



SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

SEPTEMBER 23, 2017

**CHESAPEAKE ENERGY ARENA
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA**

HOUR TWO

HOUR 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 we fade up on a shot of the ring set up right in the middle of the Chesapeake Energy Arena. The arena is already set up for the night's action - all of the usual staging, ramp, etc. in place.

But the graphic lets us know it is "TWO HOURS AGO" which explains the lack of the crowd. There are also no AWA employees visible...

...except for AWA President and Generalissimo of the Korugun Army, Javier Castillo. He is standing in the ring, flanked by his personal security MAWAGA and the Head of Security for the Korugun Army, John Law.

The ring is surrounded by the soldiers of said Army - Jeff Matthews, James Lynch, Derek Rage, "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett with Morgan Dane, the Dogs of War, Kurayami, Ebola Zaire, Muteesa, and Polemos. A sharp-eyed viewer would notice that Veronica Westerly is nowhere to be seen.

Castillo is clad in an all white version of his "military" uniform, covered with medals and badges for wars he never fought as he addresses the troops.]

JC: It is a period of civil war.

[He nods confidently.]

JC: Two weeks ago, the enemy Jon Stegglet told the world that he's bringing forth a rebellion against us... against Korugun... in an attempt to drive us out of the AWA once and for all. He has declared war... on all of you.

[Some grumbling around ringside.]

JC: For the better part of a year, you have served Korugun honorably... you have defended Korugun with pride... all for different reasons. Money... fame... glory... championships... you have wanted it and you have gotten it.

And now... the time to get ready for all-out war is upon us.

[Castillo pauses.]

JC: The stakes have never been higher than this. Every move we make from here on forward will be scrutinized until the end of days... so we must be perfect. I must develop the perfect strategy... and you must execute it without flaw.

I must build the perfect team.

[He grins.]

JC: And that starts tonight. The first draft pick for my team has been decided... and will be revealed at an opportune time. But the rest? Well, that's still to be determined...

And tonight, I'm holding tryouts!

[Castillo nods, surveying his soldiers.]

JC: Who among you wants it the most? Who among you deserves it the most? Who among you are ready to be relied on in the ultimate battle in this war at SuperClash IX in just two months' time?

We're going to find out.

Many of you will be in matches tonight. Some of you will be given other tasks crucial to this cause.

But at all times, my eyes will be on you... watching... observing... waiting to see if you are prepared, willing, and able to do what must be done.

[His gaze goes cold as he makes sure he locks eyes with each person around the ring and beside him.]

JC: Do. Not. Fail. Me.

[The soldiers around the ring nod and buzz amongst themselves as Castillo stands center ring, arms clasped behind his back.]

JC: DISMISSED!

[We fade from the "TWO HOURS AGO" footage to a different shot marked "THIRTY MINUTES AGO." This one shows AWA co-owner Jon Stegglet backstage in what we can only assume is a conference room of some sort. A large white board is in the room, a list of names written on it with a large numerals of one through five sitting empty. Stegglet is in black slacks and a white dress shirt. A red tie hangs loosely from his neck and his hair is mussed as he stands at the front of the room, muttering to himself. He suddenly seems to notice the camera, turning towards it.]

JS: Castillo says it's a period of civil war? Well, it's about to get as UNCIVIL as it can get. The wrestlers in this locker room? They're tired of Javier Castillo. The fans that'll be in this building and watching all over the world on Fox Sports X tonight? They're tired of Javier Castillo. And you damn sure better believe I'm tired of him too.

Castillo's got his number one draft pick? That's fine. Bring him out, Javier. Show me who you've got!

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: My phone's been ringing off the hook for two weeks now. Everyone is calling, Javier. They all want their shot to bring you down. People standing in the locker room tonight want you out of here. People I haven't heard from in years want just one more night in this business to send you running out the door.

You're right, Javier... the time to get ready for war is almost here.

You're holding tryouts tonight? Well, me too. Every single man who gets in that ring tonight - sorry, ladies... I wish we could use you too - is going to have me watching because I need to know who can do this. I need to know who has what it takes.

And like I said two weeks ago, I don't care if I love you... hate you... or think you're the biggest scumbag on the planet... if I think you can fight in this war and bring us out the other side, I'm interested.

[Stegglet chews his bottom lip nervously.]

JS: But fair warning... this IS war... and in war, there will be casualties. I can't make any promises about what tomorrow holds but if you go to war with us... with me... I can promise that I'll never forget it.

Good luck out there tonight.

[He points to his eyes.]

JS: I'll be watching.

[And with that, we fade to a live shot of the Chesapeake Energy Arena crowd, cheering and clapping as we come on the air to our usual setup with the stage, the ramp, the ring, etc.]

The voice of Gordon Myers cuts through as a burst of pyro rockets towards the arena ceiling.]

GM: WE! ARE! LIVE, AWA FANS! We are live in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma! We are live on Fox Sports X! And we are live - once again - for another edition of the hottest professional wrestling action on the planet, Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Cut to a shot of some rabid fans waving their signs, dressed in their favorite AWA merch.]

GM: We are two weeks removed from one of the most unpredictable and exciting nights in AWA history, Homecoming... and the atmosphere in this arena tonight is electric, Bucky!

BW: You got that right, Gordo, because we are on the road to SuperClash IX - just two months away - and as we've already seen, the AWA has turned into a warzone!

GM: Javier Castillo's getting ready for war! Jon Stegglet's getting ready for war! And we're all in the middle of the battlefield as-

[Cutting off Gordon Myers in mid-sentence, the soft tinkling of synth music can be heard. A roar raises from the crowd as the familiar song begins.]

BW: I don't believe it, Gordo. I didn't think we'd ever see him again after Korugun left him laying two weeks ago!

GM: You better believe, Bucky! You better always believe because the White Knight is here!

[The heavy drums are matched by the fans stomping their feet, as "Vox Populi" continues to play. The voice of the fans join in as they sing the opening.]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war
This is a battle song, brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

[The curtain parts, and out he steps. The AWA's White Knight. Two times the World Heavyweight champion, including the longest reign in the title's history. Ryan Martinez stands at the entranceway, pausing a moment to soak in the crowd's cheers before he makes his way towards the ring.]

GM: And there he is... bruised, battered, but still standing tall.

BW: After Homecoming, I expected him to be a heck of a lot flatter. Muteesa smashed him flatter than the main dish at IHOP!

[Now in the ring, the AWA's White Knight raises a microphone to his mouth.]

RM: Javier Castillo...

[Martinez trains his focus on the entranceway.]

RM: I'm right here.

And I'm not going anywhere!

[The cheers of the crowd are off the charts as Martinez nods his head.]

RM: Oh, you hurt me. Every time I take a deep breath, it feels like my body is filled with broken glass. But I've been hurt before.

And I know, before this is over, I'll get hurt again.

But Castillo, I accepted, a long, long time ago, that pain is the price I have to pay to keep the AWA safe from scum like you.

From the Wise Men to the Axis, I've been hurt many times.

And here I am. I might be down.

But I sure as hell am not out!

[Another big cheer goes up from the crowd!]

RM: The only thing you've done, Castillo, is light a fire. You want a war? Then it's a war you'll get. You might have an army. You might have monsters.

But I've got something far worse than any monster...

[Martinez looks to the entranceway, waiting through a dramatic pause...

...as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play.]

RM: ...I've got Supreme Wright!

[The crowd cheers wildly as they see Supreme Wright emerging from the back. The man considered by many to be the greatest wrestler in the world and perhaps even its most dangerous, walks down to the ring with a determined look on his face.]

GM: Well, this just got REAL interesting, Bucky. For weeks now, Supreme Wright's focus has been on Jeff Matthews after Matthews' shocking betrayal of Wright back in July. Could Wright be ready to throw that aside and stand alongside his friend, Ryan Martinez, in the war to come?

BW: We talked about Homecoming being unpredictable, Gordo... and maybe nothing all night long was more unpredictable than Supreme Wright issuing an open challenge in Dallas, Texas and Ryan Martinez attempting to answer it.

GM: That's right. It was a SuperClash rematch... a long-awaited rematch by fans, by the media, by everyone in this industry... and of course, it was Matthews, Castillo, and Korugun who stole that away from all of us.

[Wright steps through the ropes and shakes The White Knight's hand, before turning his attention to the crowd.]

SW: Two weeks ago, I stood here in MY ring to face the greatest opponent I've ever known in a rematch that I've dreamed of for nearly three years.

Ryan Martinez versus Supreme Wright.

[There's a huge roar at the mentioning of the match. Supreme gives Martinez a knowing look, before turning his attention back to the crowd.]

SW: And I wasn't the only one waiting. The WORLD has been waiting. But apparently the idea of being responsible for having the greatest match in professional wrestling history on one of his shows was too much for Javier Castillo... and just like everything that Korugun and Javier Castillo have touched in the AWA... it was poisoned. It was ruined. It was desecrated. And we were denied our satisfaction.

[The crowd jeers at that.]

SW: But for a brief, wonderful moment,.. we were reminded of what the AWA can and should be. And in that brief, wonderful moment, _I_ was reminded of something.

THE AWA BELONGS TO US!

[BIG ROAR!]

SW: Not Korugun! Not Castillo!

[He points to himself and then to Martinez.]

SW: US. WE are the men who will define the future of the AWA. WE control its destiny. Not some international criminal who thinks he's a general. And I'll be damned if we continue to let Javier Castillo act like he has a say on how our kingdom is run.

[The crowd is going wild, whipped up into a frenzy by Wright's words.]

SW: Castillo says he has a big surprise for us with his number one pick for War Games?

[A beat.]

SW: Well, I say to Hell with Javier Castillo's number one pick!

[Big pop!]

SW: I don't care who it is. Bring down your army of monsters upon us, Castillo. Send us your demons. Set loose your abominations.

And watch them BURN!

[Ryan raises an eyebrow at that line, as the crowd roars in delight.]

SW: Because there isn't a damn creature walking on this planet that can stand up to Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez.

You wanted war?

WE ARE THE WAR!

[Through deafening cheers, Ryan nods in approval at Supreme's words.]

RM: You've made the last mistake you'll ever make, Castillo. Your reign of terror is over. You're about to see what an angry and motivated Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez are truly capable of.

Mr. Stegglet, I hope you're listening right now, because your search just got a lot easier.

You're looking at the first two members of Team AWA!

[A MASSIVE CHEER!]

RM: And we're going to show Javier Castillo the exact difference between monsters...

[Martinez points to Wright and then to himself.]

RM: ...and Gods!

SW: Count on it!

[The crowd is still roaring as Gordon's voice cuts in again.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Ryan Martinez AND Supreme Wright joining Team AWA for SuperClash?! Jon Stegglet's search just got a TON easier!

BW: I don't know who Javier Castillo has in mind for his number one draft pick - I guess we'll find out soon enough - but whoever it is, it's going to have be HUGE to stand up to these two.

[And just as Martinez and Wright seem about to exit the ring, the roaring snarl of a jungle cat is heard, drawing immediate and instant jeers from the AWA faithful as the sounds of "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez creep across the PA system.]

GM: Of course.

BW: Well, you didn't really think the General would allow these two to hog the spotlight, didja?

[Another moment or two pass before Javier Castillo slithers into view, dressed in the same white military uniform we saw at the top of the show. He's flanked by his personal bodyguard, MAWAGA, and the Head of Security for the Korugun Army, John Law. Castillo smirks as he raises a mic in hand and the music fades out, the trio standing on the stage.]

JC: Well, well, well...

[He gestures towards the ring.]

JC: Two of the AWA's so-called pillars coming together to fight Korugun.

[Castillo mockingly claps.]

JC: Impressive... most impressive. You two form a rather... impressive... foundation for Stegglet's team.

But what happens, I wonder...

[Castillo sneers.]

JC: ...when the wrecking ball that is Korugun comes tearing in and KNOCKS! YOU! DOWN!

[The crowd jeers as Castillo laughs.]

JC: Perhaps... perhaps I should unleash MY number one pick... right now!

[The OKC crowd cheers that idea.]

JC: Because I promise you both that HE will knock you down.

[Castillo grins... but then waves a hand.]

JC: But it's not time for that... not yet. What it is time for is for the two of you to learn exactly what happens when two self-delusional "gods"... collide with two of my certified monsters!

[The General gestures to the back...

...and as the music starts up again, we see the hulking and nightmarish forms of Muteesa and Ebola Zaire come into view. Zaire is clutching a Singapore cane, slapping it against his flabby chest as Muteesa slaps his own painted stomach, bobbing about in his war mask.]

GM: What's this about now?!

BW: I think Castillo's still feeling a little of that Homecoming spirit, Gordo! We're getting an unscheduled match and it's time for Wright and Martinez to put up or shut up!

[Castillo extends an arm, holding Muteesa and Zaire at bay for a moment.]

JC: Gentlemen... consider this your tryout.

[He raises his arm as the two monsters start towards the ring where Martinez and Wright are waiting.]

GM: Well, we've got a match on our hands apparently... and I don't know if Wright and Martinez were ready for a fight but they've got one coming their way now!

[Muteesa flings his wooden mask aside, letting loose a high-pitched cry as he nears the ring where Wright and Martinez have squared up, ready for the battle to come...]

GM: The fans in OKC are on their feet - they want to see this one go down!

[Zaire climbs the ringsteps, coming through the ropes, still wielding the Singapore cane as referee Scott Ezra comes sprinting into view, diving under the bottom rope...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and Zaire rushes Martinez, swinging the Singapore cane but the White Knight ducks under it. Zaire goes falling into the ropes, dropping the cane as Martinez hits the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE ON ZAIRE!

[The blow stuns Zaire but he hangs onto the ropes as Martinez runs to the ropes again...]

GM: MAKE IT TWO!

[The second one spins Zaire that his arms are hooked over the ropes as a fired-up Martinez holds up a finger, rushing to the ropes...]

GM: Martinez off the ropes again!

[...and connects with a clothesline that sends Zaire flipping over the top rope, crashing down hard on his knees on the barely-padded floor! The crowd roars so loud, it's hard to hear the cry of pain from Zaire as Muteesa slides in, trading blows with Supreme Wright!]

GM: Forearm by Wright... backhand chop by Muteesa!

[The two are squared up, going blow for blow as Martinez stands in the corner, watching the fight unfold...

...but Wright's blows start coming faster... and harder... and fiercer...]

GM: WRIGHT'S SWINGING FOR THE FENCES!

[Wright loops his left hand around the neck, holding Muteesa steady as he throws elbow after elbow after elbow...

...and then goes into a spin, CRACKING Muteesa on the jaw with a rolling elbow that sends Muteesa falling back into the ropes, stumbling back out towards a waiting Wright...]

GM: ARE?! YOU?! KIDDING?! ME?!

[The crowd ROARS as Wright muscles the near 400 pounder up onto his shoulders, holding him in a fireman's carry as Martinez gives a loud "YEAH!" from the corner...]

GM: SUPREME WRIGHT'S GOT MUTEESA UP! GOT HIM UP ON HIS SHOULDERS!

[With Wright's back turned, a hobbling Ebola Zaire slides into the ring behind him, Singapore cane in his hands again...]

GM: ZAIRE'S IN! HE'S GOT THE-

[...but Martinez tears across the ring, leaping into the air, extending his leg...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: EXCALIBUR! OH MY!

[Zaire goes down like a sack of rocks, Martinez rolling clear as Wright grits his teeth and somehow shoves Muteesa up over his head...

...and DROPS him gutfirst across his raised knees!]

GM: FAT TUESDAY! WRIGHT DROPS HIM!

[Muteesa clutches his abdomen, rolling from the ring as Wright gets up, wincing a little at the impact to his knees...

...and then points to the downed Zaire!]

GM: They're not done yet, Bucky!

BW: Wright's got Zaire by the ankle, dragging him to mid-ring...

[Wright looks down the ramp at a shocked Castillo, a smirk on his face before he shouts in the general's direction...]

"TIME TO FINISH WHAT JACK STARTED!"

[...and then stretches the leg across the back of his neck, bending the kneecap in a torture rack type position!]

GM: STRETCH MUFFLER! WRIGHT GOING AFTER THE KNEE! GOING AFTER THE KNEE OF EBOLA ZAIRE THAT JACK LYNCH HURT A FEW MONTHS AGO!

[And to the shock of the AWA faithful, Ebola Zaire is SCREAMING in pain as Wright stretches and bends the knee...

...and then smirks as Zaire slaps the canvas repeatedly!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: HE TAPPED! HE TAPPED!

[Castillo angrily shouts, throwing the mic down on the ramp, sending it rolling down the metal as he glares at the ring where Ryan Martinez raises his arms...

...and Supreme Wright keeps torquing the knee ferociously!]

BW: And Wright's not done! He's trying to do serious damage - like he said, he's trying to finish what Jack Lynch started with that Iron Claw to the knee months ago! Zaire came back from that... but he may not come back from this!

GM: Ebola Zaire, one of the most dangerous, most brutal, toughest men in the history of this business, is screaming in pain thanks to Supreme Wright and...

[Wright finally lets go of the leg, allowing Zaire to curl up in a ball on the canvas, clutching his knee as Wright stands alongside Martinez, staring down the aisle and shouting again at Castillo.]

“WHAT ELSE DO YOU HAVE?!”

[MAWAGA attempts to step forward but Castillo sticks out his arm, shouting “NO!” at his personal bodyguard. The dark sunglasses turn towards Castillo for a moment before the AWA President leads MAWAGA and John Law back offstage as Dr. Bob Ponavitch and some of his staff come jogging into view, pushing a stretcher towards the ring.]

GM: What a showdown! What a staredown! And the duo of Martinez and Wright just showed Javier Castillo what war means to them!

BW: The referee's calling for that stretcher... I think Zaire is hurt bad, Gordo.

GM: I think he is as well... and with Javier Castillo and his goons fleeing into the night, Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright are standing tall! Fans, we'll be right back!

[Martinez grabs his friend's wrist, lifting their arms in the air as the AWA faithful roars and we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

...and then open to a tight shot of the interior of a locker. We see a pair of black jeans. We see athletic tape. Above it, on the rear wall of the locker, we see a ragged photo of Javier Castillo.]

"WHAM!"

[A fist slams into the photo.]

"WHAM!"

[A heavily taped fist.]

"WHAM!"

[We pan back as the fist is brought back again. Hannibal Carver glares at the now crumpled photo, a stoic frown on his face.]

HC: I'd fire an empty gun at this photo if I could. After what I saw happen while I was stuck on the tarmac, I don't mind turning to voodoo if it meant this dirtbag would be out of circulation.

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: But even an empty gun... I don't think anyone would be too happy about one of those in my hands. So these mitts will have to do.

[A half smirk crosses Carver's lips before he shakes his head.]

HC: I'm not one for superstition, but things have gotten way too out of control. I'd do anything to put this war to rest. That's the problem with suits like yeh, Castillo. Yeh've never had to fight with nothing but yet bare hands. Yeh always have someone else to do yet dirty work. Someone to hide behind. Whether it's some big goof or a corporation... yeh never gave to get yet hands dirty.

[Carver scowls.]

HC: Yeh never have had to know what stakes are. As long as yer bosses are happy, that's all that matters. That's yer world.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: But it sure as hell ain't mine. Yer about to find all about my world. Empty beer cans, cigarette butts... and a ledger that's all in black. I remember every slight that comes my way, especially from some slimy suit like yeh.

[Carver nods.]

HC: And I always make sure my bills are paid in full. Because that's what this is all about for me. Putting in time so yeh can keep a roof over yer head. Something yeh've taken away from people, most of them a hell of a lot better than me as far as human beings go. Because I'm everything yeh think. I'm a ball of anger with a head full of bad wiring. I don't even belong in this sport, if yeh go by what the likes of...

[Quote fingers.]

HC: "El Presidente" or whatever cute little name yer going by this week calls a wrestler. But while yer walking around with yer head stuck up yer ass, something slipped through the cracks. Yer own family let an animal like me get a shot at that precious gold.

[Carver smirks.]

HC: Hey, Jackson. It'll be good to see yeh again. Even better to knock that head all over that damn ring again. Because yeh and Castillo, there ain't much difference there. Hell, he did his best to let yeh cave in Williams' head with a shovel just so he could add another promising career he put down.

[Carver scowls.]

HC: Didn't work too hot. Reminds me of when the suits sic'd that Dane scumbag on me. Whacked me over the head with a shovel, just like yeh love to do.

[Carver tilts his head to the side, slapping his forehead.]

HC: Didn't take. Bad wiring, didn't I tell yeh? Can't break what I broke decades ago. Williams is gonna have his time to get his revenge. That real revenge, the kind I like. The kind where yeh hold a man's whole universe in the palm of yer hands and decide what it'll be...

[Carver stares down at his open hands, slowly turning them into fists.]

HC: ... just because he thought yer livelihood was a game. It's gonna be a thing a beauty, I tell yeh. No matter how many times I see it, it never gets old.

[Carver laughs darkly, shaking his head.]

HC: But that ain't my game tonight. I wouldn't rob him of that chance for anything in this world. No, tonight?

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: I'll just have to settle for beating MOST of the life outta yeh. But only most. Hell, it'll be so damn painful yeh'll probably block out the reality of it as it's happening to yeh.

Only thing yeh'll have to remember it by?

[Carver nods, raising his arms to the sky.]

HC: Is when yer half-comatose carcass looks up to see me with YER belt.

[Carver reaches into his locker, taking out a beer can. He cracks it open and takes a swig.]

HC: And that's--

[Carver cuts his own words off as two figures make themselves known.]

"Something we're all counting on."

[The camera cuts to Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright, looking triumphant after their match. Martinez cracks the slightest grin after his interjection.]

RM: So...

[Ryan draws in a breath and exhales.]

RM: Normally, this is where I'd give the big speech. Where I'd say things like "honor" and "doing things the right way."

And then you'd get in my face and tell me you're going to do it your way and if I get in your way, then it's my funeral.

Normally.

But I think we all know that we passed "normal" a long time ago.

I am not here to give you a lecture or to tell you what to do and I'm especially not here to tell you how to do it.

Because tonight reinforced a lesson that both of you...

[Ryan points to Wright and then Carver]

RM: ...have been trying to teach me for a long time.

It isn't about my way or your way or his way. It's about OUR way. We are the three pillars, and we're stronger together. And stronger because we're different. Each of us brings something different to the table. And that's why we're going to win this war.

Because while Castillo might be able to take one of us out, there's no way he can prepare for the three of us.

So we're not here to tell you to change. We're here to tell you to keep fighting your way. And to remind you of something.

[Martinez turns to Wright.]

SW: We've got your back. We've been losing this fight against Korugun, but for all the wrong reasons. We didn't stick together and we didn't stay united after Korugun won the first battle. For some reason, we all went our separate ways. We splintered, we fractured...

RM: We didn't hold the line.

[Wright shakes his head.]

SW: ...and after months of letting Castillo smash us to bits, now we've got to pick up all the broken pieces. Now, we're forced to fight for very existence. But we're all in this together, so no matter what happens, The White Knight and I are going to have your back. What we want to know... is do you have ours?

[Carver looks down at his beer and smirks.]

HC: Yeh, I got yer backs.

[We see Carver bumping fists with Wright, before he takes another swig from the can, as Martinez turns to the camera.]

RM: I know you're listening, Castillo. And I don't care. Because there's nothing you can do about it.

You squeezed and you squeezed us, Castillo. And all that squeezing? All it did was bring us together.

You wanted war? Well, that's what you're going to get. And like everyone else, you're about to find out a simple truth.

So long as the Pillars stand together...

[He turns to Wright... and then to Carver, before staring directly into the camera.]

RM: ...they will not fall!

[We fade from Carver's locker room...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we get a shot backstage in the office of Javier Castillo. Castillo is nervously jotting something down on a piece of paper... and then crossing it out, mumbling to himself as a soft knock on the door is heard. Castillo audibly sighs before shouting.]

JC: ENTER!

[The door nudges open as Veronica Westerly walks into view. Westerly's in a little black dress and heels, approaching the desk slowly as Castillo glares daggers at her.]

VW: You wanted to see me?

[Castillo slams his pen down on the table, causing Veronica to visibly startle. As she draws closer, we can see the remnants of her "encounter" with Marissa Monet two weeks ago - a few marks on her face but the swelling is gone.]

JC: Indeed I do, Miss Westerly. Two weeks ago, you were in charge of this show.

[It's not a question. She nods anyways.]

JC: Two weeks ago, you did a... passable... job.

[Veronica objects.]

VW: The reviews were stellar. People were calling it one of the most exciting shows we've ever-

[Castillo raises a hand to silence her. She glares as he speaks.]

JC: Yes, yes... all that was fine. Considering the circumstances, when you asked me if we could broadcast an open call for assistance... I reluctantly agreed. But you took my generosity too far.

[He continues to glare at her but she's giving as good as she's getting.]

JC: Travis Lynch?

VW: I had no-

[He raises his hand again.]

JC: That fool Christie and his slobs?

[Westerly doesn't respond to that.]

JC: Taylor and Slater?!

VW: Taylor owns the damn-

[Another raised hand.]

JC: And of course... your beloved son.

[Finally, Westerly looks down at the floor, having known this one was coming.]

JC: You knew how I felt... how I FEEL... about your son's defiance earlier this year.

[Not a question. She nods, still looking down.]

JC: And yet, you too decided to DEFY me by-

[Veronica interrupts.]

VW: All hands on deck! You said it yourself - we needed all hands on deck! And I don't know if you've talked to Talent Relations lately... but I have. And they said that Brian's contract had a clause that said if he was benched for too long without injury-

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

JC: That he could opt out and become a free agent? Yes, I'm aware of that clause... now.

[He sighs.]

JC: And I'm sure he's made the customary threat to go to see how green the grass is elsewhere.

[Veronica nods.]

JC: Then... under the circumstances...

[He pauses, staring a hole right through Veronica.]

JC: ...I suppose you did the right thing.

[Her head jerks up, an obvious shocked expression on her face. Castillo shrugs.]

JC: Michael Aarons is one thing but I will not lose Brian James to that muscleheaded fool Alana.

[Veronica nods again.]

JC: So... fine. Your son is reinstated.

[Veronica beams happily... but Castillo raises a finger.]

JC: On one condition...

[Castillo gets a twisted smirk on his face.]

JC: I want him working for me... not the AWA... for me.

[Veronica grimaces, shaking her head.]

VW: You want him in WarGames?

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: An excellent idea, Miss Westerly... perhaps. But first, I want him working for Korugun and proving his loyalty to me.

[He rises from his desk.]

VW: I'm not sure he'll go for that.

[Castillo strides out from behind his desk, staring into Veronica's eyes as he draws near.]

JC: Nevertheless, Miss Westerly... you WILL convince him. And you have one shot to do so... otherwise we'll do this MY way. Are we clear?

[Westerly nods as Castillo walks towards the door, turning back as he gets there.]

JC: Good meeting, Miss Westerly...

[He pauses.]

JC: ...Temple. Hmm.

[He strokes his chin.]

JC: Perhaps there's another way you can make this up to me.

[And with a thoughtful expression, he strides out of the room. Westerly waits until he leaves...

...and then SLAMS her hands down on the table with a frustrated shout. She leans over the desk, eyes clenched tightly...

...until the silence is broken by a small, soft voice.]

"Mom?"

[Veronica opens her eyes, startled by the interruption. She takes a moment, seemingly trying to steel herself as she brushes at her eyes, turning around to face her child.

It is Truth Marie Temple, the dark herald herself, standing before her mother. The teenaged Truth Marie stands in a black dress, conservative for her age as it reaches near her ankles and covers her to mid-forearm. A dangling silver crucifix hangs around her neck. Her face is covered in sadness though, a far cry from the confident young woman we've seen in the past.]

TMT: Mom, are you okay? What's wrong?

[Veronica forces a smile, shaking her head.]

VW: Truth... I can't believe you're here. I'm... no, it's nothing. It's just... work. That's all. Nothing for you to be concerned about.

[Truth shakes her head.]

TMT: I AM concerned. I've been calling you for two weeks and all I can get out of you is "it's nothing." I tried calling Aunt Angelica and Uncle Dylan and they said you won't talk to them either.

It's not nothing... it's something, Mom.

[Veronica doesn't volunteer a response.]

TMT: It's not even what happened with Marissa Monet, right?

[Still no response.]

TMT: It's this place, isn't it? It's HIM.

[The accusation lands on target as Veronica grimaces. She looks away momentarily.]

VW: I said it's nothing, baby. Mom can handle this. I've just had... a rough few weeks. That's all.

[Truth looks at her, her dark eyes full of concern.]

TMT: But it's not, though, is it? It's more than that.

[Truth looks down at the floor, a tinge of shame and sorrow in her voice.]

TMT: I talked to Daddy about it.

[Veronica looks up at Truth suddenly, her own face taking on an entirely different countenance.]

VW: Wh-

TMT: [interrupting] Daddy's worried about you, too.

VW: He doesn't ev-

TMT: [interrupting] He told me he tried to call you after what happened. With Marissa, I mean. He saw. He was worried, Mom. He tried to call-

[Veronica angrily interrupts.]

VW: And what good would that have done, exactly? What use is he?! When did we last see him? What, two months ago now? He's off, God knows where, doing God alone knows what, when did he last-

TMT: [interrupting again] He calls me every night, Mom. He's worried about you.

[Veronica stammers a moment, looking for the words for her child.]

VW: I... I... I don't even care any more, Truth.

[This time, it's Truth who looks stung by the words, her hopes of mending her family dashed in an instant. But still...]

TMT: [quietly] He... he's coming home, Mom.

[Veronica looks stunned for a second... but quickly composes herself.]

VW: He's - WHAT?!

[Truth Marie nods.]

TMT: He told me. He's coming home. He's worried about you. About us. He wants to come home.

[Westerly shakes her head, looking around.]

VW: He can't, Truth. He... I can't. Don't you understand? He made his choices, he has to accept the consequences of those choices.

[Truth looks utterly dejected.]

VW: I can't... I just... someone needs to provide for this family, Truth. Someone needs to be stable, because God knows he isn't. He's never made us the priority in his life. Do you really think he's going to start now?

[Truth Marie, her hopes starting to crater in front of her, continues down a path we've never seen from her as tears begin to form in her eyes. And in that moment, the so-called "creepy teenager" shows us how much of a kid she still is.]

TMT: Mom, please, listen. He-

[Westerly angrily slams a hand down on the desk causing Truth Marie to flinch and then fall silent.]

VW: NO! This discussion is over, Truth. I don't want to hear another word about it.

[She throws a glance towards the door.]

VW: This is... this is the worst time to discuss... Truth, I'm too busy to deal with you...

[Truth Marie looks up, her mouth slightly agape.]

VW: I... I... I didn't mean that, baby. I'm... I'm too busy to deal with all THIS foolishness with your father... I'm...

[Truth Marie looks down again and brushes her eyes with the back of her hand, turning to walk away, leaving her mother behind as we get another flash of the ACCESS logo and end up...

...and we fade up on the ring where we find a couple of competitors have already entered and are ready for action as Rebecca Ortiz finishes her introductions.]

RO: ...and his opponent... he hails from-

[The torn mask-wearing man we formerly knew as Downpour reaches out, cupping his hand over the mic. The camera is close enough to hear him as he growls towards Ortiz.]

"DOWNPOUR... NO... MORE."

[Ortiz shakes her head, scampering off as referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller waves for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: This match is underway pitting young Harry Ortega against the man we formerly knew as Downpour.

BW: Well, what the heck are we supposed to call him now?

GM: The Wrestler Formerly Known As Downpour?

BW: The last guy around here who wanted to be Prince got run out of town on a rail... but sure, I'll call this one Purple Rain tonight.

GM: I don't know if that-

[Before Gordon can get another word out of his mouth, the former Downpour charges across the ring, drilling Harry Ortega with a leaping shotgun dropkick to the chest that sends him flying back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Well, we can't call that an attack before the bell but Ortega certainly wasn't ready for it.

[The luchador scrambles to his feet, throwing a pair of knife edge chops before grabbing a snapmare, rolling Ortega into a seated position before twisting his leg up, holding his own ankle in a frozen position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then lets it go, snapping it down against the back of Ortega's neck!]

GM: Goodness! A vicious kick there by Down... by the man formerly known as Downpour who shocked a whole lot of people down in Mexico when he set up and betrayed his partner, Lee Connors.

BW: Those Shooting Stars burned out in a hurry, didn't they?

GM: I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw it, Bucky. Lee Connors spent an overnight stay in a Mexico hospital, being examined for possible concussion symptoms but I'm happy to say he's been given a clean bill of health and... well, I expect we'll see him back in action very soon.

[Dragging Ortega to his feet by the hair, the former Downpour straightens him up before lashing out with a cross-armed thrust to the throat, causing Ortega to stumble backwards, coughing and gasping for air.]

GM: And already, we're seeing a different side of Downpour - a more physical side.

BW: Gone are the armdrags and the silly flipping for flipping's sake. This is a more serious Purple Rain.

GM: Are you really going to call him that?

BW: It's all your fault, Gordo. This is what it sounds like when doves cry.

[Gordon sighs as the former Downpour pursues Ortega, twisting him around to press him back against the ropes. Two quick overhead chops leave Ortega reeling as the luchador grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Downp- I'm sorry, fans... that may take some time to get used to...

[Ortega rebounds back towards the luchador who stands tall, catching him around the head and neck...]

GM: Spanish Fly on the-

[...but instead of flipping backwards, the luchador sweeps out the leg and THROWS Ortega brutally down on the back of his head!]

GM: Good grief! Right down on the back of the head and neck! I thought he was going to go for that Spanish Fly... we've seen it before out of him... but not this time.

[With Ortega reeling on the canvas, the former Downpour runs to the corner, hopping up on the midbuckle. He looks down at Ortega and then leaps into the air, tucking his legs...]

GM: DOUBLE STOMP! RIGHT TO THE HEAD!

[With Ortega motionless on the mat, the former Downpour drops to a knee, planting a hand in his chest.]

GM: One. Two... and an easy three there.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The luchador pushes up off his knee, clasping his hands together seemingly in prayer and extending them over his head as he tilts his head back, looking up at the lights.]

GM: Downp- errrg... again, I apologize, fans. But this man picks up the win... and if he's going to change his name, we're going to need a new one quickly because I'm going to-

[Gordon's in mid-sentence when someone hits the ring from behind, throwing themselves into a double leg tackle, toppling the former Downpour down to the mat!]

GM: CONNORS! LEE CONNORS!

[The former Downpour's former partner goes to work, pistoning open-handed strikes into the side of the masked face as he tries to cover up!]

GM: CONNORS WANTS SOME PAYBACK FROM MEXICO!

[Connors peels off, yanking off his gi to reveal his bare torso, earning a few squeals from the female fans in attendance...

...but when he spins around to strike again, he finds that his former partner has rolled out of the ring and is headed back up the aisle swiftly. The crowd boos loudly as Connors shouts at him to "GET BACK HERE!" while waving a beckoning hand.]

GM: Connors wants another shot at Downpour but it looks like he's got other plans. He's getting the first train out of Oklahoma City if you ask me and-

"DOWNPOUR!"

[The loud shouted name cuts off Gordon as we see Connors pacing the ring, mic in hand.]

LC: Or whatever you call yourself now. "Downpour No More?" Yeah, that sounds about right. Because whoever you are... whatever you are... it's not the man who drove the roads with me for months! It's not the man who helped Betty get into that training school in Mexico! And it's damn sure not my friend!

[The crowd cheers as Connors glares down the aisle at his former friend who has come to a halt, watching.]

LC: The Shooting Stars were the next big thing, man! We were going to rule this tag division someday... and you just threw it all away... you threw Betty and I away too, didn't you? Well, that's fine. I wanted to do this with you... but I can do it against you too!

[Another cheer!]

LC: So, one week from tonight... in Atlanta, Georgia... you and I can take this to the Power Hour and we'll find out who the real star in the Shooting Stars was all along.

[Connors tosses the mic aside to more cheers.]

GM: How about that, Bucky?! A challenge has been issued for one week from now in Center Stage Studios on the all-new Power Hour!

BW: That oughta be a heck of a match between those two, Gordo.

GM: Downpour's betrayal may be paid back in spades in Atlanta... but right now, fans, let's go backstage to hear from the competitors in our next match coming up in just a few moments featuring two top stars from the hottest division in wrestling - the AWA Women's Division!

[We fade from the ring as the camera shifts to the back, or we think it's the back. It's somewhere dark, a single hanging lightbulb swings back and forth. As it swings, you can make out on one side the form of a woman in a plague mask with black and green hair, obviously Dr. Leah White. On the other side, you can make out the long scraggly black and dark blue hair of Charisma Knight, grinning sadistically.]

CK: Vicky, Vicky, Vicky...

[Knight flips her hair over to the side, strands dangling down, dripping with some kind of liquid.]

CK: Soooooooo sad. Soooooooo angry. You feel that, don't you?

[Knight smiles a creepy grin, a slight chuckle escaping.]

CK: Good! You'll need that. You'll need it to stop me.

You see, I don't care about Kayla. I don't care about who she is, what she does, what she likes to do, who she loves. I... just don't care.

She's nothing to me.

[An evil little giggle escapes.]

CK: She's a prop, a means to an end. I only needed HER...

[She plants her index finger in her palm and then slowly "walks" it across to her fingertips.]

CK: ...to get... to... you. And get to you I did.

[Charisma laughs again, as the light swings back and forth between the two]

CK: And now, I need you to use that. Use that to be better. To make yourself able to beat Leah, to beat me, to beat anyone.

Vicky, I'm going to make you invincible, you just have to let me show you how.

Vicky, tonight is the first night of the rest of your life, and it's going to be...

[She takes a deep breath, exhaling so her last word is breathy.]

CK: ...magnificent.

[Charisma starts laughing as the light bulb keeps swinging and the camera zooms in, the screen going dark each time the light swings away.

Once, twice, three times, then one last time, her looking totally different, her eyes red, face white with her already dark makeup covering her entire mouth and eyes area, the laugh turns into a scream and a lunge at the camera as it goes black...

...and we fade to another part of the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: My guest at this time is moments away from a match with-

[Someone stalks past Blackwell, cutting between the interviewer and the camera. They move quickly and with purpose, startling Blackwell and giving us just a quick glimpse to identify...]

SLB: Pardon me... she's got a match with a woman who has caused her nothing but trouble recent-

[She stalks past the other way, muttering angrily to herself as she does.]

SLB: Victoria June, could you please-?!

[June spins around, surprising Blackwell by jerking the mic out of his hand.]

VJ: Lou, you spend all your days as the guy gettin' the scoop... the guy with all the info... the guy askin' the questions. Well, ah've got a question for you.

[Blackwell's brow furrows.]

SLB: For me?

[June nods, a determined look on her face.]

VJ: That's right. Ah wanna know, Sweet Lou.... how well do you know Kayla Cristol?

[Blackwell's surprise is evident. His jaw drops slightly, his mouth hanging ajar.]

SLB: Well, I know her as well as I know the rest of you, I suppose.

VJ: Yeah? Ah think you're wrong, Lou.

[Blackwell gets a little agitated now.]

VJ: Because as long as Kayla's been working here, ah think ah could count on one hand the number of times you've stood next to her with this here stick in your hand. Javier Castillo grabs a mic more in one night than Kayla probably does in a year. So, ah'm guessing you don't know a lot about her, Lou... and ah'm guessing those people at home don't know a lot about her... but ah do.

[June pauses, shaking her head slightly.]

VJ: Ah may be the Afro Punk but that don't mean ah don't love that old time rock n' roll, Sweet Lou.

[Blackwell smiles, leaning towards the mic she's holding.]

SLB: The kind of music that just soothes your soul?

[June tries to crack her her first smile of the interview.]

VJ: Something like that, yeah. And when ah think of Kayla, ah think of another song.

Kayla Cristol... she's a good girl. She loves her mama. She loves Jesus... and America too. And yeah, she is crazy about Elvis... and yeah, she does love horses and her boyfriend too.

See, Kayla Cristol is the kind of girl who'd give someone the shirt off her back... and ah'd know that better than anyone.

[June looks down, biting at her own lip.]

VJ: Sweet Lou, it's taken me a long time to be comfortable in my own being ... with this crazy skin...

[She points to the pale, freckled skin of the back of her hand.]

VJ: ...and this wild hair...

[She gestures to her afro.]

VJ: ...a lot of people never will be comfortable with it. And when ah first walked in the door here in the AWA, ah... it was tough, you know? Ah ain't the kind that makes friends easy. And so ah was pretty lonely my first little while in this place.

And then one day, ah was hiding in the corner backstage of some arena eating mah lunch... and ah heard a deep Southern voice asking if they could join me.

And it was mah girl, Kayla.

[June smiles again at the memory.]

VJ: We talked about our dreams over that lunch. We talked about everything. We became the best of friends. Not for the cameras, but each other. And we've been friends ever since, Lou... and a lot of people don't know that...

[She gestures around her.]

VJ: ...out there in the ring, ah had other friends... like Julie... and even that little kitty cat, Molly ... after the matches Kayla was always right there and ah was always right there when she competed. We were the oddest pair, ah know. But when ah needed a partner, ah knew there was one person ah wanted standing by mah side more than any other... and that was Kayla.

[June looks up, a wetness in the corner of her eyes...

...and then angrily slams a palm against the wall, causing Blackwell to startle backwards.]

VJ: DAMN IT! AH never thought... never, Lou... never thought it would turn up like this.

It wasn't supposed to be this way. It was supposed to be me and Kayla... my friend... side by side... shown' the suits why they want to slap a pair of tag titles on this division. It was supposed to be two friends showin' the whole world what they could do.

[June's eyes go cold, staring into the camera.]

VJ: And then Charisma Knight came into mah life. And ah don't know why she did... but there'll be plenty of time for that.

But tonight is the night that ah get her OUT of mah life, Lou. Her and her little doctor pal.

Charisma, ah know you're watching this... so look at me...

[She shouts, the camera zooming closer on her face. She looks determined and malevolent.]

VJ: AH SAID LOOK AT ME! Ah ain't hardly slept in days. Y'all saw me on the Power Hour but other than that day, ah've been right down in Texas with my friend. She's out of the hospital now, Lou.

[Blackwell nods.]

VJ: But her back's messed up. Her neck's messed up.

Heh... you know when the Pistol decided she wanted in this business?

[June grins.]

VJ: When she was ten years old, a friend of hers got to take someone to the matches for her birthday. Kayla didn't even want to go. She wanted to go get ice cream or play mini golf or go ridin' or something like that. But they went... and Kayla fell in love. That one night, she decided what she wanted to do with her life...

...and in one night, Charisma Knight tried to take all that away from her.

[June pauses, nodding her head.]

VJ: Kayla doesn't know - the doctors don't know - when she might get back in the ring. But when she does, she's comin' for the two of you... and ah'll have her back every step of the way. You can trust in that. But until then, you gotta deal with me.

[June points at the camera.]

VJ: Me and Kayla? We're connected. We're the same. No matter how different we look on the outside. We're the same on the inside. Dreamers who wanted somethin' bigger in this life. Somethin' you felt the need to take away cuz you just can't cope with other people havin' success. Other people livin' their lives and chasin' their own dreams.

You wanted to send me a message, Charisma? That we could be just alike?

Well, Kayla Cristol ain't no damn billboard.

[June smiles.]

VJ: You and me, Charisma? We ain't a damn thing alike. No.

Mah friends... mah family... mah upbringin' made me the woman ah am and mah hard work made me the wrestler ah am. You want to take a shortcut to get to the top? That's you. Ah want to earn my spot. Ah want to earn my place at the table.

[June's voice is low, glaring into the camera.]

VJ: Because never in my life would I have done would you did two weeks ago to my friend.

You want me? You wanted me to see you, Charisma?

Well, ah see you... and you got me... and that just means you bit off more than you can chew, you dumb bitch!

[Blackwell's eyes pop at the language. He looks around nervously.]

VJ: Ah got your message for sure. Now here's mine.

You... don't touch... mah friends.

You... don't touch... mah family.

And if you want a piece of the Afro Punk inside the ring or out in the damn parking lot?

[June nods again, her voice barely more than a whisper now.]

VJ: You got it.

[June shoves the microphone back into Lou Blackwell's hands, storming out of view and leaving the announcer behind.]

SLB: Tensions are running high here in Oklahoma City as Victoria June sets out to deliver a message of her own to the Asylum. Gordon, Bucky... back to you...

[As we fade up on the ring, we find Charisma Knight and Dr. Leah White - the Asylum - have already made their way to the ring. White is gripping the top rope, hanging her head backwards with an arch of her back, looking back at Charisma Knight whose sadistic smile can only mean bad news for all as their music continues to play.]

GM: Thanks, Lou... and as you can see, the Asylum have made their way to the ring and are awaiting the arrival of Victoria June who we just saw backstage, Bucky. And pal o' mine, I'm not sure we've seen June quite this upset before.

BW: Well, look... we've all got friends that we'd go to war for... well, not me... but I hear some people do...

GM: Oh, I remember a certain color commentator getting on Caleb Temple's bad side to protect his friend.

[Bucky stammers a bit as the Ramones' punk rock classic "Blitzkrieg Bop" comes blasting over the PA system to a big cheer. June stomps out on the stage with a few quick headbangs...

...and then swiftly makes her way down the ramp towards the ring where Dr. Leah White is being directed out by Charisma Knight.]

GM: And here she comes, Bucky! The Afro Punk herself is looking to get a little bit of payback for her friend, Kayla Cristol, who is home in Texas recuperating from the injuries she suffered two weeks ago at Homecoming. And I know Kayla is watching tonight, Bucky, so I want to wish her well and express my hope we'll see her back in the ring soon.

[June ignores the hands outstretched towards her from either side of the aisle, keeping her focus locked on the ring. She gets about ten feet from the squared circle where she sees that Dr. Leah White has stationed herself directly in June's path, standing on the apron, her vacant eyes gazing down onto June as Charisma Knight cackles from behind her.]

GM: And once again, Charisma Knight is looking for an advantage anyway she can get it. We know what she did to Skylar Swift throughout most of 2016... and now she's trying to get inside the head of Victoria June and set up shop.

[June stands on the ramp, staring up at both members of the Asylum for a moment...

...and then breaks into a sprint, approaching the apron faster than White can respond. She grabs both ankles, giving a yank which causes White to fly forward, the small of her back SLAMMING down onto the edge of the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With White stunned, June opens fire with a hailstorm of rights and lefts, clubbing White over the head and neck...

...and then grabs her around the head and under the arm...]

GM: What the...?!

[...and HURLS White through the air...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM"

[...and tosses her down onto the metal ramp with a biel throw!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[With White at least temporarily out of the picture, June turns her focus back on the ring where a grinning Charisma Knight beckons her forward. June obliges, grabbing the ropes and pulling herself up on the apron where Knight storms her, fist drawn back...]

GM: Here we go! Big right- blocked by June!

[June grabs Knight by the hair, throwing one huge haymaker.. and another.. and a third, all landing flush on the side of Knight's head. The referee - Shari Miranda - is on the scene, calling for a break and June obeys, allowing Knight to stagger away as June comes through the ropes, giving a shout to Miranda to "RING THE DAMN BELL!"...

...and then charges across the ring, leaping into the air to fell Knight with a Fierro Press!]

GM: JUNE TAKES HER DOWN AND-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Miranda calls for the bell as June grabs Knight by the hair, lifting her head off the mat and SLAMMING the back of her skull into the canvas once... twice... three times...]

GM: JUNE'S SMASHING HER HEAD INTO THE MAT!

[June continues the assault, smashing Knight's head down a few more times before an insistent Shari Miranda forces the break. June climbs to her feet, angrily pacing around the ring, bellowing at Knight to get up as the fans are buzzing over this blitzkrieg attack by June.]

GM: Knight's trying to get up, holding her head... you've gotta wonder if all these early shots to the head are causing some serious damage...

[The Afro Punk swoops back in on the rising Knight, grabbing a handful of hair, running towards the corner, and SMASHES her head into the top turnbuckle before turning her back into the buckles and mounting the second one...]

GM: Headfirst into the corner and look out here...

[June raises a mighty right hand and starts dropping them down on the skull of Knight as the crowd counts along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[June hops down, the crowd still cheering but June doesn't acknowledge that as she grabs the hair again, sprinting from one corner across the ring to the other to DRIVE Knight's head into the top turnbuckle again. This time, Knight rebounds hard, flying through the air and crumpling into a pile on the canvas as June simply glares down on her.]

GM: This is a different side of Victoria June we're seeing tonight - vengeful and angry...

[June drops to a knee, grabbing a handful of hair on Charisma Knight as she smashes a fist down into the temple...]

BW: It's interesting, Gordo, because every blow that June has thrown in this one so far has been aimed at the head of Charisma Knight. She's literally head hunting in this match right now and that means she's looking to do damage.

GM: Shari Miranda calls for the break again... and again, Victoria June obliges.

[As June gets up, Knight starts rolling... and rolls right under the ropes, dropping off the apron to the floor...]

GM: Charisma Knight trying to get out of there, perhaps looking for a breather from this early full-on assault by Victoria June...

BW: Yeah, but June's not letting her get away that easy, Gordo.

[June stomps back across the ring, ducking through the ropes to the apron...

...which is when Shari Miranda approaches her, drawing her attention as she tries to talk her down from her next attack...]

GM: The official's trying to get June under some control and-

[A desperate Charisma Knight lunges forward, grabbing June by the ankle and giving a yank...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Knight returns the favor for Leah White earlier in this one as June goes down HARD on the ring apron!

[June cries out in pain, grabbing at her back as Knight leans against the apron, a sadistic smile on her face as she takes a breather.]

BW: Never count out Charisma Knight. Never count her down. She can strike and strike hard at any time and completely turn the momentum of a match in her favor.

GM: You better believe it and that's exactly what she's done here. June is down, June is hurt, and Charisma Knight just bought herself a chance to recover and get back into this.

[Knight grabs June by the afro, twisting her around so that her torso is hanging off the apron...

...and just opens up, shrieking as she pounds June in the back of the head, neck, and shoulders with a never-ending barrage of clubbing forearms as the fans jeer and Shari Miranda protests from inside the ring!]

GM: And now it's Knight turn to inflict some punishment on Victoria June - perhaps using June's aggressive tactics against her in this one.

[With June dangling, Knight backs off, takes aim...

...and charges in, connecting with a running kneelift that snaps June's head and neck back before she slumps over a second time, falling out of the ring and down to the floor below!]

GM: We've got both women on the outside now... and with what we've seen out of them, I'm not sure that's a safe place for EITHER of them to be right now, Bucky.

BW: Well, it's definitely not a safe place for June because Knight can do some serious damage out on the floor.

GM: Bucky, have you noticed that Charisma Knight hasn't even GLANCED over at Leah White to check on her? What kind of a bizarre relationship do those two have?

BW: Sorry, that's protected under doctor-patient confidentiality.

GM: It's... what?! Give me a break!

[Knight grabs two handfuls of June's afro, dragging her up to her feet where she promptly hooks her around the head and neck...]

GM: Wait! Wait now! One Bad Day on the floor?! On the concrete floor?!

[The crowd buzzes as Knight holds position for her signature move...

...but holds there, a grin on her face as she whispers into June's ear.]

GM: What is she... what could she possibly be saying to her right now, Bucky?

BW: I don't know but she looks pretty happy about it.

[Knight pulls back a bit, speaking a little louder now...]

"Don't stop now, Vicki... don't give in... you've got a monster to slay."

[Knight is still holding June in position, not bothering to attempt to complete her move...]

"Is that all you got?! DON'T DISAPPOINT ME!"

[...and suddenly, June reaches up, grabbing Knight's wrists...]

GM: Uh oh! Knight might've wasted too much time!

[...and powers them off from around her head and neck, forcing them down towards Knight's own sides...]

GM: LOOK AT THE STRENGTH!

[...and then lunges forward, her skull clashing with Knight's in violent fashion!]

GM: OHHH! HEADBUTT!

[The blow stuns Knight, sending her stumbling backwards, falling to a knee as June also is staggered, leaning back against the apron, grabbing at her own head.]

GM: That headbutt seems to have done a number on them both now, Bucky.

BW: The headbutt can be a dangerous move to BOTH attacker and victim depending on the technique. June didn't bother with technique there - that was pure violence.

[Pushing off the apron, June grabs Knight by the hair, glaring into her eyes as Knight... laughs?]

GM: She's laughing at her! Charisma Knight is laughing at Victoria June!

BW: And that's only making her madder!

[June proves Bucky's point as she races along the ringside area, dragging Knight with her and...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...DRIVES her headfirst into the steel ringsteps, knocking the steps a couple feet away from the ringpost!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Knight is laid out on the floor, clutching her head as June stares down at her, fury in her eyes as she watches Knight reel from the attack.]

"YOU GOT MAH MESSAGE YET?!"

[The referee is inside the ring, pleading with June to bring the action back inside. June acknowledges her with a nod, walking over towards the downed Knight, grabbing her with two hands full of hair.]

GM: June hauling Knight - who is barely able to stand at this point - back to her feet... and you're right, Bucky. June continues to attack the head of Charisma Knight... continues to "head hunt" as you put it... looking to extract revenge for her fallen friend, Kayla Cristol.

[June effortlessly tosses Knight under the ropes, rolling her back inside the ring. She pulls herself to a knee on the apron, ducking through the ropes before getting to get her feet as the official reprimands her for her actions on the outside.]

GM: Shari Miranda is letting June have it... but for the first time, I'm not sure Victoria June cares. What in the world has Charisma Knight done to this young woman? What has she unleashed?

[The Afro Punk slowly walks towards Knight who is still down on the canvas. She comes to a halt over her, looking down with a fiery expression. Pure emotion is on her face as she is almost shaking with intensity.]

GM: June perhaps pondering a way to finish off Charisma Knight here... perhaps that front powerslam... perhaps that Scorpion Crosslock...

[June slowly reaches down, grabbing one handful of hair this time as she drags a barely-moving Knight to her feet, staring dead in her eyes. A smile crosses Knight's face as she focuses her gaze on June, giving her a chance to speak again.]

"I'm... not... done."

[Knight pushes off, throwing a weak right hand towards June...

...who catches the arm under her left armpit, trapping it. Knight tries to yank it free but when she fails, she throws a left hand... and it ends up caught as well.]

GM: Knight's arms are caught and-

[June swings her upper torso forward, smashing her head into Knight's.]

"OHHHHH!"

GM: HEADBUTT!

[Knight's knees buckle but she stays standing, a look of panic on her face as she tries to pull her arms free but fails...

...and June strikes again!]

GM: ANOTHER ONE!

[Knight's eyelids flutter, again trying to free herself but with less strength now...

...and June strikes again!]

GM: MAKE IT THREE!

[Knight is limp in June's grasp now, unable to free herself... totally defenseless as June rocks back...]

GM: FOUR!

[...and again...]

GM: FIVE!

[...and again!]

GM: SI- OHHH!

[The sixth headbutt causes Knight to go flying out of June's grasp, flopping over on the mat as the crowd cheers as June staggers back, leaning against the ropes...

...where we see a trickle of blood coming from her own forehead.]

GM: My stars, Bucky... she headbutted her so hard, she busted HERSELF open!

BW: This is a Victoria June with no regard for her own wellbeing - that's how upset she is! How driven for payback she is!

[June reaches up, swiping the back of her hand across her brow and spots the crimson leaking from her skull... and her jaw drops a little perhaps realizing the lengths she's gone to to hurt Charisma Knight in this one.]

GM: Even June looks like she can't believe that she cut herself with that headbutt...

[Shaking her head, June walks towards Knight, perhaps looking to finish her off as she drags her to a standing position, leaning over to scoop her up...

...but as she does, a steel chair comes sliding under the ropes into the ring, bumping into her heels.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: It's Leah White! The good Doctor with an assist from the outside!

[June whips around, letting go of Knight who slumps to a knee as June glares at White who has moved from the floor to the apron, confronting June who freezes...

...and then charges, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: June just tossed aside Charisma Knight and- OHHH! She slingshots White over, bringing her in the hard way!

[June grabs White off the mat by the arm, whipping her into the corner as the referee shouts at the Afro Punk to get White out of the ring...]

GM: June charges in... BOOM! Big running clothesline in the corner!

