to Zim right out of the gate.

BW: Magnum and Stevie are busy men, Gordo. They can't be bothered to wait for things like ring bells and referees.

[Magnum has Zimmerman doubled over, hammering away at his back, neck, and head with clubbing blows and rapid hook punches.]

GM: Magnum appears to be a man on a mission tonight. Zim attempting to deflect the blows by covering up, but Magnum is still slipping those punishing blows through the openings.

BW: He's got one thing on the brain, Gordo, and that's Dave Bryant. Castillo gave him the match in Mexico, which means we're likely to see even more focus than usual from the alpha beast.

[Indeed, Magnum is relentless in hammering Zim to a knee. He doesn't stay there long, though, as Max violently yanks him back to his feet and into a front waistlock before hoisting him up and over his head.]

GM: Overhead suplex by Magnum! Dirty Harry Zim weighs close to 300 pounds, Bucky, and once again we see Max Magnum throw him around like a lightweight.

BW: Hey, this is the same guy that dumped the mighty Tumaffi over the top rope in the Rumble. Zim's easy work compared to that massive Samoan.

[Zim bounces off the canvas, his eyes already glazed over. On the outside, Stevie stands with his arms folded across his chest and a very satisfied look on his face.]

GM: And there you see Magnum's advisor, Stevie Scott, is quite pleased with what he sees from his client tonight.

BW: Notice there are no instructions coming from the Hotshot tonight either, Gordo. The gameplan is set. Magnum is focused. That spells bad news for Dave Bryant.

GM: I understand we'll hear from Bryant later on tonight, and you have to think he may be second-guessing the thought of coming after Max Magnum.

[Magnum, meanwhile, shoves Zim back to the mat and mounts him, raining down hard elbow strikes to his head. The assault is so brutal that referee Andy Dawson begins a five count to break the predicament.]

GM: Andy Dawson may be close to disqualifying Magnum here, and Max seems to be paying no attention to the count coming from the AWA official.

[While Magnum ignores Dawson, he does not ignore Stevie, who somehow manages to get his attention. Stevie casually motions for Max to stop the assault and Max follows the order, standing up and staring down at the dazed Zim.]

BW: Ain't nowhere for Zim to go except a little farther down Dream Street, Gordo. He probably thinks it's 1998 all over again.

GM: Dawson may be thinking about stopping his one as he's checking on Zimmerman and trying to help him back up...

""OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Shoving Dawson aside, Magnum steps back and drives a boot HARD into the side of Dirty Harry Zim's head!]

BW: I think Zim's going to need more like a team of doctors now. He's in Concussion City, population him.

[Zim slumps back down to the mat; Dawson looks stunned; Magnum looks...sort of pleased? He shoots a glance at Stevie, who nods and runs his thumb across his throat.]

GM: Stevie appears to be signaling to Magnum to end this, thank the Maker for that. Magnum yanks Zim back up into a fireman's carry, and here it comes...

[Magnum spins faster...and faster...and faster before pushing Zim upward off his shoulders. The big Texan keeps rotating like a helicopter blade on his way crashing down to the mat.]

GM: BOMBSHELL! There's the cover and the count by Dawson...and Max Magnum remains unbeaten in the AWA.

[Stevie smiles as he hops onto the apron and climbs into the ring while Rebecca Ortiz's voice announces the result.]

RO: Here is your winner....MAXXXXX MAGNUUUUUUUUUUMMMM!

[Dawson drops to a knee beside Zim, then motions toward the back as he is soon joined by two paramedics already on their way to the ring. Stevie, meanwhile, motions to Ortiz for a microphone, because of course he does. Magnum peers at his work, perhaps not completely satisfied, while Stevie moves in to his side. The duo watch as Zimmerman is pushed out of the ring and onto a gurney.]

HSS: Take a good look, Dave Bryant. Hey, cameraman, make sure you get a shot of that.

[Stevie points to Zimmerman and the paramedics and on cue, the camera cuts to them wheeling him up the ramp.]

HSS: See that, Doctor O' Love? This is the fate that awaits you in two weeks' time in Mexico...which is rather unfortunate, since I doubt the country will be able to accommodate the level of health care you will be needing.

Do be sure to have a card with your blood type on it, though. Might come in handy.

[Magnum snarls while still watching Zim being rolled up the ramp. Stevie, however, has turned back to the crowd.]

HSS: And as for all of YOU, get a box of tissues ready so you can dry your eyes as you mourn the destruction that is forthcoming for your hero. Dirt sheet writers, break out your laptops and your thesauruses.

[Stevie pauses, looking a little confused. He turns to face Magnum.]

HSS: Thesauruses? Thesaurii?

[Magnum shrugs, then looks straight ahead.]

HSS: Anyway, get your best words ready, because you WILL be writing the obituary of Dave Bryant's career.

And as for YOU, Dave Bryant...

[The Hotshot spreads his arms in disbelief.]

HSS: Man, I don't know what the hell has gotten into you. Take a look at the date on your iPhone, Dave. It's 2017. Not 1999 in Los Angeles. Not even your redemption tour of 2013 and 2014 here in the AWA. Time only speeds up for us as we age, and with it the ability to keep doing what we once could do as much as we don't like to admit it.

[Stevie nods, all-too-familiar with that concept himself.]

HSS: Now some of us? We adapt. And others?

You don't know when to quit.

But lucky for you, that's where Max Magnum comes in.

[Stevie points to Max, who continues to glare ahead while hopping side to side.]

HSS: You see, Max here would consider it an honor to step into the ring with you in Mexico in two weeks' time...

...and send you straight to the retirement home.

So, Dave Bryant, I will leave you with this. The same advice I gave Callisto Dufresne that, sadly, he chose to ignore...and you, too, will suffer the same fate if you choose to let this go unheeded.

[The Hotshot takes a couple of steps forward toward the ropes, leaning toward the hard camera.]

HSS: Walk. Away.

Let your career end on your terms because I can promise you, Dave, if you show up in Mexico? Max Magnum will end your career on HIS terms. You WILL lay broken and beaten, destroyed and decimated at the feet of THIS man...

MAX! MAGNUUUUUUUUUUM!

[That was enough for a smirk from the Alpha Beast.]

HSS: And THAT, Dave, is not a threat.

THAT...is a GUARANTEE.

[Stevie nods and steps backward to take his place beside Magnum as "God of Thunder" cranks back up over the PA.]

GM: Max Magnum with a dominant victory and Stevie Scott with yet another warning aimed at one of Magnum's future opponents - Dave Bryant. We're just a couple of weeks away from that showdown in Mexico and... well, as much of a fan as I am of the former World Champion, I am very concerned about what he'll be able to do with a genetic marvel like Max Magnum, Bucky.

BW: Stevie calls it right. Bryant's got a chance to walk away while he can - and I suggest he take it.

[As Scott and Magnum are booed by the North Dakota crowd, we get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo before we cut to a shot inside Javier Castillo's office.]

Generalissimo Castillo is studying a stack of documents on his desk, nervously tracing his finger down the shape of a crystal hanging from a chain on a hook on his desk - the crystal known to AWA fans as the Eye of Tyr. A loud knock on the door causes Castillo to visibly jump.

The door swings open thanks to John Law who is stationed outside the room as security. After a moment, a grinning Doctor Harrison Fawcett walks into view trailed closely behind the awkwardly-masked "Maniac" Morgan Dane.]

JC: Ah, Doctor Fawcett... come in... please... sit.

[Fawcett obliges, settling into a chair across the desk from Castillo who sits up, steepling his fingers together as he stares at the Doctor.]

"D"HF: Thank you, it was a pleasure to hear to receive your gracious request to see me.

[Fawcett's tone implies it was far from a request.]

JC: All sorts of rumors going around these days, Doctor. I wanted to see for myself that you were in one piece.

[Fawcett smirks, gesturing to himself.]

"D"HF: Oh, that's ever so kind. But as you can see, I am right as rain.

JC: Good. Because I still have much work for you. But nonetheless, I heard about the problems at our Korugun facility in... well, you know the facility I speak of.

"D"HF: You know how people like to fill the air with empty talk. Rumors and innuendo, nothing more.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: Are you saying they're untrue?

[Fawcett grins.]

"D"HF: As you well know from your corporate background, it's possible to put a spin on anything. It all depends on your point of view.

JC: I see. Well, my point of view is that I gave you a task in that compound... and my phone would not stop ringing after a particular... incident.

[Fawcett shrugs.]

"D"HF: I did warn you that we were meddling with forces we could not hope to control... let alone contain. There was bound to be... collateral damage.

[Castillo slaps a hand down on the desk angrily.]

JC: Collateral damage?! How many were sent to the hospital?!

"D"HF: What is the old saying? You can't make an omelette without breaking a few eggs. And this?

[Fawcett flashes that unsettling grin again.]

"D"HF: This is quite the omelette that you've ordered.

[Castillo seems to settle down at that, leaning back in his chair.]

JC: What happened has happened. But even in my new role as General of the Korugun Army, I couldn't get the main office to green light any attempts with that particular subject again. So... that option is off the table... for now.

[Fawcett nods, leaning in.]

"D"HF: I wonder then, dear General... what this means for our arrangement.

JC: Our arrangement is intact, Doctor... as long as you can deliver on certain other promises you've made.

[Fawcett leans back, the grin finally disappearing from his face. Replaced with a rare look of worry.]

"D"HF: Ah. That. Well, I can assure you... I've spared no expense in scouring the globe for that particular...

[Fawcett bows his head, almost in reverence.]

"D"HF: ... asset. I don't know how it could possibly remain hidden for this long--

JC: We've had people looking for months. You'd better hope your resources are somehow better than ours.

[The implied threat hangs heavy for a moment.]

JC: And Mr. Dane here?

[Castillo eyeballs Morgan Dane who hasn't budged an inch since entering the room.]

"D"HF: At your disposal. Ready...

[Fawcett glances at Dane, who begins nodding emphatically.]

"D"HF: ... and more than willing to begin the great work ahead of him.

[Castillo grins.]

JC: Excellent.

[And we get another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo before we fade out to the ring where the Soldiers of Fortune are standing, their music playing as they're serenaded with boos from the Grand Forks faithful.]

GM: Who knows what kind of plotting is going on there with Javier Castillo and Harrison Fawcett...

BW: DOCTOR Harrison Fawcett.

GM: Whatever. But what we do know is that we're about to see some tag team action here in just a moment. We can see the Soldiers of Fortune in the ring - ready to go to work - but who will they be facing? We know that Javier Castillo personally arranged this match... and if the Soldiers are victorious, Castillo says he'll reconsider their request for a shot at Next Gen and the World Tag Team Titles. Our own Sweet Lou Blackwell caught up with the 2017 Stampede Cup winners a little earlier to get their thoughts on this one. Let's take a look.

[We cut to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where we find "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, who is standing in front of an AWA logo. He looks less than pleased as the Soldiers of Fortune make their way on camera. Both men look ready to wrestle, as they're already in their ring gear. "Corporal Punishment" Charlie Stephens is carrying the American Flag, while "Captain" Joe Flint holds the Stampede Cup trophy.]

SLB: I guess the Number One Contenders to the AWA World Tag Team Titles need no introduction. "Captain" Joe Flint, I'm just glad you're not chomping on one of your cigars.

[Flint chuckles.]

JF: Aw, "Sweet" Lou, you missed one hell of a celebration that night. Lots of beer, meat on the ol' propane grill.. and of course, enough smoke from our victory cigars to choke downtown Los Angeles. Yer not gonna avoid yer fate forever, we still got one cigar left with yer name on it!

[Flint lets out a hearty laugh as Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I'm sure you're looking forward to embarrassing me, I don't know how many times I need to tell you I'm not into that stuff.

[Blackwell turns towards Stephens.]

SLB: Now, Charlie Stephens, I'd like to ask you...

[Stephens snaps his head in Blackwell's direction, his eyes narrowed.]

CS: Oh, I think I know what this is all about! You want a nice little soundbite, don't ya? Yeah, I watched the rest of the show backstage two weeks ago. I sat at home last week watchin' Power Hour! I saw it! I've been holdin' it in for what seems like eons now, bitin' my tongue, threatened with fines and suspensions and all that crap. Now.. I finally can say something after all this time. This the soundbite that you want, Lou? Are you ready?

SLB: Well, I was going to bring it up later, but, I guess..

[There's a bit of a pause as Blackwell expects an interruption. Stephens' stern face starts to relax a bit as he turns back towards the screen.]

CS: Sorry to disappoint you, Lou. There's going to be a time an' a place where I settle things with Travis Lynch in that ring and get him to acknowledge me, and say that I deserve to be where I'm at. It's not going to be tonight, or any time soon. I've got a different focus for the moment, and that's the AWA World Tag Team titles, and a little bit of business that we gotta take care of tonight.

[Flint steps forward.]

JF: Hey Blackwell, ya got any word on the scumbags we're gonna face tonight?

SLB: Honestly, Generalissimo Castillo's told me nothing. It looks like you'll find out as soon as the rest of us do.

[Flint rubs his chin.]

JF: I see.. well, there's a lot of jealous maggots backstage, green with envy watchin' us right now. We're brand new millionaires, and the best dang tag team walkin' God's green earth. We even got our proof back. Take a good look, boys..

[Flint holds up the trophy to the screen.]

JF: I bet every last one of ya stupid punks are bangin' down the doors to.... Generalissimo Castillo's office...

[While Flint's expression didn't change, he didn't seem too pleased to say those words.]

JF: ...an' pleading their cases right now to step up to the plate an' try to knock us outta the park. It ain't gonna matter to us who goes out there.. Maybe a couple of idiots upset that we...

[Flint snorts.]

JF: ..."disgraced" the name of tag team wrestling. Maybe there's a couple of kids back there with gleams in their eyes who wanna see their names in lights someday. Some linejumpers with some guts and a dream. There ain't a better way to get noticed than to beat the best tag team in the world today.

[Stephens chortles.]

CS: Good luck with that.

JF: They'll only find themselves starin' at the lights in the end like so many we've faced so far! We'll dispose of 'em much faster than Next Gen did to the Shooting Stars last week.

SLB: They beat them in only a few minutes, and the Stars were right up there in line for a shot at the tag team titles. That was very impressive, you have to admit.

JF: I ain't gonna say it's not impressive, not at all. The Shootin' Stars ain't yer garden variety losers. They gave us a bit of a fight not that long ago. We'll give Next Gen a round of applause.

[Flint puts down the trophy, and him and Stephens start clapping, almost sarcastically. Flint then leans over and picks up the trophy.]

JF: But the Stars wouldn't put up a fight against us, not with the way we are now. We've lapped the Shootin' Stars since then, an' soon we'll pass Next Gen. We'll continue to prove that we deserve that tag team title match. We'll win..

[Another pause as Flint struggles to say the words.]

JF: ...Generalissimo Castillo'll draw up that contract, and by hook or by crook..

[Flint seems to pantomime using the trophy as a weapon, grinning along the way.]

JF: We'll soon add the belts to our ever growin' list of accomplishments. It's time to see who's gonna be sent to the Soldiers of Fortune boot camp. We're outta here!

At ease.

[Flint turns his head towards Stephens, and with a nod, Flint walks off camera as Stephens follows. Blackwell watches the Soldiers of Fortune leave, then turns towards the camera.]

SLB: The Soldiers of Fortune seem ready and willing to tackle who will be put in front of them tonight, as they look into getting themselves a shot at the AWA World Tag Team titles. I'm looking forward to see who will step up to them in a few short minutes.

[And we fade from the pre-recorded footage back out to the ring where the Soldiers have just presumably finished watching themselves on the big screen as Stephens shouts out "OKAY, WHO IS IT?!" in the direction of Rebecca Ortiz who shrugs.]

GM: Well, who's it gonna be?!

[A few more moments of anticipation pass...

...before "You're The Best" kicks in to a HUGE CHEER from the North Dakota crowd as Flint looks annoyed and Stephens shouts off-mic in the direction of the stage where Lee Connors and Downpour come through the curtain, swiftly walking down the ramp side by side. There is no fancy entrance tonight as these two seem all business after their recent downturn of success.]

GM: Lee Connors and Downpour, the Shooting Stars, getting another shot to redeem themselves after back to back losses in the Stampede Cup and two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling against the World Tag Team Champions.

BW: That wasn't just a loss last time out, Gordo - that was an embarrassing loss!

GM: It's no embarrassment to lose to the World Tag Team Champions, Gordo.

BW: Oh, I agree with that. Next Gen is one of the best teams on the planet for sure... but to lose that quick? In that fashion? The Shooting Stars are spiraling out of control fast!

GM: But this is a definite chance to right the ship in major fashion. A win over the Stampede Cup champions and the Number One Contenders to the World Tag Team Titles will put the Shooting Stars right back in the thick of things as they try to stay afloat in the AWA Tag Team Division.

[Connors scrambles up on the apron, grabbing the top rope and somersaulting over the top, landing on his feet with a "KIIIIYAAAAA!" as Downpour simply steps through the ropes to stand alongside him.]

GM: Well, this should be a very interesting matchup... and Charlie Stephens looks less than happy about it. Joe Flint trying to calm his temperamental partner down a little bit.

BW: Hey, Stephens has a point, Gordo. The Soldiers are the Number One Contenders... they're the Stampede Cup Champions... they really need to beat a team who already lost to the champs to be considered for a title shot?

GM: That's your pal, the General, talking.

BW: Just because he bought me dinner last night, I wouldn't call him my pal.

[The referee waves to both teams, ordering one man out on each side. The masked Downpour trades a high five with his partner before stepping out on the apron. Joe Flint and Stephens exchange a salute before getting down to business as well.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Stephens immediately steps forward, shouting in Connors' direction.]

"Alright, Karate Kid... let's see whatcha got!"

[Connors looks bemused.]



"RIGHT HERE!"

[Stephens slaps his cheek.]

"LAY IT ON ME, KID!"

[He slaps it again.]

GM: And we've seen this out of Charlie Stephens before, trying to get Connors to act out of emotion... to maybe throw that high kick in a way that Stephens can counter and take advantage...

[Stephens slaps himself again, shouting at Connors who throws a look at Downpour who shrugs...

...and then Connors whips back around, leg coming up quickly with him.]

GM: HIGH KI-

BW: DUCKED!

[Stephens ducks the high roundhouse attempt, snatching a rear waistlock...

...but before he can act, Connors' right elbow comes whipping back into the jaw... followed almost immediately with his left one, breaking Stephens' grip. He keeps moving, ducking low and sweeping his leg around to take Stephens' legs out from under him, putting him down on the mat.]

GM: Sweeps the legs and...

[The crowd ROARS as Connors hurls himself into the air, flipping backwards while sailing forward...

...and CRASHES down on a prone Stephens with a standing Shooting Star Press, reaching back to tightly hook both legs!]

GM: CONNORS CONNECTS! ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: How close was that?! The Shooting Stars just about finished this off here in Grand Forks and scored a major win!

[Stephens quickly - and somewhat frantically - rolls under the ropes to the outside as Lee Connors walks around the ring, pumped up and looking to strike again.]

GM: Stephens on the outside... Connors coming around...

[Grabbing the top rope, Connors slingshots over the top rope, landing on the apron. He quickly throws a back kick, catching Stephens in the mouth, sending him stumbling backwards...

...and then leaps into the air, landing on the second rope, springing off and twisting around into a somersault...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND CONNORS WIPES OUT STEPHENS ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Connors climbs to his feet, pumping a fist triumphantly before rolling back inside the ring. The referee ushers him aside, looking to start a count but Connors swiftly walks to his corner, slapping the hand of his masked tag team partner...]

GM: There's the tag to Downpour already as well...

[Downpour stays on the apron through, eyeballing the slowly rising Charlie Stephens...]

...and then sprints down the apron, leaping up on the middle turnbuckle on the outside before throwing himself into a picture perfect moonsault that takes Stephens down again!]

GM: ...AND MAKE IT TWO FOR CHARLIE STEPHENS EATING THE FLOOR!

[Downpour climbs to his feet, nodding to the roaring Grand Forks crowd. He grabs Stephens by the arm, pulling him to his feet and tossing him under the bottom rope into the ring.]

GM: Stephens put back in... Downpour up on the apron, grabbing hold of that top rope...

[But Stephens wisely starts crawling as soon as he can, getting to his corner where he slaps the hand of Joe Flint...]

...who comes charging across the ring towards a waiting Downpour.]

GM: Flint coming in hard!

[Downpour grabs the middle rope, using it to slingshot himself into a front roll through the ropes, coming up to his feet as Flint whiffs on a running clothesline.]

GM: The Howitzer comes up empty...

[Downpour pops to his feet, leaping to the middle rope, springing back into a crossbody on an off-balance Flint!]

GM: And Downpour takes Flint down as well!

[The luchador rolls right off of Flint though, coming back to his feet as he grabs a rising Flint, locking hands with him in a knucklelock...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

[...delivering a hard open-handed overhead chop before rushing the ropes, running right up them to flip into the air, twisting around, and using an armdrag to throw Flint to the mat!]

GM: OH MY! Impressive flying armdrag by Downpour sends Flint down to the canvas... and the Shooting Stars are looking good in the early moments of this one. Downpour - of course - looking to land a spot for he and Connors on our upcoming show in Mexico. It means a lot to him to be able to be there, to pay tribute to the lucha libre culture that he's a part of... to be able to compete in front of fans that he hasn't had the opportunity to be in front of in a long, long time.

[Flint comes up quickly to his feet, walking right into a knife edge chop from Downpour that takes him down once... twice... and a third chop drops him a third time, leaving Flint reeling on the mat as he too rolls to the floor, trying to regroup...]

GM: Flint rolls out this time... this is NOT going the way the Soldiers of Fortune expected that it would... not one bit.

[Downpour raises an arm to the crowd, getting a big cheer as he dashes to the ropes, building up speed...

...and HURLS himself into a suicide dive through the ropes, connecting hard and sending Flint sailing backwards, crashing to the floor where he rolls back towards the steel ramp!]

GM: Another big dive by the Shooting Stars and they've REALLY got the 2017 Stampede Cup Champions on their heels, fans!

BW: The Soldiers have looked to regroup a couple of times now but the Stars keep coming. They feel the pressure. Another loss would really put them in a bad way... basically making them start at the bottom of the heap, trying to work their way back up the ladder after an impressive start to 2017.

GM: Downpour pulling Flint back up now, tossing him back under the ropes into the ring.

[Downpour rolls in after him, looking to the corner where Connors extends the arm. The luchador hesitates for a moment, moving towards Flint but then spins to the corner, slapping the offered hand.]

GM: The tag is made... and the Stars looking for a double team here.

[A double whip sends Flint across the ring as the Stars stand side by side, leaping into the air in tandem and lashing out with a double pump kick to the chest, knocking the Captain down to the mat.]

GM: Ohhh! That one takes him down...

[Connors breaks to the ropes, rebounding back towards Downpour who doubles over for a back drop...

...but Connors twists around, using his partner's back to propel himself into a back flip, crashing chestfirst down on Flint!]

GM: OHHH! ASSISTED MOONSAULT!

[The referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[But a diving Charlie Stephens smashing the point of his elbow down into Connors' back breaks up the pin.]

GM: OHH! STEPHENS MAKES THE SAVE FOR THE SOLDIERS!

[An angry Downpour shouts from the apron but the referee stops him from coming in as Stephens exits the ring. Flint is the first one off the mat, obviously reeling as he pulls Connors to his feet, lowering his shoulder as he drives Connors back to the corner...]

GM: Flint puts his shoulder into it... and again... driving the air out of Connors...

[Straightening up, Flint slaps Stephens' offered hand. "Corporal Punishment" steps into the ring, joining his partner in trading off boots to the midsection of the

trapped Connors as the crowd jeers and Downpour tries to come into the ring but is again prevented from doing so by the referee.]

GM: The referee trying to keep Downpour at bay as the Soldiers work over Connors in the corner...

[As the official is still arguing with the luchador, Flint and Stephens each grab an arm, pulling Connors out of the corner a bit...

...and HURL him backwards into the buckles, his head snapping back on impact before he stumbles out, falling to his knees.]

GM: Impactful doubleteam in the corner there... and now, finally, Flint exits and Stephens stays in as the legal man.

[Stephens paces around the kneeling Connors, reaching down...]

"SLAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Stephens goes right upside the head on Connors!

[Stephens turns away, a smirk on his face as he looks out at the jeering crowd. He cups a hand to his ear, leaning towards them as the boos get louder...

...and as he turns back around, Lee Connors impressively springs to his feet from his knees, lashing out with a series of palm strikes to the chest, stunning Stephens and backing him across the ring as the crowd starts cheering!]

GM: Connors has got Stephens on the run now!

[Switching up his attack, Connors leaps up to land a right kick to the ribs... then a leaping left... right, left, right, left... each one faster and more impactful, driving Stephens all the way back across the ring to the far corner where Connors backs off, squaring up Stephens...]

GM: Connors charges in and- OH! RIGHT INTO THE KNEE OF CHARLIE STEPHENS!

[Connors stumbles backwards from the counter...

...and Stephens lowers the boom with a leaping back elbow up under the chin, snapping Connors' head back and taking him down to the mat! A two count follows before Connors kicks out to escape in time.]

GM: Two count only and-

[Stephens gets quickly to his feet, stomping and kicking Connors down on the canvas to jeers from the fans and a warning from the referee. He pulls Connors up with two hands full of hair, throwing him to the Soldiers' corner.]

GM: Stephens again with Connors in the corner now... and that's just a blatant choke! Both hands wrapped around the throat, thumbs pressing into the windpipe! Come on, referee!

[The official quickly manages to get Stephens backed off...

...which allows Joe Flint to BLAST a dazed Connors with a clothesline to the back of the head from the apron, knocking him chestfirst to the canvas! The crowd reacts to the illegal attack... as does the referee who points to his ears then down to Connors...]

GM: The referee heard that, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, but he can't call what he HEARS, Gordo! Only what he SEES!

[Flint and the official are having a verbal exchange similar to that as Stephens wanders over near the opposite corner, taunting Downpour...

...and then suddenly dropping down on the canvas, grabbing at his head as he rolls back and forth on the mat!]

GM: What in the...?

[The referee whips back the other way, marching across pointing an accusatory finger at Downpour who raises his hands, professing his innocence.]

GM: What was that all about?!

[Stephens gets up off the mat, a huge grin on his face as he starts doing jumping jacks behind the referee's back, looking Downpour dead in the eye. The protesting luchador points at Stephens who again grabs the back of his head as the referee turns around.]

GM: This guy's really turning into a real piece of work, Bucky.

BW: I don't know, Gordo. I'm kinda impressed... and you know I don't impress easy.

GM: So I've heard.

[Stephens is all smirk as he steps across the ring, smacking the offered hand of his partner...]

GM: Another tag for the 2017 Stampede Cup Champions, working very well together here in front of this red hot crowd in Grand Forks, North Dakota.

[Stephens pulls Connors off the canvas as Flint steps through the ropes. They grab the arms of "Cannonball," whipping him across the ring into the neutral corner. Flint grabs Stephens by the arm, whipping him towards Connors...]

GM: Clothesli-

[...but Connors front rolls out of the corner, ducking the clothesline of Stephens as he leaps into the air, catching the stunned Flint in a front facelock, swinging around and SPIKING him with a tornado DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY! WHAT A COUNTER! WHAT A COUNTER!

[The referee throws himself in front of Charlie Stephens, preventing Stephens from getting back into the mix as Connors crawls... and crawls... and crawls towards the outstretched hand of Downpour until...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Downpour comes through the ropes, sprinting at full speed as he leaps to the middle rope, springing backwards in a quebrada!]

GM: OHHH! MOONSAULT CONNECTS! HE GETS ONE! HE GETS TWO! HE GETS  
TH-

[Downpour comes back to his feet, grabbing at his mask in frustration as the official holds up two fingers. He leans down, dragging Flint up and tossing him the short distance into the neutral corner..

...and then throws himself into a running koppo kick, snapping his heel into the large chin of Flint!]

GM: OHH! Couldn't miss that chin if he tried!

[Getting to his feet, Downpour ducks down, boosting Flint up into a seat on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Downpour's putting Flint up top!

[With the crowd cheering him on, Downpour steps up on the middle rope, landing a few short right hands to the head...

...which is when Charlie Stephens comes through the ropes...]

GM: STEPHENS IS IN!

[...which gets the crowd even louder when Lee Connors comes in on the other side!]

GM: ALL FOUR MEN ARE IN NOW!

[Downpour is hammering away on Flint still as Stephens and Connors meet mid-ring, trading blows...]

GM: Stephens and Connors! Stephens and Connors in the middle of the ring!

[A well-placed palm strike uppercut sends Stephens stumbling backwards towards the corner where Downpour and Flint are struggling for control!]

GM: The referee's trying to get them out of there and-

[Stephens falls to a knee as Connors moves in on him, nodding to the cheering crowd...

...which is when Stephens reaches up, hooking the front of Connors' tights...]

GM: What's he...?!

[...and YANKS him forward, falling to the mat as he propels Connors into the turnbuckles which causes Downpour to lose his balance, crotching himself on the top rope alongside Joe Flint!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH NO! A hard fall there for Downpour!

BW: That was all Connors' fault!

GM: It was not! Stephens pulls him into it! Stephens pulled him into it and... and now Stephens is dragging Connors out of the ring! Where the heck is he going with him?!

[Out on the floor, Stephens grabs Connors by the wrist...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! INTO THE BARRICADE GOES CONNORS!

[With Stephens and Connors out of the action for the moment, Joe Flint stands on the middle rope, stepping out so that he's standing on the outside of the ring near the crotched Downpour..]

...and BLASTS him with a standing Howitzer that flips Downpour upside down off the ropes before dumping him roughly on the back of his head and neck on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Flint collapses through the ropes, diving on top of a prone Downpour as the referee counts one... two...]

GM: And there's the three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The Soldiers of Fortune with the win with that devastating elevated lariat - the Howitzer - on Downpour... and while this is a huge win for the Soldiers, perhaps earning them the title shot they've long been seeking, it's an equally devastating loss for the Shooting Stars, Bucky.

BW: They lost to the Gold Standard at the Cup. They lost to Next Gen two weeks ago in Winnipeg. And now they've lost to the Soldiers of Fortune. This is a losing streak that completely knocks them out of title contention if you ask me. At this point, these two are going all the way back down to the bottom... but I've gotta wonder what would've happened in this one if Connors hadn't bumped into Downpour..

GM: You mean got thrown into Downpour, I'm sure.

BW: Tomato, tomahto.

GM: Two tag teams on very different paths as we look down the road to Mexico and beyond. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back- oh, come on!

[The jeers pick up again as Charlie Stephens comes back in the ring, putting the boots to Downpour.]

GM: There's no call for this! The match is over! The Soldiers have won! And they're still looking for more?!

BW: This is the Soldiers sending a message to the entire locker room AND to General Castillo. They want that shot, Gordo, and they want it bad. They want Next Gen in that ring and-

[The crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

GM: Ask and ye shall receive, Bucky! Next Gen's coming down the aisle as quick as can be and look at the Soldiers now!

[As Somers and Harper dive under the bottom rope, looking to make the save for the helpless Downpour, the Stampede Cup champions bail through the ropes to the outside to big jeers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Oh, come on! You two want to be tough guys?! Get in there and fight with the ones you're looking for!

BW: They want the belts, Gordo. They're professionals - not some street toughs who think they'll look good beating someone up.

GM: Harper letting them have it from inside the ring... and the tensions continue to escalate between these two teams. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling.

[As Harper continues to berate the Soldiers from inside the ring as Howie Somers kneels down to check on Downpour, 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 a voiceover is heard.]

"The AWA began in a studio...

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

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

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

The all-new Power Hour - don't you dare miss it."

[Fade to black...

...and then back to a live shot of the arena where we see a pair of fans holding up an expertly crafted "DETSON CAN'T TAKE THE HEAT" sign, waving it emphatically in the air.]

GM: Welcome back to Grand Forks, North Dakota, fans where our next matchup on Saturday Night Wrestling is in the Women's Division, and it was set up due to a case of mistaken identity earlier today. Let's take a look.

[We cut to footage with an "EARLIER TODAY" graphic on the upper left. Molly Bell is standing outside of the catering department, a big grin on her painted face.]

Molly: So there's a bounty out on this Casey person, nyaaa? Think of all the roast chickens I could buy! All the gifts I could get Mom after she wins the Ironwoman match tonight! I'll be...

... A MEOWLIONAIRE!

[Molly purrs as she walks into catering, slowly stalking through the room, looking back at the camera and shushing as she walks, crouched over. She points to an



unfamiliar face having lunch by herself, wearing a black and white checkered jacket over a black tank top, along with denim shorts.]

Molly: There she is!

[She? Molly speeds up her walk and hisses at this newcomer.]

Molly: I've got you, Casey!

[The woman screams and scampers away, as Michelle Bailey rushes into frame, grasping Molly by the waist before Molly can bolt off after her. We hear a shriek off-camera and a familiar voice shouting "HEY! Watch where you're going!" followed by an impressed, "Ooh, nice jacket!"]

Michelle: Molly, what are you doing?!

Molly: Trying to collect a bounty! Let meow go!

Michelle: The bounty is on Casey James! That girl is Casey Cash! Those two are different people!

[Molly stops to think for a second, then tries to go after Cash again, with Michelle still holding her back.]

Molly: Cash is in her name! Maybe I can still get something for her!

[Suddenly, we see an annoyed Harley Hamilton stomping into frame, pointing an accusing finger at Michelle.]

HH: Listen here, cougar, keep that mangy cat under control!

[And with that, Harley stomps off. Molly calms down, looking at Michelle in confusion.]

Molly: Cougar? I always thought you were more of a tigress myself.

