

SUPER SATURDAY

***FEBRUARY 4TH, 2017
TOYOTA CENTER
HOUSTON, TEXAS***

[We start on a black screen as most shows do. We fade up into a royal blue screen with a glittering silver Fox Sports logo in the center of it. A fanfare plays in the background as a voiceover begins.]

"Home to the World Series. The NFL. The GFC. The Daytona 500. The US Open Championship."

[A quick clip from each sport flashes by during the voiceover.]

"The world's biggest events are on Fox Sports."

[The logo and fanfare fade...

...as a giant robot appears, holding up a different version of the Fox Sports logo with the audio bug...]

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and then comes back up on a darkened screen. As we fade up, we can see it's black and white footage of a wrestling ring. Dark ropes surround the white canvas with the AWA logo splashed across it. The grungy filter on the video shows dust particles floating through the air as "We Own It" by Wiz Khalifa and 2 Chainz begins to play.]

#Money's the motivation, money's the conversation#

[Jackson Hunter steps up on the middle rope, pounding a fist into the Steal The Spotlight briefcase gripped in his hand as he shouts silently in slow motion at the camera.]

#You on vacation, we gettin' paid so#

[Brian James balls up a fist and lashes out in the direction of the camera, the slow motion footage catching every movement of his muscles in perfect form.]

#We on paycation, I did it for the fam'#

[A closeup of Shadoe Rage, eyes rolled back in his head as he leans back against the turnbuckles.]

#It's whatever we had to do, it's just who I am#

[Julie Somers steps to the top rope, leaping backwards blindly into a moonsault that gets cut off in mid-flip by the editing team.]

#Yeah, it's the life I chose
Gunshots in the dark, one eye closed#

[Michael Aarons sneers arrogantly at the camera in a closeup.]

#And we got it cooking like a one-eyed stove
You can catch me kissing my girl with both eyes closed#

[Supreme Wright shadowboxes towards the camera, getting closer and closer with every strike until...]

#Perfecting my passion, thanks for asking#

[Jordan Ohara snaps off a karate kata in center ring, showing off his well-toned upper body as he throws a backhanded chop that hits nothing but air.]

#Couldn't slow down so we had to crash it#

[Kerry Kendrick and Erica Toughill stand back to back in mid-ring, Toughill wielding a Louisville Slugger and some bad intentions.]

#You used plastic, we 'bout cash#

[All three Wallace brothers throw dropkicks in unison towards the camera, the shot cutting right as they reach the peak of their leaps.]

#I see some people ahead that we gon' pass yeah!#

[Howie Somers and Daniel Harper step up on the middle rope, swinging their arms up and shouting silently towards the camera.]

#I never feared death or dying#

[Riley Hunter, clad in an ankle length leather trench coat, gestures dramatically at the camera with a long wooden staff.]

#I only fear never trying#

[Supernova throws back his head, cupping his hands to his mouth in a slow motion silent howl.]

#I am whatever I am,
Only God can judge me now#

[Johnny Detson, flanked by the World Tag Team Champions, smirk in the direction of the camera as Wes Taylor pats the belt on his shoulder.]

#One shot, everything rides on tonight#

[Maxim Zharkov goes into a spin, thrusting a powerful arm gripping the AWA National Title into the air.]

#Even if I've got three strikes, I'mma go for it#

[Terry Shane kneels on the canvas, water being flung into the air as he snaps his torso up, holding the World Television Title belt up with both hands.]

#This moment, we own it#

[Derrick Williams stands center ring, impeccably dressed in a custom suit, arms spread wide as the camera does a spin around him.]

#And I'm not to be played with#

[Ayako Fujiwara kips up off the mat, stomping across the ring towards the ropes with a silent roar from her lips.]

#Because it can get dangerous#

[Jack Lynch raises his gloved right hand into the form of the Iron Claw, giving a shout as he reaches out towards the camera.]

#See these people I ride with#

[Lauryn Rage clutches the Women's World Title to her chest in a tight embrace, shouting wildly as Kurayami stands behind her in a protective stance.]

#This moment, we own it#

[Ryan Martinez stands on the midbuckle, the World Title raised over his head...]

...and then we cut to black.

A few moments pass before the music picks up again, a burst of pyro raising towards the sky as we cut into the arena hosting the night's action. The crowd is roaring for the pyro and for the return of AWA action as the voice of Gordon Myers breaks through the din.]

GM: Seventy-two days without AWA action has come to an end as we are LIVE here in the Toyota Center in Houston, Texas on the eve of the Super Bowl for a big night of our own... it's SUPER SATURDAY!

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

GM: I am Gordon Myers and it is my great pleasure to be here once again as we kick off another season of American Wrestling Alliance action, fans, right here on Fox Sports Net! Tomorrow afternoon, just down the road here in Houston, the Super Bowl will take to the air but Bucky Wilde, we've got some championship action of our own here tonight as well!

BW: That's right, Gordo. The AWA Women's World Title is on the line when Lauryn Rage - and that queen-sized insurance policy she introduced at SuperClash, Kurayami - will take on Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol!

GM: In addition to that, we've got the AWA World Television Title on the line and-

[A booming voice rings out over the PA system.]

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... PLEASE WELCOME THE PRESIDENT OF YOUR AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE...

LANDON O'NEILL!"

[The fans react with confusion as the once-popular AWA President stumbles through the curtain onto the stage. And what a stage it is. A massive steel structure standing almost ten feet off the concrete floor with a video wall hanging above it that is just about as wide as the stage and looks to be about twenty feet tall to boot.]

GM: Well, it looks like we're tossing out the format early for this one, Bucky, because nowhere on my rundown does it say Landon O'Neill is coming out here right now.

BW: Hey, if we've established anything since SuperClash, it's that these new ownership groups in the AWA do whatever the heck they want... and I think this is just another example.

GM: Of course, we saw Landon O'Neill at the end of SuperClash... after it was over in fact and-

[O'Neill is obviously unsteady on his feet, stumbling and staggering a bit as he makes his way down the long steel ramp that leads from the stage down to the ring. His previously immaculate spray tan has seen better days. His polished grin is chipped and faded. His suit looks wrinkled and his tie is half off as he climbs the ringsteps, accepting an offered mic as he moves through the ropes.]

LON: HELLO DALLAS!

[Predictably, the Houston crowd's not happy with that and lets him hear it.]

LON: Dallas? No? No! Houston! Houston! My god, I'm...

[O'Neill pauses, shaking his head back and forth.]

LON: You see, I'm not really feeling well these days and-

[O'Neill is almost instantly cut off by the sounds of a snarling big cat... a jaguar if you can tell the difference. O'Neill's eyes go wide as "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez starts to play over the arena's PA system.]

GM: More unexpected interruptions?

[A few moments later, the woman from the end of SuperClash we've come to identify as Veronica Westerly-Temple slides through the curtain into view. Clad in a black slacks and a matching blouse that exposes her arms and an ample amount of her chest, Veronica clutches a familiar crystal in her right hand, holding it aloft so that its in her gaze... and in O'Neill's who looks even more agitated at the sight of her... or it.]

LON: As I... err... as I was saying... I... I...

[O'Neill is fidgeting with his hands, stumbling over his words as Veronica continues to stare down the ramp at him, the legendary Eye of Tyr gripped in her white-knuckled fist...

...when suddenly, a large cheer breaks out at the sight of another individual coming through the curtain.]

GM: Hey! Welcome back, Emerson Gellar!

[The AWA's Director of Operations, clad in a black suit of his own, makes his way forcefully down the aisle, throwing a hard glare at Veronica as he passes her.]

GM: Of course, we haven't seen Emerson Gellar on AWA television for quite some time, Bucky.

BW: Not after James and Claw showed him the door the hard way.

GM: Well, now they're gone and thankfully, the Director of Operations is back... and just in time by the looks of things...

[He's to the ring in short order, gesturing for a mic.]

EG: Landon... Landon... what's going on?

[Gellar goes to put his hand on O'Neill's shoulder but the AWA President jerks away from him. Gellar pulls his hand back suddenly, as if scalded by hot water.]

EG: Landon... I...

[Gellar's words trail off as his gaze follows O'Neill's... all the way up the ramp to where Veronica is standing.]

EG: Landon, what did they do to you?

[O'Neill is visibly shaking at this point as Gellar tries to put a hand on him again. Growing angry, Gellar turns away from O'Neill, facing Veronica head on.]

EG: YOU! What did you do to him, huh?! What did you and-

[Veronica simply smiles, nodding approvingly as Landon O'Neill lunges forward, smashing a fist into the back of Gellar's head, knocking his protege down to the canvas in a heap as the crowd reacts with shock.]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Veronica starts laughing, gripping the crystal tighter as she holds it over her head, watching gleefully as O'Neill viciously stomps and kicks Emerson Gellar, driving him right under the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Landon O'Neill - the AWA President just attacked Emerson Gellar, his own second-in-command!

BW: His Lieutenant... when there's reckoning to be reckoned...

GM: Don't you start with that!

[O'Neill leans tiredly against the ropes, seemingly on the verge of tears as he stares down at Gellar who is writhing in pain on the canvas. Veronica extends an arm, flicking her fingers in a beckoning gesture as O'Neill's shoulders slump and he exits the ring, moving towards her.]

GM: And just like that... these two were so close, Bucky. He was a mentor to Gellar!

BW: I'd say he just taught Gellar his final lesson. Don't trust anybody!

[O'Neill gets to the top of the ramp where Veronica seductively slides an arm around his shoulders, guiding him through the curtain to the locker room area.]

GM: Fans, I don't... I really don't know what to make of this. Landon O'Neill came out here unannounced, apparently with something to say... but Veronica Westerly... Veronica Temple... call her what you want, she came out here and interrupted him... and then Emerson Gellar got involved and-

BW: Got his tail whooped!

GM: That's one way to put it, I suppose. We're going to need some medical help out here for Emerson Gellar, I think, and while we do that, let's take our first commercial break of the night and try to sort all this out.

[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."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

...and then come back up on footage marked "ACCESS 365." The camera shot is within a room in the arena that looks like an office. A large wooden desk with a chair behind it. Various items of interest are sprinkled around the room: a crystal skull with gems for eyeballs dangles from a mannequin on a golden chain, a large rusted black key hanging on a hook, a red urn on one corner... even some framed photos.

The door to the office pushes open as Veronica Westerly-Temple pushes Landon O'Neill into it. She shoves him towards a chair and the AWA President practically collapses into the seat.]

"Sit down. He'll be here in a minute."

[The "minute" turns out to be a few moments as the door opens again and Javier Castillo steps into the room. His hair perfectly styled, his teeth white and bright, Castillo slinks towards the desk, taking a seat behind it before he says a single word. In his stylish black suit, Castillo takes a satisfied look around before kicking his feet up on the desk, showing off some nice reptile-skin boots.]

JC: So. It's done?

[Veronica nods.]

VW: It's done.

[She tosses Castillo a rolled up paper. He snatches it out of the sky, unrolling it and reading with a smile.]

JC: Bien. Very good work.

[He gives a salute to Westerly with the rolled-up paper, tucking it into his jacket pocket... and pulling out a small piece of paper.]

JC: Sadly, as much as I enjoy your company, my dear... I have more work for you. The names on this list... make sure they come see me tonight.

[Veronica takes the list, reading over it, arching an eyebrow.]

VW: Most of these won't be a problem but-

JC: They'll come.

VW: Why?

JC: Curiosity.

[He beams, giving her a wink.]

JC: Go. Go now. I'll be waiting.

[She nods, starting to move from the room before coming to a halt.]

VW: And... him? What should we do with him?

[Landon O'Neill's eyes go wide again as he realizes they're talking about him. He starts to whimper softly as Castillo's cold eyes fall upon him.]

JC: Leave him...

[O'Neill breathes a sigh of relief.]

JC: ...for now at least.

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: I always wanted a pet.

[Westerly drops an evil smile before sashaying out the door, leaving Castillo and O'Neill alone as the footage cuts out...]

...and we cut to another part of the backstage area, this one with an AWA backdrop set up all official like. Sweet Lou Blackwell is the man standing center screen this time, a big grin on his face.]

SLB: It's Season Premiere night here for the AWA on Super Saturday and we've been having a great time here in Houston all week long.

[A throat is loudly cleared from off-camera. Blackwell grimaces as the camera pull back and a young man walks into view. Dressed in a pair of khaki slacks, a white button up dress shirt, and a pair of black sunglasses, this young man sneers as he approaches Blackwell.]

"Speak for yourself, Blackwell."

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: As a matter of fact, I was but now I gotta know... TJ Cassidy, what in the world brings you to the AWA?

[Cassidy snorts.]

TJC: This is the place where the best in the world come to compete, isn't it?

SLB: It is.

TJC: Then where else would I be, Blackwell. Now, I've got a question for you... why didn't you use my nickname?

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I won't. I won't do it. It's disrespectful to-

TJC: To whom? A guy who has been retired going on two decades? I AM the Lone Wolf, Blackwell. The only Lone Wolf still in this business. I don't need partners. I don't need friends. And I certainly don't need those nine-to-fivers in the crowd to come at me on Twitter and tell me how great I am.

SLB: I hardly think that'll be a problem.

TJC: No, probably not, Blackwell... because much like you, those people fail to recognize true talent when they see it. The last man to call himself the Lone Wolf was the best in the world for a time. And then he burned out. Gone.

[He blows an imaginary pile of dust from his hand.]

TJC: But me... I'm here to stay. I'm here to last. And I can outlast any single man you put inside that ring with me. I will show them all why I deserve to carry this name on me. I will show them all why I'm the best in the world... and that's why I'm here in the AWA, Blackwell... to prove it.

SLB: I'm told that you're going to be in action next Saturday night on the Power Hour and I can't wait to see it. Fans, right now, let's go out to the ring for our opening match!

[We fade from the backstage area out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing in a flowing red dress.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from East of the Mississippi... weighing in at 213 pounds... JOE EAST!

[The enhancement talent waves his hand to the crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The familiar beat of "Can't Hold Us" begins to play as out from the back walks Cody Mertz. Mertz is wearing his standard long white tights with a double green vertical stripe down each leg.]

RO: From El Paso, Texas... weighing in at 195 pounds...

COOOOOOODYYYYYYY MERRRRRRRTZZZZZZ!

[There is no smile on Mertz's face, just determination as he stomps down the entrance ramp just staring a hole through his opponent.]

BW: Geez, who kicked him in the head? Oh wait, now I remember!

GM: Bucky!

BW: What? Too soon?

GM: Folks, I apologize for my colleague but as you can all remember... it was just a few months ago at SuperClash VIII when Cody Mertz was betrayed by his tag team partner and friend, Michael Aarons.

BW: And here I thought neither one of them had any sense.

[Mertz gets to the ring and slides underneath the ropes before walking over to his corner as the referee gives him instructions.]

GM: It will be interesting to see how Cody responds here tonight. My sources are telling me that Cody Merts hasn't seen or even spoken with his former friend since SuperClash... not for lack of trying from what I understand.

BW: Oh yeah? My sources tell me that Michael Aarons has been very busy doing Michael Aarons things.

GM: What does that even mean?

BW: You know... Michael Aarons things... the things that only an international megastar does... international megastar things!

GM: Ah, so nothing you've ever done.

BW: You watch yourself, Gordo. 2017 may be young but you're older than that suit you're wearing... not by much though.

[As the bell sounds, Joe East comes striding out of the corner..

...but an aggressive Cody Mertz sprints out instead, landing a running dropkick that sends East crashing back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Ohhh! Mertz right out of the gates with that running dropkick... and he's right on him in the corner!

[With East trapped in the corner, Mertz grabs the top rope, laying in a left-legged kick to the midsection... and another... and a third.]

GM: The referee laying a count on Mertz who seems to be ignoring him. This situation with Michael Aarons has really lit a fire under the former tag team champion.

[Stepping back from the corner, Mertz leaps up, spinning back with a kick to the chest, sending East down to a seated position in the buckles. Mertz grabs the top rope again...]

GM: And now he's stomping the man! Vicious stomps to the chest in the turnbuckles - get in there, referee!

[The official obliges, starting another count.]

GM: Referee Scott Ezra immediately on the scene, trying to rein in the very aggressive Cody Mertz who obviously has a chip on his shoulders about what went down at SuperClash.

BW: Why?

GM: Why?!

BW: Why would he have a chip on his shoulders? Michael Aarons carried him to tag titles around the world and-

GM: He CARRIED him?! Give me a break!

[As East struggles to get off the mat, Mertz grabs the arm, twisting it around as he leads his opponent out to center ring where he drives his elbow down into the bicep... then to the shoulder as East yelps out in pain.]

GM: Cody Mertz in complete control of this one, perhaps starting to set up for the Broussard Special.

BW: Great. Another guy who got his lights turned out at SuperClash!

GM: You're unbelievable.

[Mertz drags East over towards the ropes by the twisted arm, using it to whip him across the ring.]

GM: Mertz shoots him in... ohhh!

[The crowd "ohhhhs" at a spinning heel kick that takes East down hard to the canvas, sending him rolling out to the floor in an attempt to recover.]

GM: Joe East looking for a timeout here. Of course, we know there's no time out in the world of pro wrestling as East looks to recover and regroup.

[Spotting East outside the ring, Mertz throws a glance to the crowd that responds positively, sending him in a dash to the far ropes to build up steam.]

GM: Mertz bouncing back hard, coming in strong...

[The former Air Strike member leaps into the air, soaring between the top and middle ropes to wipe out East on the floor.]

GM: OHHHH MY! A suicide dive by Mertz sends East crashing back into the ringside railing!

BW: He's leaving it all out there tonight, that's for sure.

[Mertz climbs off the floor, tossing his opponent back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: East back in... Mertz up on the apron...

[With a slingshot, Mertz propels himself over the ropes, crashing down with a legdrop across the back of East's neck!]

GM: Ohh! Another flying attack out of Cody Mertz... and he remains all business in there. Not showing any signs of the fun-loving Cody Mertz we're used to seeing in there.

[Dragging East off the mat, Mertz shoves him back into the corner again, laying into him with the kicks to the body as the referee again attempts to restore order.]

GM: Mertz whips him across again... East hits the buckles hard...

[As East staggers out, Mertz buries a boot into the midsection, doubling him over...]

GM: And Cody Mertz looking to showcase some of that Combat Corner weaponry. He hooks one arm... he hooks the other...

[Mertz lifts East up into the Tiger Driver position, torquing him sideways before dropping him facefirst onto the canvas as Mertz sits out, his legs split.]

GM: Ohhh! The Billion Dollar Drop!

BW: And if it ain't over now, daddy, it soon will be.

[Mertz slaps a hand down on the canvas as he climbs back to his feet, shouting "GET UP!" at the downed East as he beckons for his opponent to do exactly that.]

GM: Mertz begging East to get up... encouraging him to get to his feet...

[Mertz stays crouched down, again shouting at East to get back up.]

GM: Mertz isn't done yet.

[As East staggers to a standing position, Mertz dashes to the ropes, running past East to rebound off, building up momentum as he comes back towards his opponent...]

GML Here he comes!

[And as he rebounds, Mertz grabs the arm as if going for a crucifix, leaving his feet, getting up around East's head and neck, spinning around and around in a satellite headscissors...

...and then taking him down in a Fujiwara Armbar where he SLAMS down into the canvas before jerking back on the arm a few times!]

GM: THE BROUSSARD SPECIAL, HE HAS IT LOCKED IN AND THIS IS ACADEMIC NOW... YES! THERE'S THE SUBMISSION FROM JOE EAST!

[Mertz releases the hold as East frantically taps out, standing up as the referee raises his hand and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match... COOOOOOOODYYYYY MERRRRRRRRRTZ!

[Mertz lowers his arm, glaring down at his opponent.]

GM: Easy victory for Cody Mertz here tonight as he is obviously dealing with a lot of feeling... anger, disappointment, betrayal...

BW: Having feelings in this business is what gets you kicked in the head.

GM: Bucky! Anyways, I think Mark Stegglet is going to try to get a few words in with Cody right now.

[Stegglet takes up a spot in the aisleway, facing the ring as Cody Mertz walks towards him. Stegglet looks almost as heartbroken as Mertz must feel, having been with the duo since their debut.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Cody, come on over here... if I could just have a few...

[Stegglet shakes his head as his words trail off.]

MS: Cody, I just have to ask - how are you doing?

[Mertz walks over to Stegglet and stands right next to him. He goes to speak but then stops... looking first at the floor then at Stegglet.]

CM: I...

[He goes to speak but quickly just shakes his head looking back down at the floor.]

MS: I can understand that this is difficult for you. But I guess the question everyone has is... why? Why did your long time partner - your friend, a man you called your brother - turn on you like that without any warning? All these months later, are you any closer to figuring that out?

[The mic is raised in front of Cody Mertz who begins to speak again.]

CM: I... don't... I can't... I just...

[Mertz looks up and shakes his head before looking back down.]

CM: I don't... really have words for it, Mark...

[He shrugs.]

CM: I just don't.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: I can understand that.

[Mertz looks at Stegglet.]

CM: Can you? Because I can't. I have no idea why! Why, Michael!? For over two months I've tried to reach you and get the same answer these people want! Why?!

And you've ignored me!

[Mertz stands, hands on his hips.]

CM: Look, I know you're here tonight. You don't want to answer my messages? Fine! We'll do this face to face!

[With that, Mertz storms off, leaving Stegglet standing there speechless.]

MS: I... wow. It looks like Cody Mertz plans on confronting Michael Aarons here tonight in person and... well, I know I'm not the only one interested in seeing what goes down there. But right now, let's take you to one of our newest features on AWA television - Access 365!

[Our camera shot fills with static before an Access 365 graphic comes up and we find ourselves back in the office of Javier Castillo. Castillo is sitting back in his chair, looking over a stack of paperwork when a knock is heard on the office door.]

JC: What is it?! I'm a very busy man!

[The door swings open to reveal Jackson Hunter, the managerial mastermind behind the Axis. He saunters into the room, a big grin on his face.]

JH: Well, well, well... you could've warned me...

[Hunter steps closer, rapping his knuckles on the desk.]

JH: ...amigo.

[Both men break out in laughter, Castillo reaching up to shake Hunter's hand before gesturing him into a chair on the other side of the desk.]

JC: You know how it is. Last minute deals. High leverage negotiations. Anyways, what brings you to see me on this very busy night?

[Hunter grins.]

JH: What? I need a reason to see my old buddy?

JC: No, but you have one.

[Hunter chuckles, throwing his hands up.]

JH: You caught me. Since I found out that you were going to be taking point for Korugun here in the AWA, I've been trying to reach you. You don't return phone calls these days?

[Castillo smiles.]

JC: I return the important ones. So, I'd imagine you're here to talk about your... arrangement... with the Korugun Corporation.

[Hunter nods.]

JC: Your deal was clear... yours and Vasquez'. You made certain promises to businessmen... powerful businessmen... and I've been sent here to make sure that when promises are made, they are delivered on.

And you, old friend... you did not deliver.

[Hunter protests.]

JH: Now, hang on!

[Castillo shakes his head, wagging a finger.]

JC: Korugun bankrolled the Axis from Day One. It was Korugun who paid for your expensive dinners to woo Derrick Williams to your cause. It was Korugun who paid for Zharkov's Cuban cigar obsession. It was Korugun who paid for that next-level training center for you and your men for SuperClash. Was it not?

JH: It was but-

[Castillo runs right over him.]

JC: And in exchange, you were to do one thing... walk out of SuperClash with the World Heavyweight Title and lay it on the Chairman's desk.

[Hunter shakes his head.]

JH: No, no... look! If you don't count the World Title, the Axis went undefeated at SuperClash!

[Castillo's expression goes cold.]

JC: Nothing else counts.

[There's a moment of silence in the room as the two eye one another.]

JC: If you don't have the World Title, Jax, you don't have the power... you know that more than anyone. That's why you worked so hard to get Vasquez on your side when you already had Zharkov... when you already had your cousin.

[Castillo steeples his fingers together, staring over them at Hunter.]

JC: You know, Jax... there are elements within Korugun who want me to get rid of you... all of you... just like...

[He smirks as he snaps his fingers together.]

JC: ...that. To wipe out the Axis for your failures.

[Hunter's eyes go wide as he leaps from his seat.]

JH: No! You can't do that, Javier! I'm not about to let you do that! I'll reach across this desk, wrap my hands around your damn throat and-

[Castillo calmly waves his hand.]

JC: You'll do what now?

[A hand comes to rest on Hunter's shoulder, forcing him physically downward into his seat. The owner of the hand steps around the desk, now standing behind Castillo. It is the Suited Savage himself, MAWAGA, who crosses his powerful arms across his chest as he stares down through black sunglasses at a shocked Hunter.]

JH: MAWAGA? He was-

JC: A loan. One we've decided to reclaim.

[Hunter grimaces as he looks up at MAWAGA and then shifts his gaze back to Castillo.]

JC: As I was saying... some want the Axis gone... but some feel differently. Some feel like there's still a use for you.

[This time, it's Hunter who smiles.]

JH: Veronica?

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Veronica. She believes the Axis is not a waste of Korugun's time... not a waste of Korugun's money...

[He shrugs.]

JC: And maybe she's right. But ultimately, the decision has been left to me.

[Hunter swallows hard, staring at Castillo, his fists balled up as he rises from his seat. Castillo watches him closely. MAWAGA does the same, his arms rising ever so slightly so he's ready to move to defend.]

JH: And what... old friend... have you decided?

[Castillo pauses, letting the silence fill the air.]

JC: To wait.

[Hunter exhales sharply... but Castillo raises a warning finger.]

JC: For now.

[Hunter nods, understanding the implication.]

JC: Now go out there and impress me.

[Hunter nods again, lifting his eyes to glare at MAWAGA before turning to make his exit...]

...and we cut from the Access 365 footage to black.

We fade up on a dark parking lot. A motorcycle pulls in off the street, ending up in one of the spots. The person on it dismounts their cycle, pulling off their helmet and leaving it hanging off a handlebar. They're dressed in blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a black leather jacket. We follow their footsteps through the parking lot, splashing through a muddy puddle before ending up pushing through the door into a sparsely-occupied saloon. The person walks in - our camera serving as their eyes as they look around the room, walking towards the only well-lit area of the place - a neon-covered jukebox. All eyes are on this newcomer as he strides to the jukebox, dropping change into it as he presses a couple of keys...

...only to hear the sounds of "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" by Judas Priest. Nods of approval from the bar's customers as the man walks back towards the bar, slamming a hand down on it... and the World Television Title falls down on the bar next to that.

The camera cuts to a shot over the young bartender's shoulder, now showing us Supernova sitting at the bar. No sign of his trademark facepaint behind a pair of dark sunglasses. Cut again, this time showing the bartender looking at Supernova, batting her eyelashes.]

"Nice song."

[Supernova looks up, pulling off his sunglasses with a smile. He leans towards her.]

"There's more where that came from."

[We cut, showing Supernova hitting a pool trick shot with "Tom Sawyer" by Rush playing in the background.]

Cut again, Supernova beating a biker in an arm wrestling match as the ever-catchy "Can't Hold Us" belts out.

Another cut - Supernova throwing darts...

...and we cut to a graphic advertising "AWA: The Album" as a scrolling list of songs appearing on the soundtrack goes by including "Vox Populi", "Kashmir", "Black Skinhead", and more.

And then back out to the parking lot where Supernova is climbing on his motorcycle, the bartender's arms around his waist as she sits behind him. He grins at the camera, pushing the sunglasses back into place.

One last cut shows the motorcycle driving out of sight as Supernova's howl fills the air.

Fade back up to the ring where we see a handful of grapplers have already gathered. Rebecca Ortiz is standing center ring as we zoom in on her.]

RO: The following contest is a six woman tag team contest scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... in the corner to my right... they are the team of Copperhead and Mamba... THE SERPENTINES!

And their tag team partner... ERICA TOUGHILL!

[The trio raise their arms, taking the time to taunt the jeering fans around ringside as they do.]

RO: And their opponents... in the corner to my left... the team of VICTORIA JUNE, CINDER, and JUUUUUULIEEEEE SOMMMERRRRRS!

[Cheers go up for the fan favorite trio as they salute the Houston crowd. Ortiz exits the ring as the two trios huddle up, discussing some last minute strategy as referee Shari Miranda prepares to start the match.]

GM: The ever-growing AWA Women's Division on display in this one here tonight... including a newcomer to the Division in Cinder who shocked many by winning the Empress Cup during the AWA's off-season.

BW: It was such a controversial win, we're not even allowed to talk about who she beat!

[The two teams break off their respective huddles, heading to opposite corners as the referee tries to get one person in legally on each side of the ring.]

GM: Alright, and as things settle in, it looks like it'll be a SuperClash rematch here as Julie Somers squares off with Erica Toughill!

BW: Katie, bar the door! We may have a Pier Sixer on our hands!

GM: It was Thanksgiving night in New Orleans when these two collided in a Falls Count Anywhere match that ended with Erica Toughill getting backdropped off the stage through some equipment on the floor... and then somehow got up, forcing Julie Somers to moonsault off the stage onto her to finish her off. An incredible moment that has lived on and on on social media over the past few months... and to get a rematch of that here tonight is truly something special.

