

The ABC logo, consisting of the letters 'abc' in a white, lowercase, sans-serif font, centered within a black circle. The background of the entire graphic is a stylized wrestling ring with blue and black ropes, set against a purple gradient background.

abc

National Wrestling Night

**APRIL 14TH, 2018 - SPRINT CENTER
KANSAS CITY, MO**

HOURL TWO

HOURL THREE

[We fade up as a very grand and booming instrumental is heard - something that could've been composed by John Williams... and in fact WAS composed by John Williams as the Walt Disney Company spared no expense for its newest content provider. We get a shot of what appears to be a film strip on screen, the AWA World Title the first image... but others quickly flash by - Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright at SuperClash VI... Julie Somers moonsaulting onto Kurayami from SuperClash IX... Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez squaring off all the way back at

SuperClash I... quicker shots of Marcus Broussard, City Jack, Calisto Dufresne giving way to Jack Lynch, Jordan Ohara, and Kerry Kendrick... a glimpse of Melissa Cannon fading to Michelle Bailey fading to Harley Hamilton... Jim Watkins battling Joe Petrow... Ron Houston using a Fade To Black on an opponent... Hannibal Carver diving off the video wall at Eternally Extreme 2... Ayako Fujiwara delivering a German Suplex to Lauryn Rage... Violence Unlimited brawling with the Lynch Brothers... Shadoe Rage jumping off the top of a massive steel cage... Jackson Hunter swinging a shovel... Derrick Williams catching Ohara with a Future Shock as Ohara dives from the top... Next Gen using a Doomsday Device on the Soldiers of Fortune... and on... and on... and on...

...until they all explode into a logo that reads "THE AWA ON ESPN."

A voiceover.]

"ESPN welcomes you to the following presentation of the American Wrestling Alliance."

[The music and imagery fade and are replaced with a 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."

[Back to black for a moment...

...and then up on a theme that would only be familiar to the older members of our viewing audience - the anthemic sounds of the ABC's Wide World Of Sports theme. As the ABC logo appears on the screen, they are smashed together to end up in a spinning globe as a voiceover begins.]

"Spanning the globe..."

[Quick shots of AWA action from around the world is shown - Tokyo, London, Toronto, Monterey...]

"...to bring you the constant variety of sport...

[More quick action: an overhead gorilla press from Trish Wallace, a death-defying flying axehandle off the top of a cage by Shadoe Rage, a bone-crunching series of chops in the corner from Ryan Martinez.]

"...the thrill of victory..."

[Supernova holding up the World Heavyweight Title at SuperClash last fall... Julie Somers using a moonsault on Kurayami at the same event... Odin Gunn delivering an impactful lariat on Whaitiri.]

"...and the agony of defeat."

[A bloodied Jack Lynch backstage after his loss in the Barbed Wire match last year, his face buried in his hands... Donna Martinelli grabbing her injured arm as Seductive and Destructive celebrate their title victory.]

"The human drama of athletic competition."

[Daniel Harper using a superplex off the top of the cage at Liberty or Death last summer... Jordan Ohara trading chops with Jackson Hunter... Hannibal Carver and

Derrick Williams working together inside the WarGames double cage... and finally, Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright in a brutal striking exchange in their SuperClash title struggle.]

"This is ABC's Wide World Of Sports!"

[And the old school Wide World of Sports logo appears on screen for a moment before it is swallowed up by the AWA National Wrestling Night logo. The old school TV music is overtaken by the popular "Feel It Now" by Portugal The Man as the NWN logo EXPLODES...

...and into the Sprint Center we go, pyro rocketing towards the arena roof as the Kansas City branch of the AWA faithful ROARS to life in celebration of the historic AWA event that has come to their town. As the pyro comes to a halt, we get a sweeping camera shot of the sold out crowd - over 16,000 strong - all cheering, clapping, and carrying on in support of their favorite competitors who they'll be seeing in action tonight.

We can see the elevated entrance stage, metal in substance, with a video screen hanging over it to highlight anything that needs a closer look from the thousands in attendance. A long angled metal ramp leads down the aisle to the ring... and the AWA has dropped a little coin to make a stretch of that ramp a video screen, currently swirling with the NWN logo but capable of being featured in the competitors' entrances throughout the show.

The ramp leads down to ringside where we see our standard AWA ring - this time with the NWN logo airbrushed on the canvas itself - with red, white, and blue ropes from top to bottom. The ringposts are a bright blue, matching the NWN logo and the apron are white with the NWN, AWA, and ABC logos splashed across them.

Thin blue mats surround the ring, covering the concrete floor for a mix of safety and aesthetics, and two ringside tables are present. One for the timekeeper and for the ring announcer when she's not in the ring and one for our announce duo who - perhaps strangely for an AWA show - we still haven't heard from as the pop music cuts out and...

..."Money" by KMFDM starts blaring in the arena. The video screen blinks to white, with pictures of the black and gold mask of Golden Grappler and the gold, grey, and black camouflaged mask of Ultra Commando 3 with "Money" in a painted font behind them.

The boos rain down as the two looming figures step into view - first, Golden Grappler, wearing his black mask with gold trim around the holes for his eyes, nose, and mouth. He's wearing a black ring robe, adorned in gold dollar signs with "Grappler" scripted across the back, along with gold trim along all the edges. His gear underneath are long black tights with gold stripes up the side, along with black boots with "GG" in gold on the sides.

His partner beside him, the hulking Ultra Commando 3, his balaclava styled mask is in a digital camo pattern of black, gold, and grey. He's wearing a military jacket in the same pattern, as well as cargo pants matching both, along with black tactical boots. The two stand on the stage, arms raised before beginning to walk toward the ring, where Rebecca Ortiz starts her introductions..]

RO: The opening contest of National Wrestling Night is a TAG TEAM contest scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first... making their way down the aisle... at an estimated total weight of 600 pounds, hailing from an undisclosed location...

They are ULTRA... COMMANDO... THREEEEEEE... and the GOLDEN GRAPPLERRRRR...

...MASKS! FORRRRRRRR! MONNNNNNNNNNEEEEEYY!

[...and the boos get louder as the hulking form of Ultra Commando III jaws at the camera. The Grappler is full of venom today, barking and shouting at the ringside fans as the dastardly duo make their way down the ramp towards the ring.]

SA: Hello, fans, and welcome to a historic night in the legacy of this great promotion, the American Wrestling Alliance! It is National Wrestling Night right here LIVE from the Sprint Center in Kansas City... and with over sixteen thousand in attendance and perhaps millions at home watching worldwide, this is the largest audience in history for the AWA and the largest in many a year for the sport of kings, professional wrestling! My name is Salvatore Albano... Big Sal if you're nasty... and it is my honor and privilege to be on the call for this night... and it is also my honor and privilege... sometimes anyways... to be right here at ringside alongside my color commentator - three-time EMWC World Champion and one of the all-time greats in the history of our business, Colt Patterson! Colt, welcome to history!

[We cut to ringside as Masks For Money are heading to the ring, showing our announce duo for the first time. As the announcers are standing with their table behind them, we see Albano on the left - a rotund man whose shirt buttons are putting in extra work to hold in his ample midsection underneath a black sportscoat. His jet black hair is slicked down and a pair of black eyeglasses rest on his grinning face as he gets ready to call his first major AWA assignment since taking over as lead announcer from the recently-retired Gordon Myers.

On the right is a man who puts the "color" in color commentary as former World Champion Colt Patterson stands in a deep purple tuxedo with lots of lace embellishments on the sleeves and collar. A white dress shirt peeks out from underneath, several buttons undone to reveal Patterson's toned and tanned upper body. A purple and white tie die bandana is wrapped around his long bleached blonde hair as a hair tie. Dark sunglasses and golden dangling earrings round out the ensemble as Patterson speaks.]

CP: History follows me everywhere I go - don't you know that by now, Albano?! I'm not just a three-time EMWC World Champion - I'm the ONLY man to wear the EMWC top title three times! Nobody else did it! Not Martinez! Not Langseth! Not Claw or Van Gibson! Just me!

SA: I stand corrected.

CP: There's a lot of things you could be corrected about, Albano... but I ain't here to talk about you.

SA: Nope, you're here to talk about you.

CP: Ha! No, I'm here to talk about this night! I'm here to talk about this company making history in front of the largest audience in its history! I'm here to talk about names like Wright, Martinez, Ohara, Magnum, Somers, Lynch, and of course, the World Heavyweight Champion Supernova! I'm here to talk about Kansas City 'cause in this town, you can be a Royal... you can be a Chief... but you can't be Colt Patterson - now you deal with that, Big Sal!

[Albano grins.]

SA: You truly are too much... and speaking of being "too much," we are just a few moments away from finding out if this particular tag team made up of the Ultra Commando 3 and the Golden Grappler - Masks For Money - will be too much for the unlikely duo of their opponents tonight - Derrick Williams and Ryan Martinez!

[As Masks For Money climb into the ring, they start tugging the ropes, bouncing off them to warm up as the fans continue to boo...]

CP: A wise man once said that two good singles wrestlers are never enough to put down a good tag team! You think back in AWA history to battles like Juan Vasquez and Alex Martinez against the Blonde Bombers and you can find all the evidence you need, Albano... and that's when the two good singles wrestlers can get along and are in the right headspace. Going into this one, not only do we not know if Williams and Martinez can get along - we don't even know if Martinez is here at all!

SA: Oh, he's here, Colt! Ryan Martinez is in the building and you better believe he's ready for this one after weeks of these two masked mercs attacking both Martinez and Williams, both the Future and the White Knight are looking to get past the masked duo tonight and move on from them.

CP: Alright, alright... so he's here. But have YOU spoken to him since the Red Wedding?

SA: I have not... and according to sources, no one has except Interim President Zharkov... which has gotta be unsettling for his partner tonight.

[With the masked men in the ring and ready to go, the arena goes dark for a second...

A bright azure blue and white wave goes from left to right across the big screen, leaving the arena white, as scrolling in azure text "THE FUTURE IS NOW!" comes across to cheers.]

#Woahhhhhh-a-ohhhhhhhhhh

[And the crowd comes alive as the opening chords of Imagine Dragons' "Radioactive" starts playing through the arena to big cheers from the Kansas City crowd.

The camera cuts back to right next to Chimpanzee position, behind the man whose music is playing, focused on the back of his white ring coat with "FUTURE" scripted out in Azure Blue. It follows him out, through the entrance curtain and onto the entrance stage where he holds out his arms, the camera circling around to his front confirming that this is indeed "The Future Derrick Williams", dressed in his ring attire of white boots with azure trim, with matching long white tights with azure and trim and designs, including "FUTURE" up the right thigh, with azure knee pads. To the ring he's wearing a long floor length white coat with azure trim down along the lapel folds, wrists, and coat edges, "THE FUTURE" written out in matching azure script on the back, and rounds out the outfit with a pair of silver framed round mirrored sunglasses.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents... first, from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 265 pounds...

...he is... THE FUUUUUUTURRRRRRREEEEE...

...DERRRRRRRIIIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLIAMSSSSS!

[Williams speaks toward the camera, pointing at it, then as his music hits the chorus, he holds out his arms, a laser light show starting up behind him, the drone camera taking over seamlessly and circling around, giving us a 360 view of the self-proclaimed "Future of Wrestling."

SA: We may not be on ESPN tonight but THIS is Showtime, fans!

[As it finishes the circle, Williams continues toward the ring, nodding at fans as he gets to ringside, then steps up onto the apron...

...and as Williams steps through the ropes, the masked men go to work, rushing him with a barrage of punches, knocking him back against the ropes...]

SA: Oh! Masks For Money attacking Derrick Williams before the bell! Before his partner is even out here!

[With Williams on the ropes, Ultra Commando 3 lays in some heavy right hands to the body as the Golden Grappler wraps his hands around Williams' throat as referee Ricky Longfellow protests loudly and the fans jeer!]

CP: They're out for blood... and money!

[A double whip sends Williams across the ring, dropping him with a double back elbow to put him down on the mat!]

SA: Double team takes Williams down... and the referee's trying to get some control over this before it gets any worse!

[The Kansas City fans are starting to grow anxious now, on their feet looking down the aisle...]

CP: And where is Martinez, Albano?! Where's your precious White Knight now?!

SA: He's here, Colt! He's in the back!

CP: A whole lot of good that does Derrick Williams! This is Martinez' jealousy rearing its ugly head! He knows Williams is the future of this company and he wants to make sure that doesn't happen!

[...and with the masked men putting the boots to Williams down on the mat, things are looking dire for the Future.]

SA: The Grappler dragging him up off the mat... another double whip...

[A double clothesline sends Williams flying into the air, a rough landing bringing him hard to the mat!]

SA: ...ohhhh, and down goes Williams again!

[The official is pleading with the Grappler now, begging him to call off the pre-match attack...]

SA: This match may be stopped before it even gets started.

CP: Oh, I bet Martinez would love that! Throw the match out, he doesn't even get the L on his record for it...

SA: Come on, Colt - there's no way that Ryan Martinez cares one bit about that... uh oh...

[Ignoring the official, Ultra Commando 3 drags Williams off the mat, shoving him towards the Golden Grappler who grabs a front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck as he lifts Williams up, dropping his shins down on the shoulders of Ultra Commando 3 as the crowd buzzes...]

SA: ...they're looking for Pay Day! They're looking for-

[...and suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS as a fired-up looking Ryan Martinez comes barreling through the curtain, sprinting down the ramp towards the ring...]

SA: -THERE HE IS! THE WHITE KNIGHT IS HERE! THE WHITE KNIGHT IS HERE!

[...and dives headfirst under the ropes, coming to his feet as the Commando comes out from under Williams, looking to intercept the coming-in-hot Martinez...]

SA: Right hand by Martinez! Another! Another! The White Knight raining down fire on Ultra Commando 3!

[A big haymaker sends the masked man staggering away, Martinez pivoting to catch the incoming Golden Grappler who shoved Williams to the mat where the Future rolled under the ropes to the outside!]

SA: Martinez and the Grappler now! The fans in Kansas City are on their feet as the White Knight comes to the rescue of his tag team partner and-

CP: At his convenience! Where the hell was Martinez when Williams was getting beat up out there?!

SA: He's there now, hammering home those right hands on the Grappler and-

[Grabbing the masks of both men, Martinez CLASHES their skulls together in a double noggin knocker...]

SA: -a meeting of the masked minds right there!

[As the Commando staggers towards the ropes, Martinez drops back into the opposite ropes, charging across the ring...]

SA: CLOTHESLINE TAKES UC3 TO THE FLOOOOOOOR!

[Martinez swings back around, grabbing the staggered Grappler and shoving him back into a neutral corner...]

...which is when the referee has seen enough, waving an arm for the bell to start the match!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And NOW the fight has started, fans! Martinez heading in, squaring things up...

[The fans ROAR at the idea of Martinez' signature Machine Gun Chops being unleashed so early in the match...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and a heavy blow lands, imploring the standing and cheering fans to do what comes next...]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR-!"

[...but the usual pattern comes to an abrupt halt as Martinez switches to good ol' fashioned fisticuffs, smashing his knuckles into the masked skull of the Golden

Grappler to surprised cheers from the crowd and a frantic shout of the official to back off!]

SA: The fists are flying here on ABC, fans!

[Martinez' aggressive barrage of blows drives the Golden Grappler down to a seated position on the mat, leaning against the turnbuckles as Martinez grabs the top rope...]

SA: Now he's stomping away on him, driving the boot leather down into the face of the Grappler! The referee's trying to get him out of the corner!

[...and as the Grappler's head flops backwards between the ropes, the official grabs Martinez by the arm, literally pulling him away from the corner!]

SA: Whooooa... easy now there. Ryan Martinez perhaps letting his desire to end this war with Masks For Money get the better of him there.

[Martinez trades words with Longfellow for a moment...

...and then brushes past him as he charges across the ring, dropping down...]

"CLAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with a baseball slide dropkick that sends Ultra Commando 3 - who had gotten back to his feet on the outside - flying backwards into the steel ringside barricade!]

SA: MARTINEZ SENDS THE COMMANDO FLYING!

[And with the Grappler down inside the ring, Martinez pulls himself to the outside, moving in on the Commando who is leaning hard against the railing to try and stay on his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and delivers a huge chop across the chest of the Commando, echoing throughout the Sprint Center!]

SA: Big chop on the outside, Colt... and Ryan Martinez is taking BOTH these men on right now.

CP: He is... and I'm impressed by it, Sal. The kid's showing some fire... showing some killer instinct... he's got a fire in his belly and the only thing puttin' it out is hurting the people who've been hurting him since the beginning of the year.

[On the apron, Derrick Williams is looking down, a slight look of surprise on his face as Martinez lays in a second and third chop up against the railing...

...and then his jaw visibly drops as Martinez grabs the Commando by the arm, dragging him off the railing...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him into the steel ringsteps, knocking the top half off the base from impact as the crowd groans at the hard crash!]

SA: INTO THE STEEL ON THE OUTSIDE!

[The official shouts down at the former World Champion, urging him to get back inside the ring as Williams shakes his head at Martinez. The White Knight gives the ref a nod, throwing a look to make sure the Commando is down as he rolls back into the ring...

...and the Golden Grappler immediately strikes, dropping an elbow on the back of Martinez' head on the way in!]

SA: Ohhh! And the Grappler was ready for him! The wily veteran drops the elbow... and now he goes to work on Martinez, stomping him down into the mat!

[Grabbing the top rope, the Grappler plants his boot on the throat of Martinez, pulling down for leverage on his boot choke...]

SA: That's a choke, fans! The referee right in there, calling for a break...

[...and the Grappler hangs on until a four count before stepping up on the middle rope, getting some spring as he leaps into the air, dropping a knee across the sternum of Martinez!]

CP: ...and he gets a break alright... maybe a broken sternum too!

[With Martinez reeling from the impact of the Grappler's weight down on the chest, the Grappler applies a lateral press, gaining a two count before the White Knight escapes. Williams claps for the kickout, nodding his head as he watches Martinez try to recover...

...and the Grappler wraps his hands around the throat, shoving Martinez back down on the mat to throttle him!]

SA: Another choke by the masked man... these two are certainly not afraid to break every rule in the book if that's what it takes to win a match...

CP: ...or cash a check. Whoever is footing the bill for the masked men to take out Williams and Martinez may not care if the masked mercs win or not... they may just want a body count not a three count.

[Dragging a coughing Martinez off his feet, the Grappler buries a boot in the gut, shoving him back into the buckles of his corner where Ultra Commando 3 hasn't managed to regain his feet yet...]

SA: Back in the wrong part of town for Martinez...

[...and with the Grappler hanging onto the ropes for leverage, he laces several big boots into the body, the referee protesting again to get the man out of the corner.]

SA: ...and the Grappler backs off... giving Martinez some breathing room...

[But the Grappler runs right back in, twisting into a running back elbow, leaving Martinez reeling before the masked man snapmares him out of the corner into a seated position where the Grappler promptly STOMPS the base of the neck to jeers from the crowd!]

SA: ...ohhh, and Martinez is in trouble early on in this one.

CP: He may have taken the Commando out of the action for the moment but Martinez has got his hands full with the Grappler... and Albano, you gotta admit that while the Commando and the Grappler were impressive as singles wrestlers, they're even more dominant as a unit.

SA: No doubt about that. That's the way it works sometimes with tag teams, Colt... sometimes the whole is better than the parts. And Ryan Martinez may be finding that out the hard way right now.

[The Grappler pulls a recovering and kneeling Martinez to his feet, dragging him into a front facelock...]

SA: Neckbreaker perhaps?

[...but before the golden one can take him over, Martinez puts his shoulder into the midsection, letting loose a shout of effort as he drives the Grappler backwards, smashing him into the fan favorites' corner where Derrick Williams reaches over, slapping the back of Martinez...]

SA: Tag!

[...and as Williams comes in, he winds up...

...and comes to a halt as he finds Martinez hammering his fists into the body of the Grappler.]

SA: Huh.

CP: Look at Martinez hogging the spotlight in there! Williams was ready to take over and Martinez won't even let it happen!

[The referee lays his count on the illegal man, allowing Martinez to continue hammering the blows into the body of the Grappler until four when he raises his hands and angrily exits, leaving Williams with his hands on his hips, staring at him with a shake of the head...]

SA: Derrick Williams seems less than thrilled with how his partnership with Ryan Martinez is going so far tonight. We always knew they'd make for unusual partners, Colt, but this might be even worse than we thought.

CP: All thanks to the arrogant White Knight.

SA: I'm not sure about that but Williams on offense now, taking over for- ohhh, big snap suplex by Williams!

[Williams promptly floats into a lateral press, getting a two count before the Grappler escapes.]

SA: Derrick Williams looking for a quick end there... we heard him say on our Pre-Game Show that he just wants this done. He wants to beat Masks For Money, get these masked monkeys off his back, and set his aim on Supernova and the AWA World Title.

CP: He could do it too... as long as he's not being held down by his partner.

SA: His partner who is giving the official a hard time right now... I think he's telling Longfellow that was a slow count... perhaps Martinez is hoping to be done with these masked men as well. He's got a lot of business on his mind, of course... this being the first time we've seen him in action since the Red Wedding where he was brutally assaulted - both physically and mentally. One of his best friends-

CP: There you go now, Albano. Let's talk all about Ryan Martinez while Derrick Williams is the one in the ring! Let's put all the focus on Ryan Martinez while the

Future is in control! I know you got your talking points from the office but can we focus on the guy in the ring for once?

SA: I'm just trying to let the newer fans tuning in for the first time know a little about what Ryan Martinez has been going through in recent weeks and perhaps give a little explanation as to-

[Back on their feet, Williams shoots the Grappler into the neutral corner, rushing in after...]

SA: Clothesline in the corner by Williams!

[...and with a nudge, he sends the Grappler staggering out as Williams charges in a second time...]

SA: And one to the back of the head as well!

[...and dives across the prone Grappler, flipping him over into another cover, picking up a two count before the masked man slips out.]

SA: Derrick Williams with another two count... and there's definitely a focus on his part to get the three count and put an end to this.

[Martinez shouts towards Williams, shoving his hand out as the Future climbs up off the mat, throwing a questioning look towards him...]

SA: It looks like the White Knight wants to tag back in.

CP: Of course he does! It's been a few seconds since someone said his name and his ego can't handle it!

[Williams shakes his head at Martinez, turning back towards the rising Grappler...]

SA: Williams not looking for the tag yet though and- ohhh! The Grappler goes to the eyes!

[...and Martinez angrily slaps a hand down on the top turnbuckle as the Grappler hauls Williams across the ring by the hair, smashing his head into the opposite corner buckles before slapping the offered hand of his partner.]

SA: And while Williams wouldn't tag out, the Grappler gratefully does, bringing in the big man - six foot six, nearly three hundred pounds, the biggest man in this match...

[With Williams leaning on the buckles, the masked men go to work, trading off in delivering heavy blows to the body of the Future to jeers from the Kansas City crowd...]

SA: ...and immediately putting that size to good use, hammering away on Williams in the wrong part of town...

[...and the big masked man pulls Williams into his powerful arms, scooping him up and slamming him down on the mat.]

SA: ...and what a slam out of the Commando!

[Backing off, the Commando takes aim and drops nearly 300 pounds down into the chest with a running, leaping elbowdrop!]

SA: HEAVY BOMBING RUN BY THE COMMANDO! A whole lot of weight down on the chest... and now it's the Commando going for a cover, getting a two count of their own.

CP: We talked about Masks For Money being a better unit than singles... and they're impressive as singles... and I think we're seeing that right here. Williams is in the wrong part of the ring and these two are working him over.

[Dragging Williams to his feet, the Commando lifts him up and slams him down a second time...]

SA: Another big slam by the masked man... to the ropes again!

[...but this time, the leaping elbow comes up empty as Williams rolls aside!]

SA: And the Commando hits nothing but canvas!

[The crowd cheers as Commando grabs at his lower back and Williams tries to push up off the mat...]

SA: The AWA faithful are on their feet, cheering on the Future as he pushes up to a knee, trying to get to his feet...

[The Commando gets there first though, raising his arms over his head for a double axehandle...]

...and Williams surges up from a knee, connecting with a stiff elbowstrike to the masked jaw!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...BIG SHOT BY WILLIAMS!

[The Commando staggers back as Williams winds up again, landing a second elbowstrike...]

SA: MAKE IT TWO!

[...and as the Commando staggers back to mid-ring, Williams goes into a full spin...]

SA: ROLLING ELB- OHHH! COMMANDO GOES DOWNSTAIRS!

[With a boot to the gut, the Commando cuts off the rolling elbow before scooping up Williams again...]

SA: Another sla- no! Williams slips out the back, shoves the Commando off!

[The shove sends the Commando into the ropes, bouncing back towards Williams who leaps up, snatching a three-quarter nelson!]

SA: FUTURE SHO- NO! The Commando returns the favor and-

[The mighty shove sends Williams staggering towards his own corner where...]

SA: TAG! MARTINEZ TAGS HIMSELF IN!

[...and the White Knight comes quickly through the ropes, barreling across towards Ultra Commando 3...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and gets muscled up, twisted around, and DRIVEN down into the mat with a ring-shaking powerslam!]

SA: THE COMMANDO CAUGHT HIM! HE CAUGHT MARTINEZ! COVER!

[And with a shocked Williams exiting the ring, the referee dives down to count, delivering another two count before Martinez slips the shoulder clear.]

SA: Martinez is out at two!

[Climbing off the mat, the Commando reaches out and slaps the offered hand of his partner...]

CP: And this is the difference in this match right now, Sal. Every time we've seen Martinez and Williams tag in or out, it's been a forced tag. Every time the Masks do it, it's part of their gameplan.

[...and with the Grappler quickly coming back in, he grabs the legs of Martinez, dropping back in a catapult...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...into a thunderous clothesline by UC3!]

SA: Sweet San Angelo! What a clothesline by the big man!

[Ultra Commando 3 exits the ring, gesturing to the downed Martinez as the Grappler covers once again...]

SA: We've got one! We've got two! We- noooo... out at two again. Ryan Martinez showing that resiliency and fighting spirit that's made him one of the most popular wrestlers in all the world.

CP: He's gonna need all of that he can manage if he's going to survive this one the way he and Williams are operating.

SA: The Grappler staying on the attack, bringing Martinez up off the mat in a front facelock...

[The masked man snaps Martinez over on the back of his head and neck!]

SA: ...and a swinging neckbreaker connects! And yet ANOTHER cover!

[Another two count falls before Martinez slips free, breaking out of the pin attempt...]

...which draws the ire of the Grappler who smashes his fist down into the head a few times to warning words from the official.]

SA: Ricky Longfellow warning against the closed fists there...

CP: I didn't hear that warning when Martinez was throwing closed fists earlier. More favoritism!

[With Martinez down and reeling on the mat, the Grappler rises, backing to the corner and stepping up to the middle rope...]

SA: The Grappler taking to the sky annnnnd... DRIVES the point of his elbow down into the throat of the White Knight!

[Martinez' legs kick and flail in the air as the Grappler settles into another lateral press, his forearm jammed into the cheekbone of the former World Champion.]

SA: That's one! That's two! That's-

[The crowd cheers loudly as Martinez kicks out again!]

SA: Out at two... and Ryan Martinez lives to keep fighting once more... and now it's the Grappler giving the referee an earful.

CP: Looked like a slow count to me too, Albano.

SA: With those glasses on, I'm not surprised.

[Back on his feet, the Grappler slaps the offered hand of his partner.]

SA: Another tag brings the Commando back in...

[Stepping into the ring, the bigger of the masked men climbs up on the middle rope, looking down at the prone Martinez as the Grappler stomps him into position...]

SA: ...Commando looking to fly as well!

[...and with a big leap, the near-300 pounds CRASH down onto Martinez!]

SA: OHHHH! BIG BELLY FLOP CONNECTS!

[The Commando lets loose a shout as he presses up with both arms, nodding his head as the referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

SA: HE'S GOT-

[...and the crowd ROARS as Martinez' shoulder shoots up off the mat!]

SA: -OUT AT TWOOOOOO!

[We cut to the corner where we can see Derrick Williams was on the verge of rushing in to save. A relieved Williams nods his head, ducking back out onto the apron as the Commando angrily bellows at Ricky Longfellow while Williams shouts at his partner...]

"COME ON, MARTINEZ! GET UP! GET THE TAG!"

[...and slaps the top buckle a few times, getting the crowd to get louder again...]

SA: And look at this, Colt! Derrick Williams cheering on the White Knight!

CP: It's not Williams supporting Martinez I have trouble believing, Albano - it's the other way around!

[Climbing off the mat, the Commando grabs a handful of hair, hauling Martinez to his feet...]

...and then wrapping his arms around the former World Champion's torso, lifting him off the mat in a bearhug!]

SA: We're over ten minutes into this tag team battle... and fans, I'm being told we've got to take a quick commercial break but don't you dare go away as we'll be right back with the conclusion of this one!

[With the White Knight trapped in the submission hold, we fade to black...

We fade in to a snowy mountain, as we see a woman skiing down the slopes. As she does so, we hear the voice of AWA wrestler - and E-Girl MAX member - "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash.]

CC: Whether it's conquering the most dangerous of terrains...

[The woman comes to a stop in front of the camera, removing her protective helmet. A name graphic identifies her... 2010 Olympic Gold Medalist, and Under Armour Athlete Lindsay Vonn.]

LV: I will.

[We cut to a man dodging through much larger competitors on the basketball court, before pulling up behind the three-point line.]

CC: Going up against the fiercest rivals on the hardwood...

[The man first off a shot, which swishes through the net. He turns around, and his name graphic identifies him... it's 2015 and 2017 NBA Champion, and Under Armour Athlete Stephen Curry!]

SC: I will.

[Now we cut to a football field as a man avoids a tackle, scrambling out of the pocket.]

CC: When the game is on the line, and the pressure is on?

[He throws a pass, hitting his teammate in the end zone. In celebration, he takes off his helmet, looking at the camera. His name graphic shows that it's multi-time Super Bowl Champion, and of course, Under Armour Athlete Tom Brady.]

TB: I will.

[We now cut to a wrestling ring, where two women can be seen dominating their opponents.]

CC: When you need to prove that you are a champion?

[We see the women holding up their glittering gold belts, showing them off to the camera, and their name graphic identifies them... AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions and Under Armour Athletes Harley Hamilton and Cinder!]

HH/C [together]: I will!

[We cut to all five performing incredible feats of athleticism in rapid succession.]

CC: There's only one brand you can trust to have your back.

[And now, all five are facing the camera at their location, with their voices in sync.]

"Under Armour - I Will."

[The screen displays an Under Armour logo, then fades...

...and we come back live to Martinez trying to slip his arms in between his torso and the Commando, looking for an escape...]

SA: Welcome back, fans, to National Wrestling Night where Ryan Martinez is struggling to get out of this painful hold, continuing to be worn down by Ultra Commando 3, hunting for an escape and-

[But the Commando cranks up on the hold, causing Martinez to cry out as his arms flop down to his side. Martinez shouts "NOOOO!" at the official who asks if he wants to give it up...

...and then the Commando lifts Martinez into the air, twisting to drive him down with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

SA: Ohhh! He gets PLANTED with that suplex - and UC3 with the cover again!

[A two count follows before Martinez fires his arm into the air to escape to cheers!]

SA: Ryan Martinez showing the fighting spirit that has made him a former World Champion, that has made him the hero of the masses, that has made him the AWA's White Knight... he IS the son of the Last American Badass but Colt, he is also so, SO much more!

[Back on his feet with some words for the official, Ultra Commando 3 slaps the Golden Grappler's hand, bringing him back in...]

SA: Another tag and another doubleteam on the way from Masks For Money...

[...and they whip him across together, using a double clothesline to wipe out the former World Champion!]

SA: ...ohhhh! And down goes the White Knight once more!

[Grappler gestures to the Commando who steps out to the apron as the Grappler covers...]

SA: It could be! It might be! IT-

[The crowd cheers as Martinez slips out again... just barely this time.]

CP: Close call there for the masked men. They're getting closer, Sal.

SA: They certainly are... and there's ANOTHER tag and you just have to wonder how much longer before we see Masks For Money go for Pay Day and end this thing.

[A double whip sends Martinez across again, rebounding back into a double lift...

...and a double standing spinebuster that shakes the ring and Martinez' spine from head to toe!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: That's gotta be it!

SA: Grappler out, Commando covers! ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Derrick Williams rushes into the ring, viciously stomping the back of Ultra Commando 3's masked head to break up the pin!]

SA: -AND WILLIAMS MAKES THE SAVE! MY OH MY!

[Williams again shouts some words of encouragement to his partner as he exits the ring...

...only to get BLINDSIDED by a charging Ultra Commando, knocking him off the apron to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Williams, who landed on his feet, turns to glare at the ring, fire in his eyes as the Commando turns back towards the recovering Martinez...]

SA: Williams down and- ohhh! Martinez with a right hand downstairs!

[A second blow lands... and a third as the crowd gets louder, rallying the White Knight who is struggling to fight back to his feet...]

SA: Martinez trying to get back into this!

[...and Williams climbs back on the apron, shouting at Martinez, sticking out his arm as the White Knight gets to his feet, throwing a big right hand to the skull!]

SA: Martinez on his feet! The fans on their feet as well!

[With a roar, Martinez throws bomb after bomb at the skull!]

SA: MARTINEZ FIGHTING BACK! MARTINEZ IS DRIVING HIM BACK TOWARDS-

[But UC3 cuts him off with a swinging knee up into the midsection...

...and then twists around to throw a haymaker of his own at Derrick Williams who is within reach...]

SA: RIGHT HAND ON WILLIAMS- BLOCKED!

[...but Williams brings up the left arm to block and then throws a right hand of his own, popping the masked man on the jaw to big cheers!]

SA: AND WILLIAMS LANDS ONE OF HIS OWN!

[The Commando staggers back from the surprise shot, Williams coming in to follow up on it...

...but the official jumps in his path, shouting "NO!" and refusing to let Williams past him to big jeers from the fans!]

SA: Williams tried to come in but the referee's not allowing it!

CP: Good! A good call by Ricky Longfellow! Williams is illegal and-

[As the official forces a protesting Williams back to the apron, the Grappler comes rushing in behind the back of the referee who is still arguing with the Future...]

SA: Speaking of illegal! Come on!

[...and with the aid of UC3, the Grappler grabs Martinez, using a double suplex to take him up and over!]

SA: Ohhhh! An illegal double team behind the back of referee Longfellow!

[Williams is loudly and angrily protesting, trying to call the referee's attention to what just happened as the masked men look to inflict more damage while the referee is distracted, pulling the White Knight up for a double back suplex, turning their backs on the official...]

CP: They're going for more! Really trying to finish him off now!

[...but as they lift Martinez into the air, the dazed White Knight flips over the top, landing on a knee on the mat!]

SA: OH! MARTINEZ FLIPS FREE!

[Surging off the mat with a stumble, Martinez throws himself backwards blindly towards the ropes...]

...and towards the official's back!]

SA: LOOK OUT!

[Williams just BARELY manages to get Longfellow clear as Martinez nearly collide with him...]

...and DOES collide with his own partner, sending Williams flying backwards off the apron, crashing down HARD on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Ryan Martinez was trying to-

[Martinez staggers back off the crash into Masks For Money who shove him skyward, clearing out as he lands facefirst HARD on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Martinez was trying to get back into this... I don't think he even knew what direction he was facing. He almost ran into the referee and he DID run into Derrick Williams! A horrific turn of events for the team of Williams and Martinez as-

[The Grappler quickly exits, imploring his partner to make the cover...]

SA: -Commando with the cover! This could do it! It could be! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez' shoulder pops up off the mat in time once again!]

CP: How close was that, Albano?! Martinez almost dropped the fall to Masks For Money right there... and that would've rocketed the masked men to the top of the contender's list for the World Tag Team Titles.

SA: We saw Next Gen defeat the Shot Callers earlier tonight... and with their win over the Soldiers of Fortune back at the Anniversary Show, the field is wide open to see who will be the next challenger for Daniel Harper and Howie Somers. And you're right, Colt - a win here might put Masks For Money right at the top of the list.

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

[The Commando comes to his feet, hands on his hips in a frustrated pose as he shakes his head in disbelief at the resilient White Knight. He stomps across the ring, angrily slapping the hand of his partner...]

SA: We're halfway home in this half hour time limit... another tag brings in the Golden Grappler once more... and what's this now?

[...who quickly starts climbing the ropes as the Commando pulls Martinez up by the hair, lifting him over his shoulder in a backbreaker submission...]

SA: The Commando's got Martinez up... the Grappler on the middle rope!

[...and the Grappler leaps up, bringing an arm down across the torso as UC3 drops to his knees, jolting the spine of the White Knight!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A DEVASTATING DOUBLETEAM BY THE MASKED MEN!

[With Martinez down on the mat, his body torqued in pain, the Grappler dives across his chest as UC3 vacates the ring...]

SA: The Grappler's got one! He's got two! He's got thr-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP!

[The Grappler angrily slams his hands down into the mat, shouting at the official who defiantly holds up two fingers.]

SA: Two count only! Just the two count off the doubleteam, Colt.

CP: Just the two count but it was a damn close two count, Albano! Masks For Money.... I know it's frustrating but the Grappler's gotta stay on him. He's got Martinez in serious danger of dropping this match and he can't let his frustration take it away.

[The Grappler stomps the lower back of Martinez a few times before steering him back to his feet into a front facelock...]

SA: Setting for a suplex, targeting the back...

[...but as the Grappler tries to lift him up, Martinez wriggles and kicks, landing back on the mat on his feet...]

SA: ...blocked annnnnnd...

[...and then lifts the Grappler himself, bringing him down in a spine-rattling suplex!]

SA: ...reversed! Martinez hits a suplex of his own!

[Martinez grabs at his lower back as the Grappler does the same, both men promptly rolling to their chest and taking aim at their respective corners...]

SA: The Grappler trying to get to his corner and he's a lot closer than the White Knight is, Colt!

CP: That's true but that ain't Martinez' only problem - Williams is still down on the floor!

SA: He sure is! Derrick Williams took a hard fall to the floor after Martinez inadvertently ran into him and-

CP: Allegedly!

SA: What?

CP: Allegedly! You say Martinez did it on accident and I say "allegedly."

SA: Oh, come on, Colt! There's no way Ryan Martinez would risk losing this match to intentionally knock his own partner to the floor! That's not the kind of competitor he is and that's not the kind of man he is!

[With Martinez drawing a blank in his own corner, the Grappler slaps the hand of the big man, bringing in the Commando who lumbers across the ring, dropping a heavy elbow down into the lower back to groans from the KC crowd!]

SA: The Commando is back in and immediately drops the bomb on him, baby!

[You can almost hear Colt's eyes rolling as UC3 stays on his knees, hammering his forearm into the lower back of the White Knight who cries out on every blow struck!]

SA: And the Commando's hammering Martinez like a nail into the mat, driving that forearm into the kidneys over and over again...

[Dragging Martinez to his feet by the back of the tights, the Commando shoves him facefirst into the White Knight's own corner, watching him stagger backwards into a hard forearm shank to the lower back!]

SA: Ohhh! Right into the back again! Martinez just collapses in his own corner, his arms hanging over the ropes to stay on his feet!

[The Commando nods approvingly at Martinez' positioning and physical state as he backs off, taking aim as the referee delivers a warning...

...and then charges back in, crushing Martinez' body with a running splash!]

SA: AVALANNNNNNCHE!

[The Commando steps to the side, hurling Martinez out of the corner and down to the mat...]

SA: That might be it! Martinez is down and out and...

[...and suddenly, before the masked man can take advantage of his own offense, his arms start pinwheeling around madly, the crowd ROARING as they spy Derrick Williams hooking the ankle of the masked man from the floor, yanking his feet out from under him!]

SA: ...DOWN GOES THE COMMANDO!

[Williams keeps on pulling, dragging the near-300 pounded under the ropes to the floor where the crowd is going nuts as he starts hammering the masked man's skull with closed fists on the outside!]

SA: Derrick Williams may have just saved this match for he and the White Knight, Colt!

CP: I'd say he did! He absolutely did!

[Williams' big looping blows has the Commando stunned...

...for a moment until he gets an opening to deliver a two-handed shove, sending Williams backwards into the steel!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Commando shouts something disparaging at Williams before turning back towards the ring, climbing up on the ring apron...]

SA: Williams gets sent into the ringside railing, the masked man heading back inside... no! He gets caught!

[...and as the Commando reaches the apron, he finds Martinez waiting for him, landing some big looping haymakers of his own on the masked man!]

SA: Martinez has got him by the ropes, hammering away!

[Grabbing the masked man's... mask... Martinez rushes down the length of the ropes, SMASHING UC3 headfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

SA: The Commando's on Dream Street after that!

[Martinez nods his head at the staggered Commando, taking aim before dashing to the ropes behind him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where the Golden Grappler slips a knee into the small of the back from the outside!]

SA: THE GRAPPLER STRIKES FROM THE APRON!

[The referee shouts at the Grappler, having seen the illegal action...]

SA: The Grappler getting an earful from Ricky Longfellow and-

[...and as UC3 comes back through the ropes, he lumbers across to drive a heavy clothesline across Martinez' collarbone, knocking the former World Champion down again!]

SA: -what a clothesline!

CP: And again, Albano, the teamwork of the Grappler and the Commando regains the edge! Martinez and Williams are good - great, top level - singles wrestlers but Masks For Money is a team on the verge of becoming elite!

SA: So far, they've done a tremendous job of diving and conquering this duo of singles competitors and...

[UC3 slaps the offered hand of the Grappler, pointing to the downed Martinez with a drag of the thumb across his throat that gets big jeers!]

SA: ...and it looks like Masks For Money are looking to make that conquering official in a big way right now! The Grappler in... getting into position as he pulls Martinez off the mat...

[The Grappler pulls Martinez into a front facelock as the Commando circles around to get down by this legs...]

SA: They're looking for Pay Day!

CP: And if they hit it, it's all over but the shoutin'!

[...and the golden one lifts Martinez into the air in a suplex, putting him down towards a waiting Commando...

...but Martinez coils up his legs, kicking out and catching the Commando under the chin, snapping his head back and sending him staggering away!]

SA: MARTINEZ SAW IT COMING!

[Landing on his feet, Martinez spins out of the front facelock, hooking the Grappler by the trunks...

...and HURLS him into the off-balance Commando, sending both Masks For Money down to the mat in a heap as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: Martinez puts them down! On his feet, looking to the corner!

[Williams is finally back on the apron, holding his lower back with a grimace as he looks at Martinez' outstretched hand...]

SA: Come on! Make that tag!

[...with a very uncertain expression on his face...]

CP: Don't do it, Derrick! What's he ever done for you, huh?!

[...as Martinez looks him in the eye, shoving out his hand again...]

SA: Martinez wants the tag but Derrick Williams - I'm not so sure!

[...and Williams looks around at the anxious crowd, unsure of what's coming now...]

SA: The fans want the tag as well! Come on, Future!

[...and as the Grappler regains his feet, stomping across towards Martinez' exposed back, Williams finally reaches out and slaps the offered hand!]

SA: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Derrick Williams rushes through the ropes, sprinting across as Martinez slumps against the turnbuckles...

...and intercepts the charging Grappler with a series of big elbowstrikes on the jaw!]

SA: DERRICK WILLIAMS IS IN! BRINGING THE FIGHT TO THE GOLDEN GRAPPLER!

[A well-placed with bad intentions elbow spins the Grappler around as Williams hooks him, lifting him up, and dropping him down with a quick back suplex that gets the crowd even louder!]

SA: OHHHHH YEAH! What a suplex by Williams!

[Coming quickly back to his feet, Williams spots UC3 coming at him, ignoring the referee's protests, and catches him with a boot to the gut, doubling the masked man over as Williams dashes to the ropes behind him, rebounding back...]

SA: OHHH! BOOT TO THE EAR!

[...and connects with a running kick to the side of the head that spins the masked man around, dropping him down to his knees with his upper body hanging over the ropes! The crowd cheers as Williams grins, sliding out to the floor, getting a running start...]

SA: Watch out, Smokey and Craig, 'cause here comes the...

[...and Williams leaps into the air, throwing his legs out, driving them into the side of the masked man's skull!]

SA: ...DRIIIIVE BYYYYY!

[The blow knocks UC3 off the ropes, sending him rolling out to the floor as Williams regains his feet, looking out on the roaring crowd with a grin before rolling back inside the ring...]

...where the Grappler catches him on the way in, throwing big blows to the body, pushing Williams back into the ropes!]

SA: The Grappler was waiting for him though, on the attack on the ropes...

[Grabbing the arm, the Grappler goes to whip Williams across...]

SA: ...reversal on the whip, the Grappler bouncing back...

[...and Williams lifts the Grappler into the air by the upper thighs, pivoting...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...SPINNING SPINEBUSTER! TAKING THE GRAPPLER FOR A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE!

[Williams pops up, throwing his arms out to the sides to a HUGE ROAR from the Kansas City crowd. He shouts to them, waving his arm wildly, pumping a fist as he turns his attention back to the Grappler who is struggling to get up off the mat...]

SA: And while the Grappler was coming fast off those ropes, I don't think he was quite at 88 miles per hour but nonetheless he may be going back... to... the...

[...and as the Grappler reaches his feet, Williams leaps up, snatching the three-quarter nelson!]

SA: ...FUTURE SHOCK!

[But the veteran is ready for it, shoving Williams out of the three-quarter nelson towards the ropes. Williams hits them, bouncing back...]

SA: DUCKS THE CLOTHESLINE! KEEPS ON GOIN'!

[...and as Williams rushes across the ring again, he leaps into the air, landing on the middle rope, springing back blindly towards the off-balance Grappler...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FUTURE SHOCK!

[With the Grappler's masked face having been SPIKED into the canvas, Williams flips him over, diving across...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!

[...and as Ultra Commando 3 makes his move to break it up, a weary Ryan Martinez sprints across the ring, leaping into the air, extending his leg...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES his foot under the chin, sending the Commando through the ropes to the outside with the Excalibur!]

SA: IT ISSSSSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Williams pushes up off the Grappler, pumping a triumphant fist as Martinez stays near the ropes, glaring down at the motionless Commando...]

SA: They pull it out! The unlikely duo of Ryan Martinez and Derrick Williams pick up the victory in tag team action here tonight!

[Martinez slowly walks out to the middle of the ring, his eyes drifting over onto the downed Golden Grappler who has rolled onto a hip. The referee raises the hands of the winner as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official...]

RO: HERE ARE YOUR WINNERRRRRRRS...

...the team of DERRICK WILLIAMS... AND RYYYYYANNNNNNNN MAAAAAR-

[Ortiz is cut off as Martinez rips his hand out of the official's diving down onto the mat, pinning the barely-conscious Grappler to the canvas with a mount as the former World Champion starts raining down right hands on the masked man's skull to the surprise of all!]

SA: What in the...?

CP: He's snapped, Albano! He's lost it!

[The crowd is buzzing as Martinez smashes his closed fist down into the masked head over and over and over...]

SA: Ryan Martinez... the match is over but the White Knight is...

CP: Say it, Albano! He's beating the hell out of the Grappler!

SA: ...yes, he is.

[The referee looks alarmed at Williams, the Future looking on with a shocked expression of his own as Martinez continues to pummel the masked man...]

SA: Masks For Money have haunted Martinez and Williams for months now and... it looks like the White Knight decided that the victory wasn't enough.

[The official steps in, trying to get Martinez to break it up but the former World Champion either can't hear him or doesn't care to listen as his fist meets flesh over and over...]

SA: Even the referee can't get him to stop! This is... this is VERY unlike the Ryan Martinez we're all used to seeing in there...

[With a shake of his head, Derrick Williams walks across the ring, grabbing Martinez by the swinging arm...

...and YANKS him out of the mount, dragging him to his feet shouting "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU-?" - a question that is interrupted when Martinez blindly reaches back, snatching a three-quarter nelson...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and hits an ugly but effective Future Shock of his own, driving his partner's face down into the canvas...

...to a sudden reaction that seems far more jeers than cheers!]

SA: ...I'm... fans, I'm practically speechless here! Ryan Martinez just hit... fans, the White Kni- Martinez hit his own partner with a Future Shock!

[Martinez pops up, fire in his eyes as he looks at the downed Williams...

...and then hears the crowd, many still booing what just happened. He looks around at the fans, seeing and hearing their reaction to his sudden assault...

...and he looks absolutely crestfallen.]

SA: I think... Colt, I think Ryan Martinez just realized what he did.

CP: As my old man used to say, "that smells like horse apples to me, kid." You really think Ryan Martinez delivered that Future Shock without knowing EXACTLY what he was doing?! I know half the office is brainwashed by this kid but come on, Albano... get with it!

[Martinez looks out on the crowd, shaking his head as he buries his face in his hands.]

SA: Come on, Colt! Look at him right now! You really think he doesn't regret what he just did?!

CP: I think the kid puts on a heck of a show to maintain his image.

[Martinez lowers his arms, stepping closer towards the downed Derrick Williams who is now down on a hip and elbow, looking up in a daze at the advancing White Knight...]

CP: Now he's gonna finish the job!

SA: He is not! Martinez extending his hand, offering help to Williams...

CP: Who wouldn't even need help if it wasn't for Martinez to begin with!

[Williams rightfully seems wary to take the hand, shaking his head at Martinez who wheels away, slamming his hand down on the top turnbuckle before ducking from the ring and heading up the aisle to... a mixed reaction.]

SA: Derrick Williams wouldn't take his hand and...

CP: Can you blame him?

SA: No. No, I can't. Fans, this is a very confusing situation we just saw... a very highly charged emotional situation and... we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, Mark Steglet is going to attempt to get a word with his friend, Ryan Martinez. Don't go away.

[The official kneels next to Derrick Williams, checking his condition as Martinez stalks up the aisle and we fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of Ryan Martinez walking down the aisle. From the scenery around him, we can see this slow motion footage is from right before WarGames at SuperClash IX.]

#When you wish..#

[Dissolve to the White Knight throwing knife edge chops at the towering form of Torin The Titan...]

#...upon a star#

[...to Martinez and Derrick Williams working together to use a double clothesline to take the giant off his feet...]

#Makes no difference who you are...#

[...to a closeup of a bloodied Martinez, looking up in shock as a hobbled Shadoe Rage joins him in the cage...]

#Anything your...#

[...to the White Knight driving Vasquez' skull into the canvas with his signature brainbuster...]

#...heart desires will...#

[...to Martinez hooking John Law in a crossface, wrenching back with all his might as Law struggles to hang on...]

#...come to you.#

[...to a crowd shot of a group of young fans holding up a banner that reads "THE WHITE KNIGHT FOREVER!" as a voiceover begins...]

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

[Cut to a shot of a bloodied but smiling Ryan Martinez standing triumphant with his teammates...]

"...Team AWA just won the Main Event at SuperClash! Now what are you gonna do?"

[...to a regular speed shot of Martinez still in the double cage, looking into the camera's lens with a grin...]

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

[...and we fade to a shot of the Disneyland logo before fading to black...

...and then fade back up backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing, microphone in hand.]

MS: We are back LIVE here on National Wrestling Night on ABC... and fans, I'll be honest with you, I am shocked by what we've just seen in the ring.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: We've always known that Ryan Martinez, like his father Alex, could be a little... well, hot-headed at times. He's always been a passionate, intense man, but what we just saw?

I can't believe that's the man I've called one of my closest friends for years.

[Stegglet sighs.]

MS: I need to know more, and you, the fans who have supported the AWA's White Knight for all these years, deserve answers.

And I'm going to get them.

[Just then, Ryan Martinez walks... no, storms into the scene. The two-time former World Champion is red in the face, his fists clenched, hair and chest soaked in sweat. He's muttering to himself, the words indistinct.

Eager to get a word, Stegglet moves directly into Martinez' path.]

MS: Mr. Martinez... Ryan, can we talk about what... OOMPH!

[The last exclamation is caused by Martinez barreling right into Stegglet, shoulder checking the interviewer hard, and driving him into the wall.

Just then, Martinez stops, as if being snapped out of a trance, and looks on in his horror at Stegglet, who has slumped halfway down the wall.]

RM: Oh my god...

[Martinez' voice shows how shaken the White Knight is.]

RM: Mark... I'm so sorry. I... didn't even see you.

[Martinez extends his hand, which Stegglet reluctantly takes, as Martinez helps him back to his feet. Stegglet looks stunned as he tries to speak.]

MS: Ryan, I... what... something has changed! You're different. What we saw out there... what just happened. What's going on?!

[Martinez exhales slowly and shakes his head.]

RM: I don't know, Mark. It's all falling apart. Williams... Masks for Money.

And then what Supreme did. I thought he had changed. I thought he was a new, different, better man.

I thought I'd gotten through to him.

And for years, Mark... years!

[Martinez grimaces.]

RM: He played me. He played all of us. Jack... Everyone. We all trusted him. At my lowest moments, he was there.

And it was all a game.

[Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: He corrupted my brother, Mark. He has Mifune-san.

It's just all too much.

It feels like it's all falling apart. Like the pillars are crumbling.

And tonight? Tonight? Well, I guess it just got to me, Mark. I shouldn't have done what I did out there. And I shouldn't have hurt you.

[Stegglet still seems upset.]

MS: You've got to get ahold of yourself!

[Martinez nods solemnly.]

MS: And you need to figure out what you're going to do. Because this isn't it!

[Martinez nods again.]

RM: You're right, Mark. And that's what I'm going to do.

I've got to get myself together...

...and I have to find a way to make all of this right. And to make the right people pay...

MS: Ryan... we're counting on you.

[Martinez starts to say something else, but then just nods a third time, and steps away...

...and we fade back out to our announce duo at ringside.]

SA: Goodness! A bit of a chaotic scene back there in the locker room, Colt...

CP: Chaotic?! If another wrestler had put his hands on Stegglet like Martinez just did, you'd be shouting for a fine! A suspension! Maybe even for him to be fired! This is another example of AWA management bending over backwards to accommodate their chosen one, Albano!

