

August 5th - Winnipeg, Canada

Saturday Night Wrestling



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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and then the screen "bursts" into a flash of strobing light as a raucous electric guitar rips through your eardrums. Ignite's "Nothing Can Stop Me" is the soundtrack for your evening.

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

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

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

#There's no way to pretend#

[Kurayami drives Lauryn Rage into the canvas.]

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

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

#Can't make it all alone#

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

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

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

#Nothing can stop me#

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

#Gonna fight and I won't retreat#

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

#Still awake, don't ever sleep#

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

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

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

#Nothing can stop me#

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

#Tonight I face the enemy#

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

#Still awake and never sleep#

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

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

[Ryan Martinez drops Juan Vasquez straight down with a devastating brainbuster as we cut to black...]

A few moments pass before a burst of pyro racing towards the sky as we cut into the arena hosting the night's action. The crowd is roaring for the pyro and for the return of AWA action.]

GM: For the first time in over a month, the flagship show for the American Wrestling Alliance - Saturday Night Wrestling - is ON! THE! AIR!

[Big cheer from the Canadian crowd!]

GM: And once again, we're coming to you LIVE from the Great White North - this time, we're in Winnipeg, Canada at the Bell MTS Place for the hottest three hours of professional wrestling action on the planet!

[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 as we cut to them.]

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.

[Wilde throws a loose salute at the camera in his scorching red suit with bleached white dress shirt.]

BW: Eat your heart out, Eddie Van Gibson, 'cause the REAL Mister Maple Leaf is on the scene tonight, daddy!

GM: Since the last time SNW came your way, we've been on the big FOX for Fight Night... we've been to Philly for Liberty Or Death... we've seen one of the wildest nights on record at Eternally Extreme... and just two weeks ago, we presented the Battle of Saskatchewan featuring the Stampede Cup and... whew... when we say the AWA's in the middle of the hottest summer on record, you know that's gotta be true!

BW: The mercury is rising! The temperature is off the charts! But the AWA ain't done yet, daddy. Let's get this show on the road!

GM: It's going to be a wild night of action guaranteed and... what's this now?

[The roar of the crowd shifts direction rapidly into jeers as we cut to the entrance stage where we see a stream of bodies pouring into the arena.]

GM: Muteesa coming out here... Polemos as well... what's going on?

BW: I know what this is, Gordo! This is the big announcement - the big celebration!

GM: Here comes Jeff Matthews and James Lynch... well, if you're a fan of the Korugun Corporation, you're probably loving this moment because they're all on their way out here.

BW: Derek Rage coming out here now... Doctor Harrison Fawcett with Morgan Dane... the Women's World Champion, Kurayami.

[As the camera pulls back, we see a steady stream of Korugun soldiers - including some masked men who would appear to be ninjas... yes, that's right... ninjas... heading down the ramp towards the ring. Some of John Law's security force from the Battle of Saskatchewan follows. Upon reaching ringside, everyone fans out to form a perimeter completely surrounding the ring.]

GM: We've got a whole lot of people out here... everywhere you look around the ring...

BW: Right here by us too so watch your mouth, Gordo.

GM: I'll certainly try... I don't see the Dogs of War though.

BW: Well, the Dogs and Javier Castillo weren't exactly getting along two weeks ago in Regina so who knows what happened there.

GM: Very true.

[The stream of bodies pauses for a moment... and then Veronica Westerly appears, flanked by John Law who has his head on a swivel in this particular moment, guarding Westerly as she makes her way towards the ring.]

GM: Here comes Veronica Westerly now... Castillo's... assistant, I suppose you would say.

[Instead of joining the masses at ringside, Law climbs the ringsteps, holding the ropes open for Veronica before stepping through with her. Westerly is handed a mic from a ringside attendant. She clears her throat, tapping the mic a few times before she begins.]

VW: Ladies and gentlemen... YOUR President of the American Wrestling Alliance...

JAVIER CASTILLO!

[Suddenly, 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 El President's sworn shield, MAWAGA, steps into view in a dark suit and equally dark sunglasses. He too seems to be on alert, his eyes scanning in every direction as he stands guard.]

GM: There's MAWAGA - we saw his return from injury at The Battle of Saskatchewan...

BW: We also saw Ebola Zaire's return - right out here by us now also. You know, Gordo... when he went down with that knee injury about a month ago, I thought he'd be out of action for who knows how long but here he is!

GM: They do amazing - and highly ethically questionable - things at those Korugun medical facilities, I hear.

BW: Gordo, please don't get us on Korugun's bad side with the entire army standing out here.

GM: I'm trying, Bucky... I promise.

[With MAWAGA - and everyone else - finally in position, Javier Castillo slinks through the curtain into view, a huge grin on his face. Bizarrely, he's clad in a charcoal grey trenchcoat that hangs down to his ankles, completely covering him. The belt is cinched at the waist, hiding him in entirety as he pauses at the top of the ramp, raising his arms wide...]

"I LOVE YOU ALL!"

[The jeers get louder as Castillo chuckles, nodding to MAWAGA who starts walking down the ramp in front of Castillo, still keeping his eyes wide open as he guards the body of El Presidente. Castillo follows, waving and smiling at the rabid Winnipeg fans who want his head on a pike after recent actions.]

GM: Javier Castillo has managed to make even more enemies as of late, Bucky... especially with that Saskatchewan Screwjob.

BW: Well, I can't say I'm a huge fan of how that went down either. I like to see things won and lost in the ring... sure, if a guy gets away with using a pair of brass knuckles or pulling the tights... or like if you paid off a referee... or if you paid for plastic surgery to make an identical-

GM: We get the idea.

BW: But just calling for the bell when it wasn't clear if Ryan Martinez quit at all... I'm not sure about that one.

GM: Well, these fans are sure about it... and they know they didn't like it one bit. To me, Bucky... that's a line that never should have been crossed and I feel like it was a mistake that Javier Castillo's Presidency might not be able to recover from.

[Upon reaching the ring, Castillo also climbs the ringsteps, going through the ropes to join Westerly and Law inside the ring as MAWAGA stays on the floor, turning his back on the ring, crossing his arms, and staring down the ramp.]

BW: Look at MAWAGA there... practically daring anyone to come out here to interrupt this... they'd have to go through him to do it, Gordo.

GM: An intimidating proposition no doubt.

[The music starts to fade as Westerly hands over the mic, stepping back to join John Law in forming a loose pyramid shape with Castillo at the peak of it.]

JC: WINNIPEG, I LOVE YOU!

[The boos are pouring down on Castillo again who seems to be on top of the world, completely not showing any reaction to the fans.]

JC: This is a big night... a special night... a night that I know many of us have waited for for a long time.

[He raises a finger.]

JC: But to do this properly, we must go back a step... to the beginning.

[Castillo pauses, looking thoughtful.]

JC: It was the summer of 2016 when I got the call. I was in Mexico... living my life as a humble businessman... constantly persecuted by the government and the law for the crime of being successful...

[Gordon grumbles.]

GM: That's not the only crime I hear he's-

BW: Shhh!

[Castillo continues.]

JC: And one day my phone rang... and it was an old friend. You see, I have loved this business for a very long time. I have been a fan. I have been an investor in many lucha libre promotions as well. And this is known. I have made trips to Japan to see the fabled Korakuen Hall... Kawasaki Stadium - may it rest in eternity - and of course, the legendary Tokyo Dome.

And it was on one of these trips that I met a man who would become a very dear friend - Japanese wrestling LEGEND... GOLIATH Takehara.

[The fans react with a mixed response - cheers for the legend Takehara, jeers for him being a friend of Castillo's.]

JC: Yes, yes... he IS great, I know! So, on this summer day, it is Mr. Takehara on my phone and he says... "My company is looking to make a purchase that I think you would find very interesting."

You know, I am ALWAYS interested in a good business deal so I was intrigued.

"We are attempting to purchase the American Wrestling Alliance... and if the deal goes through as we think it might, we would like you to come to America and run it."

[Castillo grins broadly as the fans boo again.]

JC: What an honor! What a thrill! Now, things didn't go down exactly as planned but ultimately, Korugun came into power... and I took the job.

The AWA President. El Presidente.

[More jeers rain down on Castillo who uses his smile as an umbrella.]

JC: And I think we'd all agree, I've done an excellent job!

[The boos get louder and more intense but Castillo doesn't register it at all.]

JC: Ratings are up. Buyrates are up. The talent roster is the best of all time. We've done business in new cities... we've made deals in new countries. The business of the AWA is booming... and you're welcome.

And I was satisfied in my job. I was happy in my role.

Until... Eternally Extreme.

[The crowd cheers for the one-off EMWC farewell show as Castillo's mood shifts, glowering at them.]

JC: Yes, yes... it was a very exciting night... one that I tried very hard to prevent but even my power has its' limits. But my... disagreement with Chris Blue was settled to my satisfaction thanks to Doctor Fawcett and Mr. Dane there...

[He gestures to Fawcett and Dane, the former of which beams proudly.]

JC: But in life, I do not like to enter any situation without a plan. And on that night in South Philly, I had a plan on how to deal with Bobby Taylor and his Merry Men. A good plan. And it worked to perfection.

And if my plan had worked itself to completion, you would see Casey James and Tiger Claw standing out here alongside this group tonight... a grand addition to the ranks.

[Castillo smiles, as if he can see James and Claw there now.]

JC: But... all that was ruined. By one man.

[He holds up a finger.]

JC: John. Wesley. Hardin.

[The fans erupt in a mixed response for the Hall of Famer. Castillo again glowers at the fans, waving a dismissive hand,]

JC: Yes, yes... he is a legend... a former World Champion... a Hall of Famer... all of that, yes. He's also the Vice President of Special Projects for Korugun as you now know.

And that meant... on that night in South Philly... I took my orders from him.

[Castillo seems to be fuming at that.]

JC: And when he spoiled my plans through his... his... ego... I knew that a conversation needed to be had. A discussion regarding the future of Javier Castillo and Korugun. So, in the days after that event and before the Battle of Saskatchewan, I flew to Japan. I went to that towering skyscraper in Tokyo that is the Korugun headquarters. And I sat down with my boss... my friend... GOLIATH Takehara.

And we talked. And we laughed. We ate the finest sushi and drank the most exquisite sake.

And we came to an accord.

[Castillo nods his head.]

JC: Mr. Takehara saw it as I did. I have worked hard in this role. I have achieved success in this role. And I deserve better than to have... middle management... overseeing me. So, Mr. Hardin... you are welcome to appear on AWA television any time you would like.

But expect to be treated as a fellow executive... not my boss. Understood?

[The crowd buzzes at this news.]

JC: And Mr. Takehara felt that with this new surge in power and independence... a new role was needed. Yes, yes... I will still be your beloved El Presidente... do not fear.

[Gordon mutters.]

GM: Missed it by that mu-

BW: SHHHH!

[Castillo continues.]

JC: But Mr. Takehara put it best. "Javier, my friend... you are no longer just the President of a wrestling company. You are the leader of soldiers... our soldiers. You are the leader of an army... our army. You, my friend..."

[Castillo uncinches the belt at his waist, pauses for dramatic effect...

...and then flings the coat to the ground to reveal a military uniform underneath - it's a perfect white uniform, covered in ribbons and chains and other ornamentation that probably means nothing at all.

Oh, and it has a cape to match because why the hell not.]

JC: "...ARE GENERALISSIMO CASTILLO OF THE KORUGUN ARMY!"

[Castillo is beaming as the fans jeer, flashbulbs popping as everyone gets their first glimpse of Castillo's new attire.]

JC: It is so ordered! And in my new role... I answer to no one... with the exception of Mr. Takehara. No Hardin. No other executives. I answer to... NO! ONE! I RUN THE SHOW! I AM THE POWER! I AM-

[The boos are only getting louder and more intense with each bellowed statement from Castillo, causing him to abruptly halt in mid-sentence.]

JC: Disrespect.

[He mutters the word, shaking his head with disgust.]

JC: DISRESPECT!

[A more accusatory sound now, stabbing at the air with his fingers.]

JC: AFTER EVERYTHING I'VE DONE FOR YOU PEOPLE!

[Castillo's face is flushed with anger as he shakes his head again.]

JC: It's clear to me that a lesson must be taught... right here tonight in Winnipeg for the whole world to see. Everyone out here...

[He gestures to the sold-out crowd.]

JC: ...and everyone back there.

[He gestures towards the locker room beyond the entrance ramp.]

JC: All of you - and all of the world - must understand one simple truth.

[He nods.]

JC: If you cross me...

[He sneers.]

JC: If you embarrass me... Korugun... or this grand army...

[El Presidente gestures to ringside.]

JC: ...then you will pay dearly. Gentlemen!

[Castillo pauses, turning to look down the aisle...]

GM: What's this about now?

[A few moments pass before the Dogs of War emerge at the top of the aisle, dragging someone down the aisle between them. Their victim's head is covered in a black cloth hood, barely able to walk as they haul him towards the ring where a grinning Castillo awaits.]

GM: Well, the mystery of the whereabouts of the Dogs of War has been solved but... who is that with them?

BW: Castillo's enemies list is pretty long, Gordo. It could be just about anyone.

GM: Ryan Martinez... Hannibal Carver... perhaps a Supreme Wright or a Jack Lynch or...

[Reaching the ring, Wade Walker rolls in, dragging the hooded individual under the bottom rope as Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter make sure he doesn't get away.]

JC: Good... good. Bring him here.

[The Dogs are in the ring en force now, forcing the hooded man down to his knees in front of Generalissimo Castillo.]

JC: You see before you someone who broke the rule I just laid out. Someone who did wrong by Korugun... and by me. Someone who wasted our time... someone who wasted our money... and then betrayed us.

Someone who felt he was untouchable.

Someone who felt that he could defy us... because he is a King...

[Castillo gives a nod to Pedro Perez who gleefully pulls off the hood, tossing it aside to reveal the beaten and bloodied face of Demetrius Lake.]

JC: ...but failed to realize that even a King is a mere mortal in the eyes of a GOD.

[Castillo glares down at Lake, fury in his eyes as the crowd continues to jeer.]

GM: They've got Demetrius Lake in there... Demetrius Lake who we saw return to the AWA just about a month ago. Korugun thought he was coming to work for them but-

BW: But he betrayed them... and now he's paying the price for it.

[Castillo stares at Lake coldly.]

JC: For years, the AWA fans have begged for your return.

[He smirks with a scoff.]

JC: I wonder how long they'll beg for you this time.

[He turns back to Pedro Perez.]

JC: Dispose of him.

[Perez smiles, nodding his head as the Dogs pull Lake from the ring as quickly as they got him in as the fans continue to jeer..

...and then, there is the faint tinkling of synth music that sends the Winnipeg crowd into a dull roar and sends the newly-minted Generalissimo into a dull rage.]

GM: Uh oh! Someone has heard enough of what this man has to say, Bucky!

BW: Well, yeah but... there's an entire damn army out here, Gordo! This kid is dumb but is he THAT dumb?!

GM: I believe he is... well... no, but you know what I mean!

[The Dogs of War have frozen in their tracks as Castillo shouts to John Law who takes up a position behind El Presidente, looking out over the crowd. He shouts to ringside, ordering various Korugun Army members into position...

...and as Ryan Martinez emerges out onto the ramp, the crowd ERUPTS once more!]

GM: There he is, fans! The AWA's White Knight has seen enough and he has arrived!

[The former World Champion looks down the ramp, a very determined expression on his face as he stares down at Javier Castillo who spreads his arms defiantly.]

JC: WHAT?! WHAT WILL YOU DO, WHITE KNIGHT!? WILL YOU FIGHT AN ARMY?! HUH?!

[Martinez stands alone for a few more moments...

...and then the ROAR comes forth again as his Stampede Cup partner, Hannibal Carver, strides from the entranceway to stand beside him. Castillo shifts uncomfortably, shaking his head.]

JC: TWO?! YOU HAVE TWO AGAINST AN ARMY?!

[Carver pauses next to Martinez, pointing at the ring, holding up his fingers with each point as if counting...

...and as he reaches the end of a hand, he looks over to Martinez with a shrug.

And with a nod in response, Martinez and Carver walk side by side down the aisle towards the ring with the crowd ROARING!]

GM: OH YEAH! OH YEAH, HERE WE GO!

[At a barked order inside the ring from Castillo, the Dogs of War shove Demetrius Lake down on the ground, starting up the ramp towards an approaching Martinez and Carver!]

BW: THEY'RE COMING FOR 'EM, GORDO! THE DOGS ARE COMING!

[And they collide near the end of the ramp, Carver and Pedro Perez tangling up in a barrage of flying fists as the White Knight peels off to trade haymakers with Wade Walker and Isaiah Carpenter...]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands in Winnipeg!

[Martinez lands a big chop on Carpenter, causing him to flip backwards, landing on the back of his head on the ramp with "CLANG!" The crowd cheers as Martinez swings around on Walker, trading heavy blows with him...

...and another "CLANG!" sees Pedro Perez hurled into a ringside railing as Carver disposes of him and then turns to go after Walker instead!]

GM: They're doing it, Bucky! They're fighting off the Dogs of War!

[Another shout from Castillo sends Muteesa and Ebola Zaire lumbering into frame, the latter carrying a Singapore cane that he winds up with...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and breaks it over the head of Hannibal Carver from behind, putting Carver down on his knees!]

GM: OHHH! Down goes Carver! And now Zaire and Muteesa are stomping the hell out of Hannibal Carver on the ramp and-

[The crowd ROARS as Jack Lynch comes running down the aisle to aid his friends...

...and runs headlong into the arriving Morgan Dane and Polemos, battering Lynch back!]

GM: Jack Lynch coming down here... Jack Lynch getting involved but there are too many bodies! This Army stands too tall for Martinez, Carver, and Lynch!

[Soon, all three of our heroes are down on the ramp and the surrounding ringside area, blows being rained down on all of them...]

GM: They're outnumbered and-

[The crowd ROARS again as another pair jogs into view!]

GM: NEXT GEN! THE WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS ARE COMING TO FIGHT AS WELL!

[Somers and Harper storm the scene, filled with fight as they manage to fight off a collected attack from Jeff Matthews and James Lynch... for a moment.

But soon, they too wilt under more blows than they can absorb, getting driven down to the floor as Castillo repeatedly shouts "MORE! MORE! MORRRRRRE!" from inside the ring!]

GM: This is a damn mugging!

BW: Hey, Martinez and Carver... and all the rest... they brought this on themselves! Nobody told them they had to get involved in this! Nobody at all!

GM: We've got bodies down... we've got a beating on!

[Castillo grabs the mic again.]

JC: Enough.

[The beating goes on.]

JC: ENOUGH!

[And finally... slowly... come to a halt.]

JC: They are beaten.

[And with a glimmer in his eyes.]

JC: And we are merciful...

[Menace overtakes his voice as he stares down.]

JC: ...this time.

[Castillo drops the mic, signaling to his Army to exit, leaving the bodies around the ringside area.]

GM: This time?! What the heck is he implying, Bucky?!

BW: It seems pretty clear to me, Gordo. If these five want to keep their careers intact, they'll stay out of his way and do what they're told. Now that's inspirational leadership!

GM: Give me a break! Hey... what the... they're taking Lake with them!

[At a signal from Castillo, the Dogs retrieve the downed Lake, dragging him up the aisle and leaving the others writhing in pain on the floor.]

GM: This is ridiculous. This is... alright, we're going to take a damn break before I say something I might REALLY regret. Cut the damn feed, will ya?

[And we abruptly cut to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and as we come back up, it is a chaotic scene in the parking lot area of the Bell MTS Centre in Winnipeg, Canada. AWA officials are frantically running around, security and medical team members sprinting in a direction. Our camera seems to be trailing behind them, weighed down by the camera itself. Gordon Myers' voice comes in over the footage.]

GM: We are back... and as you can see, we've been alerted to some kind of an incident going on in the parking lot. We've got no details yet but we expect... here we go now...

[The cameraman arrives at a mass of humanity and slowly starts nudging his way through, keeping the lens up and focused at the focal point of all of these concerned-looking individuals...]

GM: We can't quite see yet what's going on out there but...

[The cameraman and his accompanying shot push through the last obstacles, getting a clear view of the scene.]

GM: Oh my god.

[As the camera zooms in, we find a luxury sedan out in the parking area...

...with someone's face driven through the windshield.]

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo.

GM: We certainly have. This so-called "windshielding" is a trademark move from the Dogs of War... and considering what we saw out here before the break, it would seem to me that there can only be one person who...

[Gordon trails off as the cameraman creeps forward close enough to reveal the victim's identity as the King of Wrestling, Demetrius Lake.]

GM: Oh... oh no. Demetrius Lake has been violently assaulted by the Dogs of War on the order of Javier Castillo and... this is a bad situation, fans. This was obviously done very quickly to happen during our commercial break but... in the past, when we've seen this sort of assault, the victim's have been put out of action for months - if not longer. Demetrius Lake recently made his AWA return... and just as quickly, it appears, he has made his AWA exit in dramatic fashion.

[The camera pans around, catching all angles of Lake's violent end.]

GM: That's... that's enough. Let's go to something else for the love of-

[The shot abruptly shifts again, this time to the ring where we find the promoter of Guerreros del Mundo, Angelica Westerly, standing in the ring. The attractive young brunette is in a black power suit, one hand on her hip as she seems to be posing for some ringside photographers.]

AW: Yes, right there. I'd say get my good side but is there anything else?

[She smirks at her own line as the flashbulbs fire again.]

AW: Good, good. Okay, now get lost... I've got business to take care of.

[The cameramen fade out of sight as Westerly addresses the crowd.]

AW: I come to you all today with big news from our friends down in Mexico. You see, while the AWA was having one of the biggest month's in its history, I had gone down to Mexico to ensure that Estrellas En El Cielo would go down as a smash success. I talked to local promoters... local media... and of course, local talent. Because you see, if you're going to do a show in Mexico and not welcome the heart and soul of Mexican wrestling - true lucha libre - to the event, you might as well be in...

[She shrugs, gesturing towards the crowd.]

AW: ...well, Winnipeg.

[The fans begin booing loudly the cheap shot at their hometown.]

AW: Guerreros del Mundo is - and always has been - about bringing the greatest international talent in the world to the AWA... and making a nice chunk of change off doing so. And this time... I believe... GDM and yours truly have reached new heights in what we're bringing to the table.

[The crowd starts to buzz a little bit about the hype.]

AW: If there is one thing synonymous with lucha libre... the thing that everyone knows Mexican wrestling is about... it's the Trios Match. Now, the AWA can put their own stars in a six man tag... but that doesn't make it a true Mexican Trios Match. So, I went out to make sure that when you - the fans of the AWA - tune in to Estrellas En El Cielo in a few weeks time, you'll get the traditional Mexican Trios Match.

And I wanted to make sure that when you did, you got the greatest lucha libre Trio of all time to boot!

[Westerly grins.]

AW: Ladies and gentlemen... REUNITED AND IT FEELS SO GOOD... making their in-ring return at Estrellas En El Cielo for one night only...

[Westerly pauses for dramatic effect.]

AW: LOS RENEGADOS!

[There's a sizable reaction from the more knowledgeable members of the AWA Galaxy as Westerly smirks at the response... and in exaggerated fashion, she holds the mic high and drops it to the canvas with a "THUNK!"]

GM: Los Renegados! A big announcement here from Angelica Westerly as it appears that Kaz Konoe will reunite with his former partners for one night only when the AWA comes down to Mexico in about a month's time!

BW: Angelica Westerly may have just broken the Internet, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely... and I'm being told we're going to hear from Kaz Konoe himself later tonight to get his thoughts on being reunited with his old partners for this big match going down in Mexico. But right now, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with one of big winners from the recent Stampede Cup tournament - the American Idols! Mark?

[We fade to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Big winners indeed. Gentlemen, come on in here...

[Chaz and Chet Wallace approach from either side of Mark Stegglet, neither looking their usual joyous selves.]

MS: It was just two weeks ago when the two of you shocked the wrestling world by making it to the Semifinals of the Stampede Cup tournament and - quite frankly - coming oh-so-close to knocking off the World Tag Team Champions to move on to the tournament Finals!

[Chaz nods.]

Chaz: Yeah, it was a hell of a tournament. We knew we could do what we did... and honestly thought we could do even more but you're probably right. We probably did shock a lot of people.

[Mark turns towards Chet.]

MS: Well, the question that's been on the minds of a lot of people lately is... what's next for the Idols after that fantastic run?

[Chet shrugs.]

Chet: There's a lot of the things the Idols would like to do... but we didn't win the Cup... so we gotta take a backseat to the Soldiers of Fortune for a little while. But I promise you, when the Soldiers and Next Gen meet, we're going to be watching very closely.

[Mark furrows his brow, looking back and forth between the twins.]

MS: Guys, I gotta admit... I'm a little thrown right now.

Chaz: Oh?

MS: Well, I thought you two would be out here demanding a title match... insisting you go first and gloating over what you DID accomplish in Mosaic Stadium.

[Chaz shrugs.]

Chaz: Sorry to disappoint you, Mark... but I think we're a little distracted after what we just heard.

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

MS: From Angelica Westerly?

[Chaz nods.]

Chaz: That's right. Angelica is a beautiful and intelligent woman so you better believe I listen when she's talking...but right now, all I'm doing is hearing this weird buzzing sound and seeing red.

Chet: Mark, I know you're a student of the game but I also know that some people might not be as well-educated about this sport as you are... so I think we need to deliver a little history lesson.

MS: Okay, fire away.

[Chet clears his throat.]

Chet: Let's talk about the greatest faction in the history of our sport - the Dead Man's Party. Now, a lot of AWA fans know about the good ol' DMP because we made our presence felt here a few years back before Rising Sun Showdown 2. But you people need to understand... the DMP was it! The thing! The place to be! We ruled Japan for years and still do.

Chaz: We've said it before, Mark... don't confuse expansion with destruction... and the DMP in Japan may not be us anymore... it may not be Riley anymore... but the DMP lives on there...

Chet: ...and here. We're in the AWA... some friends of ours are elsewhere... the DMP IS American wrestling... it IS Japanese wrestling... and yes, Mark Stegglet... it IS Mexican wrestling too. The AWA fans have been introduced to DMP Japan... they've met DMPUSA up close and in person... and it's only a matter of time until they meet DMP MEX.

[Chaz grins.]

Chaz: And when they do, they'll wonder how in the world a beautiful woman like Angelica Westerly can ever get away with telling complete and utter lies.

[The Idols turn to exit when Chet pauses, placing a hand on Stegget's shoulder.]

Chet: Expansion... not destruction.

[And with a quick double pat, Chet takes his leave as Mark Stegglet looks on confused...]

...and we fade up to the ring where the lovely and talented Rebecca Ortiz awaits.]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Thunder Bay, Ontario... weighing 130 pounds... ELIZABETH ARCHER!

[Archer is a long, willowy blonde in white tights and a light blue bra top. She tilts her nose up at the crowd who starts to boo her.]

RO: And her opponent... she hails from Toronto, Ontario by way of Jackson, Tennessee... weighing 160 pounds... she is the AFRO PUNK...

VICTORIAAAAAA JUUUUUUUUUUNE!

[The crowd goes crazy as the Ramones' "Blitzkrieg Bop" blares over the PA system with its high energy guitar rift. A pillar of smoke erupts from under the stage as Victoria June is propelled upwards through a gap in the stage, landing on it with a loud "THUNK!" to big cheers!]

GM: Oh my! Quite the entrance here for the Afro Punk in her former home country of Canada, Bucky!

BW: Shoulda turned up the pressure on that launch... there are a few light bulbs up in the ceiling that need changed.

[June is instantly in motion, jumping around and banging her head in time with the music. The Afro Punk is dressed in her odd cuts uniform: leather vest, dashiki-printed leotard, skin-tight torn up Daisy Duke jeans shorts, torn up fishnet stockings, Doc Martens boots and Kurt Cobain sunglasses. The freckled-faced albino stomps down to the ring, throwing herself at the fans leaning over the railing and "moshing" with them.]

GM: And apparently it's Crowd Participation Night here in Winnipeg.

BW: Be careful there. We don't need another lawsuit.

[June's crazy blonde afro jumps and bounces as she screams "Hey ho! Let's go!" in a thick Tennessee accent.]

GM: And Winnipeg is showing some love for the pure ball of energy that is Victoria June! Boy, is she wild! Look at that energy! Look at that hair! Look at these people here in Winnipeg get behind her!

BW: And look at the look of the disgust on Elizabeth Archer's face as she tries to figure out exactly what an Afro-Punk is, daddy. Well Elizabeth Archer, join the club. June's been around for over a year now and I still have no idea what she's all about!

GM: She's a little bit of everything, Bucky! She's just wild and free. And I gotta say I like her attitude.

[June has made her way into the ring, bouncing around wildly as the referee struggles to keep her away from Archer.]

GM: We're just about set for action here to kick off Saturday Night Wrestling...

BW: Look at her, Gordo. Just jumping around like a kangaroo! Archer is completely confused... she wants to lock up and this goofball won't stay still! If I were, I'd just take a nap in the corner and wait for June to burn herself out

[The referee waves for June to settle down and start the match.]

GM: We might be here all night if Archer takes on that strategy... and here's the bell now.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[June doesn't stop moving, lunging right at Archer into a collar and elbow and shoving the smaller Archer back into the corner with ease.]

GM: June pushes her back to the corner and...

"WHAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd cheers for a big knife edge chop splashing across the chest as June grins at the reaction.]

GM: Hard chop by the Afro Punk and she's not done yet!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[June's series of chops leaves Archer reeling as referee Shari Miranda orders her to back off.]

GM: The official looking for a break here as June really laid those in, didn't she?

BW: Archer's chest is already turning red.

[A big whip across the ring sends Archer crashing into the buckles, rebounding back into a hiptoss lift... turned into a makeshift powerslam!]

GM: Ohh! And now some innovative offense on the part of the Afro Punk, showing off that surprising strength at times.

BW: June is country strong, Gordo. She'll shock you with her power. She just tossed her like Henrietta used to toss the other hogs at the trough!

GM: BUCKY!

BW: It's been a while.

[The crowd cheers hard as Archer lands hard on her back on the mat with June on top of her. June hops to her feet, banging her head as she throws herself at the ropes. She rebounds off and delivers a big knee drop to the chest.]

GM: Leaping kneedrop by June... and Archer feeling the effects of that one for sure.

[Archer cringes as she rolls onto her side to avoid a pinning predicament. June ignores her however as she hops up onto the turnbuckles, banging her head at the crowd and calling out "Hey! Ho!"]

"LET'S GO!"

GM: And listen to that response, Bucky! The crowd is fully behind this wild Afro Punk!

BW: They are... but at the same time, it's Winnipeg! Have you see the size of the mosquitos in this place, Gordo? These people are probably all light headed from inhaling bug spray!

GM: Archer slow to get up after that kneedrop, staggering up now...

BW: She'd better turn around though...

[But as she does, June takes flight, lashing out with one leg to catch Archer under the chin with a one-legged dropkick that knocks Archer down to the mat!]

BW: Archer flew so far on that dropkick that she probably thinks she's back in Thunder Bay. Check your frequent flyer miles, kid!

[June stays on the downed Archer this time, grabbing Archer's arm and yanking her to her feet only to knock her back down with a short-arm clothesline.]

GM: Short-arm clothesline takes Archer right back off her feet... and June's hanging on, bringing her up again...

[She yanks her right back up into another clothesline. And then yanks her right back up into a third clothesline before she finally releases the wrist.]

GM: Three short-arm clotheslines really doing a number on Archer, taking a serious toll on her neck. Archer's really been caught off-balance by the onslaught from Victoria June who continues to work her way towards a future Women's World Title shot, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, but I hear that's not all she's gunning for.

GM: What do you mean?

BW: You know there's a buzz on the street that at some point down the road, we may get AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions, right?

GM: It's the talk of the Internet for sure.

BW: Well, we've seen June and Julie Somers in the past as a successful team. You think June wouldn't love to make history as one-half of the first Women's World Tag Team Titles?

GM: I'm sure she would... and as she pulls Archer back up, whipping her across... oh, Archer ducks the back elbow... off the far side...

[But as Archer rebounds towards her, June leaps into the air, catching her with a Fierro Press that knocks her right off her feet and down on the canvas.]

GM: June wipes her out with that one...

[The former Canadian grabs Archer by the side of the head and slams the back of her skull into the mat repeatedly as June howls wildly.]

GM: And June's taking the fight to Elizabeth Archer who hasn't even gotten out of the gates here tonight.

[Leaping to her feet, June rushes towards the hard camera with a shout.]

"WOO CHILE! WE GETTING ROWDY TONIGHT! LET'S GO!"

GM: Victoria June having a rockin' good time here with our capacity crowd here at the Bell MTS Place here in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada!

BW: Well, June may be but Archer isn't having a good time. She's been battered and bruised and beaten up.

[June circles back to Archer who has struggled her way back up to a sitting position. She is clutching her body, trying to get the blood flowing as June grabs her by the ears and pulls her to her feet.]

GM: Look out here...

[A hard headbutt follows... and a second... a third... a fourth, leaving Archer wobbly on her feet as June grabs her own forehead.]

GM: Oh my goodness, what a nasty series of headbutts by Victoria June and Elizabeth Archer seeing stars after that vicious barrage of blows.

BW: A headbutt's not a pleasant experience, Gordo. You start seeing stars... you might get dizzy... and if it's not on target, all bets are off on the kind of damage it might do.

GM: June staying on the attack, whipping Archer to the ropes again...

[And as Archer rebounds, June muscles her up...]

GM: UPSIDE DOWN AND ALL AROUND... DOWWWWWWN ACROSS THE KNEE!

BW: A tilt-a-whirl backbreaker... and a good one. June should be making the cover here if you ask me but she's passing up on it.

[The crowd cheers as June holds the backbreaker across her knee before she shifts her grip and lifts Archer up across her chest.]

GM: Uh oh... we've seen this before!