[With White reeling, June ignores the referee as she whips her across again, sending her crashing into the far turnbuckles. And then goes charging in after her once more...]

GM: MOSH PIT IN THE CORNER!

[White gets crushed with the combo leaping splash/headbutt. June bounces out, grabbing at her forehead again, wiping a smear of blood across her head...

...and then grabs the dazed White by the head, rushing across the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE THROWS HER OVER THE TOP! WHITE'S OUT OF HERE!

[With the crowd roaring, a fired-up June circles back towards the now-kneeling Charisma Knight...

...and hooks a front facelock!]

GM: DDT! June's looking for a DDT here and-

[But the Afro Punk freezes in her tracks as she spots the steel chair lying on the mat a few feet away.]

BW: Uh oh.

GM: June's got her eyes on that chair - don't do it, kid! Hit the DDT and end this thing!

[June looks around at the crowd, most of whom are trying to keep her on task but some of whom are imploring her to grab that chair and put it to good use.]

GM: June's torn! June's trying to decide what to... oh no.

[The crowd is buzzing now as June shoves Knight aside, leaving her on her knees as the Afro Punk approaches the steel chair before Shari Miranda can kick it clear...

...and scoops it up in her eager hands.]

GM: June's got the chair! Victoria June's got the chair and-

BW: Charisma Knight is helpless, Gordo! She's down on her knees and this lunatic has a steel chair that she's thinking about caving her skull with!

[June nods to the crowd, approaching the kneeling Knight with the chair in hand...]

GM: Victoria June's got the chair! She's got the chair and I believe she intends to use it, Bucky!

BW: Of course she's gonna use it! She busted her own head open trying to hurt Charisma - you think she's gonna stop now!

GM: I hope she stops now! I pray she stops now! Don't do this, kid! She's not worth it!

[June steps up to the proverbial plate, eyeballing the hanging curveball on its knees before her. She mutters something to herself, looking down on Knight who looks up at her with glassy eyes...

...and then slowly raises her right hand, planting a kiss on it, and blowing it right up towards June!]

GM: She blew her a kiss! That sick, twisted-

[June angrily rears back, holding the chair overhead as Miranda scampers away, giving a shout of "NO, NO, NO, NOOOOO!" as June freezes...

...and stays there, looking around at the crowd again. Again, some of them are thrilled at the idea while others are in a state of shocked horror...]

GM: She may be having second thoughts! Victoria June looking out on the fans - at HER fans! She's...

[June pauses again, grimacing, shaking her head...

...and then turns away from Knight, tossing the chair aside to cheers!]

GM: She couldn't do it! Thank heavens for that, she couldn't do it! And now, she'll have to end Charisma Knight the old fashioned way! She'll need to-

[But as soon as June turns back to Knight, Knight springs to her feet, snatching the Afro Punk around the head and neck...

...and with a rapid jerk to the side, she DRIVES June facefirst into the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: ONE! BAD! DAY!

[Knight slinks into a lateral press, smirking as the shocked official drops down to deliver the one... two... three.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Knight promptly rolls off, lying alongside a motionless June with her head resting on a closed fist. She smirks at the downed June, running her hand lightly across June’s arm.]

GM: Charisma Knight picks up the win... thanks to Dr. Leah White... who oughta be facing malpractice charges with the way Knight has fallen apart since being under White’s care if you ask me!

[Knight rolls to her knees, smirking down at June as she gestures to the outside.]

GM: And now she’s asking for a mic? I think we’ve heard - and seen - enough of Charisma Knight here tonight. Maybe we can-

[Gordon is cut off as someone hands a mic in to Charisma.]

CK: Viiiiiiickyyyyyyy...

[She giggles again, running a hand through her wet hair.]

CK: Do you know why you didn't win? Why you didn’t beat me and avenge your little friend?

[Her smile turns cold as she jabs her finger into June’s chest with each word.]

CK: Because. You’re. Still. Weak!

[Knight tilts her head to the side as the crowd jeers loudly.]

CK: You're still tied to this sense of... right. This sense, of being good and proper.

Trust me, honey, principles are gonna get you nowhere.

[Knight climbs off the mat, looking out at the jeering crowd.]

CK: How many years did I waste away being principled and proper?. It wasn't till I was free that I really understood.

[She turns back to June, nudging her cheek with the toe of her boot as the referee stands nearby, trying to make sure there’s not a post-match attack.]

CK: I’m going to make you understand that.

You lost... because you couldn't do what you needed to do.

[She nods.]

CK: You couldn't be who you really are.

See, Vicky... you think you're the good guy in this situation and that I'm the bad guy... but I'm gonna make you see that I'm not really the bad guy at all.

In fact, I'm going to set you free.

[She spreads her arms wide, doing a little jig, twirling around...]

CK: This is only the beginning, Vicky. I'm not gonna stop...

[She drops to her knees again, pressing her cheek up against June's.]

CK: ...until you come home.

[Knight rolls onto her back, laughing madly as "Sick Like Me" starts back up and we cut from the shot of the ring, Knight still laughing... and fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and we fade back up on the backstage area to find AWA President Javier Castillo walking through the hallways. The cameraman trails behind the massive forms of John Law and MAWAGA as he nears a corner.]

JC: Stay sharp, gentlemen. I wouldn't put anything past that snake Stegglet.

[Law plants a hand on Castillo's shoulder, taking the corner first...

...and then gesturing for Castillo to follow. Castillo's exhale of relief is heard clearly as he rounds the corner...]

JC: Ah, gentlemen... exactly who I was looking for...

[...and our view rounds it as well to find Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker - collectively known as the Dogs of War standing in the hallway. Perez is seated on a rolling equipment cast, his heels bouncing off it in some offbeat rhythm as Carpenter stops whatever he was saying to Wade Walker in mid-sentence. All three are dressed in their midnight blue ring gear, seemingly ready for action.]

PP: Funny. We could say the same to you, partner.

[Castillo eyeballs the three appraisingly.]

JC: Is that right?

[Perez hops off the case, landing uncomfortably close to Castillo who edges backwards while MAWAGA edges forward. Castillo makes a nearly imperceptible hand gesture at him.]

JC: What's on your mind?

[Perez rubs his chin, a smirk on his face.]

PP: Couple things on our minds... first, the big man wants to know why we got stranded on a Mexico City runway while your boys here got the private jet treatment.

[Walker nods his head, gripping a clenched fist in his other palm, glaring at the trio.]

JC: Well, sure... and yes, I apologize for that... but the jet only had so much room and seeing as there are three of you...

[Castillo's voice betrays a bit of nervousness at this topic. Perez stands in silence for a moment, rolling his tongue around inside his mouth before giving a bit of a smacking sound and speaking.]

PP: That must've been it, sure. Apology accepted, partner...

[Castillo lets loose a sigh of relief.]

PP: ...and now that we got that out the way, because we've always been team players... Zeke and the big man both want me to bring up...

K. A. M. S.

[Castillo grimaces.]

JC: What about them?

[Perez shrugs.]

PP: They've been runnin' their mouths in our direction ever since Canada and... you know how we hold a grudge. The Dogs of War don't back down from fights. And we like to keep our books balanced, right, boys?

[Carpenter smirks and Walker nods gravely.]

PP: So, let's make a deal, partner.

[Perez leans closer, almost touching Castillo now.]

PP: Make the match.

[Castillo takes a step back, nervously swiping a hand across his brow.]

JC: Uh huh... yes, I see... well, I certainly can understand why you would want that match. You are the most dominant trio in AWA history and... well, they did defeat you at the Stampede Cup...

[Walker snorts ruefully. Perez smirks without looking back.]

PP: Big man's not a fan of that memory.

[Castillo looks at Walker with a slow nod.]

JC: My concern is... you know who those two men are, right? Cain Jackson. Alex Mar... no, AJ Martinez now. You know who... who they know?

PP: I may have been hit in the head a lot, bossman, but I ain't gone yet. You're talking about Wright and the White Knight.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Exactly. And you heard what those two had to say tonight. So... what if... what if they arranged this... this return of KAMS... in hopes of getting them on their side against Korugun?

[Perez shrugs.]

PP: Then we'll leave 'em laying too. You're in a war, bossman... and you've got Dogs of War just beggin' to be let off the leash. Cut us loose and we'll make sure those two are the least of your worries come SuperClash.

[Castillo nods quickly.]

JC: Yes, yes... okay... maybe you're right. Maybe I've held you three too tightly.

[Perez nods.]

JC: Okay... okay, done. We're in St. Louis in two weeks for Saturday Night Wrestling... let's do it there. Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez versus the Dogs of War... in a handicap match!

[Castillo grins.]

JC: Acceptable?

[Perez turns to look at Walker and Carpenter... and then turns back to Castillo.]

PP: It'll happen.

[Castillo beams, slapping Perez on the shoulder.]

JC: Excellent! Now, since you three are obviously ready for action... and since I'm dying to see what you can do in this war... I want to put you three in action tonight.

[Perez shrugs.]

PP: Six man tag. Cool. Who ya got?

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: No, no... not a six man tag. Three singles matches. Supernova...

[Perez arches an eyebrow.]

JC: ...the World Champion, Johnny Detson...

[Perez cracks a smile.]

JC: ...and Brian James.

[Wade Walker lunges forward, nearly knocking his own partner into the wall, snarling at the AWA President.]

WW: Done.

[Walker stomps off, leaving the scene behind.]

PP: You heard the big man. Consider it done.

[Perez and Carpenter saunter off after their departed partner, leaving a beaming Javier Castillo behind...]

...and we fade to find Theresa Lynch standing by backstage with members of The Summit: Callum Mahoney to her left, Rory Smythe to her right, while Malcolm Sweeney looms behind Mahoney. They are all seemingly dressed to compete: Mahoney in a black (faux) leather jacket over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear standing on its hind legs across the front; while Smythe and Sweeney both have on black Summit Celtic Connection T-shirts (available on AWAShop.com) over their white tights and black trunks respectively.]

TL: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling and... as you can see, folks, I am being joined at this time by The Summit, who have requested this time to address some of the recent developments in the AWA, developments that they missed two weeks ago at Homecoming.

[Lynch pivots towards the former World Television Champion.]

TL: Regardless of how it ended, Callum, it was quite the eventful tour of Mexico for The Summit: you garnered several victories against some of the stars of SWLL and you took the Dogs of War, the SWLL Trios Champions, to their limit in a match for the titles. But you also failed to cash in on the bounty on Ca-

[Mahoney cuts her off.]

CM: I'm not here to talk about the bounty on Casey James, Theresa... but the Blackheart can rest very uneasy knowing that the Summit may be in his future.

[Mahoney rubs his hands together, a greedy smirk on his face.]

CM: Estrellas En El Cielo is behind us. Mexico is behind us. The Summit is back in the United States. The Summit is back in the AWA, where the SWLL Trios Championship means NOTHING. We are back in the AWA where we have new World Tag Team Champions! Congratulations, Soldiers, I guess you're the targets now...

[Rory Smythe leans over the mic.]

RS: You see, Theresa, I KNOW the Soldiers... I've faced the Soldiers... And, sure, they got the better of us then, but I stand with far superior partners now... I have the guidance of a far smarter leader now!

[Mahoney beams proudly.]

CM: Now, I am sure there'll be other teams who will claim they are next in line to challenge for the World Tag Team Championships based on where they are on the rankings... Teams like The Gold Standard... Ringkrieger... Osborne and Rhodes...

To them, I only have one thing to say to you fellas: the Dogs of War may have SURVIVED The Summit; the rest of you will not.

[Smythe nods.]

RS: Besides the new tag champs, Theresa, what's this we hear about WarGames? Need I remind all of you, and the powers that be, that [Pointing to Mahoney.] this man right here? He once fought on the side of the AWA, against a team representing the Wise Men, in the Tower of Doom no less! WarGames? WarGames is a walk in the park by comparison!

[Mahoney shakes his head.]

CM: No, Rory, it's not just about me; any of the fellas in The Summit will be a valuable addition to a WarGames team. Now, I've extended the offer to El Generalissimo once before: if you want something done right, ditch the Dogs and get with The Summit instead. But maybe Korugun doesn't even need the Dogs, considering all the monsters it has at its disposal. In which case, Mister Stegglet, if you've been sleeping on The Summit before this? Well... It might be time to start watching.

[Lynch looks puzzled.]

TL: Did I get that right? Are you offering the Summit's services to Castillo AND Jon Stegglet?!

[Mahoney grins greedily again.]

CM: Theresa, you've been around long enough to know the answer to this question - other than the two men standing by me right now, who is Callum Mahoney loyal to?

TL: Yourself.

[Mahoney chuckles.]

CM: Close, kid. But the answer is... whoever's check clears. El Presidente, Mister Stegglet... we'll be waiting for your call.

[With a nod, Mahoney leads The Summit away from a shocked Theresa Lynch before we fade to another part of the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Thanks, Theresa... and coming up in just a few moments now, in Women's Tag Team action... come on in here, girls... Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift...

[Wallace enters in her ring gear, flexing her wrists with an intense expression on her face. Skylar's bright smile is a stark contrast to her partner-in-crime and her honey brown hair is pulled away from her face in a flawless updo.]

SLB: Two weeks ago, we saw you, Trish in a tough loss to one of your opponents tonight, another second generation star in her own right, Harley Hamilton. Tonight, Skylar Swift joins you again in tag team action when you take on Hamilton and her partner Cinder. You must be feeling a lot more confident now that you're reunited as a unit.

SS: Not to speak for my bestie right here but I for one am ecstatic to be back in a ring by her side. Trish and I have been through a living nightmare together and we came out on top. Do you really think those two scheming little girls are going to be able to sneak one past the two of us? With our powers combined, Lou, we make Wonder Woman look like an ordinary girl.

[Swift pauses ever so briefly.]

SS: Oh, sorry Gal! If you're watching I adore you! As I was saying, with the two of us together... come on, Lou. They wouldn't dreeeeeam of pulling another one of their little grade school stunts on us like they did last time with Trish.

SLB: It certainly would be a lot more difficult to try to win the numbers game. How about you, Trish? Now, scuttlebutt backstage has you feeling rattled without the Dream Girl at your side. How confident are you feeling going into tonight's match against Seductive and Destructive?

[Wallace throws an agitated look at Blackwell.]

TW: Who says I'm rattled?

SS: I think Sweet Lou is trying to pour a little extra sugar on you.

TW: Okay, well maybe I'm a little rattled. Ever since I was told, "someone's gotta step up and grab the brass ring in the Women's Division." Okay, I stepped up and grabbed the brass ring. And what did I get? I got blindsided by Kurayami in my very first match on national television.

SS: You do remember that I was there with you, don't you?

TW: And you parlayed that into a long-overdue World Title shot. What did I get? I got shunted to the pre-show, and upstaged by Chet and Chaz! How are we going to get any time on Saturday Night Wrestling if we keep cutting to Castillo every five minutes? And I'm told I should keep reaching for the top in the Women's Division. How the heck am I gonna keep reaching for the top if Kurayami keeps "getting lost on a runway." Yeah, I noticed she didn't get on the red-eye back to the states.

[Blackwell interrupts.]

SLB: Well, she did come back-

[Wallace keeps talking, either not hearing Lou or ignoring him.]

TW: We have the broadest, deepest roster of women's athletes EVER in professional wrestling, and we have an absentee champion!

SS: Trish...

TW: Skylar, if I was you, I would be screaming from the rooftops demanding your rematch. But instead, you're playing kitty-kat with Ayako and Molly Bell!

SS: Trish, Michelle couldn't go... they needed a partner and how could I say no to her?

TW: You have a tag partner, Skylar.

SS: Trish... Wally.... It's me, Skylar. Hello?

[Skylar waves right in front of Wallace's face.]

SS: We've been through this already. Not here, not again...

[Trish sighs and slouches her shoulders.]

TW: Yeah, I'm doing this again.

SS: You're letting this consume you, Trish. You're getting worked up over nothing, like you did with that Asylum nonsense.

TW: I'M getting worked up over nothing?

SS: Inhale...

[Skylar takes a deep breath in and then slowly lets it out.]

SS: Ekam. Dve. Trini.

[Wallace inhales and exhales noisily like an agitated bull.]

TW: I know, I know... yoganomics... you and your perfect little new friend.

SS: Did you just say purr -- never mind. Let's just focus on our match.

TW: I am focused on our match tonight.

[Swift extends her fist, and Wallace reciprocates with a fist-bump. Trish walks off-screen. Before Swift follows, she reaches into her honey brown hair and pulls out the cat ear barrette she's been concealing underneath, giving it a loving tickle before concealing it under her hair again...

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

RO: The following tag team match is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit.

["E.V.O.L" by Marina and The Diamonds plays as the crowd roars with boos at the appearance of Harley Hamilton and Cinder.]

GM: And here comes the team of Harley Hamilton and Cinder, one of the most controversial pairings in all of the AWA.

BW: What's so controversial about them? They're young, they're beautiful and they're undefeated!

GM: They've also made it a point to make themselves enemies out of every single wrestler they've crossed paths with... including the team they're about to face.

BW: It's all just jealousy, Gordo!

[The duo known as "Seductive and Destructive" are dressed in matching metallic purple ring jackets with one yellow sleeve and one black sleeve and a metallic rainbow patched across the front over their regular wrestling gear.

Standing at the entrance way, Harley Hamilton holds up her hand, pinky finger outstretched. Cinder then proceeds to link her pinky with Harley's and the two raise their locked pinkies into the air in a show of their "unbreakable" bond as the crowd boos them. They react rather poorly to the audience's jeering, yelling at everyone in the crowd booing them...even children.]

RO: Introducing now, they weigh in at a combined weight of 264 pounds... the team of...

SEDUCTIVE AND DESTRUUUUCCCTTTIVVVEEEE!!!

[Cinder slithers onto the ring apron; she is ghostly pale, quite a contrast from her black velvet and blood red ring attire. She climbs to the middle rope, hooks an ankle underneath the turnbuckle, crosses her arms over her chest and inverts her body, hanging upside down like a bat. Harley Hamilton steps between the ropes and into the ring, dropping to her knees and crawling towards Cinder. She stops inches away from Cinder's face and stares her in the eye, before smirking and reaching out, tapping her on the nose with an exclamation of "Boop!" This breaks Cinder's stern expression, as the upside-down Scottish goth smiles and reaches out, tapping Hamilton's nose back with a "Boop!"]

GM: As you can see, Harley Hamilton has certainly had an affect on Cinder's attitude. Some might even say for the better, although I don't think the women they've tormented in the AWA would agree.

BW: I don't think I've ever seen Cinder smile this much in all the she was with Ricki Toughill. Friendship is a wonderful thing, ain't it Gordo?

GM: I'd usually agree, but judging by the results, I think most would rather these two have stayed lonely and miserable.

BW: What an awful thing to say, Gordo!

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: And their opponents...

["Dukes" by Repartee begins to play, as at the entranceway, we see Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift, silhouetted by the lights. Wallace slaps her palms together, causing an explosion of chalk-dust to glow in the spotlight. As the lights come back up, the duo make their way down to the ring, with Wallace exuding intensity as she slowly walks down the aisle and the cat ears-wearing Swift enthusiastically slapping the outstretched hands of the fans.]

GM: And if you want to talk about friendships, what about the friendship between these two - Skylar Swift and Trish Wallace - who really bonded during the period of time they were being tormented by the Asylum.

BW: Word in the locker room is that their friendship may be over before it even gets started, Gordo.

GM: Oh really? And I suppose it's Harley Hamilton and Cinder who told you that.

BW: They were giving me some fashion tips and I was giving Cinder some color commentary tips!

GM: Oh, please don't remind me of that experience... but nevertheless, I think it's plain to see that Hamilton and Cinder are trying to drive a wedge between these two and it's pretty pathetic if you ask me.

BW: I didn't... and I know for sure Seductive And Destructive didn't.

[As Wallace enters the ring, Swift lingers around ringside, walking up to the guardrail, where she greets a small girl in pigtails wearing a "Skylar Swift" t-shirt. She takes the cat ears sitting atop her head and places them on the fan's head, leaving the girl jumping up and down excitedly.]

GM: Well, isn't that a wonderful moment for that young fan. Skylar Swift just made that little girl's night.

BW: Oh pukeola, Gordo. Swift got those cat ears from Molly Bell. I bet it's got fleas!

GM: Will you stop?

[As Swift enters the ring, we can see an annoyed Wallace shake her head at her tag team partner.]

GM: And we are ready to go!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As soon as the bell sounds, Hamilton and Cinder explode out of their corner and run across the ring, battering Wallace and Swift with forearms and elbows!]

GM: Oh! Seductive and Destructive are not wasting any time here! They are absolutely mugging Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift!

[As Cinder disposes Swift momentarily with a big boot that sends her out of the ring...]

GM: OH!

[...she then turns to assist Hamilton, who's working Trish Wallace over in the corner. They each grab Wallace by an arm and whip her across the ring...]

GM: Trish Wallace whipped into the corner... OH!

[Cinder charges in, hitting Wallace with a crossbody attack in the midsection, which allows her to perfectly roll onto all fours on the canvas as Harley Hamilton then rushes in, using her "bestie" as a stepladder and launches off her back, nailing Wallace with a Superman forearm smash!]

GM: OHH! What a series of moves by Cinder and Harley Hamilton!

[Seductive and Destructive then celebrate, with Hamilton holding out her arms and striking a pose in the middle of the ring as Cinder slithers underneath her legs to a chorus of boos.]

BW: That was the destruction and here's the seduction, daddy!

GM: It might be a little early for any celebrating in my opinion, Bucky.

[Right on cue, as Hamilton and Cinder turn their attention back to Wallace...]

“OHHHHHHH!”

[She proceeds to explode out of the corner and takes down the devious duo down with a double clothesline!]

GM: OH! Trish Wallace turns the tables on Seductive and Destructive! Down go Hamilton and Cinder!

BW: She ain't like her brothers; she's pure muscle and she ain't afraid to show it!

[Hamilton and Cinder both immediately get to their feet, but they're then immediately greeted by Skylar Swift, who splits a dropkick, hitting each with a foot into the chest and sending them rolling from the ring!]

GM: Seductive and Destructive tried to get the drop on Skylar Swift and Trish Wallace, but they've had the tables turned on them-OH MY!!!

“OOOHHHH!!!”

[Gordon is cutoff mid-sentence, as Skylar Swift runs into the ropes and is then catapulted high into the air with a back body drop over the top by Wallace, causing her to crash down hard onto Harley Hamilton and Cinder!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE! SKYLAR SWIFT WIPES OUT SEDUCTIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE!

BW: Wallace wasn't holding back when she tossed her, either! Swift had to have been at least ten feet in the air!

[Rolling back into the ring, Swift rushes over to Wallace as the two exchange a high five. Meanwhile, Hamilton and Cinder roll around on the floor mats in pain on the outside.]

GM: And now it's Wallace and Swift's turn to celebrate! It's still early, but so far, revenge is looking sweet for Skylar Swift and Trish Wallace.

BW: Seductive and Destructive might've just gotten popped in the mouth, but if you're telling me the daughters of two of the hardest wrestlers to ever step into a wrestling ring aren't prepared to get off the floor and give it to their opponents right back with interest, you're kidding yourself.

GM: That may be so, but Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift have all the momentum at the moment.

[Getting to their feet as referee Shari Miranda begins to administer a ten count, an irate Harley Hamilton slams her hands down on the ring apron in frustration and kicks the guardrail, before turning to shouts threats to Skylar Swift and Trish Wallace.]

GM: Harley Hamilton, as charming as ever.

[Meanwhile, Cinder wanders around the ring, suddenly noticing the young fan who Skylar Swift had given her cat ears to earlier and knocks them off her head! She cackles, as the crowd roars with boos!]

GM: Oh come on, that's completely uncalled for! That's a child!

BW: I dunno, Gordo, I think I saw that little girl threaten her!

GM: Are you kidding me?

[The action doesn't go unnoticed by Swift, who immediately runs up to ropes and leans over, screaming at Cinder. However, she's quickly pulled back by Wallace, who can be clearly heard saying "Forget about the ears! Focus on the match!"]

GM: And after a fast and furious beginning to this match, it looks like the referee has restored order, as we're starting all over again with Cinder and Skylar Swift.

BW: Did you notice? Wallace and Swift had all the momentum on their side just a minute ago, but now we're back to square one. They didn't keep their foot on the pedal when they had the advantage and they just let Hamilton and Cinder stall them out on the outside. That's their inexperience as a tag team coming through loud and clear.

GM: Seductive and Destructive don't have a long history of teaming either.

BW: Yeah, but Cinder's practically been wrestling since the day she learned how to walk and Harley Hamilton's spent her entire life being taught by a living legend. They might be young, but you better believe they don't wrestle like it.

[Cinder locks up with Swift. As the two struggle, Cinder manages to back Swift into the corner.]

GM: Cinder powers Swift into the turnbuckles and the referee is calling for a break...

[Big boos!]

GM: And Cinder doesn't give her one! She hits Swift with one of her trademark elbow strikes!

BW: I've heard a lot of the girls have complained about how sharp those elbows from Cinder are, Gordo. And I'm sure teaming up and training with a big time striker like Hamilton has only made'em even more lethal!

[Ignoring the referee's protests, Cinder bends down and sarcastically asks Swift, "Oh, did that hurt?" before hitting her between the eyes with a well placed bionic elbow smash!]

GM: Oh my! Another one of those elbows from Cinder has Skylar Swift seeing stars!

[Pulling Swift back up, the Deadly Diva then turns her back to the Canadian, holding her in place in the corner, before hitting her with a rapid barrage of alternating back elbows from the left and the right!]

GM: AND CINDER IS JUST WEARING SWIFT OUT WITH THOSE ELBOWS!

BW: Considering how sharp those elbows are, Swift must feel like she's getting sliced and diced by a pair of Ginsu knives!

"BRING HER OVER HERE, CINDY!"

BW: And it looks like Harley Hamilton wants a piece of action!

[Grabbing Swift by a handful of hair, Cinder drags her out of the neutral corner and towards her own, where a bouncing Harley Hamilton then gleefully drapes her boot over the top rope and Cinder smashes Skylar Swift's head right into it!]

GM: OH! Skylar Swift's head meets Harley Hamilton's boot and now Cinder tags her in!

BW: Like I said, Gordo, Seductive and Destructive haven't been teaming for long, but their team chemistry is off the charts. They go together like peanut butter and jelly. Like butter and biscuits. Like...

GM: ...pineapple on pizza?

BW: Heck no! That's disgusting!

[Entering the ring, Hamilton and Cinder turn to each other and grin, before simultaneously shouting...]

HH and C: "LET'S DAAAANCE!"

[...and hitting Skylar Swift with a barrage of stomps in the corner!]

GM: Seductive and Destructive are absolutely ruthless in there!

BW: This is beginning to look a lot like that match they had with Margarita Flores and Xenia Sonova a few weeks back. In that one, they focused their attack on Sonova and beat her so badly, we haven't heard from her ever since!

[Cinder and Hamilton pull Swift to her feet and Cinder winds up...]

"SMMMAAAACK!"

[...blistering her across the chest with a knife edge chop!]

GM: OH! A vicious chop across the chest!

[Hamilton then winds up, striking Swift with a chop of her own.]

"SMMMAAAACK!"

BW: They heard that one all the way up in the cheap seats!

[Turning to Trish Wallace across the ring, Harley Hamilton mockingly blows her a kiss...]

"SMMMAAAACK!" "SMMMAAAACK!"

"OHHHH!"

[...before both unload on Swift with simultaneous chops to the chest!]

GM: OH! Chops by Hamilton and Cinder in stereo!

BW: They almost knocked Skylar outta her boots with that one!

[Cinder then exits the ring as Harley Hamilton cups Swift's chin and squishes her cheeks together, getting in her face.]

"You're so pretty, it makes me sick!"

[She then throws Swift down onto the canvas, before pouncing on her and rubbing her face into the mat!]

GM: Good grief! This is a mugging!

BW: If this beating keeps up, Harley Hamilton ain't gonna have to worry about Swift being pretty anymore!

[The crowd jeers, as Shari Miranda pulls Hamilton off Swift, admonishing her for her underhanded tactics. Hamilton rolls her eyes, making the "Blah blah blah" hand gesture at Miranda.]

GM: And Harley Hamilton apparently has about as much respect for rules and authority as she does for everything else... which is absolutely none.

BW: Hey, her pops didn't exactly give a hoot about the rules either and he's one of the greatest champions that ever lived.

GM: But Harley isn't.

BW: Yet.

[Hamilton pulls Swift off the mat by the hair. She talks some more trash at Swift... but gets hit with a forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! There's still some fight left in Skylar Swift!

[A second forearm knocks Hamilton back. Infuriated, Hamilton charges back in with a clothesline that is ducked by Swift with a Matrix-style bridge!]

GM: OH!

[And when Hamilton turns back around, she's taken off her feet by a standing dropkick!]

GM: A big dropkick takes down Harley Hamilton...

[Big cheers!]

GM: ...and there's the tag to Trish Wallace!

[Wallace doesn't waste any time, running in and immediately bowling Hamilton over with a shoulderblock!]

GM: BIG TIME SHOULDERBLOCK! And you just know Trish Wallace has been itching to get her hands on Harley Hamilton!

BW: Her and half the Women's Division! They all want their brush with greatness!

[Whipping Hamilton into the ropes, Wallace lifts her up and SLAMS her down with a standing spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHH!"

GM: A HUGE SPINEBUSTER AND THE PIN!

[Hamilton kicks out at two, drawing a groan from the crowd.]

GM: NO! Hamilton gets a shoulder up!

BW: She's just like her daddy, Gordo! She's tougher than a two dollar steak!

[Wallace drags Hamilton back to her feet and places her in a front facelock. There's a cheer from the crowd, as they recognize what's coming. Wallace then slings Harley Hamilton's arm over her neck and lifts her up for a vertical suplex. Lifting...and HOLDING her up completely vertical in mid-air!]

GM: We saw this at Homecoming! Trish Wallace lifted Harley Hamilton up for a suplex and she didn't let her back down until she wanted to!

[While the crowd is loving this, there is one person who makes her displeasure loudly known.]

"ACH! PUT HER DOON YA SLAG!"

[Cinder steps through the ropes and charges at Wallace, clubbing her in the back and causing her to set Hamilton back down onto the canvas as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Cinder breaks up the suplex... but that may have been a big mistake!

[A displeased Wallace then turns her attention to Cinder, who holds her hands up and slowly begins to back away. However, as Wallace approaches, Cinder suddenly lashes out with a kick...

...which is caught!]

BW: This don't look good for her!

[Grabbing her by the throat, Wallace lets go of Cinder's leg and lifts her off the canvas and over her head...]

"OHHHHHH!"

GM: Cinder is regretting her decision to interfere right about now!

[...and tosses her right at a rising Harley Hamilton!]

GM: And Trish Wallace just took out both members of Seductive and Destructive!

[Cinder rolls out of the ring, as Trish Wallace goes back on the attack against Hamilton. She pulls Hamilton to her feet and lifts Hamilton up onto her shoulder, looking to finish her off.]

GM: Trish Wallace wants to end this match right now! She's got Harley Hamilton up for the Running Powerslam!

[However, just like at Homecoming, Hamilton escapes the hold by raking her fingers across Wallace's face!]

GM: Hamilton went to the eyes!

BW: Ain't nothing wrong with that!

GM: There's plenty wrong with that!

[Hamilton drops down behind Wallace and spins her around, nailing her with a kick to the gut and then securing a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: WAIT A MINUTE! HARLEY HAMILTON IS GOING FOR THE HOT GIRL STUNNER-NO! WALLACE SHOVES HER OFF!

"OHHHHHH!"

GM: AND CUTS HER DOWN WITH A LOW DROPKICK!

BW: Wallace was prepared for it this time!

[With Hamilton down on the mat, Wallace doesn't waste anytime, quickly following up with a senton that crushes Hamilton beneath her.]

BW: Harley might be flatter than a pancake after that one, daddy!

[Trish gets to her feet and throws her arms apart, signaling that the match is over, before she turns to her corner and tags in Skylar Swift.]

GM: There's the tag. Trish Wallace has Harley Hamilton up in a bearhug. What are they going for here?

[Skylar Swift runs into the ropes and rebounds off, going into full spin as she leaps into the air..

"OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!!!"

...and catches Harley Hamilton right in the jaw with The Beautiful Dreamer!]

GM: OH MY! AN ELEVATED BEAUTIFUL DREAMER AND THAT MIGHT BE IT! ONE! TWO! THR-

[However, just as Shari Miranda's hand is coming down for a third time, Cinder dives back into the ring and leaps onto Swift!]

GM: NO! CINDER BREAKS UP THE PIN!

[An annoyed Trish Wallace grabs Cinder and tosses her through the ropes and hard onto the floor.]

GM: Back out Cinder goes!

[Getting back to her feet, Skylar Swift turns to the crowd and points to Harley Hamilton, still down on the mat. She locks her hands together over her head and yanks down, making a motion for what looks to be The Snakebite, which draws a loud roar from the fans.]

GM: I think Skylar Swift just signaled that she's going for The Snakebite! She's going to show that thief Harley Hamilton how that move is really done!

BW: What are you talking about, Gordo? The Hot Girl Stunner is an original creation from Harley's brilliant mind! She said it herself!

GM: And if Harley Hamilton said she had a bridge to sell you, I bet you'd believe her!

BW: I'd at least consider her offer!

[Skylar stalks Hamilton, waiting for her to rise back to her feet. However, as she does, something outside of the ring suddenly catches her eye.]

GM: Wait, why is Skylar Swift leaving the- Oh! Cinder is harassing that little girl again!

[We cut to a shot outside the ring, where we see Cinder snatching the cat ears off the young fan's head. As she holds the ears just out of the fan's reach, the Scot

doesn't notice Skylar Swift rushing up from behind her and tackling her down from behind, before pummeling her with a blur of fists!]

GM: OH! SKYLAR SWIFT IS ALL OVER CINDER!

BW: What the heck is she doing? There's a match still going on!

GM: She saw one of her fans in trouble and she did the right thing!

BW: That's what security is for. The right thing would be trying to win the match!

[Skylar gets back to her feet, snatching the cat ears back from Cinder. However, she is then spun around by the shoulder by an angry Trish Wallace, who angrily shouts at her.]

"What do you think you're doing!? Are we here to win or what!? I told you to forget about the stupid cat ears!"

[Wallace proceeds to slap the cat ears out of Skylar's hand, drawing some boos from the crowd.]

BW: Uh oh Gordo, looks like there's trouble in paradise.

GM: We know Trish Wallace has something of a quick temper, but I think her anger is misplaced here.

BW: Hey, I-

"OHHHHHHH!"

GM: Cinder just shoved Skylar Swift right into Trish Wallace!

[Knocking heads with Swift, the much sturdier Wallace stumbles back as the smaller Swift falls to the ground. However, Wallace barely has any time to process what just happened, as a strawberry blonde blur suddenly dives through the ropes...]

GM: HARLEY HAMILTON!!!

"OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and DRIVES her head into the barely padded concrete floor with a Tornado DDT!]

GM: OH MY STARS! HARLEY HAMILTON JUST DOVE THROUGH THE ROPES AND HITS TRISH WALLACE WITH A SPECTACULAR DDT!

BW: She turned that suicide dive into a DDT in mid-air, Gordo! I don't know if I've EVER seen anything like that! And Trish Wallace is OUT, daddy! She ain't waking up from that one anytime soon!

[With the crowd still buzzing from what they just saw, Harley Hamilton sits up and shares a look with Cinder, before kicking her heels on the floor and squealing in delight.]

GM: What a series of unfortunate events! Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift looked like they were on the verge of victory, but it's all fallen apart in a matter of seconds!

BW: I said it before, Gordo, they don't have the killer instinct like Seductive and Destructive do! Do you think Harley or Cinder would ever get in a fight over cat ears?

GM: Maybe not cat ears, but certainly over the last Pumpkin Spice Latte.

BW: Ha ha.

[Hamilton and Cinder roll a dazed Swift back into the ring. Pulling her to her feet, Hamilton buries a knee into Swift's back, before she and Cinder both place the Canadian Dream Girl into an inverted facelock.]

GM: Seductive and Destructive have Skylar Swift set-up for something here...

[The duo then lift Swift up into the air for what looks like a reverse suplex...]

"OOOOOHHHHHH!!!"

[...before dropping Swift behind them and they both grab her head on the way down, jacking Skylar Swift's jaw on both of their shoulders!]

GM: OHHH! A DOUBLE HOT GIRL STUNNER!

BW: COUNT TO A MILLION, CAUSE SHE AIN'T KICKING OUT OF THAT ONE!

[Shari Miranda drops down to make the count as Harley Hamilton hooks the leg, slapping her hand on the canvas once, twice... three times!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

["E.V.O.L" begins to play, as the crowd roars with boos.]

RO: YOUR WINNERS OF THE MATCH...

SEDUCTIVE AND DESTRUUUUCCCTTTIVVVEEEE!!!

[Hamilton and Cinder climb to their feet, arms raised as they celebrate their victory to jeers from the OKC crowd...]

...and then quickly bail out as a stunned and staggered (and very upset) Trish Wallace rolls herself into the ring, climbing to her feet, and then falling back to a knee as she watches them clear the ring.]

GM: DDT or not, these two still want no part of Trish Wallace... who they've essentially ROBBED two shows in a row!

BW: Robbed?! They out-thought her! It was a plan and it was worked to perfection!

GM: Well, speaking of tag teams with plans... you gotta think that's exactly what happened two weeks ago at Homecoming when the Soldiers of Fortune worked a plan to walk out of Dallas with the World Tag Team Titles. The champions are here tonight in Oklahoma City and we'll be hearing from them in just a few moments so stick around, won't you please?

[Hamilton and Cinder are backing up the aisle, celebrating their victory as we fade to black...]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

...and then fade up on the ring where we find the crowd booing the arrival of the new World Tag Team Champions - the Soldiers of Fortune - who are standing in the ring. Charlie Stephens is proudly waving a flag back and forth making this the first time probably ever that the American flag being waved is being booed in Oklahoma. Joe Flint is smirking, rubbing a rag on the faceplate of the glittering gold title belt over his shoulder. He's got a mic in his hand and as the music fades, he makes himself heard.]

JF: A-TENNNNNNNN-HUUUUUUUT!

[Stephens snaps to attention, still holding the flag aloft as the fans' jeers become louder over the lack of music being played.]

JF: That goes for you people in the arena too!

[More boos pour down!]

JF: And don't think I forgot about you couch potatoes at home. Get up off your butt, stand at attention, salute the... no, no... don't salute the flag. I want you to salute YOUR... NEW... WORLD... TAG TEAM... CHAMPIONNNNNNNNS!

[The boos continue to rain down on them as Charlie Stephens jerks a thumb at the belt secured around his waist, continuing to hold the flag high.]

JF: And while you're on your feet, stay on your feet because we DEMAND that the proper respect be paid... to the Soldiers' newest recruit!

You know... the Soldiers know what it's like when a loyal, hard-working troop gets cast aside by the people he was defending. We know what it's like to see our brothers and sisters come home for war and get left out on the street to freeze... to starve... to suffer... while the fat cats sit in their ivory towers and play chess with our lives!

[Flint nods as there are actually some cheers from that. Commies.]

JF: So, when we got the call from this fighter who said, "I was a loyal AWA soldiers! I towed the line! I fought the good fight! And when the chips were down, I got cast aside like a piece of garbage... like a sack of filth!" we listened and we responded... because that's the kind of guy we want watchin' our backs in the foxhole.

[Flint shrugs.]

JF: I was content to just bring him out to the world but Charlie... Charlie... what's the saying? Charlie loves it when a plan comes together. And boy, what a plan it was.

The AWA sends out a distress call on one of the biggest nights of the year. "We need announcers! We need wrestlers!"

[Flint grins.]

JF: "We need referees!"

And who better to volunteer to referee than good ol' Mickey Meekly.

[The crowd boos, starting to smell the rat they caught a whiff of two weeks ago. Flint takes the flagpole from Stephens who grabs the mic.]

CS: At least... he looked a whole heck of a lot like Mickey Meekly, didn't he?

[Stephens smirks as the fans jeer.]

CS: Ladies and... no, no... that's not right. Unwashed masses of Oklahoma, lend me your ear... and listen up when I introduce you to the newest member of the Soldiers of Fortune... our flagbearer... MARTY MEEKLY!

[The fans jeer as the music kicks in again.]

GM: Marty Meekly?! Marty Meekly?! But Marty Meekly got fired! He got banned for life after that garbage he pulled a few years back with the Wise Men!

[The curtain parts and a slender pale white guy in camo fatigues and a matching Army helmet comes marching into view. He's also wearing a big ol' smirk on his face, obviously pleased at having pulled the wool over everyone's eyes. Meekly stands at attention, bringing his hand up to his forehead in a salute...

...and then snaps it off in the direction of the jeering crowd before making his way down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: Well, a match that was cloaked in controversy just became a clear robbery... a miscarriage of justice if you will... as the one and only man who was BANNED from being an AWA referee just refereed a title change two weeks ago and the only people who knew about it were the three in the ring!

BW: Did Veronica Westerly know about it?!

GM: An excellent question, Bucky. In the chaos that happened two weeks ago, I wouldn't be surprised if Meekly snuck this one past the goalie so to speak but I also wouldn't put it past Korugun to be involved in what went down either. This situation just got even stranger, Bucky.

[Meekly reaches the ring, scrambling up on the apron, and ducking through where he lunges into a big embrace with Charlie Stephens to jeers. Stephens detaches and points him over to Flint who bows his head slightly while handing the flagpole over to Meekly who takes it and then proudly begins waving it back and forth.]

GM: I'm... I'm just about speechless on this one. Are you telling me that the Soldiers and Marty Meekly of all people ROBBED Next Gen of the World Tag Team Titles two weeks ago?! Is that what we're saying now?

BW: I've got no answer for you on that, Gordo... but if Howie Somers was upset earlier when he spoke to Javier Castillo, he's gotta be on the verge of spitting nails right about now.

GM: And who can blame him? Look at how proud these three are! Look at how proud they are of what they've done!

[Suddenly, the distorted introduction from "Pedestrian at Best" by Courtney Barnett plays, then kicks straight into the chorus of "Revolution" by Pennywise, as Raphael Rhodes bursts from the entrance, storming his way down to the ring. He's followed closely by Sid Osborne, who is moving just as quickly as he is, and Dana Kaiser is jogging behind to keep up with them. Rhodes slides into the ring, removing the hood from his sweatshirt covering his head, revealing a bandage on his forehead due to his cut from the Power Hour. He produces a microphone from his sweatshirt pocket, just barely getting to his feet before he jabs a finger at Meekly's direction.]

RR: This prat? Really? You want this rotter on your side? I knew you lot were daft, but I didn't know you were this daft.

[The crowd pops at Rhodes' incredulity at the latest recruit to the Soldiers of Fortune.]

RR: And oi, Meekly... last time you made eyes at me like you're makin' right now, I headbutted you so hard I crossed 'em and got suspended over it. For some reason, I don't think the ones in charge of the AWA are goin' to feel quite as upset if I do it now. If I were you, I'd be avertin' 'em, mate.

[The crowd roars at Rhodes' threat, as he hands off his microphone to Kaiser, ripping his hood up over his head and beginning to pace behind Osborne and Kaiser like a caged animal.]

GM: Fans... for those of you who may not know, when Raphael Rhodes had the most famous match of his career, against Juan Vasquez in the first ever one-on-one steel cage match in AWA history, it was that man, Marty Meekly, who was the referee.

BW: Yeah, Raph said Marty was slow counting, and headbutted him for it.

GM: And considering how the other two men in that cage turned out, I dare say Raph may have had a point.

BW: Gordo!

[Kaiser takes a moment to try and assure Rhodes, then looks back at the Soldiers of Fortune.]

DK: Mr. Flint, Mr. Stephens, congratulations on your new acquisition, but onto business.

SO: Yeah! Like our title shot!

[The crowd roars again for Sin City Sid's directness, as Kaiser puts her hand up.]

DK: I've been waiting for a response to our challenge, and, well... as you can see, the boys are tired of waiting.

[Kaiser motions to Osborne, who grins at the Soldiers of Fortune, and Rhodes, still pacing.]

SO: Cat got your tongue boys? Or is it more of a yellow streak down your backs?

[Osborne cocks his head to the side.]

SO: All fun and games to cosplay as Duke and Shipwreck but when you might get your heads kicked in on the way to losing those straps... you don't have much to say?

[Osborne grins as Flint and Stephens begin turning a shade of red, fuming at the Sin City Savior.]

SO: I guess what I'm really trying to say is...

[Osborne steps even closer to the tag champs.]

SO: ... SOUND OFF LIKE YOU'VE GOT A PAIR, SOLDIER!

[Kaiser nods.]

DK: So in between Raph's points made on the Power Hour, and Sid's points here, I think it's pretty clear... you're not leaving this ring without a fight from Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes. Whether you choose to put those belts up is your business. Are you men, or are you... maggots?

[Kaiser arches her eyebrow and awaits her response...

...and just as Joe Flint appears on the verge of responding, Charlie Stephens steps in front of him, holding up a hand.]

GM: Uh oh.

[With a smirk on his face, Stephens turns towards Dana Kaiser, mic in hand.]

CS: Maggots?

[Stephens snickers.]

CS: Maggots?!

[Kaiser nods as Stephens takes a step back.]

CS: I'd be a lot more offended by that if it wasn't coming from a...

[He looks her up and down.]

CS: ...parasite.

[The crowd jeers as Kaiser looks surprised.]

CS: That's right, Mrs. Rhodes - you're nothing but a parasite! A leech! You took a failed bodybuilding career and decided you'd latch on to these two to make yourself relevant!

Sid Osborne?

[He points to the Sin City Savior.]

CS: I've watched this kid wrestle since the day he came to the Combat Corner and I know he deserves better than you...

[He points to Kaiser.]

CS: ...and I know he deserves better than YOU!

[He points to Rhodes who glares back at Stephens.]

CS: And you... you used to be a top guy around here. You used to be a name brand... someone this place looked like they were going to build around. But when the going got tough, you tucked your tail, ran, and hid.

And there you stayed...

[Stephens smirks again.]

CS: ...until she grabbed you by the b-

[Rhodes surges forward, blasting Stephens in the ear with a forearm shot as the crowd cheers.]

GM: That was enough!

[Rhodes continues pounding Stephens as Flint looks to intervene... but a charging Sid Osborne throws himself at Captain Joe, swinging for the fences as the new flagbearer, Marty Meekly, bails from the ring. Dana Kaiser does the same on the other side as Osborne gets Flint in one corner, chopping away and Rhodes gets Stephens in the other, delivering clubbing forearms across the back of the neck. A shout from Osborne gets his partner's attention...]

GM: Double whip!

[Flint and Stephens crash into one another in the middle of the ring, Stephens going down on the canvas as Flint staggers backwards, falling up against the ropes where a charging Osborne takes him over the top with a running clothesline!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE TAKES FLINT TO THE FLOOR!

[Snatching Stephens off the mat by the hair, Rhodes pulls him up, runs at the ropes, and HURLS Stephens over the top as well, sending him crashing down on the ringside mats!]

GM: And just like that, Osborne and Rhodes have cleared the ring of the World Tag Team Champions! Oh my!

[Flint pushes up to a knee, looking up with disdain at the ring as Osborne and Rhodes continue to bellow challenges at the World Tag Team Champions from inside.]

GM: Rhodes and Osborne want a shot at the titles - will they get it? We'll find out in just a few moments!

[Fade to black.

We hold on a black screen for several moments before we hear the sound of footsteps. Loud footsteps breaking through a completely silent room.

They come to a halt.

A slight clearing of the throat.]

"WELCOME..."

[And with the blast of a spotlight, we see a circus ringmaster standing in the middle of it, a huge grin upon his face.]

"...TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!"

[The boisterous "Whooooooooo!" of "The Greatest Show" from the soundtrack to the upcoming "The Greatest Showman" is heard a few times before...]

#Ladies and gents... this is the moment you've waited for...#

[The ringmaster winks at the camera, an actual sparkle showing off his polished white teeth...

...and we cut to a graphic that reads:

SUPERCLASH IX
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

61 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...and fade up on the ring where we see the action has already begun with Sid Osborne holding Charlie Stephens in a side headlock.]

GM: We are back and we are underway with what is now an official World Tag Team Title match between the Soldiers of Fortune - fresh off winning the titles two weeks ago - and the team of Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes who have been racing up the rankings in recent weeks.

BW: The Soldiers have become known as a team with excellent strategy, Gordo... but I think they got duped into this one. They got fired up by Rhodes... by Osborne... and by Dana Kaiser... and here we are.

GM: And... oh, would you get out of here?!

[The shouts of "U-S-A! U-S-A!" by Marty Meekly are heard over the announcers' headsets as we see Meekly wave the flag frantically back and forth.]

GM: I cannot believe that the AWA is allowing Marty Meekly back - to play ANY role in this company... and now he's out here as... what did they call him? The flagbearer for the World Tag Team Champions?

[Stephens wraps his arms around Osborne's torso, backing him into the ropes before shoving the Sin City Savior out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Stephens shoots him off... drops down now...

[The rebounding Osborne goes up and over the prone Stephens, hitting the far ropes...

...and running one-half of the tag champions down with a shoulder tackle!]

GM: Big tackle and Stephens goes down hard from that one!

[Stephens rolls about on the canvas for a few moments before climbing to his feet, grabbing both his shoulders and his back at the same time. He points angrily at the official who shrugs, waving for the match to continue.]

GM: Referee Andy Dawson saying there's nothing illegal about that tackle much to the dismay of Charlie Stephens.

[An angry Stephens moves right back in, tying up with Osborne a second time. This time though, it's Stephens who secured the side headlock, cranking the head and neck.]

GM: Stephens now with the headlock, trying to wear down one-half of their challengers here tonight.

[But the headlock isn't on long as Osborne shoves him off the ropes, mirroring what we saw moments ago as he drops down. Stephens keeps up the mimicry, going up and over to the ropes.]

GM: Stephens on the rebound this time... and Osborne takes him way up high, over, and down with a hiptoss!

[The crowd cheers as Stephens scrambles back to his feet, charging in a second time...]

GM: And Osborne takes him up and over a second time!

[Stephens grabs his back as he gets up from the second hiptoss, wandering right into a side headlock that Osborne grabs before using it to take Stephens down with a headlock takeover.]

GM: Osborne showing Stephens a little bit of mat wrestling technique... oh ho, Stephens rolls him right onto his shoulders... but Osborne slips out at two.

[The Sin City Savior scrambles up but Stephens surges up from a knee, wrapping his arms around Osborne's torso, driving him back into the Soldiers' corner.]

GM: Stephens drives him back... and Flint tags in!

["Captain" Joe Flint steps through the ropes, using Stephens' hold to land a big right hand on Osborne... and another...

...but as Stephens ducks out, Osborne uses the momentary break to throw a right hand of his own... and another... and another... and then pivots to DRILL Stephens on the jaw, knocking him off the apron to big cheers!]

GM: Osborne's fighting out of the corner... Flint caught off-guard, getting knocked around by Sid...

[Osborne spins out of the corner, backing to the middle as an irate Flint charges at him...]

GM: Flint coming out and... ohhh! Another hiptoss by Osborne puts Flint down!

[Flint hits the mat, rolling back up to a knee, coming to his feet as the Sin City Savior rushes forward...]

GM: Clothesline by Sin City Sid!

[The Duke promptly hits the mat and immediately rolls under the ropes, moving out to the floor with a slap of his hands on the apron, shouting up at a waiting Osborne...

...and failing to notice Raphael Rhodes drop down, moving around the ring, spinning him around by the shoulder...]

GM: OHH!

[...and lands a big European uppercut, snapping Flint's head back to cheers from the crowd and protests from Charlie Stephens, Marty Meekly, and the referee as Rhodes shoves Flint back under the ropes!]

BW: Nothing legal about that one, Gordo, but these fans in OKC sure liked it.

[An angry Flint gets to his feet, leaning over the ropes to shout at Rhodes as the British grappler backs away, hands raised, towards his corner...

...but the distraction is enough for Osborne to drag Flint down in a schoolboy!]

GM: ROLLUP FROM BEHIND! ONE! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd groans as Flint just BARELY kicks out in time. He gets up, holding up two fingers to the referee, a frantic look on his face as the referee shows two fingers with a nod. Flint grabs at his chest, breathing heavily as he scrambles back to his corner, tagging Charlie Stephens.]

GM: The tag is made... and in comes Charlie Stephens back into this one. Osborne's coming forward and-

[Stephens shouts "HALT!"...

...and then points to Raphael Rhodes. The crowd cheers that idea as Rhodes nods his head, sticking out his hand to his partner. Osborne squares up, fists balled up, ready to fight...]

GM: Stephens wants Rhodes but I don't think Osborne wants to get out of there yet... he wants to fight too.

[But again Stephens demands Rhodes and this time, Osborne nods, reluctantly walking across and slapping his partner's hand before stepping out.]

GM: Osborne's out and Rhodes is in...

[Rhodes comes in quickly, moving right across the ring to wrap up Stephens in a collar and elbow which he just as quickly breaks to throw a forearm uppercut, knocking Stephens off his feet and down onto his back.]

GM: Down goes Stephens and... look at this now...

[Rhodes firmly stomps down on Stephens' left ankle, reaching down to grab the right leg, stretching out the hamstring of Stephens who cries out in pain, reaching for his leg from his prone position.]

GM: When you talk about grapplers in the AWA who can really torture and torment an opponent by bending and stretching them, you've gotta put Raphael Rhodes very close to the top of that list.

BW: Look at the pressure put on the hamstring there. You can tell how painful this is just by looking at Charlie Stephens' face, Gordo.

[Stephens shouts "NOOOOO!" to a question about submitting. The referee informs Rhodes who nods... and while still holding the leg, he drops an elbow down between the legs...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Stephens' eyes go wide, sitting up on the mat, clutching his groin.]

GM: Hmmm. Not sure on that one, Bucky. That one looked a little low but Rhodes is insisting it was above the belt.

[Marty Meekly is shouting about the perceived low blow from the outside but the referee stands up, gesturing to his waistline.]

GM: The referee agrees with Rhodes but... oh, look at this here...

[Still sitting on the mat, Rhodes wraps Stephens' leg around him, twisting the knee and pulling back on the ankle...]

GM: Rhodes continuing to go at that leg. And this is an interesting strategy for Raphael Rhodes as his partner, Sid Osborne, is certainly NOT known for working a body part and his technical wrestling skills.

[Rhodes yanks back on the ankle a little more with a sharp "ASK HIM!" Stephens again cries out a refusal...

...and then reaches around to dig his fingers into Rhodes' eyes, raking them hard with both hands to jeers!]

GM: And Stephens goes to the eyes! Stephens breaks out of this hold by going to the eyes with both hands... and that'll get him loose for sure.

[Stephens shoves Rhodes away, climbing to his feet as Rhodes rubs at his eyes, trying to clear his vision.]

GM: Charlie Stephens on his feet, pulling Rhodes up before Rhodes can see him most likely...

[But as Stephens winds up with a big right haymaker, Rhodes lifts his hand to block it...

...and then grabs the ears of Stephens with both hands before SLAMMING his skull into Stephens' head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADBUTT! HEADBUTT TAKES 'IM DOWN!

[Stephens flops back onto his back as Rhodes dives across him, hooking a leg...]

GM: One of the hardest heads in pro wrestling gets one! It gets two! It gets-

[The crowd jeers as Stephens' shoulder pops off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt...]

GM: Stephens kicks out in time... and look out here!

[Rhodes swings a leg over Stephens, pinning his torso to the canvas...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and lands a big open-handed blow across the cheekbone!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[With Stephens reeling and desperately trying to cover up, Rhodes grips the wrist, swinging out into a cross armbreaker attempt!]

GM: Rhodes looking for the arm! Looking for something out of the arsenal of fellow European Callum Mahoney here with that cross armbreaker!

BW: But Stephens was quick to block it, grabbing his own hand, clinching them together to keep Rhodes from hyperextending that elbow!

[Rhodes gives a couple of hard yanks, trying to pull the arm out of the blocking grasp but a determined Stephens hangs on...]