[Referee Shari Miranda checks to make sure both women are ready to go before she waves to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're off and running in this one!

[Somers takes a quick two step charge out of the corner...

...which is when Erica Toughill reaches out, slapping the hand of Copperhead. The fans jeer as Somers complains to the official and a smirking Toughill drops to the mat, rolling out to the floor.]

GM: Or maybe not. Perhaps the ubertough Miss Toughill wants no part of Julie Somers again.

BW: Erica Toughill's afraid of nothing, Gordo. She's just biding her time.

[As Copperhead comes through the ropes, she's running her mouth in Julie Somers' direction. Somers absorbs a fair amount of it as Copperhead approaches her, still ranting...

...and then leaves her feet, dropkicking the 5'10 Brooklyn native right in the mouth!]

GM: Ohh! That oughta shut her up!

[The crowd cheers as Copperhead scrambles up, grabbing at her mouth as she rushes Somers who takes her down with an armdrag.]

GM: Armdrag by the Spitfire, sending Copperhead sprawling across the ring...

[Dispatching of Copperhead brings Mamba into the ring, charging hard on Somers who throws another dropkick, knocking the six footer back into the corner.]

GM: Somers is taking on BOTH members of the Serpentes!

[Grabbing the rising Copperhead by the arm, Somers whips one Serpentine into another, causing a big clash that sends both women down to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor. Somers wheels around, slapping the outstretched hand of Victoria June who tags in, getting a respectful cheer from the Houston crowd.]

GM: The feisty punk rocker, Victoria June, on the tag!

[June steps in, banging her head a few times before dashing to the far ropes, rebounding back across the ring...

...and HURLS herself between the top and middle ropes with a suicide dive that wipes out Mamba!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: DOWN GOES MAMBA!

[Victoria June comes to her feet, giving a triumphant shout as she throws up her arms to the cheering crowd...

...which is when Erica Toughill swoops in behind her, grabbing a handful of tights, and chucks her over the railing into the front row!]

GM: Oh, come on! Illegal activity on the part of Toughill right there!

[Toughill scampers away, ignoring the combined shouts of the referee and Julie Somers as Cinder comes around the ringpost, threatening Toughill who smirks and backs off to her own corner.]

GM: Toughill earning herself the ire of everyone in this match just about at this point...

[With June stunned, Copperhead swoops in on her, dragging her back over the railing into the ringside area.]

GM: Copperhead, swinging Victoria June around by the hair... look out!

[Copperhead SLAMS June's face into the ring apron with the aid of two hands full of June's reddish-blond afro.]

GM: Ohh! She bounces her facefirst off the apron... shoving her back in now...

[With June's body under the ropes, Copperhead uses that grip on the hair to swing her around so that her torso hangs under the bottom rope.]

GM: Copperhead pulling June into position for something out there... now up on the apron...

[The Brooklyn native gives an earful to Miranda who orders her to put June back inside the ring as Copperhead slides back down the apron, her back against the ringpost...]

GM: What's she got... oh no!

[Getting a running start, Copperhead leaps high into the air, coming down on June's midsection with a leaping splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Copperhead rolls off June to the floor, grabbing her own ribs as she sneers at the jeering crowd.]

GM: Copperhead taking aim on the ribs of Victoria June... and remember, it was the Serpentes who took June out of action for several weeks during 2016.

BW: Absolutely. No love lost there at all, Gordo.

[Copperhead climbs to her feet, rolling back inside the ring where she promptly reaches up, slapping the hand of Erica Toughill.]

GM: Toughill in on the tag... and again, Toughill's looking for some payback here tonight after being upset by Victoria June in the first round of the Empress Cup.

[Toughill yanks June to her feet, violently throwing her back into the corner. She pursues, laying in a few hard boots to the body as the referee orders her to back off.]

GM: The referee calling for a break but Toughill's not having any of that at this point.

[Finally, at the referee's four count, Toughill does back off, hands raised...

...and with the ref's back turned, Mamba slips her arm around the throat of June, choking her as Cinder shouts angrily from the corner, trying to draw the referee's attention.]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: You can't call what you can't see, Gordo. Hamilton Graham taught me that a long time ago.

GM: A lesson that has served you well over the years for sure.

[With June reeling in the corner, Toughill walks across the ring towards the other team's corner, pointing at Julie Somers and taunting her.]

GM: Toughill trying to get under the skin of Julie Somers...

[Toughill turns on a dime suddenly, sprinting back into the corner, jamming her hindquarters into the midsection of June!]

GM: OHHHH! And if the splash by Copperhead hurt the ribs of Victoria June, Erica Toughill really laid one in right there!

[A smirking Toughill pulls June out of the corner by the hair, scooping her up and slamming her down in the middle of the ring where she plants a boot on the chest, shouting "COME ON!" at the referee.]

GM: Arrogant cover by Toughill... just a two count.

[Toughill looks down with disgust on June as she escapes the makeshift pin attempt. She turns, looking at Cinder who has her arm outstretched. Toughill mockingly extends her arm in Cinder's direction.]

"Tag me! Tag me in! Come on, Vickie!"

[Toughill's mockery ends with a loud grunt as she leaps up, dropping her rear end into June's midsection with a sitdown splash.]

GM: Ohh! Sitting splash... grabs the legs... one! Two!

[Again, June escapes the pin attempt, kicking out from under Toughill.]

GM: Ricki Toughill with a two count there.

[Toughill climbs up to her feet, staring across at Julie Somers.]

"THIS IS ON YOU, SOMERS!"

[A hard stomp to the face follows.]

"HER BLOOD IS ON YOU!"

[Another stomp to the face as Somers grimaces, shouting "COME ON, VICTORIA!" Toughill mockingly claps, stomping her feet as she walks to the corner, slapping the offered hand of Mamba.]

GM: In comes Mamba off the tag

[Mamba comes through the ropes, staring down at Victoria June who is trying to crawl towards her corner. She steps over June, shaking her head as she comes to a halt in front of her.]

GM: Mamba's one heck of a physical specimen in there, pulling June off the mat by the arm...

[Mamba whips June towards the ropes...

...and then just steps into her, knocking her flat with a shoulder tackle!]

GM: Goodness!

BW: Solid as a rock, daddy!

[The six footer stands over June, menacing the much-smaller competitor before leaning down, pulling June up by the hair.]

GM: Mamba scoops her up- June over the top!

[June falls back into the ropes, building up speed as she bounces off, leaping into the air...]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS!

[Having toppled Mamba, June grabs her by the shoulders, repeatedly bashing the back of her head into the canvas as the crowd roars for the comeback!]

GM: Victoria June takes the largest woman in the ring off her feet... and as Copperhead and Toughill scream for the tag, Victoria June is crawling across the ring on the hunt for a tag of her own!

BW: This is a race now, Gordo!

[With June crawling on her hands and knees towards a waiting Cinder and Julie Somers, Mamba rolls over, practically in her corner with one movement.]

GM: Look at the six foot frame of Mamba, reaching out...

[The crowd jeers as Copperhead tags herself back into the ring, coming in fast to cut off the tag with an elbowdrop to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohhh! And just like that, Victoria June's dreams of a tag are shattered!

BW: That may not be the only thing shattered on her if she can't get out of there soon, Gordo. The Serpentine and Erica Toughill may be looking to put her back on the shelf.

[Copperhead smirks at the fan favorites' corner, pointing to the downed June as she taunts them.]

GM: Copperhead pulling Victoria June off the mat... big right hand... and another... and-

[The crowd roars as June blocks a third, firing off a haymaker of her own!]

GM: June returns fire!

[Copperhead winds up again, throwing her fist.]

GM: Blocked... and another right hand!

[June strings together a couple of more, staggering Copperhead as the Houston crowd solidly gets behind her.]

GM: Victoria June's got this crowd pumped up! Could she on the verge of a major comeback victory here?!

[June grabs Copperhead by the arm, whipping her towards the ropes.]

GM: June shoots her in... clothesline ducked by Copperhead, off the far side!

[And the Brooklyn native leaps into the air, flattening June with a flying shoulder tackle!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: So much for that major comeback victory, Gordo.

GM: Copperhead with the cover! She gets one! She gets two! She gets-no!

[The crowd cheers as June's shoulder pops up off the canvas. Julie Somers cheers, stomping her feet on the apron as Cinder slaps her hand into the top turnbuckle in rhythm, slowly driving the Houston crowd into a chant.]

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

[The chanting fans seems to give June a second wind as she comes up off the canvas, fists balled up as Copperhead cups her hands over her ears, shouting at the fans.]

GM: Copperhead's distracted by these chants and Victoria June's fired up!

[Copperhead mounts the middle turnbuckle, pointing at a fan and shouting in his direction as Toughill and Mamba try to get her attention...

...but fail to do so before June grabs her from behind, giving a big yank!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JUNE PULLS HER DOWN OFF THE BUCKLES!

[With both women down on the canvas again, they both turn towards their respective corners, looking to make the tag...]

GM: Both women looking to get out of there. Both women crawling on their hands and knees!

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

[The chanting crowd seems to drive June forward as she gets closer and closer to the outstretched hands of Cinder and Julie Somers. On the other side of the ring, Copperhead is making good progress as well.]

GM: We've got a race once more and whoever wins it may make a big leap towards winning this match!

[Copperhead stretches out her arm from her knees, finding herself just out of reach. She leans over, inching forward again...]

GM: Tag! In comes Mamba...

[And on the other side...]

GM: AND IN COMES THE SPITFIRE!

[Somers slingshots over the top rope, snatching a headscissors on the way over, and snapping Mamba off her feet!]

GM: OH MY!

[Somers comes up off the mat, running across the ring to throw a dropkick that knocks Erica Toughill off the apron.]

GM: Somers clears out Toughill!

[As Mamba comes back to her feet, Somers goes to bury a boot into the midsection...]

GM: Somers goes downstairs but Mamba catches it and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEAPING ENZUIGIRI BY THE SPITFIRE!

[Somers leaps up off the mat, pumping her fists as she heads towards the corner. She slaps the top turnbuckle a few times before stepping up on the second...]

GM: Somers is looking for the moonsault! Looking to finish off-

[But the attempted climb to the top is cut off by Erica Toughill climbing up on the apron, rushing down it towards Somers...]

...who leaps off the buckles, twisting around to catch Toughill with a crossbody that sends both women tumbling to the floor!]

GM: SOMERS TAKES THEM BOTH DOWN! OH MY!

[Climbing back to her feet, a fired up Somers slaps the ring apron a few times before pulling herself back inside the ring. She grabs the rising Mamba, tossing her into the neutral corner before squaring up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Three big chops in the corner... and it looks like Cinder's asking for the tag, trying to get into this match for the first time tonight...

[Somers steps across, slapping the hand of Cinder who comes quickly through the ropes...

...which is when Erica Toughill gets back up on the apron, shouting at Cinder from her corner.]

GM: What is this about? Keep on her, Cinder! The newcomer to the AWA seems a little frozen in her tracks here. She needs to stay on Mamba but...

[Toughill shouts at Cinder again, pointing angrily at her. Cinder turns towards her, squaring up and balling up her fists with an angry "AYE! 'MON THEN!" Mamba pushes past Cinder, stumbling to the corner where she tags in Toughill.]

GM: There's the tag on the other side... and this is what Toughill wanted, I suppose! She wants a piece of Cinder!

[Cinder nods her head eagerly, shaking a fist at Toughill who smirks...

...just before Cinder pivots and DRILLS Victoria June between the eyes, knocking her off the apron and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CINDER JUST... SHE PUNCHED VICTORIA JUNE!

[A shocked Julie Somers looks on in disbelief... just before Cinder throws her entire body into a headbutt, knocking Somers off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: Cinder just betrayed BOTH members of her team and-

BW: Look at this, Gordo!

[Outside the ring, Copperhead pulls Victoria June up...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS her backfirst into the ringside barricade as Cinder and Toughill creep towards each other, throwing their arms around one another.]

GM: What is... I don't get this at all. Cinder and Toughill?!

[Mamba shoves Julie Somers back under the ropes, leaving her to get stomped repeatedly by Toughill and Cinder as the crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: This is a damn setup - that's what this is! There was nothing that happened in here to cause this... this was a premeditated hit, Bucky!

BW: I can't argue with that, Gordo. Cinder and Toughill sure look like they knew EXACTLY what they're doing.

[The stomps continue to rain down on Julie Somers as Victoria June struggles to get up off the floor to help her partner but is cut off by the Serpentes who lay her out by grabbing her arms and flinging her backwards into the railing again!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: This is ridiculous! We need to get some help out here! The damn match is over! The referee has thrown the thing out and- here comes some AWA officials!

[Sure enough, we quickly spot some anonymous suited backstage workers flanked by familiar faces like Adam Rogers, Kevin Slater, and John Shock trying to restore order.]

GM: Get... get the cameras off these people! Let's get out of this for crying out loud!

[Cinder and Toughill again share an in-ring embrace before we abruptly cut backstage to the interview area, the AWA logo displayed prominently on the wall. Stepping into view are Jackie Wilpon, and his charge Blaster Masterson. Wilpon is dressed in fancy slacks, and a New York Yankees windbreaker jacket, while Masterson's wearing a pair of light blue jeans, and a vest covering his massive chest. Both men look less than pleased, likely due to the lack of success they had in the Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal back at SuperClash that's been stuck in their minds ever since.]

JW: So... 2016 didn't end as well as we'd have thought it would. For the first time, Blaster Masterson felt a little... vulnerable.

[Masterson shouts out 'NO!']

JW: A little bit.. humbled.

[Another loud 'NO!' from Masterson.]

JW: Hurtlin' through the air, over the top rope and down to th' floor.

[Masterson is seething, gritting his teeth in anger, he then steps forward and shouts into the camera.]

BM: ENOUGH!!!

[Masterson steps back, turns, and throws a punch in frustration at the AWA logo on the wall. Wilpon watches, then turns back to the camera with a smirk on his face. Before he can speak, however, Masterson has an important question to ask.]

BM: WHEN DO I GET 'TA HURT PEOPLE??

JW: Well, big guy, we wasn't put on the program tonight, so ya probably won't be able to blow off any steam t'night.

Probably.

[Wilpon rubs his nose, deep in thought, before perking up.]

JW: But in two weeks I lined ya up a couplea meatbags that ya can take yer frustrations out on in a handicap match. Too bad the only handicap will be for those two 'local talents', cuz even one on two, the odds ain't lookin' so good for those schmucks. I might even welcome a third person on their team, cuz they're gonna need an entire army to stop ya.

[Masterson grins, chomping at the bit to let out some of his frustrations on some hapless people.]

JW: Get yer affairs in order, boys, because this six foot, nine inch, three hundred and eight pound weapon of mass destruction here's gonna prove to the AWA in 2017 that he's gonna be the one true monster around here.

[The camera turns, and zooms on Masterson's face.]

JW: As long as the pretenders to the throne understand this, nobody's gonna get hurt. Capice?

[Fade from the backstage area. From the rafters, we get a wide shot of the arena. The sounds of a choir brings the crowd to a state of enmity.]

"KOR-AH"

"MAH-TAH"

"KOR-AH"

"RAH-TAH-MAH"

[And then, the urgent drums and orchestra, but not from "The Phantom Menace," but from the recently released "Rogue One." Michael Giacchino's "Imperial Suite," to be exact. Four figures emerge from the entryway to massive jeers (although, to be fair to them, there are a dozen or so black t-shirt wearing fans who seem to adore them). They stand in a line at the entryway. The camera pans over them from left to right...

...Riley Hunter, the American Ninja, the Seven Star Athlete. He has dyed his hair black once again, with a few silvery platinum curls here and there...

..."The Future" Derrick Williams, his hair back to it's normal black, but trimmed neatly now, He's dressed in white/red Asics trainers, black track pants, and his "Official AWA" "The Future is NOW!" Merchandise T-shirt.

...The monstrous "Tsar," Maxim Zharkov. He has grown a full, trimmed beard in the time off, but has kept his head shaved. His is in track pants and a mock-necked black compression top. The Last Son of the Soviet Union holds the newly restored National Title belt folded on his massive arm...

...And Jackson Hunter, looking no worse for wear after since last being seen in the AWA carted out on a stretcher. He's forsaken his cheap suit for an all black denim wardrobe: jeans and jacket with a wool collar. A battered briefcase is in his fist.]

GM: There they are, fans. The Axis of Evil themselves coming off one of the most successful SuperClashes that I can ever recall one group of individuals having... except for-

BW: Except for nothing! Juan Vasquez is out of the Axis! He's gone! Heck, he's out of the AWA altogether, Gordo! That means that what happened to him at SuperClash doesn't count... and that means the Axis reigned supreme at SuperClash! They won Steal The Spotlight... they beat that baby-kissin' runt Jordan Ohara... they retired the legendary Alex Martinez... and they restored honor and glory to the AWA National Title after it was sullied by one of those stinkin' Lynches for far too long. That's one hell of a night if you ask me.

GM: It certainly is... but you can't ignore the fact that-

[As the announcers have bickered, the Axis has their way down the aisle to the ring. Jackson Hunter has climbed onto the ring apron, and holds the ropes for the other three members of the faction. As they enter the ring, it becomes obvious who is NOT with them. Hunter raises a house mic, interrupting Gordon.]

JH: Fans of the AWA in Houston...

...Please attend carefully.

[Hunter and the Axis take a few seconds to enjoy the booing fans.]

JH: First things first: the Axis wishes to thank Houston for the welcome. There is nothing like stepping out of the airport first thing in the morning, taking a deep breath, and feeling like someone has stuck a lit blowtorch in my sinuses. And as we travelled down the street, counting the topless bars on every other street corner, I said to my team, "I don't have to miss seeing the beautiful aurora borealis on a clear, snowy Saskatchewan night over the Broken Arrow Ranch; I can just step outside the arena and look at any one of Houston's majestic chemical plants."

[Obviously, Jackson Hunter is not endearing himself to the locals.]

JH: It is here in the Smut and Smog capital of these United States that one season has ended, and another will begin. Because if you recall, I promised that the Axis would dominate SuperClash VIII, and we converted.

[He turns to Riley.]

JH: My cousin and I proved that when there is a ladder involved... there is no family name, no reputation, and no pedigree than can unseat the Hunter and Hunter Hegemony.

[He turns to Williams.]

JH: Derrick Williams proved to the world that it is the BEST wrestler, not the one that burns hottest like a flash-in-the-pan, that can get the job done. It is HIM that the AWA has been building toward since 2008. He is now emphatically the Future, and the Future is Now.

[He turns to Zharkov.]

JH: And we witnessed the creation of an immortal at SuperClash. Not only did the Tsar transform the legend of Alex Martinez into a myth, in the same night he restored peace and sanity to the AWA National Championship, rescuing it from a year-long nightmare!

And as for the Main Event... you know, I've had a few people asking me what I was thinking when the Challenger pulled himself off that table and me into harm's way. And all I was thinking is that I knew then that what I saw in the Champion's eyes when I looked up at him on the Woodshed.

That half-second of hesitation. I knew it would manifest at that perfect moment. I saw the fear in Juan Vasquez's eyes.

Not of heights. Not of physical pain. The fear I saw is the fear that I always knew was there. Juan Vasquez was afraid of his own shadow. He was always afraid that one night he'd look under the bed, or in the closet, or outside his window in the night and see what he feared the most: he was afraid of seeing the Juan Vasquez of a dozen years ago staring back at him!

He was afraid of looking over his shoulder and seeing Wrestling's Greatest Hero, with his clear skin and perfect teeth and irresistible charm. He was afraid of his past self saying to him, 'my god, what is wrong with you? You're

not my future. I'd never become a pathetic, insecure little toad like you.' And that split second of hesitation, I paid the price for. I couldn't rescue you, Juan. I couldn't salvage this for you. We could have been perfect, and you... BLINKED, Juan

I did my part. MAWAGA did his part. The Ninja did his part. The Future did his part. Zharkov did his part. You did not do yours, a-mi-go.

So as we stand on the cusp of another year, this is a New Model Axis, fans of the AWA. Leaner... meaner... and whole lot-

[Hunter's suddenly cut off by another voice.]

"Ah... not so fast there, Jax."

[Hunter spins around with a bit of an incredulous look on his face as Derrick Williams has produced his own microphone and now stands across the ring from him]

DW: Your version of the events at SuperClash.. aren't entirely accurate.

[Hunter arches an eyebrow in "The Future's" direction and can be heard saying "is that right?" off-mic as Williams nods.]

DW: You see, Jax... if you go and look back at the timeline... at what's all transpired since we rose to power... you see a pattern. You see a pattern, and you see clearly, exactly WHO lost the faith.

And if anyone has (finger quotes) "dropped the ball" around here, Jax...

...that person was YOU.

[The crowd begins to murmur with excitement over the newly-discovered tensions in The Axis. Hunter seems shocked at this accusation, actually stammering as he speaks.]

JH: Me?! Me?! I-I put you together! It was my-

[Williams holds up a hand, shaking his head.]

DW: Nah, it's obvious here, Jax. The three of us kept the faith... we did what was asked of us. We did everything we did for the good of the Axis. But you? What have you done for the good of the group?

Because from where I'm standing right now, it looks like your decisions lately have served only to benefit YOU and not the group.

[Williams paces a bit as he talks, looking back at Riley and Zharkov who are looking at The Future questioningly.]

DW: Now, look... hear me out, guys. I know this might be a bit of a surprise to you but just think about it.

Jax here had the National Title stolen back last summer in Europe... so at any time, we could've had the big guy here end all of our long suffering of Emo Travis getting Daddy to dig up every over-the-hill has-been to "challenge" him for the title. All Jax had to do was pull the trigger... but nothing.

[Williams steps towards Riley Hunter, his hand on his partner's shoulder.]

DW: And what about our tag title shot, huh? All that playing around with Lau, trying to make everything JUST right for us to get those tag belts and then what happens? We didn't get the shots last summer... last fall... not even at SuperClash... and now Lau's gone and we've got to deal with getting a contract past Old Man Detson.

[Williams shakes his head as the American Ninja glares at his own flesh and blood.]

DW: And then there's Steal The Spotlight, Riley. That was your match to win... your briefcase... your contract to win. It was your moment to make your mark.

But no. Your cousin sees a bunch of broken down "legends" out here like Blackjack Lynch... like Alex Martinez... and he decides he's got "one more run" left in him.

[Williams points an accusing finger.]

DW: You jumped the line, Jax... and you betrayed your own blood to do it.

So, now you've got that briefcase... that contract that ANY of the three of us deserve more than you do. And tell me, Jax. Deep down... do you really believe you have what it takes to put Martinez down? Do you have enough to KEEP him down?

[Williams smirks.]

DW: 'Cause you sure as hell didn't have enough to keep him down on that table at SuperClash.

[The crowd "ooohs" at that as Jackson scowls so hard he bares his teeth.]

DW: Nah, Jax... you couldn't hold him down in New Orleans. We...

[He gestures to himself, Riley, and Zharkov.]

DW: We all did our parts, Jax. We did the distraction, let you hide under the ring, and still... STILL... after all the Hell Juan put him through, you couldn't hold that sonuvabitch down for two more seconds?!

Not only couldn't you hold him down... but you let him PULL YOU ONTO THE TABLE TOO!

[Williams spins away angrily.]

DW: You're going to fail with that contract just like you failed at SuperClash, Jax...

[Hunter takes a few steps towards Williams' back.]

JH: Where... where do you get off talking to me like that you little-

[Without turning back, Williams reaches back, hooking a three-quarter nelson as he leaps up, and DRIVES Hunter's head into the canvas with a Future Shock!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Zharkov and Riley Hunter both seem to leap out of their skin as Jackson Hunter quivers face-down on the mat. Williams gets swiftly to his feet, adrenaline coursing through his body as he bounces off the ropes, looking around wildly as the crowd buzzes over what they just witnessed.]

GM: Are you... are you kidding me?! Derrick Williams just stuck a blade in the back of Jackson Hunter and-

[Williams rushes over, stomping Hunter a few times before Zharkov grabs him around the upper body, flinging him bodily away from Hunter towards the corner. A shocked Riley Hunter kneels down next to his cousin as Zharkov shouts in Russian at the cornered Williams. Williams looks a little intimidated as he raises his hands, shaking his head as the camera picks up his words towards the National Champion.]

"Listen to me, big man... listen. Am I wrong here? I know he got you your job here but you've EARNED your spot now. You're the National Champion! You buried Alex Martinez! YOU'RE THE DAMN TSAR!"

[Zharkov continues to glare at Williams, a million thoughts running through his mind as Riley Hunter drags his cousin off the mat, slipping Jackson's arm over his neck to keep him standing...

...just in time for Zharkov to wheel on his heel and blast Jackson Hunter with a Peacemaker lariat!

Zharkov's (now presumably former) advisor spins 270 degrees through the air from the impact and splats face-first to the mat. Riley Hunter recoils in shock at seeing the brutal crash to the canvas as the crowd's buzzing grows louder.]

GM: What the heck is going on, Bucky?! The Axis is falling apart before our very eyes!

BW: Are they? Maybe this is addition by subtraction!

GM: What?! You've sung the praises of Jackson Hunter for MONTHS!

BW: I know but... Williams makes some good points, Gordo. How long did I have to sit here and watch Travis Lynch parade around here as a champion when Zharkov could've ended him MONTHS ago?!

[Zharkov turns back towards a smirking Williams, trading a high five and a chest bump as the Seven Star Athlete kneels down over his cousin.]

GM: Riley Hunter being forced to watch his cousin physically dominated by Williams and Zharkov and... that's hard to watch, Bucky. Family is family and-

[A shout of "leave him, Riley!" from Williams cuts off Gordon as Zharkov prowls the ring, his eyes down the aisle as he stands ready to cut off any ill-conceived rescue efforts.]

GM: Riley Hunter trying to drag his cousin off the mat, trying to get him out of here. This could be a full split in the Axis, Bucky. They already lost Juan Vasquez at SuperClash. They lost MAWAGA earlier tonight and-

[Riley drags his cousin off the mat in a waistlock, trying to get him back to his feet.]

GM: Riley getting Jackson up now... thankfully.

[Williams shakes his head at his partner. "He doesn't deserve you, Riley." The American Ninja shouts "he's family!" at his friend and partner as Williams shrugs uncaringly. Back on his feet, the elder Hunter looks down in a daze...

...and notices that Riley Hunter has a firm hold of his wrist from a rear waist lock position. A look of horror crosses his face as The American Ninja's expression contorts into a grin.]

"GARBAGE DAY!"

[Riley ripcords Jackson out and pulls him into a Harpoon Instant Karma!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Jackson stays upright for a second before collapsing to the canvas, and as one, the Axis trio lay a barrage of stomps and kicks in to their former manager.]

GM: My god, it's a three-on-one on Jackson Hunter! All three of his now-former Axis allies are beating the tar out of him!

[Williams directs traffic, backing him and Zharkov off as Riley Hunter grapevines his cousin's legs and twists him into his own Mindflayer. Derrick Williams and Maxim Zharkov each take an arm and stretch.]

GM: They're trying to physically dissect Jackson Hunter... and as much as I dislike Jackson Hunter, you hate to see something like this go down, Bucky.

BW: When I think about all the good times we had over dinners that he paid for...

GM: Oh, would you stop?!

[Williams pats Riley Hunter on the shoulder, prompting him to release the hold. Hunter obliges, allowing his cousin to lie limp and beaten on the canvas. But Zharkov has other ideas, grabbing him by the jacket and pulling him up to his knees - his face now bloody and swollen. Williams grabs the mic again, circling around to lean down, staring into Jackson's battered face...]

DW: That was for us, Jax... but-

[A defiant Jackson Hunter spits in Williams' face, prompting an "OHHHHH!" from the crowd.]

GM: Jackson Hunter will not stay down! He will not die!

[Williams recoils back, wiping his face with disgust. He gives a signal to Riley Hunter who grabs the Steal The Spotlight briefcase, slamming it down on the mat as Williams grabs the arms, pulling back as he slides his foot up behind Jackson's head...]

"THIS IS FOR JUAN! PUCKER UP!"

[...and VIOLENTLY DRIVES Hunter's face down onto the metal briefcase with a crushing Curbstomp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD!

[Williams steps away from Hunter, his former manager now laid out and motionless on the canvas. The Future turns away from one Hunter to the other, smiling at Riley and Zharkov as they step forward. The three men extend their arms, bringing their fists together and bumping them in a triangle of unity as the fans let them have it...

...and we fade up on footage marked "ACCESS 365" as we see the interior of Javier Castillo's office. A small monitor set up in the corner of the room is showing a live feed of the arena. He is watching with interest, nodding his head approvingly when the door swings open. Pushing into view is a sight that still stuns even the most hardcore AWA viewer. Supreme Wright and New World Champion Ryan Martinez. Together.]

JC: Ahhhhh. Good! Good! You two got my message?

[Martinez scowls as he nods his head.]

RM: We got it, Castillo. Your little errand girl made sure your summons were received.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow with a smile.]

JC: The trouble with family, huh? You can pretend they don't exist all you want but the blood runs thick and... el Corazon... beats together.

[Martinez rolls his eyes.]

RM: I'm sure she's told you by now. She and I? We don't share even a single drop of blood. She was married to my father, that's it.