[June gives a whoop as she falls forward in the middle of the ring, driving the air out of Archer's lungs with a crushing front falling power slam.]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: Well, that's gotta be it, Gordo. She better not waste time with more moves. Get the pin and get out!

[June holds the pin on the slam as Shari Miranda dives into place and quickly registers the three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers her getting the duke as June bounces to her feet, moshing around the ring and celebrating her victory.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... here is your winner... VICTORIA JUNE!

[June raises an arm, grinning at the cheering fans.]

GM: Victoria June with a dominating win here in Winnipeg and it looks like we're not finished with the Afro Punk. She's about to be interviewed by our very own Mark Stegglet.

[June exits the ring to head over to the end of the ramp at ringside where Mark Stegglet is waiting.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... and Victoria June, I'll let you catch your breath. But I've got to ask you ... there's been a lot of talk about you as a contender to the Women's World Title, but there's also been talk about a women's tag team division in the AWA. Will you be competing for tag team gold?

[June catches her breath, hands on knees. She raises up, brushing strands of hair from her face.]

VJ: Ah mean, ah love competing in front of these wonderful AWA fans, Mark. Hey Canada, ah'm always so happy to come back to mah second home! So, Mark, ah don't care if it's for the World title or World Tag Team Titles... ah'm in.

MS: You and Julie Somers have teamed up before. I assume she would be your first choice for a partner.

VJ: Julie and ah have talked about it, but she's concentratin' as she should on being the Number One Contender. She might not have time to tag with me so ah've

kinda got mah eye out for a new partner. You know somebody? Well, ah'll be their somebody to tag with.

MS: Can you tell us what you're looking for in a partner?

VJ: Somebody that matches mah energy, yah know? I'm a bit wild! I'm a bit crazy! Ah need somebody that will match that energy and still keep their head on their shoulders. Ah don't know if ah'm the one to do that.

MS: Too much punk energy?

VJ: Ah mean, ah don't know. As a kid ah was always just go go go. You couldn't take your eyes off meh. Ah kinda need a partner who'll be the calm one... like ol Wonder Woman was for meh. Hey, before ah go let meh shout out Julie one more time. Get your title match and go put down that nasty Kurayami. And Kurayami, if yuh ever get past Wonder Woman don't sleep on the Afro Punk!

[She throws her arm around Stegglet.]

VJ: Let's go!

[She bangs her head after she plants a kiss on a grinning Stegglet's cheek.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen... the Afro Punk, Victoria June! Whether it's Kurayami or perhaps a new set of titles here in the AWA, she's got her eyes set on championship gold! Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action so don't you dare go away!

[We fade from Mark Stegglet out near the ringside area to a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo which ends up with us inside the office of now-Generalissimo Castillo, still clad in his uniform. A big grin is on his face as he leans back in his chair, feet on his heavy polished wooden desk as he stares at a large crystal on a chain - an object AWA fans know as the Eye of Tyr.]

JC: Tell me your secrets, hm? Give me what I need to know.

[Castillo stares at the crystal, obviously in deep concentration as we hear a rap on the door. El Presidente looks up, a glare on his face as he hangs the crystal on a metal hook near his desk.]

JC: ENTER!

[The door swings open as "The Future" Derrick Williams steps through the portal, dressed down for him in track pants with ASICS trainers on, and wearing a black and red "System Shock" hoodie, available now on AWAShop.com for the discount price of \$29.99, with the hood pulled up. Castillo grins at the sight of Williams, waving him in even as the sunglass-wearing MAWAGA stiffens up.]

JC: Ah, Derrick! Just who I wanted to see! Come in please... come in!

[Williams is tentative, closing the door behind him and pulling down his hood, revealing his Line-Up buzz cut and chinstrap beard. He stays standing.]

DW: Funny... I thought it'd be Temple here and not you.

[Castillo looks alarmed for a moment.]

JC: Temple... why would he...?

[Castillo trails off as understanding settles in.]

JC: Ah, yes. Ms. Westerly. Well, with certain things coming to light recently... I felt it best if you and Ms. Westerly avoided one another for the time being.

[Williams nods.]

JC: Besides... this business is between us.

[Castillo grins, wagging a finger.]

JC: You've been very busy the last couple of weeks... first in Regina... then in Atlanta...

[Williams nods again.]

DW: So, naturally you're about to give me a reward... that it?

[Castillo tilts his head.]

JC: I sense hostility, Derrick. There is no need for that.

[He shrugs.]

JC: Sure, yes... I could be mad that you turned me down at... that... show.

[He grimaces in disgust.]

JC: But it all worked out according to plan... mostly... in the end. And I certainly understand your hesitation. Now, you must believe me, Mr. Williams... at that time, neither of us had any idea that Ms. Westerly had anything to do with Jackson Hunter's return. But your gut instinct turned out right again.

[Williams raises an eyebrow.]

DW: Again?

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Of course. Your instincts served you quite well a year ago when you joined up with... him... in the Axis.

[Williams grins.]

DW: Him, huh? You'd think after all he did for this company, he might deserve to have his name mentioned.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: If he ever wants to make things right, he has my number. But nevertheless, that association has done wonders for you... really boosting your profile... making you a name in this industry. And you even did well leading the Axis on your own earlier this year. The three of you had half the titles in the company at once.

[Williams grimaces.]

DW: Despite you trying to end us in February.

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: Do not think that was personal, Mr. Williams. It was business... always business.

[Williams gives a knowing look.]

DW: Always?

[Castillo grins.]

JC: Guilty as charged. But the Axis was business. Jackson Hunter is a... problem... and always has been.

DW: Also an old friend of yours if I understand right.

JC: Circumstances change.

[Williams nods.]

DW: That's what I'm worried about, El Presidente. And I suppose it was all business when your hired thug John Law got involved in getting those tag titles off Riley and I.

JC: Mr. Law follows my orders to the letter.. but also has his own business to attend to. Your loss falls - in part - on him... but not on me.

[Williams slowly nods.]

JC: But that's all in the past, Mr. Williams. Obstacles. Tests, if you will... and you passed them all with flying colors. You're here now. You succeeded. You're making big waves. You're the last man standing.

You weren't part of the Axis - you WERE the Axis.

[If you could hear the sound of rolling eyes, it'd be loud as Williams seems to not be buying what the Generalissimo is selling.]

JC: You are the Future, Derrick Williams... believe me on that.

[Williams nods, looking at Castillo.]

DW: And you want me to do what? Back off Hunter? Cause that ain't happening.

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: No, no... by all means... continue your vendetta with Jackson Hunter. Get into the rankings, get that National Title from him. I have no grudge with Jackson Hunter... at the moment... but I would much prefer to see that National Title around your waist. You deserve it.

[Castillo grins.]

JC: And it's a natural stepping stone to what you really want, yes?

[Williams seems to think on this for a moment.]

DW: So, let me get this straight... I can put an early end to Colton's oh-so-promising young career... I can send Jax back to his ranch... for good this time... I can get that National Title around my waist...

[Williams pauses, tapping a finger on the desk.]

DW: ...and you're not going to send your... Army... to do a damn thing to me? I getting this right?

[Castillo grins, feeling the need to reel him in.]

JC: Precisely. Do exactly what you feel your need to do. I personally guarantee you that the Korugun Army will stay out of your way...

[Castillo points a finger.]

JC: ...provided that you don't get into ours.

We have bigger fish to fry than Jackson Hunter.

[Williams nods, although it's not clear if it's in agreement.]

DW: And what do I need to do in return?

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: Ever the pragmatic one.

Fine, Mr. Williams. Let's lay all of our cards on the table. You and I? We have a mutual goal... and you could say that I see great things for you... in the future.

[Castillo beams at his own pun. Williams doesn't react.]

JC: I understand that Ms. Westerly made you an offer... back when you were on speaking terms. So, let me extend you an offer of my own.

You take your bit of time... put your house in order... do what needs to be done with Colton and Hunter...

[Castillo pauses.]

DW: And?

[Castillo grins.]

JC: And when the time is right, you join us in striking the final blow against a man we both hate.

[Williams nods, obviously thinking about Castillo's words.]

DW: Mist-

[He pauses again, holding out his hands apologetically.]

DW: I'm sorry. General Castillo...

[Castillo grins at the honorarium.]

DW: I think we may be able to come to an understanding. IF you and your army stay out of my way in all things involving weasley Canadians... you let me get one back for my boys...

[Another pauses.]

DW: ...I can see us breaking bread in regards to putting down Martinez.

[Williams gets very serious again.]

DW: But you need to think about the very well-known influences on my career, Javier... and THEIR penchant for settling scores. And I'm a DAMN good learner... as Jax apparently forgot.

By the time the smoke clears, you're going to want me on your side... not across from it.

[Castillo nods.]

DW: Besides... you don't got many big picture thinkers hanging around.

[Williams keeps his eyes on Castillo.]

JC: I understand, Mr. Williams. You look at the larger picture. And I want you to think long and hard about what I've done... what Korugun has done... for the people we choose to assist.

[Williams nods, starting to back out of the office.]

DW: General, that's precisely what I'm looking at.

[Williams throws a look over at MAWAGA.]

DW: Good to see you back.

[And with a nod, Williams backs from the room, leaving Castillo and MAWAGA behind as we get another flash of the ACCESS logo and then 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 fade back up backstage where Colt Patterson is standing by with Kaz Konoe and Luciana. They are both in black T-shirts with "LOS RENEGADOS" in white across the chest. The "Chola Japonesa" has hers tied just under her chest, baring her midriff. She also has on a black miniskirt, as well as a twisted red bandana tied around her head, knotted at her forehead. Konoe is not dressed to compete; he has on a pair of blue denim jeans and his expression is all the more inscrutable thanks to the pair of Aviators that shield his eyes.]

CP: Colt Patterson, backstage here in Winnipeg on Saturday Night Wrestling... and Luciana, Kaz, you heard it earlier tonight... we all heard it earlier tonight from none other than Angelica Westerly of Guerreros del Mundo. For one night only, at the Estadio BBVA in Guadalupe, Nuevo León, Mexico, the notorious... Brash... Some would say iconoclastic... Los Renegados will reunite for a trios match at Estrellas En El Cielo! We all assume you will be a part of that three-man team, but what else can you tell us - Luciana, Kaz - about your teammates heading into Estrellas En El Cielo?

[Konoe tilts his head slightly.]

KK: Team... Mates, Colt? No, is not teammates. Los Renegados are like family to me... Mis hermanos... I wrestle in Mexico for five years... First four years, many still treat me like outsider... El extranjero... Foreigner. But El Caballo Salvaje... Angel Azul... Espejo Negro... They welcome me... Show me way of Los Renegados. That song is not just a song, not just for fun, Colt... When Los Renegados reunite at the Estadio BBVA a month from now? It WILL be... SO GOOD!

[Patterson nods.]

CP: Now, there are some in the AWA Galaxy who might not be familiar with what goes on in our sport south of the border, but for those of us in the know, myself included, this is quite the coup on the part of Angelica Westerly and Guerreros del Mundo...

KK: [Removing his sunglasses and slipping them into his jeans pocket.] Los Renegados es la facción dominante en toda la lucha libre Mexicana, Colt, if not the world today. Caballo Salvaje has been campeonato Mundial de Peso Semicompleto del SWLL. He has been campeonato Nacional de Tríos y campeonato Mundial de Tríos del SWLL with mis hermanos de Los Renegados. In future, Colt, when anyone ever talks about renegade wrestling on the forums, or among their friends in the group chats, they will still be talking about Los Renegados!

L: The Wallace boys, Tweedledum and Tweedledumber, want to talk about Dead Man's Party being the greatest faction in the world today, Colt? Sure, the DMP ruled Japan for years... Until a couple of years ago when Kaz here returned and formed Los Renegados de Japón! That's when LRJ, NOT the DMP, became THE faction the Japanese fans wanted to get behind... Became THE dominant faction in all of Japan! But, sure, let's pretend DMP MEX...

[She turns to Konoe, who... shrugs.]

L: ...is EVER going to be a thing. In fact, if I heard correctly, Ms. Westerly did not announce opponents for Los Renegados at Estrellas En El Cielo. Maybe she, or El Presidente, has another AWA trio in mind, but how about this, Colt, how about they put the American Idiots...

[Patterson interrupts.]

CP: And a third?

[Luciana arches an eyebrow in Patterson's direction.]

L: That's right... And a third... Across the ring from Los Renegados, so we can prove, once again, which is the superior trio!

[Colt nods approvingly.]

CP: I'm not going to lie, Luciana - that is quite the suggestion. And I know I'd love to see it! I'm sure the fans of the AWA... the fans of Mexico... the fans all over the world would love to see it too. And after what we've heard tonight, I'd be surprised if the AWA front office wasn't considering it too.

[Konoe and Luciana nod, taking their leave.]

CP: Now THAT'S how you get the scoop, Blackwell. They oughta give me my own app and bring out the AWA's...

[He strikes a pose, curling his arm up.]

CP: ...biggest guns.

[Colt raises the other arm for a double bicep pose as the "ACCESS 365" logo flies across the screen. In Castillo's office, El Presidente glares impatiently out his window at the orange setting sun.]

JC: MAWAGA, I must confess, I do not care for these places. Saskatchewan, Manitoba, North Dakota. These huge, empty plains... these clear skies... and a sun that watches my every move from horizon to horizon.

[MAWAGA nods the nod of a man who has heard his employer wax philosophic a hundred times before. He hears the knock at the door, and courteously opens it. Castillo turns to look, nodding his head, waving a hand.]

JC: Miss Hayes. And, of course, Mr. Kendrick. By all means, come in... come in... please sit down. I'm guessing you got my invitation.

[Kendrick sneers.]

KK: Sounded more like a summons to me but...

MSH: But we were happy to come, Javier! We're both so appreciative of all that you've done for us and... well, even after what happened in Regina... I'm sure we can find a way to be... mutually beneficial to each other.

[Castillo raises an eyebrow as Kerry Kendrick, in jean shorts and a black t-shirt, makes himself comfortable on Castillo's leather couch. Sandra Hayes, in a bright pink sundress, her black hair tied in a ponytail high on the back of her head, makes herself comfortable draped languidly across Kendrick's lap.]

JC: I'm sure we can, Miss Hayes. And of course, I share your disappointment at the results of the Battle of Saskatchewan. I had hoped that we could be toasting a new business arrangement between us tonight.

[Kendrick glares at Castillo.]

KK: If only your hand-picked private security was a little better at their jobs.

[MAWAGA takes a step towards Kendrick as Castillo raises a hand, Kendrick's eyes flashing.]

KK: Not you, big man. I'm talking about Law.

[MAWAGA sits back, staring down at Kendrick from behind his sunglasses as Kendrick settles down.]

KK: Javier, who the hell was that guard, anyway? I had Detson dead-to-rights.

MSH: That's a good point, Javier. I thought John Law had personally screened those guards. Our safety was compromised because some Dudley Doo-Rite from the RCMP went rogue!

[Castillo grimaces.]

JC: And that's why I invited you here. As you know, the ACCESS 365 cameras are... everywhere.

[He turns towards the camera we're using right now, looking right at it.]

JC: And one of them just so happened to be in that parking lot when you met the security team that Mr. Law had selected.

[Kendrick raises his eyebrows as Hayes leans forward.]

JC: I think you'll find the footage as... intriguing... as I did.

[Castillo pulls a remote from his pocket, and the screen on the wall lights up. Within this "ACCESS 365" segment, another "ACCESS 365" segment begins to air.

It's the parking lot at Mosaic Stadium in Regina. John Law, Theresa Lynch, Sandra Hayes, a half-a-dozen private security in riot gear, shot from a different angle.

John Law barks, "Green Team... MOVE OUT!"

Law, Hayes, and five of the security team march toward the stadium, but one lingers, looking at an angered Theresa Lynch. Theresa snaps back, "what do YOU want?!"

The security guard raises the visor on their helmet, Theresa Lynch exclaims, "no way!" and the image freezes.]

MSH: That one was a little short.

KK: That's the one that cost me the World Title!

[Castillo speaks into the remote.]

JC: Enhance 224 to 176.

[The image on screen zooms in and clarifies, and we finally learn the identity of the rogue riot squad member.]

KK: Ricki!

MSH: Toughill!

[MAWAGA raises his dark shades, a rare look of surprise on his taciturn face.]

KK: I knew it! I knew it! I thought I smelled stale beer and hot sauce at ringside!

MSH: She was fired! She was supposed to be gone!

KK: So was Supernova...

[Castillo throws a glare in Kendrick's direction... and then shakes it off.]

JC: I've been in touch with the appropriate authorities, of course... and we will be prosecuting her for whatever charges are-

KK: No.

JC: No? Mr. Kendrick, I understand that you're upset but wouldn't you prefer to see Erica Toughill spend some serious time in prison?

KK: Do you think that scares her?

[Castillo pensively puts the tip of the remote to his chin; he hadn't considered that.]

KK: She'll thrive there. I know Ricki and that'll be like a free six-to-ten month vacation to her.

[Hayes snuggles up closer to Kendrick and whispers into his ear. Then she flashes a smile to Castillo.]

MSH: Javier, you've done so much for us in such a short time. Why don't you let us take care of this for you?

[Castillo eyeballs Hayes warily.]

JC: I suppose that's fair. What did you have in mind?

[Kendrick abruptly gets up, dumping a surprised Hayes off his lap onto the couch.]

KK: You've got to put Ricki in front of me where we can see her. I'll host "Think Tank."

In North Dakota, where all eyes will be on the AWA... Ricki Toughill will be our special guest.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Consider it done. Of course.

[Hayes gets to her feet, grinning.]

MSH: Oh, and there's something else we'd like to take care of: Theresa Lynch knew. She knew... and that little princess didn't tell anyone.

[Castillo raises an eyebrow.]

JC: Hmm. Theresa Lynch. Well... yes, obviously she knew someone not under AWA contract was trespassing at one of our events and...

[Castillo trails off as Kendrick speaks again.]

KK: They were spotted hanging around together a lot a month or two ago. For all we know, Theresa could have given Ricki one of her flight vouchers to go to Regina on the company dime.

[Castillo again nods.]

JC: Yes. I suppose it's possible. Well, we can certainly take appropriate actions. I will have her-

[Sandra interrupts.]

MSH: Can I make a suggestion?

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: What did you have in mind, Miss Hayes?

[Kendrick smirks, then looks lovingly at Sandra Hayes, who twirls her tar-colored ponytail deviously as we get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo before we fade to black.

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

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

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

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

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

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

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

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, Led Zeppelin's classic "Kashmir" hits the PA, its signature opening guitar riff tearing through the Winnipeg night. The crowd reacts... still mostly with jeers but perhaps not as many jeers as it has in the past. A few moments pass before the arrival of the AWA World Champion, Johnny Detson, as he saunters out onto the entrance stage in a black suit and maroon button down shirt sans tie. His open suit jacket shows the World Heavyweight Title secured around his waist.]

GM: We are back live in Winnipeg and there he is, Bucky...

BW: THE CHAMP IS HERE!

GM: After a hard-fought pair of title defenses against Bret Grayson and Kerry Kendrick earlier this month, Johnny Detson has managed to keep that title around his waist... despite having earned the ire of the AWA President Javier Castillo.

BW: Well, yeah... things aren't going so well between Castillo and Detson lately but I think that's just miscommunication. If they sat down together and really talked, I'm sure they could work everything out.

GM: You DID hear Detson tell Castillo he wants a divorce several weeks ago, right?

[Detson makes his way down the aisle, not acknowledging the definitely more split reaction he's hearing on this night in Winnipeg as he climbs up the ringsteps, taking an offered mic from a ringside attendant. He steps through the ropes, walking out to mid-ring where he pulls the title belt off his waist, holding it high over his head to a sprinkling more of cheers before he drops the belt over his shoulder, the music fades, and he begins to speak.]

JD: I went into Saskatchewan and did exactly what I said I would. I beat Kerry Kendrick and retained the AWA World Heavyweight Championship!

[Detson taps the gold to a small cheer from more of the crowd than one might expect.]

JD: And there I was celebrating that victory... when once again I get jumped from behind by Supernova!

[Now THAT'S a burst of cheers from the crowd for the namedrop which causes the World Champion to frown, shaking his head.]

[Larger pop for the name drop which causes Detson to slightly frown.]

JD: Yeah.... well... he jumped me! Not the guy that took his Rumble win, not the guy that fired him but me. You know what? Fine because you know what? I'm still the World Champ and you're still unemployed!

[The boos are stronger now for Detson's abrasive side coming back out. Detson nods his head at the obviously confused crowd as a "SU-PER-NO-VA!" chant breaks out. Detson glares at the fans, obviously agitated now as he waits for the chant to die down.]

JD: And speaking of unemployed... that Extreme Debacle down in Philly...

[The crowd cheers the nostalgic event loudly as Detson shakes his head.]

JD: I wasn't even going to be there! It wasn't even on my radar! I am so far above what the E is and what it ever stood for... that I can't even see that far down. But then Blue comes to me and dangles that EMWC title... well, even the implication of it was too much to resist.

[Detson smirks and shakes his head out of frustration.]

JD: And what happens? A good ol' bait and switch, that's what!

[The crowd cheers the memory of "what happens" in South Philly as Detson fumes.]

JD: And let me tell you something, Adam Rogers, I know you're in the back there... retired means just that... RETIRED! You get nostalgic, you lace those boots back up... I don't care if it's for the E, if it's for Memphis or some Beale Street Bullies reunion... the only thing you should know for sure is that I'll be right there behind you and we'll figure out what we should have figured out in Philly!

[Detson begins pacing back and forth in the ring now, really worked up as the crowd roars for the idea of that potential match.]

JD: But no... instead of Adam Rogers, I get Brian James...

[Big cheer for the suspended former AWA star.]

JD: ...who I CLEARLY wasn't ready for... who I didn't prepare for and you know what... he choked me out! I didn't like it... it didn't feel good... but it happened.

[Detson grimaces as the fans cheer again.]

JD: So, Blue got his buyrate... James got to feel good about himself... and I woke up with a headache. But other than that... nothing changed. Because in case you missed the part when I was talking to Nova, James...

[Detson points to the title.]

JD: I'm still the World Champ...

[Detson points to the camera.]

JD: ...and you're still unemployed.

[Detson glares at the camera.]

JD: And when Mommy and Daddy are more in demand in this business than you, maybe that's saying something? Just a thought. Hell, they're neck deep in Korugun... you think some sort of favor could be-

[Detson's words are cut off by the jungle cat roar and accompanying music that can only mean the arrival of El Presidente himself.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: No, no... this could be a good thing. Maybe Javier's come out to apologize and mend fences.

GM: That does not sound like something Javier Castillo would EVER do.

[And indeed, as Castillo arrives on the scene, he looks quite annoyed. Flanked by MAWAGA and John Law on either side, a frown a mile wide is on his face as he stands atop the stage, waving for his music to be cut.]

JC: Cut it... cut it now.

[The music abruptly comes to a halt as the fans jeer loudly for Castillo's arrival.]

JC: Johnny, Johnny, Johnny... what am I ever going to do with the likes of you?

[Castillo shakes his head as Detson glares down the ramp at him.]

JC: You see... when you wear that AWA World Title... as you well know... you're the leader of the locker room... you're the face of the company... you're the standard bearer of this industry...

[Castillo points angrily at Detson.]

JC: And yet, every time I turn around, someone who doesn't work here has left you laying.

[There's a small cheer for that as Detson fumes.]

JC: You've tarnished the title, Johnny... and to be frank, you've embarrassed me for the last time.

[The jeers are louder as Castillo lowers the mic only to have Detson raise his, still glaring at the AWA President.]

JD: I've tarnished the title? That's rich seeing how most of my problems are due to the fact that you can't control security in this place.

[Detson looks at John Law.]

JD: No offense, big guy... I know the limitations you're working with come from the top!

[Detson smirks at Castillo as there are a sprinkling of cheers for the verbal jab.]

JD: But Castillo... if this is the part where you strip me of the title or threaten to take it off me, you can just skip it. Because there ain't no way you're getting this title off of me. But of course you have an army now, Generalissimo...

[Detson marches over to the ropes. Placing the title on the top turnbuckle, he sits on the second rope while pushing up the top rope.]

JD: ...why don't you order them down here and try it?

[The crowd buzzes at the idea of Detson against any of the Korugun Army as Castillo glares... then smirks.]

JC: Johnny, Johnny, my old friend... you wound me... you mistake me. Because I'm not here to hurt you, Johnny... I'm here to help you.

[Detson raises an eyebrow as he stands back up, looking down the aisle.]

JC: You see... your recent failings against the AWA unemployment line aside, in the ring you've done quite well for yourself. You beat an Olympic gold medalist. You beat the 2017 Rumble winner.

[He claps, softly, almost mockingly.]

JC: Very impressive. And it's that kind of effort that can restore you to glory as the AWA World Champion. So, I'm going to help you with that, Johnny. I'm going to find you challengers... real... tough... worthy challengers! And together, we will restore glory to MY World Title!

[Detson shakes his head, patting the title belt on his shoulder as the fans jeer Castillo loudly.]

JC: And your first challenger will be... SUPERNOVA!

[The crowd ROARS as Detson looks shocked, kicking the bottom rope.]

GM: WHAT?! SUPERNOVA?!

BW: That's huge, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is! I can't believe what I just heard! I can't believe...

[Gordon trails off as Castillo raises a finger.]

JC: The real... true... Supernova... JAMES LYNCH!

[The crazy loud cheers switch dramatically to crazy loud boos.]

JC: Now that, Johnny... that is a title match made for a place like North Dakota where the AWA brings the big guns to town. So, two weeks from tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling from North Dakota, it'll be one of Korugun's favorite sons, James Lynch, challenging Johnny Detson for the World Heavyweight Title... I like the sound of that.

[Before Castillo can say more, Judas Priest's "Hellraiser" blares over the loudspeakers, though it is almost drowned out by the chorus of boos that greet the man who saunters down the entrance ramp. Castillo grins at the arrival as Detson glares down the ramp at the new arrival. John Law and MAWAGA back off at Castillo's orders as he joins Lynch in walking down the ramp towards the ring.

Dressed in a long black leather duster, open to show his bare chest beneath and a pair of jet black jeans, the black sheep of the Lynch family takes his time getting to the ring. 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. Lynch's black jeans are 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.

Castillo trails behind Lynch, smirking all the while as they approach the ring, climbing the ringsteps. Lynch motions for a microphone and pulls the bandana down, leaving it resting around his throat.]

JL: Did someone say my name?

[The Demon Cowboy pauses as the fans once more break into loud boos.]

JL: The World Heavyweight Title...

[Lynch points to the title belt.]

JL: Now, to be honest, I'm not big on family history. But if I'm not mistaken, there was a time when Johnny Detson put that belt on the line against a Lynch...

And Johnny Detson went home twenty pounds of gold lighter.

[Lynch smirks.]

JL: You weren't good enough to beat my untalented brother, and Detson? Let me promise you that history is about to repeat itself.

Two weeks, that's all you've got left Detson. Two weeks before I walk into North Dakota and prove, once and for all, that I am the greatest Lynch.

And you? You get to be a steppingstone. For the second time!

[Lynch steps forward, eye to eye and toe to toe with the World Champion.]

JL: Unless you want to save yourself a beating and forfeit now.

[Detson glares at Lynch and shakes his head defiance mouthing the words "you're nothing but a second rate Jack Lynch!" Lynch snarls and looks like he is going to strike, but Castillo gets between the two men.]

JC: No! Stop this. There will not be a World Title match tonight. Not in this country of ten million igloos and thirteen actual humans. Save it for Dakota!

[James Lynch nods at Castillo, slowly backing up, ducking back through the ropes as Detson shouts at him, "WE CAN DO THIS RIGHT NOW!"]

JC: No, no... Mr. Detson. No you cannot. Because I run this show. And I say we're saving this match for two weeks. We're saving it for North Dako-

[Castillo abruptly comes to a halt as a surge of crowd noise cuts him off. He whips around just in time to see someone coming through the crowd, leaping over the railing...]

GM: What the-?!

[Dressed in a black t-shirt and blue jeans, Supernova throws himself into a full body tackle on James Lynch, knocking him down on the ramp. His black hair is hanging just past his ears, his sunglasses tumbling off his face as he starts pounding Lynch into the steel ramp!]

GM: SUPERNOVA! SUPERNOVA!

BW: HE DOESN'T EVEN WORK HERE ANYMORE!

[The formerly face-painted warrior is pummeling Lynch on the ramp as the Texan raises his arms, trying to defend himself...]

GM: SUPERNOVA IS ALL OVER JAMES LYNCH - RIGHTS AND LEFTS AND-

[Gordon's call gets cut off by Castillo screaming over the mic.]

JC: SECURITY! SECURRRRITYYYYYYY!

[John Law starts to charge down the ramp but MAWAGA extends an arm, holding him at bay as a handful of security guards come running into view, charging down the ramp...]

GM: We've got security on the move!

[The uniformed security guards grab Supernova by the arms and around the head, dragging him off the downed James Lynch as the crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: Castillo's telling them to pull them apart! He's telling them to get Supernova off of-

"ARREST HIM! DRAG HIM TO JAIL!"

[With security trying to restore order, a quartet of police officers come jogging into view as well, rushing down the ramp as Supernova struggles to get away from the guards and get his hands back on the man who masqueraded as him for months.]

GM: Castillo's trying to have Supernova arrested! He wants him taken out of here and-

BW: As he should, Gordo! Supernova doesn't work here - he's trespassing! He's trespassing!

GM: I don't know if-

[Back on his feet, James Lynch angrily storms past security over towards the ring, snatching up a microphone off a ringside table as Supernova starts getting dragged up the ramp by police and security.]

JL: No, no, I ain't done yet!

And Castillo, if you ain't gonna let me fight Detson tonight... then you give me that bastard that jumped me!

This ends tonight!

[The crowd ROARS as the camera cuts to the ring, where Castillo is swiping his hand in front of his throat, mouthing "get him out of here! He doesn't work here!"]

JL: Uh-uh... Castillo, you give him to me.

[Lynch exhales.]

JL: See, I've been talkin' to someone. You might call them my "spiritual advisor..."

[A sinister gleam flickers in Lynch's eyes.]

JL: And their advice has been very clear. If I am going to be, not just a Lynch, but THE Lynch, then its time to kill every part of my past.

And that begins with you, 'Nova.

Time to cleanse the wounds of the past, and cut out every parasite that ever tried to hold me back.

[The camera cuts back to Castillo who is glaring at James Lynch.]

JC: This isn't right... this isn't the plan.

[Lynch shouts back.]

JL: To HELL with your plan, Castillo! I joined Korugun to get to the top... and all your people have done is try to get me to fight my brother. I don't want to fight my brother... I want to fight HIM!

[He points at Supernova.]

JL: And I get what I want... or you can deal with my family yourself.

[The implied threat hangs heavy over Castillo as Detson smirks in the background. Castillo grimaces, rubbing at his temples for a few moments...

...and then snaps his head up, fire in his eyes.]

JC: FINE!

[The crowd buzzes, wondering what he's saying.]

JC: You want blood?! You want violence?! You want anarchy?! You want to bring the fires of hell to this... this...

[He gestures to the crowd.]

JC: ...this god-forsaken frozen wasteland...

[He pauses, glaring down at Lynch and Supernova, being held apart by security and police...

JC: ...then fine! RING THE BELL!

[James Lynch dives under the ropes, jumping to his feet as he points to the floor, shouting at Johnny Detson to "GET OUT OF MY RING!" A smirking Detson steps towards Lynch with a "I'll see you in North Dakota, kid!" before exiting the ring, standing on the floor as a referee sprints past Supernova who is still trying to get free.]

GM: We've got an impromptu match on our hands. Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller hits the ring, ready to call the-

[Castillo's shout of "LET HIM GO!" lands on security who do exactly that, allowing Supernova to dive under the bottom rope...

...which is where James Lynch lunges at him, falling to his knees with a double axehandle down between the shoulderblades as the bell rings!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Lynch stays on his knees, hammering a fist down into the back of the head and neck, keeping Supernova down on the mat as the fans jeer.]

GM: James Lynch attacks before the bell!

[Lynch gets to his feet, pulling Supernova up as well, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The rebounding Texan gets a right hand buried into the midsection as Supernova throws himself back into the ropes, leaping into the air as he grabs a handful of hair and SLAMS Lynch's face down into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH!

[Supernova gets up to his feet, throwing a glance at Javier Castillo who has crept back up the ramp a bit. Now flanked by security, police, John Law, and MAWAGA, Castillo keeps his eyes on the ring as James Lynch struggles to get to his feet, getting a boot buried in the midsection.]

GM: Supernova goes downstairs again... whip to the corner...

[Lynch slams back into the buckles as Supernova backs to the corner, staring across the ring...]

GM: Lynch to the corner... HERE COMES NOVA!

[But before Supernova leaps into the air, Lynch drops to the mat, rolling out to the floor, causing Supernova to cut off his charge mid-ring, glaring out at Lynch as the fans jeer loudly...]

GM: Lynch escapes to the outside... taking a breather out here and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova runs across the ring, hurling himself over the top rope with a dive onto the Texan!]

GM: OHHHHH MYYYYY STARRRRRRRRRRRS!

[Supernova pops up off the mat, pointing a threatening finger at the World Champion - Johnny Detson - who is still standing out at ringside. Detson shakes his head, holding the title belt over his head as the crowd cheers that potential showdown as well!]

GM: Supernova's out here making sure Johnny Detson remembers that he wants a piece of him still as well!

[With Detson and Supernova trading words, James Lynch manages to get back to his feet, rolling back into the ring...

...as an angry Supernova reaches over the railing, snatching up a steel chair in his hands!]

GM: Oh my! Supernova's got a chair!

[Supernova slides the chair under the bottom rope, rolling in after it. James Lynch has manages to get back up again, picking up the chair as Supernova gets back to his feet...]

GM: And now it's Lynch with the chair!

[Lynch winds up overhead with it...

...and Supernova BURIES a boot into the gut of Lynch!]

GM: Ohh! Supernova goes downstairs!

[Supernova snatches the chair out of Lynch's hands, winding up with it...