...which is when Rhodes lifts his right leg, slamming his calf down on the front of Stephens' face!]

GM: Rhodes trying to kick that block away!

[A second leg crashes across the face... and a third one follows which breaks the grip as Rhodes yanks the arm back, causing Stephens to cry out in pain as the referee gets in position...]

...and the fans' cheers turn to boos as the official points to the ropes - or more specifically, Charlie Stephens' foot draped over the bottom one.]

BW: Foot's on the ropes! The ref spots it and he calls for the break immediately!

[Rhodes hangs on for a few moments, earning himself a four count before he quickly lets go, glaring down at Stephens.]

GM: Rhodes trying to inflict a little more punishment after Stephens had some words about his wife, Dana, prior to this match. Charlie Stephens again writing checks with his mouth that the rest of him may not be able to cover.

[The British grappler drags a struggling Stephens off the mat, cracking him with a knife edge chop that sends him falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Big chop by Rhodes... gets him on the ropes...

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[With Stephens reeling against the ropes, Osborne switches his attack, moving to clubbing forearms across the sternum...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[The crowd is rocking as Rhodes grabs the back of Stephens' head...

...and CREAMS him with a European uppercut that lifts Stephens over the ropes, dumping him in a heap on the outside!]

GM: OHHHH MY!

[Marty Meekly quickly moves around the ring, racing to the side of the fallen Charlie Stephens as the crowd cheers the big fall to the floor.]

GM: Meekly trying to get over, trying to help his... employer, I guess.

[The Soldiers' flagbearer pulls up to a sharp stop as he spots Raphael Rhodes leaning through the ropes, taking a swing at him. The crowd "ohhhhhs" as Meekly narrowly avoids it, scampering away...

...which is when Stephens pops up off the ringside mats, snatching Rhodes by the back of the head, and drops down to his knees while pulling Rhodes' throat down over the middle rope!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: STEPHENS FROM THE FLOOR! BIG MOVE ON THE FLOOR!

[Rhodes goes stumbling back, falling to his back on the canvas as Stephens grabs the middle rope, kneeling on the canvas before slingshotting through into a lateral press...]

GM: STEPHENS WITH A COVER!

[...with his feet strategically on the ropes for leverage as the referee goes down to count.]

GM: STEPHENS TRYING TO STEAL IT!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice...

...but a determined shout from Dana Kaiser catches the official's attention who spots the feet on the ropes being pointed out by Kaiser! The referee leaps up, waving his arms and actually kicks the feet off the ropes.]

GM: Oh! Dana Kaiser with the save for her team right there!

[The referee threatens Stephens as he gets to his feet, shaking his head...

...and then whips around, shouting at Kaiser who shouts back at him.]

GM: Kaiser and Stephens trading words now... or again, I should say...

[An irate Stephens turns around back towards Rhodes...

...and gets POPPED with another uppercut, going down through the ropes, spilling out on the apron!]

GM: Another uppercut finds the mark! Stephens back out on the floor... check that, he hangs onto the apron...

[A still-agitated Rhodes leans through the ropes, dragging Stephens up to a standing position as Rhodes straightens up and snatches a front facelock...]

GM: Rhodes looking to bring Stephens in the hard way, AWA fans...

[Rhodes nods his head to the cheering fans as he lifts Stephens into the air...

...which is when Marty Meekly grabs the ankle on Rhodes, tripping him up and sending him down onto his back with Stephens atop him!]

GM: MEEKLY FROM THE FLOOR! MEEKLY TRYING TO STEAL IT!

[The referee is shielded from the interference as Meekly sits on the floor, pulling down with all he's got...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Dana Kaiser comes running around the apron and SHOVES Meekly to the floor, breaking his grip on the ankle!]

GM: Marty Meekly looking to pay IMMEDIATE dividends for his new employers was on the verge of stealing this one for Stephens and Flint - the World Tag Team Champions - but Dana Kaiser gets involved and that won't happen - not right now!

[Back on his feet, Charlie Stephens leans through the ropes, shouting at Dana Kaiser, gesturing angrily at her as the referee shouts to get the action back in the ring...

...and Stephens crosses a verbal line by comparing Kaiser to a female dog...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kaiser slaps Stephens across the face, sending him falling back into a Rhodes schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEPHENS JUST BARELY SLIPS OUT!

[Rhodes is quickly up, catching a rising Stephens with a knee to the gut, whipping him to the corner. He charges in after him, landing a running back elbow up under the chin as Sid Osborne slaps the shoulder.]

GM: TAG! In comes Sin City Sid!

[Osborne comes through as Rhodes drags Stephens out to the middle of the ropes...]

GM: Double whip by the challengers...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...and A BIIIIIIIG DOUBLE BACKDROP!

[Rhodes pumps a fist as Osborne lets loose a loud "LET'S GO!" to the OKC crowd who roars in response. Rhodes departs the ring as a fired-up Osborne swings his arm around a couple of times before dashing to the ropes, rebounding back towards a rising Stephens...]

GM: AND A CLOOOOTHESLIIIINE SENDS STEPHENS OUT TO THE FLOOR AGAIN!

[Osborne is all sorts of fired up now, pacing the ring wildly, slapping himself on the sides of the head, nodding manically to the roaring crowd.]

GM: The fans in Oklahoma City are solidly behind the challengers as Sin City Sid steps out on the apron...

[Osborne leans back, head against the ringpost as he waits for Stephens to get off the ringside mats and up on his feet...]

...which is when Sin City Sid goes barreling down the apron, hurling himself off in a somersault...]

BW: CANNNONBAAAAAALLLLLLLLL!

[The flipping attack flattens Stephens underneath him as Osborne climbs to his feet, approaching the barricade holding back the roaring fans with a "HELLLL YEAAAAAAH!"]

GM: Sid Osborne is fired up! These fans are fired up! Sid Osborne is trying to slam the door on this one and capture his first piece of AWA championship gold alongside his partner, Raphael Rhodes, who is looking to do the same thing.

[Osborne circles back to the dazed Stephens, pulling him up and tossing him back inside the ring...]

GM: Osborne puts Stephens back in... he's up on the apron as well, coming back in- oh, come on!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers again as Marty Meekly flings himself at Osborne, wrapping his arms around Sin City Sid's leg.]

GM: MEEKLY ON THE FLOOR... AGAIN!

BW: This guy's making me look like a neutral observer in my managing days, Gordo.

GM: Meekly's trying to keep Sid from getting in and-

[But Sid shakes his leg, sending Meekly to the floor. Osborne points a threatening finger at him before he climbs back in.]

GM: Meekly slows him down but Osborne's still on the attack, dragging Stephens up to his feet-

[A dazed Stephens lashes out, jabbing a thumb into Osborne's eye!]

GM: Oh!

BW: The ol' Greco-Roman thumb to the eye, daddy!

[With Osborne blinded for the moment, Stephens dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards Sid who is trying to clear his vision...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and UNCORKS a knife edge chop on the running Stephens, a blow that strikes so hard that Stephens wipes out, hitting the mat and backrolling over onto his chest!]

GM: What a chop by Osborne... and there's the tag!

[Rhodes is quickly back in, dragging Stephens off the mat by the hair, smashing a pair of short forearms to the jaw before shoving him back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Rhodes puts him back in the buckles...

[Rhodes comes in hot, throwing two more short forearms... a spinning back elbow... and a standing lariat that lifts Stephens off the mat before Rhodes grabs the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Rhodes shoots him across... Stephens hits hard...

[After SLAMMING into the turnbuckles, Stephens stumbles out towards Rhodes who slips his fingers into Stephens' mouth...

...and YANKS him off his feet with the fish hook!]

GM: AHHHHHH!

[Stephens flails about on the canvas, grabbing at his face as Rhodes looks at his fingers in disgust, wiping them on his tights as a sadistic smirk crosses his face.]

GM: Stephens goes down and goes down hard!

[Rhodes stands over the screaming Stephens, leaning down to say something before snatching his wrist, dragging him to his feet where he twists the arm around and buries a knee into the gut. He snatches a three-quarter nelson, flipping him over into a seated position with a snapmare...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Stephens across the cheekbone with a crossface blow!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Another one lands, Flint crying out from the apron...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the third one brings Flint through the ropes...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...but a lunge from the official cuts him off, forcing him back out to the apron as Rhodes allows Stephens to slump backwards onto his back. Rhodes barks angrily at Flint who returns fire from the apron.]

GM: We’ve got ourselves a war of words between an American and a Brit perhaps not seen since the War of 1812!

[Rhodes steps closer to the corner, still arguing with Flint as Dana Kaiser shouts herself but at her husband, drawing his attention back to the match.]

BW: And there’s a smart move by Kaiser on the outside, getting Rhodes back on task and not letting his temper get the better of him.

[An agitated Rhodes turns away from Flint, moving back towards Stephens who is scooting backwards, trying to drag himself towards his corner where Joe Flint is waiting for him.]

GM: Stephens trying to get out of there but-

[Rhodes reaches down, grabbing Stephens to pull him up...

...but Stephens reaches up, grabbing the front of Rhodes’ tights and giving a hard yank, pulling Rhodes forward to send the Brit crashing facefirst into the Soldiers’ corner!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: STEPHENS USING THE TIGHTS FOR LEVERAGE!

[With Rhodes hanging onto the ropes to stay standing, Stephens pushes up to a hip, dragging the rest of the way to the corner where he slaps the offered hand.]

GM: And Stephens turns this thing around in a hurry... there’s the tag to Joe Flint...

[Flint steps through the ropes as Stephens pulls himself to his feet, dragging Rhodes back towards him. Stephens lifts Rhodes into the air in a belly-to-back suplex lift...

...and Joe Flint slips in behind him, wrapping his arms around Rhodes’ head and neck, leaping up to land a neckbreaker as Stephens finishes the suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: And what a doubleteam there by the champions!

[Flint rolls immediately into a lateral press, snatching the leg as the referee drops down to count...]

GM: Rhodes slips out at two, breaking the pin and keeping this title challenge going for he and his partner!

[The cheering crowd quickly switches back to jeers as Flint grabs Rhodes by the hair, smashing his fist into the skull a few times before shoving him back down and climbing to his feet.]

GM: The Soldiers find themselves with the advantage here and now they're looking perhaps to finish off Raphael Rhodes in their first title defense here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Flint throws a glance to his corner where Charlie Stephens is leaning on the ropes, waving an encouraging arm as The Duke stomps Rhodes once... twice... three times before leaning down to bring him back up.]

GM: Flint pulling Rhodes up by the wrist... and he whips him right into the corner...

[Rhodes SLAMS violently into the turnbuckles, staggering back out as Flint sets his feet. He lifts Rhodes into the air...

...and THROWS him down in a standing spinebuster that bounces the back of Rhodes' skull off the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER CONNECTS! And Flint covers again!

[Another two count follows before Rhodes kicks out, breaking the pin again.]

GM: Raphael Rhodes continuing to hang on despite all this punishment from Stephens and Flint.

[Flint climbs back to his feet, throwing a questioning look at Stephens who gives a nod. "Captain" Joe pulls Rhodes off the mat, scooping him up into powerful arms before slamming him down on the mat...]

GM: Scoop and a slam by Flint... and there's a tag to Stephens...

[Stephens slips through the ropes, hopping up to the midbuckle before launching off and driving the point of his elbow down into the throat of Rhodes whose legs kick up into the air before he settles back down with Stephens atop.]

GM: The elbow finds the mark... and Stephens with a cover now. He's got one! He's got two! He's got- no! Rhodes slips that shoulder up at two and the title aspirations of Rhodes and Osborne continue to live on here on Fox Sports X here tonight.

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: The fifteen minute call is heard - halfway through the time limit for this World Tag Team Title matchup as the Soldiers of Fortune look for their first successful defense and the team of Rhodes and Osborne look for their first piece of AWA championship gold - whether separately or as a team.

[Climbing back up to his feet, Stephens gives a hand signal to Joe Flint who nods as he stands on the apron. Stephens turns back to Rhodes, dragging him up by the wrist to his feet where he ducks down, lifting Rhodes up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry.]

GM: Stephens picks him up... carrying him around now...

[Stephens slaps the offered hand of his partner, bringing Joe Flint back inside the ring...]

GM: And now it's the Soldiers tagging in and out at will, taking advantage of Raphael Rhodes' weakened state. This is a tough challenge for the new champions and it remains to be seen if they can put down the challengers.

[Stepping to mid-ring, Stephens starts spinning around...]

GM: Airplane spin by Stephens! Trying to dizzy the British bruiser!

[Stephens goes around and around as Flint stands back, measuring his man as the referee starts a five count for both men being inside the ring...]

...and Flint suddenly rushes forward, swinging his leg up to drive his boot into the side of the spinning Rhodes' head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Stephens stops cold, spins halfway back the other way, and then dumps Rhodes off his shoulders in a fireman's carry slam. He vacates the ring as Flint drops down to cover.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Rhodes' shoulder pops off the mat again!]

GM: Again, Raphael Rhodes kicks out! Again, he saves the title!

[Sid Osborne bellows from the corner, pacing madly back and forth as Dana Kaiser slaps her hands down on the apron.]

GM: Osborne and Kaiser are cheering Rhodes on, trying to get him to the corner... trying to get him to make the tag that could turn this thing around in a hurry.

[Flint glares at the referee, pointing out to Meekly who shouts "THAT WAS THREE, CAPTAIN! THREE! I KNOW IT WAS!" The official holds up two fingers, backing up as Flint climbs to his feet.]

GM: Joe Flint - and Marty Meekly - are less than pleased with the two count there but it a two count is was as Flint gets up, looking to find a way to finish off Raphael Rhodes and keep those titles secured around the waists of the Soldiers of Fortune.

[With Rhodes up, Flint whips him towards the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip across...

[...and cocks his right arm, readying a big Howitzer clothesline...]

GM: HOWITZER ON THE WA- DUCKED BY RHODES!

[...who has his shoulder slapped by Sid Osborne as he draws near...]

GM: Was that a tag?!

[...and on the rebound, Rhodes leaps into the air over a doubled-up Flint...]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!

[Flint is struggling, his arms pinwheeling as he tries to stay on his feet, not noticing an incoming Sid Osborne who hits the ropes behind Flint, leaping into the air...]

GM: BULLDOG!

[Osborne PLANTS Flint facefirst on the canvas to huge cheers...]

...and then takes the mount, battering Flint about the head with a wild flurry of rights and lefts!]

GM: Sin City Sid is all over him!

[The referee's count forces Sid to back off, watching as Flint rolls to his chest...

...and then dives back in, grabbing Flint by the back of the head...]

GM: WHAM! FACEFIRST TO THE CANVAS!

[Still holding the head, Sid delivers a second faceslam... and a third before he climbs to his feet, giving a shout to the cheering OKC crowd.]

GM: And just like that, Sid Osborne turns this thing around and these fans in Oklahoma City are sensing they may be on the verge of seeing history made here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Dragging Flint to his feet by the arm, Osborne whips him into the neutral corner, following right behind him to land a big running clothesline in the corner, lifting Flint's legs off the mat before he flops right down on his rear against the buckles!]

GM: Oh my! A big clothesline puts Flint down... and Osborne's sizing him up now...

[With the crowd roaring behind him, Osborne charges across the ring, throwing himself into a somersault...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CANNONBALL IN THE CORNER!

[Climbing to his feet, Sin City Sid grabs the ankle, dragging Flint a few feet out before rolling into a side press, hooking a leg...]

GM: Sid's got him down for one! He's got two! He's got-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And this time, it's Joe Flint who narrowly escapes defeat for his squad! What a battle this is for the World Tag Team Titles... and Sid Osborne's gotta be sensing that the titles are within his grasp.

[Dragging Flint to his feet, Osborne scoops him up, slamming him down on the canvas...

...and then points to the corner to big cheers!]

GM: Sid's going up!

BW: He's going to try to win it all right here, Gordo!

GM: Osborne to the apron... no, wait!

[Before Sin City Sid can step to the apron, Charlie Stephens moves down it to confront him, shouting and carrying on...

...and Osborne holds up to shout back at him.]

GM: Stephens and Osborne are trading words now - and this is valuable time being wasted by the Sin City Savior!

[Dana Kaiser is on the floor, shouting at Osborne to tell him the same thing but he's just not listening, continuing to argue with Stephens.]

GM: Stephens and Osborne are- ohhh! Flint from the blind side!

[A running forearm to the back of the head stuns Osborne as Flint slaps his partner's offered hand.]

GM: There's a tag by Flint and Stephens... and look out here...

[The crowd buzzes as Flint pulls Osborne's arms back behind him, stepping back and holding him as Stephens quickly ascends the turnbuckles.]

GM: And now it's Stephens going up top, looking for a big strike here... perhaps trying to get his team back in with one swing of the- HE LEAPS!

[But as he does, Sid Osborne pulls off a spin move that would make some NBA scouts do a doubletake, clearing out and causing Stephens to SLAM his forearm down between the eyes of Flint!]

GM: OHHH! HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Stephens looks shocked and alarmed as his partner staggers from the impact. As he gets up to check on The Duke, Osborne snatches both he and Flint by the heads, and CRACKS their skulls together!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!

[Flint goes flying backwards from the impact, falling right through the ropes to the outside as Osborne grabs the dazed Stephens, shooting him towards the ropes...]

GM: Stephens off the ropes and-

[Osborne lifts Stephens up, spinning fast to drive him down with a textbook powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM ON STEPHENS!

[Staying down on him, Osborne reaches back for a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[Stephens kicks out, breaking the pin to the dismay of the OKC crowd!]

GM: Stephens out at two... and look at Osborne, right on his feet and right into motion... off the far side and...

[The crowd cheers as Osborne leaps high, dropping all his weight across Stephens' chest with a senton!]

GM: OHHHH! Osborne flips over - another cover! HE'S GOT ONE! HE'S GOT TWO! HE'S GOT THR-

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

BW: KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

[The crowd is buzzing for the near fall as Osborne sits up, cradling his face in his hands for a moment as Dana Kaiser shouts "COME ON! STAY ON HIM, SID!" from

the outside. With a nod, Osborne climbs to his feet, pointing to the corner once more...]

GM: And once again, Sid says he's going up top! Maybe looking for that Stage Dive frog splash to try and win the World Tag Team Titles!

[Osborne ducks through the ropes, starting his climb up the turnbuckles as the crowd cheers him on...]

GM: Sid to the second rope... now one foot on the top...

[Which is when Joe Flint regains his footing on the apron, charging down it towards Osborne who spots him coming and catches him with a right hand on the way in!]

GM: Right hand by Sid! Make it two!

[And a third wild haymaker cracks Flint on the jaw, sending him tumbling off the apron back down to the floor..]

...which is when Osborne gives a quick look around at the crowd, a mischievous look on his face as he switches his footing...]

GM: No, no!

[...and HURLS himself into a somersault off the top rope, wiping out a shocked Joe Flint on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHH MYYYY STARRRRRRS!

[The crowd is ROARING now, on their feet for young Sid Osborne who just put his body on the line to try and take Joe Flint out of the matchup. Osborne is all grins as he gets to his feet, clutching at his lower back with a wince upon his face.]

GM: Osborne with a suicidal dive off the top, taking down Joe Flint...

BW: But at what cost?!

GM: That's the real question isn't it? Osborne is up, holding onto that back as he tries to pull himself up on the apron...

"TWENTY MINUTES HAVE ELAPSED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

[Osborne gives a nod as he pulls himself up on the apron...

...where Charlie Stephens comes rushing at him, looking to knock him back to the floor...]

GM: Stephens charging in -ohh! Osborne catches him with a back elbow, right under the chin!

[Stephens stumbles backwards, falling to his knees with his back to Osborne who ducks through the ropes...

...which is when Marty Meekly hops up on the apron, waving his arms around, drawing Osborne and the official's attention.]

GM: Get him down from there!

BW: Guy's been back for a couple of weeks and you're already itching to get rid of him, aren't you, Gordo?

GM: I certainly am. He's been a non-stop nuisance in this one - interfering, distracting, and...

[Osborne throws a dismissive gesture at Meekly, staying on Stephens as he moves in on his kneeling opponent, pulling him up by the head...

...which is when Stephens wheels about and BURIES a right hand into Osborne's ribcage, forcing Sin City Sid to drop to his back like a rock, clutching his abdomen...]

GM: What the...?! KNUCKS! BRASS KNUCKLES ON THE HAND OF CHARLIE STEPHENS!

[A smirking Stephens holds his fist up for all to see - except the distracted Andy Dawson - before pulling the knucks off, tucking them into his tights, and then diving on top of the downed Osborne, hooking the leg as Meekly points out the pin to Dawson who dives to the mat to count.]

GM: Not like this!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: Not like-

[...but Osborne's shoulder comes FLYING off the mat just in time!]

GM: KICKOUT! HE KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Stephens' eyes go wide, a shocked expression on his face as the OKC crowd continues to roar for the challengers, trying to root them on to change their descriptor to champions.]

GM: Can you believe that, Bucky?!

BW: No, I can't! Osborne got hit in the gut with a... powerful punch.

GM: A powerful punch?! Give me a break! He had brass knuckles on and every single person in this building except the referee saw it! You can't deny that!

BW: Oh, you've never seen me fighting a speeding ticket.

[From the outside, Joe Flint shouts to his partner, trying to snap him out of his shocked state. Stephens shakes his head, clearing the cobwebs as he gets up, tagging his partner in...]

GM: The Soldiers make the tag - still in control of this one...

[Stephens pulls up Osborne, pushing him back to the ropes as Flint grabs the other arm, shooting him across...]

GM: Osborne sent for the ride... double clothesli- ducked by Sid!

[The Sin City Savior hits the far ropes, rebounding back, and leaps high in the air, extending both arms!]

GM: DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE OF HIS OWN BY THE LAS VEGAS NATIVE! DOWN GOES THE CHAMPIONS!

[And with Flint and Stephens temporarily out of the picture, Sid Osborne begins crawling towards the corner, clutching his ribs, to where his partner awaits him.]

GM: Rhodes is waiting! Rhodes is ready for that tag!

[Osborne continues to crawl on his hands and knees, dragging himself closer to his partner's eager hand as the crowd gets louder and louder for the possible exchange...]

GM: Can he get there?! Can he get that tag?!

[Rhodes is straining as he reaches over the ropes, trying to get his hand as far out as he can manage. Osborne inches closer again as the referee waits to see if...]

GM: TAG!

[With a collapsing lunge, Osborne slaps the offered hand as Rhodes comes barreling into the ring, ready for a throwdown...]

GM: Rhodes is in and-

[As Stephens comes towards him first, Rhodes winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and DRILLS him off his feet with a knife edge chop!]

GM: Good grief!

[Rhodes spins around, spotting a rising Flint on the move...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and does goes Flint as well!]

GM: A chop for Stephens! A chop for Flint!

[Stephens is back up and rushing towards Rhodes who scoops him up and SLAMS him down in the middle!]

GM: Scoop slam on Stephens...

[And as the 280 pound Flint gets up, Rhodes ducks down low, lifting him as well..]

GM: ...and a BIG slam on Flint to boot!

[Rhodes throws his arms back with a roar, the crowd echoing it as he turns back towards a rising Stephens...]

GM: He scoops Stephens up again and...

[The crowd gets REAL loud as Rhodes slams Stephens down on top of Flint, creating a quasi-senton!]

GM: ...RIGHT ON TOP OF FLINT! OH MY!

[Stephens rolls off his partner and keeps on going, right out to the floor.]

BW: Stephens is out - but Rhodes and Flint are the legal men!

GM: We're approaching the twenty-five minute mark in this one as both teams are fighting towards the finish line! Who will come out on top in this clash for championship gold here on Saturday Night Wrestling?!

[Rhodes pulls a dazed Flint to his feet, holding the back of his head as he...]

GM: OHHH! UPPERCUT!

[Rhodes hangs on, driving home a second forearm uppercut... and a third... and a fourth... a whole flurry of blows leaving Flint a staggering, stumbling mess as he falls back into the ropes, clutching desperately to them to stay on his feet.]

GM: Rhodes is all over him and-

[With Flint in danger, Marty Meekly AGAIN climbs up on the apron, drawing the ire of the official... and of Dana Kaiser who climbs up on the apron on the opposite side of the ring, shouting across at Meekly who returns fire...]

GM: Meekly's on one side! Kaiser's on the other!

BW: The referee's losing control of this one!

[Ignoring the managerial conflict, Rhodes grabs Flint by the arm for an Irish whip...]

GM: Big whi- no, reversed!

[The reversal sends Rhodes into the ropes as Flint stumbles out to mid-ring. He's still off-balance though so as Rhodes rebounds, he deftly executes a go-behind in the center of the ring, snatching a rear waistlock as he does. The fans cheer, expecting a German Suplex but instead Rhodes surges forward, running Flint's chest into the ropes...]

GM: ROLLING CRADLE!

[Rhodes rolls right through, sitting on the legs as Flint struggles underneath him...]

GM: He might have him! He might have him here!

BW: But the referee's tied up with Meekly and Kaiser!

[At this point, Andy Dawson is up in Meekly's face, shouting at him to get down off the apron...]

GM: The referee is distracted! Rhodes might have this won and-

[With the referee's attention elsewhere, Charlie Stephens rolls back into the ring, brass knuckles on hand...

...and BLASTS Raphael Rhodes in the face with them!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rhodes collapses backwards to the canvas, unmoving as Charlie Stephens quickly drags Joe Flint up, throwing him down on top of Rhodes...]

GM: That no good son of a...

[Meekly suddenly lets go, pointing to the cover as Kaiser points to the fleeing Stephens who dives out to the floor...]

BW: The referee saw none of that!

[Dawson dives to the mat, slapping it once...]

GM: They're gonna steal this one!

[...twice...]

GM: I can't believe this!

[...and finally, a third time before waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Gaaaah... the Soldiers retain the titles!

[From the floor, a grinning Stephens grabs Joe Flint by the ankle, dragging him out to the floor into a stumbling embrace as the crowd jeers loudly. Stephens pulls Flint over towards the timekeeper's table, retrieving the tag titles as Marty Meekly swings the flag around wildly, trying to wave it and jump up and down at the same time.]

GM: Meekly, Stephens, and Flint have pulled this one off... and that's gotta be disappointing for Rhodes and Osborne who were looking for their first piece of championship gold here tonight.

[The champions are fleeing down the aisle as Sid Osborne rolls back into the ring, joined by Dana Kaiser, a dejected look on the face of them both. Osborne pulls Rhodes to a seated position, revealing that Rhodes' forehead has been split open by the brass knuckles. The Sin City Savior gives off a loud "WHAT HAPPENED?!" throwing his hands in the air as Dana Kaiser tries to explain it to him.]

GM: Sid Osborne is obviously upset... and whenever Raphael Rhodes regains his senses after being hit with those knucks, you know he'll be upset as well and... well, they're not alone in that, fans. It's been an exciting night here in Oklahoma City so far and as we look ahead, what a night we've still got in store for you. We know we've got the Dogs of War taking on Supernova, a returning Brian James, and the World Champion, Johnny Detson, in singles matches. We know we've got Shadoo Rage taking on Derek Rage. We know we've got Kerry Kendrick taking on Terry Shane and... well, who knows what else is going down here tonight, Bucky!

BW: You just never know what - or who - we'll see.

GM: Fans, we're going to take a quick break and when we come back, we're going to hear from Jack Lynch who has something to say after what went down two weeks ago at Homecoming with his brother, James... and I promise you do NOT want to miss that!

[Raphael Rhodes is back on his feet, wiping blood from his face as he speaks to his agitated partner while 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 with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves backstage where we see Howie Somers of Next Gen entering through a door. Somers is dressed in a New England Patriots jersey -- No. 87, Rob Gronkowski -- over a white T-shirt and blue jeans. As he enters the arena, a backstage hand approaches him.]

BH: Howie Somers... didn't you think you'd be here tonight.

HS: Got business to discuss with Castillo.

BH: Well, you might be interested to know what just happened.

HS: [puzzled look] What are you talking about?

BH: Marty Meekly is with the Soldiers of Fortune now. He's their flag bearer.

[Somers' eyes widen and he's quiet for a moment.]

HS: Run that by me again.

BH: Marty Meekly is with the Soldiers of Fortune now. He's their flag bearer.

[Somers clenches his fist and it looks like he's gritting his teeth, prompting the backstage hand to back up a step.]

HS: That no good son of a...

[He stops there, lets loose a deep breath, unfurls his fingers, then marches swiftly toward a hallway.]

HS: Where. Is. Castillo.

[We get a cut in the footage until we find Somers rapidly rounding a corner, approaching John Law standing by a door which, sure enough, has the sign designating as the Generalissimo's office. As Somers reaches for the knob, Law reaches out his hand to intercept Somers.]

Then Somers decides to grab Law's wrist instead, prompting both to stare hard at each other.]

HS: Don't. Start.

JL: You're the one who's grabbing my wrist.

[The two glare at each other for a few seconds, then Somers relaxes his grasp on Law's wrist.]

HS: I just want to talk to him.

[Law stares back at Somers, then pulls his hand away from Somers and grabs the knob.]

JL: Keep it brief.

[Law opens the door and Somers enters. We get another cut between the web of hidden cameras in all AWA arenas into the office of the AWA President.]

There, Javier Castillo is seated behind a desk, with MAWAGA standing near the desk, arms folded. Castillo's bodyguard takes a step forward, but Castillo raises his hand.]

JC: No, that won't be necessary.

[Somers approaches the desk and Castillo leans back in his chair.]

JC: Howie Somers... I didn't expect you to be here tonight. Thought you might be keeping tabs on your partner. How is he doing, by the way?

HS: He's got a concussion, he'll be out for a couple of weeks, but that's not what I'm here to talk about.

[Castillo nods, then gestures with his hand.]

JC: Speak your piece.

HS: I take it you had nothing to do with Marty Meekly.

JC: Mr. Somers, I can assure you I did not know about him being recruited by the Soldiers of Fortune.

HS: Can you assure me you weren't the one who asked him to come work at Homecoming?

JC: May I remind you we were short on staff for Homecoming and we made it an open invitation to anyone who has been associated with the AWA, and we were not about to turn away any help offered. As you also will recall, he presented himself

as Mickey Meekly to Miss Westerly... and not his twin brother Marty Meekly who was expelled from the AWA for his... biases.

[Somers looks like he's going to argue.]

JC: She swears it and I have no reason to believe she's lying.

[Somers sighs, nodding his head.]

JC: Now if you're done with the accusations, Mr. Somers, I have other business to-

[Somers interrupts.]

HS: Just one other thing, and it's what I came here tonight to talk to you about.

JC: And what might that be?

HS: The rematch. We have a rematch clause and I want that match signed.

JC: [shaking his head] When your partner isn't cleared to wrestle? I don't think so, Mr. Somers. Besides, we already have a title defense for the Soldiers in the works.

[Castillo gestures towards a monitor in the corner of the room, showing the Soldiers taking on Rhodes and Osborne. Somers grimaces as he sees the titles being defended against someone other than he and his partner. He turns back towards Castillo, fuming mad with his fists clenched at his sides.]

HS: Fine... then when Daniel is cleared to wrestle, I want that rematch. Doesn't matter who it is, though you better believe I hope it's Flint and Stephens.

[Castillo chuckles, but then gets a serious look on his face.]

JC: While I appreciate the initiative, I do not appreciate those accusations you made earlier against me, Mr. Somers. I could make that grounds for declaring there will be no rematch, and you will just have to earn your way back.

[He leans back in his chair again.]

JC: However, I will take your request into consideration. I will have nothing more to say on the matter until I make a final decision. Are we clear, Mr. Somers?

[Somers takes a deep breath.]

HS: Crystal clear.

JC: Good. Now, I believe we are done here.

[He gestures toward the door, indicating Somers to leave. Somers takes another deep breath.]

HS: You and I may be done. But the Soldiers, my partner and I... we're far from done.

[Somers turns and walks out of the office as the graphic flashes once more and we end up back out in the ring...

...where Mark Stegglet stands, microphone in hand.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen... Jack Lynch!

[The audience cheers as the familiar synth and guitar opening of Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead or Alive" plays over the loudspeakers. The curtain is pulled aside, and the lanky shadow of Jack Lynch stands in the entranceway.]

BW: What? I thought Stegglet was just joking! I didn't think he was actually coming out!

GM: What is it with you and hating the Lynches, Bucky?

BW: What is it with you and NOT hating them, Gordo?

[As Jon Bon Jovi tells us that only the names will change, Lynch makes his way down the entrance ramp. The Iron Cowboy is dressed in his ring gear, and as always, wears his white hat slung low. Fans reach out, clapping Lynch on the back, but Lynch's focus is on the ring. He enters the ring and moves to Stegglet, pushing his head back. There's a somber, some might say melancholy expression on his face.]

MS: I have to say, Mr. Lynch, you do not look happy.

JL: Mark, I've had a pretty good run here in the AWA, yeah?

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Let's see. World Champion. Stampede Cup. The first and only man to win tag team gold with two different partners. That's an impressive resume.

[Lynch nods his head.]

JL: Yeah... but I don't feel like the man that accomplished any of that.

I heard Ryan, Supreme and Carver earlier, talkin' about takin' the fight to Castillo. And I didn't hear any of 'em say my name.

And I don't blame 'em.

Because right now, I ain't feelin' like no God, and I don't feel like no Pillar of this place. All I feel like, Mark...

...is an idiot.

[The crowd jeers that statement as Stegglet looks on.]

MS: I assume this is because of Homecoming.

[Lynch nods again.]

JL: Yeah, because of Homecomin'. Because I wanted, more than anything else, to believe that my brother was still my brother.

I shoulda seen it comin'. But I let my heart get in the way of my head. All I wanted was Jimmy back, ya know. I wanted things to be right between me and Jimmy. That's what I wanted.

And all I got was...

[But before Lynch can continue, he's interrupted by the fans booing. Not for him, but for the two people making their way down the aisle.]

Veronica Westerly, and the man that Lynch was just talking about, his brother James.]

MS: Hold on just a minute. This is not your time, you're not supposed to be out here!

[Westerly and Lynch enter the ring. Westerly forcefully reaches for Stegglet's microphone, taking it from his hand.]

VW: Little boy, this is my show, and all the time on it is my time. Don't be one of the idiots who thinks otherwise.

[Westerly turns to the elder Lynch, glancing up and down and shaking her head in disgust.]

VW: Look at you... so self-important. You're out here whining like you think your feelings matter. You know who you remind me of?

[Westerly smirks, a twinkle in her eye.]

VW: Your father.

Just like you, he believes that he's got some god given right to come out and suck all the air out of the room while he complains about how hard he's got it.

[Lynch grimaces, glaring at a member of a family that's been at war with his own for many years.]

JL: Woman...

If ya think comparin' me to my dad is some kinda insult... then I ain't the only idiot in this ring!

[As the fans cheer, James Lynch takes the microphone.]

James: Of course you think being compared to our lowlife father is a compliment. I wouldn't expect anything less from you, Jack.

Because you've always been a self-righteous bastard!

[Lynch glares, dead eyed at his older brother, almost daring him to do something. The camera cuts to Jack Lynch, who is visibly holding himself back.]

James: You're right, you know. You should have seen it coming.

You should have known that I will never, ever forgive you. Not for all of the years that I had suffer in the shadow of the ego of the great and mighty Jack Lynch!

You didn't see it coming. And do you know why you didn't see it coming? Because you're too blinded by your own ego. You still think that you're the world's big brother. You still think that people care about being "backed by Jack." You still think you're the sheriff in the white hat, come to fight the bad guys and save the day.

And even now, you think I betrayed you. When all I did was hold you accountable for all the wrongs you've done me my whole life.

You used me, and then left me behind.

You're so blinded by your own ego, that you thought I'd forgive years of wrongs just for the chance to team with you again...

Just like my spiritual advisor said you would.

[Jack glares at his brother but remains silent.]

James: And what upsets you the most is that I didn't just roll over and play the martyr. I didn't give you the chance to talk about "poor Jimmy with his broken neck." I stopped letting you use me to build your legend.

Idiot? No, you're just selfish.

But I hope you're able to see past your own ego to listen to what I am about to say.

Stay out of my way, Jack... stay out of my life... or what happened at Homecoming will be just the beginning!

[Jack Lynch glares at his brother and then exhales slowly.]

JL: This is gonna be the last time I say this Jimmy.

Please don't do this.

Please come to your senses. Stop listenin' to whoever this "spiritual advisor" and for the love of god... stop listenin' to this...

[Lynch has to stop himself and the next word he speaks is hissed through clenched teeth.]

JL: ...woman!

Jimmy... she ain't even got a family anymore. She's got a brother who won't acknowledge his family. She's got two sons who won't listen to her, even after she got 'em jobs. And she's got a daughter who'd rather spend time with the damn devil instead of her!

[Westerly's face turns the same red that her hair used to be, and she is about to say something when James Lynch pulls her aside. The two of them confer for a moment. Westerly is obviously upset, but a sinister gleam comes into her eye as she whispers something to James Lynch. Jack balls up his fists, preparing for what might come next...

...but without further words, Westerly and James Lynch exit the ring to jeers from the crowd. Jack looks puzzled by what just happened, shaking his head.]

GM: What just happened there, Bucky?

BW: I haven't got a clue, Gordo. I was looking forward to seeing some Stenches beat the heck out of each other again. James should get back in there and-

[Jack calls out on the mic towards James and Veronica, now halfway up the ramp, interrupting Bucky.]

JL: Hey! Since this is your show and all, and since I'm already in the ring and dressed to go, why don't, when ya get back there, ya find someone to send out.

`Cuz now I'm good and ready to kick someone's butt!

[Giving Jack Lynch the evil eye, Westerly nods her head and seems to grant Lynch's wish...]

GM: Well, there you go, fans... an addition to our show has just come about as Jack Lynch wants a match and he wants it right now... so we're going to take a quick break and when we come back, hopefully we'll have that match so don't you dare go away!

[Jack Lynch is angrily pacing the ring as we fade to black.

We hold on a black screen for several moments before we hear the sound of footsteps. Loud footsteps breaking through a completely silent room.

They come to a halt.

A slight clearing of the throat.]

"WELCOME..."

[And with the blast of a spotlight, we see a circus ringmaster standing in the middle of it, a huge grin upon his face.]

"...TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!"

[The boisterous "Whoooooooooa!" of "The Greatest Show" from the soundtrack to the upcoming "The Greatest Showman" is heard a few times before...]

#Ladies and gents... this is the moment you've waited for...#

[The ringmaster winks at the camera, an actual sparkle showing off his polished white teeth...

...and we cut to a graphic that reads:

SUPERCLASH IX
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

61 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...and then come back up to live action where we see Jack Lynch has been joined by a referee and another competitor in plain blue trunks and boots. He's a young, rough good-looking guy with undercut short dreads, a patchy beard, and tattooed sleeves.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, where-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Jack Lynch rushes across the ring, quickly tying up his opponent in a lockup, shoving the smaller man right back into the corner.]

GM: Well, here we go... one fall, ten minute time limit with Jack Lynch taking on young O.D. Brown who we recently saw in action against Omeg-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A stiff uppercut makes Brown's knees go weak, flopping down to his knees near the turnbuckles as a pissed-off Lynch yanks him right up, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: O.D. Brown had a couple of nice moments against Omega but tonight may prove to be very different as the Iron Cowboy is... in in a mood as the kids say.

BW: Is that what they say?

[Lynch whips Brown from corner to corner, charging in after him and burying a shoulder into the midsection, doubling him up.]

GM: Goodness! Big tackle in the corner... and Lynch going to work... shoulder after shoulder being driven into the gut of Brown.

[With the referee putting a count on, Lynch grabs Brown by the back of the head, sprinting across the ring and SMASHES his face into the top turnbuckle, sending Brown flying backwards, bouncing down to the canvas in a heap.]

GM: Jack Lynch showing a bit of a mean streak here tonight. The words and actions of both his brother, James, AND of Veronica Westerly has certainly got him steaming mad, Bucky.

BW: This situation with James has got him all riled up for sure... but James seems perfectly willing to just walk away from it.

GM: He truly doesn't seem eager at all to get physical with his brother... much to the dismay of Veronica Westerly perhaps. But Jack is having a hard time just walking away and letting his brother-

BW: Be his own man? Live his own life?

GM: -tie an anchor to his ankle with the word "KORUGUN" stamped on the side.

[Dragging Brown off the mat, Lynch scoops him up and slams him down on the canvas before backing into the ropes...]

GM: Lynch off the ropes now... leaping kneedrop! Right across the sternum!

[The King of the Cowboys settles into a lateral press, earning a two count before Brown escapes.]

GM: Two count only there... Brown out the back door as Lynch is too steamed to even bother hooking a leg.

[Lynch gets to his feet, throwing a glare at the official as he does, and then hauls Brown up as well. He grabs the arm, whipping him to the corner again...]

GM: Lynch on the move!

[...and throws himself backwards for a leaping back elbow but O.D. Brown manages to cartwheel out of the corner to avoid him!]

GM: Ohhh! Lynch hits the corner hard!

[With Lynch reeling in the buckles, Brown squares up on him, throwing a trio of kicks to the body before snapping off a leaping spinning back kick to the abdomen!]

GM: Oh! And look at the educated feet of young O.D. Brown, Bucky!

BW: He's got Lynch in some trouble but the kid needs to stay on him for sure.

[Grabbing the arm, Brown throws Lynch towards the corner but a reversal turns it around...]

GM: The whip reversed and-

[The crowd "ooooooooohs" as Brown runs right up the turnbuckles, backflipping over a charging Lynch, landing on his feet on the canvas...

...which is when Lynch charges back the other way and CREAMS him with a leaping lariat that flips the young man inside out, dumping him on the canvas in a heap!]

GM: OHHHHH MY STARS!

[The Iron Cowboy flips Brown over, diving across, and hooks a leg as the referee delivers the three count.]

GM: Well, Jack Lynch certainly made short work out of this young man here tonight in Oklahoma City... and we're being told that Theresa Lynch is on her way out here to speak with her brother.

[Jack climbs to his feet, glaring down at Brown. He shakes his head, hands on his hips as he spots his sister out at ringside waiting for him.]

GM: The Iron Cowboy scores a victory... but this night has not gone the way he'd hoped to be sure.

[Lynch steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor to join his younger sister at ringside.]

TL: Jack, you don't have to tell me that you're going through it right now. Because we all are...

[Jack nods.]

JL: I know 'Reesa, I know. I know you're takin' it hard. And I know that this is breakin' our parents' hearts.

I ain't got much more to say than I already have. But I will say this.

Jimmy... for now, I'm gonna do what ya ask. I'm gonna stay outta your way.

At least here in the AWA.

But I'm your big brother, and ya may not believe it, but I love ya. And I gotta believe that there's still somethin' of the man I used to know inside of ya. I gotta believe it for me, and I gotta believe it for 'Reesa, Trav and the rest of your family.

So I'll stay outta your way, but I ain't stayin' outta your life.

You're walkin' down a bad path. A dark path, and ya keep goin' down that path, and sooner or later, there won't be no turnin' back.

But until that happens... I'm gonna keep believin'.

And I'm gonna keep tryin'.

[The camera cuts to an obviously emotional Theresa Lynch.]

TL: For your sake... for Jimmy's sake, for the sake of our whole family.

I pray you succeed.

[The elder Lynch nods, and with nothing else he can say, he walks away, emotions sitting heavily on his shoulders...

...and we fade back up on the exterior of the office for Javier Castillo. The cameraman - who is basically positioned there all night - has captured the arrival of a former World Champion and Hall of Fame Jeff Matthews who gives a glare to John Law. Law nods.]

JL: He's expecting you. Go on in.

[Matthews shoves the door open as though he wasn't waiting for an invite and walks through, the cameraman trailing after him. Javier Castillo looks up from his desk... and then looks back down. MAWAGA lurks behind him as Matthews approaches the desk.]

JMM: The next time you want to see me, come see me yourself. Don't send one of your...

[Matthews eyes MAWAGA.]

JMM: ...errand boys to come get me.

[MAWAGA starts to step towards the Madfox but Castillo clicks his tongue once and MAWAGA pauses.]

JMM: Cute trick. Does he fetch and roll over too?

[Castillo slowly raises his gaze.]

JC: He'll fetch me your skull if I ask it.

[Matthews and Castillo share a very cold stare down for a moment before El Presidente gestures to the empty chair across from him. The former World Champion flops down in it, resting his arm on the armrest to show his hand is still in a cast.]

JC: Is that almost healed?

[Matthews nods.]

JMM: Soon.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: And with two working hands, will you be able to accomplish anything I pay you for unlike what you've done until now?

[Matthews' eyes flash with anger.]

JMM: What did you just say?

JC: Did Wright break your eardrum too?

[Matthews leans forward, glaring at Castillo who continues.]

JC: You have been paid handsomely... very handsomely... to accomplish a simple task. Take out Supreme Wright.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: And yet, there he stood tonight... taunting me... mocking me... injuring Ebola Zaire. Did you see what happened to Zaire?

JMM: I saw-

[He's interrupted by Generalissimo Castillo.]

JC: He's out. Done. Ponavitch doesn't know how long but definitely past SuperClash and nothing's changing that this time.

[Castillo sits silent, letting that news stew.]

JC: And yet... still Supreme Wright walks upright and isn't being wheeled out of here alongside Zaire.

Thanks... to you.

[Matthews grimaces, looking down.]

JMM: I'll take him out.

[Castillo scoffs, waving a hand.]

JC: Of course you will. In due time, I'm sure. But until then, perhaps I should cancel the next payment from Korugun to your bank account and let you fend for yourself in these waters.

Do you know what happens if Jon Stegglet wins at SuperClash?

You're gone. Out. Done.

There's a reason no one wanted you here until I showed up, Matthews... and he's it.

[Matthews glowers.]

JC: Stegglet. Michaelson. Taylor.

[He smirks.]

JC: Martinez and Wright. Those two hate you most of all... and if I'm gone, they'll hold all the power and you'll be gone too.

You want to make more money? You want to win more titles? You want to show the world that Jeff Matthews... he's still got it?

[Matthews slowly nods.]

JC: Then show me. Show me the real Jeff Matthews... not this pathetic shell that's kicked around here for over a year being overlooked... being underhyped... being ignored by the fans... the locker room... the front office.

Show me the man people feared. Show me the man that took Alex Martinez and Caleb Temple and all the rest beyond their limits.

Show me the man willing to sacrifice his body to hurt someone else.

Show me the man willing to scar his own body to get an edge.

[Castillo's voice lowers to a whisper.]

JC: Show me the Career Killer.

[Castillo straightens up... and snaps his fingers, causing MAWAGA to lunge forward, wrapping a hand around the back of Matthews' neck and shoving it down on the desk top, pressing a struggling Matthews in place.]

JC: Or I'll send MAWAGA to put down the Madfox.

[Castillo lets the threat linger as Matthews continues to struggle... and then with a nod at MAWAGA, the Suited Savage lets go and Matthews abruptly gets up, dusting himself off, fists clenched as he stares at MAWAGA...

...and then at Castillo.]

JMM: I'll live up to our deal. I'll take out Wright.

[He moves closer, pointing at MAWAGA.]

JMM: And then I'm coming for him. And that's...

[He turns, glaring at MAWAGA.]

JMM: ...a promise.

[With a flash of the ACCESS logo, we fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then come back up to live action. We've got a panning shot of the Oklahoma City crowd, cheering and waving their homemade signs.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling... and up next, we have the in-ring debut of a woman with a lot of mystery surrounding her. Rebecca Ortiz, take it away.

[We cut up to Rebecca Ortiz in the ring, a broad smile on her face.]

RO: Our next match is a Women's Division contest, set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring, she hails from Tulsa, Oklahoma, weighing 133 pounds... SARAH KNOTTS!

[The crowd gives a polite response to the Tulsa native, standing in the ring wearing a one piece leg-length powder blue outfit and white boots. She pumps her fist enthusiastically.]

RO: And her opponent, coming to the ring at this time, she's from Southern Pines, North Carolina, weighing 149 pounds... she is the "Pretty Hate Machine"...

KYYYYYYYYLIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE KUJAAAAAAAAAAWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[The crowd murmurs briefly, when the following lyric hits over the sound system.]

Nobody hurts you like me!

[And we cut into "That Girl" by Tegan and Sara, as the pastel goth figure of the "Pretty Hate Machine" Kylie Kujawa emerges from the entrance, skipping gleefully. Her long mermaid hair is tied into unbraided pigtails, and she has a black stripe of makeup airbrushed across her eyes, along with a very glossy pink lipstick on her lips. She's dressed in a pink leopard print cropped tank top, along with a black miniskirt with metal rings around the waistline. She has on black kneepads, and curiously, neon pink Chuck Taylor All-Star sneakers. She also has a litany of piercings around her ears, and also her lower lip, right eyebrow, and right nostril.]

GM: This young woman certainly made an impact two weeks ago at Homecoming when she sprayed Kelly Kowalski with a fire extinguisher, then proceeded to hit her in the head with it.

BW: I saw that, Gordo, and making an impact is definitely right. She said she was here to collect debts. Yeesh. Wouldn't want to owe her anything.

GM: Well, exactly who she's collecting for, we don't know. She said she's here to collect for someone whose nose Kowalski recently broke, but Kowalski broke two

noses in recent months. We know about Michelle Bailey's nose, but also Danielle Graves in P*WIN.

BW: Yeah, um, Gordo. Look at how she's dressed. We were watching those EMWC tapes - does that outfit look familiar?

GM: It looks similar to the style of outfit Michelle wore when she wrestled for EMWC.

BW: Plus we know this woman is the little sister of Shane Destiny, the best friend of Michelle Bailey. Come on. Connect the dots. She's even skipping like Michelle did.

GM: I must admit, I find it hard to believe that Michelle Bailey would hire someone to attack Kelly Kowalski. She just isn't that kind of person.

BW: Are you sure about that?

[Kujawa climbs into the ring, where Shari Miranda checks her over for weapons. Kujawa pouts, audibly asking if Miranda doesn't trust her, but consents to the check anyway. As her music fades and Miranda finds nothing, Kujawa stands in her corner.]

BW: I can't believe she's going to wrestle in those sneakers.

GM: Bucky, look at her face. She hasn't taken her piercings out. You're worried about sneakers?

BW: Those could just cause some minor bleeding if they come out. Those sneakers have practically no support. She could snap an ankle!

GM: She certainly seems willing to take the risk, though.

[Miranda asks Kujawa if she's sure she wants to wrestle with her piercings in and those specific shoes, and Kujawa nods. Miranda calls for the bell.]

GM: The bell sounds, and here we go, our first look at Kylie Kujawa in the ring. Theresa Lynch has seen her a couple of times in P*WIN, where she wrestled as the masked Nightbreed KX, and told us not to expect a duplicate of big brother Shane, Bucky.

[Kujawa looks at Knotts, trying to look innocent, asking if Knotts is sure she wants to wrestle. Knotts seems thrown by Kujawa's approach.]

GM: Kujawa is asking young Sarah Knotts if she's sure she wants to go through with this.

BW: That's awfully nice of her, Gordo.

[Knotts nods her head, and Kujawa sighs, then quickly whips a forearm smash right across the bridge of Knotts' nose, flooring her. Kujawa giggles as the crowd starts to boo.]

GM: Kujawa almost suckered Knotts into a false sense of security there... now putting the boots to Knotts!

BW: Sneakers, Gordo.

GM: Either way, she's stomping away at the downed Sarah Knotts!

[Kujawa continues to stomp at Knotts, before pausing for a second. She walks around, stepping on Knotts' hand, with a loud "whoops!" emerging from her mouth as Knotts shrieks, before she follows up with a kick between the eyes. Kujawa kneels in Knotts' face and shouts "sorryyyyyyy!", then stands back up with her wide, toothy grin on display.]

GM: Theresa's notes definitely seem right so far, Bucky. This young lady is already showing she's more ruthless than her brother.

BW: I don't know, this feels more methodical to me. I like it.

[Kujawa pulls Knotts up to her feet, brushing Knotts' hair out of her face, then holds the top of Knotts' head to hold her back, exposing her neck and sternum. From there, Kujawa drives home a short range clothesline, tumbling down to the mat with her, but picking up Knotts' head and patting it a couple of times before Miranda can count.]

GM: A short range clothesline, but not even trying for the count, just cradling Sarah Knotts' head on the canvas.

BW: Gordo, I know we say Kelly Kowalski loves a good fight, but I almost worry about what she's in for if she crosses paths with this woman again.

GM: This is almost a psychological attack in addition to a physical one, Bucky.

[Kujawa continues to cradle Knotts' head as she gets up to her feet, pulling Knotts up along with her, then threads her hands around Knotts' thigh.]

GM: What's this? Could be a teardrop suplex coming up!

BW: Shane used this to finish people off when he was here in the AWA...

[Sure enough, Kujawa lifts, spinning Knotts with a slight turn as she does so...]

"THUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"

GM: And indeed, a teardrop suplex! Sarah Knotts may be out!

BW: Look at Kujawa, though, Gordo... she looks broken up over this!

[Kujawa gets to a standing position, her bottom lip quivering, as she looks down at Knotts, then around at the crowd.]

GM: What is she doing?

BW: Beats me.

[Kujawa looks around again, putting her hands up to her face, and a boot onto Knotts' chest...]

"WAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Miranda slaps the mat once as Kujawa mimics that she's crying, then twice, then her hand starts to come down a third time... when Kujawa's foot slides off Knotts' chest.]

"Nooooo! My foot slipped!"

GM: Oh come on. She's pretending to cry, now she says her foot slipped during that joke of a pinfall.

BW: You know, Gordo, I think she might be a ham sandwich short of a picnic. That just makes her even more dangerous.

[Kujawa mopes as she picks Knotts up off the mat, lifting her up like she's going for a bodyslam.]

BW: Wonder what she's got in store here...

[Suddenly, Kujawa pushes Knotts forward, dropping down to the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMM!"

"OHH!"

[... spiking Knotts chest-first onto the canvas between Kujawa's legs! Kujawa turns Knotts over, grabbing one of Knotts' legs, then uses her free hand to mime that she's pulling a rope as she poses as though water is falling onto her as she arches back while sitting on Knotts' stomach.]

GM: A... most unique pin, and from what I understand, she calls that move the Infinite Sadness! And no doubt that's infinite sadness for Sarah Knotts, as Shari Miranda counts to three!

[The bell sounds, as Kujawa hops to her feet, eagerly presenting her wrist to Miranda for her to raise.]

RO: Here is your winner, the "Pretty Hate Machine",
KYYYYYYYYLIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE KUJAAAAAAAAAAWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

GM: An unusual but effective debut for this young woman, who is definitely a threat to the Women's Division, but certainly one Kelly Kowalski.

BW: No kidding, Gordo. She's unorthodox in a lot of ways, but she definitely knows how to hurt people, and bad.

GM: We've got Mark Stegglet down at ringside, where he's going to talk to the winner. Mark?

[We cut to Mark Stegglet, who stands beside the ring as Kylie Kujawa sits on the apron, happily swinging her feet.]

MS: Thank you, Gordon, and yes, Kylie Kujawa, that's an impressive win here for you in your AWA debut.

[Kylie gasps, then playfully smacks Stegglet on the shoulder.]

KK: Of course, Mark! Sure it was! I mean... would you expect anything less of me? Don't you know me?

[Kylie leans in close to Stegglet, her eyes narrowing.]

KK: I mean, even if you did know me, did you reeeeeeeally know me? Hmm? Tell me.

[Kylie flips Stegglet's tie.]

KK: I bet you didn't.

[Kylie winks.]

MS: Aside from whether or not I know you, what's important is who else knows you. More specifically, who sent you here to the AWA to attack Kelly Kowalski. You said you were here to get revenge for a recently broken nose, and the fans want to know, who are you here to get revenge for?

[Kylie frowns.]

KK: Jeez. Get to know a girl before asking the hard questions, why doncha. Hmph.

[Kylie looks at her nails, nicely manicured and painted neon pink, before glaring out of the side of her eyes at Stegglet.]

KK: Besides, who I'm here on behalf of is none of your beeswax. All you need to know is that my intentions are good.

[Stegglet straightens his posture.]