Michelle: ... Molly. [sighs]

[And we cut back to Gordon and Bucky, who are joined at ringside by Michelle Bailey, who is adjusting her headset so it doesn't mess up her hair.]

BW: You've got to be kidding me. That cat doesn't even know who Casey James is?

GM: I would imagine that our guest here has filled her in. "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey, it's a pleasure to see you!

[Michelle grins.]

MB: It's nice to be here. Gordon, you're as debonair as always.

[Michelle notices that Bucky is about to protest, and cuts him off.]

MB: And Bucky, you're fabulous in your attire. I expect no less from you. And yes, after that little... [deep sigh] ... incident in catering, Molly does indeed know who Casey James is now, and that he is not to be trifled with, no matter how much money is at stake.

GM: Having been a co-worker of his in the past, you would certainly know. But due to that incident, we have a match on our hands. Let's go up to the ring and Rebecca.

[We cut to the ring, where Molly Bell and her accidental bounty target are awaiting introduction.]

RO: Our next contest is a Women's Division match set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, weighing in at 141 pounds, and hailing from Baltimore, Maryland... this is the "Charm City Cutie"... CASEY CASH!

[Cash does a little pose in the corner, blowing a kiss to the audience. She is wearing a sports bra and a pair of leg-length tights designed like the Maryland state flag, along with white boots. Her hair is done up in a tight bun on top of her head. Cash is so wrapped up in her posing routine that she doesn't notice Molly wandering over to Rebecca Ortiz, whispering something in her ear.]

RO: And her opponent, weighing in at 152 pounds, hailing from Richmond, Virginia... tonight, she is the "River City Kitty"... MOLLYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY BELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[The crowd pops for Molly's imitation, as Molly hisses at Cash. Molly is wearing a matching halter-style sports bra and spandex shorts that are black, along with a pattern of stars and cats wearing astronaut uniforms. The word "MEOW" is on the seat of her shorts in white block text, and she's also wearing black boots with the word "MEOW" down the sides in white, along with black kneepads.]

GM: So our matchup is about to start, as Molly Bell going up against Casey Cash. Michelle, you saw Cash recently when you visited P\*WIN, is that correct?

MB: That's right. She just debuted last month against her own trainer in Misaki Ishikawa. She was just here in case we needed an extra set of hands, and now she's finding herself on TV.

BW: Aren't you in a team with that cat in P\*WIN too? "The Glitter Kitties"?

[Michelle audibly sighs.]

MB: I don't think we agreed to that name officially. But yes, Molly and I are entered into the P\*WIN Tag Team Title Tournament at the end of the month. We're hoping we get matched up against that team of Miranda Montenegro and Leona Fernandez so we can get an idea of what we're in for when we get to Mexico.

GM: A busy couple of weeks for you, isn't it? You have Kelly Kowalski next week on the all-new Power Hour, then four days later you have the P\*WIN tournament, then four days after that, the trios match at Estrellas En El Cielo right here on Fox Sports X where you and Molly team with Ayako Fujiwara against Montenegro, Fernandez, and La Ardilla.

MB: Things are really picking up for me, huh? Just like the old days... wait, forget I said old.

GM [chuckling]: You have some time to go before you get to Bucky, young lady.

BW: HEY!

[The bell rings, and Bell charges at Cash, who shrieks and holds out her fist, socking Bell right in the jaw. Bell staggers back and shakes her head, then growls and hisses at Cash.]

GM: Molly Bell looks really unhappy with how Casey Cash has responded so far!

BW: So the cat charged into catering and attacked this poor rookie out of nowhere, and SHE'S the one that's unhappy?

[Bell swipes at Cash, who dodges and takes Molly down with an armdrag.]

GM: An armdrag there by Casey Cash!

MB: Misaki Ishikawa really trains her students to have a good set of basics, so even if Cash has only had a handful of matches, you can count on her to have her fundamentals in order.

BW: Enough to keep the cat at bay, at least.

MB: You're so mean, Bucky. What do you have against cats?

BW: I don't trust anything that uses a box to...

GM: BUCKY!

[Cash is unable to control Bell on the ground, as the kitty scrambles to her feet, sweeping Cash's feet out as she gets up.]

GM: Legsweep by Molly Bell, and now the AWA's Top Cat on top with a quick cover... only one says referee Shari Miranda!

MB: That's something that Ayako and I have really been working with Molly on, to create openings and then press advantages. She's squandered opportunities in the past by not taking advantage of them.

BW: What about distractions?

MB: ... you're not going to make a joke about lasers, are you?

[Bucky grumbles about his joke being stepped on.]

GM: Bell with a big bodyslam on Cash, driving her down to the mat! She's picking her back up...

"THWACK!"

GM: Big headbutt there by Molly!

BW: Using her biggest weapon there, there's nothing really up there for her to hurt!

MB: You know what, Bucky, I take back what I said about you looking fabulous earlier.

[Bucky gasps.]

MB: You're too mean to be fabulous. That just makes you tacky and cheap.

BW: ... I'm hurt, Michelle.

GM: Bell hitting the ropes, perhaps looking for the Laricat... WHOA! CASH DUCKS!

[Cash tucks Bell's head down, folding her to the mat, then steps over and traps her legs underneath, locking Bell into a bridge!]

GM: We could have an upset here! That's one... two... and no! Molly Bell was just barely able to kick out of that unique bridging move!

BW: Gordo, I've never seen this cat look this confused!

[Bell, looking exasperated, gets to her feet and immediately plows into the rising Cash, driving her shoulder into her sternum while jumping!]

GM: THAT'S THE POUNCE!! MOLLY BELL JUST POUNCED CASEY CASH!

MB: That's another thing we've been working on! Get that Pounce where you can! It's her most effective weapon!

GM: Bell covers Cash... Shari Miranda in position... and it's academic!

[The bell rings, as "Meow" by Anamanaguchi starts to play. Bell gets up with a sly grin on her face, her arm raised by Miranda. She walks over to the ropes, looking at Michelle as her grin grows wider.]

"DID YOU SEE MEOW?! I WON!"

MB: You did, kitten! Good job!

BW: She barely scraped by a rookie and you're saying good job?

MB: Sweetie, one thing I've learned about the AWA, any win you can get is worth celebrating.

GM: Very sage words there by Michelle Bailey. Michelle, thank you for joining us. Anything else you want to say before you depart?

MB: Stay tuned for the Iron Woman match! It's going to be great!

GM: I gotta agree with you there - it's gonna be a big one. In fact, speaking of that historic matchup coming up later tonight, I'm told that Mark Stegglet is standing backstage right now with one-half of the competitors in that battle - the All-Around Athlete herself, Laura Davis. Let's go to them now. Mark?

[We cut to backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing next to "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis, who is dressed in her red, white and blue track suit. Her black hair is pulled behind her back.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Laura Davis, later tonight, you'll be heading to the ring to face Ayako Fujiwara in a 30-minute Iron Woman match. Ever since the start of the year, when you posed as Madame X, you were calling out Ayako for a lack of focus, but it's become clear she's become focused on you

LD: How observant of you, Stegglet, and to be honest, I wouldn't have it any other way. Now, I imagine you may want to know why, but the fact is I want her to be more focused on this match than she's ever been before, because it's going to make it that much more satisfying when I beat her in the Iron Woman match.

MS: You certainly seem to be confident about this match, Laura, but many will attest to Ayako and her confidence. Despite her being less than 100 percent, she's still getting into that ring with you tonight.

LD: And I give her credit for that, Stegglet. In fact, I expect no less from her, just as she better expect no less from me. Because the true sign of a focused wrestler is one who is going to fight her way through the pain and the adversity, all in the name of proving who really is the better wrestler.

And let me just emphasize that word, Stegglet -- wrestler. I expect no less from Ayako Fujiwara to show me what it means to be a wrestler, just as she'll get no less from me than proving what it means to be a wrestler, unlike what they put on a pedestal from years gone by.

MS: I know you haven't endeared yourself to many people with your comments about the EMWC.

LD: Hey, there were a lot of talented wrestlers in that company, but why they would degrade themselves to working matches in which you put people through tables, slam them on thumbtacks, even go into what they called a Killing Box?

[She wrinkles her nose.]

LD: I mean, who in their right mind would say that something called a Killing Box is what you would call a wrestling match? What kind of person would--

"I would call it more of a horror show, to be honest."

[Stegglet and Davis look off-camera, as Michelle Bailey walks into frame, a sheepish grin on her face.]

MB: I mean... seeing one of those in person? Yikes. Terrifying.

[Michelle's grin disappears, as she sees the stern look on Laura's face.]

MB: Look, I know this is your time. I'm sorry for interrupting. I just heard your voice and thought, even though I'm friends with Ayako, I'd come in to wish you luck tonight. After all... an Iron Woman match is a big deal. Not just for you... or for Ayako... but for all of us in the Women's Division. But I have to ask...

[Michelle motions back and forth between herself and Laura.]

MB: ... is there some kind of problem between the two of us that I'm not aware of? Because you keep bringing me and my former place of employment up, and I just... I'm confused.

[Davis lets loose a sigh.]

LD: A problem with you? What makes you think that? Hey, I respect how you've come to terms with yourself and who you are, and I respect that you inspired other women to get into the business. My issue is that it had to come through a place that glorified extreme violence and called it wrestling, and they decided to celebrate that place a few weeks ago.

But let's forget about that and talk about tonight's match. You want to wish me luck? I've got a better idea. Go find yourself a chair, sit down, and hey, you even have time to get your popcorn ready, because you'll get an up close look at the best women's wrestler in the business in the world today.

[She hooks a thumb to herself.]

LD: She's right in front of you, Bailey.

And, who knows -- maybe some day, you'll get to find that out for yourself if we ever meet up in the ring.

[She walks off the set. Michelle lets the words sink in for a second, then turns to Stegglet with a sigh.]

MB: Mark... you know it's not ethical for me to diagnose anyone who isn't my client, right?

MS: Right.

MB: Right. So I'll just say that she would make for quite a combination of a liquid and a sponge.

[Stegglet smirks, grasping what Michelle is saying.]

MB: You know... there were a lot of people that denigrated what we did in the EMWC because they focused on the sensationalistic brutality of some of the matches, forgetting about the top notch wrestling that took place. When I went to other places later in my career, they were surprised that, amongst other reasons... I could actually wrestle. I would have thought by now, that would have ended. But you know what... tell that "best women's wrestler in the world today" if there's anything left of her when Ayako Fujiwara's done tonight...?

[Michelle looks at the camera with a grin.]

MB: I've got an open contract for Homecoming on September 9 that I'd just love to see her signature on.

[Michelle pats Stegglet on the shoulder and walks out of frame.]

MS: Laura Davis will take on Ayako Fujiwara tonight in an Iron Woman match, and it looks like she's got a challenge for Homecoming to follow it up! The busy schedule for Michelle Bailey continues to get busier as she seeks out the best in the world to compete against. And now, let's go back out to the ring where I understand we've got more action in the AWA Women's Division!

[We fade from the back to discover that we've got competitors already in the ring and one more heading down the aisle towards it.]

GM: Thanks, Mark... and as you all can see we've got Cinder - who is once again accompanied to the ring by Harley Hamilton - awaiting the imminent arrival of Margarita Flores. And there's definitely some bad blood brewing between these three ladies, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Flores wanted this match so badly, she said she was willing to face them BOTH if she had to!

GM: Well, luckily that's not the case... although it may feel that way if the recent actions of Hamilton and Cinder are any indication.

[Flores slides under the bottom rope...

...which is when Cinder decides the match is ready to begin, rushing across the ring and clubbing Flores across the massive shoulderblades with a forearm!]

GM: Hard forearm by Cinder... now going to the boots...

[Holding the top rope, Cinder starts stomping Flores as the bell sounds. Harley Hamilton looks on with interest from the outside, nodding with approval as Cinder drops to her knees, smashing a double axehandle down across the back!]

GM: And Cinder is all over her and has been since before the bell sounded!

BW: Which is pretty smart if you ask me. Cinder's giving up a whole lot of size to Flores and everyone's the same size down on the mat like that.

[But despite Cinder's best efforts to pound her into the mat like a big Texas-sized nail, Flores is battling up to her feet, absorbing blow after blow from a bewildered Cinder who looks around in a panic as the fans cheer.]

GM: Flores is taking everything Cinder's got and she just keeps getting up! The fans are on their feet here in North Dakota and-

[Cinder looks out to Harley Hamilton with a questioning look...

...that flies right off her face when Flores decks her with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[The haymaker sends Cinder flying through the air, crashing down on the mat as Hamilton shouts "THAT'S A CLOSED FIST!" at the referee from the outside. Shari Miranda warns Flores to open the hand as a now-surly Flores pulls Cinder up by the hair, taking aim and laying her out with a second right hand!]

GM: Make it two!

BW: And again, Harley Hamilton - the bastion of professional wrestling rules that she is - is pointing out the illegal strike to the official who just can't seem to do her job properly.

[Miranda again warns Flores as the big drink of Texas water drags Cinder off the mat again, wrapping her hands around the throat...

...and hoists her into the air, Cinder's legs kicking wildly as the referee starts a five count on the elevated choke!]

BW: That's a choke!

GM: We know! That's why there's a count going on!

[Harley Hamilton shrieks as she gets up on the apron, shouting "PUT HER DOWN NOW!"...

...and Flores obliges, throwing Cinder down to the mat where she bounces off the canvas.]

GM: A rough landing there for Cinder... and for once, she's got some color in her cheeks after that choke!

BW: Oh, that's REAL funny, Gordo! She was being CHOKED!

[Cinder tries to crawl away from Flores who turns her attention towards Harley Hamilton, pointing a threatening finger as Hamilton backs off, shaking her head, and then drops off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Hamilton wants no part of Flores... not again at least.

BW: Not sure why. She beat her fair and square last time they met.

GM: Fair and square?! You're wearing some Harley-tinted glasses from where I'm sitting!

BW: I do have a pair of pink-tinted sunglasses she recommended. I think they're from her sponsored fashion line - A Flair For Lenses.

GM: A Flair for... oh, give me a break!

[Flores is still shouting over the ropes at Hamilton when Cinder comes rushing back in, smashing her across the back of the head with a forearm... and another... and a third...]

...and Flores slowly turns around, staring with a smirk at the struggling Cinder!]

GM: Just not enough to faze Flores!

[Cinder winds up again but Flores blocks it with ease, swinging her around and tossing her halfway across the ring with a high elevation hiptoss!]

GM: Good grief! Cinder got high enough to get a packet of honey roasted peanuts on that one!

[Flores grins at the North Dakota crowd...]

...and then lifts her mighty right arm to an even louder reaction!]

GM: She's calling for the Lariat! Flores is looking to end this one early, fans!

[And as Cinder starts to get off the canvas, Flores rushes past her, looking to hit the far ropes for momentum...]

...which is when Harley Hamilton hooks her ankle, causing her to faceplant on the canvas to big jeers!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: That's ridiculous!

GM: I should say so!

BW: If Flores wants to be a professional wrestler, she's going to need better coordination than that. Imagine tripping over her own feet like that!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Hamilton turns, a smirk on her face as she spreads her arms wide to the jeering Grand Forks crowd...]

...but that smirk quickly vanishes when Flores rolls under the ropes, swinging Hamilton around by the extended arm, and DRILLS her with a right hand!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FLORES DROPS HAMILTON AS WELL!

[Margarita stands over Flores, reading her the riot act as Hamilton reels on the floor, clutching her cheekbone as she tries to scoot back away from the angry Texan...]

...or trying to get clear JUST before her... frenemy... drives both feet into the back of Flores with a baseball slide dropkick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And now it's Cinder from the blind side on Flores, looking to take advantage of the distraction by Harley Hamilton!



[On the outside, Cinder grabs Flores by the hair, pulling her up to her feet and walking her towards the ringpost...]

GM: Cinder's going towards the post - really looking to do a number on Flores here...

[She winds her up, trying to smash Flores into the post...

...but Flores proves too strong and resilient, extending her arms to grab the post with both hands!]

GM: BLOCKED!

[Flores swings an elbow back into the gut, breaking off the attack. She grabs Cinder, scooping her up in her powerful arms...

...and HURLS her onto Harley Hamilton as she gets to her feet, sending them both sprawling to big cheers!]

GM: SHE TOSSES HER ONTO HER BUDDY HARLEY! OH YEAH!

BW: There was no call for that! Harley wasn't doing anything wrong!

GM: Harley's done EVERYTHING wrong since she got out here tonight... or maybe since she showed up in this company period!

[Flores retrieves Cinder from the pile, tossing her back into the ring before following her back in herself.]

GM: Cinder's back in... Flores is back in as well... and the end may be near for Cinder!

[Driving a boot into the gut of Cinder, Flores doubles her up, stepping forward to snatch a standing headscissors...]

GM: Here we go! Flores gonna put her THROUGH this ring in Grand Forks!

[But as Flores goes to lift Cinder into the air...]

GM: HAMILTON FROM BEHIND!

[Harley dives onto Flores' back, smashing a forearm across the back of the neck.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded - this one is over!

[But Hamilton and Cinder ignore the bell and the referee, quickly working together to drive Flores down to the canvas with a series of punches and kicks.]

BW: The match may be over but this beating that Flores has coming to her certainly isn't!

GM: She has it coming?!

BW: I'm glad we agree.

GM: We don't! Flores did nothing to deserve this! This is just these two... these two bullies... taking advantage of a situation!

[Hamilton leans down, holding Flores' arms back and pulling her to her knees as Cinder repeatedly hammers her with close-range fists to the face as the fans jeer loudly!]

GM: This is a two-on-one beating by the likes of these two who have yet to show they can get the job done against Flores on their own!

BW: Luckily, they don't have to do it on their own right now! They've got each other and it's a beautiful thing, daddy!

[Cinder steps back, kicking at the sternum of Flores over and over and over before Hamilton finally lets go, letting Flores sink down onto all fours again...

...where Hamilton DRILLS her with a soccer kick to the ribs!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Flores slumps down onto her chest as Hamilton and Cinder stay on her, stomping her over and over...]

GM: This is a damn mugging and-

[The crowd breaks out into a mixed response at the sight of someone jogging down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: It's Xenia Sonova! Sonova heading to the ring and...

[The crowd is obviously confused about what Sonova's intentions are as she slides into the ring...

...and promptly DECKS Cinder with an elbow strike to the jaw!]

GM: OH!

[Hamilton goes to attack but Sonova whips around, landing a spinning back elbow to her chest, sending Hamilton down onto her back. She rolls from the ring, grabbing at her chest as Cinder rubs her jaw alongside her. Sonova takes up a protective stance over Flores, the crowd continuing to cheer as she waves for them to take another shot.]

GM: Xenia Sonova out of nowhere to save the day for Margarita Flores! Flores was in a lot of trouble but Sonova arrived to help her out... and Hamilton and Cinder aren't so brave when the odds are even, are they?

BW: They were tired from kicking so much butt. Decided to call it a night.

GM: I see. If you ask me... hold on now... Sonova's helped Flores up to a knee and Flores is asking for a mic...

[Sonova retrieves a mic from Rebecca Ortiz, handing it over to Flores who shakes her head...]

MF: Can you hold it? My... arrrrg... my ribs hurt too damn much.

[Sonova nods, holding the mic in place as Flores kneels on the canvas.]

MF: Harley! Hey Harley...

[She winces as she looks out to Hamilton who is now in the aisle, backing up the ramp alongside her ally.]

MF: Where... where you runnin' off to, Harley? Just a second ago, you couldn't wait to get in here and... whew... take a shot at me... so where you going now?

[Hamilton lifts a hand, waving her fingers together in a "yapping" motion as Cinder grins wickedly.]

MF: Help me up here... come on now...

[Sonova slips an arm under Flores', boosting her to her feet. Flores stumbles forward, leaning against the ropes as she looks out at Hamilton and Cinder.]

MF: Thanks...

[She rubs her ribs vigorously, grimacing as she speaks again.]

MF: In case you haven't figured it out, Harley Hamilton – that's right, I'm putting your name in my mouth once again – our business is far from over!

[The crowd cheers as a smirking Hamilton waves Flores to bring it on.]

MF: And Cinder, I'm not done with you either!

[Another big cheer as Cinder uncorks an old favorite - the spooky fingers.]

MF: So... you two had a pretty good idea just now. Run. Run for your live. In fact, you should run all the way down to the Southern border... and run right across it into Mexico... because...

[She looks over at Sonova.]

MF: Because Xenia and I will be on you every step of the way... and we'll catch up... at Estrellas En El Cielo!

[Flores drops the mic and turns to Sonova, who holds out a hand. Flores takes the offered hand and pulls her into an embrace as Hamilton and Cinder seethe out on the ramp.]

GM: Hey, how about that? That's a challenge! Sonova and Flores versus Hamilton and Cinder in two weeks in Mexico!

BW: That show's really heating up, Gordo.

GM: Set to be perhaps one of the biggest special events of all time - the AWA heading to Mexico for the very first time alongside our friends at SouthWest Lucha Libre - and if this tag match goes down, I can't wait to see it! Fans, we'll be right back after this short break.

[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 fade back to the arena where "The Business of Emotion" by Big Data is midway through playing. The ring has been covered in midnight green carpet. In the foreground is Kerry Kendrick, wearing his own "Self Made Man" t-shirt and jean shorts. Sandra Hayes is dripping off one of his arms in the same, smaller-sized "Self Made Man" shirt, knotted just above the navel, and cut-off jean shorts. A sparkly, pink baseball bat is over her shoulder]

KK: This... is the Think Tank. I am Kerry Kendrick. I am a Self Made Man. I am the longest tenured member of the AWA roster...

...And the sad fact of life is I always will be.

[Hayes grabs a handful of fabric from Kendrick's shirt and pulls him in for an awkwardly long public display of affection.]

KK: You know Sandra, the more I hear Terry Shane III talk, the more I hear someone who blames his problems on everyone else.

MSH: I know. "If only Daddy loved me." I know.

KK: The sad fact of your life, Terry, is that while I sincerely hope that you do get that long title reign, and that you finally get that acceptance you've been craving

for years, and any of the other millions of things that you need to make you happy...  
I always keep in mind one thing that my old man used to say:

"Hope into one hand, and crap in the other, and see which piles up faster."

MSH: And there was something that you said, Kerry, last year around when we started seeing each other. And it made me fall head over heels in love with you...

[Hayes strokes Kendrick's cheek with the tip of her finger.]

MSH: "Didn't you used to be Terry Shane the Third?"

[Kendrick smirks as he hears his self-appraised bon mots repeated back to him.]

KK: And speaking of deadweight, neurotic, ex-business associates...

"WE WANT RIC-KI" \*clap clap clapclapclap\*

"WE WANT RIC-KI" \*clap clap clapclapclap\*

"WE WANT RIC-KI" \*clap clap clapclapclap\*

[Kendrick furrows his brow at the crowd's anticipation of Ricki Toughill's arrival. Sandra Hayes merely clicks her tongue and rolls her eyes.]

KK: Don't get too excited, because just like Johnny Detson's IMDB page, she's here for only one episode.

"WE WANT RIC-KI" \*clap clap clapclapclap\*

"WE WANT RIC-KI" \*clap clap clapclapclap\*

"WE WANT RIC-KI" \*clap clap clapclapclap\*

KK: My guest on "Think Tank" is... once again... Erica... Marie... Toughill.

[The sound of whirring and crashing metal kicks off Bjork's "Army of Me."

It plays for a few bars as tension builds in the arena. Is this a bait-and-switch? Would Hayes and Kendrick slip "Concrete" John Yeates a c-note to dress up like Ricki Toughill for a cheap laugh?

Nope. Because the crowd roars as a woman coolly steps out from behind the curtain, a soft, pink bubble emerging from her lips.]

GM: And there she is!

BW: She should just get the hint and move on with her life. Leave these two young go-getters be, daddy.

[Ricki Toughill's head is covered by a sleeveless hoodie, which exposes the large octopus tattoo that occupies her shoulder and upper arm. As she makes her way down the aisle, she seems almost bemused by the positive reaction she elicits from the fans.]

GM: Officially, Ricki Toughill is not a contracted wrestler with the AWA which I think is a darn shame, because Ricki Toughill, like her or hate her, is one of the most tenacious competitors to have ever stepped foot in that ring, and the fact is that she was on the verge of redeeming herself in the eyes of many in the AWA Galaxy.

BW: What you call a redemption, I call a deathbed conversion, Gordo. She knew her goose was cooked with Kendrick, so she decided she suddenly wanted to be liked and has been waging a war against him and Miss Hayes ever since.

[Toughill warily approaches the ring, eyes fixed on her ex-employer and his partner. Sandra Hayes squeezes her sparkly pink baseball bat, while Kendrick stands behind her, placing his hands on her shoulders. Toughill rolls into the ring, picking up the microphone on the apron on the way.]

KK: So, Rick... how's the night shift working at Dunkins, or wherever it is you're up to now that you don't have me footing the bill?

[Toughill dangles the microphone, unimpressed.]

KK: Ricki, people like you don't belong in the AWA. The reason these people like you, is that they see you and they see themselves in your spot.

The AWA is made for people like Miss Hayes, and people like me. It's not made for slobs like you, and that's what disappoints you, and all of you within the sound of my voice. None of you have what it takes to be a Self Made Man like myself, or a Self Made Woman like...

[Kendrick shoots Sandra Hayes a lovey-dovey gaze that makes Toughill look like she's about to dry heave.]

KK: ...Miss Hayes.

[Toughill rolls her eyes and blows another bubble.]

KK: Hey! Don't give me that look!

[Kendrick swats the hoodie off of Toughill's head, revealing the two-month buzzcut that now adorns her scalp. Toughill is about to rise to Kendrick, but she has to keep one eye on Hayes and her glittery bat.]

KK: Look at you, do you think the AWA would take a second glance at someone as dumpy as you? The only reason the AWA kept you around is because the network can claim under its "Green Initiative."

BECAUSE YOU'RE TRASH! You are blue-collar low-class, cheaper-in-bulk, TRASH, Ricki Toughill!

[Toughill is fuming in Kendrick's face.]

KK: And don't give me that cloying, woe-is-me "Poor Ricki" garbage! It's your own damn fault you're in the position you're in! You always have someone looking out for you, don't you? That's how you work; you always have someone eating out of the palm of your hand, whether it's Cinder, or MAWAGA, or Grant Carter, or me. You can't accept that it was me who stuck his neck out for you! I got you into the AWA, I kept you here, and when the time came, I took you out!

Instead of costing me my destiny in Regina last month, I would have simply preferred a, "thank you, Mr. Kendrick, for your charitable employment of a screw-up like me." You said yourself that we were best friends!

[Toughill finally speaks, jabbing a finger in the air.]

RT: I said I was your best friend! I never said that you were mine!

[Kendrick nods.]

KK: Yeah, 'cause I'm not like you! I'm a better class than you. If I were to sink to your level, I'd give you what you had coming to you and knock you flat on your big, fluffy rear end.

RT: Then do it, big boy!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Kendrick raises his eyebrows.]

RT: You heard me. You got one free shot! Hang one on me!

[Kendrick looks around at the buzzing crowd, a nervous expression on his face.]

RT: What are you gonna do, huh? You afraid I'm just gonna shrug it off?

Come on! Take the first shot!

[Toughill points at her jaw with a joyless, manic grin. Kendrick stands steadfast as the fans taunt him.]

"RICKI'S GONNA KIIILL YOUUUU!"

"RICKI'S GONNA KIIILL YOUUUU!"

"RICKI'S GONNA KIIILL YOUUUU!"

KK: You want the first shot?

[Kendrick smirks.]

KK: You got it.

[Kendrick steps back - a grin on his face - as the shredding guitars that kick off Judas Priest's "Demonizer" play in the arena.]

GM: Wait, this was a set-up!

[The AWA Women's World Champion walks quickly with purpose through the curtain, an angry expression on her face as Kendrick vacates the ring promptly, ushering Hayes out after him quickly. Ricki Toughill looks positively giddy with a malicious grin on her face.]

BW: Yeah, but a set-up for whom? I mean, Ricki Toughill and Kurayami have so many priors. And Kendrick is too much of a gentleman to strike that miserable ingrate like Ricki Toughill.

[The Queen of the Kaiju gets to the ring swiftly, tossing the AWA Women's World Championship belt to the floor at ringside. The Lady of Pain grabs the middle rope, pulling herself up on the apron, glaring at Toughill, who paces like a caged cougar. Kurayami strides into the ring, looming over Toughill ominously as they go chest-to-chest.]

GM: Listen to this crowd in Grand Forks! This is an unexpected situation and-

"PFFFT!"

[Kurayami's white and black face paint is now defaced by a saliva-coated pink glob of bubblegum.]

GM: AND HERE WE GO!

[The enraged champion tackles her old arch-rival and begins pounding away with palm strikes and fists. Toughill responds with punches and knee strikes of her own.]

GM: And Kurayami may be the most dominant champion in the AWA, but Ricki Toughill is a world-class brawler. Look at her muscling--yes, muscling the champion into the corner!

[Toughill grabs two hands full of Kurayami's mohawk, and turns her rubber-legged with a headbutt.]

GM: If the Self Made Man's intent was to wash his hands of Ricki Toughill by having Kurayami take care of her, it looks like it backfired drastically!

[Toughill locks her arms around Kurayami's shoulder and neck and throws her to the canvas with a judo-style takedown to a HUGE ROAR!]

GM: OHH! SHE TAKES HER DOWN! SHE TAKES HER DOWN!

[The crowd ROARS as Toughill throws herself into the mount, pounding her fists down into the champion's skull!]

GM: She said that if she ever came face-to-face with Kurayami again, she'd repay her for their history, and out of the blue, it looks like it's time to collect!

BW: She didn't say she'd repay her, Gordo! She said she'd put her in a GRAVE, Gordo! In a GRAVE! We... I can't believe I'm saying this... but we might need some help for the Women's Champion!

GM: Kurayami has been absolutely enraged for two weeks now after what happened when Lauryn Rage returned two weeks ago... and she might have taken that anger and made a major mistake here tonight!

[The Lady of Pain writhes helplessly as Ricki Toughill cinches her grip around her neck. The crowd roars at Kurayami's sudden vulnerability.]

GM: That's... that's some kind of chokehold she has around the Champion's neck!

BW: It's an Anaconda Vice, Gordo! The kind of hold civilized promotions like the AWA banned trash like Ricki Toughill from using!

GM: Wait, that's the same hold she used to defeat Kurayami after suffering a broken back! This is poetic justice!

BW: We need General Castillo out here! We need John Law! We need MAWAGA and a dozen roses and a balloon bouquet!

[Toughill squeezes the Anaconda Vice on Kurayami tighter and tighter as she hears Kurayami struggling for breath, until...]

"OOOOOF!"

[Sandra Hayes jabs her glittering pink baseball bat into Toughill's abdomen, forcing her to release the hold.]

GM: That little...

BW: Easy.

GM: ...princess, Sandra Hayes.

[Toughill comes up off the canvas, blindly spinning to charge a fleeing Sandra Hayes...]



...and runs right into a waiting Kendrick who wraps his arms around Toughill's torso!]

GM: WAIT! NO!

[Kendrick hoists his former employee in the air, twisting her around in the air and DRIVING her down into the canvas with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GAAAAAAAH! That son of a... that no good son of a...

BW: Take it easy, Gordo!

GM: I won't, damn it! I won't take it easy!

[Boos rain down from every direction on Kendrick as he gets back to his feet, looking down on Toughill who is laid out on the canvas.]

BW: I don't think they're done either.

GM: No? What more could they... oh, come on now!

[Kurayami gets up, standing alongside him, grabbing at her throat as Kendrick starts directing traffic, muttering "grab her legs!" to Sandra Hayes who quickly obliges.]

GM: This is ridiculous! Absolutely uncalled for!

[Hayes flips Toughill onto her face on the mat, kneeling down and keeping her grip on the legs as Kendrick kneels on the other side, grabbing the wrists and stretching her out like she's on a rack. Toughill tries to wriggle free, but she has nothing to grab on to.]

GM: No, no... what is this? What is Kurayami doing?

[Kurayami dashes to the ropes, and gets a running headstart. She leaps into the air...]

GM: No, Ricki can't defend herself!

[Kurayami lands flat on Ricki Toughill's back with a flying splash. The air audibly expels from the helpless Toughill's lungs with a loud "uuuuuuuuughhh!"]

GM: Big splash across the surgically-repaired back of Ricki Toughill!

[Toughill catches her breath, and she glares daggers into the face of Kerry Kendrick, who still has her by the wrists.]

"I'm gonna... stop... you... Kendrick..."

[Kendrick looks slightly shaken. He shouts to Kurayami, "again!"]

GM: Again?! No, not again!

[Kurayami runs the ropes again, and leaps into another flying splash across the back of the outstretched Ricki Toughill. Toughill groans in agony, louder this time.]

GM: My stars, this woman has given her health to this sport and to the services of Kerry Kendrick, and this is how she is treated! This is unconscionable!

[Toughill lifts her pain-wracked face off the mat and meets Kendrick's cold gaze again with grit teeth.]

"...stop... you... Kendrick..."

[Kendrick angrily shouts.]

"AGAIN!"

[Kurayami glares down at Kendrick, not used to taking orders from anyone. For a hopeful moment, it seems like she might refuse...

...but her anger at the world takes control as she throws herself into the ropes once more, bouncing back...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THREE! THREE BIG SPLASHES ON THE SURGICALLY REPAIRED SPINE! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Toughill no longer tries to free herself from the grip of Kendrick and Hayes. She just mouths a simple...]

"...stop..."

[...and with the crowd suddenly ROARING, we see Julie Somers come tearing out of the locker room, a steel chair in hand!]