...and this time, the Texan goes to the gut on Supernova, causing the chair to clatter down on the canvas out of control!]

GM: The chair's down and... ohh! Big right hand by Lynch!

[Supernova staggers back... and then returns fire with a haymaker of his own!]

GM: Supernova returns fire!

[Lynch and Supernova are trading haymakers, the crowd roaring for the exchange of blows...]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[Supernova starts to throw faster... a right, a backhand, a right, a backhand, sending Lynch stumbling back across the ring.]

GM: Supernova's got him on the run... grabbing that chair again...

[He opens up the chair, leaving it down on the mat open.]

GM: He's got the chair set up... going over to Lynch...

[Lynch lashes out, stabbing his fingers into the eyes of Supernova.]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[Supernova stumbles back, rubbing at his eyes as the Texan pushes off the ropes, looking to take advantage...]

GM: Lynch grabs the arm... Irish whip to the ropes...

[As Supernova rebounds back, James drops down, snagging a drop toehold, tripping 'Nova up...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DROP TOEHOLD ON THE STEEL CHAAAAAIIIRRRRRR!

[Supernova rolls over to his back, clutching his face in pain as James Lynch gets to his feet. The referee walks over to the ropes, looking to signal for the bell but Lynch steps in front of him.]

GM: Lynch is begging him not to ring the bell!

BW: It wasn't intentional - it was incidental contact! He didn't mean to do it!

GM: I don't believe that for a second - and I don't think you do either!

[The referee pauses, looking at Lynch... then at Supernova... and then nods, waving for the match to continue.]

GM: What?! The match goes on?!

[Lynch grins, grabbing the chair, folding it up and throwing it down on the canvas as the referee warns him, demanding the chair be moved back out of the ring. But Lynch ignores the protesting official as he turns back towards the downed on all fours Supernova.]

GM: James Lynch isn't done with him either! I disagree with the decision for this match to continue, Bucky.

BW: It's a questionable call for sure but James Lynch is pulling Supernova up now, making sure that chair is exactly where he wants it...

[Lynch ducks low, lifting Supernova up into his arm for a body slam on the downed steel chair...]

GM: SCOOP AND A-

[...but Supernova slips out over the top, hooking James Lynch's head in an inverted facelock as he lands on his feet behind the Texan...]

GM: SUPERNOVA HOOKS HIM AND-

[He pauses a moment, checking to make sure the chair is in position...

...and DRIVES the back of Lynch's head into the steel chair!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The referee grabs at his own head as Lynch hits the chair on the canvas...

...and then signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd groans as Supernova rises off the mat, anger in his eyes as he turns to stare at Castillo out on the ramp.]

GM: It looks like this match is over... the bell has rung, the referee waving his arms.

BW: James Lynch is still down! The back of his head landed RIGHT on that steel chair, Gordo... and if Lynch's drop toehold into the chair was ruled incidental contact, that DDT on the chair damn sure wasn't!

GM: It was not. Supernova even... you say him pause just for a split second, making sure the chair was in place. He was going for the DDT - that inverted DDT - right on the chair and he definitely connected with it.

[Castillo looks stunned at the turn of events as Lynch - holding his head in pain - rolls from the ring to the floor.]

GM: Lynch rolling out now... and it looks like we're about to get an official decision.

[Rebecca Ortiz calls out over the buzz of the crowd.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... referee Pete Miller has called a stop to this match and has declared it a NO CONTEST and out of control!

[The fans jeer the decision as Miller shrugs.]

GM: A No Contest declared by the referee.

BW: Seems like a cop out to me, Gordo. If Lynch's contact was good, you gotta disqualify that jerk Supernova for using the chair.

GM: Both men used the chair, Bucky. Both of them did!

BW: Sure but James Lynch's use of it was waved off... it was fine! Now it's not?! There's some questionable officiating going on in this company as of late, Gordo.

GM: Well, whether you agree with that decision or not, Javier Castillo certainly looks upset out here at ringside.

[Castillo shakes his head, lifting the mic again.]

JC: Enough! ENOUGH!

[Lynch is out on the floor, recovering on a knee next to the surrounded Castillo as Supernova stares out at them, a handful of possible allies around him in the ring.]

JC: As I sit out here and watch all this... I realize something...

[Castillo sneers.]

JC: I'm not done with you tonight, Supernova... not yet. In fact, I've got an idea...

[El Presidente smirks.]

JC: Tonight, in the Main Event, it'll be Supernova...

[Supernova nods his head, looking out as the fans cheer.]

JC: ...AGAINST JOHNNY DETSON!

[A HUUUUUUUGE ROAR goes up from the Winnipeg crowd as we cut to Detson who looks confused at the announcement.]

JC: And Johnny, I'm going to give you a chance to solve one of our... mutual problems...

If you beat Supernova, he'll be arrested... dragged to jail... locked up... and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law...

And if you don't...

[Castillo sneers.]

JC: HE WILL BE REINSTATED!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the announcement as Supernova nods confidently...

...and then turns, pointing to Johnny Detson on the outside. Detson shakes his head, patting the face of the title belt as Castillo grins broadly.]

GM: What the... now THAT'S a Main Event, Bucky!

BW: I can't believe it! Is Javier THAT mad at Detson that he'd risk Supernova getting reinstated?!

GM: It certainly seems that way! Johnny Detson! Supernova! The match is made! And that's our Main Event! Fans, we're going to take a quick break and we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[With the Supernova/Detson face-off ongoing and the crowd roaring for their announced matchup, we fade to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

A voiceover is heard.]

"The AWA began in a studio...

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

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

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we find that Javier Castillo, James Lynch, John Law, and MAWAGA are still at ringside. In fact, they've been joined by the rest of the Korugun Army again. Castillo is in the ring alone but the rest have surrounded the ring.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling here in Winnipeg... and of course, this egomaniac is still in the ring.

BW: Quiet, Gordo! We're surrounded by an Army and the last time someone tried to send their Army after me, I had to say I had bone spurs.

[Gordon chuckles a bit as Castillo raises the mic.]

JC: Tonight is a night for celebration! And I won't let the actions of... some people... bring us down. We've already celebrated once tonight in honor of my new role in Korugun... and this next celebration is just as important.

[Castillo grins.]

JC: When Korugun first took on our position of power in late 2016, there was one woman who was one of my first phone calls. I knew that in order for the AWA Women's Division to be the hottest division in wrestling - they needed a boost... they needed a surge of power... they needed someone who could make an instant, immediate impact...

They needed... KURAYAMI!

[The sounds of Judas Priest's "Demonizer" shreds across the PA system as the Women's World Champion strides into view dressed in her ring gear with the Women's World Title slung over her shoulder. She looks out at the jeering crowd with a sneer, nodding as she starts to make her way down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Well, unlike Castillo's little promotion to General we saw earlier, at least this celebration has some merit. From my understanding, this gathering is to pay tribute to Kurayami in honor of her six month anniversary wearing that title.

[Kurayami reaches the ring fairly quickly, climbing the ringsteps as Castillo leads the Army in a round of applause while the Winnipeg fans boo loudly.]

JC: The Women's World Champion... KURAYAMI!

[The crowd gets louder, booing even more as Castillo seems to take this as his cue to clap harder. Kurayami ducks through the ropes, standing alongside Castillo as she raises the title belt over her head.]

GM: Kurayami certainly seems to be on the naughty list here in Winnipeg. The fans are really letting her have it, Bucky.

BW: Well, after she put down Skylar Swift a couple of weeks ago who is basically a Canadian hero at this point, are you really surprised?

GM: I'm not at all... and honestly, Bucky... I AM a little surprised to see Kurayami out here tonight. Yes, she's been with Korugun since the beginning... but very rarely do we see her involved with them or them involved with her matches for that matter. She seemed much her own competitor... her own champion as well... during her time here but she's out here now and these fans are letting her hear it.

[Castillo claps again as the music fades.]

JC: As I said, tonight is about celebration and Kurayami, you deserve a big one because you are celebrating SIX MONTHS as the Women's World Champion!

[Castillo again leads the Army in applause as Kurayami nods, holding the title belt aloft to more jeers.]

JC: You people should show more respect!

[And that particular suggestion yields even more boos as Castillo shakes his head with disgust.]

JC: They hate you because they fear you, my dear.

[Kurayami nods, slinging the title belt over her shoulder.]

JC: After what you did to the Canadian Dream Girl, can you blame them?

[A slight smile comes from the Women's World Champion.]

JC: Now, before we talk about who you're looking to defend against next, I want to present you with a token of appreciation from Korugun. Miss Westerly?

[Veronica, who was standing in a corner of the ring, steps forward to hand over a giftwrapped box to Castillo.]

JC: Thank you, Miss Westerly. Kurayami, I am proud to present this to you as a...

[Castillo trails off as he looks down the aisle.]

JC: Oh.. oh yes! And this!

[He gestures towards the ramp, grinning as we see four men rolling a giant cake down the ramp towards the ring.]

JC: Nice one, Miss Westerly.

[Veronica raises an eyebrow, nodding as the cake is quickly rolled into position.]

JC: Please! Everyone! Enjoy!

[Kurayami grins, nodding before she steps out to the apron, walking down to the floor.]

JC: Wait, wait... before you dig in, let's get a photo of you with it...

[The Women's World Champion nods, stepping towards the cake, holding the title belt up in the air as a handful of photographers rush into position, firing off photo after photo as a pleased Castillo looks on.]

JC: Perfect! Now dig in!

[Kurayami turns around, digging her hand into the cake, pulling a few fingers full of frosting off, turning back to face the cameras...

...when suddenly, the top of the cake pops off!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd ROARS as Lauryn Rage stands tall behind an unsuspecting Kurayami...

...and pulls a cane into view as well, winding up over her head!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The wooden cane cracks over Kurayami's skull, stunning her from the blow.]

GM: LAURYN RAGE JUST BUSTED THAT CANE OVER THE HEAD OF THE WOMEN'S WORLD CHAMPION!

[The ever-durable Kurayami stumbles in a circle, looking up at Rage...]

"GUESS WHO'S BACK, BITCH!"

[...who UNCORKS a stiff right hybrid uppercut/hook that connects hard with Kurayami's jaw!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow staggers Kurayami who sinks to her knees...

...and then flops facefirst into the cake as the crowd ROARS!]

GM: MY STARS, LAURYN RAGE JUST KNOCKED THE WOMEN'S WORLD CHAMPION FLAT! THE CANE! THE RIGHT HAND! AND DOWN GOES KURAYAMI! DOWN! GOES! KURAYAMI!

[Rage scrambles out of the cake, pointing with a grin at her knee.]

"YOUR GIRL IS ALL GOOD! DA KID IS BACK!"

[Rage backpedals down the ramp as Castillo fumes inside the ring, shouting for someone to help Kurayami!]

GM: Castillo is... well, pardon the pun... but he's in a RAGE!

[Lauryn Rage is all grins as the Canadian crowd cheers her wildly as she heads back up the ramp, leaving Kurayami down on her knees.]

GM: Lauryn Rage is back and what a return it is! The former - the very first for that matter - Women's World Champion is back here on Saturday Night Wrestling and straight from her mouth, she says she's "all good," Bucky.

BW: Well, if Lauryn Rage has been cleared for competition, that just sent a jolt straight through the entire Women's Division! The former champion is back? And she just set her sights RIGHT on Kurayami, the woman who beat her for the belt to begin with!

GM: The Women's Division continues to be the hottest division in all of wrestling and it seems to only get better each and every week... and speaking of the Women's Division, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou who is standing by one of the members of that division. Lou?

[We go backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands before an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Thank you, Gordon, old friend... we've got more action coming up in just a few minutes, and it's going to feature my guest at this time... Laura Davis, come on in here.

[That's when "The All Around Athlete" Laura Davis walks onto the set. Davis is dressed in a red, white and blue track suit, a serious look on her face. Her brown, shoulder-length hair is pulled back behind her head.]

SLB: Laura Davis, there's a lot I want to get to with you but what about what we just saw? What about the return of the former Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage?

[Davis waves a dismissive hand.]

LD: What Lauryn Rage does or doesn't do does not concern me, Blackwell. She obviously wants to jump ahead of the line and go right back to the top... but she's going to find a lot of stiff competition - including me - blocking her path to get there. So, welcome back, Lauryn Rage... now get to the back of the line.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Alright... let's shift gears here and talk about somebody who you took under your wing, Donna Martinelli. I assume you saw what went down on Power Hour and wondered if you had anything to say about that.

LD: Blackwell, I'm happy for Donna if she's found a couple of people she believes she can depend upon. I'm also happy for her standing up to Todd Michaelson when it was clear she was ready to graduate and get into that ring. I cannot be more pleased with how far she's come and, as long as she and her new friends continue to uphold the standards of wrestling, she's going to go far.

SLB: On another note, it's been a few weeks since we've seen you in action. Between Liberty Or Death, the Eternally Extreme show and Battle of Saskatchewan, you've been absent from the scene.

[Davis raises a hand, cutting Blackwell off.]

LD: Blackwell, how observant of you. For the record, I still have commitments to Japan and I fulfilled them the past month. But I'm back now, and ready to show all the people in Canada what a real all-around athlete is like, and witness a real women's wrestling match, unlike some of what's gone down.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: For as talented as you are, Miss Davis, some would say you have a high opinion of yourself.

LD: And why wouldn't I, Blackwell? I bring class, I bring skill, I bring intelligence, and most of all, I bring real women's wrestling to the AWA. Not like what was going down at... what was that show you mentioned... eternally something or other.

SLB: That would be Eternally Extreme.

LD: Extreme... the EMWC, a league that so many around her put on a pedestal, a league that was home to the likes of Casey James, Tiger Claw, Adam Rogers, even Michelle Bailey, who I hear has inspired so many women to join the world of professional wrestling.

But there's just one problem... the EMWC represented the one thing I cannot stand.

[She wrinkles her nose.]

LD: Garbage wrestling.

How sad it is that so many of the all-time greats wasted their talents on things like tables, ladders, chairs, those sticks they call Singapore canes, Killing Boxes, even exploding rings. And they want to call that wrestling -- wrestling that the likes of Michelle Bailey inspired so many to try, Blackwell?

[She shakes her head.]

LD: I call that a joke. No wonder Michaelson is in denial about a wrestling talent such as Donna Martinelli. All he can think about is how well somebody can swing around a foreign object.

But rest assured, Blackwell, that I'm going to restore the faith of Martinelli and all the others who want to see real wrestling, because in a few minutes, I'm going to head into that ring, I'm going to put on an exhibition and I'm going to demonstrate to everyone what that real wrestling is supposed to be like, and who knows... I may just inspire more women like Martinelli.

SLB: I imagine one woman will be watching you closely, a woman by the name of Ayako Fujiwara.

LD: I'm sure she will be, Blackwell. In fact, I'm glad she will be, because she'll get a chance to focus less on a bunch of distractions and focus more on what it means to be a great wrestler -- and a great wrestler does what I do, night after night, and that's demonstrate to all the people watching what it means to be a real all-around athlete.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going out to demonstrate that and further prove who is, in fact, the greatest women's wrestler in the world today. I'm done here, Blackwell.

[She waves a dismissive hand at Blackwell as she walks off the set.]

SLB: I believe there's an old saying about having one nose in the clouds and what airplanes could use it for, but let's forget about that... and let's go back to ringside and see Laura Davis in action.

[We cut to the ring where we see a young, red-haired woman dressed in a blue halter top and matching tights.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, from Seattle, Washington, and weighing 120 pounds, here is Alyssa Walsh!

[Walsh smiles and waves to the crowd.]

The lights dim and the opening chords of Jorge Quintero's "300 Violin Orchestra" play over the PA system. Up on the giant videoscreen, 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: Annnnnnnnd her opponent... from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing 150 pounds... this is "THE ALL AROUND ATHLETE"...

LAURAAAAAAA DAAAAAAAVISSSSSS!

[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 videoscreen.]

"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: You heard the comments moments ago from Laura Davis, and she had nothing nice to say about one of the greatest promotions of all time.

BW: I imagine those comments aren't going to sit well with a lot of people in the back, but there is some truth to them.

GM: Really, Bucky? What truth could there possibly be?

BW: The E did have the reputation for what they call extreme wrestling. And given its reputation, you had people who tried to copy that, and the result was a lot of bad promotions.

GM: That may be true, but I wouldn't put the blame on EMWC for that. I'd blame those other promoters.

[Davis 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.]

BW: I'm just saying, Gordo, that a lot of wrestlers wasted their talents on extreme matches, when they could have been so much more. I think that's all Davis is trying to say.

GM: I think it's more than that, Bucky. Davis is one of the most arrogant women in wrestling, and for her to dismiss everything about the E is really short sighted.

[Davis lowers her arms, ascends the ring steps, ducks between the ropes and spreads her arms once more. 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.]

BW: Well, believe this, Gordo, Davis has proven time and again that she's one of the best in the world.

GM: I won't argue that, but the same can be said for the likes of Ayako Fujiwara, who I know still has a score to settle with Davis.

[The bell rings and Davis approaches Walsh, who locks up with her, but gets pushed back into the corner.]

GM: Davis with a clear size advantage over Walsh, and... oh, come on!

[Davis steps back just for a second, only to start hitting a series of kneelifts to Walsh's midsection.]

GM: Davis ignoring the referee's warning to back off, and she's just pummeling Walsh with those kneelifts!

BW: She doesn't waste time, Gordo. That's why she's one of the best in the business.

[Davis waves a dismissive hand at the referee, then grabs Walsh and pulls her forward, slapping on a front facelock.

Then she quickly whips Walsh over in a snap suplex.]

GM: A quick snap suplex, and whether you like Davis or not, nobody does that snap suplex better.

BW: That's what a real wrestler does, Gordo... take a move and do it better than anyone else.

GM: Don't you start now with this real wrestler business, Bucky. You know there's a lot of talent in the AWA.

BW: I know that, but I also know the best talent when I see it, and I'm seeing it right now!

[Davis grabs Walsh by the right leg and unleashes a hard kick to the knee.]

GM: And Davis working over the leg, as she often does in her matches.

BW: When you know almost every submission move that targets the legs, you know exactly where to strike, Gordo.

[Davis kicks Walsh's knee once more, then drags her over to the ropes and drapes the right leg over the middle rope.]

GM: Davis has Walsh in trouble... leaps up and drops her weight right across the leg!

[Walsh rolls away, holding her right leg in pain, and Davis is quick to go after her, grabbing her by the leg once more.]

GM: Look at this... Davis grabbing the leg again... stepover toehold applied!

[Davis continues to spin around, though, and grabs the other leg, crosses them, then fall backwards.]

GM: And into the figure-four leglock!

BW: Walsh better get to the ropes, and fast!

[Walsh struggles on the canvas, flailing her arms and crying out in pain.]

GM: Walsh has her fingers near the bottom strand... can she get there?

[Walsh makes a quick lunge and manages to get to the ropes.]

GM: She does! Davis needs to break the hold and... oh, come on now!

[Davis is relentless, refusing to let up, forcing the referee to start the count. Not until the count of four does Davis break the hold.]

GM: Davis risking disqualification there.

BW: She's got until five to break it, Gordo. Use that count to your advantage.

GM: And she has the nerve to talk about what a real wrestler is all about.

BW: I'd call using the count to your advantage what a real wrestler would do. It's not like she's swinging a chair at the knee, Gordo!

[Davis rises to her feet, points to Walsh and shouts at the referee, "She was going to give up... just ring the bell next time!"]

GM: Arrogance personified... Davis giving no credit to Walsh for finding a way to break the figure four.

BW: She just expects a little more out of her than to grab the ropes, that's all.

[Walsh pulls herself up on the ropes, but Davis is right back on the attack, grabbing Walsh by the right leg.]

GM: Davis has Walsh again... oh my, a big legwhip twisting that knee all up!

BW: She took her over hard, Gordo!

[Davis kicks Walsh's knee twice, before extending the leg down on the canvas, then driving a knee into it.]

GM: I don't know how much more Walsh can take, fans.

BW: And that's why Davis was right that the referee should have just called for the bell sooner.

[Davis rises to her feet, grabs Walsh' right leg with one hand, then hooks a thumb to herself with the other and says, "I've got this!"]

GM: Davis wrenching back on that leg... oh my!

[Davis has trapped Walsh's leg between her own, falling backwards and trapping Walsh in a kneebar.]

GM: Kneebar applied right in the center of the ring!

BW: You think Walsh can get to the ropes this time?

[Walsh struggles for a moment, but this time, she taps her hands on the canvas.]

BW: Doesn't look like it.

GM: Walsh couldn't take any more and taps out to the kneebar. This one is over!

[The referee calls for the bell and Davis hangs onto the kneebar for a few seconds, before releasing the hold and rising to her feet.]

RO: The winner of the match... "THE ALL-AROUND ATHLETE" LAURA DAVIS!

[The fans jeer as Davis raises her arms in victory, then hooks her thumbs toward herself.]

"I'm the best in the world! You want to disrespect me? Here's my response!"

[Then she turns to Walsh, grabbing her by the leg once more.]

GM: Oh, come on! What in the world has gotten into Davis!

BW: You heard her, Gordo... she's tired of disrespect!

GM: Davis applying the heel hook now to Walsh! There is no call for this!

[The referee is trying to get Davis to release the heel hook, Walsh is screaming in pain, and Davis continues to pull back, the fans booing.]

And those boos turn to cheers when another woman hits the scene.]

GM: AYAKO FUJIWARA IS ON HER WAY!

[Running down the aisle at full speed in a coral-colored, flowy, bell sleeved sundress and in bare feet is Ayako Fujiwara! She slides into the ring and grabs Davis by the hair, pulling her off Walsh!]

GM: Thank goodness for Ayako! Laura Davis was looking to seriously injure that young lady!

[Laura Davis tries to strike Ayako, but the Olympic gold medalist blocks the blow and wraps her arms around the "All-Around Athlete", twisting around and slamming her into the canvas with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: This ain't fair to Laura Davis! She just had a grueling match!

[Fired up, Fujiwara turns to the crowd and pumps her fists, before turning her attention back to Laura Davis...]

"OHHH!"

[...who nails her with an oblique kick that bends her leg back at an awkward angle and drops her to the canvas. Davis uses the opportunity to roll out of the ring and to the floor.]

GM: And Davis escapes Ayako Fujiwara's wrath, but it looks like that kick may have re-injured the knee that Davis has targeted in the past!

[Davis pulls herself to her feet, a cross look on her face. She glares at Fujiwara, then marches over toward the ringside table, grabbing the mic.]

LD: Fujiwara! You want to settle this?

[Ayako gets back to her feet, slightly limping, but still filled with fire. She points at Davis, shouting in Japanese.]

LD: Fine! Let's set the date for two weeks time in North Dakota! But let's not just do it in a simple match.

If you think you're better me, then prove it! Let's see who can get the most falls in 30 minutes! That's right, Fujiwara -- I want you in an Ironwoman match, and I'm going to prove who is the best woman's wrestler in the world today...

[She hooks a thumb to herself.]

LD: And you are looking at her! Are you up to it, Fujiwara?

[She tosses the mic toward the ring. Ayako bends down and picks it up, looking uncharacteristically worked up. She hobbles over to the ropes, leaning over them to speak to Davis.]

Ayako: Davis-san, I do not THINK I am the better wrestler...

...I KNOW I am the better wrestler.

And I accept your challenge!

[Big cheer!]

Ayako: In North Dakota, there will be no more masks, no more disciples and no more mind games. Just you and me inside this ring. Prepare yourself, Davis-san, because I will show you the full strength of my wrestling! And I will show you...

...I AM THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

[And with that, she spikes the microphone down into the canvas to the cheers of the crowd. Ignoring everyone around them, Fujiwara and Davis lock eyes, glaring angrily with each other.]

GM: Oh my! Laura Davis lays down the challenge and Ayako Fujiwara accepts! In two weeks time, they'll settle their rivalry in a 30 minute Ironwoman match!

BW: Holy cow! What a match that's gonna be!

GM: You got that right! Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling after this!

[The camera focuses on the two women, each still staring each other down, as we fade out.

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 up where Sweet Lou Blackwell is backstage at the Bell MTS Place. Next to him, not quite dressed to compete in her usual beige cowboy hat, but also a brown riding jacket over a black bustier top, and brown chaps over a pair of indigo jeans, is Margarita Flores, looking not particularly pleased.]

SLB: We are back on Saturday Night Wrestling where Margarita Flores - you are not scheduled to compete tonight - but you requested a few minutes of TV time to get something off your chest, and you have been granted those few minutes. Does it have anything to do with what Harley Hamilton said about you on the last Power Hour? Or how things went down in Sas-

[Flores abruptly and angrily interrupts.]

MF: CINDER! You stuck your nose where it didn't belong, and you didn't even need to! You want to step up to me, you little weirdo? You could have easily been next in line to get your head knocked off after I lariat Harley's!

Which brings me to you, Harley... Make no mistake, things are not over between you and I. You want to whine about the rankings? Well, how about you ACTUALLY PROVE YOURSELF better than I am? You want to insult me? Call me ugly? Well, Harley, you ain't seen ugly yet!

[Flores rubs her hands together.]

MF: So, if any of the suits in the AWA front office are listening, if the... Generalissimo... Is listening, I want Harley in one more match! I want Cinder! Heck, I'll take them both on at the same time if I have to! And North Dakota seems as good a place as any to have that go down!

[To Sweet Lou.]

MF: There. Told you it'll only take a few minutes, Sweet Lou.

[And with a grim nod, and a tip of her hat, Flores walks out of the shot.]

SLB: A challenge is issued... and we'll see what Harley Hamilton and her new pal have to say about that. Now, let's go to the ring for more action!

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... currently in the ring... from Brandon, Manitoba... weighing in at 240 pounds... JOHN LERUX!

[The helpful name chyron shows up under the competitor in the ring, wearing plain grey tights with matching boots and knee pads, sporting a shaved head and bushy beard. He raises his hand to a (very) modest home country cheer.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The crowd begins to boo for the most part as "Radioactive" by Imagine Dragons starts up, but there are surprisingly a couple of cheers, considering who's about to step through the entrance.]

RO: Now residing in Miami, Florida... weighing in at 265 pounds... he is THE FUTURE...

DERRRRRRRIIIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLLIAMSSSSSSS!

[At the announcement of his name, Derrick Williams enters the arena to the - again - surprisingly mixed reaction of the crowd. It's definitely not split down the middle but there are a decent amount of cheers mixed in with the usual boos that greet the man known as the Future.

His hair is now shaved down to a 1, neatly trimmed in a line-up, along with a chin strap beard the same length. Williams has generic tribal tattoos on his arms and back, like many of his generation. He's wearing the same black and red "System Shock" zip up hooded sweatshirt he was wearing earlier over his ring gear.]

GM: Derrick Williams making his way down the aisle towards the ring... we caught a little bit of a conversation between he and Javier Castillo earlier tonight and it seems like Mr. Williams has some decisions to make, Bucky.

BW: It does, it does... but from what we've seen from him over the past few shows, it seems like he's made one decision already - he's coming for Jackson Hunter for what he did to Williams' buddies in the Axis.

GM: It was just about a month ago in that cage in Philadelphia when Hunter made his shocking return, injuring his own cousin, Riley Hunter, in the process.

BW: Last we heard, Riley's going to miss quite a bit of time with a knee injury.

GM: And then there was Hunter's even more shocking assault of Maxim Zharkov, the man he brought to the AWA to begin with. He and Colton assaulted Zharkov, hit that scoop piledriver, and put Zharkov on the sidelines indefinitely as well.

BW: That's National Champion, Jackson Hunter, to you, Gordo.

[Williams enters the ring, mounting the second rope in the corner and outstretching his arms again in time with the second round of the chorus. He descends and removes his jacket, revealing his ring gear for this evening, shiny gold tights going to his mid thigh, trimmed in silver, with the Axis logos and "Future" in script adorning the tights. His knee pads are matching gold, with the Axis logos in purple. Gold boots with silver trim match his ensemble, with the laces being the same purple as the logo on the kneepads. He also wears gold wrist tape, and has his usual black compression sleeve over his right arm, covering mid bicep to mid forearm. He allows the ref to check him as he awaits the bell.]

GM: And it looks like Williams has got the Axis on his mind, Bucky - paying tribute to his injured allies in that group.

BW: Or he just didn't want to buy new gear with all the Axis money drying up?

GM: Nevertheless, it's this new found rivalry with Hunter and Colton that seems to have endeared him to some of the fans... but most are still letting him hear it.

BW: Just like with Johnny Detson, Gordo - it's hard to trust a guy who has been... what they've been... for so long. Williams may have his sights on someone else they don't like but it's hard for the fans to forget what he did to Jordan Ohara and so many others.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, the two men circle for a moment before they lunge into a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: The bell sounds, we're off and running with Williams pulling Lerux into a side headlock, using his height advantage to his favor... Lerux now pushing him off though...

[The rebounding Williams hurdles over Lerux as he drops down, bouncing off the far ropes to go under a leapfrog as well.]

GM: Williams still on the move... hiptoss coming- no, reversed!

[And it's Williams who tosses Lerux through the air and down to the mat with the hiptoss. Lerux quickly scrambles up, getting taken right back over with a second one.]

GM: Make it two... Lerux back up, swing and a miss...

[The ducking Williams snatches a side waistlock, lifting the Canadian up and dropping him down on the back of his head and neck...]

GM: Williams so quick and athletic for a man of his size... there's our first cover...

[Williams doesn't bother to hook a leg as a two count follows.]

GM: Two count there for Williams who is competing in his first singles match since last year's SuperClash. Of course, Williams was one-half of the World Tag Team Titles for a time here in 2017, competing as System Shock with Riley Hunter but now he's on his own and looking to climb the singles rankings in a hurry. He's certainly firing on all cylinders so far in this tone...

[A scoop of the rising Lerux ends with a big bodyslam, putting the Canadian down with his head pointing towards the corner.]

GM: Scoop slam puts him down... and look at this now...

BW: Where the heck is he going?

GM: Williams uncharacteristically climbing to the second rope... his back to Lerux.

[Williams looks back, then looks out to the crowd, shrugs, then holds out his arm, elbow pointing behind him, and falls back]

GM: And falling elbow drop off the second rope! Right on target!

[The Future flips over in a North-South pin, again failing to hook a leg which allows Lerux to kick out at two.]

GM: Another two count there. Williams looking for a way to put his Canadian opposition down here tonight in Winnipeg.

[Williams climbs back to his feet, looking out on the crowd as he drags Lerux up off the mat, snatching a front facelock as he pulls him to the center of the ring...]

GM: Suplex on the way perhaps...

[Williams tosses the arm over his head, then starts to lift for the suplex...]

GM: Gets him up and...

[...and about 3/4th of the way up to vertical, Williams pushes Lerux up a bit, then twists himself around catching Lerux on the way down...]

BW: WHAT THE-?!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...into the very familiar three-quarter nelson then lays out as the crowd ROARS for the surprise way he delivers his signature move!]

GM: FUTURE SHOCK... OUT OF THE SUPLEX?!

BW: I've never seen that out of him before!

[Williams pops up and sits on Lerux's shoulders, reaching down to grab a leg even though it's academic at this point.]

GM: One, two, and there's the three... off that amazing way he hit the Future Shock there for a win in his first singles match of 2017.

["Radioactive" starts back up again to mixed cheers as Williams has his hand raised.]

GM: Rebecca Ortiz makes it official and Derrick Williams scores the victory as Javier Castillo has given him the green light to gun for the AWA National Champion, Jackson Hunter. And if Williams brings a weapon like that, Jackson Hunter may need more than a shovel to keep that title around his waist.

BW: Like a Death Star?

GM: Perhaps. Derrick Williams with the win here on Saturday Night Wrestling in Winnipeg!

[We fade from the ring through black to a shot of a hand putting a camera in place - obviously an iPhone leaning up against something. A moment later, the owner of the hand drops back to reveal a grinning Betty Chang in a white t-shirt with a red sunburst in the middle of it along with a pair of yoga pants. She waves excitedly.]

BC: Hey AWA fans! It's me, Betty again! I'm still down here in Mexico, working hard... learning as much as I can. I've been wrestling almost every night and I feel like I'm getting so much better with every match. It's been great, you know... the past months... first up in Canada with the Coltons... I miss you guys! Hi Mr. Jeremiah!

[She grins again.]

BC: And then down here in Mexico? They've really taken me in... everyone's just been so nice.

I really hate to leave... I've made so many friends I'm going to miss so much.

[Chang's grin shifts a little bit, more of a heartfelt smile than an overly-excited one.]

BC: But not as much as I miss the AWA fans. I know, I know... I only got to meet you guys a few times but... it meant so much to me - all your love and support. And when I was healing up after my match with Kurayami, I knew that - above all else - I was getting back on my feet so I could be back in front of you.

And that's why I can't think of any way better to make my AWA return than to be in that ring... on September 4th in Estadio BBVA. My return match in front of AWA fans... in Mexico... it's going to be great.

And to me, there's only one match that makes perfect sense. So, Mr. Castillo... if you're watching this... I want to make it clear that I'm making my challenge official for Estrellas En El Cielo...

[Chang gets very serious now... well, as serious as we've seen her get anyways as she strikes an Uncle Sam-esque pose, sticking out her finger with a balled-up fist on her hip...]

BC: I! WANT! KURAYAMI!

[She holds the pose for a moment... and then with a giggle, leans forward to turn off the camera.]

BC: Bye guys - see you soon!

[Cut to black...

...and we fade back up, we find ourselves in the ring where we find Theresa Lynch standing.]

TL: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... where my guest at this time has requested... well, I supposed demanded is a better word to describe it... time in this very ring to talk about his very controversial actions over the past month. Up until Eternally Extreme, in fact, I think a lot of people thought this man was on the right path again... was even perhaps on the verge of becoming one of the most popular men in this company... in this business...

[Theresa grimaces.]

TL: And then... then he betrayed...

[She pauses.]

TL: Everyone. He stabbed a lot of people in the back... in the heart... and in the process, he has aligned himself with the Korugun Corporation. And tonight, I'm going to invite him out here to explain why.