But I don't want to play "telenovela" with you, Castillo. You wanted us here. And now we're here. What do you want?

[Castillo smiles again, leaping from his seat with a clap of his hands.]

JC: A man all about business. I like that!

[The Mexican businessman turns his gaze onto Supreme Wright.]

JC: And a man who knows when to stand quiet and listen. I like that too.

[Wright grimaces.]

SW: Get to the point.

[Castillo throws his arms apart, hands pointed to the ceiling.]

JC: The point is that it's a new era here in the AWA. A grand and glorious era where we can all come together and flourish! I am here to usher in that era, gentlemen.

[Ryan looks down at his shoulder where his newly-won World Title rests.]

RM: Flourish? You're kidding, right? We've been doing pretty well without you.

[Castillo again arches an eyebrow.]

JC: Both of you?

[He stares at Wright who stays silent.]

JC: I come to say... congratulations. You both accomplished great feats at SuperClash. You...

[He gestures at Wright.]

JC: You defeated one of the most dangerous duos in the history of our great business, hmm? You sent the King of the Death Match and the most dangerous man with his fists and feet packing. It is to be applauded!

[Castillo takes that moment to... yes, applaud.]

JC: And you...

[He smiles a toothy grin at the World Champion.]

JC: Congratulations... champ! You did what few have ever done. You beat...

[He twists a thumb around towards himself.]

JC: ...us. You bested the Korugun Corporation who paid Juan Vasquez handsomely for some time now to accomplish certain goals... one of which was to walk out of SuperClash with that title on your shoulder.

Obviously, he failed... and is no longer a concern to us thanks to you.

[Martinez shrugs.]

RM: You're welcome?

[Castillo chuckles deep down in his throat.]

JC: He failed us. And now, we need someone who won't. You, Supreme Wright. You, White Knight. You can be the warriors... the champions... that Korugun wanted all along.

[Martinez looks at Wright who looks back at the World Champion. Wright steps closer, planting his palms on the desk, staring into Castillo's eyes.]

SW: Not interested.

[Wright abruptly turns, heading towards the door.]

JC: And you, White Knight?

[Martinez pauses, looking over his shoulder at the title belt.]

RM: I'm not sale. Not at any price. I wasn't for sale when it was the Wise Men. And I'm not for sale to Korugun. I got this without you... and I'll keep it without you too.

[The World Champion also turns, ready to exit but Castillo cries out.]

JC: Brave men... to stand alone against an army... MY army. Because it is very clear, gentlemen... if you do not belong to Korugun... you stand against us. And when people stand against us... well... they don't stand for long.

[Another deep throated chuckle as Martinez and Wright turn to face him again.]

RM: Belong? We don't BELONG to anyone but ourselves. I don't fight for some corporation determined to make an extra dollar by any means necessary. I fight for those people out there...

[Castillo again claps his hands together.]

JC: Yes! Yes, the people! I am a man of the people as well, White Knight.

Let me show you.

[He strokes his chin for a moment and then snaps his fingers in fake enlightenment.]

JC: Tonight... in the Main Event... I will give the people what they want to see. Tonight, it'll be Ryan Martinez defending his World Heavyweight Title...

[Castillo pauses for dramatic effect.]

JC: ...against Jack Lynch!

[Martinez looks surprised but nods contentedly.]

JC: ...and you...

[He points at Wright.]

JC: ...will be the special guest referee.

[Castillo flashes a sleazy grin as Wright shakes his head before pushing the door open and exiting. Ryan Martinez follows closely behind as Castillo settles back into his chair and we fade to black.

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then up on the elevated stage where Sweet Lou Blackwell has Callum Mahoney standing by his side. Mahoney is dressed to compete in a black leather jacket over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear standing on its hind legs across the front, black knee pads and black boots.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time is the former...

[Mahoney scowls at the word.]

SLB: AWA World Television champion, Callum Mahoney.

[Mahoney scowls some more at the jeers being directed towards him from the crowd.]

SLB: Now, Callum, during the World Television Title match on the SuperClash VIII pre-game show, new Television champion Terry Shane did as he promised and made you submit to the spinning toehold. However, instead of relinquishing the championship, as you rightfully should have, you decided to abscond with the title. Care to explain yourself?

CM: Terry Shane got lucky.

SLB: Was it luck, Callum, or were yo-

[Mahoney angrily interrupts.]

CM: He got lucky, Sweet Lou! And tried to injure me! And instead of depriving the fans and cutting short my career, I did what was best for business. I submitted, but that did not make Terry Shane a champion... That did not make Terry Shane THE champion!

You see, Sweet Lou, real champions TAKE what they want and that was why I took the title away. And when a real champion like myself wants a spot in the Steal the Spotlight match, he goes out there and TAKES his spot.

And if it weren't for me, Sweet Lou, Terry Shane would never have grown a pair and gone out there to do what needed to be done to prove himself worthy of holding my championship.

SLB: Your championship?

CM: That's right, Sweet Lou, all Terry Shane is doing is holding my title... For the moment. You see, the World Television Championship is customarily defended on every televised show. Even Super Saturday. We've had a Television Title match announced for tonight. But the Championship

Committee never did announce an opponent for Shane. You know why, Sweet Lou?

SLB: I'm sure you're about to tell me.

CM: Because I am owed a rematch and I want it... Tonight! And I know that if I go to the Championship Committee, they'll give me what I want, but, Terry Shane, what do you say? Are you going to prove yourself a true champion and give me my rightful rematch? Or are you still not done posing for photos with MY title? Do you think you'll be third time lucky, Shane... That's right, you got lucky TWICE in November!

Or, Shane, does your luck run out ton-

[Static.]

GM: Here comes the NEW World Television Title Champion and if I was a betting man I'd bet the house that he is going to not only going to address Callum Mahoney's question but he's going to give him the answer he's hoping for!

BW: It's not a question, Gordo. You heard 'em, he's OWED a rematch! This is a demand. Mahoney was kind enough to let Shane keep it warm for him and now it's time to hand it back over willingly or kicking and screaming if he must!

[There is no music. There are no fireworks or dancing lights. There is no grand coronation like the weekend following the Rumble when Terry Shane III put on quite the spectacle to put the world on blast that he was about to set out on a journey to become a World Champion.

This time, there is stillness in the air as even the static has died out and with the crowd murmuring Terry Shane III steps out of the back and into the view of the audience for the first time as a Champion.

His jet black hair is kept and clean, his attire is sleek and modern with shorter gold tights than we have seen him in before, matching knee pads, and gold boots with white laces and white heels. Most noticeably though is the Television Title strapped tightly around his midsection as he wears it honorably and proudly as he stands in front of us.]

GM: Shane has waited a long time to stand before us as a champion, Bucky. Many at one point thought this moment would come sooner as he was on pace to become one of the youngest World Champions in AWA history but it's been a wild ride that saw him disappear from the sport and then scrape and crawl his way back to have a moment like this.

[Shane smiles at the amount of cheers - more than we've seen to date, some folks even standing applauding. Mahoney however, has had quite enough.]

CM [snapping the mic away from Blackwell]: Hey...HEY! I know you heard me, Shane. I know you-

[Shane turns his focus towards Mahoney now, walking over to join Blackwell and the former champion on the stage. Mahoney stops, pleased to have gotten his attention. Blackwell steers the mic towards Shane.

TS3 [low] Callum... this right here?

[He polishes up the center plate of the title with his right fist.]

TS3: This is my voice now and that ring...

[He slowly waves his hand towards the squared circle.]

TS3: ...is where I plan on doing ALL of my talking.

[Mahoney nods his head, turning to walk towards the ring, leaving Shane behind.]

SLB: Callum Mahoney is heading to the ring, Terry Shane! He thinks the match is on.

[Shane nods.]

TS3: I just want to give the former champ his due. Mahoney... you are absolutely right.

You're absolutely right that you are owed a shot at MY World Television title. It's your contractual right and you know what? Even if it wasn't? I'd STILL give you a shot to win this back because that's the kind of champion I plan on being.

[More cheers go up from the crowd.]

TS3: But listen closely to me, Callum. When I say I'm happy to give you a shot, I mean just that.

ONE. SHOT.

[He holds up one finger.]

TS3: Because there are too many talented guys around here that deserve a shot at what is around my waist and I'm not exactly aiming to explore my creative side and see how many different ways I can make you tap out as fun as that might sound.

So if you want this shot now? I've scheduled the next ten minutes of my night wide open and I'd be happy to make you tap... again.

[Mahoney steps through the ropes, nodding his head and beckoning Shane down the aisle. Shane unfastens the his title belt, holding it up over his head to a big cheer from the crowd.]

SLB: Alright! It sounds like we've got a title match on our hands, fans! Callum Mahoney is in the ring! Terry Shane is heading to the ring! We're going to take a quick break and we come back, the World Television Title will be on the line so don't you dare go away!

[Shane is heading to the ring as we fade to black.

Fade to a field of stars. A voiceover begins.]

"The stars of the AWA galaxy are shining brighter than ever. But you don't need a telescope to see these stars - all you need is a ticket when the American Wrestling Alliance comes to town."

[A graphic comes up on the screen advertising the site and date of the next show.]

"Tomorrow, we've got a special Super Bowl Sunday matinee show in Ft. Worth, Texas with the World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez, on the bill. Plus, a twenty man \$100,000 Battle Royal!"

[The graphic changes.]

"Monday night, we'll be in Oklahoma City with new National Champion Maxim Zharkov taking on "Cannonball" Lee Connors!"

[And again.]

"Thursday night in Kansas City, it'll be Jack Lynch taking on Riley Hunter!"

[And again.]

"It's Friday night in St. Louis with the World Tag Team Champions in action!"

[Again.]

"Saturday in Denver, Colorado has a six man tag team battle you will not want to miss when Ryan Martinez, Jack Lynch, and Supreme Wright take the Kings of Wrestling!"

[Back to the AWA logo splashed across a field of stars.]

"It's the AWA and you do NOT want to miss it when it comes to your town!"

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where both Mahoney and Shane have gotten to the ring are being held back from each other by referee Andy Dawson.]

GM: We're back just in time for World Television Title action... and fans, as we look at the clock, we're closing in on the end of the first hour of Super Saturday tonight. On the hour, we'll be taking another commercial break but our tape machines are rolling so if the match were to end in the break, we'll bring you the rest of the action as soon as we come back live.

[The bell sounds, signaling the start to the World Television Title match as Terry Shane grins across the ring, sliding out of the corner towards an incoming Mahoney.]

GM: The bell has rung and it's time for the World TV Title to be on the line here in Houston!

[Shane lunges into a collar and elbow tieup with his challenger, jockeying for position early...

...and then slips out, dropping down, and taking Mahoney off his feet with a drop toehold.]

GM: Nice move by Shane... and right into a side headlock, cranking on the head of the challenger.

[Shane squeezes the head of Mahoney who grabs at Shane's wrists, trying to pry his way free of the hold. The challenger pushes up off the mat to his knees as Shane attempts to maintain control.]

GM: Terry Shane looking to keep the momentum going after his first championship here in the AWA - the World TV Title victory coming at SuperClash last fall.

BW: Yeah, it looks like Shane was a good boy last year because Santa brought him the Television Title early... but Callum Mahoney is looking to play the role of The Grinch here tonight.

[Mahoney forces his way to a standing position, looking for a way out of the hold. A pair of forearms to the ribs seems to loosen Shane's grip as Mahoney shoves Shane off to the ropes, dropping down to the mat...

...which is where Shane drops right back down as well, re-applying the side headlock.]

GM: And right back to the headlock goes Terry Shane. You know, Bucky, for a long time, we've claimed that Terry Shane is one of the best in the world on the mat when it comes to technical wrestling...

BW: It would be hard not to be when you train under legends like Terry Shane Jr. and Oliver Strickland.

GM: A top flight pedigree to be certain.

[Mahoney wraps his arms around Shane's torso, rolling him over onto his shoulders.]

GM: Mahoney rolls him for one! For two!

[But Shane rolls back the other way, shaking his head as he tightens up the headlock...]

GM: Shane keeps control though, keeping Mahoney down on the mat where he can wear him down.

BW: Gordo, you talk about Shane being a master technician on the mat but don't forget about Callum Mahoney. The Fighting Irishman may like to fight but he's also the Armbar Assassin and one of the best on the canvas since Van Gogh, daddy.

GM: Hmm. Always took you to be a Picasso man.

[Mahoney again rolls Shane onto his back, holding tightly and forcing Shane to release the hold to avoid the pin.]

GM: And that'll get the challenger out of there.

[Both champion and challenger scramble up to their feet off the canvas...]

...and Mahoney comes up swinging, catching him under the chin with a forearm uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! Hard uppercut by the challenger!

[The blow staggers Shane, sending him falling back into the turnbuckles. Mahoney advances on him, swinging a knee up into the midsection. He piefaces Shane backwards, pushing his head back...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a big overhand chop across the chest!]

GM: Heavy blow by Mahoney - one of the hardest hitters I've ever seen in the ring.

[Mahoney pushes Shane's head back again, exposing his upper body.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another hard chop.

[Mahoney grabs Shane by the wrist, twisting the arm around all the way into a hammerlock as he walks Shane out of the corner...]

...and then swings him around, throwing him shoulderfirst into the turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! And Shane's shoulder hits the buckles!

BW: Mahoney not wasting any time, looking to go after that arm.

GM: He's the Armbar Assassin for a reason, fans.

[Mahoney grabs the arm again, twisting it around into an armwringer as he walks Shane out to mid-ring. He slowly twists the arm around a second time, nodding as Shane grimaces, grabbing at his own trapped limb...]

GM: Mahoney trying to soften up that arm... trying to get Shane into a spot where he can lock in that Cross Armbreaker.

BW: That's where you're wrong, Gordo. Mahoney can lock that in at any point from any spot.

GM: A valid point, Bucky. We've seen that Cross Armbreaker come in unexpected ways at unexpected times over the years.

[Mahoney grabs the wrist, nodding his head as he goes to twist the arm again...]

GM: Mahoney slowly twisting that arm, applying maximum pressure to the limb and...

[Slipping his hand behind Shane's neck, Mahoney uses the leverage to flip him over onto his back before dropping a leg across the arm, switching to a short-arm scissors.]

GM: Shane's gotta be careful here, Bucky. In that position, it would be very easy for Mahoney to switch to that Cross Armbreaker.

BW: It would, it would... and if he gets it on, Shane's title reign will be over just as quickly.

[Shane grabs at his trapped limb as Mahoney applies greater pressure.]

GM: Shane looking for a way out but Mahoney has other ideas, wrenching that arm.

[Shane grabs onto his own arm as he rolls to his hip, grimacing in pain.]

GM: The champion trying to find a position to relieve the pressure on the limb as we're past the three minute mark in this one.

[The champion slides his leg under him, getting a knee in place.]

GM: And look at this, Bucky. Terry Shane's trying to turn this submission hold by Mahoney into a pin attempt of his own. He gets his legs under him, rolling Mahoney onto his shoulders...

BW: That's not what he's looking for!

[With a mighty roar, Shane shows off some tremendous upper body strength as he hoists Mahoney up into the air, holding him high up over his shoulder, still trapped in the hold as a concerned Mahoney looks on...

...and then DROPS BACK to the mat, slamming him backfirst with a modified slam!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A COUNTER!

[Shane sits up, shaking out his arm as Mahoney writhes in pain on the canvas.]

GM: We're approaching the halfway mark in the time limit for this match as Terry Shane with the timely counter gets out of that short arm scissors... and that one move might completely turn this one around.

[Shane climbs to his feet, still shaking out his arm as he turns towards Mahoney who is crawling towards the ropes, looking to regain his feet.]

GM: Mahoney pulling himself up using the ropes...

[The champion advances on Mahoney, reaching out his arms to wrap them around the challenger's waist...]

GM: Waistlock!

[But Shane grabs at his own, grimacing as he stumbles back away from Mahoney.]

GM: No!

BW: He was looking for the German Suplex right there but Shane couldn't hold the waistlock with that arm. Mahoney's done too much damage to it.

[Mahoney spins around, rushing Shane from the blind side...

...but Shane sidesteps, flinging Mahoney chestfirst into the ropes, sending him stumbling back towards Shane.]

GM: Shane avoids the charge and-

[This time, Shane grabs the waistlock again, lifting Mahoney into the air, dumping him down in a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: HE GOT HIM THAT TIME!

[Mahoney's shoulders are pinned down as the referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[Mahoney's body spasms as he kicks out of the pin attempt to the disappointment of the crowd!]

GM: Ohhh! Near fall there for Shane - so close to getting the three count and scoring his first successful defense of that title.

[Shane claps his hands together in frustration as he sits up on the canvas, shaking out his arm again as he scrambles up to his feet, looking to take advantage of the downed Mahoney.]

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Shane grabs Mahoney by the hair, hauling him up to his feet as he sweeps in behind him, lifting him in a side waistlock...]

GM: Atomic drop on Mahoney!

[The jolt to the spine leaves Mahoney wobbling near the ropes where a Terry Shane dropkick between the shoulderblades sends Mahoney sprawling through the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Out to the floor goes the challenger... and just like that, Terry Shane has regained control of this match! Fans, we've got to take that break as Hour One comes to an end! Like I said, the tape machines are rolling and we'll be right back after the break! Stay tuned!

[Shane gets back to his feet and starts to move towards the ropes as we fade to black...]

HOUR TWO

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then come back up to live action where we find Terry Shane inside the ring, barking at Mahoney who seems to be stalling out on the floor.]

GM: Welcome back to Super Saturday, fans, where during the break, Shane and Mahoney have been playing a little cat and mouse as Shane tries to get his challenger back inside the ring.

BW: They'd better pick up the pace, Gordo. By my watch, we're down under four minutes to go in this one.

[The World Television Champion paces around the ring, stalking his opponent as Mahoney glares up at him.]

GM: Shane wants him back inside the ring...

BW: Then maybe he shouldn't have put Mahoney OUT of the ring to begin with!

[Mahoney takes a walk outside the ring, circling the ringpost.]

GM: Shane's waiting on Mahoney as the time continues to tick down on the clock.

BW: You know, Gordo... I was talking to some of the locker room lately and some guys mentioned that every time you get inside the ring for a World Television Title match, it's like wrestling a Three Way Dance because not only do you have to beat your opponent but you've gotta beat the clock too.

GM: Of course, there's a ten minute time limit for every World Television Title match and as we look at the clock and see about three minutes remaining, these two are up against it as well.

[Mahoney waits until the referee's count hits eight before he pulls himself up on the apron where Shane is waiting for him. The champion catches him with a forearm shot to the side of the head before pulling Mahoney into a front facelock, slinging Mahoney's arm over his neck.]

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

GM: Shane's looking to bring the challenger in the hard way with under three minutes to go in this one...

[Shane goes to lift Mahoney up for a vertical suplex...

...but a kicking Mahoney manages to force Shane to put him back down on the apron.]

GM: Shane can't get him up! Perhaps that arm is giving him trouble again and-

[Mahoney slips out of the front facelock, twisting to grab Shane in a snap mare position...

...and then DROPS to a seated position on the apron, snapping Shane's throat down on the top rope!][

GM: OHHH! WHAT A COUNTER BY MAHONEY!

[The countermove sends Shane bouncing back into the ring, coughing and gasping violently as Mahoney rolls through the ropes, crawling across the ring to apply a lateral press.]

GM: Mahoney covers! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO!

[The crowd cheers as Shane gets the shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Two count only! Mahoney-

[Mahoney swings a leg over Shane, planting a shin on the sternum to keep him down as Mahoney clubs his forearm down over and over on the midsection of the champion.]

GM: Mahoney pounding away on Shane... back to his feet...

[Leaping up, Mahoney drops down on Shane's chest in a seated senton.]

GM: Ohh! Nice sitdown splash by Mahoney, hooks a leg!

[Sitting on the chest, Mahoney reaches back for a leg, getting another two count before Shane kicks out.]

GM: No! No! Another kickout! We're closing in on-

"TWO MINUTES! TWO TO GO!"

GM: There it is. Two minutes left!

[Mahoney climbs off the mat, pulling Shane up to his feet with him. He smashes Shane headfirst into the corner, wrapping his arms around the top rope to expose his chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The knife-edge chop across the chest leaves Shane reeling in the corner as Mahoney winds up again.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A pair of big chops by the challenger, putting a hurting on Terry Shane in a match that has mostly been pretty clean, Bucky.

BW: You sound surprised, Gordo.

GM: Mahoney doesn't have the best history when it comes to... well, cheating.

BW: Slander!

[Mahoney switches his stance, swinging a back elbow into the side of Shane's jaw... and again... and again...]

GM: The referee ordering Mahoney to back off... and he obliges, leaving Shane barely able to stay on his feet in the corner.

[With Shane in a daze, Mahoney backs to mid-ring, waving the official out of the way before charging back in, landing a big running kick high on the chest of Shane!]

GM: Ohhh! A version of that running big boot we've seen out of Ryan Martinez so many times.

[Mahoney pulls Shane out of the corner by the hair, twisting him around into a side waistlock, leaning down to pull one of Shane's legs up into a cradle...

...and SLAMS him down with a belly-to-back cradle suplex!]

GM: SUPLEX BY MAHONEY! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! SHOULDER UP BY THE CHAMP!

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

GM: You heard it, fans! One minute left! One minute remaining in the time limit for this World Television Title match here on Super Saturday. Mahoney climbing back to his feet...

[But as the Fighting Irishman leans over to grab the downed Shane, Shane reaches up, plucking Mahoney into a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE!

[The referee dives down to count!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE! HE GOT HIM!

[The cradle is broken shortly after the three count, leaving Shane to roll from the ring to the floor as Mahoney angrily gets to his feet, kicking the bottom rope in frustration.]

GM: Shane caught him with an inside cradle for the one... two... three... and retains the World Television Title tonight here on Super Saturday... and look at the frustration on the part of Callum Mahoney.

[Mahoney slams a forearm down on the top turnbuckle, glaring out at Shane as the referee hands over the title belt, raising Shane's hand in triumph.]

GM: Terry Shane with the timely counter remains your World Television Champion, fans... and if Shane was telling it true, that'll be the final shot at the gold for Callum Mahoney.

BW: Maybe, maybe not... that's not entirely his decision to make, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. And right now, as Shane celebrates his victory with the fans here in Houston, let's go to some footage captured by our new Access 365 cameras back in the office of Javier Castillo.

[We get that flashy Access 365 logo again before we get the quickly-becoming-familiar shot of Castillo's office. The door swings open as "The Future" Derrick Williams walks in, still dressed as we saw him earlier.]

DW: Mr. Castillo, you wanted to see...

[Williams' words trail off as the chair behind the desk turns around to reveal Veronica Westerly. She sits at the desk, leaning forward and steeping her hands - the slightest of smiles on her face.]

DW: Ah... uh... Ms. Westerly, I wasn't expecting you. Mr. Castillo was looking for-

[Westerly interrupts, fingering a wedding ring.]

VW: It's Missus, Mr. Williams...

[She arches an eyebrow.]

VW: But you can call me Veronica.

[Williams nods.]

DW: Okay... Veronica. I'll come back-

[She interrupts again.]

VW: No. I was the one who called you here not Javier. I wanted to have a little chat with you about what happened earlier... please... sit.

[She gestures to the chair across from her that Williams quickly fills.]

DW: Is this about Jackson? I realize the change was sudden and I definitely don't want to step on your guys' toes but we felt...

[His words trail off again as she lifts a hand, shaking her head.]

VW: Please. If you felt a change was needed to keep the Axis strong, that is your decision to make. I'll admit, I was rather fond of Jackson but...

[She shrugs.]

VW: Business is business. Anyways, I just wanted you to know that we at Korugun see great things going forward for the "new" Axis.

[Williams looks a little surprised.]

DW: Thank you for the vote of confidence, Mrs. West- err, Veronica.

[Williams gets up from the chair, turning towards the door.]

VW: Oh, and Derrick... I personally wanted you to know that your comments after SuperClash towards Ryan Martinez... I greatly approved of them.

[Williams grins.]

DW: Well, I meant every word of it.

VW: I know you did. And should you live up to that promise, you will find a very...

[She rises from her seat, putting her shapely form on display.]

VW: ...very grateful friend here at Korugun.

[Williams' eyes drift for a moment... just a moment... and then snap back up on her face.]

DW: Does that mean - when the time is right - I can count on your support?

[Westerly's smile grows bigger.]

VW: Absolutely.

[Williams seems about to reply when a loud pounding on the door is heard. The door swings open a moment later and in bursts Riley Hunter, seeming slightly wound up.]

RH: Duke, Duke! Did you ask yet? We're not in trouble are we? We're good?

[Williams sighs and holds his hands up to calm his partner down]

DW: Ri, we're good. It's all good... and I was just getting to that.

[Westerly arches an eyebrow in question.]

DW: One of Jax's shortcomings was his lack of looking out for our title aspirations. Basically, Ri and I believe we're owed our Tag Team Championship shot against the Kings that Jax and Lau "never got around to ironing out". And we figured, no time like the present, right?

RH: Exactly!

[Westerly slowly nods.]

VW: Considering recent events and our discussion here tonight, I think that might be possible. I'll speak to Javier shortly and... I believe you'll be very happy with the result of that conversation.

[Williams nods while Hunter pumps his fists in excitement.]

DW: Thank you... Veronica. And I look forward to our continued association.

[He holds out his hand, getting a little-too-long handshake in return...

...and we abruptly cut through the Access 365 logo to a shot of the ring, surrounded by the rabid AWA fans in Houston, Texas - the home of 2015's SuperClash.

And then suddenly...

Oh, you didn't expect it ever again, I bet. But here you are, your ears perking up as the twangy guitar introduction of that classic early-90's teen anthem begins.

Yes, I mean "Everything About You" by Ugly Kid Joe.

For those who don't remember - and at this point, it's probably most of you - this signifies the arrival of the AWA legend (?) himself...]

BW: YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

[I wish we were, Buckthorn. I wish we were.

But alas, we are not. For emerging onto the ramp, it is he...

"HOTSHOT" STEVIE SCOTT!]

GM: Oh my stars and garters! "Hotshot" Stevie Scott is here! We knew about the roster shakeup but wow...what a bombshell, Bucky! The two-time AWA National Champion, one of the founding fathers who helped put the AWA on the map...he's here and this crowd is going wild!

BW: It doesn't get much bigger than this, Gordo! Stevie Scott in an AWA ring once more!

GM: I don't think anyone expected to see Stevie Scott again, especially after what Travis Lynch did to him a few months ago.

[The crowd indeed is crazy-go-nuts over the surprise appearance. Stevie, dressed in a gray suit, the kind that was his staple during his days in the Southern Syndicate, pauses at the top of the ramp, soaking it all in.

And flashes the STEVIEGRIN~! just as the camera cuts to a tight shot of the former champion.

Stevie then walks toward the ring, microphone already in his right hand. He climbs through the ropes but instead of playing to the crowd, he walks to the dead-center of the ring as the music fades...but the crowd noise does not.]

"WEL-COME BACK! WEL-COME BACK!"

[Stevie nods in acknowledgement, unable to contain a smile, before raising the microphone to speak to the AWA fanbase for the first time in years.]

HSS: So...I heard they wanted to shake things up around here, huh?

[Big cheer!]

HSS: Well, if anyone knows anything about shakin' stuff up, it's the old Hotshot, you know what I'm saying?

[Yes we do! I guess!]

HSS: Ah, man, it's been too long since I've been able to take in the adrenaline rush of climbing into the ring, the thrill of cracking someone's jaw with a Heatseeker...

[Stevie tilts his head with a little bit of wistfulness.]

HSS: ...Unfortunately, those days are over for me.

[BOOOOOOOOO! Stevie shrugs animatedly.]

HSS: I know, I know, but hey, doctor's orders. This old body...even though it still looks pretty damn hot if I do say so myself...my card's expired. Too many cheap shots from the Juan Vasquezes and Travis Lynches of the world.

HOWEVER...Hang on, you're gonna love this.

[Stevie reaches into the pocket inside his sport coat and pulls out a 3" x 5" index card.]

HSS: I went and got me one o' these!

[He holds it out to the camera to reveal...in red sharpie no less...the words "Manager's License" written at the top of the card with his name underneath.]

HSS: Looks legit, right? Do we even need these anymore?

[Stevie shrugs, then rips the card up and tosses it on the mat.]

HSS: Eh, everyone knows who I am. You know, there was a time when I did what I wanted, when I wanted, and how I wanted to do it.

[He nods.]

HSS: I think it's time for those days to make a comeback.

[Pop!]

HSS: So let's cut to the chase. I AM back in the AWA to provide my expertise...my wisdom...my unmatched panache to one lucky individual who wants to strap a rocket on his - or her - back and fly straight to the top of

the AWA. I am here to identify, to train, and to represent the next big thing in professional wrestling!

So all you men and all you ladies here, I want to see how hungry you are. I want to find out who has the talent, who has the drive, who has the desire to catch the eye of the Hotshot. I want to find out who wants to be what I once was in the AWA...nay, in the entire _industry_.

The absolute _BEST_.

Just remember, for anyone out there who wants it badly enough?

[A wink at the camera in the ring.]

HSS: Stevie'll take you there.

[Stevie nods curtly and confidently, turning to make his exit when...]