MS: I have to ask... are you here because Michelle Bailey sent you?

[The crowd gives out a mixed response of cheers and boos, as Kylie looks terribly offended.]

KK: How could you make such an accusation? After everything she's been through these last few weeks? Hiring a debt collector like me? Aren't you her friend?

MS: But I...

KK: Enough! Like I said, who I'm here for isn't anything you need to worry your pretty little head about, comprenez-vous? All you need to know is that Kelly Kowalski's got a whole lot more coming to...

[The crowd roars as we cut to that aforementioned Kelly Kowalski storming down the entrance aisle, heading to where Kujawa and Stegglet are standing. Suddenly, Kylie's hand darts out and steals Stegglet's wireless microphone, and she heads into the ring, rushing out the other side.]

Kylie: Nuh uh, Kells! I'll beat you up when I want to! You don't get to name your time!

[Kylie rushes back up the aisle, with Kelly following her in hot pursuit.]

Kylie: Nope! Nope! Not happening tonight! I'm too fast for you!

[Kylie makes it to the entranceway, where she drops the microphone, and Kelly chases after her, and the cameras, which are following the action in a wide shot, are unable to follow.]

GM: Goodness! Kelly Kowalski came out here to try and get revenge on Kylie Kujawa, but Kujawa beat a hasty retreat!

BW: And she's got sticky fingers too! Did you see how quick she took that microphone?

GM: That's definitely not the last we've heard of this situation for sure. But speaking of the AWA Women's Division, let's take a look at this footage captured a little earlier tonight featuring two more members of that star-studded division.

[We get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo before we cut to a shot in the hallway outside of Javier Castillo's office. As we join the scene, we see Julie Somers and

Lauryn Rage arguing loudly, both in street clothes. An exasperated John Law is standing nearby, shaking his head.]

JS: Get out of my way, Lauryn! I'm going to talk to Castillo about my rematch with Kurayami!

[Rage smirks.]

LR: You mean you're going to talk to him about my rematch? Don't worry, I got it.

[Somers shakes her head.]

JS: Your rematch?! No, I'm talking about mine because after I beat her in Mexico, I should get another shot at her.

[Rage jabs a finger in the air in front of Somers, her well-manicured fingernail coming close to the Spitfire.]

LR: You think I give a crap about what happened with you two in Mexico? Huh? Kurayami's ass is mine! I deserve the next shot. Not you! You had your chance. It's my turn now! My time!

[Somers sighs, making a placating gesture.]

JS: Look, Lauryn, I'm happy that you're back from your knee injury. I'm glad to see you back in the ring. But I'm far from finished with Kurayami. In fact, I'm the one who's beaten her in that ring, and I should get another shot.

[Rage scoffs.]

LR: Oh why? Because of that countout win in Mexico? Real nice. You're right too. You DO deserve another shot... and I'll make sure you get one when that title is around MY waist. I don't know if you've noticed, girlie... but I've laid that big bitch out TWICE now. Straight up.

[Law nods, almost as if he's buying what Rage is selling.]

JS: You did... you sure did. But you didn't do it in the ring, did you?

I don't know if you know but I've laid Kurayami out twice now. Straight up. I'm the one doing it in the ring. Look, I get that you were recovering from injury, but while that was happening, I kept going into that ring, night after night. I've earned my way to another shot at Kurayami.

[Rage shakes her head.]

LR: Earned?! You STOLE my spot. I'm getting tired of people around here stealing my stuff around here. You stole my spot. Swift stole my move. Harley stole my whole damn schtick! It ends now. I ain't the one to steal on. Trust me. You don't want this smoke, Julie!

[Law takes a visible step back as Somers responds.]

JS: Smoke? Lauryn, I'm not your enemy here. I understand why you want a shot at Kurayami. In fact, I WANT you to get your revenge on Kurayami. What she did to you was terrible. But it is MY time now and I'm not stepping aside so quickly. You can't steal my spot, either. I actually pinned Kurayami. And then beat her again. Sure, by count out, but... I'm the only one to beat her at all! That's why I'm not done with my title chase. Not by a long shot.

[Law nods again, agreeing with Somers' logic...]

...and that's when Lauryn jabs the gunfingers into Julie's forehead, shoving Julie's head back.]

LR: Oh you're done, Somers. I'm telling you you're done. Da Kid is back. The first AWA Women's World Champion and you know I should never have lost it. You know that you couldn't see me on your best day before my knee injury.

[Somers steps forward, fists balled up.]

JS: Really? That's how you feel? You really believe that? I've been nothing but supportive of you since you've come back. But you will NOT talk to me like that. You've been gone for 8 months. It may not be your fault, but the Women's division has changed since you've been gone.

[Rage shrugs.]

LR: Seems pretty much the same to me. A lot of talent, but nobody as talented as me.

[Somers chokes off a laugh.]

JS: Well, you got that wrong. I'm every bit as good as you. And I might just be better. You haven't even had a match since you came back and you're going to tell me you want a championship match right off the bat? You trust your knee like that?

LR: I trust my ability like that. This thing is personal between me and Kurayami and I'll be damned if I don't finish that business.

JS: Fine! When I'm finished with her you can have the carcass.

LR: Naw naw naw. I'll tell you what. I'll wear you little narrow behind out right now and show you what it's like.

[Now it's Somers' turn to jab her fingers into Lauryn's forehead.]

JS: Oh, that's how you want to play it? Then let's play it that way!

[By this point, John Law has gone from merely annoyed to aggravated. He now approaches both women and steps in between them.]

JL: Both of you... take it somewhere else.

JS: Excuse me? What business is this of yours?

LR: It ain't none of his damn business. Mind your own, Law.

[Law extends his arms, pushing them apart.]

JL: Look... you both have good points.

[Rage starts to say something but Law cuts her off.]

JL: So why don't you two go down to that ring and settle this yourselves. Let Mr. Castillo see exactly who deserves the next shot.

[Somers looks at Law... then at Rage... and then nods.]

JS: You got it. Let's do this.

[Somers wheels around and walks away, leaving a fuming Rage behind with John Law.]

LR: That girl got too big for her damn britches while I was gone, ya hear?

[Law shrugs as Rage turns and walks away. Law sighs, taking his post in front of the door back as we get another flash of the ACCESS logo before...

...we fade to another part of backstage where Theresa Lynch is standing next to Supernova, who is dressed in a black trenchcoat. Underneath, you can see he's wearing a black singlet with an image in yellow and orange of an exploding star, black tights and wrestling boots. His brown hair hangs just past his ears and he's wearing sunglasses.]

TL: Fans, I'm here with Supernova, who I understand wanted to talk to me specifically.

[She glances at Supernova, whose expression doesn't change.]

TL: I'll admit I'm curious why you wanted to speak to me.

S: Theresa, you know that I told Jack a few months back that the brother he knew was gone, right?

TL: [wincing} Well... yes, you did.

S: I hated to say that, Theresa.

[He pauses, then lifts a finger, like he's ready to make his next point.]

S: But here's the thing -- I've never been anything less than honest with people. I may hate to say something, but I'm not going to keep it to myself because I'm afraid of the repercussions.

So I had to say what I said to Jack. It's just unfortunate he... you.. the entire family had to find out the hard way.

[Lynch stares at Supernova for a moment, as if she's not sure what to ask next.]

S: Go ahead, Theresa -- what else do you want to know?

TL: Well... I suppose I can ask you if you have any interest in being part of Jon Stegglet's team for WarGames at SuperClash.

[Supernova adjusts his sunglasses a bit.]

S: You want an answer to that and I'll be honest with you. Did you know I was still lurking somewhere in the building at Homecoming when Javier Castillo sent his army to attack Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright?

TL: Really? Why didn't you come to their aid?

S: Because, Theresa, I don't know who I can trust any longer. I only showed up earlier that night to do just enough to let Castillo and his servants know that I'm here, and that you never know when I might show up, or what I might do.

Also, because I want to make sure Johnny Detson is in one piece when I finally get my hands on him.

But as far as Martinez, Wright and the others -- back when James Lynch was running around, posing as me, a lot of people who I once called friends all did the one thing I never thought they would.

They all jumped to conclusions.

[He turns toward the camera, then pulls off his sunglasses, revealing his eyes, flames painted around them. But his look suggests a man who has been hurt and is holding back anger.]

S: You all better understand that, while I still remain loyal to the AWA, and I still can't wait until the day Javier Castillo is out of power, that I'm not ready to jump on board with those who are answering Jon Stegglet's call. I have nothing against Stegglet, but the others... the trust is not there, and it wasn't me who broke that trust.

So until I get an idea about whether or not I can trust certain people again, I'm going to deal with Castillo in my own way.

[He puts his shades back on and turns back to Lynch.]

TL: How about we talk about your match tonight... Javier Castillo has ordered you to face one of the Dogs of War.

S: The Dogs of War -- three men who pride themselves as being the most dangerous trio in the AWA, but right now, are acting more like lost puppies who are willing to take any table scraps that Castillo feeds them.

Well, the Dogs can play rock, paper, scissors to figure out who gets to face me tonight, but no matter which one gets the call, I have just three words for him about the match.

[He turns back to the camera and points at it.]

S: You're gonna burn.

[He lowers his hand, then turns back to Lynch.]

S: One last thing... as far as Brian James is concerned, I don't know where he stands on anything, or how willing he's going to be to work for Castillo, but when it comes to Johnny Detson, I have one thing to say to Brian James.

[He turns back to the camera again and pauses for effect.]

S: Don't get in my way.

[With that, Supernova walks away...

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Puerto Rico... he represents the Dogs of War...

PEDROOOOOOO PERRRRRREZZZZZ!

[Pedro Perez, dressed for battle, tugs at the ropes as he awaits his opponent.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[...and that's when the video wall lights up with an image of a sun to a big cheer!]

RO: From Venice Beach, California... THIS! IS! SUUUUUUUPERRRRNOOOOVAAAA!

[We hear a collection of horns playing over the PA system -- horns that open "Runnin' With The Devil" by Van Halen.

The strums of the guitar follow, a red light at the entranceway flashing in tune with the strums.

The image of the sun grows larger, as you hear the tapping on the cymbal, the sound of fingers running over a keyboard.

Then the guitar riff kicks in, the image bursts into a sea of red, flaming pyro shoots up at the entranceway.

And one word appears on the video wall in black lettering over the sea of red.

"SUPERNOVA"

And, as they say, the place comes unglued as Supernova walks out from the entranceway. We can make out enough of him to see that he's dressed in a black trenchcoat and his brown hair hangs just past his ears.

The lights come up with each step he takes down the ramp, and we can see he has a black shirt and blue jeans underneath the trenchcoat. He wears a pair of shades, which he removes as he heads to the ring, revealing yellow and orange paint, resembling flames, around his eyes.

He tosses the shades aside, staring up at a waiting and eager Pedro Perez.]

GM: Supernova versus Pedro Perez and this should be one heck of a matchup that Javier Castillo has put together here tonight.

[As Supernova nears the ring, he circles around to the side, shrugging out of his trenchcoat...

...which gives Pedro Perez the opportunity he was waiting for as he sprints across, throwing himself between the top and middle ropes!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And DRIVES Supernova backwards into the steel barricade at ringside as the crowd groans!]

GM: Pedro Perez attacking before the bell and- look at this now!

[Perez scrambles to his feet, throwing fists as quickly as he can, battering 'Nova up against the steel.]

GM: The match hasn't even started yet and Perez is all over Supernova!

BW: We heard the Dogs talking to Javier Castillo earlier - we heard Perez begging to be taken off the leash and that may be exactly what we're witnessing right now.

[Perez grabs Supernova by the arm, whipping him the short distance from the railing to the ring, sending his lower back smashing into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Spinefirst into the hardest part of the ring - very little padding there... and Supernova is reeling before this one even gets started.

[Grabbing an arm again, Perez drags Supernova over towards the ringpost. He puts Nova's painted face up against the steel, lifting his leg as he grabs both wrists...]

GM: Perez pulling Nova's face into the post! Just grinding here, so much pressure on the cheekbone of Supernova!

[From inside the ring, Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller reprimands Perez, ordering him to get the action into the squared circle so the match can officially begin.]

GM: Perez ignoring the official.

BW: And why not? The bell hasn't rung so ol' Blue Shoes has no power yet!

[With a grimace on Supernova's face, Perez drops his foot off the post, allowing Nova to fall backwards a couple of feet as Perez still holds the wrists...]

...and YANKS Supernova into the post with a big crash before Nova slumps down to the floor, leaving a smirking Perez behind.]

GM: Pedro Perez driving Supernova's face into the steel... and this one might be over before it even gets started, Bucky.

BW: I wouldn't be surprised at that at all, Gordo. Everyone knows how dangerous the Dogs of War are - moreso as a unit than individuals - and Perez is demonstrating it right about now.

GM: You mention the Dogs as a unit. Earlier tonight, we heard that the Dogs will be taking on KAMS in a handicap match two weeks from tonight in St. Louis and that's going to be a very dangerous situation for Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez to find themselves in.

BW: Oh, I'm looking forward to that one for sure, Gordo.

[Perez retrieves Nova off the floor, shoving him under the ropes before rolling himself in.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded and this one is official as we finally get the action inside the ring... although I have to question the wisdom of ringing the bell when Nova has taken so much punishment outside the ring before the match even started.

[Back on his feet, Perez stomps Supernova a few times before pulling him up, shoving him into the nearest corner...]

...where he CRACKS him with a right hand on the jaw that causes Nova to slump down to a knee against the buckles.]

GM: What a right hand... and look at Perez - like a vicious animal in there!

[The crowd jeers a brutal series of kicks to the upper body, knocking Supernova down in the corner. Perez plants his boot on the throat, hanging from the ropes for leverage as the referee counts the boot choke.]

GM: That's a choke... and right away, Blue Shoes is calling for a break...

[Perez breaks at four, taking a little walk around the ring to taunt the fans as Nova coughs and gasps for air on the mat.]

GM: Perez certainly seems happy with himself in this first of three singles matches the Dogs of War will be in tonight. We obviously now know it's Pedro Perez against Supernova but which of the Dogs will face the returning Brian James later tonight? And who has drawn the task of taking on the AWA World Champion, Johnny Detson?

BW: Lots of bad blood between the Dogs and Brian James... but it wasn't that long ago that Detson actually had the Dogs of War in his employ.

GM: The Dogs truly showing their mercenary status, changing allegiances based on the highest bidder...

[Circling back to Nova, Perez pulls him off the mat, jabbing a back elbow into the ear, sending him staggering into the ropes. Perez pushes Supernova's throat down on the top rope, pressing his forearm on the back of the neck as the referee starts counting again.]

GM: Perez choking Nova again! Come on, referee!

[The referee's count quickly reaches four and change before Perez gives the top rope a yank, snapping Supernova backwards and down to the canvas to jeers.]

GM: Perez putting Supernova down on the canvas again - no stranger to illegal tactics.

BW: Hey, I've seen some of his matches from Puerto Rico, Gordo. He's taking it easy on Supernova so far.

GM: Perez, of course, competed for some time in Puerto Rico - one of the areas known throughout professional wrestling for some of the wildest, bloodiest battles you'll ever encounter.

BW: There's a reason that guys like Ebola Zaire... like King Kong Hogan... and yeah, like Pedro Perez, have spent so much time there.

[Perez slowly pulls Supernova back to his feet again...

...which is when Nova slaps the grasping hand away and ROCKS Perez with a right hand!]

GM: Oh! Nova caught him good right there!

[Another right hand lands... then a backhand... then another right...]

GM: Nova teeing off on Perez...

[But a staggered Perez buries a boot into the gut of Supernova before grabbing the head and snapping him over in a swinging neckbreaker!]

GM: ...and Perez fires right back... and there's our first cover of the match.

[A two count follows before Supernova kicks out to cheers.]

GM: Just a two count there... Supernova got caught with that neckbreaker but still has the presence of mind to kick out.

[Perez swings a leg over Nova's torso, grabbing a handful of hair before he lights him up with a series of right hands to the skull.]

GM: Perez pounding away - hey, those are closed fists, ref!

BW: So were the punches by Nova a little while ago - I didn't hear you making hay about 'em!

[Perez climbs off of Supernova, stomping down HARD on his sternum as he gets to his feet. He again takes a walk around the ring, leaving Nova to writhe in pain on the canvas, again coughing violently.]

GM: Supernova is down and he is hurting, fans.

BW: We all know Supernova's got his eyes on the AWA World Title held by Johnny Detson but if he thought Pedro Perez was going to be a stepping stone on the way to challenging for that title, he badly misjudged his man, Gordo.

GM: I highly doubt that, Bucky. Considering that Supernova was once a victim of one the Dogs' famous "windshielding" attacks, I'm guessing he knows exactly what Pedro Perez is capable of.

[Perez hauls Nova back to his feet again, landing a pair of big haymakers before shoving Supernova back into the corner.]

GM: Back to the corner now... oh! Hard knee up into the midsection!

[With Supernova trapped in the corner, Perez unloads with some clubbing blows across the back of the neck and the shoulderblades.]

GM: Perez is really working him over now... whip on the way...

[Perez sends Nova rocketing into the corner where Nova grabs the ropes, staying there as Perez measures his man, charging in after him...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[The Puerto Rican bounces back out of the corner, grinning broadly...

...until he notices Supernova glaring right at him.]

GM: Hold on now...

[Perez rushes in a second time, landing another clothesline and bouncing back out...]

GM: NO EFFECT!

[...and Supernova steps out of the corner, lifting his arm to point at Perez who looks around in a bit of a panic.]

GM: Supernova shrugging off the clotheslines and...

[Perez runs in a third time but this time, Supernova ducks under, giving a shove to the back that sends Perez crashing chestfirst into the buckles. He stumbles backwards into Supernova's waiting arms as he lifts him up, spins him around, and

delivers an atomic drop that sends Perez sailing towards the ropes, flipping over the top and out to the floor!]

GM: SUPERNOVA SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR!

[A fired-up Supernova walks around the ring, pumping up the cheering fans as he strides back towards the ropes, grabbing with both hands...

...and slingshots himself over the top rope, wiping out Perez on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SUPERNOVA TURNS HIS BODY INTO A FLYING METEOR!

[Nova climbs to his feet on the floor, looking out on the cheering crowd with a confident nod before hauling Perez up and shoving him under the ropes.]

GM: Supernova puts him back in...

[The fan favorite climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes to pursue as Perez backpedals, scooting backwards on the mat, begging off as Supernova stalks him...]

GM: Perez is looking for a timeout - looking for a way out to buy some time to recover after this flurry of offense from Supernova.

[Perez reaches the corner, pulling himself up as the referee tries to get him to come out of the corner...]

GM: Supernova moving in...

[Perez lunges out, swinging a right hand but Supernova blocks it with ease, throwing one of his own that sends Perez flying backwards, crashing into the buckles.]

GM: Perez hits the corner... and here comes Supernova!

[With Perez cornered, Supernova unleashes a series of right hands... then a series of backhand strikes... then alternating between the two, the crowd roaring for the pummeling as the referee screams and shouts, trying to get Nova out of the corner...]

GM: SUPERNOVA IS ALL OVER PEREZ!

[Supernova grabs Perez by the wrist, whipping him from corner to corner...]

GM: Perez whipped across... IN COMES NOVA!

[...and the running Supernova HURLS himself into the air, looking to squash Perez in the corner with the Heat Wave splash!]

GM: HEEEEEEAAAAAT WAAAAAV-

[The crowd groans as Perez dives out of the corner, avoiding the splash...

...but the veteran Nova grabs the top rope on his way down, preventing himself from crashing into the buckles.]

GM: Perez moved but Supernova caught himself!

[Spinning around, Supernova reaches out to grab a handful of Perez' hair, yanking him back into an inverted facelock...]

...and DRIVES the back of his skull into the canvas with a reverse DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE PLANTS HIM! HOOKS THE LEG! ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!
THREEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova sits up on the mat, a slight smile on his face at the reaction of the fans. He climbs to his feet, looking down at a barely-moving Pedro Perez as the referee raises his hand and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

GM: Supernova picks up the win here in OKC... and what a win it is for him as he looks to work himself into a shot at the AWA World Title currently held by Johnny Detson.

BW: Boy, Castillo's not going to be happy about this one.

GM: Definitely not... and speak of the devil, I'm told we've got another clip of him standing by with an encounter he most certainly wasn't expecting tonight. Let's take a look...

[We get a flash of the ACCESS logo and end up back in the office of Javier Castillo. He is again scratching names off his legal pad when we hear voices from outside his office door - raised, angry voices. Castillo arches an eyebrow, looking up as a loud "THUD!" rings out and his door swings open. An unknown security guard slumps down inside the office as Castillo's shocked expression turns to one of annoyance.]

JC: Once a bully, always a bully, eh?

[A voice responds from off-camera.]

"Takes one to know one, right?"

[The person walks into view, revealing themselves to be Travis Lynch. The former National Champion is attired in his trademark super smedium black t-shirt, upon which rests a silver crucifix, blue jeans which are tucked into a pair of honeycomb-colored ostrich cowboy boots, and a tea-stained long horn cowboy hat.]

JC: You are lucky that Mr. Law went on a job for me.

[Lynch nods.]

TL: You should hire better stand-ins.

[Castillo lets loose a sigh.]

JC: Why are you here? You got the message, I'm sure. You are not employed by the AWA... again.

[Travis glares.]

TL: And that's exactly why I'm here.

[Anger and annoyance can be seen in the eyes of the former National Champion.]

TL: When you - and whatever fiascos you are involved with - stranded the boys in Mexico, I received an out-of-the-blue call...

[Castillo points an accusing finger.]

JC: One I would have never made!

[Travis ignores the interruption from Castillo and just continues to speak.]

TL: ...from Mr. Stegglet.

[Castillo shakes his head in disgust.]

TL: At first, it was a "hey, I've heard from Jack, Blackjack, and Theresa you've been doing well." Which was God's honest truth. The "time off" that you... so graciously granted me... let me heal some nagging injuries I had and do some self-reflection to boot... so thanks for that.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: You clearly didn't get any brighter during your time away. It wasn't "time off," Mr. Lynch.

You were FIRED. For behavior unbecoming of a champion.

Something, by the way, you continued at Homecoming without my knowledge.

[Travis smirks, not in amusement but rather in utter contempt.]

TL: Behavior unbecoming of a champion.

[Travis finally steps closer to the desk, and slams both his hand upon the desk, causing Castillo to jump backwards in his seat, nearly toppling it over.]

JC: Don't... don't you do anything stupid, Lynch! MAWAGA will be back soon and-

[Lynch interrupts angrily.]

TL: Behavior unbecoming of a champion?!

What about behavior unbecoming of management, Castillo!?!

There were people who knew damn well that Hunter and Zharkov stole MY title and did nothing about it. People who wanted to embarrass me... my family... who wanted to see me fail.

[Travis shrugs.]

TL: And I fed right into it, I guess. I was so mad... so angry at everyone who turned their back on me... everyone who claimed I was nothing more than a drunk who couldn't deal with the spotlight... everyone who drug my family's name through the mud...

I was in a bad place... and hell, maybe that is conduct unbecoming of a champion.

[Travis points at Castillo.]

TL: But I had a lot of conduct that made me a damn good champion too. No matter everything that I was going on, I still defended the National Championship

night after night for 467 days! Whoever wanted to step up and answer the challenge was granted a shot at the title. I didn't duck and hide from anyone.

I didn't stand in anyone's office and say... "nah, brother... he's not on my level."

I accepted any and all challenges... and I defended that belt against whoever wanted a shot at it.

[Lynch shakes his head.]

TL: I was proud to wear that title... still am. And yeah, maybe I made some mistakes and lost everything but...

[Travis looks down.]

TL: Everyone deserves a second chance.

[Lynch raises his eyes to stare at Castillo.]

TL: So, I took that call from Jon Stegglet... and when he asked me to come to Homecoming, I won't lie to you... I almost didn't show up.

[Castillo looks like he is about to say something but he stops himself.]

TL: I know... you wish I hadn't.

[Castillo nods in agreement.]

TL: But Mr. Stegglet hit all the right notes. "It's in Dallas." "The fans deserve to see the Lynches all back home."

He was right. And so I came. Just to say hello.

[Castillo interrupts.]

JC: And in doing so, you ruined Rufus Harris' moment!

[Travis pauses and runs his hand over the brim of his hat... and softly chuckles.]

TL: I ruined HIS moment. Heh.

You know what? I'm glad I ruined his moment, Castillo.

[Castillo looks shocked.]

TL: Rufus Harris is a blowhard who gets paid by FOX to make an appearance on AWA television to promote some GFC fight!

He tells the whole world what a big pro wrestling fan he is... what a big AWA fan he is... but every time he shows up here, he disrespects everyone in that locker room... and every fan in those seats out there.

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: Even if that's true, you crossed a line. You disrespected FOX by putting your hands on him!

[Travis slams his hands on the desk again causing a few items to fall onto their side.]

TL: He disrespected me by calling me a drunk!

[Travis pauses and looks down at the desk...]

TL: Rufus Harris got a paycheck for running his mouth about how great he is and how much better he is than anyone in YOUR locker room. I know you don't give a damn about most of us either but at least pretend to be ashamed you let him disrespect the locker room on YOUR show.

[Castillo bites his bottom lip, looking thoughtful for a moment.]

TL: Rufus Harris walked out there pretending to be there to give the fans a big moment... something they've wanted to see... but I was the one who showed up and REALLY gave them what they wanted to see.

[Castillo snorts.]

JC: You?

[Lynch grins.]

TL: No. Someone shutting his mouth.

[Castillo pauses, shaking his head.]

TL: I gave the fans what they wanted... and now it's time for you to give me what I was promised. My dad did business a long damn time with nothing but a handshake... and he raised his kids the same way. So, when Jon Stegglet shook my hand and said I'd be getting a new contract, I believed him. He spoke on behalf of the company.

[Lynch leans closer.]

TL: He spoke on behalf of you.

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: Stegglet doesn't speak for me, Mr. Lynch. In fact, we're at war. So, when you come in here to tell me how great Jon Stegglet is, all I can think is that you're trying to come in here so you can sign up to be one of his soldiers.

[Lynch glares at Castillo, not taking that bait.]

JC: So, as far as I'm concerned, you do NOT have a new contract that I've approved.

[Lynch grimaces.]

JC: But... I'm a fair man... I'm a reasonable man...

[Lynch arches an eyebrow.]

JC: ...and... fortunately for you, I have need of your services.

[Lynch shakes his head.]

TL: No way, Castillo. No way to I go to war for you. I'd rather go back home and sit on the ranch for the rest of my-

[Castillo raises a hand.]

JC: Not that. As you know, I have personally invited Rufus Harris to return to AWA television whenever he would like... and I promised him the ROYAL treatment when he chooses to do so.

[Lynch sighs.]

TL: And?

[Castillo grins.]

JC: And what better way to kick off the royal treatment than with a public apology... from you.

One apology, Mr. Lynch. One apology to a man you publicly humiliated.

And I will reconsider the decision to cancel your new contract.

[Lynch glares at him.]

TL: I get a new deal?

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: I will make no promises. Show me you can do business the right way first and we'll discuss it.

[Castillo stares at Travis as he removes his cowboy hat and runs his right hand through his curly dirty blonde hair.]

JC: This is a limited time offer, Mr. Lynch. You have about thirty seconds.

[Castillo begins to watch the second hand on his watch as slowly, Travis places the cowboy hat back upon his head and he exhales slowly.]

TL: Fine.

[A smirking Castillo cups a hand to his ear.]

JC: I'm sorry... what was that?

[Lynch sighs.]

TL: You have a deal, Castillo.

[Castillo "tsks" him.]

JC: I think you mean you have a deal, MISTER Castillo.

[Castillo taps at the watch as the seconds continue to pass.]

TL: You have a deal, Mr. Castillo.

[Castillo grins, lowering his wrist.]

JC: Excellent. I will see you two weeks from tonight in St. Louis. Do not disappoint me, Mr. Lynch.

[Travis slowly nods.]

JC: Good. Now get out of my office before I change my mind.

[A visibly agitated Travis turns, shoving the door open as he stomps out of view...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we fade back out to ringside to Gordon. Bucky is very visibly distracted, looking up in the ring.]

GM: A very tense scene backstage between former National Champion Travis Lynch and the AWA President Javier Castillo... but apparently a deal has been struck. Travis Lynch will be in St. Louis in two weeks to make a public apology to GFC Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris and...

[Gordon trails off as we cut to the ring, where "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis is standing there, mic in hand. She's dressed in her wrestling attire and is looking at the booing crowd.]

GM: Fans, as you can see, Laura Davis is already in the ring, and I imagine she's here to explain her actions from Homecoming and if she has a response to Michelle Bailey's challenge.

BW: What is there to explain, Gordo? Mama Bailey couldn't fulfill her obligations, so her little girl got the call and she got her bell rung.

GM: Bucky Wilde, summarizing events as only he can.

[Davis scans the crowd, then shakes her head and begins to pace the ring.]

LD: Lovely reception for the greatest women's wrestler in the world, I see. Tell me something, Oklahoma City -- how does it feel to know that the greatest basketball player this city has ever seen, came so close to bringing home a championship for the Thunder, but came up short, only to head out west, join the very team that denied him his championship his last year in this town, and get that title that eluded him for so long?

[OKC fans, as you can imagine, don't like to be reminded about that.]

LD: [shrugs] Oh, well, you still have your Bedlam Rivalry, even if it's been 16 years and counting since either one of those teams won a national football championship.

[And that one isn't going to sit well with OKC fans, either.]

LD: But let's talk about those who actually do win championships -- now, I could talk about myself, of course, but let's talk about others instead.

Like Ryan Martinez, Jack Lynch, Howie Somers, Daniel Harper and Supreme Wright, who all share one thing in common besides winning championships.

They all have relatives who were champions in wrestling, too -- in fact, they are part of great wrestling families, are proud of their family heritage, yet never saw it as something that would get in the way of their quest for greatness in wrestling. And that's just the start of the list.

[Davis continues to pace about the ring.]

LD: And then we talk about Michelle Bailey and how she wanted to be true to herself -- and I agree. We should always be true to ourselves and be proud of that.

[She stops in the middle of the ring.]

LD: And that's why I don't get it when Bailey's own daughter doesn't want it known about her family ties, because she thinks she's only getting her chance based on her mother's reputation.

If others have proven they can make it in wrestling, even with their family ties known to the public, why not her? Why not be proud of who she is?

[She smirks.]

LD: And I gave her the opportunity to prove herself when I encouraged her to face me in the ring.

OK, so some of you think I was a little rough on her, but we all have to pay our dues when we start out.

[The booing fans don't see it that way.]

LD: But now her mother wants to avenge what happened to her daughter. And it also turns out that the woman I'm mentoring happens to have family ties as well.

It must eat at you, Michelle, that I've proven to be a better mentor to Donna Martinelli than you ever could be to your own offspring.

[Her face then grows serious.]

LD: But I'm here now, Michelle. Right here waiting for you to face me one on one, just like you wanted. If you're still up for it, I'm not going anywhere.

[She then motions with her free hand, daring Bailey to come out to the ring.]

GM: Let's go back now to Sweet Lou Blackwell, who I understand will talk to Michelle Bailey before she makes her way out to the ring for this grudge match.

[We cut backstage, where Blackwell is standing, but his attention is off in the distance just off-screen.]

SLB: That's right Gordon, I'm supposed to speak with Michelle Bailey here, but from what I understand, she's kept to herself since arriving here in Oklahoma City today, so we don't know her frame of mind. To be honest, that's a little unsettling, based on how she was talking to our colleague Theresa Lynch on the Power Hour.

[Blackwell's eyebrows perk up, and concern fills his eyes as he waves his hand into the screen.]

SLB: Michelle, please, come over here. We'd like a word before your match.

[Into the screen walks "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey, but one with a somewhat different look than we've seen in recent weeks. Her long hair has lost its pink and purple balayage, instead now totally platinum blonde. She's wearing a black and silver eye shadow, resulting in her two-toned eyes standing out even more than they usually do, as well as a glossy black lipstick, and her fingernails are painted black. She's wearing a black miniskirt, along with kneepads and shinpads (left leg black, right leg pink) over amateur wrestling shoes. In addition, she's wearing a cropped black tank top with a pink dotted line in the shape of a heart across the torso. Most notable, though, is the clear plastic face shield strapped to her head.]

SLB: Michelle... could you tell us about that face mask?

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: My nose hasn't fully healed, Sweet Lou, so in order to be cleared to wrestle tonight, Dr. Ponavitch told me I had to wear it. I'm not thrilled about it, but I know he wants to protect us.

[Michelle smirks, giving a side glance to Blackwell.]

MB: Ask me who's going to protect Laura Davis. Go ahead. Ask me.

[Blackwell frowns a little.]

SLB: You seem to have asked your own question, my friend.

MB: Right.

[Michelle looks at the camera, almost as if she's speaking directly to Laura Davis herself.]

MB: Hey darling. I'll give you credit. You showed up. Considering what you did to my daughter, and what I warned you about was going to happen if you did show up here tonight, I have to admit... I'm impressed. But now I need to deliver on my promise, don't I?

[Michelle's smirk turns into a grin, as she motions off-screen for something.]

MB: Now I must admit, this wasn't exactly a pinky promise, but Laura, I'm not the kind of girl that likes breaking promises, pinky or not. So when I told you I was going to deliver violence that you'd wish would stay on videotape, well, I want to follow through on that. See, I came to Oklahoma City, Laura... and I didn't come alone.

[Michelle's eyes light up, as she reaches off-screen. Blackwell gasps as Michelle returns to the frame, holding in her hand a baseball bat, causing the crowd in the arena to roar.]

MB: Batter up, buttercup.

[Michelle kisses the air and walks out of frame, leaving a stunned Blackwell behind. We cut back to the ring, where Davis is protesting to Scott Ezra.]

BW: Are you kidding, Gordo?! Michelle Bailey is here with a bat!

GM: Bucky, after what Laura Davis did to her daughter at Homecoming, she should be thanking her lucky stars that's all Michelle Bailey's showing up here with!

BW: Oh, this isn't going to go well at all...

[The crowd murmurs for a few moments, as Davis' protest continues, when suddenly...]

I lost my heart...

[The sounds of PJ Harvey's "Down By The Water" pour through the sound system, as Michelle Bailey emerges from the entrance, carrying the baseball bat with her. The crowd loudly cheers at her arrival, even with the stark change in appearance.]

GM: Throughout the years of her career, Bucky, we've seen what happens when Michelle Bailey is emotionally over the edge. She changes her appearance, which we've seen. She changes her entrance music to suit her mood.

BW: Have you ever seen her bring a bat, though, Gordo?

GM: I have to admit, the bat is new. But Bucky, nobody has ever crossed the line quite like Laura Davis has, with what she did to Michelle's daughter at Homecoming.

BW: You'd have to think someone as calculating as Laura Davis would have predicted this, though. She would have expected this change in mood and attitude from Michelle Bailey!

GM: Would she have expected the bat?

BW: Did any of us?

[Bailey stomps down to the ring, pointing the bat at Davis, who bails out of the ring as Michelle gets close. Bailey rolls in, as Scott Ezra steps in to stop Bailey's momentum, and "Down By The Water" fades.]

GM: Scott Ezra now, the referee assigned to this match, is trying to talk some sense into Michelle Bailey.

BW: This wasn't sanctioned as no-disqualification, right?

GM: Correct. This is a regulation match.

BW: Of course. Laura Davis would've never agreed to show up here if it was no-DQ.

[We cut down to ringside, where Davis has procured Rebecca Ortiz's microphone.]

LD: Hold on, hold on. I agreed to wrestle you tonight. That is wrestle, spelled W-R-E-S-T-L-E, you know, what the W in EMWC was supposed to represent. And yet, you showed up with a baseball bat. This isn't the weapons-filled garbage that you're used to, Bailey. Lose the bat or the match is off.

[The crowd boos at the potential of the cancellation of the match. Back in the ring, Bailey simply shrugs, upturning her hand to let the bat fall to the canvas to the delight of the crowd.]

GM: I guess we have our answer, don't we?

BW: I don't get what this crowd was booing for. Michelle Bailey came to the ring with a weapon!

GM: Bucky, weren't you on the same plane as Michelle two weeks ago? Didn't you get to see her reaction up close as her daughter was dropped with that screwdriver?

BW: Noise-cancelling headphones and an eye mask, daddy. I was on dream street.

GM: You are horrible.

[Ezra collects the bat and takes it over to hand to Rebecca Ortiz. Davis very tentatively climbs back onto the ring apron, as Bailey keeps her distance, motioning gently for Davis to come into the ring.]

GM: And it looks like this one's about to start, we're about to get the match we would have had at Homecoming, but Bucky, this is a lot more personal now than what we would've seen two weeks ago.

BW: You know, I did get a chance to watch that match, and I think Laura Davis was trying to teach a harsh lesson to that punk kid. She was going to have to learn

sooner or later that this is a tough sport, and rookies can't just go off popping off at the mouth like she did.

GM: I really can't believe you.

BW: What? It's true!

[As Gordon sighs, Davis is in the ring and Ezra calls for the bell. Suddenly, Bailey lets out a loud shriek, charging at Davis.]

GM: Oh my, here we go!

BW: That's a noise we haven't heard from Michelle Bailey in a long time, Gordo!

GM: Michelle Bailey was known for her eardrum-destroying shrieks back in her EMWC days, but Laura Davis is on the move!

[Bailey swipes at Davis with a slap, but Davis ducks underneath, wrapping her arm around Bailey's waist and stepping on the back of her knee, forcing her to the canvas.]

GM: Davis with a stepdown takedown, clearly aware of Bailey's fury here.

BW: And Gordo, Bailey may have come into this one trying to turn it into a fight, but it's in Laura Davis' best interests to make it a wrestling match.

GM: I would agree here, Davis is one of the most gifted grapplers on the roster, and while Bailey has skills of her own, it's striking that's her bread and butter these days.

[Davis tries to swing around into a front facelock, but Bailey reaches up to grab at Davis' wrist, pulling it down and rolling herself through. Having freed herself, Bailey scrambles to her feet and throws a wild kick, causing Davis to rush to the ropes, Ezra stepping in.]

GM: Nice escape there by Bailey, but completely off on the kick.

BW: She missed that one by a mile. Davis is in her head, Gordo.

GM: I think you're right, Bucky. Bailey's known for being emotional, and you need to be 100% on your game to beat an athlete the caliber of Laura Davis.

BW: And look, she's got her hands on her hips in frustration, complaining to the ref.

[Bailey keeps trying to get past Ezra to get to Davis, but Ezra tells Bailey to step back. Bailey shouts something incomprehensible at Ezra, causing the crowd to cheer, as Davis smirks at Bailey's frustration.]

GM: Davis with the grin on her face... this is exactly where she wants her. She's completely rattled Michelle Bailey.

BW: And that grin is just gonna steam Bailey even more.

[Sure enough, as soon as Davis gets to her feet, Bailey charges right into a double-leg takedown from Davis, and Davis drives a knee into Bailey's hamstrings.]

GM: Laura Davis now trying to take control of this one, and again, using that grappling technique to ground Michelle Bailey. I know it must be extremely difficult for Bailey to put aside all her feelings about what happened two weeks ago, but this is just what Davis wants.

GM: Michelle Bailey has had enough of the technical wrestling! She came here to do damage!

BW: Maybe this was her gameplan all along, Gordo!

GM: Maybe it was, Bucky! Michelle Bailey has just been disqualified, and I really don't think she gives a damn!

[Davis drops to the mat, gasping for breath, as Ezra pleads with Bailey not to use the bat again. Bailey points a finger in Ezra's face, shouting loud enough to be picked up.]

"WHO BEGGED FOR MY DAUGHTER'S SAFETY?!"

[The crowd roars at Bailey's anger, as she glares down at Davis.]

BW: Michelle Bailey has lost it, Gordo!

GM: I don't blame her one bit! Not after what her daughter went through! Not when she was a helpless mother on an airplane, having to watch her daughter get dropped by Laura Davis!

BW: That doesn't mean attacking people with a bat!

[Bailey raises the bat up over her head like an executioner wielding an axe, ready to swing it down onto Davis, when suddenly, the bat goes missing, Bailey flailing her body but finding no weapon in her hands.]

GM: Scott Ezra just grabbed the bat from Michelle Bailey! He may have just spared Laura Davis!

BW: And Laura Davis is heading for the exit, Gordo!

[Davis rolls out of the ring, Bailey watching, as Bailey then looks over at the ringside commentary table.]

BW: Uh oh.

GM: Michelle Bailey heading this way, and whatever she's about to ask for, we should probably give her...

[Bailey can be heard asking for a headset, as Gordon hands her one of the spares. She puts the headset on, then starts talking.]

MB: Okay. That wasn't everything I wanted. Clearly we're not going to get it done my way. Fine. Someone tell Laura Davis that I'm happy to do it her way. Someone tell her if she wants a wrestling match, that's fine, I can beat her in one of those. I just... I had to get her with the bat, Gordon.

GM: I understand, Michelle.

MB: Please. Someone tell her. Whatever she wants, I'll do it. Just get me in the ring with her again. Okay? She deserved that hit from the bat for what she did. Now we'll settle it like we should. I only got a taste of what she can do. I want more. Someone find her and tell her to face me, okay? This isn't over. Please? We're not done. We can't be done. Not after what she did.

[Bailey removes the headset, placing it down on the table, and walks away.]

GM: Michelle Bailey has been disqualified here for hitting Laura Davis with a baseball bat, and now says she wants a match with Davis and will do whatever Davis wants to get it.

BW: I mean, if I'm Laura Davis, after what just happened? No way. No how.

GM: You can't tell me she didn't have it coming after what happened at Homecoming.

BW: This whole thing's out of control, Gordo. I wonder what it will take to settle it.

GM: I understand that Sweet Lou Blackwell managed to catch Laura Davis... Lou?

[We go to backstage where Blackwell is standing in the hallway.]

SLB: Fans, we all saw what transpired in the ring, and it looks like Laura Davis will win by disqualification but...

[That's when Davis walks into the shot. She's about to go past Blackwell, but he steps in front of her.]

SLB: Excuse me, Laura, but after what went down with you and Michelle Bailey moments ago, we just heard that Michelle Bailey wants you in the ring?

[Davis looks incensed.]

LD: Again? What, so she can smack me in the gut with that damned bat a few more times?!

[She jerks a finger toward the camera.]

LD: Let me ask you this, Bailey -- are you out of your mind?!

[She shakes her head.]

LD: No, don't answer that -- I know you're out of your mind. If you wanted to actually wrestle me, twist my limbs and spine around the same way Ayako Fujiwara did, even put me in the Twister if you know how to do that, fine! I can take that.

But there's no way I'm getting back in the ring with you after the stunt you pulled with your garbage wrestling! You got your chance and you blew it, Bailey!

Now, get out of my way, Blackwell -- we're done here!

[She pushes past Blackwell and storms off, holding her midsection as she does.]

SLB: I guess we're not going to have that rematch, fans. We'll be right back.

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

A voiceover is heard.]

"The AWA began in a studio...

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

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

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and we fade back up to where we find Rebecca Ortiz standing in the middle of the ring. On either side of her stands one of the top contenders to the Women's World Title, preparing for their match to come.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall and is a NUMBER ONE CONTENDER'S MATCH as ruled by AWA President Javier Castillo for the Women's World Title!

[The crowd reacts to that as a surprised Lauryn Rage shouts "YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT!"]

GM: Wow! How about that news, Bucky?

BW: This is a huge opportunity for Lauryn Rage to completely upset the entire Women's World Title picture in her first match back from knee injury.

GM: The former Women's World Champion - and she'd want you to remember that she's the first as well - could become the Number One Contender in one night and that's huge news for both of these women.

[Somers glowers at Ortiz for the announcement, shaking her head as Rebecca continues.]

RO: Introducing first... in the corner to my left... from Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing in at 150 pounds... she is a former AWA Women's World Champion...

LAURRRRRRRYNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage hops up on the midbuckle, planting a kiss on her palm and slapping "dat ass" before she hops back down. The crowd reacts with a mix of cheers and boos for the former World Champion as she gets ready for action.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent... in the corner to my right... from Boston, Massachusetts... weighing in at 135 pounds... she is the Spitfire...

JUUUUUUULIIIIIEEEEE SOMMMMMERRRRRRRRS!

[A huge cheer goes up for the Spitfire as she raises an arm to salute the roaring OKC crowd. The referee turns to both competitors, checking to make sure they're ready...

...and then signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Somers and Rage stride out of their respective corners towards mid-ring, Rage running her mouth all the while.]

GM: Lauryn Rage has got quite a bit to say to the Spitfire - the woman that many of us assumed would be the next challenger to the Women's World Title.

BW: Speak for yourself, Gordo. I'm with Da Kid. Julie had her shot in Mexico and came up short.

GM: She did not "come up short," Bucky. She DEFEATED Kurayami - becoming the first AWA competitor to be able to stake that claim since Kurayami's arrival in the company last November. Julie Somers is now the only one who has pinned Kurayami...

BW: In a tag match.

GM: ..and beaten her in a singles match.

BW: By countout. In the meantime, Lauryn Rage was the first Women's Champion... is the former Women's Champion... and I say she deserves the next title shot.

GM: Well, this match should go a long way to answering the question as to who will get that shot... but right now, Lauryn Rage seems more concerned with verbally dressing Julie Somers down rather than beating her in the ring.

[Rage is still running her mouth as Somers very clearly rolls her eyes...

...and then lunges into a double leg takedown, getting a big reaction as she topples Rage down to the mat, and starts pounding her fist into the ribs... then the head of the former champion who is flailing her arms and legs trying to get out from under Somers.]

GM: The Spitfire living up to that name, going to work on Rage!

[Somers gets off Rage as the referee's count hits four, allowing a disheveled Rage to roll out to the floor, slamming her hands down on the apron.]

"NUH UH!"

[Somers smirks, waving a hand to beckon Rage back into the ring as the former champion goes for a little walk on the outside, using every bit of a seven count before scrambling up on the apron, climbing to her feet...]

GM: Lauryn Rage about to get back in... this certainly didn't start the way she intended...

[Rage points at Somers, shouting at her as she steps through the ropes. She then marches towards Somers, her arm still extended...

...and Somers grabs it, using it to whip Rage down to the mat!]

GM: Armdrag by the Spitfire... both back up...

[A second armdrag sends Rage sprawling the other way.]

GM: Somers takes her down a second time...

[They scramble up again but as Somers goes for a third armdrag, Rage pulls up short, grabbing her by the back of the hair...

...and YANKS her down, slamming the back of her head into the canvas!]

GM: Ohhhh! Lauryn Rage with some dirty tactics there. The fans may be a little more on her side these days but that doesn't mean Lauryn Rage has changed her evil ways to quote the great Carlos Santana.

BW: Old age is doing a number on you, Gordo - he was Cesar Hernandez.

GM: That's not... oh, never mind.

[With Somers down on the mat holding the back of her head, Rage dashes to the ropes, getting a running start...]

GM: Rage on the move... leaps up...

[Rage's attempt to drop the bomb on Julie Somers comes up empty as Somers rolls to the side, causing Rage to drop buttfirst on the canvas. She winces, hopping up and grabbing at her hindquarters as Somers scrambles to her feet...]

GM: She missed! And Rage is feeling that one for certain!

[Grabbing Rage from behind, Somers pulls her back into a side waistlock, lifting her into the air, twisting around...

...and DROPS her on her butt a second time!]

GM: Ohhh! A jolt going right up and down the spine of Lauryn Rage after that one!

[With Rage still seated on the mat, Somers gets a running start of her own, delivering a low dropkick that knocks Rage flat as Somers sprawls into a pinning position.]

GM: Somers with the cover - one... two... but that's all!

[Rage's kickout sends Somers to the side as Rage rolls onto her stomach, grimacing as she grabs at her rear.]

GM: Julie Somers picking right up where she's left off in recent weeks... so much momentum building for Somers these days as she looks to get Kurayami in the ring one more time and attempt to rip that World Title from around her waist.

[Back on her feet, Somers drags Rage up by the hair, marching her towards the corner where she SLAMS her head down into the top turnbuckle, twisting her around in the buckles.]

GM: And now Somers backs her into the corner... look out here...

[Somers winds up.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Stinging knife edge chop, right across the chest by Somers!

[She winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: They may not be Machine Gun Chops but Julie Somers is packing some heavy artillery of her own with those knife edge blows, Bucky.

BW: Rage is reeling early on in this one. It's her first match back after a lengthy layoff and no matter how much training you do, nothing compares to being back inside that ring, Gordo.

[Grabbing Rage by the arm, Somers goes to shoot her across the ring...

...but Rage is able to reverse it, sending Somers across instead.]

GM: Reversal out of the corner... Somers leaps up...

[Landing on the middle rope, Somers springs off, twisting around for a crossbody...

...but Rage flattens out on a headfirst slide, causing Somers to crash and burn on the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! And down goes Somers there!

BW: There's a reason they call it high risk offense, Gordo.

GM: There certainly is. Somers took a chance there and it didn't pay off as Rage got down and Somers crashed down.

[Rage pushes up to her knees, smirking as she points to her temple.]

GM: Lauryn Rage thinks she's got the smarts to get the win in this one but that remains to be seen, fans.

[She climbs to her feet, barking down at Somers who is struggling to push up off the mat. The Spitfire manages to get to all fours when Rage deliberately steps over her, planting a foot on each side of her torso...

...and then leaps up, dropping her butt down on the lower back of Somers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Right down across the back of Somers!

BW: And Rage put a lot behind that one if you catch my meaning.

GM: Sadly, I think we all do.

[Rage straightens up, shouting "Get up, girly!" at Somers who struggles back to all fours...]

GM: DOWN ACROSS THE BACK AGAIN!

[Somers grabs at her lower back as Rage stands over her, nodding to the crowd who are solidly behind Julie Somers... for the most part.]

GM: Lauryn Rage may have these fans behind her when and if she squares off against Kurayami or Javier Castillo... but Julie Somers is quite another story, Bucky.

BW: Hey, I still hear some cheers out there. Somers is the People's Champion for sure... but if Kurayami has her way, that's the only title she'll have.

GM: Lauryn Rage is looking to make that happen as well, dragging Somers to her feet now...

[A two-handed shove in the chest sends Somers flying backwards, her body jolting with impact as her lower back slams into the turnbuckles.]

GM: And it quickly has become clear that Lauryn Rage is targeting the lower back of Julie Somers...

BW: Which is smart, Gordo. With the lower back banged up, it'll slow Somers down and it'll make her think twice before tossing around some of that high risk offense she likes to use on occasion.

[With Somers trapped in the corner, Rage swings a knee up into the ribcage... and another... and a third...]

GM: Rage going after the body now, just breaking down Julie Somers... ohhh! She grabs the hair and lets a kneelift rip, right up between the eyes!

[The blow snaps Somers backwards, her arms clinging to the ropes to stay on her feet. Rage ignores the protesting official as she grabs two hands full of hair..

...and uses it to HURL Somers out of the corner, through the air, and down to the canvas once more!]

GM: Somers gets thrown down to the mat... and Lauryn Rage has completely turned this one around, Bucky.

BW: She has... and I think a lot of people have been taking Lauryn lightly lately, Gordo. She's coming back from injury... she's had a long stretch off... and people just weren't sure what she'd be bringing to the table.

GM: Well, this match may be going a long way to silencing the critics...

BW: And the haters.

[Rage takes a long walk around the ring, circling Julie Somers as the Spitfire struggles to get off the mat. She sits up, grabbing at her lower back...

...and Rage retrieves her there, dragging her up by the hair and DRILLS her with an elbow strike to the temple, sending Somers falling back into the corner.]

GM: Back into the corner... and this is not where Somers wants to be with someone as vicious as Lauryn Rage...

[Grabbing the hair again, Rage holds Somers off as she tees off with elbow strikes...]

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

[...and then throws a violent left hook to the ribcage, doubling over Somers who slides down to her knees.]

GM: Left hook to the body... and we know that Lauryn Rage has spent some time while on the shelf training with WBC Super Middleweight Champion, Augustine St. Noel, working on her boxing skills and that left hook seemed to have a bit more pepper on it than we're used to seeing out of her, Bucky.

BW: Training with a boxing champion will do that for you. Lauryn Rage also worked during her time off with her older sister, Dalbello Rage... so who knows what tricks she's got up her sleeves these days.

[Rage stands over the kneeling Somers, dropping a verbal beatdown on her as Somers reels from the assault. She reaches down, grabbing Somers under the arms, boosting her up to her feet...

...as a buzzing noise comes from the crowd.]

GM: Rage gets her up now... looking to pour on the punishment...

[Rage is still shouting at Somers, piefacing her back into the buckles as that buzzing crowd gets louder. The former champion turns around, rushing across the ring...

...which is when the Women's World Champion slides under the bottom rope, leaping into the air, and CRASHING her arms together on Rage's head, dropping the former champion down to the mat as the crowd jeers!]

GM: OHHH! KURAYAMI ON THE SCENE!

[The referee wheels around, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd groans as Kurayami stands over the prone Rage...

...and then dashes to the corner, crushing Somers with an avalanche!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Kurayami steps aside, shoving Somers down to the canvas alongside Rage's prone form.]

GM: The Women's World Champion has arrived and she's arrived in devastating fashion, taking down both Lauryn Rage and Julie Somers singlehandedly!

[The champion steps closer, standing over both women as she raises her arms into the air, giving off a huge roar.]

BW: Kurayami arriving her in OKC to reassert her dominance at the top of the food chain here in the Women's Division! Somers is down! Rage is down! But Kurayami is still standing!

[Kurayami's eyes flash as she spots Lauryn Rage trying to get up off the canvas...

...and she greets her with a series of hooking forearms to the ears, driving Rage back towards the ropes...]

GM: Ohhh! Devastating straight right hand sends Rage spilling out through the ropes and down to the floor!

[Kurayami lets loose another bellow as she stares down at the laid out Rage...

...and then turns around to lock her eyes on the prone Somers who is clutching her ribs on the canvas.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Well, we're being told that Julie Somers just lost this match by disqualification... but she may be about to lose a lot more than that, Gordo.

GM: Actually, we're now hearing it's a double disqualification - a no contest actually. No winner... no Number One Contender... but Kurayami's got her eyes on the Spitfire... and we know that no matter how much Javier Castillo wants to protect Kurayami and the title from another clash with Julie Somers, the Women's World Champion ducks no challengers and avoids no opponents.

[The champion approaches Somers with a bellow of "UP!" but Somers is still down as Kurayami draws near.]

GM: Kurayami reaching down, dragging Julie Somers up to her feet.

[She holds Somers up with a grip on her chin, laying the badmouth on her...

...and then swings a knee up into the gut, grabbing two hands full of hair as she drags the doubled-up Somers out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Kurayami's got Somers out in the middle of the ring... and I don't like the looks of this one, fans! Not one bit!

[She deliberately pulls Somers into a standing headscissors, looking out on the jeering crowd as she does...]

GM: Kurayami has got her set! Somers is in trouble! Julie Somers needs to find a way out of this, fans...

BW: She's got nowhere to run and nowhere to hide!

[Kurayami slowly reaches down, wrapping her powerful arms around Somers' doubled-up form...]

GM: She's looking for the powerbomb! Kurayami looking to do major damage to the woman who bested her in Mexico!

[...but just before she can hoist Somers off the mat, the crowd begins to buzz loudly...]

BW: LAURYN RAGE!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Lauryn Rage SLAMS a steel chair down across the back of Kurayami. The Women's World Champion straightens up, grimacing in pain as she shoves Somers away, staggering towards the ropes...]

GM: What a shot by the former champion!

[Rage grabs Somers by the arm, giving her a shake back to life... back to reality... and together, they each grab an end on the chair...]

GM: What are they...?!

[...and charge towards Kurayami, the chair aloft between them...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connect with a makeshift "double clothesline" using the chair as a weapon to drive the Women's World Champion through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: AND THEY CLEAR THE RING!

[Rage snatches the chair out of Somers' grip, slamming it down on the canvas a few times and shouting for Kurayami to "get her big butt back in the ring!"]

GM: Lauryn Rage wants some more of Kurayami, swinging that chair around...