SA: I don't know about that. Mark Stegglet got bumped into the wall - certainly unfortunate but I don't know that Ryan Martinez meant any harm. Those two are certainly close...

CP: Which makes it even worse if you ask me! If he'll treat a friend like that, just imagine what he'll do to an enemy! You saw the mental state of Martinez tonight, going after Masks For Money after the match was already over... and then attacking

his own partner! What's gonna happen if he gets his hands on the guy causing all this trauma in his head, Supreme Wright?!

SA: Well... I'm sure the office of the Interim President will take a look at the situation and I'm sure if Zharkov decides punishment is needed, it will be fair and just.

CP: Oh, I'm sure.

SA: Shifting gears though, we're just about ready for our next match here on National Wrestling Night which could be-

CP: A total massacre.

SA: That's not at all what I was going to say, Colt... but it's clear to most that young Damian DeVille is certainly physically outgunned by Max Magnum. Outsized, out-experienced, out... well, out everythinged, I think!

CP: And what's different between what I said and what you said?

SA: Because I believe that while DeVille may be physically outgunned in this one, the kid's still got a shot. He's got a puncher's chance with that martial arts skill. He's got the speed, the quickness, the determination... and sheer guts, Colt! How many people have we seen look to face Max Magnum ONCE... let alone TWICE!

CP: I'll give you that much, Sal. The kid's got guts... and the Alpha Beast might spill 'em all over KC.

SA: Let's go backstage where both competitors in this next match are standing by!

[We cut to a locker room backstage, where "The Bad Seed" Damian DeVille is taping up his wrists ahead of his match. He finishes the wrap, pats his wrist, and then rolls his head slowly around on his shoulders, circling one way and then the other. He looks at the floor, composing his thoughts.]

DD: I sometimes think about who I was, in another life.

[He chuckles softly.]

DD: Another life. I say that like I'm not still only twenty-one. But honestly? I feel like my life has been broken into these distinct chapters.

There was musician Damian. So fearless that he could stand on a stage at a festival in Norway in front of tens of thousands of screaming fans. And so afraid that he couldn't do it sober.

There was kickboxer Damian. In the ring, so disciplined, so focused. And out of the ring... coming apart at the very seams.

[He pauses for a moment, lost in a memory.]

DD: There was Damian, the scared little boy before he became either of those things.

And there's the Damian I am becoming. Still walking in a shadow... but ready to emerge.

Ready to evolve.

[He smirks.]

DD: Ready to... become.

[And we fade away from the Bad Seed...

...to another area backstage where Sweet Daddy Williams is standing.]

SDW: Live and in living color on network television, baby...

[A frown crosses his face as he looks off-camera.]

SDW: ...I just wish I'd drawn a better assignment. Don't just stand there. Get yourself in the shot.

[A smirking "Hotshot" Stevie Scott saunters into view, the massive mountain of humanity known as Max Magnum coming in behind him. The former AWA National Champion is dressed in an expensive-looking three-piece suit as Magnum stands in blank trunks and boots, oiled up and ready for in-ring action.]

SDW: Stevie Scott, Max Magnum... welcome to National Wrestling Night.

[Scott chuckles, shaking his head.]

HSS: Never let it be said that Sweet Daddy Williams can't hold a grudge for... what? Seven years now? Sweet Heat is dead and gone, old man... get over it!

[Williams bristles at the "old man" comment but bites his tongue.]

HSS: No? Nothing? Good. Just stand there and hold the mic for me then... it oughta give you a nice flashback to when I used to let you stand in the shadow of my greatness and carry my bags. Except now you get to stand in the shadow of immortality that is the greatest professional wrestler in the world today... the Alpha Beast... the Modern Day Man of Steel... the unbeaten... undefeated... untouchable... MAAAAAAX MAAAAAAGNUM!

[Magnum swings his powerful arms across his broad chest, his muscles rippling as Scott nods approvingly.]

HSS: And tonight, they say it's the biggest television audience for professional wrestling in YEARS and I say "bravo!" Because when the millions of fans and lapsed fans and potential fans put their eyeballs on this screen tonight, it's good that they're not saddled with the likes of Juan Vasquez' retirement tour or maybe another comeback by Calisto Dufresne or Dave Bryant... it's good that they too have been blessed with their chance to be a part of something special... not just National Wrestling Night... not just the AWA on network television... but the next step in the scaling of the mountain by Max Magnum who is on a path to a legacy UNMATCHED in the great history of this sport.

[Scott pauses to take a breath and Williams pulls the mic on him.]

SDW: Some things never change. You still don't know how to shut yer mouth.

[Scott smirks as Magnum growls in Williams' direction, taking a step towards him. The Hotshot shoots out an arm across Magnum's chest, shaking his head.]

HSS: Tsk, tsk, Max. We fight on our terms. We fight when we're getting paid for it. We don't lower ourselves to beating up a senior citizen who is just trying to get this show over with to see if he can make it to Denny's for a late night Moons Over My Hammy.

SDW: Are you going to talk about his opponent tonight at all?

HSS: Should I? Should I waste valuable air time talking about the kung fu kid who wants so BADLY to go viral that he's called out the Alpha Beast? This kid doesn't stand a chance, Williams. You know it... I know it. He's tough, sure. He's got guts, yeah. But he can throw all the punches and kicks he wants at the Modern Day Man of Steel but the harsh reality of life is that Max Magnum will not fall! He will not allow himself to be put down... and he most assuredly will not allow himself to be beaten. Derrick Williams was out here earlier talking about the AWA World Champion... talking about how he wants to face Supernova. But again, the harsh reality that Williams, Carver, Martinez, and all the rest have to face is that when Max Magnum finally convinces the front office to send Supernova to the slaughter... when Max Magnum finally convinces the front office that the Alpha Beast on top of the world is what's best for business... when Max Magnum decides that it is time for him to be the World Heavyweight Champion...

[Scott again takes a breath.]

HSS: ...that is the day that you and every other member of the AWA locker room can get on their phones and call up Chris Blue and beg for a job elsewhere because Max Magnum will reign... for... eeeeeeeveeeeerrrrrrr.

[Scott grins as Magnum nods confidently...

...and a light clapping sound is heard. Scott's brow furrows as he looks off-camera, obvious surprise on his face as the source of that clapping walks into view.]

SDW: Veronica Westerly?! This isn't your time to-

[Westerly interrupts.]

VW: Williams, it's bad enough you're polluting the airwaves every other Saturday night in Atlanta after stealing my brother's job... I have absolutely no desire to hear a word out of your mouth right now. I'm not here to talk to you...

[Westerly raises a delicate arm, extending a well-manicured fingernail.]

VW: ...I'm here to talk to you.

[Scott looks at the finger... and then looks over to Magnum who is being pointed at.]

VW: As you know, Mr. Magnum... the AWA is currently under siege by any number of groups looking to stake their claim as THE dominant faction in professional wrestling. And whether you're Team Supreme... or down with the Desperadoes... or pledging the Slam Sorority... or trying to go viral with E-Girl MAX... none of it truly matters because it is quite clear to those with a knowledgeable mind who will...

[Westerly smirks.]

VW: ...reign supreme when it comes down to brass tacks. And that's going to be the Westerly Dynasty.

[Scott shakes his head.]

VW: From the moment I broke ground on my Dynasty, I made it clear that signing the greatest member of wrestling's most hyped family, James Lynch... and the undefeated Almighty Atlas Armstrong was just the beginning. I have scouts all over the world - my sister Angelica amongst them - looking for the next addition to my Dynasty... but when I think about it, perhaps the perfect addition...

...is right here at home.

[Westerly steps closer to Magnum, extending her hand towards him...

...but Stevie Scott sidesteps to block her reach.]

HSS: Not so far, Mrs. Martinez... or Temple... or whatever you call yourself these days. Max Magnum doesn't need allies. He doesn't need some flash in the pan manager whose allegiances shift like the wind.

Hell, he doesn't even NEED me.

[Magnum throws Scott a look out of the corner of his eye.]

HSS: But he knows that unlike you who is focused on getting one of your current signees a shot at the World Title... he knows that I am solely focused on HIM!

[Westerly smirks at the Hotshot.]

VW: That's not what I hear. I hear there's a certain tag team who-

[Scott cuts her off, a bit of edge to his voice.]

HSS: If you're here to peddle in rumors and innuendo, go talk to Blackwell. Now, if you'll excuse me... the Alpha Beast has a career to end before it gets started.

[Scott nudges Magnum, leading him out of view as Westerly watches them go...]

SDW: I'm guessing that didn't go as you'd hoped.

[Westerly chuckles.]

VW: On the contrary. Now... where can I...?

[She trails off, looking around...

...and then walks over towards a television monitor with a live feed of the ring on it. She pauses there, watching.]

SDW: What are you...?

[A voice calls out from off-camera to interrupt.]

"Mom!"

[Westerly turns slightly, watching as her teenage daughter - Truth Marie Temple - approaches. They share a quick embrace.]

VW: Truth! I've been looking for you.

TMT: Thanks for inviting me to the show tonight.

VW: Of course. It's an important night and I wanted you to be a part of it.

[Veronica's gaze shifts back to the monitor. Truth Marie looks at it as well.]

TMT: Should we... go find a seat or something?

[Veronica shakes her head, her focus elsewhere as she responds.]

VW: No, no... there's something I want to see right here.

[Truth Marie shrugs, draping an arm across her mother's shoulders as we fade out to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit!

[Colt interjects.]

CP: I'll be stunned if we need half that.

[And Rebecca continues.]

RO: Introducing first...

[The lights go down, and the piercing two-note guitar intro to Horrified's "Deus Diabolus Inversus" rings out. The words "BAD SEED" flash on the screen.]

MS: From Black River Falls, Wisconsin.... Weighing in at 213 pounds...
He is "THE BAAAAAAD SEEEEEEEEEEEEED"...

DAAAAAAAAMIAN...

...DEVILLLLLLLLLLLLLLE!

DEUS

[DeVille steps out from behind the curtain and into the aisle, his face utterly devoid of emotion. His long black hair, shaved at both sides, is pulled and tied back. His lean, muscular upper body is a portfolio of dark tattoo work, befitting of a young man who once fronted a black metal band. He wears plain black fight shorts, knee pads and boots, and a sleeveless black leather jacket.]

DEUS DIABOLUS INVERSUS

[He stalks slowly down the aisle as the growled, repetitive mantra of the song continues.]

SA: Colt, this young man has a decidedly checkered history but now that he's arrived in the AWA, many believe the future is very bright for him.

CP: If he gets to see it. Because tonight, he's climbing in there with a very dangerous man... and a very dangerous man that Damian DeVille has made angry... and as one of our fellow corporate partners would say, "you won't like him when he's angry."

[Reaching the ring, DeVille slips off the jacket, lays it on the ring steps and slides into the ring on his belly, springing to his feet.]

SA: Damian DeVille asked for this match... you might even say that he begged for it, wanting the opportunity for a rematch with Max Magnum after falling in defeat two weeks ago.

CP: Everyone was impressed by how he survived Magnum the first time. He shoulda taken the "W" in that and gone home. But instead, he went on Showtime and he called the Alpha Beast a coward. That's the sign of someone who has a serious to get pummeled with the whole world watching.

[DeVille settles back into the corner, eagerly awaiting his fate as...]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" reverberates off the walls of the Sprint Center.

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

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

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

MAAAAAAAX! MAGNUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMM!

[And there's the beast himself a few steps behind Stevie clad simply in black trunks, black knee and elbow pads, and black boots that reach halfway up his calves. The massive physical specimen is intense but emotionless as he takes his place beside his manager and pause at the top of the ramp, Magnum hopping side-to-side. The edited song skips the first few lines and cuts directly into Gene Simmons' strikingly accurate description of Magnum 40 years prior.]

I WAS BORN ON OLYMPUS
TO MY FATHER, A SON
I WAS RAISED BY THE DEMONS
TRAINED TO REIGN AS THE ONE

[Stevie points toward the ring and leads the way with Magnum trailing a step behind.]

SA: Undeclared. Unbeaten. Undeniable. We talked about the future of Damian DeVile... what does the future of Max Magnum look like, Colt Patterson?

CP: Money. Women. Titles. Fortune and glory. The Hall of Fame maybe? It's hard to say, Albano, because Max Magnum is a man whose future is potentially limitless. We've seen him defeat former World Champions. We've seen him defeat men who physically outmatched him... if that's even possible. We've seen him do whatever he wants whenever he wants to do it... and I'm just saying, when he decides to take aim at the World Title - no matter who is holding it - we may be on the verge of history.

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

I'M THE LORD OF THE WASTELANDS
A MODERN DAY MAN OF STEEL
I GATHER DARKNESS TO PLEASE ME
AND I COMMAND YOU TO KNEEL

[Magnum glares a hole through DeVile and takes his place in his corner as the music fades. The referee gives a quick "are you ready?" to both competitors before...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And at the sound of the bell, the spirited rookie goes tearing across the ring on the immediate attack, rushing the undefeated Alpha Beast with a flurry of straight right and left hands that seem to surprise Magnum, forcing him back to his own corner as he raises his arms to defend!]

SA: Damian DeVille putting those kickboxing skills to good use in the early moments of this one, throwing heavy shots at the Modern Day Man of Steel and Magnum seems to be caught off-guard in the opening seconds!

CP: Got those big arms up though, most of the punches aren't doing any damage... and the ref oughta get on his case about them though...

[The referee does exactly that, Koji Sakai shouting at DeVille who swiftly and effortlessly shifts his footing, throwing a pair of rounding kicks to the exposed midsection of Magnum that pushes his back against the buckles, one arm coming down to defend the midsection...]

SA: Onto the kicks to the body, rocking the ribcage of the big man who deserted Team AWA back at SuperClash. He and his manager down there at ringside betrayed the AWA when we needed them the most and thank the maker for Shadoo Rage, Colt.

CP: Magnum and Stevie are out for themselves, Albano. They've made that clear.

SA: The Main Event has seemed pre-destined for Max Magnum since the day entered the Combat Corner. The most talked-about prospect in AWA history when he arrived on the scene and to this day, he's still undefeated - tonight, Damian DeVille is hoping to change all that...

[A few more kicks to the abdomen land before a hot-tempered Magnum reaches up with a mighty paw, shoving DeVille backwards and down to the mat...

...where the agile rookie backrolls to his feet, coming up and charging right back in on Magnum before he can clear his own corner...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KNEE STRIKE! A FLYING KNEE BY DEVILLE!

[...and the crowd reacts with shock as Magnum's knees are buckled by the blow, urgently hooking an arm over the ropes to the stay on his feet!]

CP: He's hurt, Sal! The flying kneestrike caught him and Magnum is hurt!

[A look of panic bordering on sheer terror is on the face of Stevie Scott as he slams his hands on the apron, shouting at his charge to "GET BACK! GET OUT!"]

SA: Stevie Scott urging Magnum to get out of there and regroup but DeVille's on him again!

[With Magnum slightly slouched over, DeVille goes back on the attack, driving down elbowstrikes to the cheekbone of the stunned Magnum, attempting to knock his legs out from under him!]

SA: Magnum's down to a knee! DeVille hammering him with those elbows - all the weaponry from his former days in the ring... and the referee's taking a look, Colt.

CP: It'd be the biggest update of all time if DeVille shatters the undefeated streak with a referee's stoppage!

SA: Magnum's in serious danger here! You only need to look at the face of the Hotshot to know how bad this is!

[DeVille hooks his hands around Magnum's head and neck...]

SA: Muay Thai clinch!

[...and DRIVES a knee up into the dazed Alpha Beast's jaw!]

SA: OHH! KNEE CONNECTS!

[Stevie is frantically shouting at the official now - "GET HIM OUT OF THE CORNER, DAMN IT!" The referee is trying to oblige, bellowing at DeVille who is narrowly focused on the chance to score perhaps the biggest upset in AWA history...]

SA: ANOTHER ONE FINDS THE MARK!

[A third knee causes Magnum to slump back against the turnbuckles, still on one knee as DeVille pauses - for just a moment - to say something to the official...]

...and when he throws the knee again, this time Magnum is ready for it, catching it with his powerful arms, surging to his feet, lifting DeVille up into the air over his shoulder...]

SA: LOOK AT THE COUNTER!

[...and with a twist out of the buckles, Magnum unceremoniously DUMPS Damian DeVille down on the canvas!]

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO!

CP: Max Magnum looked like he was on the verge of serious trouble right there, Sal, but when DeVille lost focus - just for an instant - Magnum made him pay for it!

[The suplex surprises DeVille but doesn't hurt him as the rookie comes quickly to his feet, looking to get back on track...]

...but the powerhouse runs him right over with a devastating clothesline that flips DeVille over the top rope, tossing him to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: And with just two pieces of offense, Max Magnum has turned this match - and DeVille - completely on its head, jack!

[Magnum leans HARD on the ropes though, sucking wind into his lungs as the referee starts a ten count on DeVille. Stevie Scott rushes over to stand where Magnum is recovering, shouting "ARE YOU OKAY?! MAX, CAN YOU HEAR ME?! ARE YOU OKAY?!" The frantic shouts of Scott gets a nod from Magnum who takes a deep breath, looking to the outside where DeVille is trying to come off the barely-padded floor.]

SA: He may have turned things around but that early offense out of the Bad Seed has got Magnum in a bad way early, Colt. We've seen Max Magnum in matches with people like former World Champion Calisto Dufresne... like the mighty Tumaffi... but rarely have we seen him looking like this.

CP: He's gotta get a breather here. Once he catches his wind, Damian DeVille's gonna find out what happens to people who call Max Magnum a coward.

SA: Of course that happened last weekend on Showtime when DeVille was trying to get Magnum to agree to this rematch. Guess what? It worked!

CP: Guess what? He's gonna wish it hadn't!

[The rookie climbs off the floor with the aid of the apron and the ropes, pulling himself to a standing position on the floor as the referee's count reaches four.]

SA: The count is at four, DeVille trying to get back in this after being dumped to the outside by Magnum... pulling himself up on the apron...

[And as the Bad Seed reaches the apron, Max Magnum reaches out to grab him with his powerful arms...

...and catches a short forearm on the chin that again knocks Magnum back a step!]

SA: Oh! DeVille caught him!

[The former rockstar climbs the ropes from the middle of the apron, stepping up on the second for a higher angle of attack...

...which is when the recovering Magnum buries a right hand into the solar plexus!]

SA: Ohhh! And I don't know what DeVille had in mind there but whatever it was, Magnum just knocked it right out of him...

[Reaching up, Magnum grabs DeVille and HURLS him from the higher perch, throwing him down in an impactful slam in the middle of the ring!]

SA: ...and TOSSES him down in the middle of the ring! Sweet mother of mercy!

[From the outside, Scott can be heard shouting "don't mess with the kid, Max! Finish him!"]

SA: Stevie Scott imploring his charge to end this match right now. Perhaps DeVille showing a little more fight than the Hotshot was counting on tonight. He doesn't want to take any chances with the big man's undefeated streak on national broadcast television.

CP: The most TV viewers for professional wrestling in a long, long time thought they were about to see a gigantic update... but if Max is looking to end this, I promise you it will be ended shortly!

[As DeVille slowly comes up off the mat, the crouching Magnum surges forward, making a lunge at his prey as he ducks under, lifting him up into a fireman's carry...]

SA: And ended it'll be if Magnum hits this - his signature move, the Bombshell!

[...and Magnum steps to mid-ring, holding DeVille up across his shoulders...]

CP: He wants everybody to see it! Who's the coward now, rookie?!

[...but before the Alpha Beast can go into his airplane spin, DeVille lands a trio of short elbows to the ear of Magnum, slipping out of his grip and landing on his feet behind him, immediately striking a fighting stance and swinging his leg up with breathtaking speed and impact as Magnum turns, bringing up his own arm to block...]

SA: HIGH KICK BLOCKED!

[...but Magnum immediately recoils away, shouting in pain as he falls back, dropping to the mat!]

CP: What the...?

[Magnum promptly rolls under the ropes, falling to his knees on the outside as he grabs at his arm in agony. The referee holds up a hand towards a smirking DeVille, refusing to let him advance as Stevie Scott dives to the ringside mats alongside Magnum, trying to find out what happened...]

"IT'S BROKEN! AGGGGH! IT'S BROKEN, DAMN IT!"

[...and a hush falls over the Kansas City crowd as Damian DeVille nods his head confidently, punching and kicking at the air as he waits to see if his opponent can continue.]

CP: Did you hear that, Albano? Magnum says it's broken! He says this rookie just broke his arm!

SA: I heard it - of course, I heard it but... in the heat of the moment?

[A concerned Stevie Scott is talking in hushed tones with Magnum now who occasionally lets loose a grunt of pain from down on his knees on the floor. Referee Koji Sakai kneels down near the ropes, trying to get an update as DeVille waits...

...and then slyly walks around Sakai out of his eyesight, stepping out on the apron. Sakai immediately spots him though, confronting the rookie.]

SA: DeVille out on the apron... Sakai checking on Magnum... he... as crazy as it is to say, if Magnum truly has a broken arm, Colt, that undefeated streak may be the last thing on his mind and on Stevie's mind.

CP: I don't know if I'd go that far but... here he comes now, Stevie helping him up...

[But as soon as Magnum is standing, Damian DeVille charges down the apron...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT THE HELL?!

[...and DRILLS the Alpha Beast with a running punt kick between the eyes!]

SA: Max Magnum just got his damn skull kicked in by the rookie! The referee is all over DeVille! He was trying to figure out if he needed to stop the damn match and DeVille-

CP: DeVille is gonna make SURE he shatters this streak, Albano! Ref stoppage or not, Damian DeVille is sick of hearing people snicker in the locker room that he can't win against upper level competitors and he's gonna prove the entire world wrong right now!

[Dropping to the floor, DeVille shoves Magnum back under the ropes into the ring, Stevie Scott looking like he's about to slug DeVille himself!]

SA: Whoa, whoa, whoooooa! Hang on there, Hotshot!

[Stevie Scott swings DeVille around by the arm, jabbing an angry finger into the chest as the referee rolls out to intervene...]

SA: We've got DeVille and Scott on the outside...

CP: And Stevie's gotta be careful, Sal. The rookie just kicked a guy who might have a broken arm in the damn skull! He's not about to hold back on a manager - history of neck injuries aside.

[Scott has some more angry words for DeVille from behind the intervening referee as the Bad Seed rolls back in, keeping his focus on Magnum who has crawled to the far corner, his back to DeVille as he tries to shield the possibly broken arm...]

SA: DeVille coming after Magnum, he doesn't give a damn if the arm is broken or not!

[...and Magnum wheels blindly, throwing a big left hand that DeVille manages to sidestep before cracking Magnum in the ribs with another body kick!]

SA: He caught him again! Magnum trying to keep the arm away, had to take that kick to the body full force!

CP: Sal, do you feel it?

SA: What's that, Colt?

CP: The winds of change in the air! For over a year now, Max Magnum has been THE man to beat. We've seen former World Champions line up to do it! We've seen superheavyweights try to do it! We've seen the best of the best try to do it! And now... somehow, it might be this kid that does it! This kid from out of nowhere that no one knows anything about other than he used to be in a rock band and he used to be a kickboxer. What a shocking night this would turn out to be if the rookie can conquer the Alpha Beast!

[With Magnum reeling, DeVille locks his hands around the back of the head again, trying to secure the Muay Thai clinch...

...but a desperate Magnum somehow lifts him with one arm, flinging him back into the corner!]

SA: OH! MAGNUM SLIPS OUUUU-OHHHH! CLOTHESLINE! LEFT ARMED CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[Grabbing DeVille by the neck with his left hand to keep him in place, the Modern Day Man of Steel swings his knee up into the midsection once... twice... three times...]

SA: MAGNUM'S GOT HIM TRAPPED IN THE CORNER!

CP: The literal one-armed man in there right now! Fighting for his life! Fighting for his undefeated streak with all he's got! The kid caught him by surprise but Magnum's showing he's not dead yet!

[...four times... five... six...]

SA: Sakai back in, ordering Magnum to step back... trying to get a look to see if Magnum can continue...

CP: You can't stop it now! Magnum's getting back into this - one armed or not!

[...seven... eight... nine... ten... and then right into a one armed over the shoulder lift...]

SA: What is he...?

[...and somehow still HURLS DeVille over his head, bouncing him off the canvas halfway across the ring with a released Northern Lights Suplex!]

SA: ARE. YOU. KIDDING. ME?!

CP: This guy is incredible, Albano! Max Magnum never ceases to amaze me in that ring!

SA: He may have a broken arm... you can see him shaking it now, trying to get the blood flowing in that injured limb again...

[Showing that Magnum's not the only one with fight still left in them, DeVille stirs up off the mat, coming to his feet as Magnum buries a boot into the midsection...]

SA: ...and now what in the world is Magnum thinking?!

[The crowd is buzzing loudly as Magnum secures a front facelock, somehow managing to get DeVille's arm over his neck...]

SA: This is insane, Colt! What are we witnessing here?!

[...and with tremendous power, Magnum lifts DeVille into the air, throwing him down in a spine-rattling vertical suplex!]

CP: A ONE ARMED SUPLEX! That's incredible, Albano! Nobody should be able to pull that off!

[Magnum looks down at the prone DeVille, murderous rage in his eyes as he shakes out his right arm again, quickly taking the mount on the rookie...]

SA: Uh oh! DeVille may have the striking edge on his feet but down on the mat...

[...and starts raining down left hands on DeVille who swings his arms up in an effort to defend his face from the powerful blows...]

CP: DeVille trying to block it! He's got a pretty solid defense there, Big Sal.

[...and a furious Magnum balls up his left hand and SLAMS it down on the blocking arms like a hammer...]

SA: HAMMERFISTS!

[...and again... and again... and again, breaking down the defense of DeVille and getting through to his unprotected face...]

"OHHH!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...the crowd getting louder with every blow landed as Magnum tries to batter DeVille into submission!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with one final blow, Magnum smashes it down in the middle of DeVille's face, the rookie crying out as it lands. The Alpha Beast climbs to his feet, glaring down

at the kid as he holds his right arm in his left, nodding as the official leans in to take a look...

...and the camera gets an up close shot of DeVille's nose spewing blood down his face.]

SA: Oh... oh my. It looks like he broke the kid's nose, Colt!

CP: Turnabout is fair play, right? A broken nose for a broken arm?!

SA: Perhaps. Look at the heavy blood flow coming down the face of DeVille - the referee taking a look here and-

[Magnum VICIOUSLY stomps down right on the middle of the face, causing the crowd to revolt with jeers and DeVille to cry out a second time, immediately grabbing at his face as Koji Sakai peels off to shout at Magnum who walks across the ring, smirking as Stevie Scott nods approvingly.]

"He started it, Koji! The kid started all of this! He deserves everything he's getting!"

[The words of Stevie Scott don't seem to land on Koji Sakai who peels off to kneel by the bloodied DeVille, checking to see if he wants to call it a night...

...but Max Magnum won't allow that, using his hip to bump Sakai aside, shaking his head at him.]

SA: Oh, come on! Let him check the kid!

CP: What?! Why?! DeVille kicked Magnum in the damn skull when we all thought Max had a broken arm! He didn't let Sakai check to see if he should stop it!

[Sakai is all over Magnum now, shouting at the Modern Day Man of Steel as he drags DeVille off the mat with his left hand...

...and SMASHES him facefirst into the top turnbuckle, causing DeVille to cry out in pain again as he slumps into the corner!]

SA: Wow! How quick do things change here in the AWA? Just moments ago, we were talking about how Damian DeVille might be on the verge of the biggest upset in AWA history... and now I'm wondering if this match needs stopped before DeVille gets hurt any worse.

[Magnum twists DeVille around, shoving him back against the buckles...

...and then reaches out to grab the nose, squeezing it hard between his fingers and twisting the bloodied body part to cries of pain from DeVille and shouts of anger from the Kansas City crowd!]

SA: Koji, get in there please!

[The official does exactly that, forcing Magnum to back off. The Alpha Beast has his rage-filled eyes locked on DeVille as he takes his bloody fingers and wipes them across his own chest, leaving a swath of his opponent's crimson on his flesh.]

SA: This guy is... he's too much is what he is, Colt.

CP: He's too much for Damian DeVille and he's too much for most of that locker room! And if you're in that locker room tonight watching this, who the hell would

ever sign up to face this guy next, huh?! Tell me that! You'd have to be out of your damn mind to want to face this guy!

[Stepping back into the corner, Magnum lashes out with a heavy left-armed clothesline, crashing it across the collarbone of DeVille!]

SA: OHH!

[With the rookie hooking his arms over the ropes to stay standing, Magnum stays right there with him, DeVille's upper body exposed as an easy target...]

"OHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a series of brutal left-armed clotheslines leaves DeVille hanging by one arm from the corner, almost down to the mat as Magnum yanks him back up by the hair, shoving him a couple of stumbling steps out of the corner...]

SA: DeVille's out on his feet and-

[...and Magnum takes a side approach to absolutely CLUB DeVille with a swinging sloppy left-armed sort-of clothesline into the side of the rookie's head, putting him back down on the canvas in a pile!]

SA: -SWEET SANTA MARIA! Brute force trauma to the side of the head of the rookie and... that might be it, Colt.

CP: It might be... if Koji Sakai can check but I'm not sure Magnum's gonna let that happen!

[Sakai is kneeling again... and again, Magnum moves him out of the way, this time with a little more force courtesy of a left-handed shove to the shoulder!]

SA: Oh! Ring the bell, ref! He can't do that!

CP: You've seen what Max Magnum can do tonight and you think Koji Sakai is gonna risk that wrath by disqualifying him?! You've gotta be out of your mind, Sal!

[Magnum again takes the mount, raising his left hand as DeVille weakly tries to get his arms up...]

"OHHHH!"

"OHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Magnum unleashes a half dozen heavy haymakers to the barely-protected face of DeVille who is trying to save himself from more damage...

...which is when Magnum starts bringing the hammer down again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The vicious blows are landing unobstructed now, smashing into the likely-broken nose... into the eyesockets... down between the eyes... onto the cheekbones...]

SA: Come on, Koji! You gotta stop this thing!

[But before he can, Magnum gets off the mat, breaking the mount with a roar..

...and defiantly steps in front of Sakai, blocking the official from checking the state of DeVille.]

SA: Koji Sakai is trying to check on Damian DeVille but Max Magnum will NOT allow it!

CP: Look at DeVille! He's a bloody mess!

SA: And we've gotta apologize for our new fans tuning in tonight for the first time. While the AWA features the premier form of physical combat in all of sports, we do NOT regularly feature something like this. We apologize for any young fans or families watching and-

CP: This ain't no Wonderful World of Disney, jack! Although DeVille may be seeing Tinker Bell and wishing upon a star right about now!

[Magnum wheels away from a protesting Sakai, wrapping his fingers in the blood-soaked hair of DeVille, dragging him to his feet...]

SA: Let's keep the cameras back, guys... keep 'em back... this is a little-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE SLAPPED HIM! DEVILLE SLAPPED THE ALPHA BEAST!

CP: It's over now.

[And Magnum immediately acts, ducking down to lift him up onto his shoulders...

...and quickly spins him off, sending the body of DeVille crashing down to the mat with a bloody faceplant on the canvas!]

SA: BOMBSHELL! That's it! You can count to a hundred, Colt!

CP: You can... if Magnum covers!

[Magnum defiantly glares at Sakai who is imploring him to make the pin attempt. Stevie Scott is shouting from the floor.]

"HE SLAPPED YOU, BIG MAN! NO RESPECT! NO FEAR! SHOW HIM WHY HE SHOULD FEAR YOU!"

[Sakai is in the middle of ordering a pin attempt again when Magnum yanks DeVille off the mat with one hand, shaking his head at the bloodied rookie as he lifts him up a second time...]

SA: Oh, come on! Not again! We don't need to see-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The referee dives to his knees, checking on DeVille, looking to see if the badly-bloodied rookie can continue...

...which is when Magnum drops a bone-crunching knee right in the middle of DeVille's face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The fans are crying bloody murder at Magnum now as he spins out of the kneedrop back into the mount, the referee SCREAMING that he's going to stop the match...]

"OHHHH!"

"OHHHH!"

"OHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

[...and this time, Magnum doesn't even bother with the haymakers, going straight to the hammerfists that are landing without any obstruction on the bloodied face of the rookie...]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: This is too much, Koji! You gotta-

[And suddenly, Sakai leaps into the action, diving on the prone DeVille's face as he swings his arms frantically at the timekeeper. Magnum holds up his bloodied fist, glaring down at Sakai's back...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

CP: That's it! Sakai stopped it! He stopped the match!

SA: Finally. It's about time... and you can only hope that it's not too late for-

[Sakai pushes up to his knees, waving his arms a second time...

...which is when Magnum SHOVES Sakai off of DeVille, swinging his arm down again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd is ROARING with disdain for Magnum!]

SA: What the hell?! The match is over!

CP: Tell Magnum that!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The referee shouts at Magnum, warning that he's going to reverse the decision...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: There is no one who can stop this but Koji Sakai! The kid's got no friends! No allies!

CP: Magnum's trying to end this kid's career right here with the whole world watching, Albano! He's trying to finish him off for good!

SA: And there's no one who can save Damian DeVille from-

[And suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS at the sound - the familiar sound - of music that has not been heard in the AWA in several months but is instantly recognized by not just AWA fans... but professional wrestling fans... all around the globe.

The song itself is known...

...as is who it represents.]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?!

CP: What the hell is he...? It can't be!

[But it is as a man who is a former World Champion comes running into view, sprinting may be a better word to describe it, tearing down the aisle before his music can even really get going...

A man known by many names to longtime fans of this business.

Former World Champion.

Hall of Famer.

Evil Incarnate.

The King of the Death Match.

The Father of Truth.

He is known by all these names.

But on this night, he adds another to the list...

The Savior of Damian DeVille.]

SA: CALEB TEMPLE! CALEB TEMPLE! MY GOD IN HEAVEN, IT'S CALEB TEMPLE!

CP: He ain't got a thing to do with ANY God in Heaven, Albano!

[Temple hits the ring at full speed, diving under the bottom rope into the ring...

...and as he does, Max Magnum climbs to his feet, DeVille's blood on his fists as he balls them up and stares unblinkingly at one of the most dangerous competitors in the history of professional wrestling.]

SA: CALEB TEMPLE IS IN THE RING AND THIS PLACE IS GOING NUTS, COLT!

CP: WHAT?! I CAN'T HEAR A THING!

[Temple glares, a burning fire in his eyes as he stares down Max Magnum who stands over DeVille, not backing down a step as the crowd is going apoplectic at the idea of these two throwing down...

...when we suddenly can hear the shouted panicked words of Magnum's manager at ringside!]

“NO! MAX, NO! DON’T DO IT! GET OUT OF THERE NOW! RIGHT NOW, DAMN IT!”

SA: Stevie Scott wants NO part of this, Colt!

CP: Can you blame him?! Even at full strength, I’d be hesitant to send a man that’s my meal ticket into battle with Caleb Temple. With Magnum maybe dealing with a broken arm, there’s no chance of it!

SA: Temple not backing down. Magnum the same! What a moment this is for the entire world watching on ABC!

[Magnum grimaces as he grabs at his injured arm, throwing a look at Stevie Scott who is imploring him to exit the ring...

...and to the ROARING disappointment of the Kansas City fans, Max Magnum steps backwards, moving slowly away from Caleb Temple who still hasn’t taken his eyes off the Alpha Beast!]

SA: Temple staring him down... Magnum backing away, exiting the ring now...

[And with Magnum joining the Hotshot on the floor, Caleb Temple finally steps forward...

...and takes a knee alongside Damian DeVille, looking down at the bloodied rookie with... an unusual expression on his face. Not a common one for the King of the Death Match...]

CP: What is THIS?

[The crowd absolutely explodes!]

SA: We’ve got company, Colt!

[Indeed we do. Veronica Westerly is back, and she looks happy. Almost... amused?]

CP: What is this all about?

[The estranged wife of the King of the Death Match is out on the ramp, golf clapping as the father of her daughter gets to his feet in the ring, pointing at her. She cups her hand to her ear, mocking him with a “I can’t hear you!” gesture. Temple motions for a mic, which a ringside attendant duly obliges with. His dark eyes are ablaze with anger.]

CT: YOU... Get in this ring now.

[The crowd “ooooohs” the demand as Westerly grins, playing to the crowd as she shakes her head, producing a mic of her own.

VW: YOU... don’t get to tell me what to do. Not any more.

[The crowd reacts again as a fuming Temple paces the ring anxiously, throwing another look down at the downed DeVille who is now be tended to by a ringside medic.]

CT: You... you listen to me, you piece of...

[Temple trails off, cutting the thought short... trying to compose himself a little, shaking his head...]

CT: You...

[He points a hand at his estranged wife.]

CT: You're responsible for this.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as he points to the bloodied DeVille, still in bad shape on the mat.]

CT: And for what, Rhoni?! To punish me?

[Temple's voice takes on a rare quality for the King of the Death Match... almost a pleading one.]

CT: Do you hate me that much? What did I ever do to you to make you hate me that much?

[She smirks, holding up one perfectly-manicured finger to interrupt him.]

VW: Careful now, Caleb. You're treading on very thin ice. And the thing about thin ice, is that it can crack underneath you at any given second.

See... that's the thing about secrets and lies, isn't it?

[Temple grimaces, shaking his head as Veronica continues.]

VW: You can only keep things hidden away out of sight for so long before they all come back to haunt you. One wrong move... upset the wrong person... and your skeletons come boogieing right on out of the closet.

[Temple's temper finally cracks.]

CT: YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH!

[Veronica grins again, knowing she has the upper hand.]

VW: And if I don't? Hmmm? What then, Caleb?

[He looks at the mat. Then at DeVille. Then back at Veronica.]

CT: Please. Not like this, Rhoni. This isn't the time or the place.

[Veronica seems about to respond when the crowd reacts again and Caleb Temple's eyes go wide, a stunned expression on his face.]

"Daddy?"

[Colt Patterson interjects.]

CP: This is turning into quite the family affair!

[We cut back to the stage, where an ecstatic-looking Veronica is flanked by their daughter, Truth Marie. The teenager is looking at her father, her eyes full of confusion and questions.]

TMT: Daddy, what is this?

[Temple waves a dismissive hand, shaking his head.]

CT: Not here, not now, baby. I promise we can talk about it, but not like this.

[For the first time, Caleb Temple looks vulnerable. All at once, he looks every second of his forty-nine years. He looks tired. Truth points at Damien.]

TMT: Why are you so interested in him?

[He looks away. He can't meet his daughter's eyes.]

VW: Yes. Come on, "Daddy." Your CHILD asked you a question.

[He looks at Veronica with sheer burning contempt and shakes his head.]

VW: You call yourself "The Father of Truth"... and you sit on a throne of lies.

[Truth Marie looks puzzled at her mother, turning back towards her legendary father.]

TMT: Daddy... what's Mom talking about?

CT: Truth... baby... I...

[Westerly's voice goes cold as she interjects.]

VW: Tell her.

[Temple's fury flashes again.]

CT: NO!

[Westerly waves a hand across the crowd.]

VW: Tell everyone.

[Temple buries his weathered face in his hands.]

CT: I CAN'T! YOU KNOW I CAN'T!

[Westerly smirks.]

VW: In that case... Truth...

[Temple looks at Rhoni, and then at Damian, and then at Truth.]

CT: Truth...

[And, glassy-eyed, he swallows hard and does the hardest thing he's ever had to do.]

CT: He's my son, Truth.

[The crowd absolutely EXPLODES!]

SA: HIS SON?!?!]

CP: WHAT IN _THE_ HELL?!

[Temple slowly drops back to one knee on the mat beside the bloodied DeVille, who is now sitting up and looking at him with the aid of the medic.]

CT: He's my son. Damian... is your brother, baby.

[Off mic, we hear Veronica say "HALF brother" to Truth. The teenage girl barely acknowledges her mother. Her eyes are filling with tears and she has both hands over her mouth.]

CT: I'm so sorry. I didn't want you to find out like this. I didn't want this. Any of it.

[Truth shakes her head, but what emotion is behind it? Is it denial? Is it shock? Is it disgust that her trust has been shattered by the man who meant everything to her?]

SA: What are we...?

[But Sal trails off as Truth Marie looks at her mother, and then at her father, and simply turns and walks away. Westerly turns back towards the ring, a wicked expression on her face.]

VW: That's the thing about Truth, Caleb...

[Temple locks eyes with his wife.]

VW: ...it always comes with Consequences.

[Veronica smirks as she turns to follow her daughter, leaving a broken King of the Death Match kneeling in the ring beside, apparently, his son.]

SA: I don't even know what to say. What can you say after something like that?

CP: Sal, I've been in this business a long time... and believe me when I say that of all that time, there was... there IS one name that has stood the test of time in this business and it is that man right there. Other so-called legends have fallen... their legacies faded... but not that man. From the day he stepped foot in this business, he has been one of the greatest... one of the darkest... the most dangerous, the most intimidating, call it what you want... he has been bulletproof...

[The camera holds on Caleb who is sitting on the mat alongside his bloodied son who is looking at his father in shock.]

CP: ...until now.

[And with the Temples locked in a staredown mid-ring, we fade to black...

Cut to ringside at an unknown AWA event. Ricki Toughill is flung over the ropes by an unknown opponent and crashes into the ringside barricade. She stands upright, looking a bit frustrated, and looks at something off-camera.]

RT: Oh hey.

[The something off-camera is a fully stocked Dunkin' shop counter at ringside, complete with a friendly-looking barista.]

B: Looks like a pretty tough opponent tonight. Medium cold brew?

"ONE!"

[Ricki looks up at the ring, which is off-camera, then back at the barista.]

RT: You can make it a large. This ref always counts slow.

[The barista hands Ricki her tall, frosty cold brew. She takes a sip. Another customer seated at a ringside table with a laptop computer in front of him takes notice.]

C: Wow, she knows your order?

RT: Yeah, I spend a lot of time out here.

[Ricki is about to sit down, when she notices the empty chair beside the other customer. She picks up the folding chair and snaps it shut.]

RT: Mind if I take a seat?

[Ricki looks up into the ring with a mischievous, crooked grin – a cold brew in one hand and a steel chair in the other.]

V/O: Where there's wrestling, there's Dunkin'.

[Cut to a close-up shot of a cold brew. Another cold brew rebounds off a set of three ropes and slides into position beside it. The AWA and Dunkin' logo flash on screen.]

V/O: Cold brew for bell time. America runs on Dunkin'!

[And we fade through black...

...and come back on the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell who seems a little overwhelmed.]

SLB: I...

[Blackwell pauses, chewing at his upper lip.]

SLB: This is when I'm supposed to welcome you all back to National Wrestling Night... hype up what you've seen, promote what's coming next but I... the word "speechless" doesn't seem strong enough here. Two words come to mind about what we just saw but I sure can't say them on network television, I'll tell you that much.

[Blackwell takes a deep breath.]

SLB: Caleb Temple just stunned the world. I was on social media during our commercial and... the words "trending #1 with a bullet" are as true as they come here. There is...

[Blackwell stops short, his jaw dropping as someone comes running through his shot...]

SLB: ...Truth... my god, I'm...

[...but Truth Marie doesn't slow down, tears streaking her face, sobs pouring from her as she runs by. The camera pivots, watching her shove a door to the exterior of the Sprint Center open. The cameraman starts to follow but gets stopped by a hand over the lens. The camera pivots back to reveal Blackwell pulling his arm back.]

SLB: She's... she's been through enough tonight, okay? I'm sure we'll learn more about this situation in the weeks... months to come... I... look, I've been in this business for a long time and I never even heard a WHISPER about this. I'm stunned. This whole place is stunned...

[He holds up his iPhone, still on Twitter.]

SLB: ...the whole WORLD is stunned. In fact, it seems like the only people not stunned by this development are Caleb Temple and Veronica Westerly... that evil little...

[Blackwell shakes her head.]

SLB: She almost seemed to ENJOY blowing up her own family on national TV! I can't understand this at all! She knew this would...

[Blackwell trails off again, his eyes drifting off camera as someone shouting comes into view.]

SLB: She's not here.

[Caleb Temple steps into the camera shot, not even acknowledging the camera is on him as he shoves Blackwell up against the wall with a "ooof!" from the interviewer, a forearm pressed hard against his sternum.]

CT: WHAT DO YOU MEAN?! WHERE THE HELL IS SHE?!

[Blackwell grimaces under the strain, shaking his head.]

SLB: She... left! She left!

[He urgently points to the door we saw Truth Marie go through moments ago... and then slumps down against the wall as Temple storms off to pursue...]

SLB: Let's... let's go...

[He waves a hand at the camera, breathing hard as we fade from backstage to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division!

[The lights go out and the arena is bathed in a neon pink and blue glow as a gritty synth plays. Fury Weekend's synthrock interpretation of "Another Brick in the Wall" introduces the rookie, athletic powerhouse.]

RO: Introducing first... fighting out of Calgary, Alberta, Canada... weighing in at 142 pounds... representing the Slam Sorority...

[A woman steps into the stage fog, the video screen on the ramp displaying a bright pink neon grid on a black background. She is in cropped leather vests and retro-styled shades, and drops to one knee, spreading her arms wide as if to ask rhetorically "how good am I?".]

RO: ...The "STARKILLER"... CAROLINA COLTON!

SA: When I first broke into the announcing game in Chinook Wrestling, Colt, this young woman never lacked for confidence. Call it the good fortune of being born into Calgary's royal family of wrestling, or call it generational athleticism: she is a fierce machine.

CP: She's got swagger, Albano. In Colt's book, that's a whole chapter. Another chapter? Clout makes the world go around. She comes to the AWA with the blessing

of no less than almighty Todd Michaelson himself, and she's got a technical wrestling marvel mentoring her in Laura Davis.

[Colton is buff, built like an elite collegiate athlete. She smirks her way confidently down the aisle, gripping the lapels of her leather vest, smugly. She is also dressed in a black single-strapped top and short tights, both decorated with a sky blue and hot pink paint splatter pattern. A half-sleeve tattoo of a mountain lion covers one of her forearms.]

SA: And speaking of which, we do not see her Slam Sorority cohorts "T-Bone" Trish Wallace or Laura Davis joining The Starkiller.

CP: She don't need 'em. Lauryn Rage will put up a good fight, but she's a one-legged woman in a buttkicking contest.

SA: Last week on Showtime on ESPN, we saw Laura Davis with the assist to send Trish Wallace to the Battle of London in two weeks time.

CP: There ain't no "assist" column in the AWA record books – this ain't the NHL.

SA: We caught up earlier with Carolina Colton for these comments.

[Switch to picture-in-picture mode, for comments made earlier by Carolina Colton. She's in her ring gear, sunglasses resting in her golden blonde hair.]

CC: Greetings to all of you tuning in to network television, and to the AWA. Full of cringe edgelords, Machiavellian plotters who steal a few tired old tricks they saw on HBO the other night, and wannabe social media mavens who care more about their outfit – not naming any names...

[The Starkiller winks to the camera, knowing that could be anyone on the roster.]

CC: And then there's me. An athlete. One of the very select few you will see tonight. I'm here to represent Slam Sorority: real athletes. Now, if you've done your research on the AWA, you might be asking, 'hey your opponent tonight – wasn't Lauryn Rage the World Champion?'

[She sighs begrudgingly.]

CC: Aw... yah... nah... fer sure... I guess. But Lauryn, ya big poser, I think it's time to admit that you're not that world class athlete you used to be. Us in Slam Sorority... we're the cutting edge. We're what wrestling is about in 2018. And I was really looking forward to wrestling in London.

[She draws the sunglasses down over her face.]

CC: But no worries, Lauryn. I'm sure someone will ask who Canada's second best female athlete was someday.

[As Colton snickers her oddly-cadenced snicker, we return from picture-in-picture to live action: the third generation grappler from the Great White North goes to the center of the ring, lowering to a knee and spreading her arms wide with a cocky smirk.]

SA: Like we said, no lack of confidence there as Carolina Colton looks to score what some might deem an upset of sorts if she can knock off the first woman to hold AWA championship gold.

CP: On some nights, I might agree with you, Albano. On this night, with Rage on one leg, I think we're about to see a whole new page written in the Canadian pro wrestling history book.

SA: Fans, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with Colton's opponent tonight, Lauryn Rage!

[The cameras throw backstage to none other than Mark Stegglet. The AWA reporter is standing next to the first AWA Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage. The Atlantic Canadian, Caribbean grappler is dressed in her ring gear: black, cheeky-cut, long-sleeved black unitard festooned with very faint and fuchsia whorls, fuchsia fingerless leather glove on her right hand, black knee brace, ankle-high black boots all under a black hooded and studded leather vest.]

MS: Thanks, Big Sal... and as you can see, I'm back here with the first woman to hold AWA championship gold, Lauryn Rage, as she gets ready for tonight's showdown. And Lauryn...?

[Lauryn carries her niece, Adrianna Rage, in her arms as she ignores Stegglet, preferring to bite the long five year-old's belly. Little Adrianna giggles, squealing: 'Not my belly!' as Lauryn playfully terrorizes her niece. Stegglet gives the pair a moment before he starts to feel uncomfortably left out.]

MS: Excuse me, Lauryn, I don't mean to interrupt this cute family moment but we're supposed to do an interview before your match.

[Lauryn cuts Stegglet down with a vicious side eye before she releases Adrianna's belly from her teeth and cradles her under one arm. The tall girl nestles into Lauryn's shoulder, already a natural on camera.]

LR: You think I don't know. But my niece her needed her belly bitten.

AR: No. I didn't, tanty.

LR: (showing all her teeth) Yes. You did. It's too delicious. Your belly needs to be bitten. Nom nom nom nom nom nom nom nom.

[Lauryn mimes taking several bites out of her niece. Stegglet actually smiles at the scene in front of him.]

MS: Lauryn Rage, you'll pardon me if I express this poorly, but we haven't seen you so happy in a long while. Is it the news that you've been medically cleared to compete tonight that has you in such good spirits?

[Lauryn gives Stegglet a withering stare as she turns her attention happily back to her wild-haired niece.]

LR: Or maybe ... just maybe ... Stegglet, it's that when I was on the trainer's table next to my brother getting our knees treated this little bundle of joy jumped on top of me. Did you ever think my niece might just light up my life? Lauryn loves her family, ya dig?

[Stegglet nods, putting up a defensive hand.]

MS: Of course, but after that vicious three-on-one attack the Slam Sorority perpetrated on you, this match was up in the air. You must also be thrilled to be medically cleared to compete here tonight, no?

[Rage glares at Stegglet.]

LR: Stegglet, I don't give two pieces of...

[She pauses, looking at her young niece who giggles.]

LR: ...stuff about any doctor's orders. I was going to compete tonight on National Wrestling Night no matter what. But yes, I'm glad the doctor cleared me because how embarrassing would it be for Carolina to get her...

[She looks at her niece again.]

LR: ...tail kicked by a one-legged woman? And you're lucky we're on ABC and national television tonight or I would say the words I really mean!

MS: Not in front of Adrianna surely!

LR: She comes from a wrestling family, Stegglet. Same as you. She's heard much worse. But speaking of coming from wrestling families that brings me to my opponent tonight, Carolina Colton, the so-called "Starkiller."

[Lauryn pauses. She looks at her niece lovingly before setting her down.]

LR: Run along, Adri! What comes next might be too much for impressionable little ears.

[She gives her niece a smack on the behind as the little girl runs off camera. Lauryn looks after her fondly before she returns her attention to Stegglet. Her bright golden eyes go dark and dead. Lauryn Rage can go from happy to Fredro Starr pissed off in a nanosecond.]

LR: Carolina Colton, I gotta question for you. What the hell is wrong with you? You're a god dang Colton, the pride of western Canada. You're a technical monster with a million dollar body. Why the hell are you happy being some third fiddle lackey piece of trash to the likes of an even bigger piece of trash like Laura Davis?

[Stegglet pulls a face at that harsh statement.]

LR: (mockingly) Listen, bahd. Ol' Jebediah must be embarrassed as Hell by his seeds' performances in the AWA. Blake? The Death Star was nothing but Jackson Hunter's lackey just like the Starkiller is to Laura Davis. My brother, Shadoe, blew up the Death Star and now it's my turn to blow up the Starkiller, I see.

[Lauryn shakes her head in disgust.]

LR: I'm the last child of a family of nine myself. I know what it's like when you're the youngest. You've got to keep up with the pack or get left behind. You don't get much attention. But you know what I did? I kept up. I made sure to stand out on my own. You should be doing the same, Colton. You should stand up and stand out on your own.

I know you're under orders to hurt me so Trish Wallace might have a chance at winning Royal Crown. I know you see my knee as a big target whether I've been medically cleared or not. I know you're coming at me full bore for your boss. I know exactly what your mindset is coming through those ropes. This match is going to be hell. And let me tell you something honest to God, last time we met you put me through Hell. I was broken and battered and then you left me for dead so your boss could come in and pick the bones. But look at me, I ain't dead. I crossed Laura Davis off my list and now I'm going to cross you off the list, too.

[Lauryn gives Stegglet another withering side eye as she notes that he is trying to speak.]

LR: Stegglet, since you're itching so bad to get a word in edgewise, I got a question for you, too.

MS: Okay.

LR: Do you know what kind of match this should have been?

MS: No, but I bet you're going to tell me.

LR: You're damn right I'm going to tell you. This should have been a wrestling match for the ages. An All-Canadian All-Star match between the star of the Western Canadian Coltons and the star of the Eastern Canadian Rages. This should have been a good-natured competition for the pride of Canada ... for bragging rights about who was the best north of the 49th parallel. But no, because Carolina Colton couldn't stand out in a crowd if she had on stilts, this is going to be one ugly knock down drag out mess of a brawl. National Wrestling Night be prepared for a butt whooping. Because as good as Carolina Colton could be if she just learned to stand on her own two feet she managed to do is make me walk to that ring pissed off. And I am one ornery daughter of a...