"Bold words, Mr. Scott."

[Stevie pauses, looking around for the source of the voice. A few moments later, a woman emerges out onto the stage, clad in a black sportscoat over a black top, a gold chain hanging around her neck. A black skirt and black high heels rounds out the ensemble... as does her deep crimson hair.]

"For a man who hasn't had a serious impact on the world of wrestling in... what? Three years now? Longer?

Step aside, Mr. Scott... and behold the future of this sport."

[The woman walks down the aisle - long, tanned legs leading her to the squared circle. She endures her fair share of catcalls from the male members of the audience, earning a few glares in response. She climbs the ringsteps before ducking through the ropes.]

"For those of you who don't know me and think I'm here to be your eye candy... think again.

My name is Angelica Westerly... yes, those Westerlys. The most legendary wrestling family in this state."

[The fans jeer that idea, having grown up as Lynch fans.]

AW: And I am here tonight as the CEO of Guerrero Del Mundo, the greatest international wrestling promotion company in this industry.

[Westerly turns her gaze back towards Stevie Scott who hasn't exited the ring quite yet.]

AW: International wrestling, Mr. Scott. A far cry from your days of being a... Southern... wrestler.

[The word "Southern" seems to stick in her throat as she chokes it out. Again, the fans jeer the insult aimed at their region of the country.]

AW: I feature the best high flyers in the world. The best technical wrestlers. I feature former kickboxers and MMA stars. If you're the best wrestler in your country, there's a good chance I represent you and your dreams of making it big on a global level.

That's what I do, Mr. Scott. I turn good wrestlers into global phenomenons.

[She slowly squats down, picking up a piece of Stevie's torn up "Manager's License." She holds it in front of him.]

AW: While you play make believe. So, run along now, Mr. Scott. Go find your diamond in the rough...

[She smirks at him.]

AW: ...oh, but do stick around for this next match. You just might learn something about how to do your new job.

[Westerly turns away from Scott dismissively. He smirks himself as he ducks through the ropes, nodding as he grabs a steel chair and sets himself up in it at ringside. Westerly beckons Rebecca Ortiz into the ring, handing her a set of index cards and gesturing for her to begin.]

RO: The following contest - promoted by Guerreros Del Mundo - is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The sounds of a trumpet blare out over the PA system, leading to a military war march-sounding song.]

RO: He hails from the battlefield... weighing in at 197 pounds...

ARRRRRRRRRRMINIUSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[The curtain parts to a cheer from the AWA faithful... a bigger cheer coming from those who are familiar with the world of lucha libre... as Arminius storms onto the scene.]

GM: And there he is, fans... one of the most famed high flyers in all the world, the luchador Arminius!

[Arminius wears a blood red mask with holes cut for eyes, nose, and mouth but that conceals the rest of his identity. A small hole in the back allows braided black hair to escape and hang down the back of his head to hide neck. His torso is also covered with a skin-tight black bodysuit with a golden Celtic Cross that covers the entire front of the outfit. Matching gold and black tights go to his boots which also match.]

BW: If you go on the Internet, Gordo, this guy's name is everywhere. You can watch highlights on YouTube. You can hear the best in the world singing

his praises on Twitter. Heck, he might even have a MySpace following at this point.

[Arminius gives a celebratory fist pump as he jogs down the aisle, weaving his way back and forth to slap as many outstretched hands as possible. He scampers up on the ring apron, grabbing the top rope where he slingshots up, springboarding off into a front somersault that he lands on the mat, rolling through and up to his feet with a hop to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Wow! Obviously athletic. Obviously skilled in the realm of aerial tactics. If this guy lives up to the hype we've heard, we're in for quite the treat here tonight on Super Saturday.

[Arminius moves to the ropes, tucking his arms behind the top as he stretches out.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[La Banda Bastön's "Quiúbole" starts to play. First to step through the entranceway is the "Chola Japonesa" herself, Luciana, dressed in a white tank top over a black bra and a pair of brown cargo pants. She also has a black bandana tied around her neck and a Texas Rangers cap on her head. Luciana bops along to the beat of the song, gradually dropping to a squat, as Kaz Konoe emerges behind her. Konoe has on a Texas Rangers jersey over his ring attire: white boxer-style trunks, black knee pads and white boots, with black piping and laces. Konoe and Luciana, wearing the uniform of a rival team, are, naturally, met with disapproval from the Houston crowd.]

RO: Hailing from Tokyo, Japan... weighing in at 225 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Luciana, he is...

KAZ KO-NO-E!

[With Konoe behind her, Luciana rises back to a standing position, never breaking contact with her man. She wraps her arms around his neck, tilts her head back and gives him a kiss on the cheek, before letting go and leading the way to the ring.]

GM: Kaz Konoe and Luciana... what can you tell me about this duo, Bucky?

BW: I can tell you Konoe trained under GOLIATH Takehara a little over a decade ago. He's worked in Total Japan... he's worked in G-Pro... heck, he's even worked here before, Gordo. In 2009, he had a tryout match where he teams with MAMMOTH Mizusawa. He's also spent time wrestling down in Mexico for SWLL before making his way back to Japan where he's been in Tiger Paw Pro ever since.

[As they make their way down the aisle, Luciana runs her mouth, taunting and trading insults with the jeering members of the crowd. Konoe ignores them, for the most part, occasionally smiling at something Luciana says. Reaching the ring, Luciana climbs the ring steps and slowly steps through the ropes, as Konoe watches on with a smile, before following behind her.

They both stand in the center of the ring, Konoe with one arm wrapped around Luciana, as he raises the other. As the music fades, Konoe heads to his corner, removing the jersey while Luciana steps through the ropes, but stays on the apron, giving him some words of encouragement.]

GM: And Luciana? Is she his manager? His valet?

BW: Let's go with... inspiration.

GM: I see. Well, both of these competitors are quite well-regarded and if Miss Westerly was looking to put on a show to impress the masses here tonight, we may be about to get that.

[We cut to Stevie Scott seated at ringside, looking on with interest.]

GM: There you see the former National Champion, perhaps with an impromptu scouting session on his hands as he searches for the first client he hopes to lead to the top as a manager.

[Cut back to the ring where Luciana has vacated the premises and new AWA official Pete Miller steps forward in his bright blue shoes, checking to see if both men are ready.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded and we are underway in this one. One fall, twenty minute time limit for these two debuting... well, I suppose returning in the case of Kaz Konoe... superstars.

[The two smaller competitors come out of their respective corners. Arminius circles to his right, trying to get behind Konoe who shifts his own position to keep the luchador in front of him.]

GM: Here we go... collar and elbow tieup... Konoe with a thirty pound or so weight advantage...

[Konoe quickly grabs the wrist, twisting out of the tieup into an armwringer...]

GM: Twists the arm... holding Arminius at bay...

[Arminius slaps his own tricep a few times, showing the pain of the hold...

...and then suddenly ducks his head, somersaulting through the pressure back to his feet where he twists the arm into an armwringer of his own.]

GM: Nice counter by the luchador.

[This time, it's Konoe in pain, grimacing as Luciana shouts at him from the floor. Konoe straightens up, walking over towards the ropes, pulling Arminius with him. He grabs the top rope, holding it for a moment before he uses it to flip out of the pressure before twisting it back the other way.]

GM: And now it's Konoe who is back to the wristlock. Nice exchange by these two early on in this one.

[Konoe walks Arminius back across the ring, the luchador grabbing at his shoulder as he heads towards the corner...

...where he suddenly runs up the turnbuckles, springing off the top rope, twisting through the air, and coming down in a king-sized armdrag that jerks Konoe off his feet and throws him down to the canvas!]

GM: Whooooa my! What a maneuver out of Arminius!

BW: And if these two are playing a game of one-upsmanship, I think Arminius may have just won.

[Konoe comes back to his feet where Arminius grabs the arm again, twisting it around...

...and Konoe simply sticks a thumb in the eye.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: I was mistake, Gordo... nothing beats the old Greco-Roman thumb to the eye!

[Konoe looks around at the jeering crowd and gives an exaggerated shrug before he grabs Arminius by the mask, rushing across the ring to slam his head into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Facefirst to the corner there...

[Twisting Arminius around so that his back is against the buckles, Konoe leans on him with a back elbow to the chin... and a second... and a third. He lashes out with a hook kick to the back of the luchador's knee, taking him off his feet into a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Konoe takes him off his feet...

[Grabbing the top rope, Konoe slingshots over the top rope to the ring apron... and then slingshots right back in, driving his feet into the face of the seated Arminius with a dropkick.]

GM: Ohhh! What a dropkick by the Estrella Negra... the Blackstar!

[Grabbing Arminius by the foot, Konoe drags him from the corner where he flips into a single leg cradle, gaining a one count before the luchador kicks out.]

GM: One count only off the dropkick. It's going to take a lot more than that to put Arminius down for a three.

[Konoe slowly gets to his feet, looking down in annoyance at the masked man. He stomps him a few times as Luciana claps happily on the floor. We cut again to Angelica Westerly who looks on, a slight smile on her face.]

GM: A lot of interested eyes on the ring for this battle between two of the most talked-about international competitors on the globe. Konoe pulls Arminius back to his feet now... Irish whip to the corner...

[But as Konoe charges in on the luchador, Arminius leans back, bringing up his feet so Konoe runs headlong into them. The crowd cheers as Konoe stumbles back and Arminius turns to face the corner, leaping once onto the second rope and springing up to the top before he moonsaults off the top, catching Konoe across the chest!]

GM: MOONSAULT ON THE STANDING KONOE CONNECTS!

[Arminius doesn't attempt a pin off the moonsault though, scrambling to his feet and dashing to the ropes...]

GM: Arminius, showing off the trademark speed and quickness...

[As Konoe comes up off the mat, Arminius is waiting to leap into the air, hooking the Japanese competitor in a satellite headscissors, swinging around and around and around in a dizzying fashion until snaring a front facelock, looking for a DDT...

...but Konoe holds his ground, shoving Arminius off where he lands a few feet away on his feet...]

GM: Wow!

[...and Konoe simply dusts off his shoulder, smirking at Arminius who charges at him. Konoe spins around, burying a rolling sole butt into the midsection of Arminius.]

GM: Spin kick to the gut... to the ropes...

[Arminius drops to his knee, landing a double chop to the midsection of the rebounding Konoe...

...and then spins around on said knee, swinging a leg to sweep out the Blackstar's own legs.]

GM: Legsweeps him off his feet and-

[Back up, Arminius throws himself into the air, flipping backwards and crashing down on top of Konoe with a standing Shooting Star Press. He reaches back, tightly hooking a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[Konoe kicks out of the pin attempt, sending Arminius off of him where the luchador breaks into another sprint to the ropes, bouncing off with great velocity...]

GM: Arminius coming back fast... leaps up...

[He again snares Konoe's head with his legs, flipping him over in a rana...

...but Konoe cartwheels through it, waving a wagging finger at the masked man who rushes him again. Konoe sidesteps, shoving Arminius towards the corner where he runs up the turnbuckles, somersaulting over an incoming Konoe who hits the corner chestfirst.]

GM: Konoe hits the corner... Arminius charging in from behind...

[Konoe blindly throws a superkick backwards, catching the masked man on the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Konoe hops up to the second turnbuckle, the crowd buzzing with anticipation...

...and then turns around, lying across the ropes, his hands tucked behind his head like he's about to take a nap.]

GM: What the...?!

BW: When Konoe went to Mexico, Gordo, he developed a new attitude... and ended up with a faction known as Los Renegados - a group with no respect for the rules... no respect for authority... and certainly no respect for their opponents.

[Arminius looks puzzled at Konoe for a moment, his head cocked to the side... and then charges in on him but Konoe leans back, flipping out onto the apron where he leaps up, hanging onto the top rope as he throws a kick to the skull of Arminius.]

GM: Ohh! Head kick from outside the ring!

[Konoe ducks through the ropes, stepping on the bottom rope as he pushes off into a front facelock, twisting around and SPIKING the masked man with a compact version of a tornado DDT!]

GM: TORNADO DDT AND A BEAUTY!

[Arminius bounces off the mat from the impact, rolling through the ropes to the outside of the ring as Konoe gets to his feet. He points out to Arminius, waving his arms around as many in the crowd start to cheer. Luciana claps lustily as we show Stevie Scott at ringside, watching the action with great interest.]

GM: Clear the runway! Kaz Konoe is ready for takeoff!

[Dashing to the ropes, Konoe rebounds back, the crowd coming to their feet in anticipation...]

...and he baseball slides under the bottom rope...]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[And slaps the taste out of the masked man’s mouth, sending him spinning away towards the barricade.]

BW: Hah! He had every one in this building - even you but NOT me - suckered in, Gordo!

[The crowd is letting Konoe have it and again, he gives the super-exaggerated shrug as he advances on Arminius, grabbing him by the mask and smashing him ribsfirst into the ringside barricade.]

GM: Konoe in control out here by us... look out now!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[A big knife edge chop nearly knocks Arminius over the railing as Konoe takes aim again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: A pair of big chops out on the floor... grabs the arm...

[Konoe goes to whip Arminius towards the ring apron but the high flying luchador leaps from the floor to the apron in a single bound to a roar from the fans. A shocked Konoe rushes towards him...]

...and gets a back kick to the mush that snaps his head back!]

GM: Ohh! Kick to the mouth by the masked man...

[Arminius grabs the top rope, throwing a glance over his shoulder at Konoe...]

GM: Look out here!

[The luchador leaps into the air, springing off the middle rope with another moonsault, wiping out Konoe with it as Arminius lands on his feet to a huge reaction from the crowd!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT TO THE FLOOR! OH MY!

[Arminius celebrates with some high fives amongst the fans by the barricade before he turns back to Konoe, pulling him off the mat as Luciana screams at the masked man.]

GM: Arminius tosses Konoe back inside the ring...

[The luchador climbs up on the ring apron, eyeing Konoe as he measures him from where he's standing...]

GM: What's he looking for now?

[As Konoe settles on the canvas, Arminius leaps into the air, springing off the top rope in a full flip...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD...

[...and comes around into a 450 splash!]

GM: ...SPLASH!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But comes up totally empty as Konoe vacates the premises, causing Arminius to SLAM down hard on his torso.]

GM: He missed! He missed!

BW: There's a reason they call it high risk, Gordo!

[Konoe scrambles up to his feet, yanking a dazed Arminius up to a standing position. "El Renegado de Japon" snatches a three-quarter nelson on him...

...and then kicks up off the mat, backflipping over Arminius while maintaining his grip...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES him down on the back of his head, reaching forward to snare a leg!]

GM: What the heck was that?!

BW: He calls that Desafio and I call it a knockout, daddy!

[Konoe hangs on to the leg as the referee counts three and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Konoe shoves the leg away, climbing to his feet as Luciana slithers under the ropes into the ring to celebrate with her man. We cut outside the ring to Angelica Westerly looking on, a pleased expression on her face. Cut again to Stevie Scott who is stroking his chin thoughtfully, nodding at the ring.]

GM: A lot of impressed individuals at ringside and in the crowd after that match, Bucky.

BW: Two great athletes. Some stellar action inside that squared circle. Damn right, they're impressed. I wouldn't be surprised if Stevie Scott tried to sign someone right now!

GM: Kaz Konoe celebrating his victory with Luciana... and we've dispatched Mark Stegglet down to the ring to try and get some words from the Blackstar, Estrella Negra...

[Cut back to the ring where Mark Stegglet is standing now, mic in hand as the referee tends to Arminius down on the mat near the corner.]

MS: Kaz Konoe, a successful debut - or should I say return - to the AWA for you here tonight. I say return, because, of course, nearly eight years ago, you com-

[Stegglet is interrupted by Luciana. Her voice is clear and steady, betraying only the slightest of accents.]

L: Nearly eight years ago, Mark, Kaz appeared in the AWA under very different circumstances. He appeared in the AWA to take the fall for Louis Matsui's pet project at that time, a certain Mizusawa-san. But now, the AWA is rid of the likes of a Matsui. Hamilton Graham... Gone! Brian Lau... Gone! And earlier tonight, the Axis took out the trash that was Jackson Hunter.

The times, as they say, Mark, are a-changing. In the place of those fossils of a time that has passed, we have Korugun. We have visionaries like Señor Castillo. Like Angelica Westerly...

[She gestures grandly towards Westerly who inclines her head slightly in acknowledgment.]

L: And it is at the behest of these visionaries, because they have seen what he's done in Mexico and Japanes, that Kaz Konoe returns to the AWA! Because of all he has achieved with nuestros hermanos, Los Renegados de SWLL, they have chosen him tonight to showcase what Los Guerreros del Mundo have to offer!

[Luciana steers Stegglet's wrist, positioning the mic in front of Konoe.]

KK: ¡Yo soy la Estrella Negra! ¡Yo soy el único Renegado de Japón! Esta noche, no solo represento a Los Guerreros del Mundo. Es...

[Konoe pauses, as if he's lost his train of thought. His face, however, betrays no emotions; his eyes hidden behind the sunglasses, which he has retrieved

and put on at some point after securing the victory. Konoe takes in a deep breath and exhales slowly, letting his shoulders drop as he does so. He leans in further towards the mic, looking over his sunglasses at Mark Stegglet.]

KK: ¿A quién le importa?

[With an exaggerated shrug, Konoe walks away. Luciana, with a smile on her face, does the same as she follows him, leaving behind a somewhat confused Stegglet as we fade to black.]

Fade to a shot of a hallway, a Ryan Martinez poster on the wall. A young boy and his father turn the corner, now in the hall.

Cut to a closeup of the boy who points excitedly down the hall.]

"DAD, LOOK! IT'S RYAN MARTINEZ!"

[Cut to Ryan Martinez' back as he walks down the hallway, presumably heading for the ring... and then back to a two shot of the boy and his father who speaks for the first time.]

"You have to be quiet, son. He's getting ready for the big match."

[Cut back to Martinez' back, almost gone from sight now.]

Cut back to the young boy who shouts.]

"RYYYYYAAAAAN!"

[Cut to Martinez who slowly turns, a determined expression on his face.]

Cut to his boots, turning and walking towards the young man's voice. Step... step... step...

Cut back to the young boy, a nervous expression on his face now. Did he upset his hero?

Martinez' footsteps echo in the hallway as we cut to the young boy's father, looking down at his son and then down the hall at an approaching Ryan Martinez.

Cut to Martinez, still focused as he looks down unsmiling at the young boy.

Cut to the boy who has hero worship in his eyes as he looks up at Martinez and boldly speaks.]

"Go get him, White Knight."

[Martinez cracks a slight smile, reaching up to grab a Ryan Martinez White Knight t-shirt draped over his shoulder. He holds it up for a moment, setting it down on the young boy's shoulder as a proud father looks on. The boy

breaks out into a huge grin as Martinez pats him on the other arm, turning to walk away as the opening notes to his music are heard.

We cut to a closeup of the young boy once last time.]

“Wow.”

[Then to Martinez, walking through the curtain into a blaze of bright white light. And then cut to a graphic that reads “The AWA: Who’s Your Hero?”

We fade from commercial out to the ring where we see a young woman already standing as Rebecca Ortiz takes center stage.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA WOMEN’S WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first... she is the challenger... from Foukes, Arkansas... weighing in at 140 pounds...

KAYLA “THE PISTOL” CRISTOLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[Cristol grins at the cheers of the Texas crowd, firing some finger pistols in the air before “holstering” them in her sequined gunbelts.]

BW: Gordo, I gotta ask...

GM: Oh brother.

BW: This is Super Saturday! The season premiere for the AWA! One of the biggest nights of the year!

GM: I don’t hear a question yet.

BW: My question is - is this hillbilly the best we could do for the champ?

GM: Kayla Cristol is a fine competitor, Bucky... and as you know, she was trained by the Lynch family.

BW: Maybe she - and you - missed the memo, Gordo. The Lynches are out of style round these parts!

[Cristol beckons towards the aisle, waiting for her opponent as the music changes to Nicki Minaj’s “I’m The Best.”]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent... weighing in at 148 pounds... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... she is the AWA WOMEN’S WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONNNNN...

LAURYNNNNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The arena light is filtered as the Women's World Champion comes strutting out onto the stage, a bounce in her step as she comes to a halt, striking a pose with the title belt wrapped tightly around her waist.]

GM: The champ is here and... well, quite frankly, I'm surprised to see her out here by herself, Bucky.

BW: She's the champ, Gordo! She can do it all on her own!

[Rage takes a few steps down the ramp and then pauses, a hand coming up over her mouth as if she's forgotten something...

...and then she spins around, pointing to the entryway.]

GM: Or maybe not.

[That's when the massive Kurayami emerges from behind the curtain, framing the champion with her mass. Rage smiles coyly at the audience and struts down the aisle, Kurayami in tow.]

BW: And there she is... the best insurance policy in the game, Gordo!

GM: There's no doubt about that. We saw exactly how valuable of an insurance policy she is back at SuperClash when she got involved in that Three Way Dance and made sure that Rage walked out with the Women's World Title instead of Ayako Fujiwara... the person that many believe should be wearing that title.

BW: The only thing she's wearing these days is a sling on her arm after banging up her shoulder during the off-season wrestling in Japan.

GM: That's right. Fujiwara suffering that injury last month. We're told she'll be back in action soon but she's not here tonight in Houston - a fact I'm sure that Rage and Kurayami are quite happy about.

[Climbing into the ring, Rage runs a hand through her fire red hair, making sure it's in place as Kurayami takes a spot in her corner, the Women's World Title belt slung over the monster's shoulder.]

GM: Rage making sure her hair is... well, on.

BW: Oh, that's hysterical, Gordo. I still can't believe that garbage went viral after SuperClash!

GM: She lost her hair mid-match, Bucky! Her wig got knocked clean off her head!

BW: If I were you, I wouldn't bring that up too much if I were you. I know Da Kid is still sensitive about it.

[Rage looks out at Kurayami, giving her a little wave of the hand as the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Cristol moves quickly out to the center of the ring, shouting...]

"LET'S DO THIS, YOU HORSE-HAIRED HEFFER!"

[The crowd ROARS for the insult as Rage frantically grabs at her hair, shaking her head...

...and then angrily rushes across the ring, looking to attack Cristol who goes low, ducking Rage's grasp to hook a rear waistlock, lifting Rage into the air and throwing her down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Waistlock takedown by Cristol!

[Cristol backs off, waiting for Rage to get up but as the Women's World Champion does, she immediately walks towards referee Shari Miranda, protesting loudly.]

BW: She pulled the hair! You saw it!

GM: No she didn't and no I didn't!

BW: She did! She was trying to go viral!

[Cristol approaches the complaining Rage from behind, snatching a rear waistlock as Rage's eyes go wide. The Pistol again lifts her up, throwing her down to the mat!]

GM: Another waistlock takedown!

BW: Another hairpull!

GM: She did NOT pull the hair, Bucky! She didn't do anything like that!

[Rage gets up again, shouting to the official. She turns back towards Cristol, winding up her right arm, taking a big swing for a slap...

...but Cristol ducks it, snatching Rage by the hair and YANKING her down to the mat to a huge cheer!]

BW: THERE! THERE!

GM: Well, maybe that time she pulled the hair.

BW: That should be a disqualification!

GM: Oh, would you stop?!

[Rage comes up quick again, grimacing as she rushes at Cristol who locks up with her, pushing her back against the ropes.]

GM: Into the ropes they go... the referee looking for a clean break...

[But as Rage breaks off the tieup, she buries a boot into the midsection.]

GM: Ohh! And Rage goes downstairs on the challenger!

[Rage winds up again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! She slapped her right across the mouth!

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: And then goes back the other way with a backhand!

[Rage angrily paintbrushes Cristol a few times before grabbing a handful of Cristol's hair, dragging her to the corner where she smashes her head into the top turnbuckle... and again... and a third time causes Cristol to slump into the corner as Rage turns to shout at the crowd.]

"THAT'S WHY I'M YOUR CHAMP!"

[Rage is stomping across the ring, shouting at some ringside fans, completely ignoring Cristol as she recovers in the corner. Kurayami shouts a warning too late as Cristol grabs Rage by the hair again, swinging her around and using it to take her over with a snapmare.]

BW: Stop pulling her hair, for crying out loud!

[With Rage sitting on the mat, Cristol runs to the ropes, rebounding back with a low dropkick, snapping the champion's head back down to the mat!]

GM: Dropkick on the money - and the first cover of the mat!

BW: You mean the first kickout! It's gonna take more than that to keep Da Kid down... and look, her hair is still in place!

[Perhaps not for long as Cristol uses a grip on the hair to pull Rage to her feet...]

GM: Cristol goes from the hair to the arm... big whip on the- no, reversed!

[The challenger crashes into the buckles as Rage comes in after her.]

BW: And Rage is on her like stink on the Lynch living room!

[The champion pins her in the corner, peppering her with hard kicks to the body...]

GM: Rage going to town, working on the ribs of the challenger...

[But as Rage backs off, looking for a little extra oomph on a final kick, Cristol catches the leg, using the other to back heel trip the champion.]

GM: Cristol takes her down... look out here!

[Hanging onto the foot, Cristol front flips over her, stretching out the hamstring. Rage flails about on the canvas, shouting "DAMN IT!" as she slaps her arms on the mat, quickly rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Rage rolls right out of there... Cristol went after the leg and that hamstring pull may have done some damage.

[Grimacing, Rage kneels on the floor as the timekeeper gets up, walking over towards her. She shakes her head, biting her bottom lip as Cristol starts towards the ropes. The referee intervenes, stepping in and waving her back...]

GM: Rage is back up now... visibly hobbling outside the ring...

[Cristol takes another step towards the ropes, shouting at the champion to get back into the ring as Rage hobbles around the ringside area.]

BW: Walk it off, champ... walk it off. See, Gordo... without Kurayami out there, Cristol might have been tempted to sneak attack Da Kid but she's not gonna even dream about it with her at ringside.

GM: Who can blame her? With that monster down there, you'd better give her a very wide berth. So far, she hasn't gotten involved but it's like a ticking time bomb and you just know she could have a major impact at any time.

[The referee's count reaches eight before Rage rolls back under the ropes, gingerly getting to her feet as Cristol advances on her...]

GM: Cristol looking to take advantage of whatever problem Rage is having with her leg...

[But as Cristol goes high, Rage goes low, avoiding a lockup attempt and kicks at the back of Cristol's knee, taking her down to a knee...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throws a stiff kick to the back of the head!]

GM: Oh my! What a shot!

[Cristol crumples to the canvas as Rage leans against the ropes, shaking out her leg.]

GM: That left leg really seems to be bothering the champion, Bucky.

BW: It does but she's hanging in there... she's still fighting, Gordo.

[Rage circles back to Cristol, sitting down on Cristol's back as she snatches two hands full of hair...

...and yanks Cristol back into a makeshift camel clutch!]

GM: Ahhh! She's got the hair, Bucky!

BW: Think about all those times earlier when Cristol grabbed Da Kid's hair! Turnabout is fair play!

[Cristol cries out in pain as Lauryn Rage rears back, ignoring the referee's count...

...and then lets go at the count of four, dropping Cristol facefirst on the canvas.]

GM: Finally, Rage lets her go...

BW: And I love the ring positioning there, Gordo. Lauryn put her so that she was looking right into the eyes of Kurayami, making sure that Cristol could see her... making sure she knew that if she made a play for the ropes, Kuryami would be right there waiting for her. Kurayami is already paying big dividends, Gordo!

GM: It makes you wonder how much money Rage is dropping to have an insurance policy like that in her corner... doesn't it?

BW: Money? How crude. Maybe Kurayami just wants to be associated with the best in the world. Ever think of that?

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky.

[Climbing to her feet, Rage leaps off one foot to drop her butt down into Cristol's lower back.]

GM: Rage drops her weight down on the back of Kayla Cristol... and right back to that hairpull camel clutch! Come on!

[Shari Miranda gets right in the champion's face, laying in the count.]

GM: A totally illegal hold...

BW: But she broke before five which makes it totally legal!

GM: That's not exactly how the rulebook works and you know that.

BW: If it doesn't get you disqualified, it's all legal, Gordo.

[Rage pulls Cristol off the mat by the hair before grabbing the wrist, winging Cristol into the ropes. Cristol rebounds off as Rage leaps up off the right leg, twisting around...]

GM: Flying hip attack by Rage! She didn't get all of that with the bad wheel, Bucky.

BW: She got enough! Oh yeah!

[Rage stands over Cristol, slapping her ample rear end, shaking it for the crowd...]

...and then leaps back up, dropping a seated senton on the chest of Cristol.]

BW: Those hips don't miss, daddy!

[Rage pushes up off the mat, slapping her rear end again as she pulls Cristol off the canvas...]

GM: Rage pulls her back up...

[Rage shoves Cristol back into the ropes, looking for another hip attack but the rebounding Cristol baseball slides under it this time, popping up to her feet...]

GM: Oh! Dropkick to the right knee this time!

[The champion immediately collapses to the mat, grabbing at her knee as she rolls out to the ring apron, Kurayami circling around to stand near her.]

GM: Rage got hit in the knee again - the other knee this time, I think... and now she's checking in with Kurayami.

[Kurayami and Rage are exchanging hushed words as Cristol comes to her feet, throwing a glance at Rage but holding up her follow-up as Miranda points her backwards.]