BW: And if the champ's got any sense, she'll get the heck out of here before Rage takes another swing at her with that chair.

[The champion has made her way towards the ramp and appears to be doing exactly that as Rage carries on and Somers reels against the ropes, holding her ribs and her lower back.]

GM: Rage wants another piece of Kurayami and...

[Somers angrily walks across the ring, swinging Rage around by the shoulder...]

GM: Uh oh! And I think Somers wants another piece of Lauryn Rage!

[Rage tosses the chair aside, shouting at Somers as the two trade words in the middle of the ring...]

...and then she makes a lunge at Somers, tackling her down to the canvas as the two roll back and forth, trading wildly-flung blows as the crowd cheers the tussle!]

GM: AND RAGE AND SOMERS ARE BACK AT IT! OH MY!

[The referee attempts to get the two women apart as they brawl all over the ring, rolling around and throwing blows.]

GM: We've gotta get some control in there! We've gotta get some help out here!

[A squad of AWA security and officials come charging down the aisle, looking to get the duo separated...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo which reveals us back inside the cozy confines of the office of Generalissimo Castillo who is sitting behind his desk, his tongue slightly extended as he scratches a fierce line across the legal pad in front of him.

JC: Can't trust him.

[Another scratch.]

JC: Can't find him.

[Another scratch.]

JC: REALLY can't trust him.

[He looks at the next name on the list when a brief three pound of the door is heard. Castillo looks up with a grimace.]

JC: ENTER!

[The door swings open and in slides the form of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. Fawcett is wearing a pristine white suit, a blood-red necktie and matching handkerchief tucked into the breast pocket being the only dashes of color.]

"D"HF: General Castillo, I presume?

[Castillo glares coldly at Fawcett.]

JC: Don't try to make me laugh. It's not your strong suit. Sit.

[Fawcett smiles in a cold parody of good humor. He takes out the handkerchief, quickly wiping the seat of the chair before him before sitting.]

JC: This has already been a long night, Mr. Fawcett, so I'll make this brief.

"D"HF: Doctor.

JC: Mm?

"D"HF: It is Doctor Fawcett, if you please. Not Mister.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: Of course it is. Of course, it would also be Doctor Fawcett in Romania if it hadn't been for that pesky charge involving a stolen antiquity. You can thank Korugun Legal for taking care of that sticky little situation for you.

[Fawcett extends his hands with a smile.]

"D"HF: My gratitude towards Korugun has never been in doubt. But, in all fairness...

[Fawcett waves his index finger from side to side.]

"D"HF: ... that did NOT belong in a museum.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Maybe not. And maybe you are grateful... but your loyalty...?

[Fawcett returns the appraising gaze without blinking, waiting for an accusation... which does not come.]

JC: I asked you here for a reason.

"D"HF: Which is?

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: You misunderstand me. I asked you here for a reason... give me a reason not to send you packing.

[Fawcett's jaw drops... just slightly... almost unseen. But the nervousness is there as he stammers a bit on his response.]

"D"HF: Send... me... send me packing? I fail to understand. What possibly could bring you to such a thought?

[Castillo sneers.]

JC: No? You don't understand why I feel like Korugun's resources might be better spent when you've produced absolutely nothing that you've been asked to produce?

"D"HF: You ask... much.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: And we pay... much. So, I expect you to deliver.

"D"HF: What about Morgan Dane?

[Castillo scoffs.]

JC: What about him? He's a shell of what he was just a few years ago. He was broken by his... indoctrination into the Korugun lifestyle. And despite your best efforts, you've barely been able to assemble a weapon out of him again.

"D"HF: But reassemble I have. Ask Chris Blue.

[Castillo tosses a dismissive wave.]

JC: He took out a middle aged businessman. Really? One of the most dangerous men to ever lace boots is under your control and he... failed... against Shadov Rage.

[Fawcett looks away anxiously.]

JC: Look at me, Fawcett.

[The good Doctor's eyes slowly drift back to meet the General's.]

JC: His failures... are your failures. And when you add in your other failures for us.

An egg unhatched.

A Blood Angel unreleased.

And...

[He pauses.]

JC: I assume we're still nowhere with...?

[Fawcett noticeably fidgets in his seat.]

"D"HF: I wouldn't say nowhere. But as the old saying goes...

[Fawcett rolls his eyes upwards for a moment.]

"D"HF: ... that is not dead which can eternal lie. Some cannot be so easily moved by promises of big paychecks, you see. I have some leads, but --

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: Leads. Leads mean nothing me at this point, Fawcett. I need results... and I need them fast. The clock is ticking. We're two months from SuperClash and I need my Army to be at full strength. With every available weapon at my disposal.

[Castillo slides open his desk drawer, pulling out a familiar crystal on a chain. Fawcett's eyes glaze over, his tongue sliding lustily from his mouth to lick at his lips.]

"D"HF: You keep it in a drawer?

[Castillo looks at the glittering crystal.]

JC: You have a better use for it?

[Fawcett nods, a grin crossing his face.]

"D"HF: Oh yes. Such uses that even my mind reels at them.

[Fawcett reaches out, looking to grasp the crystal but Castillo pulls it back.]

JC: I don't think so. I've seen your failures with this as well.

[Castillo sighs, dropping the Eye of Tyr back into his desk drawer.]

JC: I'm running out of reasons to keep you employed... "Doctor."

[He spits the last word out like something distasteful towards Fawcett who looks up with pleading eyes.]

"D"HF: We'll give you a reason... tonight.

[Castillo looks on with a nod as we get a flash of the ACCESS logo before we cut to...

...live action backstage, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands, microphone in hand.]

SLB: Joining me at this time is a man who has been making his presence known since Eternally Extreme 2, but who is finally and officially back!

[Blackwell motions to someone off camera, and a moment later, into frame steps the hulking Engine of Destruction. Six foot six, two hundred and ninety five pounds, and all of it bad attitude. Brian James wears a black compression t-shirt with a golden tiger's paw emblazoned across his chest and a pair of glossy black board shorts. His dirty blond hair is long enough now to be tied back into a tight ponytail, and his face shows several days worth of stubble.]

SLB: It has been a long time coming, but let me just say, welcome back Mr. James.

[The Blackheart's Son nods his head.]

BJ: Thank you for that, Blackwell. And you're right, it has been a long time. A long time since I could stand here as a part of the AWA. And in that time, I've lost just about everything.

My brothers in the James Gang? Gone.

The Kings of Wrestling... dead and buried, and good riddance.

And until recently, I was "fired," and not allowed to do what I do best.

But do you know what happens when a man loses everything, Blackwell?

SLB: Enlighten me.

BJ: He finds himself.

Without a job, without the family I made for myself, I had to look inward. I had to find who I was.

And I'm here to tell you I have.

I found a new place. A new sanctuary. A quiet place where no one expects anything of me. A place where I'm free to be myself. And because I couldn't fight in that ring, I trained and I focused. Because I knew I'd be back someday.

And here I am. Back and ready to remind the AWA why I am the Engine of Destruction.

I have no more obligations, except to myself.

For the first time, I am free. And here to take what I want.

SLB: And yet, for all that you say you're free, Javier Castillo has made it clear that he expects you to be part of the Korugun army and under his control.

[James nods his head and then scoffs.]

BJ: Yeah, I heard that. But let's make something clear, right here, right now. There are only two men on God's Green Earth that can tell me what to do.

And Castillo, neither of them is you.

You're not Brian Lau, and you sure as hell aren't Tiger Claw.

And I am neither God nor Monster.

I'm a warrior, and I live by a warrior's code - let nothing and no one stand between you and what you want and lay waste to everything and everyone in your path.

And if you don't think I can, just ask Detson what happens when you get in my way.

SLB: Speaking of things in your path, tonight, at the behest of El Presidente, you will be facing, well, one of the Dogs of War.

[Another nod from the Engine Destruction.]

BJ: I'm sure that you think that this is the thing that will bring me to heel, Castillo. Sic one of your Dogs on me and I'll be a good little soldier.

I don't think so.

The last time I was in the ring with the Dogs of War, I had a camera smashed over my head, and I put my fist through steel steps.

And I, and my brothers, were the first men to ever put down the Dogs of War.

What makes you think tonight will be any different?

You send whichever one of those three you want against me, and I'll lay them down. Its been a long time since I was allowed to wrestle... and trust me when I say I'm eager to prove myself once again.

You can't control me, Castillo, but I'll tell you what. You give me what I want, and I'll consider working with you.

But never for you.

Let tonight be a lesson. Send your Dog and see what I do.

And maybe then, we'll talk.

[And with that, James walks away, to prepare for war.]

SLB: Strong words from Brian James. And words I believe he can back up. Gordon and Bucky, back to you!

[We fade from backstage out to the ringside area.]

GM: Thanks, Sweet Lou... and while Brian James gets ready for his first official match back as a member of the AWA roster, at least part of the mystery surrounding this match has been solved.

[We cut to the ring where Isaiah Carpenter is standing, his music still playing.]

GM: Isaiah Carpenter has been the member of the Dogs of War selected for the unenviable task of facing the Engine of Destruction and... well, that means we also know that the World Champion, Johnny Detson, will be facing the powerhouse of the Dogs, Wade Walker, later tonight.

BW: Johnny Detson's summer was tough and it looks like fall is going to not get any better.

GM: Fans, let's go to the introductions.

[Rebecca Ortiz raises the mic.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... weighing in at 253 pounds... representing the Dogs of War... ISIAIAH CARRRRPENTERRRR!

[Carpenter ignores the jeers of the crowd as his music starts to fade...

...and is replaced by pounding drums and shredding guitars leading to a howling voice declaring...]

#LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!#

[With "A Warrior's Call" by Volbeat in full swing, the OKC crowd roars once more.]

GM: And here he comes for the first time - officially - in quite a while.

[The cheers get louder as the curtain parts and the AWA's Engine of Destruction comes into full view.]

GM: Brian James has arrived on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Carpenter starts pacing the ring anxiously, waiting for James to make the long walk to the ring. The Son of the Blackheart starts immediately down the ramp, striding towards the ring where his opponent awaits.]

GM: Isaiah Carpenter is one heck of a competitor, Bucky... but I sure wouldn't want to be him tonight.

BW: You're absolutely right about that. James is on a mission and that's bad news for Carpenter.

[As James nears the ring, Carpenter squats low, beckoning him forward. The crowd cheers as James points a threatening finger in the direction of the Dog of War...

...who suddenly sprints forward towards the ropes...]

GM: CARPENTER ON THE MOVE!

[Much as his Dogs of War brethren did earlier, Carpenter throws himself skyward to attempt a premature assault...

...but as James scrambles to the side, Carpenter hooks his arms on the top rope, flipping over it to land on his feet on the apron.]

BW: Oho! Carpenter pulls a fast one!

[A fuming James lunges at Carpenter's legs but Carpenter uses his grip on the ropes to flip back over the top, landing on his feet and avoiding the grasp. He promptly leaps into the air, swinging on the ropes for a wrecking ball dropkick through the ropes, driving his feet into James' face!]

GM: Ohhh! Nice move by Carpenter to catch James off-guard before the bell has even rung!

[Carpenter gets to his feet, shouting at the official who reluctantly signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell courtesy of the order by Andy Dawson and...

[James scrambles up on the apron, grabbing at his jaw....

...which is when Carpenter dashes towards the corner, leaping to the middle rope, and springing back with a clothesline that knocks James off the apron, sending him back down on the floor!]

GM: Carpenter takes to the sky again and down goes James!

[Carpenter gets to his feet, waving an arm to get the referee out of the way as he dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards James who is down on the floor but is rising quickly...]

GM: CARPENTER CHARGING!

[...and Carpenter hurls himself over the top rope, wiping out James with a somersault plancha!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: And this time, Carpenter DOES take the death-defying dive over the top rope, taking out Brian James in the process!

[Carpenter gets to his feet, pumping a fist as the crowd buzzes at the highlight reel dive he just used. He grabs James by the wrist, dragging him to his feet before shoving him under the ropes.]

GM: Carpenter staying right on him.

BW: He’s giving up a lot of size, Gordo, so Carpenter needs to strike first, strike hard, and no mercy, sir.

GM: These two are no strangers to one another, Bucky. We all remember the very first loss for the Dogs of War in trios action that went down at SuperClash VII almost two years ago in Houston, Texas. It was James who scored the winning pinfall that night and some have argued that the Dogs of War just haven’t seemed the same since that aura of invincibility was shattered.

BW: The Dogs of War may not be unbeaten, Gordo, but they’re still the most dangerous trio I’ve ever seen and you go right ahead and tell them that they’re not the same. Oh, and when you do, say hello to your windshield for me, daddy.

[With James down on the canvas, Carpenter climbs up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and with a slingshot, he brings himself over, spinning like a top before crashing down on the prone James!]

GM: Whooooa! I don’t even know what to call that but he’s going for the win here!

[A two count follows before James kicks out of the pin attempt.]

GM: Brian James almost had his return spoiled by Isaiah Carpenter right there. James who has spent several months on the sidelines this year after defying the orders of Johnny Detson and breaking that contract he signed to obey the World Champion. Tonight though, the suspension is lifted and James is officially back in action.

[Carpenter gets up, dragging James up with him. He steadies him before throwing a quick right-left elbowstrike combo followed by a spinning back elbow...

...and then spins back the other way, leaping into an enzuigiri!]

GM: Ohhh! What a kick to the head! Carpenter covers again!

[Another two count follows but it's a little longer before James kicks out this time.]

GM: Carpenter again gets a two count but he-

[A fired-up Carpenter grabs James by the head, applying a loose chinlock as he peppers his fist into the side of the Engine of Destruction's head.]

GM: Carpenter pounding James down, trying to keep him on the canvas where he can put those high-flying skills to good use.

[Getting to his feet, Carpenter dashes to the ropes, rebounding off into a front flip...]

GM: Ohhh! Legdrop finds the mark - with a little extra oomph from that front somersault!

[Carpenter again scrambles into a lateral press, hooking a leg...]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! James is out at two!

[The crowd cheers the knockout as Carpenter kneels on the mat, glaring at the official with a "THAT WAS THREE, REF!" but Dawson holds up two fingers in response.]

GM: Carpenter not a fan of the count there.

BW: I can't blame him. If that count was any slower, I'd think someone was counting cooking on Sesame Street.

GM: Oh, would you stop?!

[Back on his feet, Carpenter stomps down on the chest once... twice... three times... and then turns to the corner, starting to climb the ropes from the inside...]

GM: And is this Isaiah Carpenter looking for a killshot? Looking for something big to keep Brian James down for three and spoil this return for him?

[As Carpenter reaches his peak, Carpenter hurls himself backwards, twisting through the air...]

BW: PHOENIX SPLASH!

[...but James spins on his back, changing his position as Carpenter comes down...]

GM: CAUGHT!

[...and upon landing, James wraps his legs around Carpenter's head and neck, cinching a triangle choke!]

GM: CHOKE! JAMES HOOKS HIM! WHAT A COUNTER!

[Carpenter's arms are flailing as he tries to escape. James cinches the hold tighter, letting off a roar as the referee tries to get into position to check for a submission.]

GM: James has got it locked in! Can Carpenter find a way out?!

[The flailing Carpenter gets to a knee, trying to push his way out of James' grasp...

...but James rolls to the side, ending up on top of Carpenter, still holding the choke. He balls up his fists and goes to work, hammering them down on top of Carpenter who is now trying to defend himself from the triangle choke AND the hammerfists raining down on him at the same time!]

GM: Carpenter's in trouble, Bucky!

BW: Understatement of the night right there, Gordo.

[A half dozen blows land before James spins out of the choke to his feet, hitting the ropes as Carpenter gets to all fours, trying to push up off the mat before James comes back...

...but James leaps into the air, driving his boot down on the back of Carpenter's head, and STOMPS his face into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it!

[James flips Carpenter over, diving across, and nodding his head along with the count.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE GOT HIM!

BW: And that makes the Dogs of War 0 for 2 on the night... and between that and what happened with Martinez and Wright earlier, Javier Castillo has gotta be losing it backstage right about now.

GM: Javier Castillo may have gotten his way two weeks ago at Homecoming but tonight, he's finding out what happens when the AWA strikes back! Fans, as Brian James celebrates his return to the AWA and his victory here tonight, we're going to take a quick break... and when we come back, it'll be just about time for our big National Title showdown pitting the champion Jackson Hunter against the challenger Hannibal Carver and you do NOT want to miss that!

[James is on his feet, standing on the midbuckle, raising an arm in triumph as we fade to black...

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

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

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

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

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

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

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

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[Fade to black...

...and then back up backstage where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing.]

SLB: We are back here live on Saturday Night Wrestling and... my guest at this time... he is the National Champion, and I don't know why I keep getting the assignment to interview him...

[Enter Jackson Hunter in his ring gear, zipping up his sleeveless rash guard top, clutching the AWA National Championship belt jealously to his sternum.]

JH: Aw, Sweet Lou; you know we're like Captain and Tenielle, you and I.

SLB: I'll try not to take offense to that, nor will I ask which one I am.

[Behind Hunter looms his heavy, the bearded and barrel-chested "Death Star" Blake Colton. He munches absent-mindedly on a donut, while eying Lou Blackwell up and down.]

SLB: Mr. Hunter, when last we spoke, you feigned ignorance of Hannibal Carver, and then he made sure you knew who he was in front of thousands of our great fans in Mexico.

JH: Oh yeah, and I'm just broken up about it.

[He pats the main plate of the belt with a condescending snicker.]

SLB: Well you've left a trail of daggers in the backs of everyone you come across, and with the National Title on the line against Hannibal Carver, it looks like karma is finally catching up with you.

JH: Ah, you know the real reason why I was joking about not paying attention to Hannibal Carver? You wanna know? I don't like "chow-DAH!" I don't wanna go to the "par-LAH" for some "chow-DAH!"

[Colton snickers his ominous, high-pitched snicker.]

BC: How d'ya like them apples? AHHHH!

[Colton sprays donut crumbs in the general direction of Sweet Lou.]

SLB: I've got to say, Jackson Hunter: one of the reasons you keep getting away with murder in the AWA is this young man right here, Blake Colton

JH: Come on, Sweet Lou, he's harmless.

SLB: His nickname is literally, "The Death Star."

[The irascible Hunter appears to sense that, as usual, Lou Blackwell is trying to goad him.]

JH: You think I'm afraid of going anywhere without him at my back?

SLB: As long as I have known you, sir, I know you never operate alone.

JH: Blake...

[Hunter pats Colton on the shoulder, dismissing him.]

JH: ...Go get my coat, I'll catch you up at Chimpanzee.

BC: You sure 'bout this, bahd?

JH: I got this, bahd.

[Colton shrugs and heads off-camera. Hunter turns to Sweet Lou with the sinister confidence of a big, black cat.]

JH: Now see, you and I can have a mature exchange of ideas, man-to-man like we used to back when we first met.

SLB: Sir, if you recall, the first time I interviewed you, you called me "Lord Baldomort."

JH: Did I? That sounds pretty clever of me. Anyway, there's nothing wrong with Hannibal Carver that a plastic shopping bag and a length of extension cord couldn't fix. And as for his preening, narcissistic, chicken-plunking sidekick... I hate henchmen, Lou. If The Future tries to get in my face one more time I'll h- he- h-h...

[Hunter tails off as his eyes go huge, and his expression almost instantly changes.]

JH: H-Hi guys! Fancy meeting you here!

SLB: Gentlemen!

[Hannibal Carver and Derrick Williams abruptly appear in front of Hunter, on either side of the camera frame.]

HC: Don't get yer panties in a twist. We ain't here to make a Western.

DW: Hey, "Bahd". The sound of all those fans in Mexico cheering when you got laid out left me with a ringing in my ears. What was that you were trying to say just now?

[Hunter shrinks back against the backdrop, clutching the belt even tighter. His eyes dart back and forth as he utterly fails to hide his terror with a frightened grin.]

JH: Oh Blake...

HC: Pretty sure I said to keep those panties untwisted. We're not gonna work yeh over. Yer the National Champion after all, and I respect the belt.

[Carver puts a comforting (?) arm on Hunter's shoulder as the champion gulps hard, realizing what he could be in for.]

HC: It's just... I heard yeh back in Mexico. About not knowing who Hannibal Carver was. Figured I could take a stroll back here and give yeh the Cliff's Notes version.

JH: It... it was just a joke, Hannibal! I was joking! You know, the old trash talk and all that.

DW: I don't recall either of us laughing. And I got a pretty good sense of humor.

HC: Well, damn... that's good to know it was all a joke. It sure is.

[An anxious Hunter pipes up.]

JH: But that thing you said earlier about leaving me half-comatose-

[Carver smirks. It's quickly replaced by a stern shake of his head.]

HC: See... that was a joke too.

JH: Oh.

HC: Oh? What's wrong, that one ain't as funny? Seems like yer not smiling any damn more.

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: See, I have done my homework on yeh, even if yeh haven't done the same. I know yeh were a big deal in tights. Wrestling in front of a few hundred in Canada. I've been there myself, made most of my bones in this sport up there actually. Hell, I've even been downing some of that Mooselips swill.

JH: Really?

HC: Well, I've gotta down damn near a case to get half a buzz going... but I do it all the same. Even if yeh don't want to show me respect... I just want yeh to know I'm willing to show yeh some.

[Hunter's expression sags.]

HC: Come on kid, turn that frown upside down. Me and yeh?

[Carver nods.]

HC: We're gonna have one hell of a fight out there. Because I'm Hannibal Carver. And yeh? Well. Yeh know damn well who yeh are.

[Carver's grip around Hunter's shoulder becomes uncomfortably tight.]

HC: Yer Juan Vasquez.

JH: Eh-hh-no! No! I take that back!

HC: Yer the piece of trash that dropped me on my head at SuperClash. Yeh said it yer damn self.

JH: I'm not! I'm really not Juan Vasquez! BLAKE!

HC: So yeh were joking? But now yer serious? Which is it?

DW: He is a joke. And for the record, Jackson: I knew Juan Vasquez. Sir. And you are no Juan Vasquez. You're not even a passable Vegas act of Juan Vasquez.

[Through the arena sounds distant thunder and ominous synths.]

JH: Wait, what's that?

DW: Sounds like your music, Jax. Better get a move on.

JH: No! The challenger enters first! That's the-

[Carver's faux genteel tone has abruptly disappeared, replaced with a murderous glare.]

JH: ...I-if that's okay. If not, I can... I'll just...

[Hunter jabs his thumb, pointing off-camera. He nods anxiously and hurries off-camera. Williams and Carver trade a smirk followed by clashing their forearms together before striding off after Hunter.]

SLB: Seems like the so-called humor of the National Champion may have finally caught up with him. Let's go down to the ring.

[With Hunter's music still playing, we fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA NATIONAL TITLE!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first... heading down the aisle... he is accompanied by Blake Colton... weighing in at 220 pounds... he is the AWA National Champion...

JACKSONNNNNNN HUNNNNNNTERRRRRRR!

[Hunter comes scrambling through the curtain, looking over his shoulder frantically as he makes his way down the ramp.]

GM: Here comes the champion... and while it's unusual for the champion to enter first, it seems like Jackson Hunter was more than happy to do so after-

BW: After being bullied by Carver and Williams?!

GM: I suppose you could say it like that... but nonetheless, Hunter's headed for the ring but where is Blake Colton? Hunter was in such a hurry, he left his-

BW: Here he comes!

[Colton looks puzzled as he jogs into view, carrying Hunter's ring jacket in his hands. He has to make a pretty good pace to catch up to the rapidly-walking Hunter, trying to slip the jacket onto him but Hunter shrugs it off, shouting "WHERE WERE YOU?!" at his ally.]

GM: Together again. Reunited and it feels so good perhaps.

BW: Oh, knock it off!

[The Canadian duo reaches the ring, Hunter scrambling up on the apron, taking another look over his shoulder before he steps through, taking off his title belt and thrusting it into the air as the crowd jeers and Colton applauds.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent.... from Boston, Massachusetts... being accompanied to the ring by Derrick Williams... he is the challenger... the Boston Brawler...

HANNIBAL CARRRRRRRRVERRRRRRR!

[The siren preluding "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" rings out over the PA system, heralding the arrival of the Boston Brawler and his ally.]

GM: Hannibal Carver has entered the building and tonight, he could be on the cusp of a very special night, Bucky.

BW: In all of Carver's two stints here in the AWA, he's yet to hold a piece of championship gold. Will that change tonight? We're about to find out.

[Carver and Williams trade one more forearm clash at the top of the aisle before moving swiftly down the ramp towards the ring, the crowd growing louder.]

GM: And Carver's wasting no time - he's heading for the ring!

[As he approaches the ring, Hannibal Carver slides under the bottom rope, coming to his feet as Derrick Williams takes a spot at ringside. Jackson Hunter is waiting for his challenger's arrival though, doubling up the belt and charging towards Carver...]

GM: HUNTER WITH THE BELT!

[...but Carver sees it coming, ducking low as Hunter swings and misses, stumbling as he drops the title belt to the mat. He swings around off-balance where Carver is waiting!]

GM: ELBOW! ANOTHER! A THIRD!

[The trio of elbows backs Hunter up against the ropes, wobbling on his feet...

...and a standing clothesline flips him over the top rope, dumping him out on the floor to a huge reaction!]

GM: CARVER SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR!

[The referee races to retrieve the title belt, moving it out to the timekeeper as Carver drops to the mat, rolling under the ropes to pursue the AWA National Champion.]

GM: Carver's going out after him now...

BW: And this is NOT where the champion wants to be, Gordo!

[Blake Colton starts towards the action on the floor but Derrick Williams is on the move as well, blocking the Canadian Strongman's path as Carver pulls Hunter up by the hair and promptly bounces his face off the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhh! Facefirst down onto the apron!

BW: Is the match started?! Did the bell even ring yet?!

GM: It has not. This is a little pre-match recreational activities, I suppose.

[Dragging Hunter by the hair alongside the ring, Carver winds him up and SLAMS his face down onto the timekeeper's table, sending Rebecca Ortiz and the timekeeper scattering away. Hunter stumbles away from Carver, staggering over towards the ringside barricade...]

GM: Hunter's trying to create some space, trying to get away from his challenger before Carver can do even more damage on the out... SIIIIIIIDE!

[Gordon's exclamation comes as Carver connects with a running clothesline that flips Hunter over the barricade, depositing him into the aisle between two sections of seats in the Chesapeake Energy Arena!]

GM: CARVER PUTS HIM INTO THE CROWD!

[Blake Colton loudly complains from ringside, pointing the action out to the referee who shrugs.]

GM: Colton wants the official to do something about this but there's nothing that Scott Ezra can do about it! The match hasn't started so all of this is outside of the referee's control!

BW: This lunatic Carver's going over the railing, Gordo! Lawsuit here we come!

GM: Carver's out amongst the AWA faithful here in Oklahoma City... and they're letting him hear their support for him!

[Carver drags Hunter off the mat, smashing his fist between the eyes, sending Hunter staggering deeper into the crowd.]

GM: We've got a fight in the fans and this is just the way Carver likes it!

[Another haymaker sends Hunter falling into a row of fans standing near their steel seats. Carver is right on him, leaning in to hammer his fist down into the jaw over and over with the fans getting louder.]

GM: Carver's pounding Hunter into a pulp out here by the people and-

[With his back down on a seat or two, Hunter reaches up, digging his fingers into the eyes of his challenger...]

GM: Ohhh! Hunter goes to the eyes!

[Carver stumbles away, rubbing at his eyes with the back of his hand as Hunter pushes up off the chairs, looking a little panicked.]

GM: Hunter got away for the moment but you've gotta think this is NOT going as Jackson Hunter was hoping here tonight in OKC. The National Champion's on the defensive early.

[Climbing out of the chairs, Hunter regains his feet, charging towards the blinded Carver...]

...who instinctively ducks his head, backdropping Hunter high into the air, flipping him over the barricade where he SLAMS down on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! JACKSON HUNTER JUST GOT BACKDROPPED ON THE FLOOR! RIGHT DOWN ON THOSE THIN MATS COVERING THE CONCRETE FLOOR!

[Hunter cries out, rolling to his hip as he grabs at his lower back in pain. The crowd is roaring as Carver leans on the railing, rubbing at his eyes again...]

...and then climbs over the barricade, grabbing Hunter off the mats and firing him under the ropes into the ring!]

GM: Carver puts Hunter in... the challenger back in himself as well...

[With both champion and challenger back in the ring, the referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...and there's the bell, finally, Bucky.

BW: Finally is right... and after Ezra lets Carver beat the heck out of Jackson Hunter out on the floor! How fair is that?! This might be another Marty Meekly right here. Someone open an investigation into Scott Ezra!

GM: Give me a break... and with Carver back on his feet, coming for Jackson Hunter, the National Champion is trying to get out of there in a hurry...

[Hunter is seated on the mat, scooting backwards as Carver advances on him, fists balled up...]

GM: Hannibal Carver is looking to get a pound of flesh out of Jackson Hunter and perhaps win his very first AWA championship in the meantime.

[The champion reaches the corner, scrambling to his feet as Carver keeps on coming...]

...and walks right into a boot to the gut before Hunter grabs Carver by the head, slamming his face into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! And Hunter with a veteran move there, catching Carver coming in and taking advantage of it.

[With Carver reeling in the corner, Hunter winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Knife edge chop! And a beauty! Say what you want about Jackson Hunter but the National Champion's got one of the fiercest chops you'll ever see here in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Shotgun chops so to speak!

GM: Oh, let's not even go there. He'll have t-shirts made with that on it before we go off the air.

[Hunter winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The second chops leaves a red welt on Carver's chest as Hunter grabs the top rope, driving his boot into the gut once... twice... three times.]

GM: The referee's trying to get the National Champion out of there but of all people, Jackson Hunter's got no interest in obliging...

[Grabbing the wrist, Hunter wings Carver across the ring...

...or starts to until Carver reverses, rocketing Hunter towards the corner where he flips over the top rope, stumbles down the apron, and flops down to the floor to cheers!]

GM: And out to the floor goes Jackson Hunter yet again... and yet again, Carver's going to follow him to-

[The crowd jeers as the referee drops himself in Carver's path, waving his arms.]

GM: Or maybe not. Scott Ezra's trying to keep Carver in the ring, trying to keep this match inside the ring...

[Carver loudly complains but the official keeps in place, shaking his head...

...which allows Derrick Williams to pull Jackson Hunter to his feet on the outside. With a smirk, Williams winds up and CRACKS Hunter with an elbowstrike to the jaw, sending Hunter spinning away, flopping over the ring apron where Williams shoves him back in.]

GM: Derrick Williams with a little assist on the outside...

BW: Assist?! He whacked him right in the jaw!

GM: Well... yes, he did.

BW: And you condone that?

GM: I don't condone a lot of things that Derrick Williams has done over the last couple of years... but Jackson Hunter's got a lot of payback coming his way for the

things he's done to men like Maxim Zharkov and Riley Hunter, Williams' own friends... and men who we THOUGHT were friends of Jackson Hunter's as well.

[On the outside of the ring, Williams and Colton are trading angry words as Carver retrieves Hunter, pulling him right off the mat and immediately up into a scoop, slamming him down on the canvas...]

GM: Scoop and a slam, right in the middle...

[Carver angrily stomps his boot on the mat a few times, rallying the fans before he leaps up, stomping the shin area of the National Champion... then up towards the thigh...]

GM: Carver's throwing a Boot Party for Jackson Hunter, working his way up and down the torso of the champ!

[But as Carver prepares to stomp the side of Hunter's face - the exclamation point of the Boot Party - Blake Colton pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at the official and then at Carver as well...]

...which is when Carver peels off of Hunter, twisting around to SMASH a forearm into the jaw of Colton, knocking him off the apron to the floor!]

GM: DOWN GOES COLTON!

[The referee shouts at Carver, ducking through the ropes to check on the downed Colton...]

...which is when Jackson Hunter rolls over onto his knees, swinging his arm up into Carver's groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The referee - shielded from the low blow when he leaned out to check on Colton - comes back in just as Hunter drags Carver down into a schoolboy.]

GM: Rollup by Hunter! He's got one! He's got two! He's got th- no! Carver kicks out! Carver escapes the rollup and lives to keep on challenging for that title.

[Williams claps loudly as Colton shouts encouragement to the National Champion from outside the ring.]

GM: Williams and Colton in the challenger and champion's respective corners and that's certainly a powder keg waiting to blow if you ask me. Hopefully Scott Ezra will be able to keep that under control...

[Back on his feet, Hunter sets out to stomp Carver into the mat, the referee issuing a warning as Carver rolls towards the ropes. Hunter stops before they get there, leaping into the air and dropping his knee down on the side of Carver's head!]

GM: Kneedrop on target - Hunter with the cover!

[A two count follows before Carver kicks out again.]

GM: And another two count. Jackson Hunter stating right on him though...

[Hunter pulls Carver to a seated position, loosely hooking a chinlock with one arm as he pistons his fist into the side of Carver's head with the other hand, letting loose a "HAAAAAAAAAAA!" as he does.]

GM: Those are closed fists and... Hunter throws him down and another cover.

[Carver again escapes after two as Hunter glares at the official.]

GM: Jackson Hunter showing a little bit of desperation if you ask me, Bucky.

BW: Desperation? How?

GM: Well, it's quite clear he doesn't want to be in there with Hannibal Carver any longer than necessary.

BW: That makes him smart - not desperate.

[Hunter drags Carver off the mat by the arm, whipping him into the corner where he charges in after him, throwing a back elbow up under the chin that snaps Carver's head back!]

GM: Elbow finds the mark... snapmare out of the corner now...

[Leaving his feet, the Velociraptor drives them into the back of Carver's head with a low dropkick.]

GM: ...and a dropkick connects! Hunter scrambles over.. another cover!

[But again, the challenger escapes at two, causing the crowd to cheer. The duo of Hunter and Colton though are less than pleased. Hunter shouts at the referee with a loud "ONE!TWO!THREE! COUNT IT, REF!" as Colton shouts, "YA KIDDIN ME, BAHD?!"]

GM: Looks like the Canadians aren't too happy about Scott Ezra's count although it seems pretty solid to me so far.

[Hunter is still running his mouth at the referee, earning a few seconds of silence in the process...]

GM: We apologize for the language there, fans... hopefully you heard none of that from the Patron Saint of the Seven Second Delay as my old friend Al Pickard used to call him.

BW: Between him and Casey James, we may need to go to a silent show, Gordo.

GM: We'd be out of a job then, old friend.

BW: Scratch that one.

[Having dragged Carver to his feet, the National Champion smirks as he points out at Derrick Williams...]

GM: What's this about now?

[...and then twists around, snatching Carver in a three-quarter nelson!]

GM: Going for the Blackout - the Future Shock - call it what you-

[But before Hunter can drive him down, Carver shoves him off, sending Hunter across the ring into the ropes...

...but the champion grabs the ropes, blocking a rebound back...]

GM: Hunter slams on the brakes.

[A taunting waggle of the finger sends Carver into a rage, rushing towards Hunter who ducks down at the last moment...]

GM: BACKDROP OVE- NO! CARVER HANGS ON, LANDS ON THE APRON!

[An off-balance Carver throws a wild clothesline that Hunter manages to duck, scrambling away...]

...and then leaves his feet, lashing out with them between the ropes, dropkicking the knee of Carver, sending him spilling off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: Love him or hate him - and most people fall in the latter category - Jackson Hunter is a talented, resourceful competitor and that dropkick to the knee shows that off as he takes the wheel out from under the challenger and puts him out on the floor.

[Hunter rolls under the ropes to the outside, looking to take advantage much as Carver did earlier...]

GM: Still very early in this thirty minute time limit but these two are certainly putting each other through the physical wringer so far in this one.

[Williams has a few words for Hunter on the outside but the former manager of the Axis simply sneers at his former ally before he stomps the knee of Carver down on the outside.]

BW: And Hunter wisely going after that knee on the outside. He scored with the dropkick and he may have created an opening that leads to a path towards retaining that title, Gordo.

GM: What's he doing now?

[With Carver on his belly, Hunter grabs the foot, looking right in the eyes of Derrick Williams as he lifts the leg high into the air...]

...and DRIVES the kneecap down on the thinly-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Goodness! That move is devastating enough inside the ring but out on the floor, it's even more dangerous.

BW: That's the kind of move that could absolutely blow up a kneecap, Gordo. Carver's putting his career on the line being out there on the floor with Hunter... just like Hunter was being out there with Carver earlier tonight.

[Still holding the foot, Hunter starts shouting at Blake Colton who nods his head obligingly, running over towards Hunter...]

GM: Colton coming over to help here... what in the...?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Hunter gestures to the mats under his feet and Colton nods again, leaning down and digging his fingers under the thin mats...]

GM: What is he...?

[...and with a mighty yank, the Canadian Strongman rips the mats right up, exposing the cold, unforgiving, and now-unpadded concrete underneath.]

GM: Uh oh... ohno, this can't be good news for Hannibal Carver.

[A manically-grinning Hunter pulls Carver to the side, making sure he's now over the exposed concrete. The referee shouts at Hunter from inside the ring, waving his arms...

...but Hunter ignores him, lifting Carver up, and DRIVING his knee down on the exposed concrete!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT DOWN ON THE CONCRETE FLOOR!

[Carver cries out, clutching his knee as Derrick Williams rushes over, shouting at Blake Colton who balls up his fists, waving him on...]

GM: And here we go again, fans! Williams and Colton squaring off and-

[The crowd jeers as the official slides out, getting in between Williams and Colton to prevent an altercation.]

GM: Scott Ezra trying to maintain some level of control on the outside...

BW: Good luck with those two.

[The exchange is getting hot between the Future and the Death Star as they trade angry words and have to be restrained from attacking one another...

...which is when Hunter DRIVES Carver's kneecap into the concrete floor again!]

GM: AGAIN ON THE EXPOSED CONCRETE! GOOD GRIEF!

[Carver rolls from side to side on the floor, clutching his knee in pain as a gloating Hunter stands over him.]

GM: The National Champion showing that there is no depth he will not sink to to keep that title around his waist, Bucky.

BW: Why would you ever be surprised by that, Gordo? Think about the depths he sunk to to WIN the National Title to begin with.

GM: The assault on his own ally, Maxim Zharkov... cashing in Steal The Spotlight on a defenseless Jordan Ohara. Jackson Hunter has been building up quite the enemies list over the past year or so, Bucky.

BW: He's been building up quite the enemies list since 1995, Gordo.

GM: A fair point...

[With Carver down on the floor, crawling away from the National Champion, Jackson Hunter stalks after him...]

GM: Hunter not about to let Carver get away from him... not when he's got the challenger hobbled and hurting out here on the outside.

[Nearing the apron, Hunter leans down, dragging Carver up to his feet...

...where the Boston Brawler takes a wild swing, trying to fight back, but Hunter avoids it and kicks the injured knee!]

GM: Oh! Hunter goes after the knee again... and down goes the challenger...

[With Carver kneeling on the floor, Hunter scrambles up on the apron, walking down it towards the ringpost. He turns, measuring Carver who is struggling to get back to his feet...

...and then the Velociraptor goes charging down the apron, leaping off with a crossbody that wipes out the challenger!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DIVING CROSSBODY OFF THE APRON!

BW: Hunter showing that he may not be a junior heavyweight in Tiger Paw Pro anymore but he still knows how to fly when he needs to!

GM: The National Champion has regained control of this one as he-

[Gordon's words get silenced as Hunter gets to his feet on the outside, laying the badmouth on Carver with some less-than-family-friendly words...

...and a few moments after he stops talking, we can hear Gordon audibly sigh.]

GM: And again, fans... I have to apologize for the language of Jackson Hunter. I wish the office would fine him or suspend him or something. This is ridiculous!

[Hunter retrieves Carver off the floor, rolling him back inside as Derrick Williams pounds his fists on the apron, shouting support for Hannibal Carver as the crowd cheers as well.]

GM: Williams cheering him on... the fans cheering him on... but can Hannibal Carver recover from the beating that Jackson Hunter has put on that knee? We are rapidly approaching the ten minute mark in this thirty minute time limit... Hunter rolling back in as well.

[A smirking Hunter gets up on his feet, walking towards the downed Carver, and then leaps up, stomping down on the knee.]

BW: And Hunter staying right on the knee... exactly as he should at this point.

GM: He's got that knee in a bad way, Bucky, and you're right... this is the kind of offense he should be employing right now.

[Hunter leans down to grab the leg, twisting the knee as he flips Carver onto his back...

...and spins around the leg, looking for a figure four leglock...]

GM: The champion going for a figure four here and- no!

[The crowd cheers as Carver plants his boot on the butt of Hunter, shoving him off out of the submission hold attempt, and sending him crashing headfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH! Hunter hits the buckles!

[The champion staggers backwards, eyelids fluttering as he takes a wild swing at nothing but air...

...and gets rolled backwards into a schoolboy!]

GM: ROLLUP! HE GETS ONE! HE GETS TWO! WE'VE GOT A NEW CH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -NO! HUNTER _JUST_ KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[An irate Hunter gets to his feet, shouting down at Carver who is on a knee...

...and Carver pops up off the knee, hooking a three-quarter nelson to a HUGE cheer!]

GM: BLACKOU- NO! Carver gets shoved off to the ropes and-

[The crowd groans then jeers as Carver stumbles, falling down to his knees.]

GM: Did Blake Colton just trip him?!

BW: I'm not sure but-

[Bucky might not be sure but Derrick Williams is as the Future comes hauling around the ringpost, leaping into the air, and catches a gloating Blake Colton with a Drive By dropkick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WILLIAMS GOT HIM! WILLIAMS WITH THE DROPKICK!

[Again, the official peels away from the match to shout at Williams and Colton.]

GM: The referee should think about ejecting these two from ringside if you ask me, Bucky. This is... what? The third or fourth time he's had to try to keep them separated.

[Hunter approaches the downed Carver as the referee continues to reprimand Williams and Colton on the outside...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the kneeling challenger returns the favor by swinging his arm up into the champion's groin behind the official's back!]

GM: AND CARVER WITH A LOW BLOW OF HIS OWN!

BW: ILLEGAL! ILLEGAL!

GM: You weren't screaming that when Hunter did it earlier! Turnabout is fair play and...

[Climbing off the mat, Carver turns his attention over towards Blake Colton. The challenger approaches the ropes, shouting at Colton who smirks, beckoning Carver to come out to the floor and fight...]

GM: Hannibal Carver losing his focus here... Colton tripped him a few moments ago and instead of focusing on Hunter, Carver's losing his cool and coming after Colton.

[But the referee steps in front of Carver, shaking his head, pointing him back into the ring...]

BW: Like we said, Gordo... Ezra's having trouble keeping this under control. And that's even more true with Carver losing control.

[Carver is arguing with the official now, trading angry words...

...which allows the hurting Hunter to THROW himself at his challenger, driving his shoulder into the back of the knee!]

GM: OHHH! HE CLIPPED HIM! HE CLIPPED THE KNEE!

[The crowd jeers as Hunter smirks, an expression twisted with gloating and pain as he grabs at his groin, still feeling the effects of the low blow.]

GM: Hunter fights off the pain of the low blow to clip the knee... and again, you have to be impressed at how resourceful Jackson Hunter is and just how determined he is to keep that title around his waist.

[Hunter pushes up to his feet, wincing as he does. He slides Carver's foot up on the ropes...

...and then springs into the air, bouncing off the ropes to drop his weight down on Carver's injured knee!]

GM: Ohhh! Down on the knee again!

[Hunter looks out at Colton with a "ONE MORE?!" and gets a "ONE MORE, BAHD!" in response...

...and the champion drops his weight on the injured knee a second time.]

GM: Hunter's got that leg just wrecked at this point of the match... and Hannibal Carver needs to find a way off the mat and get back into this.

BW: I don't know how much more his knee can take, Gordo.

GM: I don't either...

[Hunter shoves Carver away from the ropes, lifting both legs into his hands...]

GM: ...but we might be about to find out as it looks like Hunter's looking for the Mindflayer!

[But as Hunter starts to step through for his signature submission hold, Derrick Williams pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at his former ally, getting his attention. Hunter whips around to face Williams, trading words with him while still holding the legs...]

GM: And now it's Hunter who is losing his focus on the match, arguing with-

[Carver suddenly draws his legs towards him and kicks off, sending Hunter flying backwards...

...and CRASHES into Derrick Williams, sending him spinning off the apron...]

GM: CAUGHT!

[...and into the waiting beastly arms of the Canadian Strongman!]

GM: Colton caught him and-

[The crowd jeers as Colton puts a big squeeze on Williams, ragdolling him back and forth inside a massive bearhug on the floor!]

GM: COLTON WITH A BEARHUG! HE'S SQUEEZING WILLIAMS AND-

[Hunter pumps a fist, celebrating the attack on the floor..

...and then turns back towards a rising Carver, running past him to build up speed. He goes past him a second time, hitting the ropes for maximum momentum...]

GM: Hunter on the move and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INSTANT KARMA!

[The bicycle kneestrike catches Carver flush, knocking him flat as Hunter scrambles to cover, diving across and hooking a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! JUST BARELY, HE KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Hunter kneels on the canvas, grabbing at his head with both hands, total disbelief on his face as he stares at the official who holds up two fingers and then two hands an inch apart to show how close it was...

...and Colton flings Williams down to the mat, shouting, "COME ON, JACKSON!" to his ally, trying to snap him out of his daze.]

GM: Colton throws Williams aside, screaming at Hunter...

[Hunter slowly rises off the mat, nodding his head to Colton. He points at the downed Carver...

...and then slowly turns to point to the corner turnbuckles.]

GM: Uh oh. We talked earlier about Hunter's former days as one of the most heralded Junior Heavyweights in the world. High flying used to be his bread and butter... and it looks like he might be taking a trip back to the past right about now.

[The National Champion is running his mouth towards the fans as he slowly walks towards the corner, ducking through the ropes... where he pauses to shout at the fans a little more...]

BW: Well, he may be looking to time travel, Gordo, but he's certainly not moving at 88 miles per hour.

[Gordon chuckles as Hunter starts climbing the turnbuckles on the outside.]

GM: Hunter finally getting there... finally starting his climb up the buckles... finally moving into position to strike...

[But as Hunter puts a foot up on the top rope, the crowd begins to cheer loudly.]

GM: CARVER! CARVER'S UP!

[The challenger wobbles to the corner, throwing a haymaker as he does, cracking a right hand into the jaw of the champion!]

GM: CARVER CAUGHT HIM UP TOP! AND HUNTER JUST TOOK TOO LONG!

[Carver lands a second right hand... and a third brings Blake Colton up on the apron, walking down it as Carver grabs Hunter...]

...and HURLS him off the top into a crossbody on Colton, knocking them both down to the floor to HUGE CHEERS from the OKC crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GREAT SCOTT!

BW: Colton's down! Hunter's down! Williams is still down as well! And Hannibal Carver is...

[Carver rolls through the ropes, dropping down on the floor with a wince and a hobble...]

BW: ...Carver's up and he's out on the floor! He's trying to get back into this one and he's right in his element to do it!

[The Boston Brawler drags the National Champion up by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and FIRES him into the steel barricade, sending a jolt through the spine of Jackson Hunter as he arches his back and then slumps down to his knees on the floor!]

GM: Carver puts him into the steel!

[Hobbling across the ringside area, the challenger reaches Hunter, grabbing his arm again...]

GM: Back the other way!

[...and WHIPS him into the ring apron, the edge of it jamming into the small of Hunter's back, causing him to wail in pain!]

GM: Hunter's down on the floor right there by the timekeeper's table... Carver leaning on the table now, trying to catch his wind...

BW: That knee is still bothering him, Gordo. You can see how slowly he's moving... how gingerly he's moving... he can barely put weight on that knee.

GM: But yet, he's still fighting... still battling to win his first piece of AWA championship gold...

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: You can hear the call of fifteen minutes - halfway through the time limit in this tremendous battle for the AWA National Title. Fifteen minutes to go to see who walks out of Oklahoma City as the AWA National Champion.

[Carver looks over at the timekeeper... and smirks.]

GM: What is he...? Oh no!

[With a wave of his arm, Carver scatters the timekeeper and Rebecca Ortiz as he grabs the table on both sides, looking back at the downed Hunter...]

GM: Don't do it, Carver! Don't do it!

[...and lifts the table into the air, just enough so that he can fall back with it, and DROP it on the downed Hunter to a HUUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: OH MY STARS! HE SUPLEXED THE DAMN TABLE ON TOP OF HIM!

BW: That's gotta be a disqualification! Ring the bell, ref!

[The referee looks out on the floor, looking at the table on top of Hunter...

...and with the crowd roaring loud, he waves his arms for the match to continue!]

BW: Whaaaaaat?!

GM: That decision was certainly at the discretion of the referee and the referee says this fight will go on, fans! Oh my!

BW: HE HIT HIM WITH A TABLE, GORDO! How can that NOT be a disqualification?!

GM: That's not my call!

[A grinning Carver shoves the table aside, dragging himself and Hunter back to their feet before rolling the champion back into the ring.]

GM: Hunter's back in... the referee checking on him...

[Carver slides under the ropes as well, coming up into a crouch as he waits for Hunter to get up...]

GM: Carver's poised! Carver's ready for the Blackout! He's ready for.. what is THIS now?!

[A dazed and possibly confused Jackson Hunter throws himself at the official, wrapping his arms around him...]

GM: Hunter's grabbed the referee! He's got Scott Ezra tied up and- oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Blake Colton yanks Carver by the ankle, pulling him right out to the floor...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and HURLING him backwards into the ringside barricade!]

GM: COLTON INTERFERES AGAIN AND-

[The crowd somehow gets louder as Derrick Williams comes charging into view, leaping up, and smashing a fist into the side of Blake Colton's head, sending him stumbling backwards!]

GM: -AND HERE WE GO AGAIN!

[The camera pulls back, showing Williams and Colton trading blows at the mouth of the aisle, pummeling one another as the OKC fans roar in response!]

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

[Colton stumbles backwards under the assault from Williams, backpedaling up the ramp as the Future keeps on coming. After a few more blows land, Colton ties him up, swinging him around and then throws some forearms of his own, forcing Williams back up the ramp!]

GM: They're fighting in the aisle! They're fighting up the ramp!

[A hurting Carver grabs his lower back, stumbling across the ringside area towards the ropes where the referee has started a ten count.]

GM: And with all this brawling between Derrick Williams and Blake Colton, don't forget that this match is still going! We've still got Hannibal Carver and Jackson Hunter fighting for the AWA National Title here in Oklahoma City and one of these men are walking out with the gold!

BW: At this rate, I'm going to be surprised if either one of them are still walking after this! Carver's taken tremendous punishment to the knee. Hunter's taking some very hard shots to the back. Both men are hurting... both men are beat up... and yet both men are still fighting. That's how much that National Title means, Gordo!

GM: Only the AWA World Title means more to a men's singles wrestler in our sport. These two are fighting to be the unofficial Number One Contender to that title as well. Who can come out on top? Who can get the job done here tonight in front of this sold out crowd?

[Carver reaches up, grabbing the ropes as the referee's count hits six. We can tell from the crowd noise dying down that Williams and Colton have battled out of view as Carver pulls himself up on the apron.]

GM: We're down to a one on one battle for the first time all night! No more interference by either man's second and-

BW: Hunter's up too!

[The National Champion staggers across the ring to where Carver is standing on the apron.]

GM: The fight is on once more...

[Hunter reaches out, digging his fingers into the eye area of Carver.. or trying to at least. The referee rushes into the mix, trying to dissuade Hunter from clawing at the eyes.]

GM: Hunter's trying to get to the eyes, Scott Ezra's trying to stop him and-

[Carver, desperate to avoid another eyegouge, swings for the fences with a mighty elbow strike, cracking Hunter on the jaw, sending Hunter flying backwards into Scott Ezra!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN GOES SCOTT EZRA!

BW: Oh, that was ALL Carver too, Gordo!

GM: It most certainly was not! That piece of garbage, Jackson Hunter, was going after the eyes again! That was an accidental crash caused by Carver and Hunter and... well, the referee is down no matter who is to blame and that's gotta be trouble for this matchup.

[With the official and Hunter down, Carver steps through the ropes, looking down between the two. He shakes his head in disbelief...

...and then steps towards Hunter, reaching down to pull him up...]

GM: Carver doing the right thing here - whether the referee wakes up himself or whether a second official is sent down here, the match must go on and-

[...and Hunter finishes what he started, digging his fingers into the eyes and raking HARD!]

GM: AHH! He goes to the eyes! That no good piece of-

[And with Carver temporarily blinded, Hunter snatches a three-quarter nelson, leaping up...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT! OR FUTURE SHOCK!

BW: Whatever you wanna call it, Hunter just SPIKED Carver and he may have just cemented him walking out as the champion!

[Hunter swings his arms apart, starting to make a cover...

...and then spots Scott Ezra still down on the mat, slowly moving.]

GM: Hunter just realized the referee is still down and... no cover here at all... in fact... where is he going, Bucky?

[The crowd grumbles as Hunter gets a sadistic grin on his face, rolling under the ropes to the outside of the ring.]

GM: Hunter out here on the outside... what's he... he's looking under the ring now and... oh my god.

[The crowd's noise turns into an overwhelming jeer as Hunter emerges into view, gripping his signature shovel in his white-knuckled hands.]

GM: He's got that damn shovel, Bucky!

BW: My ears may be ringin' from this crowd, Gordo, but my eyes work just fine! I see the shovel! I see Jackson Hunter! And in just a few moments, I might be seeing Hunter retain the title!

GM: Hunter's sliding back in... shovel in hand...

[The National Champion rises to his feet, gripping the shovel as he steps towards Carver who is trying to push up off the canvas after Hunter's makeshift Blackout attempt.]

GM: Carver's starting to stir...

BW: Yeah, but he doesn't have a CLUE what's waiting for him when he gets up!

GM: You're absolutely right about that. Hunter's staying out of view... staying in Carver's blind spot...

[Carver pushes up to his knees, a dazed expression on his face as Hunter rises up behind, raising the shovel over his head...]

GM: No, no, no! Behind you, Carver! Look behi-

[...and just before Hunter swings his shovel down in a deathblow, something happens to freeze him in his tracks.

First, the opening piano notes to a very familiar song.

Second, the overwhelming ROAR of the AWA faithful as they recognize both the song and the man who it represents.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The song?

"I Can" by Nas.

The man?

"The Phoenix" Jordan Ohara.

Oh, and he's standing on the top rope behind Jackson Hunter, having come from the crowd and scaled the turnbuckles while Hunter was looking around in a panic.]

BW: BEHIND! BEHIND!

[Hunter staggers in a circle, a look of alarm on his face...

...and Ohara LEAPS from his perch, wiping out Hunter with the Phoenix Flame!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd EXPLODES for the high flying crossbody that flattens the National Champion - the move delivered by the very man who Hunter robbed from that title to begin with. Ohara gets to his feet, giving a huge fistpump, shouting at the downed Hunter as he snatches up the shovel and dives through the ropes to the floor...]

GM: HUNTER GETS WIPED OUT! OHARA OUT OF NOWHERE! HE'S GOT THE SHOVEL!

[Ohara slams the shovel down on the exposed concrete a few times, the crowd continue to roar for his surprise return after being assaulted in the parking lot about a month ago...]

GM: Ohara just SAVED Hannibal Carver's skull right there!

[A shocked Hunter slowly starts to get up, shaking his head in disbelief as he locks eyes with Ohara who is out on the floor, nodding his head...]

GM: Hunter can't believe it! Hunter thought he had this won! Hunter thought-

[With Hunter looking the other way, he suddenly jerks around towards a rising Carver who springs up, hooking a three-quarter nelson...

...and SPIKES Jackson Hunter's skull into the canvas!]

GM: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT!

[Carver dives across the National Champion, hooking a leg as a still-recovering Scott Ezra crawls into position...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE!

[The weary Ezra slowly lifts his arm again, slapping it down with great effort...]

GM: TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...the arm raises a third time, Ezra pausing a moment to gather himself...

...and brings it down in an exhausted flop to the canvas!]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: CARVER WINS! CARVER STRIKES GOLD HERE IN OKLAHOMA CITY!