[Stegglet nervously interjects.]

MS: Network TV!

[Rage shrugs.]

LR: Well, the FCC can kiss my big fine behind! Frankly, I don't give a damn. I ain't here to play patty-cake. I got that Rage blood running through my veins. I'm here to fight!

[Lauryn's eyes blaze with crazed intensity.]

LR: Tonight, I'm gonna curb stomp the Starkiller for trying to end my career. I took down the head of the snake in Laura Davis. Now it's time to carve up the tail end, Carolina Colton. And then it's off to London and the Royal Crown where I get to go through the last remaining piece, Trish Wallace.

[Stegglet raises a finger.]

MS: I don't mean to cut you off, but don't forget Michelle Bailey and the last opponent to be determined!

LR: I know who's in the damn match, Stegglet. I know these are some big strong muscular women. But I-

[Stegglet cuts her off.]

MS: But you might have been lucky to make it to the Royal Crown tournament at all. You won the Iron Gauntlet to do it by the skin of your teeth. Do you think you'll be so lucky again in the Royal Crown Finals?

[Lauryn's gaze is steely as she looks into the camera, her shaved head reflecting the light, a silent promise of violence in her eyes.]

LR: Luck will have nothing to do with it, Stegglet. Winning the Royal Crown is my ticket to regaining the AWA Women's World championship.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go find my niece, bite her belly again for the Hell of it and then go kick Carolina Colton's ass!

MS: Language!

[Lauryn blinks slowly at Stegglet.]

LR: Ignoring the fact that you just said: "Language" let me tell you this, I don't care if ABC censors me. They can't stop me. Carolina Colton can't stop me. Laura Davis can't stop me. The whole damn Slam Sorority cannot stop me. Tonight the "Starkiller" woke up a sleeping giant. Lauryn's coming and I'm bringing a whole lotta pain with me.

Why?

Because it's like that. And that's the way it is.

[With that, Lauryn Rage storms off set with fiery determination.]

MS: Lauryn Rage is certainly on a mission tonight. If she can deliver on half of what she promised tonight, I feel sorry for Carolina Colton. I'll be watching closely.

[Lauryn's voice comes in from off set.]

LR: And for God's sake watch your language!

[Stegglet hangs his head.]

MS: That isn't going away any time soon.

[And we fade from backstage back to the arena where the music is fading and Rebecca Ortiz is front and center.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent...

#I got, I got, I got, I got
Loyalty, got royalty
Inside my DNA#

RO: ...from Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing in at 160 pounds... she was the very first AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMMMMMMPIOONNNNNN...

...LAURRRRRRYNNNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

The spotlight hits the entrance way as Lauryn Rage steps out on the stage. She wears a hooded black leather studded biker's vest. She pauses for a moment, head down, arms crossed over her groin before she throws the hood back and throws her arms out to the crowd and does her turntable twirl.]

SA: Colt, Lauryn Rage is a competitor who is... mercurial in her mindset to say the least. Much like her brother, Shadoc, Lauryn goes from playing with her niece all smiles and giggles one moment and then in the next, she's threatening to... curb stomp Carolina Colton.

CP: Ordinarily, I'd say to take the threat seriously, Albano... but tonight, I gotta think Lauryn Rage is putting on a show.

SA: A show?

CP: Look, she might talk a big game about how she was going to compete whether she was cleared or not... but that's not how this game works. If the doctor says you can't compete, you can't compete. We're told she didn't get cleared until tonight...

so know she barely made it for this match... and that tells me that knee is not one hundred percent... and that she's going to need to wrestle smart tonight, not tough.

[As Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" pumps through the arena, Lauryn strides towards the ring, face intense. She steps up onto the ring, wiping her feet on the apron before she ducks through the middle and top rope. She climbs the turnbuckles, throwing both fists in the air and jawing with the crowd...

...and revealing a heavy brace wrapped around her surgically repaired knee as she sheds her vest to reveal her bald head and ring gear underneath. The youngest Rage looks as rough and tough, spoiling for a fight as she gingerly gets down off the buckles, very clearly trying to protect the knee as she settles into the corner.]

SA: We're just about set for this one... Lauryn Rage and Carolina Colton ready to do battle in the hottest division in pro wrestling and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Carolina Colton smirks at the sound of the bell, watching the former Women's World Champion twist her body to try to keep her injured knee back from Colton's predatory gaze.]

SA: Ring-a-ding-ding, and off we go in this Women's Division battle... and Colt, we all know that Lauryn Rage just BARELY got medically cleared in time to compete tonight. What does that mean for this match?

CP: This match is about the Royal Crown. Pure and simple. For Lauryn Rage, we heard her say it, Sal - she believes the Royal Crown is her best chance at getting back to the Women's World Title. For Carolina Colton, Rage kept her out of the Royal Crown tournament AND eliminated her mentor, Laura Davis, from it... and now if Rage can physically survive until The Battle of London, she's gotta face Colton's partner, Trish Wallace, in the Finals. So, this match becomes a real clear battle - Colton wants to hurt the leg, Rage wants to protect it at all costs.

SA: You don't think Colton wants the win?

CP: Of course she does... but nothing says she can't do both. If you think Laura Davis hasn't got one heck of a strategy in mind heading into this one, you're underestimating the All-Around Athlete... and that's dangerous.

[Rage slowly moves from the corner, again trying to keep the rest of her body between Colton and the bad leg. Colton edges forward, ducking low in a crouch as she moves towards her fellow Canadian...]

SA: Rage has had her hands full with the Slam Sorority for months now and-

[...and suddenly drops down, making a lunge at Rage, trying to grab a single leg but Rage drops down to the other knee, battering Colton with clubbing forearms across the back to cheers from the Kansas City crowd!]

SA: Rage stuffs the takedown and the pummeling begins, working her over with those big forearms... hooking blows to the ribs now...

[Colton gives a surprised shout, extracting herself from Rage and sliding feetfirst under the ropes to the outside.]

SA: ...and just like that, Carolina Colton hits the bricks early on. She was looking for that takedown but no dice.

[Colton paces angrily at ringside, grabbing at her lower back for a moment as she watches Rage step away from the ropes, shaking out her injured leg...]

CP: And you notice a change in Lauryn Rage already, Sal. Ever since SuperClash last year, Rage has come on hot and heavy in every match she's been in... pure aggressive offense. But she knows that leg is her weak point right now and if she charges into this, it could win her this match but cost her the Royal Crown.

SA: So many eyes on the Royal Crown right now - Lauryn Rage, Trish Wallace, and Michelle Bailey already in the Finals. Next weekend on Showtime on ESPN, we'll see Olympic gold medalist Ayako Fujiwara battle with Ricki Toughill for the final spot in that big four way Final coming up at the Battle of London later this month. We'll be talking about the men's side of that tournament later tonight as well.

[Seeing Rage staying away from the ropes, Colton grudgingly gets up on the apron, grimacing as she ducks back into the ring.]

SA: Back inside now...

[The grimace twists to a smirk as Colton slowly raises her arm over her head.]

SA: ...and it looks like Carolina Colton is trying to lure Rage into playing a game that Colton's got a clear advantage in...

[Rage waves a dismissive hand at Colton as she steps to mid-ring, wiggling her fingers and demanding Rage engage...]

SA: ...and I think Lauryn Rage wants no part of this test of strength, Colt.

CP: Well, that's a smart move on her part. She didn't get to be the first woman to wear championship gold in this company by being a big dummy.

SA: Absolutely not.

[...but Rage's temper seems to be getting the better of her as she shouts "FINE! LET'S DO THIS!" to Colton, edging closer to the grinning Canadian...]

SA: Well, it looks like Rage is going to oblige here and...

[...but with Colton's right arm up in the air, waiting to lock up, Rage snaps a right hook into the jaw of Colton, whipping her head around...]

SA: ...OH!

[...and then dragging the youngster down in a schoolgirl rollup, looking for the quick win!]

SA: ONNNNE! TWOOOO! TH-

[But Colton's powerful legs break her free of Rage's cradle, sending the former champion spilling out onto the mat as Colton quickly gets up, making a lunge at Rage whose recovery is slowed by the bad knee...

...and SMASHES a double axehandle down across the back of Rage's head!]

SA: Rage with a smart move there but Colton ultimately made her pay for it!

[Colton hammers home a few more axehandles, keeping Rage down on the mat as Colton climbs to her feet, sneering at the jeering Kansas City crowd.]

SA: Back on her feet and now Carolina Colton's going to be looking to inflict some damage...

[Colton promptly grabs the ankle, lifting Rage's injured leg off the mat and drops a heavy elbow down into the knee joint!]

"OHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and she goes RIGHT after that knee, Sal! We knew it was just a matter of time...

CP: It turned out to be almost no time at all!

SA: ...pulling on the ankle, twisting the knee...

[Rage batters Colton's chest with clubbing shots, trying to break free again as Colton bends the leg against the grain...]

SA: ...and somewhere in the locker room, both Trish Wallace and Laura Davis have to be looking on with a smile on their faces.

CP: Absolutely... and I bet Michelle Bailey's not exactly frowning either.

SA: I don't know about that.

[Colton climbs up off the mat, stomping the knee a few times as Rage cries out on each blow...]

SA: Colton continuing the attack on the leg...

[...and then twists it around into a spinning toehold, perhaps looking for a figure four leglock but we'll never know as Rage manages to kick Colton off with a foot on the butt, sending her through the ropes back to the outside again!]

SA: ...and Rage sends her to the floor again!

[Colton again gets up angrily, slapping her hands down on the apron as Rage manages to get up off the mat with a grimace, shaking out her leg again...

...and then hobbles forward, ducking through the ropes to grab Colton by the hair to a huge cheer!]

SA: HERE WE GO! THE FIGHT IS ON!

[Colton tries to yank her hair of out Rage's grasp to no avail...

...so instead, she swings her arm violently into the injured knee, sweeping it out from under Rage!]

SA: OHHH! YOU CAN CALL HER JOHNNY LAWRENCE 'CAUSE SHE JUST SWEEPED THE LEG!

[Colton grabs the injured leg, using it to yank Rage under the ropes to the outside.]

SA: Now both women are on the floor!

[Colton grabs the hair of Rage, smashing her forearm into the jaw once... twice... three times...

...to which Rage responds with peppering short right hands to the jaw!]

SA: Like I said, THE FIGHT IS ON!

[Grabbing Colton by the back of the head, Rage SMASHES her face into the ring apron, practically bouncing on one leg as Colton staggers down the apron to get away from her...]

SA: They're right out here by us... look out, Colt!

[...and a hobbling Rage throws herself at Colton, lifting her over a shoulder and dumping her down onto the announce desk as Colt and Sal scatter away! Rage climbs on top of the table, taking a makeshift mount as she hammers home right hands into the head of Colton who is trying to cover up and defend!]

SA: I... are we still on?

CP: Someone tell the Mouse I want hazard pay for this.

[Rage slips off the table, grabbing Colton by the hair and dragging her off again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!"

[...and SLAMS her face down onto the ringside announce table!]

SA: Ohh! Colton's face just bounced off your copy of the show format, Colt!

CP: Hopefully she didn't get a peek at Hour 2 when "Playboy" Ronnie D makes his surprise return!

SA: Hopefully nobody's got that page ever!

[Rage grabs a hold of Colton in a loose side headlock, stumbling away from the table, circling around the ringpost...

...which is when Colton wraps her arms around Rage's torso, driving her back into the edge of the apron!]

"OHLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!"

SA: The spine driven into the edge of the apron!

[Colton gives a shove, pushing Rage back into the ring as she rolls herself back in as well.]

SA: Both women back in and...

[The crowd jeers as Colton's fire stays in effect, hammering down clubbing forearms across the chest of Rage before she can stir off the canvas...]

SA: ...Colton staying on the attack, pounding away on the former champion.

[Colton gets to her feet, dragging Rage off the mat where she lifts her under the arms, tossing the former Women's World Champion back into the corner...

...and charges in after her, twisting for a back elbow that Rage avoids, using the ropes to pull herself clear!]

SA: COLTON HITS THE CORNER!

[Rage backs off, giving her knee a few slaps before she charges in...]

SA: CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS!

[...and then bounces back, hopping on one foot out of the corner...

...which is when Colton storms out, devastating Rage with a clothesline of her own!]

“OHHHHHHHHH!”

[Colton dives across Rage’s prone form, hooking the injured leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO!

[...but Rage kicks out before three, breaking free in time.]

SA: Two count only...

[Rage quickly drags herself across the mat, trying to get to the ropes but Colton grabs the leg again...]

SA: ...and Colton’s looking for a half Crab, trying to-

[...but the fans cheer as Rage grabs the ropes, hugging tightly to them as Colton tries to yank her free into the submission hold...]

SA: Rage hanging onto the ropes, blocking that half Crab attempt...

[...and an angry Colton pulls the leg down to push her own knee into Rage’s knee joint, leaping up...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and Rage screams in pain at all of Colton’s weight coming down on the injured knee!]

SA: My oh my! Colton looking to do major damage and she may have just done it!

[The referee holds Colton back, kneeling to check to see if Rage can continue...]

SA: Rage is in tremendous pain right now and I think the referee needs to look at stopping this thing, Colt.

CP: I don’t disagree, Albano. Rage has got more than this match to think about. She’s got the Royal Crown and-

SA: Right now, I’m more worried about her career getting ended!

[Colton is waiting to pounce as Rage refuses to give in, shaking her head at the official who wants to stop the match...

...and as the official reluctantly steps back to allow the match to continue, Colton rushes in, stomping the knee viciously as the fans jeer even louder!]

SA: Carolina Colton trying to take Lauryn Rage out of the Royal Crown... or worse!

[Dragging Rage to her feet, Colton pulls her out to the middle of the ring, hoisting her up onto her shoulders...]

SA: Out in the middle of the ring, Colton looking to-

[...but Da Kid has other ideas, blatantly digging her fingernails into Colton's eyes, raking across...]

SA: -OH! Rage fighting fire with...

[...slipping out to land on a knee behind Colton, swinging a right hand into the midsection as Colton turns around, doubling her over as Rage rises, hooking Colton so that her chin is tucked into Rage's shoulder...]

SA: ...FIRE!

[...and DROPS to her rear end with a jaw-jacking blow!]

SA: SNAKEBIIIIIIITE!

[Rage grabs at her knee in pain upon hitting the mat, Colton bouncing away motionless on the canvas as the former champion rolls over, crawling towards the downed Colton...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as a diving Laura Davis pounces onto the back of Rage, smashing a double axehandle into the back of her head as Trish Wallace slides into the ring behind her...]

SA: Oh, come on!

[...and the referee signals for the bell was Wallace and Davis get to their feet, stomping and kicking Rage into the canvas!]

SA: Lauryn Rage is going to win this one by disqualification but-

CP: But she's in for the fight of her life now!

[Carolina Colton crawls away from the action for the moment as Davis and Wallace take turns stomping the downed Rage to jeers from the crowd!]

SA: The Slam Sorority is on the scene!

CP: And Lauryn Rage is all alone out here, Sal. She's ALWAYS all alone because she's such a pain in the neck to be around... the total loner... we've seen what she's done to people who've tried to help her in the past.

[Wallace drags Rage onto her knees, holding her arms back as Davis kicks the chest of Rage repeatedly...]

SA: Lauryn Rage said she'd crossed Laura Davis' name off her list... and I have to believe that even if Rage is done with Davis, the All-Around Athlete is NOT done with Da Kid!

[...and then starts smashing short forearms into the jaw, leaving Rage's head hanging limply as the crowd gets louder!]

SA: Colton getting to her feet now too... and now Rage is REALLY in trouble!

[Colton points to the leg, shouting "LET'S BREAK IT!" as Davis waves her off...]

"No. I've got something else in mind."

[...and she orders Wallace to let go as Davis grabs a front facelock, dragging the limp Rage off the mat...]

SA: Davis has got her hooked, pulling her to the middle of the ring and I'm not sure what she's got in mind here but...

[Trish Wallace knows exactly what she's got in mind and is gleefully rubbing her hands together, nodding as Davis slings Rage's arm over the back of her neck...

...and slowly, fans in the crowd start to buzz with concern...]

SA: ...oh no.

CP: Oh yeah! Davis is REALLY going to finish this! She's gonna cross Lauryn Rage off HER list!

SA: We've seen this before out of Davis! That suplex into a piledriver she calls the Screwdriver!

[Davis nods to the jeering and anxious fans, ready to deliver what could be a career-ending strike to the former World Champion...]

SA: This is too far! Laura Davis is going too far, Colt!

[...when suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of someone... quite unexpected... sprinting through the entrance curtain, barreling down the aisle at a barely-controlled high speed...]

SA: MAYBE RAGE ISN'T ALONE AFTER ALL!

[...and dives headfirst, coming to her feet and LUNGING at a shocked Carolina Colton with a devastating clothesline that lifts the Canadian off her feet, dumping her down on the mat where she promptly rolls to the floor!]

SA: LAAAAAARIAAAAATOOOOOO!

[The powerhouse rookie Kimmy Bailey spins in a circle, blocking a Trish Wallace haymaker before ducking down, scooping the big competitor up into muscular arms...

...and SLAMS her down on the canvas to a thunderous roar as Wallace joins Colton on the outside...]

SA: KIMMY BAILEY IS CLEANING HOUSE! SHE'S SENDING THE SLAM SORORITY PACKING!

[...and then whips around, pointing a threatening finger at a wide-eyed Laura Davis who shoves Rage aside urgently, making a lunge for the ropes before Bailey can get hold of her!]

SA: AND LAURA DAVIS IS RUNNING FOR IT!

[Bailey makes a lunge of her own, trying to grab Davis but the wily veteran dives to the ropes in time, falling to the floor as Bailey angrily slams her arms down on the top rope, pointing a threatening finger at all three Slam Sorority members as they regroup on the floor...]

...and with the crowd roaring, a "KIM-MY!" chant breaking out, Bailey plants her fists on her hips, looking down at a battered Lauryn Rage who is on the mat, cradling her knee in her arms as she looks up in disbelief at Bailey.]

SA: We said we'd seen that Screwdriver before, Colt, and now we're looking at the woman who had FELT that Screwdriver before! Kimmy Bailey shockingly coming to the rescue of Lauryn Rage... and the Slam Sorority can't believe it!

[Bailey crouches down, waving them back into the ring as the fans cheer her on...]

SA: Lauryn Rage is hurt but Kimmy Bailey kept it from being a whole lot worse, fans! We've got to take another break but when we come back, it'll be more AWA action on ABC here on National Wrestling Night!

[...and with the Slam Sorority retreating down the aisle, we fade to black.

We fade up on a dark but starlit Los Angeles sky, our focus on the stars themselves before slowly panning down to reveal we're in the middle of a completely empty Dodger Stadium... almost. The camera shot shows row upon row of empty seats with the stadium lights glowing down on them...

...and then slowly zooms in on the top deck, the cheapest seats in the ballpark to where someone is seated.

We cut to that "someone" to reveal the man once known as El Cholo... Los Angeles' native son, Juan Vasquez, sitting in a seat with a wistful smile on his face.]

"This... this is where it all began."

[Vasquez looks out on the field as the camera follows his gaze.]

"Right here. So many nights as a kid. Watching Gods walk among men."

[We can hear an echo of the immortal voice of Vin Scully on the call - "High fly ball into right field... sheeeee isssss GONE!" Vasquez smiles, nodding his head.]

"This is where it started for me. The rush. The roar of the crowd."

[He points down towards the field.]

"I knew I would never be like them. I wouldn't be Hershiser or Fernando..."

[The voice again - "if you have a sombrero, throw it to the sky!"]

"...Gibson or Guerrero... that wasn't my destiny. But this is where I heard the cheers of the fans for those men and knew my destiny was to one day hear them for me."

[Vasquez nods, closing his eyes, leaning back in his seat...]

"Can't think of any place I'd rather be when it ends."

[...and as we hold on Vasquez' face, serene... at peace... happy...

...the shot fades back up to the night sky where the Memorial Day Mayhem graphic appears with all the show info and the words "44 DAYS REMAIN."

And we fade back to live action where Sweet Lou Blackwell is looking slightly uneasy, his eyes darting a bit at a figure pacing back and forth in front of him, actually blocking the camera a few times.]

SLB: We are back here LIVE in Kansas City... LIVE on ABC... and LIVE for National Wrestling Night, fans, and after what just went down...

[Blackwell sighs hard.]

SLB: Kimmy Bailey, could you PLEASE?!

[Bailey comes to an abrupt halt alongside Blackwell, patting his shoulder.]

KB: Sorry, Lou. I'm a little worked up right now!

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: I can tell... and I can hardly blame you but Kimmy, I gotta know - you've gotta be one of the LAST people Lauryn Rage could have been expecting to help her out there... I know you're one of the last I'd expect!

[Bailey nods, punching her palm... and then just as quickly shakes her head, letting out a deep exhale.]

KB: I told Laura Davis... heck, I told the whole dang Slam Sorority I was goin' to be keepin' an eye on them. I didn't expect them to have the gumption to try and test my vision the same night! Laura Davis, you think I didn't know what you were tryin' out there with that Screwdriver?

[Blackwell nods emphatically.]

SLB: That's right, back at Homecoming, you were the first victim of that deadly move!

[Bailey nods.]

KB: And I intend to be the last, Lou. There ain't nobody that's goin' to feel that move again as long as I'm arou-

[There is an off-camera commotion and a voice can be heard shouting: "Get off! Watch out! Hey! L'il Kim! Hey, L'il Kim!", and suddenly Lauryn Rage bursts into frame. The former Women's Champion is fully enraged as she drags herself forward, getting right up in Kimmy Bailey's face.]

LR: Yo, L'il Kim, I'm talking to you! What the hell do you think you're doing out there, huh? Stay outta grown folks' business.

The Slam Sorority is MY problem, not yours.

[Bailey shakes her head.]

KB: Yeah, well, that was until Laura Davis got into my business last week, and decided she wanted to dump people on their heads like she did me last year. Now I'm duty-bound to knock the whole lot of 'em colder than a banker's heart.

[Lauryn holds up her hands, blinking at Kimmy's audacity.]

LR: You better watch out now. Nobody asked you to stick your nose in this. I repeat 'This is GROWN folks' business.'

You ain't grown.

This is between me and that piece of trash the All-Around Jackass Laura Davis. You keep your tail out of it before you get yourself hurt, ya dig?

[Rage steps back, her eyes going wide and before Kimmy has a chance to respond, Ayako Fujiwara comes onto the scene, pulling her protégé away by the arm from Lauryn.]

Ayako: Kimmy, what were you thinking?

[Ayako turns and gives Lauryn a cold glare.]

Ayako: You can't trust Lauryn Rage.

[She turns her attention back to Kimmy, who struggles to look at her mentor.]

Ayako: You know what she's done to me, how she cheated me out of the AWA Women's World Title, and how she brought in that beast Kurayami, who nearly destroyed everything - including Lauryn herself!

[Ayako turns her attention back to Lauryn, the distance now closed between them as Ayako sizes up her most hated rival.]

Ayako: I haven't forgotten a single thing you've done, and unlike Kimmy, I certainly don't have any pity for you.

[Rage waves a dismissive hand.]

LR: Right back at you, Fujiwara. I keep my receipts. And I got a stack for you, you fugazi...

But this isn't about the past. This is about how L'il Kim here needs to learn that she can't fix everything, especially not by getting involved in my business. Your little protégé will get herself hurt out here.

[Ayako chuckles quietly to herself.]

Ayako: Your business? Your business has always been dirty.

[Rage sneers.]

LR: Pot calling the kettle black.

[Ayako shakes her head.]

Ayako: Kimmy has more heart and courage than you ever will. She's standing up for what's right, something a self-serving egomaniac like you wouldn't understand. The only reason I'm showing restraint right now is out of respect for her.

[Rage waves a "yapping" hand at Fujiwara.]

LR: Look here, you can pretend you don't got a self-serving ego the size of Mount Everest yourself, but I'm about the kid.

[She stabs her finger at Kimmy's muscular chest, who glares back at her in response.]

LR: L'il Kim over here might be stupid tough and crazy brave but unlike you I ain't about to allow her to get her head kicked in by the Slam Sorority. Hell naw! But if there is a head that needs to be kicked in... it's yours.

And my size 10 foot is throbbing for the opportunity!

[Rage jerks a thumb at herself.]

LR: So if you want some of this smoke... COME GET SOME!

[But before Rage and Fujiwara can throw down, a trash can comes flying across the screen, smashing into the wall behind them as Blackwell ducks and scampers to avoid it. With a roar of anger, Kimmy Bailey steps back into view, throwing herself between her partner and the woman her partner was looking to put through a wall...]

KB: ENOUGH!

[Kimmy jabs a finger at Lauryn, who smacks it away.]

KB: I ain't askin' for a thank you, but when you get to playin' with your niece at your hotel tonight, you better think about how you're not at a hospital, and maybe you better think about who stopped that from happenin' before you come at me again, tellin' me about what you think my business is.

[Kimmy then grabs her mentor by the shoulder, spinning her so they're face to face. Ayako's eyes widen with surprise at Kimmy's boldness.]

KB: And you! You were with my mama when Laura Davis dropped me with the Screwdriver, you were the one who comforted her as she cried all night waitin' to hear if I was okay. And you're fine with it happenin' to her...

[Kimmy again pokes her finger at Lauryn, who this time doesn't react.]

KB: ...because you don't like her?

[Fujiwara shakes her head.]

Ayako: Kimmy, it's not like-

[Ayako places her hand on Kimmy's shoulder, but she pulls away from Ayako.]

KB: You don't stop doin' the right thing just because you don't like the people that need the right thing done for them. Now if you want to tie me in knots over it, then I'll see you tomorrow at the gym and you can turn me into a pretzel, but I ain't EVER sayin' sorry for doin' the right thing.

[Kimmy, with tears in her eyes, turns around and storms out of frame, leaving a stunned Ayako and Lauryn behind. Blackwell, holding the microphone, clears his throat.]

SLB: Is there anything either of you would like to say?

[There is a bit of quiet in the air, as Ayako glares at Lauryn, then storms off after her Lariatos partner. Lauryn, head bowed, does the same. Blackwell, stunned, shakes his head.]

SLB: I suppose that's all we're going to get from back here. Folks, I think we should get back to wrestling action.

"THE SAD FACT OF LIFE IS YOU DON'T."

[Blackwell looks off screen and puts his hand to his forehead.]

SLB: What do you want? You're not even supposed to BE here today.

[Kerry Kendrick butts in front of Lou, hijacking the microphone. He's in his wrestling gear and a t-shirt – even though he's not on the card.]

KK: I've won the Rumble... I've won the TV title... I had the World Champion dead to rights... I am everything the AWA aspires its top star to be... I've leapt over every hurdle the AWA ownership group has thrown in front of me, and they still use every excuse in the book to not give me my time! No match, no qualifier for the Royal Crown...

They said they didn't even have time for a Think Tank!

[Kendrick sneers with disgust.]

KK: So you know what? I'm gonna keep track of where everyone who has been on National Wrestling Night ends up in the next year. 'Cause I'll be here! I'm always here! I'm the longest tenured member of the AWA ros...

[Kendrick looks off to the side and glares. Sweet Lou looks, quite frankly, relieved.]

KK: What is this?!

[Kendrick pushes the camera over to where he was looking, and after a moment to refocus and zoom, we see what he saw; Miss Sandra Hayes, off in the distance, having a conversation with Smasher Salazar! The shot shoves forward, as it's clear the camera operator is being led towards Sandra and Salazar by Kendrick.]

KK: I've had about enough of this. We're going to break up this little tete-a-tete.

[After a few moments of shakycam as the operator is shoved down the hallway, Salazar sees Kendrick approaching, and a wide grin comes across his tobacco-stained teeth as he grips his taped-up Dr Pepper bottle by the long neck. He starts to shout at Kendrick from several feet away.]

SS: If'n it ain't a Self-Made Man!

[Kendrick shouts back.]

KK: If it isn't someone I said should get lost!

[Salazar tilts his head, appraising the incoming hot-under-the-collar Kendrick.]

SS: Yeah? You gave me your best shot a couple of weeks ago and it didn't get you too far, did it? Want to take a shot now that I can see you comin'?

[Kendrick appears in front of the camera, fist cocked back and ready to throw, when surprisingly, Miss Sandra Hayes steps in between the two!]

MSH: Gumdrop, no! We were discussing business!

[Sandra stepping in between the two completely takes Kendrick by surprise, and he drops his fist by his side. Salazar remains with his hand gripped around the glass bottle, ready to swing it if needed.]

KK: But Bubblegum, I thought we agreed, no more bounty hunters...

[Hayes sighs, shaking her head as she delicately placing a hand on Kendrick's chest.]

MSH: No, it was more like... you told me and I just went along with it at the time. I think there's more than just collecting bounties that our friend Smasher can do for us...

KK: "Friend"?

[Kendrick looks past Sandra at the filthy native of Cut and Shoot, Texas. Salazar's posture relaxes, as he spits into the bottle and winks.]

SS: Best dadgum friend money can buy, pally.

[Sandra places her hands on Kendrick's chest.]

MSH: He's here to see Joe Flint wrestle, and I think we can come to an arrangement after the unfortunate way things escalated two weeks ago. Let me handle it.

KK: But...

[Hayes raises an eyebrow, speaking firmly this time.]

MSH: Let. Me. Handle It.

[Salazar nods his head behind Sandra as Kendrick looks bewildered. Sandra gives him a knowing wink, and Kendrick sighs.]

KK: Fine. No more... "miscommunication," got it?

[Salazar reaches into his back pocket, pulling out more tobacco to load up his lip. Sandra looks back, seeing the process in which Salazar takes in his chaw, and looks at Kendrick with a look of disgust.]

MSH: I can handle it.

[Salazar clinks the Dr Pepper bottle against the wall.]

SS: How's about you start talkin' about how I can handle some money instead of pep talkin' each other about doin' business the right way?

[Sandra gives Kendrick a dainty shove.]

MSH: Go. I got this.

SS: And take that camera with you, pretty boy. I don't like my negotiations bein' recorded.

[Kendrick turns to leave, pushing the camera operator along with him. The two walk a few feet away, when Kendrick speaks to no one in particular.]

KK: "Three months salary." You can do this, Kendrick.

[And as we abruptly fade from the backstage area out to the ring where we see Rebecca Ortiz standing...]

RO: AWA fans around the world, please welcome...

[Ortiz pauses.]

RO: ...one of the owners of the American Wrestling Alliance and the newly-named Head of AWA Talent Scouting, Acquisition, and Development...

...TOOOOOOOOOOOO ODD MIIIIICHAELLLLLSONNNNNNNN!

[The Kansas City crowd ROARS as the former World Champion steps into frame in a stylish olive green suit with a white dress shirt underneath. The top couple of buttons are undone, revealing a gold chain hanging around Michaelson's neck as he grins and gives a wave to the cheering crowd.]

SA: Former World Champion too.

CP: Don't remind me, Albano.

[As Michaelson grabs the mic and Rebecca Ortiz exits the ring, we see a large gold and wood trophy standing on a cloth-covered table alongside Michaelson.]

TM: Thanks, Rebecca... and thank you, Kansas City!

[Another big cheer goes up for one of the original AWA owners.]

TM: First time hearing the new title announced in front of a sold out crowd and all I can say is... damn, we really need an acronym for that.

[Michaelson grins as some in the crowd laughs.]

TM: Head of Talent Scouting, Acquisition, and Development is... according to Steggs anyways... the natural evolution of being the Head Trainer of the Combat Corner. So, now instead of spending most of my time sitting in a gym in Dallas, I spend a lot of time traveling... scouting talent in smaller promotions around the US... around the world actually. And then I spend a lot of time talking numbers, trying to bring the best in the world to the AWA.

[The crowd cheers that.]

TM: And of course, Talent Development means I still spend some time in a gym in Dallas.

[Michaelson shrugs.]

TM: But Marcus gets to do most of the fun stuff there now. Between the two of us, I promise all of you that the future of the Combat Corner and CCW is well in hand...

[Michaelson nods, but holds up a hand.]

TM: ...but over the last few months as ownership looked at where we are with talent... where we were with talent... and where we want to be with talent, we saw some holes in the system. Everyone knows that we lost our promotional partnerships in Mexico and Japan last fall... and that hurts. It's had a major impact on our international recruiting. And while we're doing well in the States, we can always do better.

For example, while I've got full faith in the training skills of people like the San Jose Shark...

[The crowd cheers loudly!]

TM: ...Lady Lightning... and all the others training down in Dallas... I'm not arrogant enough - not quite at least - to think that every single pro wrestler in this business HAS to come through Dallas. After all, if the last few months in this gig have taught me anything, it's that there's a LOT of great talent out there in the world and

only a certain number of spots available in Dallas to train them in our particular way.

And while that way works for us, there's a whole lot of tremendous wrestling schools and trainers out there that produce the kind of talent that we'd like to have in our locker room and inside our rings.

[Michaelson pauses, nodding.]

TM: That's why I'm here tonight.

To officially announce the AWA Combat Arts Affiliate Program.

[Michaelson pauses again, grinning.]

TM: For this program, we're going to be reaching out to trainers all around the world that we're particularly fond of... some we've worked with in the past and some we've never had the honor to... yet... and we're going to be putting our stamp of approval on their programs so that their prospective students know they're signing on to train some place that we believe is amongst the best in the world.

[Michaelson nods at some cheers from the crowd.]

TM: And in exchange, those programs will be giving the AWA "first look" privileges when they've got talent they believe is ready to make the jump. Just another step to putting the best wrestlers in the world in front of your eyes...

[He points to the crowd.]

TM: ...inside this ring.

[More cheers go up this time as Michaelson smiles.]

TM: And tonight, I'm out here to announce the first member of that program...

[There's a dramatic pause as Michaelson gestures towards the entrance...

...and as "Ten Ton Hammer" by Machine Head blares over the PA, the crowd gives a mixed reaction as Tiger Claw appears at the head of the aisle. He's dressed in what has become his trademark black suit and red tie. He has an uncharacteristic smile on his face apparently fueled by the pride of this accomplishment.]

SA: Colt, while there's no doubting the talents of Tiger Claw... both in the ring and as a trainer... there is some obvious discomfort from the fans about this decision.

CP: I don't know why. You said it yourself - there's no doubting his talent! These people are taking unfounded accusations and gossip and turning it into something that they can slap on Claw!

SA: Come on, Colt. Tiger Claw betrayed his best friend at SuperClash last year... he kicked his prize student out of his Dojo... all the people who've known him forever say this is a dark side of Tiger Claw that no one should be involved with and AWA management just got WAY involved with it!

[Unfazed by the negative reaction by some in the crowd, the Hall of Famer strides down the aisle towards the ring, scooping up a microphone from the timekeeper's table before climbing the steps to enter the ring. Also ignoring the crowd's mixed response is Todd Michaelson who is proudly applauding Claw as he arrives, shaking Michaelson's hand and raising the mic.]

TC: Todd, I want to thank you for that intro, and for this honor.

Fans, I stand before you tonight with immense gratitude and honor as I accept this incredible opportunity to serve as an affiliate trainer for the AWA. This moment is not just a milestone in my career but a testament to the dedication and passion that fuels each and every one of us in this extraordinary industry.

[There's some polite applause for Claw's words from the crowd as Michaelson applauds again as well.]

TC: First and foremost, I must extend my deepest appreciation to the AWA leadership for placing their trust in me. It is truly humbling to be recognized by such a prestigious promotion that has long been synonymous with excellence in professional wrestling. To be given the chance to contribute to the development of future stars on an official basis is a privilege I do not take lightly.

[Claw nods to Michaelson who mouths "thank you" and returns the nod.]

TC: To the aspiring wrestlers who will walk through our doors, know that my commitment to your growth and success knows no bounds, but it won't be easy. Together, we will sweat, we will strive, and we will push the boundaries of what you believe is possible. Each step of the way will be a step closer to realizing your dreams in this electrifying world of professional wrestling.

[Claw pauses and takes a look at the nearby trophy]

TC: I have to say, I look forward to displaying this trophy at Claw Academy with pride. It will serve as a symbol for the cooperation between Claw Academy and the AWA to provide the best entertainment value to you, the fans, through top level athletic talent.

We train hard at Claw Academy, and we fight even harder. The Claw Academy curriculum is not easy, and only the best make it to graduation. In the coming months, you'll see evidence of this as Claw Academy provides you, the AWA fans, with the best fighters in the business.

Now... If you'll excuse me for being verbose, I'd just like to...

[And in mid-sentence, Tiger Claw abruptly cuts off when the crowd reacts in a big fashion to someone striding with purpose into view.]

SA: That's Bobby Taylor! The Outlaw rides again!

[Taylor comes stomping down the ramp, fire in his eyes as he approaches the ring.]

SA: The crowd is going wild for the Outlaw...

CP: What's he doing out here, Albano?! He's got no business out here!

SA: Well, he's one of the owners of the company, Colt... maybe he's got his own thoughts on this new program that's been announced.

[Taylor, dressed in a business suit, rolls under the ropes without a care to ruining his clothes as he comes to his feet. He promptly shrugs out of the coat, throwing a glare at Claw as he tosses it aside.]

SA: Or not. The Outlaw looks hot under the collar, fans, and he's-

[Taylor marches across the ring to get in the face of...

...Todd Michaelson?

Taylor grabs the mic from Michaelson.]

BT: This isn't what we agreed on, Todd!

[Michaelson shakes his head, grabbing the mic back.]

TM: I disagree, Bobby. We might not have discussed the Claw Academy specifically but we sat in that board room together coming up with this plan and said we wanted great trainers... the best trainers... and you may not like this man personally...

[He gestures to Claw who simply shrugs, a faint smirk on his face.]

TM: ...but you only have to look at Brian James to know what Claw's capable of.

[Taylor shakes his head, turning away to glare at Claw...

...and then rips the mic out of Todd's hand again.]

BT: We could take a look at Casey James to know what Claw's capable of too... if anyone could find him!

[Claw shrugs at Taylor's thinly-veiled accusation. The Outlaw is fully turned away from his fellow owner now, eyes locked on the man who was once described as the most dangerous man in professional wrestling.]

BT: And you.

[Taylor glares at Claw who arches an eyebrow, waiting to hear what's next.]

BT: Wes tells me that the reason I don't like you is because you and I have a... complicated history.

[Taylor jerks a thumb over his shoulder at Michaelson.]

BT: Probably didn't look too complicated to Todd at ringside when you and I were trying to tear each other apart 20 years ago, huh?

[Taylor takes a step closer, the crowd buzzing.]

BT: And I'm not so sure it's that complicated now either.

Because when I look at you... "old friend"... I see something different than I saw twenty years ago.

[Taylor steps closer.]

BT: Twenty years ago, you were dangerous... you were cruel... you were vicious. You'd end a man's career on any given night.

But you'd do it to his face. Man to man.

And now?

[And closer.]

BT: Now, I think you're just a manipulative little...

[Todd steps closer, shaking his head.]

BT: Yeah, the Mouse probably wouldn't care for that. See, that's what you do now, Claw... you manipulate people, you lie to people... and you hide who you truly are from people.

It wasn't that long ago you got yourself banned from the AWA for showing your true colors... and somehow we brought you back. Part of that's on me... I thought I could trust you...

Just like Casey and Lau and Brian thought they could trust you.

[Taylor shakes his head.]

BT: Every single one of us was wrong, weren't we? You can't be trusted.

And soon enough, everyone's going to know it.

And then... this trophy...

[The Outlaw gestures at the trophy.]

BT: ...will be as worthless as your word...

[The crowd "ooooohs."]

BT: ...your reputation... AND your legacy.

[And now it's Tiger Claw stepping closer, Todd Michaelson right there trying to keep the two apart...]

SA: A tense scene here in Kansas City between these two long-time rivals turned friends turned rivals again... Todd Michaelson attempting to play peacemaker and get-

[...and with Michaelson making every effort to keep the scene from breaking down, Taylor and Claw are trading angry words off-mic over Michaelson's head...]

CP: Somebody kick the PA 'cause I'm flashing back to '98!

[Taylor angrily shouts something that gets muted by the powers that be as he makes a lunge at Claw, Michaelson trying to hold him back...]

...but the much bigger Outlaw swings his arm violently, tossing Michaelson down to the mat to an "OHHHHHHH!" from the crowd. Taylor immediately regrets his actions, a shocked expression on his face as he looks down on his fellow owner apologetically.]

SA: Taylor tossed him down and-

CP: And look... it's Claw going to help him up! Not Taylor!

[Tiger Claw leans down, offering a hand to the floored Michaelson as Taylor glares at Claw coldly...]

...and then his eyes light up as his eyes drift to the side...]

SA: Oh... oh no! Don't do this, Bobby! Don't do it!

[...and he lifts Claw's gold and wooden trophy up in his hands, holding it aloft to a BIG CHEER from the AWA faithful!]

SA: He's got the trophy annnnnnd...

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Taylor SHATTERS the trophy across the back of Tiger Claw, knocking him down to the mat as the crowd ROARS for the attack!]

SA: HE DID IT! HE SMASHED THE TROPHY OVER HIS BACK!

[Taylor angrily SPIKES the wrecked trophy down on the mat, shouting down at Claw...]

"I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM WES! I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM MY FAMILY, DAMN IT!"

[Still down and sitting on the mat, Todd Michaelson frantically waves a hand, shouting up the aisle...]

SA: Todd Michaelson's calling for security!

[...and security comes a-runnin'... although not as quick as Kevin Slater who is the first one through the curtain, sprinting at top speed down the aisle as quickly as his aging wrestler's knees will carry him!]

SA: Kevin Slater leading the way... he's gotta get control of his friend!

[Slater dives under the ropes, lunging in front of the Outlaw, shielding him from getting after Claw again. He grabs his friend's arms, pushing him back as security hits the ring to form a wall between the Outlaw and the man once deemed the most dangerous man in wrestling...]

...who is looking up from his back on the mat, a smirk on his face as Slater and security manage to get Taylor out of the ring, forcing him up the aisle as the crowd buzzes at what they just saw...

...and we abruptly cut to Mark Stegglet, who is standing backstage in the interview area, ready to speak with his next guests. Some in the crowd roar as Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Casey Cash, and Kelly Kowalski, collectively known as E-Girl MAX, step into frame.

Harley is dressed in her #8, royal blue and gold, St. Pius X High School basketball jersey with "WARRIORS" on the front and "GRAHAM" on the back, over matching wrestling trunks, striped knee-high stockings and purple wrestling shoes. Cinder, who has always favored the red side of the spectrum, is dressed in a similar style, but palette swapped to scarlet, rather than blue – not unlike a rather large sporting franchise in the same city – the "Steal the Spotlight" Trapper Keeper clutched tightly to her chest. Casey is wearing a blue, white and gold cheerleader's uniform and a blue letterman's jacket with white sleeves and "Harley" stitched on the right side of the chest. Her hair is tied up in a high ponytail, adorned with blue and white ribbons and she holds a pair of pom-poms. Kelly Kowalski, wearing a worn leather jacket, stands with arms crossed, her eyes narrowed and a flask of something tucked in her jacket pocket.

A decent chunk of the hometown Kansas City crowd cheers loudly at the appearance of Harley and her friends, much to the surprise of Stegglet.]

MS: A wild scene out there at ringside just now and... AWA fans, please welcome Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Kelly Kowalski, and Casey Cash... E-Girl MAX! Harley, you're in your hometown of Kansas City, Missouri, and the reaction you're getting right now is incredible. How does it feel?

[Harley smirks, taking in the support from the fans.]

HH: Well, what can I say? Kansas City loves this hometown girl!

[Another decent-sized roar can be heard from within the arena.]

MS: I have to admit, the reaction I just heard was surprising, given the usual reception you get around the rest of the country.

[Harley rolls her eyes.]

HH: You don't actually believe they'd ever cheer that doofus, Julie Somers...

[The crowd roars with a decisively split reaction at the mention of the AWA Women's World Champion.]

HH: ...over me, do you?

Me, the hometown girl who led Kansas City's very own St. Pius X High School to three consecutive state basketball titles?

Me, the daughter of Kansas City's favorite son and the greatest World Champion in the history of professional wrestling, Hamilton Graham?

[At the mention of Hamilton Graham, the cheers are absolutely deafening.]

HH: THESE cheers are real, Stegglet. Understand the difference.

MS: Of course. But let's talk about your match tonight—

[Cinder suddenly steps forward, pinching Stegglet's lips shut and staring at him with hostility.]

C: AH-AH-AH! Bolt yer rocket, Stegblob. Les' recap, shall we? Half-a-fortnight ago, ye said ye hoped we'd get our heads stomped in by the Country Smashin' Punk-ins. Didn't ye now? Didn't ye now?!

CC: Sure did! He's got some nerve! Hmph!

[Stegglet looks taken aback, fumbling for words.]

MS: Well, I—

C: Aaaacccccchhhh, your TAG-team-CHAMPEENS-o-th'-UNIVERRRRRRRSE... we ain't buttoned up th' back. Aye cannae believe how unprofessional and biased ye are. Ye're supposed to be impartial, Stegblob, but clearly, yer projectin'!

MS: Projecting?

C: Aye! I need to tilt me seat back, because I'm lookin' an IMAX or projection, aren't I?

CC: Good reporters always take neutral positions! They report fairly! Why can't you do your job right, huh?

HH: I think it's time for you to leave. You clearly don't have the credibility or integrity to interview us.

MS: Now wait just a min-

[Harley leans in and narrows her eyes at him.]

HH: If you don't get out of here, I might just stomp you in a place much lower than my head.

[Stegglet's face pales.]

MS: I, uh, I'm just here to-

KK: You're a joke.

HH: You're done here, Stegglet. Go.

C: On your bike! ARF ARF!

CC: You better move it, or Cindy's going to get you!

[Stegglet, looking flustered and a bit scared, quickly exits the frame, as Cinder begins to bark at him, holding the STS binder aloft like she's going to swat him with it. Harley places a hand on Cinder's head, petting her hair.]

HH: Settle down, Cindy.

[Cinder stops barking, her glare still fixed on Stegglet as he walks away.]

CC: You know who we need? We need a real professional!

[Casey looks past the camera.]

CC: And I know just who to get!

[Casey suddenly walks off-camera and returns, dragging Riley Campbell into the frame. Riley, standing six feet tall and towering over the other girls, is wearing a "PRESS" hat and holds a digital camera in her hands, looking mildly confused.]

RC: Uh, I'm just here to take pictures-

CC: Yes, yes, and you're great at that, but we need you to be an interviewer too. Show these boys how it's done!

[Riley shrugs, quickly settling into her new role.]

RC: Well, in that case, let me get one more picture! Can you guys do a pose for me?

[Harley and Cinder immediately use their arms to form a huge heart, while Casey shakes her pom-poms enthusiastically. Kelly merely shakes her head at Riley and takes a swig from her flask.]

RC(shrugging): Fair enough.

[Riley snaps the picture, before picking Mark Stegglet's microphone off the ground.]

RC: Alright, let's do this. But, before I begin, let me just say, it's an absolute honor to stand here with such an incredible group of athletes.

[Harley and Casey put their hands over their hearts, flattered. Meanwhile, Cinder claps excitedly, while Kelly simply nods in agreement.]

RC: Now, I have to ask, what do you all think about Julie Somers and her mystery partners? Honestly, I can't imagine anyone wanting to team up with her.

HH: Look Riley, we can talk about Julie and these so-called mystery partners all we want, but we all know the truth: No one can stand her long enough to stay by her side..

C: Aye! I had to tae tag with her last year, an' I could nae stand her. I had tae leave halfway through the match, she were so bossy!

HH: You got that right, Cindy! If there's two people out there actually willing to team with Julie Somers, she probably had to get down on her knees and beg them to be her partners! And even then, it won't matter. They're going down. This is our city, our ring, and there's nothing Julie Somers or any dumb mystery partners can do about it!

C: Call us the postal service because Echo Golf Mike always delivers. Gies a stickah, Cash-money!

[Casey already has a sticker ready to go, deftly applying it to the now sticker-encrusted binder that holds the STS contract.]

KK: Mystery partners, huh? More like sacrificial lambs. They'll never know what hit'em. I almost feel sorry for them. Almost.

HH: That's right, Red! And with the Kansas City crowd behind us, there's no stopping us!

[Some of the crowd roars in response, as Riley turns to the camera.]

RC: Strong words from a confident and ready E-Girl M-

CC: Ooh!

[Suddenly, Casey grabs Riley by the shoulder, interrupting her.]

CC: Hold on a second! Come down here, I just got an idea.

[Casey pulls Riley down so Casey can whisper in her ear. Riley's eyes light up with excitement as she listens to Casey's whispered words.]

RC: Oh, wait, everyone! Casey has something special to show us!

[Casey bounces to the center of the frame, shaking her pom-poms energetically.]

CC: Alright, everyone, get ready! This one's for our hometown hero, Harley Hamilton!

[Casey takes a deep breath and begins her cheer.]

CC: H-A-R, L-E-Y!
She's a star, you can't deny!
Harley's tough, Harley's strong,
In her hometown, she belongs!
Basketball queen, she's on top,
Every challenge, she will rock!

Harley, Harley, number one,
Watch her shine, this match is won!

Gooo... Harley!

[Yeah, your ears are not deceiving you. There is indeed a decent-sized "HARLEY!" chant coming from within the Sprint Center as Casey finishes her cheer with a big high kick, shaking her pom-poms one last time as Riley takes pictures with her camera. Casey goes back to stand beside Harley, Cinder, and Kelly, as Harley can hardly contain her smile, enveloping Casey in a big hug. Cinder wipes away a black streak dripping from her eye – her heavy mascara running.]

HH: I really do have the best friends! Something a dumb narcissist like Julie Somers knows absolutely nothing about! Come on girls, let's go kick some butt!

[As E-Girl MAX walks off, we can hear Harley and Casey...]

"I didn't know you could kick that high."

"I'm very flexible!"

[Riley watches them walk away, an anxious look on her face. She quickly turns to the camera.]

RC: Back to you guys!

[She drops the microphone and runs off to catch up with E-Girl MAX, shouting "Hey, wait for me!" as we fade out...]

...and back up on another part of the backstage area where we see a slightly-breathing-hard Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Kick me out of my own interview, will ya? Let's see how you feel about this!

[Stegglet finishes off his muttering as the AWA Women's World champion "The Spitfire" Julie Somers steps into view alongside him. She is dressed in her wrestling attire: a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts, red kneepads, white wrestling boots and a red cape. Her wavy brown hair is pulled back behind her head and the Women's World title belt is strapped around her waist.]

JS: Mark.

[Stegglet seems surprised and thrilled to see the Spitfire.]

MS: Julie Somers! Just who I was looking for!

[Somers arches an eyebrow at the very enthusiastic greeting.]

MS: The six-woman tag team match is up next. You said you would find two partners to face three members of E-Girl Max. We know which members of E-Girl Max are involved in tonight's match, but the question is, who are your partners?

[Julie nods.]

JS: Mark, let me just say my partners are here and they are ready to back me. Now, I've heard the talk from E-Girl Max about how nobody wants to be my partner, about how I just abandon everyone I've teamed with because I was more interested in personal glory.

But the thing is, whether or not you consider somebody a friend isn't based on keeping track of how much time you spend together or how much time you look over somebody's shoulder, worried that something is going to happen to them.

What friendship is all about is, when you do need somebody and you ask them to be there, they tell you they will be there, then they make good on that promise.

Any time a friend of mine asks me to be by their side, I will be there. And those I asked to be by my side tonight, I can promise you, they are here.

[She then turns to the camera.]

JS: But friendship is also about learning to put your ego aside when that call comes. E-Girl Max may be friends, but their egos are too big for their own good, and when that's the case, the ego gets in the way of everything else, even friendship.

Two weeks ago, we watched E-Girl Max show the entire world just how big their egos have gotten. Tonight, I know Harley Hamilton is going to brag about how she's got home field advantage. I'm sure all of them are bragging about how they are the hottest thing trending on Instagram.

But when those egos get too big for your own good, that's when somebody can come along and knock you off. That's exactly what my partners and I are going to do.

[She then turns back to Stegglet, a slight smile on her face.]

JS: Now, Mark, I imagine you don't want to be kept in suspense for long, so allow me to get to the ring and let everyone know who not just my partners, but who my friends are.

[With that, Somers walks off the set.]

MS: Well, you heard her... let's not wait any longer and go down to ringside where hopefully the Spitfire AND her friends will knock E-Girl MAX down a peg.

[Stegglet grins big on that one as we fade from backstage out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome your special guest ring announcer, former World Heavyweight Champion, one of the all-time greats, and Kansas City's own, the legendary... Hamilton Graham!

[The crowd roars, as we see the wrestling legend standing in the middle ring, dressed impeccably in a tailored navy blue suit. The suit jacket prominently bears an Under Armour logo on the pocket. His curly silver hair is neatly combed back and his chiseled features show the wear of years spent in the ring, yet he still possesses a commanding presence.]

SA: Wow, what a treat for the hometown crowd to have Hamilton Graham here tonight! This is going to be special, Colt.

CP: Absolutely, Sal. Hamilton Graham is a legend in this business. Having him here to introduce E-Girl MAX is a huge deal, especially for his daughter Harley.

[Graham takes the mic from Ortiz with a respectful nod before his gravelly voice is heard over the PA system.]

HG: Kansas City, how are we doing tonight?

[The crowd's cheers grow even louder, a wave of hometown pride washing over the audience.]

HG: It's an honor to be here with all of you, and an even greater honor to introduce to you some of the most talented, dedicated, and amazing athletes in the world today.

[Graham looks around a bit as Ortiz hands him an index card.]

HG: The following six woman tag team match is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[He pauses, looking down at the card... and then with a shake of his head, he tosses it aside.]

HG: ...welcome the pride of Kansas City, my daughter, Harley Hamilton! Cinder! Casey Cash! And Kelly Kowalski! They are E-Girl MAX!