GM: SOMERS! THE SPITFIRE!

[Kurayami glares down the ramp as Kendrick and Hayes bail from the ring, wanting no part of what comes next...

...and Somers dives headfirst under the bottom rope, coming up swinging...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and coming up empty as Kurayami escapes the ring before the blow from the chair can connect. Somers angrily throws the chair down to the floor, narrowly missing the Women's World Champion as she retrieves the title belt, holding it over her head as Somers points a threatening finger and then rushes to Toughill's side, sliding to her knees to check on her.]

GM: Ricki... Ricki Toughill is down... she's hurt... gotta be hurt bad.

BW: We need some help out here... fast.

GM: We definitely do and... my god, can we get these two out of here?!

[Out on the floor, we see a smirking Kendrick and Hayes looking on. Kendrick sweeps his stringy blonde hair out of his face as he pulls Sandra Hayes in for a long, deep kiss as the camera shot shows Somers tending to a hurting Toughill in the background and we fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up in the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet standing near the Chimpanzee Position.]

MS: We are back here live on Saturday Ni-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[Stegglet visibly jumps as the cameraman twists around to find the wild-eyed Kurayami storming through the curtain, having just flung a steel chair into a nearby wall. She spots Stegglet, marching over to him...

...and grabs him by the lapels, jerking him towards her.]

MS: HEY!

[Kurayami shakes him violently.]

K: SHUT IT, WORM!

[She shoves him backwards, sending him stumbling into the wall.]

K: I'M SICK OF IT! RAGE, SOMERS, ALL OF THEM! YOU ALL WANT THIS?!

[She holds up the Women's World Title, staring into the camera's lens.]

K: Come... and... take it!

Someone told me that buzzing little gnat Betty Chang says she wants a shot at me... at this... in Mexico? Well, she's got it! And this time, a hospital stay is going to be the easy way out for her.

[Stegglet shakes his head, trying to dust himself off.]

MS: Are you saying-

[Kurayami grabs him by the jacket again, screaming in his face.]

K: WHAT DID YOU NOT UNDERSTAND?! ME! CHANG! MEXICO! MAKE IT HAPPEN! MAKE IT-

"HEY!"

[A shout from off-camera stops Kurayami in her tracks as she whips her head around to spot Julie Somers storming into view. We can see Ricki Toughill being wheeled behind her on a stretcher as they come through the curtain. The Spitfire comes racing over towards the scene, yanking Stegglet out of the champion's grasp.]

JS: You're nothing but a big bully, Kurayami! Attacking Ricki when she's being held down! Throwing announcers around! You want to show everyone how tough you are, huh? Well, how about me?!

[A flood of AWA security pours onto the scene, shoving themselves between Kurayami and Somers who are struggling to get at one another. Stegglet, though shaken up, is still carrying out his duties.]

MS: The Spitfire has just arrived, fans, it's clear she wants a piece of the champion, and I can say the champion may very well want the same!

[Somehow, security is able to get Kurayami off the interview set, while a few other security members stay behind to hold off Somers, who takes a step back, though still clearly incensed.]

MS: Julie, I think the last person anyone would expect to come to the aid of Erica Toughill would be you.

JS: Mark, Ricki and I may not be the best of friends, but she didn't deserve what happened to her! No way was I going to sit back and let that continue! And when I decide to step up, what's the first thing they all did?

They all hightailed it out like the cowards they are!

[Somers points a finger at the camera.]

JS: Mark my words, Kurayami, I'm going to get you in that ring, and what better time to do that than in Mexico in a few weeks? Hey, I already told the fans down there that nothing would be better than me facing the Women's Champion, so why don't we make it happen, Kurayami!

MS: Julie, there's only one problem there -- Kurayami just accepted the challenge from Betty Chang to face her in Mexico!

[Somers glances at Stegglet.]

JS: Seriously?

MS: Seriously.

[Somers sighs and shakes her head.]

JS: Well, I can promise you one thing, Mark, that I--

[And that's when Kurayami comes back onto the set, security unable to keep her away for long.]

K: YOU WANT ME TOO, SOMERS?! YOU GOT IT! YOU GOT IT, YOU LITTLE-

[Stegglet thankfully interrupts.]

MS: Wait a minute, Kurayami, you just said-

K: I KNOW WHAT I SAID! I DON'T GIVE A DAMN! I'LL TAKE 'EM BOTH!

[Stegglet's eyes go wide as Somers looks on.]

MS: You'll-

K: You heard me. First, I'll crush Chang... then I'll put out the Spitfire once and for all. Both of them...

...in the same damn night.

[Kurayami glares at Somers across the sea of security dividing them. Somers appears to be surprised, but she's quick to respond.]

JS: You want to defend that belt twice in one night? Fine by me! I'll see you in Mexico, Kurayami!

[With a sneer, the Women's World Champion jerks around and storms out of view as Mark Stegglet looks on in disbelief.]

MS: Wow! Huge news right there, fans, as Kurayami says she's going to defend the title TWICE in one night! She'll defend first against Betty Chang... and if she retains the title, she'll take on Julie Somers as well at long last!

[Somers nods confidently.]

MS: Estrellas En El Cielo continues to get hotter and hotter... and now fans, let's go out to the ring!

[We fade from the backstage area out to the ring where "Revolution" by Pennywise is playing in the background. Sid Osborne stands in the center of the ring with microphone in hand, dressed in a black singlet with red trim and black boots. His hair is beginning to match his signature wrestling gear, as he's been growing his hair out with the black roots beginning to show.

Raphael Rhodes is in the background, dressed out in red leg-length tights with a white stripe down each leg along with white boots, along with a sleeveless black zip-up hoodie, testing out the elasticity of the ropes. Dana Kaiser stands beside

him, wearing a red T-shirt, jeans, and sneakers with a white towel around her neck, holding a bottle of water in her left hand.]

SO: So, a year and change ago, I walked out from the back of this building and into this ring for the first time.

[Osborne pauses, somewhat taken aback by the cheers. He blinks, looking at the crowd before continuing with a smirk.]

SO: Now, I'm not the kind to get all cheesy with celebrating the past. But maybe it's because in the past year or so I finally stopped listening to every supposed superior about what to do and when to do it. Maybe because I finally decided that the only way I was ever going to be anything in this sport was to do what I want and when I want to do it.

[Osborne nods.]

SO: Or maybe when you're living in a car you're never in much of a mood to celebrate anything. Regardless of all the maybes in the world, I'm a year in to this world. And since I don't pour booze down my throat or party like most of the boys in the back...

[Osborne looks over to Rhodes, who has pulled his hood down and produced a microphone of his own.]

SO: Do you want to fight tonight?

RR: I think we always know the answer to that question, lad. Maybe we should ask the people if they think I want to fight tonight.

[The crowd roars at Rhodes' response, as a grin emerges on Kaiser's face. Rhodes smirks, mouthing to Kaiser "I could get used to that".]

SO: What would you think about if we fought...

[Osborne taps his chin, thinking for a moment.]

SO: Guerreros del Mundo?

[The crowd roars again, as Rhodes' smirk turns into a full-on grin.]

RR: That sounds brill. Think they'll even come out here?

[Osborne looks to the top of the entranceway.]

SO: You heard him, boys? Are you every bit the spineless cowards I think you are? Or do you only attack when we aren't looking?

Same offer I have for everyone in that locker room every night of the week.

SHUT ME UP.

[Osborne throws the mic down, waving an arm towards the entrance stage as the crowd buzzes for the impromptu challenge.]

GM: A challenge has been issued here tonight by Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes. As Osborne said, of course, he made his AWA debut in this very building a little over a year ago and now we just get to wait and see if he can celebrate in-

[Gordon gets cut off by the sounds of "Unstoppable" by E.S. Posthumus coming across the PA system in the Alerus Center to boos from the North Dakota crowd.]

GM: And it looks like that challenge has been answered, fans, as... yes, here they come now...

BW: But they're not coming alone either.

[The boos get louder as the infamous trio comes into view. Logan Blackburn sneers at the crowd's reaction as Destro Star and Arminius flank him on either side, nodding their heads towards the ring. The luchadors are dressed in their usual gear while Blackburn is wearing something resembling a red and black track suit with a matching fanny pack, a little out of the norm for his style...

...and at a lift of the arm from Blackburn, the two luchadors go sprinting down the lengthy ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Here we go now!

[Arminius and Destro Star reach the ring in a hurry, diving headfirst under the bottom rope into the ring. Both Raphael Rhodes and Sid Osborne step forward and as the luchadors get to their feet, they're greeting with a flurry of fists!]

BW: We've got no referee out here yet but the fight is on in Grand Forks!

GM: And I don't know if Guerreros del Mundo are prepared for a fight with Sid and Rhodes!

[Rhodes switches to European uppercuts, hammering Destro Star back against the ropes as Osborne uses a clothesline to dispatch of Arminius over the top rope to the floor...

...and then Rhodes uses a big time uppercut to flip Destro Star over the top rope, his masked face bouncing off the canvas on the way down!]

GM: Ohhh! A hard fall to the outside by Destro Star!

[Logan Blackburn rushes to the masked man's side, kneeling next to him as Sid Osborne climbs to the top rope on the other side of the ring, looking out on the crowd with a shout that they respond to...

...and then HURLS himself off the top rope with a crossbody on Arminius, wiping him out yet again!]

GM: OSBORNE TAKES TO THE SKY AND DOWN GOES ARMINIUS ONCE AGAIN!

[Osborne pushes up to his knees, fists clenched as he shouts to the roaring crowd. He stays down there, battering Arminius with some short right hands as we finally get a referee arriving in the ring who signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Good ol' Blue Shoes is on the scene and that means this one is official now, Bucky.

BW: About time. We could've conducted interviews of the fans and hired a new official by the time this guy bothered to come out here.

[Out on the floor, Osborne drags Arminius to his feet, grabbing hold of the back of his tights...

...and HURLS him towards the railing with enough force that Arminius lifts into the air, flipping upside down before he jams into the steel!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND ARMINIUS HITS THE STEEL! OH MY!

[Osborne nods to the cheering crowd before looking up at the referee who is imploring him to get the action back inside...

...which is when we cut to the other side of the ring where Destro Star is attempting to get up on the apron. Rhodes reaches over, hooking his fingers in the eyeholes of the mask, tearing it a little as he drags him up to his feet...]

GM: Rhodes is gonna bring him in the hard way!

[Rhodes elevates Destro Star into the air, bringing him crashing down on the mat with a vertical suplex. He quickly rolls to a knee, keeping an eye on Logan Blackburn who seemed on the verge of rushing the ring for a moment. Rhodes points a warning finger at Blackburn who slinks back down to the floor in a huff.]

GM: Raphael Rhodes wisely keeping an eye on Logan Blackburn who has been known to be a constant - and interfering - presence in any match involving Guerreros del Mundo as of late. Of course, these three men compete in Mexico as one of the hottest trios there known as Triángulo de la Muerte - and I'm sure they're wishing they could get their hands on the Dogs of War and those SWLL Trios Championships.

[Rhodes climbs to his feet, bringing Destro Star up with him before laying in a vicious overhand slap to the chest that sends Destro Star down to a seated position on the mat. Rhodes pumps a fist before dashing to the ropes, looking to rebound off...

...but ends up getting tripped up, falling to the mat thanks to a lurking Logan Blackburn! The boo birds are out in full force for Blackburn who twists away from the ring, a smirk on his face.]

GM: Well, that was pretty blatant interference there but Blue Shoes is trying to keep his eye on the action out on the other side of the ring too where Arminius and Sid Osborne are still going at it.

[Rhodes rolls under the ropes to the outside, grabbing a preening Blackburn by the arm, twisting him around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and headbutts him right in the mouth!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Blackburn drops like he's been whacked with a roll of quarters, flopping onto his back, reaching up to grab at his mouth as Rhodes stands over him, sneering at his downed rival.]

GM: What a shot that was!

BW: He busted his damn mouth, Gordo!



[We do indeed start to see blood escaping the mouth of Logan Blackburn as the referee urges Rhodes to get back into the ring. Rhodes is standing over Blackburn, reading him the riot act as Destro Star regains his feet on the inside..]

GM: Rhodes still on the floor - he's got some words for Blackburn and...

[Inside the ring, Destro Star dashes to the nearest ropes... then across to the far ropes...]

GM: Destro Star building up steam and-

[...and HURLS himself between the ropes as Rhodes turns around, driving himself into the British competitor, sending him flying backwards into the ringside railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE HEAT SEEKING MISSILE CONNECTS AND DOWN GOES RAPHAEL RHODES!

[His back having been driven into the steel, Rhodes slumps down to his knees as Destro Star helps his ally to a seated position, now revealing a steady stream of crimson from the mouth as Blackburn rubs at his face.]

"HE BROKE MY TOOTH! HE BROKE MY BLOODY TOOTH!"

[Blackburn gets quickly to his feet, shouting at Destro Star to "TAKE HIM OUT!" The masked man acknowledges the order with a nod, dragging Rhodes to the apron and tossing him back inside.]

GM: Logan Blackburn checking the casualties from that headbutt and it might be a tooth or two.

BW: That's a damn shame, Gordo. Blackburn's smile has charmed the lasses from London to... some other city in the UK.

[Destro Star rolls in, snatching Rhodes in a cravate before he swings his knee up into the skull once... twice... three times...

...which is when Sid Osborne suddenly appears on the apron, trying to get back in as well. The referee rushes to stop him, having decided that Destro Star and Rhodes are the legal men.

The masked man quickly uses the distraction to his advantage, holding Rhodes' arms back behind him as Logan Blackburn scrambles up on the apron and DRILLS Rhodes with a right hand to the mouth!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hey, Rhodes got Blackburn involved in this first!

GM: Oh really? Did you forget Blackburn tripping Rhodes?!

BW: Oh... well, yeah... kind of.

[Blackburn hops down, shaking out his right hand as Destro Star grabs the dazed Rhodes, shoving him into the ropes.]

GM: Rhodes off the far side...

[The near 200 pound Destro Star squats low, pushing the rebounding Rhodes up into the air and then stepping back as he crashes facefirst to the canvas.]

BW: That doesn't get the same elevation out of a 200 pounder like Destro Star as it does out of some people we see do the same move but anytime you fall facefirst to the mat, it's gonna do some damage.

[Destro Star jerks away from the downed Rhodes, rushing across the ring and catching Osborne with a running one-legged dropkick that catches Rhodes under the chin, sending him down to the floor!]

GM: OHH! And down goes Osborne off the dropkick!

[With Osborne cleared out and Rhodes down, Destro Star peels away to his corner, slapping the hand of the just-returned Arminius.]

GM: And there's our first tag of this one... Arminius coming in now...

[Destro Star pulls Rhodes off the mat, lifting him up onto his shoulders, driving him back in a Samoan Drop. He immediately kips back up to his feet, snapping off a standing moonsault!]

GM: Standing moonsault by Destro Star!

[Arminius leaps into the air, springing off the top rope in a full flip, rotating over and over...]

GM: OHHHH! 450 SPLAAAAAASSSSH!

[Arminius hooks a leg as the referee dives down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[But a diving Sid Osborne comes in, breaking up the pin attempt to save the day for his squad!]

GM: OSBORNE WITH THE SAVE!

[Ignoring the referee's protests, Osborne drags Arminius up, lighting him up with knife edge chops across the chest, driving him back across the ring to the corner.]

GM: Osborne's in illegally but right now, I don't think he cares!

[Grabbing the wrist, Osborne fires Arminius across the ring. The luchador sails in, running right up the turnbuckles...

...and Osborne is rushing in behind him, running right up alongside him...]

GM: WHAT IN THE...?!

[The Sin City Savior wraps his arms around him, hoisting him into the air...

...and DUMPS him on the back of his head with a super belly to back suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Arminius goes down HARD holding the back of his head and neck as Osborne tiredly rolls under the ropes, dropping off the apron to the floor as the crowd roars for the highlight reel making move!]

GM: Osborne's down! Arminius is definitely down! Raphael Rhodes is down as well and-

[Destro Star insistently steps in, marching across the ring to grab his partner by the wrist, dragging him back across the ring as the referee loudly protests!]

GM: What in the... this isn't allowed! This isn't legal!

BW: Then disqualify him and stop talking about it!

[Destro Star steps out, reaching over to slap his downed partner's hand.]

GM: Well, that's a legal tag, I suppose but I don't think anyone's happy about how it went down.

[Blackburn grins a bloody grin, wiping the corner of his mouth.]

BW: He is.

GM: Yes, I'm sure he is. Logan Blackburn has done nothing since returning to the AWA except try to make Raphael Rhodes' life hell... and he's trying to get that done again here tonight in Grand Forks.

[Destro Star pushes Rhodes back against the ropes, Dana Kaiser protesting the illegal actions of the luchadors moments ago. He grabs the arms of Rhodes, tangling them up in the ropes...]

GM: He's tying Rhodes up in the ropes...

[The luchador backs off, cocking his arms like he's firing a shotgun...

...and then rushes across, slamming both feet into the sternum with a shotgun dropkick to the chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He quickly unties Rhodes from the ropes, tossing him limply down to the mat where he promptly covers.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got th- no! Out at two! Rhodes kicks out at two! And Logan Blackburn DEFINITELY did not like that.

[Blackburn slams his hands down on the mat, shouting and fussing in the direction of the referee.]

GM: Destro Star right back up though, looking for a way to finish off Raphael Rhodes and... now he's going back out on the apron...

[The masked man steps to the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands, waiting as Rhodes rolls to a knee...]

GM: Rhodes on a knee, Destro Star on the apron...

[The luchador leaps into the air, looking to spring off the top rope but Rhodes surges forward, simply raising his arms and delivering a two-handed shove that sends Destro Star flying backwards off the ropes...

...and CRASHING down onto a stunned Logan Blackburn on the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND RHODES THROWS HIS OPPONENT ONTO HIS RIVAL! OH YEAH!

[The crowd is ROARING as Rhodes leans against the ropes, breathing heavily as Blackburn and Destro Star are piled up on the outside.

We cut to the other side of the ring where we find Sid Osborne back on his feet...

...and quickly deciding to circle around to where the luchadors are.]

GM: And here comes the Sin City Savior! He's not done with these two and-

[The crowd jeers as Blue Shoes dives out to the floor, planting himself in front of Osborne, waving his arms...]

GM: And perhaps thankfully for the sake of the rules, the referee is trying to keep Osborne from intervening on the outside. Osborne doesn't like it... but it looks like Dana Kaiser is trying to convince him to go back to the corner as well.

BW: It's like a damn car crash out here - bodies all over the floor. Arminius is on the apron but he looks like he needs a bit before he'll be able to go again after that spine-shaking superplex and...

[The camera shot changes and suddenly we don't see Blackburn and Arminius anymore.]

BW: ...huh. Well, there WERE bodies all over the floor but-

GM: Where the heck did they go?!

BW: I have no idea. There's no sign of either of them though.

[We cut to the ring where Raphael Rhodes is starting to clear the cobwebs, looking outside the ring with a shrug.]

GM: Rhodes can't find them either and... he's going outside to take a look now.

[Dropping to the floor, Rhodes looks around puzzled...

...and then spots a boot under the ring apron!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Oh no. Cover your foot, you ninny!

[With a smirk, Rhodes reaches under the ring, grabbing the boot and giving it a yank.]

GM: He's dragging him out! Rhodes is dragging - yes, it's Destro Star! He's dragging the luchador out here and-

[Pulling him up, he whaps him upside the head with an open-handed slap that sends him spinning away towards the ring. With a shove, Rhodes tosses him back inside, climbing up on the apron himself...]

GM: Rhodes is on the apron now and...

[Osborne and the referee are still engaged when Destro Star quickly gets up and BOOTS the middle rope into Rhodes' groin as he's coming through the ropes into the ring.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!

[The luchador drags Rhodes through the ropes to the middle of the ring, snatching his arm and...]

BW: CHICKEN WING!

GM: A... huh? I don't think we've ever seen a chicken wing out of the normally high-flying Destro Star but he's got it locked in deep in the middle of the ring!

[Osborne quickly gets back on the apron, shouting to his endangered partner as the referee dives back in, checking to see if Rhodes wants to give it up.]

GM: Rhodes is in trouble! That hold's locked in! The referee is right there!

BW: Osborne looks fit to be tied and...

[With Osborne distracted by the action in the ring, Arminius manages to slink down the apron, around the ringpost...

...and then breaks into a dash, snatching the ringpost and swinging around it...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...and DRIVES his feet into the lower back of the distracted Osborne!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Osborne crumples to a knee as Arminius manages to get himself on the apron alongside him. The referee peels away from Rhodes, shouting at Arminius to get back to his corner...

...but instead, Arminius leaps into the air, snatching his legs around Osborne's head and neck, and flips them both off the apron with a perfect standing rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ARMINIUS TAKES OSBORNE - AND HIMSELF - OUT OF THIS MATCH FOR THE MOMENT!

BW: There's no save coming, Rhodes! Give it up!

GM: Destro Star ripping and tearing at that arm and shoulder, look at the ferocity he's got that hold locked in... and if Rhodes doesn't give up, he could risk serious injury, fans! He's been in that hold for... what? About a minute now?

BW: At least!

GM: Rhodes has tremendous fighting spirit - a refusal to lose at times!

BW: We call that stubbornness here in the States.

GM: Rhodes trying to hang on though! Trying to-

[A scream of anguish comes up from Rhodes as Destro Star REALLY cranks the arm...

...and suddenly a towel comes flying through the ropes and lands on the canvas beside Blue Shoes who quickly signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!

GM: That's it! Dana Kaiser - knowing her husband would risk serious injury to avoid submitting - she throws in the towel on his behalf.

BW: Yeah, she did. He's not going to like it either.

GM: I'm sure that's true but she's doing what she feels is best for his health... for his career. With Sid Osborne taking out of the picture by Arminius, she just didn't feel like she had a choice.

BW: Boy, Logan Blackburn must be going crazy right now.

GM: Yes he... hang on... where IS Logan Blackburn?

BW: We haven't seen him since he and Destro Star were under the ring and...

[Having let go of the hold, Destro Star is on his feet, celebrating his victory...

...and then reaches up to wipe a telltale smear of blood leaking from the mouth hole on his mask.]

GM: Wait a second! Did you see that?

BW: See what?

GM: He's... he's bleeding from the mouth!

BW: So? It was a tough match and-

GM: No, no! That's not Destro Star! That's Logan Blackburn!

BW: What? Prove it!

GM: Get that mask off him and I will!

[Dana Kaiser is shouting into the ring, making the same accusation and now the referee is looking a little closer at Destro Star who turns away in a hurry...

...and starts stomping the shoulder of Raphael Rhodes!]

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

[The luchador is working over Rhodes' shoulder on the mat as...]

GM: Wait a second! Arminius is in now as well!

[And he joins his brother in the stomping, the crowd jeering loudly as Arminius and Destro Star work on the shoulder. Destro Star pulls Rhodes off the mat, scooping him up...

...and DROPS him shoulderfirst down on the knee with a shoulderbreaker!]

GM: OHHH!

[The stomps continue as Dana Kaiser screams for someone to help her husband from this vicious attack...

...which is when Sid Osborne rushes the ring, wearily throwing haymakers at both luchadors, knocking Arminius down first... then Destro Star... then back to Arminius... then back to Destro Star!]

GM: OSBORNE'S A MAN ON A MISSION!

[Osborne pulls Arminius back up, tossing him to the corner where he rushes in with a big clothesline on him, lifting him off the mat before he settles back down into a seated position in the corner...]

GM: Osborne backing off... taking aim...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CANNONBALL IN THE CORNER BY OSBORNE!

[Osborne gets up, pumping his fist triumphantly...

...which is when Destro Star comes flying through the air after springing off the top rope, catching him in the back of the head with both feet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MISSILE DROPKICK BY DESTRO STAR AND... WAIT A DAMN SECOND!

[The crowd begins to buzz as they suddenly realizes that the man who hit the flying dropkick is Destro Star... but so is the man leaning in the buckles recovering from Osborne's fists.]

GM: There are TWO Destro Stars in there!

BW: Oh, that can't be right. You're probably just seeing double. What's in that cup over there anyways?

[The two Destro Star eyeball one another for a moment...

...and then suddenly both are stomping Raphael Rhodes as Arminius peels off to do the same to Sid Osborne!]

GM: The numbers are on the side of Guerreros del Mundo... and Bucky, I've gotta think that's Logan Blackburn under that mask! It was Logan Blackburn pulling off some kind of shenanigans to get himself - a fresh man - in there with Raphael Rhodes.

BW: If you're right, Gordo... that means we just saw Logan Blackburn beat Raphael Rhodes with that chickenwing and that just might send Rhodes over the edge.

GM: It certainly might... but right now, I'm concerned for the wellbeing of Rhodes and Osborne. These two are not what you'd consider the most popular people in the locker room. I don't know if there's anyone back there willing to come out here and save them if they need it!

[Dana Kaiser is looking urgently in the direction of the locker room, likely thinking the same thing as she watches her team get collectively stomped.]

GM: Dana Kaiser is obviously concerned and with good reason. Guerreros del Mundo seem intent on doing serious damage here tonight - just weeks before they hope to make their triumphant return to Mexico to-

[Suddenly, the crowd reacts as someone comes charging hard down the ramp. This "someone" is wearing a black mask with white framing around the eyeholes, a small cutout for the underside of his nose, and open mouth and chin. Purple and black tassels hang from the back of the mask and his black sleeveless bodysuit has a silver sword designed printed over his heart and a purple cloth belt.]

GM: Who is that? That guy looks familiar.

[The near six foot and near 200 pounder runs right up onto the apron, unnoticed by any of the Guerreros del Mundo crew despite the fan reaction getting louder upon his arrival...]

BW: Wait a second! I saw that guy before the show even started tonight! He was in one of those non-televvised matches before we came on the air.. to get the crowd fired up...

GM: You're right, Bucky! That's exactly who it is! His name is... what's his...? Tizona! It's Tizona!

[Leaping into the air, the luchador springs off the top rope, taking flight and wiping out both Destro Stars with a flying clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hitting the canvas, Tizona somehow manages to land on his feet, whipping around to catch the incoming Arminius with a rolling sole butt that snaps into his gut, doubling him up...]

GM: Oh! Big kick to the gut... and a palm strike uppercut sends Arminius flying back into the corner!

[Tizona doesn't miss a beat, rushing the corner, running up the buckles and snapping a foot off the back of the head, sending him stumbling out of the corner, flopping over onto the mat!]

GM: Tizona is laying waste to GDM and these fans are loving it!

BW: This guy's spent a big chunk of his career down in Mexico so you know he might have history with these three!

[Tizona slingshots over the top rope, landing on the apron where he quickly scales the corner, standing on top...]

GM: Tizona's up top! Tizona set to fly!

[And in fitting fashion, Tizona leaps off the top rope, whipping himself forward quickly...

...and CRASHES down on Arminius with a 630 senton!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

BW: He just hit Arminius with one of Arminius' own moves!

[Having crushed Arminius beneath him, Tizona stays down on the canvas for a moment as the two Destro Stars drag Arminius under the bottom rope to the floor, quickly backing up the aisle as Tizona regains his feet, climbing on the middle rope and waving them back in for more!]



GM: Wow! Tizona has cleared the ring - and he's saved the day for Rhodes and Osborne to be sure! And what looked to be a very good night for Guerreros del Mundo has turned out to be a stalemate at the hands of Tizona thankfully. Fans, we're going to get some help out here for Osborne and Rhodes... and I'm guessing we haven't seen the last of this one.

BW: I don't think so, Gordo.

GM: In the meantime however, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with one-half of the Shooting Stars who have had a rough go of it lately - "Cannonball" Lee Connors! Mark?

[We fade back to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside "Cannonball" Lee Connors who looks like he's had better nights.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Lee, you just saw Guerreros Del Mundo pick up a win in tag team action and... well, I would think that win just might bring them into the rankings while you and Downpour..

[Connors raises a hand.]

LC: You don't have to say it, Mark. We know we might be on the way down the rankings... maybe even out completely. But if that happens, it's what we deserve.

MS: Deserve?

LC: Absolutely. We've just been... off our game... for weeks now. The Cup. Next Gen. Now this? It's... it's embarrassing is what it is and now... now I don't even know if we can get on the show in Mexico and it means so much to my partner and... well, I feel like I'm letting him down... and now that Betty is-

[Connors' pity party is interrupted by his partner, Downpour, walking up behind him and slapping a hand down on his shoulder.]

D: Enough. Seriously.

LC: I'm just... I'm so sorry, man. This isn't what you signed on for.

[Downpour shakes his head.]

D: Don't worry about it. Think about next time. I know I am.

LC: Next time?

D: That's right. While you were moping around the locker room, I went to talk to Castillo... and I got us a match in Mexico.

[Connors immediately brightens up.]

LC: You did?! With who?!

[Downpour waves a dismissive hand.]

D: Doesn't even matter who are opponents are. It just matters that we get ready because we've got a date with destiny. Right?

[Connors grins.]

LC: Right!

[And the two high five, exiting together as a grinning Stegglet is left behind as we fade to black.

After a few moments, a single spotlight hits the middle of the screen, revealing a graphic.]

"96 DAYS UNTIL SUPERCLASH IX"

[The graphic holds for a few more moments before fading back to black...

...and then back up in the backstage area where - pacing around in front of an AWA banner - is none other than former World Champion, "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant. He's wearing a dark blue button-down shirt, black tie, and black slacks. He abruptly stops pacing, faces the camera, revealing a ... concerned look. One might even say worried.]

DB: You know, I had much different plans when I decided to give this another shot. I know a lot of wrestlers who decide to return during during a big-name battle royal just envision getting that reaction, that quick rush, and then it doesn't really matter what happens. If they knock someone out of the match or get bounced out in seconds, they got what they were there for, so they don't mind going home after. Me? I wanted to win the damn thing...but Max Magnum had different ideas.

[Bryant smirks wryly.]

DB: I'm not unfamiliar with dangerous people. I've run the gamut of the most intimidating, the most vicious, the meanest, baddest, toughest men in wrestling...and not a single one of them holds a candle to Magnum.

[The smirk fades.]

DB: Magnum is a mobile brick wall. If I can borrow a famous movie line, hitting him is like hitting iron. He doesn't give a single damn about whoever stands in front of him, whoever's between him and his goal, he tears through them and moves onto whatever he's doing next. You pair that with one of the most devious bastards I've ever met in this business, and you have what could be the most dangerous man in the history of this sport.

[Bryant chuckles helplessly.]

DB: ...and I've decided that the best thing to do with my life, possibly the rest of my career, is to fight this man. To step into the ring with destruction incarnate, to be yet another former champion cut to pieces by the buzzsaw that is Max Magnum.

[Bryant paces a few more steps, then faces the camera again.]

DB: Once upon a time, Dave Bryant was a name people said with a note of respect -- and a name some people said with more than a hint of fear. There was a time when I was leaving bloody messes where opponents once stood, and all those intimidating, vicious men I talked about earlier? I left every one of them looking at the lights when it was all said and done.

[Bryant's jaw visibly tightens.]

DB: I guess that now all I've got to do is one thing. Head on down to Mexico...and see if I can be that Dave Bryant one more time.

[We hold on Bryant's concerned look...

...and then fade back to a live shot of the interior of the Alerus Center, unfamiliar music starts to play over the PA system.]

GM: We're back here in Grand Forks, fans, and... well, I can't say I'm familiar with this music.

#I got, I got, I got, I got  
Loyalty, got royalty  
Inside my DNA#

[As the lyrics continue, the spotlight hits the entrance way as Da Kid herself, Lauryn Rage steps out on the stage to a mixed reaction.]

GM: Aha! Mystery solved as the former Women's World Champion has arrived in North Dakota with new theme music and perhaps a new attitude to boot!

[Rage poses at the top of the ramp, both fists thrown up in the air. She is outfitted in a tight, black T-shirt knotted up in the front to expose her saucer flat abs, shredded denim shorts, black Air Force 1 SF 1s and a knee brace. She throws her arms out to the crowd and does her turntable twirl.]

GM: The crowd here in Grand Forks showing a little bit of ambivalence towards Lauryn Rage who was not the most popular person in the AWA when she last competed but certainly gained some fans two weeks ago when she laid out the Women's World Champion, Kurayami!

BW: Da Kid is back and looking good. Looks like she's put on about ten pounds of muscle. And it must've been that ten pounds of muscle she put into that big ol' haymaker two weeks ago that had Kurayami seeing stars.

[As Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" pumps through the arena, Lauryn strides towards the ring, face intense. Sharp-eyed viewers can notice the hitch in her gait. She steps up onto the ring, wiping her feet on the apron before she ducks through the middle and top rope. She climbs the turnbuckles, throwing both fists in the air and jawing with the crowd.]

GM: And Lauryn Rage certainly seems fired up to be back here live on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans!

[Rage continues her routine, going to all three turnbuckles and saluting the crowd before she steps down, grabbing a mic from a ringside attendant.]

LR: AWA, Da Kid is back!

[The crowd reacts - perhaps more cheers than boos for the first time in Rage's AWA career.]

LR: It's been a long seven months... and I've still got some time to go, but I couldn't sit home any more and watch that sack of trash Kuruyami parade around this ring with MY belt.

[Rage nods at the cheers for that one.]

LR: When I tore my ACL in our title match, it was devastating. The doctors said that I should probably look for another career. I looked at them and said "AWW HELL NAW" because this is what I do. This is what I am. This is who I am. I'm Lauryn Rage. I'm Da Kid. I'm the former and future AWA Women's World Champion.

[The former champ slaps herself in the chest for emphasis as the crowd reacts again. She points down at her braced knee as she speaks again.]