BW: THANKS TO JORDAN OHARA!

[Carver pops up to his knees, a huge grin on his face as he balls up his fists and looks towards the sky.]

GM: After all this time here in the AWA, Hannibal Carver has busted through an obstacle that was blocking him for so long as he has won his first title - the AWA National Title - right here tonight on Fox Sports X!

[Snatching up the title belt off the announce desk, Jordan Ohara rolls back into the ring with it in his hand. He takes a long look at it...

...and then hands it to Hannibal Carver to another big cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah! Ohara handing the title belt - the belt many feel he never should've lost - over to its new owner... now helping the Boston Brawler up to his feet!

[Carver grips the belt with both hands, hobbling on his bad knee as he holds the title belt over his head...]

GM: What a win for Carver! What a moment here in Oklahoma City!

[Carver slips the belt over his shoulder, giving it a slap or two, turning around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and turning right into the spinning back roundhouse known as the Phoenix Kick, a blow that catches Carver right on the jaw, knocking him flat!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as Ohara stands mid-ring, looking down at Carver.. and then to Hunter. He shakes his head, slowly walking towards the ropes where he drops out to the floor and starts striding back up the aisle.]

GM: I don't understand! What did we just see?!

BW: Ohara just flattened Carver! Took him out like he owes him money!

GM: But... but why?!

BW: That's a question you'll have to ask Jordan Ohara, Gordo.

GM: Oh, I intend to. In fact, if someone back there can hear me, can we get a word with Jordan Ohara as soon as possible? Anyone please... we need some answers to this right now.

[With the new champion and the former champion laid out mid-ring and Ohara striding up the ramp, we fade to...

...backstage just beyond the curtain in the Chimpanzee Position where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Gordon, you wanted to get some answers - well, that's exactly what I intend to do as...

[Stegglet trails off as a commotion comes from behind him. He twists around as he sees Jordan Ohara walking into view, an AWA official trailing closing behind trying to talk to him. The young AWA superstar seems conflicted by his actions. He pulls at his hair and his face twists in anguish.]

MS: Here we go... Jordan? Jordan, right here!

[Ohara throws a glance at Stegglet and with a nod, he descends a set of stairs to end up right next to him.]

JO: Mr. Stegglet... what's up?

[Stegglet's jaw drops slightly.]

MS: "What's up?" I guess I could ask you the same question, Jordan. What in the world just happened out there?

[Ohara knuckles his temples.]

JO: I've been sitting backstage all night... waiting for this one to go down. And I was watching... watching that weasel, Jackson Hunter... waiting to see what kind of garbage he'd tried to pull to keep the AWA National Title around his waist. I saw him go for that shovel! And decided to do something about it. So I did something about it.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: You certainly did... and I think we're all grateful for that... but I think you also know that's not what I was talking about.

[Ohara grimaces.]

JO: I know-

[A loud shout of "HEY!" is heard from off-camera. The camera pulls back slightly to reveal an angry Derrick Williams on the move towards his former friend and enemy turned... who knows at this point.]

DW: What the hell was that out there?! Why'd you take down Carver?

[Ohara shakes his head.]

JO: Why'd I take down, Carver? Come on, Derrick... you know why.

[Williams doesn't appear to know why.]

JO: You and me... we were supposed to team up in Mexico, remember? And somehow miraculously just days before that went down, I got jumped in the parking lot, ended up on the injured list... again... and got taken out of the match and Carver just waltzed right in and took my spot. Right?

[Williams nods, still confused.]

DW: Sure, but what's that got to do with...?

[Williams suddenly gets it.]

DW: Carver?! You think it was Carver?! You know damn well it was Hunter.

[Ohara shakes his head.]

JO: I don't know "damn well" who it was at all, Derrick. All I know is one minute I was digging my bag out of the trunk of my car and the next minute I woke up on the asphalt seeing stars.

[Williams sighs.]

DW: Come on, J. There's no way Hannibal would've done that. Why would he? What motive does he have?

[Ohara stares at Williams in shock.]

JO: That North American title around his waist. His boy by his side. He had plenty of motive. Maybe you're right. Maybe it wasn't Carver... maybe it was Hunter... all I know is the first thing I saw when I woke up was broken beer bottles all over the place.

[Williams looks surprised by that news.]

JO: Still convinced it was Hunter?

[Williams nods.]

DW: Yeah, actually... I am. Hell, J... you saw firsthand what kind of plots that son of a bitch is capable of. He wore a movie grade rubber mask for MONTHS to sneak up on me, Ri, and Max. His plotting is why you're a FORMER National Champion now. That's why my partner and friend got chased out of town. You really think busting up a few beer bottles is beyond him? It doesn't even rank Top Ten in his greatest hits for effort.

[Ohara shrugs.]

JO: And like I said... maybe you're right. But I checked with Castillo... with security... with production... they've got no footage to show me what happened. So, was it Hunter? Was it Carver? Was it the West Memphis Assassin? I don't have a clue. So, I gave every suspect a little bit of payback tonight.

[Williams shakes his head.]

DW: Yeah because Castillo and Law are paragons of truth.

[Ohara shrugs again.]

JO: I don't expect you to pick sides in this one, Derrick. In fact, you go let Carver know exactly why I did it. And tell him if it wasn't him, I apologize.

[Ohara points an angry finger at Williams.]

JO: But if it was, now he knows that I'm not someone to be messed with...

[Ohara turns to walk away and then turns back.]

JO: Oh, and tell him that he doesn't have to thank me for saving his ass tonight. It was my pleasure.

[With that, the Phoenix walks away, brushing past Mark Stegglet and leaving a surprised Derrick Williams behind as we fade to...

...another part of the backstage area. More specifically, we find ourselves in the conference room taken over by AWA co-owner Jon Stegglet. We can see the white board behind him now has "MARTINEZ" and "WRIGHT" written in bold but with several other names underneath... some with question marks, some with check marks, some with other notes. Stegglet is chewing at his bottom lip thoughtfully as the cameraman speaks.]

"You got two. That must feel good."

[Stegglet absentmindedly nods.]

JS: Sure, sure. I mean, it's a great start, right? Castillo still says he's going to reveal his first pick tonight but... no matter who it is, I've gotta feel pretty good about having these two on my team. But who else is the question.

[The cameraman replies.]

"I'm sure you've been getting lots of offers."

[Stegglet nods again.]

JS: Yeah. I've gotten calls from old friends... an old enemy or two... hell, even a certain playboy who thought it would be a good chance to "get his name back out there."

[Stegglet chuckles.]

JS: But I feel like when I find the right person, it'll jump right out at me.

[A knock on the door is followed by someone walking into view. It's someone we haven't seen in a few weeks, the ever-popular "Golden" Grant Carter. He's dressed in jeans, a black Springsteen t-shirt, and the biggest grin you'll ever see.]

GGC: Hey Steggs Man... it's me... it's me...

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: Lemme guess... it's G-G-C?

[Carter claps him on the shoulder - a little too hard as Stegglet lurches forward.]

GGC: Sorry about that, my man. But I just wanted to come in here and let you know that if you need any help in putting Castillo and these big bad Korugun goons out of business, you know you can count on me.

[Stegglet grins, reaching up and tapping on the board where we can see Carter's name is listed.]

JS: I do know that, Grant... and believe me, I appreciate it. I can't make any promises but-

[Carter holds up his hands.]

GGC: Say no more, Steggs Man... I appreciate you even considering me. And I know this is a hard decision. So much at stake at this one.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: Everything I've worked for for... what? Going on ten years now. It could all be gone just like...

[Stegglet looks at his hands where he was about to snap his fingers. With a sigh, he lowers them.]

JS: I just need to find the right people for this.

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"LOOK NO FURTHER, JON STEGGLET! YOUR WISH HAS BEEN GRANTED!"

[Stegglet's brow furrows as Laredo Morrison of The Band strides into view, trailed close behind by Jimi Jam Jester.]

JS: Gentlemen...

[Morrison holds up a hand.]

LM: Say no more, mon amour. Nothing to say except you're welcome.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: Are you two actually offering your services to Team AWA?

[Jester yanks off a pair of mirrored sunglasses.]

JJJ: Of course we are, Stegg-O-Matic! The Big Dude and myself here... we're AWA to the bone! AWA born... AWA bred... and when we die, we'll be AWA dead, ya dig?

[Stegglet shrugs.]

JS: I suppose.

JJJ: Look, you got off to a hot start up there with my boys, the White Knight and his pal. But if your opening act is a clown like this...

[He gestures towards Carter.]

JJJ: ...I'm gonna make sure I get my Korugun tattoo ready to go.

[Carter bristles at the comment, nudging up against Jester.]

GGC: Who are you callin' a clown, Ted Nugent?!

[Jester's eyes go wide.]

JJJ: Are you dissin' the NOOG?!

[Jester and Carter start shouting at one another, Laredo Morrison muscling himself in between them to get Jester back... and as Jester continues to shout, Morrison pushes him right out the door as Stegglet sighs.]

JS: If I end up with those two, it's the end of the world as we know it...

[Carter leans in.]

GGC: ...and NO ONE feels fine about that.

[Stegglet nods as Carter rubs his knuckles, looking off after The Band as we fade from backstage...]

...and out to the ring where we find James Lynch stalking angrily around the ring, Veronica Westerly standing nearby with a smirk on her face.]

GM: Well, welcome back out here to ringside, fans... and while we were showing you some of the goings-on backstage, James Lynch came stomping out here with a burr under his saddle with that instigator - Veronica Westerly - with him and she says he's demanding a match of his own now... just like his older brother, Jack, did earlier tonight.

BW: What's good for one Stench is good for the other, right?

GM: I suppose. But look at him, Bucky. He's all agitated and a bundle of pent-up aggression. What in the world did Veronica Westerly do to him?!

BW: What makes you think she did something to him? After that interaction he had with Jack earlier tonight, James has every right to be fired up. He told Jack to stay out of his way... and Jack said no!

GM: That's not what he said at all. He said that they're family and he's not giving up on his brother.

BW: Same difference.

[While our announcers bickered, we saw a referee and another unknown individual in boots and wrestling trunks hit the ring.]

GM: We're being told now that this is young Paul Romeo from nearby Tulsa and-

[Not even waiting for a bell, James Lynch storms across the ring, burying a boot into the midsection of Romeo as he's tugging on the ropes to loosen up. Westerly grins at the reaction, waving a hand at the official who then calls for the bell.]

GM: Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller calling the action in this one and there's the bell... we're underway as James Lynch is just mauling this young man in the corner... boots to the body, rights and lefts up top...

[With Romeo stunned early, James Lynch whips him across the ring, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles. As he staggers out, James sprints across the ring, leaping into the air, and SMASHES his arm across the collarbone just like his brother did earlier in the night.]

GM: Ohhhh! Big leaping lariat by James Lynch - taking a page out of Jack's playbook.

BW: Now, how do you know that, Gordo? Maybe Jack stole it from James.

GM: We've seen Jack use that lariat for years, Bucky!

BW: Sure, but he's known James since birth! He might've been stealing from him from Day One! It runs in the family, you know!

[James turns towards the nearest camera.]

"YOU SEE THAT?! YOU SEE IT, JACK?! I CAN DO ANYTHING YOU CAN DO BUT I CAN DO IT BETTER!"

[The crowd jeers as James turns his attention back to Romeo, viciously stomping him on the upper chest near the collarbone. Veronica looks on approvingly from the floor, nodding as the assault continues despite the referee's shouts.]

GM: James Lynch is just so angry these days...

[Dropping to a knee, Lynch grabs the young man by the head, pounding his fist down into the temple over and over until the referee's count reaches four and change at which point he lets go, allowing Romeo's head to bounce off the canvas.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Thie kid might be out from the lariat, Gordo. He's not putting up a fight at all.

[James climbs to his feet, muscling the limp Paul Romeo up with him. A vicious cross-armed thrust to the throat sends him falling back into the turnbuckles, arms draped over the top rope in a desperate attempt to stay on his feet.]

GM: He's got this young man in the corner now... oh! Back elbow to the ear!

[With his ribs pushed into Romeo, pinning him against the buckles, Lynch snaps his elbow back into the ear again... and again... and again... and again it takes more than a four count to get him to back off as Romeo slumps down to his knees, barely able to stay upright...]

GM: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[The official is trying to keep James Lynch back...

...but Lynch brushes past him, charging in with a running boot to the mush that flattens Romeo backwards, folding him over his own legs in a sickening position.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: He folded him up like a jack high on the flop!

[James stands over him...]

"YOU THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN ME?! YOU'RE NOTHING!"

[Another hard stomp to the chest on the folded-up Romeo causes the crowd to groan in sympathy... and then jeer the wild-eyed Lynch.]

"YOU BOO ME?! I'M A DAMNED LYNCH! YOU DON'T BOO ME!"

[He angrily pulls Romeo off the mat, pushing him back into the turnbuckles again. Grabbing the arm, he flings Romeo across the ring where he falls into the far corner. James charges in after him, leaping into the air...]

GM: Leaping knee finds the mark - yet another of Jack's moves...

[As Romeo staggers out this time, James is waiting to lock his hand around the skull...]

GM: And there it is... the Iron Claw. Yet another-

BW: No, no, no... that's a Lynch FAMILY move, Gordo. It belongs to all of them!

GM: The way this kid is acting, I'm not sure he's worthy of even being a Lynch at this point.

BW: On that point, we agree.

[Lynch holds Romeo up, not allowing him to fall on his own...

...and then violently swings his leg backwards, sweeping the legs out from under Romeo while keeping the clawhold applied and DRIVING the back of his head into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! The back of his head just got DRIVEN into the mat! This one's over, Bucky.

BW: I have a feeling it's over when James Lynch says it's over, Gordo... or maybe Veronica.

[From the outside, Veronica is seen giving a thumbs up... and then jerking that thumb upwards with a "PICK HIM UP! DO IT AGAIN!"]

GM: Do it again?! What is wrong with this woman, Bucky?!

BW: Are you kidding me right now? Look at who she married! Look at her kids! Look at who she works for!

GM: Veronica Westerly telling James Lynch to pick this kid back up.... and of course, that's exactly what he's doing. James Lynch could stop this... he could end this at any time he wants but...

BW: He's holding him in that claw, dragging him back up...

[He pulls him to center ring, looking out on the jeering crowd...

...and sweeps the leg a second time, smashing the skull into the mat again!]

GM: Gaaaaaaah! Absolutely devastating!

[He keeps the claw applied as the referee drops to his knees, counting one... two... and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Well, James Lynch picks up the win in impressive fashion for sure but... oh, come on! Give me a break! He won't break the damn hold, ref!

[The official is pleading with James Lynch to let go of the Iron Claw but Lynch shakes his head, refusing the order...]

GM: Reverse the decision! Ring the bell!

[Veronica quickly strides over to the timekeeper's table, threatening Rebecca Ortiz who slides out of her chair... which Westerly quickly folds up and slides into the ring.]

GM: Veronica just slid a steel chair into the ring... and what's this all about?!

BW: Maybe James is trying to send a message to-

GM: To who?! The guy he told to stay out of his way?!

BW: To the entire locker room! There's a new head of the Lynch family in town and you're lookin' at him, Gordo!

[With the chair near his feet, James gives a nod as he drags the unmoving Paul Romeo back to his feet, still trapped inside the dreaded Lynch Iron Claw. He pulls him over near the chair, holding him up with both hands as he looks out on the jeering crowd...

...which quickly ERUPT into a roar!]

GM: JACK LYNCH! JACK LYNCH COMING DOWN THE AISLE!

[The shot cuts to a fired-up Iron Cowboy sprinting the distance of the ramp. He slides under the ropes just as his brother bails out, having left Romeo in a heap on the canvas.]

GM: And James Lynch goes running like a thief in the night!

[Jack comes up shouting, bellowing at his brother who is outside the ring. The former World Champion gives a shake of his head, taking a knee alongside Romeo, checking his condition as Veronica moves to James' side on the outside, whispering to him.]

GM: James is out here on the floor... Veronica by his side...

[From the look of the conversation, it's pretty clear that Veronica is urging James to go back into the ring and attack his brother but James is unmoving... so far.]

GM: Bucky, I think she's trying to get him to go after Jack!

BW: What? You're a mind reader now?

GM: Look at her - she's pointing at Jack, practically trying to shove James into the ring... it's obvious! But James isn't buying it!

BW: Not yet at least.

[James looks conflicted as he puts a hand on the ropes, perhaps considering what he's being urged to do...]

GM: Is he going to do it?

[Jack keeps a wary eye on the situation as Veronica again gives a little shove from behind but James is staring up at his brother without moving... yet.]

GM: Jack's ready for him if he does. Jack may not want a fight but I don't know if he's going to back down from one either after what James pulled two weeks ago at Homecoming!

[James seems to be fuming mad that Jack interrupted his assault of Paul Romeo...

...but also seems reluctant to get inside the ring with his big brother, a hand still on the ropes...]

GM: What's he going to do?! A moment of truth perhaps for James Lynch!

[...and suddenly, James angrily turns away, shaking his head as he stomps towards the ramp.]

GM: James is walking out!

The crowd is jeering him as Veronica Westerly - a shocked look on her face - moves to pursue. She's calling to him as she walks behind him, shouting out his name and looking over her shoulder to the ring where Jack Lynch looks a little puzzled.]

GM: James is walking out - and it looks like I'm not the only one surprised by that. Jack looks surprised. Veronica Westerly for sure looks surprised.

BW: No, she looks angry, Gordo.

GM: That she does, Bucky... and for the moment, this family crisis seems to have been averted here in Oklahoma City as we've had a showdown and James Lynch has blinked, walking away from a physical conflict with his big brother. Wow. Fans, we're going to take a quick break and when we come back, we'll be just moments away from the big rematch - Rage versus Rage, brother versus brother... don't you dare go away!

[As an angry Veronica Westerly trails James Lynch up the ramp, we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A voiceover is heard.]

"The AWA began in a studio...

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

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

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and we fade back up on the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of an AWA backdrop, a big grin on his face.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling here in Oklahoma City where the action and the drama has been red hot all night long... but that action and drama isn't limited to here tonight... it's all over the AWA as we continue to walk the road to SuperClash IX in just a couple of months' time in Atlanta and Toronto. In fact, right now, we're seeing wild action at our live events... we're seeing huge turnouts at our promotional appearances... and we're even seeing a little bit of chaos boiling over outside of a sanctioned AWA event as well.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: As everyone knows, ever since Eternally Extreme 2 back in July, wrestling legend - and Korugun executive - John Wesley Hardin has had a bounty on the head of Hall of Famer Casey James. Since then, we've seen James in some brutal battles inside the ring... and outside... and earlier this morning, we saw another go down. We have exclusive footage of this encounter for you now... so let's take a look...

[We fade through black and the shot abruptly opens on the face of Casey James. The footage is clearly being taken from a phone, with Casey concentrating on a point below the camera as he fiddles with settings. Satisfied, he sets the phone down on something in front of him. From the collection of Old Timey on the walls behind him and the general restaurant vibe of the place, we can assume he's at a Cracker Barrel or at least a reasonable facsimile.]

CJ: Howdy, folks... Figured I'd check in with everyone while I'm waiting for the rest of my breakfast to get here...

[As it stands, there is a large amount of varied breakfast foods laid out on the table in front of him. Waffles, eggs, pancakes, a bowl with some manner of tater tot and entirely too many selections of meat. Many of the dishes are only partly filled, so one can assume Casey has been spending the last little while eating breakfast like a Roman emperor.]

CJ: ... It's been a bit of a rough go the last little bit. This whole bounty business has me so I can barely get a moment's peace around here. But that's Hardin's plan, right? Even if nobody collects, he's still got me keeping one eye open when I sleep. You ever try and get a solid night's sleep that way? It ain't easy. I barely got time to do promos, I gotta do 'em on my phone like this while I'm eating breakfast.

But if there's one thing you can say about me, it's that I know how to phone my sh[BLEEP] in. I remember this one time back in Texas...

[Casey is interrupted by a waitress. She appears to struggle slightly with the weight of the tray she's carrying, but to her credit, her customer service smile never wavers.]

W: ... and here's the rest of your order, sir. Another two Old Timers - no offense - another order of sausage, here's some additional bacon to go with your... side of bacon. And ketchup for that? Oh, and I figured I'd just bring you the can of whipped cream for those waffles, because you can't seem to get enough of that...

CJ: Ooh, yoink!

[Casey snatches the can off the table and immediately fills his mouth with whipped cream directly from the nozzle.]

W: So I'll just add that to your bill because nobody's going to want that can now... And here's another bowl of gravy for... How did you put it? General dippin'?

[Casey, voice silenced by whipped cream, gives the thumbs up.]

W: And of course the biscuits. That is a lot of biscuits. Okay, I think that's everything. If you need anything more, just give me a holler, okay? [Leans in a bit] And let me just say it's an honor to help out the Blackheart on his cheat day.

[Casey, having wrangled most of the whipped cream and back in full control of his mouth again, gives a sort of confused smile...]

CJ: ... the [BLEEP] is a cheat day?

[The waitress bursts into laughter, and Casey follows suit with his best "I don't know what we're laughing at, but she brought me food" laugh.

A sharp-eyed viewer at this point might notice the form of AWA superstar Kaz Konoe walking into view in the background alongside his Chola Japonesa, Luciana. Konoe is looking around like he's trying to find a table as Luciana looks at something on her phone...

...and then happens to look up and spot Casey James. She jerks back with a startle and then grabs Konoe by the shoulder, shaking him. She points at James as he downs another mouthful of whipped cream. Konoe shakes his head in response, patting his presumably-empty stomach. Luciana points more insistently this time, rubbing her fingers together in the universal "this guy is worth a million bucks if you take him out, you idiot" gesture. The Blackstar sighs heavily... shrugs...]

CJ: ... cuz I'm sitting here thinking it's Saturday, right? OW!

[...and Konoe strikes!

He runs in with a double sledge to Casey's back, who spills out of the chair, nearly taking down the waitress if it weren't for her quick sidestep out of the way.]

W: Hey! We don't allow rasslin' in here! This is a family joint!

[Konoe leaps out of the camera's view onto the ground, his upper torso and arm movement implying he's trying to beat James into paste on the floor of this family dining establishment.]

W: Oh... hey... uhh... your camera is runnin', sir.

[The image on the screen abruptly goes crazy as the camera is presumably picked up.]

W: Maybe I should get this on film...

[She lifts the camera up, trying to film the fight...

...but as she does, we see her face of concentration. Her eyes squinting, her tongue stuck out the corner of her mouth. She seems surprised to see herself, smiling big and pausing to primp her hair...]

W: I always wanted to be viral!

[A younger male's voice rings out from behind her.]

"The other way, lady! Hit the...

[The footage suddenly shifts into slow motion... including the audio...]

"Noooooooo... thhhhhhheeeeeee ooooootherrrrrr onnnnnnnnnne..."

[And we're back to normal speed, the shot flipped around to show Konoe swinging rapidly, Luciana cheering him on. It appears that James is blocking most of the blows with his forearms though as he managed to cover up after the initial attack.

Casey picks his moment, lets one of the punches come down and shifts to one side. He grabs Konoe's upper arm, pushing it over and sweeping him so that they switch positions, with Casey in Konoe's guard.]

W: Ooooooh... I gotta remember that one!

[As soon as Casey gets his balance, he starts throwing alternating rights and lefts without any sign of stopping. After a few shots land, he manages to get to his feet, still in Konoe's guard but dropping the punches from much higher and with more impact.]

W: Don't hurt him now! I don't wanna be in a lawsuit!

[Seeing her man in danger, Luciana fearlessly runs into the fray, jumping on Casey's back...

...which pulls him back enough for Konoe to slip an upkick through Casey's arms, catching him on the chin. Casey stands straight back up and staggers back a step or two, allowing Konoe to get to his feet as Luciana scrambles away from the fight.]

W: Can you two take this outside maybe? Table six needs more coffee and I-

[Konoe grabs Casey by the hair, looking to throw Casey into the nearest object, which happens to be Casey's table, conveniently covered in a comically large amount of food. Konoe takes a few steps, and shoves Casey's head toward the platter of breakfast sausage...

Or at least he tries to. Casey roars "NO!" and pulls back, using his power advantage to resist getting thrown. He knees Konoe in the gut and follows up with a right cross to the jaw. Konoe is knocked silly for a moment...]

CJ: We ain't doing the food fight thing...

[Casey steps in and slams a left across Kano's jaw...]

CJ: It's cliché...

[Another right across the face...]

CJ: This nice lady worked her ass off getting it here...

[An uppercut sends Konoe staggering back...]

CJ: And I ain't done eating yet. So...

[Casey steps in for the finishing blow, but Konoe has somehow recovered enough to sidestep and catch Casey under the arm. Using Casey's own momentum, Konoe hip tosses him high, ensuring that Casey doesn't hit the edge of the table he goes crashing through.]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[The ensuing "OHHHHHHHHH!" is heard through the restaurant.]

W: Someone's gonna have to pay for that! That lizard rasslin' guy ate a corner of a table here once and nobody paid for it!

[She swings the camera closer to the laid out James... then up to the person who was seated at the table...

...the Almighty Angry Atlas Armstrong...

...with a lapful of skinless, boneless boiled chicken breast. He is seething mad as he glares at James... then up at the makeshift camerawoman.]

W: Sir, can I get you anoth-

"GRRRRRAAAAAARRRRRGH!"

[Armstrong's monstrous bellow is followed by him jumping up and stomping the prone Casey James.]

W: Oh lord have mercy on me!

[Konoe steps in, shoving Armstrong aside as he starts stomping on James instead. Armstrong moves back in, wheeling Konoe around into a right hand of his own!]

W: You two are fightin' now?! This is too... HENRY! CALL THE COPS!

[The other customers are shouting and squealing and yelping... that's what you call a negative Yelp review, right? as Konoe and Armstrong are battling it out. The two fire off shots back and forth, giving Casey a chance to roll out of the debris of table and chicken.]

W: Are you okay, Mister?

[James groans in pain, crawling out of the mess, pulling himself away from Armstrong and Konoe and toward the table he was sitting at earlier. The waitress is still watching the whole melee in shock.]

CJ: I'm... not... MISTER...

[James slumps over, propping himself up on his table.]

CJ: I'm the [BLEEPIN] Blackheart.

[James looks around.]

CJ: Hey, so... You do the whole debit thing, right?

[Casey grabs a sausage patty and wolfs it down.]

CJ: I guess I just pay on my way out, right? Yeah, I can do that.

[Casey grabs a few biscuits, a pancake, and a handful of bacon. Armstrong and Konoe continue to move around the restaurant, punching one another, occasionally knocking into a wall or table. Casey stuffs the food into a pocket of his hoodie and with his other hand, pulls a wad of bills from his pants pocket.]

CJ: Here's, uh... Yeah, for you.

[Casey hands the bills over to the waitress, but she's still focused on Armstrong and Konoe beating on each other around the restaurant.]

CJ: Oh, and... uh... I'll take that back now.

[Casey places the cash on the table near her and snatches his phone out of her hands as we cut to black...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we end up back in the hallway outside of Javier Castillo's office. Veronica Westerly is standing there, pacing nervously. There's no security on the door though as Westerly walks before it. Suddenly, the door swings open to reveal John Law who eyes Westerly for a moment before nodding her into the room. She walks in and we cut to a different camera showing her inside the office.]

VW: You wanted to see me?

[Castillo nods silently.]

VW: Is it about-

[Castillo interrupts.]

JC: I don't have time for games, Miss Westerly. Are we on the same team or are we not?

[Westerly nods.]

VW: Of course we are.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Then I need you to act like it. We've talked about WarGames. You know my plans.

[She nods again.]

JC: Then explain this James Lynch situation to me.

[Westerly sighs, throwing up her hands.]

VW: I can't! I don't know what's going on. I've tried everything I can to get him to...

[She trails off, obviously frustrated.]

VW: He's not listening to me.

[Castillo grimaces.]

JC: You told me you could make him listen.

VW: I thought I could.

JC: I need Jack Lynch... occupied. You know this. Wright and Martinez are bad enough... if they get Lynch too...

[Castillo trails off, shaking his head at the thought.]

VW: I know. But I... I don't know what else to do. I can't get him to go after Jack.

[Castillo stands up, glaring at his employee.]

JC: Then find someone who can.

[Westerly's eyes go wide as we get a flash of the ACCESS logo and...

The shot fades into a dark room. The silhouette of a man in the center of the screen is even darker than the background.

A backlight comes up, revealing the black-swathed image of Shadoe Rage. He is draped in his ragged monk's cloth cowl and black leather cloak. The faint gold light shines on his bare muscular biceps. Rage's face is flat and expressionless until he reaches up to remove his sunglasses. His wild hazel eyes flash through the dim lighting as Rage steps forward to stare deeply into the camera. The muscles in his neck tic as he growls into the camera with his unique strangled rasp.]

SR: Derek ... what happened to you, man? I can't even call you brother any more. I don't know who you are. You? You are going to stand with the people who attacked Marissa?

[Rage's jaw clenches and his right eye twitches.]

SR: (jabbing his thumb into his chest) I don't give a damn how you feel about me. But Marissa? Adrianna? You're going to stand against them?

Marissa trained with you. You use the same move. And after every workout, she would hit the court with you and shoot, rebound, and run with you on the basketball court. Hate me all you want but that woman has done nothing to you. Your niece has done nothing to you except look up at you with all the love in her heart.

"Where's Unca Derek?" "Where's Unca Derek?"

[Rage stabs his finger towards the camera.]

SR: You ain't there, man. You ain't there for the family. What did your mother teach us growing up? What did she say to us every day?

"Never go against your family! Never!"

[Rage draws in a ragged breath as he tries to settle himself. He turns in a circle, shaking his head in disbelief.]

SR: We were supposed to support each other no matter what. That's what dragged us out of poverty. That's what dragged us out of trouble. That's what made each and every one a success in this business and in our personal lives.

But you have to be the black sheep of the family. And your mother would be so disappointed. As disappointed as Marissa. As disappointed as Adrianna. As disappointed as Lauryn.

But I'm not disappointed.

I'm mad.

[Rage pauses for a beat as the camera tightens up on his face. Rage's charcoal stare burns through the screen.]

SR: And you're done. You're going to pay for every affront to the family. You think you're better than me?

[Rage ticks off points on his fingers with his right index finger.]

SR: You're bigger. Stronger. Younger. You were supposed to be the great one. But you couldn't stick to the path. You couldn't do right by the family. So I'm going to show you what it's like tonight, brother.

[Rage throws back his cowl to shake loose his wild dreadlocks around his head. The monster has been unleashed.]

SR: I'M NOT HOLDING BACK TONIGHT!

[He shakes his head like a wild dog.]

SR: I'm not holding back tonight. I'm letting it all go. I'm gonna break you. I don't care that you're 7 foot 2 and 340 pounds. I don't care that you're my flesh and blood. I don't care how much it hurts Adrianna, Marissa, your mother Celeste.

I don't care how much it hurts you.

Tonight, I'm going to pin you and humiliate you and Korugun will see you for what you are.

[This Rage is unfamiliar. He has gone past the explosive wild man familiar to most viewers. This man is past the edge into a dark resolve. The viewers can see it as the light in his eyes intensifies and all other emotion drains from his face.]

SR: A pathetic traitor to the family.

[Rage chews his tongue and nods slightly as he holds the camera's gaze as the shot fades out...

...and crossfades to the AWA interview area. Derek Rage and Sweet Lou Blackwell stand before a screen, watching the shot of Shadoe Rage fade out. Derek Rage grits his teeth and Sweet Lou Blackwell shakes his head in disbelief.]

SLB: My goodness, Derek Rage, strong words from your brother, Shadoe Rage. What do you have to say to his comments that you went against your own family in service of Korugun?

[Blackwell catches himself.]

SLB: Oh, I forgot... you don't talk, you wrestle.

[Derek Rage seizes Blackwell's microphone hand and raises it to his lips.]

DR: I talk when there is something that needs to be said.

[Blackwell's jaw drops in shock.]

DR: I've been listening to that lunatic's empty ravings since I was sixteen years old. You're gonna die in darkness. He ran with killers but he was an accident murderer at best.

SLB: I'm sorry... a what?

DR: An accident murderer... it means any bad thing he did just happened by accident not by design. He's all bark. No bite.

[Blackwell shakes his head in disbelief.]

SLB: What are you talking about? Since Shadoe Rage showed up here four years ago, he's been involved in some of the most vicious and violent matches in the AWA. A six man cell match... The Heaven and Hell scaffold match... the Ring of Iron Match... and even the Death in Darkness Match with you!

[The younger Rage nods his head.]

DR: And he didn't have it in him to finish me then. He didn't finish any of them despite his promises to murder them, right?

SLB: I think you're underestimating your brother. Ask Tony Sunn. He put him right out of the business!

DR: You think any of those men compare to me? I'm Derek Rage! The Intelligent Thug. The Giant. They called me the Prophet on the basketball courts because I was supposed to be a vision of the future of basketball. I was supposed to be competing with Shaq, Tim Duncan, Dirk, LeBron ... those were my peers. They were supposed to be my rivals. Instead I had to prop up my brother. I had to be a Prophet of Rage so he had someone to watch over him. I had to be the one to control him when he and his then-wife, Pizzazz, were out of control.

I was the one who had to take care of Pizzazz because he couldn't. And that let him be happy with Marissa.

[Derek Rage glowers into the screen.]

DR: I didn't go against the family. The family went against me.

My sister... my sister turned on me in Mexico. That's not a betrayal? Blackwell, I didn't sell out to Korugun. I bought in. I took care of myself for once and I'll be the one providing for the family when it's all said and done. I picked the winner.

And as for Marissa? Really? I have nothing but respect for her but she doesn't work here. She wants to show up uninvited then she gets what she gets.

[Derek Rage draws a slow contemplative breath.]

DR: And now my brother thinks he can take me out? He's beaten a lot of big stars in this business. But he's never been able to beat me. And he never will be able to beat me. I'm too big. Too strong. Too fast. Too smart.

[Rage licks his lips.]

DR: This match won't be any different than any other match between us. He'll try. But he will fail and I will prove myself Korugun's greatest soldier and I'll prove it by putting down the rabid dog that's been nipping at Castillo's heels. Korugun is all about building a better tomorrow. And that starts with ridding the wrestling world of Shadoe Rage.

[Rage walks out of the shot as Blackwell stares after him. His eyes drift back to the main camera.]

SLB: This clash of brothers may make Cain and Abel pale in comparison. I would hate to be a member of the Rage family and have to watch this. It's going to be physical. It's going to be intense. And I don't know... maybe one of these two brothers doesn't walk away. Which one will it be? Stay tuned to find out! Now, let's go down to the ring for the introductions!

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is BROTHER VERSUS BROTHER!

[The crowd reacts to that with a mix of cheers and boos.]

RO: Introducing first...

"GET IN THAT CELL!"

[The sound of a cell door clinking shut syncs up with the lights going out except for beams of light shooting straight down from the ceiling to surround the ring in a "cage" of light as Public Enemy's "Black Steel In The Hour Of Chaos" blares through the arena's loudspeakers.]

RO: From Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing in at 340 pounds... he represents the Korugun Army...

DERRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEK RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The big man swaggers out from behind the curtains robed in black satin with a hood over his head.]

GM: Of all the monsters that Javier Castillo has enlisted for his Army, Derek Rage just might be the biggest and baddest of them all, Bucky.

BW: Seven foot two... 340 pounds... the Intelligent Monster... Castillo sure knows how to pick his soldiers.

GM: And you have to wonder if this man is getting ready for war... or more specifically, is he getting ready for WarGames here tonight when he faces his older brother for the third time in a matter of months.

BW: Just how much do these two hate each other that blowing one another to hell and back isn't enough for them, Gordo?

GM: I don't have the answer to that. Only they do. But from what we just heard, the feelings between these two men are still very, very raw.

[The Korugun big man stalks down towards the ring, his face never changing expression as he ignores the jeering fans, striding down the ramp towards the squared circle where the battlefield awaits. The giant reaches ringside, reaching up

a long arm to grasp the top rope, pulling himself up on the apron and then steps over the ropes into the ring. He strides to mid-ring, crossing his arms across his chest in a pose as the crowd lets him have it.]

GM: And if Derek Rage is getting ready for war, fans... there may be no one better to simulate that war than Shadoe Rage, one of the most resilient and dangerous men in the entire company.

[As the seven footer sheds his entrance robe, he waits for his brother to arrive.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The arena goes black to a "oooooooooh" from the OKC crowd.]

A single light runs around the arena screens before it settles above the entrance way. It hovers there for a moment before it winks out of existence. Mist roils around the ramp as the light blinks to life again and then more lights shine down from above, forming a spotlight on the mist and the tall black-robed figure who stands in its midst, head covered by a ragged monks cloth scarf and figure cloaked by a leather-sleeveless robe.]

RO: From Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing in at 242 pounds...

[The guitar and clap begin and the voice of Johnny Cash reverberates through the arena.]

#You can run on for a long time
Run on for a long time
Sooner or later
GOD'LL CUT YOU DOWN#]

RO: ...SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Shadoe Rage raises his head and throws back the cowl. He glares out at the crowd with his cruelly beautiful eyes. He shrugs off his leather robes onto the stage revealing his chiseled tawny physique and his dark pink trunks festooned with black stars. He slowly raises an arm, pointing down the aisle at his younger brother who beckons him forward.]

GM: The crowd here in OKC are electrified for this one! This one's had the whole world talking since it was announced - who will survive? Who will emerge victorious? Who will win this family feud?

[The wild-eyed Rage stalks down the ramp, nodding his head as he approaches - his pace getting quicker... and quicker... and quicker...

...and he suddenly breaks into a sprint, diving headfirst under the bottom rope, coming up as his giant of a brother comes towards him!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And with the bell sounded, the promised wrestling match breaks down into a hockey fight!]

GM: HERE! WE! GO!

[The two men are wildly clubbing at one another, fists flying as quickly as they can as the referee shouts at them both to open up their hands.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands here in Oklahoma City, fans!

BW: Who decides to throw hands with a seven footer, Gordo?!

GM: Shadoe Rage does! A man who saw the mother of his child assaulted two weeks ago does! A man who has had his fill of being jumped and attacked and all the rest by the soldiers of Korugun does!

[Shadoe's fists are coming faster, more aggressive... but Derek's blows are landing with more impact.]

GM: We've got a stalemate so far! Derek Rage putting every bit of his seven foot frame behind those but his brother keeps on coming!

[Shadoe lands three quick blows to the ribs before a hook shot to the jaw sends him spinning away...]

GM: Goodness - what a right hand by Derek Rage!

BW: Shadoe Rage is landing three or four shots to every one his brother connects with but like we just saw, one Derek Rage blow might send you the dentist in a hurry!

[Shadoe spins back towards his brother, rushing back in, throwing a right to the jaw... a left to the ribs... a sticking jab that lands once... twice... three times...]

...when Derek throws a wild backhand that Shadoe ducks under, smashing a fist into the midsection once... twice... three times...]

GM: Shadoe's trying to chop him down... to the ropes...

[Shadoe bounces off the ropes behind his seven foot brother, going low with a diving shoulder to the back of the knee!]

GM: Oh! He clipped him!

BW: Derek's down to a knee - and we're all the same size down on the mat!

[Shadoe grabs the kneeling Derek by the hair, winding up his right arm and bringing the point of his elbow down between the eyes once... twice... three times...]

GM: Shadoe's pouring it on!

BW: I thought he might go after the knee after that clip, Gordo - but no dice. That's not the strategy for the former TV Champ - not tonight at least!

[Shadoe winds up again but Derek reaches up from a knee, delivering a two handed shove that sends Shadoe falling back into the ropes...]

...but he bounces back off, leaping up slightly to smash a forearm into his brother's jaw, preventing him from getting back off his knee.]

GM: Shadoe trying to keep Derek on that knee, keep him at his merc- AHHHH!

[The crowd reacts the same way as Shadoe Rage sinks his teeth into his brother's forehead.]

BW: He's biting him! He's biting him!

[The referee's quick count forces the break at four as Shadoe backs off, spitting a wad of saliva into the air towards his brother as the official recoils in disgust.]

GM: Ugh! For all the cheers Shadoe Rage has been getting as of late due to his battles with Korugun, it's sometimes been easy to forget what a savage animal he can be inside that ring at times.

BW: Not tonight.

GM: No, not tonight. The memory is very clear right now.

[Circling around the official, Shadoe grabs the kneeling Derek by the hair, pulling his head back as he takes aim, slamming his knuckles down into the forehead once... twice... three times... then rapidly three more times before he backs away again at the official's insistence.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is getting dangerously close on some of these counts by the referee, Bucky.

BW: I don't know if Shadoe's concerned with winning this match or not. Right now, he seems more interesting in mauling his brother.

[Shadoe again circles around the official, wrapping his hands around Derek's throat, throttling him...]

GM: That's a blatant choke - and yes, I'll call it despite it being a Korugun thug it's being used on!

BW: Soldier, Gordo. Soldier.

GM: Soldier for hire. He's a mercenary. A bounty hunter.

[Shadoe's chokehold is loosened when Derek throws a big right hand into the midsection. A second one causes Shadoe's chokehold to break completely, falling back towards the ropes...

...where he promptly jumps up on the middle rope, springing off, twisting around to smash a double axehandle over his kneeling brother's skull!]

GM: OHH! A little Death From Above action off the middle rope! Shadoe with a little bit of making things up as he goes along there - not his usual Death From Above approach but this one worked too. Derek looks staggered after that...

[Shadoe gets back to his feet, grabbing his brother by the hair, measuring him good and CRACKS him with a right hand, causing Derek to slump over, putting his hands on the canvas to keep himself from falling over...]

GM: We talked about the resiliency of Shadoe Rage - how about the resiliency of DEREK Rage? He's taking a pounding from his older brother in there but he's still on a knee, refusing to go down...

[Backing away from his brother, Shadoe points at Derek with both hands, fingers twisted into twin "pistols" as he takes aim...

...and then leans down, yanking his kneepad down as the crowd starts to buzz.]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second! Shadoe Rage is looking for the Eclipse?!

BW: Already?!

GM: The running knee that put Tony Sunn out of wrestling and he's got his own brother in his deadly sights!

[Shadoe measures Derek, nodding his head manically...

...and then charges in towards him, stepping up on his own brother's knee, looking to deliver a "shining" Eclipse...

...but Derek surges upwards, gripping his brother by the throat, lifting him into the air...]

GM: OH MY!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHOKESLAM! MY STARS, WHAT A CHOKESLAM!

[The crowd buzzes from the impact on Shadoe's torso slamming violently into the canvas...]

GM: Derek Rage saw that Eclipse attempt coming and turned it around into a chokeslam... and now the giant's going for a cover!

[The referee drops to count.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[The crowd cheers as Shadoe's shoulder pops up off the canvas.]

GM: Shadoe's out at two and change off the chokeslam!

[Derek Rage grabs his brother by the head, smashing a big fist down between the eyes... and again... and again... and again... and finally, he lets go, allowing Shadoe to flop back down on the mat.]

GM: The Korugun big man, coming back to his feet now... and now he's got his big brother exactly where he wants him, Bucky.

BW: On the mat and at his mercy.

GM: Good luck with that one.

[The seven footer leans down, dragging his brother up off the mat by the hair...

...which is when Shadoe throws a right hand to the body...]

GM: Shadoe goes downstairs, trying to fight his way free...

[A second right hand lands in the gut of the seven footer...

...which is when Derek simply shakes his head, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The arena crowd falls to a hush as Shadoe crumples to the canvas after the frying pan-like overhand chop lands HARD on his chest!]

GM: A whole lotta power behind that chop, leaving Shadoe Rage in a heap on the canvas afterwards.

[Derek lifts his brother off the mat again, this time not hesitating before scooping him up off the mat, holding him across his chest...

...and DROPS his down across a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: BACKBREAKER BY DEREK RAGE!

[The powerful Rage stands right back up, still holding his brother in his arms like a small child...

...and DROPS him a second time!]

GM: Make it two! Derek Rage inflicting trauma on the spine of his big brother tonight in Oklahoma City... and a THIRD backbreaker on his brother!

[The seven footer straightens back up, holding his brother across his chest...

...and then gives him a spin, slinging him out of his arms and dumping him unceremoniously on the canvas.]

GM: Disrespect... such total disrespect on the part of Derek Rage towards his brother.

[The Korugun soldier stands tall in center ring, letting the boos of the crowd wash over him as he looks disdainfully down on his flesh and blood.]

GM: Derek Rage completely turned this around with that chokeslam... and now finds himself in complete control of this one as Shadoe Rage struggles to get up off the mat, cradling his lower back...

[A hard kick to the ribs cuts off Shadoe before he can get off the canvas as Derek bellows "NO!" at him.]

GM: Shadoe was on all fours, battling back up... but just one kick to the ribs takes all the fight back out of him.

[Reaching down, Derek deadlifts Shadoe off the mat with an underarm grip, tossing him across the ring into the corner...

...and then charges in after him, laying in a big running clothesline with 340 pounds coming behind it!]

GM: Ohhh! So much impact there! Shadoe Rage looks like he's out on his feet, fans... but never count him out. I've learned that much in all of my time seeing Shadoe Rage compete.

[Holding Shadoe in the corner, Derek winds up...]

GM: STANDING CLOTHESLINE!

[Derek ignores the protesting official...]

GM: ANOTHER!

[...and he gives a little wind-up before uncorking a third, lifting Shadoe off the canvas before he slumps down into a seated position in the corner!]

GM: Shadoe Rage goes down and he goes down hard... again!

[Derek Rage backs out of the corner, sneering at his fallen brother as the official implores him to give Shadoe a chance to get up to keep fighting...

...but the 340 pounder has other ideas, charging in at full speed, twisting his body around...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and SMASHES his hindquarters into Shadoe’s head and face trapped against the buckles!]

GM: BOX OUT! IN THE CORNER!

[Derek Rage leans down, dragging his brother’s limp form out of the corner, dropping into a lateral press...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[The crowd ROARS as Shadoe Rage kicks out again, breaking the pin.]

GM: Another near fall there for the Intelligent Monster, completely dominating his brother at this point of the contest... but what’s it going to take to put Shadoe down for a three count?

[The giant gets to his feet, looking around at the jeering crowd in annoyance before pulling his brother off the mat by the back of the tights...

...and SLAMS a forearm into the back of the neck, sending Shadoe pitching forward, falling into the turnbuckles as he drops to a knee.]

GM: Down goes Shadoe Rage again, hanging onto the corner... trying to stay on his feet...

[The seven footer backs off, measuring his man again...]

GM: Another Box Out on the way, perhaps... Derek Rage taking aim...

[With 340 pounds behind him, Derek Rage charges across the ring, twisting around...]

GM: BOX...

[...and with a desperate dive, Shadoe lunges clear as Derek SLAMS backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: ...OHHHH! HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Shadoe Rage, clinging to the ropes, pulls himself to his feet... and yanks himself into a leaping forearm to the jaw of his brother. A hard back elbow to the ear follows, leaving Derek hanging onto the ropes.]

GM: And now it’s Shadoe trying to turn things around... right hand... another... another...

[Shadoe continues to hammer away on his brother as the crowd - most of them at this point - cheer him on.]

GM: ...and if Derek Rage is trying to get ready for war, he might be in one heck of a skirmish right now!

[Grabbing Derek by the back of the head, Shadoe wheels him around and SMASHES his head down into the top turnbuckle...]

"ONE!"

[Shadoe looks out on the crowd, a look of surprise on his face...

...and does it again.]

"TWO!"

[And again.]

"THREE!"

[Rage continues the attack, the crowd counting along to the amusement of the former TV Champion.]

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Shadoe backs off, smirking at the crowd's reaction as he twirls a finger in the air. He moves right back in, pulling his dazed brother out of the corner by the hair...

...and with a charge, he rushes towards the ropes, leaping into the air...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But Shadoe's attempt at his signature neck snap over the top rope comes up empty as Derek Rage uses his tremendous power to slam on the brakes, holding his brother aloft...]

GM: WAIT A-

[...and HURLS him over the top rope, clearing it with ease as Shadoe SLAMS down on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[The crowd is roaring for the tremendously hard fall to the floor that we just saw out of Shadoe Rage as Derek leans over the ropes, smirking at his brother's condition.]

GM: Shadoe Rage... my stars... Shadoe Rage just got thrown over the top rope by a seven footer directly down on the floor! He had to be some... what? Ten feet in the air? Fifteen?

BW: Whatever you want to call it - my ears are still ringing from that SPLAT on the floor, Gordo. We're going to need a spatula out here... and maybe just a hose will do the trick!

[The referee is standing in the ring in shock, hands on his head in disbelief as he looks out at the fallen Shadoe Rage as well.]

GM: Shadoe Rage's body has been through a literal hell in 2017, fans. Considering his age and the number of years and devastating matches he's put it through, I don't know how the man he's even still walking.

BW: He may not be after that... but it looks like his little brother is about to make sure of it!

[Ignoring some loud protests from the official and jeers from the concerned crowd, Derek Rage slowly steps over the top rope to stand on the apron, looking down on his brother before he drops off to stand beside him.]

GM: Enough is enough, damn it! The referee should give some serious consideration to stopping his match in my opinion, Bucky.

BW: It's not the worst idea... but I wouldn't want to be the one to tell him.

GM: Who?

BW: Either one of them! Imagine Shadoe Rage's reaction if you stopped a match he was in! And imagine Derek Rage's reaction if you stopped a match when he was on the verge of ENDING this long-standing war with his brother.

[The Korugun big man slowly leans down, grabbing his brother by the head, dragging his limp form to his feet as the official continues to protest from inside the ring...

...but Derek loops an arm under Shadoe's, grasping his other hand...]

GM: What is he...?!

[...and HURLS him upside down with a biel toss, throwing him into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: UPSIDE DOWN AND INTO THE STEEL, MY GOD!

BW: This has gotta be over... right?

GM: The official... he needs to get out there and check on Shadoe Rage. I know this guy claims to be practically bulletproof but he's human, damn it! He's a human being and...

BW: Are you kidding me?

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Derek Rage retrieves his brother off the floor, lifting him up across his broad chest...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and the seven footer charges forward, DRIVING Shadoe's spine into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Gaaaaah! Absolutely disgusting to watch. Just... it turns your stomach to see someone's body smashed into solid steel like that, Bucky.

BW: Shadoe Rage doesn't have a lot of fans in the AWA locker room... in the front office... much of anywhere really... although he's getting more than his share of cheers from these people in the seats these days... but even with his lack of popularity, you gotta think there's people back there cringing at the abuse his body is being put through in this one.

GM: Not just in this one, Bucky... not just in this one.

[The referee is shouting at Derek Rage from inside the ring, continuing a count up to five as the seven footer simply rolls under the ropes...

...and then rolls right back out, breaking the count and giving himself a fresh start to continue his punishment of his big brother.]

GM: So much brutality we've seen between these brothers over the past few months, Bucky... and I just gotta wonder when it ends... how it ends. Does it really only end when one of them has to retire? Is that what it takes? If that's what it takes, let's get a Loser Leaves Town match on the books and end this thing because if it keeps going like this, one of these two men is going to end up in a wheelchair for crying out loud!

[The Intelligent Monster looks out on the crowd, beckoning for them to get louder and they oblige with a shower of boos on the seven footer who nods approvingly as he looks down on his barely-moving brother..

...and drags him off the floor, pulling him along the apron into powerbomb position, facing away from the ring and towards the entrance ramp!]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Is he going to powerbomb him on the steel ramp?! You talked about a wheelchair just now, Gordo - this could do it!

GM: The referee pleading with him not to - don't do it, Derek! Don't do it! It's your brother, Derek! It's your flesh and blood!

[But that doesn't give Derek Rage pause at all as he lifts Shadoe into the air into powerbomb position...

...and at the peak of the lift, Shadoe reaches out an arm, grabbing the top rope!]

GM: SHADOE GRABS THE ROPES! SHADOE GRABS THE ROPES!

[With his left hand gripped with white knuckles around the top rope, Shadoe Rage peppers his brother's skull with right hands as quickly and fiercely as he can throw him considering his condition...]

GM: SHADOE'S TRYING TO FIGHT HIS WAY OUT!

[Another punch. Another blow. Another desperate attempt to escape.]

BW: THE BIG MAN'S HOLDING ON!

[And with fists not working, Shadoe Rage decides desperate times do indeed call for desperate measures...

...and digs his fingers into the eye of his brother, causing Derek Rage to cry out in pain as he reaches for his face, releasing his grip on his brother!]

GM: Oh! And Shadoe gouges his way free, stepping out of the powerbomb onto the apron and-

[With Derek temporarily blinded, Shadoe takes a quick three step run down the apron...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS his brother with a kick in the mouth that causes Derek to slump over, falling to a knee!]

GM: SOCCER KICK ON THE APRON!

[Shadoe falls to the side, clinging to the ropes to stay standing. His face is etched in pain as he grabs at his lower back.]

GM: Shadoe Rage saves himself from perhaps PERMANENT injury out there on the outside of the ring...

BW: That should buy himself some time to recover if nothing else, Gordo. He's been through the wringer and he's gonna need time to-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Shadoe Rage gets another running start before hurling himself off the apron into a leaping knee strike that catches the giant flush, knocking him prone on the floor!]

GM: SHADOE RAGE PUTS HIS BODY ON THE LINE ONCE MORE!

[The OKC fans are still buzzing as Shadoe Rage lies prone on the floor alongside his younger brother, both men's chests heaving with exertion as we wait to see who will be the first to rise and continue the fight.]

GM: Both men are down! Both men are hurting! The referee is going to start a double countout here and-

BW: In Mexico, Derek Rage won with the Hammer of God. In South Philly, they got blown up straight to hell and came out the other side looking to beat each other up some more. This is the rubber match, Gordo - there ain't gonna be a countout if these two are able to move!

GM: Well, right now, it's Shadoe Rage who is moving... I don't know how. I swear I don't know how. The man has once again put his body through a physical hell here tonight and still is somehow looking to fight. It's truly incredible to witness.

[Using the apron for support, Shadoe Rage drags himself off the floor, leaning heavily against the ring, trying to regroup as his brother starts to roll to his chest on the outside.]

GM: We've got both men being counted... and Shadoe Rage either doesn't hear the count right now or he just doesn't care. He's dragging Derek off the floor out here and- OH! Facefirst down on the ring apron!

[Derek Rage stumbles away, sweeping a massive arm towards an out-of-place cameraman who has to scamper to safety as the seven footer staggers past, falling into the ringside railing.]

GM: Derek Rage out there over by the barricade... and Shadoe Rage is coming right after him...

[Grabbing his brother's head again, Shadoe drags him back and then slams his upper body down into the railing!]

GM: Into the barricade this time and... look at this!

[The crowd - especially those nearby - cheer the action as Shadoe pushes the back of his brother's neck down towards the railing, choking the giant across the steel.]

GM: He's choking him on the outside - but he's gotta be wary of that ten count from the official. Derek Rage broke it the last time and if Shadoe doesn't break it soon - or preferably get back inside the ring - he's going to get them BOTH counted out.

[With Derek laid out over the railing, Shadoe slides away, rolling under the ropes to the inside. The official waves off the ten count as Shadoe again uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet...

...and then with a confident nod, he points to the turnbuckles to a big cheer!]

GM: Are you kidding me?! After everything this guy has been through lately - especially tonight - he's going to the top turnbuckle again?!

[That's exactly what the former TV Champion is doing as he stumbles alongside the ropes, using them for support as he walks to the corner nearest where Derek Rage is laid across the railing...]

GM: Shadoe's starting to climb... to the second rope... now to the top...

[Standing atop the ropes, Shadoe raises his arms over his head - posed, poised, and positioned perfectly upon his perch...

...and then LEAPS from the top rope, clasping his hands together as he goes sailing down towards a still-stunned Derek Rage...]

GM: DEATH FROM...

[...and SMASHES a double axehandle down across the back of the neck, jamming Derek's throat into the steel barricade!]

GM: ...ABOVE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Derek flops backwards, grabbing at his throat as he coughs and gasps his way across the ringside area, stumbling towards the intersection of two pieces of steel barricade on the outside.]