[The lights dim and a hush falls over the crowd. Suddenly, the speakers erupt with the electrifying beats of "I Love It" by Icona Pop. Spotlights begin to dance across the stage, and a massive video screen lights up with flashy graphics of E-Girl MAX.

We then see Casey Cash, dressed in her sparkling blue and white cheerleader outfit, bursting onto the stage with a huge smile. Her pom-poms glisten under the lights as she begins a high-energy cheer routine. Behind her, the Thompson Sisters, also clad in matching cheerleader attire, join in, pumping up the already enthusiastic crowd.

As the song's chorus hits, the arena's lights explode in a kaleidoscope of colors as we see Harley Hamilton, Cinder, and Kelly Kowalski make their grand entrance. Harley, wearing her high school basketball jersey over her wrestling attire, leads the way with her strawberry blonde curls bouncing with every step. Cinder, wearing a similar basketball jersey but in Kansas City Chiefs red, flanks her on one side, while Kelly Kowalski, in her trademark leather jacket, completes the trio.

The hometown crowd erupts in a surprisingly positive response for the most part. The trio struts down the ramp, high-fiving fans and basking in the unusual cheers for such a dastardly group. A teenage fan hands a basketball towards Harley, who signs it, spins it on her finger, and then tosses it back behind her back.]

SA: The reaction Harley Hamilton is getting from this Kansas City crowd is... surprising to say the least, Colt. Normally, Harley and her crew get booed out of the building. But here, she's a hometown hero.

CP: Moments like these are why hometown shows are so special for the wrestlers, Sal. The crowd's energy is off the charts.

SA: Well, I wouldn't say they're hanging from the rafters here for her.. but considering she's about to get into the ring with the Spitfire, there's more people on their feet cheering her than I'd expect.

[Once they reach the ring, Harley spots her father, standing proudly near the ring ropes. Harley's face lights up with a huge smile as she leaps into the ring and gives him a big hug.]

SA: You can see it on his face, Hamilton Graham must be filled with pride right now.

CP: It's great to see, Sal. But forget all the pre-match celebrating; once that bell rings, it's all business.

[Graham has an unlit cigarette in his mouth. He feels his suit pockets, unable to find a lighter or matches. Off-mic, we can hear him asking, "Does anyone have a light?"]

SA: Isn't it illegal to smoke inside public buildings here?

CP: Are you going to tell Hamilton Graham he can't do something?

[With Harley exclaiming a disapproving "Daddy!", Cinder, produces a lighter and lights Graham's cigarette. The wrestling legend takes a puff and nods appreciatively.]

HG: You, young lady, are the future of professional wrestling... Cinder, you are Miss Professional Wrestling!

[Cinder's eyes widen in surprise and joy. She jumps up and down, absolutely overjoyed by the endorsement. The crowd signals their approval, their cheers mixing with Cinder's delighted laughter. Harley hugs Cinder from behind, beaming with pride for her friend.]

SA: Did he just declare Cinder is "Miss Professional Wrestling" because she lit his cigarette?

CP: Come on Sal, give credit where it's due. Do you think a man like Hamilton Graham just gives praise like that easily? That's one-half of the World Tag Team champions, Miss Steal the Spotlight, AND she's only twenty years old! I think Graham's got it right.

SA: I mean, Cinder's talent is undeniable, but "Miss Professional Wrestling"?

CP: Absolutely!

[E-Girl MAX poses in the middle of the ring. With cigarette in hand, Hamilton Graham turns his attention to the crowd one last time.]

HG: Let's hear it for them one more time... E-Girl MAX!

[The crowd gives yet another big cheer!]

SA: I just can't believe the hometown support Harley Hamilton and her friends are receiving here tonight!

CP: Sal, I've wrestled in my share of hostile environments, and I can tell you, this kind of crowd can be a gamechanger. Julie Somers and her partners might be in for more than she bargained for tonight.

[As the music fades, the camera zooms in on Cinder, who is clearly energized by the crowd's reaction and Hamilton Graham's endorsement. She exchanges a few words with Harley, who pats her on the back with a proud smile. Harley then turns to face the entrance ramp, her expression determined and focused as the voice of Shakira comes in over the PA system.]

"Oh oh oh oh oh"

[That signals the start of her song "Try Everything" from the movie Zootopia. Then you see one word flash up on the giant video screen, red lettering on a white background.

"SPITFIRE"

That's followed by three words, also in red lettering.

"LIVE THE DREAM"

Those same words flash up on the video screen on the ramp as Rebecca Ortiz makes the introduction.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents... first, from Boston, Massachusetts, and weighing 135 pounds... she is the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRLD CHAMPIONNNNNN...

She is "THE SPITFIRE"...

...JUUUUUUUULIEEEEEEE SOMMMMMERRRRRS!

[The Women's Champion walks onto the entrance stage. Julie Somers wears a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Somers also wears a red cape. She holds the title belt aloft to cheers from a big chunk of the crowd... but there are some definite boos this night in hostile territory as well.]

SA: There she is! The AWA Women's World Champion and one of the most popular athletes in the AWA!

CP: Clean your ears, Albano. Those are boobirds that Julie Somers is hearing for the first time in her career.

SA: There are way more people cheering than booing, Colt.

CP: Not the way I hear it, Albano... but forget about that for a second. She's out here all alone! E-Girl MAX called it! She doesn't even have any partners!

SA: We'll see about that.

[Somers stops at the top of the ramp and looks toward the ring, then raises her arms diagonally. She motions with her hands, encouraging the cheers from the crowd.]

CP: Look at her begging for cheers. These boos are getting to her, Albano, I know it.

SA: I thought you wanted to forget about that and focus on her partners... and the champion told us moments ago that her partners ARE here. Of course, as the late, great Tom Petty once sang - "the waiting is the hardest part."

CP: Well, the longer Somers keeps us waiting, the more I'm going to believe she doesn't even have any partners!

[Then the Spitfire heads down the ramp and the aisle, reaching out to slap hands with some fans along the way.]

SA: I said it a little while ago - that Julie Somers is one of the most popular athletes in the entire AWA - and you need only take one look at all these young women lining the railings hoping just to reach out and give their hero a high five to know it's true.

CP: Yeah, but she's gotta be a little bit shook hearing some of those boos out there, Sal. No matter how you try to spin it, that's a hard thing for a so-called hero to hear.

[Somers reaches ringside before coming to a stop, staring up into the ring where E-Girl MAX is waiting. The Spitfire points her finger at them and says something the camera doesn't pick up.]

SA: I don't know what Julie just said, but it seems she isn't intimidated by E-Girl MAX.

CP: Not being intimidated is one thing, but beating E-Girl MAX is another, especially if she is going at this by herself.

[Whatever was said, provokes Harley Hamilton enough to take the microphone from Rebecca Ortiz.]

HH: Hey! Hey Julie! Just like we expected, you came out here alone. No partners, no backup... nothing! I mean, did you even try to find anyone to team up with you, or did they all see you for the joke that you are?

[Ignoring Harley and E-Girl MAX's taunting, Somers then raises her arms once more, motioning with her hands as she did at the top of the ramp...

...but as she does, she turns toward the ramp, her hands now motioning as if to welcome somebody from the back...]

"ALL MY LIFE I WANTED TO BE SOMEBODY AND HERE I AM!"

[Cut briefly to the ring, where Cinder is reacting seconds earlier than her partners to Shakira's voice changing to Suzi Quatro's. She's not taking it well.]

SA: Momma mia, could it be...?!

[Ricki Toughill bursts out from the entryway behind Julie Somers like a demented schoolgirl.]

SA: ...Cinder's Fairy God-momma!

[Toughill shoots her crooked, bootleg EVG Grin down the aisle, her wide, dark brown eyes locked to her opponents, and nods portentously as she strides down to ringside to stand along the champion who gives her own grin at the EGM reaction.]

CP: I don't get this! Until a month ago, Ricki Toughill and the champ were at each other's throats!

SA: To use the cliché: apparently facing E-Girl MAX is a desperate time that requires a desperate measure. And don't think for a second that Ricki doesn't remember the emotional torment that her opponents, and particularly Cinder, have been putting her through!

CP: The emotional torment they put her through!? Let's not forget the emotional turmoil she's done to "Miss Professional Wrestling!"

[Ricki hops up and down, fidgeting for the moment to charge the ring, but respectively waits for The Spitfire to call on their other partner.]

SA: And if Ricki Toughill is the champ's first surprise partner, what sort of ace does she have up her sleeve for her other partner?

[In the ring, we see Kelly Kowalski standing stoically, as Harley Hamilton soothes Cinder. Casey Cash can be seen holding up three fingers on one hand, and two fingers on the other, with Harley saying "That's right, it's still just three on two! She couldn't have found a third!"]

CP: Sounds like E-Girl MAX thinks the Champ didn't find another partner.

SA: Highly unlikely, Colt.

[The crowd buzzes as a few moments of anticipation pass, then, well, there's a very familiar song that makes the crowd react with shock and surprise.

It's Britney, b-word.]

CP: YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDIN' ME, ALBANO! HOW SHE DID PULL THIS OFF?!

[With "Stronger" by Britney Spears pulsing through the Sprint Center, Michelle Bailey walks from the entrance, a determined look in her two-toned eyes. She's wearing a loose black miniskirt and a sleeveless blue crop top with the words "HELLO AGAIN" in white outlined pink text. She also has on a kneepad/kickpad combination over black Adidas wrestling shoes, with the left leg of pads blue, right leg pink, and the letters "XOXO" running vertically down the pads in white text.]

SA: Julie Somers calling on the "Platinum Princess", Michelle Bailey, to help her in this battle with E-Girl MAX!

CP: It was when Kelly Kowalski turned her back on Michelle Bailey back at SuperClash that the group formed in the first place, Albano! But Michelle's refused to fight them ever since then!

SA: Take a look at what she's wearing though, Colt!

CP: What, you need my fashion expertise?

SA: No, Colt, she's wearing the outfit she was wearing on that fateful night in August 2017! The night Kelly Kowalski broke her nose!

[A fact that neither Michelle or Kelly seems to have forgotten, as Kowalski's only reaction to seeing Michelle - and the outfit she's wearing - is to point at the nose and smirk. Michelle points down the aisleway, shouting that she hasn't forgotten that, or SuperClash either.]

SA: We don't normally see the "Platinum Princess" this fired up, Colt! She's usually level-headed and calm!

CP: We also don't normally hear her get booed, either, but we're hearin' it here right now because of how she's decided to go against hometown girl Hamilton!

[Colt's embellishing a little, as there are a big chunk of fans who are respectfully cheering Michelle, but for daring to go up against Kansas City royalty, she's getting a rare dose of boos. Michelle high-fives Julie, then looks at Ricki and asks "You with me all the way this time?". Ricki nods, saying "This time we've got a better partner than Harley Hamilton", which gets a full cup of Coke thrown at her from a nearby fan - one that thankfully misses.]

CP: Long memory the veteran's got, huh Albano?

SA: Of course, Harley Hamilton teamed with Michelle Bailey and Ricki Toughill on our final edition of the Power Hour, where things fell apart between Hamilton and Toughill.

CP: Quit sugarcoatin' it, Albano, Toughill walked out on the match back then.

SA: In fairness, she did apologize.

CP: Yeah, to one of her teammates at least. The other one, not so much.

[Inside the ring, Harley Hamilton, looking visibly angered and in disbelief, angrily points at Julie Somers, Ricki Toughill, and Michelle Bailey.]

HH: Are you kidding me!? Julie, you really think these two can save you? Ricki, Michelle, you must be just as delusional as she is! But you know what? It doesn't matter. Because you're still outclassed! This is Kansas City, my hometown!

[And yes, a surprising amount of the crowd roars!]

HH: And tonight is just not your night, girls!

[Many in the crowd cheer for Harley, as she tosses the microphone aside and huddles up with her E-Girl MAX friends, while Julie, Ricki, and Michelle remain focused on the ring.]

SA: We walked into Kansas City expecting a bunch of mysteries and at least one of those mysteries has been solved! It'll be Michelle Bailey and Ricki Toughill standing side by side with the Women's World Champion to do battle with Kelly Kowalski and the Women's World Tag Team Champions, Cinder and Harley Hamilton...

CP: The hometown hero!

SA: I don't know if I'd go that far... but based on what we've heard in the air tonight, there may be some unusual crowd reactions in this one.

[As the two teams stand across the ring from one another, the E-Girl MAX huddle breaks up...

...and Harley Hamilton defiantly points a finger at the Women's World Champion to a HUGE ROAR from the AWA faithful in Kansas City!]

SA: Oho! And it looks like your so-called hometown hero, Colt, wants a piece of the champion!

CP: Of course she does! With the crowd solidly behind her like this and with her legendary dad at ringside, how could Hamilton not want to test her mettle against the best there is?!

[Somers grins at the abrasive youngster, giving a nod and slapping her partners on the shoulder as Bailey exits and Ricki reluctantly follows, taking their spots on the apron as Cinder and Kowalski do the same across the ring. Casey Cash gives a loud "LET'S GO HARLEYYYYYYY!" squeal as referee Shari Miranda gives both teams an appraising look...

...and waves for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ROARS again as the suddenly-popular Hamilton charges across, aggressively lunging into a collar and elbow tieup with the Spitfire, easily overpowering the lighter competitor to drive her back into the ropes.]

SA: Hamilton using the weight advantage - 15 pounds by the record - to push Somers back... referee calling for a break...

[Hamilton DOES break but only for an instant before...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...lighting up the champ with a knife edge chop across the chest!]

SA: ...and Harley Hamilton lowers the boom just seconds into this one with a tremendous knife edge chop that leaves Somers reeling early!

[A smirking Hamilton backs off, tossing in a little strutting and a little bit of taunting aimed first at Toughill... then at Somers...]

CP: Harley Hamilton putting on a show for her devoted fans!

[Somers shakes off the effects of the chop, pushing off the ropes to go right back into another tieup.]

SA: Both women showing an aggressive side early on... locking up again...

[Somers' momentum carries them towards a neutral corner but Hamilton deftly spins her at the last moment, pushing Somers back into the buckles...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers another chop to snorts and cackles from Cinder and a devoted "HAR-LEY!" chant from Casey Cash... which actually catches on for a moment...

...until a grinning Hamilton has the smile knocked off her face when Somers buries a boot in the gut!]

SA: Somers fighting back, puts Hamilton in the corner now...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and lands a big chop of her own!

[Hamilton recoils from the blow, clutching at her chest until Somers slaps the arm away...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a second one that lifts Hamilton off her feet, depositing her down on the mat sitting against the turnbuckles!]

SA: Throw Momma from the train! What a shot that was!

[Hamilton wisely ducks down, rolling to the outside to a sprinkling of boos from the Spitfire fans in the building as Hamilton rubs at her chest, wincing in pain as Casey Cash rushes to her side...]

SA: Hamilton taking a little walk now... the early momentum all gone and on the side of the Women's World Champion...

[Hamilton walks around the ring, Casey Cash nipping at her heels, and then locks eyes with her legendary father who mimes throwing a big right hand. Hamilton gives him a nod before turning back towards the ring.]

SA: One-half of the tag champs on her way back in now...

SA: A little reminder again there by Kowalski that she was responsible for breaking the nose of Bailey last summer... AND she was the one who betrayed Bailey at Steal The Spotlight last fall.

CP: Definitely some bad blood there and you need only take one look at Bailey to know she'd like to get her hands on Kowalski for all this taunting.

[Grabbing Somers by the arm, Kowalski looks to whip her across into her own corner for some reason...]

SA: Jersey whip coming up... reversed!

[...and as Kowalski slams into the buckles, Somers charges in after her, leaping up to land a dropkick on the chin!]

SA: OHHHH! BIG DROPKICK IN THE CORNER!

[The impact of the dropkick sends Kowalski staggering back out of the corner, wobbling towards her own corner as Somers reaches up to slap the hand of Ricki Toughill!]

SA: The tag is made and in comes Ricki!

[But the brawler only gets a few steps across when she sees Kowalski slap an offered hand on the other side of the ring...]

CP: Oh yeah! Now THIS is what I'm talking about!

[...where Cinder ducks through the ropes into a spin, madly cackling as she lays eyes on her Fairy Godmother from once upon a time...]

SA: Cinder and Toughill! And there is absolutely NO love lost here, Colt!

CP: The Wicked Sisters are no more... and all that's left to do is fight about it!

[...but as Cinder starts to taunt from afar, Toughill rapidly closes the distance, leaping into the air...]

SA: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS!

[...and starts raining down right hands on Miss Steal The Spotlight!]

SA: TOUGHILL'S GOT CINDER DOWN AND GIVING IT TO HER!

[Cinder squeals, throwing her arms up to try to cover up as Toughill seems determined to loosen every tooth in her mouth with haymakers to the jaw!]

SA: Cinder's trying to protect herself but...

[Toughill gets up, yanking a screeching Cinder up by the hair...

...and RAMS her headfirst into the neutral corner!]

SA: INTO THE BUCKLES THEY GO!

[Toughill steps up on the middle rope, fist clenched and at the ready as many of the crowd count along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[...and Toughill jumps back off, fists clenched as Cinder staggers out towards her...]

SA: HIGH IN THE AIR ANNNNNND.. DOWWWWWWWN WITH A BACK BODY DROP!

CP: Somebody should've given her a light bulb - she could've changed some being that high up there!

[Toughill pumps her arms excitedly, the crowd behind her as she tangles with her former ally... who is rapidly crawling across the ring towards her own corner.]

SA: Cinder's down but she's not out, moving quickly now...

[Toughill moves to intercept, pulling Cinder up by the hair...

...which is when she lashes out with two handsfull of eyeraking!]

SA: OHH - RIGHT TO THE EYES!

[Grabbing Toughill by the back of the head, Cinder pivots and SLAMS her facefirst into the E-Girl MAX corner!]

SA: And now it's Toughill in the wrong part of town as- there's a tag to Harley Hamilton!

[Many of the crowd cheer as Hamilton slips through the ropes, burying a boot into the gut of Toughill before she can fight clear of the corner. Cinder joins in with a pair of kicks of her own.]

SA: The tag champions working over Ricki Toughill in the corner now...

[Each woman grabs an arm, pulling Toughill clear of the buckles...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then HURL her backwards into them!]

SA: Hamilton and Cinder working in tandem...

CP: Taking a page out of the Lights Out Express playbook - another set of former tag champions who used to like that doubleteam.

SA: It's definitely effective as Toughill's offense is cut short...

[Cinder steps out as Hamilton uses a snapmare to flip Toughill out of the corner and into a seated position...

...and then BURIES a kick between the shoulderblades!]

SA: Talk about rearranging your spine! That's one way to book a visit to the chiropractor!

[A smirking Hamilton turns back towards the corner, throwing a taunting expression at Julie Somers who shouts "RICKI! LET'S DO THIS!", slapping the turnbuckle a few times as Hamilton slowly and methodically moves around the downed brawler.]

SA: Harley Hamilton taking her time in there, looking for her next attack...

[With Toughill struggling to get off the mat, Hamilton swoops back in, looking to grab her by the hair..]

...which is when Toughill surges upward, tucking her head under Hamilton's chin, and drops back down on her knees!]

SA: OHH! JAWBREAKER BY RICKI! JACKS THE JAW OF HAMILTON!

[There's a mixed reaction for that one as Toughill kneels on the mat, hands on the canvas as she tries to recover. Casey Cash is near tears on the outside, pounding her fists into the mat shouting "HOW DARE YOU! HOW DAAAAARE YOUUUUUU!" as Hamilton rolls around on the mat clutching her jaw.]

CP: Harley Hamilton may have wasted too much time there, Sal. It cost her.

SA: Maybe now she's focus on wrestling instead of talking.

CP: I wouldn't bet on that.

[Cash's cries of "COME TO ME! COME TO MY VOICE!" have Hamilton crawling to escape the ring...

...but before she can, Toughill regains her feet and grabs the legs.]

SA: Hamilton was headed for the exits again but Ricki Toughill stopped her cold!

[A shocked expression crosses Hamilton's face as she desperately tries to shake free but Toughill shakes her own head...]

SA: Hamilton's in some trouble here - what's Ricki got in mind?

[...and then drops backward, propelling Hamilton up into the air, shooting her across the ring where she FACEPLANTS down on the canvas!]

SA: CATAPULT! Ricki going a little old school on that one!

[Back on her feet, Toughill points to her corner where Michelle Bailey eyeballs Hamilton and Julie Somers insistently sticks out her own arm...]

SA: Toughill headed to the corner and... tag!

[...and the Women's World Champion tags back in, bringing the rising Hamilton the rest of the way to her feet, shoving her back into the corner...]

SA: The Spitfire is in and she is HEATING UP!

[...and with Hamilton trapped in the corner, Somers unleashes hell!]

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: SHE'S ON FIRE!

[With Hamilton reeling from the barrage of chops, Somers ducks down, boosting the second generation star to sit on the top turnbuckle...]

SA: Somers climbing the ropes, Hamilton up there as well!

[...and with the Kansas City crowd buzzing at the battle between their champion and their "hometown hero," Somers leaps into the air, snatching Hamilton's head between her legs...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HURRACANRANA OFF THE TOP! SOMERS WITH THE COVER! SHE'S GOT ONE!! SHE'S GOT TWO!! SHE'S GOT-

[But Hamilton's shoulder comes flying off the canvas to break up the pin.]

SA: OHHH! OUT AT TWO!

[Across the ring, we see that Kelly Kowalski was on her way in... as was Ricki Toughill and Michelle Bailey, both who fire off a word or two in Kowalski's direction before exiting the ring!]

CP: And we were THAT close to having a full-fledged throwdown, Albano. Toughill was coming in! Kowalski was coming in! Bailey was coming in!

SA: Thankfully, Shari Miranda's got them all out right now as Somers brings Hamilton to her feet... and the five-eight champion TAKES her over with a suplex!

[Somers covers again... and scores another two count before Hamilton kicks out to cheers from the crowd!]

SA: Another two count for the champion, looking to finish off Harley Hamilton and pick up the win in this trios battle for her squad...

[Dragging Hamilton off the mat, Somers grabs her by the arm...]

SA: Big whip coming up... no, reversed!

[...but as soon as Hamilton reverses, Somers changes direction and reverses again, rocketing Hamilton back into the E-Girl MAX corner!]

SA: Oh! She hits the corner hard... but I don't think that's where Somers wanted her!

[Trying to take advantage, Somers goes charging in for another corner dropkick...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but takes a hard fall as Cinder grabs her tag team champion partner by the arm, pulling her out of the corner which causes Somers' legs to get tangled in the ropes before she crashes down on the back of her head!]

SA: OHH! CRASH! AND! BURRRRRN! Down goes the Spitfire thanks to that ever-plotting sneak Cinder!

CP: You mean Miss Professional Wrestling?

SA: Oh, I certainly DON'T mean that!

CP: Speak of the Devil...

[The referee's signal and shout of "TAG!" welcomes Miss Steal The Spotlight back into the ring, diving on top of the prone Women's World Champion, smashing fists down on her to (mostly) jeers from the crowd!]

SA: Cinder's all over her in the corner!

CP: E-Girl MAX smells blood in the water and they're looking to take advantage of it!

[Grabbing Somers by the hair, Cinder SMASHES the back of her head down into the mat once, twice, three times before diving across for a cover of her own!]

SA: And now it's Cinder trying to finish things off - she's got one! She's got two... but Somers is out before three.

[Cinder glares hard at Shari Miranda as she climbs to her feet, shaking her head at the downed Somers...]

SA: Cinder bringing the champion to her feet and-

[Lowering her shoulder into the abdomen, Cinder DRIVES the champion back into the E-Girl MAX corner.]

SA: -HARD back into the corner!

[Holding onto the middle rope, Cinder repeatedly drives her shoulder into the midsection, trying to knock the wind out of the Spitfire's sails...]

SA: Tags in Kowalski...

[...and stays doubled over, holding Somers in place as Kelly Kowalski tees off with heavy fists to the face of Somers, the referee warning her for the closed fists all the while.]

SA: ...and the New Jersey Girl is putting a beating on the champion right now.

CP: She might not be able to throw that speedball by ya but she's making Julie Somers look like a fool right about now.

SA: No glory days here for the Spitfire at the moment as Kowalski drags her out of the corner...

[Out towards center ring, Kowalski lifts Somers up off the mat for a slam but the champion slips out over the top, landing on a knee behind Kowalski...]

...and using the prime position to drag Kowalski down in a schoolgirl rollup!]

SA: SCHOOLGIRL GETS ONE! GETS TWO! GETS TH-

[But Kowalski kicks out before three, the crowd buzzing at the closer count than they were expecting...]

SA: Kowalski kicks Somers off... but towards her corner!

[...and the crowd gets louder as Somers crawls towards a waiting Bailey and Toughill, trying to get into position to make the exchange!]

SA: Somers on the move! Somers is crawling! Reaching up, stretching out...

[And just when it seems like Somers is going to be able to slap the hand of the waiting Michelle Bailey, Kelly Kowalski clears the distance and STOMPS down on the small of Somers' back, putting her back down on the canvas to jeers!]

SA: ...and KOWALSKI CUTS HER OFF WITH A STOMP TO THE SPIIIIIINE!

[Kowalski glares at Bailey... then at Toughill, shouting at the latter and shoving a finger at her..

...and the crowd ROARS as Toughill takes a swing at Kowalski, nearly catching her with it as the referee rushes over to try and maintain control!]

SA: Some tempers are running high out here between Kelly Kowalski, Ricki Toughill and Michelle Bailey, Colt.

CP: Like we said, plenty of bad blood there and it could boil over at any moment.

[Kowalski shouts at Toughill again, earning an earful in response as the referee tries to get the Jersey native focused back on the match and her opponent...]

SA: It almost broke down again right there - referee Shari Miranda struggling a bit to keep these six - seven if you count Cash causing trouble on the outside - in check.

[Keeping her eyes on the corner, Kowalski lifts a struggling Somers up, dropping her down across a bent knee in a backbreaker...]

SA: Backbreaker! Well done and the Spitfire is in trouble, fans!

[Kowalski keeps Somers bent across her knee, planting a forearm on the cheekbone and a palm on the thigh to stretch her spine!]

SA: Kowalski just punishing the champion now!

CP: Kowalski's usually about fists and fire, Sal... seeing her stretch someone out like that - that could be the influence of Hamilton and Cinder.

[The Jersey Nightmare sneers at the corner where Bailey and Toughill are shouting words of encouragement towards their partner before Kowalski breaks the makeshift submission, dragging Somers by the hair across the ring, scooping her up and slamming her down before slapping the offered hand of Harley Hamilton.]

SA: Another tag by the well-oiled machine that is E-Girl MAX brings Hamilton back in... the so-called Hometown Hero getting a nice ovation on the exchange... and she goes right after the back of Somers, stomping and kicking her down on the mat...

[The crowd (mostly) cheers as Hamilton throws herself into a graceful handstand, dropping a knee down into the lower back.]

SA: Punishing knee to the spine now as well, keeping the Women's World Champion down on the canvas... and Colt, you have to wonder if we're seeing a sneak preview of a future title match.

CP: I'm sure we are, Albano. Harley Hamilton is over the moon to be one-half of the World Tag Team Champions... but any kid of Hamilton Graham thirsts to be the best in the business and that means you wear the big gold, jack!

SA: Hamilton pulling Somers to her feet, short forearm to the back... another...

[Grabbing the arm, Hamilton wings Somers across the ring with a whip, winding up for a big chop...

...but Somers ducks under it, hitting the far ropes for more speed...]

SA: Ducks the chop and...

[...and a leaping clothesline drops Hamilton to a mixed reaction from the crowd!]

SA: ...AND DOWN GOES HAMILTON!

[Somers pushes up to all fours, hearing the shouts from her partners to orient herself in the right direction as she begins to crawl...]

SA: The Spitfire's got the corner in her sights! Julie Somers looking for the tag!

[...as Hamilton sits up on the mat, trying to shake the cobwebs as her own allies inform her loudly of what Somers is trying to do...]

SA: Hamilton stirring off the mat, trying to get her head clear...

[...and Somers creeps closer and closer to the outstretched hands in the corner as Hamilton heads towards her own corner...]

SA: ...we've got ourselves a footrace now, Colt!

CP: Who's gonna make that tag first? It could be the difference in the match!

[Somers reaches out...

...and suddenly Hamilton turns on a dime, sprinting across the ring towards the stretching Spitfire...]

SA: Hamilton trying to prevent-

[...and the crowd ROARS as Somers lunges, slapping an offered hand!]

SA: -THE TAG IS MADE!

[Michelle Bailey comes in hot through the ropes for the first time, ready to go...

...and then pulls up, looking several feet away at Harley Hamilton who has pulled up short as well, her fist drawn back...]

SA: Oooooho! Now THIS is interesting! We talked about the trios match on the final Power Hour with Hamilton, Toughill, and Bailey against the Peach Pits and the fallout of that one with Toughill and her partners... but what about the fallout of that one between these two, Colt?

CP: It... it's hard to imagine but they almost seemed like they were getting along, Sal.

SA: It certainly did... Bailey comforted Hamilton for the loss in a way... and they did seem to work well together at times in this one.

[Hamilton looks around uneasy as Bailey sighs, shaking her head...]

CP: You don't always get to pick your opponents in this business, Sal. These two may not love the idea of going to battle right now but they ain't got a choice in the matter either!

[...and as Hamilton nods her head in silent agreement, the two competitors lunge at one another, wrapping each other up in a collar and elbow...]

SA: And here we go! An abrupt halt to the action and just as quickly, the action restarts... Bailey with the side headlock, using her size to neutralize Hamilton's athleticism perhaps...

[But Hamilton is quick to back Bailey into the ropes, using the spring to bounce her off and out of the headlock, shooting her across the ring. Hamilton dives at the legs of Bailey...]

SA: ...up and over goes the Platinum Princess...

[...causing Bailey to hurdle her, hitting the ropes as Hamilton regains her feet, leaping into the air...]

SA: ...leapfrog by Hamilton...

[...and as Bailey rebounds back again, Hamilton goes into a spin, knocking the incoming Bailey off her feet with a spinning back elbow!]

SA: ...ohhh! Hamilton with the elbow, right on the money!

[Hamilton backs off with a grin, dusting her hands off as Bailey grimaces in pain on the mat, grabbing at her jaw as she pushes up to lean on her hip, looking up at the young lion. Bailey gives a nod as she starts back to her feet...]

SA: And you notice that Hamilton didn't immediately move in for the kill - none of that killer instinct that we're used to seeing out of her. Bailey... is that a nod of respect, Colt?

CP: Hopefully it's to sucker her in and waffle her with a right hand.

SA: Which one?

CP: Either one! I hate this baby kissin' garbage.

SA: Spoken like a man who was once the hero of the people in the E.

CP: Look where it got me. Sitting ringside with you!

[Sal chuckles as Bailey retakes her feet, eyeballing Hamilton warily for a moment, and then dives into another tieup.]

SA: Back to the lockup... fighting for position...

[But this time, it's Hamilton who takes the side headlock, cranking the head and neck of Bailey to cheers from the crowd as Bailey looks for an exit.]

SA: ...and Hamilton working that headlock, trying to wear down Bailey this time...

[Just as Hamilton did moments ago, Bailey backs her into the ropes, throwing her off across the ring...]

SA: Shoots her off... drop down, Hamilton hurdles over... to the ropes...

[...but if Hamilton is expecting a leapfrog like she did, she's sadly (and painfully) mistaken as Bailey holds her ground and twists into a roundhouse kick that catches Hamilton across the sternum, knocking her down to the mat!]

SA: ...and what a kick out of Bailey, putting Hamilton down on her back!

[Hamilton grabs at her chest... and again starts rolling towards her corner. Bailey takes steps in pursuit, looking to stop her from getting there...

...when Cinder leaps up on the middle rope, rearing back far and taking a wild swing at the advancing Bailey who narrowly avoids it!]

SA: Big swing and a big miss by Cinde-

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BAILEY POPS HER WITH A PALM STRIKE!

[The palm strike to the chin sends Cinder falling backwards off the ropes, crashing down to the floor to cheers!]

SA: Cinder tried to get a swing in and Bailey made her pay for it!

[Hamilton comes up off the mat, fire in her eyes as she delivers a two-handed shove to the chest of Bailey, knocking her a few feet back...]

SA: Uh oh! Harley Hamilton coming to her partner's defense and...

[Scrambling up on the apron, screaming in Bailey's direction, Cinder grabs her jaw with one hand and slaps Hamilton's shoulder with the other...]

SA: ...is that a tag?

[...and then barrels through the ropes, immediately diving at a surprised Bailey, taking her down to the mat where she starts hammering down with flailing lefts and rights, bellowing at her all the while!]

SA: Whoa! That palm strike lit a fuse under Cinder!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

SA: Halfway home here in Kansas City in this one as Cinder is absolutely unloading on Michelle Bailey, the referee shouting at her to back off...

[And for a split second, it looks like Hamilton might intervene and pull her partner off Bailey before she thinks better of it, exiting the ring to the apron as Cinder climbs off the downed Bailey, shrieking at the referee.]

SA: Instead of calling her Miss Professional Wrestling, maybe they should call her "Most Likely To Cause Ringside Fans To Need Earplugs," Colt.

CP: She does have a knack for high decibel levels.

SA: That's putting it mildly.

[Spinning madly away from the referee, Cinder turns her focus back to Bailey, using two hands full of hair to drag her off the canvas, using the hair to toss her into the neutral corner...]

SA: Back to the buckles again...

[...and Cinder comes barreling in after her, throwing herself horizontal to the mat and crashing her torso into Bailey's!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and the unusual offense of Cinder strikes again!

[Pushing to her feet, Cinder starts raining down open-handed slaps and chops across the face of the Platinum Princess as she bellows madly.]

SA: Get her out of the corner, Shari!

[A four count laid down on Cinder forces her to back off, hands raised defensively as she bats her eyes at Shari Miranda...]

SA: The mercurial Cinder - calm and almost endearing one moment and then an absolute lit powderkeg the next... you just never know what you'll get out of Cinder at any given moment.

CP: And that's why Julie Somers is up at night, Sal. Cinder's got that Steal The Spotlight contract hanging over the Spitfire's head... and the less she talks about it, the more Julie Somers has gotta wonder when she's coming for the gold.

[Grabbing Bailey by the hair, Cinder strides out of the corner with her towards the middle of the ring...]

...and then violently kicks the shin or ankle of Bailey, forcing her to flop forwards down on the mat!]

SA: OH! Shin-to-shin kick by Cinder!

CP: That's gotta hurt just her almost as much as it hurt Bailey and she just don't care, Big Sal!

[Diving to her knees, Cinder grabs Bailey by the hair, smashing her face down on the mat once... twice... three times and then lets go as the official warns her about being on the hair...]

...and then grabs it again, raking Bailey's face back and forth across the mat!]

SA: Cinder's been all over Bailey since that palm strike... it really set something off in her.

[Flipping Bailey onto her back, Cinder grinds her forearms across the cheekbone as she settles into a lateral press, earning a two count before Bailey kicks out.]

SA: Two count only right there. Bailey hanging on and staying in this exciting trios match for her team.

[Climbing to her feet, Cinder complains about the count to the official who shakes her head, holding up two fingers...]

...and Cinder nods, seemingly accepting the decision of the referee...

...and then leaps up, STOMPING the back of Bailey's head, driving her face into the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cinder steps away, cackling madly. She bridges her chin on her hands, batting her eyes again towards the camera as the fans jeer.]

SA: Well, Harley Hamilton may have the support of a lot of fans tonight but actions like that by Cinder makes sure SHE does not.

[Grabbing her nose in pain, Bailey starts to crawl towards her corner as Cinder walks over to her own corner, giving Kelly Kowalski a nudge and grabbing at her nose mockingly.]

SA: Oh yeah, it's real funny, girls. Real funny.

CP: Hah! It's a little funny, Albano.

SA: I don't think so... and these Kansas City fans don't think so either.

[Cinder strides across the ring towards the crawling Bailey, circling around to cut her off...

...and then reaches down, hooking her fingers into the nostrils of Bailey, using that grip to haul her painfully to her feet!]

SA: Cinder's never met a rule she's not willing to bend or break...

[Cinder twists the fingers, twisting the nose at the same time as Bailey cries out and Kowalski shouts to her partner.]

SA: ...Kowalski shouting "break it again!" and that might be exactly what Cinder's trying to do...

[But Bailey grimaces through the pain, shoving a palm under the chin of Cinder, bending her neck back as she tries to push her way back to the corner...]

SA: Bailey's trying to get to the corner! Trying to-

[...and Cinder responds by yanking her fingers out of the nose, slapping Bailey's arm aside, and throwing her whole body into a high impact headbutt!]

SA: OHH! GLASGOW KISS OUT OF THE MAD SCOT!

[Bailey collapses to a knee as Cinder glares down at her, footsteps away from the wrong corner...

...and then wheels around, smashing a right hand into the jaw of Julie Somers, knocking the champion off the apron to jeers!]

SA: Right hand on Somers!

[She pivots, throwing another one at Toughill...

...who blocks it, reaching out to snatch two hands full of head before CRACKING her own skull into Cinder's!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The referee warns Toughill about the attack from the outside as Cinder staggers backwards, twisting around...

...and walking right into Michelle Bailey who has surged up from a knee, getting a few steps into a charge...]

SA: BRITNEY SPEAR! BRITNEY SPEAR! CENTER OF THE RING OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Bailey stays on Cinder, reaching back to hook a leg as Shari Miranda dives down to count...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ...NOOOOOO! KOWALSKI MAKES THE SAVE! KOWALSKI SAVES THE MATCH FOR E-GIRL MAX!

[And with the arrival of Kelly Kowalski on the scene with a double axehandle to the back of Bailey, Ricki Toughill comes in as well. She grabs Kowalski before she can escape, swinging her around into a haymaker on the jaw... and another... and another... the crowd getting louder with every blow landed!]

SA: TOUGHILL BRINGING THE FIGHT TO KOWALSKI!

[And with her allies in trouble, the “hometown hero” Harley Hamilton comes through the ropes, rushing across the ring towards Toughill...

...but an incoming Julie Somers cuts her off with a running dropkick that sends Hamilton down to the mat!]

SA: SOMERS TAKES DOWN HAMILTON!

[Kowalski and Toughill battle back towards the neutral corner, trading big haymakers to the thrill of the Kansas City crowd...]

SA: It’s breaking down here in Kansas City, fans!

[...and in the EGM corner, Julie Somers has Harley Hamilton on her feet and is working her over...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[..lighting her up with another series of chops in the buckles!]

SA: SOMERS IS SPITTIN’ FIRE IN THE CORNER!

[We cut to the other corner where Toughill and Kowalski are trading fiercely impactful... and kinda disgusting to watch... headbutts!]

SA: OHH! TOUGHILL WITH A HEADBUTT! AND KOWALSKI WITH ONE OF HER OWN!

[The blow staggers Toughill back a step as Kowalski lashes out, burying a boot into the midsection...]

SA: Downstairs on Toughill... looking for the Broken Skull!

[...and as Kowalski looks to secure the double underhook, Toughill spins out of it, hitting a kick of her own to the Jersey native's gut!]

SA: But Toughill goes downstairs in reply...

[Toughill looks to grab a double underhook of her own, perhaps aiming for a certain move that cannot be named, pulling Kowalski towards the middle of the ring where...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...Cinder comes rampaging through, throwing a hard clothesline that knocks Toughill out of the setup and down to the canvas!]

SA: CINDER TAKES DOWN HER FAIRY GODMOTHER!

[Cinder pumps her arms triumphantly, slowly turning back around...

...and gets a boot to the midsection from a rising Michelle Bailey who promptly pulls her into a standing headscissors...]

SA: Bailey's got her hooked!

[...and powers her up, flipping her over...]

SA: POWERBOMMMMMMMMB!

[With Cinder stacked up, Bailey steps through, trapping Cinder's legs between hers in a pinning predicament...]

SA: TOTAL BUMMER! SHE'S GOT HER DOWN!

[...and with Bailey shouting at Shari Miranda, the official's focus seems to crack for a moment, looking around in confusion...

...and then diving down to the mat to count...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

CP: SHE'S NOT LEGAL!

[...but just before the three count comes down, Kelly Kowalski grabs Bailey in a double underhook, jerking her promptly downwards in the Broken Skull DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kowalski flips her over, diving across as Miranda shrugs and counts again...]

SA: She's not legal either but... SHE'S GOT TH-

[...but a diving Ricki Toughill drops a big senton on the back of Kowalski, breaking up the pin attempt!]

SA: TOUGHILL MAKES THE SAVE!

[Toughill drags Kowalski off the mat to the middle of the ring, hooking her around the torso, lifting her into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BACKDROP DRIIIIIIVAAAAAAH!

[Toughill rolls over to her knees...

...and then grins.]

SA: No cover though! Toughill to her feet, looking down on Kowalski...

[And the Rochester, New York native points to the crowd, the grin... or should I say DAGRIN~! on her face as she rushes to the ropes, bouncing off...]

SA: ...TAKIN' IT BACK...

[...and with one closed fist above her head and a thumb jerking at herself...]

SA: ...OLD SCHOOL!

[...and she DROPS the fist down between the eyes of Kowalski!]

SA: OH YEAH!

[Toughill leans across in a North-South cover, stretching out for a leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[...and just before the three count comes down, Toughill looks up in a panic...

...and gets DOUBLE STOMPED down into the mat by Harley Hamilton to a huge cheer!]

SA: HAIL TO THE QUEEN! MY WORD, COLT! IT'S CHAOS IN HERE! CHAOS!

[Hamilton flips Toughill onto her back, diving across as the referee shifts to count again...

...and Julie Somers starts climbing the ropes.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...MOOOOONSAULT FROM THE HEAVENS DOWN ONTO HAMILTON TO BREAK THE PIIIIIIIN!

[And with all six competitors laid out on the canvas, the Kansas City crowd ROARS to life to salute them all and the action they're witnessing. This is awesome. Not that anyone is chanting that. That'd be silly.]

SA: We've got bodies all over the place! Shari Miranda has lost ALL control of this one!

CP: She's counting any shoulders that are down!

SA: It's hard to blame her as crazy as the last few minutes of action have been... Julie Somers is the first one up though. Pulling Harley Hamilton to-

[But Hamilton grabs the front of Somers' tights, yanking hard and using the leverage to send the champion sailing through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: - scratch that! Hamilton sends Somers to the floor! A hard fall out there for the Spitfire...

[Hamilton climbs off the mat, moving over towards a rising Kelly Kowalski and pointing to the still-recovering Toughill...]

SA: And now it looks like E-Girl MAX is going to try to use the numbers to their advantage, looking for a double team on Ricki Toughill...

[...and as soon as Kowalski spots Toughill, she shoves her own ally aside, marching over towards Ricki before she can rise.]

SA: Kowalski wants to take care of Ricki Toughill herself... these two have their own history as well... and the tensions have been running hot between them tonight as well.

[With a trickle of blood on her forehead from their earlier headbutt exchange, Kowalski grabs Toughill by the hair, yanking her into a standing headscissors...]

SA: Wait a second!

CP: She just said she's gonna piledrive her, Sal!

SA: I heard it! She can't do that, Colt!

CP: You gonna stop her?

SA: No, but someone ought to! The piledriver... AWA fans know that it is perhaps the most dangerous move in all of wrestling. We know the damage that's been done to countless competitors with this move over the years. It sent Hannibal Carver out of the AWA! It put Ryan Martinez on the shelf with a serious neck injury! It essentially ENDED the career of Marcus Broussard!

[Kowalski reaches out, locking her arms around the torso, attempting to lift Toughill into the air...]

SA: She's trying to get her up!

[...but is unable to.]

SA: Thankfully though, she can't get her up, Colt.

CP: Not by herself at least!

[Kowalski waves for her allies to help her and Cinder is quick to the assist, moving to grab the leg of her former partner...]

SA: Cinder's trying to get her up for the piledriver!

[...but Cinder's not that strong either and they're struggling as Hamilton looks on, a bit of a surprised expression on her face.]

CP: Come on, Harley... make the old man proud.

[Out in the front row, Hamilton Graham is looking on with great interest, nodding his head at his daughter and shouting "NOW'S THE TIME!" Harley nods, turning back towards her friends and waving Cinder aside as she goes to grab Toughill by the legs...]

...and Cinder takes that as her cue to hop up on the middle rope, ready to REALLY finish off her former Fairy Godmother!]

SA: Cinder's on the second rope, Colt!

CP: They're gonna spike her!

SA: This is the same move that put James Lynch on the shelf for YEARS! They're trying to end the career of Ricki Toughill right here in Kansas City with the entire world watching!

[And as Hamilton goes to assist Kowalski in the lift, Toughill starts kicking madly to avoid it as she realizes the danger she's suddenly in...

...and an incoming Michelle Bailey rushes the scene, delivering a hard forearm shot to the chest of Hamilton, knocking her back and forcing Toughill's feet back down onto the mat...]

SA: BAILEY SAVES TOUGHILL! SHE JUST SAVED RICKI'S CAREER!

[...and that allows Toughill to yank Kowalski's legs out from under her, falling back for the second time in the match...]

SA: CATAPULT!

[...and propels Kowalski into the corner, smashing into Cinder who goes falling over the ropes, crashing down on the outside!]

SA: OHHH! THERE GOES CINDER!

[Bailey gives a quick check of Ricki who nods that she's okay. A fired up Bailey pumps her fists, looking over at Hamilton who is down on a knee near the ropes...

...and then grabs the top rope with both hands, diving over the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And if Cinder wasn't down from falling to the outside, the flying Michelle Bailey certainly puts her down on the floor, both women lying in a heap on the outside as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: BAILEY WIPES OUT CINDER ON THE FLOOOOOOR!

[Grabbing Kelly Kowalski by the hair, Toughill angrily swings her around, tossing her through the ropes to the other side of the ring. She steps out on the apron, glaring down at her...]

"TRY TO PILEDRIVE ME?! TRY TO END MY CAREER?!"

[...and then charges down the apron, leaping off with a flying tackle that WIPES OUT Kowalski on the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RICKI TAKES OUT KOWALSKI ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Toughill gets up off the floor, letting loose a wild roar that sends a nearby Casey Cash scurrying away as Toughill looks down at Kowalski.]

SA: And she's not done with her either!

CP: Toughill thinks Kowalski crossed a line with that piledriver attempt-

SA: SHE DID!

CP: Well, that's just like... your opinion, man.

[Toughill angrily pulls Kowalski off the floor...]

"YOU WANT MORE?!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS her bodily into the steel barricade!]

SA: RICKI TOUGHILL HAS COME TO FIGHT!

[Kowalski clings to the barricade, trying to stay on her feet as Toughill sizes her up...]

...and lets loose a roar, rushing forward...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with a big clothesline that lands with enough momentum to send both Kowalski and Toughill flipping over the railing into the front row!]

SA: INTO THE CROWD THEY GO!

[Security comes rushing forward to intervene as Toughill and Kowalski are laid out on the floor...]

...and we cut back to the ring where a stunned Harley Hamilton is looking on, seeing her allies laid out all over the ringside area and beyond...]

SA: Harley Hamilton is the last E-Girl MAX member standing!

[Hamilton leans over the ropes, shouting to her allies as Casey Cash looks on in equal shock and horror...]

...and then yelps a warning to Hamilton who quickly turns...]

SA: SPITFIRE!

[...but not quick enough as Julie Somers comes barreling across the ring, leaping up to scissor the head between her legs...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and flips Hamilton over the ropes to the outside with the rana as Somers hangs onto the ropes, managing to stay on the apron as Hamilton crashes backfirst down on the outside!]

SA: JULIE SOMERS WITH A HELLUVA HIGHLIGHT REEL MANEUVER RIGHT THERE AND HOMETOWN HERO OR NOT, THIS CROWD IS ON THEIR FEET AFTER THAT!

[They sure are, Sal, shouting and screaming for the daredevil move as Somers steadies herself on the apron, throwing a look down at the floor where she spies Hamilton, Cinder, and Bailey all in some phase of recovery...]

...which is when Somers points to the corner!]

CP: You gotta be kidding me, Albano!

SA: Julie Somers points to the corner... and if you're an E-Girl MAX fan, don't look now because the champion is climbing!

[Somers steps to the middle rope... then to the top, the crowd ROARING in anticipation as the Spitfire stands tall...]

SA: THE SPRINT CENTER IS ON THEIR FEET ANNNNNNNND...

[...and then FLINGS herself backwards towards the standing Hamilton, Cinder, and Bailey...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...connecting primarily with Cinder and Bailey as Miss Steal The Spotlight just barely shoved her partner clear of the breathtaking moonsault to the floor!]

SA: SHE TAKES 'EM ALL DOWWWWWWWN!

[With the crowd ROARING for the big dive, Julie Somers sits up on the floor, breathing heavily as she looks around at the laid out members of both squads.

A quick camera cut shows Kelly Kowalski and Ricki Toughill trading blows in the crowd, working their way back through the fans who are surging around them, forming a moving circle as security tries to keep a path for the brawling duo.]

SA: We've got Kowalski and Toughill fighting...

CP: They may end up out on 14th Street at this rate!

SA: ...and Somers is back up, shoving Hamilton back into the ring... and somehow it seems fitting that it may come down to those two, Colt.

CP: The World Champion and the hometown hero - let's do this thing!

[Somers climbs up on the apron, throwing a glance into the ring to see where Hamilton ended up...]

SA: Somers is heading up top! She's looking to end it!

[The Spitfire steps up on the middle rope, throwing another look to Hamilton's location...]

SA: To the top now... looking out on the fans! Ready to end this wild trios battle!

[...but before Somers can use her signature moonsault again, Cinder scrambles up on the apron...]

SA: WAIT! NO!

[...and hooks the ankle of Somers, giving a big yank!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cinder's pull causes Somers' leg to go out from under her, falling down with the back of her legs hitting the top rope, bouncing off to land on the back of her head on the canvas!]

SA: AAAAABUUUUNAAAAI! A dangerously hard fall off the top by Somers... and Cinder may have just completely turned this around for E-Girl MAX!

CP: And that's EXACTLY why they're the tag champions, Albano! You gotta be impressed by the teamwork... by the instinct to protect their partner...

SA: Hamilton... look at her, Colt!

[An overjoyed Hamilton looks out at a beaming Cinder who waves for her partner to "FINISH IT!" Hamilton nods, backing off to measure Somers as the Spitfire tries to roll to her hands and knees...]

SA: Somers is trying to get to all fours, trying to get off the mat but Harley Hamilton is waiting for her!

CP: Julie Somers might be the champion, Albano, but it's time for the Spitfire to say HAIL... TO... THE...

[...but before Colt (or Harley) can finish, the PA system kicks to life with an unexpected song that causes Hamilton's head to JERK wildly towards the entrance as the crowd ROARS!]

#HEY... HO... LET'S GO!"

#HEY... HO... LET'S GO!"

#HEY... HO... LET'S GO!"

[And with the punk rock anthem "Blitzkrieg Bop" blaring out over the PA system, all eyes turn towards the entryway to see if... really... maybe... could it be?]

SA: IT IS! VICTORIA JUNE IS HERE!

[June stomps through the curtain out onto the ramp, glaring coldly down the aisle at Harley Hamilton who looks shocked, pointing a finger at the Afro Punk who gives a nod...

...and then SPRINTS down the ramp, the fans still cheering loudly despite who Victoria June has her sights set on!]

SA: THE AFRO PUNK IS HERE IN KANSAS CITY!

CP: I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS CLEARED!

[Hamilton frantically waves an arm at Cinder who nods at her partner, rushing around the ring to intercept June before she can reach the ring...]

SA: Here comes Cinder and-

[...and June doesn't slow down a bit, throwing herself into a Fierro Press where she immediately starts hammering home right hands into the skull of Cinder to the ROAR of the crowd!]

SA: -VICTORIA JUNE IS BANGIN' SOMEONE ELSE'S HEAD FOR A CHANGE!

[Harley Hamilton throws up her hands in disbelief, shaking her head, shouting "THIS ISN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN! THIS IS MY NIGHT!" We can see Casey Cash (perhaps wisely) keeping her distance from the rampaging June on the outside as Hamilton shouts.]

SA: Harley Hamilton is beside herself, Colt!

CP: Can you blame her?!

[Hamilton twists angrily towards Shari Miranda, grabbing her by the shirt... "DO SOMETHING!"

And then Hamilton's eyes go wide as she's yanked down to the mat, dragged into a schoolgirl rollup...]

SA: SOMERS! SOMERS! SOMERS!

[...and the referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

SA: THE SPITFIRE WINS IT!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The elation of Somers getting the win is brief as the hometown crowd's realization that it was one of their native children taking the loss sets in. As Somers climbs to her feet, arm raised in triumph, the reaction is decidedly mixed but the Spitfire is grateful for the cheers she IS getting, grinning broadly as the ring announcer makes it official...]

RO: Here are your winners... the team of RICKI TOUGHILL, MICHELLE BAILEY, AND JUUUUUULIEEEEE SOMMMMMERRRRRS!

[Somers is handed her title belt which she quickly clutches to her chest, looking around ringside as Michelle Bailey rolls back into the ring, moving to embrace the champion.]

SA: What a win for those three ladies... well, we only see two in the ring right now 'cause Ricki Toughill is no telling where fighting Kelly Kowalski... but the celebration is on in KC for those two, Colt.

CP: It's a big win for sure. They beat arguably the greatest collection of female wrestlers in the world right now in E-Girl MAX including the tag team champions.

SA: Somers gets the schoolgirl out of nowhere...

[On the floor, Harley Hamilton and Casey Cash are tending to Cinder - the trio in shock as they look down the aisle where Victoria June is being led to the back by AWA officials.]

SA: ...thanks to the timely return of the Afro Punk, Victoria June, whose appearance distracted E-Girl MAX long enough for the Spitfire to lock in that match-deciding cradle.

CP: Look at Hamilton's face though, Albano. Embarrassed by Victoria June and Julie Somers in her own hometown? This isn't over.