Ladies and gentlemen... please welcome... he is a former World Champion... he is a Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer... JEFF MATTHEWS!

[One of the most iconic pro wrestling entrance themes ever comes to life as Metallica's "One" plays over the PA system. But there will be no singalong from the fans on this night. On this night, the fans are jeering... loudly... for the arrival of the man who once happily called himself the Career Killer.]

GM: The fans in Winnipeg are making their feelings well known as Jeff Matthews comes out here and... whew.

BW: Did you ever think you'd see the day when someone stabbing Supreme Wright in the back would get a reaction like this? I'm old enough to remember when Supreme Wright HIMSELF got reactions like this!

GM: Times change, Bucky... and I think even the biggest Jeff Matthews fan would agree with that. Matthews has had quite the up-and-down relationship with the

fans over the years. He has been one of the most popular - and most hated - men in pro wrestling at times... and he definitely falls into that latter category right now.

[The former World Champion walks into view, standing on the ramp, looking out on the jeering crowd with disdain. He shakes his head, walking down the aisle towards the ring where Theresa Lynch is waiting.]

GM: It was Eternally Extreme when Supreme Wright and King Kong Hogan were doing battle where Jeff Matthews shockingly betrayed Supreme Wright, joined up with Korugun, and earned the ire of AWA fans all over the world. And ever since, everyone has wanted to know why. Tonight, we will finally get the answer to that.

[Matthews climbs the ringsteps in his black t-shirt, blue jeans, and leather jacket, ducking through the ropes into the ring. He walks to mid-ring, standing alongside Theresa Lynch as the music fades but the boos persist.]

TL: Jeff Matthews...

[Theresa pauses as the boos continue to pour down on Matthews. Matthews looks out on the crowd with disdain.]

TL: Jeff Matthews...

[More boos come down, causing Theresa to pause again. A slight smirk slips onto her face as Jeff Matthews looks a little agitated this time.]

TL: Jeff Matthews...

[The boos come raining down again but Matthews grabs the mic.]

JM: Just ask your damn questions, Lynch. Ignore them.

[Theresa nods her head.]

TL: Alright then... well, I suppose I only have one question. You asked for this time. You wanted to tell the world why you did what you did in South Philly. So... let's hear it... why did you betray so many people who supported you?

[Matthews pauses, nodding his head.]

JM: I tried. I really did. I wasn't always the good guy but I always did what I thought was right. But when I walked away from this sport, it turned its back on me.

For almost a decade, I sat at home. A Hall of Famer. A former World Champion. Sure, the phone rang... this Comic-Con... that baseball card show... "Hey, you used to be good. Come sign some autographs and make some easy money." Even a few indy promoters with too much cash on their hands wanted me.

But not the AWA. Not the people who I THOUGHT were my friends. Stegglet... Michaelson... Taylor... Blue.

THEY LEFT ME TO ROT!

[The crowd ROARS with jeers once more as Matthews stands mid-ring, looking around at the fans who aren't having any of the excuses he's delivering right now.]

JM: Do you know how many damn times I helped Chris Blue when he needed me? And do you know how many times that man screwed me over... but I always turned the other cheek. For the better good, I thought. But even then.... even still, I was

willing to forgive. I was willing to come back and start anew. I was willing to come to the AWA and show the entire damn wrestling world why I was the best in the world. Why I was STILL the best in the world.

[Matthews glares at the jeering Winnipeg crowd as Theresa looks out as well.]

JM: I was willing to let it all slide. I was willing to forget about all the times people refused to take my calls or respond to my e-mails. I was willing to forget all of it.

I was even willing to forgive... him.

Supreme Wright.

[The crowd ROARRS at the mention of the former World Champion which seems to only make Matthews more upset.]

JM: Supreme Wright who took MY spot as the best mat wrestler in the world.

Supreme Wright who took MY spot as the best submission wrestler in the world.

Supreme Wright.

[Matthews now acts likes he's shaking hands and smiling and nodding.]

JM: I came back and I shook all their hands and said I'm here for you.

I came out here and did my interviews about how happy I was to be back...

...and the AWA said, "This Hall of Famer? This former World Champion? This big name free agent we signed? We don't need him at SuperClash."

"Maybe in the Battle Royal."

So I went to the one guy in this company I hated more than anyone else and said... "I'll stand with you against the Syndicate. I'll be your damn partner."

I didn't even merit a response. I wasn't even given the time of day. And you know what else?

[The former World Champion just shakes his head in utter disbelief.]

JM: Supreme Wright picked someone else... someone he hates! He'd rather team with someone he can't even trust than to team with me. I stuck my neck out against two of the most vicious wrestlers I've ever faced and the sport has ever known. And he just said "Screw you Matthews, you don't deserve to be my partner."

[Matthews reflects a bit, glaring at Theresa Lynch for a moment.]

JM: And so, I waited... and I watched... and I put my body on the line at SuperClash for one reason.

Because on Thanksgiving Eve, I got a phone call.

[A big smile creeping on his face, a wicked one at that.]

JM: Javier Castillo called me and he said everything I needed to hear.

"How would you like a chance to stab Supreme Wright in the heart and make a whole lot of money for doing it?"

Sold.

I didn't even blink.

[And the boos come raining down even harder on him now.]

JM: Never in my career have I done something for money. I've never sold out.

[He holds his finger up and waves it at the crowd.]

JM: Never say never. Because I sold out to Korugun... and I'm damn proud of that.

[Theresa waits a moment, making sure Matthews is done speaking before she pulls the mic back.]

TL: And I suppose we can consider that question answered.

[Matthews nods.]

TL: You had a lot to say right there... a lot to say to Supreme Wright. Supreme, as you know, isn't here tonight. He wasn't cleared to be here after everything that went down in No Man's Land.

But... well... he asked me to make sure you know something.

[Matthews arches an eyebrow.]

TL: He may not be here tonight... but he WILL be in North Dakota in two weeks...

[The crowd ROARS at that as Matthews' face shifts... ever so slightly.]

TL: ...and he wants you to know that in North Dakota, it'll be his turn to do the talking.

[The crowd cheers again as Lynch grins and Matthews angrily backs off, pointing a threatening finger at her before he ducks out of the ring, dropping down to the floor to make his exit as we fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then back to a live shot of the building as a loud buzzing bursts throughout the arena. The Winnipeg crowd, knowing what's coming, starts to boo as hard as they can. The annoying buzzing continues as the all-too familiar distorted voice starts crackling over the buzzing.]

Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

[The buzzing and crackling grow louder and louder, then slowly fades into the opening guitar wailing from the Damn Yankees' "Don't Tread On Me." The Soldiers of Fortune appear at the entrance way. The crowd immediately lets the Number One Contenders to the AWA World Tag Team Champions, as well as the 2017 Stampede Cup winners know what they think of them.]

"WE WANT NEXT-GEN!"
CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP
"WE WANT NEXT-GEN!"
CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP
"WE WANT NEXT-GEN!"
CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP
"WE WANT NEXT-GEN!"
CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

[Flint mutters under his breath, "You'll get 'em soon enough" as he turns towards Stephens, nodding his head. Stephens returns the nod, and with a mighty shout...]

JF: FORRRRWAAARRRDDDD!!!! MARCH!!!!

[Both men start making their way towards the ring. Flint is wearing his army uniform, carrying the American flag on a flagpole over his right shoulder. Charlie Stephens, on the other hand, is wearing what can be considered to be civilian clothing. He's wearing a pair of blue jeans, and a Jack Eichel #15 Buffalo Sabres jersey. Stephens is also carrying the Stampede Cup trophy, a little bit for wear after the events following the Soldiers' victory over Next Gen. Some members of the

crowd, noticing the jersey Stephens is wearing, breaks out in a small "SABERS SUCK" chant despite the lack of a rivalry.]

GM: This crowd here in Winnipeg is letting the Soldiers have it after their disgusting display at the Stampede Cup. You can definitely see a large crack in the wooden base where the trophy hit Howie Somers after that post match assault. That beautiful trophy's never going to quite be the same after what the Soldiers have done.

BW: They got the money, Gordo. They were willing to do whatever it took to win the money, and now they want the gold.

GM: How they won was a disgrace, and I'm sure that not only Next Gen is looking to make them pay, but just about everyone else in that tournament is going to be going after them. This crowd wants Next Gen to take them out now, but after the events of earlier in the night the Soldiers look like nothing but vultures, ready to pick at what's left.

BW: Kick 'em while they're down is part of the Soldiers' creed, after all.

[The Soldiers make their way to ringside. Flint gently sets down the flagpole at ringside, while Stephens slides in the trophy underneath the bottom rope. Flint and Stephens climb onto the apron, looking out at the crowd. With a grin, Flint steps through the ropes, picking up the Stampede Cup trophy, and Stephens follows him in. Flint asks for the mic, and makes his way to the center of the ring once he received it as Stephens eggs on the crowd.]

JF: Ah, ain't she a beauty..

[Flint's grin grows ever wider.]

JF: Take a long hard look, because this is the greatest team this wasteland will ever see. What have the Winnipeg Blue Bombers ever done for ya recently? What have the... Winnipeg Jets..

[Stephens holds his nose and does a thumbs down.]

JF: Ever done for ya lately? This is the last time any of you clowns are gonna see anything resembling a trophy in yer lifetimes.

[Flint hands the microphone over to Stephens.]

CS: We've been up an' down this world, celebratin' ever since we got that big payday at the end of the Battle of Saskatchewan! None of you have ever experienced a real celebration. There are a lot of people that were upset with the way we won the Stampede Cup, but there are some...

[Stephens turns and points to the name on the back of the jersey he's wearing.]

CS: That appreciate what we've done and they sent their well wishes.

This seedy little town here has never seen an actual celebration, huh? Look at you... miserable, never happy, must be constantly cold and dreary up here, eh? Well, we're gonna change things. We're willing to bestow the gift of a Soldiers of Fortune standard issue celebration right in this ring. The Soldiers of Fortune, the best tag team in the entire world is making their challenge for the AWA World Tag Team championships...

[Dramatic pause.]

CS: ...TONIGHT!

[The crowd roars in anticipation, hoping to get a chance to see the Soldiers get what's coming to them. Stephens hands the mic back to Joe Flint.]

JF: We got yer attention, huh, Next Gen? Daniel Harper.. Howie Somers..

[Flint grins, showing off the crack in the wooden base of the trophy.]

JF: I bet Somers was pickin' splinters from his forehead for a week.

[Flint lets out a laugh.]

JF: There may be more where that came from.

And as much as we wanna have fun at everyone's expense, the only reason why we came to this pit in the first place was to throw down that gauntlet for yer tag team titles. We got the money... we got this...

[Flint, once again, shows off the trophy. The crowd cheers, hoping to see Next Gen get their hands on the Soldiers after what happened at the Stampede Cup. The crowd starts up another "WE WANT NEXT-GEN" chant as Flint nods his head.]

JF: Now, we want the gold to cement our legacy. We're gonna go to the back, march into Castillo's office, and tell 'em that we want Next Gen to pick up that gauntlet tonight! We want them too! We don't care if they ain't 100% because they had to be idiots for throwin' themselves in the line of fire against Castillo's mutants, we're gonna-

[The crowd lets out a roar, throwing Flint off his train of thought as Stephens turns his head towards the aisle. His eyes grow wide, and Flint follows suit.]

GM: THE CROWD WANTED NEXT GEN, AND HERE THEY COME!

[Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, both dressed in their wrestling attire, are heading down the aisle, both moving a bit slower than might otherwise, and both looking a bit worse for the wear, but the reason why Flint and Stephens were wide eyed is clear.

Because Somers and Harper each carry a folding chair.]

BW: And they're stacking the deck before they even get to the ring!

GM: After they were attacked earlier, and after the attack by the Soldiers at the Battle of Saskatchewan, can you blame them?

BW: I can and I will blame them for not playing fair, Gordo!

[Somers and Harper reach ringside and lift the chairs toward the apron which causes the Soldiers to rush forward, preparing to grab the chairs themselves...

...but that's when Next Gen slides under the bottom rope just enough to grab Flint and Stephens by the ankles and pull them underneath the ropes.]

GM: The chairs were a distraction! Somers and Harper dragging Flint and Stephens outside the ring!

[And, as they say, it's on. Somers nails Flint with several right hands, then a kick to the midsection, while Harper delivers a pair of European uppercuts right to Stephens' jaw.]

GM: Next Gen taking the fight to the Soldiers!

BW: But how long can they last, Gordo? They took quite a beating at the hands of Castillo's army!

[Somers grabs Flint and tries to slam him into the apron, but Flint blocks the attempt, then elbows Somers in the gut. Meanwhile, Stephens has ducked a clothesline attempt by Harper, then doubles him over with a kick to the midsection, followed by a hard right hand that sends Harper stumbling.]

GM: The Soldiers have the upper hand! They've got them by the arms!

[Flint grabs Somers and Stephens grabs Harper, each preparing to whip the Next Gen members into the barricades on the opposite sides...

...but that's when Somers and Harper manage to reverse the attempts, and it's Flint and Stephens who each crash into the barriers.]

GM: Next Gen takes out the Soldiers! Oh my!

[Somers and Harper then both slide under the ropes and into the ring, where the Stampede Cup remains. Harper grabs a chair and sizes up the Cup.]

BW: What does Harper think he's doing?

GM: He's got that chair... is he gonna smash the Cup?

BW: Talk about disrespect!

GM: How is it any different from Flint hitting Somers with the Cup?

BW: I meant disrespect to the Soldiers, Gordo!

GM: I see.

[Somers has grabbed the other chair and keeps his eye outside the ring, where Flint and Stephens have pulled themselves to their feet, notice Harper, and point fingers, warning him not to do it.

Harper sees the Soldiers, shakes his head, rears back the chair, like he's about to swing for the fences...

...and then he pulls back, reaches down to the mic that's on the canvas, and picks it up.]

DH: Nah, forget about it! We got more respect for the Cup than that... certainly more than the two of you ever will!

[Instead, Harper walks over to the side of the ring and slams the chair down in front of him, causing the Soldiers to take a step back.

Harper hands the mic over to Somers, who still has his chair raised.]

HS: That's right, Daniel. Unlike the two men who claim to represent what America is all about, we have more respect for those who came before us and represent the legacy of that Cup.

[Harper gestures to the Cup and nods.]

HS: As much as you two don't deserve to be mentioned alongside those great teams, we're not gonna behave like the two of you do. We may not like what happened, but that Cup is yours and we recognize it.

[Flint, outside the ring, shouts, "Then get out and let us take it, you maggots!"]

HS: Oh, I've got a better idea, Flint. You two talked so much about wanting a title shot, then why don't you go back and tell Castillo -- a man who apparently made himself general and now outranks both of you -- that you want your title shot right now.

Because I can tell you that Daniel and I want you both in the ring, and if you think you're gonna cement your legacy at our expense...

[He points the chair in the direction of the Soldiers.]

HS: Like hell!

[That draws a loud cheer from the crowd.]

GM: OH MY! Next Gen wants the Soldiers of Fortune in the ring, and will put the gold on the line here tonight!

BW: Well, I gotta say, Gordo - I'm pretty surprised by that. I thought after the Soldiers won the Cup, Harper and Somers might be trying out for the Olympics with all the running and ducking they were going to be doing to avoid facing them for the titles.

GM: You thought wrong! Next Gen wants the Soldiers and they're willing to put the titles on the line to get them! The Soldiers are heading out of here... they said they're going to talk to Javier Castillo and we'll just see if this World Tag Team Titles showdown gets made tonight. Fans, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by!

[Cut to backstage where Mark Stegglet stands with one of the AWA's Pillars – the Iron Cowboy himself, Jack Lynch. The former World Heavyweight and World Tag Team Champion wears a white shirt and blue jeans. His white cowboy hat is slung forward, casting a shadow over his eyes.]

MS: We saw him come to the aid of his compatriots Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver earlier tonight, and now, he's requested some time to speak. We are all very interested in what you have to say, Mr. Lynch.

[Lynch nods and draws in a breath, exhaling slowly.]

JL: Thanks Mark. You're gonna have to bear with me a bit. I might ramble some...

[Lynch smirks.]

JL: More than usual.

Normally, this would start with a story. And that story would go down a few different avenues and eventually arrive at a point.

But I ain't much in a story tellin' mood.

Because I look around this place, and it don't make any sense, and ain't no story gonna help fix that.

[Lynch runs his hand over his chin, fingers scratching the stubble that's gathered on his face.]

JL: There was a Stampede Cup held. And Jack Lynch wasn't in it. Now I ask ya, what kinda tag tournament is it when it don't include me?

But it used to be I had more partners than I could shake a stick at. But Travis is takin' care of himself away from the business, Bobby can't be here right now, Supreme had his own fight to see to, and Ryan and Hannibal had each other.

And Jimmy?

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: Well, Jimmy is gettin' his head turned in the exact wrong direction.

So here I am... odd man out.

Because the only thing it seems anyone wants from me... is the thing I can't do.

Korugun wants me to fight my brother.

My brother seems like he wants me to fight him.

And the people? Well... I think they want to see me fight my brother too.

[Lynch removes his cowboy hat and runs his hand through his hair, before placing his hat back on.]

JL: And that's the one thing I just can't bring myself to do.

Jimmy ain't in the right headspace. And I don't even know what the hell he's talkin' about with this "spiritual advisor" mumbo jumbo.

And I know what he wants. And I know what Castillo and Westerly want. And I know that the people want to see me put my boots to my brother's ass and knock some sense into him.

But Mark... I just can't.

Hurtin' someone I love? Spillin' the same blood that runs in my veins? Is that how it has to be? Do I have to slap on the claw and try and crush the skull of my baby brother?

If that's what it takes... then I just don't got it in me, Mark.

MS: So what will you do?

[Lynch takes in another breath and shakes his head.]

JL: The one thing I never thought I'd do. But the only thing I can do.

I'm goin' home, Mark.

I've got a wife and a daughter at home who love me and who need me. I got a son comin' who'll need me when he gets here.

And none of 'em will ever ask me to be who I ain't.

So that's where I'm goin'. Back home.

MS: And when will you be back?

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: Mark, if I knew the answer to that, I'd tell ya...

So since I ain't, I guess ya can take from that what ya will.

MS: But...

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: Look, Mark... I gotta get my head clear. And this ain't the place to do it.

[Lynch seems poised to say more, but then shakes his head and walks away, leaving Mark Stegglet alone...

...and we slowly fade back out to ringside to Bucky and a dejected Gordon Myers.]

GM: Thanks, Mark... and Bucky, Jack Lynch making it clear that he just can't be here right now.

BW: Oh, boo friggin' hoo! Cry me a river, ya stinkin' Stench! Shadoe Rage is fighting his brother! Ryan Martinez is fighting his brother! And Jack Lynch is just too good for it, I suppose.

GM: Those are completely different situations.

BW: Because Jack's used to the old man being able to protect him and get him out of any situation he doesn't want to be it? That's how it's different?

GM: That's not it at all.

BW: No, I think that's exactly it. This is a new reality for Jack Lynch... for all the stinkin' Stenches, Gordo. The old man's gone. He's fired. He's got no power with Korugun... and now the Lynches are finding out what it's like to stand on their own two feet and they just don't like it very much.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Well, whatever Jack Lynch has going through his head right now, I hope he works it out sooner rather than later so he can get right back here to do what he loves so much. Now, shifting gears, earlier this week, Javier Castillo...

BW: That's Generalissimo Castillo to you, daddy.

[Gordon sighs again.]

GM: Fine. Well, that guy put out a statement following the controversial ending to the all-new Power Hour that saw Terry Shane walk out as a double champion with both the World Television Title and the National Championship.

BW: And fortunately for all of us... he's walking into Winnipeg with only half the gold he left Atlanta with!

GM: As my co-anchor so graciously put it, that is correct. Castillo has ruled that the result of the match between Jackson Hunter and Terry Shane has been thrown out despite the entire world and the ringside officials nearby witnessing Hunter tapping to the Spinning Toe Hold of Terry Shane.

BW: Tap out? The way I saw it was Hunter was slapping the mat to get Blake Colton's attention so he wouldn't get whacked by the shovel by that loose cannon Derrick Williams.

GM: I'm fairly certain he was screaming for sweet mercy at the hands of Shane.

BW: Yet it's now Terry Shane who must crawl out here with his tail between his legs and relinquish the National Title that he unjustly hijacked from Jackson Hunter! He better have wiped that Shane funk off of that strap. Jackson Hunter deserves better than that! He's a man of class, dignity, the utmost-

[Static.]

BW: Rude.

[The cheers continue to outweigh the historically less than positive crowd reaction from Terry Shane's past as the tumultuous clash of horns and string instruments from "Dance of the Knights" by Sergei Prokofiev layers over the airwaves. The extreme dynamics and harsh dissonances paints a vivid scene as Shane steps into view with the crowd's response heightening.]

GM: And here he comes, Bucky. I can't imagine what's going through Terry Shane's head right now. He was on cloud nine last weekend. Not only was he coming off an epic encounter with Shane Destiny and November at the second incarnation of Eternally Extreme but then to walk out of Atlanta and Center Stage Studios with not only one title around his waist but TWO... he was riding an all time high.

BW: Generalissimo Castillo made certain to burst that little bubble of hopes and dreams didn't he?

[The pulsating brass instruments kick in as Terry Shane steps out into view. His black hair is matted against the back of his neck and over the collar of his tan corduroy jacket. Shane has a white henley unbuttoned a third of the way underneath and the World Television title strapped around his and over his slim fit jeans. Sunglasses hide his stare as he heads for the ring but what isn't hidden in the National Title hanging loosely in his right hand nearly brushing the walkway underneath him.]

BW: Look at him, Gordo. Does that look like the walk of a man deserving to be called a double champion? Does it?!

GM: I'm sure he was a little more chipper with a little bit bigger grin headed to the airport in Atlanta.

BW: A smile stolen from the rightful owner of that title he disrespectfully is carrying around like a bag of luggage. I wouldn't trust that man with my suitcase at the airport - I'll tell you that much.

[Shane makes it to the ring and steps through the ropes. The crowd is still a bit raucous and a big reaction is drawn from them as Shane lays the National Title down in the center of the ring. The music fades out as a mic is extended to Shane who without so much as a smile snatches it from the ringside official and positions himself right over the laid out strap of gold.]

TS: Well...

[Shane pauses, sunglasses still covering his eyes.]

TS: ...this isn't the walk I wanted to make out here this week.

[Another pause. A little longer. Shane tilts his head downward and we presume that he's staring at the National Title inches away from his feet.]

TS: There was a moment a week ago when I thought the pieces were all falling back into place. Here I was... Terry Shane... son of one of the greatest men to ever lace their boots up and step into the ring. Grandson to a pioneer of our sport. A kid born in a small town in Missouri and raised on the road chasing his father from town to town and watching him win World Titles and adored and heralded by fans just like you all as their hero. Their champion.

Now...

FINALLY...

[He jerks his head up.]

TS: I thought it was my turn. I thought it was my moment. To stand in the center of the ring with the Television Title in one hand and the National Title in the other, I truly felt - for the first time - PROUD.

I was proud of myself for getting back up and putting myself in a position to achieve this kind of success.

I was proud of myself for never quitting despite having a million reasons to do so.

I was proud to add to the legacy my family has built in this business.

But most of all...

I was proud when I got back to the locker room and saw a dozen missed calls from my father.

No words were even needed. I knew in that moment what holding those two titles meant to him. More so, I knew what it meant for me. Things were changing.

My story was being rewritten.

And then...

[Shane slowly reaches up to the sunglasses on his face. He pinches them with his fingers and slowly pulls them down.]

TS: I got the news.

I got it the same way everyone else did.

No phone call from El Presidente.

No email from the office.

There I was sitting in the airport on my way here to Winnipeg when I saw the story break and had what felt like my entire world ripped out from underneath me. It wasn't so much that it happened because being born into this business you've seen or heard it all. I know what happened in that ring that night. I know Jackson Hunter tapped because he had no fight left in him. I know and you all know that I EARNED the right to hold this title laying here at my feet.

It belongs around MY waist.

[The crowd begins to rally behind Shane's words.]

TS: It deserves to be held by a man who FIGHTS like a champion.

[And they cheer him on some more.]

TS: YOU deserve more than this.

[The intensity in the building heightens.]

TS: The unfortunate part is...

[Shane's words are cut off by the arrival of the presumptive champion as he steps through the curtain, chin held high, hands on the wool collar of his black denim jacket as the crowd ROARS with jeers.]

GM: Well, no love lost for the man who has usurped and is still apparently holding hostage the National Championship. Not even his home crowd likes him any more.

BW: Well, considering the most fun these hillbillies have involves firing rifles at stop signs, dodging potholes the size of kiddie pools and watching "professional football" played by athletes who washed out of Division III, I doubt they have any taste.

GM: So much for us trying to be nice to our Canadian hosts over the past few weeks, huh?

[Jackson Hunter is shadowed closely by the hirsute and hulking Blake Colton, who has doubled down on double denim: jeans and a sleeveless denim vest. He's carrying a can of Mooselips in his hand, making sure to show it to the camera as it lands on him while the dastardly duo makes their way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: And lately, we have never seen Jackson Hunter without this sasquatch lurking behind him.

BW: Sasquatch?! How dare you, Gordo! That's no cryptid: that's a battle station!

[Hunter and Colton take a moment to confer at ringside, as Shane motions "come and get it" as he points down at the title at his feet which causes the entire arena to stir. Colton snickers his dangerous snicker, and slides into the ring as Hunter remains on the floor watching on.]

GM: Wait... is Hunter siccing his goon onto Terry Shane? Is he not even going to afford the man who is still rightfully the AWA Television Champion the dignity of handing over the belt eye-to-eye?

BW: Gordo, all that matters is that Terry Shane hands over Jackson Hunter's rightful property.

GM: Hunter's is such an unsavory, callow individual. I wouldn't be surprised if he couldn't look a cyclops in the eye.

[As Colton rises, Shane doesn't back down, changing his stance, readying for combat. Colton stands chest to chest with Shane, holding a couple of inches of height over him.]

GM: This could explode right here and now in Winnipeg. We know Derrick Williams is in the house and I don't know if Hunter wants Colton too far away from him at the moment.

[Cut to Hunter on the floor, yelling, "just get the belt!"]

Colton stabs his hands at the National Title on the ground as Shane feints towards him. Colton snatches it and dives back through the ropes and rolls to the floor. Hunter reaches a hand down towards Colton who extends a hand back up as he tries to scurry back to his feet but Hunter grabs the title from him instead of lending a helping hand and begins to lead the charge back down the aisle to even more jeers.]

GM: Look at them go!

BW: What were you expecting? A little dance number? A waltz perhaps? Shane made him come all the way down to the ring to get his title. He should have drove to his house and dropped it off at his doorstep!

[Shane, still in a battle stance, leans into the mic.]

TS: See you soon...

...Champ.

[The camera built-in microphone briefly picks up Hunter's voice as he disappears behind the curtain.]

"No you won't."

GM: Well folks, Jackson Hunter has reclaimed his National Title and for those like myself hoping for some fireworks --

BW: You didn't get any! And just like that man wallowing in the center of the ring... you deserve nothing! Theatrics and Terry Shane go together like-

"Awwwww, poor little Terry Shane..."

[The crowd buzzes with confusion until the source of the voice walks through the curtain, dressed as we saw her earlier tonight, and gripping a pink baseball bat over one shoulder and a mic in the other hand.]

MSH: Look at him... I think he's gonna cry.

[Shane looks down the aisle with confusion towards his former manager.]

MSH: You thought this was your moment, huh? You thought you DESERVE a moment?!

[Hayes shakes her head.]

MSH: Do you realize that for nearly THREE years now - everywhere I've gone in this business - I've had to listen to people talk about what happened between you and I? Everyone wants to know what happened on-camera... and off.

[Hayes raises an eyebrow suggestively.]

MSH: Everyone wants to know why I left you high and dry... like it wasn't plainly obvious to the world by that point that Terry Shane was an emotional wreck who couldn't handle the pressure of being on top of the world! I had you there, Terry! I had you at the top - do you remember? I had you in Main Events! I had you on the verge of winning World Titles! And you had to throw it all away because the one opponent you can't ever beat, Terry... is yourself. You can't beat the pressure

you put on yourself to one day - maybe - be as good as your old man was... as your grandfather was.

[Shane looks down, Hayes' words obviously hitting the mark.]

MSH: And truth be told, that's part of the reason I came back to the AWA, Terry. I was doing fine everywhere else I went. I was on top of the world showing this business that... Diamonds... are forever.

[Hayes smirks at her "insider" comment.]

MSH: But it wasn't enough. Because I'd still get asked about you. And so when Kerry made the call, the decision was easy. Yes, I'd come back. Yes, I'd get someone else to the top of this industry. Yes, I'd make him all that he deserves to be... and unlike certain people, Kerry Kendrick - the Self Made Man - is also a man who can handle being the best in the world.

[Shane grimaces, still silently looking down the aisle.]

MSH: You didn't deserve a moment on the Power Hour, Terry. You deserve NOTHING!

[The boos rain down as Hayes grins.]

MSH: But hey... you had a good run as the National Champion. One for the record books. Oh... wait, no... Javier says they're not recognizing your reign at all. Sorry about that.

Speaking of Javier, he tells me you owe him one for making that match for you a while back.

He also says that it's time for you to start paying up.

[Hayes smirks as Shane looks puzzled.]

MSH: So, the National Title is back where it belongs in the hands of Jackson Hunter... but as I look in there, I gotta say it's not all bad. You're still the TV Champion, right?

[She smiles, clapping enthusiastically as Shane nods, holding up the World Television Title...

...when she abruptly stops clapping, sneering at him.]

MSH: For now.

[She lowers the mic...

...and "My Type" by Saint Hotel starts to play to an instant negative reaction from the Winnipeg crowd. Hayes is all grins now as Michael Aarons emerges from the locker room in red tights with a handful of silver geometric shapes on them. He's wearing a black sleeveless leather vest and silver mirrored sunglasses as well.]

GM: What's this all about?

BW: I have no idea but Aarons is dressed to go!

[Aarons pauses next to Hayes, pushing his sunglasses down to the tip of his nose...

...and very visibly winks at her to a grin from the former Wise Woman. Hayes gestures towards the ring and a very reluctant sounding Rebecca Ortiz speaks.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONSHIP!

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as Shane looks around puzzled.]

RO: Introducing first... on his way down the aisle... from Carson City, Nevada... weighing in at 225 pounds... he is the challenger...

MIIIIIIICHAELLLLL AAAAAAARONNNNNNNNSSSSS!

[The jeers get louder for Aarons who is marching down the aisle, not pausing for his usual attempts to play to the crowd and incite them.]

GM: The challenger?! What's going on here?!

[Ortiz quickly continues.]

RO: And his opponent... already in the ring at this time... from Independence, Missouri... he is the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMPIONNNNN...

TERRRRRYYYYYYYY SHAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNE!

[Shane still looks confused as a referee joins him in the ring, quickly trying to explain.]

GM: Now, wait a second... we've got a referee out here... Rebecca Ortiz has made ring introductions and-

[Gordon pauses for a moment.]

GM: I'll be damned.

BW: It's official, people! We just got the word over our headsets - this match is official! Aarons vs Shane for the World Television Title is about to begin!

[A dejected Shane shakes his head, quickly removing his jacket and setting it aside...

...which is when Michael Aarons storms him from the blind side, smashing a right hand into the back of the head, knocking Shane into the corner abruptly.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Aarons with the cheap shot from the blind side! And we're off and running in this impromptu World Television Title showdown!

[Aarons snatches a handful of Shane's hair, drawing him back and smashing his face down into the top turnbuckle once... twice... three times before Shane staggers out of the corner alongside the ropes.]

GM: And don't look now, fans, but it looks like Miss Sandra Hayes is going to stay out here for this one.

BW: From what she was saying, Gordo, I think she wants to see Shane lose that title up close and personal here tonight.

GM: The fact that this match is even happening is ridiculous, Bucky. The man's defending his title in street clothes!

[Aarons pushes Shane back into the next set of buckles, spinning him around to face into the ring...

...and with a yank of Shane's collar, he rips the partially-buttoned up shirt apart, exposing the champion's chest!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big backhand chop across the chest by Aarons!

[A second and third chop land as the referee shouts for Aarons to back off.]

GM: Aarons shoots him acr- no, reversed!

[The reversal sends Aarons crashing into the corner where he comes stumbling out as Shane doubles over...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP BY THE TV CHAMPION!

[Hayes shrieks on the outside, slamming her palms down on the apron as Shane spins around, fists balled up as he beckons for Aarons to get back to his feet.]

GM: The challenger coming up off the mat... big right hand! Another!

[Shane pounds Aarons back across the ring to the corner again where he switches to kneelifts to the midsection, doubling Aarons up.]

GM: Michael Aarons was hoping to catch Terry Shane by surprise here tonight and walk out of here as the World Television Champion but Shane's recovered for Aarons' early assault and now it's Shane with the whip...

[Aarons leaps to the middle rope as he races across the ring, blindly leaping back, twisting around...]

GM: CROSSBODY!

[...but Shane flattens out and Aarons SLAMS down on the canvas to cheers from the Winnipeg crowd!]

GM: Shane ducks it and Aarons finds the pool empty as he slams down hard on the mat...

[Shane approaches the downed Aarons, reaching down to place one hand between the shoulderblades and one down on the upper thigh, kicking his legs up and dropping a knee down into the lower back!]

GM: Ohhh! Kneedrop - all 212 pounds of Terry Shane on the lower back!

[Shane repeats the move, dropping the knee down again as Aarons cries out in pain. He keeps the knee on the back this time, shifting the position of his hands...

...and then rolls back into an elevated bow and arrow hold!]

GM: Bow and arrow locked in! Shane looking for an early submission to get him out of this impromptu title defend and send him out of Canada with the title still around his waist!

BW: At least he'll get to leave with one title if he makes that happen.

GM: Very funny. Terry Shane, of course, thought he was a double champion after last weekend's Power Hour... but Javier Castillo made short work of that.