BW: Can you believe that? The guy takes a flying axehandle, gets jammed up into the railing, and is still standing? Shadoe Rage may be impossible to keep down sometimes but so is his much bigger little brother, daddy!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this one. Fifteen minutes gone and these two are once again putting one another through one hell of a fight as Derek Rage looks to impress his Korugun overlords enough to make the WarGames team at SuperClash IX in just a couple of months' time.

[Derek Rage falls backwards against the railing, grabbing at his throat with both hands as he starts to turn a little red in the face...

...which is when Shadoe Rage comes charging in from off-camera, the crowd roaring as he throws himself into the air, tucking both legs into his chest...]

GM: KNEES!

[...and SLAMS into Derek Rage's chest with enough impact to snap the binder on the railing, sending both men through the break in the railing and sending them sprawling onto the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE BARRICADE HAS BROKEN AND SO HAVE THE RAGE BROTHERS! OH MY!

BW: They've spilled out into the crowd here in Oklahoma City! And I'd REALLY stay away from these two, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[A weary and pain-racked Shadoe Rage rolls to his side, ending up in a sloppy lateral press on his little brother.]

GM: There's no pins here - this isn't Falls Count Anywhere!

[Planting his fists on the chest of Derek, Shadoe pushes himself up to a knee, and SMASHES a right hand down between the eyes... and again... and again... letting loose a horrific cry of anguish - both physical and mental - with every blow he lands.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is trying to pound his brother THROUGH the floor here in OKC!

[Another fist lands... and another... and as the referee's count gets louder, Shadoe Rage pushes up to his feet, almost falling as he does...]

GM: Shadoe's up... he hears the count... he doesn't want this to end like this just like all these fans in OKC and all around the world.

[Grabbing Derek by the ankle, Shadoe starts pulling with all his remaining might, dragging his 340 pound brother back into the ringside area as security and officials rush to get the barricade back in place and prevent the fans from spilling any closer to the action.]

GM: The count is up to-

[But before we find out the state of the count, Derek Rage pulls his legs towards his chest and lashes out, shoving his brother away...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sending the back of his skull crashing into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OH! He hit the post! His head hit the post!

[The sickening sound of skull on steel stops the official's count cold as he slides out to the floor to check on Rage who is stuck in place on the post, grimacing in pain...]

BW: The referee's checking on him, Gordo - he may have busted his skull on that post.

GM: With the sound he made when he hit the post, I'd say there's a real good chance of that. The official is...

[The referee reaches out, touching the back of Rage's head... and comes away with telltale crimson on his fingers.]

GM: Oh jeez.

BW: He cracked his damn skull on the post, Gordo!

GM: And will that be enough to finally stop this brutal matchup?! We're over fifteen minutes into this horrible battle and I don't know how EITHER of these men are still standing!

[Slowly, the Korugun big man climbs to his feet, grimacing as he does, eyeballing his big brother from several feet away...]

GM: Now Derek Rage climbs to his feet, looking to finish off his brother... looking to-

[Gordon cuts himself short as the seven foot, 340 pound Derek Rage breaks into a charge, twisting his body around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Shadoe Rage desperately dives clear, causing Derek Rage to deliver the Box Out into the ringpost, his spine SLAMMING into the unforgiving steel at high velocity!]

GM: Good grief! Good grief, fans! Derek Rage tried to deliver that Box Out again... this time on the outside... and he ends up driving HIMSELF into the ringpost after his brother dives out of the way and... oh man, look at that cut on the back of the head on Shadoe Rage.

[As Shadoe lies on the floor, we see a heavy flow of crimson coming from the back of his head, wetting his hair as he crawls along the ringside mats.]

GM: What a battle these two are going through here tonight. What a trilogy of battles this has been between the Brothers Rage here in the summer of 2017!

[A weary Shadoe Rage pushes himself to his feet, grabbing at the back of his head as he does. He comes away with bloody fingers much as the official did, grimacing as he wobbles towards his giant of a brother, dragging him off the post and shoving him back inside where the referee slides in as well, waving for the match to continue.]

BW: It's not over yet, Gordo! The referee says fight on!

[Bleeding and battered, Shadoe Rage drags himself tiredly up onto the apron, nodding his head as he kneels on it. Inside the ring, Derek Rage shows signs of life

as well, planting his hands underneath himself as he tries to do a pushup to his feet.]

GM: And somehow, both of these men are still moving - somehow both of these men are still in this thing!

[Shadoe gets to his feet, approaching the corner where he practically collapses into the turnbuckles. With the crowd cheering loudly, Shadoe drags himself up to the bottom turnbuckle... then to the second...]

GM: Shadoe Rage is climbing! Somehow, he is climbing! His brother is starting to rise as well, now on his knee...

[Shadoe hauls himself to the top, slowly straightening up to stand tall. He suddenly lists to the side, having to make a quick balance correction that causes the crowd to "oooooh" and then with his arms high over his head, he leaps into the air...]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[...and DRIVES a double axehandle between the eyes of his seven foot brother, knocking Derek Rage flat on his back where Shadoe collapses to the canvas, throwing an arm across his chest!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! MY GOD, HE KICKED OUT IN TIME!

[Shadoe rolls off onto his back, burying his face in his hands as the OKC crowd buzzes for the nearfall.]

GM: It was a half count away - maybe less.

BW: Definitely less. Shadoe Rage just about won this thing, Gordo.

GM: We've had one win in this series by Derek Rage... one draw back in South Philly when they were both blown to hell... and tonight, we look to see if Shadoe Rage can even the score with his little brother.

[Shadoe rolls back, on his knees alongside his brother. He tiredly swings a leg over, taking the mount...]

GM: Right hand! And another! Make it three!

[The weary former TV Champion is swinging hard, pounding his knuckles down into the forehead of his little brother, stinging his fist with every blow...]

GM: Shadoe Rage is pummeling him now... over and over... ignoring the referee's calls to break it up!

[Shadoe Rage smashes his fist home again... and again... and again...]

GM: And still he pounds away...

BW: He's not going to stop until he sees his brother's blood - the same blood that runs through his veins!

GM: Shadoe's pounding, pummeling, driving those knuckles down...

[And suddenly he gets up, shaking his hand in pain, grimacing as he looks down and we see a trickle of blood coming from the forehead of the Korugun big man.]

GM: He did it! He busted him open! We've got blood from both Brothers Rage now... which is only fitting, I suppose...

[Shadoe Rage nods his head, happy with his work...

...and then turns to point to the corner as the crowd cheers!]

GM: Shadoe Rage is heading to the corner... perhaps looking to end this thing with the elbow off the top! The Angel of Death!

[Approaching the corner, Shadoe slips through the ropes to the apron once more, and starts his climb...]

GM: Shadoe Rage has been through the wringer tonight - you can see it in his movements. Usually so quick and agile, Shadoe is slow and plodding right now... barely able to stand... certainly barely able to walk.

BW: He's climbing the ropes with all the speed of a three-legged cow.

GM: A three-legged... ooookaaay. Rage on the second rope... pulling, dragging, hauling with all his strength...

[He slips one foot on the top turnbuckle, hunched over for a moment to catch a breather...]

BW: He's gotta get up there and do whatever he plans on doing, Gordo.

GM: I couldn't agree more, Bucky. Shadoe Rage needs to get to the top rope... and right now, he's-

[The crowd cheers as Shadoe gets to the top...

...but the cheers turn to surprised jeers as Derek is up as well, reaching a long arm up towards his brother...]

BW: CLAW! HE'S GOT THE CLAW!

GM: Uh oh! Derek Rage locks in that clawhold from down on the mat, holding onto his brother who is on the top rope... and we know what that clawhold signifies, Bucky.

BW: Someone's looking to crack open the heavens and deliver the Hammer of God!

GM: We saw that in Mexico... and if he hits it here, it'll be the same result as it was there. Victory for Derek Rage and a crushing defeat for his big brother.

[Shadoe Rage sits down on the top turnbuckle, still trapped in the clawhold as he rears back...]

GM: Right hand!

[Derek Rage shakes his head, hanging on as Shadoe winds up again...]

GM: Another one!

[But the Korugun big man lets loose a shout, holding his ground...]

GM: Shadoe still firing away... still trying to break free...

[A third punch lands... a fourth... a fifth... but Derek Rage absorbs them all, refusing to give up on the clawhold...]

GM: Shadoe can't get loose! He's still fighting but-

[Winding up his arm again, Shadoe switches tactics...]

GM: ELBOW DOWN BETWEEN THE EYES!

[The crowd cheers the big overhead elbow but Derek still holds his ground although with a bit more wobble in his stance...]

GM: ANOTHER!

[That wobble increases after the second elbow lands as Shadoe reaches back a third time...]

GM: BOOM!

[...and it's the third that causes Derek to release the clawhold to cheers, slumping towards his brother who is still seated on the turnbuckles...

...who leans down and sinks his teeth into the cut forehead!]

GM: AHHH! HE'S BITING HIM! HE'S GNAWING AT THE FOREHEAD OF HIS LITTLE BROTHER!

[Reaching up with both arms, Derek delivers a big shove, breaking away from Shadoe who has to grab the top rope quickly, his weight nearly toppling off the buckles for a hard fall to the floor!]

BW: Whoa! Whoa! Hang on there, pal!

GM: That could've been a terrible scene in OKC as Shadoe Rage nearly slipped off the turnbuckles there. He's usually so solid up there but the beating he's taken from his brother has him wobbly and dazed...

[Derek wipes a hand across his split forehead, grimacing as he moves back towards the corner where his brother is off-balance but still sitting...]

"TWENTY MINUTES HAVE GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

[...and reaches up towards him, looking to lock the clawhold on again but this time, Shadoe surges towards him, wrapping his muscular arms around Derek's head and neck!]

BW: Whaaaaaat?! A guillotine?!

GM: I don't know if we've EVER seen this out of Shadoe Rage! A guillotine choke locked on with Shadoe sitting on the top rope! He's digging deep into the arsenal - trying to find something... ANYTHING... that can put his brother down and win this match for him!

[The referee starts a five count for the submission hold in the ropes but Derek quickly breaks it as he wraps his massive arms around his brother's body, lifting him off the turnbuckles and slowly walking him out towards the middle of the ring...]

GM: Derek's pulled him down off the buckles... trying to find a way out of this hol-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Derek Rage drops down to his knees, driving his brother down in a makeshift spinebuster slam...]

GM: Derek Rage driving his own brother into the canvas and...

[...but cheers wildly as Shadoe Rage keeps the hold locked in, shaking his head manically...]

GM: ...AND SHADOE KEEPS THE HOLD LOCKED IN!

BW: He absorbed the impact of that slam and keeps the hold applied - this guy is tough, Gordo. That's all you can say - he's a tough son of a gun!

GM: Derek Rage has gotta be stunned by this... and now he's trying to get back to his feet now...

[Still holding onto his brother, Derek Rage struggles and strains to get up off the canvas, gripping him in the same position as his seven foot two inch frame is standing once more, fighting off the effects of the guillotine while...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN! ANOTHER BIG SLAM!

[But as Shadoe Rage screams "NOOOOOOO!" we can see that his arms are still in place as he struggles to cut the flow of blood to his brother's brain!]

GM: The hold is still locked in! Derek Rage is fighting it with all he's got but Shadoe Rage REFUSES to let go! REFUSES to let go, Bucky!

BW: This isn't the usual type of hold we see out of Rage though, Gordo. If it was, I think Derek would be out by now but Shadoe's got it locked in still... even though it might not have the best execution.

GM: Derek Rage trying to find a way out... right hand to the ribs down on the mat... but Shadoe hangs on!

[An exhausted Derek Rage wraps his arms around his big brother's torso again, slowly dragging himself to his feet, holding him aloft...]

GM: He's gonna do it again! Is the third time a charm for Derek Rage?! Is the third time a charm for-

[But this time, sensing Derek about to drop down, Shadoe shifts his grip from the chokeout to grabbing the back of the head, swinging his knee up to brace against his brother's skull so that when he drops...]

GM: OHHH! SKULLBUSTER! SKULLBUSTER BY SHADOE RAGE!

BW: What a counter!

[The crowd ROARS with excitement as Derek Rage flops over onto his back, unmoving on the canvas as Shadoe Rage rolls to a hip... then to a knee...]

GM: Shadoe Rage hits that Skullbuster and... no, no cover! He's...

[The crowd gets even louder as Shadoe Rage climbs to his feet, pointing to the top turnbuckle...]

GM: He's going to go for it again! He's got Derek Rage right where he wants him, laid out from that Skullbuster and Shadoe Rage is going up top!

[Slipping through the ropes, powered by a burst of newfound energy, Shadoe Rage begins to climb... and climb... and climb...]

GM: Shadoe to the top... looking down on his brother from high above!

BW: Derek's still not moving, Gordo! He's in perfect position for-

[But suddenly, the mood of the crowd shifts as someone comes rushing in from out of frame, reaching up. Shadoe twists to face the new threat but a two-handed shove sends him into flight...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where he goes CRASHING into the ringside barricade!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Rage flops off the railing into a heap on the barely-padded floor as we get our first glimpse of a vengeful "Maniac" Morgan Dane standing on the ring apron and a broad-smiling "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett out on the floor.]

GM: DANE! FAWCETT!

BW: Well, they told Castillo they'd give him a reason to keep them on the payroll, Gordo... and that may be EXACTLY what we're seeing right now!

[The crowd is jeering loudly, pouring down boos on the dastardly duo as Fawcett simply raises an arm, pointing at Shadoe Rage...]

"FINISH IT."

[Morgan Dane gives a nod, scrambling off the apron to move swiftly to the side of the downed Rage, dragging him off the floor by his blood-soaked hair..

...and HURLS him headfirst into the railing!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: After everything Shadoe Rage went through in this match, these two just swooped in like... like...

GM: Jackals? Buzzards? Vultures?

BW: And look at what Dane is doing to Rage now!

[He pulls Rage up, throwing him headfirst into the barricade a second time. Grabbing the top of the railing, oblivious to the jeers and hurled curses being thrown his way, Morgan Dane stomps Rage repeatedly into the steel, driving his boot down into the head and chest.]

GM: And we've said it before, Bucky - Shadoe Rage is not the most popular man in the AWA locker room. He's got a lot of enemies and not very many friends...

BW: If any.

GM: ...so at a moment when he needs someone to come to his aid, I'm not sure that's in the Tarot cards for him.

[Morgan Dane pulls Shadoe Rage off the floor, lifting him up for a bodyslam...

...and then presses him up just slightly over his head before dropping him throatfirst across the railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage grabs at his throat, coughing and gasping for air as he rolls around in danger on the ringside mats. Fawcett nods approvingly, grinning at what he's seeing... but far from satisfied as he shouts at Dane for "MORE!"]

GM: Enough is enough, damn it! Fawcett's calling for more but what more can they do to this man?!

BW: Do you really want to know?

[Dane hauls Rage up off the floor, tossing him under the ropes into the ring. The Maniac turns towards the timekeeper's table, snatching up a steel chair as the timekeeper scrambles clear out of Dane's path.]

GM: Morgan Dane's got a chair now! He's got a steel chair!

[He slides the chair into the ring where Derek Rage has managed to regain his feet, staring down coldly at his brother on the canvas.]

GM: Derek Rage is up as well... and this has gotta be something out of a nightmare for Shadoe Rage!

[With the chair down on the mat, Derek Rage reaches down and drags his big brother to his feet by the throat, staring into his eyes...

...and then lifts him aloft, throwing him down violently on the steel chair with a chokeslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHOKESLAM ON THE CHAIR! MY STARS!

[Shadoe's back arches off the canvas, rolling to his hip as pain covers his face. The fans are jeering even louder now as Morgan Dane retrieves the chair off the canvas, using the toe of his boot to roll Shadoe back onto his back...

...and with the end of the seat back pointed down, Dane JAMS it into the sternum of Rage...]

GM: OHHH!

[...and again...]

GM: COME ON!

[...and again...]

GM: Enough is enough! This is too much!

[Dane stands tall, chair in hand as he looks out to Fawcett who practically looks lustful as he nods again...

...and Dane JAMS the chair down into the throat of Shadoe Rage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Dane presses the chair into the throat, putting all his weight behind it as Rage flails and kicks his legs into the air...]

GM: And now he's choking him with the damn chair! Morgan Dane really doing a number on Shadoe Rage with the help of Derek Rage - this is a Korugun assault on Shadoe Rage with the intent to take him out, Bucky.

BW: Well, Shadoe had his chance, Gordo. He could be on the other side of this war but he chose poorly and he's paying the price for that choice right now.

GM: There's nothing that justifies this, Bucky... not a damn thing...

[Leaving Rage in a pile on the canvas, Morgan Dane walks to the corner, chair in hand...]

GM: Now what?!

[...and boosts himself up on the middle rope, holding the chair under his arm...]

GM: What is he...?

[With Fawcett nodding approvingly, Morgan Dane leaps off the second rope, dropping his 300 pound frame down with the steel chair in a makeshift "elbowdrop" onto Shadoe Rage's skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with that, Shadoe Rage's movement stops cold. Leaving the chair on Rage's face, Morgan Dane climbs to his feet, standing alongside the seven foot Derek Rage as Harrison Fawcett joins them, a huge smile on his face as he looks down on the motionless Rage...]

GM: It looks like this is over but at what cost? What kind of damage have they done to Shadoe Rage? What kind of physical trauma have they inflicted on him, Bucky?

BW: He's not moving, Gordo. After that chair off the second rope, he's not moving at all... and whatever you think of Shadoe Rage, that's not good news for him.

GM: He's going to need medical attention... he's probably going to need a trip to the hospital and... ugh. Fans... let's get out of here. Let's go to break, please.

[With Derek Rage holding his arms high and Fawcett raising Dane's, pointing to him as Shadoe Rage lies flat on his back with the chair covering his face, we fade to black...

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

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore.

Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

...and then back out to backstage area, and we are treated to a partly unfamiliar sight -- "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, we're used to. The person standing next to him, Brett Bryant, is somewhat less familiar. Dressed in a dark blue button-down shirt and black slacks, Brett looks ready for business.]

"S"LB: Sweet Lou here, and in an effort to find out more about Dave Bryant's condition, I've managed to get his son here to talk to me about it. First thing's first, though -- Max Magnum didn't just assault your father, he put his hands on you too. How are you doing?

[Brett looks a little surprised.]

BB: ...I mean, I appreciate it, Lou, but I'm fine. I've felt better, but my dad is the one who really got lit up.

"S"LB: Fair enough. How is he doing?

[Brett sighs audibly.]

BB: It's not...great. Concussion, shoulder, collarbone...that shaved ape of Stevie Scott's did a lot of damage. Dad's come back from worse, but he's not getting any younger and a lot of the things the doctors rattled off at me would put way younger men on the shelf for a long, long time. I don't know when he's coming back, but I DO know that if it's a possibility at all, he'll manage.

[Brett pauses.]

BB: Lou, I've got a few things I'd like to get off my chest, if you don't mind.

[Blackwell nods.]

BB: This isn't...at ALL how I wanted to start my wrestling career. I've seen and met and hung around with a lot of second and third generation wrestlers, and damn near all of them have one thing in common -- they didn't trade on their family name to find success. They did things the right way, by starting at the bottom and working their way to the top.

[Brett shakes his head.]

BB: That's how I wanted to do things, Lou. I had no interest at all in standing up here and yelling about how I'm the son of a former World Champion, about how my dad is one of the great redemption tales of the business. I would've been more than happy to work my way up, but seeing my dad get...absolutely savaged down in Mexico, I had to step in. The stuff that happened bell to bell?

[Brett shrugs.]

BB: That's gonna happen, Lou, and if that had been where it ended, I wouldn't be standing here with you today. I would've just told you over the phone that Dad's messed up, they had to reset his collarbone, he's acquired a few new screws and plates, and that would've been the end of it...but that wasn't enough for you, was it, Magnum? No, my dad put up a fight and you just couldn't handle that, so you tried to end a Hall of Fame career right then and there.

[Brett chuckles.]

BB: I don't have any clue if you knew I was around, or even cared, but even someone managed by as big a clown as Stevie Scott should've known better. I am a professional wrestler, like my father before me, and if you think for even a MOMENT that you've seen the last of the Bryant family...

[Suddenly, a familiar voice interjects from off-camera.]

HSS: Then you need to reconsider.

[And walking into the shot is the aforementioned "clown" (Brett's words), Stevie Scott. Stevie is decked out in a dark blue suit with a grey shirt and lighter blue tie, a pair of Chopard de Rigo sunglasses covering his eyes. He pauses, slowly looking Brett Bryant up and down.]

BB: The only thing you'd better be considering right now is getting out of my face.

[Stevie laughs, looking down and shaking his head.]

HSS: Kid, kid, kid...oh, you have so much to learn. Like how to tell a lie, for starters.

Do you truly expect us to believe this tale you're spinning about "oh, I wanted to stay out of it, but when Max Magnum wouldn't stop kicking my dad's has-been ass, I just had to get involved!"

I've been around the business a long time, kid. I've seen the offspring of famous wrestlers do everything they can to use their last name to their advantage...to get preferential treatment, preferred bookings, undeserved contracts, and so on.

And you?

[Stevie chuckles.]

HSS: You're not fooling anyone. You're just like the rest, pretending you don't want the rub, and yet here you are, living off your dad's rapidly depreciating name.

But since you're new at this, let me give you the same opportunity I give _all_ of those who dare step in the path of Max Magnum.

[He moves in closer to Brett, almost nose-to-nose with the youngster.]

HSS: Walk. Away.

Before you end up as just another name on a growing list of the unfortunate.

[Brett takes half a step back, hands raised.]

BB: All right, Stevie, all right. Much as I'd like to have a very long conversation about how you think you've got _any_ business calling anybody else a "has-been"...

[Stevie bristles slightly at that one.]

BB: ...hang on. You're alone? There wouldn't happen to be an overly musclebound gorilla waiting around the corner, would there?

HSS: Lucky for _you_, punk, Max Magnum's not here tonight. After what he did to that referee in Mexico, he was advised to stay away for a bit...

[Blackwell interrupts.]

SLB: He was suspended?

[Scott glares at Blackwell.]

HSS: For the sake of everyone, don't ever tell Max Magnum he's suspended. He was asked to do promotional work if you must know, Lou...

[Scott smirks as he points at Brett Bryant.]

HSS: ...so junior here... you get to avoid the ER for two more weeks.

[Brett's eyes visibly light up.]

BB: Oh. I see.

[The younger Bryant takes another step back away from a smirking Scott...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...before throwing a superkick that drills Stevie Scott directly in the face, sending him to the ground and also leaving his sunglasses in several pieces on the ground

as Sweet Lou dives back to avoid getting caught in the crossfire! With Scott down, a grinning Bryant grabs Blackwell's mic out of his hand.]

BB: That's too bad, Stevie! For once, Max Magnum's not around to protect you from the consequences of running your mouth.

[Brett smirks down at the Hotshot.]

BB: Now, I'm no fool, I know I just painted a bullseye you can see from entire states away right over my heart, so let me make this perfectly clear to you AND to Max Magnum...

[Brett looks up from the fallen Scott to stare right into the camera.]

BB: You're gonna pay for what you did to my father, and I promise that when you decide you want to come for me because of...

[Bryant gestures vaguely at Stevie.]

BB: ...this? I won't be hard to find. I promise.

[And with that, Brett Bryant walks away, leaving a stunned Stevie Scott on the floor rubbing his jaw as Blackwell looks on in disbelief...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we find ourselves once more in the office of El Presidente, Javier Castillo. Castillo is sitting behind his desk, and leaning back in his chair, looking up at someone that the current angle only allows us to see from behind.]

JC: Welcome, welcome. Please, have a seat. Make yourself comfortable.

[The camera shifts angles, and we see the man Castillo is looking at. The current AWA World Television Champion, Whaitiri. The handsome half-Maori is dressed in a pair of black jeans, and a tightly fitting "White Knight" t-shirt. The red and silver Television Title belt rests over his right shoulder.]

W: I'll stand.

JC: What? No smile? No "kia ora" for me?

W: That's for friends and people I'm happy to see. You're neither. You said you wanted to see me. I'm here. Talk.

[Castillo making a "tsk tsk" noise and shakes his head.]

JC: We're getting off on the wrong foot here, compadre. And we shouldn't. After all, you and I... we could be good friends. I have all the resources of the mighty Kurogun Corporation at my disposal. And you. Young, handsome, athletic. And with such a story, you came here all the way from New Zealand...

W: Aotearoa.

JC: What?

W: Aotearoa... that's how we say it. Not "New Zealand," we say "Aotearoa."

[Castillo rolls his eyes and shakes his head.]

JC: And you see, that's where I can help you! You helped us out with that Michael Aarons problem, and if you let me, I can return the favor. I can put your name up in lights. I can make Whaitiri into the greatest superstar the AWA has ever known!

You're halfway there to being the next big thing. We just have to make you a little more marketable. Stop saying things like you're from Alta Loma...

W: Aotearoa

JC: That too. And stop using such ridiculous names for your moves. You can't put "Ranginui's Prayer" on a t-shirt!

And speaking of t-shirts, that...

[Castillo points to the sword and shield logo on Whaitiri's shirt.]

JC: Needs to go first.

[Whaitiri glares at Castillo, his eyes narrowed.]

W: Listen, Castillo. Not in a million years, and not for ten million dollars would I turn my back on my friends.

I didn't win this...

[Whaitiri taps the title belt on his shoulder.]

W: ...for your sake. And I wasn't trying to do you a favor or make your life easier. Now stop wasting my time. Why am I here?

JC: So it's like that then?

W: It's exactly like that.

[Castillo shrugs his shoulders.]

JC: I tried. But you have it your way.

Ever since you won that title, my office has been flooded with requests for shots at it. You can imagine, I'm sure.

W: I'll take anyone on. Who've you got? Armstrong? Konoe? I heard them, and I'll be happy to wrestle them, anytime, anywhere.

JC: Well of course, the people would love to see you take on Konoe or Armstrong. And maybe they will someday. But before any of that. A very interesting challenger made a very interesting proposal.

[Castillo presses an intercom button.]

JC: Send him in...

[The door to Castillo's office opens and in walks a mountain of a man. He's wearing a red flannel shirt, blue jeans, and has a black Stetson hat on. He looks to be in his mid-40's and walks with a pronounced limp. Burly, the man walks up to Whaitiri and sizes him up, and as he does, we see his most distinguishing feature - an enormous handlebar mustache that's almost comical in its size, jet black in color.]

W: And who're you?

JC: This is Curly Bill...

[The man interrupts, full of fire as he addresses the young champion.]

CB: Ya never heard of me? The Terror of Texas, the Monster of Midland. The man that scared Blackjack Lynch so bad he won't let none of his babies fight me.

I'm the baddest hombre there is. Meaner than a rabid badger and ornerier than a one eyed rattlesnake!

And I'm here to challenge you.

[Whaitiri raises a brow.]

W: You sure about that? No offense, but you look a little long in the tooth...

[Curly Bill most certainly takes offense.]

CB: You callin' me old, boy? I still got enough vinegar in me to take you to school!

JC: Curly Bill's glory days may be behind him. And of course, you don't have to answer his challenge.

I would understand, if you were afraid...

[The blue chipper shakes his head vehemently.]

W: I'm not afraid. And if this is who you want to challenge me...

You got it.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Excellent, excellent.

[Castillo reaches into his desk drawer and pulls out a clipboard with a piece of paper.]

JC: Just sign here that you agree to Curly Bill's challenge.

[Whaitiri pulls a pen off of Castillo's desk and signs it quickly.]

BC: I'll see you at Power Hour, boy.

W: You will. And you better bring all your nastiness, Curly Bill. Because I am going to do everything I can to chase you back under the rock you just slithered out of.

JC: And with that concluded, I am going to need you to leave now. Your shirt offends me.

[With a final glare sent Castillo's way, Whaitiri leaves.]

CB: So pretty, so dumb.

JC: You just make sure this challenge is everything you're promising.

CB: Oh, it's a guarantee. He won't know what hit him. I promise.

[And with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we fade from backstage...

...and then back up on the ring where we see Terry Shane entering the ring, his music blasting over the PA system. Rebecca Ortiz is departing, obviously having already done her duty.]

GM: And we're back here at ringside as we get set for this grudge match pitting Terry Shane against Kerry Kendrick... and of course, you can see Miss Sandra Hayes is joining Kendrick at ringside, showing no visible ill effects from what happened to her two weeks ago at Homec-

[Gordon is cut off by Kerry Kendrick sprinting across the ring, drilling Shane in the back of the head with a forearm smash as Shane was removing his entrance gear. Kendrick wheels Shane around, smashing a right hand into the midsection as the bell sounds at the order of referee Andy Dawson.]

GM: Kendrick from behind before the bell and this one's underway already!

[With Shane trapped in the corner, Kendrick unloads with a series of swinging rights to the body before grabbing the arm, whipping Shane across the ring.]

GM: Kendrick shoots him across... on the move now...

[But the approaching Kendrick runs right into a pair of raised knees, causing him to stumble backwards, spinning in a circle...

...and Shane promptly throws himself down to his knees, driving his shoulder into the back of Kendrick's knee, causing the crowd to ROAR in support!]

GM: He clips the knee from the blind side! Shane's right back up and...

[The crowd ERUPTS as Shane grabs the foot on the leg he just attacked, quickly looking to tie Kendrick into the Shane family signature hold, the Spinning Toehold.]

GM: Shane's going for the win early here! Looking to crank that knee and-

[But before he can lock on the submission hold, Kendrick manages to scramble and grab the ropes. The crowd deflates as they see the referee call for a break as Shane hangs on to the wriggling Kendrick's leg.]

GM: Kendrick's trying to get loose - gotta let him go, Terry.

[Shane reluctantly releases the leg as Kendrick bails from the ring, rolling out to the floor. He's on his feet immediately, hobbling on the leg that Shane went after, moving towards a concerned-looking Sandra Hayes.]

GM: Kendrick's on the outside now, perhaps looking to be nursed back to health by his main squeeze there.

BW: I'm sure Sandra will have some good advice for him to get back on track.

GM: I'm sure.

[But with Hayes and Kendrick engaged on the floor, Terry Shane drops to the mat, rolling out to the outside to join them to big cheers!]

GM: And now it's Shane to the outside... on the move after Kendrick now...

[Hayes spots him first, giving a yelp as she scampers away with her pink-taped wrapped baseball bat in hand. Before Kendrick can respond though, Shane swings him around by the arm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and drills him with a knife edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Big chop by the former TV Champion... both of these men former TV champions actually...

[Shane follows up the chop with a European uppercut that sends Kendrick stumbling backwards.]

GM: Kendrick falling away but Shane's not going for that...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Another chop stops Kendrick in his tracks, his chest turning red under the impact as Shane grabs him by the back of the head to deliver a second jaw-jacking European uppercut that has Kendrick falling away from him once more, stumbling backwards towards the timekeeper's table.]

GM: Kendrick in a retreat now, trying to create some space as Shane advances on him...

[Lashing out, Kendrick buries a boot into the midsection of the incoming Shane, grabbing him by the hair to SMASH his face down onto the wooden table, narrowly missing the metal ring bell!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[This time, it's Shane's turn to fall backwards away from Kendrick, ending up halfway down the apron, his back to the ring as Kendrick grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Whip on the way...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Terry Shane's spine gets introduced to the steel railing - oh my!

[Shane cringes in pain, grabbing at his lower back as the arrogant Kendrick moves in on him, looking to take advantage of his offensive attack.]

GM: He's going back the other way this time...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Shane's lower back SLAMS into the edge of the ring apron this time, leaving him clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet as the Self Made Man continues his assault, lowering his shoulder and driving it into the midsection, forcing Shane's back into the apron repeatedly.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick's really doing a number on Shane on the outside... and there he rolls in quickly to break the count before coming right back out...

[The referee reprimands Kendrick from inside the ring as he drags Shane into a front facelock, slinging Shane's arm over his neck...]

GM: Kendrick's looking for a suplex on the floor - looking to REALLY do a number on Shane's back here on the outside!

[Kendrick goes to lift Shane up but the mat technician slips a leg between Kendrick's blocking the suplex attempt...]

GM: Shane with the block!

[Kendrick makes a second attempt but again Shane manages to block it...

...and reverse it!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPLEX ON THE FLOOOOOOOOOR!

[Kendrick sits up, crying out as he grabs at his lower back. A quick shot of Sandra Hayes shows an alarmed expression, cupping her hands over her face as she hears Kendrick shouting in pain.]

GM: Terry Shane with a big time reversal right there and that completely flips this one around...

[Shane gets up off the floor, grabbing at his own lower back before pulling Kendrick back to the feet by the wrist...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and FIRES him into the steel barricade surrounding the ringside area!]

GM: Good grief! Shane rockets him into the railing - and I suppose turnabout is fair play, Bucky.

BW: He's gonna do it again...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And much like Kendrick did to him moments before, Shane whips him across the ringside area, his back slamming into the edge of the ring apron. Shane lays the badmouth on Kendrick as he approaches, leaning over...]

GM: Shoulders to the body - driving the lower back into the apron!

BW: This match has been going on for a few minutes now and they've barely been inside the ring at all, Gordo. That's how much the bad blood is brewing between these two in recent weeks.

GM: Kendrick's trapped against the apron... over and over that shoulder lands home and jolts his spine...

[Straightening up, Shane BLASTS him with a forearm uppercut that lifts Kendrick off the floor, sitting him down on the apron...]

GM: What a shot that was!

[Shane ducks under the ropes, sliding back out to break the count again.]

GM: And again, these two are using the rules to their advantage, rolling in to stop the referee's ten count and then getting right back out to allow the fight on the floor to continue.

[Shane reaches out towards Kendrick again but Kendrick is a step quicker, sticking his thumb into the eye of the advancing Shane to boos from the crowd!]

GM: Oh! He thumbed him in the eye - cheap shot by the so-called Self Made Man and...

[Hopping off the apron, he grabs the blinded Shane by the hair...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES his face down upon the timekeeper's table a second time, sending Shane sprawling on top of the table as the timekeeper and Rebecca Ortiz scatter.]

GM: What is he... look at this now!

[The crowd jeers as Kendrick climbs up on the table, rolling Shane to his back as he takes aim and smashes his fist down into Shane's skull!]

GM: Kendrick and Shane are on top of that table... and Kendrick's just opening up here. Right hand - over and over to the skull of Terry Shane on top of that table!

[Clambering to his feet, Kendrick stands on the table as he drags Shane up to his feet alongside him...]

GM: What's this now? Both men on top of that table... and I can assure you a table like that is not meant to support the weight of these two premier athletes...

[Kendrick ducks low, lifting Shane up for a bodyslam...]

GM: SLAM THROUGH THE TABLE?!

[...but to the relief of the crowd, Shane slips out at the top of the lift, landing behind Kendrick, just barely with his feet on the table. Kendrick jerks around but Shane is ducking down as he does...]

GM: AND NOW IT'S SHANE WITH THE SCOOP!

[Shane holds a wiggling and shouting Kendrick aloft, looking out at the crowd...]

GM: What's he gonna do with him?!

[Shane turns slightly, teasing slamming Kendrick off the table onto the floor to big cheers...

...and then does a 180, tossing Kendrick over the ropes and down inside the ring!]

GM: Terry Shane puts him back in, trying to get this match back inside the ring.

[With Kendrick down on the inside, Shane ducks through the ropes to follow...

...but a rapidly-approaching Sandra Hayes grabs Shane by the ankle, slowing his progress as the crowd jeers!]

GM: Hayes is preventing Shane from getting back inside the ring!

BW: So much for all those old feelings that Shane was talking about at Homecoming! I knew he was just trying to get into Kerry's head, Gordo.

GM: Shane's trying to get free but-

[With the referee shouting at Hayes, trying to get her to let go, Kerry Kendrick regains his feet, charging across the ring, leaping into a short running knee that sends Shane back through the ropes, narrowly missing a scrambling Hayes as he falls off the apron to the floor!]

GM: And Kendrick with another cheap shot while his girlfriend was interfering!

BW: The referee decided not to disqualify Kendrick for that... thankfully.

GM: I've gotta question that decision, Bucky. It was blatant interference and it obviously had an effect on the match after Kendrick landed that knee. The official didn't disqualify him but he better keep a close eye on those two.

[On the outside, Kendrick drops down to join Shane, dragging him up by the hair. He shouts in Shane's face a few words before he SLAMS his face down on the ring apron!]

GM: Facefirst off the apron! Back again on the outside go these two and... ahhh! He's raking his face back and forth across the apron!

[Pulling Shane off the apron, Kendrick pounds his fist repeatedly down into the face.]

GM: Bucky, do you think all these attacks on the face are Kendrick trying to make Shane less... appealing to Sandra Hayes?!

BW: No! I think that Shane tried to get inside Kerry Kendrick's head at Homecoming... I think he injured Sandra in the process... and this is Kerry Kendrick getting even!

GM: That's one possibility, I suppose.

BW: Oh, come on. You're not actually buying Shane's malarkey, are you?!

GM: Those two had a close bond several years ago, Bucky... and bonds like that can sometimes be tough to completely sever.

[Kendrick grabs the dazed Shane, pulling his arms back behind...]

GM: What's this now?

[Kendrick barks to Sandra who comes running in that direction, smirking at the situation...]

GM: Kendrick's holding Shane's arms, holding him wide open for Sandra...

[Hayes leans over, saying something to Shane.]

GM: Hayes adding some insult to injury here and...

[She draws back, taking aim...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...but Shane slips out at the last moment, causing Hayes to SMACK Kerry Kendrick across the face!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[With a shocked expression on her face, Hayes starts apologizing to Kendrick as quickly as she can. Kendrick stands silent, a red handprint on his stunned face...

...and before he can respond, Shane swings Kendrick around by the shoulder...]

GM: UPPERCUT!

[Kendrick goes stumbling backwards from the European uppercut as Shane reaches out, grabbing him by the back of the head...]

GM: ANOTHER! MAKE IT THREE!

[Shane tosses Kendrick in by the hair, sliding in after him before a grasping Hayes can hook his ankle again.]

GM: And finally, both of these men are back inside the ring again. Kendrick's on the move though, trying to get away from... CAUGHT!

[The crowd ROARS as Terry Shane grabs the fleeing Kendrick in a waistlock, catching him just before the Philadelphia native manages to get out of the ring to the outside...]

GM: Kendrick's trying to get out but Shane's hanging on!

[Kendrick is clinging to the ropes, desperately trying to keep from behind hoisted into the air and dumped on his head.]

GM: Shane's looking for a German Suplex perhaps but Kendrick's trying to block it! Kendrick trying to hang on for dear life!

[Kendrick leans into the ropes with a loud “NONONONONONOOOOO!” as the referee gets closer, calling for a break...]

BW: Kendrick's in the ropes... Shane's gotta break this!

GM: Shane's hanging on though - the referee starting a count...

[But the official breaks the count at three, getting closer to try and get them out of the ropes...

...and gets just close enough to be out of view as Kendrick swings his leg back...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MULE KICK! KENDRICK GOES LOW!

[Shane crumples backwards, falling to his knees, clutching his groin as Hayes claps on the outside...]

GM: Oh, she's just loving this!

[Kendrick points arrogantly to his temple as he walks away from the ropes, ignoring the questions of the official as he drags Shane off his knees by the hair...]

...and HURLS him over the top rope, sending him down onto the barely-padded concrete floor in a heap!]

GM: Shane goes all the way over the top... crashing down to the outside after the low blow by Kerry Kendrick completely turns this thing around.

[Kendrick ducks through the ropes, dropping down to the floor where he promptly takes a knee alongside Shane, smashing his fist down repeatedly into the skull of his opponent.]

GM: Kendrick hammering away out on the outside, trying to take advantage of that low blow before Shane can recover.

[Kendrick grabs the hair again, hauling Shane up to his feet, pulling him around the ringside area, taking aim at one of the ringposts...]

GM: Look out here!

[...but as he attempts to SLAM Shane's head into the solid steel post, Shane swings a leg up, planting a boot on the post to block it!]

GM: BLOCKED BY SHANE!

[A quick elbow to the gut stuns Kendrick, allowing Shane to grab Kendrick by the hair and sends HIM crashing skullfirst into the steel!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kendrick slumps against the post, staggering alongside the ring apron. He grabs the ropes, trying to escape from Shane again but Shane grabs him by the hair, dragging him back down to the outside.]

GM: Kendrick tried to get back in but this time, it's Shane who wants to keep this fight on the outside!

BW: He may be known for his Sweet Science but Terry Shane's got some fighter in him too.

GM: He sure does. Just ask Hannibal Carver and Steve Spector!

[With Kendrick leaning against the apron, Shane winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG CHOP BY SHANE!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kendrick is reeling from the chops as Shane grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: REVERSED AND SHANE HITS THE STEEL!

[Shane again grabs at his lower back, falling to a knee as he hangs onto the railing for support...]

BW: Shane tried to fight on the floor and it backfired!

GM: Kendrick's taking aim on him now, measuring him up against that railing...

[Kendrick takes to a charge, running straight at Shane who is trying to get to his feet as his foe approaches...]

...and instead ducks his head, lifting Kendrick into the air!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The little shoulder throw type lift gets Kendrick up, over the barricade, and on his feet off-balance in the front row. Shane wheels around, throwing a haymaker that catches Kendrick flushing, knocking him back into a fan's lap!]

GM: Uh oh! This one has spilled into the crowd and... and Shane's going into the crowd after him!

[Shane climbs over the barricade into the crowd, grabbing the seated Kendrick by the hair, hauling him away from the fans into the gap between the two sections of seats where he drills him with another right hand, sending him spiraling away deeper into the crowd.]

GM: We've got a fight in the fans on our hands... oh! Kendrick with a right hand of his own!

[The fans nearby are on their feet, screaming and shouting as they watch the two men trade blows inside the seating area.]

GM: They're going deeper and deeper into the crowd... as the referee gets deeper and deeper into his count!

BW: They gotta get back in there!

[Shane lands a right hand, turning his back on Kendrick to walk back towards the ring as the referee's count hits "SEVEN!"]

GM: Shane's coming back... no, wait!

[Kendrick comes on fast, swinging Shane around, throwing a right hand that Shane blocks before landing another...]

GM: The count is up to eight! Shane's almost to the railing now...

[Kendrick is on the move again, grabbing Shane by the ankle as he tries to go over the railing. A frustrated Shane turns, kicking at Kendrick with his free leg as "NINE!" rings out.]

GM: Shane's trying to get back in! Shane's trying to...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers the sound of the bell as Shane finally kicks his way free, throwing himself over just beyond the railing a moment too late.]

GM: The bell has sounded. This one is over.

[A disgruntled Shane looks up at the ring, shaking his head with disappointment as the fans continue to jeer...

...and suddenly, Shane goes falling forward after a running forearm shot to the back of the head connects!]

GM: OH, COME ON! ANOTHER CHEAP SHOT BY THIS NO GOOD...

[Kendrick quickly comes over the railing, joining Shane with a smirk on his face. He raises his arms in the air like he's the winner, the boos raining down on him.]

GM: Well, he can raise all the hands he wants, Bucky - but this match is a double countout! He didn't win!

BW: But he didn't lose either... and he's the one still standing!

[Kendrick smirks as he rolls inside the ring, climbing to his feet with his arms held aloft again...]

GM: Oh, give me a break. This is just like when he claimed he won the Rumble when we all know the West Memphis Assassin won the Rumble.

BW: Illegally! Kerry DID win the Rumble! In the record books!

GM: Javier Castillo's record books. Who knows what other kind of chicanery is going on in those!

[Kendrick is shouting some abuse at the ringside fans who are starting to get louder... and louder...]

BW: KERRY! BEHIND YOU!

[...but as Kendrick turns to face the incoming threat, Terry Shane ducks low, lunging into a double leg takedown!]

GM: TAKEDOWN! TAKEDOWN!

[Shane scrambles up, grabbing the leg...]

GM: YES! HE'S GOT IT!

[...and TWISTS the leg into the Spinning Toehold!]

GM: He's got the Spinning Toehold locked in! Shane's got it hooked!

[Kendrick cries out, slapping the mat in pain, screaming in agony as Shane cranks the leg in his signature hold!]

BW: This isn't right! Get some help in there! SECURITY!

[Shane spins around, torquing the knee again!]

GM: Terry Shane's got that leglock applied, bending and stretching the knee of Kerry Kendrick!

[Kendrick is howling in pain, clawing at the canvas as the referee tries to get Shane to break the hold...

...but Shane spins around a third time, leaning down low as Kendrick wails again, slapping the canvas faster!]

GM: He's tapping out! Kendrick is tapping out!

BW: Let him go!

GM: But the match is over - Kendrick's tapping out but the match is over!

BW: This is a horrible display of unsportsmanlike conduct!

GM: If we were talking about that subject, we could kill all three hours talking about Kerry Kendrick and Sandra Hayes!

[Kendrick's wails of pain turn into shouts of "SANDRA! SANNNNDRAAAA! HELLLL!" as Sandra Hayes looks on with alarm. Clutching the bat to her chest, Hayes rolls into the ring behind an unsuspecting Shane even as the crowd shouts words of warning to him...]

GM: HAYES IS IN! SHE'S GOT THE BAT! SHE'S GOT THE BAT!

[Hayes grips the bat handle tightly, rearing back with it...]

GM: NO!

[...and pauses.]

BW: WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, SANDRA?! HE NEEDS YOU!

[Kendrick's agony-filled cries of "SAAAANNNNNNDRAAAA!" are... for the moment... falling on deaf ears as Hayes stares at the back of Terry Shane's exposed head and neck...]

GM: Sandra Hayes is... she's holding back! She looks... she looks unsure, Bucky!

BW: UNSURE?! HIT HIM!

[Hayes certainly looks conflicted, biting at her bottom lip as she looks down at Kendrick... then up at Shane...

...and then suddenly she swings!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The pink baseball bat SLAMS on the back of Terry Shane's head, causing him to crumple to a heap on the canvas as the crowd jeers loudly. Hayes looks down at Shane... a flash of concern on her face as Kendrick sits up, rubbing his knee vigorously.]

GM: She did it. I can't believe she did it! I thought she... I don't know. I don't know why I thought she wasn't going to do it, Bucky.

BW: I don't either, Gordo! Her loyalty is to Kerry Kendrick! Her man! Her Self Made Man!

[With Shane prone on the canvas, a wincing Kendrick rolls over, dropping to an elbow across Shane's chest and shouting "COUNT HIM!" to Hayes who obliges, slapping the mat three times.]

GM: Oh, come on. Give me a break.

[Hayes comes to her feet, waving for someone to ring the bell as Kendrick struggles to get up, allowing Hayes to raise his hand.]

GM: You didn't win a thing, Kerry Kendrick. Not a thing. Sandra Hayes can count to a hundred and-

BW: She might be able to count to a hundred after that shot to the head! Shane is out!

GM: We're going to need some medical help out here for him too. That was a very hard shot to the back of the head with that wooden baseball bat and... well, fans... no matter what Kerry Kendrick and Miss Sandra Hayes have to say about it, we know the real story on the result of this match. In fact, let's get it directly from Rebecca.

[As Kendrick continues to raise his hands, standing over Terry Shane as he lies motionless on the mat, we hear Rebecca Ortiz' voice.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has counted both-

[A noise is heard from off-mic... and then a different voice.]

"My Self Made Man has something he wants to say!"

[The crowd erupts in jeers as Miss Sandra Hayes rolls back into the ring, gripping the mic in hand.]

GM: Did she just shove Rebecca Ortiz as she was trying to announce the double countout?

[A cut to ringside and Rebecca Ortiz steadying herself on the barricade with a shocked expression on her face indicates that was very probably the case.]

MSH: We want someone to come out here and interview us in the ring. And we always get what we want.

[Kerry Kendrick prowls the ring, trying to get mobility back into the leg still suffering the effects of Terry Shane's Spinning Toe Hold as we can spot a pair of AWA medics tending to Terry Shane in the background. Sandra Hayes puts a hand on his shoulder.]

MSH: We've heard enough of your family drama earlier, and we heard you interview Supernova--who didn't even win the Rumble, I might add.

Theresa Lynch, get out here and interview us!

[The crowd groans for Theresa.]

GM: Oh, for Pete's sake.

[The fans seem to like this idea, on the other hand, changing up their usual taunt of Kerry Kendrick.]

"WE WANT RIC-KI!"
"THE-RE-SA!"

"WE WANT RIC-KI!"
"THE-RE-SA!"

"WE WANT RIC-KI!"
"THE-RE-SA!"

[Kendrick looks around with annoyance, snatching the mic from Hayes.]

KK: We're not leaving until Theresa Lynch and her blank redneck stare get down here, because we've got a few things we want to say to her.

GM: [almost talking over Kendrick] Fans, we're told we have to go to a commercial break. Hopefully we'll have this cleared up by the time--

BW: What is Kendrick doing with that chair!?

[Kerry Kendrick has slipped out of the ring and obtained a steel folding chair as we cut to commercial...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the ring where Kerry Kendrick is now reclining in a steel chair in the ring, hands clasped behind his head. Sandra Hayes rests the sparkly pink baseball bat on her shoulder with a smirk. The fans have stopped demanding "we want Ricki" and "Theresa" and are now simply jeering the Self Made Man and Miss Sandra Hayes. The poor, beleaguered individual at The X is trying to mute the chants of thousands of fans - and it's not Giant Aso they are chanting for. Terry Shane in the meantime is nowhere to be seen.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling on The X, and as you can see, Sandra Hayes and "The Self Made Man" Kerry Kendrick have done as they promised and have not left the ring since that heinous attack on Terry Shane. We hope to have an update on his status for you as soon as it becomes available but right now, we know he was taken out with the aid of AWA medical personnel and... well, that's all we've got for now as this show is being hijacked!

BW: Ah, but look, Gordo; no one has the guts to do anything about it. They know what kind of clout the Foundation of the AWA brings to the table.

GM: Well, we have a full slate set for tonight still to come, and it takes some kind of arrogance to bring the show to a screeching halt to satiate your need for attention and to get the last word in an argument, especially after the way these two have been throwing their weight around in the-

[Hayes' voice interjects.]

MSH: We're back from the break? Didn't I tell you? Didn't I tell you that we would be out here when we came back from break?

We could be here all night, Theresa. Think about Saturday Night Wrestling going off the air with no Main Event. Think of how that would disappoint poor Wade Walker. poor fake World Champion Johnny Detson... and even our dear friend, AWA President Javier Castillo... Think about how The X would rethink that new Associate Producer position they've lined you up for. Think about-

[A cheer erupts as a sullen-yet-defiant Theresa Lynch makes her way down the aisle... slowly...]

GM: Theresa, those were just empty threats. You don't have to do this.

BW: Sandra, watch yourself! Deep down she's a Stench just like the rest of 'em!

GM: We've seen Sandra Hayes and the so-called Foundation of the AWA provoke and belittle Theresa Lynch for weeks on end, fans. They think the sun comes up every morning just to hear them crow.

[Theresa spends a few seconds conversing with Rebecca Ortiz before accepting a microphone from her. She ascends the ring steps and steps through the ropes...

Then, with one hand on her hip, she extends the microphone in the direction of Hayes and Kendrick with an icy glare.]

GM: Theresa is not standing for any of this.

BW: That's out and out unprofessional, Gordo.

[Kendrick advances on Lynch, standing uncomfortably close, while Hayes pouts. Theresa remains unimpressed.]

TL: You two said you have something to say... and like my daddy used to say when he wanted us to do something, we're just burnin' daylight here.

[The crowd cheers as Hayes' pout turn to aggravation.]

MSH: Oh, your "daddy." That's adorable! Daddy, who made sure that you got a job so that you wouldn't have to work for a living like the rest of us!

[Gordon scoffs.]

GM: That's the coffee calling the cola "caffeinated."

BW: Quiet, you!

[Hayes continues.]

MSH: Your "Daddy" is a scourge upon this company! He raised a bunch of spoiled brats that all these rednecks here seem to love.

[Oklahoma City does not appreciate the "r"-word.]

MSH: Oh yeah, you don't like me and the Self Made Man because we refuse to pander to you! You people hate strong, intelligent women!

Which is why you like Theresa Lynch so much, isn't that right?

[Theresa Lynch's cold demeanor is now dangerously close to boiling over.]

MSH: And by the way, I'm glad to hear Travis was able to take care of his "nagging injuries." Is that what Texans call the last inch of moonshine in the jug? "Nagging injuries?" Well, I'm glad to see him back and having to actually sing for his supper like the rest of us. Maybe he'll go a full month before Rufus Harris makes him succumb to "nagging injuries" again.

[The crowd jeers the insults aimed at the former National Champion.]

MSH: Old Blackjack gave the AWA Jack, Travis, and James: a ditz, a flake, and a backstabber. And as far as I can see, Theresa, you're all three. And as for Henrietta Lynch...

[She smirks in the direction of the timekeeper's table.]

MSH: Sorry, Henrietta Ortiz-Lynch...

[Rebecca Ortiz shoots a dirty look right back at Sandra Hayes, who has already turned her attention back to Theresa Lynch.]

MSH: ...She obviously didn't teach you anything about being a lady. You know, I heard they used to call Henrietta the "radio station..."

[Hayes smirks.]

MSH: ...because anybody in the state could pick her up, especially at night.

[Theresa Lynch winds up, and Sandra Hayes flinches...

...but Kerry Kendrick clasps his hands around Theresa's forearm. She very visibly winces as Kendrick tightens his grip, shaking his head.]

KK: No, no... you're not laying a hand on the only real lady this company knows.
The First Lady of the AWA, Miss Sandra Hayes!

[The boos pour down on Kendrick as Theresa tries to get loose.]

GM: Kendrick, you piece of garbage! Get your damn hands off her!

BW: I bet she's regretting tell big brother and her main squeeze to stay out of her business right about now, Gordo.

GM: Bucky, how can you be enjoying this?! HOW?!

[Theresa struggles to free herself, but Kendrick clasps her by the shoulder and leverages her to a knee.]

GM: What is this set-up about?! What is... oh no...

[Sandra Hayes levels the pink baseball bat, smirking down at the helpless Theresa Lynch. She taps it against her high heel a couple of times with sadistic playfulness.]

GM: Someone needs to stop this! This is premeditated assault!

BW: She told Jack and Supreme to stay out of it, and Travis is on a short leash!
Ain't nobody there to bail Theresa out!

[Hayes lifts the bat, placing the end of it under Theresa's chin. She jerks her head to the side but Kendrick is behind her now, forcing her head to stay in place as Hayes stares coldly down at her...]

GM: Don't do it, Sandra! Don't do it!

[Hayes winds up the bat, lining up to strike the squirming Theresa Lynch, unable to escape Kerry Kendrick's grasp.]

GM: Somebody stop this!

[Somebody is stopping this.]

BW: WHAT?!

[Hayes' expression blanches as she sees someone with a short faux hawk and prominent octopus tattoo on the upper arm hurdle the barricade and charge into the ring!]

GM: IT'S RICKI TOUGHILL!

[A shocked Hayes drops the bat in fright as Kendrick releases Lynch as he spots what's going on and the crowd explodes!]

"RIC-KI! RIC-KI! RIC-KI!"

[Toughill snatches up the bat Hayes drops and takes a wild swing...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...just barely missing Kendrick as he scrambles from the ring, pulling Miss Sandra Hayes to safety. She shouts down to the Self Made Man.]

"We're not done, Kerry! We're not done!"

[Hayes and Kendrick obviously want to be done as they quickly backpedal up the aisle and through the curtain.]

GM: Look at them! Run! Run, you cowards! Not so tough now, are they?

BW: She's got a baseball bat, Gordo! How tough would you be?!

[Toughill grimaces at the retreating duo, spiking the bat down on the floor in disgust before she turns back to Theresa, gingerly helping her to her feet, making sure that she's unharmed.]

BW: She's not supposed to be here! She's... aw, I bet that delinquent Theresa smuggled her in again!

"RIC-KI! RIC-KI! RIC-KI!"

[Lynch grasps her arm, but nods as if to indicate that she is alright.]

GM: Thankfully, Ricki Toughill didn't promise to stay out of Theresa Lynch's business... and at a time when Theresa needed her the most, Ricki was happy to oblige and send those pieces of filth running for their lives!