SA: Victoria June wouldn't have even been out here if it wasn't for Cinder and Hamilton's attack on her several weeks ago. June's been nursing a serious head injury since then but... I guess she's cleared now, right?

[Hamilton leans against the apron, shaking her head as Casey Cash puts a consoling arm around her shoulders.]

SA: Hamilton is visibly shaken up. She said it, Colt... she believed this was her night and thanks to her opponents AND Victoria June, it turned out to be anything but. Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be right back with more National Wrestling Night right here on ABC!

[Cinder joins her EGM allies in a loose embrace on the floor as we fade to black...

We fade in to a snowy mountain, as we see a woman skiing down the slopes. As she does so, we hear the voice of AWA wrestler - and E-Girl MAX member - "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash.]

CC: Whether it's conquering the most dangerous of terrains...

[The woman comes to a stop in front of the camera, removing her protective helmet. A name graphic identifies her... 2010 Olympic Gold Medalist, and Under Armour Athlete Lindsay Vonn.]

LV: I will.

[We cut to a man dodging through much larger competitors on the basketball court, before pulling up behind the three-point line.]

CC: Going up against the fiercest rivals on the hardwood...

[The man first off a shot, which swishes through the net. He turns around, and his name graphic identifies him... it's 2015 and 2017 NBA Champion, and Under Armour Athlete Stephen Curry!]

SC: I will.

[Now we cut to a football field as a man avoids a tackle, scrambling out of the pocket.]

CC: When the game is on the line, and the pressure is on?

[He throws a pass, hitting his teammate in the end zone. In celebration, he takes off his helmet, looking at the camera. His name graphic shows that it's multi-time Super Bowl Champion, and of course, Under Armour Athlete Tom Brady.]

TB: I will.

[We now cut to a wrestling ring, where two women can be seen dominating their opponents.]

CC: When you need to prove that you are a champion?

[We see the women holding up their glittering gold belts, showing them off to the camera, and their name graphic identifies them... AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions and Under Armour Athletes Harley Hamilton and Cinder!]

HH/C [together]: I will!

[We cut to all five performing incredible feats of athleticism in rapid succession.]

CC: There's only one brand you can trust to have your back.

[And now, all five are facing the camera at their location, with their voices in sync.]

"Under Armour - I Will."

[The screen displays an Under Armour logo, then fades to black...

...and then back up on a chess board. The camera angle shows the pieces arranged and we are clearly mid-game by the number of captured pieces lining either side of the white and brown board. The players are obscured but we see a male hand reach out and move his white knight to attack and capture a black pawn as a voiceover begins.]

"Chess... a game of strategy developed 1500 years ago in India. This is not a game for the faint of heart or the feeble of mind."

[A white-gloved female hand moves forth a rook, pairing the piece with the Queen.]

"For chess requires courage, creativity, strategy and mental agility."

[The man moves his white knight again, beginning to mount an attack on the Queen. The woman attacks with her other rook, boxing in the White King.]

"One false move and it is Checkmate... the death of the King!"

[The man lays his king down in defeat.]

"It is no surprise then that such a competitor as Lady Rebecca Falkingham has mastered the art of chess just as she has mastered the art of wrestling. On the board and in the ring she remains brilliant, strategic, adaptive... unbeatable."

[The camera pans up to Lady Rebecca Falkingham dressed all in black, a Queen-inspired hat sat on her cascade of red hair.]

"Take heed, American Wrestling Alliance... for she is coming soon to a ring near you."

[Lady Rebecca Falkingham bows her head ever so genteelly to the camera.]

LRF: Just you wait.

[And with that, we fade to the backstage area where we find Mariah Wolfe standing backstage.]

MW: Welcome back, AWA fans, and while Lady Rebecca Falkingham may be coming soon to the AWA rings... I'm fortunate to have caught up with a team who was already in action inside the AWA ring earlier tonight. Of course, I'm talking about the AWA World Tag Team Champions, Next Gen! Daniel, Howie... congratulations on yet another successful title defense tonight against the Shot Callers...

[Harper and Somers, now in street clothes, nod in thanks.]

MW: ...but I wouldn't be doing my job if I didn't ask the question. You two were really aggressive out there tonight against the challengers... and I'm sure you saw Curt Sawyer had to be helped from ringside by medical personnel after the match with an apparent knee injury. Can you give me some insight into your approach tonight?

[Harper grimaces with a nod.]

DH: Mariah, when President Zharkov said he had a title defense ready for us on the Pre-Game Show, the first thought on our minds was that The Gold Standard had finally signed for the match they were promised.

[Harper shakes his head in disgust.]

DH: But instead, Zharkov informed us it was going to be The Shot Callers. And Howie and I said to each other, if that's how it was going to be, then we're going to make a statement to not only The Gold Standard, but to all of Team Supreme!

[He turns toward the camera and his voice rises.]

DH: I saw what went down on Showtime! First Team Supreme goes out and beats up Tizona and Yoshi Fujiwara, two young men who just wanted to go out, put on a great match and show the fans what wrestling is all about!

Then they're causing even more mayhem when Paris Crawford faced Raphael Rhodes, and for what? The Red Wedding wasn't enough, so you have to go out there and cause a big scene every time you show up? That you wanted to put Rhodes out of wrestling? Or do you think you're just going to make people like Howie and me keep our mouths shut about how much you disgust us?

[He jerks a finger toward the camera.]

DH: I don't think so! And on top of that, Bret Grayson, it sure looks like you're okay to wrestle to me... so we would have expected you and Mifune to have signed the match. Instead, you showed the world what cowards you are!

[He turns back to Wolfe. Somers, meanwhile, hasn't said a word, but you can see a hint of anger in his eyes as Harper continues.]

DH: So that's why Howie and I decided to go out and make a statement tonight! Now, what happened to Curt Sawyer was unfortunate, but we made it our intent to go out, kick tail, and take names!

Now that we've beaten yet another top contender to our tag team titles, the one thing we're waiting for is for Grayson and Mifune to quit playing their games and sign the match!

[Harper punches a fist into his open hand to punctuate his demand.]

DH: Because, Mariah, I'll guarantee you that when Howie and I get them in the ring, we're gonna...

[That's when Somers' attention is drawn off camera and he nudges Harper with his elbow. Harper glances in that direction, his facial features form a hard glare and he balls his right hand into a fist again.]

DH: Oh, look who decided to show up!

[The camera pans to reveal Takeshi Mifune, his face filled with his usual miserable expression and Bret Grayson, who has his arm in a sling, standing beside him. Mifune walks in slowly, clapping mockingly, while Grayson smirks behind him.]

TM: Bravo, bravo. Such tough words from the champions. But all I really hear is the baa-ing of sheep towards a hungry wolf.

[Grayson chuckles.]

BG: Heh... they really think they can take us!

[Harper glares at Grayson.]

DH: Your arm is in a sling.

[This seems to annoy Grayson.]

BG: Hey... HEY! All I need is one arm to suplex you, punk!

DH: Then do it!

[Mifune motions for Grayson to quiet down, but the Olympic Gold medalist keeps on talking.]

BG: We haven't forgotten about that Tag Team title match. Don't worry, we'll sign that contract soon enough, but you shouldn't be in such a hurry to lose those belts!

[Mifune places a firm grip on Grayson's shoulder.]

TM: Enough. Have patience, Grayson-san. Their time will come.

[Grayson falls back, keeping a cocky smirk at the champions.]

TM: Somers-san, Harper-san, you speak of strength and justice, but Curt Sawyer's injury is proof of your hypocrisy! You look down on me for injuring people, yet you did the same to him because you were too weak to live up to your own fractured ideology!

[Somers shakes his head.]

HS: We don't intentionally cause pain and misery like you do, Mifune! Curt's injury was an accident, not a planned assault. You and Team Supreme thrive on causing suffering. It's not just about strength for you... it's about cruelty.

[Harper nods.]

DH: Mifune, you live by some twisted code that justifies your actions just because you're strong. You think that gives you the right to do anything you want, to anyone you want, but we're not going to stand by and let you have your way.

[Mifune cackles.]

TM: Oh, your words are so noble, so righteous... but they mean nothing in the face of true power! I AM strong, and that means I AM allowed to do anything I want!

[A sickening grin forms on Mifune's face.]

TM: You have remorse for injuring Sawyer? Pathetic. The weak fall, and the strong remain standing to crush them beneath their feet. That's the natural order of things.

[Harper's face twists in disgust, and Somers' eyes blaze with anger.]

HS: You think this is a joke, Mifune? You think it's funny to hurt people? We'll see how much you're laughing when we finally get you in the ring.

[An opportunity for battle seems to pique Mifune's interest.]

TM: Then consider this my challenge to you. Face me at Showtime, and I will show you what true strength is!

[Somers throws a look at Harper, jerking a thumb at him.]

HS: Last time you got my partner in the ring and he put you down for the count. And against me, the result will be the same!

[Mifune smirks at Somers.]

TM: You consider what happened to Harper-san a victory? When that match was over, your pathetic partner was the one who didn't walk away from that ring on his own two feet!

[This seems to set Harper off and he lunges forward at Mifune. But Somers restrains him, holding him back with effort. Mifune makes a throat-cutting gesture and continues to taunt him.]

TM: Yes, show me that fire! There's no pleasure in defeating a foe without some fight in them! It will make your inevitable downfall even sweeter!

[Somers struggles to keep Harper in check.]

HS: Calm down, Daniel! He's just trying to rile you up!

[Finally, Harper relents, as Somers turns his attention back to Mifune.]

HS: Disgusting. You're nothing but a bully hiding behind a warped warrior's code. You're a monster, Mifune, and I'm going to take you down.

[Mifune sneers.]

TM: You are correct... I AM a monster! I will conquer you and then I will devour you! It's what weak prey like you deserves!

[Somers shakes his head.]

HS: I don't care what you call yourself, but if it's a fight you want, then a fight is what you're going to get! And I'll promise you this... you're gonna get me at full force and you're not gonna like it!

[Somers steps closer to Mifune, their faces inches apart as the tension escalates. Both men are ready to explode into violence, their eyes locked in a fierce stare. Bret Grayson steps forward, still chuckling, while Harper moves in beside Somers, fists clenched.]

HS: And you... don't worry, you'll get your turn soon enough!

[Before the situation can escalate further, backstage officials Tommy Fierro and Kevin Slater, along with several security personnel, suddenly rush in to separate the two teams. Fierro and Slater get between Somers and Mifune, pushing them back while security holds Grayson and Harper apart.]

TF: Alright, that's enough! Save it for the ring!

KS: Break it up, guys! This isn't the time or the place!

[The tension remains high as both teams continue to glare at each other, but the officials manage to maintain order as the camera cuts to Mariah Wolfe.]

MW: Well, there you have it, folks! The animosity between Next Gen and The Gold Standard is reaching a boiling point! But before they face each other for the AWA

World Tag Team titles, Howie Somers and Takeshi Mifune have agreed to face each other in singles action next weekend on Showtime! That is a match you surely won't want to miss! And speaking of the tag team titles... I think Lou is standing by with someone else interested in that particular hardware. Lou?

[We fade to another part of backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of the AWA logo. Joining him is the Soldiers of Fortune... except one of them is missing. We do see Joe Flint, dressed to compete, with the Soldiers' flagbearer, Marty Meekly, standing in the background holding onto a flagpole with the American flag at the end. Charlie Stephens is absent, which seems to make Blackwell a little bit more comfortable, while Flint and Meekly seem annoyed at Stephens' absence.]

SLB: Thanks, Mariah! Joining me at this time is one half of the Soldiers of Fortune, "Captain" Joe Flint, alongside the Soldiers' flagbearer Marty Meekly. Conspicuous by his absence is Charlie Stephens, who claims to have set up an Open Challenge for tonight. Joe, you and Meekly showed up by yourselves tonight...

[Flint nods his head.]

JF: Listen, Sweet Lou, I ain't heard hide nor hair from Charlie since yesterday afternoon. I hope for all the blusterin' he did about climbin' back up the tag team ranks... that he didn't go AWOL...

[Flint sighs.]

JF: I don't know what he's up to and I don't know if I like it.

[Flint rubs his chain.]

JF: But ya know, Sweet Lou, maybe I'm just overthinkin' things. Charlie's a grown man, he ain't a corporal for nothin'. He can do what he wants, this is America after all. Hell, Charlie not showin' up tonight might be to my benefit. Maybe I can do without him up in whatever's left of my hair after what happened on Showtime.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Your partner did go after your opponent on Showtime on multiple occasions.

[Flint grimaces while remembering that scene.]

JF: That's right, an' it was help I didn't really need. Not when I'm tryin' to warm up for my biggest singles match in a long time. This kid I was in the ring with... I don't remember his name. He was just another bright eyed goon lookin' for either a pay day or to get his feet wet in this business. But with Charlie out there, I never could really tell - did the kid have some skill? Is the kind of guy who is destined to look at the lights for his entire career or maybe he'll be making someone else look up at 'em in a couple o' years once he gets some experience under his belt... fight the right opponents... learn from the right people...

Either way, he ain't no Smasher Salazar... at least not at this stage of his career.

[Flint looks thoughtful for a moment as Blackwell interjects.]

SLB: Let's get to tonight, Duke. If it turns out Stephens doesn't show up... what are you going to do?

JF: I'm here... I'm in my gear, I might just march on up to the ol' Russkie an' turn this into a singles match. Have an Open Challenge of my own. Maybe I'll get the match I was lookin' for on Showtime tonight. Charlie's gonna have to feel the wrath of the folks in charge for not bein' here though... that's for sure.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: I'm sure you'll be given your own singles match tonight, there will be plenty of competition looking to get in the ring with you. Now then, you wanted to talk about the Royal Crown tournament and your match with Smasher..

[Flint holds his hand up to interrupt Blackwell. Meekly points stage left as Blackwell turns his head.]

JF: Hold on...

[Suddenly, entering the interview area stage left is Charlie Stephens, who is dressed to compete tonight. Stephens has a determined look on his face, but isn't particularly upset.]

CS: Let me stop you right there, gentlemen.

[Joe raises his eyebrow in confusion.]

JF: Excuse me, soldier?

[Stephens raises a defensive hand.]

CS: The Soldiers of Fortune's Open Challenge is still on for tonight, Joe. Look, I'm sorry I've been actin' the way I've been actin'.

[Flint smirks.]

JF: Sorry? That's a first..

[Stephens chuckles, instead of changing his demeanor.]

CS: Bear with me, Captain. I've given this a hell of a lot of thought, and I've already figured everything out. You want to concentrate on the Royal Crown tournament, right? You want to see how much left you have in the tank...

Who am I to take it away from you? I rank below you. You're the Captain. You run this show.

[Flint looks confused.]

JF: What...?

[Stephens puts a hand on his partner's chest.]

CS: I've got this. I got another partner for tonight.

[Flint and Meekly look at each other in confusion. Now Flint seems to be a bit on the sour side, as Stephens crosses his arms, expression unchanging.]

JF: You set up this Open Challenge without runnin' anything by me. You made this big deal about the Soldiers winning the tag team gold back...

[Stephens nods his head, eagerly.]

CS: Right, but you want to go win the Royal Crown tournament... and who knows, you may want to go further than that.

Imagine this... You break through and win the whole Royal Crown tournament, and the bigwigs start looking at you as someone who wants to finally win the big one at this stage of your career.

[Flint nods... but then shakes his head.]

JF: Soldier, wrestling tonight is not a problem for me whatsoever. I could see this as another warmup before my match...

[Stephens shakes his head.]

CS: It's fine. Really. I've got this... or don't you trust me?

I get it. I've been a total...

[Stephens pauses to choose his next words carefully.]

CS: ...jerk. But I've had time to sit and cool off. You've been readin' me the riot act, and you know what... you're right. I've been unreasonable and selfish. We're a unit. We're supposed to be on the same page, and it's my fault we're not.

Just do me a favor, you and Marty can stay in the back. You don't want to risk injury before your match with that sleazy, filthy wino Salazar. Just sit back and watch what I can do. I've got this. I won't let you down anymore.

[Stephens pats Flint on the shoulder, then turns and leaves the way he came in. Flint and Meekly look at each other, then Flint turns back towards Blackwell.]

JF: I dunno what he's up to... but I don't like it.

[Flint slowly leaves to follow Stephens, leaving Meekly behind.]

SLB: I guess we've got even more questions than we did a few minutes ago.. I guess this interview's over.

[Meekly shrugs.]

MM: I... guess.

[Meekly grabs his whistle, and looks to blow on it, but he's just as confused as Flint was, and decides to leave to follow Flint and Stephens himself.]

SLB: So it looks like the Soldiers of Fortune's Open Challenge is still on.. but Joe Flint's not going to be a part of this. We'll see what Charlie Stephens is up to in-

[Blackwell stops abruptly, looking surprised as a panting, gasping for air Dr. Bob Ponavitch stumbles into view.]

DBP: Have... have you seen...

[Ponavitch leans heavily against the wall, his extra weight having left him short of breath in his hot pursuit.]

SLB: Get ahold of yourself, Doc! We're gonna need to call a doctor for YOU!

[Blackwell grins at the camera as Ponavitch shakes his head.]

DBP: I'm... I'll be fine. But her... have you seen her?

[Blackwell furrows his brow.]

SLB: Her... who?! Who are we talking about, Doc?!

[Ponavitch pulls a handkerchief into view, mopping his sweaty brow.]

DBP: Victoria... June. She... she wasn't supposed to...

[Ponavitch shakes his head.]

DBP: I confronted her... and she ran!

[Blackwell looks confused and then...]

SLB: Wait a second! She wasn't supposed to... are you saying Victoria June isn't medically cleared?!

[Ponavitch points to Blackwell with a weary nod.]

SLB: I can't believe she'd risk her health like that! No, I haven't seen her... and maybe that's a good thing because after what she did tonight, E-Girl MAX may be looking to put her right back on the injured list.

[Ponavitch again gives a tired nod of agreement.]

SLB: Fans, it's a wild night here in Kansas City and it promises to only get wilder! Let's go back down to the ring for tag team action!

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

RO: It is noooooow time for the Soldiers of Fortune's Open Challenge!

[The crowd reacts with mostly boos for this one.]

RO: It is a tag team match set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit.
Introduc-

[Before Ortiz can continue, a loud ring starts pulsing throughout the arena and a distorted voice is heard throughout the Sprint Center.]

Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

[The 'ring' starts echoing, and it starts resembling an actual ringing sound. Suddenly, the ringing sound fades perfectly into the opening guitar riff by Ted Nugent of the Damn Yankees, as "Don't Tread on Me" by the early 90s super group Nugent played guitar for starts playing over the PA to a loud chorus of boos. Stepping through the curtain is "Corporal Punishment" Charlie Stephens alone.]

SA: As Rebecca Ortiz just said, it's time for the Soldiers of Fortune's Open Challenge. As we heard a few minutes ago, Charlie Stephens told Joe Flint that he's got tonight's match handled. As we can see, however, he's come alone. No Flint, not even Marty Meekly is out here as Stephens makes his way towards the ring.

CP: I like that look on Stephens' face despite being out here alone. That's a look of a man with a plan, Albano.

SA: Are you sure? That's a look of overconfidence to me, and that overconfidence is most likely the reason why the Soldiers of Fortune are no longer the AWA World Tag Team Champions.

CP: For now.

SA: For now, yes... but after losing the Boot Camp match at SuperClash and the steel cage match at AWA10, I have a feeling it'll be a long time before the Soldiers of Fortune get another crack at the World Tag Team Titles, Colt.

[Stephens saunters down to the ring with a confident grin on his face the entire way. He ignores the loud boos of the crowd. Stephens is definitely dressed for combat, wearing a pair of dark jeans, with a tear right above the left knee, and a black t-shirt with the Soldiers of Fortune logo across the chest (Golden shield with a cyan colored soldier holding a bayonet with "Soldiers of Fortune" at the top.). He wears a pair of black boots underneath the jeans.]

CP: Who knows, Sal? The Shot Callers are down... maybe out. The Gold Standard is still hurting. Maybe Stephens can put something together here and get those titles back in the Soldiers' camp. He's certainly been focused on that while his partner's been looking... elsewhere.

SA: Stephens has been a very selfish man in that regard if you ask me.

CP: Nobody's asking you, Albano... but yeah, they've had different goals ever since Joe Flint was announced for the Royal Crown tournament. But Stephens is trying to do the right thing tonight. It takes a strong man to admit when you're wrong, and Stephens apologize AND told Flint to concentrate on the Royal Crown tournament while he handles things on the tag team end.

SA: What does that mean exactly? What is he going to "handle" without his partner, Colt? Is he really going to do this match all alone? Considering the Soldiers' chicanery winning the titles... and even going back to the Stampede Cup last year... you better believe there are plenty of teams chomping at the bit to get a little bit of payback and Stephens trying to do this on his own makes him an easy target.

[Stephens climbs onto the apron and steps through the ropes into the ring. He points to Rebecca Ortiz, demanding the microphone.]

CP: I think we're about to find out what Stephens is up to. He's asking Rebecca Ortiz for the microphone.

SA: Asking? Looks like demanding to me. How rude.

CP: I don't know, I think he's being rather nice... at least as nice as Charlie Stephens can be.

[Ortiz reluctantly hands Stephens the microphone as he steps to the center of the ring, the crowd continuing to boo.]

CS: If any of you think I'm doing this all alone... you're all out of your mind. Contrary to popular belief, the Soldiers of Fortune are not dead... they're only getting stronger.

[Stephens nods his head.]

CS: For those of you who forgot, we've been abandoned by our country who chooses to follow weak willed leaders, or those greedy pigs wanting to grift Americans with barely anything to their name until there's nothing left.

You might not care, you might be comfortable with the state of things, but this country is dead to us, we only fight for ourselves.

[The proud Americans in the house give Stephens an earful for that but he is unfazed as he continues.]

CS: However, we're not alone. There are some like us, these people sympathized with the cause that caused us to form. A lot of these people, who also feel abandoned by our leaders, did not have the power to fight alongside us, until now.

Recently, one of our sympathizers took it upon themselves to finally step up. He personally contacted me, noticing that things weren't right with the Soldiers of Fortune. He's admired us from afar ever since we manned up and decided to do things for ourselves, and he wants us to make things right, to become the force that we were in the AWA not too long ago.

[Stephens grins, nodding as the fans begin to buzz at the idea of a new ally.]

CS: The man, like us, is a patriot. A true American, a man who once loved his country, but sees things for what they are. The country turned it's back on him too! To the point where this man insists on staying in the shadows!

[Stephens pauses...]

SA: "In the shadows" - what the heck does that mean?

[...and then continues.]

CS: I do not know who this man is, I don't know what this man looks like. I don't even know what he sounds like...

Every time I talked to him, it would be through secure lines with his voice digitally altered, and our conversations were brief. He didn't want the powers to be to come after him too!

[The boos start up again as Stephens smirks.]

SA: So... he's found himself a conspiracy theorist?

CP: No, Albano, the man said this man is a patriot! He's getting to the good part!

[Stephens continues.]

CS: The brave, bold man has decided to step out of the shadows. Before I came out here, the man contacted me and let me know that he is here...

[Suddenly, Stephens pauses, and checks his pocket. He pulls out a small device, and puts it up to his ear before speaks into it.]

CS: Oh? You're ready to come out? Alright.

[Stephens grins a wicked grin before shutting off the device, and hands it to the referee.]

CS: I bring to you, my partner for tonight's Open Challenge, and the newest member of the Soldiers of Fortune...

...MR. STARS AND STRIPES!

[The crowd reacts with confusion as Stephens points down the ramp.]

SA: Mister... what now?

[There is no music as a man steps through the curtain and starts making his way to the ring. The man is wearing a blue bodysuit, along with a blue mask. There is a pattern of a tattered American flag across the man's upper body. The bulky bodysuit and mask makes sure to reveal nothing about the man's physique or any other features that may stand out. The crowd is stunned silent as the man starts walking carefully towards the ring.]

SA: That's Mr. Stars And Stripes?

CP: That's what the man said, isn't it?

SA: Colt... what's with the padded bodysuit?! I can't even tell how much he weighs let alone what kind of shape he's in! He looks... I don't know... six foot three, six foot four? Who do you think this guy is?

CP: Ain't it obvious, Albano? That's Mr. Stars And Stripes!

SA: I meant-

CP: I know what you meant, you nosy geek! And if he wanted his identity known, he'd tell us, Albano. He's hidden himself up so good, I can't tell a thing about him. But he looks pretty imposing in that bodysuit... padding or not.

SA: I don't know what to make of this... neither do these fans!

[While waiting for Mr. Stars And Stripes to get to the ring, Stephens hands the mic back to Rebecca Ortiz. The masked man makes his way to ringside, using the stairs to climb onto the apron. He steps through the ropes, and is greeted by Stephens. With a nod, Stephens reaches out to shake the hand of Mr. Stars And Stripes, who returns the handshake.]

SA: Well, apparently we're going to see - in just a few short moments now - what exactly Mr. Stars And Stripes is capable of inside the ring... Stephens talking something over with him right now...

[This seems to be a one sided conversation, with the masked man only nodding slightly to Stephens in response.]

CP: It seems to be a one way conversation, Albano. The masked man's not saying a thing as far as I can tell... and Stephens seems to trust this man despite not knowing a single thing about him, not even what he sounds like. But.. if Stephens can trust this man, maybe he's legit.

SA: We're about to find out!

CP: IF anyone accepts the challenge.

SA: I'm sure someone will.

[Rebecca Ortiz steps back towards the center of the ring as Stephens and Mr. Stars And Stripes make their way to their corner.]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents...

[Ortiz pauses and shrugs, waiting to see who indeed will accept the Open Challenge...]

...and with the crowd buzzing with anticipation, two men step through the curtain at the top of the aisle to... a very flat response.]

CP: The Outbackers?! These guys?

[Colt can barely control his laughter as the Aussie tag team steps into view in their camo tank tops and matching cargo-esque shorts, all smiles as they look out on the sold out crowd.]

SA: Come on, Colt... you gotta admit it takes some guts for a relatively new tag team like the Outbackers - who I believe have only competed on our live events so far - to accept this challenge.

CP: Guts? I guess so. Brains? Maybe not.

SA: This makes some sense to me if you stop mocking them long enough to actually think about it. "Outback" Zack Kelly knows Charlie Stephens quite well. They had a few tag team matches at some point when both men were in the lower ranks of the AWA, but that partnership had an ugly end shortly after Kelly offered to step in and help Stephens when Joe Flint couldn't make it for a match back when the Soldiers of Fortune were known as American Pride!

CP: We saw how that match ended, they lost, and lost badly. Stephens couldn't take it anymore. That match may have lit the fuse to turn American Pride into the Soldiers of Fortune, and Stephens made Zack pay.

SA: He tried to end his career! Zack dusted himself off after leaving the AWA, and found himself a partner of his own. The Outbackers have had great success down in Australia, and maybe now he feels confident that he can get revenge on his former friend and get something going here in the AWA. In fact, Zack's got a microphone. Let's see what he has to say.

[The crowd has started to warm to the idea of this match, cheering the guts of the Australians as they make their way down to ringside. Zack glares at Stephens in the ring as Stephens holds open the ropes, waving on his former friend. Zack holds Mac back as he begins to address Stephens.]

Z: Charlie! Ol' buddy, ol' pal. Looks like you ain't changed a bit. Still the same ol' bogan you were when you left me layin'... aw, I forgot how long ago, but it ain't the kinda beatin' you'd ever forget. I ain't the type to forget when a man whoops my bum, and I'm not leavin' things be, champ. Ya got me good. I didn't feel like I had much of a choice. I went back to Australia, feelin' like I needed to start over. I got myself a partner, this lovely fella standin' next to me... my cousin, Mac.

[Mac smiles, waving to the crowd.]

Z: I did what I needed to do. Worked my way back up the ranks, I did, hopin' the AWA would give me and Mac that call to come to TV.. but when I heard you were issuin' an open challenge, I made that call instead.

[Zack looks out over the cheering crowd.]

Z: But I see somethin' missing. Where's Joe Flint? Ya know, I wouldn't minda piece of that oversized muppet one of these days myself. Instead, I see some sorta dropkick standin' right next to ya. How cute, playin' dressup, Mr. Mystery Man hopin' to spook all the boys in the back? A very fittin' runnin' buddy you got there, Charlie. A man who's only hidin' 'cause he's a bloody coward, much like you.

[The masked man does not move a muscle as Stephens shouts in his general direction.]

Z: I guess this is the real Charlie Stephens. The man I once thought I knew was a righteous chap, but now he's a few roos short of a mob. Th' Charlie Stephens I knew is long gone an' he ain't comin' back, but I wouldn't have it any other way. That means I won't feel bad whatsoever for what me an' Mac are about to do to ya.

I don't think the ref.. or Charlie would mind if we play loose with the rules? This is an Open Challenge after all an' I'm open to modifyin' things.

[Stephens shouts 'FINE BY ME!' as Zack smirks.]

Z: I don't want a match, I want a fight. I wanna show the world how a couplea blokes from down under fight, and that's even before we have ourselves a couple of beers. So how about it, ref? Just let us work things out like men. You can just sit there and look pretty until you need to count a pinfall or ask for a submission.

[The ref seems to think about it, then asks Stephens if a fight is what he wants. The mic can pick up that the ref is willing to have this match end only by pinfall or countout. Stephens is more than eager to go for it.]

CS: You wanna come back here for a fight? You know who you're dealin' with already, but if you're that much of a glutton for punishment... Sure, I'll show you again. I'll send you and that stupid lookin' jackass with you back to that backwards craphole first class.

[Zack seems amused by the threat, and turns towards Mac.]

Z: Glad ya could see things my way. You ready, Mac?

M: Ready as I'll ever be, mate!

Z: Alright, cousin, let's go show these boofheads what's what!

[With that, the Outbackers charge the ring to the cheers of the crowd.]

CP: Boofhead? Muppet? Can someone get me an Outbacker to English translation? I haven't been this confused since The Rave were here.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: I have a feeling the true meaning behind some of those words are not meant for television... and here we go! The Outbackers have hit the ring and the new Soldiers of Fortune are more than happy to greet them!

[The referee calls for the bell to start the match as both teams start slugging away at each other. Mac's paired off with Mr. Stars And Stripes, while Stephens and Zack throw bombs at each other like it's a hockey fight.]

SA: Zack starting off a house of fire here! Stephens is trying to get a few licks in but it looks like Zack's really laying in some shots early on! Zack is letting out a lot of frustration on his former friend, and he's off to a good start!

[Zack's got Stephens up against the ropes as the crowd reacts at every shot Zack's landing. In desperation, Stephens grabs Zack and sends him through the ropes.]

SA: Zack gets sent to the outside...

[However, Zack knows what Stephens is trying to do, and grabs him by the shirt, pulling him to the outside with him!]

SA: ...but Zack takes Stephens with him! Both men fall hard to the outside.

CP: Despite that, it could work in Stephens' favor. He could catch his breath, even if it's for a moment. And what's this business with you calling them the NEW Soldiers of Fortune, Albano? Nobody's replaced Flint!

SA: Colt, he's got a new partner in the ring right now!

CP: Yeah, but I see Mr. Stars And Stripes as more of an addition than a replacement.

[Meanwhile, in the ring, Mac's landing some solid shots on his own, slowly backing up the masked man to the ropes.]

SA: Well, speaking of Mr. Stars And Stripes, he may be wishing he'd stayed out of this business as he's taken some solid shots here in the early going and is backed up against the ropes.

[Mac cocks his arm out, however, at the last second the masked man ducks, but makes sure to launch Mac way up and over the top rope.]

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO!

CP: That wasn't a simple dump over the top rope Mr. Stars And Stripes just did, Sal! He sent Mac maybe eight or nine feet in the air! That's an ugly landing even if you brace yourself!

SA: Indeed, Mr. Stars And Stripes launched him like a patriot missile and sadly for Mac it found the mark on the outside of the ring.

CP: The masked man's taken some hard shots early, and he's not even shaking off any sort of cobwebs! He's going right to work, Albano. He's following Mac to the outside!

[The masked man steps through the ropes and hops from the apron to the outside of the ring. He picks up Mac...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHJHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RIGHT into the ringpost! We don't know a lot about Mr. Stars And Stripes obviously but he's immediately showing us what kind of a mean streak he's got in there, Colt.

CP: He rocketed him into the steel post... a lot of strength and power behind the whip. It looked like this Aussie goof might've avoided taking it headfirst but his shoulder ran right into it and he's hurting.

[We cut to the other side of the ring where Stephens and Zack continue their brawl. Both men trade shots as the crowd encourages Zack to take control. The brawl moves over to the railing, both men getting tied up with each other.]

SA: The referee would have no qualms about getting both men back to their corner if this was a normal tag team match.

CP: But it isn't. Zack Kelly and Charlie Stephens wanted a fight, and the referee is letting 'em have it here in Kansas City.

[As Zack pulls back his fist, hoping for a big blow, Stephens cheap shots Zack with a thumb to the eye.]

SA: Stephens goes to the eyes!

CP: Totally legal though in this one.

SA: It certainly is... and look at Stephens now, never one to forego getting under the skin of the AWA faithful.

[With Kelly temporarily blinded, Stephens talks trash at the booing crowd before grabbing Zack by the head...]

"I'M GONNA PUT AN END TO HIM!"

[...but as Stephens attempts to ram Kelly's head into the ringside barricade, Kelly extends his arms...]

SA: BLOCKED...

[...and with a quick elbow to the breadbasket, Kelly turns things around, sending Stephens headfirst into the railing instead!]

SA: ...AND REVERSED! "Outback" Zack Kelly puts him into the barricade and now it's Stephens in serious trouble for the first time in this match.

CP: He's gotta stay on him though. Kelly taking a moment to high five these idiots at ringside and that's wasting valuable time and momentum that he had on his side. But I gotta also point out that Stephens got his hands up when he hit the railing, trying to protect himself from getting busted open.

SA: Stephens is what many in the industry call an "easy bleeder" so that's smart.

CP: Strategic.

[Kelly's got Stephens on the railing, battering him with haymakers to the head as Stephens stumbles away from him, keeping his hands up to try to block Zack's angry shots as best as he can...]

...and on the other side of the ring, we see Mr. Stars And Stripes raining down blows of his own on Cousin Mac!]

SA: They wanted a fight, they got a fight! The fists are flying on ABC!

[But Mac gets an arm up to block a haymaker, raining down shots of his own on the masked man to the cheers of the crowd...]

SA: Mac firing back, trying to get back into this-

[...and the masked man swings a knee up into the midsection, cutting off Mac's comeback before lifting him for a back suplex...]

...and DUMPING him spinefirst on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BACK SUPLEX ON THE APRON BY THE MASKED MAN!

CP: As many people like to point out, Sal, that's the hardest part of the ring!

SA: It sure is... and Cousin Mac is in danger here for sure, being rolled back into the ring by the masked man...

[Mr. Stars And Stripes rolls back in as well, climbing off the mat to stomp the downed and hurting Mac.

On the floor, we see Cousin Zack on the verge of helping his partner...

...but that gives Charlie Stephens an opening to grab the back of Zack's head, giving a yank to snap him back onto the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Vicious move by Charlie Stephens to put Zack down on the outside... putting the boots to him now to keep him there...

[Inside the ring, the masked man drops a leg across the sternum of Mac, spinning into a lateral press...]

SA: The masked man's not getting paid by the hour, hooking the leg...

[A two count follows before a game Mac lifts the shoulder up to cheers.]

SA: ...and Cousin Mac is out at two. We talked about the guts in taking this match but now we're seeing the guts of Mac and Zack in staying in this thing.

CP: But for how long, Sal? Already, you see Mr. Stars And Stripes back on his feet, picking this guy up... and again, we don't know who's under the hood but that's the thinking of a long-time veteran. No wasted time, no wasted movement, going seamlessly from move to move...

[Lifting Mac up for a bodyslam, the masked man puts a little extra "oomph" on it and tosses him several feet across the ring before Mac crashes down on his back a second time!]

SA: A mighty toss there by the masked man... showing off that power we noted earlier...

CP: That wasn't a typical bodyslam. He wanted to show how strong he is, and this goof was just tossed across the ring like a sack of potatoes, and he's not a small man by any means!

SA: Whoever this man is, he has power in spades. I'd say he's even stronger than Joe Flint who... well, I was going to speculate that he might be liking what he's seeing so far but I'm not so sure about that. Charlie Stephens went out and made this decision on his own and Joe Flint seemed a little put off by that, Colt.

CP: Stop trying to cause problems where there aren't any, Albano.

SA: Stop me when I'm lying, Colt.

[With Mac down on the canvas grimacing in pain, the masked man again shows no mercy, sprinting across the ring...]

SA: Mr. Stars And Stripes looking to finish him off!

[...and leaps into the air, twisting his body as he does...]

SA: ELBOW!

[...but the corkscrew elbow comes up empty as Cousin Mac rolls to the side, causing the masked man to crash down HARD on the canvas!]

SA: He missed! Mac rolled out of the way and the masked man hits the empty mat... Mac rolled clear at the last second and this might be an opening for the Outbackers to turn this thing around here on National Wrestling Night.

[As both men struggle to get back to their feet, Charlie Stephens and Zack continue to brawl on the outside. Stephens has gained control again, sending Zack crashing into the railing.]

SA: Stephens WHIPS Zack into the barricade...

[But Zack wearily ducks his head, upending Stephens over the railing and into the front row!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And for the second match in a row, the action has spilled out into the crowd here at the Sprint Center!

CP: This match has to end in the ring though! This has completely broken down... hell, it never even started as a tag match. We haven't seen a legal tag yet... and even if we do, these two may be worse off than their partners with the way they've been going at it at ringside!

[Kelly reaches over the railing, pulling Stephens to his feet by the hair, landing a pair of big right hands to the thrill of the ringside crowd now closer to the action than they'd even hoped for!]

SA: The fight continues on the outside...

[And back in the ring, we find both competitors are on their feet again, Mac taking advantage of the hurting masked man to blast him across the crown of the skull with the point of the elbow!]

SA: ...and a big Aussie elbow inside the ring has the masked man reeling even more...

[Grabbing the masked man by the head, Mac lands a series of headbutts that have the crowd rocking!]

SA: ...headbutt after headbutt...

CP: Easy to do when you're head's as hollow as a Bloomin' Onion!

SA: ...and the new Soldiers of Fortune are in trouble!

CP: Stop calling them that!

[Mac grabs the arm of the masked man, sending him across the ring into the turnbuckles...]

SA: Cousin Mac's on a roll, charging in!

[...and leaps up, throwing an elbow back to squash Mr. Stars And Stripes in the corner!]

SA: Ohhh! The big elbow connects!

CP: Charlie Stephens has always got a plan, right?

SA: Right.

CP: Well, he'd better start using it right now 'cause his partner's in trouble in there!

[With the masked man dazed in the corner, Mac unloads with rights and lefts to the midsection to cheers from the crowd...]

SA: He's all over him! That Australian fighting spirit on display!

CP: Is that a thing?

SA: I... I'm not sure actually.

[...and as the masked man staggers out, Mac wallops him with a wind-up right hand in the belly, dashing to the ropes behind him...]

SA: Outback Mac on the move annnnnnd... BOOM GOES THE CANNON! Big kneelift connects!

[Mac dives down onto the masked man, hooking a leg...]

SA: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[The crowd groans as the masked man's shoulder pops up off the mat!]

SA: -nooooo, two count only there for the Outbackers who went from being kind of a disappointing choice for this Open Challenge in the eyes of a lot of people, Colt, to having the new Soldiers of Fortune on the ropes! This would be a huge win for the Outbackers if they can pull this off!

[Mac climbs to his feet, looking down at Mr. Stars And Stripes...]

...and gives his arm a big swing around, grinning at the crowd's reaction.]

SA: He's got that arm cocked, it's looking like a boomerang clothesline to the back of the head! That's been a key move in the arsenal of the Outbackers down in Australia, bringing them a lot of success! What a feather in the cap it would be if it brings them the win tonight!

[Mac bounces off the ropes, raising his arm as he hopes to strike. However, the crowd gasps as Mac's charge is greeted by Mr. Stars And Stripes turning on a dime, clocking him right in the face with a solid forearm shot.]

SA: OOF! A Salvador Perez style shot stopped Mac right in his tracks!

CP: I don't think you can calculate the exit velocity on that one! Mr. Stars And Stripes has knocked him flat with that forearm right underneath the chin!

SA: Could he have been playing possum the whole time?

CP: Talk about lulling his opponent into a false sense of security.

SA: Just who IS this guy?

[The masked man starts to look around the ring.]

SA: And perhaps looking for the tag here...

[On the outside, we see Charlie Stephens trying to get back inside the ring but Zack Kelly isn't done with him, hanging on to try and pull him back into the fight on the floor...]

SA: Zack and Stephens still battling it out on the floor and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Stephens swings a mule kick backwards, catching the Outbacker below the equator!]

SA: Cheap shot by Stephens!

CP: But totally legal still!

[And with Kelly reeling, Stephens lifts him up, dropping him throatfirst across the railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: What a dastardly move on the outside... and now Stephens is mocking Zack Kelly, grabbing his throat and-

[Stephens suddenly spots his partner looking for him as the masked man waves an arm in his direction...]

SA: -things have gone South for the Outbackers in a hurry now as Stephens is heading back towards the ring to his new partner.

[Stephens shouts out, asking if the masked man has this match won, and the masked man's simple nod of response brings a big grin onto the face of Stephens.]

SA: Mr. Stars And Stripes says it's over... but if it's over, then why does he want Stephens in there?

[Dragging Mac off the mat, Mr. Stars And Stripes holds him by the throat, waiting for Stephens to join him...]

SA: What in the world are they...?

[...and in another show of strength, the masked man lifts Mac up with ease. Mac's nothing more than dead weight, not providing any resistance to Mr. Stars And Stripes as the masked man sits out, DRIVING Mac down with a sitout chokeslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Sitout chokeslam! The Outbackers may be wanting to pack their bags and go back down under after that!

[Stephens applauds from the corner, grinning at the masked man's show of strength...

...and then bellows one word to his partner.]

"AGAIN!"

[The crowd jeers as the masked man nods, climbing off the canvas and reaching down to retrieve Mac...]

SA: Again?! Why?! There's no need for this! The match is over, damn it! Just pin the man and get it over with!

CP: All in good time, Albano.

SA: You condone this?!

CP: I think the Soldiers of Fortune have had a rough six months and I think they need to change the narrative. Take a look at the ring right now, Albano - that's the narrative being written by Charlie Stephens and Mr. Stars And Stripes!

[...and lifts the Outbacker into the air by the throat a second time, driving him down with even greater impact as the crowd groans!]

SA: A second sitout chokeslam... and is that enough?! Is it?!

[Stephens suddenly drops to his back, rolling to the outside where he grabs Zack by the hair, hauling him to his feet and pushing him chestfirst against the apron on the outside...]

CP: Oh, maybe the other Aussie's gonna get one too!

[Stephens grabs Kelly by the back of the head, shoving his face into the ropes as he shouts in to Mr. Stars And Stripes again...]

"AGAIN! And I want this son of a bitch to watch!"

SA: Oh... oh my. Fans, we apologize for the language of Charlie Stephens and...

CP: The referee can't do a thing about any of this! The Outbackers wanted a fight but they weren't ready for the kind of fight the Soldiers bring to the dance!

[...and with a struggling Outback Zack trying to get to his cousin, the masked man lifts him into the air again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: MAKE IT THREE!

SA: A trifecta of sitout chokeslams on the part of Mr. Stars And Stripes... and mercifully, we get a cover. This one's all over, fans. No doubt about it.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd explodes in jeers for the Soldiers of Fortune as Stephens shoves Kelly aside, rolling into the ring to join his partner in celebration, shouting out with glee as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official...]

RO: HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS...

CHARLIE STEPHENS... MR. STARS & STRIPES...

...THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!

[The crowd continues to boo as "Don't Tread on Me" by the Damn Yankees starts playing. The referee can't even get a chance to raise the hands of the Soldiers, as Mr. Stars And Stripes brushes past him, and simply leaves the ring. Stephens gleefully stomps away at Mac a few times, before following his partner out of the ring.]

CP: Talk about taking care of business! I think this masked man might be quite a find for the Soldiers of Fortune! Joe Flint and Marty Meekly must be very happy with this person that Charlie Stephens has brought in!

SA: Quite a find indeed, a very impressive performance by the newcomer here tonight, even if the three sitout chokeslams at the end were not necessary at all. The Outbackers were game, Mac threw everything he could at Mr. Stars And Stripes when he had the chance, but the masked man kept taking his best shots. Seriously, who is this guy? He took a good licking and like Timex, he just kept on ticking. He's going to be a very dangerous force here in the AWA.

CP: If I were Next Gen, I'd watch out! Stephens and Mr. Stars And Stripes might have to work their way up the rankings, but if they can keep taking care of business like they did tonight, the long running rivalry's going to renew whether Next Gen likes it or not!

SA: As the Soldiers make their way to the back to celebrate their victory here tonight, let's send it backstage to our own Sweet Lou Blackwell! Lou?

[We fade to the backstage area where Blackwell is shaking his head.]

SLB: An impressive debut there for Mr. Stars And Stripes for sure... and I've already got my sources at work trying to find out - just who is that masked man?

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: But that's a scoop for another day, fans... right now I'm here to talk about the biggest event of the summer headed your way in just 44 days - Memorial Day Mayhem LIVE from Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles, California! Now, the stadium itself is SOLD OUT... I'm talking Super No Vacancy here... so the only way to catch the action will be LIVE on Pay Per View. We've got a big lineup on the books already for this one and it's only gonna get better. Two huge matches already announced, let's talk about 'em.

[A graphic comes up on the screen promoting the annual Memorial Day Rumble.]

SLB: It's the 30 Woman Rumble with the winner moving on to Girls To The Front on August 18th in Madison Square Garden to face whoever the Women's World Champion is on that night! We've got eleven names in the match already... and a few more to announce here tonight.

[Blackwell winks at the camera.]

SLB: Let's go over the names already in... first, let's talk about some competitors we've already seen here tonight - Michelle Bailey, Laura Davis, Carolina Colton, Victoria June...

[Blackwell pauses.]

SLB: ...assuming she's medically cleared to compete... Ricki Toughill, Trish Wallace, and Lauryn Rage - they're all in!

[All of those faces appear on the graphic now up in the corner of the screen.]

SLB: In addition to that, we've got Margarita Flores, Kayla Cristol, Donna Martinelli - again, if she's medically cleared - Shannon Walsh, and Harper Hannigan all slated to compete.

[Those names join the graphic.]

SLB: That makes twelve names in... eighteen more to go. Let's fill some of those empty slots!

[A graphic comes up that yield a pretty big ROAR from the Sprint Center fans!]

SLB: How about this one? All FOUR E-Girl MAX members are in! Casey Cash, Kelly Kowalski, and the World Tag Team Champions - Harley Hamilton and Cinder! That's a huge announcement and completely tilts the odds board in this match towards a member of EGM walking out with the win! The Rumble rules may say it's "every woman for themselves" but I think we saw back at SuperClash that EGM plays by their own rules in situations like that.

[The graphic disappears.]

SLB: Which puts SIXTEEN competitors in this Rumble! We're more than halfway to the final number of thirty... and I can't wait to see who gets added next! Now, let's drastically shift gears as we go from a match all about future opportunity to a match that is about one final opportunity. One more chance for Raphael Rhodes to get his hands on Juan Vasquez and vice versa before the legendary Hall of Famer walks off into the sunset... one more shot for all of the AWA's fans... and wrestling fans all around the globe to pay tribute to the man who has been one of the biggest superstars in the entire business for years now. He may not be an AWA Original but you'd be hard-pressed to come up with a name that is more influential... more impactful in the history of the AWA than Juan Vasquez.

[Blackwell pauses.]

SLB: As you just saw and heard, the majority of the focus on that match is on the man we'll see for the final time, Juan Vasquez, but let's not forget about his opponent, Raphael Rhodes, who is standing by, along with Dana Kaiser.

[We see a split-screen, where Raphael Rhodes can be seen, standing beside his wife and manager, Dana Kaiser. Rhodes stands by calmly, dressed in a black sport coat, plain black T-shirt, and jeans, while Kaiser is in a light blue blazer, white tank top, and jeans.]

SLB: You've got quite the road to get to Memorial Day Mayhem, Mr. Rhodes, but I'm sure Ms. Kaiser has you ready for all the detours that seem to be on the way.

[Rhodes nods, as Kaiser takes the lead first.]

DK: You are correct, Mr. Blackwell. In two weeks, Raph faces a very difficult test in London when he faces Takeshi Mifune, but we are confident that it's a test that he can pass.

RR: Gettin' past Mifune is just another step towards gettin' past Vasquez, mate. I'm well aware of what that man can do in the ring, and if I can stop a man like Mifune, then it just gives me that much more in my arsenal to finally beat Vasquez.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Memorial Day Mayhem is something of a lucky charm for you when facing Juan Vasquez, don't you think? I had a conversation the other day with Ms. Kaiser about how you have been very successful against Juan at this event in the past.

[Rhodes nods.]

RR: Still ain't pinned him. It ain't goin' to be over for me until I do that.

DK: Yes, Mr. Blackwell, while Memorial Day Mayhem has been quite kind to Raph in his battles against Mr. Vasquez, the fact remains that his wins against Mr. Vasquez at the event are not enough to satisfy his goals. A disqualification win, as well as the final elimination in a Rumble, do not replace a pinfall win.

RR: I ain't ever done it, and I only got one more shot to do it. That's why this Memorial Day Mayhem is so critical for me, mate. It's somethin' I've wanted for almost a decade. Somethin' that's eaten at me and kept me awake at night. I can't ever say I'm truly great unless I beat him.

[Blackwell nods, a slight grin crossing his face.]

SLB: I have to ask, are you bothered by him not being there last week when you were attacked by Takeshi Mifune? Let's roll his comments.

[We cut to footage marked "LAST WEEK - SHOWTIME, ON ESPN", where Juan Vasquez is speaking to Mariah Wolfe, as Michelle Bailey is to Juan's side.]

MW: There is one other match, and it comes after the Kimmy/Trish match. Paris Crawford will go against Raphael Rhodes. Who do you think will win that one, especially if Team Supreme is lurking?

[Juan's expression changes, becoming more serious.]

JV: Would it be rude of me to say I hope they beat the hell out of each other and Crawford leaves me just enough of Raph's carcass to stomp into the Dodger Stadium dirt, before I put him out of his misery at Memorial Day Mayhem?

MB: I think that might be slightly rude.

JV: Either way, we won't be here to see it.

[Michelle gives Juan a concerned look.]

MB: You seriously don't want to see Raph wrestle?

JV: Well, we have dinner reservations and I think a Wagyu tomahawk steak at a three star Michelin restaurant with my family, ranks slightly ahead of my desire to watch Raphael Rhodes wrestle.

[The footage cuts, and we're back to the split screen. Rhodes has an annoyed expression on his face, as Kaiser looks back at him, concerned.]

SLB: Your thoughts?

RR: My thoughts ain't suitable for your bleedin' TV show.

[Blackwell goes pale, as Kaiser puts her hand on Rhodes' shoulder.]

DK: Mr. Vasquez has his right to his opinion, and we have the right to try and change his mind at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Rhodes trembles with anger, and finally boils over.]

RR: He's so bleedin' up himself. I've been out here workin' every night, facin' opponents from around the world, and watchin' every scrap of footage I can find to be prepared, and he's goin' out for a steak dinner with the family. Good for him. Good for bloody him.

[Rhodes scowls.]

RR: Juan Vasquez thinks he can solve everythin' because he's Juan Vasquez. The man everyone comes to when they got a problem that needs fixin'. The man to chase off menaces, the man to stop the big villains. And if there's somethin' he ain't seen before, he pulls a rabbit out of his hat and comes out on top, because Juan Vasquez is always on top.

[Rhodes shakes his head.]

RR: Well, Juan, if there's one place where I can stop you from comin' out smellin' like a rose, it's Memorial Day Mayhem. And you better hope, mate, you better pray you got one more rabbit in your hat to save you on your way out.

[Blackwell holds up a hand.]

SLB: Mr. Rhodes, one more question, if I may?

[Rhodes looks at Kaiser, who nods.]

DK: Of course, Mr. Blackwell.

SLB: What will you do if you don't accomplish your goal, if you lose at Memorial Day Mayhem?

[Rhodes' eyes go wide, and his mouth opens as though he wants to answer, but his face quickly goes sullen, as though he hadn't thought of the possibility that he might lose this match. A look of panic briefly flashes across his face, and he turns away from the camera, putting his hands into his hair as Kaiser holds up her hand to the camera. Suddenly, their side of the split-screen cuts, leaving Blackwell on his own.]

SLB: Friends, you know what they say about a picture being worth a thousand words? Well, I think that one was worth a million. This is a must-win scenario for Raphael Rhodes, because a loss would simply be devastating. One more time. One last match. Juan Vasquez vs. Raphael Rhodes, live at Dodger Stadium on Memorial Day, at Memorial Day Mayhem...

[Blackwell grabs at his earpiece.]

SLB: ...and it sounds like my good pal Mariah Wolfe has caught up with someone other folks we're sure to be seeing in Los Angeles. Mariah?

[We cut to Mariah Wolfe, who is standing beside Julie Somers and Michelle Bailey, fresh from their win over E-Girl MAX. Julie is still dressed in her wrestling attire, the Women's World Title belt over her shoulder, sweat glistening from her skin. Michelle has a towel over her head, using another towel to wipe the sweat from her arms. Notably absent is Ricki Toughill.]

MW: Thanks, Lou... and while I'd like to say I'm here with the triumphant trio from earlier tonight, two out of three ain't bad.

[Mariah grins as Somers chuckles.]

MW: Ricki Toughill is calming down after her brawl with Kelly Kowalski, but I'm fortunate enough to be standing beside Michelle Bailey and the AWA Women's World Champion, Julie Somers! Michelle, I have to start with you. What made you decide to get involved in this match, especially so close to the Royal Crown?