LR: So I rehabbed two and half hours twice a day, rebuilding my legs and rebuilding my body. And you know, I may not be what I once was. It may be stupid for me to try some of the maneuvers I could pull off before.

So I had to get back to work and reinvent myself. I had to get tougher, stronger and put all the anger and frustration I felt sitting on the sidelines into these hands of mine. And just bide my time. Bide my time.

[Lauryn throws a combination to the hard camera before she returns to speaking.]

LR: I gotta say, it pissed me off getting injured when I did. I lost my title. And I lost my place in the Division just as I set it on fire. And I knew the longer I stayed away the more people would forget about me. Because the AWA Women's Division is the hottest in the world.

[There are big cheers for the Women's Division as Rage nods with a "that's right."]

LR: And new names and new faces stepped in to fill my spot. Victoria June stepped up. Michelle Bailey made a comeback. New kids like Trish Wallace, Harley Hamilton, Margarita Flores and that crazy little brawler, Kelly Kowalski - they all filled the ranks, looking to take up what was my spot.

[Rage looks down at the mat for a moment, thinking about the past seven months.]

LR: And there was nothing I could do about it. And it burned inside me. Because all I could do was rehab and learn to walk again, then run again, then fight again. Hell, even Laura Davis saw the spot and came out trying to fill the space I left. And while I was out rehabbing - did the AWA front office call to check on me? Did Castillo even have his flunkies dial my number, shoot me a text or send me an email just to ask "How you doing, Kid?" Hell naw, they didn't.

Because Castillo wants to keep his fake champion, Kuruyami, happy. Castillo saw what my 25 years retired sister could do to his "monster." He didn't want nuthin to do with me. She don't want nuthin' to do with me.

But to throw a party to celebrate? To celebrate the day she tore up my knee and put me on the shelf for seven months?

AWW HELL NAW!

[And perhaps surprisingly, again there are cheers for that.]

LR: So I made sure to get this big ass of mine on a plane and find a way to go ruin the celebration...

[Lauryn rubs her right hand.]

LR: ...with a Perfect Punch.

And believe me, there was nothing better than seeing her go face first down into that cake. Castillo, you bet on the wrong horse. You can't put me down. You can't keep me down.

And Julie Somers, I know you fought your way up to the Number One Contender spot, but I don't care about that.

I'm coming for my belt. I want my spot back. And if I've got to run through every girl in the back that's what I'm finna do. You're all on my list and I'm gonna start crossing off some names with ink!

[Rage nods as the crowd grumbles a little at the implied threat to the Spitfire.]

LR: I'm taking my championship back and I promise each and every one of you that I'm not talking trash... I'm talking truth.

And Kuruyami, we're going to meet in this ring one day real soon... and I'm going to turn your lights out one more time and throw you out the-

[The loud snarl of a jungle cat fills the air as "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez creeps across the PA system and Generalissimo Castillo himself, flanked by John Law appears at the top of the stage.]

GM: Well, this just got interesting. Lauryn Rage obviously had some words aimed at both Castillo and his chosen champion, the mighty Kurayami... but I'm a little surprise to see him come out here to confront her, Bucky.

BW: The General doesn't like a slighting... no matter who brings it to the dance.

[Castillo and Law do not stop at the top of the aisle, instead walking the distance of the ramp to the ring. John Law climbs up on the apron, holding the ropes open for his employer as Rage looks on in annoyance. El Presidente ducks through the ropes, smirking at the former champion as he arrives on the scene.]

JC: Well, well, well... it appears a very big "welcome back" is in order, Miss Rage.

[Rage glares at the AWA President.]

LR: Oh, now you got something to say to me?

[Castillo grins.]

JC: Your hostility will get you nowhere, my dear. But again, I will say welcome back. You made quite an impression two weeks ago when you spoiled my celebration for my champion - the Queen of the Kaiju, Kurayami. So, congratulations... and my condolences.

[Rage smirks.]

LR: Condolences? You don't gotta feel any condolences for me. Last time I checked I turned Kurayami's lights out and knocked her out with one shot. I left her ass knocked out and laying in a pile of cake frosting.

[The crowd cheers as Castillo glares at them.]

JC: Knocked down... but not out. Never out. You see, the reason Kurayami is my chosen champion of the hottest division in wrestling is not because of her talent... which she is very talented. It's not because of her viciousness... which she is very vicious. It's not even because of her dominance... which - as your own sister can attest - she's very dominant.

It's her unwillingness to stay down.

No, as you saw earlier, you did not knock her out... you merely knocked her down. And she rose again, harder and stronger... a lesson that Ricki Toughill found out firsthand...

[Castillo suddenly gasps, a hand to his mouth.]

JC: Oh! It just occurred to me that Miss Toughill and you are friends... it must feel very awkward to have her blood on your hands.

[Rage angrily steps forward, fist drawn back.]

LR: It'll feel more awkward when I break every tooth in your damn mouth.

[But John Law steps in front of Castillo, looking down on Rage which stops her cold as the crowd jeers.]

JC: Now, now... no need for hostilities. After all, I'd hate to see your comeback end so soon. There's money to be made there I'm sure. And in all fairness, you're not the Rage I'm looking for right now.

[Lauryn arches an eyebrow.]

JC: Shadoe Rage... I know you're in this building somewhere... and I know you're hiding in the... heh... shadows... fearing my retribution for what you did two weeks ago to my MAWAGA.

But... I'm offering you safe conduct.

Please. Come out here. Say hello to your sister... and listen to what I have to say. It may be the most important conversation of your career.

[Castillo lowers the mic, looking out on the crowd that is now buzzing with anticipation for the arrival of yet another member of the legendary Rage family. Lauryn is also looking around as if she has no idea if her brother will answer this summons nor where he'll be coming from if he does.]

GM: Javier Castillo asking Shadoe Rage to come to the ring and-

[The drum and clap of "God's Gonna Cut You Down" draws a strong mixed reaction from the crowd as Shadoe Rage emerges onto the stage.]

BW: Ask and ye shall receive, Gordo!

GM: Apparently. Shadoe Rage is here in Grand Forks, North Dakota... and you've gotta wonder what in the world Javier Castillo has to say to him after what happened in Winnipeg two weeks ago.

BW: "What happened" is that Rage defeated MAWAGA - yes, by countout but a loss is a loss and that one came at the hands of the Canadian Wildman and a former World Television Champion - that man right there!

[Rage is dressed in shredded jeans festooned with colorful patches and a magenta AWA Shadoe Rage shirt emblazoned with an image of Rage delivering his double axehandle inside a silhouette of his signature sunglasses. He pauses at the top of the ramp, looking down the aisle towards the scene in the ring where Castillo, Law, and his sister await him.

Nodding, he strides down to the ring, stretching his neck, his dreadlocks held slightly in place by a fuchsia bandana.]

GM: Well, this promises to be a very interesting situation.

[Rage scrambles up on the apron, hopping through the ropes into the ring. He strides across where Castillo is standing...

...and then very deliberately steps past Castillo to embrace his sister as El Presidente puts on a smirk despite the intentional slight.]

GM: A family reunion here in North Dakota.

[The two Rages share a few words off-mic, breaking apart to bump fists as Shadoe Rage circles around Castillo to flank him on the opposite side. He turns his head slightly, eyeing the hulking John Law up and down with a wild-eyed look as he shakes out his wrist, flickering his tongue as he shifts his gaze back to Castillo, waiting to hear what he has to say.]

JC: Mr. Rage, thank you for joining us... and you're welcome for the little family reunion I was able to provide here tonight.

[Shadoe continues to glare at Castillo as Lauryn has some words off-mic directed at Castillo's back that he chooses to ignore.]

JC: For two weeks now, Mr. Rage... people have asked me what I intended to do about this "Shadoe Rage Situation." They expected that I would be out for blood after what you did to my MAWAGA and I can't say that I blame them. Most of my Army are merely employees... foot soldiers united for a common cause. But MAWAGA is different. He's been with me since the beginning. He's one of my most trusted allies.

And so, yes... I should be ranting and raving and baying for your blood right now...

[Law clenches his fists, staring at Rage who who leaps into a fighting stance, fists raised, beckoning him forward...

...but Castillo extends an arm, placing his hand on John Law's chest.]

JC: But I'm not. And the reason I'm not, Mr. Law, is because what many saw in Winnipeg as a slap in the face, I saw as an opportunity.

Shadoe Rage, you are of the most twisted... most unpredictable.. most violent men I've ever encountered.

[He grins. So does Shadoe Rage.]

JC: And I like that... I like it a lot actually. You took down MAWAGA. You stood toe to toe and fought him and then you outwitted him to take that win. You taught me a lesson... and I'd wager you taught MAWAGA one as well. Isn't that right, Mr. Law?

[Law doesn't respond, glaring a burning hole in Shadoe Rage as Castillo lowers his arm.]

JC: Korugun recently learned the hard way what kind of damage comes when you attempt to harness a tornado. So, perhaps with a man like you, one merely stands back and points in a direction...

...say... at Ryan Martinez?

[That got Rage's attention. Shadoe cocks his head at Castillo as El General grins and the fans jeer.]

JC: And that's what I'm looking for here, Mr. Rage. A tornado at my disposal. You will answer to no one but me. Your actions will be fully sanctioned. If you want to drag Carver to the parking lot and put his head through a dozen car doors... do it.

If you want to drag Martinez into the ring and jump off the damn rafters onto him, and put your elbow through his oh-so-pure heart, that is your right under my rule.

I am looking for the kind of man who will willingly jump off a scaffold to end his victim. I am looking for the kind of man who will cave in someone's skull with an Eclipse to clear his path to glory.

And glory? Oh, the glory I can provide you, Mr. Rage.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Another shot at Supernova? It's yours. The World Television Title you loved so much... certainly back on the table but why stop there? Why not the World Title? Why not that so richly deserved spot in the Hall of Fame that has been denied to you for so long?

Your wildest dreams can come true, Mr. Rage...

[Castillo slowly raises his hand, extending it towards the wild-eyed Rage.]

JC: All you have to do is shake my hand and become a soldier in the Korugun Army...

[Shadoe Rage springs back as Castillo's hand shoots out. His brow furrows as his eyes dart and he shakes his head, considering the information. He can be heard repeating "Wow" over and over and over again.]

GM: That's quite the sales pitch from El Presidente, Bucky.

BW: It sure is. Now, I don't know if even Javier Castillo can keep a rabid dog like Shadoe Rage from biting everyone in sight... but if the General thinks it's a risk worth taking, no one's been able to prove him wrong yet.

[Rage starts to reach out his hand, but the crowd boos and he freezes, stepping back from Castillo. He turns his back to Castillo and Law, staring up into the rafters and chewing his lip as he considers the offer.]

GM: This looks to be a harder decision for Rage than one might expect.

BW: There's a lot to consider here. Think about what the Korugun Kaiju, Kurayami, did to his sister. Think about Castillo bringing Derek Rage back and forcing the Prophets' reunion. This isn't a cut and dry decision.

[Rage turns back, shaking his head. "I know what I have to do." The boos rain down as Rage holds out his hand again before he freezes one more time, holding up a finger for the moment. Rage gestures for the microphone.]

SR: El General, I gotta admire you, man! You see greatness and you go after it! And those promises right there... they tell me you know what makes me tick! It sounds too good to be true.

[Lauryn can be heard saying "Are you sure?" The elder Rage nods as he slowly raises his hand again, ignoring the wild jeering of the Grand Forks crowd...

...and grasps Castillo's hand tightly, shaking it vigorously as a huge smile crosses the face of the AWA President.]

GM: Well, it looks like we've reached an accord and-

[Castillo speaks up.]



JC: Congratulations on a very wise decision... and I imagine big things out of our partnership...

[Rage nods, taking it all in. He spins to the side, lifting Castillo and his own arms into the air as a disappointed Lauryn Rage looks on.]

SR: You wanted a human tornado, boss man...

[Rage turns back, looking Castillo in the eye...]

SR: YOU GOT ONE!

[Castillo tries to withdraw his hand but finds he can't. His eyes flash with alarm...

...JUST before Rage pulls him towards him, leaping into the air, bringing his shin up under the chin as he falls to the mat, dragging El Presidente with him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?! WHAT?!

[Shadoe comes to a knee, the crowd ROARING for the shocking betrayal they just saw...

...and in the blink of an eye, he finds himself with John Law's hand wrapped around his throat!]

GM: UH OH! LAW CAUGHT HIM! LAW WAS READY FOR THIS!

[Law yanks Rage to his feet, ready to deliver the chokeslam...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but the former Women's World Champion goes to her knees, swinging her arm up between the legs of Korugun's Head of Security!]

GM: BUT HE WASN'T READY FOR THAT! DOWN GOES LAW! DOWN GOES LAW!

BW: Lauryn Rage hit him in his scales of justice!

[Shadoe grins as he gets to his feet, embracing his sister once more...

...and as the entryway is suddenly filled with the likes of Ebola Zaire, Muteesa, Polemos, and others, the Rages decide it may be best to get the hell out of town... fast.]

GM: The Army's en route but the Rages are out of here!

[The Army floods the ring as the Rages exit, hopping the ringside barricade, and running for it through the capacity crowd which is absolutely roaring for the chaotic scene unfolding all around them!]

GM: And for the second Saturday Night Wrestling in a row, Javier Castillo has been LAID OUT by a member of the AWA roster, fans!

BW: It's a damn rebellion! First, Johnny Detson... now, Shadoe Rage...

GM: And if Ryan Martinez gets his way, he'll add his name to that list before this night is out, fans!

BW: What the heck is it about this city, Gordo?

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: I honestly have no idea... but on a serious note, as we came on the air tonight, we soon discovered that former National Champion, Jordan Ohara, was the victim of a serious attack out in the parking lot area of the arena. We have no idea who his attacker was... but we do know that Jordan Ohara was immediately rushed to a nearby hospital for further treatment. We're currently being told that Mr. Ohara has been admitted for some of those injuries and will NOT be here for the rest of the evening.

BW: Which means that Derrick Williams is about to come out here and compete in a handicap match!

GM: Something he might have to get used to, Bucky... because we're also being told that Ohara's injuries are serious enough that he's been advised to not compete two weeks from now in Mexico either.

BW: That's gotta be a tough pill for Ohara to swallow. He just comes back after losing the title, gets himself a big match for the next major show, and now finds himself back on the shelf.

GM: It's certainly a bad break... but what does this mean for Derrick Williams who now finds himself scheduled for a match in Mexico against Blake Colton and the current National Champion, Jackson Hunter? Does he go it alone in Mexico as well?

BW: That would be a horrible mistake. Horrible.

GM: Well, we know he plans on competing tonight still as well... let's go to the back and find out how.

[On cue, we cut to a spot near Chimpanzee Position where standing, wearing a headset while holding a clipboard, is AWA Official "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater, checking a few things off. Mark Stegglet is standing nearby.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. I'm backstage here at the Alerus Center waiting to hear... Kevin, any idea where...?

[Slater shakes his head just before "The Future" Derrick Williams, black hoodie pulled up, comes into frame to a mixed reaction from the fans inside the arena. Slater acknowledges him while Williams chooses to ignore Stegglet]

KS: About time. Derrick, you're up next.

[Williams nods.]

DW: You saw what happened to J - this get swapped to a singles?

[Slater frowns, shaking his head.]

KS: No. Still a tag.

DW: Still a tag. Did I get a replacement chosen for me?

[Slater again shakes his head.]

KS: Well, no. The "General" [airquotes of course] said he still wanted a tag, but he... quote "wasn't interfering and letting you handle it yourself" unquote. So, if you can find anyone on the active roster willing to tag with you, have at it.

[Williams smirks.]

DW: And you guys decide to let me know literally before my music plays?

[Slater shrugs.]

KS: Not your messenger service, kid.

[The chilly relationship between former friends is evident.]

DW: So, basically I'm on my own. Even if I'd known, I've pissed off ninety percent of the roster in the past year. So...

[He pauses.]

DW: So, it's a handicap match.

KS: Seems that way.

DW: You know the opponents?

[Slater snorts.]

KS: Yeah. I mean, what do you think Rogers and I do most of the time back here? Watch old E matches on YouTube?

[Williams arches an eyebrow.]

KS: Okay, yeah... we do that too. But yes, I know the team you're facing.

[Williams nods, turning... and then turning back.]

DW: So, on a scale from, say, Aces of the Deep to Violence Unlimited... what am I looking at?

[Slater smiles... and thinks a second before responding.]

KS: Solid notch below Suicide Blondes.

[Williams thinks... then shrugs.]

DW: A'ight, fire up my intro.

[Slater nods before speaking into his headset "Williams coming through Chimpanzee" while walking away. Williams heads toward the entrance and with that we cut back to the ring and Rebecca Ortiz standing in the center of the ring, with two average sized wrestlers standing to her right in black long tights and matching solid black masks, one has a "9" in white on his right leg and the other a "12"]

RO: The following tag team... excuse me, HANDICAP MATCH... is scheduled for one fall with a 15 minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from The Underworld... at a total combined weight of 483 pounds... they are 9 and 12... the Shadow Society!

[A few boos for the Shadow Society as they raise their hands at the announcement of their name.]

RO: And their opponent...

[The crowd gives another mixed reaction as "Radioactive" by Imagine Dragons starts up]

RO: Now residing in Miami, Florida... weighing in at 265 pounds... here is "THE FUTURE" DERRICK WILLIAMS!

[At the announcement of his name, Derrick Williams enters the arena to the again, surprisingly mixed reaction of the crowd - not split down the middle, but there are a decent amount of cheers mixed in with the usual splattering of boos that has accompanied him.]

GM: Derrick Williams heading down the aisle here in Grand Forks for a match quite unlike what he expected here tonight, Bucky. He came to North Dakota expecting a tag team match with he and Jordan Ohara preparing for their big tag showdown with Jackson Hunter and Blake Colton coming up in Mexico... but that parking lot assault of the Phoenix has changed all that.

BW: It has, Gordo. Derrick Williams has gotta go at it alone... but lucky for him, it seems like his little chat with Javier Castillo two weeks ago in Winnipeg did him a favor. It's not the likes of the Soldiers of Fortune or Next Gen he's up against tonight... but if he tries to take on Hunter and Colton in Mexico on his own, I predict a hospital bed in his future.

[Williams has entered the ring, mounting the second rope in the corner and stretching his arms in time with the chorus. He drops down, removing his hooded jacket, tossing it aside to reveal the same Axis-influenced gear from two weeks ago as he eyeballs his opponents across the ring from him.]

GM: We don't know very much about the Shadow Society.

BW: If we did, they'd hardly live up to their name.

[Gordon chuckles as the young team from the independent scene gets ready for battle against The Future.]

GM: Well, these men of mystery may have their work cut out for them against a man who has been at the top of the AWA for several months now and has his sights set on getting a little bit of payback on Jackson Hunter and Blake Colton as soon as he can.

BW: And Gordo, while I don't want to look past the enigmatic Shadow Society, I've gotta wonder what happens if Ohara can't compete in Mexico.

GM: I'm assuming tonight's offer would stand - that Williams can team with anyone under AWA contract who would do so.

BW: Which could be a problem with all of Williams' buddies on the shelf.

GM: A fair point... and as the bell sounds, here comes Williams, running down this masked man... who calls himself Nine apparently... with a clothesline.

BW: Did you say Nine?

GM: I did.

BW: Alright. Well... he might need the help of One through Eight if he wants to fight Derrick Williams.

[With Nine down, Williams goes to work on Twelve, laying into him with open right hands.]

GM: All alone in there against two competitors, Williams is coming after them both in a hurry.

BW: A smart move, Gordo. Because I don't care about how much cardio he's been reported to be doing to transition back into singles competition, his tank isn't going to hold against two men for long. Longer this goes, the advantage shifts to the Shadow Society.

GM: And I'd be remiss if I didn't point out that Williams is uncharacteristically following the rules here with that open hand instead of the closed fist.

[Williams keeps firing away, laying in more shots before stepping back, holding up his open right hand to the crowd, and then snapping it across the face of Twelve, slapping him down to the canvas...

...and then wheeling around to catch an incoming Nine with an elbow strike and another.. and another.. knocking him across the ring towards the ropes.]

GM: The referee struggling to keep one man in and one man out for the Shadow Society but so far, Williams has kept them in check...

[An Irish whip sends Nine on the run as Williams dashes in right behind him, hitting the ropes right after he does. Nine slams on the brakes, trying to find Williams, turning...]

GM: Ohhh! Peek-a-boo clothesline from the Future!

[With Nine down, Twelve gets back, clasping his hands together as he charges Williams from the blind side...

...and gets caught, lifted into the air, and DRIVEN down into the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! HE CAUGHT HIM COMING IN!

[Nine has rolled over onto his stomach as Williams steps to the side, grabbing him by the left wrist, yanking him off the mat into a side waistlock that he promptly uses to DRIVE the masked man down with a back suplex!

GM: Impressive offense out of Derrick Williams! He's got both members of the Shadow Society in a bad, bad way...

BW: It took strength, it took skill, and it was Williams going outside the box from his usual reliance on his striking.

[A staggered Twelve slowly regains his feet, stumbling towards Williams who ducks a wild blow, shoving him in the back...]

GM: Williams pushes him in...

[As Twelve rebounds, Williams shoves him skyward...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POP-UP FUTURE SHOCK!

[Twelve is lucky enough to have the presence of mind to roll out of the ring as Williams turns back, seeing Nine slowly regain his feet as well.]

GM: Twelve is out of this, I'm sure... boot downstairs on Nine...

[With Nine in a standing headscissors, Williams lifts him into the air, holding him up in a Canadian backbreaker...]

GM: The Canadian version of that backbreaker submission - fitting since he'll be facing a pair of Canadians down in Mexico and-

[The Future holds the masked man aloft for a second or two... then shifts his stance, pushing him up, spinning him around so that he's face down towards the canvas...

...and DRIVES him down with a Future Shock as well!]

GM: AND WILLIAMS WITH YET ANOTHER FUTURE SHOCK VARIATION!

BW: He's coming up with all sorts of ways to get into that one and this one's over, Gordo.

GM: It certainly looks that way as Williams makes the cover, hooks the leg and... one... two... and there's three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Derrick Williams picks up the win in this Handicap Match and-

[The crowd groans as Williams quickly finds himself down on the canvas, having been floored by a running forearm to the back of the head from the Death Star himself, Blake Colton!]

GM: COLTON FROM BEHIND! Jackson Hunter's there too and- oh, come on!

[The crowd picks up in intensity as Hunter and Colton start putting the boots to Derrick Williams!]

GM: Williams is down, Williams is under assault, and as we said moments ago, all of his friends are on the injured list! Zharkov, Riley Hunter, and even Jordan Ohara who could be described as a reluctant ally at best these days!

BW: Hunter rolled out here by us, digging under the apron now... and I'll give you three guesses what he's looking for, Gordo.

GM: I'm only gonna need one!

[The AWA National Champion pulls back into view, a wicked gleam in his eyes as he holds up his signature shovel for all to see...]

GM: This is ridiculous! The man has a damn shovel and- there's no need for this, Bucky! What the hell purpose does a shovel serve in a wrestling ring?!

BW: Hey, for years we've heard about people in this business being buried - well, Hunter's about to bury Derrick Williams once and for all!

[Colton keeps on stomping as Hunter gets back into the ring, shovel in hand. The evil mastermind shouts to his young partner to pick Williams up.]

GM: Colton dragging Williams to his feet now, holding those arms back. Williams is stuck! He's trapped! He's got no way out - no allies to come to his aid!

[Hunter seems to be reminding Williams of that, a sadistic smile on his face as he ticks off the names "Zharkov, Riley, Vasquez..." on his fingers while slowly winding up with the shovel...]

GM: No, no! I don't want to see this! No matter what kind of a human being Derrick Williams has been over the past year, I do NOT want to see this! Don't do it, Hunter! Don't do it! Don't-

[And suddenly, a siren blares over the PA system, bringing Hunter to a wide-eyed halt and the crowd to their feet in a DEAFENING ROAR!]

GM: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[Before we can even identify the music, the man comes barreling down the ramp at top speed...

...a large hunk of metal rod gripped in his fingers!]

GM: IT'S CARVER! HANNIBAL CARVER IS HEADING TOWARDS THE RING!

[Hunter quickly appraises the situation and decides to get the hell out of town, shouting "GO! GO!" to Colton who pauses a moment, seemingly considering fighting a man swinging a steel bar...

...but opts out at the last moment, diving free as Carver takes a big swing and a miss where Colton's head was moments ago!]

GM: WHOA! JUST MISSED WITH THAT!

[A furious Carver stands over his former protege, swinging the metal rod back and forth as he shouts a few words in the direction of a fleeing Colton and Hunter.]

GM: The Canadians are on the run! They want no part of a weapon-wielding Carver!

BW: Can you blame them?!

GM: I most certainly can not!

[Carver leans down to a knee, helping Derrick Williams to a sitting position. Williams looks up at his savior with a lop-sided grin, a hint of surprise on his face as Carver boosts him to his feet. Williams grimaces, grabbing the back of his neck and then gesturing for a mic.]

DW: I guess I had that coming.

[The crowd buzzes.]

DW: I've been hitting you, Jackson, with the Future Shock from all sides for weeks now so... yeah, I guess I had a receipt coming.

[Williams turns towards Carver.]

DW: And you...

[Carver glares at his former protege.]

DW: Took you long enough.

[Carver breaks into a grin, nodding his head as the crowd cheers this reunion.]

DW: I said it two weeks ago... the numbers were gonna catch up. J forgot the message earlier, and I almost got got tonight. But I didn't. Because I got something I wasn't expecting, and that was more backup. And I got it from a friend of mine, in Hannibal Carver here, and Jax... you just got a wake up call.

[Carver nods as Williams holds up his hand to shush the crowd.]

DW: And maybe I had it coming what happened tonight... but J didn't. He didn't deserve what you two did to him in the parking lot... and don't even try to deny it, we all know it was you.

[Hunter and Colton don't respond but exchange a glance instead.]

DW: I don't know what's going on with J... but I hear it was pretty bad. The doctors aren't talking but the suits are and they're saying they don't expect him to be cleared for Mexico... which I guess leaves me in another Handicap Match...

[The crowd jeers as Hunter grins.]

DW: Although...

[Williams looks over at Carver.]

DW: Slater did tell me backstage that if Ohara couldn't go in Mexico... I could pick a replacement... anyone on the roster willing to tag with me against those two clowns out there...

[He points towards the Canadians which draws a big cheer.]

DW: And I know you've got your hands full with the General and his Army these days and being Martinez' running buddy...

[Carver grimaces at that description.]

DW: But I was wondering if-

[Carver raises a hand.]

HC: That's enough, kid.

[Williams gets cut off, looking surprised as the fans start to boo.]

HC: I got plenty on my plate these days. Castillo... and... well, Castillo... and Castillo.... and yeah, Castillo.

[The crowd laughs.]

HC: But... I wouldn't mind having a face to punch that won't fine me for knocking its teeth out.

[Carver nods as the crowd cheers at the mere thought of him knocking Castillo's lights out.]

HC: Besides all that... a long time ago, when yeh were just starting out here, I told yeh that if yeh ever needed me, all yeh had to say were the magic words.



[Williams grins, nodding.]

DW: Free beer?

[Carver nods.]

HC: Yeh're damned right. Let's do this thing.

[Carver and Williams shake hands to a big cheer as Hunter looks ready to lose his mind on the outside.]

GM: Oh my! Williams has found himself a partner for Mexico in the form of his ol' pal, Hannibal Carver! It'll be Carver and Williams versus Hunter and Colton down in Mexico in just a couple of weeks' time and what a battle that's going to be, fans!

[Carver and Williams trashtalk the Canadians off-mic from inside the ring as we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

...and then back up on a panning shot of the Alerus Center crowd, still buzzing over the night they've seen so far... and then the proceed to get even louder as "Foul Taste Of Freedom" blares over the PA system.]

BW: Whoa, alright!

[Casey "Blackheart" James slowly steps sideways out to the head of the aisle, as if he's trying to nonchalantly keep an eye on anything or anyone coming up behind him. Apparently he found a place to change this week, as he's in wrestling gear. Black boots, black tights, and an official AWA Blackheart tank top, available now on AWAsShop.com]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and we've got the Blackheart in attendance, and I have to say, he's looking a little more reserved tonight than he usually is.

BW: He's got a million dollar bounty on his head. For sure that's going to make a man take things seriously... Even if that man is Casey James.

GM: He keeps looking over his shoulder like he expects someone to come out of the crowd to collect the cash!

BW: This IS pro wrestling, Gordo. And that IS Casey James. You could fill an entire promotion with the enemies he's made.

GM: A fair point. Well, one group that we know won't be taking their shot at the bounty tonight are the Dogs of War. We're being told that something happened in the parking lot earlier tonight with the Dogs and... well, with some people that don't actually work here. We're working on getting some details as well as some footage that was taken by a fan who caught it on their cellphone. But for now, all we can say is that the Dogs of War are not a concern for Casey James... not tonight at least.

[Casey makes it to the ringside area and walks over to the timekeeper's table. He keeps steady eye contact with the timekeeper as he grabs a mic off the table.]

GM: I can't remember the last time I've seen Casey James this serious. I'd expect this from his Syndicate partner, Tiger Claw.

BW: Don't be fooled. Everyone dismisses Casey as the goof off of the Syndicate, but when he wants to be he can be one of the most cunning, calculating people in this business.

[James has stepped in the ring, and starts to speak...]

CJ: Okay, I'm here again, in the building. By order of Castillo or Hardin or the janitor or whoever else has power around this joint.

[James shrugs.]

CJ: I got nothing down on paper for what I'm supposed to do once I'm here, so you know what that means...

[Based on the chatter from the crowd, the majority of the audience don't know what that means.]

CJ: It means Mister JW Hardin the Fourth intends for me to be a big stupid target walking around backstage. He intends for that locker room full of hungry AWA

talent to have full access to me if they feel up to the task of collecting a million dollars...

And hell, I couldn't blame them one bit if they did. That's a million dollars. A million bucks'll get you a hell of a lot of... well, whatever it is wrestlers are spending their money on these days.

[Casey pauses and smirks, probably thinking of what exactly he'd spend a million dollars on... He turns to the camera, addressing the roster.]

CJ: I wouldn't blame you, but I sure as hell ain't gonna make it easy for you. If you wanna collect this bounty, you're gonna have to come down that aisle in plain sight and fight me in this ring. That's how this is going down!

[Big cheer from the crowd!]

CJ: So whoever thinks they got what it takes to deliver my carcass to Hardin, how's about you come down here and test your theory out?

[The crowd pop rises in intensity in anticipation for a fight! A voice cuts through the cheers...]

VOICE: Whoever, huh?

[Out stomps a very angry seven footer. Rob Donovan's dressed to fight - black boots, black jeans, red tank top, fists taped up.]

RD: We've been on this damn ride too many times, Blackheart. I knew we shouldn't have trusted you, but no, Bobby insisted, and I guess now we all know why. The Outlaw I knew woulda just kicked his problems right in the teeth instead of trying to be cute about it -- an' believe me, my teeth can testify to the truth o' that.

[Brief pause.]

RD: I'm done gettin' stabbed in the back by people pretendin' to be my friend, Casey. After that crap you pulled, I'd have been more'n happy to beat your ass for free...

[Long, angry strides carry the big man towards the ring.]

RD: ...but hey, if I can make him bleed while I'm makin' YOU bleed, why the hell wouldn't I?

[Casey grins wildly as Donovan walks up the ring steps...]

CJ: Alright, you big dumb bastard, you wanna dance this dance again? LET'S DO IT!

[Casey's mic drops and he lunges forward faster than anyone in his shape has any right to move. Donovan just manages to make it into the ring, stepping over the top rope as Casey strikes. Both men collar up and start throwing wild punches into each others' face, careening around the ring as they do so.]

GM: HERE! WE! GOOOOOO!

[The crowd starts going nuts as the two super-heavyweights fight back and forth, ricocheting off the ropes, fighting into a corner, fighting back out, the strikes from both men never slowing in pace.]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS IN NORTH DAKOTA!

BW: Yeah, but it's a fight! A fist fight! To make a million in hard, cold cash, Donovan's gotta put James OUT! His fists ain't gonna get the job done no matter how hard he throws 'em!

GM: James seems to be getting the edge here, firing away...

[Donovan's arm has slowed as James pistons punch after punch into the jaw of the seven footer...

...who steps back slightly before reaching out, shoving his fingers into the mouth of the Blackheart!]

GM: MANDIBLE CLAW! WE KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

[The crowd ROARS in anticipation of the Vengeance chokeslam... but before Donovan can get the hold completely locked in, he screams out in pain!]

GM: JAMES IS BITING HIS FINGERS! HE'S GNAWING ON THE DAMN HAND!

[Donovan recoils sharply, clutching his hand as James sneers - "TASTES LIKE CHICKEN!"

GM: Donovan's reeling from that - James lost a finger in a wrestling ring many years ago, maybe he was trying to do the same to Donovan!

[James grabs Donovan by the hair, pulling his head back...]

"JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, YOU DUMB MOTHERF--"

[A quick-reacting censor saves us from the rest as James coils his right arm back, swinging his clenched fist forward...]

GM: BLACKHEART PUN-

[But Donovan is ready for it, slipping slightly to the side to avoid the blow to his chest, catching the arm under his own arm, spinning a surprised and off-balance James to the side...

...and UNCORKS a standing lariat that takes both James and Donovan toppling over the ropes to the floor to a HUGE REACTION from the Grand Forks crowd!]

GM: OHHHH! A HARD FALL TO THE FLOOR FOR \_BOTH\_ MEN!