[The cheers are overwhelming for a beaming Ricki as she waves gratefully at the crowd. Theresa smiles at her friend, rubbing her forearm with her free hand with a bit of a grimace on her face.]

GM: What a chaotic scene here in Oklahoma City as... oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

[The crowd's mood changes when John Law and a retinue of police officers emerge from the curtain.]

GM: After what this young lady just did to save from a damned tragedy, someone has called the police on her?!

BW: I'll wager ten to one I know who that "someone" is.

GM: Not taking that bet... and yes, I know she's been fired... I know she's not supposed to be here... we all know it but I for one-

[Gordon abruptly pauses.]

GM: No, I won't go to a break! I'm going to say what I want to say and if Castillo doesn't like it, he can pull the damn plug, you understand me?! He wants my chair so badly, he can come and take it out from under my-

[The audio does indeed cut. The video still showing as Toughill sighs a weary "here we go again" sigh, and obediently puts her wrists behind her back before any of the police can slap a pair of handcuffs on her. 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...

With a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we cut to the office of Javier Castillo, with Castillo sitting behind his desk. Standing before him is a still-fuming Sid Osborne, along with a woozy-looking Raphael Rhodes, holding an ice pack to his bandaged, bloodstained head. Dana Kaiser stands closely to Rhodes' side, a look of concern spread across her face. To Castillo's side, a stern-faced John Law is glaring at Osborne.]

SO: We had those guys on the ropes, Castillo. We had the Soldiers of Fortune beat! Then Charlie Stephens somehow gets brass knuckles into the match, hits me in the stomach, clocks Raph in the head, Dawson somehow doesn't see it, and we get beat. You have to give us another shot at the titles after that. There's no way they can beat us legitimately.

[Castillo tents his fingers in contemplation and nods his head.]

JC: I see. I see. The way I see it, Mr. Osborne, a week ago the two of you were ranked as the number seven contenders, so you should consider yourselves fortunate to have gotten a shot tonight, much less be considered for a rematch. And while your match was indeed impressive, you still fell short, fairness aside.

[Osborne throws up his hands in frustration.]

SO: Of course you'd see it that way. You're always looking for ways to keep me cast aside.

[Castillo throws a glare in Osborne's direction.]

JC: Hold on. I believe I have a solution.

[Castillo opens his desk drawer, producing a clipboard with several pieces of paper on it.]

JC: It's strange, you know. I was hoping to get a meeting with you anyway, Mr. Rhodes. We were doing a little audit of the files, and we discovered you've been due something for several years now. After all, you were the winner of the Rumble in 2010, were you not?

RR: I was, yeah.

JC: And you had two attempts to cash in that shot, but you were attacked prior to being able to do so, rendering you unable to compete, am I correct?

[Rhodes' eyes narrow as he lowers the ice pack from his forehead.]

RR: What're you gettin' at?

JC: It's quite simple. Your shot is still considered pending in our records. But as I am a very kind and generous man, I won't just give you a shot at the National Title, as per what you are owed.

[Castillo slides the clipboard across the desk, which Kaiser picks up and starts to read. The AWA President smirks as she reads the document.]

JC: That's a contract for Mr. Rhodes to wrestle Johnny Detson for the World Title in two weeks' time in St. Louis on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Rhodes' jaw drops.]

JC: That's the shot you've been owed for seven... long... years.

[Castillo shrugs, reaching out to grab the clipboard that a surprised Dana Kaiser has put back on the desk.]

JC: But you say the word and I'll draw up a new contract, and I'll give you two the Soldiers of Fortune instead.

[Rhodes looks at Kaiser, who says quietly "it's legit, it's for the World Title". Osborne places his hand on Rhodes' back.]

SO: Raph. Come on. We had the Soldiers beat. All we need is one more chance.

[Castillo raises his hand.]

JC: Far be it from me to interfere but... Mr. Rhodes, you've wrestled for what, fifteen years?

[Rhodes nods.]

JC: And how many shots have you had at a World Title?

[Rhodes glares at Castillo and speaks through gritted teeth.]

RR: None. Just Rising Pro's title, but it weren't a World Title.

[Castillo slaps a hand down on the table, a (probably fake) surprised expression on his face.]

JC: None! That shocks me. A wrestler with your skills should have at least gotten one by now. Especially one that can hang in the ring with Juan Vasquez as well as you used to be able to.

[Castillo rubs his fingernails against his suit jacket as Rhodes' face becomes flushed with anger.]

JC: You know, he's been a World Champion several times over, in multiple companies. He was World Champion here just last year.

[Castillo leans forward.]

JC: And you've never even gotten a single shot?

[Castillo "tsks".]

JC: A shame.

[Osborne grasps Rhodes by the shoulder.]

SO: Raph, please. Let's get the tag title shot.

[Rhodes turns his back away from both Osborne and Castillo, as Kaiser rushes to get within Rhodes' line of vision to help calm her husband. Castillo taps his wristwatch.]

JC: I'm afraid I need a decision, Mr. Rhodes, or we'll just call the whole thing off and declare that shot forfeited.

[Rhodes hands the ice pack to Kaiser, taking the clipboard from the desk. A smirk crosses Castillo's face as Rhodes eyeballs the piece of paper...

...and hastily signs the contract. A look of shock washes over Osborne's face as Rhodes drops the clipboard onto Castillo's desk, then walks out of the room, Kaiser following, with Osborne closely behind.]

JC: A pleasure doing business, Mr. Rhodes.

[Castillo looks at John Law.]

JC: We'll have to get the marketing department on this right away.

[We cut to another ACCESS camera in the hallway outside the office, where Osborne is quickly following Rhodes and Kaiser.]

SO: Raph, what the hell?! Dana, what did you say to him?

DK: I didn't say anything, Sid!

[Rhodes wheels around, stopping to face Osborne, but instead of jabbing a finger in Osborne's chest, he lets out a deep sigh.]

RR: Lad... I....

[Rhodes puts his hand on Osborne's shoulder, and Osborne smacks it off. Rhodes nods.]

RR: I get it. But listen to me, okay? I've waited seven years for this. I saw my brother get his neck broke for this. Stevie Scott hurt my knee for this. James Monosso broke my sternum for this. I told you my past was goin' to come for me.

[Rhodes shrugs.]

RR: It's here. I have to see if I can do this because I don't know when I'm ever goin' to get another chance. You and me... we can beat the Soldiers of Fortune. We had them beat tonight. And if I can't beat Detson, then we'll go back and we'll claw our way up the ladder and we'll do it the right way.

[Osborne bristles.]

SO: So I'm just some consolation prize?

[Rhodes vigorously shakes his head.]

RR: No. But I have to know. I can't stand the thought of wonderin' what if, lad. I've been haunted by "what if" ever since that cage match eight years ago, and I ain't goin' to let "what if I had just wrestled for the World Title and not turned it down" haunt me too. Just like you bashin' that Wallace into my skull... if someone dropped a World Title shot in your lap, I'd expect you to take it.

[Rhodes puts out his hand.]

RR: We're a team. Ain't we?

[Osborne hesitates, before finally shaking Rhodes' hand.]

SO: Yeah. Good luck.

[Osborne mutters "I guess" under his breath. The two break their handshake and walk in separate directions, with Kaiser following Rhodes...]

...and with another flash of the ACCESS logo, we end up out in the parking garage, where a police cruiser flashing red and blue lights dazzles the image. A (surprisingly chatty) woman is being led to the cruiser by two police officers, followed closely by John Law.]

RT: ...But overall this is definitely one of the more pleasant arrest experiences I've ever had.

[Law takes the opportunity to speak up.]

JL: Ricki, Ricki, Ricki. Trespassing... Breach of the Peace... Uttering threats...

RT: Dude... Attempted assault with a weapon? Technically, I'm doing your job better than you are.

JL: When are you going to learn to be a good girl?

RT: When are YOU going to get a haircut? Hippie!

[Toughill sticks her tongue out at John Law truculently. Law sighs.]

JL: Take her away.

[He sighs again and walks off exasperated.]

JL: Take her A LOT away.

"Ricki!"

[Theresa Lynch jogs into the frame.]

RT: Oh hey, Theresa! Like my new bracelets? They always said silver was my color.

TL: Why didn't you tell me you were here? How do you keep sneaking in here?

[Ricki shrugs.]

RT: You might be able to convince Jack and Supreme to let you handle Sandra Hayes, but you need someone to watch out for Kendrick

[Theresa sighs.]

TL: Well... I'll be here when you need help.

[Ricki nods.]

RT: I appreciate that. Working at Dunkin's is good for iced coffee, not so good for bail money.

[The officer unceremoniously shoves Toughill into the cruiser by the faux hawk as Theresa looks on in distress...

...and we fade back out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Wow. It's been a wild night here in Oklahoma City, fans... but from what we just heard, you can expect just as wild of a night coming up in two weeks in St. Louis because we've got ourselves a World Title match as Johnny Detson will put the gold on the line against Raphael Rhodes!

BW: Rhodes has been waiting SEVEN years to cash in a title shot he won when he was the winner of the Rumble... and finally, he's getting his shot against Detson.

GM: No matter what condition Johnny Detson is in after his match in mere moments against Wade Walker, I might add... so you can bet Raphael Rhodes is sitting back there and watching this showdown with GREAT interest. As are the rest of us as we go to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz!

[We fade to the aforementioned ring where our ring announcer is set to go.]

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening and it is set for one fall with TV Time Remaining! Introducing first... from Hollywood, California... and weighing in at 248 pounds... he is the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMMMMMPIONNNNN...

JOHNNNNNNYYYYYYY DEEEEEEEETSONNNNNN!

[A disgruntled looking Detson raises the title belt over his head, soaking up the mixed response from the OKC fans.]

GM: Well, as you can see, fans... Johnny Detson already came to the ring during our time away...

BW: A little unusual for him to enter first being the champ.

GM: Not when you've got a vengeful boss forcing you to do... and we're being told that's exactly what happened. Javier Castillo ordered Johnny Detson to come out

here without a televised entrance... to none of his usual pomp and circumstance. This is Castillo being so petty, I heard him humming Free Fallin' earlier.

BW: You realize you don't get to keep your job if you sound more like Albano, right?

[Detson hands over the title belt, tugging at the ropes, a quite agitated expression on his face...]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The lights drop down, swirls of midnight blue spotlights filling the air as the sounds of snapping and snarling dogs accompany it. KISS' "War Machine" is quick to follow as the boos pick up from the Oklahoma City crowd.]

GM: The final match of this series between the Dogs of War and three men who've gotten under the skin of Javier Castillo is about to get underway as the curtain parts and...

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: From DEEEEEEEEEtroit, Michigan... weighing in at 278 pounds... representing the Dogs of War... WAAAAAAAAAAAAADE WALLLLLLLLKERRRRRRRR!

[The powerhouse of the Dogs of War emerges into view, the spotlights converging on him at the top of the ramp. Walker is flying solo on this night, striding down the aisle, eyes locked on the ring where Detson awaits him.]

BW: And you talk about a guy who looks to be all business, Gordo... you got him right here.

GM: It's interesting, Bucky. From the way Wade Walker responded earlier tonight when Brian James' name was mentioned... you would've thought it would be Walker versus James earlier tonight and not in this spot.

BW: Well, it might've been but we wanted to leave Oklahoma standing... they've been through enough being Oklahoma.

[Gordon chuckles as Walker reaches the ring, sliding under the bottom rope, staying in a crouch as he eyeballs the World Champion from across the ring. Detson is pacing a bit anxiously, looking around as if he expects Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter to show themselves at any moment.]

GM: The Dogs of War are nowhere to be seen... and that's a good thing for Johnny Detson, Bucky.

BW: It sure is. We know the Dogs work better as a unit... and I think Supernova and Brian James can both attest to that here tonight as they've picked up wins in singles matches.

GM: In two weeks, the Dogs will be in tag team action against KAMS... but tonight, it's Wade Walker one-on-one with the World Heavyweight Champion.

[The lights start to come back up, the music starting to fade out as Walker stands across from Detson in his midnight blue "riot cop" gear. His eyes are burning into the World Champion who has settled back into the corner, waiting to see what comes next.]

GM: Detson's gotta be cautious in this one, Bucky. Walker's got two sudden strikes that can end a match in a hurry - that devastating spear and that brutal Superman Punch. If Detson gets hit with either of those, it could be over in a flash.

BW: It's true but don't forget that Detson's got an elite weapon of his own - because it's named after me!

GM: Oh brother.

[Referee Davis Warren takes center ring, checks on both men, and signals for the bell to kick off the Main Event officially.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go! One fall, TV Time Remaining. But this is a non-title match we should remind everyone. No matter the result of this one, Raphael Rhodes is still looking at facing Johnny Detson in St. Louis for the World Heavyweight Title.

[Detson eases out of his corner, slowly and warily as he approaches the hulking Walker who matches him step for step. The World Champion looks across, his gears grinding as he plots out how he might get an early edge on this much larger and stronger competitor.]

BW: Detson's outgunned in this one, Gordo. Walker's bigger than him. He's stronger than him. He's more athletic than him. Johnny Detson's going to have to use his experience... his ring smarts... his cheating... yes, his cheating... don't get your knickers in a twist. He's gotta use anything he's got available to him if he plans to beat Wade Walker.

[Detson smirks as he slowly raises his right arm towards the sky, wiggling his fingers...]

GM: Is he... is he calling for a test of strength?

BW: Sure looks like it.

[Walker sneers at Detson who nods towards his lifted hand.]

GM: I don't get this at all. You just said that Walker's stronger than him.

BW: Oh, I smell a rat from all the way down here, Gordo... the problem is, I'm betting Wade Walker smells it too...

[Walker slowly raises his left arm to meet Detson's...

...but then uncorks an uppercut with his right arm, catching Detson flush on the chin and sending him staggering backwards.]

BW: Ha! Wade Walker's mama didn't raise no fool! Detson was trying to sneak his way into something but Walker saw it coming and made him pay the price for it with a shot to the mouth.

[With Detson on the ropes, Walker unloads, landing several severe haymakers across the head and face, leaving Detson reeling mere moments into the match.]

GM: Walker swinging for the fences early... Irish whip on the way...

[But as Detson rebounds back, Walker drops his head early for a backdrop, allowing Detson to pull up and bury a boot into Walker's face...

...but Walker snaps his head back, standing tall for a moment before delivering a thunderous clothesline to a surprised World Champion!]

GM: Ohhh! Big clothesline after the boot had no effect! And Johnny Detson finds himself in trouble early here in OKC as Walker drags him up to his feet...

[With the World Champion in his grasp, the Dogs' powerhouse lifts him into his arms and presses him overhead...]

GM: Gorilla press! All the way up to the penthouse goes Johnny Detson!

[Walker holds him for a few moments, showing off his prize before he throws him down with a thunderous slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big press slam shakes the spine of the champion!

[Reeling and in pain, Detson wisely rolls from the ring to the safety of the ring apron. Walker starts to approach but the referee cuts him off, shouting to allow Detson to get back in the ring on his own.]

GM: Davis Warren trying to assert his control early on in this one. We'll see if he can keep this Dog on the leash.

[Grabbing at his lower back, Detson also grabs the ropes with his free hand, trying to get himself first to a knee and then back to his feet...

...which is when Wade Walker comes running alongside the ropes, connecting with another clothesline, this one sending Detson off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! And off the apron to the floor goes the World Champion! Wade Walker's in complete control so far in this one as Detson spills to the outside where the referee starts his ten count.

BW: Hey, look at this, Gordo. We've got guests.

[The crowd starts jeering at the arrival of John Law, MAWAGA, and Javier Castillo up on the entrance ramp.]

GM: Uninvited... but sadly not totally unexpected... guests at that. What are they doing out here, Bucky?

BW: Javier set this match up. Maybe he just wants an up close view on how it turns out.

GM: Maybe you're right... but I can't help but wonder if this has something to do with that whole Number One draft pick thing. Could we be about to learn who Castillo's first pick for Korugun's WarGames team is?

BW: You think it's Wade Walker?

GM: Maybe. He IS a Dog of War, right? Walker is built for a match like that.

BW: What if you're wrong, Gordo? What if it's Johnny Detson?

GM: Johnny Detson?! After all the hell that Castillo's put him through for the past few months?!

BW: Hey, they were a pretty good team before... they could be again.

[Back on his feet on the outside, Detson spots the incoming arrival of the Korugun trio and points to them, shouting at them from down the ramp. Castillo sneers at

his World Champion's words and keeps on coming as Detson is totally distracted by their appearance...

...which allows Wade Walker to reach over the top rope, grabbing a handful of Detson's blond hair, dragging him off the floor and back up onto the ring apron...]

GM: Walker's got Detson, bringing him back in the hard way here...

[But once on the apron, Detson slaps the grip away, hooking his arms around the back of Walker's head...

...and DROPS off the apron, SNAPPING Walker's throat down over the top rope to cheers!]

GM: Ohhh! And Detson clotheslines him on that top rope, turning this one around for the moment!

BW: And I'm not sure I'll EVER get used to people cheering Johnny Detson, Gordo.

GM: The crowd in Oklahoma City was pretty split when Detson came to the ring but with this Korugun united front so to speak against him, they're letting their feelings be known right now. It'll be interesting to see what reaction he gets in St. Louis when he's facing a more popular competitor like Raphael Rhodes in two weeks' time.

BW: When he goes one-on-one with Rhodes for the World Title, the cheers of the fans are going to be the least of his - of both of theirs actually - concern.

[Detson scrambles in as Walker stumbles away, clutching his throat...

...and a running leaping knee between the shoulderblades sends Walker pitching forward, crashing to his knees across the ring with his torso over to the middle rope!]

GM: Detson on the attack now, trying to take advantage of what he's managed to do to Walker so far...

[Detson pulls Walker's throat onto the middle rope, planting his shin on the back of the neck and presses down hard, the referee counting as he does...]

GM: An old dog may not ever go away from his bag of tricks as Detson's choking Walker over the ropes!

[The referee's count gets to four before Detson lets go, quickly sprinting across the ring. He bounces off the far ropes, leaping into the air...]

GM: KNEE TO THE BACK OF THE NECK!

[Walker's throat is pressed into the ropes again before he snaps back off the ropes, landing prone as Detson quickly attempts a cover while John Law, MAWAGA, and Javier Castillo reach ringside, fanning out around the ring as Detson tries to keep an eye on them.]

GM: First cover of the match gets one! It gets two! But Walker powers out at two... not enough to keep the big man down yet.

BW: And if Castillo's goal was to distract Johnny Detson, consider it mission accomplished, Gordo. Detson was looking around when he made that cover, trying to spot all of them... and he's still looking around...

[Back on his feet, Detson points out the Korugun trio to the official again, shouting at him... but Davis Warren reluctantly shrugs and waves for the match to go on.]

GM: I think Detson wanted them ejected from ringside but... well, can you blame Davis Warren for saying no? Castillo is vengeful enough to give Davis his walking papers if he makes a call like that.

[Detson again points at Castillo, gesturing to the official who tries to get his head back into the match but the World Champion is very visibly concerned, again turning to look to see where MAWAGA and John Law have gone...

...and fails to see that Wade Walker is rising to his feet behind him. Detson suddenly turns back towards Walker...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and eats another uppercut, sending him stumbling and falling backwards across the ring into the corner!]

GM: Walker catches him with another of those big uppercuts... and we’ve got trouble for Johnny Detson now. Outnumbered out here... out of his game mentally... and Wade Walker is looking to physically dominate him in the turnbuckles.

[With the champion caught in the corner, Walker rocks and fires, throwing big hooking right hands to the body that are rocking Detson over and over again.]

GM: Walker’s opening up with those body shots... whips him across here...

[Detson slams into the buckles, staggering back out towards a waiting Wade Walker who lifts him up, pivots, and DRIVES him down with a thunderous powerslam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: Spinning powerslam! That’ll take the wind out of your sails!

GM: Now it’s Walker with his first cover of the match!

[A two count follows before Detson slips out of the cover.]

GM: Out at two. A little over five minutes into our Main Event and both men have attempted their first cover now with a pair of two counts to show for it.

[With Detson prone on the canvas, Walker swings a big leg over him, pinning him down in a mount position just before he starts raining down punches on the World Champion who raises his arms, trying to protect himself as the fists come falling down upon him.]

GM: Walker pounding away, trying to do serious damage here but Detson’s managing to protect himself pretty well so- oh! I spoke too soon! A few heavy blows sneak through those arms and Detson is reeling!

[The referee’s four count breaks off the attack as Walker climbs to his feet, reaching down to pull Detson up with him...

...and BLASTS him with a standing clothesline that dumps Detson to the mat again.]

GM: A huge clothesline there... and another cover!

[A two count follows before Detson slips free a second time. The crowd cheers but Javier Castillo's shouts at ringside towards Davis Warren quickly turn that reaction to jeers.]

GM: That was a two count. You know it, I know it, everyone knows it... but Javier Castillo is giving the referee a hard time right now... and for what?!

BW: Because he can, Gordo. Because he can.

GM: This power-hungry egomaniac... I feel like that's the answer to a lot of the things he does as of late. "Because he can." He thinks no one's going to stop him but I beg to differ. In two months, he's going to find out exactly who is going to stop him when they send him packing.

[With Castillo barking at the referee, Detson manages to grab the ropes, pulling part of his torso under the ropes to the apron...

...but that leaves him in a bad place as MAWAGA loops his arms around the throat, pulling down in a choke as the fans jeer again!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: You talked about him being outnumbered, Gordo - well, here you go. The General provides the distraction and his soldiers do the damage on the outside.

[MAWAGA walks away before the official turns, leaving Detson coughing and gasping for air as he dangles partially off the apron. Walker approaches, grabbing the legs and giving a little tug to get the champion into position...

...before he drops back, snapping Detson's throat into the underside of the bottom rope with a catapult!]

GM: Ohhh! Another attack - right to the throat!

[Coughing violently, Detson manages to roll from the ring, dropping off the apron to the outside.

GM: Detson rolls out to the outside... trying to buy himself some time to recover but with the Korugun thugs out there with him, I'm not sure that's the place to take a breather, Bucky.

BW: Probably not, but where else can he go? He's got nowhere to run, nowhere to hide here in OKC.

[Walker ducks from the ring on the adjacent side, taking the long way around as he builds up some speed. Detson uses the apron to haul himself to a knee, still coughing as Walker circles the ringpost, coming on strong...

...and runs right into a lunging clothesline from Detson who falls to his knees delivering the impactful blow that fells Walker as well!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG CLOTHESLINE ON THE OUTSIDE! DETSON RETURNING THE FAVOR!

[Down on the floor, Detson throws himself on top of Walker, rapidly throwing punches as quickly and fiercely as his body will manage...]

GM: DETSON POUNDING AWAY ON THE OUTSIDE!

[The crowd is roaring for the World Champion as he tries to slip his fist past Walker's guarding arms over and over, the referee shouting to get the action back inside the ring as he does. Castillo can be heard barking some protests of his own as Davis Warren counts both men on the outside.]

GM: Detson's all over him!

BW: Yeah, but I don't know how much damage he's doing. A fist fight isn't exactly the World Champion's cup of tea, Gordo.

GM: He's doing enough to keep Walker down and buy him some time to regroup!

[With Walker down and in some trouble, Detson gets up, pulling him with him where he goes to smash his head into the apron...

...but the powerful arms of Walker reach out, gripping the apron to block the faceslam!]

GM: Blocked by- oh! Walker with the elbow to the ribs...

[Detson goes stumbling away from Walker who steps back...

...and charges in, swinging a leg up to catch the World Champion in the heart with a big boot!]

GM: Ohhh! What a boot to the heart by Walker! And if Johnny Detson thought he was on his way to getting back into this match after that clothesline, Wade Walker just turned all that around with one shot, Bucky.

BW: Walker's a monster... a machine... the kind of guy who can take all you've got and come back for more. Yeah, that clothesline rocked him. Yeah, the punches stunned him. But he got right back up for more and dished out some of his own!

GM: Walker putting Detson back into the ring now as we near the ten minute mark of this Main Event non-title battle between the World Champion and the powerhouse from the Dogs of War.

[Back in the ring, Detson crawls across as Walker is slow to re-enter the squared circle.]

GM: The World Champion on his hands and knees, crawling across the ring, trying to catch a much-needed breather but Wade Walker remains on his trail, now joining him back inside the ring.

[Walker stalks Detson, methodically moving after him as the World Champion reaches the far ropes, draping himself over the middle rope as he tries to get back to his feet...

...but before he can, Walker arrives and sits on the back of the neck, choking Detson over the second rope.]

GM: We saw a variation of this from Detson earlier but this is nearly 280 pounds of solid muscle choking the air out of the champion... the referee right there to count though...

[As the count hits four, Walker rises off Detson, backing away as the official pursues him...

...and John Law gets a running start before CRACKING Detson with a right hand to the cheekbone!]

GM: OH! What a shot by Law from the outside!

[The crowd is jeering for the outside interference as the referee whips around in time to see absolutely nothing happening as Detson writhes in pain on the canvas. A confident smirk crosses Wade Walker's face as he approaches again, reaching down to drag Detson off the mat by the wrist, tossing him effortlessly into the corner...]

GM: Detson back in the corner now, Walker coming right in after him...

[Lowering his shoulder, the former college football standout buries it into Detson's midsection once... twice... three times, leaving Detson reeling and gasping for air as Walker backs off to mid-ring, taking aim on the champion...]

GM: Detson can barely stand in the corner and... HERE COMES WALKER!

[A charging Walker lowers his shoulder again, throwing a modified spear tackle into the buckles that lifts Detson up and folds him over the incoming Walker!]

GM: Good grief!

[Walker muscles Detson the rest of the way up onto his shoulder, striding out of the corner with him...

...and then sits out, throwing him down in a spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEBUSTER DOWN! And will that be enough for Wade Walker?

[The referee drops down, slapping the mat once... twice...]

GM: KICKOUT AT TWO AND CHANGE!

[Walker grimaces, glaring at the official for a moment before slowly climbing to his feet, letting Javier Castillo bark angrily at the referee from the outside.]

GM: Wade Walker taking his time in there, walking around the downed Johnny Detson, soaking up the jeers of this sold out crowd here in Oklahoma City... and at this point, you start to wonder how much more Johnny Detson can take.

BW: You wonder about that while I wonder what it does for the career of Wade Walker to score a pinfall over the World Champion! You talk about a rocket straight to the top, Walker would be soaring like an eagle if he gets the win in this one.

GM: Detson again down on the mat... again crawling away from Walker. Johnny Detson needs to find a way... somewhere in that evil genius mind of his... to get back into this thing before it gets any worse for him, fans.

[Castillo gestures at Castillo, shouting for Walker to "pour it on!"]

GM: Castillo wants to see more... wants to see more punishment on Johnny Detson for having the courage to stand up to him all those weeks ago...

BW: He may be regretting that decision right about now, Gordo.

GM: You could be right as Walker goes to pull him-

[The crowd ROARS as Detson reaches up, dragging Walker down into a small package, hooking his limbs tightly...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd deflates as Walker NARROWLY escapes the pinning predicament in time.]

GM: So close right there! Johnny Detson almost snatched this one away but Walker kicks out and-

[Both men scramble up, trying to beat the other to their feet...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...but Walker gets there first and UNLOADS with a two-handed hammer blow to the sternum, knocking Detson flat!]

GM: OH, WHAT A BLOW!

[Walker is fuming as he stands over Detson, angrily stomping down on him over and over again, causing the World Champion to go rolling from the ring, falling off the apron to the floor..]

...where the referee immediately steps in, forcing Walker to back off...]

GM: Wade Walker being pushed back from the ropes by the official and... oh, come on!

[The jeers pick up again as John Law and MAWAGA go to work on Detson on the outside, stomping and kicking him into the barely-padded concrete!]

GM: We’ve got a mugging on the outside by Law and MAWAGA! Turn around, referee!

[A few more stomps follow before Law pulls Detson off the floor, shoving him back inside as the referee turns around and warns him to not get involved. Law lifts his hands up, shaking his head as he walks away.]

GM: It seems like so long ago that the Dogs of War were in the employ of Johnny Detson... of course, we didn’t know it at the time but the Dogs were actually working for Detson thanks to Korugun and Javier Castillo. That quickly changed however when Castillo called the Dogs home so to speak.

BW: The Dogs have always been about working for the highest bidder... Johnny should’ve known that.

GM: Well, there’s no relationship between Detson and Wade Walker now as Walker pulls him up, shoving him back into the corner...

[Walker backs off again, moving the full distance of the ring this time. He points across with both arms at a dazed and hurting Detson.]

GM: Another one of those tackles in the corner perhaps, targeting the ribs of the World Champion...

[And with a bellow, Walker breaks into a sprint across the ring, lowering the shoulder as he draws near..]

...and Detson spins clear from the corner, sending Walker CRASHING shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! WALKER HITS THE POST!

BW: He jammed his shoulder into the post!

[Detson hangs onto the top rope, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs as the crowd roars for the Wade Walker misfire. Walker stumbles backwards, grabbing at his shoulder in pain as an alarmed Javier Castillo looks on...]

GM: Detson's gotta take advantage of this!

[Grabbing a handful of pants, Detson does exactly that by ROCKETING Walker right back into the post a second time!]

GM: OHH! That's twice! Twice to the steel ringpost! And Walker's in trouble, fans! Wade Walker is in serious trouble now!

[With Walker still hanging between the ropes, his shoulder jammed into the steel, Detson slips from the ring to the floor, throwing a warning point at Castillo who backpedals closer to his bodyguard as Detson grabs Walker by his hanging arm. Planting his foot on the ringpost, Detson yanks back on the arm, continuing to force the shoulder into the steel as Walker grunts with pain!]

GM: And Johnny Detson has just drawn himself a bullseye on the arm and shoulder of Wade Walker!

[Detson lets go after a few moments have passed, scrambling back up on the apron. He eyeballs Walker's position and with a grin, he backs down the apron...]

GM: Uh oh! And longtime AWA fans have seen this before in the form of the first man to wear that World Title, James Monosso!

[With Walker still unmoving, Detson backs until his back presses into the ringpost, the crowd buzzing as they too know what's coming...]

BW: Walker's gotta move!

GM: Detson takes aim...

[Grinning, Detson charges down the ring apron, looking to boot Walker's head into the post...]

GM: CONCUSSIONIZ- NO!

[Walker slips back, causing Detson to whiff on the kick, driving his own foot into the ringpost. He stumbles back as Walker straightens up, throwing a left-armed clothesline...]

GM: CLOTHESLI- NO!

[...but Detson ducks under the off-balance clothesline attempt, snatching the right arm as he does and dropping off the apron, snapping the injured arm off the top rope!]

GM: OHHH!

[Walker stumbles back, clutching his arm, his face racked with pain as the World Champion rests on the floor for a moment...

...and Javier Castillo starts to get up on the apron, drawing the referee's attention towards him.]

GM: Castillo is- look out for Law!

[A quick moving John Law comes around the post, looking to strike again...

...but Detson is waiting for him, catching him with a boot in the gut before he SLAMS Law's face down into the ring apron.]

GM: OH! Detson takes out Law as well!

[MAWAGA comes sprinting around the ring, looking to strike but Detson rolls in before he can get there...]

GM: And in he goes before MAWAGA can lay a finger on him!

[Back inside the ring, Walker comes towards the rising Detson, still shaking his arm in pain as he approaches the World Champion...

...who lashes out with a boot, hooks the arm, and drops down in a single arm DDT, jamming the shoulder into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Some call it Divorce Court cause Wade Walker's shoulder may have just suffered separation!

[With Walker facefirst on the mat, Detson slides his knee onto the back, grabbing the wrist with both hands and yanking back on the injured arm, torquing the pain-filled shoulder...]

GM: And Detson with an armbar here.

BW: Much like with the punches earlier, submission wrestling isn't exactly the champ's top notch skillset either. But he's got this hold locked in and he's really wrenching that arm and shoulder.

[From the floor, Javier Castillo is shouting at his employee to get loose as Detson continues to crank the limb, shouting "GIVE UP!" at Walker who shakes his head in refusal at the questioning official....

...and while Walker is trapped in the hold, the crowd begins to jeer once more as two more come from the entranceway.]

GM: Uh oh... and here come the rest of the Dogs of War now too!

BW: Johnny Detson's spotted them too, Gordo - looking right at them as they walk down the ramp and this is like something out of a bad dream for him.

[Detson is visibly concerned about this latest development as he quickly slides the arm down, pinning the wrist to the canvas before dropping his knee down across the bicep... and again... and again...]

GM: Detson continuing the attack on that arm...

[Reaching ringside, Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter split up so that suddenly there's a Korugun soldier on each side of the ring. Detson looks around wildly, trying to account for all five at ringside.]

GM: The Dogs are out here in full force... Law and MAWAGA still out here as well... and of course, Javier Castillo... and the referee looks an anxious about this situation as the World Champion does.

[Detson glares at Castillo, bellowing "I'LL BREAK HIS DAMN ARM!" at him before he pushes up into a handstand, dropping his knee down on the shoulder area.]

GM: Fifteen minutes into this battle, Detson's really going after the arm... another kneedrop near the shoulder.

[Law puts a hand on the middle rope as Detson scrambles off the mat, grabbing the arm under his armpit as he steps over Walker's back to apply a straddle armbar.]

GM: Detson to an armbar here... and this hold allows him to pretty easily keep an eye on the five men around the ring with their eyes locked on him.

[Detson shifts his weight a few times, dragging Walker with him as he proves Gordon's point, twisting his head to keep an eye on all four of the Korugun soldiers around the ring.]

GM: This has gotta be a serious distraction for Detson here... how can he focus on his opponent when he has to watch his back against all these other people out here at ringside?

[The World Champion's lack of focus costs him as Walker hooks his free arm around Detson's leg and slowly but surely powers his way up to his feet with Detson hanging from his back...]

GM: Wow! Look at the strength!

[Walker slowly backs up at first... and then LUNGES backwards, smashing Detson against the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big crash in the corner... but look at this now...

[As Walker staggers forward, grabbing his shoulder and leaning over as he catches a breather, Detson pops himself up to sit on the second turnbuckle, wincing in pain from the crash in the corner...

...and then leaps off, snatching Walker's head on the way down!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BULLDOG! BULLDOG OFF THE SECOND ROPE!

[The crowd ROARS for the offensive move as Detson muscles Walker onto his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: Detson covers for one! He's got two! He's got-

[But again, Walker powers out of the pin attempt, shoving Detson off him.]

GM: Another two count there for the World Champion as he tries to put Wade Walker down and complete the sweep. Supernova beat Pedro Perez. Brian James beat Isaiah Carpenter. And now it comes down to Johnny Detson and Wade Walker in what has been a tremendous hard-fought battle up to this point.

[Back on his feet, the World Champion grabs Walker by the wrist, lifting him up off the mat with great effort and then promptly whips the 278 pounder across the ring, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles. Detson follows him in, charging hard...]

GM: Big knee to the gut!

[The blow doubles over Walker so Detson snaps off an uppercut to the jaw to straighten him back up before grabbing the arm and shooting him right back the same way from which he just came...]

GM: Detson sends him across again... and he lands another knee to the breadbasket! Walker's breathing heavy here.

BW: We're close to twenty minutes into this and that is NOT the kind of match that Wade Walker is used to, Gordo. I don't know if we've EVER seen him in a singles match this long before so Johnny Detson has dragged him into some deep, deep water and Walker's starting to struggle for sure with his stamina. You can run on all the treadmills in the world and you still can't prepare yourself to go twenty inside an AWA ring.

[Detson backs off to the middle of the ring, waving his hands at Walker, beckoning him forward. The big man staggers out of the corner, breathing heavily...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets a foot snapped under his chin, toppling the big man to a big cheer!]

GM: JOHNNYKICK CONNECTS!

[Detson scrambles to cover, rolling to his side as he hooks both legs!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT! OH MY, HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?!

BW: Too close if you're Wade Walker... or Javier Castillo.

[We cut to a shot at ringside of Castillo who seems to be sweating a bit as he watches the action unfold inside the ring. He waves a hand to fan himself after the near fall.]

GM: Castillo looking nervous and perhaps with good reason as Johnny Detson finds himself in control of this one as he pounds Walker into the mat - right hands over and over!

[Detson lets loose an anguished cry as he pummels Walker repeatedly with closes fists before slowly climbing to his feet...]

...and gets a big cheer as he calls for the Wilde Driver!]

GM: You heard it right there, fans! The World Champion looking to uncork his signature move here... right here and right now...

[Detson waits and waits as Walker struggles to get up off the mat, the weariness evident on his face...]

GM: Walker trying to get up... but I'm not sure he knows what's waiting for him when he gets there...

[The 278 pounder finally arrives on his feet, staggering in a circle to where Detson is waiting...]

...and buries a boot in the gut, yanking Walker into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's got him hooked! He hooks one arm! He hooks-

BW: COUNTER!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as the powerful Wade Walker jerks his arm out of Detson's grasp, straightening up with the World Champion hanging over his shoulders by the legs...]

GM: Walker's got him up! Walker's got him up and out towards the center of-

[...and he shows off that power, jerking Detson back the other way and throwing him down with both legs!]

GM: WATERWHEEL SLAM! The back of Detson's head SLAMS into the canvas!

[Walker stacks up Detson's legs, leaning his weight into the cradle as the referee drops down to count!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

[The crowd ROARS as this time it's Detson who narrowly escapes the jaws of defeat, jerking his shoulder up off the canvas.]

GM: KICKOUT! HE KICKED OUT _JUST_ IN TIME AND THIS MATCH GOES ON!

[A furious Castillo hammers his fist down into the ring apron, bellowing at the official who holds up two fingers in the AWA President's direction.]

GM: The referee letting everyone - including Javier Castillo - know that it was a two count...

[Wade Walker stumbles to his feet, grimacing as he grabs at his hurting shoulder, falling back into the corner. And now it's Walker who is beckoning for his opponent to get to his feet...]

GM: Walker's up and waiting... twenty minutes have gone by in this one...

[Walker crouches down in the corner, eyes locked on where Johnny Detson is struggling to try to get back to his feet...]

GM: The World Champion trying to get up... Detson trying to get up...

BW: But Wade Walker is lying in wait, Gordo. This isn't going to be good news for the champ!

GM: You can see the look of anticipation in the eyes of Javier Castillo. The AWA President looking for Walker to finish off Detson here and at least salvage one of these three matches that Castillo set up earlier tonight... and who knows, Bucky...

the next time these two meet, it may be within the most unfriendly confines of WarGames at SuperClash.

BW: The Dogs of War inside of WarGames? Seems like a perfect fit if you ask me.

GM: Will Castillo agree though after the rough showing by the Dogs so far tonight and with their upcoming match with K-A-M-S in two weeks' time in St. Louis?

[As Detson finally rises, fully standing, he spins in a circle to face Wade Walker who comes thundering across the ring...]

GM: SPEAAAAAAARRRRRR!

[...and LEVELS Detson with a lunging spear tackle, cutting the champion in half as they both go down to the canvas!]

BW: That's it! It's all over but the shouting!

[But speaking of shouting... as the duo hits the mat, Wade Walker immediately rolls to the side, clutching his shoulder and crying out in pain.]

GM: Walker hurt his shoulder! The impact of the spear didn't just take out Johnny Detson - it took out Wade Walker as well! The blow to the shoulder off the spear leaves Walker in tremendous pain...

BW: And worst of all for Walker, he's got Detson right where he wants him but can't make the cover!

[Walker has rolled several feet away from Detson now, lying on his stomach as he grabs at the injured shoulder.]

GM: Walker's still down... still hurting... and still unable to make the cover which is the most important part for Johnny Detson who seemed to be dead to rights after that spear.

BW: Castillo is beside himself, Gordo - screaming at Walker to cover but the big man just can't... well, I may have spoken too soon...

[Gritting his teeth, Walker rolls once over onto his back, looking up at the lights as he clutches his shoulder in pain...]

GM: Walker's trying! He's trying to get there - but he's got a long way to go.

BW: He was in so much pain after the spear, he rolled halfway across the ring away from him!

GM: Walker rolls again... and again...

[Walker pushes up to all fours, trying to figure out where Detson is as he grabs his shoulder and then collapses back down on his chest again. He rolls once more...]

GM: So close now... maybe one more...

[Walker rolls again... and throws his arm across the chest of the still-prone Detson!]

GM: COVER!

[The referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! DETSON KICKS OUT AT TWO AND CHANGE!

[The crowd is roaring again as Johnny Detson avoids defeat at the hands of the Dogs of War's powerhouse.]

GM: Castillo can't believe it but it happened! Johnny Detson kicks out of the spear and the match goes on!

[Both men are down on the mat now - Detson on his back, staring up at the lights as Walker has rolled back over onto his chest, still grabbing at his shoulder as Javier Castillo has turned his anger towards the referee onto Walker, screaming at him to get up and finish off the World Champion.]

GM: Both men down... both men exhausted at this point of the contest. Who can get to their feet first?

BW: We've got ourselves a race now, Gordo. Whoever gets up first has an excellent shot of finishing off this match!

GM: Look at Wade Walker! Look at the resilience of this young man!

[Despite the injured shoulder, Walker balls up his fists, planting them on the canvas as he pushes up. The pain on his face is evident as he reaches his knees, again grabbing his shoulder as Castillo continues to berate him from the outside. Walker throws a glance in El Generalissimo's direction, grimacing as he drags himself to his feet, staggering into the ropes.]

GM: Walker's on his feet! Wade Walker is up first... hanging onto those ropes, trying to stay on his feet...

[Walker wobbles alongside the ropes, ending up back in the same corner he just charged out of moments ago. He presses his back against the buckles, breathing heavily as he watches Johnny Detson roll to a hip across the ring...]

GM: Walker's in the corner again... another spear perhaps on the way for Johnny Detson?

BW: With that shoulder? Would he dare?

GM: Walker's waiting for the World Champion who is struggling to get up...

[Detson rolls to his chest, doing the same push-up that Walker did moments ago, ending up on his knees with his back to a waiting Walker who waves his good arm, calling Detson to his feet...]

GM: Johnny Detson on his knees, trying to get up to keep on fighting...

[Detson remains there for several moments as Walker lies in wait, waving his arm again...]

GM: Detson's climbing to his feet, grabbing at his ribs...

[The World Champion stumbles as he gets to his feet, nearly toppling back to the mat as he falls into the turnbuckles, his back still to Walker who lifts his right arm, cocking it once for all to see...

...and then charges across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: SUPERMAN PUNCH!

[...which is when Detson wheels around, swinging for the fences himself...]

GM: DETSON!

[...and DRILLS Wade Walker with a right hand in mid-air, a blow that surprisingly sends Walker stumbling backwards, the light going out of his eyes.

A blow that surprisingly has that effect until you get a closer look and realize...]

GM: BLACK BEAUTY! DETSON'S WEARING BLACK BEAUTY!

[And with Walker quite literally out on his feet, Detson buries a boot into the midsection, yanking Walker into a standing headscissors...]

GM: And now he's...

[...hooks the arms, leaping into the air...]

GM: WILDE DRIVER! WILDE DRIVER!

[The kneeling Detson flips Walker over, diving across, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And as the sound of the bell, Pedro Perez comes diving on top of Johnny Detson, smashing a double axehandle down across the back of his neck as the fans' elation at the win turns to anger. Isaiah Carpenter is immediately in after his partner, stomping Detson before he has a chance to recover and react.]

GM: Oh, come on! Johnny Detson has won the match - he's beaten Wade Walker but look at this! These... they're jackals not dogs! These jackals of war are attacking Detson after the bell and... when Walker gets up, this is going to turn into a three on one, Bucky.

BW: It's gonna get worse than that, Gordo.

[A sweep of Castillo's arm sends John Law and MAWAGA in to join the assault which has Detson already down at the mercy of the Korugun soldiers. Castillo smirks as Perez and Carpenter each grab an arm, dragging Detson to his knees where MAWAGA unloads with an axe kick down between the eyes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

[The four on one beating is on full display, earning the ire of the OKC fans as Castillo directs traffic from out on the floor. Carpenter hits the ropes, landing a spinning leg lariat as John Law holds Detson up, getting cheers from Castillo who climbs up on the ring apron to get a closer look.]

GM: This is ridiculous... but as we said before, Johnny Detson has no friends in this company any longer. He's got no allies. And with Brian James' loyalties in question and Supernova a man on his own island these days, I wouldn't look for either of them to get involved in this situation either.

[With the aid of his brethren, Wade Walker soon finds himself back on his feet, watching as John Law lifts Detson into the air, throwing him down in a chokeslam!]

GM: Oh my! Law sends him THROUGH the mat practically with that chokeslam!

[Carpenter is right there to continue stomping Detson as Perez tries to get his other ally fired up to inflict some damage too. Walker nods as Carpenter drags Detson off the mat, waving Perez over. The duo lifts the World Champion into the air, depositing him onto the shoulders of Wade Walker who holds the limp Detson aloft...

...and then DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: First a chokeslam and now a powerbomb! The World Champion is being DESTROYED by the Korugun Army and there's not a soul willing to do anything about it!

[With Detson motionless on the canvas, Castillo retrieves a mic and climbs inside the ring, the crowd jeering before he gets a single word out of his mouth. He smirks at that.]

JC: Are you enjoying yourselves, Oklahoma City?! Is THIS what you came to see?!

[He gestures to the downed World Champion.]

JC: Two weeks ago, while I was on a private jet, this place was a chaotic mess... but when I arrived to Dallas, I - and the Korugun Army - showed the entire wrestling world the meaning of ORDER.

I run this show.

[The crowd jeers that.]

JC: I RUN THIS COMPANY!

[More jeers!]

JC: And no matter how much Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright want to think differently, I am the future of this company as well!

Jon Stegglet... Todd Michaelson... Bobby Taylor... all the rest... they are the past... and at Eternally Extreme, we showed you what Korugun does with remnants of the past. You can keep your nostalgia... and you can shove it up your ass!

[The crowd "oooooooohs" at the language from Castillo.]

JC: Johnny Detson's time has come and gone... and it is a new era waiting to dawn for the AWA. SuperClash will not be the end of Korugun... it will be a new beginning!

[Castillo raises his arms, soaking up the jeers of the crowd.]

JC: Jon Stegglet is hard at work in the back, looking to assemble a dream team... his own personal Avengers so to speak... to battle us inside of WarGames... but what he doesn't realize is that he's already lost.

What he doesn't realize is that whoever he puts inside that double cage with the forces of Korugun is a lost cause.

There once was a WarGames in this company that looked like a trauma unit when the match was over... bodies everywhere... people blinded... careers shortened or ended.

[Castillo glares, pointing into the camera.]

JC: That's going to look like a sunny picnic compared to what I'm going to unleash on Thanksgiving night.

But at the end of the day, I am about my people...

[He spreads his arms wide towards the crowd who boo accordingly.]

JC: ...and I want them to have the show they deserve!

So, look... Jon Stegglet... look and search the whole world over. Beg, bargain, and barter for your own little nostalgia acts to come running back for one more payday. Scour the Earth for people we haven't seen in years. Mend fences and heal old wounds to put together friend and foe alike.

Bring me your best, Jon Stegglet... because that's what your people deserve too.

[Castillo smirks as the fans continue to jeer. On the mat, Johnny Detson rolls over as Castillo looks at him with disgust...]

JC: Get this piece of trash out of my ring.

[Pedro Perez grins as he reaches down to grab Johnny Detson off the mat, pulling him up by his blond hair...]

JC: It didn't have to be this way, Johnny. It really didn't.

[Castillo shakes his head as Perez rockets Detson over the top rope, sending him crashing to the ringside mats below.]

JC: Jon Stegglet, I know you're back there... I know you're watching... and I want you to be reminded of just what you're up against...

[Castillo waves one beckoning hand towards the backstage area which brings James Lynch into view... then Jeff Matthews... then Polemos... then Muteesa...]

GM: Oh brother.

BW: The whole gang is here, Gordo!

[Veronica Westerly walks out alongside Derek Rage... then Harrison Fawcett with Morgan Dane...]

GM: The Korugun Army is making their way to the ring... in this... show of force, I guess you can say... by Javier Castillo who... by any measure I can think of, is certainly ready for war.

[Soon, the entire Korugun Army has made their way to ringside and joined their fellow soldiers inside the ring. Castillo grins as he casts an appraising look over all of them.]

JC: LOOK, JON STEGGLET! LOOK UPON MY ARMY!

[He smirks.]

JC: And this... this is only the beginning. I promised tonight that you would know who I've selected as my Team Captain... my Number One Draft Pick... the man who will lead Korugun - and the AWA - into a whole new era of glory...

Well, that time has arrived, Jon Stegglet.

You look at sheer dominance in this ring now... well, wait until you see...

[Castillo trails off as the tinkling synth that can only be the arrival of one man is heard, generating a thunderous ROAR from the Oklahoma City crowd!]

JC: WHAT?!

[Castillo looks around, angered by the interruption.]

JC: COME FOR ME, WHITE KNIGHT! COME!

[The heavy drums kick in, along with the sold out crowd stomping their feet in rhythm as "Vox Populi" plays over the PA system. As the lyrics begin, Ryan Martinez emerges from the backstage area, standing on the stage as he stares down the ramp as the waiting Korugun Army.]

JC: Two weeks ago, Ryan Martinez... you tried to fight the forces of Korugun and you were left broken!

Two weeks ago, you fought alone... and now you stand... alone.

So, come again, White Knight... come get a preview of what awaits you at SuperClash!

[Castillo throws down the mic, waving his hands towards Martinez who nods, taking a few steps down the ramp...

...and then comes to a halt.]

BW: What? Did he change his mind?

GM: I don't think so, Bucky.

[Martinez holds up a hand, cracking a smile as he says "almost forgot" so only the camera can hear..

...and then pauses, waiting...]

GM: Two weeks ago, Ryan Martinez was alone...

[The crowd ROARS as Supreme Wright walks through the entranceway into view, moving to stand alongside his friend, the White Knight.]

GM: ...but not anymore! Supreme Wright is with the White Knight!

BW: Hey, that's a formidable pair but even them...

[And then Jack Lynch walks through the curtain, moving to stand alongside his friends to a HUGE CHEER! Javier Castillo looks around angrily, throwing a glare at Veronica Westerly who looks anxious.]

GM: The Iron Cowboy is here!

[But the heroes of the AWA are unmoving, watching the ring...

...when Jordan Ohara walks out from backstage, moving to stand alongside them...]

GM: The Phoenix has arrived!

[...and Howie Somers...]

GM: Howie Somers...

[The crowd ROARS as Hannibal Carver, the new National Champion emerges, the title belt over his shoulder..

...and very deliberately walks to the other side of the ramp from Jordan Ohara, throwing the Phoenix some serious side eye as he does.]

GM: CARVER! THE BOSTON BRAWLER!

[The crowd cheers again as the World Television Champion, Whaitiri, walks out to join the assemblage of heroes... then "Golden" Grant Carter.. then "Cannonball" Lee Connors...

...and with the arrival of each person, Javier Castillo's confidence seems to erode before our very eyes.]

BW: MARTINEZ HAS GOT HALF THE LOCKER ROOM WITH HIM, GORDO!

GM: HE SURE DOES!

[Martinez pauses, turning to look at the people behind him, the crowd absolutely deafening as he does. He turns back to the ring, smirking at a panicked Castillo. He taps his fist on his heart, a salute to those who have his back in this moment...

...and then he starts running to the ring, being trailed by the heroes all around him!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Castillo bails from the ring as the two armies collide inside it, a flurry of fists that send the crowd into an inflamed roar!]

GM: THE WAR IS ON IN OKLAHOMA CITY!

[The camera shot is cutting like mad.

Howie Somers trading blows with Polemos.

Ryan Martinez throwing heavy chops at Muteesa.

The Dogs of War cornering Jack Lynch and taking turns throwing shots at him as Supreme Wright trades forearms with James Lynch's haymakers.

Grant Carter being overwhelmed by Morgan Dane.

Jeff Matthews and Hannibal Carver battering one another around the ring.

And so it goes. Fists and fires. Bombs amidst battalions.]

GM: Everywhere you look, this fight is raging on!

[Bodies start to fall from the ring as the fight intensifies, skirmishes spilling out onto the floor. Some go back up the ramp. A couple go over the railing. But the battle continues.]

GM: Jeff Matthews is out here by us... he's got a chair!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Matthews swings for the fences with the chair, smashing it across the back of Supreme Wright who is pushed back against the ropes by James Lynch!]

GM: OHH! So much for Matthews' broken hand!

BW: Looked pretty good to me!

[The blow takes Wright off his feet as Matthews drags him under the ropes to the outside, bouncing him off the floor where he starts pummeling him with closed fists...

...and as more fights fall to the outside, we're soon down to Ryan Martinez in the ring with MAWAGA.]

GM: Chop by Martinez... MAWAGA returns fire!

[Javier Castillo is up on the apron now, screaming and shouting at the Suited Savage as he encourages MAWAGA to do some damage on the AWA's White Knight!]

GM: MAWAGA trying to get Martinez down by the White Knight has got the world on his side, battling back...

[A series of chops sends MAWAGA stumbling backwards...

...and a BIG clothesline takes MAWAGA over the top rope, sending him sprawling out to the floor. Martinez is near the ropes, looking down on MAWAGA when...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK BY... CASTILLO?!

[A fired up Javier Castillo throws down the chair, pumping his arms triumphantly as Martinez slumps to a knee...]

GM: Javier Castillo from behind with the chair on Ryan Martinez and...

[...but the AWA's White Knight gets... back... up!]

GM: UH OH!

[Castillo is still celebrating, waving his arms for the fans to get louder... and they do but not for the reason he thinks.]

GM: MARTINEZ IS UP! MARTINEZ IS STANDING!

BW: TURN AROUND, BOSS!

[Castillo is still pumping his fists in celebration when Ryan Martinez spins him around by the shoulder. There's a brief flash of panic on Castillo's face before the White Knight boots him in the gut, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! MARTINEZ IS LOOKING FOR THE BRAINBUSTER!

[A grin crosses Martinez' face as he slings Castillo's arm over his neck, turning to look at each side of the roaring sold out crowd around the ring!]

GM: And the White Knight wants EVERYONE to see this! He's got Castillo in the middle of the ring and-

BW: Gordo, who's that?!

[A masked man comes hurdling over the barricade, sprinting past the announcer table, diving headfirst under the ropes, and rising up to stand behind an unaware Martinez. The change in crowd reaction seems to alert Martinez though as he shoves Castillo aside, spinning around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a ripping right hand tears across the cheekbone of Martinez, smashing hard into his face and knocking him down to the canvas!]

GM: DOWN GOES MARTINEZ!

BW: Gordo, was that...?

[Bucky trails off as the masked man grabs at his own mask, pausing dramatically for a moment...

...and then yanks off the mask, hurling it aside to reveal...]

GM: JUAN VASQUEZ?!

[The former AWA World Champion smirks at the crowd's stunned reaction as he stands over the prone Martinez. Javier Castillo is all smiles as he steps to Vasquez' side, lifting his arm into the air, pointing to him...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: HE'S GOTTA BE THE NUMBER ONE DRAFT PICK, GORDO! HE'S GOTTA BE!

GM: I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT, BUCKY! I'M AFRAID YOU'RE-

[The camera abruptly cuts to show that Jeff Matthews has been a busy, busy boy on the outside, setting up four chairs facing one another in two rows on the floor. And now he's standing on the timekeeper's table alongside a stunned Supreme Wright...]

GM: No, no! Don't do it! DON'T-

[...and Matthews LEAPS off the table while holding Wright in a three-quarter nelson, DRIVING his face down into the set up chairs!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Foxden off the table through the chairs leaves both Matthews and Wright down on the floor in the middle of a mess of mangled and twisted steel!]

GM: MATTHEWS IS DOWN! WRIGHT IS DOWN! MARTINEZ IS DOWN! AND THE NUMBER ONE DRAFT PICK IS JUAN VASQUEZ?! THIS WHOLE DAMN THING IS CRAZY!

[A smirking Castillo shouts down at the motionless Wright... then does the same to Martinez... and then returns to the side of a grinning Juan Vasquez, lifting his arm into the air again as the crowd jeers wildly..

...and we fade to black.]