[Aarons cries out as Shane stretches him, shouting "ASK HIM!" to the official.]

GM: Shane wants the official to check... and Aarons refusing to give in.

BW: Michael Aarons has been waiting months for this opportunity - he was just on the Power Hour saying he was waiting to challenge the winner but I don't think any of us expected this one.

GM: Except for Michael Aarons... and Miss Sandra Hayes.

[There's a concerned look on Hayes' face as Shane tries to pull even harder.]

GM: Shane really cinching that hold tighter now... trying to get that-

[Suddenly, Shane shifts his hips to the side, rolling Aarons down onto his shoulders...]

GM: Into a pin attempt! Shane gets one! He gets two! He gets- no! Aarons out at two!

[The referee holds up two fingers as champion and challenger attempt to get to their feet first...

...and Shane greets the incoming Aarons with a stiff European uppercut that sends a wad of spittle flying into the air from Aarons as he falls back into the corner!]

GM: OH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Shane stays on the pursuit, moving into the corner where he grabs the back of Aarons' head again...]

GM: Another uppercut! Make it three now! Shane rocking the challenger with those blows...

[Shane steps back, yanking off the dress shirt he was wearing...

...and then loops it around the throat of Michael Aarons, sending a big cheer up from the sold out Winnipeg crowd!]

GM: Shane's got him hooked!

[Aarons stumbles out of the corner, choking and gasping for air as he tries to slip his fingers underneath the piece of clothing.]

BW: Shane's choking him, Gordo!

GM: Yes, I can see that.

BW: Why aren't you totally outraged right now?!

GM: Michael Aarons couldn't win the title on his own merits and he's trying to sneak his way into winning it tonight! This was an ambush set up by Aarons and Hayes and if Terry Shane wants to get him a pound of flesh in payback... so be it!

BW: You've changed, man. You've changed.

GM: If I've changed, it's because this whole Korugun thing has changed me, damn it!

[Still gasping for air, Aarons stumbles into the corner where Shane twists the shirt once...

...and uses it to fling Aarons out of the corner, up into the air, and down on the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Aarons flails about on the mat, grabbing his neck as he rolls under the ropes to the outside. The referee kicks the shirt out of the ring, pausing to berate Terry Shane for his illegal actions.]

GM: The referee's letting the champion hear it...

BW: But he shouldn't disqualify him - not at all.

GM: Just because Aarons can't win the title on a DQ?

BW: Exactly.

[Shane ignores the official, dropping to his back and rolling out to the floor where he throws a glare in Sandra Hayes' direction before moving over towards the rising Aarons...]

GM: Shane grabs him from behind... twists him around...

[The World Television Champion grabs Aarons around the head and neck...]

GM: What's he...?

[...and lifts Aarons up into the air, twisting around, and THROWING him down sloppily on the edge of the ring apron!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG SLAM ON THE APRON! RIGHT DOWN ON THE SPINE OF MICHAEL AARONS!

[Aarons rolls off the apron, falling limply to the canvas in pain as Shane stands over him, looking down on the challenger...]

GM: Good grief! What a maneuver by Terry Shane!

BW: Showing a little of the Terry Shane we saw back in the days when he was running with Miss Sandra, daddy!

GM: Shane left Aarons laying there. I don't know if he got all of it - at six foot one, he might not have gotten Aarons up as high as he would've liked but what he did get out of it was quite effective. Aarons is hurting and in a lot of pain out here on the floor.

[Shane leans down, dragging Aarons back to his feet up against the apron...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And now it's Shane with the big chop out on the floor!

BW: The referee's counting them both, Gordo. They gotta get back in or they're both going to get counted out and this one will be over in a hurry.

GM: And NOT in the way that Aarons and Hayes are hoping for.

[Shane twists Aarons around, shoving him under the bottom rope...

...and he turns, shooting a few words in the direction of Sandra Hayes who has no problem or hesitation in giving some right back to him!]

GM: Hayes and Shane exchanging words on the outside.

BW: Just like old times, Gordo.

GM: I suppose in a way, yes... but Terry Shane is wasting valuable-

[With his back turned to Aarons, the former Air Strike member crawls to his feet, dashing across the ring, rebounding back...]

GM: AARONS FROM BEHIIIIINNNNNNNND...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS for the Aarons' suicide dive as he hurls himself between the ropes, crashing into Shane and sending him sprawling forward in a heap on the metal ramp leading to the entrance stage!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE OUT OF THE CHALLENGER!

[Aarons grabs at his lower back as he slowly gets up off the floor, nodding at the buzzing crowd as a gleeful Hayes claps enthusiastically.]

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: You heard Rebecca Ortiz right there, fans - the five minute mark in the time limit has been hit which means we're halfway to the time limit in this one. Aarons heard it too, pulling Shane right up off the mat, tossing him under the ropes...

[Aarons nods his head again as he pulls himself up on the apron, again grabbing at his lower back as he eyeballs Shane on the mat, seeing what kind of condition the World Television Champion is in after the dive on the floor.]

GM: Shane's down... and the challenger's looking for a way to keep him there!

[Aarons points to the corner, the crowd buzzing as he does...]

BW: Aarons is going up, daddy! He's REALLY looking to finish him off now!

GM: Michael Aarons perhaps sensing an opportunity here... the biggest opportunity of his singles career. Aarons is - of course - one of the most successful tag team competitors in AWA history but so far, singles gold has eluded him. Could tonight be the night to change all that?

[Reaching the corner, Aarons steps right up to the middle rope, starting his climb to the top as Shane rolls to his back inside the ring, breathing heavily...]

GM: Terry Shane was not ready for this match. He was not prepared for this match. He had no idea this match was coming and yet he continues to fight... continues to search for a way to keep his most valued possession - the World Television Title - wrapped around his waist...

[Aarons steps a foot to the top rope, looking out on the buzzing crowd, shaking his head at them...

...which is when a recovering Terry Shane pushes up off the mat, stumbling towards the corner, and DRILLS Aarons with a right hand to the midsection to big cheers!]

GM: Shane goes downstairs on Aarons! And a second haymaker finds the mark as well!

[Shane steps up on the middle rope, landing another right hand... and another...]

GM: Shane grabs the head, trying to pull him in for a superplex attempt perhaps...

[But Aarons promptly smashes a right hand of his own into Shane's head... and another...]

GM: We've got a slugfest atop the ropes! Who's gonna win it?!

[Aarons lands another blow... then Shane returns fire...]

GM: The crowd is roaring - just living and dying for every blow landed!

[Aarons' fist slams into Shane's jaw...]

GM: Aarons with a right...

[...but Shane lands one of his own!]

GM: ...and Shane scores as well!

[Reaching up, Shane goes to grab the back of Aarons' head...

...but Aarons instead reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes, and rakes HARD across them!]

GM: OHH!

[The blinded Shane steps down off the buckles, rubbing at his face rapidly as he stands near the buckles. Aarons reaches down, spinning him away...]

GM: What's he...

[Aarons steps down, sitting on the shoulders of the blinded Shane...

...and then leans forward, rolling through into a cradle!]

GM: VICTORY ROLL! VICTORY ROLL! WE SAW THIS USED AT THE CUP!

[The referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHANE SAVES HIS TITLE RIGHT THERE!

[Aarons pushes up off the mat, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Two count only! Just a two count - but a very close near fall there for Michael Aarons who was a heartbeat away from winning the-

“THREE MINUTES LEFT! THREE MINUTES!”

GM: Down to three minutes now as Aarons goes right back in on Shane... who is on his way up...

[Aarons shoves Shane back to the corner, throwing three stiff left jabs and a right hook that snaps Shane’s head back, making him cling to the top rope to stay on his feet...]

GM: What a right hand that was!

[The challenger grabs the arm again, whipping Shane from pillar to post, sending him crashing hard into the buckles...]

GM: Aarons charging in!

[But the stampeding Aarons hits the corner HARD as Shane pulls himself clear, causing Aarons to slam chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: OHH! HE MISSED! SHANE AVOIDS THE CHARGE!

[Snatching a rear waistlock, Shane backs out of the corner slightly before...]

GM: HE LIFTS!

[Shane’s lift DUMPS Aarons on the back of his head and neck as Shane slides into a picture perfect bridge!]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX AND A BEAUTY!

[The referee dives to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: And now it’s Aarons who just barely saves himself with that kickout! Oh my!

[The Winnipeg crowd is buzzing for the back and forth battle as Shane rolls to a knee, breathing heavily as he struggles to get back to his feet before his challenger does.]

GM: Terry Shane back up... feeling the effects of this impromptu battle for his World Television Title...

[Shane reaches down, grabbing the back of Aarons’ tights, dragging him up to his feet again...]

GM: Shane pulls Aarons up... another waistlock!

BW: Another German?!

[But Aarons is thinking otherwise, snapping his elbow back into the side of Shane’s head once... twice... three times...]

GM: Aarons trying to fight his way free...

[Still trapped in the waistlock, Aarons is unprepared as Shane charges forward, driving Aarons into the ropes...]

GM: ROLLING REVERSE CRA-

[...but Shane rolls back alone as Aarons clings to the top rope, saving himself as Shane rolls right back to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: SAY GOODNIGHT TO THE DAYLIGHT!

[The superkick DROPS Shane flat on his back. Aarons rushes over, rolling into a side press, hooking the leg tightly...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP!

BW: We're under two minutes, Gordo!

GM: Down under two minutes and counting in this ten minute time limit!

[Aarons grabs Shane by the ankle, dragging him back out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Aarons, trying to get Shane into position... and he's heading up top again!

[Ducking through the ropes, Aarons moves to the corner, heading up the turnbuckles as swiftly as he can...]

GM: Michael Aarons is making the long climb up those turnbuckles, looking for something... anything... that will put Terry Shane down for a three count and put that title around Aarons' waist.

BW: He may have it here, Gordo. Aarons has got that flying elbow - the Ratings Spike - and if he hits it, I think we might have a new champion.

GM: We've seen Aarons drop that elbow off the top many times in his AWA career as he steps to the top rope... now both feet on the top... looking down on Shane... measuring him...

[And with a shout, Aarons leaps into the air, tucking his elbow up...]

GM: ELLLLBOOOOOOW!

[...and BURIES the point of his elbow into the heart of the World Television Champion!]

GM: HE GOT IT! THE RATINGS SPIKE CONNECTS!

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! ONE MINUTE!"

GM: Aarons rolls over, hooking the leg!

[The referee drops down to count...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP! SHANE, BY GOD, GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Aarons rolls off of Shane, burying his face in his hands as the referee makes sure everyone knows it was a two count and just how close it was.]

BW: You can't get closer than that without winning the title - but Aarons is wasting valuable time right now, Gordo!

GM: He certainly is! We're down under a minute! We're-

[Aarons quickly gets up off the mat, shouting down at Shane as he drags him by the hair to his knees...

...and then backs off, taking aim...]

GM: SUPERKIIIIIIIIIIII-

[But the thrust kick gets caught under the arm of Terry Shane!]

GM: CAUGHT!

[Shane lunges forward, throwing his weight at the planted leg, hooking his arm around it...]

GM: SINGLE LEG!

[...and dumps Aarons unceremoniously over his head and down on the canvas!]

GM: TAKEDOWN...

[The crowd ROARS as a dazed Shane gets off the mat, still holding the leg...]

GM: OH MY!

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[Shane twists the leg around, causing Aarons to cry out and the referee to leap into position to check for a submission...]

GM: SPINNING TOE HOLD LOCKED IN! THE SIGNATURE HOLD OF THE SHANE FAMILY IS LOCKED IN! THIS COULD DO IT!

“THIRTY SECONDS REMAIN! THIRTY SECONDS!”

[...and Sandra Hayes to go TEARING around the ring as fast as her designer shoes will carry her!]

GM: Hayes running past us on the outside! Where is she...?!

[The crowd starts to buzz as Hayes pulls up next to the timekeeper's table, reaching out and grabbing the ring bell!]

GM: What's she...?! She's trying to STEAL the ring bell?! Why?! I don't get it!

BW: Match can't end without the bell! Run Sandy run!

[But the timekeeper is quick to grab the bell, struggling to keep it away from Hayes who is desperately trying to rip it out of his grip...]

GM: Hayes and the timekeeper are fighting over the bell! Aarons is trying to hang on in there and-

[Shane, having spotted the conflict on the floor, abruptly breaks the spinning toehold and marches over towards the ropes. A shout aimed at Hayes catches her attention but she's still hanging on.]

GM: Shane broke the hold and... what's this now?

[Shane angrily steps through the ropes, glaring down at Hayes who lets go of the bell, backpedaling away as Shane shakes his head at her in disgust...]

GM: Finally, she lets go! Finally she-

"FIFTEEN SECONDS!"

[Shane - hearing the time call- turns back to step through the ropes...

...and is only halfway through when Michael Aarons rushes forward, snatches a front facelock...]

BW: AARONS HOOKS HIM!

[...and twists to the side before DRIVING Shane facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHATTERSHOT! SHATTERSHOT!

[Aarons pulls Shane away from the ropes, diving across, hooking the legs...]

GM: No, no, no!

[The referee winds up, slapping the mat once...]

GM: Not like this!

[...twice...]

GM: Not like-

[...and the hand slaps down for the third time as the Winnipeg crowd ERUPTS in jeers!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Aggggggh... you gotta be kidding me!

[Hayes leaps into the air, throwing her arms over her head in victory as the fans cheer and Michael Aarons rolls off of Shane, a huge smile on his face.]

RO: Here is your winner...

[Aarons nods his head as the boos get louder.]

RO: ...and NEEEEEEEEWWWWWWW AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONNNNNN...

MIIIIIIIIICHAELLLLLL AAAAAARONNNNNNNSSSSS!

[The referee hands the title belt to Aarons who clutches it to his chest as the fans roar their disapproval for what just happened.]

GM: I can't believe it! Michael Aarons is the new World Television Champion!

BW: He did it! He did it!

GM: With the assistance of Sandra Hayes and...

[Aarons climbs to his feet, thrusting the title belt over his head.]

GM: There's the new champion. Hayes is outside the ring, clapping like wild woman. She loves this! She's absolutely loving every second of this!

BW: Think about it, Gordo. One week ago, Terry Shane thought the world was his... glory... history... two titles... and now he's on the mat in Winnipeg with nothing. Absolutely nothing. Is Sandra Hayes loving it? You better believe it.

GM: Aarons strikes gold in Winnipeg! A new champion crowned and... wow. Well, fans... a most unexpected turn of events here on Saturday Night Wrestling and this night is far from over! We'll be right back so don't you dare go away because who knows what might happen next!

[As Aarons continues to celebrate, 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 backstage. We appear to be just beyond the Chimpanzee Position as there is a lot of chatter and moving around following what we just saw. Theresa Lynch is standing, mic in hand.]

TL: Welcome back to Saturday...

[She trails off as she spots Terry Shane, now the former World Television Champion once again, walking into view. Shane is holding a handful of his own hair, angrily slapping a water bottle off a table, sending it flying as he strides past.]

TL: Terry... Terry, a quick word?

[Shane throws a dismissive wave at Lynch, continuing to walk.]

TL: I was hoping to get a quick post-match comment from the now-former champion after losing the title to Michael Aarons in an impromptu - and controversial - fashion here tonight in Winnipeg but-

[But instead, she finds a sneering Sandra Hayes looking at her.]

TL: Sandra Hayes, what are-

[Sandra grabs Theresa aggressively by the wrist, steering the mic towards her as Theresa cries out "HEY!"]

MSH: That...

[She points to the departing Shane.]

MSH: ...is on your head, girlie.

[Raising her hand, she piefaces Lynch backwards, sending her bumping back into the wall. Theresa grunts as she hits the wall, looking on in horrified shock as Hayes stomps away, a smirk on her face...

And with a flash, the "ACCESS 365" logo flies across the screen. We are once again in Generalissimo Castillo's office. Castillo is looking over some paperwork, with MAWAGA looming at his side. Suddenly, the door to his office opens, and the Soldiers of Fortune stomp into the office. MAWAGA steps forward, but with a couple of words...]

JC: Stand down.

[...MAWAGA does so. Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens, wanting no issue with MAWAGA, keep a respectable distance. However, the duo are besides themselves, angry at what happened earlier on in the night.]

CS: Castillo!

[Castillo looks agitated at the aggravated words moreso than the abrupt entrance.]

JC: Gentlemen.

CS: Did you see what Next Gen did? They ran out and tried to steal our hard-earned trophy! We wanted to go out there and issue a challenge for tonight for the tag team titles, like we said we were going to do, and they came out and ambushed us!

[Castillo strokes his chin.]

JC: Ambushed. Yes... of course. Rest assured, gentlemen... the Stampede Cup will be back in your possession by the end of the night. I may have issues of my own with Next Gen but they are no thieves. Now... are we finished?

[Flint looks annoyed, stepping forward.]

JF: We've barely started, boss man. First things first, we want Next Gen in that ring tonight for the tag team titles. We can get rid of them for you after what they tried to do earlier in the night.

The world saw what we did at the Stampede Cup! We beat them, and we can beat them again! On top of that... you owe us, Castillo.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: I... owe you? Pray tell, what in the world would I possibly owe you two for?

[Flint shakes his head.]

JF: Listen, I had Martinez dead to rights. He was fading, I had the Pledge of Allegiance locked in tight, there was no way he was getting out of it! Five more seconds and the referee would have called for the bell, on his own.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: I suppose we'll never know. Anyways, the two of you won the trophy and the money so as far I'm concerned, I owe you nothing. Now... if you'll please-

[Stephens interjects.]

CS: What about our tag title match?

[Castillo turns slightly, glaring at Stephens.]

JC: Gentlemen, you and I don't know one another very well. But I can assure you that coming uninvited into my office and making demands will end... poorly... for your title aspirations.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: Understand that with one...

[He snaps his fingers.]

JC: ...of these, I can have MAWAGA and John Law make sure of that. Are we clear?

[Stephens seems ready to pop but Flint puts a calming hand on his partner's shoulder.]

JF: Crystal.

[Castillo nods in satisfaction.]

JC: Good. Now, Next Gen did attempt to cause some trouble for Korugun tonight - that's true. So, I think your idea of a title defense is a good one.

[Stephens grins.]

JC: However, it will not be the Soldiers of Fortune getting that shot. It will instead be Canada's own Shooting Stars.

[And now it's Flint who steps forward angrily, his face turning red in frustration.]

JF: Why those two punks? Why not us? We're the best team in the world! We're the Number One Contenders! We won the Cup! We should be first in line!

[Castillo raises his hand.]

JC: Captain Flint, please. Lower your voice and refrain from blasting your spittle all over my desk. It shows a lack of respect.

[Castillo looks down with disgust at his own desk.]

JC: Respect, gentlemen. The very thing you're lacking tonight. You barge into my office. You call me by my last name. We are both military officers, no? I used your title, show the respect of using mine.

[Flint's flustered as he responds.]

JF: Come on! That's ridiculous. I don't even know what a-

[Castillo interrupts.]

JC: Enough. My decision is final for tonight. In two weeks in North Dakota, I will give you two another match... another opportunity to prove yourselves worthy of that title match.

CS: WORTHY?! WE-

[Flint again tries to calm his hot-tempered partner.]

JF: We understand.

[Both Soldiers are steaming mad. MAGAWA stands stonefaced, making sure there is nothing that will happen in the office.]

JF: Alright... Generalissimo. Have it your way.

[Castillo smiles.]

JC: Much better. Take the rest of the night to consider what comes next because if you two can win in North Dakota, this conversation may go very different next time.

[Without a word, the Soldiers turn and leave, storming out of the room and closing the door behind them. Castillo turns his head towards MAWAGA, who keeps his glare on the door.]

JC: I'm so glad you're back.

[Is that a hint of a smile on MAWAGA's face?]

JC: Those two march to the beat of their own drum, but I think it would be in their best interests to march to the beat of mine.

[Castillo raps his knuckles in rhythm on the desk for a few moments before we fade from backstage out to the ring.]

RO: The following Women's Division contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from Thunder Bay, Ontario, weighing in at 122 pounds, Kelsey Brynn!

[Brynn raises both hands. She is in some pretty bland looking flat pink tights and top. The industrial electronica of "Banshee" by Dance With The Dead sounds through the MTS Center, which is bathed in a blood red light.]

RO: And her opponent... From Kilburn, Scotland... weighing in at eight-and-one-half stone...

[Through the entrance slinks a hooded, ghostly and grinning grappler. Her hands are clasped behind her back.]

RO: ...CINNNNNNNNNNDERRRRRRR!

[She tears back the hood revealing the mane of orange and blood red hair that drips over her shoulders and over her dark, heavily-shadowed eyes. She glides down the aisle in wide steps.]

GM: It's been some time since we've seen Cinder on Saturday Night Wrestling since she dropped that tough bout to Victoria June. I have to ask what she was doing at the Battle of Saskatchewan, when we saw her cost Margarita Flores a victory against Harley Hamilton. And can we make sure she is no longer carting around those scissors?

[As she stops at the foot of the aisle, the camera focuses on what Cinder is carrying.]

BW: Well, those aren't scissors, Gordo. It looks like...

[Cinder raises the Venti-sized plastic cup full of ice and opaque beige liquid. She daintily places the green straw between her dark cherry-colored lips.]

BW: ...a very large iced coffee.

GM: Well... I don't know that letting this shrieking hellion have a large dose of caffeine is any safer than letting her have sharp metal instruments.

[Cinder slithers onto the ring apron, setting the drink within arm's reach; she is ghostly pale, quite a contrast from her black velvet and blood red ring attire. She climbs to the middle rope, hooks an ankle underneath the turnbuckle, crosses her arms over her chest and inverts her body, hanging upside down like a bat, flashing her gleaming white teeth in a sinister grin.]

"DING DING DING!"

[Cinder dismounts the turnbuckle and crouches low, glaring up at her opponent.]

GM: This young lady seems to have hit something of a slump recently after falling afoul of Victoria June.

BW: I've been hearing some things afoot backstage, Gordo.

GM: Surely, I think we can deduce what they are, Bucky.

BW: Ahhh, not necessarily. I've been hearing that Cinder's been pretty upset about an upcoming date. She turns twenty in a week or so; she's gonna be old, like you, Gordo.

GM: Oh please.

[Cinder opens the action with an elbow strike to the face of Kelsey Brynn, followed by an Irish whip to the buckles. Cinder stomps around the ring petulantly. Suddenly there is a stirring in the fans, looking away from the action.]

GM: And that was what I was referring to, Buckthorn.

[The crowd grumbles with boos, as we see Harley Hamilton making her way down the aisle. The self-proclaimed "Natural Born Legend" is dressed in an off-the-shoulder, ruffled long sleeve crop top and ripped skinny jeans. Her strawberry blonde hair is pinned back by several colorful butterfly hair clips. She also has a Venti-sized plastic cup full of ice and opaque beige liquid in her manicured hand.]

GM: Now Harley Hamilton seems to have taken an interest in Cinder.

BW: Harley is the Heir Apparent, Gordo! She's got to know everything about the domain she's been bred to rule. And Cinder won the Empress Cup, so she's wrestling royalty too--

GM: Give me a break.

BW: I mean, they're both sovereigns in their own right.

[Back in the ring, Cinder throws her entire upper body forward, smashing her skull into her opponent's face with a Glasgow Kiss headbutt.]

BW: Come on, look at how regal Cinder is.

C: "Ohhhh. Did that hurt?"

[Brynn tries to crawl away to regroup in the nearest corner, but the trash-talking Cinder follows her.]

C: "Aye! Let's dance!"

[Cinder lays in a gratuitous amount of stomps to the back of her prone opponent, who is unable to cover up. Shari Miranda starts the count for Cinder to back off.]

GM: Cinder is, for her size, probably one of the most dangerous people in the AWA to be cornered by, but she needs to watch herself or face disqualification here.

[Upon hearing Miranda's count reach "four," Cinder turns away, throwing up her hands with a derisive, guttural...]

C: "Eccccccchhhhhh."

[Cut to Harley Hamilton, watching impassively.]

HH: "Very eloquent, Cindy! Well said."

[Cinder shoots Hamilton a glare, then turns back to her opponent. She drags Brynn to the middle of the ring by her ankles, then hops into the air.]

GM: Cinder dropping both legs across the head and torso of her opponent, and now...

[Cinder drapes herself across Brynn, but just as the referee gets into position to count, the Scot jabs her fingers into her opponent's face, gouging and tearing with her nails.]

GM: Good grief. And we thought she was a menace with a pair of scissors. Cinder's just terrorizing her opponent here tonight... but I have to wonder if she'll be able to do the same against Margarita Flores if that match should happen. Remember, we heard Flores issue a challenge to both of these young ladies for two weeks from now in North Dakota - in fact, she says she'll face them both at the same time if she has to.

[The referee forcibly intervenes, warning Cinder. Kelsey Brynn rolls to the outside to escape, only a few feet from Harley Hamilton.]

GM: Look out here...

[Cinder rolls to the floor to pursue her opponent, and starts laying in overhead chops to the head and neck of Kelsey Brynn.

Harley Hamilton calmly takes another sip from her icy beverage as she watches on, then sets the drink on the apron.]

C: "See mah fist?"

[Cinder pops Brynn across the jaw with a debatably open fist. She turns around, shaking her hand loose.

And stands face-to-face with Harley Hamilton.]

BW: I dunno about these two, Gordo. Ya ever seen two cats lock eyes with each other?

GM: Well, I'm sure there's something up between Cinder and Harley Hamilton. We're just not sure about it yet.

[Cinder reaches for one of the cups resting on the apron.]

HH: "Uh... excuse you. That one's mine."

C: "Oh, is it, Skinny Ma Linky Long Legs? HOW D'JA KNOW, EH?"

[Harley points to the two identical iced coffee cups on the apron.]

HH: "Soy milk. Skim milk. Plus it says 'Harley' on it. You can read, can't you?"

[Cinder truculently snatches the cup that is presumably hers.]

C: "Ach, haud yer wheesht."

HH[Rolling her eyes]: "You're welcome, Merida."

[Cinder is about to take a disgruntled sip of iced coffee, when she has to quickly duck out of the way.]

GM: Look out... a head of steam!

[Cinder narrowly dodges a charging Kelsey Brynn by escaping back into the ring.]

BW: OH!

GM: Into Harley Hamilton!

[Kelsey Brynn is able to stop short enough to keep from bowling over Hamilton, but not in time to keep from grazing her. Hamilton looks at the cup in her hand, the lid now askew. A few rivulets of beige liquid drip down her wrist and forearm.]

BW: Uh oh.

[Brynn is about to roll into the ring to join Cinder, but finds herself yanked to the floor.]

GM: Wait, Cinder has the official distracted!

[With Cinder shrieking to the official, a profoundly annoyed Harley Hamilton throws a powerful elbow across the jaw of Cinder's opponent and dumps her into the ring!]

GM: Oh!

BW: Never mess with a girl and her coffee!

GM: Are you kidding me? She shouldn't even be this close to the action. What is Harley Hamilton doing out here in the first place?

[Cinder drags Brynn into a front facelock. Hamilton marches back up the aisle, a disgusted look on her pedigreed face.]

C: "AIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

[With a screech to the rafters of the MTS Center, Cinder pivots her weight around into the small package driver.]

GM: In-Cinder-ator into a pin... and it's an easy three-count.

"DING DING DING!"

GM: You have to give the assist to Harley Hamilton, though. Even if they don't seem the friendliest of allies.

BW: I think the term young people like them use is, "frenemies," Gordo.

[Cinder grins to herself as she rolls to a seat on the apron. She reaches for her iced coffee, but sees the cup is now half-empty, with the lid loose.]

C: "OI!"

[Cinder goes marching up the aisle.]

GM: I... well, I don't really get all that. Maybe I'm too old to understand the issues of young people. Cinder picks up a win here on Saturday Night Wrestling... and we're being told that Cinder and Harley Hamilton have informed AWA officials that they'll respond to that challenge issued by Margarita Flores next weekend on the all-new Power Hour.

BW: I can't wait to hear that.

GM: And now, let's go backstage and hear from the team who learned just moments ago that they'll be challenging Next Gen for the World Tag Team Titles later tonight - the Shooting Stars!

[We fade to the backstage area where the Shooting Stars are standing in front of a red and white AWA backdrop. Lee Connors is in his standard white gi with a red headband tied in the back while Downpour is sporting black gear with blue trim and a matching blue and black mask.]

LC: It's been a crazy month for us. The big win at Eternally Extreme had us on top of the world! We thought we had everything laid out in front of us - that we knew exactly what came next.

D: Stampede Cup. Boom.

LC: And World Tag Team Titles. Double Boom.

[Connors shakes his head.]

LC: But at the Cup, it all came crashing down around us. We lost to the Gold Standard... which is nothing to be ashamed of. An Olympic gold medalist and one of the toughest in the sport. That's going to be a fight every time but... I don't know, Downpour. It just felt like the world was against us in that one. That no matter what we did, someone had their thumb on the scales.

[Downpour turns to look at his partner.]

D: Did you... did you land too hard on your head in South Philly or something? You're talking crazy, kid.

[Connors chuckles.]

LC: Fair enough. But forget about all that now. We've got a shot... tonight... in front of my hometown fans! I'm a Winnipeg kid - born and raised! And I never thought I'd get this chance. To wrestle in front of my family and friends, sure. But to compete for the World Tag Team Titles? That's a whole different story. That's big! It's HUGE! It's-

[Downpour puts a hand on his partner's chest.]

D: Whoa, whoa, whoa... calm down, Lee. This is just another night at the office.

LC: No way. This is the biggest night of my life. The pressure is...

[Connors shakes his head.]

D: You gotta get past that, kid. We lost at the Cup. And if we lose again tonight, I don't know when we'll get another shot at this. Do you understand me?

[Connors nods.]

D: Do you really?

[Connors looks at his masked partner.]

LC: Of course I do. I know how important this is. I know what we have to do. We've gotta give it our all! We've gotta go further than we've ever gone before! We've gotta-

[Downpour interrupts.]

D: We don't have to do any of that. We only have to do one thing.

[Connors nods, extending his fist as Downpour does the same, their knuckles touching.]

D/LC: Win.

[And with that, we fade through black out to the ring where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is waiting inside the ring.]

SLB: At this time, I'd like to welcome two people that I have a few questions for after the Battle of Saskatchewan. Please join me in welcoming... DANA KAISER AND RAPHAEL RHODES!

["Pedestrian at Best" by Courtney Barnett starts to play, as Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser walk from the entrance. Rhodes is wearing a Kaiser Nutrition and Fitness hoodie with the sleeves rolled up and the hood over his head, along with jeans and construction boots, and Kaiser is wearing a T-shirt from a weightlifting competition in Hawaii, along with blue leggings and black Chuck Taylor All-Star sneakers. Rhodes seems surprised by the positive reaction from the crowd, and Kaiser encourages him to slap a few hands stretched out to him. When they get down to the ring, Rhodes holds the ropes open for Kaiser, then follows through himself as the music fades.]

SLB: Ms. Kaiser, Mr. Rhodes, welcome. Let's get down to brass tacks... Raphael is no longer the only Rhodes here in the AWA...

[Rhodes shakes his head, as Kaiser holds up her hand to interrupt the question.]

DK: My apologies, Mr. Blackwell. We saw Noah's performance on the Power Hour. We also saw that he wishes to be his own man and not acknowledge his cousin. Raph understands what it means to want to prove yourself outside of a family name. In accordance with Noah's wishes, if he doesn't want to acknowledge Raph, Raph will not acknowledge him. Fair enough?

[Blackwell nods his head.]

SLB: Fair enough. But this next question, I won't let you out of... Raphael mentioned something about Essen in relation to Logan Blackburn a couple of weeks back. This is the first hint either of them have given about what the problem is between the two, and frankly, I think we deserve to know a little more. So tell us... what exactly happened in Essen?

[Kaiser leans her head back to Rhodes, who talks into her ear, then turns away from both her and Blackwell. Kaiser takes a brief moment to process what her husband has told her, then nods her head and begins to speak.]

DK: While Raph was away from the AWA, he tried to become more of a leader in the locker room. Part of that was going to promotions throughout Europe when he wasn't wrestling in Japan to try and help where he could. During a tour of Germany, well... Logan Blackburn had some issues and Raph... settled those issues, shall we say. Evidently someone holds a grudge about that.

SLB: Can you give us any more detail than that?

DK: It's not a moment Raph's proud of, Mr. Blackwell. Especially now that Blackburn keeps coming back to try and cause problems.

[Rhodes takes his hood down and turns around, leaning into the microphone.]

RR: If I had known he'd be this much of a prat, I would've finished the job in Essen.

[The crowd pops as Kaiser looks at Rhodes, who simply shrugs, saying off-mic "what? It's true!"]

SLB: One other thing I was curious about... the two of you formed a partnership with Sid Osborne for the Stampede Cup, and looked quite impressive in the process. Unfortunately, you were eliminated in the second round by the American Idols thanks to the chicanery of Logan Blackburn. You mentioned that Sid left immediately after that second round... have you heard from him since?

DK: No. But we do know he's here tonight...

[The crowd pops again for Sin City Sid.]

DK: ... and I sent him a text asking if he'd join us for this, because there's something Raph wanted to say to his face. So... I know he doesn't like being told what to do, but if he could join us... ?

[The sounds of Pennywise's "Revolution" rip to life over the PA system. Sid Osborne appears through the entrance tunnel in his customary black hoodie with "SHUT ME UP" written on the front in what appears to be duct tape. He looks from left to right with a smirk before making his way down to the ring. He never breaks eye contact with Rhodes, right up to when he rolls into the ring. Rhodes and Osborne stare at each other for a few moments, as Rhodes reaches back, hand extended, for the microphone. Blackwell hands it to him, and he pulls it up to his mouth to speak.]

RR: Good to see you, lad. Been two weeks, right?

[Rhodes smirks.]