[Michelle pulls the towel on her head back a bit, so that her two-toned eyes can be seen by the camera. She smiles a bit.]

MB: I hate to say this, because I think some people might take this the wrong way. She understands how I felt.

[Michelle nods her head towards Julie, who nods affirmatively.]

MB: I actually didn't want to get involved.

[Mariah looks shocked.]

MW: Really? Why?

MB: Because I know what it's like to go against a group like E-Girl MAX. I went against the original Ego MAX, effectively by myself, and lost a year of my career to them. I was on the run of my career until I ran into Ego MAX, and I worried about making the same mistake by getting involved here. I thought about how I'm not really in the position to give up a year of my career anymore.

[Bailey has a twinkle in her eye as she continues.]

MB: I know she's a bit of a pill, but I respect Harley Hamilton. In the same way, I respect Cinder. And honestly, as much as she gets under people's skins, I have known Casey Cash since she started in this industry, because she used to be my daughter's training partner when they got started, and I think a lot of her because I know her well.

[Michelle takes the towel she's been using to wipe her arms and puts it over her shoulder, then looks at Julie.]

MB: But I thought about how I fought that battle against Ego MAX by myself, all those years ago, and I realized I couldn't let this woman here fight that same battle alone. And you may have noticed, Mariah, the name I left off my list.

[Mariah nods.]

MW: Kelly Kowalski.

[Michelle frowns, her eyes narrowing from underneath the towel.]

MB: Kelly Kowalski. She wanted to make her name at my expense all the way back at SuperClash when she attacked me, when she joined E-Girl MAX. So in between not letting this woman, this brave woman...

[Michelle pats Julie on the back.]

MB: ...fall into the same trap I did, all those years ago? Along with finally giving Kelly Kowalski the payback she was owed? It was worth it to get involved.

[Mariah interjects.]

MW: How about Victoria June? How did you feel about her involvement?

[Michelle shrugs nonchalantly.]

MB: She's Julie friend.

[The three share a laugh, and Julie steps forward.]

JS: Honestly, I didn't even know that Victoria was cleared to return. I guess I wasn't the only one who wanted to keep people in suspense. But I don't blame

Victoria one bit... and I know Kayla is in Los Angeles this weekend doing promo work for Memorial Day Mayhem but I wouldn't have blamed her if she was out there either... certainly not after what E-Girl MAX did to Victoria. I can't wait to see The Country Punks get their shot at the tag team titles.

[Mariah nods.]

MW: Speaking of titles...and speaking of Memorial Day Mayhem as well... Julie, obviously, you still don't have a challenger for Memorial Day Mayhem. Do you have any thoughts about who you'd like to face there?

[Julie grins.]

JS: Actually, I do. I heard something a few weeks ago that I couldn't believe, and I decided to do something about it. Mariah, there's a lot of contenders on the roster, and I'd love to face any of them, but there's someone who's in the top ten who's never gotten a shot at a World Title. Someone who's had quite a career, too. Someone who may have entered the Rumble to get a shot at me, but she doesn't have to do that.

[Mariah's eyes widen, realizing what Julie's getting at, but Michelle puts the towel over her face. Julie grabs Michelle by the arm.]

JS: If it's your dream to wrestle for the World Title, then you've waited long enough. At Memorial Day Mayhem, you should live your dream!

[Michelle shakes involuntarily as the crowd roars in the background. Mariah pumps her fist off to the side as Julie nods her head. Michelle, however, shakes hers.]

MB: M- me?

[Julie nods her head again, more vigorously.]

JS: You!

[Michelle puts her hands on her hips and shakes her head again.]

MB: I don't... I can't...

[Julie grabs Michelle by the shoulders, giving her a bit of a shake.]

JS: You can!

[Moments of silence pass, as Michelle slowly reaches up and pulls the towel off her head. She has tears in her eyes as she does so.]

MB: Give me some time to think about it, okay?

[The two look at each other for a moment, Julie looking concerned at Michelle, and Julie gently nods, letting go of Michelle's shoulders. Michelle immediately leaves the scene, putting the towel over her head as she walks away as Julie watches her leave, confused and concerned.]

MW: I'm sure that all of the AWA Galaxy would love to see that matchup.

[Julie softly says "I would too" as she walks from the scene.]

MW: Hopefully Michelle makes a decision, because I bet Interim President Zharkov would gladly sanction that match. Fans, we're going to take another break but

don't you dare go away because when we come back, it's Jackson Hunter and Brian James taking on Team Supreme's Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad!

[And we fade out on a grinning Mariah...

We fade up from black onto black and white footage of an empty arena - likely the Crockett Coliseum from the looks of things - with deserted chairs and a wrestling ring with no one in it.

We see Karl O'Connor walking up a set of steps with the aid of a cane, moving slowly and deliberately, putting much of his weight on the cane. He slowly takes a seat, looking down onto the ring as the camera cuts to a closeup of him and we hear his voice.]

"I can still hear the echoes chanting my name."

[A closeup on his eyes, wrinkles showing the years and the mileage on his body.

Cut to a shot of "Big" Jim Watkins standing in a locker room dressed in an old brown ring jacket, running his finger down the trim as we hear his recognizable voice.]

"Time has not silenced the crowd."

[We get a trio of old pieces of footage - Brett Bryant in his younger days with his arms raised over his head, Cameron O'Connor applying a spinning toe hold on an unknown foe, and Blackjack Lynch raising his black glove-covered hand into the air as his gravelly voice is heard.]

"I never did a moonsault..."

[Cut to a modern day closeup shot of Blackjack Lynch's eyes, a notable scar over one of them...

...and then a shot of Terry Shane Jr. in a suit looking out over the empty arena with his voiceover.]

"...or walked the top rope."

[Oliver Strickland sits on a locker room bench, his eyes drifting across the vacant room as he speaks.]

"There were no pyrotechnics..."

[And onto Ivan Kostovich who runs a hand over the links of his old Russian chain now hanging from a hook on a door as we hear his heavy accented words.]

"...no fancy, flashing lights."

[Cut to a series of modern shots of current day AWA superstars in action - Jordan Ohara diving off the top rope with a crossbody to the floor... Julie Somers using a moonsault from the top onto a standing opponent on the outside... and we hear Karl O'Connor's voice again.]

"We never flew through the air."

[Cut to O'Connor sitting in the Crockett, cane in hand as he looks at the empty ring...

...and then old footage of a defiant Blackjack Patterson shaking his head, refusing to submit to a painful hold as we hear Jim Watkins.]

"We were men of courage.."

[Closeup on Watkins' eyes in present day before cutting to Blackjack Lynch wrapping his hand around a foe's head as his voice is heard.]

"...men of steel."

[And then back to modern day shots of Juan Vasquez leaping off the top of the Woodshed, plummeting down... to Shadoe Rage hurling himself off the top of a super-sized steel cage... to a blood-covered Hannibal Carver wielding a steel chair as we hear Terry Shane Jr's voice.]

"They were men without fear."

[Cut to a shot of Blackjack Lynch standing in the ring, raising a hand in the air as if saluting the crowd as we hear his voice. We can actually see a ghost-like vision of cheering fans around him...]

"I can still hear the echoes cheering my name."

[...but when we cut to the opposite angle, we can see he's all alone in the ring.

And we cut again, this time showing the legendary Hamilton Graham standing outside the ring, a hand draped over the rope, a hungry look upon his face, wishing for one more moment of glory as we hear his familiar voice.]

"Today... I cheer for them."

[And as we fade to black, a graphic comes up promoting "AWA LEGACY" before we fade all the way out...

...and then up on a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, resulting in a shot of a hallway where we see Charlie Stephens and the mysterious Mr. Stars And Stripes. Stephens is discussing something with the masked man, who returns a simple nod, when a shout interrupts them.]

"SOLDIER!"

[The familiar sounding shout is from Joe Flint with Marty Meekly behind him. Flint marches towards Stephens and the masked man, immediately getting into the masked man's hidden face.]

JF: Charlie, what is this?

[Flint stares daggers at the masked man, and the masked man could be doing the same if we could see his eyes. The man does not move, Meekly and Stephens feeling the tension between the two men. After a brief period of silence, Flint decides to break it.]

JF: You gonna say somethin', punk?

[Sensing that things could pop off any second now, Stephens decides to step in between the two men.]

CS: Joe, relax. I said I could handle the Open Challenge, and I... no.

WE did, didn't we?

[The masked man slowly nods his head.]

JF: You shoulda run this by me first. You know I can't trust a man that hides his face. Why do ya think we never brought Ultra Commando 3 into the fold?

CS: I thought it was because of somethin' like what happened earlier tonight when he proved he couldn't get the job done.

[Stephens' attempt to break the tension with some humor falls short as Flint continues to glare at the masked man.]

CS: Look, I meant what I said in the ring. This man contacted us because he sensed we were in trouble. He reminded me... he reminded us why we became the Soldiers in the first place. We are men without a country. We are men who now fight for ourselves, and we've lost our way. He reminded us that we're out for fame and fortune above everything else, and-

[Flint, not moving his gaze from the masked man, interrupts.]

JF: Explain the mask.

[Stephens pauses, looking at Mr. Stars And Stripes.]

CS: He said it's classified. He doesn't want the powers that be to know who he is.

[Stephens shrugs.]

CS: He wouldn't tell me any more than that. I know this doesn't suit you very well...

JF: No, it does not.

[Stephens nods, raising a finger.]

CS: But... we can take the burden of going for the World Tag Team titles, while you go for singles glory. I said earlier, this was going to be the plan.

[Flint finally looks away from the masked man, sighing as he shakes his head.]

JF: This is a big personnel change, soldier. You should have ran this by me first...

[Stephens nods, his voice shifting to an almost conciliatory tone.]

CS: Trust me, Joe... trust HIM. There's a lot of teams.. a lot of factions tryin' to muscle their way to the top. I know I don't want to be left behind, an' I sure as hell know you don't either. You saw what the masked man did in the ring tonight. I'm confident that WE can prove that WE are the superior faction in the AWA.

Don't worry about Mister Stars & Stripes. He's in this for the long haul. I repeat, let US handle the tag team ranks. Regain your focus. You were picked for the Royal Crown tournament for a reason.

[Flint nods his head.]

CS: Besides, you don't... want to be put back in the box, don't ya?

[That seems to trigger something inside of Flint.]

JF: That punk...

CS: Salazar does what he says and... puts you back in the 'box'.. he puts US in a 'box'. Got that? You offered him respect, somethin' you no longer give so freely... and what does he do? He mocks everything we stand for. He spits on us! He calls YOU a toy.

[Stephens also starts getting fired up for the first time this evening.]

CS: If I was in that match.. I'd know what kinda box I'd-

[Flint snaps his head towards Stephens.]

JF: Can it.

[Stephens nods his head and steps back. At that moment, Flint turns towards the camera.]

JF: Salazar, you maggot... you punk... you PUKE. Charlie is right! I gave you respect, I called you a dangerous man... far more dangerous than you look and act, and you dare turn my words of praise and respect against me? You spit on MY service? No one spits on me. I'm gonna be the one doin' the spittin'. You insult not only me, but every man and woman who fights for a country that doesn't appreciate them.

Ya know... maybe Charlie's on to somethin'.

[Stephens beams in the background.]

JF: But I don't need to go that far. I'd more than settle for makin' sure that the next time I see you, you'll be sittin' in a wheelchair for the rest of yer life holdin' a sign sayin' "Will spit in your cup fer food" after I break every damn bone in your legs. The only way you'd ever see a red cent ever again, wastin' away, bein' a useless drain on society.

Get yer affairs in order, puke. I'll make sure you never make it to England. All that dirty money you've ever got by hook or by crook won't ever be enough to afford the hospital bills when I get done with you. At ease.

[Flint turns towards the masked man.]

JF: You.

[The masked man does not flinch one bit.]

JF: If Charlie trusts you... don't let me down.

Let's go get some beers.

[Stephens nods his head, then turns towards Mr. Stars And Stripes.]

CS: You down?

[The masked man finally moves for the first time, making a drinking motion with his hand and shaking his head.]

CS: Don't drink?

[Mr. Stars And Stripes nods his head.]

CS: Alright then, more for us. Take care of yourself and report to the compound when you're ready. I'll send you the location.

[Without any further gestures, the masked man turns and takes his leave. Flint watches the man leaves, and grunts, a look of distrust on his face. He then motions to Stephens and Meekly, who leave in the opposite direction...

...and we fade from the pre-recorded footage to Mariah Wolfe standing by with a microphone in hand. She is flanked by the imposing figures of Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, and Paris Crawford. Cain Jackson is dressed in a sleek, black leather suit with a crisp white shirt underneath. AJ Martinez is wearing a dark purple shirt that is stretched tightly across his muscular chest, and a pair of blue jeans that have been fashionably and expensively ripped in strategic places, his dark hair pulled back into a tight manbun. Paris Crawford is attired in a black suede jumpsuit with a deep neckline, along with a simple pair of black boots. Their hair this week is blonde, styled in voluminous waves, and they look in a compact mirror, touching their bottom lip with their pinky finger to ensure that their lip color looks correct before closing the mirror and retrieving their balisong nail file.]

MW: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad: Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, and Paris Crawford. Tonight, they have their sights set on Brian James and Jackson Hunter. Cain, AJ, Paris, what do you have to say about this upcoming match?

CJ: Brian James and Jackson Hunter seem to believe they accomplished something significant two weeks ago. They helped Violence Unlimited steal a victory that never belonged to them. But one setback doesn't cause Team Supreme to lose sight of our goal.

MW[Interrupting]: And just what is your goal?

[Jackson smirks at Mariah, causing her to look visibly uneasy.]

CJ: The AWA is a promotion scarred by the mistakes of its past. Years of corruption, favoritism, and straight up anarchy dressed up as leadership, has tainted what could be and should be a wrestling utopia. But we see beyond the chaos and the filth. Team Supreme envisions a place where the talent thrives on merit and where the strongest and most skilled rise to the top without interference.

[He bends down, so he's looking Mariah straight in the eye.]

CJ: In other words, darling, we're here to undo the mistakes of the past and build a new era of greatness.

[Cain stands back up to his full height and turns to the camera, speaking directly to it.]

CJ: Brian James. You seem to be under the impression that Supreme Wright is anyone's boss. Like so many other times in your life, boy, you're mistaken. Supreme's a leader, a visionary, and the greatest man I've ever known, but know this... we CHOOSE to follow him, because he's a man worth following. Because he's the catalyst for the change that's coming.

[Paris, busy filing their nails, doesn't even bother looking up, but "tsks" softly.]

PC: Perhaps you say too much, mon cher? You know what they say...

[Paris looks up, a smirk on their face and a purr in their voice.]

PC: Loose lips sink ships.

[Cain shoots an annoyed look at Paris, whose face pales at Cain's reaction.]

CJ: Boy, I ain't saying anything that the rest of'em shouldn't already know. It ain't like there's a damn thing they can do to stop the storm that's comin' anyway.

PC: Ah. Oui. I suppose it is a bit much to ask such men to be aware of their future.

[Paris looks back at their nails with a deep sigh.]

PC: How disappointing.

[Cain turns his attention back to the camera.]

CJ: And you, Jackson Hunter, you won't even be here to see it. You escaped us last time, but there won't be another miracle.

PC: Just another man who thinks his mouth can solve the problems that his body cannot. That he can anger and annoy his way to victory rather than fight.

[Paris opens and closes their hand, inspecting their fingers.]

PC: In mere moments, he runs full speed into the brick wall known as fate, and I will enjoy the satisfying noise he makes when he hits that wall. Cela me fera très plaisir.

[Mariah pivots to the large man hulking beside her.]

MW: AJ Martinez, your thoughts?

AJM: Ya know, for like, half a second, I kinda felt bad about havin' to smash Jackson Hunter. I mean, that guy was old when my dad was a rookie sensation in LA! But then I thought to myself... why am I feelin' bad? Don't they say we're supposed to respect our elders? Well, I'm gonna give you the same respect I'd give anyone stupid enough to get in the ring with me... and that's none!

[He cackles.]

AJM: I'm gonna hunt me a Hunter, and there's not gonna be a single worry on this pretty face when I'm bashing yours in! Like Paris said, it's gonna be my pleasure to make you très fear me!

MW: I see. But AJ, aren't you feeling the least bit conflicted about this match?

[He gives Mariah a confused look.]

AJM: Conflicted? I ain't conflicted. I'm calm, cool, collected, and UN-conflicted! Tell me, Mariah, why would I ever be conflicted?

MW: Well, Brian James is your brother.

[AJ shoots Cain a look that says "Can you believe this?"]

AJM: Yeah? And? Look, did you see any conflict in me in the three dozen or so times I've beaten the tar outta' my runt brother Ryan? No you haven't! I'm "Hot Stuff" AJ Martinez. I am THE Martinez in this family! I'm head and shoulders above my brothers - and those are very broad shoulders, and a very pretty head! The only conflict there's gonna be is whether I punch little BJ's face off or kick his damn head in!

[AJ cracks his knuckles, as a menacing grin spreads across his face.]

PC: Brian James, Jackson Hunter, vous avez fait une grave erreur. Meddling in our business was your first mistake. Not realizing the consequences was your second. Et maintenant, vous allez payer.

CJ: The AWA isn't prepared for what's about to happen, but you two? You're the next to fall. James, Hunter, there's no mercy coming your way. For you, this is the end of the line.

[And with that, the deadliest trio in professional wrestling makes their exit. Mariah watches them walk off, before turning her attention back to the camera.]

MW: Strong words from The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad. We'll see if they can back them up in the ring in just a few moments... and now, we head across the arena to my Showtime colleague, "Superstar" Steve Rogers!

[We crossfade to another part of the arena where not only is Steve Rogers not ready to receive the handoff from Mariah but he's actually already in mid-sentence...]

SSR: -two look as happy to be in the same room as Bryce Harper and Hunter Strickland.

[Jackson Hunter enters in his faux-suede overcoat, pouting about something, but he seems momentarily confused by "Superstar"'s reference.]

JH: ...Who?

SSR: MLB? They've been-

JH: I don't care about baseball! Quit talking to me about baseball! We're wrestlers, Steve! You remember wrestling, right?

SSR: Yeah? From what I heard about you in Chinook Wrestling back in the day, your filibustering and lobbying made you a better politician, Hunter. All these schemes of yours have landed you in the sights of Mifune-gun.

JH: What you call "schemes," Steve, I call...

[Hunter claps his hands together, proud of his linguistic skill.]

JH: "Quixotic vision."

SSR: Well, instead of talking my ear off, maybe you should work on sweet-talking your partner here...

[Brian James enters, calmly wrapping his wrist and hand in tape. As he pulls the black towel he wears over his head off, we can see that James has a rather cold look in his eyes.]

SSR: ...Because you two have fired a lot of unprovoked shots across each other's bows in the past, and he looks like the one guy who you could rely on to save your hide.

JH: My hide is perfectly safe! And Brian, I have a plan-

[James calmly extends a finger, under Hunter's nose, silencing him. Obviously he's already taken Hunter's plan under advisement, and resumes taping his wrists.]

JH: But if you'd just-

[James shoots him a cold glare, and slowly shakes his head. James flexes each individual knuckle. Hunter and Rogers stand in awkward silence.]

JH: I could let you in on my cunning scheme that I hatched for KAMS.

[Hunter's fake grin fades as Brian James shakes his head.]

BJ: We talked about this. You're a planner. Supreme Wright is a planner. But I told you, there's only one plan you need to stick to.

[James quirks a brow upwards and puts his hands on his hips, glaring hard at Jackson Hunter. Hunter gulps and begins to recite something.]

JH: Okay, fine – I'll say it.

"The AWA National Wrestling Night mantra: Brian James is always right. I will listen to Brian James. When teaming with Brian James, I will not ignore Brian James' strategy. Brian James is God. And if I screw up his very simple instructions...," ugh...

[Hunter begins to pout again, then becomes completely petulant.]

JH: "If I screw up his very simple instructions, Brian James will punch me into the upper decks after he punches KAMS all the way back across the Pacific Ocean again!" There! I said it! Happy?

BJ: You're learning.

[With a hint of a smile]

BJ: So yeah, I'm happy. Delighted even.

[And with that, Hunter throws up his hands in a huff, stalking off as a smirking James walks behind him, leaving Steve Rogers behind.]

SSR: I... uhh... how does Blackwell wrap these up? Something about "strong words" or something.

[Rogers nods, pleased with himself.]

SSR: The floor is yours, Salvatore and Colton!

[We crossfade back out to the ringside area where Albano is stifling a chuckles as Patterson looks fit to be tied.]

CP: Colton?! COLTON?! Nobody calls me Colton, Albano!

SA: He's new, Colt. Give him a break.

CP: I'VE KNOWN HIM FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS!

[Albano can't hold back his laughter this time, doubling over as a fuming Patterson glares at him...]

SA: Rebecca... whew... take it... oh, come on, Colt.

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

RO: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[We then hear the PA system come to life as dialogue from "Conan the Barbarian" is heard, as the crowd erupts with boos...]

"WHAT IS BEST IN LIFE?"

"TO CRUSH YOUR ENEMIES, TO SEE THEM DRIVEN BEFORE YOU, AND TO HEAR THE LAMENTATIONS OF THEIR WOMEN."

[A metal cover of "Anvil of Crom" then begins to play as we see Paris Crawford stepping through the curtains. They stand there with their hands on their hips, looking rather bored and unimpressed by the crowd. The boos grow ever louder as they are soon joined by two massive towers of humanity: Six feet eight inches of pure intimidation in Cain Jackson and the near seven feet tall weapon of mass seduction, AJ Martinez. Standing on each side of Paris, the trio's eyes are focused solely in the ring, their concentration unbroken by the loud boos and the roar of the crowd.]

RO: ...fighting out of Japan and representing Team Supreme... they are accompanied to the ring by Paris Crawford... at a total combined weight of 610 pounds...

"THE BEAST" CAIN JACKSON!

"HOT STUFF" AJ MARTINEZ!

THE KABUKICHO ASSASSINATION MANIAC SQUAAAAAAAAAAAAAD!

[As the camera pans upwards on them, Jackson suddenly breaks his stare with the ring and looks down right at the views at home.]

"Killing is our business..."

[AJ Martinez then pops his head into the frame.]

"... AND BUSINESS IS GOOD!"

[And with that, the trio begin their march to the ring, prepared for battle, destruction and all-out war.]

SA: One of the most successful gaijin tag teams to ever take the Land of the Rising Sun by storm, the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad are on their way to the ring... and as much as I think Brian James and Jackson Hunter... well, Brian James at least... are ready for a fight, I'm not sure ANYONE is ready for a fight with this trio.

CP: You know who wasn't? The Dogs of War. These three neutered the Dogs at SuperClash and since those little puppies yapping with their tails between their legs. They beat them so bad, they shattered the most dominant trio that the AWA has ever seen and left them in pieces.

SA: AND took the mantle as the AWA's most dangerous trio. But tonight, this isn't a trios match... this is a tag team match.

CP: Yeah, but where Jackson and Martinez are, Paris Crawford is always lurking, jack.

[KAMS takes the ring, splitting apart to salute the various sides of the ring as their music starts to fade...]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The Sprint Center goes dark for a moment and over the loudspeakers, the voice of the world's most famous martial artist, Bruce Lee, can be heard.]

"You must be shapeless, formless, like water. When you pour water in a cup, it becomes the cup. When you pour water in a bottle, it becomes the bottle. When you pour water in a teapot, it becomes the teapot. Water can drip and it can crash. Become like water my friend."

[And then comes the familiar cry of Volbeat's Michael Poulsen...]

#LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!

[As Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call" kicks in, they stride out onto the entrance ramp, Brian James staring down the aisle with ruthless rage and cold determination on his face...

...and Jackson Hunter looks like he'd rather be anywhere else in the world.]

SA: You talk about unlikely duos set to go to war, Colt. Look at Jackson Hunter's face right now!

CP: He's one of the most ruthless, most conniving men in our business but... he ain't exactly the kind of guy who thinks it's a good idea to throw down with two guys the size of Jackson and Martinez.

SA: Who is?

CP: Brian James is. The son of the legendary "Blackheart" Casey James... that kid's got no fear. He'd run through a damn brick wall to get his hands on ANY member of Team Supreme right now... while Hunter's gotta be remembering what happened in that parking lot a few weeks ago.

SA: Or what he witnessed in Toronto happen to Johnny Detson.

CP: Allegedly.

SA: Oh, come on!

[James looks over at Hunter with a "you ready?" and Hunter mutters "do I have a choice?" before James points to the ring and starts SPRINTING down the aisle!]

SA: HEEEEEEERE! WEEEEEEEE! GOOOOOOOOO!

[Hunter is running behind his partner as the athletic James makes short work of the ramp, diving headfirst under the bottom rope into the ring...]

SA: JAMES IS IN!

[...coming to his feet and immediately ducking under a Cain Jackson clothesline attempt, leaping into the air, cocking his fist annnnnnd...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SUPERMAN PUNCH ON THE NOSE!

[...connects with the right hand, sending AJ Martinez spiraling away, falling through the ropes to the floor as James resets, swinging around towards Jackson...]

CP: Martinez said he had no problem punching his half brother in the mouth and apparently the feeling is mutual!

[...and James holds his ground as he watches Cain Jackson sprint towards the ropes where Jackson Hunter has finally arrived, pulling himself up on the apron...]

SA: BIG BOOT!

[...but Jackson's long leg whiffs on the big kick, his foot flying over the top as Hunter sidesteps out of the way...]

SA: JACKSON MISSES!

[...and Hunter grabs the leg, dropping down to his knees to torque Jackson's leg!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[The intelligent counter by the former National Champion leaves Jackson straddling the top rope as Hunter scrambles back to his feet, hopping up on the middle rope and grabbing the top with both hands as he looks out on the cheering crowd...]

CP: And listen to these savages cheering for this!

SA: Jackson Hunter putting years of rulebreaking to... good use, I guess!

[...and Hunter starts bouncing up and down, driving the top rope repeatedly into the groin of a grimacing Cain Jackson as Brian James looks on with a pleased expression and the crowd goes wild for Jackson's predicament!]

SA: And the Team Supreme choir has a new soprano, fans!

[Hopping over the ropes, Hunter gives a "DID YOU SEE THAT?!" to James who nods, pausing for the briefest of fist bumps with his new ally...

...and it's brief because Paris Crawford comes flying off the top rope, landing on James' back, clinging onto it!]

SA: What the...?! Paris Crawford interfering in this one!

CP: The bell hasn't rang yet, Sal! It's totally legal for now!

SA: They look like a damn spider monkey in there, hanging on for dear life to James' back, flailing away with fists and forearms to the face of the Son of the Blackheart!

[James is struggling under the sudden and surprising assault from Crawford as Jackson Hunter looks on in equal shock at his partner's dilemma!]

SA: James trying to get free, Hunter looks like he wants to help but he doesn't know-

[The Engine of Destruction opts to go for a direct approach, wrapping his arms around Crawford's legs and DRIVING them back into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -that oughta do it!

[James whips around as Crawford leans heavily against the corner, having been sandwiched between the turnbuckles and James' near three hundred pound frame!]

SA: Crawford's in a daze and... it may be about to get worse!

[James grabs Crawford by the head, giving a toss out of the corner towards a waiting and measuring Jackson Hunter who leaps up, pumping the leg...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: INNNNNSTANNNT KARRRRRMAAAAA!

[...and the powerful bicycle kneestrike knocks Crawford flat on the canvas, reaching up to grab at their mouth!]

CP: Hunter's gonna pay for that, Albano.

SA: You think Team Supreme will be looking for vengeance?

CP: Well, that... plus I heard Crawford had a modeling gig tomorrow and Hunter may have just ruined it!

[Crawford rolls to the outside, still grabbing at their mouth as Hunter approaches the ropes, pounding his chest and shouting "HOW YOU LIKE THAT, CRAWFORD?! PAYBACK'S A NASTY, LIL' BEEEEEEEEEE-"

Only to have his last word (thankfully) cut off by the grasping hand of AJ Martinez who reaches up from the floor to snatch Hunter around the throat!]

SA: MARTINEZ FROM THE OUTSIDE!

[The near seven footer climbs up on the apron, still holding a wriggling Hunter by the throat as referee Scott Ezra looks on, waiting for an opportunity to start the match officially...]

SA: Martinez has got Hunter by the throat and-

[...and Brian James comes charging across the ring, swinging his own leg up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CONNECTS with a bicycle kick to the chest of Martinez, sending his own half brother falling off the apron again, freeing Jackson Hunter from his grasp for the moment!]

SA: DOWN GOES MARTINEZ!

[Hunter stumbles backwards, rubbing at his throat as James gives a quick "you okay?" Hunter gives a nod to assure he is...]

SA: Brian James checking on his partner's condition, making sure he can GOOOOOO!

[Sal's exclamation comes as James lifts Hunter into the air without discussion, pressing him overhead...]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[...and then rushes forward, throwing the struggling Jackson Hunter over the top rope despite his shouts of protest!]

SA: OVER THE TOOOOOOOOOOP...

[The crowd ROARS as Hunter's flung form gets tossed right out onto a surprised AJ Martinez and Paris Crawford on the floor!]

SA: ...AND DOWWWWWWN TO THE FLOOR!

[James pumps a fist triumphantly as the KC crowd is rocking for the action so far. The Engine of Destruction gives a surveying look out on the floor, shouting for the official to "RING THE BELL!" After a moment, Scott Ezra complies...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And NOW this match is officially underway!

CP: NOW it is?! With bodies on the floor and-

[Colt is cut off by the return of Cain Jackson to the fray, smashing a running double axehandle into the back of James' head, knocking him flat on the canvas to big jeers from the sold out crowd!]

SA: -CAIN JACKSON FROM BEHIIIIIND!

[Supreme Wright's "right hand man" goes to work on the man who is perhaps Number One on the Team Supreme hit list at this stage of the game, stomping and kicking him down into the canvas...]

SA: Cain Jackson all over James here, a brutal sneak attack putting him down and just like that, the dynamic of this one completely shifts the other direction, Colt.

CP: After watching this team for just about a year now, I'd say that above all - they thrive on chaos. They like the wild matches and they encourage them because that's where they are at the best. So James and Hunter storming out here for a fight may have played right into their hands, Big Sal.

[Jackson drags James off the mat, grabbing him under the armpits and tossing the near three hundred pounder back into the turnbuckles...

...and then rushes in after him, crushing James into the corner with a running avalanche!]

SA: OHHHH! You talk about big bodies crashing into one another, we just saw the six foot eight, 285 pound Cain Jackson crush the six foot six, 295 pound Brian James into the turnbuckles!

[Jackson bounces out several feet, holding his ground as James staggers out of the corner...

...and walks right into a devastating standing clothesline that knocks the Son of the Blackheart off his feet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!

[Jackson pumps a fist, shouting down at James as we see AJ Martinez roll back into the ring behind his partner and his half brother.]

CP: Uh oh... and now Hot Stuff is back in there and Brian James is in REAL trouble. James has got his eyes set on getting to Supreme Wright for what he's done to him

since SuperClash but right now, Brian James has got one heck of a mountain to climb in the form of these two... three if you count Crawford who may be as dangerous as any of them!

[Martinez stomps over to his half brother, reaching down to grab him by the throat and lifts him to his feet where Jackson nods approvingly before each man grabs an arm...]

SA: Double whip by KAMS sends James across...

[And as James rebounds, the two towers of terror push his near-300 pound body up into the air, sending him shockingly high for a man of his size. He seems to hang in the air as both men spin out, leaving a nice big empty spot of canvas for James to CRASH facefirst down into!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...SWEET SANTA MARIA! BRIAN JAMES MAY BE DONE RIGHT THERE, COLT!

CP: That might be it... what the hell is Ezra doing?!

[A wild-eyed Scott Ezra is shouting at the duo that one of them has to get out of the ring...]

SA: He's trying to break through the chaos and get some control of this before it gets out of hand!

CP: BEFORE it gets out of hand?! It's been out of hand since before the bell even rang, Albano! NOW he wants to play tough guy?!

SA: Ezra shouting at both Jackson and Martinez, trying to get one of them out of the ring... but so far, they're completely ignoring him. And after what we've seen them participate in over the last several weeks... the Red Wedding, the assault on Showtime... these two have NO respect for AWA authority - none at all.

[Jackson shouts "GET HIM UP!" to his partner who obliges, dragging James up off the mat towards the middle of the ring, the referee still shouting at them as each man wraps a hand around the throat of the Engine of Destruction...]

SA: Double goozle hooked up...

[...and with Scott Ezra bellowing at them both, they lift James into the air in tandem...]

SA: ...WHAT GOES UUUUUUP...

[...and DRIVE him down with a double chokeslam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...MUST COME DOWWWWWWN! A MASSIVE DOUBLE CHOKESLAM ON BRIAN JAMES DRIVES HIM INTO THE MAT!

CP: That's a three hundred pound BEAST of a man that they just treated like a small child, Albano! When I look at these two, I don't know who's going to be able to stop them!

[The official is all over them again, shouting and threatening a disqualification if they don't listen to him. Jackson and Martinez look at each other, shaking their heads in disbelief...

...which is when the referee suddenly pitches forward, collapsing to the canvas!]

SA: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd ROARS its disapproval as Paris Crawford stands behind the fallen official, having smashed their fist into the ear of the referee, knocking Ezra down to the mat!]

SA: CRAWFORD JUST LAID OUT THE OFFICIAL!

[There's burning flame in the eyes of Crawford who stands alongside their allies, a trickle of crimson dripping from their mouth after the Hunter Instant Karma kneestrike earlier...

...and then Crawford goes one step further, pulling Ezra up off the mat...]

SA: Come on! You've already earned yourself a fine - don't make it worse on-OHHHHH!

[Sal reacts to Crawford HURLING the limp official through the ropes to the outside of the ring to HUUUUUGE JEERS from the sold out Kansas City crowd!]

SA: This is too much! These three have gone too far!

[And with the three members of the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad standing tall inside the ring, being showered by jeers from the AWA faithful...

...we suddenly cut to the floor where we see Jackson Hunter on his hands and knees, digging under the apron...]

SA: Hunter not out of the fight just yet though...

CP: It's a three on one in there! It's over, Hunter! Just let it go!

SA: Jackson Hunter may be a lot of things, Colt, but the Queen of Arendelle isn't one of them!

[...and with a gleam in his eye, Hunter slowly rises, holding in his hands a very large snow shovel that gets a ROAR from the crowd!]

"I LOVE IT WHEN A PLAN COMES TOGETHER!"

CP: THAT was the plan?!

SA: HUNTER'S GOT THE SHOVEL! HE'S GOT AN EQUALIZER! AND I DON'T THINK KAMS HAS A CLUE!

[In fact, the trio is playing to the crowd, their backs turned to Hunter, assuming the crowd's reaction is for them as Hunter rolls under the ropes to get back inside the squared circle, getting to his feet with the shovel held overhead!]

SA: We've got no referee! All hell has broken loose in Kansas City and-

[It's Crawford who is the first to sense something is amiss, whipping around to find an advancing Hunter giving his best home run swing...]

SA: SWING AND A...

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Crawford narrowly ducks under the big swing, diving to the outside to safety as Hunter pivots around...

...and SLAMS the shovel into the midsection of a charging Cain Jackson!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[And with Jackson doubled over in front of him, a grinning Hunter winds up overhead like he's about to chop wood...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SNOW SHOVEL ACROSS THE BACK OF CAIN JACKSON!

[Jackson flops down facefirst on the mat, Paris Crawford reaching under the ropes to grab an ankle to drag him out as AJ Martinez comes up swinging...]

SA: BIG RIGHT HA-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -HE PUNCHED THE SHOVEL! HE PUNCHED THE DAMN SHOVEL!

CP: Must run in the family.

[Martinez' haymaker attempt, having been blocked by Hunter's shovel skills, sends him staggering backwards, clutching his own hand in pain as Hunter winds up one more time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS Martinez across the back, sending him tumbling through the ropes to the floor to a HUGE CHEERS from the crowd!]

SA: AND JACKSON HUNTER HAS CLEANED HOUSE! HE'S SENT THEM ALL RUNNING FOR IT!

CP: THERE'S A MADMAN WITH A SHOVEL IN THERE, ALBANO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Hunter wildly smashes the shovel down on the mat again, screaming "COME ON! YOU WANNA GET NUTS?! LET'S GET NUTS!" at the huddling KAMS on the outside as Hunter's manic eyes gives them pause...

...and suddenly, the ringside area is filled with AWA officials, drawing big boos from the AWA faithful as they try to regain control. We can spy a pair talking to Rebecca on the outside who nods before...]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... this match has been THROWN OUT and is OUT OF CONTROL! Your official results is a NOOOOO CONTEST!

[The fans cheer louder as Hunter shakes his head, standing protectively over Brian James as he watches Crawford steer her allies towards the exit, choosing to fight another day...]

SA: A No Contest is the official ruling... not made by referee Scott Ezra mind you who is being carried out of here. Paris Crawford's gonna pay for that one, I promise you that... but in the meantime, I guess you can say this match is over... but this war has just begun!

CP: Amen.

SA: Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, the National Title will be on the line and you do NOT want to miss that so y'all come back now, ya hear?

[Hunter stares with rage-filled eyes at the departing KAMS, still holding his shovel in case they change their minds as we fade to black.

And then back up to a shot of a darkened room, a filtered spotlight shining down in the middle of it. We can hear footsteps in the background.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

The steps are drawing closer it seems.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

And they come to a stop revealing the face of Ryan Martinez, still battle-weathered from his bloody war at SuperClash IX.]

"They call me the White Knight."

[A quick shot of Martinez delivering brutal chops to the chest of the King of the Death Match, Caleb Temple.]

"The son of a Hall of Famer."

[A shot of House Martinez - father and son - standing in the ring with Gunnar Gaines.]

"The former two-time World Champion."

[A shot of Martinez standing over Juan Vasquez with the World Title in his grasp.]

"And I am AWA."

[We get an almost identical shot in the darkened room but this time with Supreme Wright standing center stage.]

"The greatest professional wrestler on the planet."

[Cut to footage of Wright cranking on the arm of Casey James.]

"A two-time World Champion"

[Wright holds the title overhead with a defeated Dave Bryant in the background.]

"I am AWA."

[Wright is replaced by Julie Somers.]

"The Spitfire."

[A shot of Somers flipping off the top rope, crashing down on top of Kurayami with the moonsault.]

"The Women's World Champion."

[To SuperClash IX and Somers holding the title over her head.]

"The heart and soul of the Women's Division."

[Somers trading blows with Lauryn Rage inside a steel cage.]

"And I am AWA."

[Somers is replaced by Jordan Ohara, the National Title slung over his shoulder.]

"The Phoenix."

[Ohara dives off the top rope, smashing down with a Phoenix Flame splash.]

"The National Champion."

[Ohara stands on the midbuckle, holding the title up over his head.]

"A once in a millennium talent."

[A series of quick chops lighting up Juan Vasquez.]

"I am AWA."

[The champion is replaced by a grinning Michelle Bailey.]

"The Platinum Princess."

[Bailey tears across the ring, smashing home a Britney Spear on Laura Davis.]

"Former EMWC champion."

[A quick still photo comes up of Bailey holding a championship title aloft.]

"The heart and soul of the- Julie said that?! Grr!"

[A playful Bailey plants her fists on her hips, striking a pose.]

"And I am AWA."

[Bailey is replaced by the face-painted Supernova, the World Title secured around his waist.]

"The icon."

[We get footage of Supernova way back in the day, trading blows with Mark Langseth.]

"The franchise player."

[Supernova using the Heat Wave splash on Shadoe Rage.]

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

"And I... AM... AWA."

[We get quick shots now, individual shots...

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoe Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

[They come quicker and quicker, all repeating the tagline - James Lynch, Victoria June, Cinder, Kerry Kendrick, Ayako Fujiwara...

...and this time, each time they say it, they stay on screen, the framed shot getting smaller as more people are added to it...

Laura Davis. Jackson Hunter. Bret Grayson. Ricki Toughill. And on. And on. And on.

And the photos all disappear, leaving just the tagline behind...]

"I am AWA."

[The graphic fades and is replaced with more text - "The American Wrestling Alliance. Every Saturday Night. ESPN."

Fade to black.

And as we fade back to live action, we get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo and reveal Mark Stegglet in the backstage area, looking at a door marked "INTERIM PRESIDENT ZHARKOV." Stegglet pauses, biting at his lower lip, an indecisive look on his face...

...and then knocks. A few moments pass before the door swings open to reveal the Interim President.]

MZ: Mr. Stegglet.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Mr. Zharkov... a moment of your time?

MZ: Of course.

[Zharkov steps through the door, joining Stegglet in the hallway.]

MS: It's been an eventful night.

[Zharkov smiles.]

MZ: You expect anything less?

MS: Not at all but... uhh... you saw what happened with Ryan... with Ryan Martinez?

[Zharkov nods.]

MS: Good, I... well... I guess I just wanted to ask...

[Stegglet squirms a little.]

MS: This is awkward for me because I'm supposed to be impartial as a journalist... but he's also a good friend and...

[Stegglet trails off as Zharkov raises a hand.]

MZ: You want to make sure he's not going to be punished for what happened to you.

[It's not a question as Stegglet nods.]

MS: Yeah, I guess so.

[Zharkov nods, clapping a hand on Stegglet's shoulder.]

MZ: We will say...

[Zharkov pauses thoughtfully.]

MZ: ...heat of moment, yes?

[Stegglet smiles, sighing with relief.]

MS: Yes. Thank you.

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: Of course. Now... can you ask Dr. Ponavitch to come see me?

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Sure, yeah... I'll let him know.

[And with that, we get another flash of the ACCESS logo before we end up back down at ringside with our announce team.]

SA: Some interesting footage there as we're back here live in the Sprint Center in Kansas City for the very first National Wrestling Night!

CP: "Interesting footage," huh?

SA: What would you call it?

CP: More bias by management towards Ryan Martinez - what else?!

SA: Well, Colt Patterson conspiracy theories aside, it's been a great night here in Kansas City for National Wrestling Night and we've still got one more hour to go. In just a few minutes, we'll be seeing the National Title on the line with Jordan Ohara defending against both Robert Donovan and Sid Osborne in a three way match with Sudden Death rules. Later on, we've got Jackson Haynes battling Supreme Wright in a grudge match I can't wait to see... and of course, tonight's Main Event sees the Westerly Dynasty squad of James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong taking on World Champion Supernova and a partner of his choice. But before we get to any of that, we are 44 days and counting to Memorial Day Mayhem in Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles... 44 days until the kickoff to summer for the AWA... and 44 days until the retirement of one of the all-time greats in our sport, a Hall of Famer and former World Champion all over the business in Juan Vasquez. Vasquez will be competing against longtime rival Raphael Rhodes at Memorial Day Mayhem and win, lose, or draw... that's it for him. It promises to be a very special night... and it's been a very special thing to see Vasquez on this farewell tour getting saluted and honored in every city we go to. And tonight, here in Kansas City, is no different. This week, Juan explored the vibrant city of Kansas City, Missouri, with his daughters Kimmy and Lorena.

CP: Yeah, let's see how many more laws Vasquez and his brats can break this time.

SA: Oh come on, they're not that bad.

CP: Lorena Vasquez stole a stop sign in Oklahoma!

SA: Allegedly. Let's roll the footage.

[The segment opens with a sweeping aerial shot of the Kansas City skyline, accompanied by upbeat music. The camera then transitions to Juan Vasquez, a former World Champion wrestler, arriving in Kansas City with his daughters, Lorena Vasquez and Kimmy Bailey. They walk forward, as the scene fades out and then fades back in to see the trio at one of Kansas City's many well-known barbecue joints, with a massive feast of ribs, tri-tip, brisket, beans, corn on the cob, and potato salad set before them.]

JV: Yooooo! It's your old pal Juan here in KC, at Chef J BBQ! And I'm here with the Pitmaster Justin Easterwood.

JE: Juan, we wanted to honor you with this sandwich for all you've done in and out of the ring over the years. Enjoy "The Vasquez Deluxe!"

[Easterwood hands Juan a massive, delicious-looking sandwich. The camera zooms in on the sandwich, loaded with pulled pork, brisket, pickles, cole slaw and all the fixings.]

JV: Woah!

LV: Oh my gosh!

[We cut to Kimmy, with a bib on, salivating over the humongous tribute to gluttony.]

KB: Gimme two!

[Everyone laughs as the scene transitions to Kauffman Stadium, where the Kansas City Royals are playing. We see Juan singing a slightly off-key version of "Take Me Out to the Ballgame". He then addresses the crowd.]

JV: I LOVE YOU, KANSAS CITY!

[The crowd roars!]

JV: And hey! Ump! Try calling some strikes that are actually in the strike zone!

[The crowd roars with laughter as we cut to a clearly annoyed MLB umpire, Ángel Hernandez, who then signals for Juan to be ejected from the game. Juan and Lorena have to hold Kimmy back from tearing Hernandez limb from limb, as we cut to the St. Pius X High School gymnasium, where a special ceremony is taking place. The gymnasium is packed with students, alumni, and fans, as we see Harley Hamilton getting her basketball jersey number retired. She holds up her framed jersey as we then cut to Juan, speaking at the podium.]

JV: Thank you, everyone. It's an honor to be here to celebrate Harley's career in basketball. Now, I'm here on behalf of the AWA, who want to present a check for \$25,000 to St. Pius X High School!

[The crowd erupts in applause as Juan hands a comically large check to the school principal. We then cut to Juan bricking a shot as Harley trounces him in an impromptu three point shooting contest. Harley and the rest of E-Girl MAX make the shape of an L on their foreheads at Juan, who loudly declares "I played football in high school!" as Kimmy consoles him. The scene then shifts to them meeting Kansas City Chiefs quarterback Patrick Mahomes at Arrowhead Stadium.]

PM: Juan, I want to congratulate you on an amazing career.

JV: Thanks, Patrick. It's an honor to hear that from you. Maybe one day we'll see you in the wrestling ring, huh?

PM: Hey, I take enough of a beating on the football field. I'll leave the wrestling to David Ortiz!

[The two laugh as we cut to a shot of Patrick Mahomes telling Juan to go long as he effortlessly throws the football down the field. Juan makes the catch, only to be immediately gang tackled by his daughters as we fade to black and back to the arena where Rebecca Ortiz is standing in the center of the ring.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... JUAN VASQUEZ!!!

[The crowd erupts into cheers as we see Vasquez, dressed in street clothes, waving to the fans and smiling. He takes the microphone from Rebecca Ortiz and begins to address the crowd.]

JV: Kansas City! It's great to be here!

[The crowd roars in approval.]

JV: Now, I don't have a match scheduled for tonight...

[The cheers turn into loud boos, as the crowd expresses their disappointment.]

JV: Yeah, I know, I know. But you know what? That doesn't mean I WON'T have a match tonight. Because, last time I checked, this is STILL "The Juan Vasquez Show starring Juan Vasquez"! And you know what? I see someone in this crowd that I've always wanted to wrestle!

[Juan slowly turns and points to a grizzled man in the front row— Hamilton Graham! The crowd goes wild as the wrestling legend rises to his feet.]

SA: Wait a minute, you don't mean to tell me... are we going to see Juan Vasquez wrestle Hamilton Graham tonight!?

CP: You've gotta be kidding me! Juan Vasquez versus Hamilton Graham? Talk about a dream match!

[Hamilton Graham stands up, looking a bit surprised at the callout, but clearly pleased. He climbs over the barricade and into the ring, grabbing a mic handed to him by a crew member.]

HG: Vasquez, are you calling me out?

JV: You stepped into the ring. I think that implies my challenge has been accepted.

[The crowd roars.]

HG: Kid, you might think you're some legend of the ring, but that doesn't mean I still won't take you to school!

[The crowd is on their feet, roaring at the interaction.]

JV: Hammy, I gotta' be honest. I've looked up to you for years. Before I ever laced up a pair of boots, I wanted to be a champion just like you. I even started using the piledriver as a tribute to you. But, honestly, I'm having second thoughts... it might not be a good idea for me to face you in the ring right now.

[The crowd jeers that as Graham smirks.]

HG: You're right, kid. It's a terrible idea.

[Graham grins.]

HG: Because I'd hate to take away that big retirement match in Dodger Stadium away from you, when I snap your neck with a piledriver!

[The crowd roars at that one, as Graham pauses to nod his head in approval.]

HG: You might be near the end of the road, Vasquez, but I guarantee facing me will be THE end. Period.

[The crowd reacts with a mix of laughter and anticipation, as Juan cracks a grin, shaking his head.]

JV: You've always been the toughest SOB to step into a wrestling ring, but seriously, I respect you too much to let this chance go by without acknowledging

what you've done for this business and for me personally. You're a legend among legends, Hamilton Graham.

HG: The respect goes both ways, kid. Seeing you use the piledriver - it's an honor. And I just want to say-

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"Gimme a check... check one... cheeeeeek... green eggs and ham... Sam I am... check check. Good?"

[We cut to the top of the aisle as an unfamiliar long-haired guy in a black "Ramones" t-shirt stands on the entrance stage, holding a guitar case in one hand and adjusting a mic stand with the other. He sets the mic stand down, leaning down to open the guitar case, pulling an electric guitar into view, holding it out to the side...

...and the lights in the Sprint Center drop to black drawing an "oooooooooh" from the sold-out crowd followed by a very loud ovation... which is odd because no one is cheering at all. In fact, we can hear some pretty loud booing too which means that ovation must be pre-recorded. A booming pre-recorded voice rings out over the PA system.]

"KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI!"

[More fake cheers.]

"ARE YOU READY TO ROCK?!"

[Louder fake cheers.]

"I SAID... ARE YOU READY TO ROCK?!"

[Even louder fake cheers.]

"WELL, ALRIGHT... from the Sunset Strip... the Rock and Roll Sensation that's rocking' the nation... the Kings of the Power Chord... the masters of the Whammy Bar...

First... he is THE TALENT... LAAAAAREEEEEEDOOOOOOOOOOO MORRRISONNNNN!

AND... HIS! TAG! TEAM! PARRRRRTNERRRRRRR!

He is THE JESTER of ROCK AND ROLL!

JIMMMMMMMMMIIIIIII
JAAAAAAAAAMMMMM
JESSSSSSSTERRRRRRRRR!

Together they are... THE BANNNNNNNNNNNND!

[A single spotlight lances through the arena, splashing down on the entryway to the louder fake roar of them all. After a moment, the so-called Jester of Rock And Roll comes walking through the curtain, Laredo Morrison walking right behind him, a big grin on his face. Both men are dressed in black - Morrison with a double-strapped black vinyl singlet and matching black pleather pants, Jester in a set of tie dye looking pants with a matching headband but no shirt... gotta show off the oiled up torso. He's got a multi-colored feather boa around his neck, a pair of mirrored sunglasses on his face, and some gold chains hanging around his neck as he walks up to the mic stand.

JJJ: Kansas City, we love you!

[The boos pour down on the duo.]

JJJ: The big fella and I were standing in the back, entertaining the local ladies if you know what I mean...

[Cue a sleazy wink and a smile.]

JJJ: ...when we figured we missed our cue. Because when I look down at that ring right now, I gotta think the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame came to town and didn't tell anyone they were movin' from Cleveland...

[Jester pauses, smirking at the ring.]

JJJ: ...cause if I wanted to see so many over-the-hill old fogies on stage together...

[The boos are raining down again.]

JJJ: ...I'd be watching THAT show tonight instead. Bon Jovi? Dire Straits? The Cars? Come on now! If you got eyes and ears, you know they should kick all those guys to the curb and be honoring professional wrestling's one and only TRUE crossover act, baby!

[He points a finger down at the ring...]

JJJ: Just like the AWA should be puttin' that spotlight directly on us... and not you two has-beens!

[...and the jeers are REALLY coming now. Vasquez glares up the aisle, annoyed by the interrupting as Hamilton Graham shouts a challenge or two.]

JJJ: Come on now, Hammy... don't make us hurt you. We've seen the way your little girl hangs around our locker room sneakin' and peekin'... and we'd just hate to break her heart.

[An "ohhhhhhhh!" rings out and Vasquez has to put a firm hand on Graham's shoulder to keep him from racing up the aisle to defend his daughter's honor.]

JJJ: So, we're gonna be respectful here... and give you two a chance to step off the stage gracefully...

[Jester sneers.]

JJJ: ...or big Laredo here is gonna come down there and KICK you off the stage, ya hear that?

[Jester grins again, nodding.]

JJJ: WELL, ALRIGHT!

[He reaches out a hand to the side... which lands the aforementioned electric guitar in his hand. The Jester hits a few strings on the guitar...

...and then starts blasting through a series of power chords with no real structure. He just keeps strumming... and strumming... and strumming as he starts walking down the aisle towards the ring. Laredo Morrison bobs his head, eyes closed as he "rocks out" behind his front man. In the ring, Vasquez is wincing and Graham is covering his ears with every strum.]

SA: Sweet Santa Maria... what a ruckus out of these two interlopers!

CP: This one's not my favorite but "The Roof's On Fire And I Ain't Got A Hose" is a real monster ballad, Sal.

SA: Don't tell me you listen to this?

CP: Better than that Sinatra guy you're always goin' on about.

SA: Blasphemy!

[As he reaches the ring, Jester climbs up on the apron, turning towards the fans where he goes into a bunch of full sweeping arm power chords... and then swings the guitar up behind his head, strumming like a madman. The guitar work is getting a whole lot worse by this point and the boos are blasting him from all sides of the building...

...and then flips a switch on the guitar, sparks suddenly shooting from the end as he continues to play on as Vasquez leans over, whispering something to Graham.]

SA: You're in the ring now! Put the guitar down!

[The lights kick back on as Jimi Jam Jester hands his sparkling guitar over to Laredo who deposits it at ringside with a firm warning to the ringside attendant. Jester gives a "YEAH, ALRIGHT!" before ducking through the ropes into the ring. He grabs the top rope, banging his head back and forth a few times, sending his long blonde hair flying like crazy...