GM: Miranda checking on Rage again...

[Cristol looks around the ring, a little bit confused. We can see Miranda asking Rage if she can go on and getting a pained nod in response.]

GM: The champion saying she can continue and...

[Cristol paces around, miming the finger pistols to the crowd who cheer in response. Rage pulls herself to a seated position, leaning over to talk to Kurayami. The monster nods, pulling Rage behind her out on the floor as the crowd jeers.]

GM: What is this all about?!

[The boos pour down as Rage stands behind Kurayami, wincing as she puts weight on her knee. Cristol angrily shouts at Rage, demanding she get back into the ring.]

GM: Kayla Cristol wants to finish this in the ring... she has to if she wants to win the title...

BW: This is incredibly smart, Gordo. Da Kid knows she's hurting... I don't know what's going on with her knee but-

[Cristol tries to charge the ropes but Kurayami shakes her head, arms crossed in front of Rage. Referee Shari Miranda swoops in, trying to stop Cristol from going to the floor.]

GM: The referee's holding Cristol back!

[Miranda turns her back to Cristol, still impeding her progress as she shouts at Rage to get back into the ring...

...when suddenly, Cristol slips around Miranda who falls down to the mat on her back. Cristol ducks through the ropes, making a grab for Rage...]

GM: Cristol's gonna get here! She's gonna-

[Lightning quick for someone of her size, Kurayami lunges forward, throwing a deadly-precise lariat to the middle of Cristol's face, knocking her back through the ropes where she falls limp to the mat.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LARIAT! LARIAT BY KURAYAMI!

[The referee scrambles up, completely having missed the interference as Rage lunges under the ropes, crawling across the ring, diving onto the prone Cristol.]

GM: Not like this!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

BW: THREEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Gaaaaah. Unbelievable.

[Rage rolls off the motionless Cristol, thrusting her arms over her head as the crowd jeers at the result.]

GM: Kurayami with blatant interference missed by the referee... and Kayla Cristol goes down hard in defeat as a result. A valiant effort by the Pistol but Lauryn Rage retains the title in controversial fashion.

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official as Rage sits on the mat, grimacing as Miranda raises her hand. Kurayami enters the ring, putting the title belt in Rage's hands as she helps her up to her feet.]

GM: Kurayami paying big dividends for the champion for the second title defense in a row... and we still don't know the backstory of how Rage and Kurayami came together but we know it's quite the successful partnership so far, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. The first insurance policy I've ever seen that's actually useful.

[Gordon chuckles at that comment as Kurayami raises Rage's arm again, pointing to her. Rage nods, grinning broadly as she holds the title belt up with her other arm.]

GM: A big win for Rage, kicking off 2017 as the champion and looking ahead to another big year for Da Kid.

[A few moments of celebration pass before Sweet Lou Blackwell climbs into the ring, mic in hand.]

SLB: Alright, alright... Lauryn Rage... congratulations on retaining the title here tonight.

[The crowd jeers as Rage nods.]

LR: Sweet Lou, you act like there was ever any doubt! If there's anything my family has proven lately, it's that we know how to take care of the Lynches...

[She throws a glance at Kayla Cristol who is trying to get up off the mat.]

LR: ...and their hangers-on. Kurayami?

[The monster arches an eyebrow towards Rage.]

LR: Time to take out the trash, ya dig? Hahahahahahaha.

[Kurayami gives a nod as she stomps across the ring, brushing past Shari Miranda who scampers away. The Japanese monster leans down, dragging Cristol off the mat by the hair...]

SLB: Hold on now! There's no reason for this! You've made your point!

[But Kurayami doesn't hesitate, burying a boot into the gut of Cristol, yanking her into a standing headscissors...]

SLB: Wait!

[The Japanese monster lifts Cristol into the air, flipping her over...

...and THROWING her down in a ring-shaking release powerbomb!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: The big powerbomb she calls the Hinotama - the Falling Star!

[Cristol literally bounces off the canvas before coming to a motionless halt on the mat. Kurayami sneers down at her before using her foot to roll Cristol's prone form out of the ring as Blackwell looks irate.]

SLB: Lauryn Rage, I cannot believe you! I can't believe you'd-

[Rage angrily interrupts.]

LR: You can't believe what? WHAT?! WHAT, BLACKWELL?! You can't believe I'd actually stand up for myself?! You can't believe that I saw the writing on the damn wall from AWA management? They stuck me in a damn handicap match!

SLB: It was a Three Way Dan-

LR: IT WAS A GOT DAMN HANDICAP MATCH! It wasn't first to the finish. No, I had to pin both those women who wanted to bust my ass, Blackwell. They didn't want the title. They wanted me to lose it! And now what? They tried to mess with Da Kid and where they at? One of 'em is on the injured list and the other is on the damn unemployment line!

[She mockingly waves.]

LR: Hey girls. See see see, I knew what was comin'... and I did something about it! I made the call to my family and asked my sister, "Dusa, who da baddest bitch you know?!" And she said this woman right here...

[Rage points to Kurayami.]

LR: So I made the call over to Japan and I told this woman... this monster... right here that I wanted to give her the chance to run with Da Kid. With the Women's World Champion. With the best there is, ya dig. And she accepted. And now... now there ain't no one who can stop-

[The Women's World Champion is cut off by the sounds of a snarling big cat - a jaguar if you will. She throws an annoyed yet curious glance at the entranceway as "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez starts to play over the arena's PA system...

...and out strides the man we've come to know as Javier Castillo, mic in hand and smile on his face.]

JC: Very good! Very good! I like an enterprising woman!

[Rage walks towards the ropes, leaning over them as she looks down the aisle at Castillo.]

JC: You showed great vision in bringing Kurayami to America, Lauryn Rage! The kind of vision that would rival... well, me.

[He shrugs sheepishly as Rage smiles.]

JC: I like your style, Lauryn Rage... and I... want... you...

[Rage arches an eyebrow towards Castillo who licks his lips.]

JC: ...to join the Korugun Corporation!

[He spreads his arms wide.]

JC: Of course. What did you think I meant?

[He smiles again, sleaziness oozing out of him. Lauryn smiles knowingly.]

JC: We value people like you. Successful. Intelligent. Skilled.

[He arches an eyebrow.]

JC: Beautiful.

[Rage chuckles, gesturing for Blackwell's mic.]

LR: So whatcha gettin' at, boss man?

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Korugun wants you. I want you. And we usually get what we want.

[Rage nods her head, limping slightly as she walks around the ring.]

LR: Alright, alright... I see. Da Kid and Korugun... hmm... hmmm...

[She taps her chin with a fingernail.]

LR: Double K. You know what? I like it, Castillo. I really do!

[Castillo smiles, nodding approvingly.]

LR: The two most powerful entities in pro wrestling - Da Kid and Korugun - standing side by side sharing all the power equally. Damn! Who can beat that?

[Castillo's smile fades.]

LR: I mean... I'm sayin' though, we gotta do something about my contract cuz if I'm doing the work for y'all then you gots to do something about my dressing room. And then add a few more zeroes to that cheque, ya dig?

So, yeah, boss. I'm all the way in.

[Castillo nods gleefully, clapping his hands together.]

JC: Excellent! It will be a great partnership! With you in the ring and us calling the shots, it'll be nothing but success all the way around.

[He wipes his brow.]

JC: I'm very happy this worked out so well. I have to admit that there were plenty of concerns about doing business with the Rage family... but I told them... I told them not to worry. I told them you were the sane one in the Rage family and-

[Rage interrupts.]

LR: Hol' up. Hold up. Now. What was that?

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: What? I'm just saying that I told them you were within your mind and would see reason unlike-

LR: Unlike who? My brother? Shadoe? Are you saying my big brother is... crazy?

[The crowd cheers, drawing Lauryn's gaze.]

LR: Nah, nah... noise that, ya hear me. My brother may be a little too intense for people like you. He may be super driven and hyper focused. But he ... ain't ... crazy, ya dig?

JC: Ahh, of course... of course. If you say so. Maybe I misspoke. Let's talk about-

[Rage interrupts.]

LR: Nah, nah, nah, If I say so? Damn straight I say so. I don't like how you're breezing over that. I don't think you misspoke at all, cuz. I think you meant exactly what you said... and I think I mean what I say when I tell you, Castillo... you can kiss my ass with that!

[The crowd cheers! The reaction seems to surprise Rage but she doesn't react as she continues.]

LR: My family is EVERYTHING to me, Castillo! You don't get to dismiss none of us like that. You think you just gon come up here and disrespect us now, too? My brothers... my sisters... LEGENDS. My father, Adrian Rage, was a

damn LEGEND in this sport and this damn promotion, the suits and the press loves to ignore and forget him. He fought, he bled, he starved... he died to make sure that there was an ass every eighteen inches to see what that wild son of a bitch would do next all so we could eat.

He went to war with Blackjack Lynch.

He fought all over the building with Burt Wallace.

He bled buckets with Hamilton Graham.

[Rage slaps her chest.]

LR: This business was EVERYTHING to him... just like it is to my brother... and just like it is to me.

His blood... the blood of the Rages... runs through these veins, ya dig?

[She slaps her arm.]

LR: You call my brother crazy then you're calling me crazy and if you call me crazy then you better get a damn straitjacket on me before I slap that word "crazy" right out your damn mouth. I don't know who you disrespectin' like that. You know what? Kiss my ass, Castillo. Kiss my whole Black ass!

[The crowd continues to cheer the fiery words from Rage aimed at Castillo whose smile is gone. He nods.]

JC: I see. I suppose I should've expected this... and planned for it.

[The smile slowly returns.]

JC: Good. Good. You see... I hate keeping secrets.

[And on cue, Kurayami lunges forward, smashing Lauryn Rage in the back of the head with a clubbing double axehandle to the back of the head. The crowd roars in shock.]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: She hit her! She hit Da Kid!

[Kurayami stomps and kicked the downed Rage as the crowd begins jeering loudly. The Japanese monster yanks Rage off the canvas, shoving her back into the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: LAAAAAARIAAAAAATOOOOOOO!

[The high impact lariat flips Rage inside out before dumping her down on the canvas.]

GM: Good grief!

[Kurayami stands over the downed Rage who writhes in pain on the canvas as Castillo looks on approvingly from the top of the aisle, slowly raising the mic to his smiling mouth.]

JC: Finish it.

[Kurayami gives a nod as she leans down, pulling Rage's foot to extend her leg away from her body.]

GM: What is she...?

[The Japanese monster backs into the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: WAIT! NOOOOO!

[...and leaps into the air, CRASHING down on Rage's knee with all her weight under a flying splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage sits up, crying out in pain, flailing her arms back and forth into the mat as Kurayami slowly gets to her feet, looking down on Rage. The audio is muted a few times as Rage screams at her now-former insurance policy...

...and Kurayami backs into the ropes again, bouncing off...]

GM: BIG SPLASH!

[...and DROPS another big splash, this one across the torso of Rage, causing her legs to kick up once before going motionless on the mat.]

GM: Good... god. A body-crushing splash by Kurayami and... my goodness, Lauryn Rage is not moving at all, fans! She's been laid out by this Japanese monster and-

[Kurayami retrieves the fallen Women's World Title, lifting it over her head as she stands over Lauryn Rage. The fans surprisingly boo this scene, making it clear who the bad guys are. Kurayami looks out on the crowd with disdain as we cut to Javier Castillo applauding lustily.]

BW: Well, that attack by Kurayami was for an audience of one and he seems to be enjoying it.

GM: I bet. We're going to need to get some medical help out here for Lauryn Rage, I'm afraid. Her ribs. Her knee. She's been busted up pretty badly and... okay... we're going to take a break while we see if we can get Dr. Ponavitch and his staff out here. Fans, don't go away.

[The shot stays on Kurayami holding the title belt over Rage as we fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on a panning shot of the Houston crowd. The breakbeat hits. The piano keys ring out. The crowd goes crazy as the video wall lights up with a small blue dot that grows into the Phoenix symbol of Jordan

Ohara. The Phoenix bursts into blue flames before burning away and the ashes form a single name: OHARA.

Nas' "I Can" blares its positive hip hop message over the PA system and over the screaming crowd as the Phoenix walks out on the stage, dressed in his Phoenix T-shirt, blue jeans and his customized North Carolina Blue Air Jordan 11s (the heels are black.)]

GM: We're back here on Super Saturday, fans! Lauryn Rage has been taken out of here on a stretcher during the break but right now, the Phoenix is rising!

[The newly-minted veteran jumps around the stage, waving to the crowd. He wears an Atlanta Falcons wristband on his right wrist and a Patriots wristband on his left. Ohara looks noticeably different with longer hair done up in a curly Samurai-style top knot and a slight neatly trimmed mustache and beard. The effect gives Ohara a little more personality and edge than he used to have. The feminine, masculine and non-gendered screams energize Ohara as he plays air piano and slaps hands with fans on his way to the ring. He springs lightly over the top rope and calls for a microphone, milking the moment as the fans cheer him on. Slowly, Ohara raises the microphone to his lips.]

JO: I want to say... thank you.

[He pauses.]

JO: Thank you for supporting me. Thank you for always supporting me. Thank you for being in my corner for one of the greatest rookie years ever in AWA history!

[A big cheer goes up from the crowd as Ohara smiles, genuinely touched by the reaction. His expression turns solemn.]

JO: And I want to say... I'm sorry.

[The crowd buzzes at that.]

GM: What?

BW: He should be sorry he's out here taking up valuable TV time!

[Ohara continues.]

JO: I'm sorry that in the year that I debuted at SuperClash VII and pinned two men... in the year that I pinned Derrick Williams at the Battle of Boston... in the year that I pinned Juan Vasquez... in the year that I pinned our current World Champion, Ryan Martinez... I'm sorry that in that year I was three seconds short of sparing you from the Axis and their ridiculous and outrageous behavior tonight. I'm sorry that because Derrick Williams was three seconds better than me during the best performance of his life... a

performance I dragged out of him, mind you... so that now his ego and the Axis' reign of terror is out of control and unchecked.

BW: I'm gonna be sick! This egomaniac thinks he could have stopped the Axis? Shut up, you punk rookie, and know your place. Get out of here!

GM: Maybe YOU should leave. Jordan Ohara has a right to be proud of everything he has done in the year since his debut. He defeated BOTH halves of our Main Event at SuperClash! In his rookie year! Who else can make such a claim?

[Jordan drops his head as he thinks about the magnitude of his year.]

JO: Williams, you were three seconds better than me that night. I won't deny that. You won. You finally had a brilliant strategy and used my own move against me. I should have seen it coming, but I was on an adrenaline high. And now I feel like I let all these fans down not finishing you off.

But Derrick, I'm not going to hang my head. Because you were ONLY three seconds better. You were not better overall. I forced you to use every ounce of talent and work ethic you possessed to beat me! I forced you to become a better man to beat me. You knew the lazy, entitled, only-in-it-for-the-check Derrick Williams couldn't beat the Phoenix. That Derrick Williams wasn't going to be good enough. But that's exactly who you are. You're the guy that wants the spotlight, but doesn't want to earn it. You're the guy that will turn on your Axis teammates just to get a little bit of shine because you can't get it through your own ability. Yes, Derrick, you're that guy.

[Ohara diverts his attention from the crowd to look straight in the camera.]

JO: Derrick, you and I both know we'll meet again. Because I'm not going to let you and the Axis keep running your mouths and treating the AWA like your own personal playground. You're on top of the world now. Your head is as big as Minute Maid Park because you won a battle. But, Derrick, the Axis didn't win the war. And now that your ego is out of control because Vasquez is gone and that little weasel Hunter is gone and now that you think you are the King of Wrestling... wonder what Detson thinks about that idea... it's going to be even harder for you to beat me the next time. Because I don't know that you can keep pulling performances like SuperClash out of you with the way you approach the sport. But I do know you have to fly to places I just walk to. I know that when you ease up just an inch, Derrick, I got you! I won't be beaten the same way twice.

[He turns back to the fans.]

JO: So with that said, what's next for the Phoenix? How do I rise from the ashes? How do I top my rookie year? Well, I spent the off-season back in Japan with my REAL wrestling brothers... shout out Hachiru Kinoshita and Jun Maeda... and I worked on some new moves to get better. I set some new goals. One of those goals was righting the biggest wrong in our sport today. The theft of the National Title by Maxim Zharkov.

[The crowd reacts to THAT name being in Ohara's mouth.]

JO: That's the Axis' key to power now. And I cannot let that stand. Zharkov didn't win that title in a manner that honored the belt. He disrespected it. He disrespected this great country and everybody who serves it. The Axis wasn't broken at SuperClash, but it needs to be. And I will be part of the team that breaks it!

[The fans cheer.]

BW: How does this line jumper think he's earned the right to face Maxim Zharkov when he lost clean to Williams?

GM: He is a top ranked contender for the title behind Supernova and Derrick Williams himself.

BW: So wait your turn, you fancy pants line jumper!

[Ohara continues.]

JO: The way I see it, Juan may have been defeated, but his legacy lives on in Zharkov and Williams and Riley Hunter. So I'm going to take each of you out. Maxim Zharkov, you learned well at his feet, but I'm going to give you a lesson. Evil never triumphs if good people try to stand in its way. And I will stand in your way. When I earn a title shot, I will take that title from you and make it great again! The Phoenix is reborn... stronger, faster, better than ever! Zharkov, you already felt the sting on my chops once and it took you off your feet! Now you're going to face the full fury of the Phoenix and I will do the impossible. I will pin the Last Son of the Soviet Union and take back the National Title!

CAN I DO IT?

[He raises the microphone to the crowd for their response.]

"YES HE CAN!"

["I Can" hits as Ohara bows to the people and hops out of the ring, slapping hands with the ring side fans.]

BW: Gordo, this boy has lost his mind! He talks about Derrick Williams getting a big head, but listen to this garbage. He got lucky to get a pin on Vasquez. He couldn't get past Williams at SuperClash. Now he wants to take on Maxim Zharkov? Zharkov will eat him like he's one of those fancy steaks!

GM: You can always count on Jordan Ohara to stand up and be counted. That's a match I'd love to see! Right now, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell who has caught up with one of the hottest teams in the entire tag team division!

[We fade backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell, who is standing in front of the AWA logo with a huge grin on his face. He looks relaxed and begins to speak.]

SLB: Thanks guys, my guests at this time will finally get their chance to go two on two with the British Bashers, and-

[Suddenly, a dark, shiny object flies from one end of the screen to the other. Even though the object had no chance of hitting Sweet Lou, he jumps back with a shocked look on his face.]

SLB: Goodness!

[Blackwell turns towards the source of the flying object.]

SLB: What in the world is wrong with the two of you??

[Walking into view are the Soldiers of Fortune, and they're not even giving Sweet Lou a chance to finish with their introduction. Joe Flint, the veteran of the duo, snatches the mic from Blackwell's hand. Blackwell steps back, looking irritated at his former friend. Charlie Stephens walks in, standing behind Flint, laughing. Before Flint starts to speak, Stephens leans in.]

CS: Oh relax, Blackwell, that wasn't even full.

[Stephens looks over at Blackwell with a devilish grin.]

CS: Unless you wanted it to be full, but that'd be a waste of a perfectly good energy drink.

[Blackwell scoffs, as Flint glares at his partner.]

JF: Knock it off, I know yer tryin' to loosen up before tonight's fight, but we gotta get our heads straight.

CS: Aw, c'mon, big man, I've been as itchin' to get my hands on those tea drinkin' losers as much as you. We just deal with our frustrations a little bit differently.

[Stephens puts a hand on Flint's shoulder and cracks a grin while Flint stares towards the camera, stone faced.]

JF: At least I know ya got my back tonight. We've been chompin' at the bit ever since SuperClash came to an end, wantin' to get our hands on those British Bashers for weeks. The longer we had to wait, the more we had to hear about constant crap comin' out of just about everywhere, even here in the ol' AWA.

Everywhere the Soldiers look, it's nothin' but garbage comin' out of the mouths of nothin' but slime.. pukes... maggots... and in the case of the British Bashers...

Turds.

[Blackwell looks horrified.]

SLB: I'm sorry. Did you just say...?

CS: You heard 'em right, Blackwell. Beat 'em with a plunger and flush 'em right down the commode back to where they came from.

SLB: Where they came from?

JF: There's a whole lot of people around these parts... all over this great country of ours for that matter... who need to go back to where they came from. And you wanna know why, Lou?

[The color drains from Blackwell's face.]

SLB: I don't agree with this line of thought at all but I'm guessing you're gonna-

JF: BECAUSE THEY DON'T LOVE OUR COUNTRY!

The country that Charlie and I fought for... the one we sweat for... the one we bled for... the one that good men and women DIED for. They don't love it. In fact, some of 'em downright HATE it!

And why? Because they don't like the man in the round room.

[Flint angrily points at the camera.]

JF: WELL, WE DON'T LIKE HIM EITHER! But we respect the office and more importantly, we love our country... and that's why it makes me sick to see all these people online falling all over themselves praising a woman who got sent packin' from the AWA because she ran her mouth.

SLB: There's a thing called the First Amendment and-

JF: The First Amendment held up here. She got to speak her piece, didn't she?

SLB: She did but-

JF: And then she paid the price for it. That's how that works, Lou. She has the right to say what she wants... and the people who own this company have the right to do what they did because she embarrassed them. That's how America works. But all these damn snowflakes out there with their Twitter trends and their online petitions...

[Flint hocks up something and spits off-camera to a look of disgust on the face of Blackwell.]

JF: Makes me wanna puke, pal. What's done is done but we ain't gonna cry no crocodile tears over it. Ya see, Charlie and I come from a different time, Lou.

CS: That's right. A time where men were men and men stood up for what they believed in... they didn't hide behind a computer keyboard, talk trash from a safe distance and whine about it in their precious echo chambers when they got some pushback.

JF: You thought a man was wrong in my time...

[Flint balls up a fist, pressing it against Lou's chin.]

JF: ...you told 'em so and then you punched 'em right in the mouth!

[Flint smirks as he lowers his fist.]

JF: But that ain't the world we live in anymore, Lou. That ain't the _America_ we live in anymore. And it's because of pieces of trash like Storm and Smythe who come to our country and make our people soft... they make 'em weak... they make 'em... European.

[He shakes his head.]

CS: But we're not about to let it go, Blackwell.

Everywhere around the world, they're comin' to America. While we can't ban 'em from coming into the country or build a damn wall to keep 'em out, we CAN kick their asses if they hate us and what we stand for... show the people that our way is the right way... and send them packin' back to the land of tea, crumpets and drivin' on the wrong side of the road.

And that's exactly what we're gonna do. So, stick around and watch.

[Stephens turns to exit as Flint leans close to Blackwell.]

JF: And THAT'S... an order.

[Flint exits alongside his partner as Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Those men used to be American heroes. Now... I don't know what they are. Fans, we'll be right back.

[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 back to the arena as the Soldiers of Fortune stomp to the ring, looking furious. No music's playing in the background, and Rebecca Ortiz seems surprised to see them as they seem to be out here slightly ahead of schedule.]

GM: Well, we're back, fans... and apparently this new attitude of the Soldiers of Fortune mean they can go wherever they want and do whatever they want because they're not scheduled to be out here right now.

[Joe Flint, carrying the American flag, sets it down, before the Soldiers enter the ring. Stephens quickly makes his way over to Ortiz. We can see him ask for the mic and Ortiz visibly refuses.]

BW: Oh, I wouldn't do that. Make it easy for yourself, lady... give it over.

[Stephens is more insistent the second time, now being joined by Flint. The duo tower over Ortiz who looks agitated... and then angrily shoves the mic into Stephens chest. With a loud 'good girl', Flint pats Ortiz on the head who spins around, looking like she could spit nails before she exits in a huff.]

CS: They told us we couldn't come out here yet. We told them try to stop us.

[Flint shouts out 'DON'T TREAD ON US.']

CS: Because we've been waiting too long... FAR too long to get our hands on these pathetic little punks who kneel at the feet of a damn Queen AND her big eared goofy grandkids.

[The crowd jeers as Stephens glares out at them.]

CS: This is the problem with you people. We're American heroes, damn it! You should be out here rooting for us! Instead your loyalties are with them because of some long dead princess who looked good on TV once upon a time, instead of, well.. You know how many homeless people we passed on the way to this building tonight? You know how many of them were veterans, men and women who've done the job that most of you were too cowardly to do?! And they sleep on the damn street while you people worry about whether or not someone from another country can come here ILLEGALLY and take our jobs... take our-

[The mic cuts out abruptly. Stephens is ranting and raving before realizing the mic is out. He slaps it angrily a few times. The crowd, already jeering, has gone absolutely irate. Something small appears from offscreen, striking Stephens. Stephens turns to shout off camera where the debris came from.]

GM: That's quite enough of that! We apologize for that, fans. The viewpoint of Charlie Stephens certainly doesn't reflect the opinions of-

[Stephens wipes off what appears to be popcorn and angrily gets out of the ring, walking over towards Gordon and Bucky.]

"YOU WANNA CUT ME OFF?! YOU WANNA-"

[He snatches the headset right off Gordon's head, shouting into it as Myers scampers a few feet away.]

CS: WE WILL NOT BE SILENCED! YOU WILL NOT CENSOR US! YOU WILL LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY!

BW: You've got a mic on. No need to shout.

[Stephens stops and turns towards Bucky, while Gordon tries to protest.]

GM: There's no need for this, c'mon, get in the ring and..

[Stephens ignores Gordon, and leans over at Bucky.]

CS: Hey Bucky... I know how close you are with those stinkin' Lynches. Why don't you give 'em a message for me? Why don't you let that punk know that I know he got fired to avoid me?! He has the nerve to blame ME for his personal issues?? That punk shoulda kept MY name out of his damn mouth and now he's sitting at home tryin' to avoid me! I know what you did, Trav-

[The mic cuts out again as Stephens can be heard off-mic ranting. The crowd roars at the brief mention of the former AWA superstar's name, and continue to rain down boos at Stephens, while Flint is egging him on from inside the ring.]

BW: Well, uhh... maybe we can-

[Stephens angrily reaches out, grabbing Bucky by the jacket.]

BW: Whoa! Easy there, tiger! I'm not who you have to wrestle tonight and-

[Suddenly, the traditional military march "The British Grenadiers" starts to play over the arena speakers...

...and a moment later, Robbie Storm and Rory Smythe are hightailing it through the entranceway, onto the ramp, and down the aisle with the fans cheering them on!]

BW: -THAT'S WHO YOU HAVE TO WRESTLE!

[Stephens shoves Bucky back into his seat, turning towards the ramp as Joe Flint does the same...

...and Storm rushes into the mix, leaping into the air to land a flying clothesline that topples Stephens as they tumble to the floor to a huge crowd response! Rory Smythe is not far behind his partner, running right into an exchange of right hands with big Joe Flint!]

GM: Is this... can everyone hear me? Is this thing working?

[There's a bit of silence from the announcers as the fight continues.]

GM: Alright, it sounds like we're on... and the fight is on as well! The British Bashers had heard quite enough from these Soldiers of Fortune and look at this, Bucky!

BW: I see it, I see it.

[Storm comes up off the floor, bringing Stephens up with him...]

GM: Look out!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SHOOTS HIM INTO THE STEEL! OH MY!

[Flint and Smythe are trading big haymakers, bouncing all over the ringside area from the impact as Storm scrambles up on the apron, giving a shout to the Houston crowd who cheer in response...

...and then goes charging down the apron, leaping into the air, flipping off onto a surprised Stephens!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OH MY!! FLIPPING DIVE OFF THE APRON ONTO STEPHENS!

[With Storm and Stephens laid out on the floor, Smythe gets the better of Flint, shooting him under the ropes inside the ring as the referee signals for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: We're off to a hot start in this one as the Bashers are bringing the fight to the Soldiers of Fortune!

[Smythe pursues the fleeing Flint towards the corner, winding up to throw a big right hand... then a knife edge chop... then a clubbing forearm across the sternum before grabbing the wrist...]

GM: British whip by Her Majesty's Might, sending Flint from corner to corner... here he comes after him!

[A big running clothesline lands on Flint. lifting him off the mat before he settles back down.]

GM: Rory Smythe bringing the power... and here comes his partner!

[Smythe ducks down on all fours near the corner, giving Storm the chance to dash across the ring, springing off the back of Flint, and connecting with a flying leg lariat in the corner that carries him out to the apron. He gives Flint a shove from the back, sending him stumbling out as Storm grabs the top rope and Smythe clears out...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[Storm springs off the top rope, stretching out to full extension as he wipes out Flint with a crossbody.]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP GETS ONE! HE GETS TWO! HE GETS-

[Flint kicks out, breaking up the pin attempt. Smythe shouts to his partner, pointing out the incoming Charlie Stephens.]

GM: Stephens back in - the referee losing control of this one.

BW: Did he ever HAVE control?!

GM: Good point.

[Stephens rushes at Storm who catches him with a spinning back kick to the midsection before rushing at his partner who lifts him up, pressing him way up high...

...and then throws him on top of a shocked Stephens and Flint who had just gotten up to stand by his partner!]

GM: WHAT A DOUBLE TEAM BY THE BASHERS!