RR: I'll just cut right down to it, Sid... I told you when you and I agreed to team for the Stampede Cup that I wasn't going to treat you like Juan Vasquez treated me. When Juan and I lost to Kentucky's Pride all those years ago, we blamed each other for it. He tried to tell me that if only I had listened to him, if only I had just been patient, if only I had just followed his gameplan, we would have won.

[Rhodes takes a deep breath.]

RR: But I'm trying to be a better man every day, lad. I'm certainly better than Juan Vasquez, anyway. I wanted you out here, face to face, to tell you the reason we lost?

[Rhodes points to himself.]

RR: It was my fault.

[The crowd gasps in shock. Osborne arches an eyebrow, unsure of how to handle Rhodes' admission.]

RR: See, Dana's a strong woman, and she kept telling me not to worry about those comments the Idols made because they were just trash, just like the Idols were... but I couldn't help but think about how much I wanted to beat their bloody brains in. Because of that, it got you double-teamed. It got you attacked on the floor by Michael Aarons. For that, lad... I'm sorry. That was my fault.

[Rhodes takes a moment to think about his next words.]

RR: And because it seems like my problems follow me everywhere... Logan Blackburn showed up and attacked me. Hit me with that chair. I ain't making excuses for it, but... my problems got me beat. We may be good, but four on two is tough odds. It's my fault the odds got so stacked against us. So for that... I'm sorry.

[Rhodes shakes his head.]

RR: For years, I was a loner, a bad teammate, a bad friend, because I couldn't trust anyone. But I guess the problem wasn't just that I had a lot of bad people in my life, lad. It's that I dug my grave five feet deep, and there's a lot of people who want to dig that last foot for me because of problems I created. I have a lot of enemies, lad. They're going to come for me. That's why I told you... don't be like Raphael Rhodes.

[Rhodes sighs.]

RR: But I'll say this much. If I was ever going to team with anyone... you're a damn good partner. It was a pleasure. I'm just sorry that it has to end here.

[Osborne nods slowly, rubbing his chin. He extends his hand, looking at the microphone. Rhodes hands it to him, returning the nod.]

SO: That's all well and fine. I get learning from mistakes you made years ago. Most of my life is learning from where I went wrong and making it right. And I appreciate you taking your side of the blame...

[Osborne extends his index finger in the air.]

SO: There's just one thing.

[Osborne looks to the crowd, and then nods.]

SO: Who the hell says it has to be over?

[The crowd had their own answer for that question, exploding with cheers.]

SO: You see, I've always been a loner. Me and teamwork don't necessarily exist in the same world.

That is, usually they don't. We went from beating the hell out of each other to going a lot farther than anyone could've guessed.

[Osborne smirks.]

SO: And I'd be at the top of that list. I don't really go for partners or friends either. But we worked like a dream in Regina. And with me trying to kickstart my career and you trying to open a new chapter on yours?

I'd say we owe it to ourselves, to our careers...

[Osborne extends his hand towards Rhodes once again. But this time, for a handshake.]

SO: ...to see where this takes us.

[Rhodes stares at Osborne's hand, then looks back to Kaiser. The crowd roars its approval, as Rhodes and Kaiser exchange glances at each other. Suddenly, Kaiser smirks, nodding her head, as the camera just barely picks up one simple sentence.]

"You know what to do."

[Rhodes turns back to Osborne and grasps his hand, mouthing "looks like we're going to see where this goes" to him as he does so. The crowd cheers for the new team being formed as Rhodes nods to his new partner.]

GM: Well, how about that, Bucky? A brand new tag team being formed right here in Winnipeg as Raphael Rhodes and Sid Osborne have joined forces to see where they can go and what they can accomplish as a unit.

BW: A unit that's destined to fail.

GM: Huh? Why do you say that?

BW: These two are just about as big of loners as you'll get in this business. They don't like partners and they don't have friends. Now I'm supposed to believe they're going to put all that aside and be able to compete with the best tag teams in wrestling? I don't think so.

GM: I suppose we'll find out in the days to come but right now, let's go backstage to our own Mark Stegglet who is on the lookout for a special interview. Mark?

[We fade from the ring to the backstage area where we see Mark Stegglet standing.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... I'm backstage here in Winnipeg on what has already been an exciting and unpredictable night of AWA action... and right now, I've just received word that one of the most exciting and unpredictable competitors in all of the AWA - Shadoe Rage himself - is heading my way.

[Stegglet pauses, looking off-camera.]

MS: There. There he is now.

[The camera shot pivots to find Rage coming down the hallway in his ragged jeans and torn Angel of Death AWA T-shirt. The Canadian Wild man is muttering to himself and apparently disagreeing with what he has to say.]

MS: Shadoe Rage! Mr. Rage, can I get a word?

[Rage shakes his head.]

SR: No time, Mark Stegglet, no time at all. The big suit has made the call... El General... he wants to see me, uh huh... and when he calls he expects people to answer.

MS: Including you?

[Rage snarls... and keeps walking. The cameraman pursues as Rage walks down a corridor, turning a corner and coming to an abrupt halt.]

SR: You! Oh yeah, you!

[Standing before Shadoe Rage is the hulking presence of Javier Castillo's Head of Security, John Law. Rage raises an arm, pointing an accusing finger.]

SR: You and I... we've got problems, big man.

[Law nods from behind a set of mirrored sunglasses.]

JL: I was just following orders. You should've done the same.

[Rage twists his face into a snarl.]

SR: NO ONE GIVES ME ORDERS, LAW BOY! NO ONE!

[Law shrugs.]

JL: Probably why you're here then. Boss wants to see you...

[Law raises a gloved fist, giving a hard smash to the door as Rage glares at him.]

"ENTER!"

[The voice from beyond the door cues the door to swing open. Rage continues to glare at Law as he slips through and makes his way into the office. Law gives a nod to the cameraman who scampers in behind him... but then shuts it before Mark Stegglet can enter too. We hear a "oh, come on!" from behind as the door shuts behind our cameras.]

JC: Mr. Rage... welcome. And I see you brought a guest.

[Rage seems to notice the cameraman for the first time, shaking his head.]

SR: You pay him not me.

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: The eyes of Korugun are ALWAYS with you, Mr. Rage. Come... please... sit.

[Rage slowly strides across the office, eyes fixating on MAWAGA briefly before he takes a seat.]

SR: Hmm, you sure do have a lot of people guarding you, General.

[Castillo grins.]

JC: You never know when one of my... lessers... will decide they want to make themselves famous by putting their hands on me.

[Rage nods his head as Castillo continues.]

JC: No doubt you know why you're here.

SR: You got a problem with me and how I handled things in Regina.

JC: Indeed I do, Mr. Rage. We had reached an agreement. You and your brother-

[Rage interrupts, a hint of menace behind his words.]

SR: What happens between me and my brother doesn't concern you, Castillo. You keep messing with things you don't understand and it don't work out for you. It won't work out for you.

[Castillo raises a finger.]

JC: Oh, I disagree. By all accounts, the Battle of Saskatchewan was a huge success for the AWA... but the Canadian sponsors were less than pleased to see Canada's superteam exit in the second round... by their own doing. That falls on you. The

heat I took falls on you. And as of yet, we haven't been invited to do a second event from these same sponsors... so that falls - in significant part - on you also.

[Rage shrugs.]

SR: That's all business. That's your problem... not mine.

[Castillo's eyes flash.]

JC: You will quickly learn, Mr. Rage, that my problems most certainly are your problems. You went against our deal and-

SR: Don't you dare impugn my honor. I did what I agreed to do. I teamed with him. The people got their big Prophets reunion... but nobody pulls my strings, Castillo. I told you to stay out of it. I told Law to stay out of it. And you BOTH got involved. Nobody pulls my strings. Nobody pulls my strings, Castillo. Nobody.

[Castillo steps around his desk, taking a seat on it, sitting very close to Rage now.]

JC: Nobody pulls your strings, you ungrateful little... nobody tells me what to do! NOBODY! If I want to send every damn Korugun Army member to surround the ring for your matches, I will! If I want to drag Steve Kowalski out of a New Jersey prison to beat your ass all over the ring, I will! And if I want to exploit every influence I have to make sure your woman and your brat child are ringside for-

[And that's enough of that, Rage springs up from his chair, delivering a two-handed shove to El Presidente's chest, barreling him over onto the desk-]

"YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR!"

[...which is when MAWAGA storms into action, sprinting into view as he SLAMS a forearm into the temple of a surprised Rage, knocking him down to a knee where MAWAGA grabs two hands full of hair, swinging a knee up into the jaw and sending Rage sprawling across the office floor..

Castillo sits up on the desk red-faced as he grabs at his chest.]

JC: MAWAGA. Finish this.

[MAWAGA nods, grabbing a handful of Rage's hair and dragging him towards the door, pausing to slam Rage's head into the wall on his way through. As he pulls him through the doorway, we fade to black..

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and as we come back up from commercial, we find an establishing shot of the entrance stage.]

GM: We're back on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... and all during our break, we're being told that Shadoe Rage and MAWAGA are fighting like-

[On cue, we see Rage come sailing through the entranceway, stumbling and falling down onto the metal stage as MAWAGA emerges moments later, the crowd buzzing over this impromptu showdown.]

GM: We've got them out on the stage now and-

[Rage struggles to get to his feet but MAWAGA is waiting with a roundhouse kick to the sternum, knocking Rage back down on his rear where he flips backwards from the impact, rolling over to a stop on the ramp.]

GM: And... I can't believe this... we're being told now over our headsets, fans, that Javier Castillo has ordered- yes, here comes Scott Ezra now... he's ordered this to be an official match! We've got yet another impromptu matchup here in Winnipeg on a wild night of action... ohh! Hard kick to the ribs of Rage, forcing him to roll further down this long metal ramp towards the ring.

BW: Well, obviously the match hasn't started yet but the beating sure has! Shadoe Rage put his hands on Javier Castillo and that's something you just don't do, daddy!

GM: It certainly has the potential to be a painful and dangerous lesson for Shadoe Rage... we saw what the Korugun Corporation is capable of earlier tonight when they took out Demetrius Lake - perhaps permanently - by putting him through that windshield. Could the same fate await Shadoe Rage here tonight as well?

[Another kick to the ribs has Rage rolling down the ramp, eventually reaching the end of it near ringside.]

GM: They're out here near the ring finally... MAWAGA pulling Rage up again by the hair, dragging him towards...

[MAWAGA sets to slam Rage's head into the ring apron but Rage manages to twist him around and reverse it, driving the Suited Savage's head into the apron instead to... cheers?]

GM: Rage smashes his head into the apron instead! Rage turned it around and-

[Rolling under the ropes, Rage gets to his feet, shouting down at MAWAGA...]

"COME ON! YOU WANT TO DO THIS?! LET'S DO IT, RIGHT NOW!"

[MAWAGA shakes off the effects of the slam to the apron, climbing up on the apron as he stares in at Rage, pulling off his sunglasses and setting them down on the apron as well as he removes his suit jacket, hanging it over the top rope...

...which is when Rage rushes him, throwing a back elbow up under the chin, knocking MAWAGA off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! And Rage attacks before the bell to the shock of no one except MAWAGA perhaps!

[The Canadian wildman steps out on the apron, looking out on the cheering Canadian crowd...

...and STOMPS the sunglasses, shattering them under his foot to even more cheers!]

BW: He just broke MAWAGA's sunglasses! Oh, he's gonna pay for that, Gordo!

[Twirling his finger around, Rage takes aim, leaping off the apron towards MAWAGA with a Death From Above...

...and gets snatched out of the air over MAWAGA's shoulder!]

GM: CAUGHT!

[MAWAGA holds the struggling Rage there for a moment...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES his spine into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Good grief!

[Rage recoils in pain, melting into the apron as MAWAGA shoves him bodily under the bottom rope and then rolls in to join him inside.]

GM: Both men finally inside the ring and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...and this one is now official! Shadoe Rage versus MAWAGA in an impromptu tantrum by Javier Castillo.

[MAWAGA pulls Rage to his feet again, tossing him back into the ropes by the armpits, sending Rage stumbling off...]

GM: OHHH! THRUST KICK UNDER THE CHIN! GOOD GRIEF!

[The most super of kicks lays the former World Television Champion out, leaving him in a heap on the canvas...]

GM: MAWAGA flattened him with that thrust kick and...

BW: He may be out, Gordo! Shadoe Rage isn't moving!

GM: MAWAGA is one of the most dangerous men on the roster - a guy you might expect to be a champion if that served the purpose of his corporate overlords. Right now though, he's been tasked to destroy Shadoe Rage by Javier Castillo and his focus is completely on that.

[MAWAGA pulls Rage off the mat again, shoving him back into the corner where Rage catches the top rope under his arms, trying to stay on his feet as MAWAGA advances on him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Three quick chops leaves Rage reeling before a stiff-fingered thrust to the windpipe sends him stumbling out of the corner, coughing violently as he falls to his knees. The referee warns an uncaring MAWAGA about the blow to the throat as he advances on Rage.]

GM: MAWAGA with an illegal strike to the throat there and-

[MAWAGA swings his left leg high into the air and brings his heel down HARD into the middle of Rage's back as he was on all fours, driving Rage right back down to the canvas...]

GM: Axe kick to the spine! Goodness!

[MAWAGA stands over Rage, looking down on him as the partisan Canadian crowd continues to cheer their fellow Canadian.]

GM: The fans are behind their countryman here tonight but MAWAGA cares nothing for the fans either.

[Reaching down, MAWAGA hooks his fingers in the back of Rage's pants, drawing him up to his feet. He slowly turns him around...

...which is when Rage suddenly leaps up, snatching MAWAGA by the hair, falling to his back as he jams MAWAGA's face into his raised shins!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The quick hit counter causes MAWAGA to go stumbling backwards, falling through the ropes and landing on the floor!]

GM: Wow! Rage with that skullbuster out of nowhere - and that one really rocked MAWAGA, Bucky!

BW: He didn't see it coming. He wasn't ready for it... and Rage caught him JUST right! It's like a knockout in a boxing match. You hit someone just right with perfect timing and you knock 'em flat, Gordo. Rage did just that right there to a guy who we've seen get hit with steel chairs and keep on coming back for more!

GM: MAWAGA's on the outside... down on the floor... he's shaken up for sure...

[Rage pushes himself to his feet, looking down on the floor...]

GM: What's he doing now?!

[With a wild-eyed stare and a nod of his head, Rage marches down the ropes to the corner and starts climbing...]

GM: Whoa, whoa, whoa... where does he think he's going, Bucky?!

BW: Oh, I think we all know EXACTLY where he's going, Gordo! Shadoe Rage has never been one to exercise caution when it comes to protecting himself if it means hurting someone else!

GM: Rage to the second rope... now to the top...

[You can see Canadians all over the building get to their feet, mirroring Rage's top rope pose with their arms extended over their heads, creating quite the visual for a moment before Rage suddenly LEAPS from his perch...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and goes down, down, down...]

GM: ANGEL OF DEATH DROP!

[...and DRIVES the point of his elbow down into the heart of Javier Castillo's personal bodyguard in devastating fashion as the crowd EXPLODES!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ELBOW OFF THE TOP! ELBOW OFF THE TOP TO THE FLOOOOOORRRRRRR!

[Rage rolls off of MAWAGA, pain ravaging his face as well as MAWAGA is motionless on the ringside mats!]

GM: Shadoe Rage with a death-defying leap off the top, jamming his hip down onto that barely-padded concrete floor tonight here in Winnipeg! MAWAGA's down! And he may be staying down for quite a while after that flying elbow off the top to the damn floor, Bucky!

BW: If there's one thing you can say about Shadoe Rage without hesitation, Gordo, it's that he will show absolutely no regard for his own body when it comes to getting at an opponent... and we saw that for sure right there. I've managed people who had to have their hips replaced after dropping elbows off the apron... this guy just dropped one off the top rope to the floor! Incredible!

[The referee, satisfied that neither man is in immediate medical danger, starts a double count on them both...]

GM: And now Scott Ezra is laying a count on them. This one might be over right here, fans.

"TWO!"

GM: Both men down on the outside... neither moving very quickly if at all...

"THREE!"

GM: The fans are showing their support for Shadoe Rage, trying to get him to his feet and back in that ring.

BW: What kind of a world do we live in where the likes of Johnny Detson, Derrick Williams, and Shadoe Rage are getting cheered? Sheesh... Canadians... am I right?

"FOUR!"

GM: MAWAGA is freshly back from returning from that fireball thrown in his face by Bobby Taylor several weeks ago... and after taking a move like we just saw, he could be right back on the injured list.

"FIVE!"

GM: The referee counting at a very steady pace here... perhaps eager to see an end to this after what we just saw with that flying elbow.

BW: Rage calls that the Angel of Death Drop and it seems suitably named right there.

"SIX!"

[And at the count of six, Rage's right arm shoots up into the air to loud cheers from the Canadian faithful.]

GM: Rage got his arm up... the Canadian fans happy to see some movement at least out of Shadoe Rage... but that's not going to be enough if he can't find a way to get to his feet...

"SEVEN!"

[Stretching out his arm, Rage rolls to his side and wraps his fingers around the ring apron, pulling on it as the cheers get louder...]

GM: And now he's got a shot, fans! Now he's got a chance if he can use that ring apron to pull himself to his feet... can he do it though? Can he do it in time?!

"EIGHT!"

GM: The count of eight there... Rage is pulling hard! Rage is up on a hip now, grabbing with both hands now!

"NINE!"

[Rage uses his upper body strength to drag himself off the ringside mats, collapsing into the apron...

...and rolls himself under the bottom rope just before...]

"TEN!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?!

GM: HE BEAT MAWAGA! SHADOE RAGE BEAT MAWAGA!

BW: But... but... by countout!

GM: A win's a win, Bucky! And Shadoe Rage just scored one hell of a win over the Suited Savage! Shadoe Rage has defeated MAWAGA and... wow!

[The crowd is roaring for the victory as the referee raises the arm of Rage who is kneeling on the canvas, a grin on his face...]

GM: Shadoe Rage with a huge victory here tonight - an impromptu matchup and an unexpected victory to be sure and-

[The audio abruptly cuts as we go back to a live shot in Javier Castillo's office. He's staring at a television monitor, watching the victorious Shadoe Rage raise his arms over his head in triumph. Veronica Westerly stands next to the new Generalissimo, eyeballing Castillo warily as if expecting an explosion at any moment.]

VW: I'll let the Dogs know. They'll catch him on the way backsta-

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: No.

[Westerly sits silent for a moment.]

VW: You... uhh... you seem pretty calm about this. You're not mad?

[Castillo slowly shakes his head again, staring off with a thoughtful expression.]

JC: No... not mad. Impressed.

[Westerly nods as an abrupt knock on the door breaks up the scene. Castillo sighs.]

JC: Again? Enter.

[The door swings open and in walks former AWA National Champion "Hotshot" Stevie Scott and his current associate, Max Magnum. Stevie is dressed in a power suit while Magnum wears sweatpants and a black t-shirt with "SLPX BCHS" on the front in large block font. And both appear to have an attitude problem.]

JC: Ah, Mr. Scott and Mr. Magnum, welcome to Winnipeg! I regret that we have yet to find time to talk about your futures in the AWA, but we are all busy men, are we not?

[Castillo broadly motions at the chairs in front of his desk.]

JC: Please, have a seat. Let us discuss how we might be mutually beneficial to one another.

[Stevie takes a slow glance at the chairs, then back at Castillo. Ignoring the offer of a seat, the Hotshot begins.]

HSS: We can start being beneficial to each other by not banning my client from future AWA events. I'm shocked to learn that we weren't banned from every other Canadian city during this trip.

[Castillo smiles.]

JC: My apologies, Mr. Scott. I had no choice but to bar your client, Max Magnum, from appearing in Regina... and I believe you know that. His actions at Eternally Extreme were... regrettable, no?

[Stevie does little to stifle a laugh.]

HSS: General Castillo, the only thing my client regrets from that night is the fact that Juan Vasquez was able to walk again before the weekend was done.

[Stevie pauses, the look on his face shifting away from confrontational.]

HSS: And believe me, had we been in Regina - and had my old rival shown up, for that matter - Max would not have gone as easy as he did the time before. So while he was QUITE displeased with your decision to ban him...to ban the both of us...from one of the biggest events in the history of the AWA...I also understand.

[Castillo raises his eyebrows in surprise.]

HSS: Like you, I am a businessman. I understand you needed to protect your investment in... certain individuals... from the catastrophe that Max Magnum was prepared to inflict upon them.

[Castillo nods, smiling and looking a bit relieved.]

JC: Precisely, Mr. Scott. I am quite glad you both understand what was a very difficult decision.

[With a chuckle, Stevie shakes his head.]

HSS: No, no, Javy. Can I call you Javy?

[Castillo starts to respond but Stevie keeps on going.]

HSS: See, Javy, I understand. But Max here?

He most certainly does NOT.

[Magnum looks even more pissed off.]

HSS: We've been here for nearly a year now. You have signed to your payroll the future of the business. He is unbeatable. He is unprecedented. He is unparalleled.

And thus far, he's been underutilized.

Time is money, General. To this point in time, you've been wasting BOTH of ours.

[The Hotshot leans in toward Castillo.]

HSS: So unless you're looking forward to having an issue with HIM?

[And now it's Stevie's turn to smile as he motions to Magnum.]

HSS: Word of advice...I'd give him what he wants. And soon.

[Veronica Westerly moves to interrupt.]

VW: I realize you've got an impressive history of your own here in the AWA, Mr. Scott... and your client is certainly an intimidating figure... but you must know that Korugun does NOT respond to threats. Who in the hell do you think-

[Castillo raises a hand, cutting off Veronica while never taking his eyes off a smirking Stevie Scott.]

JC: What does your client want, Mr. Scott?

[Stevie nods, grinning.]

HSS: Ah, now we're getting somewhere.

For starters, we want Dave Bryant. Rapido.

[Castillo strokes his chin thoughtfully for a moment.]

JC: Done. Say... in Mexico?

[Scott grins again, extending his hand towards Castillo.]

HSS: It's a pleasure doing business with you, General.

[Castillo warily extends his own hand, completing the handshake before Scott withdraws, guiding Magnum out the door with him as Castillo and an agitated Westerly look on.]

JC: That one may be a problem down the road.

[And with Castillo looking on thoughtfully, we fade to another part of the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet with the AWA World tag team champions, Next Gen. Howie Somers is to his left, Daniel Harper is to his right. Both are dressed in their wrestling attire, white singlets with the letters "NG" on the front in navy blue lettering, navy blue tights, white knee pads and wrestling boots, and each wearing a navy blue vest. Somers and Harper each have a World tag team title belt strapped around their waists.]

MS: Next Gen, you made it clear earlier tonight that you want the Soldiers of Fortune in the ring, but instead, you'll be facing the Shooting Stars, a fan favorite team here in Canada. And considering all that's gone down this evening here in Winnipeg, I have to ask you if you believe this is the so-called Generalissimo trying to send a message to you, as much as it is to the Soldiers.

HS: Mark, as much as Daniel and I want to get our hands on Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens, we make it a point to face whoever it is we are scheduled to face. We don't hold anything against Lee Connors and Downpour, and we respect what they've done as a tag team. However, just as with anybody we face, we see them as the same as anyone else who faces us for the tag team titles.

They are in our way.

That's not anything personal against Connors and Downpour. It's simply a matter of the two of us making it clear that we aren't about to give up these titles that easily.

Besides, it will serve as a reminder to the Soldiers about just how serious we are about holding onto these titles when we do face them down the road... and believe me, we will.

MS: Daniel Harper, I take it you look forward to that day as much as your partner does.

DH: You better believe it, Mark! The Soldiers of Fortune think they represent what America is all about, but all they do every time they open their mouths is prove they far from representative of America! And every time they get their backs against the wall, the first thing they look for is the easy way out! That's as far from American as you can get!

But, right now, we have to take care of business against the Shooting Stars. And as my partner said, it's nothing personal -- this is about proving we are worthy of being the tag team champions, proving that we are living up to the legacy that our family members have lived, and proving that we are destined to take our place among the greatest tag teams the AWA has ever had!

More importantly, we need to remind Javier Castillo and company that we aren't going to just stand by and watch them destroy everything that is good about the AWA -- and we're gonna do it the right way, not by looking for the easy way out against Connors and Downpour, but by wanting them to bring their best game forward, and we bringing it right back at them!

Demetrius Lake might have been taken out, but we swear we aren't going to let Castillo take out anybody else! If he tries another stunt like he pulled earlier, you better believe Howie and I will be there!

But in the meantime, it's to the ring we go!

[Somers nods at his partner, the two exchange a quick high five, then walk off the interview set.]

MS: There you have it, fans... Next Gen headed to the ring, so let's get back out there!

[We fade from the backstage area where we find Rebecca Ortiz standing in the ring.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIIIIIPS!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first... they are the challengers...

[...and with that, cutting blue lasers "drip" from above the entrance, down the large LED maple leaf and then the giant screen with a rain like effect as a smoke machine starts jettisoning a white cloud. A crash of thunder and then an electronic-synth beat hits, rising in crescendo and drops...

...into "You're The Best" to a loud cheer from the gathered crowd. Running around comes a barefoot "Cannonball" in his familiar white gi. He snaps out a sidekick... but then hears the reaction of the hometown crowd and can't help but look around and experience the moment, a huge grin on his face.

Rising from the gathering fog, right behind him, is Downpour. His masked head is bowed and as his upwards motion tops, he snaps up an arm to the sky, The Cannonball dropping to a horse stance and with a scream Connors erupts with a "KEEE AIIII!" punch accompanying another crash of thunder. Downpour is dressed in a full shimmery dark blue body suit, cut through with silver jags. His mask is full face, silver eyes and a full "hair" of silver and black tassels coming from the back and down onto his shoulders. He has similar tassels hanging from his boot tops and wears a paneled "skirt" that looks like water drops of varying sizes. The two pause and then make their way down to the ring, reaching out to exchange claps with fans of all ages.]

RO: At a combined weight of 383 pounds... from Winnipeg, Canada and Mexico City, Mexico respectively... the team of "Cannonball" Lee Connors

[The Winnipeg crowd ERUPTS with a LOUD cheer!]

RO: ...and Downpour... THE SHOOOOOOTING STARRRRRRRRS!

[The crowd continues to cheer as Connors and Downpour make their way down the aisle.]

GM: The Shooting Stars getting one of the biggest reactions of the night, fans... the Winnipeg fans out in full force for one of their own. Lee Connors is certainly going to have overwhelming crowd support in this one.

BW: That and a fistful of Canadian dollars might get him a coffee at Tim Horton's.

[Connors rushes the ring, leaping up to swing his legs underneath the bottom rope, and keeps on spinning until he takes a knee on the canvas, looking up at the roaring Winnipeg crowd. Downpour slingshots over the top rope into a front roll, coming up to a knee as well to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: The challengers certainly do look ready for action... but you better believe the champions will be as well.

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

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[First there's silence, then you hear a little chanting.]

"Do-do-do-do do-do-do-do
Do-do-do-do do-do-do-do"

[And then, it kicks into the unmistakable chorus of "Centuries" by Fall Out Boy.]

#Some legends are told#
#Some turn to dust or to gold#
#But you will remember me#
#Remember me for centuries#

[Up on the video screen, two words flash up.

"NEXT GEN"]

#And just one mistake#
#Is all it will take#
#We'll go down in history#
#Remember me for centuries#

RO: Introducing... from Boston, Massachusetts, and El Paso, Texas, at a combined weight of 495 pounds, ... they are the AWA World Tag Team Champions...

HOWIE SOMERS... DANIEL HARPER... THEY ARE... NEXT! GEN!

[The members of Next Gen emerge from the entranceway. Howie Somers and Daniel Harper are each dressed in a navy blue vest with the words "NEXT GEN" printed across the back in white, block lettering. They wear the same wrestling attire: a white singlet with the letters "NG" on the front, in the center, in navy blue, block lettering, navy blue tights, white knee pads and wrestling boots. Somers and Harper each have one of the AWA World Tag Team Championship belts strapped around their waists.]

GM: And here come the champions, Bucky - fresh off a loss in the Stampede Cup Finals... a controversial loss however.

BW: Earlier tonight, you said a win's a win... well, a loss is a loss, Gordo. The champions had the chance to win the biggest tag team tournament on the planet and they coughed up the ball. The Soldiers of Fortune won it all and if these two aren't careful, they'll be winning those World Tag Team Titles too.

GM: The champions - however - need to be cautious tonight to not do what you just did, Bucky.

BW: What's that?

GM: Look past the Shooting Stars. The Shooting Stars were disappointed in their Stampede Cup showing... but this is a whole new ballgame for them and if they win the titles tonight in Lee Connors' hometown, no one will be talking about their showing in the tournament at all.

[Having exchanged a high five atop the stage, Somers and Harper are making their way down the ramp to a mostly positive reaction, slapping all the offered-up hands along the ramp.]

GM: And while the fans in Winnipeg are certainly behind Lee Connors, they're definitely showing their support for the World Tag Team Champions as well.

[Upon reaching the ring, Somers and Harper climb onto the apron and duck between the ropes. Somers walks to the corner and leans against the turnbuckles, focus in his eyes, while Harper walks to the opposite corner on the same side, climbs to the second rope and raises his arms. After a moment, Somers walks toward Harper and slaps him on the back. Harper then leaps down from the corner and turns to Somers, the two exchanging another high five, then remove their vests and hand them over to an attendant.]

GM: Alright, we're just about set to get this one underway. Tag team action here in Winnipeg with the World Tag Team Titles on the line... and it looks like it'll be the hometown hero starting this one off for his team.

[As Downpour and Howie Somers step out to their respective corners, Lee Connors grins as he looks out on the roaring crowd.]

GM: What a moment this has to be for this young man, Bucky.

BW: Wrestling for championship gold in front of your hometown fans? Yeah, that's gotta feel good for the kid. But he can't let it get in his head. He's gotta stay focused and on his game or the champs will make short work out of the Shooting Stars.

[Connors is still all smiles as he turns back towards the ring where Daniel Harper is getting some final instructions from the official. Harper nods as referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller turns and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Connors slaps his hands together, getting a more serious expression on his face as he and Harper begin circling one another...]

GM: The bell has sounded and we're underway in this World Tag Team Title showdown here in Winnipeg. Now, Bucky... Connors and Downpour were obviously disappointed with their showing in the Stampede Cup tournament. I think they - and a lot of people frankly - were expecting a bigger weekend for them and-

[As Harper lunges in for a collar and elbow, Connors snaps his leg up lightning fast, his foot BOUNCING off the temple of the incoming Harper, causing him to crumple in a heap to the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HEAD KICK! HEAD KICK!

[Connors is seemingly caught by surprise at the highlight reel level kick. He looks shocked as the crowd implores him to cover... and after a few moments delay, he does exactly that, diving onto his prone opponent!]

GM: CONNORS WITH THE COVER!

[Miller dives to the mat as well.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KICKOUT! HARPER KICKS OUT _JUST_ IN TIME!

[Connors rolls off, sitting on the canvas with his face buried in his hands as the Winnipeg crowd buzzes loudly.]

GM: A half count - maybe less - away from winning the World Tag Team Titles!

[Harper promptly rolls under the ropes to the floor, falling off the apron to his knees as Connors continues to sit on the canvas, distraught at the near miss. Downpour can be heard shouting at Connors from the apron - “GET YOUR HEAD RIGHT!”]

GM: Connors wasting valuable time here... he’s got Harper stunned from that high kick and now he needs to take advantage of it.

[Connors slowly climbs off the canvas, looking out on the crowd cheering him on...

...and he nods in response, pointing out to the floor where we see Daniel Harper trying to get back to his feet off the ringside mats.]

GM: Harper’s starting to stir on the outside... Connors taking aim though...

[“Cannonball” races to the ropes nearest Harper, building up speed as he charges back across, bouncing off the far side...]

GM: HERE COMES CONNORS!

[...and he HURLS himself over the top rope in a somersault, crashing down on top of Harper, wiping out one-half of the World Tag Team Champions on the outside!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CONNORS TO THE FLOOR! OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

[The crowd ROARS once again as Connors climbs off the mat, pumping a fist in triumph.]

GM: Connors has got Harper down again...

BW: But AGAIN he’s wasting time in my opinion, Gordo!

GM: I can't disagree with that either. Connors needs to stay on target, stay on task and stay on his opponent.

[Connors tosses Harper back under the ropes into the ring, climbing up on the apron...

...and points to the corner.]

GM: Connors says he's going to the top!

BW: This could be it, Gordo! Harper's down - he's stunned and Connors is going for the killshot!

[Connors steps to the second rope... then to the top. He raises his arms into the air, bringing them to clasp in front of his chest as if in prayer...]

GM: CONNORS ON THE TOP ROPE! HARPER STILL DOWN!

["Cannonball" hurls himself skyward, flipping backwards while sailing forward...]

GM: SHOOTING STARRRRRRRRR!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But as Harper rolls aside at the very last moment, Connors CRASHES down hard onto the empty canvas!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

BW: He lived up to his nickname right there, Gordo! It was a like a damn cannonball falling out of a building! I'm surprised he didn't go THROUGH the mat after that!

[A crawling Harper moves to the corner...]

GM: The tag is made to Howie Somers... Somers coming in quickly, pulling Connors off the mat...

[Somers hooks Connors under the armpits, lifting him high in the sky...

...and DROPS down in a sitout powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RYDEEN BOMB BY SOMERS!

[The referee drops down to count as Downpour stares into the ring.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd greets the bell with a mixed response - cheers for the Next Gen victory and disappointed groans in Lee Connors getting beaten before his partner can even get into the ring.]

BW: Wow! You live by the sword and you die by the sword, Gordo! Connors started off hot, had Next Gen where he wanted them, but he missed that Shooting Star... and Somers planted him with that powerbomb for the three count.

GM: Next Gen with a very strong statement here tonight in besting the Shooting Stars but... wow indeed. What must be going through that young man's head right now?

[Somers and Harper are celebrating their win as a dejected Connors rolls to a hip, his eyes closed as Downpour steps into the ring, shaking his head as he looks down on him.]