[And as the two brawlers lie on the barely-padded floor, recovering from the impact of their fall, the crowd starts to jeer at the appearance of AWA security at the top of the ramp, being ordered out by "The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor.]

"Get down there! Break this crap up!"

[The boos get louder as the security guards rush onto the scene, about twenty in total, planting themselves between James and Donovan as they struggle to get off the floor and get back at it. The camera cuts back to Taylor at the top of the ramp, hands on his hips as he watches...

...and then Taylor spots the cameraman.]

"Cut the damn feed! Go to the back for something! Hardin, you're going to have to get your entertainment somewhere else tonight, you son of a--"

[And we abruptly cut to backstage... more precisely to a part of the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing with the middle son of the Lynch clan, the demon cowboy himself, James Lynch. Lynch wears a long black leather duster, open to show his bare chest beneath, along with a pair of black chaps over his wrestling tights. There's a black bandana with a white skull covering the lower half of his face.]

SLB: A wild scene out there at ringside but in just mere moments, we may get another one when we see a World Title match featuring the reigning champion Johnny Detson taking on the man standing next to me, a former National Tag Team Champion, James Lynch. Mr. Lynch, you're no stranger to controversy – you masqueraded as Supernova, you've disparaged your own brother. The AWA fans and I want to know, just what's going on in that head of yours.

[Lynch stares at Blackwell with dead eyes. He reaches up, pulling the bandana down away from his face.]

JL: You want to know what's going on in my head, Blackwell?

Then you shut your mouth and hold that microphone, and I'll tell you what's going on in my head.

[James draws in a breath, exhaling slowly.]

JL: There's a Lynch for every day of the week, did you know that, Blackwell?

No... don't bother answering.

Let me explain this to you.

Monday's child is fair of face... well, that's Theresa Lynch. The golden girl. The bright star in the firmament. Tuesday's child is full of grace... that's Travis. Or it used to be. Thursday's child has far to go, and so does Diego Lynch. We'll skip Saturday and Sunday for now. But let's talk about the other two.

[A gloved hand runs through Lynch's mess of dirty blond curls.]

JL: Wednesday's child is full of woe...

That's you, Jack.

You went home, but nothing was left behind. You hide at home, Jack. You hug your daughter and your wife tight, and you make that crib for your son.

And when the time comes... you'll be back. And I'll be waiting.

So what's left?

[A slight smirk comes to James' face.]

JL: Friday's child is loving and giving...

And I was.

I was Friday's child for most of my whole damn life.

When someone needed to stay after school to take Theresa home after cheerleading practice, I gave up the chance to be with my friends because my family needed me.

When my father needed someone to hold PCW together because Jack was making money in Australia and Travis was spending money in the wrong part of town... I gave up my football scholarship and I came home.

When Jack needed a partner to fight the Samoans in San Francisco, I gave up my home in Texas to move to the west coast.

And when Sunshine came to me, I gave her my love. Unconditionally. And she took that love, took everything I had to give.

And left me with a broken neck.

[Lynch's jaw clenches tightly, and for a moment, there is a flash of raw fury in his face. But that fury subsides and is replaced by a dead stare full of cold intensity.]

JL: I gave everything. I gave it with love. I gave it because I was expected to give it. I gave it because that's what you do for family.

And when Veronica Westerly came to me, I gave for the very last time.

I gave them their Supernova. But do you know what a supernova is? It's a dying star. It's the last explosion before everything goes black. A supernova is nothing but the prelude to a black hole.

And my lifetime of loving and giving? A black hole is what its left behind.

So Blackwell... I'm done giving.

From here on out... I am not the good Lynch. I am not the giver. I will not sit by any longer and watch as people take from me and take advantage of me.

From now on... I do the taking. I will not be content to be the middle child, or the forgotten one. This family was driven into the ground by my father, and nearly buried by my brothers.

But their day is done, and mine is just about to begin.

I'm not the Adonis. I'm not an iron cowboy, and I'm not the king.

I'm the nightmare that you'll never wake up from.

I'm the Desperado.

And Blackwell? By the end of the night... I will be World Heavyweight Champion. And by the end of the year?

I'll be the last Lynch standing.

Because all the rest will be kneeling.

[Lynch pulls the bandana back over his face and walks away, leaving a suitably worried Blackwell in his wake...

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a one hour time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer from the Grand Forks crowd!]

RO: Introducing first... he is the challenger... from Dallas, Texas... weighing at 235 pounds... representing the Korugun Corporation...

JAAAAAAAAAAMESSSS LYNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The heavy machine gun like drums of Judas Priest's "Painkiller" blare over the loudspeakers. And as the fans begin to boo loudly, out steps the man who betrayed his family, James Lynch.]

GM: The turncoat of the Lynch clan, James Lynch, on his way down the aisle and... Bucky, this is still a surreal scene for me.

BW: Absolutely. The world thought they were rid of James Lynch, the professional wrestler, almost four years ago when he got hit with a spike piledriver by the group known as the Beale Street Bullies but he's proved a lot of people wrong, Gordo.

GM: That's one aspect of it for sure but it's hard for me to process a member of the beloved Lynch family being so universally despised as this man is as of late. His decisions since returning - the Supernova thing, allying himself with Korugun, betraying his family... it's all so much to deal with.

[Lynch wears a long black leather duster, open to show his bare chest beneath. As he strides past the camera, we see that on the back of the duster is a white skull wearing a black cowboy hat and a red bandana. He's wearing a pair of long wrestling tights, that are currently covered in black leather chaps, held up by a black belt with a silver belt buckle. Both of Lynch's hands are covered in black gloves, while the lower half of his face is covered in a black bandana with a white skull design. Lynch's long, dirty blond hair is pulled back into a tight ponytail and his brown eyes stare straight ahead, their gaze cold and merciless.

Lynch makes his way to the ring slowly and first takes off the long duster. Next to be removed are the chaps, revealing that his black tights have a pair of crossed six shooters done in white on the left hip, and a pair of red branding irons on the right. On the backside is the flag of Texas in a blood red color. Lynch's black and red boots have the classic "cowboy" design so common for wrestlers from his home state.

Lynch pulls down his bandana but leaves it hanging around his neck, as his cold, dead eyes stare straight ahead at the entranceway, waiting for his opponent to come to him.]

GM: A huge night here for James Lynch as he'll attempt to wrest the title off the waist of the World Champion, Johnny Detson... who is set to make his entrance here as well. Rebecca?

[Rebecca raises the mic.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[And with the signature riff that kicks off Led Zeppelin's classic "Kashmir," the crowd reacts. More cheers than there has been in recent weeks. The boos are still there for sure but the actions of two weeks ago seem to have tilted the scales slightly.

After a few moments, Johnny Detson appears in the aisleway, cloaked in his black hoodie. There is no sign of it paying homage to the Korugun Corporation. No sign that he's Fox's Favorite Son.

It's all black with a streak of gold that runs over his shoulder from the front of his waist to the rear that reads "DETSON" etched into the gold on both sides.]

RO: From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 248 pounds... he is the AWA  
WORRRRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMMMMPIONNNNNN...

JOHNNNNNNNNYYYYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNNNNN!

[Detson strides down the ramp, the music still rocking the Alerus Center as he keeps his eyes locked on the ring.]

GM: Johnny Detson is a man with perhaps the world's biggest target on his back.

BW: Tell that to Casey James.

GM: A fair point but with Detson holding the World Title, he would ordinarily have a laundry list of challengers gunning for him... but after what he did two weeks ago to Javier Castillo, I'd expect that now he's got an entire Army worth of people looking to not just take his title... but to put him on the shelf indefinitely.

[Detson reaches ringside, turning his gaze from Lynch to scan the ringside area to see if anyone's coming for him. Seeing no one, he scrambles up on the apron, ducking through the ropes. He unclips the title belt, holding it high over his head to a slightly louder reaction. Detson starts to climb the buckles with it but suddenly thinks better of it, not wanting to turn his back to Lynch. He turns back to the referee, handing the title belt over.]

GM: Johnny Detson putting the World Title on the line against James Lynch... who is representing the Korugun Corporation based on that ring introduction... and this should be a very interesting title matchup.

BW: And yet again, the champion finds himself in the unusual position of being the guy that fans prefer in this clash.

GM: Johnny Detson's strained relations with Korugun... including his Wilde Driver on Javier Castillo two weeks ago... certainly have put more fans in his corn-

[And the snarling roar of a big jungle cat sends the crowd into instant jeers.]

BW: Speak of the Devil, Gordo... but don't tell him I called him that.

GM: El Diablo indeed as Javier Castillo slithers out here onto the stage... and he's not alone, Bucky.

BW: Is he ever?

[The crowd jeers the arrival of the AWA President who is flanked by his Head of Security, John Law, who is oddly dressed in a very large trenchcoat. Neither one of them are moving very swiftly as Castillo is holding an icepack to his jaw and Law seems to be walking quite gingerly.]

GM: What's with the coat?

BW: Seriously, it was in the 70s here today in Grand Forks and-

[Castillo produces a mic and begins to speak... slowly... rolling his jaw to loosen it before doing so.]

JC: Far be it from me to interrupt your match here, gentlemen... but I have one small addition to make.

[Detson looks suspicious down the ramp as James Lynch grins.]



JC: Johnny Detson, my former friend, you are not a very well liked man... you know this, yes?

[Detson smirks with a "I had a hunch" that the camera mic picks up.]

JC: Everywhere you go, you attract people looking to attack you. Supernova... certain other individuals who aren't currently active members of the AWA roster... why... even me some might say.

[Castillo looks menacingly down the aisle.]

JC: So, to ensure that this match goes down fairly and without controversy, I made a decision. Referee Warren?

[Davis Warren looks surprised at being address.]

JC: Your services are no longer needed in this match.

[The crowd begins to jeer as Detson shakes his head, smelling a very large rat.]

JC: Mr. Law... if you will...

[Law shrugs out of the giant trenchcoat to reveal a black and white striped shirt with the sleeves cut out revealing his very large arms.]

JC: Mr. Detson, Mr. Lynch... I give you your SPECIAL GUEST REFEREE!

[With a nod to Castillo, Law marches down the aisle, stomping towards the ring where a smirking James Lynch is looking on gleeful.]

GM: Well, from the look on James Lynch's face, he knew this was coming, Bucky.

BW: He IS on Team Korugun.

GM: You know what this is, Bucky? The damn fix is in! Castillo wants that title off of Detson after what Detson did to him two weeks ago and he's stacking the damn deck to make sure it happens!

[An enraged Detson races across the ring, throwing a right at Lynch who tries to cover up and fails.]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Detson keeps throwing haymakers, battering Lynch back against the turnbuckles where he keeps firing hooking rights into the midsection of the Lynch Family Black Sheep.]

GM: Detson's all over him!

BW: The match hasn't even started yet!

[John Law reaches the ring, sliding under the ropes and getting quickly to his feet. He marches across the ring where Detson rears back to throw another haymaker...

...but Law grabs the arm, pulling him back out of the corner.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: He's trying to get this one off to a fair start!

[Law grabs a struggling Detson by the other arm, holding both arms back behind him as Lynch steps out and buries a boot into the midsection of the World Champion!]

GM: Ohh! Give me a damn break! Law held Detson for James Lynch to take advantage of!

[Law lets go as Detson slumps down to all fours. James Lynch dives on him, smashing a double axehandle down across the back, rolling Detson over so he pound him with right hands of his own...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Oh, NOW he rings the bell?!

BW: Well, he obviously felt this was as fair of a start as they’re likely to get.

GM: Oh, obviously.

[Lynch gets up to his feet, switching to stomps, driving Detson under the ropes to the outside of the ring.]

GM: James Lynch sends Detson out to the floor... and he’s going after him now...

BW: Ordinarily, I’d say you don’t want to be out on the floor with someone as conniving as Johnny Detson but I’m not sure James Lynch is any better.

[Lynch takes aim from the apron, leaping off to smash an overhead elbow down on the back of Detson’s neck, snapping him downwards before sending him stumbling back towards the ringside railing.]

GM: The fans here in Grand Forks getting an up close and personal view of the action here in this one... ohhh, big right hand to the gut by James Lynch!

[Lynch spins Detson around, sliding his neck over the edge of the barricade and pushing down on the back of the neck!]

GM: That’s a choke! A choke on the outside, using the railing!

[The ringside fans are waving their arms, trying to call John Law’s attention to the illegal activity but Law seems to be unable to see it somehow...]

...and then James smashes his elbow down on the back of the neck again, driving Detson’s throat into the railing and sending him choking and gasping down to his knees.]

GM: Detson’s having a hard time breathing after that shot to the throat... ohh! And James Lynch boots him right in the damn mouth, knocking him flat out on the floor.

[John Law casually warns Lynch, telling him to bring the action back inside the ring.]

GM: Lynch tosses Detson back inside... and at least Law told him to do that.

BW: Are you implying that John Law is showing anything less than top notch officiating skills?

GM: Oh no, would I ever imply such a thing?

[Lynch rolls in after Detson, climbing to his feet where Law again gives a very calm and understated warning. Lynch nods, pursuing Detson who is now trying to get to his feet in the corner.]

GM: Lynch swings him around in the corner... hard forearm across the chest!

[Winding up, Lynch lays in a second overhand blow as Detson reels against the buckles.]

GM: Grabs the arm... whip on the way...

[But Detson reverses the whip, sending James Lynch sprinting across the ring where he leaps up gracefully onto the midbuckle...

...and then leaps off, twisting around into a crossbody...

...but Detson simply walks away, waving a dismissive hand as Lynch eats the canvas on the big miss!]

GM: Ohhh! Lynch going for a move we saw a million times out of him back in his days when he was still aligned with his family... but Johnny Detson had it well-scouted and simply walked away from it. Nice move by the champion.

[Detson wheels back around as Lynch comes to his feet, grabbing his chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lays in a big knife edge chop that sends Lynch staggering back into the ropes.]

GM: Detson's got him on the ropes with that chop... winds up again...

[A second chop lands, leaving a red welt on the bare chest of the Texan.]

GM: Another hard chop by the World Champion...

[Lynch leans over, grabbing at his chest as Detson grabs a handful of hair, steering him out to the middle of the ring...

...and John Law steps in, grabbing the wrist of Detson and yanking it off of James Lynch to jeers!]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: He grabbed the hair! Clear as day!

[Detson trades angry words with Law...

...who manages to distract the World Champion just long enough for James Lynch to slip a boot into the midsection again, doubling him over.]

GM: Lynch hooks him... and takes him over with a suplex! Nicely done!

[James floats through the suplex, ending up in a lateral press which scores a one count and change before Detson kicks out.]

GM: Just a one count there as James Lynch looks to capture his first piece of singles gold since his PCW days - this is no doubt the biggest match of his career, Bucky.

BW: Hey, we all know I'm not the biggest fan of the Stench clan but James Lynch has been held back by them his entire life - that much is clear. While Jack and Travis were off fighting for singles gold, James was being forced into that stinky, dirty barn to train the next generation of Lynch disciples. Jack was the AWA World Champion for forty-one days, James stepped in a pile of cow manure for forty-one straight days once. It's a damn tragedy.

GM: He tell you that himself?

BW: Over dinner. Nothing big. Casual. Seafood. You would've liked it!

GM: I'm sure.

[James Lynch drags Detson off the mat, tossing him back into the turnbuckles where he grabs the top rope, laying in big kicks to the midsection, driving Detson all the way down into a seated position as Law implements a lazy five count attempt.]

GM: Oh, come on! I could count to a hundred by the time this guy gets to five!

BW: Well, you've always been gifted.

[With Detson sitting in the corner, Lynch backs off to "break the count"... and then steps back, planting his boot on the throat of the World Champion.]

GM: And right back to an illegal choke! And again, John Law is counting so slow, you would think he just learned how.

[Lynch again backs off, holding his hands up as Law "reprimands" him. The crowd jeers as Lynch takes a long walk around the ring, leaving Detson gasping for air down on the canvas.]

GM: James Lynch who has apparently never met a rule he wouldn't break is in total control of this one so far as he tries to REALLY give Grand Forks a night they'll never forget by becoming the thirteenth AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

[As Lynch circles back to the corner, he finds Detson using the ropes to get back to his feet...]

GM: Detson's up but who knows for how long as- ohh! Another hard right hand to the midsection by Lynch.

[Spinning him around, Lynch grabs the arm again, dragging him from the corner, swinging a knee up into the midsection.]

GM: James Lynch looking to slow down the World Champion, keep a slow and steady pace as he tries to work him over and wear him down in this World Title showdown... that was slated to be our Main Event until Javier Castillo - in yet more disrespect towards Johnny Detson - ruled that the clash between MAWAGA and Ryan Martinez would get that spot instead.

BW: He says that more people are interested in that one, Gordo. He wouldn't just say that. I'm sure he's done plenty of research... probably some focus groups... maybe even workshopped the idea...

GM: What in the world are you talking about?!

[Swinging around slightly, Lynch fires Detson into the ropes, ducking down for a backdrop...]

...but Detson pulls up short, swinging his boot up into Lynch's face, snapping his head back to a cheer!]

GM: Oh! Detson caught him! Lynch set too early and Detson caught him!

[Detson throws another kick, this time into the midsection of the straightened-up Lynch, driving him right back into a bent over position...

...and then steps into a standing headscissors to a big reaction from the crowd!]

GM: He's going for it! He's going for it!

[John Law steps forward, shouting something about "the toe of the boot" to Detson who pauses momentarily...

...just long enough for Lynch to spin out of the setup, coming up with his right hand cocked and ready...]

GM: THE CLAW! THE CLA- BLOCKED BY DETSON!

[Detson, again having his opponent well-scouted, swings his own arms up, grabbing the Texan's wrist and preventing the Lynch family signature hold from being applied...]

GM: Detson's got the wrist, trying to keep that Claw off his head!

BW: Very nice counter by Johnny! James Lynch hasn't wrestled a whole lot since his return, Gordo - but Johnny's done his homework for sure.

GM: Detson is fighting that Claw, trying to keep it... ohh! And Lynch goes downstairs with a knee to the gut again!

[Wrapping his arms around Detson's torso, Lynch takes him over with a perfectly executed gutwrench suplex!]

GM: Ohhh! Nice suplex by the challenger... and again he's down to cover!

[Law drops to his knees, hitting the mat twice in way too quick of a fashion. Detson kicks out as the fans jeer the actions of the Korugun Head of Security.]

GM: What the heck was that?!

BW: A two count. Try to keep up.

GM: A two count?! Did you see how fast he was counting?! I'm sensing a trend here, Bucky. Slow counts when it benefits James Lynch and fast counts on Johnny Detson!

BW: Hmm... maybe. I'll have to see more of it to know for sure.

[James Lynch grins as he looks over at John Law with a "come on, ref! One, two, three!"]

GM: And James Lynch has the gall to COMPLAIN about that count?!

[Lynch balls up his fist, "threatening" to punch Law...

...and then drops to his knees, burying the fist between the eyes of Detson in a fistdrop!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot there on the champion... and a casual cover here for Lynch...

[Law again delivers a very quick two count before Detson urgently lifts the shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Another fast count but Detson escapes in time - and I've gotta believe that John Law is acting under orders from Javier Castillo here. Castillo wants that title belt off of Detson especially after what went down in Winnipeg and Law and Lynch are here to deliver the goods tonight in Grand Forks.

BW: Can you imagine what a great night it would be for Generalissimo Castillo if James Lynch wins the World Title AND El Presidente beats Ryan Martinez?!

GM: Oh, I'd love to see Castillo and Martinez collide. I can't wait for that one later tonight.

BW: Were you in the focus group?

[Lynch drags Detson off the mat by the hair again, pulling him into a front facelock.]

GM: Another suplex perhaps? No. He's extending the arm - perhaps looking for a swinging neckbreaker?

[The Texan sneers at the jeering crowd as he swings Detson to the side once... twice... and then...]

GM: DETSON SPINS OUT!

[...and comes out swinging, drilling Lynch with a right hand... and another... and a third!]

GM: DETSON TEEING OFF ON JAMES LYNCH!

[Detson lays the badmouth on a stunned Lynch, grabbing the arm and whipping him into the corner...]

GM: Whipped to the corner... running knee to the midsection!

[Grabbing the arm, he shoots him across again...]

GM: And make it a pair!

[The pair of running kitchen sinks to the gut have Lynch reeling in the corner when Detson grabs him by the hair, lacing a right hand across the jaw... and another... and...]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[The crowd - which was roaring a moment ago - is suddenly jeering as Law grabs the arms again, pulling Detson back.]

GM: DETSON'S TRAPPED! HE'S BEEN HOOKED BY THE ARMS AND-

[James Lynch tries to take advantage of it, hopping up on the midbuckle, taking aim...

...and leaps off, extending both legs!]

GM: DROPKIC-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE HIT LAW! HE HIT LAW WITH THE FLYING DROPKICK!

[Lynch gets up, eyes wide in shock as the crowd ROARS for the miscue.]

GM: James Lynch laid out the referee! And his special little helper!

BW: Is that a disqualification?!

GM: I don't know. I don't think it was intentional so...

[Lynch is still looking down on Law in shock when he suddenly twists around, trying to find his opponent...

...who boots him in the gut, tucking his head between the legs...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[The crowd ROARS as Detson DRIVES James Lynch facefirst into the canvas with the Wilde Driver!]

GM: WILDE DRIVER! WILDE DRIVER ON LYNCH!

[Detson flips Lynch over onto his back, diving across his torso...]

GM: There's no referee though! Law's still down!

[Detson pushes up to his knees, grabbing his head with both hands in exasperation as he spots Law's downed form on the mat.]

BW: James Lynch's flying dropkick was one of his best weapons back in the day and Law took it flush in the face! He might be down for a while!

[The World Champion glares at Law, getting to his feet, walking over towards him with a loud "GET UP!"]

GM: Johnny's trying to get him back to his feet... get him back into this thing...

[Detson leans down, dragging a dazed Law off the canvas...]

GM: Looks like he's going to help him up himself here...

[But Detson buries a boot in his gut as he stands him up, tucking him in...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

BW: WHAAAAAAT?!

GM: WILDE DRIVER ON THE REFEREE! OH MY STARS!

[Detson gets up, screaming and pounding his chest as he looks down at the pair of bodies he's laid out inside the ring...

...and not noticing the change in the crowd volume as someone comes charging through the sea of fans, hurdling the railing, sliding into the ring behind him wearing a black trenchcoat.]

GM: SUPERNOVA! SUPERNOVA'S IN THE RING!

[The recently-reinstated fan favorite reaches into his coat...

...and as Johnny Detson whips around to face him, he finds the barrel of a baseball bat jammed up under his chin, holding him at bay!]

GM: Supernova's got that baseball bat under the chin! This is a threat!

BW: There's no love lost between these two - we saw that two weeks ago in Winnipeg!

GM: Detson's backing off! Detson wants no part of Supernova!

BW: Not while he's holding that bat - that's for sure!

[Supernova is saying something to Detson who nods his head a few times. The bat-wielding 'Nova looks down on John Law...

...and then watches as James Lynch uses the ropes to very slowly drag himself up to his feet.]

GM: Lynch can barely stand but he's using the ropes to...

[Lynch stumbles around and finds the scene in front of him as Supernova pulls the bat back so he can hold it pointing at both Lynch and Detson who are just a few feet apart.]

GM: He's got Detson AND Lynch held... well, at bat point, I suppose! The two men who have vexed him the most since he's made his return to the AWA and...

[Supernova slowly points the bat at Detson again, Lynch imploring him to whack him with the bat...]

GM: Lynch is telling him to hit Detson with it!

BW: Of course! This match isn't over, I don't think! Supernova could put the title belt around James Lynch's waist right here and now!

[...and then turns the bat towards Lynch as Detson nods his head frantically, miming hitting Lynch with a bat!]

GM: Or he could lay out James Lynch - the Faux Nova - for his actions earlier this year!

BW: He can't get 'em both! It's time to make a-

[In a sudden movement, 'Nova pulls the bat back, grabbing the end with his off-hand...

...and JAMS the barrel HARD up under James Lynch's head, snapping his head back and knocking him back into the ropes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch collapses off as Detson slides in front of him, burying a boot into the midsection. He pulls the barely-standing Lynch into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He hooks one arm! He hooks the other!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"



"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WILDE DRIVER! WILDE DRIVER!

[Detson flips Lynch over onto his back, diving across him as Supernova drags the limp John Law into position by the wrist, lifting his arm up...]

BW: What is he...?!

[The crowd counts along as Supernova forces Law's hand to hit the canvas.]

"ONE!"

BW: Wait a second!

"TWO!"

BW: He can't do-

"THREE!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Supernova spins, pointing the bat at the timekeeper who swiftly does his job.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

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

BW: It is not! The referee is out cold! Supernova can't do that!

GM: Well, he just did!

[Detson gets up quickly off the mat...

...and finds Supernova waiting, bat extended with the barrel under his chin once again.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Well, that might've been the shortest term alliance on record, Gordo.

GM: You could be right about that and... what a tense situation this is between these two.

[Detson mutters something off-mic to Supernova that doesn't seem to faze him...

...when suddenly all hell breaks loose!]

GM: THE ARMY!

[The ring is suddenly swarmed with Korugun Army members, looking for some degree of payback. It's Polemos and Muteesa on the scene first, the latter of which drops an unsuspecting Supernova with a thrust kick under the chin. Detson tries to fight off Polemos but quickly finds himself grabbed around the throat.]

GM: Polemos has got Detson and... OHHH! CHOKESLAM!

[Polemos steps back, tugging his glove into place as the two Korugun attackers are quickly joined by more. Derek Rage is next in, pulling Supernova off the mat into a clawhold...]

GM: OHHH! HAMMER OF GOD BY DEREK RAGE!

[Jeff Matthews is in the ring next, joining Muteesa in stomping Detson into the canvas...]

GM: This is getting out of control!

[Matthews kneels down, holding the legs of Detson as Muteesa hits the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: OHHH! BIG SPLASH ON DETSON!

[Polemos and Derek Rage are stomping Supernova repeatedly as Matthews waves for Muteesa to do it again...]

GM: Supernova's out of this fight and-

[Muteesa drops a second big splash on the torso of Detson, crushing him underneath!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's four hundred pounds down on Detson's body for the second time! And now we've got Ebola Zaire in! This is a damn nightmare for Supernova and Johnny Detson!

[Supernova has been pulled from the ring by Zaire, getting hooked boots driven into his chest and throat repeatedly out on the floor as Javier Castillo slowly gets to the ring, clutching his jaw as he climbs through the ropes, looking down on Detson...]

JC: You showed such promise, Johnny. Such potential to be the kind of champion that Korugun wanted.

[He shakes his head with a "tsk, tsk."]

JC: But you laid your hands on me. And now you need to learn the same lesson that awaits Shadoe Rage... right, big man?

[Derek Rage nods confidently.]

JC: Muteesa... finish him.

[Muteesa gleefully slaps his belly as Matthews and Derek Rage drag Detson's prone form into position, each kneeling to hold his arms or legs, stretching him out as Muteesa steps from the ring to the apron...]

GM: Wait a minute!

BW: Oh, they're REALLY going to do him in now!

GM: Muteesa is on the outside... and that maniac is climbing the ropes!

BW: Detson's trapped! Maybe he should've been nicer to people.

GM: This isn't funny, Bucky! The World Champion is in serious jeopardy here! Serious trouble as Muteesa steps up, one foot on the ropes...

[Castillo looks down at Detson, forcing a painful smile to his face.]

JC: Now.

[He keeps his eyes on Detson's face, wanting to see the look as Muteesa leaps from his perch, four hundred pounds sailing through the air..

...and CRUSHES Detson underneath, leaving him motionless on the mat.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MUTEESA WITH THE FLYING SPLASH! MY STARS!

[Muteesa pushes up his knees, happily slapping his painted belly as Detson lies on the mat, a trickle of blood coming from the corner of his mouth.]

GM: My stars... he's... fans, he's bleeding from the mouth.

BW: And that could be a sign of internal injuries. Internal bleeding.

GM: It certainly could. We need to get some help out here and FAST for the World Champion.

[The North Dakota crowd has fallen to a hush as Castillo and his Army stand over the World Champion, having left him in a broken pile...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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[Fade to black...

We fade to the backstage area where LOUD VOICES are present. They belong to "The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor and his longtime friend Robert Donovan as they fire off towards one another as Sweet Lou Blackwell attempts to intervene.]

SLB: Gentlemen...

[No luck, kid.]

SLB: Gentlemen!

[Nope.]

SLB: GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!

[The two veterans come to a stop, looking surprised at Blackwell who straightens his tie.]

SLB: That's better. I know you two are not on the same page as of late but-

[Donovan interrupts.]

RD: Not on the same page? We're not even in the same damn book, Lou. This guy... this guy who says he's my friend... he LIED to me so that he and James could come up with some stupid boneheaded "bring 'em down from the inside" plan that if he'd just asked me, I would've told him it would fail because Casey James has the self-control of a six year old.

[Taylor interrupts.]

BT: It would've worked! How could I have possibly known that Castillo would dig up Hardin's old man body after all these years? I never saw it coming, Rob! And you wouldn't have it either!

[Donovan shrugs.]

RD: You're probably right, Bobby. I couldn't have seen Hardin coming... but I WOULD have seen Casey turning on us for money... a girl... a bottle of whiskey... maybe a pack of Bazooka Joe and some Skittles. Casey James can NOT be trusted

under any circumstances, Bobby... I know that and you damn well should've known that.

[Taylor sighs.]

BT: Maybe, maybe not... but can we at least agree that he didn't turn on us for-

[Taylor's about to continue his pitch when a furious Casey James comes storming in from off camera, ranting and raving off-mic as Bobby Taylor visibly rolls his eyes.]

CJ: ...NOT going to want the camera rolling when I get my hands on that...

[Taylor steps between Casey and Donovan...]

BT: Casey, can you please-

CJ: Oh, THERE'S the [BLEEP] I'm looking for! The largest free standing pile of crap in the world! You wanna come out and make your fortune, Donovan? That's fine with me!

BT: Then what's your...

CJ: My \_problem\_ isn't with him right now, Chuckles.

[Casey jabs a finger into Taylor's chest.]

CJ: It's with \_you.\_ How \_dare\_ you come out and get in the way of making this turd's funeral arrangements like I shoulda done twenty years ago?

[Taylor shakes his head.]

BT: No, no... we're not doing this, you understand? I didn't bring the two of you back here just to end up with you at each other's throats!

[James snorts.]

CJ: You think I'm gonna stand together with this guy the way things are right now? Not a chance. This guy needs some special attention. [Turns to Donovan] You wanna do this? Let's do it right. Let's do it proper. You and me, that next big show... Mexican Street Fight. You think you can find a pair of industrial sized balls to borrow to fight me?

[Donovan looks puzzled.]

RD: You know I'll fight you anywhere at any time... but... what's a Mexican Street Fight?

[James glares angrily.]

CJ: A STREET FIGHT IN MEXICO WHERE WE'RE GOING TO BE SOON!! Good god, and you guys stand around and talk about how \_I'm\_ the idiot.

[Donovan and Taylor are both stunned into the kind of silence that only happens when you're called an idiot by someone you consider an idiot.]

CJ: Yeah, that's what I thought. You. [Points at Taylor] Book it. Mexican Street Fight.

And you. [Locks eyes with Donovan] You get yourself prepared for a beating the likes of which you've never experienced topped off with a puñetazo de corazón negro.

[Taylor and Donovan stand silently for a moment, looking at one another...]

CJ: A BLACKHEART PUNCH! In Spanish? MEXICAN STREET FIGHT!? COME ON!

[Casey looks at both men and begins to walk off, shaking his head.]

CJ: DAMN, guys couldn't even pick up Spanish by accident. It's like I've always said, 'gonna be regretting those chair shots to the head one of these days'...

[Casey continues muttering to himself as he walks out of the shot...]

...and Bobby Taylor sighs with a shrug.]

BT: You heard the man. Book it.

[Taylor points at Donovan.]

BT: But after you two beat the hell out of each other in Mexico... million dollars or not... I want it over.

Or both of you will have to deal...

[Taylor jerks a thumb at himself.]

BT: ...with the Outlaw.

[Taylor turns, walking out of view leaving Robert Donovan daydreaming of how to spend a million bucks these days...]

...and we crossfade into a shot of Ayako Fujiwara backstage, standing in front of an AWA backdrop. The Olympic Gold medalist is dressed in her entrance attire: an elegant pink and purple furisode kimono with patterns of chrysanthemums and peonies embroidered on it. Her metallic rainbow ombré hair is tied up in a high ponytail. She stares into the camera, speaking directly to us all.]

Ayako: I called Miyuki this morning.

[A pause.]

Ayako: Well, I kinda forgot it was 2am in Osaka, but that's beside the point.

[She gives a small shrug.]

Ayako: Some of you may not know, but my master adores Laura Davis. They used to be bitter rivals, but now they're even closer friends. I don't really understand how that happened, but Miyuki Ozaki can always see the good in people when others may not. Even when it's someone like Laura Davis...

[Ayako's voice drifts off, leaving whatever thoughts she has about Laura Davis' character to herself.]

Ayako: But let me just say, it's a very funny feeling, to ask someone to give me their blessing to inflict violence upon one of their best friends.

[She smiles, slightly.]

Ayako: Of course, Miyuki said "Yes."

[Ayako closes her eyes, looking a bit apprehensive.]

Ayako: Well, that's not exactly how she said it. What she actually said was: "Kick her ass without restraint and show her no mercy! Beat Laura-Chan within an inch of her life and make her bloodied carcass beg for your forgiveness!"

[She makes a fist and pounds it into her palm for emphasis.]