[Smythe pumps a muscular arm, shouting to the fans as Flint staggers up to his feet...

...and Smythe rushes across the ring, connecting with a powerful clothesline that takes both he and Flint over the ropes, crashing down hard to the floor below!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: And BOTH Smythe and Flint go down HARD to the floor! Oh my!

[Storm throws a concerned glance at his partner...

...which gives Charlie Stephens time to get to his feet, rushing him from behind with a double axehandle to the back of the head.]

GM: Stephens with the blind side attack on Storm!

[Grabbing the top rope, Stephens stomps and kicks the downed Storm to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Stephens is all over Storm!

[Dropping to his knees, Stephens wraps his hands around Storm's throat, choking him violently as the referee protests. The former military man breaks at four, climbing to his feet, stomping angrily around the ring as a coughing Storm tries to recover.]

GM: Stephens circling back to Storm, dragging the British high flyer up to his feet... scoop... and a big slam in the center of the ring.

[Stephens promptly drops an elbow down into the sternum, rolling into a lateral press for a one count before Storm escapes.]

GM: Stephens pulling Storm up again... big right hand... now a knee to the midsection...

[Stephens batters Storm back into the corner, looking to take advantage of the situation...]

GM: One-half of the Soldiers of Fortune slips his foot up under the chin, choking Storm in the corner...

[Outside the ring, we see Rory Smythe moving towards the corner, ready to take his spot on the ring apron...

...when Joe Flint rushes him from behind, shoving him into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE POST! FLINT PUTS SMYTHE INTO THE POST!

[The crowd jeers Flint as he stares down at Smythe who is writhing in pain on the ringside mats...

...and with a grin, Flint slides under the bottom rope, brushing past the referee to join his partner in assaulting Robbie Storm in the corner.]

GM: We've got a two on one in the corner!

[The Soldiers step back, using a double whip to rocket Storm across the corner where he SLAMS into the turnbuckles, staggering back out as Flint rushes towards him...]

GM: HOWITZER!

[...and DRILLS Storm with a heavy lariat, flipping him inside out and dumping him down on the top of his head in a dangerous looking fall.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Flint takes out Storm with that lariat... and look at Stephens!

[Stephens leaps on top of Storm, shouting for a count. The referee shouts at Flint, ordering him to exit the ring. He obliges as the official drops down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

[Storm's shoulder pops up off the canvas, barely breaking the three count. Stephens angrily pounds a fist into the canvas before climbing to his feet, marching across the ring at his partner's shout, and slaps Flint's hand.]

GM: There's a tag by the Soldiers, bringing Flint back inside the ring...

[Flint steps in as Stephens whips Storm into the neural corner... and Flint storms across the ring, landing another big clothesline.]

GM: Running Howitzer into the corner...

[Flint grabs the arm, whipping Storm back across the ring...]

GM: A second running clothesline by Joe Flint, unloading with the Heavy Artillery now!

[Flint whips Storm across again... but this time, Storm leaps up to the second turnbuckle. The Captain rushes him as Storm leaps blindly backwards, twisting around...]

GM: CROSSBODY!

[...but Flint ducks down, flattening out and causing Storm to smash down on the canvas!]

GM: It was a good attempt at a counter by Robbie Storm, whose partner is still laid out on the floor... but Flint saw it coming.

[Flint gets back up, smirking as he slaps Stephens' hand.]

GM: Flint picks Storm up... Stephens tagging in...

[The Captain lifts Storm into a bearhug, squatting down as Stephens hits the ropes once... twice...

...and leaps up in a bulldog clothesline, ripping Storm out of Flint's bearhug and down to the canvas!]

GM: They call that the Second Amendment... and Storm's done.

[With Smythe still out on the floor, the referee counts Storm down for a one... two... and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: They got him!

[The crowd jeers as the Soldiers celebrate their victory.]

GM: What kind of victory was that?! They took out of the members of the other team! That was basically a handicap match!

BW: Tag team wrestling is always about dividing and conquering, Gordo, and that's exactly what they did.

GM: They ambushed Rory Smythe on the floor! He's still laid out! This is ridiculous! Let's get out of here. Go to commercial.

[With Flint and Stephens celebrating their win, we fade to black.

Fade up from black on a starry sky.]

"March 18th."

[A booming orchestral song starts to play.]

"Los Angeles, California."

[The anthem gets louder and stronger... more bombastic.]

"The American Wrestling Alliance celebrates its ninth birthday in true AWA fashion."

[Cut to a series of quick shots. Ryan Martinez dropping someone with a Brainbuster. Johnny Detson hitting the Wilde Driver. Brian James punching a set of steel steps. Supreme Wright connecting with Reign Supreme. And more!]

"The Ninth Anniversary Show is coming. Are you ready?"

[Fade to black.]

We again see the Access 365 logo splash across the scene before we return to the site of a lot of tonight's backstage shenanigans - the office of Javier Castillo. Castillo seems to be watching the action on a monitor when the door swings open and in steps Supernova, who has no face paint and wears sunglasses.]

JC: Ah! You got my message! Good! Good!

[Supernova holds up his hand.]

S: Let me guess... you want to make the same offer you made to Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright. Is that it?

[Castillo unabashedly nods.]

JC: Forget them. They are short-sighted fools! But you... you, my friend, are different! I heard what you said before SuperClash about how your goal is to win the World Championship, an admirable goal indeed! But if you want-

[Supernova waves his hands in front of him, directing Castillo to be quiet.]

S: Oh, so you think it's going to be like that? Ryan Martinez won't work for you, so maybe I will instead in exchange for a title shot? I don't think so, pal!

[Castillo looks less than thrilled at being waved to silence as Supernova continues angrily.]

S: Your corporation decided to cut ties with a lot of people who have been an integral part of the AWA's history - some of whom were my friends! People who've influenced me... and even people who were crucial to me getting to the point I'm at today!

And the one thing I know, as the franchise of the AWA, is that you better respect the history of this company and those who were key to what it has become today! For you and the Korugun Corporation to kick everyone who has been part of that history to the curb really ticks me off!

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

S: But even if you had shown more respect to those who came before us, there's no way that I'm going to sell out to the likes of you! All I see is a bunch of suits who simply want to dump all over what's made this company the best in the world! You can take your offer and stick it!

[Castillo nods.]

JC: A lot of tempers in this place. A lot of hot heads.

[He shrugs.]

JC: I suppose that's why they pay me the big money, right? Oh, and they do... they pay me so well, I'm sure that's why your fat friend Sweet Daddy Williams was shown the door. Maybe that old fossil Blackjack Lynch too. Or maybe your old pal, Jim Watkins? Even their salaries aren't enough to pay me what I'm worth.

But yours... yours just might be.

[He strokes his chin.]

JC: I made you an offer to do the right thing. You seem to think that was an option. Maybe you should go ask all your friends on the unemployment line about it... because just like them, I can make sure your time in this company ends...

[He snaps his fingers.]

JC: ...just like that.

[Supernova leans toward Castillo's desk.]

S: Now you think a threat is going to get you what you want? I don't think so! You might think you can intimidate me, coerce me into whatever you want, or get me to do your bidding the same way you got the Axis to do it. Heck, you can book me in whatever match you want, but there's no chance I'll ever take orders from the likes of you!

[A slight laugh.]

S: But I'll humor you now... go ahead, put me against whoever you want, however you want, and I'll prove I can take what you can dish out!

[Castillo rises from his seat, staring right into Supernova's eyes, no sign of being amused by the situation.]

JC: You are mistaken, Supernova. I don't think you need a match tonight at all. In fact, I don't think you need a match here for a while... a good, long while.

You need to think about my offer. And you can't do that here.

[Now the smile comes.]

JC: Consider yourself suspended...

S: Suspended?!

JC: ...indefinitely.

[Supernova whips off his sunglasses and you can see his eyes have grown wide, an incensed expression on his face. He curls his left hand into a fist. Castillo notices this and gestures off-camera, causing MAWAGA to stride into view, standing behind 'Nova.]

JC: Or perhaps you'd prefer another option.

[Supernova turns, glaring at MAWAGA who seems ready to strike at any moment.]

S: I'm no more afraid of him than I am of you.

[Castillo snorts with laughter.]

JC: Then you truly are a fool. Get out of my office before I decide to make that suspension permanent.

[Supernova grits his teeth, but relaxes his fist. He points at Castillo.]

S: Fine... but I can promise I won't need time to mull over anything you have to offer.

[With that, Supernova storms past MAWAGA out of the office.]

JC: MAWAGA, I'm a reasonable man. Why do these people keep testing me?

[He turns, fingering the rusted metal key on the desk behind him.]

JC: This job may be harder than I thought.

[And with a splash of the Access 365 logo, we cut to black...

HOUR THREE

[...and then cut to another part of the backstage area. As we get there, we quickly can tell it is the trainer's room. Dr. Bob Ponavitch, Head AWA Trainer, is on the scene... as is the Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage.]

BP: Hey! What are you doing?!

[Rage, her face covered with anger and pain, is trying to force her way off the trainer's table.]

LR: What the hell does it look like, Doc? I'm gettin' the hell out of here!

[Ponavitch shakes his head, trying to place a hand on her shoulder to force her back down but she angrily slaps it away.]

LR: Don't you try to handle me.

[The doctor shakes his head, pulling his hands back.]

BP: I'm sorry. But we need to get you to the hospital. I'm very concerned about that knee. You sustained significant damage to it and there could be structural damage as well.

[Rage grimaces, grabbing at her knee as she sits up on the table again.]

LR: Nah, nah... just tape me up, ya dig?

BP: Miss Rage, I don't know if I can-

[She shoves the doctor aside, grabbing the camera and yanking it towards her.]

LR: KURAYAMI! I know you're out there watchin' this! You listen to me, girl, and you listen close. You think because that little bastard Castillo has your back, you got it made? Oh HELL to the NO!

[Shockingly, a cheer breaks out inside the arena. Rage doesn't seem to hear it though as she continues. She gets up off the table, an obvious wobble as she tries to steady her legs underneath her.]

LR: You want your shot at me? You want your shot at this?!

[She snatches up the Women's Title, holding it in front of the camera.]

LR: You got it! Tonight!

[Another roar goes up from the crowd as Ponavitch shakes his head.]

BP: Miss Rage, that's a terrible id-

[Rage shouts over him.]

LR: I'm gonna end you before you ever get started, you bitch! That's on God!

[She throws a glance to the doctor.]

LR: Ponavitch, what the hell did I say? Get to taping, ya dig?!

[The doctor appears ready to plead his case again as we fade out to ringside to Gordon, Bucky, and a buzzing crowd.]

GM: Wow! What a scene we just witnessed backstage! An injured Lauryn Rage wants to defend her title tonight on Super Saturday?! She can't be one hundred percent, Bucky... can't be!

BW: Of course she's not... but that legendary Rage temper can make people do some pretty dumb things. Look, I'm one of the biggest Lauryn Rage fans around, Gordo... and even I think this is a bad call. Defending the title against Kurayami is a hard night at the office when you're in perfect shape... but she's injured AND she's wrestled already tonight. This is a bad decision and it could be a costly one.

GM: Speaking of costly decisions, Supernova has defied the Korugun Corporation and now finds himself SUSPENDED!

BW: Gordo, if the new members of AWA ownership has made anything at all clear over the past few months, it's that they have no issues showing someone the door if they get in their way. You ask me, Supernova's lucky to have a job at all after the way he talked to Javier Castillo and-

["Evil Walks" by AC/DC begins to play throughout the arena to an almost immediate negative reaction.]

GM: Now what?!

BW: The Kings are here!

GM: Indeed they are... and this should be VERY interesting.

BW: Or magnificent! Finally, peace has been restored to the Kings!

GM: We'll see about that.

[As the intro rift continues to play, it suddenly cuts out and is immediately replaced by "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin. And although you might not think it possible, the negative reaction almost doubles as the first face you see from the back is none other than Johnny Detson.]

Detson is dressed in a navy blue suit, brown shoes, and a white button down shirt with the top three buttons undone. He is wearing a pair of designer shades and a smirk is plastered on his face as spins around with outstretched arms taking the reaction all in.]

BW: All hail the King!

GM: Will you stop?! He doesn't have any actual power.

BW: Power's in the eyes of the people, Gordo. Sure, he may not be able to throw people in the dungeon or levy taxes on the peasants but as far as the Kings of Wrestling are concerned, the word of Johnny Detson is royal decree from now on.

GM: Like I said, we'll see about that.

[As Detson begins to walk down the ramp to the ring, several moments pass before Brian James, Wes Taylor, and Tony Donovan emerge from the backstage area as well to join their new leader.]

James is dressed simply, wearing a white compression shirt and a pair of baggy workout pants. The expression on the Engine of Destruction's face is one of barely suppressed rage.

Taylor and Donovan are both in street clothes. Donovan is in black slacks with a red dress shirt unbuttoned to reveal a gold chain hanging around his neck. Wes Taylor's gone for the full suit and a pair of sunglasses to shield his eyes. Both men have their World Tag Team Titles draped over their shoulders.]

BW: The Kings are lookin' good, Gordo! Dressed for success!

GM: Their wardrobe budget might be through the roof this month.

[As Detson continues down to the ring taunting the fans, he doesn't seem to notice (or doesn't seem to care) about the death glares he is receiving from the other Kings of Wrestling, especially James and Donovan. Detson climbs up the steps to the ring and then demands a microphone as the other members finally get into the ring, standing a few feet behind him. Detson taps the mic a few times making sure it is working before he begins to speak.]

JD: Finally at long last, we can say that the Kings of Wrestling are fine!

[Detson smirks and quickly turns to his stablemates giving them a thumbs up before turning back to the crowd. Donovan takes a step towards Detson but Taylor throws an arm up to hold him back.]

JD: Now, we all remember last November at SuperClash where I defeated Brian James in the middle of this ring 1,2,3 to become the leader of the Kings of Wrestling... the King of all Kings if you will!

[Detson nods as the crowd continues to pour their hate onto him.]

JD: And I won't lie, Brian James is a heck of a competitor and he gave his all out there... but when you are facing Johnny Detson, sometime your all isn't good enough!

[With a growl, James takes a step forward but both Taylor and Donovan manage to throw an arm up to block him from proceeding.]

JD: On that night, Johnny Detson was the better man. Johnny Detson was the one victorious, overcoming all the odds! Like when Brian Lau said he was going to stay neutral in the matter NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, and then he didn't. Which reminds me... where is Brian anyway?

[He turns to the group and shrugs his shoulders, turning back to the crowd as the three former James Gang members murmur behind his back.]

JD: Plus I also overcame that attack from the Dogs of War, who were clearly not there for me, but rather the three of you.

[Detson now doesn't even look but throws a thumb in their direction.]

JD: And yes, I did help fend them off, but at the end of the day there was a match to win. I saw my opportunity and I took it because that's what winners do! But I'm telling you, I didn't send the Dogs out there to attack you guys! I have no control over the Dogs of War.

[Detson nods, almost pleading, as if trying to get the crowd to agree with him.]

JD: What happened was just a coincidence; a crazy random happenstance! The important thing to remember is that I won! I am the King of all the Kings; we should all just move on... and never speak of it-

[Cue the now-familiar jaguar roar and mariachi music that means Javier Castillo is on the scene, mic in hand.]

JC: Johnny, Johnny, Johnny...

[Castillo makes a "tsk" sound that sounds like he's clicking his tongue.]

JC: Coincidence? You're far too modest. That was sheer brilliance on your part!

[Detson looks a little nervous as Taylor can be heard off-mic - "What's he talking about, Johnny?" as Castillo continues.]

JC: I mean, very few had the foresight to recognize the growing power of Korugun to use it to their advantage. You asked for our help and we provided it! Brilliant, I say. But as Jackson Hunter learned earlier...when Korugun makes a deal, we expect our partners to deliver on their promises as well.

We lent you our attack Dogs to secure your spot as the leader of the Kings of Wrestling...

[A loud "WHAT?!" erupts from Tony Donovan off-mic. Detson lowers the mic as he tries to settle him down.]

JC: ...and in exchange, you got rid of that pest Brian Lau who wouldn't do the right thing for you and your friends as we asked.

[This time, it's Brian James who erupts, surging towards Detson who backpedals away as Taylor and Donovan grab him by the arms, keeping him back.]

JC: Oh, and I almost forgot! In your new role as the leader of the Kings of Wrestling, I would also like to thank you for signing the contract for the next Saturday Night Wrestling. It will be a grand affair! A great clash of two of wrestling's top tag teams! The World Tag Team Titles on the line when Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan defend against some fellow friends of Korugun...
SYSTEM SHOCK!

[And now it's Taylor and Donovan who turn to shout at Detson who backpedals again, bailing from the ring as Taylor nearly falls over the ropes trying to grab their new "leader." Donovan and James are shouting at the former World Champion as well. We cut back to Castillo who smirks.]

JC: Oh, it seems like there may be some tensions there. My apologies. I'm sure it will all turn out... fine.

[He claps his hands together.]

JC: I believe this could be the start of a beautiful business relationship, Johnny... and to further that relationship and as a thanks from Korugun for all that you've done so far, you have been declared the Number One Contender to the AWA World Title!

[Detson turns towards Castillo, a huge grin on his face despite being yelled at by his allies.]

JC: And that means, you will have the honor of challenging for that title against the winner of tonight's Main Event at the AWA's Anniversary Show on March 18th in Los Angeles!

[The crowd jeers that as Detson looks ecstatic... even as his allies are throwing verbal harpoons at him. The jaguar and mariachi combo is heard again as Castillo exits, leaving Detson in the aisle to be shouted at by his fellow Kings.]

GM: Wow! Huge news all the way around right there, Bucky.

BW: The gold is comin' home to the Kings!

GM: Johnny Detson the new Number One Contender and he'll get his shot at the title in just over a month at the Anniversary Show! But what about the other news we just heard? Detson struck a deal with Korugun! It was no coincidence that the Dogs of War were there at SuperClash! Detson made a deal with the Devil!

BW: Hey, let's not overreact. He made a smart strategic decision!

GM: He betrayed his team! He betrayed his manager! And now we know he agreed to have the World Tag Team Titles defended in two weeks against Hunter and Williams! What kind of leader does that?!

BW: The kind who knows what's best for business!

GM: Give me a break. There's trouble in paradise with the Kings of Wrestling... again. Fans, let's go backstage to our newest broadcast colleague, Sebastian McIntyre, as he speaks to the new National Champion, Maxim Zharkov!

BW: Good luck, kid... you're gonna need it.

[Cut to the backstage "AWA" backdrop. In front of it is what looks like a new backstage reporter. He's a young, eager, lanky looking fellow with slightly unkempt blonde hair and thick-framed black glasses.]

SMC: Hey there! Sebastian McIntyre here and I am so stoked to be a part of your AWA going in to 2017! Super Saturday has already been Super Shocking, and one man has already been in the eye of the storm when it comes to controversy. He is my guest at this time, from the Axis of Evil, the new AWA National Champion... Maxim "The Tsar" Zharkov!

[From stage left looms the massive, new look Zharkov, with the gleaming National belt folded and cradled in the champion's massive arms. The large red "hammer and sickle" decal dominates the center plate. He speaks with his usual, extremely measured, accented English.]

MZ: First thing is first, tovarisch: It is just... "The Axis." Is that clear for you?

SMC: No no! My mistake! Slip of the tongue. I'm new here.

MZ: See that you learn. There are, of course, many questions about how this belt came to rest upon my shoulder. It is, as you say, a long story.

My... former... advisor, a man of tremendous ego and bluster... He promised Russian president a replica of the National Championship belt in exchange for the AWA omitting Moscow on last year's tour through Europe. There was... how you say... an error in translation. When the previous champion met with Russian officials at the end of the tour in London, my people had assumed that he would be presenting him the belt.

That was a misunderstanding, you see. So we quickly rushed the replica into a state of completion and gave it to the Champion.

[Zharkov reveals that from behind the National Title belt, he is also carrying the smashed and defaced replica carried in the fall of 2016.]

MZ: Obviously we miscalculated.

SMC: But it was his belt that you took?

MZ: His belt? Ha. It does not belong to him. It belongs to WRESTLING. It belongs to all of us. I merely liberated it.

[Zharkov hold the original restored belt up the camera.]

MZ: This is the mother belt. This is the belt of the grand lineage. And this is the belt that I intend bring all the nations to the AWA to compete for. The leather has been re-treated and the gold has had the tarnish removed. Now begins the great work of restoring the reputation of the AWA National Championship.

In two weeks, we begin a series a matches. Men from every country in the world will come the AWA to challenge for the National Title. And they will all fall to the might of Last Son of the Soviet Union.

SMC: But wait a moment-

[Zharkov snaps his head to glower at McIntyre.]

SMC: Er... Mr. Zharkov... Earlier tonight we heard Jordan Ohara challenge you for the National Title. Surely after what we saw at SuperClash, he has to be in the title picture too.

[Zharkov leans in closer. He holds the shattered replica belt up to the weedy cub reporter's face...]

MZ: He will try.

[...And slowly tears Travis Lynch replica in two from top to bottom, flinging the now-completely destroyed strap away where we can hear it clatter and skid across the floor.]

MZ: He will try.

[...Then exits once again stage left. McIntyre gulps, then turns to face the camera. He gives a cheesy, nervous grin and small salute.]

SMC: Uh... Seb Mac... Out!

[Fade to a field of stars. A voiceover begins.]

"The stars of the AWA galaxy are shining brighter than ever. But you don't need a telescope to see these stars - all you need is a ticket when the American Wrestling Alliance comes to town."

[A graphic comes up on the screen advertising the site and date of the next show.]

"Tomorrow, we've got a special Super Bowl Sunday matinee show in Ft. Worth, Texas with the World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez, on the bill. Plus, a twenty man \$100,000 Battle Royal!"

[The graphic changes.]

"Monday night, we'll be in Oklahoma City with new National Champion Maxim Zharkov taking on "Cannonball" Lee Connors!"

[And again.]

"Thursday night in Kansas City, it'll be Jack Lynch taking on Riley Hunter!"

[And again.]

"It's Friday night in St. Louis with the World Tag Team Champions in action!"

[Again.]

"Saturday in Denver, Colorado has a six man tag team battle you will not want to miss when Ryan Martinez, Jack Lynch, and Supreme Wright take the Kings of Wrestling!"

[Back to the AWA logo splashed across a field of stars.]

"It's the AWA and you do NOT want to miss it when it comes to your town!"

[Fade to black...

We fade back up to a darkened room. All we can make out is somebody's silhouette, but only the top of the person's head. We then hear a voice -- one that's distorted, because of course it would be if we can't make out this person's facial features.]

"SuperClash was supposed to be the night when women's wrestling would go to the next level."

[This may be our first clue that this is a woman speaking.]

"The AWA Women's World Title was on the line and the top student of none other than Miyuki Ozaki had the chance to prove she was worthy of her mentor's praise. Prove that Miyuki was right to believe in her, by walking out with a championship belt."

[There is brief silence, but the distorted voice breaks it.]

"But it wasn't meant to be. Ayako Fujiwara made the biggest mistake any wrestler can make -- and that's letting yourself get distracted."

"There will be those who will defend Fujiwara -- how can she possibly overcome two against one odds? But that's exactly what she would have to do to become the champion -- beat two women."

"And Fujiwara failed to get the job done."

[A brief pause again.]

"This cannot be allowed to stand. Miyuki had higher hopes for you, Fujiwara, than what went down at SuperClash. She expected great things from you, and all you delivered was nothing but disappointment."

"Unfortunately, Miyuki isn't interested in dealing with the AWA these days. So it appears somebody else will have to teach you what it means to stay focused on your objective."

[Another pause.]

"Somebody like me."

[We hold for an ominous moment...

...and then cut back to our very own "Sweet" Lou Blackwell in the backstage area standing next to an average height blond woman who is wearing glasses, a white blouse, and a standard issue black skirt. She looks every bit a professional as Blackwell speaks.]

SLB: Ominous words spoken right there towards Ayako Fujiwara. The AWA Women's Division continues to be the hottest growing division in professional wrestling... and joining me right now is someone who could very well have an impact on that division. This here is Dr. Leah White who I've been told has been working very closely with Charisma Knight recently.

[The doctor nods her head in agreement before speaking.]

LW: That is correct, Mr. Blackwell. I've been assigned as Ms. Knight's psychiatrist regarding the lifting of her suspension due to her actions last year.

SLB: Actions? That's one way to put it.

LW: Be that as it may, we all know what Ms. Knight did in 2016... and you should know that she has been VERY contrite about the whole ordeal. In fact, she asked me to convey her apologies to Skylar Swift and to wish her the very best.

[Blackwell looks shocked.]

SLB: Apologies?! Skylar Swift is STILL nursing injuries from that attack! She's not even here tonight!

[White shrugs.]

LW: The condition of Miss Swift is not my concern, Mr. Blackwell. The condition of Ms. Knight is.

SLB: Alright, I'll bite. What is the condition of Ms. Knight?

[White arches an eyebrow at Lou's tone.]

LW: Due to doctor-patient confidentiality, I can't go into detail but I can tell you that Charisma is making excellent progress in her treatment and I hope to be signing off on her official return to competition very soon.

SLB: I see. Doctor, would you be willing to come back two weeks from tonight and give us another update?

[White nods.]

LW: I'll do you one better, Mr. Blackwell. I believe two weeks from tonight, I may be able to give you the official date of Charisma's return to action.

[Blackwell's jaw drops but he quickly covers.]

SLB: Alright, fans... there you have it. In two weeks, we just might find out when Charisma Knight will return to action! Now, let's go back to the ring!

[Cut to stills from SuperClash VIII, narrated by the commentary team. David Ortiz and Supernova riding to the ring along with most of the Boston Red Sox.]

"...The legendary slugger from the Boston Red Sox - David Ortiz - in this ring tonight in tag team action..."

[Ortiz and Kerry Kendrick locking up, ending with an armdrag.]

"...Collar and elbow tieup... and a good one! Both these men jockeying for position, spinning around the ring and - wow!"

[Ortiz and Kerry Kendrick locking up, ending with an armdrag.]

"...Oh, come on, ref! Get her down from there!"

[Erica Toughill, looking like she's been through hell, shouting on the ring apron.]

"NO! NOT LIKE THIS!"

[Kendrick restraining David Ortiz...]

"SHE HIT KENDRICK! SHE HIT KENDRICK!"

[Toughill accidentally waffling Kerry Kendrick with her baseball bat.]

"DOUBLE GORILLA PRESS!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Supernova and David Ortiz celebrating their victory, cupping the hands to their mouths.]

Abruptly cut back to the arena, where "I Want It All" by Queen is midway through playing. One side of the stage has been covered in midnight green carpet. On a stool is Kerry Kendrick in a black leather jacket and a backwards leather pageboy hat. Behind him lurks the similarly attired Erica Toughill, baseball bat slung over her shoulder.]

KK: This is the Th-

"OOOOOOR-TIZ! OOOOOOR-TIZ! OOOOOOR-TIZ!"

[Kendrick pauses a moment, slightly rattled by the chants.]

KK: This is the Think Tank.

I am Kerry Kendrick. I am a Self Made Man. I am the longest tenured member of the AWA roster...

...And the sad fact of life is...

"OOOOOOR-TIZ! OOOOOOR-TIZ! OOOOOOR-TIZ!"

[Kendrick looks around agitated.]

KK: I'm not really in the mood for it tonight! If you are just joining us, and for some reason missed SuperClash last year, let me enlighten as you to what took place: I did NOT... lose my match at SuperClash. I was not beaten. Victory was cut out from underneath me, because I was a victim of incompetence.

That mush-mouthed mesh head partner did happen upon a piece of logic in that insane rambling diatribe of his: When the odds are stacked against you, there is no way to win when the dice are loaded. When I'm paired with an incompetent chunkhead like that, you should be acting impressed that I thrived against the odds as long as I did. When I'm fighting against the

AWA's promotional machine, when I'm fighting against my own partner's mental frailty, and even my own employee's timing being off...

[Toughill bites her bottom lip and looks down.]

KK: ...You can understand that you can't win when the roll comes up snake eyes. And if you think that I'm throwing Ricki under the bus, you can just shut down that rumor mill, because she's accepted responsibility for the travesty that took place at SuperClash, haven't you, Rick?

[Toughill sighs, then nods somberly.]

KK: See? So save your clickbait articles and your two-minute out-of-context YouTube uploads, because this year, I have a whole stack of credit notes and IOUs from the AWA that I've decided to call in. And I?

I don't owe anyone... anything, because...

I am...

A Self... Made... Man, and that is the sad fact of life!

[The crowd jeers as Kendrick sneers.]

KK: And if the new management expects me to make any more stars out of anyone, send them on over to me. Send anyone you want.

Just don't send anyone you want to make plans around.

[Kendrick arrogantly drops the mic, rising to his feet as the boos from the fans continue...

...and we fade to the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: My oh my, how the scene has changed here in the AWA, with more surprises tonight than I could ever imagine. Everyone backstage has been keeping their eyes on what goes down in that ring or in the offices of one Javier Castillo -- and I imagine my guests at this time have a ton of interest in what's been happening. Next Gen, come on in here!