GM: A shocking match right there. Not in the result necessarily but in the speed of the decision.

BW: The whole thing went... what? Less than three minutes?

GM: Connors sitting up on the mat... a very emotional moment for him... his face buried in his hands here...

[Slowly, Downpour goes to a knee alongside his partner, placing a hand on his shoulder.]

GM: Downpour trying to comfort his partner here. This... well, this couldn't have been how either of these men envisioned this night.

[A few more moments pass before Howie Somers and Daniel Harper walk back over towards the still-seated Connors. Somers extends a hand, lifting Connors up off the mat to his feet. Connors' eyes are red and he's obviously still wrecked by emotion as Somers and Harper share a few words with him.]

GM: What a great show of sportsmanship here by Next Gen, trying to make this young man feel better about this horrible night here for him in his own hometown.

[Downpour steps back, watching as Harper and Somers continue to talk to his partner.]

GM: Somers with a handshake there... Harper with one as well... what a nice moment this is for both of these teams. Next Gen picks up the win, retaining their titles... and setting up what's sure to be a showdown in the weeks ahead with the 2017 Stampede Cup winners - the Soldiers of Fortune. We'll be right back.

[With Harper holding Connors' hand up, pointing to him to big cheers from the crowd, 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 fade back up on a completely white background. There's music playing very softly, totally unidentifiable at this point.

Slowly, the white background is revealed to be the interior of a shape as we start to see red lines on the screen as well.

As it pulls back more and more, we start to recognize the song as well.

It is Rush's iconic classic "Tom Sawyer."

And as the image continues to pull back, we discover it's a lone red star on a white background.

There's a moment's pause before text fades in on the screen.

"TRAVIS LYNCH RETURNS
NORTH DAKOTA.
AUGUST 19th, 2017"

[The text fades away as the music continues to play for a few more moments before everything cuts to black...

...and we fade back up to the ring. No entrance music. No interviewer to review the facts as they stand.

Only booing and jeering.

Jackson Hunter stands in the middle of the ring, his arms folded across his chest, jealously cradling the usurped AWA National Title.

Blake Colton looms behind him, eyes peeled for any interlopers.]

JH: Fans of the AWA...

[Said fans just intensify their booing.]

JH: Fans of the AWA, please attend carefully. I am speaking to you from Winnipeg: the other, bigger, but just as hillbilly... Regina.

[The locals are not a fan of that.]

JH: Hold on, hold on: let's speak the facts. I did spend a few years of my youth here, but the truth is that no one from Winnipeg will ever be as successful as Jackson Hunter has been.

[Hunter taps a finger on the center plate of the AWA National Title. Colton just snickers his odd snicker and mouths, 'he's not wrong,' to the audience.]

JH: Boo me for that all you like, you entitled millennial swine.

Terry Shane Three thought he could pull a fast one as though I'm just here to hand out participation trophies. I don't hand out participation trophies. You earn National Titles, Mister Shane.

[Hunter taps the center plate of the belt again as the layers of irony are almost palpably visible.]

JH: You know, the dates almost line up perfectly: the day of the first AWA broadcast in 2008, and the day that I wrestled my last match for Chinook Wrestling and was blackballed from the sport. Had I known then what I know now, I wouldn't have wasted my energy up here in this hopelessly provincial territory. But then again, there's never been a fight that I couldn't finish. Jeremiah Colton tried to run me out of the business, and he ended up bankrupting Chinook Wrestling.

Maxim Zharkov, whom I loyally advised for two years...

...Riley Hunter, effectively my brother...

...And you, Derrick Williams...

...You tried to do the same. The result?

Gone. And gone. And...

[Colton holds up a shovel.]

JH: Well, tick tock, Future.

I operate on a doctrine of total retaliation, kids. I was the mastermind of The Axis, and I am also the mastermind of its erasure.

[Hunter reaches into the pocket of his black denim jacket and holds up a folded piece of paper.]

JH: And don't think that those three are the only names I carry around with me, oh no. Not even half the names I've written here have been crossed off.

So that begs the question: if all I care about is vengeance, why drag poor Jordan Ohara into this and rob him of his National Title?

Let's go back nine years again. In Chinook Wrestling, I was the smartest guy in the room. My main strength was that I was the Velociraptor; I was Jackson Hunter, bahd. I was the crown jewel of this territory!

Now watch out! Here comes the AWA! Who's the smartest guy in the room now? Whose main strength is their identity now? Who is the crown jewel of the company that... whoops! suddenly has global aspirations!

From the outside looking in, I watched with horror as someone took my spot in the AWA ecosystem. Well, now that I have this belt balanced over my shoulder...

...I'M JUAN VASQUEZ! AHHHHHH... MEEEEEE... GOOOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd jeers loudly the idea of that.]

JH: And where Juan Vasquez wouldn't go, I will! The acts he wouldn't confess to, I will. The depths he wouldn't plumb to, I will!

And Jordan... Phoenix... believe me when I say that I am truly sorry. But you have to understand...

[The Winnipeg crowd erupts in cheers all of a sudden at the sight of someone coming over the barricade, scrambling up on the apron behind Hunter and Colton who look puzzled at the reaction...]

GM: Who is that?!

[Yanking off his t-shirt to a reaction from the women in the crowd, Jordan Ohara is on the scene in his jeans and tennis shoes, stepping up on the middle rope, then to the top...]

GM: OHARA FROM BEHIND!

[...and leaps from his perch, connecting with a dropkick between the shoulderblades of Blake Colton, sending him tumbling forwards and out of the ring to a huge cheer!]

GM: JORDAN OHARA STRIKES! WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE HE LOST THE TITLE A MONTH AGO!

[Ohara scrambles to his feet, turning to stand face-to-face with Jackson Hunter, who is frozen in place. The National Champion blanches, holding up his hands as he begs Ohara to take it easy...

...but the fired-up Phoenix is not in a mood to oblige.]

BW: Here we go!

[Ohara lashes into Hunter with a series of chops and kicks that send the title and the microphone flying as he strikes back the National Champion against the ropes.]

GM: OHARA'S LIGHTING HIM UP HERE IN WINNIPEG!

[Ohara grabs Hunter by the back of the hair, staring into his eyes. Hunter tries to beg for mercy but those pleas fall on deaf ears as Ohara launches Hunter up and over the top rope to the floor to land on the thinly padded floor right by Blake Colton.]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Ohara slams his arms down on the top rope, giving a shout as he paces wildly around the ring. The crowd is ROARING for the Phoenix' impactful return as he circles the National Title and the microphone still on the mat in the center of the ring. He pauses, looking down at them as the crowd cheers even louder. With a nod, he grabs the mic... AND the title, lifting them off the mat.]

JO: Jackson Hunter, I've heard enough!

[The crowd cheers!]

JO: I've heard enough of your excuses. I've heard enough of your bleating. I've heard enough of your mouth. Period. There's only one reason you play out all these schemes. There's only one reason you do everything you do.

YOU'RE JUST NOT GOOD ENOUGH!

[The crowd is cheering wildly as Ohara turns to face the hard camera.]

JO: Jackson Hunter, you're nothing but a broken down old schemer who knows he can't compete any more. Maybe you never could compete. Every story we hear from you really comes down to how you weren't good enough to make it to the top. So you scavenge like a jackal, picking at the edges, profiting off the hard work of others. Jackson Hunter is the biggest parasite in the AWA ... someone we called in Japan an orokamono... a mooch.

Jackson Hunter is nothing but a moocher. Mooched off the reputation of Jeremiah Colton to break into the business. Mooched off the reputation of Juan Vasquez to become relevant in the AWA. Mooched off the Axis to Steal the Spotlight. Mooched off Blake Colton to be able to take out Zharkov and steal this National Championship from me! Mooch! Mooch! Mooch!

[Ohara's words prompt the Winnipeg crowd to happily echo them.]

"MOOCH!" "MOOCH!" "MOOCH!"

[Ohara nods with a grin.]

JO: Well, the mooching ends tonight!

"MOOCH!" "MOOCH!" "MOOCH!"

[Ohara leads the cheers...

...forgetting Colton is no longer by Hunter's side on the floor.]

GM: BLAKE COLTON FROM BEHIND!

[Ohara suddenly finds his waist gripped by the burly Blake Colton, who arcs back.]

GM: Flinging German Suplex!

BW: HE TOSSED HIM LIKE A SACK OF TRASH!

[The powerful Colton gets to his feet, dusting himself off as Ohara writhes in pain on the canvas, grabbing at the back of his head and neck as the fans jeer their fellow Canadian loudly.]

GM: Jordan Ohara was talk-

BW: Mooch?! How dare he?! Impugning the reputation of a venerable and seasoned grappler like Jackson Hunter!

GM: Calm down, Bucky!

BW: I won't calm down! This line-jumping little punk dares to put the bad mouth on a man - a champion like Jackson Hunter! Well, this is what he gets for it!

[Hunter joins his ally in the ring, springing into action to lay the boots to Ohara as the jeers get louder...]

GM: We've got a two on one in here now - Hunter and Colton going to work on Jordan Ohara! And after that German Suplex, I don't know if Ohara can get back into this and defend himself!

[An irate Hunter backs off, grabbing his shovel off the canvas as he gestures angrily at Ohara. Colton nods, dragging the dazed Ohara off the mat, holding his arms behind him, exposing his torso...]

GM: Oh, come on now!

[...which Hunter JAMS the handle of the shovel into!]

GM: Ohhh! That shovel smashed into the midsection... and again!

[Ohara doubles over but Colton jerks him right back up as Hunter slams the shovel home a third time.]

GM: Enough is enough, damn it!

[Colton lets go of Ohara, letting him slump limply to all fours, coughing and gasping for air as Hunter stands over him, shovel resting on his shoulder as he looks down on him.]

GM: Jordan Ohara's temper got the best of him here... he struck hard but his emotions blinded him to Blake Colton recovering and getting back into the ring.

BW: Who's not good enough now, Ohara?! Who can't cut it now?!

[Hunter backs off, gesturing at him again...]

"Blake, Osterhagen Bomb his scrawny-"

[The audio cuts out as Hunter issues his instructions to his heavy.]

GM: What did he tell him to do? An Osterhagen Bomb?

BW: I didn't quite catch it but Colton looks happy to oblige!

[A grinning Colton pulls Ohara off the mat into a standing headscissors, hoisting him upwards with ease...]

GM: Oh no, we saw Blake Colton do this at Liberty or Death.

BW: Look at this sasquatch toss this little birdie around! Fly away, little birdie!

[At the zenith, Colton yanks Ohara even higher into the air by the waist of his jeans...

...then throws him forward with a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: I presume that's the Osterhagen Bomb that Jackson Hunter was referring to! My stars, from over seven feet in the air to the canvas! We need some help out here for Ohara!

[Ohara is writhing in pain on the canvas as Hunter stands over him...]

"YOU THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN ME, HUH?! YOU THINK YOU'RE THE DAMN FUTURE OF THE AWA?! I'VE CHEWED UP AND SPIT OUT MORE "FUTURES" THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW, KID!"

[Hunter steps back, shaking his head, turning away from the downed Ohara...

...which is when Colton enthusiastically scoops the limp Jordan Ohara up onto his shoulder.]

GM: Oh no...

BW: He's not...!

GM: We saw this before! We saw this in Philly! We saw-

BC: "Death star, bahd."

[Hunter hears that, twisting around as he drops his shovel. He shakes his head emphatically at Blake Colton.]

GM: No! Not that Scoop Piledriver! We've seen one too many victims of that already!

[Colton looks on quizzically as Hunter tries to call him off.]

GM: What's he... is Hunter telling him not to do it?

BW: It looks like it but why? Why would he-

[Then the fans ERUPT!]

GM: Wait a minute! Wait a-

[Someone slides into the ring from off-screen, steel chair in hand, winding up without delay...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Derrick Williams CRACKS Blake Colton across the back with the chair. The crowd reacts as Colton drops Ohara off the side as he drops in pain from the chair across the back and rolls toward the outside of the ring.]

GM: DERRICK WILLIAMS! DERRICK WILLIAMS JUST DROPPED BLAKE COLTON WITH A STEEL CHAIR!

BW: I'll do you one better, Gordo - Derrick Williams just SAVED Jordan Ohara!

GM: I'll be... you're right! I can't believe it - you're right!

[The crowd comes unglued again as Williams, still holding the chair, turns his attention to Jackson Hunter...

...and points a finger at his former ally.]

GM: Hunter's all alone in there! Hunter's got no Colton! He's got no shovel! He's got-

[Hunter starts backpedaling, begging off as he realizes the situation he's in.]

GM: Williams just saved his former friend - Jordan Ohara - from that scoop piledriver... thank heavens for that.

BW: Maybe it's a mistake, Gordo. Maybe it's all a big mistake.

GM: Huh?

BW: Maybe it's not him saving Ohara but getting a shot at Hunter and Colton!

GM: Well, whatever it is - there is now nothing between Derrick Williams and Jackson Hunter but air and opportunity... and that opportunity is RIGHT NOW!

[Williams mouths something, which we probably can't repeat and the censors couldn't hear over the crowd anyway...]

...and then rushes towards Hunter, winding up with the chair as he does!]

GM: WILLIAMS SWINGS!

[But a desperate-to-flee Hunter drops to the mat, diving through the ropes to the outside as Williams SLAMS the chair down into the canvas where Hunter was moments ago!]

GM: Ohhh! He missed him! Hunter gets the heck out of town and...

[Williams glares angrily outside the ring where Hunter is circling around, trying to get to Blake Colton's side in a hurry.]

GM: Jackson Hunter's looking to get out of here... and Derrick Williams is looking for a mic as he stands tall in the middle of the ring here in Winnipeg!

[Williams snatches an offered mic, turning back towards Hunter and Colton who are now in the aisle, starting to back up the ramp as Williams stares them down, still holding the steel chair in his off hand.]

DW: Jackson Hunter...

[Williams pauses, making sure Hunter is looking at him.]

DW: ...please attend VERY carefully!

[There's a significant cheer for that as Hunter steams and over in the corner, Jordan Ohara is back on his feet, collecting himself as he watches what's going on in front of him.]

DW: This is three times now, Jax.

[Williams holds up three fingers.]

DW: For some reason, you thought I was gonna run when you came back. You thought I was gonna tuck tail and run when you took out Ri. You thought I was gonna fold and take my medicine when your boy there took out Max.

Wrong.

[Another decent-sized cheer rings out.]

DW: What I AM gonna do... is be your shadow.

Wherever you go, whatever you and your new tank there do... whatever kind of scheme or trick you try to pull... I'm going to be right there behind you to foul it up.

Whether it's backstage... in the parking lot... in your hotel lobby... I don't give a damn. You're not gonna be able to go to the can without checking under the stalls for me.

I'm gonna get my payoff... no matter what I have to do to get it.

[Ohara is still in the corner, beginning to piece together what just went on.]

DW: Which leads me to you...

[Williams turns to face Ohara as the crowd begins to buzz.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Certainly no love lost between these two, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not. Earlier tonight, we saw Derrick Williams in his first singles match since last year's SuperClash... when he met Jordan Ohara in the middle of the ring.

[The crowd is roaring hot for the face-off between Williams and Ohara...

...and gets even louder as Williams drops to the chair between them. Ohara looks down on it before looking back up at his former friend.]

DW: This ain't about you and me and the beef we've had... and still have... and whatever else. This ain't about me seeking redemption or changing locker rooms or working to get invites to barbecues.

This is about THAT...

[Williams points towards Hunter but we don't know what Williams said as the censor dumped the audio.]

DW: ... getting what's coming to him. I ain't trying to make nice right now or any of that but what I AM trying to do... is point out a couple facts.

[Ohara looks on as Williams continues.]

DW: One, I want to blow up that Death Star there like my name was Lando while drinking a Colt 45.

[A cheer goes up!]

BW: Nerds.

[Williams continues.]

DW: Two, I want to send Hunter back to his hole and put him out of my misery.

[Williams points at Ohara.]

DW: ...and I know you want to do the same damn thing.

It's simple math, J.

There's two of them... one of me and one of you. Numbers just near got you got. As much hubris as I got, numbers are gonna get me got eventually, unless...

[Williams smirks - and Ohara tilts his head - expecting what's coming. The crowd cheers since they have a good idea of what's coming too.]

DW: Unless we call a truce... you and I.

[Ohara shakes his head as the crowd cheers.]

DW: I'm talking about you and me... taking out those two...

[Hunter arches an eyebrow, curious to see where this goes as Colton shouts, "BRING IT ON, BAHD!"]

DW: We don't have to like each other... we don't even have to trust each other.

But, we do know we both want to give those two their receipts and if we don't come at them with even odds, they'll get us separately eventually. So let's just cut that off right now.

[Williams eyeballs Ohara, waiting to see if he's in on this.]

DW: I'd say we could do it in North Dakota like everyone else... but you and I... we've never been like everyone else, have we?

I hear that the General is looking for some big matches for Mexico though...

[The crowd buzzes in anticipation.]

DW: ...let's give 'im one!

[Williams drops the mic, looking across and extending his hand at Ohara who doesn't immediately respond as the crowd ROARS!]

GM: Hunter and Colton versus Williams and Ohara?!

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

GM: Derrick Williams lays down the challenge... but will Ohara accept?!

[Ohara eyeballs his former friend for a few more moments... then looks around at the roaring crowd imploring him to shake Williams' offered hand...]

BW: He's not gonna do it, Gordo. Even he's not THAT dumb.

[...and with a sigh, Ohara extends his arm, shaking Williams' hand to a HUGE ROAR!]

GM: OH YEAH! THERE IT IS!

[Hunter screams in anger from the ramp as Williams and Ohara cement their partnership for the Mexico show. Ohara pulls Williams closer, saying something off-mic to him.]

GM: The challenge is official! Williams and Ohara versus Colton and Hunter! And now all we need is for Jackson Hunter and Blake Colton to accept the challenge as well! What a night it has been in Winnipeg so far, fans... and it's only getting better! We've still got our big Main Event to come but right now, we're going backstage to Mark Stegglet and the Spitfire herself, Julie Somers! Mark?

[We cut to backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of an AWA backdrop. Standing next to him is "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, who is dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a white, sleeveless 'SPITFIRE' T-shirt with red lettering. Her long, brown hair is pulled back in a ponytail.]

MS: A lot of unexpected events happening tonight, and I imagine my guest, Julie Somers, has some interest in a couple of them. Julie, I take it you saw the return of Lauryn Rage to the AWA, and her attack on the Women's World champion, Kurayami.

JS: Mark, it's no secret that Lauryn and I don't see eye to eye. But, like I said a few months ago, I never would have wished for what happened to her when Kurayami injured her, put her on the shelf for months. I will say I'm glad she's healed and, yeah, a part of me is pretty happy about her knocking Kurayami upside the head.

But let's make one thing clear -- if Lauryn thinks she's going to jump to the front of the line for a shot at Kurayami, she's wrong. So is Betty Chang, who is making overtures to face Kurayami at Mexico.

Look, I respect Betty for wanting to prove herself, for thinking big and dreaming big. I respect Lauryn for focusing on recovering from that injury, getting back into that ring and not forgetting what happened to her.

However, there's something that both of them better keep in mind.

[She points to herself.]

JS: I am the only woman in the AWA to have pinned Kurayami in the center of the ring since she came here to the AWA.

People can say it was a tag match all they want, but the bottom line is, I'm the one who has a pinfall win over the women's champion. I have been clawing my way to that top spot in the women's rankings for some time now, and I'm not about to be denied my shot at the champion.

[She puts her hands on her hips.]

JS: So if any woman is going to be facing Kurayami in Mexico in a few weeks' time, it's going to be me. And this time around, there won't be anybody to claim that I'm too small to face her, that the odds aren't in my favor, that I couldn't possibly hold my own against a woman nearly twice my size.

Because I proved back at Eternally Extreme that I could, and more than that, I proved I could pin the champion.

Lauryn, Betty, and anyone else who wants to step forward, all I have to say is this: You'll get your turn soon enough, but right now, it's my turn.

And nobody is going to deny me that.

[She gives a quick nod.]

MS: Well, it sounds like The Spitfire wants her shot at the Women's World champion. The question to ask is -- who will get the next shot? Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling! Supernova! Johnny Detson! So much on the line - you do NOT want to miss it!

[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 to a live shot inside the Bell MTS Place where we get a few crowd shots including an entire row of about a dozen fans holding up a long banner that reads "CASTILLO SUCKS." It sounds like one of our esteemed announcers is trying to keep it together on this shot.]

GM: Wel... ahem... welcome back, fans! And a quick thanks to our friends at Fox Sports X who've given the green light! We're going to overtime here tonight in Winnipeg - inching closer to tonight's Main Event pitting Supernova against World Champion Johnny Detson with Supernova's future AWA career at stake and-

[Abruptly, "Foul Taste Of Freedom" begins to play over the PA system, signaling the arrival of one of the most dangerous and unpredictable men in the history of our sport.]

GM: Uh oh! For the first time in nearly nine months, the Blackheart has come to Saturday Night Wrestling!

[The curtain parts as Casey James storms into view. He's in street clothes; A black Claw Academy zip up hoodie over top of a T-shirt for a band whose logo makes their name completely illegible. Black jeans and combat boots. He's got a black skull print bandanna on his head which, when paired with his long hair and beard, puts him in danger of being mistaken for a motorcycle enthusiast.]

GM: We were told back at the Battle of Saskatchewan that Korugun Vice President of Special Projects - and pro wrestling Hall of Famer - John Wesley Hardin, the Outlaw himself - had summoned Casey James to appear here tonight.

BW: Demanded is the way I hear it... and we all know how much Casey James loves following orders.

GM: The crazy thing about it is that Hardin wouldn't have the power to order Casey James to take out the trash if he hadn't signed him to a new AWA contract as part of that evil plan at Eternally Extreme to have James betray his own teammates and give Korugun that tainted victory.

BW: That's why we're here, right?

GM: Well, that and James deciding to pull a little Triple Cross of his own when he delivered the Blackheart Punch Heard 'Round The World to Hardin.

[James enters the ring, looking agitated as he snatches a mic away from a ringside attendant. He stares straight into the hard camera]

CJ: To get here, I had to walk past a hell of a lot of people who hate my guts right now...

I walked down the hall all the way to a locker room that I was politely told I wasn't welcome in...

I turned around and I walked to catering where - sure, I can eat but - there's like this 6 foot bubble around me nobody wants to break and nobody's making eye contact....

And just a few minutes ago, I head to Chimpanzee, where I'm pretty sure I overheard some suit calling me a [BLEEP]!

[Dirty word pop! Oh, those Canadians.]

CJ: Yeah, I know, it's pretty much the queen mother of swear words... Anyway, I ignore him and head out the curtain, and here I am.

So, Hardin, you got me here in this ring. Make this good.

[Casey pauses, waiting for some sort of response]

CJ: No? You gonna keep me here waiting? If we're gonna play that game, why don't I use the time to explain why exactly I basically screwed over every single person and faction in this company?

[And without warning, we hear AC/DC's iconic "Back In Black" kick in over the PA system to big cheers.]

GM: And if the arrival of Casey James merited an "uh oh," this damn sure does!

[A moment later, AWA co-owner Bobby Taylor stalks through the curtain, glaring down the aisle at the Blackheart who grimaces in response. Taylor is dressed in black slacks, a white dress shirt with a black tie, and a matching black Stetson. He does NOT look happy about anything he's seen or heard so far as he marches down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: And of course, it was Bobby Taylor who recruited Casey James to be a part of that match at Eternally Extreme to begin with alongside Kevin Slater, Robert Donovan, and Tiger Claw. Taylor believed - for whatever reason - that he could trust his old frenemy - did I use that right? But he soon learned how mistaken he was when James betrayed them all and cost them that emotional matchup.

[James lowers the mic, saying something to Taylor as the Outlaw climbs the ringsteps, grabbing a mic of his own before stepping through the ropes, staring at his old friend and rival.]

BT: You son of a bitch!

[The crowd ROARS for that as James cringes, shaking his head and pleading his case off-mic.]

BT: We had a deal, James. You and I... we had a deal.

[James nods.]

BT: How did this happen? It was the perfect plan. I let you turn on me at Eternally Extreme...

[The crowd buzzes at this news.]

BW: Did he say LET-

GM: Yes he did.

[Taylor continues.]

BT: ...you become a trusted Korugun employee... you be my mole on the inside... and then when they least expect it, boom... we yank the rug out from under them, lay a world class ass-kicking on them... one they so richly deserve by the way... and bring the whole thing crashing down on their heads.

But you ruined it all, didn't you? And all because of... him.

[James grimaces again, nodding.]

BT: John Wesley Friggin' Hardin.

[Taylor shakes his head with a sigh.]

BT: I almost get it, Casey... I really do. When I saw him, I wanted nothing more than to get in there and go one more round with the ol' bastard myself. But we had a deal. We had a plan. And I didn't lie to the face of two of my best friends in the world to let you throw it all away for one shot at Hardin.

Hell, you lied to everyone too. Claw didn't know... I'm sure he's pissed.

[James shrugs, nodding. He looks pretty miserable, looking down at his feet]

BT: Brian Lau didn't know... of course, neither of us knew he'd gotten a new contract out of the deal too. But you and I knew the plan... and that was enough.

Castillo wanted to put one over on me so badly... he never would've seen it coming. We could've ended this whole damn thing... the Syndicate bringing down Korugun...

[The crowd cheers as Taylor nods.]

BT: But you - as always - are just too damn selfish.

[This appears to set Casey off a bit. He looks up to stare Taylor in his eyes, an angry look on his face]

CJ: Selfish? _Selfish?_ Are you kidding me? That ain't selfishness, that's _drive._

Okay, listen to me... I don't have the time to explain this to you, but you gotta understand. I had to pop Hardin. _Had_ to. There wasn't a choice.

Hardin had that shot coming for over twenty years, and it's shaped my career. Planning payback on him has been one of the biggest influences in my career...

[And on cue, "Evil Walks" by AC/DC blares over the loudspeakers. And a moment later, there he is... DAMAN~! himself.

Brian "Good Lord Almighty" Lau.

Dressed in a black suit with a white shirt and a red tie, Lau's eyes are covered by a pair of Oliver Peoples sunglasses, the only manager in the pro-wrestling Hall Of Fame doesn't walk so much as he struts down the aisle.

Lau takes his time, but eventually, he makes it into the ring, where he stands in the dead center, looking around at the men who proceeded him.]

BL: Well, look at this...

[Lau pauses to consider both James and Taylor.]

BL: The Blackheart and the Outlaw. Together again. And ready to burn the world to the ground.

But gentlemen... and yes, I use that word very loosely, the both of you have the same problem you've always had.

You see, there is no doubt that you two of the toughest, meanest, nastiest sons of guns that have ever been in the squared circle. More evil than Annis, more badass than Martinez, and more violent than Tex.

But you two men are weapons. And every weapon needs the same thing – someone who knows how to use it.

Otherwise, you just end up going off at the wrong time,

But luckily for the both of you, I'm here to do what I do best. Point you two in the right direction.

[A grin forms on Lau's lips.]

BL: Now look, I hear you out here making threats against the good people of the Korugun Corporation. And I'll admit, I haven't always been their biggest fan.

But they did get me a new contract, and I feel obliged. To them... to earn the money I'm being paid, and I assure you, it's a considerable sum.

But also to you, Casey James, who always been more to me than just a wrestler I managed. I have always considered you, well...

[Lau puts his hand on his heart.]

BL: A friend. A bosom buddy, if you will...

And you, Bobby Taylor...

[Lau hesitates, as if searching for something to say.]

BL: We had some good times back in the place with the thing... we did some business together... and well, you did pay me very well for a long time too. And I'd like to repay that.

So gentlemen – here is my proposal. Put aside your differences. With each other, and with Korugun and join forces.

Think about it... The Outlaw Express.

[Taylor visibly cringes.]

BL: No? The Blackheart Experience... Can't you just see that on the marquee?

[This time, it's Casey James who grimaces, shaking his head.]

BL: Well, whatever. You two come up with something.

But if you two do this... I guarantee you that I will deliver you a World Tag Team Title shot. A title that, need I remind you, Mr. Taylor, I led your son to... twice!

So what do you say?

[Taylor's mood seemed to drastically darken upon his son being mentioned and he steps into Lau's face, jabbing his finger towards the much-smaller manager.]

BT: You want me to give a damn about winning a title again when my son is laid up at home wondering if he'll ever wrestle again?

[This time, it's Lau whose mood darkens, looking down at the mat for a moment.]

BT: You claim you care about my son, Brian... so why don't you worry about him instead of trying to get the two of us one last run?

[Casey James comes to stand shoulder to shoulder with Taylor, nodding his head.]

CJ: He's right. What happened to the Kings... that's on you, Lau. And you better make it right.

Don't make me say "or else."

[Lau actually appears to be chastened by Taylor's words, and his head goes down in shame.]

BL: You're right, Bobby. You're both right.

My focus should be on the next generation. It should be on Wes Taylor. And Tony Donovan. And...

[Lau looks at the Blackheart.]

BL: Brian James.

And I will.

But gentlemen... I have always been good at multitasking. And I have always had a plan. And I have always taken care of my people.

So just... consider it, will you?

[Taylor and James exchange a look at one another, perhaps considering Lau's offer..

...when suddenly, the arena lights darken, the video screen flickers, and comes to life with the smirking face of one of the all-time greats of professional wrestling - and current Korugun Vice President of Special Projects - John Wesley Hardin.]

JWH: You three talk too damn much.

[Taylor, James, and Lau all turn to stare up at the screen where Hardin looks down at them in an extreme closeup - almost like the Great and Powerful Oz.]

JWH: It's cute though. Real heartwarming. It almost makes me want to just forgive and forget...

Almost.

[He chuckles.]

JWH: I almost believe that a backstabbing weasel like Brian Lau actually cares about your little runt bastards.

[Taylor glares up at the man he idolized for so long.]

JWH: I almost believe the two of you thought you could actually co-exist long enough to bring down Korugun. Almost.

But you two would never be able to do it. You can't work together. You can't fight together. Neither one of ya is willin' to let the other have the spotlight long enough. And yeah, you two might've done a little time together in the Syndicate... you might be brothers in bloodshed like that...

[Hardin shakes his head.]

JWH: But I'm evidence enough that the Syndicate is definitely not for life. So, whether I showed up or not, Outlaw Junior... your plan was gonna die on the vine.

[He shrugs.]

JWH: Sorry for the reality check.

[Hardin's eyes go cold.]

JWH: And that brings us to... us... Blackheart.

[The Outlaw reaches off camera, pulling a lit cigar into view, dropping it in his mouth. He takes a long pull off it, blowing smoke at the lens.]

JWH: Couldn't resist it, huh? Been waitin' your whole life for it, huh?

[He smirks, pulling the cigar out of his mouth.]

JWH: That's pathetic, kid. It's been twenty years and you're still dealing with some kind of revenge fantasy on me? Get a damn hobby, son.

[Hardin chuckles to himself as James glares at him from the ring.]

JWH: I came to Philly for a nice moment - the kind of thing that sells Pay Per View replays and DVDs. The kind of thing that gets the press talking... that makes all our old matches the talk of the business again. I was willing to shake your hand and let the world see that - retired or not - John Wesley Hardin and Casey James STILL run this business.

And you... you ruined all that.

And if it was just business, I could live with that, kid.

But you... you made it personal.

[Hardin pulls the cigar into his mouth again, puffing more smoke towards the lens.]

JWH: And that I can't let go, Blackheart.

[James shouts something off-mic towards the big screen.]

JWH: I'm gettin' there, kid. You want to know why I had you show up in Winnipeg? You want to know why I didn't have Korugun Legal find a loophole in your deal and just kick your ass to a South Philly curb?

Because... like I said... you made it personal.

And because I'd love nothing more than to walk down that aisle right now and kick all THREE of your asses.

[Hardin abruptly gets up from his seat, walking away from the camera shot. The crowd ROARS at the idea of that... but as no one appears, the roar starts to die off slowly...

...and then with a plop, Hardin drops back down into his chair, laughing deeply.]

JWH: Had you goin' there, huh? I bet Lau was lookin' for the door, Taylor was lookin' for some twenty year old courage, and you, Blackheart, clenched your jaw so hard, your teeth cracked.

[Hardin chuckles again.]

JWH: Like I said, I'd love nothing more than to come out there myself... but I'm a realistic man. I've been out of that ring for near twenty years. And I've been living a very well-off... very comfortable life here in Japan. Let's call it too many days of steak and too many nights of sake. Too many days in front of a big screen TV with a burger and a beer... 'cause some things never change.

I just can't do it myself. Just can't. And that's a sad reality that I have to live with.

[He raises a finger.]

JWH: But that corporate lifestyle has provided me with a very good living... and has given me the resources and power to do things that I never could before.

So, twenty years ago, I would have had no choice but to bust up my knuckles on your damn skull, Blackheart...

[He grins.]

JWH: But now... I can pay someone else to do it for me.

And that's exactly what I've done.

[The camera pulls back to reveal a quartet of open briefcases surrounding Hardin, all loaded with cash.]

JWH: What you see on the desk around me, Blackheart... is a bounty.

But not just any bounty.

It's the biggest bounty in the history of our sport.

[Hardin spreads his arms wide, gesturing to the money.]

JWH: ONE. MILLION. DOLLARS.

[The crowd in the arena roars in surprise.]

JWH: To the man... or men... who put Casey James on ice for good.

[Hardin pauses, letting the statement sink in.]

JWH: And with that, Casey James... I think I'll say farewell. Because I believe this is the last time you and I will ever see one another like this.

I told you that you'd regret what you'd done, kid.

[He shrugs.]

JWH: Now it's time to make it happen.

[The screen flickers and goes black again as the arena lights come up full blast. James' eyes are wide with surprise. Taylor shifts his footing, eyeballing James who suddenly sidesteps, fists at the ready. Lau goes to step between them, shaking his head...]

GM: A million dollar bounty on Casey James' career?!

BW: Now THAT'S how you motivate people, Gordo.