...and then does this nutty backbend, dropping almost down to the mat as Laredo strikes a pose behind him, raising a clenched fist as he looks over his own pair of sunglasses at the jeering crowd.]

SA: Pyro and ballyhoo aside, The Band are actually an accomplished tag team, Colt.

CP: Former CCW Tag Team Champions... but they haven't really gotten on the right track here on the main roster yet. It's just a matter of time though if you ask me, Big Sal.

SA: Perhaps... but there's no match scheduled tonight, it's just-

[But before Jester and Morrison can do a single thing, Hamilton Graham strides across the ring and SMASHES a right hand into the jaw of Jester, sending him sailing backwards through the ropes and out to the floor to a HUGE ROAR from the Kansas City crowd!]

SA: OHHH! WHAT A RIGHT HAND!

CP: Well, that takes me back to the days when he and my old man used to get in there and sell out the joint!

[Morrison looks alarmed for a moment, shocked even... and then sprints at Graham who ducks the clothesline, sending Morrison charging right into a waiting Juan Vasquez...]

SA: RIGHT CROSS!

[...who BLASTS him with his signature blow, leaving Morrison wobbling on his feet for a moment before Vasquez grabs him by the back of the head and tosses him

over the top to join his partner on the outside, clearing the ring to huge cheers from the AWA faithful!]

SA: OH YEAH! THE BAND HAS BEEN KICKED OFF THE STAGE AND THESE TWO LEGENDS ARE STANDING TALL!

[Vasquez grins at the crowd, grabbing Hamilton Graham in a firm handshake before lifting the legend's hand over his head, pointing to him with the offhand as the crowd celebrates this surprise union of two of their longtime favorites!]

SA: Well, that one will go in the ol' memory bank, Colt - what a moment here in Kansas City for two of the all-time greats!

CP: What are you talking about? The Band got thrown out of the ring!

SA: Oh brother. Mariah, back to you!

[And from the big celebration in the ring, we fade to the backstage area where a grinning Mariah Wolfe is standing.]

MW: Thanks, Big Sal! Another night with the fans of one of our great wrestling cities getting to salute the one and only Juan Vasquez as he heads off towards retirement in Los Angeles in 44 days... and speaking of retirement... come on in here...

[The camera pulls back a bit as the near seven foot Robert Donovan steps into view, towering over the much-smaller Wolfe. Donovan is dressed for action in his double-strapped singlet as Wolfe continues.]

MW: Robert Donovan, you are moments away from challenging for the National Title once again... this time in a three way match between yourself, fellow challenger Sid Osborne, and the National Champion Jordan Ohara. What do you say to your critics online - and even some in this very locker room - who say that it's YOU who should be looking towards retirement and not title matches at this stage of your career?

[Donovan snorts.]

RD: Mariah, I say if there's something in this locker room who thinks they can BEAT me into retirement, they're welcome to try. I'll be happy to sign that contract and put MY new National Title on the line against them.

[Wolfe raises her eyebrows.]

MW: That's some confidence right there, big man.

[Donovan nods.]

RD: I've got no reason to be anything but confident, Mariah. The whole world saw what happened when I beat Osborne... and the whole world saw what happened when I SHOULD have beaten Ohara for the gold. I got all the respect in the world for that kid putting the title up like he's been doing... but all the respect in the world won't stop me from putting him down for the one, two, three and putting that title around MY waist.

[Wolfe continues.]

MW: All the respect in the world for Jordan Ohara... but for Sid Osborne?

[Donovan chuckles, shaking his head.]

RD: The kid's got guts, I'll give him that much. But he's also a self-entitled, whiny little punk... and that's me trying to stay on the good side of the Mouse House. The problem with Osborne is that he thinks he's already won... and that this is just us coming together to crown him. You ain't won nothin' yet, Osborne... not a damn thing... and if you want that gold tonight, you gotta come through me and I'm bettin' that's something you just can't do!

[Donovan rubs his hands together.]

RD: I'm bettin' that's something that NEITHER of you can do... because if the name Robert Donovan doesn't send a chill down your spine and send you lookin' for a fresh pair of underwear, then let me remind you just who the hell I am. Read the resume... remember the names I've gone to war with and come out the other side standing tall.

Casey James. Tex Violence. Bishop... heard of them, Mariah?

[Wolfe smiles.]

MW: I sure have.

[Donovan nods.]

RD: How about Alex Martinez? Caleb Temple? Jeff Matthews? Tiger Claw? Bobby Taylor? Those ring any bells?

[Wolfe nods again.]

RD: Maybe some names a little less time ago... the Lynches - how about them? Nenshou?

And that's the tip of the damn sword. So, if you think Sid Osborne and Jordan Ohara have been keepin' me up nights worried about what I can do against them...

[He snorts.]

RD: ...you're dead wrong. And if you think there's ANY chance I ain't walkin' out of Kansas City as the brand new National Champion...

Well, you're dead wrong about that too.

[And with that, Donovan strides off, leaving Mariah Wolfe behind.]

MW: A confident challenger right there... but believe me, he's not the only one. Take a look...

[We open to a dark blue backdrop, on top of which is hung an AWA banner. Slowly and methodically walking into the scene, is Sid Osborne. He has his head hung low, his eyes fixated on a white envelope he holds in his left hand. He stops, regarding the envelope one more time before turning to the camera.]

SO: I know this is my time to hype up this event, and my part in it. To get everyone even more revved up to see me in action.

[Osborne nods somberly, indicating towards the envelope which we can now see has already been opened.]

SO: But yesterday, I received this letter from a fan. I guess...

[Osborne shrugs.]

SO: ... more than a fan. And after reading it, it felt a little classless to just come out here and talk myself up. It really made me take a step back and think about this crazy sport and the lives it hits.

[Osborne removes a yellow piece of paper from the envelope. He unfolds it, letting the envelope fall to the floor.]

SO: It felt like sharing it with the world was the right thing to do, just so you can feel the weight of what goes on in that ring.

[Osborne clears his throat, and begins reading.]

"Dear Mr. Osborne,

I'm writing you hoping that you'll take it easy on Robert Donavan. I know he's an eight hundred year old goof and an office suckup, but he's still a person. A person with feelings and fears. A person that thinks about the mistakes he's made in getting in your business. He thinks about them and is consumed with fear. So much fear that he spends every night crying.

I know because his cries of fear keep me up at night. I know this because I'm his son. My dad sucks but please don't give him the beating he deserves.

Your biggest fan,
Tony"

[Osborne nods, crumbling up the paper in his fist and tossing it aside. He feigns wiping a tear from his eye.]

SO: Powerful stuff. It really made me think. Made me think that on top of all of his many crimes, you can add ruining his son's career to the list for Robert Donovan. Who knows the heights his son could reach if he wasn't sleep deprived after night after night of hearing his sad sack father cry and moan?

[Osborne shakes his head sadly.]

SO: Well Tony, I've got bad news and good news for you.

The bad news is, I can't fulfill your wish. I can't take it easy on your loser father. It isn't just that the basic concept of him still taking up space on this roster makes me want to puke. It isn't just that he let that creepy doofus Jordan Ohara steal my North American Championship belt. You see, people have got me all wrong.

[Osborne nods.]

SO: They talk about me stomping that stupid trophy. They talk about attacking my own tag team partner--

[Osborne cuts himself off with a chuckle.]

SO: Heh... sorry, that one still really makes me laugh. Anyway, they point to all these things knowingly and say it proves something. Something about me that they claim to know.

[Osborne makes "quote fingers" in the air.]

SO: "Sid Osborne doesn't care about this sport."

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: You can say a lot of things about me. They can be all negative. But that right there, isn't one of them.

Everything I've done, is because of how much I care about this sport. I care about it today, but even moreso?

[Osborne nods.]

SO: I care about it's future. This isn't even some big sacrifice, seeing as how I literally am the future of professional wrestling. And there's one thing that actually is a fact.

There won't be a future, if the people in charge keep fawning about some bygone era that almost nobody watching our show was even alive for. More than fawning over it, propping it up as some symbol of excellence. As if the likes of myself, Supreme Wright, Kerry Kendrick aren't the reason for all the tickets that get sold. For all the TV ratings. It's apparently really just because people want to go "oh wow, remember when?"...

[Osborne scowls for a moment.]

SO: Over an era they weren't around for! For a bunch of old fogies they've never heard of!

[Osborne sighs, regaining his composure.]

SO: And that is Donovan's biggest crime. Not against me. Not even against his son. Against this sport. His just being here takes a spot away from someone that actually gives a damn. Someone that can make a difference. For that alone, he's got to go.

Sorry, Tony.

[Osborne shrugs.]

SO: But like I said, there is good news for you too.

[Osborne smirks.]

SO: After tonight, he won't be keeping you up. Unless for some reason, you decide to sleep on the floor of the emergency room.

[Osborne's attention is suddenly taken as a voice off camera calls out to him. He looks quizzically as someone in an AWA Crew jacket hands him a note. Osborne quickly glances down at it, and laughs.]

SO: Well, I guess not to be outdone... there's this.

[Osborne clears his throat and begins to read once again.]

"Hi Sid,

Please excuse my son from tonight's match where he'll fail to beat you for your rightfully won championship. He's very sick and is super dumb.

Signed,
Ohara's Mother"

[Osborne tears the note in half, shaking his head.]

SO: Well, Sergeant Mom... looks like my Make A Wish ratio is getting torpedoed tonight. Because your kid's used car salesman ass will be in that ring. He's been running around with MY belt for way too long as it is. I know he thought being champion forever was some once in a lifetime idea and that he was the one to pull it off...

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: ... but the world saw me beat him for it with a ref's count of three. That ref might have been paid off by Robert Donovan and your dirtbag son to rip me off. But facts are facts. I am the National Champion. And after tonight, we're going to find out something else.

[Osborne points an index finger towards the camera.]

SO: There's that old expression about getting beat so bad your own mother wouldn't recognize you. Tonight, Ohara goes in the history books as the first human example of that being true.

But don't worry, because even in this world of chaos... the shirt says it all.

[Osborne unbuttons his trademark college letterman jacket and opens it wide to reveal the shirt beneath. It's a black t-shirt with a very simple slogan printed on the front.

"THE CHAMP IS HERE"

Osborne smirks, as we cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set a THREE WAY MATCH under SUDDEN DEATH RULES! There are no countouts, no disqualifications, and a thirty minute time limit! And it is for the AWA NATIONAL CHAMMMMMMMPIONNNNSHIP!

[The KC crowd cheers!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The opening notes to Metallica's cover of "Turn The Page" starts to play to big cheers from the AWA faithful!]

RO: He is a challenger... from Pensacola, Florida... weighing in at 332 pounds...

...ROOOOOBERRRRRRRT DONNNNNNOOOOOVANNNNN!

[The cheers continue as the seven foot two inch hardcore hero strides out onto the stage, looking out on the cheering crowd. He nods his head, pointing a finger at them as he stands in his dark red double-strapped singlet and loose leather pants.]

SA: Big Bad Rob heading down the aisle, seven foot two... 332 pounds... one of the biggest men to ever compete inside an AWA ring is looking to capture AWA championship gold for the second time in his glorious career, Colt.

CP: He was the third man to wear the Longhorn Heritage Title back in the day, winning it from Nenshou at a time when it seemed NO ONE would beat Nenshou. Donovan is big, he's strong, he's tough... is it enough to strike gold in Kansas City? We're gonna find out.

[Donovan reaches the ring, climbing up on the apron where he slings a long leg over the top rope, stepping into the ring. He throws up a fist to another big cheer before settling back in the corner, waiting for his two opponents...]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The driving bassline to "Chip On My Shoulder" by Slapshot begins to play as two red slashes appear on the video screen, forming an X.]

RO: ...from Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 260 pounds...

...the SIN... CITY... SAAAAVIORRRRR...

...SIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIID OSSSSSSSBORRRRRRRRRNE!

[The guitar kicks in as on either side of the X, in collegiate block letters "SID OSBORNE" flashes on the screen to loud boos from the crowd.]

SA: No matter the city, a name that evokes the same negative reaction.

CP: And after he used his valuable TV time to read fan mail. There's no pleasing some people.

[The song kicks into high gear as Sid Osborne makes his way out to the top of the metal entrance ramp. His head is bowed, his arms outstretched. He turns his back to the crowd, the back of his college letterman jacket reading "LAS VEGAS STRAIGHT EDGE" in collegiate block letters. He then takes his jacket off, letting it drop. The back of his shirt underneath revealed to read:

"UNQUESTIONED
UNDEFEATED
NORTH AMERICAN
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION"

All of which leads to a seemingly impossibly even more negative reaction from the crowd.]

SA: Revisionist history on display here by Osborne.

CP: He's got his chance to change the history books in just a few moments, Albano!

[Osborne stomps down the ramp, slowly walking up the ring steps to the ring. He stops at the apron, pointing around to the assembled crowd before cutting his thumb across his throat as he glares up at Donovan who waves a dismissive hand at the young man who steps into the ring, moving to his own corner while running his mouth at Donovan.]

SA: Never lacking for something to say, Sid Osborne's giving his fellow challenger an earful... and I'd imagine Robert Donovan can't wait until that bell rings and he gets the chance to shut him up.

[With the two challengers inside the ring, the music fades...]

RO: And THEIR opponent...

[Ortiz pauses as the air raid sirens and keyboards of Nas' "Hero" sets the KC crowd into a frenzy.]

RO: ...weighing in at 224 pounds from Charlotte, North Carolina...

...he is the Phoenix... AND THE AWA NATIONAL CHAAAAAAMPIONNNNNNN...

[Deep breath!]

RO: ...JORRRRRRRRRDAAAAAAAAAN OOOOOOOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAAAA!

[Somehow, the AWA faithful get louder as Ohara steps out onto the entrance stage, the name "JORDAN OHARA" enlarging on the video screen behind him in Carolina blue letters outlined in white...

...and then bursts into a screaming, flaming Phoenix before a highlight reel of Ohara in action takes over.]

Chain gleaming, switching lanes, two-seating
Hate him or love him for the same reason
Can't leave it, the game needs him
Plus the people need someone to believe in
So in God's Son we trust
'Cause they know I'ma give 'em what they want
They looking for a hero
I guess that makes me a hero#

With that chorus, Jordan Ohara throws his head back and howls at the crowd as he plays air piano. He stands on the entranceway, looking out over the arena and his fans. He unharnesses his jacket, shrugging it off to show his muscular and chiseled physique. He takes a deep breath before walking down the ramp towards the ring.]

SA: Jordan Ohara, the two-time National Champion, is heading down the aisle and this young man looks ready for battle, Colt!

CP: He better be because from the looks on the faces of Donovan and Osborne, I'm guessing he's in for one hell of a fight.

SA: Upon winning that title for the second time, Jordan Ohara set out to become the greatest National Champion of all time... and with defenses like this, Colt, I'd say he's well on his way.

CP: Being the champion puts a bullseye on your back. Saying you're gonna be the best champion of all time makes that bullseye glow in the dark. Everyone's gonna be gunnin' for this kid now, Big Sal.

SA: You're right... but I also think this young man is more than up for the challenge!

[Ohara reaches the ringside area, jogging up the steps and slingshotting over the top rope to even more cheers. He points a finger at Donovan... then pivots and does the same to Osborne before unclasping the title belt, holding it over his head and mounting the midbuckle to big cheers!]

SA: And there it is, fans... what this one's all about. The AWA National Title - the longest running sanctioned championship in AWA history. That's what is on the line tonight in this one, Colt.

CP: A whole lot of big names have held that title in the ten years since it was first unveiled... and you better believe both Donovan and Osborne are hoping to add their names to that list tonight.

[Ohara hops down off the middle rope, giving his title's faceplate a kiss before handing it over to the official who raises it overhead for one and all to see. The camera catches Osborne staring up at the gold before the official hands it outside to the timekeeper.]

SA: The title to the outside... and we are ready for battle, Colt.

[The official gives all three men one more look, checking to make sure they're ready to go before...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And as the bell sounds, the crowd cheers the start of the National Title match as the champion and his two challengers step towards the center of the ring, ready to square off...]

SA: The bell sounds, the gold is on the line... let's go!

[Osborne eyeballs the seven foot Donovan, looking the veteran up and down appraisingly...]

SA: When you look at this match, Colt... and more specifically, when you look at Robert Donovan, what are the X factors for the former Longhorn Heritage Champion to walk out of Kansas City as the National Champion?

CP: To me, Big Sal, it comes down to two things for Donovan - his size and his age. He's seven feet tall! Seven foot two actually... 332 pounds of hardcore brawler! He outweighs and outsizes Osborne and Ohara easily. That's the size... but the age? Robert Donovan is almost fifty years old, Sal! And while he spent a big chunk of his 20s and 30s drawing blood, kicking ass, and winning gold on every continent that promotes pro wrestling... he also spent a lot of that time getting his head whacked with chairs, his back smashed through tables, and his knees taking the beating of poorly-constructed rings in rodeo arenas...

[...and then looks to Ohara, pointing at Donovan...]

SA: All valid points, Colt, but to me, the size makes Robert Donovan an immediate threat. He's got so many weapons in the arsenal that could end a match in an instant. In my eyes, Robert Donovan is always one move and three seconds away from winning the National Title in this one... no matter who he does it too.

CP: That's right. This is under Sudden Death Rules tonight which means first fall wins... and one extra nugget that puts a notch in Donovan's column? There's no disqualification! If he wants to channel the Big Rob who wrestled in Japan or South Laredo or Los Angeles, he can do exactly that.

[...and Ohara arches an eyebrow at Osborne, turning to look at Donovan...]

SA: And I'll be, it looks like not only does Sid Osborne want Jordan Ohara to doubleteam Donovan with him... but it actually looks like the Phoenix is thinking about it!

[...and gives the Sin City Savior a nod, bringing a big grin to the face of the Las Vegas native as he and Ohara square up on Donovan who raises his fists, ready to defend himself.]

SA: Matches like these can certainly make for strange alliances and-

[Osborne shouts "NOW!" at his unlikely ally as he rushes towards Donovan...]

...which Ohara pulls back, smirking as Osborne runs right into a haymaker from Donovan that knocks the Sin City Savior down to the mat to big cheers!]

SA: -haha! Looks like Jordan Ohara wasn't as keen on that idea as it looked.

CP: Oh, that's real funny. Breaking your word? Not the kind of thing I'd expect out of a Boy Scout like Ohara.

[Climbing off the mat, obviously embarrassed, Osborne gets up in the face of Ohara, shouting at him for his "betrayal" as Ohara looks on, shaking his head at the feisty youngster.]

SA: Sid Osborne won last year's Golden Grapple award for the Best Newcomer and he's looking for a different kind of gold here tonight, hoping to score his first piece of AWA championship gold, Colt.

CP: He's my pick, you know.

SA: I did indeed know that. And you just told us what Donovan's X factors are - what about the Sin City Savior?

CP: Sid Osborne is the future of professional wrestling. His in-ring skills are second to none. He's got that edge to him... there's even a section of the AWA fans that support Osborne. The only thing that goes against him in a match like this is that everyone hates him. Both of these guys would love to shut him up.

SA: Osborne running that mouth right now in the direction of the National Champion and-

[But as Ohara and Osborne trade words, the veteran rushes forward and flattens them both with a double clothesline!]

SA: Ohhh! Now THAT is a start, Colt!

CP: Donovan's got all that size... which means he's also likely to wear down quicker. He's gotta work fast, take breaks where he can, and go for quick wins to grab the gold.

[Osborne struggles up off the mat, moving towards Donovan who rushes right back at him...]

SA: OHHHH! BIG BOOOOOT!

CP: Right in Osborne's mouth! That DID shut him up... for now at least.

[...and the seven footer wheels around from the downed Osborne towards Ohara who is using the ropes to aid his return to his feet...]

SA: TO OHARA!

[...and connects with another clothesline, flipping the National Champion over the ropes and depositing him outside the ring to a mixed response!]

SA: DONOVAN TAKES HIM OVER THE TOP!

CP: And when you talk about Sudden Death Rules like this, Sal, this is the gameplan. Divide and conquer. He's got Ohara out of there... and he don't have to beat Ohara to win the title. He needs to go hard and fast after Osborne and see if he can get the win right now early...

SA: He's going for it, Colt! Boot downstairs on Osborne on his way back up... hooks him!

CP: He's going for that gutwrench powerbomb! We've seen him win plenty of matches with this before!

[Donovan powers up the struggling Osborne, flipping him over...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE PLANTS HIM! HE PLANTS HIM!

CP: DONOVAN'S GONNA WIN THE TITLE!

[Donovan drops to a knee, planting his hand down in the chest of the prone Osborne!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Jordan Ohara scrambles up on the apron, climbing the ropes mid-apron, and flings himself off onto the covering Donovan to break the pin!]

SA: AND OHARA SAVES THE TITLE! WHOOOOOA MY! That was a quick start and just like you said, Colt, it was Donovan looking for a quick win!

[With Donovan climbing off the mat to where Ohara is waiting for him, Osborne rolls under the ropes to the outside to recover...]

SA: Osborne's out, Ohara's in and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Ohara lights up the kneeling challenger with a knife edge chop!]

SA: What a chop! Jordan Ohara possesses some of the hardest chops in the entire AWA locker room, Colt!

CP: He definitely does and when you can hit that hard, it doesn't matter if your opponent is seven foot three or five foot eight.

SA: 23 year old Jordan Ohara facing off against a competitor who has been in the business as long as the Phoenix has been alive, Colt!

CP: That's wild to think about for those of us who were in the same rings as Donovan.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Another chop lands across the chest of the kneeling Donovan as Ohara grabs him by the back of the head, bringing him to his feet and RAMMING his head into the top turnbuckle!]

SA: Headfirst to the corner goes Donovan!

[With Donovan's back against the buckles, Ohara winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Donovan reeling, the National Champion mounts the middle rope, looking down on the seven footer...]

SA: Jordan Ohara's got this crowd solidly behind him...

[...and starts raining down karate thrusts to the head as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"
"TWO!"
"THREE!"
"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"

[But before the blows can keep coming, the seven footer stretches up a long arm to plant in the chest of the champion, shoving him backwards into a backflip...]

SA: OH! HE LANDS ON HIS FEET!

[Donovan pushes out of the corner, looking for another big boot but the agile and athletic Ohara drops into a front roll, avoiding the kick as he springs back up to his feet, leaping to the midbuckle he just departs, twisting and leaping off...]

SA: DROPKICK ON THE CHIN!

[...and scores with both feet to the face of the seven footer, sending him staggering backwards as the National Champion scrambles back to his feet, measuring his man...]

SA: OHHH! STANDING DROPKICK!

CP: You know what kind of height you need on that to kick Donovan in the face?! Incredible!

[The second dropkick sends Donovan falling back into the ropes as Ohara scrambles up again, giving a big fist pump to the cheering Kansas City crowd. He dashes to the far ropes, building up speed...]

SA: Ohara off the far side, coming in hot!

[...and LEAPS into the air, catching the seven footer across the chest with a crossbody, sending both men tumbling over the ropes, crashing down HARD on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Ohara takes a big risk and I'm not sure that paid off for him, Colt!

CP: And that brings us to the X factors for Jordan Ohara, Big Sal. He hit hard, he's athletic, he's got the support of the fans... but his high risk offense is called that for a reason! And if he makes a mistake here tonight... if those risks don't pay off at the right time, then we're going to have a new champion crowned here tonight, Big Sal.

SA: That's a very real possibility. The two-time National Champion on the outside, having regained the title last fall at SuperClash from Jackson Hunter who we saw in action a little earlier alongside Brian James. Ohara's currently on Day 143 as the champion... putting him up there alongside "Diamond" Rob Driscoll in length of reign. Jordan Ohara's had a very active reign, defending that title over and over again in those Phoenix Rises Open Challenges... which actually led to this match after some controversial finishes in recent weeks.

[Out on the floor, we see the Phoenix rising, getting back to his feet, grabbing at his lower back after the hard fall to the outside...]

SA: Ohara up to his feet first, I think he might've caught his back on the edge of the apron on the way down, Colt.

CP: He definitely did... and a back injury could completely change this match in every way possible.

SA: Ohara grimacing, grabbing the back in some obvious pain...

[...and as he turns around, a sprinting Sid Osborne comes barreling in on him, leaping into a high impact crossbody of his own, smashing hard into the ribcage of the Phoenix!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Osborne pops right up, giving a shout to the downed Ohara, pausing to look around at the jeering ringside fans. He points to the Phoenix.]

"This is your champion?! This is your hero?!"

[Hauling Ohara off the floor by the hair, Osborne swings him around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him backfirst into the steel ringsteps!]

SA: INTO THE STEPS! Osborne taking advantage of the No Disqualification rules to come right after the National Champion!

CP: Get him in! Get him in and cover him!

[The impact of Ohara's body hitting the stairs knocked the top half of the ringsteps off the base, tipping them over onto the floor..

...and right into the gaze of the Sin City Savior who smirks, pointing at the heavy potential weapon!]

SA: Uh oh... and now Sid's REALLY taking advantage of the rules! He's going for those steps, Colt!

CP: Why not?! The rules are on his side so bust Ohara up with them, get him in, and get the gold!

[Osborne holds the steps aloft, looking at Ohara...

...and then pivots, moving towards the rising Donovan!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OHHH! DONOVAN GETS THE STEPS TO THE SKULLLLLLLL!

[The seven footer collapses back down on the ringside mats as Osborne lifts the steps again, dropping them down on the chest of the big man.]

SA: Donovan's down thanks to Sid Osborne and now he's got those steel steps down on his chest...

[Osborne slaps the steps a few times to keep them in place before turning to climb up on the ring apron...

...and then turns, looking out on the crowd...]

SA: Wait a second! What's Osborne doing?! What is he...?!

[...and then LEAPS off the apron, dropping his 260 pounds down in a flying splash on top of the steps, driving the steel down into the seven footer's chest again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Osborne rolls off the steps, grimacing as he grabs at his torso.]

SA: You talked about Ohara taking risks, what the heck was that?!

CP: That was high risk as well, Albano... and Sid's hurting from it. He hit it and it STILL hurt him. Will it pay off? It may be too early to tell... but the kid's right on his feet, looking to finish off Ohara.

SA: 23 year old Sid Osborne believes he's the future of this company AND this industry and taking the National Title here tonight would be a huge step forward for him, Colt.

CP: There's nothing quite like winning your first piece of gold. It'll be a night he'll never forget if he can pull it off tonight in Kansas City.

[Osborne staggers over to the rising National Champion, tossing him under the ropes with a handful of hair.]

SA: Osborne puts Ohara back in... rolling himself in as well. He's hoping that he took Donovan out of this match, Colt.

CP: He did... for now.

[As Osborne gets to his feet, he finds Ohara doing the same thing, grabbing him by the arm, and firing the National Champion into the corner where he SLAMS hard against the turnbuckles. He staggers out, grabbing at his lower back again as Osborne buries a back elbow up under the chin, taking the champion off his feet.]

SA: Down goes Ohara again!

[With the champion prone, Osborne drops a knee down into the sternum of Ohara, sliding into a lateral press...]

SA: Covers for one! Two! And... Ohara's out at two after the kneedrop.

[...and Osborne slides out, grabbing the hair to cradle Ohara's head, smashing his fist over and over into the skull!]

SA: The Sin City Savior taking the fight to the champion, hammering away at him...

CP: Again, totally legal so I don't know what the referee's going on about.

SA: Referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller trying to get Osborne to open up that closed fist but you're right, Colt, he sure can't disqualify him for it.

[Coming off the mat, Osborne drags the Phoenix up with him, scooping him up...]

SA: Big slam down near the corner... and look at this now! The high risk offense of both Ohara and Osborne continue in this Sudden Death Rules three-way battle for the AWA's oldest championship.

[...and Osborne steps through the ropes to the apron, staring to climb...]

SA: May 24th, 2008 - Marcus Broussard defeated Mark Shaw at the first Memorial Day Mayhem to become the first AWA National Champion... the first AWA champion PERIOD for that matter. Tonight, Sid Osborne and Robert Donovan attempt to become the eighteenth champion! And as Osborne starts to climb, you've gotta think he's got the gold in his sights!

[...but Osborne is taking a little too long, allowing Ohara to come back to his feet, staggering towards the corner...]

SA: Ohhh! And Ohara caught him! Osborne was almost to the top rope but the Phoenix caught him before he could get there!

[...and holding the challenger by the hair, Ohara winds up and blasts him repeatedly with overhead chops to the head!]

SA: Ohara firing back, trying to make Osborne pay for climbing up there... oh jeez, and now Ohara's climbing up with him!

[The Phoenix steps to the middle rope, still throwing karate thrusts between the eyes as Osborne staggers atop the ropes, the crowd buzzing with anxiety for what might be coming next...]

SA: Osborne and Ohara on the ropes, fighting for their lives... fighting for the National Title... who's going to get the better of this one?!

[...and with a bellow, Ohara unleashes a few more hard shots, leaving Osborne reeling as the Phoenix pulls him into a front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: He's going for a superplex! Ohara looking for the suplex off the top rope!

[But as he tries to get him up, Ohara has his eyes RAKED by Osborne!]

SA: OHH! OSBORNE TO THE EYES!

[With a mighty shove, Osborne hurls Ohara from the top rope, sending him crashing down on the canvas...]

...which allows Osborne to step to the top rope, taking aim...]

SA: OHARA DOWN, OSBORNE UP, ANNNNNNNNNND...

[...and leaps from his perch, CRASHING DOWN on top of Ohara with a frog splash!]

SA: ...STAAAAAAAAGE DIVE!

[Osborne pops up excitedly, hooking the leg tight as the referee dives down to count!]

SA: We might have a new champion! WE'VE GOT ONE! WE'VE GOT TWO! WE'VE GOT THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Robert Donovan, back on his feet on the outside, drags Osborne out of the pin attempt by the foot...

...and pulls him right out of the ring under the ropes to the outside!]

SA: DONOVAN SAVES THE TITLE FOR OHARA!

CP: Osborne had it won!

SA: It sure looked that way! But Robert Donovan was on his feet and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[From their standing position on the floor, Donovan lifts Osborne by the throat, THROWING him down onto the ring apron!]

SA: CHOOOOOKESLAAAAAM ON THE APRON!

[Donovan staggers backwards from the exertion, wincing as he pauses to catch a breather as Jordan Ohara regains his feet inside, grabbing at his ribcage as he approaches the ropes...]

SA: Donovan's got Osborne out of the picture for the moment and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and slingshots over the top rope with a crossbody...]

SA: OHARA GOES OVER... AND DONOVAN GOES DOWWWWWN!

[Ohara climbs off the floor, grimacing as he does, pointing a finger out at the roaring crowd...]

"This is for all of you!"

[...and then pulls the seven footer off the mat with great effort, shoving him under the ropes to the inside.]

SA: Ohara puts Donovan in, looking to end this!

[Ohara grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron. He pauses for a moment, trying to decide if he should go through the ropes to continue his attack or...]

SA: And now Ohara's heading up top!

[The Phoenix strides down the apron to the corner, slapping the top turnbuckle a few times before he starts the climb to the top, Donovan slowly rising off the canvas as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...]

SA: Ohara's on the top! Looking down on Donovan! And the Winter Olympics are in the books but Ohara's about to light a Flame!

[...and as Donovan gets to a fully standing position, Ohara LEAPS into the air!]

SA: PHOENIX FLAAAAAAME!

[But Donovan is ready for the flying National Champion, reaching out his powerful arms...]

SA: ANNNNND... CAUGHT! CAUGHT!

[The crowd reacts with shock as Donovan blocks a potentially match-ending flying attack...

...and brings Ohara DOWN across a bent knee!]

SA: OHH! BACKBREAKER!

[Donovan gets right back up, still holding Ohara across his torso...]

SA: DOWN A SECOND TIME!

[...and up once again, still holding the limp Ohara in his arms...

...and then he swings to the side, flinging Ohara halfway across the ring and down to the mat!]

SA: Ohara's spine taking a pounding by Robert Donovan! The seven foot challenger punishing the lower back of Jordan Ohara... and the National Champion's title reign is suddenly in serious jeopardy, Colt!

CP: Donovan's gotta finish him off...

[The crowd reacts as Donovan raises his arm overhead, his fingers extended slightly...]

CP: ...and I think he's about to, Big Sal!

SA: Robert Donovan's finishing assault of choice for the duration of his twenty plus year career has been this right here - the Vengeance slam - a mandible claw chokeslam that has felled a virtual Who's Who of professional wrestling over the years...

[...and as Ohara struggles to get up off the mat, Donovan waits with the champion blissfully unaware of what's coming for him.]

SA: Ohara's trying to get to his feet but he's got a problem there!

[Using the ropes for support, Ohara drags himself to a standing position, grabbing his lower back again as he turns...

...and has Donovan's fingers jammed into his mouth, pushing down on a nerve under the tongue to limit the Phoenix's ability to fight back!]

SA: DONOVAN HOOKS IT! HE'S GOT THE CLAW!

[And as he lifts...]

SA: VENGEANCE BELONGS TO ROBERT DONOVAAAAAAN!

[...Ohara somehow manages to use the lifting momentum to propel himself into a backflip, coming out of the clawhold and landing on his feet near the ropes as a shocked Donovan looks on...]

SA: OHARA ESCAPES!

[...and the National Champion uses the ropes to leap up, snapping a foot off the side of Donovan's head!]

SA: OHHH! HEAD KICK!

[The blow staggers Donovan but doesn't bring him down as Ohara steps back, measuring him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and SLAMS a kick into the side of Donovan's massive leg!]

SA: Oh! Leg kick by the champion!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Ohara unleashes a series of kicks, causing Donovan to grab at the leg...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts as Sid Osborne lashes out with a steel chair from the outside, jamming the edge of the chair into Donovan's knee, taking him down onto a knee on the mat!]

SA: SID WITH THE CHAIR FROM THE OUTSIDE! RIGHT TO THE KNEE! You talked about those knees seeing a lot of wear and tear in a twenty plus year career, Colt.

CP: For a lot of wrestlers, it's the first thing to go.

[And Sid tries again, swinging the edge of the chair between the ropes, trying to drive it into the knee of Jordan Ohara who leaps into the air to avoid it, hanging onto the top rope...]

SA: OHH! HE CAME IN LIKE A WRECKING BALL! AND ALL HE DID WAS WREE-EEE-EEEECK SID OSBORNE RIGHT THERE!

[Osborne goes flying backwards, falling to the floor with the chair nearby as Ohara turns his focus back onto the downed and hurting Donovan. He grabs the ankle, dragging Donovan away from the ropes...]

SA: Sid Osborne may have inadvertently given an assist to the National Champion!

[...and starts kicking the injured leg, his shin smashing into the knee joint repeatedly as Donovan cries out.]

CP: Donovan's knee is badly hurt, Big Sal, and Ohara's taking advantage of it - showing a little killer instinct for a change.

SA: Anything goes in this one and as Ohara pulls Donovan again, out to the center of the ring... he's going for a figure four!

[But as Ohara spins around the leg, he's forced to turn his back to Donovan which is when the seven footer plants his massive foot on Ohara's rear and **SHOVES** him off, rocketing Ohara across the ring, crashing chestfirst into the corner!]

SA: OHH! But Donovan had it scouted and was ready to counter! A big time counter by the veteran, keeping that window of gaining the title open for a little bit longer, fans!

[Donovan struggles to get off the mat, barely able to put weight on the injured leg as he looks towards Ohara who has dropped to the mat, rolling to the outside...]

SA: The National Champion taking a breather on the floor as the seven foot Donovan regains his feet, looking to-

[...but the crowd starts buzzing loudly at the sight of Sid Osborne climbing back into the ring behind Donovan, steel chair in hand!]

SA: SID! SID! HE'S BEHIND DONOVAN!

[Donovan pivots as quickly as he can at the sound of the crowd, raising his arms to defend himself from a chairshot to the head...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but the ever-thinking Osborne responds by **SLAMMING** the chair across the side of Donovan's knee instead, putting him right back down on the mat!]

SA: OHH!

CP: Brilliant move by the Sin City Savior, Albano! Absolutely brilliant!

SA: A well-placed blow to the knee with that steel chair and with Ohara on the outside, it's now Sid Osborne looking National Title glory dead in the eye.

[Donovan is down on the mat, howling in pain as Osborne spikes the chair down on his chest, putting him on his back...]

...and then Osborne leaps into the air, dropping his 260 pound frame across the chair pinned to Donovan's chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Osborne flails and kicks on the mat, grabbing at his back from the impact of his own offense as Donovan lies motionless on the canvas!]

SA: Osborne putting his own body on the line again but to great effect this time and...

[Shoving the chair aside, Osborne flips over, diving into a lateral press, hooking a massive leg...]

SA: It could be! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts as the seven foot veteran's shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking the pin attempt just in time!]

SA: We were a heartbeat away from a new National Champion, fans, but Robert Donovan kicks out and the match continues!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

SA: The timekeeper makes the call and we're halfway home in this one - a thirty minute time limit to crown the National Champion... or re-crown in the case of Jordan Ohara who is still recovering on the outside.

[Pushing up off the mat, Osborne grimaces as he grabs at his lower back, eyeballing Donovan who hasn't moved yet from his spot on the canvas...]

SA: Osborne's up and... he's got the chair again!

CP: Why not?! Finish him and get the gold, kid!

[The Las Vegas native winds up with the chair, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: STEEL CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE STERNUM OF DONOVAN!

[...and with Donovan unmoving again, Osborne leaves the chair in place, slowly backing to the corner...]

SA: What is he...?

[...and climbs his way to the middle rope, standing tall as he looks down on Donovan...]

SA: Oh no, he's not-

[...and LEAPS into the air, bringing his weight backfirst down on the chair on the chest of Donovan again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SENTON ON THE CHAAAAAAAIR! SWEET SANTA MARIA!

[Again, Osborne kicks and flails on the mat, clutching at his back as Donovan limply rolls to a hip, his veteran instincts keeping him off his shoulders...]

...but Osborne shoves him right back down onto his back, diving across...]

SA: WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION!

[...where the referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND A DIVING SAVE THROUGH THE ROPES BY JORDAN OHARA!! THE PHOENIX SAVES HIS TITLE HERE ON ABC WITH THE ENTIRE WORLD WATCHING!

[With the crowd buzzing on the near fall, the National Champion pushes up to his knees, surveying the scene in front of him...

...and with a determined look on his face, he gets to his feet, moving towards Osborne...]

SA: He's got his choice of challengers to try to finish off here, Colt, and it looks like he's chosen Osborne...

CP: Or has he?!

[...and the crowd starts buzzing anew as Ohara pulls Osborne off the mat, dragging him a few feet to his right and tosses him on top of Donovan so that Osborne is facing the lights. Donovan is still slightly on a hip, his shoulder up to prevent another pin count as Ohara looks down at his handiwork with a nod...

...and then turns towards the corner.]

SA: Oh no... he can't be thinking what I think he's thinking!

CP: No way... no way is he gonna do this, Albano.

SA: Ohara on the outside, making the climb...

[The crowd is on their feet now, roaring as Ohara puts a foot up top, throwing his hands up in the "I love you" sign before stepping squarely onto the perch, looking down at the stacked Osborne and Donovan...]

SA: OHARA IS GOING! TO! FLYYYYYYYYYY!

[...and LEAPS into the air, pumping his arms and legs...]

SA: PHOENIX FLAME...

[...plummeting down towards his targets...]

SA: ...CONNECTS!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Sid Osborne rolls aside in time to avoid the frog splash but Robert Donovan does not, Ohara CRUSHING Donovan underneath the impact of his signature move!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...OSBORNE BREAKS IT UP! OSBORNE BREAKS THE PIN!

[And the Sin City Savior immediately scrambles up, pulling Ohara up by the hair, and HURLING him through the ropes to the outside...]

SA: OSBORNE TOSSES OUT OHARA! OSBORNE TRYING TO STEAL IT!

[...and then throws himself down onto the prone Donovan, wrapping up a leg tightly!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! WE'VE GOT A NEW-

[The crowd reacts as Donovan's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin!]

SA: DONOVAN KICKS OUT IN TIIIIIME!

[A loud "DAMN IT!" escapes Osborne as he pushes up to his knees, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers...]

SA: Robert Donovan kicks out at two and change and Sid Osborne's gotta feel like the title was just RIPPED right out of his fingertips, Colt.

CP: It was! He had it won! How the hell did Donovan kick out?!

SA: Osborne's got the chair again!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Osborne SMASHES the chair down on the chest of Donovan before he can get up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again... and then Osborne seems to snap.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The referee shouts at the Sin City Savior as he hammers Donovan down into the mat with the chair, leaving him laying as he stands over him, the crowd jeering loudly.]

SA: Sid Osborne absolutely BRUTALIZING Robert Donovan with that steel chair, just hammering him like a carpenter would a nail... and if he covers him now, I gotta think it's over, Colt!

CP: Stay focused, kid. Don't lose your cool..

[Osborne puts the chair down on the chest, angrily stomping away towards the corner...]

SA: The chair on the chest and the Sin City Savior's heading up top again!

CP: This could be a mistake, Sal. I think he should've gone for the cover right then and there but he's going up for more high risk offense and for me, there's too much at stake to do that right now.

SA: Osborne on the outside, making the climb up...

[Osborne pauses, one foot on the top rope, to make sure Donovan is still in the correct position...]

SA: OSBORNE'S UP TOP! LOOKING OUT ON THE FANS! HE'S GONNA...

[...and LEAPS into the air, pumping his arms and legs as he comes down towards the seven footer...]

SA: ...STAAAAAAAAGE DIIIIIIIVE!

[...and CRASHES down onto the chair on top of Donovan, bouncing off on impact, the chair flying aside with him!]

SA: HE NAILED IT! HE GOT IT ALL!

[But the bounce off of Donovan and the chair carries him towards the ropes where he falls to the outside!]

SA: Oh no!

CP: He bounced right off him, Sal! Osborne went all the way to the floor off that bounce and...

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

SA: OHARA! OHARA!

[And with Donovan down and Sid on the outside, Ohara is quickly climbing up the turnbuckles from the apron...]

SA: THE PHOENIX IS CLIMBING! RISING UP THE BUCKLES! HEADING TO THE TOP!

[...and steps to the top rope, arms held over his head as he waits one moment to compose himself...]

SA: OHARA'S GONNA FLY!

[...and THROWS himself into the air, pumping his arms and legs again!]

SA: PHOENIX FLAAAAAAAAME! DONOVAN GETS BURNED!!!

[Ohara reaches back, securing a leg as the referee counts and the Kansas City fans count along with him...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

CP: AHHHH, COME ON!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: OHARA WINS! OHARA WINS! OHARA KEEPS THE TITLE!

CP: Sid Osborne had this match won, Albano! He had it won with the Stage Dive on the chair and Ohara STOLE it! He stole the damn thing!

SA: As you'd say, that's not how the record books will see it! They'll show on this day at this time, Jordan Ohara defeated Robert Donovan and Sid Os- OHHHH!

[The crowd reacts with Sal as Ohara climbs to his feet to celebrate and gets BLASTED with the National Title belt between the eyes by Sid Osborne!]

SA: WHAT THE HELL?!

CP: Ohara won the match but Osborne just ROCKED him with the belt!

[The crowd is jeering loudly as Osborne stands over Ohara, title belt in hand as the referee shouts at the Sin City Savior, ordering him to back off...

...but Osborne has other ideas, lifting Ohara off the mat by the hair to a kneeling position...]

SA: No! NOT AGAIN!

[...and SMASHES the belt down between the eyes a second time!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: THE TITLE RIGHT INTO THE FACE A SECOND TIME!

[Ohara is down on his back, rolling over to his chest, his arms up over his head as the referee SCREAMS at Osborne for the sneak attack!]

SA: Sid Osborne - what a sore loser this guy is, Colt!

CP: Did he lose? He’s standing over Ohara with the belt in his hands! Looks like the winner to me!

SA: He did NOT win! He did NOT!

CP: But he didn’t lose either! He didn’t get pinned - Donovan did! If this was under elimination rules like it’ll be in London, the match would still be going!

SA: It’s not though, Colt! Osborne knew the damn rules going into this and... what’s this now? Don’t let him do it, ref! Get in there! Stop this guy!

[Dragging Ohara off the mat, the crowd reacts as Osborne pulls the champion back by the hair, revealing a nasty gash on his forehead...]

SA: Oh... god, he’s been busted open, fans. The crimson is flowing freely from the forehead of the Phoenix after being hit with that belt TWICE now and...

[...and Osborne SMASHES the title between the eyes a third time!]

SA: ...GAAAH! COME ON!

[Ohara falls limply to the mat, the blood dripping down onto the canvas as Osborne stands over him...

...and with a smirk on his face, Osborne raises the title belt over his head.]

SA: Get that belt away from him! He’s not the champion! He doesn’t deserve to touch that title belt!

[The referee tries to grab the belt from Osborne who shakes his head, snatching it back...

...and then SHOVES the referee down to the mat to a shocked reaction!]

SA: Oh!

CP: That’ll cost him. Can’t put your hands on an official.

SA: This whole thing oughta cost him! He should be fined for this! Heck, Colt, he should be SUSPENDED for this!

CP: Now that's a bit much.

SA: A bit much?! Ohara's a bloody mess! Look at him!

[Down on the mat, Ohara has rolled onto his back again, the proverbial crimson mask in place as Osborne pulls the title down, glaring at the National Champion for a few moments...]

"If I can't have this, no one can!"

[...and Osborne ducks under the ropes, rolling to the outside with the title belt clutched to his chest.]

SA: Did you hear that, Colt? "If I can't have this, no one can" - what does THAT mean?!

CP: I'm not really sure, Sal, but he's over there with...

[Colt trails off as Osborne approaches the timekeeper's table, sticking out a hand towards the timekeeper...]

"Give it over!"

[...and the timekeeper reluctantly hands the bell hammer to Osborne.]

SA: Wait a... he can't do this!

CP: You gonna stop him?

[Osborne plants the title belt down on the ring apron, looking around at the jeering crowd with a sneer on his face as the referee shouts at him from inside the ring...

...and Osborne SMASHES the hammer down onto the face of the title belt!]

SA: NO!

[He does it again, slamming the metal down into the gold...]

SA: NO! STOP THIS! STOP HIM!

[...and again, this time a chunk of gold breaking off the face of the title belt, falling to the floor. Encouraged by this, Osborne starts smashing the hammer down over and over and over...]

SA: NO, NO, NOOOO! HE'S DESTROYING THE NATIONAL TITLE!

[...and now big chunks of gold and silver are falling off the leather strap, breaking off and falling to the floor as Osborne manically continues his destruction of the National Title belt!]

SA: I can't believe my eyes, Colt!

CP: I can! He said if he can't have it, no one can - and he MEANT it!

[Osborne finally comes to a halt, tossing the hammer aside as he rolls back into the ring. He gets to his feet, slowly lifting the leather strap with fragments of gold and

silver remaining attached into the air as the fans ROAR their displeasure with his actions...]

SA: He's so proud of himself!

[...and a piece of gold falls off, bouncing off the chest of a bloodied Ohara as Osborne soaks up the jeers of the crowd!]

SA: I... can't believe this. Let's go to break. If you can hear me in the truck, let's get out of this before-

[And we abruptly cut to black.

Cut to the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers is holding a big box in hand, while Daniel Harper is holding what looks like a small packet.]

HS: You know, Daniel, somebody once said that life is like a box of chocolates. You never know what you're gonna get.

[Yes, that would be a box of chocolates that Somers is holding.]

DH: That's a good observation, Howie. But if you ask me, life is more like a pack of AWA trading cards.

[Sure enough, in Harper's hand, that's a pack of trading cards.]

DH: You never know what you're going to get, but chances are, you're going to get something good.

[Somers glance at Harper for a minute, then nods.

Now in comes a voiceover.]

"It's the premier edition of Topps AWA trading cards. Featuring today's top AWA stars from the men's division."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Ryan Martinez, Supreme Wright and Shadoo Rage.]

"The top AWA stars of the women's division."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Julie Somers, Victoria June and Erica Toughill.]

"The top AWA tag teams."

[Images pop up of cards featuring The Soldiers of Fortune, The Gold Standard and KAMS.]

"The managers and announcers."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Miss Sandra Hayes, Sweet Lou Blackwell and Colt Patterson.]

"The legends of the ring."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Casey James, Marcus Broussard and Shane Destiny.]

"Even the founders of the AWA."

[And, yes, you get images of cards featuring Jon Stegglet, Bobby Taylor and Todd Michaelson.]

"Plus, look for special inserts."

[Images of a "Fantastic Finishers" card features Supernova putting an opponent in the Solar Flare, a "Dynamic Duos" card features Harley Hamilton and Cinder and a "Rising Stars" card features Max Magnum.]

"Along with cards featuring event-used memorabilia."

[Images of such cards, featuring Jack Lynch, Jordan Ohara and Ayako Fujiwara.]

"Autographed cards."

[Images of such cards, featuring Derrick Williams, Gordon Myers and Michelle Bailey.]

"Even dual autographed cards."

[And the image featured, of course, would be Next Gen, with Howie Somers and Daniel Harper's signatures on the same card.]

Cut back to Somers.]

HS: Now that one's a keeper.

[We pull back and see Harper going through the cards in his pack.]

DH: Cool... Hannibal Carver autographed card!

HS: [looks at the box of chocolates, then back at Harper] Um, you want to trade?

DH: [stares at his tag team partner] You call that a fair trade, dude?

[We then cut to an opened display box of the Topps AWA trading cards and hear the voiceover again.]

"Look for Topps AWA trading cards wherever trading cards are sold. Or order them at AWAShop.com."

[We fade to black...

...and then come back on the backstage area where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in what is lovingly known in the world of the AWA as the Chimpanzee Position - the area just before the entrance.]

SLB: AWA fans, it's been an exciting night of action here on ABC for National Wrestling Night... but I've gotta say - the action does NOT stop here. We've already talked throughout the night about Memorial Day Mayhem coming up in just about a month and a half... but right now, I want to talk about the action coming our way in the next couple of weeks.

[The shot of Blackwell shifts to show the Showtime logo.]

SLB: One week from tonight - right back on ESPN, right back in Hotlanta, Georgia - it'll be Showtime on ESPN and with just days before the Battle of London event, Showtime is jammed to the rafters with red hot action! Let's run it down...

[The graphic showing the Royal Crown tournament info hits the screen.]

SLB: We are just two weeks away from the Royal Crown Tournament Finals... and just one week away from finding out who will fill out that lineup. On the women's side of the bracket, we've got Lauryn Rage, Trish Wallace, and Michelle Bailey in the Finals... and on Showtime, we'll see Olympic gold medalist Ayako Fujiwara taking on Ricki Toughill to see who joins them in the O2 Arena!

[The graphic promoting that match appears.]

SLB: And on the men's side? Tony Donovan is in. That's it! Everything else comes down to next weekend in Atlanta when we see Joe Flint against Smasher Salazar and Sid Osborne against Shadoo Rage. And when that's all said and done, we're also going to get a LAST CHANCE BATTLE ROYAL! All the people who lost their first round match plus many more will battle it out to see who will get the fourth and final spot in the Finals!

[The graphic changes.]

SLB: How about this one? Tag team action goes down with the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad taking on the two men they assaulted last weekend in Tizona and Yoshi Fujiwara! And they're not the only Team Supreme stars who will be in action as we learned earlier tonight that Howie Somers will collide with Takeshi Mifune! You will not want to miss that.

[Another graphic change.]

SLB: More tag team action but this time in the Women's Division when Betty Chang and Charity Rockwell takes on Casey Cash and one-half of the World Tag Team Champions Harley Hamilton!

[And again.]

SLB: The Peach Pits squad of Shannon Walsh and Kelly Taylor laid down an Open Challenge for next weekend and we understand it has been answered as Suga N' Spice will meet the Peach Pits in Atlanta!

[And one more time.]

SLB: And how about this one? The Main Event of the evening! The World Television Title will be on the line when Odin Gunn - the undefeated Odin Gunn, I might add - defends the gold against the returning Omega who earned this title shot by successfully running the rankings! Plus so many more superstars in the house to compete, you won't want to miss one of the final Showtimes in Atlanta before the show hits the road this summer for the first Showtime summer tour! And speaking of that tour... let's take a look to find out officially for the first time just where that tour will be rumbling this summer!

[Blackwell points to the screen with a grin as we fade to black with a voiceover.]

"When the AWA comes to town on a normal day, it's a good time."

[The black screen changes to a sunny sky, the burning ball of fire glaring down on a pair of sunglasses on the face of World Champion Supernova who is standing waist deep in the ocean, the waves crashing down around him as he rests an arm on his bright red surfboard.]

"When the AWA comes to town this summer..."

[A big wave comes up, splashing down on top of the champion.]

"...it's SHOWTIME!"

[And as the wave hits the sand, we get a graphic that takes the water's place as it rushes back out...]

"The AWA Showtime On Tour events begin on May 19th in the greater Los Angeles area - the American Legion Hall in Reseda has been the home of some of the greatest independent professional wrestling over the years... but on this night, the AWA is taking over!"

[The wave hits again, washing the graphic away...]

"On June 2nd, the AWA keeps on rolling just outside of downtown Los Angeles as we pay homage at the Temple in Boyle Heights!"

[...and then again...]

"Portland, Oregon, the AWA is coming to town for one of the biggest double shots of the year. Don't miss Saturday Night Wrestling at Providence Park but one week before, you gotta be at the old IIWF Coliseum - freshly renovated and reopened for one night only as the AWA presents Showtime On Tour: Ring Wars!"

[...and again...]

"Seattle, Washington! It's the Historic Washington Hall that'll serve as the showcase for Showtime in the Emerald City!"

[...and again...]

"For the second year in a row, the AWA will be battlin' in Saskatchewan as the AWA rolls into Regina's Globe Theatre on July 7th!"

[...and again...]

"July 21st, the Canadian shows continue as we present Showtime at Blue Cross Park in Winnipeg for what promises to be a special night of action!"