[That's the cue for the members of Next Gen to walk onto the set. Howie Somers stands to Blackwell's left -- Somers is dressed in a black, long-sleeved, button-down shirt and a pair of beige slacks. Daniel Harper stands to Blackwell's right -- Harper wears a gray San Antonio Spurs hoodie and blue jeans.]

SLB: Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, you walked out not just with a win at SuperClash, but one of the most decisive wins of anybody that night. You made quick work of Slaughterhouse and they are now long gone from the AWA scene. It was quite a statement from the two of you, and I can imagine

you're looking to make more of those as the Korugun Corporation is on the scene here.

DH: Sweet Lou, you said we made a statement at SuperClash. We didn't just make a statement -- we made an outright declaration of how far we've come as a tag team here in the AWA! For two years, Howie and I have worked to get better as a tag team, worked to prove ourselves against we faced, and worked to live up to the legacy that our family members before us established. Now, after SuperClash, we're going to make one thing clear -- there's something that we've set our sights upon and haven't had that chance at yet. I take it you can figure out what that is, Sweet Lou?

SLB: I imagine you are talking about a shot at the AWA World Tag Team Titles.

[Harper nods.]

DH: Exactly! Now, we're not the types to go demanding it right away -- but we will be quick to point out that the only reason we never got our first shot was because we were jumped backstage! And though we suffered a setback when my partner and friend here got his face burned, he's back at 100 percent now, and after we proved beyond a shadow of a doubt who was the better team at SuperClash, you should be able to say that we should be getting that shot! But, right now, it looks like the people in charge of AWA now have other ideas, don't they?

SLB: Well, that's one way of putting it.

DH: I could put it other ways for you, Sweet Lou, but my mother always told me to be patient and watch my mouth. But I will say this -- after we got denied a title shot because somebody decided to jump us, I'm not going to have much patience for anyone who tries to manipulate the situation to deny us a shot again!

[At that point, Somers reaches over and puts a hand on his partner's shoulder.]

HS: Tell you what, Daniel -- let me take it from here, because as much as I dislike some of the changes, I don't want to risk anything more than necessary.

[Harper stares at Somers for a moment, then nods his head.]

SLB: Howie Somers, then, what about it?

HS: Sweet Lou, I'll be as diplomatic as I can be, but more direct. Let's look at who's been announced to be at the front of the line for a tag team title shot, System Shock. Now, what can you tell me about Derrick Williams, Lou?

SLB: The man who calls himself The Future? He is coming off a win at SuperClash himself.

HS: In what, though, Lou?

SLB: Well, it was a singles match against Jordan Ohara.

HS: Exactly, Lou. A singles match. That's where Derrick Williams has made his mark. Now, if he wants to lay claim to a TV Title shot, fine. Though I can get he would have his sights set on a bigger prize, so if he wanted a National Title shot, he's got an argument there. But before you say it, Lou, he and Maxim Zharkov are allies, so perhaps Williams would go after the World Title and prove he is that Future he says he is. Whether I think he should get the shot is beside the point -- I can see why someone who has the track record in singles like he does would want a shot.

But exactly who has System Shock beaten in the AWA tag team ranks? Can you name anyone, Lou?

[Blackwell is quiet for a minute.]

SLB: Not off the top of my head.

HS: Exactly, Lou. Yet I hear that Williams and his partner Riley Hunter have maneuvered their way into a tag team title shot. It bothers me that Daniel and I spend our time facing tag team after tag team, demonstrating to the fans that we are more than willing to prove our worthiness for a tag team title shot. And while we do that, Williams and Hunter spend their time kissing up to the new regime in the AWA to jump to the front of the line for that shot.

[He shakes his head.]

HS: It makes me think about what my uncle had to go through when he and his partner worked their way up the tag team ranks, and how long they had to wait for a shot.

SLB: Whoa, wait a minute, Howie... you remember what your uncle and his partner did to actually get themselves those titles, right?

HS: [nodding] I do remember, Lou... and I'm not saying we're going to go such a route to ensure we get a title shot. But considering some of the changes that are going on here and the happenings tonight... let's just say we may have to consider all options to be on the table.

[That causes Harper to give a double take and he motions to his partner.]

DH: Wait a minute, Howie -- I want the shot as much as you do, but what are you saying that all options should be on the table?

[Somers is about to say something, but pauses, then turns to Blackwell.]

SLB: Sorry to cut this short, Lou, but it looks like my friend and I have a few things to discuss.

[He motions to Harper and walks off the set. Harper shrugs and follows him off the set. Blackwell raises his eyebrows.]

SLB: I don't know what to make of that, fans, but it sounds like another instance of Korugun keeping people on edge. Fans, let's go back to ringside to Gordon and Bucky!

[We cut back down to the ring where the aforementioned announce duo is standing.]

GM: Thanks, Lou... and Bucky, you've gotta agree that Howie Somers and Daniel Harper have a point.

BW: I try never to agree with morons.

GM: Nevertheless, how are they not the team getting the shot at the titles two weeks from tonight? How is System Shock getting that title opportunity?

BW: Hey, the office considered all the options and they decided that Williams and Hunter getting the shot was best for business. Harper and Somers are a fine tag team, Gordo... but they're not gonna set the box office on fire like the Axis!

GM: I don't agree with that one bit. And I can't wait for the day that those two DO get their shot at the titles because when that happens, I think we're going to have new World Tag Team-

[Suddenly, a very familiar song plays over the PA system...]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[The crowd roars with shock and surprise as "Shout at the Devil" by Motley Crue plays over the PA system, bringing an equally stunned look to the faces of Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Are you...?

[We cut to the top of the ramp where Jackson Haynes steps into view.]

GM: That's Jackson Haynes! One half of one of the greatest tag teams in AWA history is here!

BW: No way! I thought he was...with the other place!

GM: We haven't seen him since Thanksgiving night 2015! Violence Unlimited left the AWA that night and sought employment elsewhere... but he's here!

[Haynes is the same as ever. A monstrous mountain of a man with a slightly flabby body, long stringy blonde hair covering a notoriously ugly mug and covered by a floppy tri-cornered cowboy hat. He's in street clothes, which for him means a sleeveless T-shirt with a huge picture of his crazed face on it and blue jeans along with cowboy boots. As he enters the ring, the crowd serenades him...]

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

[Haynes rolls his eyes.]

JH: Yeah, yeah...I'm back. Ain't no need to throw a party over it. Settle down, 'cause I got some important things to say!

[The chanting stops and the crowd quiets down to hear what Haynes has to say.]

JH: When I left the AWA, that was purely business. Nothin against you folks, but I got a family to provide for and for years, that's what my heart always followed.

The money.

I was always for sale and I always went to the highest bidder. But this time, I'm not back for the green. Naw, this time, it ain't bout business. This time, it's personal!

[Haynes removes his hat and holds it to his chest.]

JH: Maybe some of you already know and some of you don't, but I'm married to the sweetest girl in the world. Someone too good for a rotten bastard like me. And her daddy knew it. And her brothers knew it. And there ain't no doubt they hated me for it. Hell, we spilled enough of each other's blood all over Texas to prove it!

[There's some buzzing in the crowd, as fans not in the know begin to figure out what Haynes is saying.]

JH: But family's family and blood is blood and maybe there ain't a single ounce of it flowin' in my veins, but it sure as Hell flows through my daughter's and there ain't a damn thing in this world I wouldn't do for her. So here I am...

...to defend the good name of the Lynch clan.

[There's a roar of shock and surprise from a majority of the crowd while the more knowledgeable fans cheer.]

JH: That's right, I'm married to Samantha Lynch. Blackjack Lynch's oldest daughter! And that makes that old bastard the closest thing I've ever had to a father.

Ya' see, there ain't many things in this world I value more than money and a good fight, but family's one of'em. And on Thanksgiving Day, twenty sixteen, I sat at home and watched my wife shed tears cause of what she saw happen to her daddy. I had to see my baby girl bawl her eyes out 'cause she saw what happened to her grand-daddy. And it was 'cause of one man.

Shadoe Rage.

[The crowd jeers at the mention of the former Television champion.]

JH: Rage, ya' crazy son of a bitch, another time and another place, I would've shook your hand and patted you on back for what you did. But ya' crossed a line.

And ya' pissed me off.

And now you're gonna' pay the price!

[The crowd roars!]

JH: So I ain't gonna' just keep flappin' my gums and wastin' any more time.

RAGE!

I'm callin' you out! Git yer ass down here!

[Haynes waits.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Not only has Jackson Haynes returned to the AWA with absolutely NO warning... but he's told the entire world he's part of the Lynch family... and now he's calling out Shadoe Rage to top it all off!

BW: What the hell is going on here tonight, Gordo!?

[Haynes starts to grow impatient and then the simple guitar and clap hit. "God's Gonna Cut You Down" signals the entrance of Shadoe Rage. The black-robed warrior stands at the top of the ramp, pushing back his ragged monk's cloth hood and staring daggers through Jackson Haynes with his maniacal eyes.]

SR: Who do you think you are that you can call me out? Jackson Haynes, you are nothing to me. Nothing at all!

Let me tell you something, you SHOULD shake my hand. You SHOULD pat me on the back.

[Rage spread his arms wide for a moment.]

SR: We are delivered from the Lynches' reign of tyranny! Their Empire of Extortion! Their Nation of Nepotism! THEIR SUZERAINTY OF SUPPRESSION!

[Rage is already starting to foam at the mouth.]

SR: Now that Blackjack Lynch is buried and gone, you can come back here to a fair deal! You can earn the wage you should have and not have your livelihood stolen by a penny-stealing bastard!

[Rage shivers violently, gripping his head. As the spasm passes, he seems much different, more arrogant but restrained. An oily smile plays over his lips.]

SR: For years, I've been trying to put that man down and I finally did it on the biggest stage of them all. I hope you're not here trying to wrestle for the money to pay his urologist bills. I hope you realize that the wrestling world has finally seen what Adrian Rage has always known... we're better off with no more Lynches. It's telling that his boy Jack isn't the one out here trying to defend his father's name. He always knew what that man was and you know too. That's why you ain't been around here. Ol' Blackjack always took care of his favorites, but you weren't one of them, were you, Jackson?

[Rage strokes his braided beard idly with an index finger as he studies Jackson Haynes.]

SR: But I get it... this isn't about what you feel. This is all about your woman. She wants you to get revenge on my boy because she knows she can't do it herself. I warn you, Jackson, the grave is littered with men who did anything for their frail. You really want a piece of my boy?

[Rage demonstrates his ripped physique.]

SR: You really want a piece of him?

[Haynes shouts off-mic - "DAMN RIGHT I DO!"]

SR: YOU GOT HIM!

[And suddenly Rage is released from his possession. His hazel eyes flare to life with the madness. He twitches and shakes.]

SR: You want to fight for that man's name, Haynes? You want to die on that hill? No problem! No problem at all! Come at me, Haynes! You're gonna die! You're gonna die in darkness!

[Haynes tosses his hat down onto the canvas, eyes wide open with a madness to match Rage's.]

JH: THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO HEAR!

[And with that, Haynes throws the mic aside and steps through the ropes, exiting the ring.]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

BW: Now THIS is gonna be a fight, daddy!

[Haynes stomps his way towards Rage who lets a slow smile spread across his lips as he turns on his heel and walks away with three parting words.]

SR: When WE choose.

[As Rage exits to a loud roar of boos, Haynes screams "GET BACK HERE YA' COWARD!" and gives chase!]

GM: Shadoe Rage is out of here but he better run because Jackson Haynes is hot on his heels! A family feud that we thought was over at SuperClash has spread into Super Saturday... wow. Fans, we've got to take another quick break but we'll be right back with our Women's World Title match!

[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 through black to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside the leader of Gang Green, the returning Alphonse Green. Green has a huge grin on his face, seemingly enjoying his return to the fold after a long time away due to injury. Green is wearing a pair of green and white zubaz pants, and a green Ribera Steakhouse jacket.]

SLB: My guest at this time is a man that's looking to make his return to one-on-one action on the next Saturday Night Wrestling, none other than Alphonse Green. I know we've come off a long layoff, and you weren't scheduled for action tonight, but I know you were watching the TV title match very closely.

[Green nods his head.]

AG: Of course, Sweet Lou! That was an incredible match, an' I hope to get myself back in that TV title picture sooner, rather than later. There ain't no feelin' like bein' the best wrestler on TV, the face that everyone sees when they tune into hard hittin' AWA action, somethin' for the whole family to enjoy, ya dig?

[Blackwell nods his head.]

AG: While I would like that chance t' get my hands on the TV title, there's somethin' I feel like I need to take care of, first.

Remember when at SuperClash, when I said MAWAGA kicked some inspiration into my head.

SLB: I remember you saying something like that.

AG: Good! Cuz ya see, I may talk a big game, and wrestle an' even bigger one, but man, have ya looked at me. Dude, I'm shorter than you are. I must look really silly standin' next to ya.

SLB: But I can't really go in the ring, besides it's not like size has been a problem for you before, or even other wrestlers here in the AWA!

AG: Right-o, Sweet Lou, but still, that kinda size bothers me, cuz I really do think I coulda beaten MAWAGA despite my rust. I just need a little more oomph, cuz there's a lot of hog mollies runnin' around the AWA right now like MAWAGA an' that big Russian goof Maxim Zharkov.

I need that spark, man, I need t' prove that when push comes to shove, an' I have to fight alongside a lot of great people here in the AWA, that I could hold my own. I feel like I need to convince myself that I deserve a shot at the TV Title, the National Title...

[Green rubs his chin.]

AG: Perhaps the biggest prize in all th' land, the World Heavyweight Championship?

That's why in two weeks time, I'm gonna start the Alphonse Green Super-Heavyweight Challenge!

SLB: Alphonse Green.. Super-Heavyweight Challenge? That sounds interesting.

[Green puffs his cheeks, and closes his eyes. He stares up at the ceiling before exhaling.]

AG: Four matches, all against four big boys that think they wanna chance to snack on Alphonse Green, but lemme tell ya, folks, this bite-sized snack likes t' bite back. No matter who ya are, or what ya are, if ya wanna step to Alphonse Green, well, this is yer chance. I ain't turnin' down a challenge from anyone. Even MAWAGA. I want my dang King of the Battle Royals title back.

So, for a limited time only if yer over six feet tall and over three hundred pounds... would you like that? Would you like to ride...

[Green lowers his head and his eyes shoot open. He stares at the camera, his mouth slowly contorting into his famous Alphonse Green grin.]

AG: ...with Alphonse Green?

[Green nods his head, before sliding off camera to the side. Blackwell looks on as Green leaves.]

SLB: Guys, an interesting offer from Alphonse Green, one of our smaller competitors, to some of our biggest competitors. If this is what Alphonse Green wants to do, then I'm interested in seeing how some of these potential matches play out! Now, let's go back to the ring!

[We fade from the backstage area to a panning shot of the Houston crowd for a moment... and then on to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first... she is the challenger...

["Demonizer" by Judas Priest kicks in over the PA system to a large negative response from the AWA faithful.]

RO: Weighing in at 250 pounds...

She is "The Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo..."

She is "The Lady of Pain..."

She is... KUUUUUURAAAAAYAAAAAMIIIIIIIIIII!

[With Rob Halford's voice shrieking into the night, Kurayami advances into the full view of the masses. She is a large, imposing, heavysset, full-figured Japanese woman. She has a short textured steel Mohawk with the sides shaved short and kept black. Amidst all the piercings on her face, she wears black lipstick and has a band of black paint across her eyes.

She's wearing a spiked, black leather jacket over a tattered, cut up t-shirt which is over a black wrestling leotard.

She is the very image of professional wrestling dominance...

...oh, and Lauryn Rage is behind her with a crutch in her hands.]

GM: WAIT A-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Women's World Champion, dressed in her ring gear from earlier with the addition of heavy white tape around her left knee, has just smashed a metal crutch across the massive back of her former associate. Kurayami's back arches in pain, her face carved into a grimace as she stumbles down the metal ramp towards the ring.]

"YOU WANNA MAKE A FOOL OUT OF ME?!"

[Rage is shouting at the Japanese behemoth as she pursues her slowly down the ramp, drawing back the crutch a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN ACROSS THE BACK OF THE CHALLENGER!

[Kurayami continues to stumble down the ramp towards the ring as Rage hobbles after her as quickly as her taped and hurting knee will allow her to.

And surprisingly, the fans are cheering this assault on the Korogun monster...]

GM: Lauryn Rage starting this one off in a hurry, fans!

BW: She sure is. None of this is legal - the bell hasn't even rung yet - but if she's looking to try and get an edge on Kurayami BEFORE the match starts, she may have just done it.

GM: They're right down here at ringside now. Referee Koji Sakai is trying to get them inside the squared circle to officially start this match but-

[With Kurayami staggered, Rage takes the opportunity to rear straight back over her head at ringside...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE BROKE IT! SHE BROKE THE DAMN CRUTCH!

[Kurayami slumps into the ring, boosting herself onto the apron where she rolls under the ropes as Rage angrily throws the broken crutch down on the floor. She rolls under the ropes as well, removing the title belt and tossing it to Warren as she shouts "RING THE DAMN BELL!" at him.]

GM: Lauryn Rage is HOT under the collar, Bucky, after what we saw earlier tonight.

BW: Can you blame her? She thought she had the ultimate insurance policy and it got cancelled by Javier Castillo and Korugun here tonight!

[The referee checks in on Kurayami who grimaces as she comes up off the canvas in her corner... and gives a nod.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE! WE! GO!

[A fired-up Lauryn Rage hobbles across the ring, her teeth clinched in a mix of anger and pain as she approaches Kurayami, drawing her right hand back...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: She slapped the taste right out of the monster's mouth!

[But Kurayami snaps her head back, eyes wide.]

GM: UH OH!

BW: She woke the beast!

[Kurayami steps out of the corner, causing Rage to take a couple steps back...

...but then throws herself forward, arm swinging again and again!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[But Kurayami absorbs the barrage of slaps, reaching past Rage's flailing arms to snatch her by the hair, swinging her body around, and shoving her back into the corner.]

GM: Rage trapped in the corner - and this is NOT where she wants to be!

[Squaring up, Kurayami throws a brutal right hooking forearm to the side of Rage's head... then a left to the other side... right then left... right then left, repeatedly battering Rage's head back and forth.]

GM: Get her out of the corner, ref!

[The official dives in, wedging himself between Rage and Kurayami, forcing the Lady of Pain to back away. Rage is hanging onto the ropes, barely on her feet as a seething Kurayami shouts at her in Japanese...

...and then charges back in, the referee diving to the side to avoid the rampaging monster as she CRUSHES Rage in the corner with an avalanche!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS IN THE CORNER!

[Kurayami snatches Rage by the hair again, yanking her from the corner and right up into a military press...]

GM: SHE PRESSES HER OVERHEAD! GOOD LORD!

[She holds her there for several moments...

...and then DROPS her gutfirst across the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Every move so dangerous! Every move so impactful! Lauryn Rage is being battered by the mighty Kurayami, her dominant challenger here tonight, and Rage needs to find something quickly if she hopes to defend that title successfully here tonight-

[A hard and disdainful kick to the gut sends Rage tumbling off the turnbuckles, crashing down to the floor in a heap as the AWA faithful buzzes with concern.]

GM: The fans reacting to that... and you have to wonder how many of them are cheering Lauryn Rage because of what happened earlier, her words of defiance towards the Korugun Corporation... and how many are cheering her because of the guts she showed in challenging for this match tonight.

[Kurayami stalks around the ring, the referee attempting to keep her back as he starts a count on Rage.]

GM: Remember, fans... the title cannot change hands on a countout...

BW: Oh, I'm sure Kurayami is quite aware of that and isn't about to let it happen.

[On cue, Kurayami shoves the referee aside, stepping out on the apron and dropping down to the floor.]

GM: And the challenger is outside the ring now, coming after Rage who is struggling to get up off the floor over by the barricade...

[Kurayami eyes Rage from a distance, watching as the champion gets to her feet...

...and then the challenger goes barreling across the ring, shockingly leaving her feet with both feet catching Rage flush in the chest and sending her flying backwards into the railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOTGUN DROPKICK!

BW: SHOT RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART!

[Rage crumples to the floor again as Kurayami slowly regains her feet, looking down on her.]

GM: Kurayami's completely in control of this and Rage has gotta figure out something fast or this is going to be all over! All over!

[Kurayami peels Rage off the floor, picking her up in another military press and tossing her through the ropes with ease.]

GM: Kurayami throws her back in like a sack of garbage!

BW: Impressive... most impressive.

[The Japanese behemoth turns to glare at the fans before she ducks her torso under the bottom rope...

...and Rage leaps off one leg, dropping a sloppy senton across the back of Kurayami's head!]

GM: OHH! BACKSPLASH ON KURAYAMI! SHE DIDN'T SEE THAT ONE COMING!

[Rolling to her unwrapped knee, Rage grabs two hands full of mohawk...]

GM: FACEFIRST TO THE CANVAS!

[She pulls Kurayami's head back up, slamming it down a second time... and a third...]

GM: The Women's World Champion, trying to string something together here...

[Rage uses the ropes to pull herself up, hobbling backwards to the corner where she grimaces as she steps up to the second rope...]

GM: What's she doing here?! How's she even standing on that bum knee?!

[Rage leaps into the air... without much lift...

...and SMASHES Kurayami's face into the mat with a flying double stomp! Rage immediately bounces off, crying out in pain as she grabs at her unwrapped knee.]

GM: What the...?!

BW: The knee! I think she hurt the other knee!

[Rage is slamming her hand into the canvas repeatedly, screaming in pain as the referee rushes over, sliding to his knees alongside the champion.]

GM: Rage is... my stars, she's in incredible pain and-

[The crowd begins to buzz as Kurayami drags herself under the ropes, using them to pull herself to her feet...]

GM: AND KURAYAMI IS UP! SHE'S UP!

[The referee leaps up, shouting at Kurayami who angrily shoves him aside.]

GM: Wait a second! She's hurt! She's hurt, damn it!

[Kurayami grabs her by the hair, yanking her off the mat and into a standing headscissors...]

GM: SHE'S GOING FOR THE POWERBOMB!

[The Lady of Pain hoists Rage into the air, ready to drive her down to the canvas...]

...when Rage sinks her fingernails into the eyes of Kurayami, raking HARD across them!]

GM: OHHH! SHE RAKES THE EYES!

[The momentarily-blinded Kurayami stumbles back, losing her grip on Rage who drops out of it down to her feet...]

...and AGAIN drops to her back, howling in pain as she grabs at her unwrapped knee!]

GM: I think that other knee. She was probably trying to compensate for the damage done to the left earlier tonight and now she's potentially injured the right one, Bucky!

[Rage is rolling back and forth in pain on the canvas, clawing at the mat as the referee kneels down to check on her again.]

BW: She's done, Gordo. She's done. I've never heard Lauryn scream like that in pain. Something's wrong with that right knee... something's REAL wrong with it.

GM: Rage... this is hard to watch, fans. We're going to need some help out-

[On cue, we cut to a shot of the aisle where Dr. Ponavitch is SPRINTING towards the ring as quickly as he can.]

GM: Okay, here comes the doctor. Dr. Bob Ponavitch, the AWA's head trainer... we saw him working on Lauryn's knee earlier tonight but he was working on the other knee! The other knee was treated and taped and...

[Kurayami wipes her vision clean, staring down at Rage.]

"UP!"

GM: She's demanding that Lauryn Rage get up! She can't even stand, damn it!

[The Japanese monster gestures this time, a little more insistent.]

"UP!"

[Referee Davis Warren waves her off, turning back to Rage who defiantly grabs him by the shirt, grabbing his arm with her other hand as she tries to get up off the mat.]

GM: Lauryn Rage is using the referee to get up! She won't stay down! She won't quit this fight! She won't-

[Rage pulls herself to a standing position, shoving the official aside as she tries to steady herself on the taped knee, grimacing with every movement as she stares Kurayami dead in the eye...]

"I'll... be... back..."

[Rage nods her head...]

"BITCH!"

[...and then SPITS in the face of Kurayami who recoils from the wad of saliva, slowly turning back towards the champion.]

GM: Oh my god.

[Kurayami suddenly ducks down, hoisting Rage up into a fireman's carry. She turns towards the center of the ring, staring into the hard camera as the crowd buzzes with concern...]

"KUDAKERO!"

[...and she lifts Rage off her shoulders, twisting into a powerslam position, and DRIVING her down into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Planting her palms on the chest of Rage, the Korugun Corporation's Chosen One presses up to full extension, her tongue sickeningly lolling out of her mouth as the referee counts one... two... and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A hush falls over the crowd as Kurayami rises off the mat, staring down at a motionless Lauryn Rage.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner... and NEEEEEEEEEEEEEW AWA
WORLD WOMEN'S CHAMPIONNNNNNNNN...

KUUUUURAAAAAYAAAAAMI!!!!!!

[The belt is handed towards Kurayami who jerks it violently away, thrusting it over her head as the Houston crowd roars with displeasure.]

GM: In devastating fashion, we have witnessed history here tonight on Super Saturday. Kurayami is the new Women's World Champion, dominating Lauryn Rage... and possibly severely injuring her in the process.

[Dr. Ponavitch is instantly by Lauryn's side as Kurayami steps away from her, staring out defiantly at the jeering crowd. The AWA's head trainer frantically is waving towards the locker room.]

BW: I don't think the word "possibly" applies here, Gordo. She's hurt and she's hurt bad.

GM: Fans, we've got our medical team en route to the ring. We've got a new champion. Lauryn Rage is hurt. And... well, we'll bring you updates on both of those situations as the night goes on.

[The medical team can be seen rolling the stretcher down the aisle towards the ring as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The “come get some” slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

Fade up to a shot of a gleaming sportscar. All aerodynamic edges and sleekness, this cherry red beast shines in a garage as a voice rings out over it.]

“This car is automatic...”

[Cut to another shot of the car, this one from the wheels up.]

“Systematic...”

[One from the top down.]

“Hydromatic...”

[And then a quick spinning shot around it.]

“Why it’s greased lightnin’”

[A spinning shot around the car ends up behind two young men standing in the type of attire you’d catch a NASCAR driver in.]

“Just... like... us.”

[One of them nudges the other with an elbow.]

“Hey Ricky... let’s get this thing on the track.”

[The other nods.]

“You got it, Robbie.”

[The two men step forward...

...and we cut to a shot of a garage door opening and a pair of headlights lancing out into the camera’s view. After a moment, the roar of an engine is heard as the car pulls out of the building.

As the sounds of “Mustang Nismo” from the Tokyo Drift soundtrack roars, we get quick-cutting shots of the car speeding around an empty track.]

“This is the Hennessey Venom GT. It tops out over 270 miles per hour. Only the best drive a machine like this... the true thrill seekers.”

[A shift kicks the car into another gear as it tears past the camera with a thunderous roar.]

“It may not be the biggest car on the track. It may not be the toughest car on the track. But likely as not, it’s gonna be the fastest car on the track.”

[As the camera zooms towards the car again, we cut to a shot of two guys in a gym somewhere. Todd Michaelson, whistle dangling around his neck, is barking instructions as these two men sprint down a short track.]

"Just... like... us."

[Cut to Michaelson standing in front of an assembled group. A piece of signage behind him reads "COMBAT CORNER COMBINE."]

TM: Alright... 100 meter dash times. #2... Ricky Morales.

[Cut to a smirking Latino, trading congratulatory high fives with those all around him.]

TM: And that makes #1... again... Robbie Gilbert.

[Big cheers go up as we cut to a bright eyed young man with a big smile on his face underneath his bright blond hair.

Cut to a two shot of the duo addressing the camera.]

RM: Coach Todd called us greased lighting one day because of how fast we are in the ring... and it stuck.

RG: And we stuck together.

RM: That's right. We're the best of friends and when we get inside that ring together, the whole AWA is going to find out that if they want to beat us... they gotta catch us first...

[Cut to a slow motion shot of the two men racing each other down the 100 meter short track.]

RG: ...and that ain't easy.

[Freeze frame as the two draw neck and neck as they're about to cross the finish line...

...and then a graphic covers both men reading "GREASED LIGHTNING - COMING SOON TO AWA TV!"

And we fade from that to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall... currently in the ring standing six foot and weighing 220 pounds... the Masked Liberal!

[A doughy guy stands in the middle of the ring. He dons a blue mask and blue tights. He is wearing a white shirt that reads "FREE TUITION, FREE HEALTHCARE, FREE HUGS". He gives a wave to the crowd that garners little to no reaction.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[“My Type” by Saint Motel begins to play and skipping out from the back comes Michael Aarons to a fairly big negative reaction. He is wearing long red tights with patterned pink and purple shapes scattered throughout. He also has on a black leather vest sans shirt.]

RO: ...weighing in at two hundred twenty five pounds... from Carson City...
MMMIICCHHAAEEELL AAAAAARRRROOOOOONNNNSSSS!!!

GM: I’m surprised this guy even wants to show his face after what he did!

BW: After what he did? You mean cementing himself as one of the breakthrough single stars of 2017?

GM: No, I mean betraying and turning his back on his friend and partner Cody Mertz!

BW: That’s not the way Michael Aarons sees it.

GM: And I bet he told you this over a paid for dinner?

BW: It was lunch... I eat three meals a day, daddy!