Ayako: Because while Miyuki may adore you... While she may see the good in you.... While she may have forgiven you for all the horrible things you've done to her in the past and took you to Tokyo Disneyland for your birthday and considers you one of her closest friends, Laura Davis...

...I'm still her favorite.

[Ayako pulls down her lower eyelid and sticks out her tongue, taunting Davis.]

Ayako: You've told the world that I am distracted. Unfocused. That my sole thought should be on you. And in the last six months, you've done a magnificent job of taking my eyes off the AWA Women's World title and making me focus all my attention on you. But what you do not realize, Laura, is that you didn't need to wear a mask and masquerade as Madame X to grab my attention. You didn't need to sacrifice your prized student and have me nearly break her neck to steal away my focus. The fact is, I have been watching you for years.

[A beat.]

Ayako: Since before I was an Olympian. Since before I ever stepped into a professional wrestling ring. Before I ever even knew who Miyuki Ozaki was, I have been watching and I have been chasing Laura Davis... the woman who was called the best female technical wrestler in the world.

[Ayako claps her hands together and bows her head, apologetically.]

Ayako: Please excuse my use of the past tense, Davis-san, but I'm sure you are painfully aware no one calls you that anymore. That... is what \*I\* am called now.

[Little did we know, even sweet, dear Ayako can be petty.]

Ayako: But after all you've put me through these past six months, I have to wonder...

How long have you had your eyes on me?

How long have you watched me?

Do I invade your thoughts like you do mine? Do you think of me often?

Do you obsess over me?

[A determined look forms on Ayako's face.]

Ayako: Because if you do not... I guarantee after tonight, you will.

The Iron Woman match may settle the issue between us, but this will not be the END of us.

After tonight, we may finally be able to move on from each other, but you, Davis-san?

I will make sure you will never be able to move PAST me.

[Those wide, innocent eyes have narrowed into sharp, hardened steely focus.]

Ayako: I will make those thirty minutes feel like thirty years. I will be relentless. I will be merciless. And the memory of this match will haunt you.

I will make sure of it.

Every waking moment, you will think of me. And when you close your eyes at night, I'll be there to greet you in your dreams and your nightmares. It will my gift to you, my "thanks" for these last six months, Laura... "chan".

[She practically spits in disgust when she adds that honorific.]

Ayako: Don't believe me?

[She smirks.]

Ayako: Just watch me.

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

RO: The following contest is the 30 MINUTE IRON WOMAN MATCH!

[Huge cheer!]

RO: The winner of the match will be the woman who can score the most decisions within the thirty minute time limit. Decisions can be reached via pinfall, submission, countout, disqualification, or referee stoppage.

And now... the participants...

["The Cyborg Fights" by Makoto Miyazaki begins to play as the North Dakota crowd rises to their feet with cheers. The roar grows even larger once the crowd sees Ayako Fujiwara emerging from behind the curtains, dressed in an elegant pink and purple furisode kimono with patterns of chrysanthemums and peonies embroidered on it, emerging from behind the curtains. She stops at the top of the aisle and lowers her head momentarily to soak in the crowd's reaction, before throwing her arms back and letting loose a loud roar.]

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

AYAAAKOOOOO FUJIWARRRRRRRA!

[Stopping as she reaches the ring, Ayako grabs the edge of the apron with both hands and bows deeply, before sliding in under the bottom rope. As she pops up to her feet, Ayako lifts her arms into the air and is suddenly bombarded by blue, pink and white streamers from all sides by the ringside fans!]

GM: Whoa my! A hero's welcome here in Grand Forks for Ayako Fujiwara!

[As the ring attendants clear out the streamers from the ring, Fujiwara removes her kimono, revealing a powerfully built, thickly muscled body with broad shoulders, large thighs and an athletic frame. She is dressed in a sleek, sleeve-less red catsuit with a corset-like top tied together with black string, fingerless elbow-length gloves,



an elaborate gold embroidered belt sash, and knee-high boots. Fujiwara then interlaces her fingers and fixes her eyes on the entrance, calmly rotating her wrists in a way that can only be described as chilling.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd her opponent...

[The lights dim and the opening chords of Jorge Quintero's "300 Violin Orchestra" play over the PA system. Up on the giant video screen, a scrambled image comes up and, as the violins reach the crescendo, the image forms words that simply read:

"DAVIS #1"

Then, as the orchestral music starts up again, two spotlights hit the entranceway and, standing there, is none other than the person about to be introduced.]

RO: From Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing 150 pounds... ladies and gentlemen... this is "THE ALL AROUND ATHLETE" LAURA DAVIS!

[Laura Davis has her back toward the crowd, her arms spread to the sides. She is wearing a red, white and blue track suit, and on the back on her jacket in blue lettering are the same letters on the video screen.

"DAVIS #1"

Davis then turns around, a serious look etched on her face. The woman with brown, shoulder-length hair pulled behind her head and with brown eyes, lowers her arms, and walks down the aisle, her gaze fixed on the ring ahead, the spotlights following her.]

GM: Back at Memorial Day Mayhem, Laura Davis was revealed as the woman known as Madame X, and tonight, she'll look to settle things, once and for all, with the woman who beat her that night, Ayako Fujiwara.

BW: Don't expect that to happen again, Gordo. Fujiwara still has a bad knee and Davis was the one to set the terms for the match. I can guarantee you she wouldn't do that if she didn't think she could put the Olympic gold medalist down once and for all.

[When she reaches ringside, she stops, raises her arms again, curls her hands into fists, then extends her thumbs so they point toward the lettering on the back of her jacket. The arena lights come back up and the spotlights fade.

She lowers her arms, then walks over to the ringside table.]

GM: Hold on... what does Davis want now?

[She approaches the timekeeper, then points up to the ring and speaks.]

"You show everyone that you're a gentleman and go hold the ropes open for me."

GM: Wait, did I hear that right? She wants the timekeeper to hold the ropes open for her?

BW: Hey, she's got a point. A gentlemen would do that for her.

GM: Then why don't you get up and offer to do it?

BW: She didn't ask me, Gordo, she asked him!

[The timekeeper sighs, but gets up from his chair and ascends the ring stairs, sits on the middle rope and holds the top rope up. Davis then ascends the ring steps, ducks between the ropes and spreads her arms once more.]

GM: This woman is absolutely full of herself.

BW: She has every right to be, Gordo. She's proven herself many times over.

GM: I don't deny that, but somebody that full of herself could be destined to take a big fall, perhaps tonight against Fujiwara.

[Davis unzips her jacket and removes her pants, revealing her wrestling attire, which consists of a dark blue leotard with matching elbow pads and wrestling boots. She hands her jacket and pants over to a ringside attendant, then turns toward the other side of the ring, eyeballing her opponent.]

GM: The Olympic Gold Medalist! The All-Around Athlete! The most grueling thirty minute battle you can imagine is set to begin... right... now!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers the opening bell as Fujiwara claps her hands together, striding from the corner out towards the middle of the ring, waiting for Davis to join her there as a graphic with "30:00" appears in the corner of the screen, starting to tick down.]

GM: Fujiwara is all business tonight, Bucky.

BW: You mean, she left her goofy little cat back in the locker room?

GM: Well, we saw her "goofy little cat" in action earlier tonight... along with her friend, Michelle Bailey... so we know they're in the building if their support is needed in this one.

BW: And by "support," you mean "outside interference."

GM: I most certainly do not.

[Davis arrogantly saunters out of her corner as well, standing mid-ring with Fujiwara, staring each other down as the crowd buzzes and the flashbulbs pop.]

GM: This should be a good one. Two of the best in the world set to go at it but only one can come out on top.

[Davis can be seen (presumably) trash talking Fujiwara off-mic, pointing a finger at her... and as the words get more heated, the finger gets stabbed repeatedly into Fujiwara's chest as the crowd groans...]

...and then the Olympic gold medalist angrily slaps the hand away, shouting in Japanese at Davis, advancing on her as Davis backs up, hands raised. The referee steps in, looking to get Fujiwara under control.]

GM: Shari Miranda trying to keep this one from breaking out into a fight before it even gets going and-

[Davis suddenly changes levels, lunging in and grabbing a leg on Fujiwara.]

GM: Single leg attempt by Davis who is an accomplished grappler in her own right but she's no Olympic gold medalist as Fujiwara stuffs the takedown attempt... but Davis keeps fighting it, keeping that grip on the leg.

[Davis manages to get to her feet, the leg still trapped under her arm. She struggles to up-end Fujiwara but her balance is too strong as she reaches out, wrapping her arms around Davis' upper body, preventing any spacing needed for the takedown.]

GM: Davis still has the leg but Fujiwara is fighting the takedown... and now Davis backs her up, putting her up against the buckles...

[A swift knee swings up, catching Fujiwara in the ribs. A second one follows, stunning the Olympian as Davis lets go of the leg, grabbing the arm instead.]

GM: Irish whips her out- no, reversed by Fujiwara and that sends her back in!

[Davis collides chestfirst in the corner, stumbling backwards towards a waiting Fujiwara...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[But as soon as Fujiwara reaches around her torso, Davis simply drops straight down, sitting out of the grip, sliding right through the grasping arms to the canvas where she promptly rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: And Davis is quickly right out of there - she wants no part of the devastating German Suplex in the arsenal of Miss Germany herself, Ayako Fujiwara.

BW: When someone's got a nickname based on their mastery of a move, it's probably a good idea to stay away from it... and that's exactly what the All-Around Athlete did right there.

GM: Davis out on the floor, taking a few moments here to figure out her next move... and Fujiwara's showing a little impatience, shouting at her to get back in the ring.

[Fujiwara is pacing back and forth on the inside as the referee starts a ten count on Davis who looks up, hands on her hips, smirking at Fujiwara's mood early on in this one.]

GM: We're in the opening minutes of this one... here comes Fujiwara now...

[The Olympian reaches over the ropes, taking a grab at Davis who ducks low, lunging closer where she grabs for Ayako's legs...

...but Ayako sees it coming, leaping into the air to avoid the grab...

...and swings through the ropes, both feet catching Davis flush in the mouth with a wrecking ball dropkick!]

GM: Ohhh! Nice counter by Fujiwara! Davis was trying to lure her in but Fujiwara had other ideas, sending Davis sprawling out to the floor.

BW: She might want to check her dental work after that one, Gordo. That was a pretty hard pair of boots to the kisser.

GM: And now it looks as though Fujiwara is going to try to take advantage of this one, coming out to the floor, moving in on Davis...

[She grabs Davis by the hair, tossing her under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Davis is brought back in by Fujiwara... up on the apron, ducking through-

[But as Fujiwara ducks through the ropes, Davis reaches up, snatching an inside cradle, rolling her up inside the ring...]

GM: Davis caught her on the way in - she gets one! She gets two!

[Fujiwara leans the other way, rolling the small package over with her on top.]

GM: Reversal gets one! She gets two! She gets- no! Kickout by Davis!

[Moving swiftly now, the All-Around Athlete dashes to the ropes, rebounding back and leaping over a rising Fujiwara...]

GM: SUNSET FLIP EARLY ON IN- NO! FUJIWARA ROLLS THROUGH IT!

[On her feet, the Olympian lashes out with a low kick aimed at the head of Davis who leans back on the mat to avoid it.]

GM: Misses the kick!

[Fujiwara promptly leaps into the air, looking to drive her feet THROUGH Davis' prone form...]

GM: Misses the double stomp as well!

[Davis scrambles up, rolling to all fours. She makes a lunge at Fujiwara who is slightly off-balance after the missed double stomp, snatching both legs this time.]

GM: Double leg attempt by Davis... trips her up... and a double leg cradle to boot!

[Another two count follows before Fujiwara bridges up off the canvas, breaking the pin and sending a thrill through the Grand Forks crowd. Back on her feet, Fujiwara turns the hold over, ending up with Davis in a standing headscissors...]

GM: Hold on here! Fujiwara's got her set! SHE LIFTS!

[But any effort at a powerbomb comes up empty as Davis flips out of the hold in mid-lift, landing on her feet where she promptly swings a knee up into the gut again, doubling up Ayako. Davis lifts her into her arms, slamming her down on the canvas...]

GM: Nice scoop slam by Davis - simple but effective.

[With Fujiwara down, Davis backs into the ropes, rebounding off where she leaps into the air, twisting her body slightly...]

GM: Corkscrew elbow! Right down into the heart of Fujiwara!

[The arrogant Davis leans back across the body, hooking a leg lightly...]

GM: Cocky cover by Davis gets one... gets two... gets-

[The crowd ROARS as Fujiwara hooks both arms, rolling Davis onto her shoulders in a crucifix!]

GM: FUJIWARA COVERS FOR ONE! FOR TWO! FOR THREEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: At a time of three minutes and forty-three seconds, Ayako Fujiwara scores a pinfall. She is up ONE to ZERO in this Iron Woman match!

[Another big cheer goes up from the crowd, bringing a smile to Fujiwara's face as she gets to her feet with a fist pump. The clock continues to tick as she salutes the cheering fans...

...and suddenly collapses to the canvas in a heap thanks to a diving shoulder being driven into the back of her knee!]

GM: OHH! SHE CLIPPED HER! DAVIS CLIPPED HER FROM BEHIND!

BW: Well, that didn't take long - going right after that injured knee!

[Fujiwara grabs at her knee, howling in pain as Davis gets back to her feet, smirking as Fujiwara rolls under the ropes to the outside.]

GM: Fujiwara bailing out of there, trying to give her knee some time to recover but I don't think Laura Davis is going to allow that. She's rolling out as well, clear over here by us on the other side from where Fujiwara went out.

BW: She's gotta stay on top of this now, Gordo. She's already down 1-0 and she needs to even this up as quickly as she can. These Iron Man... Iron Woman in this case... matches are tricky. In my opinion, you want to always be within one fall if at all possible. You want to one fall away from tying it if you're down. If you go down two, it's too easy to have everything slip away and not have time to recover. Especially in this thirty minute version of this. In an hour, maybe it's a different story.

[Davis is walking around the ring now, moving a little quicker as she spots Fujiwara using the apron to get back to her feet. By the time she reaches the ringpost, she's in a full sprint...]

GM: Look out!

[...and dives into a second tackle to the knee, again driving her shoulder into the back of the knee, taking Fujiwara down in a screaming pile once more!]

GM: Good grief, fans! An absolutely brutal shot there by Laura Davis, leaving Fujiwara down and hurting in a bad, bad way.

[Davis grins as she kneels on the floor, soaking up the boos from the AWA faithful as she slowly gets to her feet, grabbing the apron as she stomps the knee... kicks the knee... and punishes it as the referee warns her to get the action back inside the ring.]

GM: Laura Davis being admonished by the official but I expect that'll have little impact on her actions here tonight. Davis working over that knee - you know she would at some point - and as we cross the five minute mark of this one, Ayako Fujiwara's prospects have dimmed significantly.

[The clock on screen now reads "24:58" as Davis stomps the knee again... and again... and again, each blow bringing a new howl of pain from Fujiwara and another warning from Shari Miranda.]

GM: The referee staying on Davis' case... starting another count now...

[Davis pulls Fujiwara off the floor by the hair, scooping her up again...]

GM: Another scoop slam... down on the floor this time?

[...and walks her across the ringside area before throwing her down in another slam...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! Another slam... but this time, she made sure the back of Fujiwara's knee SLAMMED into the steel steps at ringside!

[Fujiwara again cries out as Davis looks out at the jeering crowd with a smirk.]

GM: An absolutely brutal assault there by Laura Davis... and Fujiwara's in a bad way here fairly early in this Iron Woman matchup. Davis has wasted no time at all going after a weak point coming into this one.

BW: Like I said, Gordo... Davis is the one who asked for this match... and if you know Laura Davis, she never goes into a situation that she doesn't think she has an advantage in. She knew that knee was in bad shape... and she knew she could take advantage of it in this one.

[Davis reaches down, grabbing Fujiwara by the ankle. The Olympian throws an upkick, trying to get loose but a well-placed kick to the knee by Davis cuts that short.]

GM: Fujiwara, never one to back down, trying to battle back but Davis is dragging her now across the ringside mats... getting her away from those steps...

[Looking up at the referee who has started a ten count on both competitors, Davis grins as she wraps up the legs, falling back on the floor in a figure four leglock!]

GM: Figure four! The figure four leglock applied outside the ring!

BW: She can't get a submission out there, Gordo - but she can do a lot of damage! There are no rope breaks on the floor. Fujiwara is trapped in this punishing hold and you better believe Davis is going to take advantage of that fact.

[Fujiwara is screaming and howling in pain as she sits up on the floor, pain all over her face as Davis cranks the hold repeatedly...]

GM: Fujiwara's injured knee is being tortured right now by Laura Davis, trying to completely disable it with so much time left on the clock.

[Fujiwara makes a grab at Davis who is propped up on her elbows... but Davis responds by driving a quartet of hammerfists down into the kneecap, putting Fujiwara right back down on her back, writhing in pain on the barely-padded floor.]

GM: The fans in Grand Forks buzzing with concern for the Olympian as they see Laura Davis tormenting her in the early part of this one.

[Davis sits up, smirking at Fujiwara and then drops back, rocking back and forth to add more pressure as the referee's count continues to grow.]

GM: Miranda's count is up to six now... Davis totally disregarding it...

BW: A double countout would be a fall for both. It would have no effect at all.

GM: Now to seven... Davis cranking this hold, punishing that knee...

[And as the referee's count reaches eight, Davis abruptly breaks the hold, diving under the ropes, waving a hand for the referee to continue...]

BW: Look at this! What a brilliant move, Gordo!

GM: The count to nine! There's no way that Fujiwara's going to recover in time!

[Ayako sits up on the floor, grabbing at her leg, looking on helplessly at the referee who delivers the final ten count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: At a time of six minutes and thirty-seven seconds, Laura Davis scores a decision by countout. The match is now tied at ONE and ONE!

[The crowd jeers as Davis nods her head confidently, the time clock counting down to "23:22" as she looks out at Fujiwara who is struggling to get off the floor.]

GM: Fujiwara's trying to get up but she's having a hard time with it...

BW: Davis should have Miranda count her out again.

GM: Well, it looks like she's going to do one better, Bucky... she's going out to the floor after her!

[The All-Around Athlete drags a hobbled Fujiwara off the ringside mats, tossing her quickly under the ropes back inside the ring.]

GM: She puts her back in... wasting no time at all... and right into another cover!

[A two count follows before Ayako kicks out in time to avoid going down two to one.]

GM: Two count there - Fujiwara escapes the pin in time. Davis getting to her- oh! Hard kick! Right to the side of the knee!

BW: I think Davis thought she could pick up two quick decisions there. Showing a little frustration perhaps as the clock continues to tick down in this thirty minute Iron Woman showdown.

[The clock reads "22:57" as Davis pulls Fujiwara towards the ropes, draping her ankle across the bottom rope. She steps up on the middle rope, propelling herself upwards and then dropping all her weight down on the knee as Fujiwara cries out again!]

GM: Oh my! Davis really going after that knee now, a vicious move there and Fujiwara is in serious trouble not even a third of the way through this matchup, Bucky.

BW: Davis is looking to dissect her here, take that knee out completely. That'll limit her ability to fight back and perhaps most importantly, it's really hard to get someone up for a suplex if you can't stand on two feet.

[Pulling her away from the ropes, Davis holds the leg up before dropping an elbow down on the knee once... twice... three times.]

GM: Davis just hammering away at the knee, Fujiwara is beside herself grabbing that injured limb and... here we go now! Heel hook! The heel hook is sunk in and-

[Almost instantly, Fujiwara taps out on Davis' leg, causing a surprised Shari Miranda to signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: At a time of seven minutes and forty-eight seconds, Laura Davis wins by submission to go up TWO to ONE in this match.

[The crowd jeers as Davis gets to her feet.]

GM: Wow! In just over a minute of match time, Laura Davis has not only tied this thing up but she's taken a lead!

BW: A quick tapout by Ayako Fujiwara to that heel hook, obviously sacrificing the fall in hopes of saving her knee from further damage. She was in the center of the ring. There was no easy way out other than the one she took.

GM: It's a bold strategy, Bucky - let's see if it pays off for her.

BW: Well, Davis wants to see if Fujiwara's willing to go down two falls with that strategy now. She's going for the figure four!

[Davis grabs the leg, swinging around it into a spinning toehold...

...which is when a desperate Fujiwara plants a boot on Davis' hindquarters, giving a powerful shove with some of the strongest legs in wrestling that sends Davis spilling through the ropes and out to the floor to a big cheer from the Grand Forks crowd!]

GM: What a counter by Fujiwara, sending Davis for one heck of a ride to the outside!

BW: A huge counter there to save herself from possibly going down two falls in this one, Gordo. If Davis had secured the figure four, I don't know if Fujiwara would've had a choice but to tap out again and we talked earlier about trying to avoid going down two falls in a match like this - especially as we close in on the match being about a third in the books as the ten minute mark creeps closer and closer in this one.

[Fujiwara scoots to the ropes, using them to help herself get back up to her feet. She's visibly wincing with every attempt to put weight on the leg, the referee checking to see if she can even continue. The Olympian gives a short nod, hobbling towards the ropes where Davis is out on the floor.]

BW: Look at Fujiwara, Gordo. She can barely walk right now. A smart competitor here would call it a night and live to fight another day but Ayako Fujiwara is too proud to ever do something like that.

GM: Absolutely. That pride. That fighting spirit. You might have to take Fujiwara's leg clean off to get her to stop this match.

BW: Don't give Davis any ideas.

[As Fujiwara draws near to the ropes where Davis is on her feet, taking a breather of her own, Davis makes a lunge at the legs as she did earlier in the match. And much like earlier in the match, Fujiwara leaps into the air to avoid the lunge...

...but this time, when she comes down, her knee buckles and she falls down to the canvas, grimacing as she grabs the knee. Davis grins, pointing to her temple.]



BW: And what a brilliant move by Davis there, luring Fujiwara into using the same attempt to counter as she did earlier in the match. She tried to jump over that grab but in doing so, she jammed up her knee even more.

GM: And now Davis looking to take advantage of this mistake by Fujiwara.

[Pulling Fujiwara's legs under the ropes, Davis lifts the leg up into the air...

...and SLAMS the back of the knee down on the ring apron to wails of pain from Ayako and groans of sympathy from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Right down on the apron! The hardest part of the ring gets the knee jammed down onto it... and she's gonna do it again!

[For a second time, Davis lifts the leg high in the air...

...and SLAMS it down again, Fujiwara crying out as Shari Miranda reprimands the All-Around Athlete for her vicious tactics on the outside!]

GM: That's twice down on the apron - and Laura Davis may be going for the trifecta here, fans!

[And indeed she is, bashing Fujiwara's knee down into the apron for a third time, leaving Fujiwara wailing in pain on the canvas as Davis takes a little walk around the ringside area, pausing to glare at a fan waving a sign that says "AYAKO #1."]

"I'm Number One, you hear me? Me!"

[The fan and Davis exchange words as Fujiwara writhes in pain on the mat, gripping her knee, rubbing it vigorously.]

GM: Fujiwara perhaps trying to rub some blood flow back into that knee and... look out here...

[Walking back towards her, Davis grabs Fujiwara's legs under his arms and gives a hard yank, pulling Fujiwara right off the apron, and sending her crashing down with a splat on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Good grief! Fujiwara - the back of her head just bouncing off the floor there!

BW: I think that fan got Davis fired up a little bit, Gordo.

[Standing over Fujiwara, Davis shouts down at her, paintbrushing her across the face a few times before she straightens up, hooking her thumbs at herself as the fans continue to jeer.]

GM: Laura Davis making no fans here in Grand Forks tonight as she bullies Ayako Fujiwara out here on the outsi-

[Rebecca Ortiz calls out the time over the PA system.]

"Twenty minutes remain in this thirty minute matchup. Twenty minutes!"

GM: And there's the call of twenty minutes. Twenty minutes left in this one as Laura Davis holds a two to one lead in this thirty minute Iron Woman matchup in the hottest division in all of professional wrestling.

BW: These two going to war for thirty minutes and the Women's World Title isn't even on the line, Gordo!

GM: It's not but you'd have to assume that whoever comes out on top in this one will skyrocket their way up the ladder, looking to get a future title match against either Kurayami or Betty Chang... or Julie Somers apparently as the dominant World Champion will be defending her title twice in Mexico the next time we join you in about two and a half weeks.

[Davis stands over Fujiwara again, shouting "You got another twenty minutes of this! Just give it up now!" only to get a weak upkick attempt that she swats away before stomping down hard on the midsection of Fujiwara.]

GM: Ayako trying to fight back but Davis is just too much for her at this point in the matchup... and now Davis is looking to inflict even more damage, pulling Fujiwara up by the wrist...

[Dragging the Olympic gold medalist to her feet, Davis twists and whips her towards the ringsteps...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where BOTH of Fujiwara's knees crash into the steel steps before she front flips over it, crashing down in a heap on the ringside mats!]

GM: Good grief! A hard fall by Fujiwara at the hands of Laura Davis!

BW: Those knees - both of 'em - just slammed into the steel and then she flipped all the way over for a hard fall on her back. Devastating attack there by Davis and I think she could get another fall here if she wants to.

GM: I agree... and Davis looks like she does as well, walking over towards- no, she's rolling back in now.

[Back inside the ring, Davis waves a hand at the official who continues counting the downed Fujiwara.]

GM: And it looks like Davis is looking to get another countout win here. That count is up to five... now to six...

[Davis waves her arm, imploring Miranda to count fast as Fujiwara rolls to a knee, grimacing as she grabs for the apron...]

GM: Fujiwara trying to get back in, trying to beat that count...

BW: She's going to need to move quicker than that, Gordo! We're up to seven!

[Fujiwara, trying desperately to avoid going down two to one, grabs the bottom rope, pulling hard on it...]

GM: That count is up to eight!

[Miranda watches as Fujiwara pulls the bottom rope with both arms as hard as she can, dragging herself to a vertical base at "NINE!"]

GM: Nine! We're at nine and- ohhh! Fujiwara just BARELY beats the ten count to-Davis right on her though, pulling her up...

[Davis secures a front facelock and quickly snaps Fujiwara over in a suplex, wasting no time as she floats through into a lateral press.]

GM: Davis on the attack - a quick cover gets one! Gets two! Gets th- no! Fujiwara kicks out at two!

[The crowd cheers loudly as Davis grimaces, still up two to one in the match though as the clock reaches "18:13."]

GM: Just over eighteen minutes left in the time for this one as this grueling battle continues between two of the best in our sport. Davis bringing Fujiwara up to her feet now... short forearm to the jaw... and make it a pair as Ayako falls back to the corner.

BW: She can barely stand on that leg right now, Gordo. The knee is a wreck.

GM: It certainly seems that way... and this doesn't seem likely to help as Davis wraps the injured leg around the middle rope in the corner... oh! Kick to the knee... again... and again...

[The crowd jeers loudly as Davis continues to assault the knee in the corner... then finally straightens up and...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big knife edge chop by Laura Davis!

[But she's not done there, really laying them in now...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And finally, an insistent count from Shari Miranda causes Davis to back off, her arms raised to show she's breaking off her attack...

...but as Miranda goes to check on Ayako, Davis shoves right past her...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[With Fujiwara still tangled in the ropes and reeling, Davis piefaces her, shoving her face back.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[An angry Fujiwara takes an off-balance swing at her but misses badly, allowing Davis to leap up and dropkick the trapped knee, sending another jolt of pain through it as Fujiwara grabs the trapped limb, barely able to keep on her feet as Davis rolls away from the corner, watching as Shari Miranda checks to see if Fujiwara is able to continue.]

BW: Laura Davis is putting on an absolute clinic on how to destroy your opponent's knee... and right now, Ayako Fujiwara is barely on her feet at all.

GM: Shari Miranda checking to see if Fujiwara can go on in this one... she says she can though... no surprise there.

[An annoyed Davis grabs Fujiwara by the hair, dragging her free from the ropes and right into a front facelock...]

GM: Davis hooks her... and now hooks the leg as well!

[The All-Around Athlete hoists Fujiwara into the air, taking her over with the suplex. She bridges up, holding the cradle.]

GM: Fisherman's suplex connects! We've got one! We've got two! We've got- no! Fujiwara's out at two!

[The crowd cheers the knockout as Davis glares at the official for a split second before diving across in a lateral press, hooking a leg.]

GM: Another pin attempt... and another two count there.

[Davis grimaces as she dives across a second time, this time grabbing both legs!]

GM: Here we go again! That's one! That's two! That's- ohh! A little bit closer but Fujiwara still manages to slip out of that pin attempt!

[A REALLY annoyed Davis grabs Fujiwara by the hair, peppering her with a series of short forearms to the jaw...

...then shoves her back down to the mat, diving across again.]

GM: Davis repeatedly going for the cover and again only gets a two count, trying desperately to get the two fall advantage as we're just over sixteen minutes remaining in this one - almost to the halfway point.

[Davis snatches Fujiwara by the head, pulling her up off the mat and SLAMMING the back of her head down into the mat once... twice... three times... and then again dives on top for a pin attempt.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- no! Again, Fujiwara slips out! What resiliency on the part of Ayako Fujiwara, fighting with all she's got to keep from going down by two falls in this historic thirty minute Iron Woman battle!

[Davis slowly climbs to her feet, hands on her hips as she stares down with some frustration aimed at the Olympic gold medalist who is struggling to get off the canvas.]

GM: Fujiwara trying to get up... fighting to get to her feet and to find a way to get back into this one...

[As Fujiwara gets to her rear on the mat, Davis gives her an assist, pulling her up with a handful of hair as the clock counts down to "15:48."]

GM: Davis bringing her to her feet...

[Grabbing an arm, Davis flings her the thankfully short distance into the corner, Fujiwara's body slamming into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Whip to the nearest corner!

BW: It had to be, Gordo. I don't think Fujiwara's knee would survive being whipped across the ring right now, she'd just collapse in a puddle of pain-filled tears on the canvas.

GM: You're a real poet, Buckthorn.

[Davis backs off to the middle of the ring, taking aim as she points with both fingers at the hurting Fujiwara...]

GM: Davis to the corner!

[But the charging Davis ends up getting a chest full of buckle as Fujiwara, grabbing the ropes with both hands, manages to yank herself clear of her charging opponent JUST in time!]

GM: FUJIWARA ESCAPES! DAVIS HITS THE CORNER!

[The crowd cheers loudly as Fujiwara leans against the ropes, trying to pull enough air into her body to keep going as Rebecca Ortiz' voice is heard again.]

"Fifteen minutes have expired! Fifteen minutes remain with Laura Davis ahead two to one in this match! Two to one!"

GM: There's the call of the halfway point with Davis up by a fall still... but perhaps not for long here, fans!

[Swooping in behind Davis, Fujiwara wraps her powerful arms around her in a waistlock...]

...and immediately, the alarm on Davis' face is accompanied by her lunging forward, wrapping her arms around the top rope!]

GM: Fujiwara looking for the German but Davis is trying to stay grounded!

BW: She's hanging on for dear life, Gordo!

GM: Fujiwara trying to rip her free - at full strength, she might be able to do it, Bucky, but right now...

[Fujiwara strains and struggles to get Davis into the air but the All-Around Athlete keeps her grip on the ropes and after a few more moments of this, Fujiwara simply lets go, hobbling away, reaching down to grab the back of her knee again...]

GM: She couldn't do it! She just couldn't do it with her knee in the-

[...which is when Davis charges again, burying her shoulder into the back of the knee once more!]

GM: OHHH! ANOTHER CLIP! ANOTHER CLIP FROM BEHIND!

[Predictably, Fujiwara goes down in a screaming pile, writhing in pain as she grabs at her knee. She rolls over onto her back, her leg lifted in the air as she tries to rub some life into it...]

...and Davis grabs hold of it, taking advantage of Fujiwara's prone position!]

GM: She's going for the figure four again!

[But as she twists around, Fujiwara makes a desperate lunge and wraps her arms around the nearby bottom ropes, forcing Shari Miranda to step in and call for a break.]

GM: Break! Break! Fujiwara got to the ropes, again just barely in time to avoid further damage to that knee...

BW: If the figure four had been locked in, Davis would have a two fall lead right about now... and honestly, Gordo, that was a rare mistake by the All-Around Athlete. They were too close to the ropes when she went to apply the hold, her eagerness perhaps getting the better of her there.

GM: She lets go... and Fujiwara quickly rolls out to the safety of the apron, trying to find somewhere she can recover a little bit from the relentless attack of Laura Davis.

BW: But you said the magic word there, Gordo - "relentless." Davis will ask no quarter and she certainly isn't gonna give none.

GM: Davis already leaning over the ropes, pulling Fujiwara to her feet on the apron... and it looks like she's going to bring her in the hard way, fans.

[Davis snatches a front facelock, slinging Fujiwara's arm over her neck as she prepares for a suplex...]

GM: Davis with the lift!

[Fujiwara gets hoisted into the air...

...but somehow manages to slip out, dropping out behind Davis where she instantly drops to a knee but powers right up, snatching another waistlock!]

GM: Waistlock!

[Again, Davis reaches out and grabs the ropes, shaking her head back and forth.]

GM: Davis hanging on again! She's trying to block this German Suplex that Fujiwara's been looking for the whole match!

[With a grunt and a roar, Fujiwara yanks Davis away from the ropes, stumbling a few feet back towards the middle of the ring to a big cheer!]

GM: Fujiwara yanks her off! Out to the middle!

[With one block broken, Davis opts for the same escape she tried later in the match, dropping straight down, slipping out of Fujiwara's grasp...

...but this time, Ayako is ready for it, swinging a surprised Davis back down onto her back, kneeling on the shoulders, and reaching out to grab both legs with her arms!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE! ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: At a time of eighteen minutes and four seconds, Ayako Fujiwara picks up a pinfall and ties the match at TWO FALLS APIECE!