GM: I suppose it is, Buck-

[Before Gordon can get out another word, the sounds of snapping and snarling dogs fill the air as the arena lights take on a midnight blue tone, shading the entire arena as KISS' "War Machine" starts to play.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Oh, you just KNEW they'd come for the cash!

[And indeed they are as Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker are striding down the ramp with purpose.]

GM: The Dogs of War have heard the call! One million dollars to take out Casey James and the Dogs of War are looking to do just that!

[James turns to face the incoming enemy, barking something at Brian Lau which sends him scrambling out of the ring...]

GM: The Blackheart's ready for a fight!

BW: He better be!

[Taylor glares at James for a few more moments as the Dogs get closer.. and closer.. and closer..]

...and then turns to stand side by side with the Blackheart to a HUGE ROAR!]

GM: OH MY! THE OUTLAW'S COME TO FIGHT AS WELL!

[The shift in odds doesn't seem to faze the Dogs of War who don't break stride at all as they continue walking towards the ring. Ever the general, Isaiah Carpenter starts barking instructions to his allies, directing traffic on the outside. Perez and Walker follow the order, each going to an opposite side of the ring as Carpenter stays on the ramp side...]

GM: They're trying to get flanking positions on James and Taylor!

[The former Syndicate allies go back to back, one facing Walker and one facing Perez with their sides to Carpenter who eyes them for a moment...]

...and with a shout, he sends his group into motion!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Pedro Perez gets up on the apron as Casey James rushes forward, delivering a big running haymaker that knocks him off the apron. Wade Walker comes in the other side, also on the apron when Taylor attacks. The Outlaw and Walker trade heavy blows as Carpenter scrambles up on the apron.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! A fight for survival perhaps!

[James spins on his heels, twisting to the side to throw a haymaker at Carpenter who ducks down and then leaps up with the air of the top rope, snapping a foot off the face of the Blackheart, sending him stumbling backwards!]

GM: Oh! Carpenter caught him!

[Grabbing the top rope, Carpenter slingshots into the air, springing off the top rope for a clothesline but James ducks under it, sending Carpenter sailing past where he drops to the mat, front rolling up to his feet. James rushes at him with a clothesline but Carpenter front rolls again to avoid it...]

...and Perez hooks James' ankle from behind, tripping him up. Carpenter rushes forward, driving his feet into the face of James!]

GM: OHH!

[Perez scrambles into the ring, stomping James repeatedly as Carpenter joins in to do the same.]

GM: Perez and Carpenter working over James on the mat... ohh! Walker just flattens Taylor with a clothesline!

[Walker shouts to his allies who drag James off the mat...]

...but the Blackheart starts fighting back!]

GM: Right hand on Carpenter! Perez gets one as well!

[James reaches out, grabbing both by the heads and smashing them together, sending them staggering apart...

...and leaving James wide open for a rampaging Walker!]

GM: SPEEEEEAAAAARRRRRRR!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Walker pops up, cranking his arms like he’s racking a shotgun!]

GM: WALKER LAYS OUT THE BLACKHEART!

BW: Taylor’s down! James is down! The Dogs of War are on the warpath... and now they’ve gotta find a way to put Casey James down and out for good to earn that million bucks!

[Walker drops to the mat, rolling out of the ring where he immediately starts digging under the ring apron...]

GM: Walker’s right out here by us... maybe looking for...

[The largest member of the Dogs of War pulls a steel chair into view and promptly slides it under the bottom rope into the ring. He leans down, looking for more...

...when the crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[We cut to a shot of the ramp where we see a seven footer wielding a Singapore Cane and some really bad intentions walking down the aisle with a chip on his shoulders!]

GM: ROBERT DONOVAN IS COMING TO THE RING! THE SEVEN FOOTER IS COMING AND HE’S COMING WITH THAT CANE!

[Walker slides under the bottom rope, looking to grab the chair as Donovan steps over the top rope...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and CRACKS the Singapore Cane across the back of Wade Walker!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF, WHAT A SHOT!

[Donovan whips around towards a rising Isaiah Carpenter...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BETWEEN THE EYES ON CARPENTER!

[Bobby Taylor gets back to his feet, retrieving Walker’s dropped chair...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and goes across the back of Carpenter, sending him spilling over the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OUT GOES CARPENTER!

[Pedro Perez regains his feet, running towards Donovan who swings his long leg up...]

GM: AND A BIG BOOT ON PEREZ!

[Perez rolls under the ropes to the floor as Donovan extends the cane towards a rising Casey James who is holding his ribs in pain...

...and they rush towards Wade Walker, using the Singapore Cane to clothesline Walker over the ropes and out to the floor to a huge cheers!]

GM: AND THEY'VE CLEARED THE RING OF THE DOGS OF WAR! OH MY!

[Casey James lets go of the cane, shouting a sea of censored obscenities over the ropes at the Dogs of War as Donovan backs off, checking on his friend, Bobby Taylor who waves him off...]

GM: Robert Donovan - Singapore Cane in hand - has saved the day for both Bobby Taylor AND Casey Jam-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Donovan BLASTS Casey James in the back of the head with the Singapore Cane, the crowd groaning as the Blackheart hits the canvas...]

GM: What the...?!

BW: Donovan laid him out! He laid out James with the cane!

[The Singapore Cane - having broken on impact with the Blackheart's skull - is tossed angrily to the canvas as Donovan looks down from his seven foot vantage point. Taylor looks shocked at his friend who slowly turns his gaze onto him and speaks off-mic.]

"You should get one too. But for the sake of our boys, I'll let it slide... this time."

[And with that warning, Donovan steps over the ropes, exiting the ring and starting the walk back up the aisle to a mix of cheers and boos from the Winnipeg crowd.]

GM: Robert Donovan... obviously not too happy to be kept in the dark about what was going to happen at Eternally Extreme... has taken that out on Casey James here tonight in Winnipeg. James has been laid out...

BW: That may be a feeling he's going to get used to, Gordo.

GM: Heh. I suppose you're right. The biggest bounty in the history of our sport - one million dollars - has been placed on the head of Casey James and there's just no telling who may try to cash that in in the weeks to come. Fans, we're in overtime here on Fox Sports X already as we head towards our Main Event just moments away now... but before we go to the ring for it, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell! Lou?

[We cut to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: We are moments away from a match I don't think anybody expected would take place tonight... Johnny Detson is set for a non-title match, and his opponent is somebody who doesn't even work here... but that could change if he's victorious tonight... Supernova, come on out here.

[Supernova walks onto the set, still dressed in a black T-shirt and blue jeans, his dark brown hair hanging just past his ears, and a pair of shades concealing his eyes. His facial expression otherwise reveals no emotion.]

SLB: Supernova, let me start by asking you...

[Supernova holds up his hand.]

S: Lou, this may be my last shot, so if you would, let me make it count, all right?

[He gestures at the mic in Blackwell's hands. Blackwell stares for a moment, then nods and hands the mic to Supernova.]

S: Thank you for understanding.

[He turns to the camera, his voice calm and measured.]

S: James Lynch, I don't regret for a minute what I did to you earlier tonight. You drug my name through the mud, you drug your family's name through the mud, all because you were mad about not being allowed to wrestle, and you expect that I'm going to forgive you for any of that?

Absolutely not... I gave you exactly what you deserved, and I would do it again if given the chance.

[He glances at Blackwell for a moment, then back to the camera.]

S: Javier Castillo, you can suspend me, you can fire me, you can arrest me, you can put me in jail, you can sue me for every penny I owe, but you are never going to get rid of me.

The AWA is my home. It's where I got my big break, it's where so many people believed in me, even when I didn't believe in myself, and it's where I have given every bit of my heart and soul to make this company the best it could possibly be.

And I am not going to watch as some greedy corporate suit who only cares about his bank account and stock options and thinks that being a general is only about giving orders, when he'd never do what a real general does -- and that's lead, not in a way that's about giving himself a high profile and more pats on the back, but by showing he's willing to sacrifice everything to do what's right for others.

[He gestures to himself.]

S: I'm willing to sacrifice it all to save the AWA from your greedy hands. The question is, are you willing to sacrifice it all? Or is that your army's job?

I think I know the answer to that.

[He shakes his head.]

S: And then there's you, Johnny Detson. You want to know why I ignored Kerry Kendrick and went after you in Saskatchewan?

Let's make one thing clear -- you and Kendrick are different. Kendrick has spent more of his career talking and less of it harnessing his talents to be the best he can be. He blames others for when he fails, rather than owning his failures. I'll never respect a man like that.

But, you, Detson, I can respect you in that you've worked for a lot of what you had. I don't like your methods, but I'll give you this: You spend as much time walking the walk and you talk the talk. I'll never take that away from you.

[He glances at Blackwell again, who motions for him to continue.]

S: There's just one problem... all these things you say about Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan and what's happened to them... how you suddenly act like you never wanted anything bad happen to them.

I don't buy it for a second.

For weeks, you insisted that your so-called Kings of Wrestling do your bidding at every turn. You never treated them as equals, but as beneath you. You only cared about what was in it for you and never cared about what they thought.

You're no different from Castillo. You're not a leader of men willing to sacrifice everything for them. You're just somebody who cares about what's in for himself and doesn't care what that does to anybody else.

In other words, Johnny, you may be a great wrestler, but when it comes to this idea that you're suddenly going to bat for Wes Taylor... you're a big phony.

And that's why I dropped you at Saskatchewan.

[He glances at Blackwell again, and holds up his hand.]

S: It's this simple, Johnny. Tonight, I'm going to beat you, not because I'm doing it to save my own hide, but because I'm doing it so I can be here, night after night, fighting on behalf of the company that gave me everything.

And after that, not only am I going to be focused on that World Title, but I'm going to make sure that Castillo knows that I'm not going to rest until not only do I have that title, but that he and everyone of his underlings are no longer a threat to the company that gave me everything, and will always give everything right back to it.

[He turns to Blackwell and hands the mic back to him.]

S: Thank you for understanding.

[He walks off the set.]

SLB: Wow... I'm not sure what else I can say, folks, but let's head to ringside.

[We fade from backstage to Rebecca Ortiz standing in the ring.]

RO: The following non-title contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. If Johnny Detson wins, Supernova will be immediately ARRESTED and PROSECUTED to the fullest extent of the law. If Supernova wins, he will be REINSTATED as a member of the AWA roster.

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first... from Venice Beach, California and weighing 260 pounds... THIS... IS... SUUUUUUPERRRRRRNOOOOOOVAAAAAA!

[There is no entrance music, no pyro, nothing on the video wall. It's just Supernova walking down the aisle and to the ring. Supernova is still dressed in the same clothes he had on earlier: a black T-shirt, blue jeans and sunglasses. His dark brown hair hangs just past his ears.]

GM: Supernova heading to the ring, exactly the same as he was when he showed up earlier. He's not even dressed to compete, but I imagine his clothes are the furthest thing from his mind.

BW: Well, he did a number on James Lynch, and clearly intended to hurt him. And to hear him say he doesn't regret it... that was just cold, Gordo. And as much as I don't like the man, I can't remember the last time he acted that way.

[Supernova ascends the ring steps and ducks between the ropes. He doesn't acknowledge the fans. No more howling or working the crowd -- he simply walks to the corner, removes his sunglasses, hands them over to an attendant, then turns to face the entrance.]

GM: And after this match, either he's reinstated or he's off to jail... but even if it's the latter, he's already hinted Javier Castillo isn't getting rid of him that easily.

BW: Then Johnny Detson may just have to get rid of him, then. And while the World Champion isn't a fan of the Generalissimo, he's not a fan of Supernova, either, and I'm sure he'd love nothing more than to take him out.

GM: Absolutely. Rebecca, take it-

[But before Ortiz can continue, we abruptly cut to a shot backstage. We're in the Chimpanzee Position where Johnny Detson is set to walk through the curtain, the World Title belt secured around his waist. Detson is waiting for his cue when Javier Castillo approaches, John Law close behind.]

JC: Mr. Detson, I just wanted to wish you luck out there...

[Detson doesn't respond, glaring at El Presidente.]

JC: ...and to remind you that while we may not see eye to eye on everything these days, we do agree on this. Supernova must NOT be allowed to become an active member of the roster again. And we must be willing to do ANYTHING to prevent that from happening.

[Detson stays quiet, staring at Castillo.]

JC: Are we clear?

[But before the World Champion can respond, the opening chords of Led Zeppelin's "Kashmir" rings out over the PA system. Detson turns away from Castillo, walking up the stairs to the stage as we cut back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[With the rock and roll classic blasting over the PA system in the arena, the imminent arrival of the World Champion is treated much as it was in Regina - a steady mix of cheers and boos.]

RO: From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 248 pounds... he is the AWA
WORRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMMMMPIONNNNNNNN...

JOHNNNNNNNNYYYYYYY DEEEEEEEETSONNNNNNNNNNN!

[The crowd's ambivalence stays strong at the introduction of the champion who takes a few moments before emerging on the ramp cloaked in his black hoodie. 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.

He unzips the hoodie, revealing the glittering gold title belt around his waist. Detson points down the aisle at Supernova... then at the belt...]

"THIS IS THE CLOSEST YOU'LL EVER GET!"

[And with a smirk, he strides down the ramp, the music still rocking as he keeps his eyes locked on the ring. The crowd noise is still strong but still split as the World Champion heads towards battle.]

GM: Johnny Detson may have more fans than usual on his side here tonight but you get the feeling that doesn't matter one bit to him, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. Johnny's never been about the love of the fans - he's about winning matches, winning titles, and winning glory. And being the guy who cements Supernova's status on the outside looking in is one heck of a piece of glory to add to an already stellar resume.

GM: Detson's had quite the month of action, fans - a successful title defense over Olympic gold medalist Bret Grayson... the win over Kerry Kendrick at the Battle of Saskatchewan...

BW: And an incident in South Philly we've been told not to mention.

GM: Yet you just mentioned it.

BW: Yeah, but... well... uhh... you think anyone heard?

GM: Yes. Yes I do.

[Detson doesn't slow down on this night as he reaches the end of the ramp, rolling under the ropes into the ring and going right to a knee, his eyes locked on Supernova who doesn't budge, just looking down on the World Champion.]

GM: Detson obviously doesn't trust Supernova to not try for some kind of a pre-match attack here.

BW: Can you possibly blame him? He's been attacking Johnny Detson for months now - in the ring, on the ramp, in a car, at the bar... Supernova is the Sam I Am of the AWA!

[Detson gets to his feet, handing the World Title over to referee Davis Warren as he steps back to the corner, again not taking his eyes off his opponent for this night.]

GM: It's an electric atmosphere here in Winnipeg for this very-unexpected showdown between the World Champion and a man - should he be reinstated - that would be looking to take that title off Detson at the first opportunity.

[The champion tugs off his hoodie, tossing it over the ropes to the outside as he glares across at an unmoving Supernova who stands in his street clothes of a t-shirt and jeans, waiting for the battle to begin...]

GM: The entrances are done, the hype is over, and we're just about set for... oh, come on.

[Gordon's exclamation comes as Javier Castillo emerges from the backstage area, standing on the ramp. He's flanked by John Law who looks on without emotion.]

GM: What's he doing out here? He's got no business out here.

BW: You want to tell him that?

GM: I'd love to. I'll be right-

BW: Don't you dare! Sit down here right now! I don't know what I'd do if you got yourself fired, Gordo.

GM: Bucky, I'm touched.

BW: Don't be. It's taken over a decade to get used to you... if they gave me someone else, I'd probably have to quit.

GM: Very moving.

[Castillo doesn't advance beyond the stage though, looking down the ramp as Detson throws a nasty glare in his direction.]

GM: Johnny Detson's obviously not happy that Javier Castillo is out here... and you can bet that Supernova's not happy about it either.

BW: He's not coming down to ringside though. That's a plus at least.

GM: I suppose... but coming off the Battle of Saskatchewan, I think one thing was made quite clear, Bucky. There's absolutely nothing this man won't do to get his way.

[The referee makes sure both men are ready to go and...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and we're underway here in Winnipeg... we're-

[Supernova dashes out of the corner towards Detson who is in his own corner...]

GM: HEAT WA-

[But Detson dives through the ropes to the outside, shaking his head at Supernova who slams on the brakes...]

GM: Supernova was looking for that big running splash early on in this one but Detson saw it coming and- SUPERNOVA'S GOING OUT AFTER HIM!

[Out on the floor, Detson sees Supernova behind him and makes a run for it. Supernova breaks into a jog, chasing him around the ring as the crowd cheers the scene.]

GM: Detson's trying to get away from Supernova... rolls back in now...

[Detson spins around as Supernova comes under the ropes, burying a boot in his midsection. He yanks the formerly-face painted warrior into a standing headscissors as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...]

GM: Already?! He's going for the Wilde Driver ahead-

[But Supernova straightens up, LAUNCHING Detson over the top rope and sending him CRASHING down on the barely-padded floor with a backdrop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERNOVA DUMPS DETSON TO THE FLOOR! OH MY!

[A quick cut to the top of the ramp shows Castillo grabbing two hands full of his own hair, an anguished look on his face as a pumped-up Supernova circles around the ring, the crowd cheering his every movement...]

GM: Detson went down HARD on the barely-padded concrete floor here in Winnipeg... and now where in the world is Supernova going?!

[The crowd begins to buzz again as Supernova exits to the apron and starts climbing the turnbuckles...]

BW: He's going up top, Gordo!

GM: I can see that, Bucky, but why?! What's he got in mind here?! What's he-AHHHHHH!

[And as Detson struggles to his feet, Supernova HURLS himself off the top rope, wiping out the World Champion with a diving crossbody off the ropes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERNOVA PUTTING HIS BODY ON THE LINE TO GET A PIECE OF THE WORLD CHAMPION! HE WIPES OUT DETSON ON THE FLOOR!

BW: Johnny's gotta do something, Gordo. He's gotta think fast. This is NOT going the way he wanted it to go...

GM: It's not going the way that Javier Castillo wanted it to go either... look at Castillo's face up there on the stage! He's horrified at what he's seeing in this one!

[Supernova gets back to his feet on the floor, looking out on the cheering crowd with a nod. He leans down, dragging Johnny Detson off the floor by the hair. He looks into the World Champion's eyes, saying something off-mic to him...]

GM: Supernova's letting Detson know what he's gonna do to him... big whip!

[The Irish whip sends Detson sailing across the ringside area, crashing hard into the barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DETSON HITS THE STEEL!

[The champion stumbles off the barricade, wobbling towards a waiting Supernova who...]

GM: OH MY STARS! GORILLA PRESS!

[...and without hesitation, Supernova twists his body slightly, tossing Detson down out of the press!]

[illegible]

GM: SLAM ON THE FLOOOOOOOOOOR!

BW: Detson's taken THREE hard shots to the back now from Supernova! He's grabbing onto it now... and he may have suffered some major damage to his back with those falls on the floor, Gordo!

GM: The World Champion - crawling away from Supernova - trying desperately to create some distance between himself and the man who has been dreaming of this showdown for months now!

[Supernova starts to follow Detson... but he turns towards the ring as the official counts "SIX!"]

GM: The referee - nobody was listening to the referee but he's up to six already! Supernova rolls back in... right before seven comes down...

[With Supernova back in, the referee keeps counting... "EIGHT!"]

GM: We're up to eight!

BW: A countout's as good as a pin in this one, Gordo! He'd still get reinstated! He'd still-

GM: The count's at nine! Detson's still down on the outside and-

[Rebecca Ortiz' voice booms out over the PA system.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... I've just been informed that this match - by executive decree - has been made a NO COUNTOUT contest!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Supernova looks angrily down the aisle at a smirking Javier Castillo who gestures for the match to continue.]

GM: "Just been informed?!" This is Castillo's doing, Bucky! He's trying to put his thumb on the damn scales again like he did in Regina! He doesn't want Supernova to get reinstated so he's going to do whatever it takes to make sure Detson wins this one!

BW: What a brilliant move by Generalissimo Castillo! Brilliant!

GM: Oh, give me a break!

[Supernova is still glaring down the aisle as Davis Warren nudges him to continue the match, shaking his head and shrugging with a "not my call!" With a nod, Supernova drops to his back, rolling out to the floor again...]

GM: And now Supernova's back on the attack, pulling Detson to his feet...

[Detson promptly lashes out, stabbing a thumb into the eye of Supernova, sending him staggering away, rubbing his eyeball vigorously.]

GM: Supernova gets thumbed in the eye! Detson with a cheap shot on the outside and-

[Grabbing a handful of jeans, Detson takes aim...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHH! HEADFIRST INTO THE RAILING! GOOD GRIEF!

[Supernova collapses in a heap on the floor as Detson falls back against the apron, still grabbing at his lower back as the fans react - definitely more boos than cheers this time.]

GM: And while Johnny Detson got some cheers when he came out for this one, that's off the table for him right now.

BW: He's showing exactly why he's one of the most hated men in the business to begin with, daddy... and I love it!

GM: You would.

[Detson pushes off the apron, ignoring the referee's shouts to get the action back inside the ring.]

GM: The referee's trying to get them back in but he's got nothing to force it at this point since Castillo made this one a No Countout match.

[The World Champion drags Supernova off the ringside mats, twisting him around to lean against the railing. He grabs the collar of the t-shirt, ripping it open to expose Supernova's chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KNIFE EDGE CHOP BY DETSON!

[Twisting to square up, Detson throws an overhand chop as well.]

GM: Another hard chop by Detson there!

[Grabbing the arm, Detson whips Supernova towards the ring, sending the small of his back crashing hard into the edge of the apron!]

GM: OHH! A hard jolt send up and down the spine of the man from Venice Beach, California...

[Detson approaches the hurting Supernova, twisting him around again and SMASHES his head down on the ring apron, sending 'Nova stumbling along the apron towards the corner of the ring.]

GM: Face driven into the apron... and Detson loves a good fight on the outside, Bucky.

BW: He sure does... and he's very effective out there. He knows exactly what he needs to do to put a hurting on an opponent.

[Approaching the ringpost, Detson grabs Supernova by the back of the head, drawing it back...]

GM: TO THE POST!

[...but Supernova reaches out his hands, grabbing the ringpost with his arms extended!]

GM: No! Blocked!

[Detson struggles and strains, trying to complete the smash to the solid steel...

...but Supernova swings an elbow back into the gut... and a second one lands as well!]

GM: Supernova trying to fight his way out here...

[A third elbow to the gut lands also, breaking up Detson's attack and leaving him doubled up outside the ring...]

GM: Supernova gets loose and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -AND IT'S DETSON WHO EATS THE STEEL!

[Detson slumps against the ringpost as Supernova takes a short breather, arms resting on the ring apron...]

GM: Supernova trying to pull some air into his lungs. It's been a long time since he's competed in the ring on a regular basis, Bucky.

BW: It definitely has... and people who've come back from long layoffs will tell you that you can do all the cardio you want in a gym but there's nothing you can do to prepare you for getting in that ring again.

[Supernova pushes off the apron, grabbing the dazed Detson and shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Detson rolled back in... and again, we'd like to thank our broadcast partners at Fox Sports X for allowing us to go DEEP into overtime here tonight in this one. This match - so important... such huge implications... and our friends at Fox knew it as well.

[Supernova grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron as Detson rolls deeper into the ring, trying to create some distance once more. Shaking his head, Supernova steps through the ropes, stalking towards Detson as he crawls to the corner, using the ropes to pull himself to his feet...]

GM: Detson's in the corner... and that might be EXACTLY where Supernova wants him, fans!

[The California native approaches the corner, stepping up on the midbuckle with his fist raised high...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[The crowd is ROARING for Supernova as he drops down off the ropes, grabbing Detson by the wrist again...]

GM: Irish whip from corner to corner...

[And as Detson hits the buckles, Supernova removes the remnants of his t-shirt, throwing it into the crowd to cheers from the Winnipeg fans...

....and with his own back pressed into the buckles, he starts to charge across the ring!]

GM: HERE COMES 'NOVA!

[The former World Television Champion leaps into the air, ready to crush Detson against the buckles...

...but suddenly, a grab and pull from Detson puts someone else in Supernova's flight path!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DETSON PULLS DAVIS WARREN IN FRONT OF HIM! HE USED WARREN TO TRY AND SHIELD HIMSELF!

[Supernova backs off, a shocked expression on his face as Warren stumbles from the corner, faceplanting on the canvas...]

GM: Johnny Detson knew the Heat Wave was coming and he pulled the referee right in the way... and that's GOTTA be a disqualification, Bucky!

BW: Maybe it does and maybe it doesn't... but right now, I'm wondering who would even call for it if it was! Davis Warren is out cold!

[Supernova kneels down, checking on Warren as Detson drops to a knee, digging into the boot...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Supernova's got his back to Detson - he's not seeing any of this!

[Detson pulls something into view, holding it high for all to see.]

GM: He's got Black Beauty! Detson's got that studded leather glove and-

[Detson nods to the jeering crowd as he slips the glove onto his hand...]

GM: He's got the glove on!

BW: Supernova hasn't got a clue either!

[Straightening up with his hands on his hips, Supernova slowly turns...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...into a loaded right hand from Johnny Detson that lays Supernova FLAT on the canvas!]

GM: OH, WHAT A RIGHT HAND WITH THAT LOADED LEATHER GLOVE!

BW: That's it! Ring the bell! Supernova ain't gettin' up for a week!

[Detson pumps both fists in triumph, dropping to his knees before falling into a lateral press!]

GM: That's a cover!

BW: ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! COME ON!

GM: Detson may have Supernova knocked out cold - but he's also responsible for the referee being knocked out! This is all Detson's fault and...

[Quick cut to the top of the aisle where Javier Castillo - furious at the scene in the ring - starts waving an arm frantically...

...and after a few moments, Koji Sakai comes charging into view, running full speed down the ramp towards the ring!]

BW: Get in there! Get in there! Hurry up!

GM: We've got a second official headed for the ring! Sakai's in to count!
ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP!

BW: Gaaah! It took too long to get a referee out here, damn it!

GM: You could be right. Detson's shouting at Sakai who says it was a two count... he says it-

[But in the middle of arguing with the World Champion, Detson raises his right hand to jab a finger into Sakai's chest...

...and Sakai spots the glove.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Sakai points to the glove insistently as Detson jerks his hand away, twisting it out of Sakai's view.]

GM: The referee saw the loaded glove! He saw Black Beauty!

[Sakai waves his arms, turning towards the timekeeper...

...when again, Rebecca Ortiz' voice rings out over the PA system.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... I have now been informed that - by executive decree - this match is now a NO DISQUALIFICATION MATCH!

[The crowd groans as Sakai shakes his head. Ortiz shrugs, pointing up the ramp towards a grinning Castillo. Detson looks down at Castillo as well...

...and then drops to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the outside.]

GM: A No Disqualification Match?! Now where is Detson going?!

[Detson quickly digs under the ring apron...]

GM: He's got a chair! Detson's got a chair!

[Sliding back into the ring, Detson lifts the chair over his head, taking aim as Supernova struggles to get up off his hands and knees...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!

[Detson winds up again, the crowd jeering as he does...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He throws the chair aside, diving on top of Supernova, hooking a leg as Sakai drops down to count again.]

GM: A series of brutal chair shots across the back gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Supernova barely gets a shoulder off the canvas, saving his chance at reinstatement!]

GM: SUPERNOVA LIFTS THE SHOULDER! IT'S NOT OVER YET!

BW: HIT HIM AGAIN, JOHNNY!

[Detson gets up to his feet, barking at the official as he kicks the bottom rope in frustration...]

...and then goes to take Bucky's advice, turning back to the chair. He lifts it up off the mat, holding it in his hands as he paces angrily across the ring with it.]

GM: Detson's got the chair... wedging it between the ropes now in the corner... what's this all about?

BW: Johnny's got some bad intentions for this jerk, Supernova!

[Turning back to Supernova, Detson hauls him to his feet, pushing him back into the corner...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"YOU'RE DONE - YOU HEAR ME?! FINISHED!"

[Detson grabs Supernova by the arm...]

GM: He's gonna whip him into the chair!

[...but as the World Champion pulls him out, Supernova turns it around!]

GM: REVERSAL AND-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKFIRST TO THE CHAIR!

[Supernova falls back into the buckles, the crowd roaring as he does...]

GM: SUPERNOVA TO THE CORNER... LEAAAAAAAAAPS!

[...and the crowd EXPLODES as he crushes Detson against the buckles - and the steel chair - with a Heat Wave splash!]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER!

[Supernova gives a staggered Detson an assist, shoving the World Champion out of the corner where he collapses on his back on the canvas!]

GM: Supernova's got him down! Listen to this crowd in Winnipeg!

[The longtime AWA competitor grabs Detson by the legs, looking out on the crowd as he folds the legs across one another...]

...and steps through into his signature Texas Cloverleaf!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE! SOLAR FLARE LOCKED IN!

[Detson immediately screams out in pain, the abuse that his back has taken during the match exacerbating the agony he's feeling...]

GM: DETSON'S HOOKED IN THE MIDDLE! SAKAI DOWN ON A KNEE, CHECKING TO SEE IF HE WANTS TO GIVE IT UP!

[And with Detson crying out in pain, Javier Castillo breaks into a sprint, charging down the aisle towards the ring. John Law comes jogging after him as Castillo dives under the bottom rope at a full charge...]

GM: CASTILLO'S IN! CASTILLO'S IN!

[The AWA President and Generalissimo of the Korugun Army scoops up the discarded steel chair, spitting on his hands as he grips the legs, winding up with it...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF SUPERNOVA AND-

[But Supernova doesn't even flinch, simply letting go of Detson's legs, and turning around to face a shocked Javier Castillo!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: NO EFFECT!

[Supernova raises an arm, threatening Castillo who looks stunned, shaking his head in disbelief...

...and then whips the chair back over his head, looking to smash Supernova between the eyes with it!]

GM: STEEL CHAIR AND-

[The crowd ROARS again!]

GM: BLOCKED!

[Castillo's eyes go wide again as Supernova blocks the steel chair across the skull...

...and then YANKS the chair away, twisting it in his hands as John Law gets up on the apron!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR _RIGHT_ BETWEEN THE EYES OF JOHN LAW!

[Law goes flying backwards off the apron, crashing down on the floor in a motionless heap!]

GM: DOWN GOES LAW!

[Castillo hurls himself at Supernova from behind, battering him with rights and lefts to the head...

...and slowly, Supernova turns to face him!]

GM: SUPERNOVA'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM NOW!

[Clutching a handful of Castillo's hair, Supernova tosses him into the corner...

...and DRILLS him with a right hand to a huge reaction!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Supernova grabs Castillo by the hair, pulling him up again as the Winnipeg crowd THUNDERS in their response to the AWA President getting exactly what he's had coming to him...]

GM: Supernova whips him across!

[He falls back into the corner, the crowd somehow getting even louder in anticipation of what's coming next...]

GM: NOVA ON THE MOVE... HE LEAAAAAAPS!

[...and CRUSHES Castillo in the corner with the Heat Wave!]

GM: HE GOT ALL OF THAT! DOWN GOES CASTILLO AGAIN!

[Grabbing Castillo by the legs, Supernova takes a long look out at the roaring crowd before flipping Castillo over!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE! SOLAR FLAR-

[But before he can really crank back on it...]

GM: DETSON!

[Back on his feet, the World Champion laces a boot into the unsuspecting Supernova's midsection, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

BW: WILDE DRIV-

[But before Detson can hook the arms, Supernova reaches down, sweeping out both legs...

...and flips over in a double leg cradle!]

GM: DOUBLE LEG! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! SUPERNOVA WINS! SUPERNOVA IS REINSTATED!
SUPERNOVA IS REINSTAT-

[But as Supernova gets to his feet to celebrate, Johnny Detson is waiting, burying the boot in again, hooking the arms and...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WILDE DRIVER ON SUPERNOVA!

[The crowd quickly deflates as the World Champion kneels on the canvas, flipping Supernova onto his back so he can berate him with the Winnipeg crowd jeering wildly...]

GM: Detson hits the Wilde Driver! Supernova just got reinstated but-

BW: Welcome back, chump!

GM: Detson laying the badmouth down on him.

[As Detson does that, Castillo slowly gets to his feet, grabbing at his lower back, wincing in pain with every movement...]

GM: Castillo's on his feet - he's gotta be-

[But before Gordon can even guess Castillo's mental state, Castillo launches into a tirade, screaming at Detson. We don't catch all of it but words like "LOSER!" "WORTHLESS!" and "HAS-BEEN!" are in full supply and usage. Detson rises off the mat, staring at Castillo as the AWA President continues to let him have it.]

GM: Castillo's shouting at the World Champion. He's beside himself that Supernova's been reinstated and-

BW: I'm not sure this is a good...

[Detson listens to Castillo for a bit, a smirk on his face...

...and then BURIES a boot in the midsection!]

BW: WAIT! JOHNNY, NO! DON'T DO-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WILDE DRIVER ON CASTILLO! WILDE DRIVER ON CASTILLO! OH MY GOD, DO YOU BELIEVE IN MIRACLES?!

BW: IT'S NOT FUNNY, GORDO!

[Detson gets to his feet, a huge grin on his face now as he looks down at the motionless Castillo, the crowd absolutely roaring for what they just saw...

...with a quick look down the aisle, Detson spots a sea of Korugun Army members tearing down the ramp in his direction!]

GM: THE ARMY IS COMING FOR HIM! THEY'RE COMING FOR DETSON!

[Detson quickly bails from the ring, hopping the barricade, and charging through the roaring Winnipeg crowd long before any of the Army members arrive at ringside!]

GM: DETSON'S OUT OF HERE! THE WORLD CHAMPION HAS STRUCK AND STRUCK HARD... AND NOW HE'S OUT OF HERE!

[We see Jeff Matthews get to the ring first, kneeling on the canvas next to Castillo as James Lynch arrives, shaking his head at the scene in the ring. More Army members are around the ring, some going over the railing after Detson who is DEEP into the crowd now!]

GM: We're WAY out of time! We gotta go! We'll see you in North Dakota, fans! Oh, what a night!

[And as we hold our shot on a motionless Supernova and Castillo down on the mat, we fade to black.]