[Aarons stares out at the crowd, he puts a finger on his right ear and leans to the right; then he places a finger on his left ear and leans to the left. Laughing, he starts gyrating and dancing to the music clapping his hands and then breaking out into what can best be described as the dance number from Spider-man 3.

As the crowd boos, he leans in and holds a finger to his ear, tapping it and then shrugging as he nonchalantly begins to skip down to the ring, stopping every now and then to dance in front of some of the women in attendance who don’t seem to mind at all.]

GM: We’ve always known that Aarons was confident in the ring. But this new attitude is brash and almost vulgar.

BW: The way he tells me is that he’s not going to be held down or kept quiet anymore!

[Aarons gets to the ringsteps and slowly walks up them, dancing and strutting one step at a time. Getting to the apron, he turns to the crowd and stretches out his arms so they can take it all in, before quickly turning and slingshotting himself over the top rope. He arrogantly reclines back in his corner, chomping on his gum as he waits for the match to start.]

GM: There’s the bell and this match is about to start and what is the Masked Liberal doing?

[Aarons’ opponent stands in the middle of the ring, arms outstretched calling Aarons over.]

BW: Well, Gordo... it appears as though the Masked Liberal wants to hug this one out.]

[Aarons looks at the Liberal strangely, smirk never leaving his face. He then looks to the crowd and with a shrug starts to walk over to his opponent with his arms held out as well.]

GM: And I think that Aarons is going to oblige the Masked Liberal's request here and the two of them are going to-

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OO!"

[The sound of Michael Aarons quickly smacking his opponent in the face and then taunting him about it cuts Myers off, as the smack turns the Masked Liberal around back towards his corner. Aarons turns his back and walks to his corner, sliding off his vest and pointing to himself telling the crowd how great he is.]

GM: Cheap shot by Aarons, and I don't know why anyone would be surprised by that at this point.

BW: What? Michael came here to show off his greatness - not sit in some feelings circle.

[But what Aarons doesn't see is that the masked man has easily recovered and has stomped his way over to Aarons, spinning him around.]

GM: Masked Liberal spins Aarons around... right hand! And another... and another! Masked Liberal unloading on Aarons in the corner now!

BW: What?! This isn't right! YOU'RE A PACIFIST!! YOU'RE A PACIFIST!!

[The Masked Liberal takes Aarons and whips him from the corner over to the opposite corner where Aarons crashes hard. Aarons comes staggering out towards a waiting Masked Liberal who cocks his fist back...

...which Aarons sees and immediately drops to the canvas to avoid.]

GM: Michael Aarons is now begging away from this attack from the Masked Liberal and you have to imagine he might be regretting his actions now. Aarons on his knees begging and backtracking in the corner.

[Aarons gets to the corner as the Liberal approaches. Aarons continues to beg and scream until he quickly grabs his opponent by his outfit and flings him into the corner dropping him head first into the middle turnbuckle.]

GM: Ohhh! And Aarons caused enough of a distraction with all his begging and he drops the Masked Liberal into the corner.

[The former tag champion gets to his feet, checking his face for damage as he glares at his opponent and then the referee.]

BW: Michael Aarons complaining to the ref that the Masked Liberal's cheap shot caused him to swallow his gum!

GM: He shouldn't have been chewing gum during his match to begin with!

[Aarons now picks up the Masked Liberal and turns him around in the corner. Measuring him up, he lays into him with a vicious knife edge chop across the chest... and then another.]

GM: Big chops being laid in by Michael Aarons...

[After a few more chops, Aarons takes a step back, closing one eye and holding out both hands making an "L" shapes with both of them as if measuring his opponent in frame.]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: And Aarons again disrespecting his opponent by smacking him in the face!

[Aarons quickly follows that by running off the opposite ropes towards the corner where the Masked Liberal stands. He springboards off the ropes and spins sending a knee to the face of his masked opponent sending him to the ground.]

GM: Oh my, that was an impressive knee strike right to the face of his opponent. And Aarons again not – he's taking a bow?

[Aarons has indeed stopped and is now bowing to the crowd, who is reading him the riot act.]

BW: Hey, it's about time he gets some recognition for his talents!

GM: He got plenty of recognition as one half of Air Strike, one of the greatest tag teams in AWA history!

BW: Yeah, but he had to share all that. Now, Michael Aarons stands along in his own spotlight!

[Aarons dismisses the negative reaction with a wave of his hand before grabbing his opponent back up by the mask. He sends a knee to the midsection of his opponent before grabbing him in an inverted chancery with his left arm. Staring off to the crowd, he smirks and starts to shake his right arm, slowly, methodically bringing the right arm up into a bicep curl right up to his face. Kissing his bicep, he then quickly brings it down across the Liberal's chest as he drives him down to the canvas.]

GM: Another impressive move from Michael Aarons and of course with more showing off!

BW: Hey, the way he tells it... if you got the goods, you show off the goods!

[Quickly, Aarons goes to the closest corner and hops up to the second turnbuckle. Waving his arms to the crowd before pointing to the downed opponent, he leaps off landing on the Masked Liberal with a Double Stomp which he uses to trampoline off and land past him striking a pose like he just dismount off of the pommel horse...

...then with one fluid motion, he leaps backwards on top of his opponent with a standing moonsault.]

GM: OH MY STARS! Aarons with a picture perfect standing moonsault right after that double stomp!

BW: He calls that Crushing It AF.

GM: AF?

BW: It's probably best if we don't discuss that.

[Aarons nonchalantly covers the Masked Liberal as the ref counts and Aarons counts along. When the ref gets to two, Aarons suddenly sits up breaking up his own pin. Turning to the ref, he shakes his finger back and forth and says "Not yet."]

GM: Aarons breaks up the pin... and the Michael Aarons we've all known for so long would never do something like that.

BW: That Michael Aarons is long gone, Gordo. This is the new Michael Aarons and watching him in action is a whole new experience.

GM: Not one I'm fond of for sure. He could've gotten the three count off that standing moonsault and... now he's dragging his masked opponent off the mat...

[He grabs a front facelock, hooking the arm as he does, and snaps him over with a swinging beakbreaker.]

GM: Ohhh! Maybe that'll be enough!

BW: Not quite.

[Aarons isn't done as he hooks an inverted three-quarter facelock, bridging back up to standing position while dragging the masked man with him...

...and then drops him right back down in a reverse neckbreaker!]

BW: That one's called Turnt Up, Dropped Down, Daddy!

GM: What?

BW: Get with the times, Gordo!

[Aarons pops back up with outstretched arms, moving his hands to get the crowd's applause but mostly gets boos. There are a handful of high-pitched cheers from the crowd as he grins sleazily at that before stomping over to the ropes, leaning out towards a particularly rowdy group of jeering fans.]

"Are you not entertained?!?!"

[More boos as Aarons waves his hand at the crowd in disgust. He goes over to the far corner and quickly hops up to the top with the greatest of ease.]

GM: Aarons to the top... such athleticism...

[He begins measuring his fallen opponent, shaking his right arm while bringing it up to his face again. Aarons plants a kiss on his bicep before leaping off with his signature elbow drop across the chest of the Masked Liberal.]

GM: Ohhh! High In The Sk-

BW: No, no! That's fake news. That right there is the Ratings Spike!

GM: Did he rename every move he's ever known how to do?! Whatever you want to call it, he cleared well over half the ring in delivering it in impressive fashion... and I'd say this one is over.

BW: It's over when he says it's over, daddy.

[Casually, arrogantly, Aarons slowly picks up his opponent into an inverted facelock. Looking out to the crowd, he smirks and with his free hand gives a thumbs down signal before grabbing the arm of the Masked Liberal...]

GM: What's this now?

[Aarons quickly twists to the side, flipping him over, and driving his masked face into the canvas!]

GM: And there's the move he used to take out his own damn partner at SuperClash! That's the move he used on Cody Mertz to effectively flush years of friendship down the toilet!

BW: That's called the Shattershot, Gordo, and he got all of it!

GM: He certainly did! And look at him just laying across his opponent as ref counts the three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Say what you will about the showing off, but it was definitely an impressive display from the former Air Strike member here today.

BW: The Michael Aarons time has arrived! And he wants everyone to know it!

GM: That may be what HE wants... but what the people - including myself - want to know is WHY he's made this sudden change in attitude... and it looks like Mark Stegglet is out there looking to get some answers. Mark?

[Stegglet has taken up a spot in the aisle as Aarons approaches, the smirk never leaving his face.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... and here we have Michael Aarons... the new Michael Aarons some might say... who made his AWA return at SuperClash with a new attitude at the expense of-

[Aarons cuts him off as he stands alongside Stegglet.]

MA: Stegg-a-licious! What's going on, old friend?

[No response.]

MA: And that's new and improved. AND. IMPROVED!

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Be that as it may, Michael Aarons... I've gotta ask the question on everyone's minds these days - how could you?

[Aarons feigns a look of confusion.]

MA: How could I what?

[Stegglet's jaw drops.]

MS: How could you what? How could you do what you did at SuperClash?! How could you turn on your friend and partner like that?! After all you've been through... after the battles you fought, how could you?

[Aarons now looks annoyed.]

MA: Are you serious right now, Steggers? Is that the ground breaking journalistic questions you have for me - the hottest sensation in the AWA - Michael Aarons?

[The former tag champion looks at Stegglet with disgust.]

MA: For these past several months, I've been all over the world. Mexico, Europe, and Japan; tearing the roof off of building after building. And all I ever heard was, "When is Air Strike going to come back?"

"Air Strike was the greatest tag team I ever saw!"

"Your match at SuperClash was the highlight of the night!"

[Aarons looks at Stegglet.]

MA: Air Strike, Air Strike, Air Strike. I'm setting the international wrestling scene on fire, I'm torching the place and all anyone wanted to do was ask me about Air Strike.

[Aarons scoffs and then smirks.]

MA: Well... at SuperClash... I simply answered the question.

MS: You can't expect us to believe-

MA: I ANSWERED... THE QUESTION. You're welcome!

[Aarons waits a beat for some gratitude that never comes before continuing.]

MA: So after that groundbreaking dominant performance I just gave you out there tonight, you want to come here and ask me about some old tag team? I think not. I am groundbreaking, I am a highlight reel, I am the newest sensation across this nation...

[Aarons flashers another smirk.]

MA: ...and I'm just getting started.

[A huge cheer erupts from the crowd. Aarons nods approvingly, spreading his arms wide...

...not knowing for a second that the cheers are for the person who just emerged onto the ramp behind him.]

[Aarons turns and sees Mertz approaching and quickly takes a defensive step back. But Mertz doesn't move to attack his former partner - instead standing with his arms crossed, glaring at Aarons. He shouts something off-mic as he points to his head. Aarons simply smirks back at him before responding.]

MA: CeeDee, what's going on?

[Mertz' eyes widen as he just stares a hole through his former partner.]

MA: You got to stop doing this, man... it's embarrassing. The Michael Aarons gravy train has reached the end of the line for you, pal.

[Mertz continues to glare at Aarons who continues to smirk.]

MA: I mean, it's flattering but how can I put this...

[The smirk disappears and Aarons just stares at Mertz with a serious expression.]

MA: YA BASIC!

[Pause.]

MA: And YA BORE ME!

[Aarons then spins and turns to Stegglet.]

MA: And if this is the kind of Gotcha Journalism you're down with then Michael Aarons is out!

[Aarons brushes past Mertz, striding confidently - and quickly - up the aisle as a shocked Stegglet and Mertz watch. He turns at the top of the ramp, raising his arms to more jeers, a smirk plastered on his face as he backs out of view...

...and 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 next Saturday, it returns to a studio."

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

"The Power Hour returns next Saturday night.

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up backstage where Mark Stegglet stands flanked between two of the pillars of the AWA – former National Tag, World Tag, and World Heavyweight Champion Jack Lynch on the left, and the current World Heavyweight Champion Ryan Martinez on the right. Both men are dressed in their ring gear, with the World Title belt around Martinez' waist.]

MS: The Power Hour sees its new format next Saturday night, marking just one more change. Even before the dust settled at SuperClash, one thing after another about the AWA has changed, and it all culminates in tonight's Main Event, when you two men square off for the most prestigious title in professional wrestling. And standing between you two, as the special guest referee, is Supreme Wright. Champ, I don't know that Javier Castillo's plan could be any more transparent.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: You're right about that, Mark. We've seen it all night. He has tried to bribe and bully his way into getting what he wants. The fact of the matter is... we've seen it for months.

Castillo knows that our strength is in unity. So he's doing what so many tinpot tyrants have tried to do before – divide us.

Well, Castillo, it won't work.

MS: But it has to be said, Mr. Lynch, the World Title is an awfully tempting prize.

[Now, it's Lynch who nods.]

JL: You're right, Mark. It is. I've been to that that mountaintop once, and there's not much I wouldn't give to be there again. But I know what's goin' on, and I'm with Ryan on this.

Castillo, you might think that ya got it all figured out, but you're sorely mistaken. The things ya do to divide us, they're only gonna be what brings it all crashin' down on top of that big head of yours.

My brother Travis will get back on track. Jordan Ohara will take that National Title belt off that big scary Russian.

RM: And Supernova will be back, and heaven help you when he is, Castillo!

JL: You're damn right.

MS: Still, you two are stepping in the ring in just a few minutes.

[Both men nod.]

RM: The world knows who we are. We are both competitors, and we both want to be at the very top. And we're both going out there to give everything we've got. I'm not going to hold anything back.

And Jack, I doubt you are either.

[Lynch nods silently.]

RM: But make no mistake. I might fight hard, and Jack is going to go out there looking to regain the World Title. But we're friends now, and we'll be friends after the bell rings. Let me tell you, no, let me show you, what will happen before the match begins and after it ends.

[Martinez extends his hand, and Lynch quickly takes it. But as Martinez releases, Lynch holds on for an extra moment.]

JL: You are my friend. Hell, you're my brother, Ryan. We've been in the trenches together for years. But believe you me, I am gonna give ya everything I got. And I hope ya know that, as much as I respect ya, I do want my title back.

[Martinez nods, and the two men stare at one another, each man burning with intensity.]

RM: I don't want anything less than the Iron Cowboy at his meanest, his toughest, and his most willing to fight. Don't you hold a damn thing back. You come for my title with everything you've got. Because that's what I'll be doing.

Co-

[But before Martinez can continue, they are interrupted by the sound of mocking applause.]

"Well, isn't this cute?"

[As the handshake is released, all three men – Stegglet, Martinez and Lynch, all turn to look at the newcomer, Veronica Westerly. Javier Castillo's right-hand woman treats all three to a malicious smirk as her disingenuous applause continues for a few minutes longer.]

VW: You two are so predictable. "Oh, we're friends. Oh, we stand together. Oh, nothing will ever separate us."

You two make me sick.

[Westerly sneers.]

VW: You...

[She points a manicured nail in the direction of Lynch.]

VW: Every time someone brings up Texas wrestling, they talk about the Lynch family. They talk about your proud tradition. Well, if having a con man for a father and a scumbag for a brother is something to be proud of, no one could be prouder than you, Lynch.

But your family is nothing, do you hear me? Nothing! Texas wrestling begins and ends with my family, my father! And I will see to it that the world remembers the Westerlys, and forgets all about the Lynches. It's down to just you and that oh-so-fragile sister of yours.

And before this year is over, you'll both just be distant and embarrassing memories.

And you...

[Westerly's true anger is reserved for the AWA's White Knight.]

VW: I'm so sick of you and your speeches. Your whole life, I had to hear about you. Every day, I heard from your father about how you were the golden child. How you were so special. How you were the one he was proud of.

It was never about my son...

[Martinez snaps at the former Lady Veronica.]

RM: I think you mean sons, plural. Or are we not going to tell all of our secrets?

[With her face turning the shade of red her hair used to be, Westerly shakes her head, refusing to acknowledge those words, continuing with her tirade.]

VM: You've taken everything from me. Your father chose you! It took years, but I finally convinced my ex-husband to come back and send you to hell. And what did you do? You "saved" him! But you didn't.

You ruined him.

You turned the devil, the most frightening man in the history of this sport, into a meek lamb. A man of peace. What the hell use do I have for that? And then, you stole my daughter! She thinks you are her brother now!

You think you've won, but you haven't won anything. I've seen the future, or should I say, The Future, and before I am through, I will see you come to ruin. I'm going to take everything from you. Everything you've loved,

everything you've fought for, and I am going to watch as it all burns around you.

And only when you're broken, only when you get down on your knees and beg for the mercy of an end, only then will I put you out of this business permanently.

[She steps back, gesturing to both.]

VW: I'm going to see the both of you broken, for all that you've done to me. Castillo likes to say this is just business. But for me, and for you two – this is nothing but personal.

And it all begins tonight.

[Lynch removes his cowboy hat and shakes his head.]

JL: Woman... you've just said a lotta words that don't mean nothin' to me. Ya got a problem with my family? Well, you take your best shot.

But you're puttin' me, Ryan, and Supreme in the ring together. Between us, there's five World Titles. And your plan is what? Make me and Ryan fight and put Supreme in the middle, and ya think we'll all just turn on each other?

Well, I ain't no master strategist, but even I can see that's a bad plan.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: Jack's right. You're not going to do anything tonight but make us stronger. You're not dividing us, you're uniting us.

[Westerly is trembling in anger now.]

VW: You're both so smug. You both think you're in control. But you don't know anything. Not yet.

You don't yet know the power of Korugun!

But you will. Mark my words, you will...

[With one final sneer, Westerly leaves.]

MS: Well, gentlemen, I don't know what more there is to say.

[Both wrestlers nod.]

MS: Good luck to both of you, and fans, when we come back, it's Main Event time here on Super Saturday so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...]

Fade to a shot of a hallway, a Ryan Martinez poster on the wall. A young boy and his father turn the corner, now in the hall.

Cut to a closeup of the boy who points excitedly down the hall.]

"DAD, LOOK! IT'S RYAN MARTINEZ!"

[Cut to Ryan Martinez' back as he walks down the hallway, presumably heading for the ring... and then back to a two shot of the boy and his father who speaks for the first time.]

"You have to be quiet, son. He's getting ready for the big match."

[Cut back to Martinez' back, almost gone from sight now.

Cut back to the young boy who shouts.]

"RYYYYAAAAAN!"

[Cut to Martinez who slowly turns, a determined expression on his face.

Cut to his boots, turning and walking towards the young man's voice. Step... step... step...

Cut back to the young boy, a nervous expression on his face now. Did he upset his hero?

Martinez' footsteps echo in the hallway as we cut to the young boy's father, looking down at his son and then down the hall at an approaching Ryan Martinez.

Cut to Martinez, still focused as he looks down unsmiling at the young boy.

Cut to the boy who has hero worship in his eyes as he looks up at Martinez and boldly speaks.]

"Go get him, White Knight."

[Martinez cracks a slight smile, reaching up to grab a Ryan Martinez White Knight t- shirt draped over his shoulder. He holds it up for a moment, setting it down on the young boy's shoulder as a proud father looks on. The boy breaks out into a huge grin as Martinez pats him on the other arm, turning to walk away as the opening notes to his music are heard.

We cut to a closeup of the young boy once last time.]

"Wow."

[Then to Martinez, walking through the curtain into a blaze of bright white light. And then cut to a graphic that reads "The AWA: Who's Your Hero?"

And as we fade through black back to the arena, we find Jack Lynch, Ryan Martinez, and Supreme Wright standing in the ring with Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening! It is set for one fall with TV Time Remaining and is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[The crowd ROARS in response for that.]

RO: First, the special guest referee for this match... SUPREEEEEEME WRIGHT!

[Wright stands mid-ring, dressed in black slacks and a referee's striped shirt. He slightly inclines his head at the cheering crowd.]

RO: Next... he is the challenger... in the corner to my right... from Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 265 pounds... he is the Iron Cowboy...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The King of the Cowboys steps out of the corner, raising a gloved hand to cheers from the home state crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... in the corner to my left... from Los Angeles, California... weighing at 255 pounds...

He is the AWA WORRRRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONNNNNNN...

THE WHITE KNIGHT...

RYYYYYYYYYYANN MARRRRRRRRRTIIIIINEZ!

[The World Champion thrusts the title belt into the air, soaking up the roars of the crowd. He grins as he slaps the face of the belt, handing it over to referee Supreme Wright who takes a nice, long look at the title belt before giving it to the ringside timekeeper.]

GM: Alright... the title's out here near us and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell for this Main Event World Title matchup!

[The two fan favorites circle out of their respective corners as referee Supreme Wright waves them together.]

GM: This one should be very interesting... and while I may disagree with a lot of what Javier Castillo has done here this evening, I can't deny that this truly is a Main Event for the fans of the AWA. He spoke the truth about that.

[Martinez walks to center ring, extending his hand. The Iron Cowboy grins, moving to the middle as well...

Cue the sound of the jaguar and the mariachi music.]

GM: Are you kidding me? Now?!

[The crowd jeers as Javier Castillo slinks through the entryway into view, Veronica Westerly by his side and MAWAGA bringing up the rear behind both of them. Castillo has a rolled up piece of paper in one hand and a microphone in the other.]

JC: Hold on... hold on... I believe I was mistaken.

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: When I made this match, I wanted to see these two at their worst. I wanted violence! I wanted blood! I wanted to see them tear each other apart... and here you are, smiling and shaking hands...

[Castillo grimaces.]

JC: This is not worthy of a Main Event under my supervision! So, ring the bell again, Mr. Referee... this match is over.

[Martinez turns towards the stage, shouting "YOU CAN'T DO THAT!" at Castillo.]

JC: Oh, but I can... White Knight.

[He holds up the rolled paper.]

JC: You see this? This is a document signed earlier tonight by the AWA President Landon O'Neill. You see... his health has deteriorated in recent months... and the strain has gotten to him.

So...

[He grins broadly.]

JC: He asked me to take over!

[The crowd jeers this news.]

JC: And signed this paper to make it official!

[Castillo hands the paper to Veronica Westerly who smirks at Martinez, Lynch, and Wright down in the ring.]

JC: YO SOY EL PRESIDENTE!

[He cackles madly as Martinez shakes his head in disbelief, throwing a glance at Lynch and Wright.]

JC: And since this match isn't meeting with my... shall we say... violence requirements... let's add some spice.

[Castillo steps back, Westerly mirroring his movement as MAWAGA strides forward to stand in the center of the stage.]

GM: Javier Castil-

BW: EL PRESIDENTE!

GM: I'm not calling him that... but Javier Castillo has apparently been made the President of the AWA and he's stopped our scheduled Main Event so that... what? I don't even know what's going on at this point. MAWAGA is standing at the top of the aisle but there are three men who've been World Champion in the ring! Even he can't...

[But Gordon's words trail off as Castillo waves an arm towards the back...]

GM: Oh my god.

[The crowd begins to buzz at the view of the African Nightmare, Ebola Zaire, wobbling out onto the ramp. His signature fork is gripped between his teeth as he stares madly at the ring.]

BW: The odds are still against Korugun but-

GM: This is getting worse all the time.

[A third man walks out onto the stage - a third monster rather.

The massive beast known as Muteesa. Muteesa's face is not visible, as it is hidden behind a massive wooden mask, carved to look like a screaming demon. Muteesa's body is covered in white war paint, with a hand print over each pectoral, and a series of concentric circles over his prodigious belly. Strange, abstract designs cover his arms. Muteesa stops at the top of the ramp, slapping his massive belly as the crowd buzzes with concern.]

BW: The odds are even now, Gordo!

GM: They certainly are and...

[Castillo raises the mic.]

JC: LET THE VIOLENCE BEGIN!

[Muteesa, Ebola Zaire, and MAWAGA form a single line across the ramp, walking towards the ring where Supreme Wright, Jack Lynch, and Ryan Martinez have fanned out, ready for the fight to come.]

GM: Well, if Korugun wants a fight, I'm glad these are the guys ready to meet the charge!

[As the trio of monsters reaches the ring, they stand, waiting...]

GM: What are they waiting for?! If they're going to attack, then do it! If they're going to-

BW: GORDO! GORDO!

[With the crowd suddenly buzzing louder, someone comes tearing over the barricade, snatching up the ring apron to retrieve a steel chair...]

GM: Who the hell is... look out!

[The shouted warning comes too late as the man in the stained white tanktop and jeans takes aim with the chair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow across the back of Supreme Wright takes the former World Champion off his feet. Lynch and Martinez turn to confront the new threat who is staring wide eyed at them, puffing out his cheeks as he exhales...]

BW: Oh my god! That's King Kong Hogan! King Kong Hogan!

GM: He doesn't work here! He hasn't worked in the States in years!

[Lynch rushes forward, looking to strike but before he can, Muteesa slides into the ring and greets him with a knife edge chop across the throat! MAWAGA is in on the other side, swarming Ryan Martinez who tries to throw a flurry of haymakers but the Suited Savage is ready for him, battling him to a stalemate as Ebola Zaire comes wobbling up the steps.]

GM: Now it's a four-on-three! Now it's-

[Zaire strikes with a stiff-fingered thrust to the throat of Martinez, causing him to gasp as he falls back into the ropes. Zaire and MAWAGA move in tandem, trading off laying in blows on the World Champion as Muteesa bodies Jack Lynch back into the corner.]

GM: We've got Supreme Wright down from the-

[Hogan turns the chair around, the top of the chairback pointed down as he DRIVES it down into the lower back of Wright!]

GM: The Korugun Army has come to fight... and they're overwhelming the AWA's heroes!

BW: Speaking of which, where the heck is everyone else?!

[We cut to the top of the ramp where a gleeful Castillo looks on, nodding in satisfaction as he watches the beatdown ensue.]

GM: We're being told over the headset... somehow Castillo has got the locker room area secured and-

[We cut to a picture in picture showing the locker room area where a forklift has been positioned in front of the locker room door. The door can be seen moving violently as someone tried to kick their way out but the large vehicle holds firm.]

GM: This is a setup! This whole thing is a setup! Castillo planned it! Veronica knew about it! This is what she was talking about - the full power of the Korugun Corporation!

[Dragging Wright off the mat, Hogan throws him over the top rope to the outside of the ring. He picks the chair back up, holding it as Muteesa whips Lynch towards him... and Hogan smashes the chair between Lynch's eyes, knocking the Iron Cowboy down to the canvas.]

BW: Gordo, no one is coming to help them! No one is coming to save them! This is gonna get a whole lot worse before it gets any better!

GM: You're absolutely right about that... OHHHHH!

[With Lynch laid out on the canvas, Muteesa leaps up and smashes the ribcage of Lynch with a diving splash.]

GM: Nearly four hundred pounds down on the chest of Jack Lynch and-

[The crowd ROARS as a figure comes darting down the ramp, tearing past Westerly and Castillo towards the ring.]

GM: IT'S MATTHEWS! JEFF MATTHEWS IS COMING TO THE AID OF LYNCH AND WRIGHT AGAIN!

[The Hall of Famer dives headfirst under the bottom rope. He comes to his feet swinging, throwing haymakers at Ebola Zaire who staggers under the impact of them.]

GM: Matthews on Zaire! Matthews on Muteesa now! He's hitting anything that moves!

[He circles back to Zaire, pounding him with fists...

...and then twists around, snatching a three-quarter nelson.]

GM: FOXD-

[But Zaire shoves him off, sending him rocketing towards MAWAGA.]

GM: DEATH GRIP! TONGAN DEATH GRIP ON MATTHEWS!

[King Kong Hogan winds up with the chair...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and DRILLS Matthews in the back of the knee, taking him off his feet where MAWAGA continues to use the Death Grip on the former World Champion!]

GM: Jeff Matthews came out here to help but the numbers are too much for him as well! Korugun came prepared for a fight and-

[Hogan winds up again as MAWAGA steps away...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and Matthews slumps over onto his face as Muteesa throws Jack Lynch out of the ring!]

GM: Lynch and Wright are out on the floor! Matthews is down on the mat! And that leaves Ryan Martinez in a bad, bad way, fans!

[Martinez senses the same thing, throwing himself at Ebola Zaire, battering him with haymakers that sends him stumbling back against the ropes...]

...but MAWAGA pulls him off, throwing a high kick to the chin that knocks the World Champion flat!]

GM: OHH! Down goes Martinez... and look out!

[Leaping into the air, King Kong Hogan drops a mighty knee across the sternum, leaving the World Champion down as Muteesa gets a running start...]

GM: BIG SPLASH!

[The crowd groans at the impact of nearly four hundred pounds crashing down on the ribs of Martinez.]

GM: They're trying to take out the World Champion! They're trying to finish him off here toni-

“Stop!”

[The voice of Javier Castillo cuts through the chaos and carnage.]

JC: That's enough. Leave some for next time.

[Castillo drops the mic on the ramp, turning to exit as a smirking Veronica Westerly follows.

Cut back to the ring and the four monsters are standing tall, bodies strewn all around them.]

GM: This is bad. This is so bad. Fans, I... I... I'm practically speechless here. The AWA sent their best into battle and the Korugun Corporation just laid them out like... wow.

BW: Game... on.

GM: But if this is a game, it's the most dangerous and deadly game there is. Fans, we're out of time. We've gotta go. We'll see you next time... at the matches.

[The fans are roaring their dislike for Zaire, Muteesa, MAWAGA, and Hogan as they stand tall amongst the carnage...

...and we fade to black.]