[The crowd cheers the announcement as the clock reads "12:55" and counting.]

GM: Under thirteen minutes to go in this one now and Ayako Fujiwara has TIED this match! It's two to two on that surprise cradle and-

[Fujiwara is down on the mat, grabbing her knee in pain as Davis angrily scrambles up, grabbing the leg...]

GM: And here comes another figure four! Davis looking to go right back up in this-

[As Davis leans over for the other leg, Fujiwara reaches up, grabbing the head, and rolls her into an inside cradle!]

GM: INSIDE CRADLE OUT OF NOWHERE! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: No, no, no! Davis kicks out JUST in time! She almost got caught and it was almost a three to two lead for Fujiwara! Whew! What an exchange right there by these two magnificent competitors!

[With Fujiwara still hobbled, Davis is the first one up, burying a knee into the gut of a rising Fujiwara, cutting her off before she can even attempt to get any offense going...]

GM: Davis swings her around and- oh, come on now...

[Davis smirks as she snatches a waistlock of her own, lifting Fujiwara into the air and dumping her back into a German Suplex!]

GM: Davis with a German of her own! Miranda down - ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND AGAIN, THE KICKOUT! AGAIN, FUJIWARA KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[A furious Davis pounds the mat with her fists, glaring at Miranda who confidently holds up two fingers.]

GM: A two count only! Very close to being more than that but a two count only off that perfect executed German Suplex with the bridge!

[Davis scrambles to her feet, reaching down to haul Fujiwara up with her. The crowd is cheering, trying to get Fujiwara going after that kickout on the German...

...but the cheers turn to boos as Davis scoops the Olympic gold medalist into the air, slamming her down near the ropes so that the back of Fujiwara's knee smashes into the ropes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SLAM INTO THE ROPES! OH MY!

BW: And it was done so that the knee would hit the ropes as well! That was calculatingly brilliant on the part of the All-Around Athlete, Gordo. Laura Davis truly may be #1.

GM: She may indeed but right now, this match is all even at two falls apiece as the time continues to tick down in this one... we're closing in on the ten minute mark and if it's still tied at that point, I'd expect both of these competitors to REALLY pick things up to try and get that potentially deciding fall.

[With Davis looking out on the crowd, hooking her thumbs towards herself, Fujiwara rolls out towards mid-ring, holding onto her knee again...

...and Davis eyeballs her appraisingly, nodding her head as something seems to come to her.]

GM: Davis backing off, sizing up Fujiwara now...

[She bounces off the ropes, charging out, leaping into the air with a twist...]

GM: Ohhh! And the corkscrew elbow goes down, down, down into the heart of the Olympic gold medalist! We saw her hit that earlier... and look... this is the same cocky cover she used earlier in the match. It cost her then but now...

[Davis leans back, reaching out her arms and legs just as she did earlier...

...and again, Fujiwara hooks both arms, rolling Davis into a crucifix.]

GM: Just like at the beginning of the match! Ayako rolls her up again and-

[But this time, Davis is ready for it, rolling right through the crucifix and somehow managing to get to her feet with Fujiwara up in a fireman's carry across her shoulders...]

GM: DAVIS COUNTERS! DAVIS COUNTERS! AND-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEATH! VALLEY! DRIVER!

[The crowd groans as Davis spikes Fujiwara, rotating her just enough so that the move lands her more on the back of her head and upper shoulders and not directly on top of her skull which might've meant a trip to the hospital for the Olympic gold medalist and not simply a trip to Dream Land as Davis applies a lateral press.]

GM: DAVIS WITH THE COVER!

[Miranda drops down, counting the pin.]

GM: She's got one! She's got two! She's got three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: At a time of nineteen minutes and forty seconds, Laura Davis picks up a pinfall and takes a THREE to TWO lead in this matchup! THREE to TWO!

[The crowd jeers as Davis nods at the announcement, again hooking a thumb at herself.]

GM: Laura Davis with the Death Valley Driver takes a three to two advantage with just over ten minutes to go in this... and after that move, I've gotta wonder if Fujiwara has anything left, Bucky.

BW: The only thing she can be thankful for, Gordo, is that Davis didn't drop her RIGHT on her skull. I've seen that move done a lot of different ways over the years but this one was designed to defeat - not to cripple... and Fujiwara can thank her lucky stars for that.



GM: Well, she might be SEEING those lucky stars right now as she's gotta be reeling after that hard fall... and as the time ticks down towards ten minutes, Fujiwara's got a long hill to climb if she wants to tie this up and come back to win it.

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! The match remains THREE to TWO!"

GM: Ten minutes left to go in this one now. What a battle we've seen so far, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. And like a good basketball team ahead in the latter part of a game, it's time for Laura Davis to run down the clock a bit. Ten minutes is a TV Title match but for a pro like Davis, she can drastically cut down the odds that Fujiwara can score two falls in that time with a little bit of clock management.

[Davis is slow to her feet, a smirk still on her face as she looks down at the prone Fujiwara. She slowly steps towards her, standing over, looking down on her again...]

GM: Davis laying the badmouth on Fujiwara now... telling her she'll never be on her level... she'll never be good enough...

[Reaching down, Davis cracks Fujiwara across the face with a slap.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no need for this!

[A second slap lands as well as the boos get even louder.]

GM: Davis continuing to taunt Fujiwara, just mocking her now and I just don't know if Fujiwara's going to be able to do anything about it as we continue to watch the precious seconds tick off the clock in this one.

[Davis grabs Fujiwara by the hair, bringing the dazed and hobbled Olympian to her feet... and again Davis has words for Fujiwara before she simply shoves her back into the corner where Ayako hooks her arms over the top rope, trying to stay on her feet as Davis glares at her.]

BW: After all these months, these two are finally letting it all hang out in this one and right now, Laura Davis is in prime position to do exactly what she claimed she'd do all along - prove that she's the best in the world.

GM: Well, whoever wears the Women's World Title is the best in the world but Laura Davis would certainly be able to stake her claim to a share of that name and a future title shot if she comes out the winner in this one.

[Davis backs off about three-quarters of the way across the ring, pausing to measure her target before she runs back in, twisting around to drive her elbow back up under the chin of Fujiwara, snapping her victim's head back in the process.]

GM: Back elbow connects, Fujiwara got rocked with that one as well...

[Still in the corner, Davis turns around, shouting at Fujiwara...]

"IT'S OVER FOR YOU! DONE!"

[Davis winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFHHHH!"

[The knife edge chop finds the mark, cracking across the skin of Fujiwara who struggles to stay on her feet.]

GM: What a chop! Davis just trying to punish her opponent now... sending a message perhaps to the rest of the AWA locker room - including Michelle Bailey who we know has issued a challenge for a few weeks from now at Homecoming in Dallas, Texas.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: Another chop on target! Fujiwara barely on her feet! Under nine minutes to go now...

[Davis winds up again... and then pauses, shaking her head...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: Goodness! A big slap across the face by Davis! Just adding insult to injury here in Grand Forks as the time continues to run down... Davis taking her sweet time with all of this. I think this is a questionable strategy if you ask me, Bucky.

BW: Considering all your ring time, I can't wait to hear this. Enlighten me.

GM: Well, she's got Fujiwara hurt... she's got her reeling... and by wasting time trying to run down the clock, she's also giving Fujiwara time to recover. It's been over a minute since she got the pin off that Death Valley Driver and she's hit an elbow and a couple of chops. Fujiwara's had plenty of time to regroup and while we haven't seen any signs of that yet-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: Another hard slap now and-

[The crowd cheers as Fujiwara whips her head back, her eyes wide with anger.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Davis looks around nervously for a moment and then winds up to deliver another slap...

...but EATS a fierce elbowstrike to the jaw that sends her tumbling backwards, flipping ass over teakettle on the canvas to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: And Fujiwara with a big elbow! Fujiwara trying to shake all this off and fight back! Fujiwara trying to get things going back her way and score two falls before this one gets too out of reach.

[The clock shows "8:03" on it as Davis scrambles to her feet, shaking her head to clear the cobwebs before dashing right back in...]

GM: Davis on the move and- ohh! Another elbow finds the mark!

[The second elbow is as impactful as the first, sending her sprawling backwards a second time. She gets to her feet a little slower this time, still trying to clear the cobwebs before charging back in...]

GM: Davis charges again and...

[This time though, Fujiwara steps out of the corner far enough to sidestep, shoving Davis chestfirst into the buckles again...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[But again, Davis slips out of the grip, using a drop toehold to take Fujiwara down, her head and torso smashing into the turnbuckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Davis rolls to a knee, looking up at Miranda with a “what’s the time?”]

GM: Miranda letting Davis know that we’re under eight minutes to go in this one now...

[Davis gives a nod, climbing the rest of the way to her feet, grabbing the ankle to drag Fujiwara from the corner out towards the middle of the ring.]

GM: Davis pulls her out... and another figure four?

[But as Davis spins around, a desperate Fujiwara plants her boot on the butt and shoves Davis out of the hold, sending her crashing HARD into the far turnbuckles to another big cheer!]

GM: And Fujiwara with a counter, saving herself from that figure four attempt! Fujiwara's got Davis reeling a bit as the time continues to tick down! She's gotta get going though, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. We’ve got a bit over seven minutes left and she’s down three to two. To win it, she's gotta score two decisions and not let Davis score anymore. If she’s gonna do it, now is the time.

GM: Fujiwara struggling to get up on one side of the ring... Davis struggling to do it on the other..

BW: It’s a foot race now!

[And a one-legged woman is never going to win a footrace as Davis gets to her feet first, taking aim on the rising Fujiwara as the clock reads “7:12.”]

GM: Like you said, just over seven minutes remaining and... here comes Davis!

[Davis charges in on the dazed Fujiwara, swinging her leg up for a running big boot attempt...

...but Fujiwara reacts, catching the incoming leg as she sidesteps...]

GM: What the...?!

[And with a mighty lift, Fujiwara hoists Davis into the air and brings her CRASHING down with a cradle backbreaker..

...right across Fujiwara’s bad knee!]

GM: OHHH! A devastating backbreaker but Fujiwara instinctively did that on the bad knee! She dropped Davis down on the bad knee and both of them are down now! Both of them are hurting!

BW: A horribly-timed miscalculation there by Fujiwara!

GM: Absolutely! That could be the exclamation point on this one as we're under seven minutes now! Under seven minutes left in this one with Fujiwara STILL down a fall.

BW: And down two falls if she wants to win and not just go to a draw.

GM: You're right about that as well. Both women still down on the mat... still trying to recover from that big counter by Fujiwarra... and time is definitely not on Fujiwara's side in this one.

BW: You're out here quoting song lyrics like Albano but let's talk about Laura Davis being... what? Just over six minutes away from cementing herself as one of the top competitors in the world after being away from the spotlight for some time.

GM: This one has been brewing for months now and it's boiled over here in Grand Forks with these two battling it out in this historic battle.

[The clock lands on "6:13" as Davis rolls to her hip, grabbing at her lower back as she works her way back towards her feet. A few feet away, Fujiwara is sitting up on the mat, vigorously rubbing the injured knee as she tries to get up as well.]

GM: Both of these women trying to get up... trying to get there. Davis only has to survive another six minutes and change and this victory is hers. For Fujiwara, she's gotta tie it... and then she's gotta win it!

BW: The odds are against it... but what happens if she ties it and time runs out?

GM: No idea. Sudden Death perhaps? Davis now, dragging Fujiwara to her feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Davis' big knife edge chop causes Fujiwara to drop back a pair of steps...

...and then she lunges forward, smashing an elbow into the jaw at high velocity!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Davis staggers under the impact of the elbow... but then fires back again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Another chop by Davis!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And an elbow by Fujiwara!

[And so it goes, chops from Davis and elbows from Fujiwara...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But with that elbowstrike, Davis is completely stunned, sinking to a knee before getting right back up where Fujiwara grabs her by the hair, winding up again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With the crowd roaring, Fujiwara uses her grip on the head and neck to fling Davis into the nearest set of buckles. She backs off, wincing with every step as she creates some space...

...and with a mighty bellow, Fujiwara forces herself to choke down the pain to jog across the ring, leaping slightly into the air, and jams her elbow up under the jaw again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Running...

BW: Sort of.

GM: ...leaping...

BW: Kind of.

GM: ...ELBOW CONNECTS! WE'RE UNDER FIVE MINUTES, FANS!

[Fujiwara grabs Davis by the whip, giving another shout as she fires the All-Around Athlete across the ring, sending her crashing into the far corner. Davis hits the buckles hard, stumbling out towards Fujiwara...]

GM: AYAKO LIFTS!

[The crowd ROARS as Fujiwara lifts Davis, holding her across her chest...]

GM: SHE'S GOING FOR THE KANPEKINA! KANPEKINA!

[But the knee gives way, allowing Davis to drag Fujiwara down in an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The referee dives down to the canvas to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THRE-

[But JUST before the three count comes down, Fujiwara somehow manages to shift her weight JUST enough to roll Davis onto her shoulders instead.]

GM: REVERSED! REVERSED BY FUJIWARA GETS ONE! GETS TWOOOOOO! GETS THREEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Ayako Fujiwara picks up a pin! And with four minutes and forty-seven seconds remaining, the match is TIED!

[The crowd CHEERS for the tie as Fujiwara rolls to a seated position, nodding her head at the crowd's reaction.]

GM: It's tied! Three falls apiece and we're down to four... about four and a half minutes remain in this one! Four and a half minutes for someone to pick up another fall and to win this thing!

[The clock ticks down to "4:31" as a fired-up Laura Davis comes up off the mat, shaking her head at the official, holding up two fingers.]

GM: Davis thinks it was a two count but it was three and-

BW: She can't waste time like this! The clock is ticking and she's gotta end this!

[An agitated Davis stomps over towards a rising Fujiwara, using a handful of hair to pull the Olympic gold medalist the rest of the way to her feet...]

GM: Both of these tremendous warriors are on their feet again and- ohh! Fujiwara slips in an elbow again! Ayako Fujiwara getting a second wind here, fighting down the pain shooting through her knee to try and rally and win this thing... a second elbow!

[Davis stumbles backwards, her eyelids fluttering as Fujiwara balls up her fists, nodding her head as she advances on her...]

GM: A third elbow connects! Davis is stunned!

BW: This might be Ayako's chance, Gordo!

GM: It certainly might!

[The clock reads "4:04" as Fujiwara reaches out towards Davis, grabbing her by the back of the neck, guiding her back out towards the middle of the ring.]

GM: Fujiwara in the middle... big lift!

[And much as she did moments ago, Fujiwara holds Davis across her torso, looking to drive her down...]

GM: She's got her up for the Kanpekina again! Can she get it this time?! Can she fight away the pain to her knee and pull this off to take the lead with under four minutes left in this one?!

[Fujiwara takes a wide stance, puffing out her cheeks as she sets to deliver the move...]

GM: Here we go! The moment of truth for Fujiwara!

[She ducks low, dipping Davis' head down to where it nearly touches the canvas...]

GM: KANPE-

[But again, Fujiwara's knee buckles underneath her and she simply drops Davis down on the mat, falling back to grab at her injured knee as the referee rushes to her side, making sure she can continue.]

GM: Oh! She couldn't do it! She couldn't get it done! Davis just slipped out of her hands and now we've got both women attempting to recover in time. We've got...

[The clock in the corner of the screen reads "3:42" as Davis gets to a knee, looking up at the video wall to see the time.]

GM: Almost three and a half minutes left!

BW: And to steal your line, Gordo - time is no longer on EITHER of their sides!

GM: Davis getting to her feet... Fujiwara on her feet as well, leaning against the ropes, trying to shake some feeling into that leg...

[Davis walks across the ring, looking to finish off Fujiwara and to get the match-deciding fall...]

GM: Davis on the attack, pulling Fujiwara off the ropes, dragging her out to the middle...

[Tucking Fujiwara's leg underneath her, Davis sets for a shinbreaker in the middle of the ring...]

GM: The All-Around Athlete looking to take out that leg, leaning down and- oh!

[The crowd cheers as Fujiwara lands a hard downward elbow to the back of Davis' neck... and again... and again...]

GM: Elbow after elbow, Fujiwara battling her way free...

[The clock reads "3:07" as Davis stumbles backwards, grabbing the back of her neck as Fujiwara manages to fight her way free...]

GM: Just over three minutes to go here and... big right hand ducked by Ayako! WAISTLOCK!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Fujiwara secures the waistlock once again, setting her feet underneath her...]

GM: Can she get it this time?! Can she get the German?!

BW: Davis has made it out every time so far. Fujiwara's gone for it a handful of times and every time, Laura Davis has been able to escape it.

GM: Davis drops...

[Much as she's done earlier in the match, Davis drops straight down, trying to slip the grip...

...but this time, Fujiwara is ready for her, giving a shout and clenching her jaw as she keeps the waistlock in place!]

GM: FUJIWARA BLOCKS THE COUNTER! SHE'S HANGING ON!

[As Fujiwara lifts the struggling Davis off the mat, holding her dangling off the mat in front of her, the clock drops down to "2:48."]

GM: Under three minutes now! Fujiwara's got her hanging! DEADLIFT GERMAN ON THE WAY PERHAPS!

[Fujiwara takes several deep breaths, fighting off the pain as she powers Davis up higher... and higher...]

...and finally brings her CRASHING down on the back of her head and neck with a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: GERMAN! MISS GERMANY CONNECTS! HANGING ON FOR THE PIN!

[The referee dives to the mat to count as Fujiwara lifts her injured leg off the mat, holding a one-legged bridge...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...and then the bridge collapses as Davis shifts her weight, rolling her shoulder off the canvas...]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! SHE GOT HER! AYAKO GOT HER!

BW: No, no! She didn't! She didn't, Gordo! Davis' shoulder was up and Fujiwara's was down!

GM: What?! No! I didn't see that! Are you sure?!

[Shari Miranda gets up, rushing over towards the timekeeper and Rebecca Ortiz, talking to them both swiftly.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... the referee says that at the time of the three count, Ayako Fujiwara's shoulders were down and Laura Davis' shoulder was up! Therefore, with two minutes and twenty-seven seconds remaining, Laura Davis has taken a FOUR to THREE lead in this match!

[Fujiwara is on her feet, arguing with the official as the referee mimes the shoulder coming off the mat as Davis sits on the mat, rubbing the back of her head with a huge smile on her face.]

GM: Fujiwara can't believe it! She thought she took the lead there herself but the shoulders apparently came down when the knee gave way and...

BW: And now she's wasting the precious few seconds that are left to argue with Shari Miranda!

GM: You're right! Of course, you're right! We're down to just over two minutes to go and Fujiwara's got the time to tie it up again! She's got the time if she can focus and get this done!

[Davis gets to her feet, backing to the corner, watching as Fujiwara continues to argue with the official...]

...and then she charges in, kicking Fujiwara in the back of the knee from behind, sending the Olympian down to the mat in a heap, screaming in pain again as Davis gets jeered loudly!]

GM: Davis takes her down again!

[The All-Around Athlete hooks a thumb at herself, nodding confidently as the referee admonishes her for the sneak attack as the clock ticks down to "2:02."]

"Two minutes left on the clock! Two minutes!"

GM: Two minutes to go! Two minutes for Ayako to find a way to pick up a fall, tie this thing, and possibly force an Overtime situation! Can she get it done? Can she overcome that knee trauma and the overwhelming talent of Laura Davis?



[Davis ignores the official... and starts skipping around the ring, twirling her hair around her finger...]

GM: What in the...?

BW: I have no idea.

"HEY AYAKO... YOU WANT ME TO HIT YOU BABY ONE MORE TIME?!"

[The crowd jeers as Davis finishes skipping, ending up in the corner, squatting down as she beckons Fujiwara to her feet...]

GM: Is she...? Is she looking for a spear here?

BW: Not just any spear, Gordo! A Britney Spear! Laura Davis sending a message loud and clear to the woman who challenged her for Homecoming, Michelle Bailey! I hope Bailey's watching, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure she is. I'm sure she's watching her good friend - Ayako Fujiwara - in action here tonight as well as scouting her potential opponent and... Fujiwara's getting up off the mat... barely able to get to her feet...

[Davis beckons Fujiwara up again as the clock reads "1:17."]

GM: Over a minute to go! About eighty seconds on the clock! Davis looking to REALLY cement this one here and add a little insult to injury to boot!

[The Olympic gold medalist forces her way to her feet, facing away from Davis.]

GM: Fujiwara's up! Davis is waiting... waiting for the Olympian to turn around!

[Fujiwara slowly staggers in a circle, words of warning being shouted from the North Dakota crowd as Davis prepares to surge forward...]

GM: Fujiwara turns... HERE COMES DAVIS!

[As the clock hits "1:02," Davis comes racing towards Fujiwara who sidesteps the charge, shoving Davis from behind and sending her smashing facefirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: OHH! SHE MISSED! SHE MISSED!

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! ONE MINUTE!"

[Davis stumbles backwards towards a waiting Fujiwara...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...and with time ticking way too fast, Fujiwara fights off the pain to lift Davis into the air again, driving her down in a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Fujiwara scrambles over to her knees, diving onto Davis' folded up knees in a tight cradle!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! DAVIS ESCAPES IN TIME!

[With the clock at “:48”, Fujiwara scrambles as Davis rolls to her hip. The Olympian stretches out her leg, wrapping it around the torso of Davis to reach the other leg.]

GM: What’s she going for here?! Fujiwara trying to get the body scissored... trying to wrap that leg around...

[She slides her arms up towards Davis’ neck but Davis raises her arms, trying to block the grip as Fujiwara rolls her onto her side, securing both legs in the bodylock as the block hits “:36”]

GM: Almost down to thirty seconds! Fujiwara’s got the body trapped with those powerful legs, trying to grab the head... the neck... something here. But Davis is fighting it! Davis is fighting off whatever Fujiwara’s going for as-

“THIRTY SECONDS REMAIN!”

GM: Thirty seconds to go!

BW: Whatever Fujiwara’s trying to do, she’d better do it now!

[A desperate Fujiwara drops an arm, swinging it into Davis’ right ribcage...]

GM: OH!

[The gold medalist swings the arm in again... and again...]

GM: Davis is still blocking but Fujiwara’s trying to break down that block!

[Again... and again...]

GM: We’re down to twenty seconds!

[...and finally, Davis’ arm slips down just enough, trying to protect her exposed ribs as Fujiwara quickly brings her arms back up, hooking Davis around the head and neck...]

GM: What’s she...?

[...and CRANKS to the side, causing Davis to SCREAM in pain!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A HOLD THIS IS!

BW: It’s a Twister! The same hold Fujiwara used on Donna Martinelli, Laura Davis’ prize student! The body scissors... the neck crank... this absolutely PUNISHES the spine of your victim and Fujiwara’s got it locked in!

GM: It’s locked in DEEP but time is ticking and does she have enough time to-

“FIFTEEN SECONDS REMAIN!”

GM: Fifteen seconds now! Davis is screaming in pain!

BW: Can you blame her?! Fujiwara looks like she's trying to twist her damn head off her shoulders!

GM: Davis trying to hang on! Davis trying to choke down the pain shooting up and down her body from head to toe!

"TEN SECONDS!"

GM: Down to ten seconds!

BW: Hang on, kid! Hang on!

GM: Fujiwara cranking that hold! Trying to get this last second submission to tie it up! Trying to get Davis to tap out to this punishing hold and-

"FIVE!"

[Davis grabs at Fujiwara's forearm, trying to pry it loose...]

"FOUR!"

[Fujiwara lets loose a scream of her own as she twists to the side, applying as much pressure as she can possibly execute.]

"THREE!"

[Davis' hand shoots up into the air, the crowd roaring with anticipation as Fujiwara screams "TAAAAAAAAP!" to her trapped foe...]

"TWO!"

[Davis' hand clenches into a fist as she screams "NOOOOOOOOOO!" and the referee waves an arm at Fujiwara who seems to be shocked...]

"ONE!"

GM: DAVIS HANGING ON! DAVIS HANGING ON!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And Davis' arm slumps down on the canvas just as the referee dives in, shouting "THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! LET HER GO!" Fujiwara reluctantly obliges, slumping back to lie flat on her back, staring up at the lights as Davis slumps sideways next to her.]

GM: Wow! What a war that was!

[With both men laid out on the mat, Rebecca Ortiz' voice rings out.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... with a final score of four falls to three, your winner of the Iron Woman match...

LAUUUUUUURAAAAAAAAA DAAAAAAAAAAVSSSSSSSSSSS!

[Davis weakly raises her arm over the mat, grabbing at her neck in pain as she does and then drops back down on the canvas.]

GM: Well, Laura Davis picks up the win... but right now, the war between these two was the winner as they're both physically wasted.

[The official kneels down alongside Davis, trying to help her to a seated position and Davis slaps her hand away.]

"Don't need your help, Miranda... don't need anyone's help."

[A still-weary Davis rolls to a hip... then to a knee. She nods to the crowd, raising both arms this time as the fans jeer the All-Around Athlete.]

GM: Laura Davis victorious in this one... and Ayako Fujiwara's going to need some medical attention to check out that knee in my estimation, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Davis punished - and I mean PUNISHED - that knee for the bulk of a half hour. It's hanging on by a string right now.

[Fujiwara rolls over onto her hip, burying her face into the canvas as she angrily slams an arm down on the canvas.]

GM: Some obvious frustration on the part of the Olympic gold medalist who thought she would be the one celebrating a victory tonight... celebrating a win and looking ahead to another shot to become the Women's World Champion but that's not the case. It's Laura Davis who takes the win and now she gets to look ahead to see what's next.

[Davis manages to get to her feet, still holding her neck as she looks down at Fujiwara who has managed to get to a knee, still rubbing her sore limb. The gold medalist looks up at the All-Around Athlete...

...and extends her hand.]

GM: Wow. Ayako Fujiwara offering her hand to Laura Davis... to the woman who tormented her for months and just defeated her in the ring.

[Fujiwara pushes to her feet, insistently sticking out her hand again as Davis eyeballs her...

...and then waves a dismissive hand, turning away and exiting the ring as the fans jeer louder.]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara... left hanging, I believe is the phrase of choice... by Laura Davis here. But Fujiwara bows there... a sign of respect even if Davis doesn't show respect to her. A tremendous battle, fans, is in the books here tonight and now, we're going to take a much-needed commercial break but when we come back, we're going to have the much-anticipated return of the former AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch! So don't you dare go away!

[We fade to black as a grinning Davis backs down the ramp up the aisle as Fujiwara looks out at her, grabbing the ropes to keep weight off her knee...

...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...

A wide shot of the Alerus Center interior holds on the crowd for a couple of seconds... then the opening notes of Rush's classic "Tom Sawyer" over the PA system seems to suddenly blow the roof off the arena!]

GM: We are back LIVE on Saturday Night Wrestling and this is it, Bucky! Are you ready?!

BW: Just when we were one Stench down, another comes crawling back to rear his Scumbag head.

[The camera pans across the front row, lingering on two young women in homemade "WELCOME BACK TEXAS HEARTTHROB" t-shirts.]

GM: We have not seen Travis Lynch since SuperClash of last year. Presumably he has exorcised the demons that plagued him through the latter half of 2016, and I for one, am keen to hear what the longest reigning AWA National Champion of all time has to say about the current state of the AWA!

[Spotlights form sweeping columns in the stage fog around the entrance area as the fans await Lynch's long-awaited presence.]

GM: What are his thoughts on his brother James allying with Korugun? His brother Jack, the former World Champion seemingly walking away from the sport?

BW: What did he get for pawning the National Title belt?

GM: Bucky, that's not what happened. Ask our current National Champion to explain it again: he's only too happy to let the world know how clever he thinks he is. And if we are talking about National Champions...

[Geddy Lee has already started the second verse, and the crowd is getting impatient. The music abruptly cuts.]

BW: Uh huh. Scumbag Lynch being a scumbag, who would have seen that.

GM: It looks like there is a delay of some sort in getting Travis out here and...

[Gordon trails off as Lynch steps through the curtain, the crowd very briefly coming alive...

...and then returning to an uneasy buzz as they see it's Theresa Lynch making her way down the aisle. Her head is down, and her body language is not comfortable to look at.

There is a brief glitch in the audio.]

BW: Gordo, you know the answer. You know I'm right.

[The camera catches Gordon Myers, who has left the commentary table, presumably to console Theresa Lynch as she reaches the end of the ramp. They are joined by Rebecca Ortiz, who is equally concerned.

Theresa waves them off with a marginally convincing, "I'm fine. Really," as she takes the microphone from Ortiz and climbs the steps into the ring.

Another glitch in the audio as Myers presumably returns to the announce table.]

BW: Well, Gordo? Was I right, or was I right, daddy?

GM: Bucky. Don't. Just... let her explain.

[Theresa Lynch's once-professional demeanor that she carefully cultivated in the months prior seems to be failing her, as she speaks with a quivering voice.]

TL: I-I've been ff--instructed... to let everyone know that my br-- Travis is... Travis Lynch is...

...is not here tonight.

[There is some jeering from the crowd. The unrest seems to set Theresa Lynch off further. She inhales deeply.]

TL: And... the reason he's not here is-

[The sound of sputtering electronics pierces the sound system. "The Business of Emotion" causes the fans to jeer even more.]

GM: Oh, for goodness sake. Have these two not done enough tonight?

BW: It's never a bad time to see the power couple, Gordo!

GM: On that, my friend, we certainly disagree.

[Sandra Hayes and Kerry Kendrick make their way down to the ring, hand-in-hand. Hayes twirls her glittery pink baseball bat over her shoulder. Theresa Lynch clenches her fists, eyebrows furrowed. Hayes takes another microphone from Ortiz and the power couple roll into the ring, circling the distraught Lynch.]

MSH: Since you seem to be unable to do your job right now, Theresa, let me do it for you again.

Travis Lynch was invited to return here tonight by General Castillo.

[Hayes grins, nodding at cheers from the crowd.]

MSH: And do you know why, Theresa?

Because \_I\_ asked Javier to do that.

[Theresa shakes her head, seemingly not believing Hayes' words.]

MSH: Oh no, it's true, my dear. No matter how badly your pathetic family has treated me in the past, I felt Travis was owed a second chance. A third chance. A seventh chance.

[She waves a dismissive hand.]

MSH: Whatever strike he's on now.

[Theresa glares at Hayes as Sandra walks over to Kendrick and draws a manicured nail down his shoulder.]

MSH: And then, my man-tastic Kerry Kendrick pointed something out to me. Your brother doesn't deserve my forgiveness after cheating me out of my National title.

He doesn't deserve my forgiveness after all the nasty, unfounded things he's said about me in the past! Like... he said I wanted to be a Lynch! HA! Who would EVER want to be a Lynch?

[Kendrick sneers, shaking his head with a "Not me."]

MSH: So, just like I asked Javier to call up Travis, offer him a new deal, and tell the world - including you - that he'd be back here tonight in North Dakota...

I was also the one who asked Javier to nix the deal and leave that pathetically weak excuse for a man stranded at the Dallas airport.

[Hayes bursts into laughter as Theresa seems about to crack.]

MSH: Just like I was also the one who asked Javier to have you, Theresa, be the one to come out here and tell the world that your brother blew it... again.

[Lynch is biting her lip very hard. Her makeup is starting to run.]

MSH: Oh Theresa, I can't help but feel at least partly responsible for you feeling the way you do now.

But then again, I can't help not caring.

[Hayes sneers.]

MSH: Sometimes we bring hardship upon ourselves. Right, babe?

[Kendrick nods, leaning over the offered mic, shouting at Lynch.]

KK: I had the World Title in the bag, Theresa! I had Johnny Detson dead-to-rights but for your little friend running interference. Your little friend who you let sneak into the stadium while you just stood by and smirked!

[The crowd is jeering Kendrick loudly now.]

KK: You think you're untouchable because of who your daddy is?! You think you're untouchable because of who you spend your nights with?!

[Kendrick shakes his head.]

KK: All you do is hold a microphone and ask questions...

MSH: And you don't even do that well.

[More boos rain down as Theresa lowers her gaze from the duo.]

KK: You're mad at us, girlie? You should be thanking us. You should be thanking us for saving your family the embarrassment of whatever garbage Travis would get himself into this time around.

MSH: No, no... you should be thanking us for not having Kurayami come out here with us again.

KK: That's right. Ricki's had broken ribs before, Theresa... but I doubt you have.

[Kendrick looks annoyed as the fans seem to be chanting for something. Something that sounds like the name of a "Giant" former competitor.]

KK: Who the hell do you people think you are?! Just because this company sees fit to treat you like something special, that doesn't make it so! You're nothing! You're nobodies!

[Hayes puts a hand delicately on his chest.]

MSH: Don't worry about them, Kerry. They're just jealous of us... just like everyone else.

So, Theresa... now that you understand why Travis isn't here... now that you understand that you're the one to blame for everything that's happened since the Battle of Saskatchewan...

[Kendrick nods.]

KK: What happened to Terry Shane...

MSH: YOUR FAULT!

KK: What happened to your brother...

MSH: YOUR FAULT!

KK: And definitely what happened to you when you got suspended from your own show.

MSH: YOUR FAULT! But that one was a blessing in disguise because the ratings for MY Power Hour were so much higher than yours, I hear the suits at FOX may be looking to make that change permanent. Give me a call, boys. I'm open for business.

[She looks suggestively towards the camera as Kendrick smirks beside her.]

MSH: Now that you understand all of that, Theresa... I'm sure that you also understand that the next time you feel like turning the other way and getting one over on us, you should think twice. Because your next reprimand could be oh-so-much worse...

[Hayes smirks at Lynch as the jeers rain down. Theresa finally raises her gaze back towards Hayes, fire in her eyes now. Her jaw is clenched with anger as she stares right in the smirking face of Miss Sandra Hayes.]



TL: Reprimand this.

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The sound of Theresa Lynch's palm striking Sandra Hayes across the creek ricochets through the Alerus Center like a gunshot! Thousands of fans seem to come unglued with joyous schadenfreude.]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!

[Hayes recoils like she's been shot, in a state of utter shock. She stumbles into the arms of Kerry Kendrick as Theresa Lynch stomps out of the ring, teeth grit with righteous fury. And the North Dakota crowd lets her have it in support!]

"THE - RE- SAAA!"

"THE - RE- SAAA!"

"THE - RE- SAAA!"

GM: Theresa Lynch just slapped the taste out of her mouth, Bucky!

BW: Reprimand her for that too! She can't do that!

GM: She just did! Theresa Lynch had heard enough of that egomaniac in there and her-

BW: EGOMANIAC?!

GM: Yes! Sandra Hayes is an egomaniac and Theresa Lynch just brought her crashing down to Earth!

[Theresa Lynch cracks a wry, satisfied little grin on the way up the ramp.]

GM: She crossed Sandra Hayes' eyes, and that was well overdue in my opinion! What a night on the Great Plains, and we are still not done yet!

BW: Get John Law out here! She's a Stench through-and-through after all!

"THE - RE- SAAA!"

"THE - RE- SAAA!"

"THE - RE- SAAA!"

[Lynch doesn't acknowledge the cheers, stomping up the ramp angrily as Hayes screams at her from the ring - "YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, LYNCH! YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS!"]

GM: Sandra Hayes is beside herself! She can't believe that happened!

BW: Neither can I!

GM: And Kerry Kendrick is totally - for once in his life - speechless!

[Lynch disappears through the curtain as the camera focuses on the ring, where Kerry Kendrick is trying to comfort Sandra Hayes as best he can while she is barking out abuse to the now-gone Theresa Lynch, not to mention a gaggle of smirking bystanders. Sandra Hayes whines repeatedly.]

"I was assaulted! I was assaaaaaulted!"

[And with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we end up in the office of Javier Castillo where he is sitting in a chair, still holding an icepack to his jaw. Veronica Westerly sits nearby, looking on nervously.]

VW: Are you sure you don't need to go to the hospital?

[Castillo waves a hand.]

JC: I will not give Shadoe Rage the pleasure of sending me to the hospital... but I will enjoy it a great deal when I send him there... over and over and over... just like Johnny Detson. Any word on our World Champion by the way?

[Westerly shrugs.]

VW: He's hurt.

[Castillo glares at her.]

VW: He's hurt bad, okay? He's not going to make Mexico. Homecoming? Not sure.

JC: Well, I would have hated to strip him of the title and deprive me of seeing the look on his face when he loses it. So... good. Give Muteesa a bonus.

[Veronica nods, lifting her iPhone.]

VW: Siri, remind me to order some raw chickens for Muteesa.

[Siri confirms the request as a knock on the door is heard.]

JC: ENT-errrrgh.

[He grabs his jaw again, shaking his head as the door swings open to reveal the hulking form of the Women's World Champion, Kurayami.]

K: You wanted to see me?

[Castillo nods, waving her forward.]

JC: Nice work out there tonight with Toughill. Miss Hayes was quite pleased with it.

[Kurayami inclines her head in recognition.]

JC: But...

[She shakes her head, raising a hand.]

K: Stop right there. I'm taking the matches with Chang and Somers. Period.

[Castillo sighs.]

JC: I know you want to do this but-

[Kurayami interrupts again.]

K: I've been a good soldier from Day One, right? I've done whatever you asked me to do and I've dominated this Women's Division, right?

[Castillo nods.]

K: Then unless you want me to walk out of this building with this title and bury it in Japan where you'll never see it again, you'll get me the contracts I want. Understood?

[Castillo glares up at Kurayami for an uncomfortable handful of moments... and then nods.]

JC: Understood.

[She nods, turning to exit as Castillo waves a hand at Westerly.]

JC: Make it happen. She can handle it... I hope.

[And as Westerly nods, 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 we fade back up backstage, where Sid Osborne is pacing in place. Raphael Rhodes is seated on a light case, holding an ice pack to his shoulder, as Dana Kaiser stands next to the case. The masked Tizona stands beside the trio, a look of concern in his eyes. The audio picks up to a ranting Osborne.]

SO: I know this isn't your first day on the job, so what the hell?! It's bad enough these scumbags keep attacking us with our backs turned, but we finally have them in the ring and you literally throw in the towel!

DK: What did you want me to do, Sid? You were being held down on the outside, Raph was caught in the ring! I'm not going to put either of your careers at risk for a match that was put together on a whim!

SO: The day our careers get ended by walking bags of trash like them is the day--

RR: Rrrrrgh...

[Rhodes slams the ice pack to the ground, splitting the plastic housing and sending ice cubes flying everywhere.]

RR: ENOUGH! ENOUGH OF THIS!

[Rhodes cringes and reflexively flexes his fingers, then points a finger at Osborne.]

RR: Two things you need to understand in a hurry, lad. First, the only reason I thought about trusting you is because Dana sees something in you, so before you think about speaking to her like that again, you need to take it down several notches, or I'll take them down for you.

[Rhodes draws in a deep breath.]

RR: Second... I got caught. I've been in that chicken wing before. I knew it was Blackburn. I wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of submitting to him, though, and you were trapped on the outside. So either he was going to tear my shoulder out, or what happened happened. Which option would you have preferred?

[Rhodes glares at Osborne and doesn't wait for an answer.]

RR: I used to dwell on losses, lad. It ain't healthy. We just need one more chance at them to finish it.

[Tizona puts his hand up.]

T: Yeah... I have an idea about that actually.

[Rhodes arches an eyebrow.]

RR: That reminds me... who the bleedin' hell are you?

T: I'm Tizona. I wrestle in SWLL. And... I'm Billy Classon's last student.

[Rhodes smirks, and mumbles under his breath that "the old man's always got an eye out for me". Tizona shakes his head.]

T: Yeah, the old man didn't send me. I hate Guerreros del Mundo just as much as you do. They've been running from me for months now.

[Tizona glares at the seething Osborne.]

T: I'm sure whatever issues you three lovebirds are having can be worked out by the time we get to Mexico so we can kick their teeth in, hmm? Because I'm sick of wild goose chases. This ends at Estrellas En El Cielo... for all of us.

[Tizona puts his hand in between Osborne, Kaiser, and Rhodes. Rhodes looks at Kaiser.]

RR: Can you get it signed, Dana?

DK: You know it, babe.

[Rhodes and Kaiser both put their hands in. Rhodes looks at Osborne.]

RR: What do you say, lad? Want to take out the rubbish?

SO: After all the crap they've put us through, that's all I want in the world right now! Let's get it done. Win or lose, they're all going to know they were in the fight of their lives. The thing is?

[Osborne nods, looking down at the knuckles on his left hand.]

SO: Tonight is the last time they'll ever put us in the loss column.

[Osborne nods at Rhodes and Tizona... and then at Kaiser in as close as he can to an apologetic look...

...and we fade back out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... where we're just moments away from our Main Event featuring the monster MAWAGA taking on Ryan Martinez with very high stakes. But before we get to that, we do have something else to address... or in this case someone else. One of the things promoted for tonight's show was the return of Supreme Wright in his first appearance since his brutal No Man's Land encounter with King Kong Hogan at the Battle of Saskatchewan. Many wanted to hear Supreme Wright's response to what Jeff Matthews said two weeks ago in Winnipeg... myself included... but we're now being told that Supreme Wright will NOT be coming out here... and this footage should explain why. Roll it.

[We get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo before we get a shot of the Chimpanzee Position where Theresa Lynch is coming through the curtain into the backstage area, the crowd roaring behind her as she angrily stomps down the steps.]

TL: That BITCH!

[Theresa sighs loudly...]

"Feel better?"

[...and then gives a slight smile to the source of the voice. The camera pulls back to reveal Supreme Wright standing in street clothes a few feet away.]

TL: Not really, no. And...

[She waves her hand gingerly.]

TL: I think I broke my hand. I don't know how you slap people like that all the time.

[Supreme takes a step closer, reaching out to grasp the hand in question.]

SW: It's not broken.

TL: I know. Dad taught me how to figure that out early.

[Wright nods, a hint of a smile on his face.]

SW: I should have known.

TL: So...

SW: So?

[Theresa gestures with her head towards the entrance.]

TL: You've got your interview time out there so you'd better-

[Wright interrupts, his voice low and... concerned?]

SW: What about you?

[Theresa sighs.]

TL: I'm...

[She shrugs.]

TL: I don't know. But I'm going to get out of here.

[Supreme nods.]

SW: Then I'm coming with you.

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: No. You don't have to do that, I-

SW: I know.

[Still holding her hand gingerly, Supreme nods.]

SW: Let's go.

[Theresa beams at him, nodding her head as the duo exits out of view of the backstage camera...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we're back in the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit! The stipulations state that if MAWAGA wins, Ryan Martinez will be BARRED from appearing at Estrellas En El Cielo. And if Ryan Martinez wins, he will get FIVE MINUTES in the ring with Javier Castillo!

[Huge cheer!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The signature snarl of a big jungle cat is heard followed by the sounds of "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez creeping across the PA system.]

RO: Representing the Korugun Corporation and being led down the aisle be Generalissimo Castillo... he hails from the Polynesian Islands...weighing in at 290 pounds...

MAAAAAAAAAAWWWAAAAAAAAAGGGGAAAAAAAAA!!!

[As MAWAGA emerges from behind the smoke, he executes a short kata at the top of the aisle and upon completion, lets loose a primal roar. He is a bulky, dark-skinned Polynesian male with a stony face and a wicked Jheri curl hairdo tied back into a ponytail. To the ring, he wears an open black and gold satin robe over black Hakama pants. He throws shadow punches on his way to the ring, shouting at the camera in indecipherable Tongan, as he passes by. Generalissimo Castillo trails behind him, a huge smirk on his face as he watches his human fighting machine head towards the ring.]

GM: Javier Castillo with quite the look of confidence for a man who may find himself trapped in the ring with a former two-time World Champion for five minutes in just a short while.

BW: Hey, if I was ever in a Trial by Combat, Gordo - MAWAGA would be my guy too. Javier's got all the faith in the world that this one's in the bag and who could ever blame him.

GM: We shall see.

[Entering the ring, Castillo spreads his arms wide, soaking up the very loud jeers of the Grand Forks crowd, waiting for the arrival of his nemesis as MAWAGA continues to throw punches at the air, adding in some kicks now as well.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[There is the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music, which begins to grow in intensity, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers.

As the song builds, the heavy percussion of drums shakes the arena, only for the sound to be drowned out by the sound of thousands of fans stomping their feet and clapping their hands in unison.]

RO: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 255 pounds...

[A chorus of singers belts out the opening words of "Vox Populi" until they two are drowned out by the White Knight's legions of fans.]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers  
Time to go to war#

RO: RYYYYYYYYYANNNNNNNNNNN MARRRRRRRRRTIIIIIIINEZZZZZZZ!

[Once more, the choir of singers unites to repeat the chorus]

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

[Ryan Martinez emerges at the top of the entrance ramp. He wears an off-white, cream colored satin jacket, black trim at the wrists and neck. Over his heart are stitched the letters "RM" in gold lettering, and as the camera circles around him, we see there is a golden logo on the back of a pair of swords crossed over a shield, all done in gold on a red background.

The AWA's White Knight moves halfway down the ramp, and then pauses, looking out over the crowd, arms thrown out wide, fingers flexing as the fans scream for their hero. As the crowd continues to cheer wildly, Ryan gives them a single nod, and then races down to the ring, pausing only at the apron, before stepping between the top and middle rope...

...which is predictably when MAWAGA strikes, charging in with a running front kick to the midsection, doubling Martinez up and putting him against the ropes as Castillo orders Scott Ezra to ring the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: An attack before the bell and we’re off and running in this one...

[MAWAGA throws a backhand strike to the cheekbone followed by a short thrust to the windpipe that leaves Ryan gasping, staggering alongside the ropes as he wobbles into the corner.]

GM: Ryan’s in the corner..

BW: And that’s not a good place to be against MAWAGA!

[MAWAGA traps Martinez in the corner, throwing a quick pair of thrust kicks into the midsection, doubling him up again before a well-placed two-handed overhead chop to the back connects, driving him down to his knees near the corner.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: Good grief! And MAWAGA seems to be in a particularly foul mood after Shadoe Rage’s countout win over him two weeks ago in Winnipeg.

[Castillo smirks on the outside, nodding approvingly as MAWAGA leans down, dragging Martinez up by the wrist, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Big whip to the corner... in comes MAWAGA!

[MAWAGA charges in, twisting around for a running hip attack but Martinez leans back, lifting both knees and causes MAWAGA to slam backfirst into the raised knees!]

GM: Ohhh! Nice counter by Martinez!

[And with MAWAGA stunned, Martinez hops up on the second rope, standing tall before he leaps off, catching MAWAGA around the head and DRIVING him facefirst to the mat with a flying bulldog!]

GM: BULLDOG! BULLDOG! RYAN’S GONNA COVER! CASTILLO ON THE LINE!

[Castillo looks frantically into the ring as Martinez flips MAWAGA onto his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE!

[But MAWAGA kicks out mightily at one, shoving Martinez into the air and off of him. A look of relief crosses Castillo’s face as Martinez looks a little surprised at the quick kickout.]

GM: Only a one count on the flying bulldog!

[Martinez shoves a rising MAWAGA back down, swinging a leg over him to take the mount position, raining down lightning quick rights and lefts to the skull of the normally-Suited Savage.]

GM: Martinez is all over him! Trying to get a quick win here!



[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Martinez BASHES the back of MAWAGA's head into the mat once... twice... three times.]

GM: These two, of course, are no strangers to one another after Martinez' wars with the Axis last year.

[Castillo is shouting at the official to get Martinez off MAWAGA and the White Knight obliges, climbing to his feet and quickly backing towards the corner, giving his right leg a slap that sends the crowd into a frenzy!]

GM: Wait a second here! Ryan Martinez appears to be calling for the Excalibur!

BW: Already?! You said he was going for a quick win but this is ridiculous!

[Castillo is SCREAMING words of warning towards his bodyguard as MAWAGA starts to get up off the mat, his back turned to where Martinez is standing, waiting for him to reach his feet...]

GM: MAWAGA's got no idea what's coming! He's got no idea what's waiting for him! He's got-

[As MAWAGA reaches his feet, Martinez comes barreling across the ring, leaping into the air as MAWAGA deftly sidesteps, swinging his own leg up and out...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH, HOLY... MAWAGA SUPERKICKED HIM OUT OF THE SKY!

[The thrust kick catches Martinez FLUSH under the chin as he was sailing through the air for his signature flying Yakuza, wiping him out as MAWAGA drops to his knees, planting his palms down on the chest of Martinez, sticking out his tongue menacingly as the referee drops to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[But Martinez' shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt to big cheers from the Grand Forks crowd!]

GM: Kickout! Martinez kicks out in time!

[MAWAGA glares at the official who wisely backpedals, holding up two fingers as the Suited Savage climbs to his feet...

...and STOMPS down on the sternum of Martinez once... twice... three times.]

GM: Three stomps, right to the heart of the former World Champion! Javier Castillo shouting at MAWAGA, telling him to lay it on... to pour it on.

[MAWAGA leans down, dragging Martinez to his feet by the hair, shoving him back into the corner. He moves swiftly, driving a back elbow into the jaw, snapping Martinez' head to the side...

...and then wraps both hands around the throat, throttling the White Knight as the fans jeer loudly!]

GM: That's a choke! A blatant two handed choke applied by MAWAGA, strangling the air out of the former World Champion!

[The referee starts a count, quickly reaching four before MAWAGA breaks his choke...

...and then locks it in again!]

GM: Right back to the choke!

BW: You know, a lot of people think of MAWAGA as some sort of mindless savage but he just showed a pretty brilliant in-ring mind there. Choked until four, broke to avoid the DQ, and went right back to the choke.

GM: Oh, he's an absolute Einstein alright.

BW: Better hope he doesn't hear your smart mouth there, Gordo.

GM: MAWAGA's got bigger problems than me right now.

[MAWAGA breaks the choke at four again, watching as Martinez slumps down to a knee in the corner..

...and then DRIVES a front kick into the face, snapping the White Knight's head back, dumping him in a pile on the canvas!]

GM: Another brutal kick by MAWAGA - the ever-dangerous feet paying major dividends for MAWAGA... and for Javier Castillo in this case. Castillo, of course, desperately trying to avoid having to spend five minutes in the ring with Ryan Martinez here tonight and to do so, MAWAGA's gotta get the win in this one.

[Dragging Martinez out of the corner by the feet, MAWAGA walks around him, leaping up to stomp the chest again...]

GM: MAWAGA again stomping down on Martinez...

[MAWAGA circles him again, leaning down to drive a hard stiff-fingered thrust into the windpipe, leaving Martinez gasping for air again.]

GM: And then back to the throat as well. MAWAGA's offense is so simple but so effective as he brings the punishment in big time fashion here on Saturday Night Wrestling. Martinez, of course, is fighting to keep himself in the picture to appear on our upcoming show in Mexico - just a couple of weeks and change away now. As a young Latino competitor, Martinez has proven to be one of the AWA's most popular competitors in Mexico and I know he's been looking forward to compete there... which is exactly why Javier Castillo wants to take that away from him.

[MAWAGA stomps Martinez again... and again... and again as Castillo cheers gleefully from his spot at ringside.]

GM: Castillo certainly likes what he's seeing here... and now MAWAGA's bringing him up to his feet...

[Grabbing the arm, MAWAGA goes to whip Martinez towards the corner...

...but the White Knight reverses, sending MAWAGA crashing into the buckles to a big cheer!]

GM: Martinez reverses the whip! MAWAGA staggering out!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[One of the White Knight's trademark knife edge chops connect, smashing across the pectorals of MAWAGA...

...who holds firm, staring coldly at a shocked Martinez who shakes his head in disbelief.]

BW: NO EFFECT!

[The crowd falls to a hushed buzz as a surprised Martinez winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and lands a second chop that hits even harder than the first... but again, MAWAGA holds his ground, not even flinching from the skin-blistering blow!]

BW: Still nothing!

GM: We've seen Martinez chop down the biggest and toughest in the business but MAWAGA will not even budge from that!

[Martinez winds up again...

...but MAWAGA cuts him off with a thrust to the throat, sending Martinez stumbling away towards the ropes, coughing violently!]

GM: MAWAGA caught him! He caught him in the throat and-

[MAWAGA rushes forward as Martinez turns around, catching him with a clothesline that flips Martinez over the ropes, dumping him down on the barely-padded ringside floor!]

GM: Over the top and down to the floor goes Martinez! A hard fall to the outside right over there and... where the heck is Castillo going now?

[The official steps in front of MAWAGA, preventing him from going to the outside...

...which allows Javier Castillo to pull Ryan Martinez up off the ringside mats, grabbing him by the hair...]

"YOU WANT TO PUT YOUR HANDS ON ME, WHITE KNIGHT?!"

[...but Martinez slaps the hand away, swinging a wild backhand at him but Castillo scampers away to safety before the White Knight can connect!]

GM: WHOA! Close call there for Castillo!

[Castillo races around the ring, eyeballing Martinez who is on his feet, shouting at the AWA President...

...and EATS a sliding one-legged kick to the side of the jaw!]

GM: OHH! AND MAWAGA FROM THE INSIDE OUT!

[Martinez spins around on impact, flopping facefirst down on the outside as MAWAGA rolls out to the floor to join him.]

GM: We've got MAWAGA and Martinez on the outside! It's chaotic out here in true North Dakota fashion!

BW: What the heck's gonna happen here NEXT year?!

[Gordon chuckles as MAWAGA drags Martinez off the ringside mats, holding him up by the hair...

...and charges towards the ring with him, smashing his face down into the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FACEFIRST OFF THE APRON!

[MAWAGA gives a shove, rolling Martinez under the ropes into the ring before climbing up on the ring apron himself.]

GM: MAWAGA getting right back in...

BW: He's got no need to be out on the floor. This guy is a walking weapon. He doesn't need chairs and ringposts and tables and anything else. He needs his fists and his feet and...

GM: MAWAGA takes aim...

[He falls straight over, smashing his skull down into Martinez' neck area!]

GM: ...falling headbutt connects! And another cover!

[Again, MAWAGA shoves his hands down on the chest, earning a two count and change before Martinez kicks out.]

GM: Martinez slips out again... but a little less oomph on that escape. This non-stop onslaught on the part of MAWAGA may be slowly but surely chopping down the White Knight.

BW: Just the way El Presidente likes it.

GM: I thought he was the Generalissimo now.

BW: He'll answer to both.

GM: For an old pal like you, huh?

BW: Can I help it if we have the same taste in expensive steaks?

GM: Oh, no... of course not.

[MAWAGA climbs back to his feet, slowly striding around the ring, measuring Martinez as the White Knight struggles to get back up...

...and a powerful front kick to the chest sends Martinez flying backwards into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohhh! Another hard kick... and again, Martinez finds himself in the wrong part of town against the mighty MAWAGA!

[MAWAGA squares up, trapping the White Knight in the buckles once more.]

GM: MAWAGA winds up...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! And a knife edge chop of his own by MAWAGA! Good grief!

[Castillo nods his head approvingly on the outside... "AGAIN! AGAIN!"]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And MAWAGA obliges with a knife-edge chop that cracks hard across the flesh, leaving Martinez reeling in the buckles.]

GM: Well, the chops of Martinez didn't seem to have the level of impact we're used to seeing... but the chops of MAWAGA certainly are NOT lacking in the impact department.

[Castillo cries out - "ONE MORE!"]

GM: Javier Castillo directing traffic from the outside... and here we...

[MAWAGA winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but this time, Martinez absorbs it, grabbing MAWAGA by the head and neck, spinning him around into the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The barrage of chops seem to have a greater effect than earlier, slowing MAWAGA down and lowering his resilience as Martinez eyeballs him in the corner, ignoring the protesting official...]

GM: HERE WE GO!

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[Martinez backs off again, leaving MAWAGA reeling in the corner from the onslaught of blows...]

GM: MAWAGA is stunned! He's hurt! Martinez has hurt the Suited Savage!

[Martinez wobbles back to the corner, watching as MAWAGA tries to shake off the effects of the chops...]

GM: HERE! HE! COMES!

[...and the former World Champion barrels across the ring at top speed, connecting with a running clothesline, lifting MAWAGA's feet off the mat for a moment before he settles back down!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS! OH MY!

[Grabbing the arm, the White Knight whips MAWAGA back the other way...]

GM: HERE HE COMES AGAIN! CLOTHESLI-

[...and again, MAWAGA steps out and lashes out, BURYING his foot under the chin of the incoming Martinez!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUUUUUUUUPERRRRRRRKIIIIIIIIICK!

[MAWAGA dives across the prone Martinez, reaching back to hook a leg!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! MARTINEZ KICKS OUT! JUST IN TIME!

[MAWAGA sits up on the canvas... the slightest of surprised looks on his face... but it quickly vanishes as Castillo screams "STAY ON HIM! FINISH HIM NOW!" The Suited Savage gives a nod, climbing to his feet once again as the referee holds up two fingers.]

GM: Two count only there for MAWAGA... a VERY close two count but a two count nonetheless.

BW: Gordo, MAWAGA doesn't compete very often but when he does... he shows that he has the toughness to hang in there with the likes of Shadoc Rage and Ryan Martinez and to me, that makes him an instant World Title contender if he could somehow pick up the win tonight.

GM: That's a hard point to argue against, Bucky. MAWAGA versus Johnny Detson would certainly be an appealing matchup to both Javier Castillo and the AWA faithful if you ask me.

[MAWAGA slowly strides around the ring, breathing deeply as he circles the downed Martinez who is struggling to get up himself.]

GM: But when you talk about MAWAGA not wrestling on a regular basis, you see the side effect of that decision. He looks a little winded right now at about the ten minute mark of this one.

BW: You don't need to be able to go a half hour if you can beat most guys in ten minutes, Gordo.

GM: Another fair point as MAWAGA helps Martinez the rest of the way to his feet... scoops him up and slams him down right down near the corner...

[With Martinez down, MAWAGA backs up, leaning against the buckles for a few deep breaths, popping himself up to stand on the middle rope. He raises his arms, spreading them wide...]

GM: MAWAGA on the second rope! Unusual territory for the Suited Savage annnnnnnd...

[The man from the Polynesian Islands leaps high into the air, soaring down towards the prone Martinez...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[...who rolls to the side, causing MAWAGA to SLAM facefirst down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! MARTINEZ ROLLS AND MAWAGA MISSED!

[The crowd ROARS for Martinez avoiding the big dive, flat on his chest as he slips his arms underneath himself, trying to push himself to his feet...]

GM: And now it's Martinez looking to get up and get back into this! He's got a window of opportunity here and he NEEDS to take advantage of it if he wants to book that trip to Mexico AND get Castillo inside this ring for five minutes!

[Castillo is pounding the canvas with his feet, a concerned look on his face as he screams for MAWAGA to get up.]

GM: Martinez fighting his way up, shoving himself off the mat...

BW: MAWAGA's starting to get up too... shaking the cobwebs after the missed headbutt...

[The two men reach their feet at roughly the same time but Martinez seems to have a slight edge as he reaches out, grabbing the wrist and flinging MAWAGA towards the corner, running right in behind him with a thunderous clothesline in the buckles!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[MAWAGA hangs onto the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Martinez grabs the arm again, sending him back the other way. The White Knight leans against the buckles, nodding his head, getting fired up as the crowd roars...]

GM: MARTINEZ ON THE MOVE!

[...and as he charges across, he swings his leg up, driving his foot up and under the chin of the Suited Savage!]

GM: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[The blow snaps MAWAGA's head back, his eyelids fluttering as he clings to the ropes to stay standing...

...and with a handful of hair, Martinez drags him out to the middle of the ring, emphatically pulling him into a front facelock as the North Dakota crowd ROARS!]

GM: UH OH!

BW: No, no, no! He can't do this!

[Ryan Martinez locks eyes with Javier Castillo for a split second...

...but Castillo quickly whips away, frantically waving his arm towards the back!]

GM: Castillo's waving for- here comes John Law!

[In a full-on sprint, John Law clears the ramp, getting up on the apron...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets DROPPED right back off with a running Yakuza!]

GM: YAKUZA ON LAW AS WELL! HE TAKES HIM DOWN AND-

[Martinez points a threatening finger at Castillo, turning away and...]

GM: TONGAN DEATH GRIP!

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock as a staggered MAWAGA snaps his hand out like a snake biting its prey, his fang-like fingers sinking into the throat of Martinez whose face is immediately cloaked in alarm!]

GM: HE'S GOT IT HOOKED!

BW: I don't know if Martinez can get out of this, Gordo! MAWAGA's got it locked!

[A jubilant Javier Castillo jumps up and down on the floor, slapping his hands on the mat with a loud "YES! YESSSSSSSS!"]

GM: Castillo thinks it's over! MAWAGA's digging his fingers into the nerves in the neck of Ryan Martinez, attempting to send him down to the canvas with this punishing hold!

[And suddenly, the crowd begins to murmur loudly as MAWAGA continues to keep the hold on despite Martinez slapping at the forearm and wrist gripping him.]

GM: MAWAGA's hanging on! Martinez is trying to get loose but so far, he's trapped and-

BW: Wait a second!



[The crowd murmur gets louder and louder as we see people stirring in the crowd section opposite the hard camera. A few fans are also jumping up and down in a Castillo-esque fashion as someone makes their way through their midst.]

GM: The fans reacting to this hold being-

BW: No, they're not! They're- is that...?!

[The camera cuts as someone comes hurdling over the barricade, wild-eyed and with more than a touch of crazy as he rushes past a shocked Javier Castillo, jumping up on the apron, running down it to go up the turnbuckles in a flash...]

GM: THAT'S SHADOE RAGE! THAT'S SHADOE RAGE! WE WERE TOLD HE'D LEFT THE BUILDING AND-

BW: HE'S RIGHT... THERE... DAMN IT!

[The Canadian Wildman stands tall up top... and then leaps off, clasping his hands together as he soars through the sky...]

...and CRASHES his fists down on the skull of MAWAGA!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOOOOOVE!

[But as Rage scrambles up off the mat, his eyes go even wider and his jaw drops...]

BW: NO EFFECT!

GM: RAGE DROPPED THE AXEHANDLE AND MAWAGA WON'T LET GO!

[MAWAGA lets loose a roar, sticking out his tongue and shaking his head defiantly as Rage grabs at his own hair, shaking his head...]

...and then drops to the mat, rolling out to the floor, stomping over towards the timekeeper's table.]

"GIMME THAT!"

[The timekeeper flees the scene as Rage grabs the seat he just vacated, quickly folding it up...]

GM: The wild-eyed Shadoe Rage has got a steel chair now... back in the ring and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF MAWAGA!

[But again...]

BW: NO! EFFECT!

[MAWAGA again shakes his head as Rage flails backwards, swinging his arm backwards while still holding the chair, shaking his head quickly with a "nah, nah, nah!"]

GM: Rage can't believe it either! MAWAGA survives the Death From Above! He survives the steel chair across the back and-

BW: MARTINEZ DOWN TO HIS KNEES! MAWAGA'S TAKING HIM DOWN!

[Rage shouts "YOU'RE GOING DOWN!" to MAWAGA as he scrambles out to the apron again, still holding the chair..

...and quickly climbs the turnbuckles, chair still in hand!]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[Rage holds the chair overhead, the crowd roaring for the sight as he nods his head...

...and LEAPS off his perch, swinging the chair down as he soars towards MAWAGA!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE SKULL! AND THAT! DROPS! MAWAGA!

[MAWAGA hits the mat from the impact of the flying chairshot, quickly rolling from the ring as Rage is screaming madly at MAWAGA to get back into the ring...

...JUST before someone scoops up the discarded chair, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHH! AND THE CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF SHADOE RAGE THANKS TO "MANIAC" MORGAN DANE!

[A gleeful Castillo waves his hand at Dane, shouting at him to "END IT!" Morgan Dane is quick to strike, stomping and kicking the downed Rage, forcing him to the canvas...]

GM: Rage is down on the mat... down on all fours and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHH! ANOTHER CHAIR SHOT DOWN ACROSS THE BACK OF RAGE!

[Castillo's shouts of "AGAIN! AGAIN!" are clear as day as Dane winds up once more...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD, WHAT A SHOT!

[Dane throws the chair recklessly aside, sending it bouncing across the ring as he turns his eyes back on the downed Rage...]

GM: Morgan Dane gets rid of the chair but he doesn't need a chair to be dangerous, Bucky.

BW: It sure helps.

GM: It does but Dane is one of the most dangerous men in our sport as it is... and under the influence of Fawcett, there's no telling what he might do to Shadoe Rage here tonight.

[Dane drags the limp Rage off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors near the ropes...]

GM: Oh, no... no, no! Not this!

BW: He's gonna piledrive him!

GM: Shadoe Rage is trapped in this... wait a second!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Rage straightens up, backdropping the 300+ pound Dane into the air, over the ropes, off the apron, and down to the floor to a tremendous reaction from the crowd!]

GM: RAGE SENDS IM TO THE FLOOR! OHHHH MYYYYYY!

[Rage falls to his knees after the backdrop, twisting around to shout at Castillo, at Dane, at MAWAGA... at anyone who will listen...]

GM: Shadoe Rage is on the scene and... this is chaos! Absolute chaos!

BW: Chaos follows Shadoe Rage wherever he goes, Gordo... so I ain't surprised one bit!

GM: What is this now? Castillo over here with the referee... with Rebecca Ortiz as well... what's going on here?

[Castillo speaks to the referee who nods his head and then gestures to Ortiz.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... due to the outside interference of Shadoe Rage... referee Scott Ezra...

...has DISQUALIFIED Ryan Martinez!

[The crowd erupts in jeers as Martinez, who is just now getting to a knee on the mat, looks on in shock.]

RO: Therefore, Ryan Martinez has been BARRED from appearing at Estrellas En El Cielo!

[A grinning Castillo looks up at Martinez with a shrug. The former World Champion gets up, rubbing at his throat as he looks down at the departing Korugun Army...

...and then turns his gaze onto Shadoe Rage.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Martinez stomps across the ring, grabbing Rage by the arm and yanking him to his feet, spinning him to face him as he stabs a finger up into Rage's face.]

GM: And Martinez is hot! He's furious at Shadoe Rage for getting involved in his business and-

[Rage is quick to respond, pointing out to MAWAGA and then gesturing to the throat repeatedly...

...and gets a two-handed shove to the chest by Martinez!]

GM: This is getting tense in the ring. Martinez is discovering he got disqualified thanks to Shadoe Rage and-

[Rage, of course, returns the favor with a shove of his own. The two press even closer, screaming at one another...]

GM: We've got a screaming match on our hands and-

[Suddenly, Rage steps back and DRILLS Martinez with a right hand, knocking him down to a knee!]

GM: CHEAP SHOT BY RAGE!

[The now-kneeling Martinez throws himself into a double leg, sweeping out Rage's legs and taking him down to the mat where the fists are quickly flying much to the enjoyment of the Grand Forks crowd!]

GM: AND NOW WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS! FANS, WE'RE OUT OF TIME! WE'VE GOTTA GO! WE'LL SEE YOU IN MEXICO!

[And as Rage and Martinez continue to brawl on the mat, we fade to black.]