[...and again...]

"Talk about special nights - on August 4th, the AWA hits the largest shopping mall in the United States - the Mall of America in Bloomington, Minnesota for what should be a most unusual edition of Showtime!"

[...and again...]

"And for the final night of the 2024 Showtime summer tour, we'll be in the Hammerstein Ballroom in New York City for a night we're calling One More For The Road! Do not miss this chance to celebrate the final stop on the tour before Showtime heads back to the A-T-L!"

[...and then back to a shot of Supernova in the waves.]

S: Can you feel the heat?

[And we fade to black...]

We fade up on the backstage area where we find Mariah Wolfe standing alongside a beaten but not broken Robert Donovan who is still in his ring gear, the straps pulled down on his singlet to reveal his scarred torso.]

MW: Backstage here in the Sprint Center, I've caught up with Robert Donovan who came up short in his attempt to win the National Title here tonight.

[Donovan grimaces, nodding.]

RD: It wasn't for lack of effort though. I gave it all I had out there tonight, Mariah...

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: ...and maybe that's the problem.

[Wolfe shakes her head.]

MW: I'm not sure I-

[Donovan interrupts, an edge to his voice.]

RD: Maybe all I've got... just ain't enough anymore.

[Wolfe looks stunned.]

RD: I've been around this business for a long, long time, Mariah. I've fought and bled just about everywhere in this whole wide world that a man can do that and make a living. I've dropped blood in the sands of South Laredo and the streets of Los Angeles... I've pushed this broken down body into tiny little hotel rooms in Tokyo and stretch limousines in the Middle East. And yeah, I even got to raise some gold over my head a few times... even down in Dallas.

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: I don't know, Mariah. I look around the locker room and... the faces are changing. The guys I came up with are... movin' on. The whole world's talkin' about Vasquez retiring but I see Bobby, Kevin, and Adam all wearing suits... I see Casey off wandering the Earth... Claw's over there training the next generation... Caleb's still playing Days Of Our Lives...

[He smirks.]

RD: ...what am I doing? Maybe instead of thinkin' about my next match... I should start thinkin' about my next life... one outside of this business, ya know?

[Wolfe pauses, letting Donovan think a moment.]

MW: I have to ask - are you retiring right here and now?

[Donovan pauses a well, looking pensive... and then gives a short shake of his head.]

RD: No... not here... not now... but...

[Donovan trails off as his eyes drift to the side. The camera pulls back just a little bit more to reveal Tiger Claw walking through the scene. Claw pauses, giving Donovan an appraising look.]

TC: Some things never change.

[And with an amused look, Claw walks away, leaving Donovan to glare after him. The seven footer lets loose a big sigh and then walks out of the camera's shot, leaving a surprised Mariah Wolfe behind.]

MW: Well, fans... Robert Donovan... a conflicted Robert Donovan, I might add... seems like he might have a decision to make about his future in this business. From backstage here in the Sprint Center, let's go back down to-

[A shout from off-camera cuts Mariah off, startling her. She furrows her brow, looking in that direction...]

"WHERE IS HE?!"

[...and then points the camera towards it, revealing National Champion Jordan Ohara, his head heavily bandaged in white that is rapidly becoming red. Ohara hobbles closer, leaning against a rolling equipment case with a grimace before moving towards Wolfe again.]

JO: Where... is... he?

[The weary Ohara puts a hand on the wall for support as an alarmed Mariah Wolfe puts out a steadying hand towards him.]

MW: Jordan, are you-

[Ohara angrily cuts her off.]

JO: WHERE IS HE, MARIAH?!

[Wolfe jumps backwards a step. Ohara winces, putting up a hand.]

JO: I'm sorry.... I just- I need to find Osborne.

[Mariah shakes her head.]

MW: I don't... I'm not sure, Jordan. But I really don't think you're in any condition to-

[A shouted voice from off-camera gets Ohara's attention.]

JO: He's over...?

[Ohara trails off as he hustles out of the camera shot, Wolfe imploring the cameraman to follow as the champion hobbles through the backstage area, rushing after the National Champion who is walking through a collection of production equipment, trying to find Sid Osborne...

...and find him he does as Osborne's just about to exit the building into the parking lot.]

"OSBORNE!"

[Ohara's shout freezes Osborne, the Sin City Savior turning with a grin on his face...

...until the Phoenix rushes him, catching him around the torso...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[...and DRIVES Osborne back into the arena wall as Osborne exclaims loudly. Ohara stays doubled over, throwing rights and lefts at the body of the man he bested earlier in the night as more loud voices join the noise.]

SA: Colt, are you seeing this?!

CP: For sure, Albano! I'm watching Ohara jump a guy in the back - some baby-kissin' Boy Scout he is!

SA: After what Osborne did to him tonight, can you blame him?

[Ohara straightens up, staggering back a few steps as he grabs at his head...

...and this time, it's Osborne who drives him backwards, smashing into one of the rolling production cases, shoving Ohara up on top of it!]

SA: Ohhh! We need to get some help out there!

[Osborne yanks Ohara up by the wrist, smashing his fist into the National Champion's face over and over and over...

...and then pulls him off the case, using a handful of hair to SMASH Ohara's bloodied face into the rolling case!]

SA: Osborne's got the edge now, taking the fight to the champion!

[A handful of backstage officials rush into the scene, led by John Shock who is bellowing at the duo men to back off and break it up. Osborne sneers at Shock, raising his hands and walking backwards towards the arena exit.]

SA: John Shock trying to get some control... Osborne walking away... thankfully...

[Shock leans over to check on Ohara...

...who lets loose a horrific shout as he shoves Shock aside, sprinting toward Osborne...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[...and DRIVES the Sin City Savior through the double door leading out of the building, spilling out into the Kansas City night as the audio cuts out after a loud exclamation by one of the nearby officials!]

SA: THEY'RE IN THE PARKING LOT!

CP: I'm glad I took an Uber tonight.

SA: Get the cameras out there! We gotta see what's happening!

[The cameraman pushes past a few officials, sticking the lens through the door to show Ohara and Osborne trading right hands in the parking lot, cars all around them.]

SA: Ohara absolutely INCENSED after what Osborne did to him earlier tonight... after what he did to the National Title belt earlier tonight!

[Ohara is madly pummeling Osborne up against the hood of a car, pushing him back onto it as he lays in heavy clubbing blows to the chest...

...and Osborne desperately reaches out, digging his fingers into Ohara's eyes, causing the champion to howl in pain as he staggers backwards.]

SA: Sin City Sid always looking for a cheap shot and he got it there!

CP: This is LITERALLY a street fight now, Albano - there ain't no such thing as a cheap shot!

[With Ohara blinded, Osborne scrambles up on the hood of the car, backing up and taking aim...]

SA: What the... what the HELL is Osborne doing now?!

[...and he gets two steps towards the front of the car before Ohara lunges at him again, yanking the legs...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RIGHT DOWN ON THE HOOD!

CP: I hope that car doesn't belong to a fan.

SA: They'll be looking for an insurance claim adjuster after the show if it does! That hood is all dented in from Osborne's body landing on it!

[Ohara climbs up on the hood on his knees, wiping at his stinging eyes as he starts pounding the Sin City Savior with right hands again!]

SA: This car is completely surrounded now by AWA officials, begging Ohara to break this up... this is out of control!

CP: This is a side of Ohara we don't see too often, Big Sal!

SA: It certainly is... getting up on his feet now, dragging Osborne up-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd watching inside the arena reacts as the Sin City Savior - down on his knee - swings an arm up into the groin of the National Champion!]

SA: -LOW BLOW BY OSBORNE!

[And with his arm still between the legs, Osborne suddenly gets up, flipping Ohara backwards with a backdrop...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OHARA GETS BACKDROPPED ON THE WINDSHIELD! HOLY-

[The glass spiderwebs under the back of Ohara, the champion crashing down onto it as Osborne slumps to a knee. He throws a look back at the National Champion, a pain-filled grimace on his face as the glass likely cuts into his back while the white bandages wrapped around his head continue to get a darker shade of red...]

SA: I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS! SID OSBORNE JUST PUT JORDAN OHARA THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD!

[...and Osborne isn't done, getting up and dragging Ohara off the window by the hair, ignoring the shouts from the officials all around...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[...and SMASHES Ohara's face into the windshield again...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[...and again...]

SA: SOMEBODY STOP THIS SON OF A-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and with one final slam into the broken glass, Osborne lets go of Ohara, letting the National Champion roll back down onto the dented hood of the car, blood now streaming from his forehead once more. Osborne glares down at the bloodied champion, nodding with satisfaction as AWA security rushes into view now, led by Interim President Zharkov.]

"ENOUGH!"

[Zharkov's loud bellow grabs Osborne's attention as the Sin City Savior glares down at the Tsar, perhaps considering defying him as well...]

"I said... enough."

[And with a smirk, Osborne lifts up some blood-stained hands, stepping off the dented hood and walking away from the scene of the crime as a voice calls out "GET A MEDIC! QUICK!" Zharkov glares at Osborne, shaking his head as we fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of two boys sitting in front of a TV playing video games. The shot is over the TV so we can see the living room behind them. The boys are very into the action on the screen which we cannot see but we can hear the explosions and gunfire of the latest hot first person shooter type game. The girls sitting behind them look bored to tears as the boys trade jabs like "GOT YOU!" "YOU'RE TOAST!" and "GRENADES FOR DAYS, FRIENDO!" A voiceover begins.]

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

"Looking for your next video game to trade bullets for bodyslams?"

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

"Tired of just another boring shoot 'em up?"

[The girls get up from their seats on the couch now, looking eagerly at the screen.]

"Wish there was someone who looked like YOU that you could control?!"

[A white light shines down from the living room ceiling on the two girls...

...and with a burst of shattering glass, the room fills with light.

As the light dies down, we find the grinning form of "Spitfire" Julie Somers in wrestling gear standing in front of the now-smoking television set.]

JS: Step aside, boys... it's Ladies Night.

[And we cut to a series of shots of video game pro wrestling action: Michelle Bailey delivering a Britney Spear to Kelly Kowalski. Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift

trading blows. Harley Hamilton and Cinder making their entrance. The voiceover continues.]

"It's AWA 2K17 coming your way just in time for the holiday season. Play as your favorite wrestlers..."

[Victoria June drops Xenia Sonova with a front powerslam.]

"...create your own shows in our new El Presidente mode..."

[A digital Castillo is on stage making a match.]

"...take your created superstar from rookie to SuperClash Main Event!"

[A face we don't know is trading blows center ring with Trish Wallace before hoisting her into a Jackhammer suplex.]

"All in one tremendous game!"

[Cut scene of the digital Julie Somers standing on the turnbuckles, flipping off onto a prone Kurayami...

...and then to a shot of the real Julie Somers.]

JS: Now that's what I like to see.

[Somers looks over at the boys now huddled in the corner of the room.]

JS: Aww, we didn't forget about you two.

[Somers snaps her fingers as we get a barrage of shots from other characters - Supreme Wright using Fat Tuesday on Jeff Matthews. Jack Lynch applying an Iron Claw on Muteesa. Hannibal Carver using a Blackout on Derrick Williams. And finally, Ryan Martinez causing Johnny Detson to pinwheel through the air with an Excalibur. The voiceover continues.]

"Get AWA 2K17 at game shops, retail stores, and online! Available for your favorite gaming system and on PC!"

[Back to a shot of all four kids playing excitedly now, a tag team match on screen pitting Julie Somers and Victoria June against Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. The on-screen Somers takes a German Suplex from Fujiwara as real life Somers grimaces, grabbing at her neck.]

JS: That had to hurt.

[And with that, we cut to a graphic promoting AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

The scene opens backstage inside a dressing room. There, we see the Tennessee madman, Jackson Haynes, standing alone. He's dressed in blue wrestling trunks, a black leather vest and a worn, floppy cowboy hat sits atop his head. He punches his left fist into the palm of his right hand rhythmically, each impact echoing throughout the empty room.]

JH: Supreme Wright.

[His voice is a low growl, the name dripping with venom. He repeats it, louder this time.]

JH: Supreme Wright.

[He slams his fist harder into his palm, the sound reverberating off the walls. His breathing quickens, his eyes narrowing with rage.]

JH: Supreme Wright!

[He punches his palm again. The intensity in his eyes grows, his body trembling with barely contained fury.]

JH: Supreme Wright!

[His voice is now a roar as he starts to pace the room, his fists clenched tightly. He suddenly turns and punches the wall.]

JH: Supreme Wright!

[Haynes grabs a chair and hurls it across the room, the metal clanging loudly as it crashes against the floor. His breathing is ragged, his face contorted with rage.]

JH: SUPREME WRIGHT!

[He pounds his fists into the walls repeatedly, each hit sending tremors through the room. His shouts grow louder, more primal.]

JH: SUPREME WRIGHT!

[In a final burst of fury, he headbutts the door, causing his cowboy hat to fly off his head upon impact. He stands there for a moment, panting heavily, a wild look in his eyes as he turns his attention back towards us.]

JH: SUPREME WRIGHT!

[He glares directly into the camera, his eyes burning with unbridled anger. Without another word, he picks up his hat from the floor and places it back on his head. With one last, seething glance at the camera, he storms out of the room as we fade...

...to a different piece of footage as this camera opens to a dressing room where Supreme Wright stands. Wright is in his wrestling gear: full-length white tights with white elbowpads, kneepads, and boots. The stoic expression on his face is broken by the slightest of smirks.]

SW: We're family, Jackson Haynes. We're brothers. And while we may not be connected by blood, it's a fact that no amount of each other's blood that we spill will ever change.

[A beat.]

SW: Did you ever imagine you would be in this position, Haynes?

[He steps closer to the camera, the intensity in his eyes growing.]

SW: Once upon a time, you were the Lynch family's greatest enemy. You fought against them, you battled them, tried to bring them down, and just like me, you eventually won the heart of a Lynch daughter.

And now, here you are, defending them. A mad knight in tarnished armor.

The irony is not lost on me.

[He smirks - a cruel, knowing smile.]

SW: Jackson Haynes is a name synonymous with overwhelming rage and power. You've fought countless battles, overcome countless obstacles, and rose to the very top of this sport as one-half of one of the greatest tag teams that ever stepped into a wrestling ring. I respect that. But understand this: I don't respect what you represent.

I look at you, Jackson Haynes, and I see the future that I could have lived. A future served...

...as the Lynch family's pathetic attack dog.

[He pauses, his expression unchanging, his eyes fixed on the camera.]

SW: You made your choice long ago, Haynes. You choose to stand with the Lynches. You chose your family.

And I've obviously chosen mine.

[His smirk fades, replaced by a cold, calculated stare.]

SW: But that doesn't change the fact that we are bonded, Haynes. My dear Theresa and your beloved Samantha make sure that no matter the choices we make, we're still brothers. But those ties mean nothing in MY ring. What matters is who is left standing victorious. And I promise you, Jackson Haynes, it will be me. I will fight you and I will end you. There will be no hesitation and no mercy.

[He steps forward, his tone cold and mocking, as the camera slowly zooms in for his final words.]

SW: Because... sometimes brothers have to fight.

[Supreme turns, the camera following him as he walks away, the sense of finality hanging heavily in the air..]

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The new anthem heralding the arrival of the AWA's Most Hated man begins to play over the PA system - "Power Slam" by Paradelous.

The crowd begins to jeer lustily, on their feet booing their lungs empty and their throats raw.]

RO: From Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing in at 225 pounds... he is the leader of Team Supreme...

...and a two-time former WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAAAAAAMPIONNNN...

...he is... SUUUUUUUUPREEEEEEEEEEEEEME WRIIIIIGHT!

[Instantly, a deafening roar of boos erupts from the crowd, drowning out the music and filling the arena with an uneasy sense of outrage and hostility. Undeterred and indifferent to the crowd's reaction, Wright strides forward with purpose, his cold expression a mask of confidence amidst the sea of disapproval.]

SA: "Sometimes brothers have to fight." Words we've heard many times over the years here in the AWA. They've been spoken by Brian James. By Ryan Martinez.

[Wright is dressed in his ring gear as he makes his way towards the squared circle, not even acknowledging the venom being spewed at him from either side of the aisleway including an older man waving a sign that reads "SUPREME IS WRONG!"]

SA: And now by Supreme Wright who says he and Jackson Haynes are bonded by marriage... and Colt, do we have any proof of that?

CP: I've never seen Jackson Haynes' marriage license but I can't imagine claiming to be a Lynch if it wasn't true.

SA: That's not what I meant and you know it. That wedding... the so-called Red Wedding... was interrupted before it was over. Did Supreme Wright and Theresa Lynch ACTUALLY get married?!

CP: You calling Supreme Wright a liar?

SA: I... would not do that for my own safety.

CP: Oh, I'm sure Supreme wouldn't lay a hand on you, Big Sal.

SA: No... he'd just watch.

[As Wright makes his way down the ramp, the intensity of the boos only seems to grow louder and when he approaches the ring, his every step is met with disdain from the unforgiving crowd.]

SA: Supreme Wright climbing inside the ring... ready for battle. It's hard to imagine - listening to these fans in Kansas City - that it was just a month or so ago that he was one of the most popular men in the sport, Colt. Last year, he was with the heroes of the AWA, fighting off the forces of evil... and now he's one of them.

CP: I kinda think he was ALWAYS one of them, Sal. Even when Wright was the hero of the people, there were a lot of us who thought it felt... off. And now that we've seen what we've seen lately, you have to wonder if he was just wearing a mask for a while.

SA: Well, that may be true but the mask is off now... and this is the true Supreme Wright. Cold, calculated, uncaring... diabolical in some ways even.

[Supreme Wright stands alone in the ring, tugging at the ropes, making final preparations for the battle to come...]

SA: And now, all eyes turn towards the entrance here in Kansas City and await the arrival of one of the most successful tag team wrestlers in-

CP: HEY!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Supreme Wright abruptly falls forward in the darkened ring, faceplanting on the mat!]

SA: IT'S HAYNES! IT'S HAYNES!

[The lights quickly come on to reveal "The Hammer" Jackson Haynes hauling Wright under the ropes to the outside of the ring to big cheers from the crowd!]

SA: The bell hasn't run but the fight is on here on National Wrestling Night!

[Grabbing the former World Champion by the arm, Haynes ROCKETS him across the ringside area...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and into the ringside barricade, shifting the steel railing from the impact of Wright's body hitting the steel!]

SA: SKIN MEETS STEEL! Jackson Haynes has been out for blood - Supreme Wright's blood - since the Red Wedding. Haynes himself wasn't in attendance but his wife - Samantha Lynch, one of Blackjack's daughters - was and she was hurt in the aftermath of that chaotic scene on the AWA's Tenth Anniversary Show last month. So, you can hardly be surprised that he took the chance to attack Wright before the bell and with no rules out here on the floor.

[Grabbing the arm again, Haynes whips him back the other way...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: The lower back SLAMS into the edge of the ring apron! That's the most unforgiving part of the ring, fans, and Wright took it full force right into the lower back.

CP: This isn't the kind of match Supreme Wright EVER wants, Albano. Supreme Wright is pound-for-pound the greatest in-ring wrestler on the planet. His striking, his submissions, his technical expertise... but you can throw all that out the window in a street fight on the outside like we're seeing right now.

SA: And the bell STILL hasn't rung, Colt, so this is all action before the match officially star- WHAT THE-?!

[Sal's abrupt shout comes as Haynes surprises our announce duo by bodyslamming Wright down onto the table, sending Colt and Sal scrambling away from their workplace as Haynes clubs big forearms and fists down into the head of the struggling Wright!]

SA: Can anyone... are we still on? Wright and Haynes up here on our announce desk...

CP: I got you, Albano. We're good.

SA: We're both still on? Okay, good... fans, the action is all over the place here... and where in the world is Haynes going now?

[Up on the ring apron, Haynes drags Wright off the announce table, pulling him into a standing headscissors on the apron...]

SA: Uh oh... oh no, don't do this! Don't do this!

[The crowd is buzzing at it appears that Haynes is about to powerbomb the Team Supreme leader through the announce table at ringside...]

SA: He's gonna put him through our table!

CP: I'm gettin' out of here, Albano! See you later!

[...but as Haynes lifts Wright into the air, the former World Champion slips free, landing on his feet on the apron behind Haynes to the surprise of the crowd AND Haynes who quickly turns...]

SA: Ohh! Back kick, thrust kick to the midsection!

[...and Wright ducks low, muscling the 310 pound Haynes up on his shoulders in a fireman's carry...]

SA: He's got him up! Wright trying to get him in position for Fat Tuesday!

[...but Haynes digs his taped fingers into the eyes of Wright, raking HARD across to temporarily blind the former World Champion, allowing Haynes to slip out, landing on his feet inside the ring...]

SA: Haynes goes to the eyes to get loose...

[...and reaches over the ropes, hooking Wright around the torso...]

SA: ...look at this now!

[...and powers Wright up into the air, lifting him high over the ropes, and DROPS him down in a back suplex!]

SA: Ohhh! Nicely done there by the Hammer! A back suplex from the apron into the ring and-

CP: That takes a whole lot of power, Big Sal.

SA: It sure does. And while Jackson Haynes may not have the same level of power that his partner Danny Morton does, he's as strong as my morning cup of coffee for sure.

[The referee checks to make sure Wright is able to keep going and then signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: There's the bell and this is an official match now, Colt.

CP: Not sure I agree with that one, Albano, but I got full faith in Supreme Wright to be able to get back into this in no time flat.

SA: We shall see, my friend... and look at Jackson Haynes taking the fight to Wright!

[Down on his knees, Haynes smashes his fist down between the eyes of Wright over and over and over... and as the referee warns him about the illegal strikes, Haynes switches to a blatant choke, wrapping his hands around Wright's throat!]

SA: Jackson Haynes has been known to bend the rules from time to time, Colt. He's got no qualms about going to illegal tactics to get the job done.

CP: And that's part of what makes Violence Unlimited one of the best tag teams on the planet.

SA: Former AWA National Tag Team Champions, former AWA World Tag Team Champions, former two time Stampede Cup winners - one of the best tag teams in AWA history for sure. We saw them defeat Wright and Jackson two weeks ago... but tonight, there are no tag team partners. This is singles action and that means the advantage slides to Supreme Wright.

CP: Only if he can this out of a brawl and into a wrestling match.

[Haynes breaks the choke at four, digging his fingers into the eyes again instead...]

CP: Gouging the eyes now! That's just mean and vicious.

SA: Haynes wants his pound of flesh for the Red Wedding here tonight... the first man to get an opportunity to avenge the Lynch family for what happened that night in New Orleans. The first of many waiting for that chance, Colt.

CP: They can line up all they want... but don't be surprised when Supreme Wright knocks 'em all down.

[Dragging Wright to his feet, Haynes grabs him under the arms and lift tosses him into the nearest set of buckles, lumbering in after to connect with a heavy clothesline!]

SA: Big clothesline in the corner by the Hammer... whips him back across...

[With Wright leaning against the buckles, Haynes pumps an arm before barreling across after him...]

SA: ...OHHHH! CORNER TO CORNER CLOTHESLINE BY JACKSON HAYNES!

[...and then grabs the arm, sending him back the other way...]

SA: MAKE IT TWO! CLOTHESLINES APLENTY FOR SUPREME WRIGHT!

CP: Wright looks like he's out on his feet already, Sal! He's gotta get out of there, get a breather, slap a pause on the action until he can get back into this...

[Pushing Wright back in the corner, a fired-up Haynes steps up on the middle rope, lifting his taped hand over his head...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[But Haynes doesn't stop, raining down wild blows with both hands as the crowd attempts to keep up the count but fails, falling into a crazed ROAR instead!]

SA: JACKSON HAYNES BRINGING THE THUNDER HERE IN KC!

[Haynes ignores the protesting official, grabbing Wright by the back of the head, dragging him out of the corner...]

...and then HURLS the former World Champion over the top rope, sending him crashing down on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A hard fall to the outside for Wright... and Haynes is going after him! This is the style he wants - a hard-hitting street fight and so far, that's what he's getting in this battle with the former World Champion!

[On the outside, Haynes pulls Wright to his feet, smashing him headfirst into the ring apron!]

SA: Into the apron goes Wright! The referee trying to get the action back inside the ring but that's not what Jackson Haynes has in mind for-

"THUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Hayne smashes Wright's head into the timekeeper's table, sending both the timekeeper and Rebecca Ortiz scattering away to safety as Wright lies doubled over the wooden table.]

SA: Hopefully they stay away from us this time, Colt.

CP: I'm getting ready to get out of here if they don't.

[Haynes reaches across the table, making a grab...]

SA: He's got the timekeeper's bell hammer!

[...and digs the top of the hammer into the forehead of Wright, the former World Champion roaring in pain as the referee's eyes go wide, shouting threat at Haynes!]

CP: Now how the hell is THIS not a disqualification, Albano?!

SA: The referee using his discretion for sure, Colt. Haynes hasn't struck him with the hammer so-

CP: No, he's just digging it into his skin!

[Haynes angrily throws the hammer aside as Wright slumps over onto the floor, falling down to all fours as Haynes stands over him...]

SA: The referee shouting for Haynes to get the action back insid- oh! Look out!

[The camera shot abruptly shifts as Haynes shoves the cameraman aside, clearing a path to Wright...]

CP: Putting his hands on a crew member?! This guy oughta be fined! He oughta be suspended! He oughta be sent out to some place where that kind of thing is allowed, Albano!

SA: Jackson Haynes certainly letting his temper get the better of him here tonight and-

[The camera shot shifts again, this time pitching backwards. The shot cuts to a different camera, showing Haynes standing over the downed cameraman, leaning over...]

SA: We've got a cameraman down out here... hopefully he's alright...

[...and Haynes lifts the camera cable, wrapping it around the throat of the kneeling Wright!]

SA: ...he's choking him! Strangling him with that cable!

[We get a closeup of it from the original camera, Wright gasping for air...

...and then the feed cuts out.]

SA: Uh oh.

[We quickly cut to another shot with a cameraman hustling into position as Haynes lets go of the cable, dropping it on the floor and dragging the coughing Wright to his feet...]

SA: Haynes is-

[...and HURLS him over the railing into the crowd, sending fans scattering!]

SA: -OHHHHH!

CP: This lunatic is a walking lawsuit waiting to happen, Albano! He's out of control! Someone oughta stop the damn match, fine him, suspend him... hell, lock him up for that matter!

SA: We've got security on the scene, trying to get some control of this...

CP: Good luck.

[The referee is up against the railing, shouting at Haynes, trying to prevent him from going into the crowd after the former World Champion...]

SA: Referee Andy Dawson trying to keep Haynes back... security down there... Kevin Slater, John Shock, Adam Rogers...

[But a shouting Haynes is trying to barrel through them all...]

"I'M GONNA RIP HIS HEAD OFF!"

[...and swims through the security in his way, swinging an arm to toss one to the ground... throwing a left hand to club another on the ear with the AWA fans ROARING!]

SA: We've got a problem here!

[Haynes climbs over the railing to the utter thrill of the fans all around him as AWA officials fail to keep him at bay. He grabs Wright off the pile of chairs, sweeping an arm to clear more fans out of the battle's path...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ROARS again as Haynes smashes Wright's face into an abandoned seat!]

SA: SUPREME MEETS STEEL!

[Haynes pounds his chest as Wright slumps over the steel seat...

...and then takes an offered beer from a nearby fan, throwing his head back to chug the cup down the gullet!]

SA: Haynes stopping for some refreshment and- OHH!

[The crowd cheers again as Haynes SMASHES the nearly-empty cup into the face of Wright, causing him to fall back into the vacated chair as fans scream and shout from all around the Hammer.]

CP: Now he's drinking during a match?! Get him out of here! We're supposed to be putting on a family show!

[Haynes grabs Wright by the back of the head, smashing a big fist down into the face once... twice... three times... four times... five times...]

SA: HAYNES IS PUMMELING WRIGHT!

[...six times...seven times... eight times... nine times... ten times...]

SA: HE WON'T STOP!

[...eleven... twelve...thirteenfourteenfifteensixteenseventeen... and the clubbing devolves into a mad roar from Haynes!]

SA: JACKSON HAYNES IS OUT FOR BLOOD AND HE WILL NOT REST UNTIL HE GETS SOME!

[Haynes marches down to the aisle between two sections of seats, walking back towards the ringside area for several steps...

...and then strides down another row of seats, nudging past rabid fans to climb up on an empty chair...]

SA: Haynes is in the middle of this rabid bunch of AWA fans, waiting to see Haynes do what he set out to do! He wants to punish Supreme Wright! He wants to make Supreme Wright pay for what he did to the Lynch family!

[...and then puts one foot on the top of the chair back, looking out on Wright...]

SA: What is he...?

[...and then THROWS himself into the air, diving over a couple rows of seats as he fully extends his body...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AAAAAABUUUUUNAAAAAAAIAI!

[...and WRECKS the leader of Team Supreme with a flying clothesline from one row of seats to another, wiping out the section of seats, sending it toppling over as fans scatter to safety! AWA officials and security come pouring over the railing, racing to secure the scene!]

SA: WE'VE GOT CHAIRS DOWN! BODIES DOWN! FANS ARE FLEEING LIKE GODZILLA IS ON THE LOOSE!

[The officials quickly rush towards the fans, urgently checking to see if anyone's hurt. Security tries to get a perimeter in place, keeping the surging fans from rushing towards Haynes and Wright who are laid out in a pile of wrecked and overturned chairs.]

SA: This is insanity here on National Wrestling Night! We've gotta get this under control, fans! We'll be right back with more of this wild contest after this!

[The shot holds on the laid out Haynes and Wright as we fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of Ryan Martinez walking down the aisle. From the scenery around him, we can see this slow motion footage is from right before WarGames at SuperClash IX.]

#When you wish..#

[Dissolve to the White Knight throwing knife edge chops at the towering form of Torin The Titan...]

#...upon a star#

[...to Martinez and Derrick Williams working together to use a double clothesline to take the giant off his feet...]

#Makes no difference who you are...#

[...to a closeup of a bloodied Martinez, looking up in shock as a hobbled Shadoe Rage joins him in the cage...]

#Anything your...#

[...to the White Knight driving Vasquez' skull into the canvas with his signature brainbuster...]

#...heart desires will...#

[...to Martinez hooking John Law in a crossface, wrenching back with all his might as Law struggles to hang on...]

#...come to you.#

[...to a crowd shot of a group of young fans holding up a banner that reads "THE WHITE KNIGHT FOREVER!" as a voiceover begins...]

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

[Cut to a shot of a bloodied but smiling Ryan Martinez standing triumphant with his teammates...]

"...Team AWA just won the Main Event at SuperClash! Now what are you gonna do?"

[...to a regular speed shot of Martinez still in the double cage, looking into the camera's lens with a grin...]

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

[...and we fade to a shot of the Disneyland logo before fading to black.

And when we come back to live action, we're back inside the ring where Supreme Wright is down on his knees taking punch after punch to the skull of the Hammer!]

SA: Welcome back to National Wrestling Night where after much effort, the officials and security at ringside got Haynes and Wright back into the ring...

[The referee backs Haynes a few steps back as Wright slumps back to a seated position on the mat...

...and as Haynes advances on him, Wright spins from his hip, swinging his foot into the side of Haynes' knee!]

SA: OH! Wright caught him in the knee!

[Haynes grimaces, staggering backwards, putting weight down on the leg to test the knee...]

...and then moves back in, yanking Wright up by the wrist, tossing him into the corner...]

SA: Haynes moving a little gingerly on that knee... ohhh! Big overhead elbow in the corner! Another! Make it three!

[...and then Haynes twists, pushing his back into Wright, swinging his elbow back this time...]

SA: BACK ELBOW! OVER AND OVER AND OVER!

[The impact of the blows has Wright hanging onto the ropes, trying to stay on his feet as Haynes swings around, burying a big haymaker between the eyes as the referee orders him out of the corner...]

SA: Wright's trapped in the corner... Haynes ignoring the referee again...

[...and the Hammer steps up onto the middle rope again, looking to rain down blows once more...]

SA: ...and here we go! Big right hands!

[...but as Haynes gets ready to open up on Wright, the former World Champion ducks and slips out of the corner, twisting around...]

SA: ROUNDHOUSE!

[...and delivers a perfectly-targeted kick to the back of Haynes' knee, causing the leg to buckle, sending Haynes falling backwards off the ropes, the back of his head smashing down on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: What a counter by Wright!

CP: Supreme Wright's been in this match for nearly ten minutes, absorbing blow after blow from a furious Jackson Haynes but when the moment was right - he delivered! This is the best wrestler in the world in the eyes of a whole lot of people - title or no title, Albano.

[Wright wraps the injured leg around the middle rope, kicking and stomping at it as the referee warns him to get out of the corner...]

SA: Wright viciously going after the leg now... and these fans letting him hear it, Colt.

CP: What fair weather fans they are too, Albano. A couple of months ago, they'd be cheering him for this!

SA: A lot has changed since then for sure.

[Haynes slumps down to the mat as Wright backs away at the count of four, not willing to risk disqualification. The Hammer starts crawling away from Wright, trying to get a chance to recover...]

SA: Haynes dragging himself away from the former champion...

[...but Wright is unwilling to give him that, grabbing the foot with both hands, lifting the entire lower half of Haynes into the air..

...and SLAMMING the knee down into the canvas, causing Haynes extreme discomfort as he writhes in pain on the mat.]

SA: ...but Wright stays on him, continuing to attack the leg of Jackson Haynes.

CP: Smart strategy on the part of the man who is perhaps the greatest in-ring technician in the world... staying on the leg, working it until Haynes can't stand on it. It's hard to stand and throw punches if you can't stand at all!

[Grabbing the leg again, Wright flips Haynes back onto his stomach, wrenching back on the limb...]

SA: Half Boston Crab applied... and now the knee will REALLY be punished by Wright who is... well, you said he's "perhaps" the greatest in-ring technician in the world... he's certainly in the upper level but I think he'd also be considered the elite when it comes to submission wrestling as well, Colt.

CP: Definitely, Big Sal, definitely.

[Wright leans back, torquing the leg as the referee checks to see if Haynes wants to submit but the rugged brawler shouts "NOOOOOO!"]

SA: Haynes hanging on so far, Wright really bending the leg back...

[Haynes claws at the canvas as Wright leans back again, forcing another howl of pain out of the former tag champ...]

SA: ...look at the pressure on the limb, Colt!

CP: You called him elite when it comes to submission wrestling and that is elite execution on the part of the leader of Team Supreme, bending the leg back, trying to force a submission out of a guy that a whole lot of people believe is too tough to quit!

SA: No such thing.

CP: You got that right. Back in my day, in the mid to late 90s, there were a whole lot of guys who thought they were too tough to quit. Too much of a badass to give up and save their career. How'd it turn out for them, Colt? You tell me where on God's green we're gonna see Chris Courtade Main Event tonight? How about the Gremlin or Mike Justice?

SA: Even guys like Steve Spector who we saw compete here in the AWA at one point... his career was cut short far too young because of that "live hard, fight hard" philosophy from back in those days. You're right, Colt... it wasn't just the extreme style that chipped them away to physical wrecks, it was that macho head game that they'd never submit that put them in holds devastating their bodies for far too long.

[Hearing another cry of no from Haynes refusing to give in causes Wright to spin his body slightly, still holding the leg as he viciously STOMPS the back of Haynes' head once... twice... over and over and over...]

SA: And now Wright's trying to STOMP him into submission!

[...and then the stomps to the back of the head change to stomps to the knee, smashing the kneecap into the mat repeatedly!]

SA: Going back to the leg now, trying to keep Haynes on the mat... the referee steps in again, warning Wright, and giving Haynes a window of a chance to get away and recover...

[But Wright brushes past the referee, watching as Haynes crawls towards the ropes, trying to use them to get back to his feet...]

SA: Haynes dragging himself to his feet, one of the toughest guys you'll ever meet... you think back to his early days in Texas, fighting his own future father-in-law, the legendary Blackjack Lynch... some of the most brutal matches in Texas history for sure.

[...and as Haynes drags himself to his feet, Wright is right there waiting for him.]

SA: BIG RIGHT!

[Haynes nearly topples over as he throws a wild haymaker, missing badly as Wright measures him up, lashing out with a vicious leg kick to the side of the knee...]

SA: Oh! Surgical leg kick by Wright!

[...and again... and again, bringing Haynes down on his other knee. But the focused Wright lifts him up, shoving him back into the corner before backing off...]

SA: Wright on the move!

[...and charges in for a running European uppercut as Haynes leans back, swinging his injured leg up to counter!]

SA: HAYNES GETS THE BOO-

[But Wright pulls up short, snatching Haynes' raised leg...

...and twists violently to the side, ripping and tearing at the injured knee!]

SA: -OHHH! DRAGON SCREW OUT OF THE CORNER!

[Haynes cries out again, smashing his own arm down into the mat over and over as Wright kneels nearby, eyeballing the injured Violence Unlimited member who is down on the canvas.]

SA: Wright's on his feet, going for the leg... and he locks in a figure four leglock!

[Wright drops back on the mat, torquing the injured limb as Haynes again cries out, reaching out to grab at Wright who pops his hips, increasing the pressure on the bent limb!]

SA: We talked about Wright's skills as a submission artist and right now, he's looking like Van Gogh down there, twisting and torquing the injured knee, Colt.

CP: We're over ten minutes into this, Big Sal, and right now, I'm thinking Jackson Haynes may not have a choice but to give it up if he wants to be able to walk out of the damn building tonight!

SA: Haynes trying to hang on... you can see the pain in his face... trying to figure out a way out of this. He's not close enough to the ropes for a quick escape... he's going to have to find another way.

CP: The most famous counter to the figure four is to roll it over and... and that's what he's going for, Sal!

[Haynes thrusts a clenched fist into the air, twisting towards his side as he tries to turn the hold over...]

SA: Haynes is fighting it! Looking to flip it over and send the pressure right back the other way!

CP: I don't know if he can do it, Albano. The knee's been through a lot already.

SA: It's been through a lot but Haynes is one hell of a fighter too!

[Wright shakes his head, popping his hips a few times again, trying to crank up the pressure on the leg as Haynes defiantly shouts "NOOOOO!" when asked if he wants to give it up.]

SA: Haynes screaming no! Refusing to give in! The fans of Kansas City are solidly behind him, cheering him on as the Team Supreme leader tries to get the win and get a little bit of payback for that loss two weeks ago when Violence Unlimited beat Wright and Cain Jackson!

[With the fans roaring, Haynes pumps the fist a few more times, turning more and more towards his hip as Wright tries to keep the hold locked in...]

SA: Alllllmoooooost...

[...and flips it over, Wright crying out as the fans cheer!]

SA: ...THERE! He turns it over! He reverses the pressure!

[And Wright immediately grabs the ropes, forcing the official to call for a break!]

SA: And just like that, referee Andy Dawson untangles the legs to break the hold!

[Free from the hold, Haynes drags himself under the ropes, dropping down to the floor as Wright climbs off the mat, glaring out after him as the crowd buzzes with concern for the Hammer...]

SA: Haynes goes to the outside, right down on a knee, trying to rub some life back into that leg. Trying to get the blood flowing and... Supreme Wright is coming out on the apron, coming out after him...

CP: Which is unusual for Wright. We talked about him wanting to keep the action in the ring but maybe the lure of trying to finish off Haynes right now was too much for him to turn down.

[Wright stands over Haynes, arrogantly shouting at him to "GET UP!" as Haynes struggles to pull himself up with the aid of the ring apron...]

SA: Haynes fighting back to his feet but he's got Supreme Wright waiting for-

[...and Haynes surges upwards, grabbing Wright by the leg, yanking it out from under him as Wright CRASHES down spinefirst on the ring apron to HUGE CHEERS!]

SA: -HIM! JACKSON HAYNES WITH A HUGE, TIMELY COUNTER TO SAVE HIS SKIN!

[Visibly hobbling, Haynes leans over Wright who is on the apron, smashing his fists down into the face of the former World Champion...]

...and then wraps his hands around the throat of Wright who kicks his legs wildly as Haynes tries to rip the air out of him!]

SA: Blatant choke on the outside by Haynes, looking for vengeance tonight on ABC!

[And then back to the clubbing blows, Wright with his arms held high trying to shield himself...

...which is when Haynes yanks him off the apron by the arm, booting him in the gut to double him over...]

SA: What is he...?

[...and yanks Wright into a standing headscissors, the crowd ROARING with anticipation!]

SA: HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED! HE'S GOT HIM-

[Haynes suddenly lifts Wright into the air, flipping him over...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and POWERBOMBS Wright's lower back into the edge of the ring apron!]

SA: GARCIIIIIIIA SPECIAAAAAALLLLL!

[Haynes shoves the suddenly-hobbled Wright under the ropes, diving in after him, throwing himself across...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...AND WRIGHT GETS THE SHOULDER UP IN TIIIIIME! OH, MAMA! My grandma would've jumped out of the chair on that one, Colt!

CP: Just like everyone else in this building - including me! The powerbomb into the ring apron jolts the spine of Wright... Haynes gets the cover... and ALMOST gets the win! A close call for the former World Champion.

[Haynes climbs to a knee, holding up three fingers as he looks questioningly at the official who shakes his head.]

SA: Referee Andy Dawson letting Jackson Haynes know it was only a two count there... a close two count but...

[Haynes grimaces as he pushes to his feet, barely able to put weight on the injured knee...

...and suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in jeers!]

SA: ...oh, what's this about now?! They've got no business being out here!

CP: Hahah! Feel free to go let them know that, Albano!

[The camera cuts to the entranceway where the unit known as the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad (KAMS) is making their way down the ramp towards the ring...]

SA: Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, and Paris Crawford... fresh off a no contest with Brian James and Jackson Hunter earlier tonight... are heading out here after

Jackson Haynes very nearly knocked off Supreme Wright here on National Wrestling Night.

[An alarmed Haynes points down the aisle angrily, shouting at the approaching trio as he nudges the official, drawing his attention to the arrival...]

SA: And now Jackson Haynes has been made aware of this intrusion as well, Colt... and as a reminder, fans - Danny Morton is NOT here tonight. The Lynches - other than James - are NOT here tonight. Jackson Haynes is all alone against Team Supreme and those are NOT good odds for the Hammer no matter how tough he is.

CP: They're just watching, Albano - try to keep whatever's left of your cool.

SA: They may be "just" watching right now, Colt... but I think we all know it's just a matter of time.

[Haynes tries to stay on his man, pulling Wright off the mat and into a front facelock, slinging Wright's arm over Haynes' neck...]

SA: Suplex on the way!

[...but Wright spins out of the front facelock, kicking out at the kneecap!]

SA: OH! Right in the knee again... Haynes down on his other knee...

[And with Haynes kneeling in front of him, Wright takes aim...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KNEESTRIKE! KNEESTRIKE CONNECTS!

[This time, it's Wright who collapses on top of Haynes...]

SA: WRIGHT WITH THE COVER! HE GETS ONE! HE GETS TWO! HE GETS THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -NOOO! HAYNES OUT AT TWO AND CHANGE!

CP: Trading near falls there... and you'd think the World Title was on the line here tonight with the way this one is going back and forth, Albano.

SA: The thrill of combat is a powerful motivator, Colt!

[The camera cuts to ringside where AJ Martinez is barking at the official.]

SA: Martinez giving the referee an earful... letting him have it for the near fall there...

[We cut back into the ring where Wright is pulling Haynes off the mat, looking to finish him off...]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

SA: The halfway point in the time limit in this one - halfway home as Haynes and Wright continue to do battle...

CP: They aren't gonna need fifteen minutes if Wright hits this!

[...and the crowd is buzzing as Wright muscles Haynes up over his shoulders in a fireman's carry, looking for the kill...]

SA: Wright's got him up! Haynes in a bad spot here...

[...and Wright pushes him up over the head, dropping to his back, raising the legs...]

SA: ...FAT TUESDAAAAAAAY!

[The gutbuster leaves Haynes gasping for air as Wright shoves him over onto his back, hooking the leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICKOUT AT TWO AND CHANGE AGAIN!

[Wright glares coldly at the official who holds up two fingers, showing how close it was...]

SA: The official says it was a close call there...

CP: We already knew that, Albano.

SA: ...well, yes... but now it's official! Supreme Wright not showing any signs of frustration though, looking to stay on his man...

CP: Oh yeah, he's going for the figure four again!

SA: ...grabs the leg...

[Holding the foot, Wright twists it around...]

SA: ...trying to hook it in and...

[...but Haynes plants his boot on the rear end of Wright, shooting him off, sending him flying through the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...OUT ONTO JACKSON AND CRAWFORD!

[The collision sends Jackson and Crawford down in a pile on the floor as Wright pushes to his feet...]

...which is where Haynes grabs him, pulling him up onto the apron.]

SA: Jackson Haynes' counter takes out Cain Jackson and Paris Crawford for the moment... but now Haynes is looking to bring Wright back inside the ring the hard way...

[Haynes muscles Wright up into the air, lifting his injured leg off the mat before leaping up to drop Wright in a high impact suplex!]

SA: ...ohhhh! A one-legged suplex by Jackson Haynes! He couldn't keep his weight down on the injured knee but he still pulled off the suplex.

CP: That's pure power, Albano.

SA: It sure is and...

[As Haynes struggles back to his feet, he finds Paris Crawford waiting on their own feet, shouting at Haynes in French!]

SA: ...what's the deal with Crawford now?

CP: Are you kidding me? Paris Crawford may have had their modeling gig ruined by Jackson Hunter and Brian James earlier and now this big ol' lumbering oaf Haynes throws Supreme out onto them! I'd be hot too if I had a potential major payday shut down by these-

SA: Major payday... as our ol' pal would say, "give me a break," Colt!

[Haynes and Crawford are trading angry words now as Wright attempts to recover down on the canvas...

...and then DIVES into the back of Haynes' knee, jamming his shoulder into the injured body part!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE CLIPPED HIM! HE CLIPPED THE KNEE!

[Haynes immediately goes down on the mat, wincing and grabbing at his injured knee as Wright gets back to his feet again, going right after the leg once more...]

SA: Wright's got the leg... going for the half Crab again...

[...but Haynes is kicking madly with the free leg, trying to get loose!]

SA: ...Haynes is fighting for it! Haynes is fighting for his life!

[A well-placed boot on the chin of the doubled-over Wright sends him staggering backwards towards the corner.]

SA: Wright falls back to the buckles... Haynes trying to get up off the mat...

[But as Haynes gets up, Wright comes rushing at him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and runs right into a lunging headbutt out of Haynes, cracking skulls as Wright goes flying back into the crowd to big cheers again!]

SA: WHAT A SHOT BY HAYNES! WRIGHT MAY BE SEEING STARS!

[With Wright staggered and in trouble, Haynes moves into the corner, looking for the kill...]

SA: Haynes has got him in trouble! Right hands in the corner... big clubbing forearms now across the head, the neck, the shoulders...

[Wright doubles over, trying to cover up...]

SA: ...BIONIC ELBOW ON THE NECK! AGAIN! AGAIN!

[...and Wright slumps back into the corner again as Haynes snatches hold of Wright, flipping him over into a snapmare...]

SA: Wright flipped out of the- OHHH! CROSSFACE! RIGHT ACROSS THE BRIDGE OF THE NOSE!

[...and a second crossface back the other way puts Wright down on his back, grabbing at his face!]

SA: We've said it before - Haynes is out for blood!

[Haynes drops to his knees, taking a loose mount on the former World Champion, pounding his closed fists down on Wright against as Cain Jackson shouts about the closed fists to the official...]

SA: The referee warning about the clenched fist there, just as Cain Jackson was complaining about...

[The referee's shouts gives Haynes a moment's pause, fist drawn back...

...but Wright pops his hips up, snatching Haynes and dragging him down in a sunset flip type rollup!]

SA: CRADLE! CRADLE! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as the referee pops up, holding two fingers up as Haynes just BARELY clears a shoulder off the mat!]

SA: Another close call there! Back and forth the action's gone in this one, fans, and if you're joining us here on AWA TV for the first time, this is a perfect example of the kind of hard-hitting, athletic action you can expect EVERY time you tune in! What a night it's been and we've still got one more match to come after this - our Main Event tag team battle between Atlas Armstrong and James Lynch - the Westerly Dynasty - and the World Champion Supernova and a partner of his choice. Stick around for that!

[The two competitors scramble up after the near fall, each trying to be the first one on their feet.]

SA: Who's gonna get to their feet first and try to take advantage?

[Somehow, Haynes manages to get there first, swinging for the fences with a big clothesline...]

SA: Wright ducks the clothesline and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: HE DIDN'T DUCK THAT ONE!

SA: CLOTHESLINE TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

CP: And it's like getting hit with a Louisville Slugger in the back of the skull, Big Sal!

[Haynes pauses a moment, looking like he's about to cover but shakes his head instead.]

SA: No cover there... and that might be a mistake, Colt. I think anytime you get the chance to finish off an opponent - you should take it.

CP: It might be... but you've said it yourself, Albano... he's out for blood and he don't got it yet!

SA: Haynes dragging Wright off the mat... Wright can barely stand right now... shoots him in...

[As Wright rebounds off, Haynes lifts him in his powerful arms and THROWS him down in a ring-shaking standing spinebuster!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and THAT'S a spinebuster, fans!

[Haynes falls back to the side, grimacing as he puts weight on the injured knee, giving the leg a few shakes... and then a few hard smacks to the side of the knee, trying to get the blood flowing again...]

SA: Haynes continues to struggle with the knee... and again, no cover on the spinebuster... perhaps Jackson Haynes has got something else in mind here. Something to REALLY do in Supreme Wright as the memories of the Red Wedding and what happened to his wife, Samantha, go running through his head.

[Haynes leans hard against the ropes, trying to keep the weight off his leg for the moment as he waves for Wright to get to his feet...]

"GET UP, YOU NO GOOD SON OF A-"

[The audio cuts out for a few moments as we see an angry Haynes shouting at a slowly rising Supreme Wright, Cain Jackson looking on with concern in the background...]

SA: Errr... we apologize for the language there, fans... the tempers are running hot in this one for sure.

[...and as Wright regains his feet, he's greeted with a boot to the midsection!]

SA: Haynes goes downstairs!

[And with Wright doubled over, Haynes yanks him into a standing headscissors...]

SA: Uh oh! Haynes looking for one of his signature moves - the powerbomb!

[...and Haynes leans down, wrapping his arms around the midsection of Supreme Wright, lifting him up off the canvas...]

SA: HAYNES GETS HIM UP..

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...AND PUTS! HIM! DOWWWWWWWWN!

[The ring-shaking powerbomb flattens Wright...

...but the injured knee causes Haynes to collapse backwards, grimacing in pain as he grabs at the leg!]

SA: He got it all... but the knee gave out! The knee gave out and Haynes can't take advantage of it even if he wanted to!

CP: I don't think he does, Albano. The referee's telling him to cover but Haynes said no! Haynes says he's not done!

[Haynes sits up on the mat, grimacing as he smacks the knee a few more times... and then with a grunt of pain, he climbs to his feet...]

SA: Haynes is up again, hobbling on that bad knee... and he's headed to the corner...

CP: What's he doing over there?

SA: I have no...

[Sal trails off as we see Haynes working in the corner...]

SA: ...uh oh...

[From the floor, Paris Crawford exclaims loudly, pointing at Haynes, trying to inform the referee...]

SA: ...Jackson Haynes is taking off the turnbuckle pad! He's exposing that solid steel buckle underneath, Colt!

CP: I can see that but why?!

SA: It can't be good news for Supreme Wright!

[Haynes tosses the buckle aside, slapping the exposed steel as the crowd cheers loudly.]

SA: The buckle is wide open... and now Haynes is looking to end it!

[With Wright struggling up to his knees, Haynes pulls him the rest of the way up, dragging him to the corner and burying the good knee into the midsection, doubling him over again...]

SA: The fans here in Kansas City are on their feet! They want to see it! They want to see Supreme Wright begin to pay for what he did at the Red Wedding! What he did to Ryan Martinez and the Lynch family! What he did to Theresa!

[...and with the crowd ROARING, Haynes lifts Wright for another powerbomb, this time aimed at the steel buckle...]

CP: HE'S GONNA GET DISQUALIFIED!

[...but as Haynes looks for the big powerbomb, the knee buckles on him, pitching him off-balance as Wright scissors the head between the legs...]

SA: THE KNEE GIVES AND-

[...and turns the powerbomb attempt into a rana, sending Haynes SMASHING facefirst into the exposed steel!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Haynes slumps against the steel as Wright scrambles up, urged on by his cheering allies surrounding the ring...]

SA: Haynes is on Dream Street! He's out on his damn feet!

[...and Wright yanks Haynes off the steel, twisting him around...]

SA: GUILLOTINE! GUILLOTINE!

[...and with the front choke locked in, the barely-conscious Haynes slumps forward...]

SA: HAYNES IS OUT! HAYNES IS OUT!

CP: Not yet! He's got that arm up! Trying to fight this!

[...and falls to his knees, still trapped in the hold!]

SA: Haynes on his knees... Wright's got him hooked!

[Wright quickly transitions from the guillotine to a front chancery, slinging the arm over his neck...]

SA: Suplex out of the guillotine?!

CP: I don't think so!

[...and Wright hoists Haynes into the air with some effort, holding him straight up and down...]

SA: That's no suplex! That's the-

[...and DROPS him right down on top of his head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -BRAINBUSTER!

[The crowd ROARS their disapproval of what Wright just did!]

CP: That's a direct shot across the bow of the FORMER White Knight, Albano!

SA: It's also a direct shot DOWN on the skull and neck of Jackson Haynes... he's out and-

[Still hanging on, Wright re-secures the guillotine, kicking off the mat to roll into a mounted guillotine, hanging on tight as the referee jumps in, checking the arm of Haynes which drops like a stone once... twice...]

CP: HE'S OUT!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and Wright hangs on for a few more seconds, drawing a shout from the referee before he lets go, allowing Haynes to slump limply back down to the mat.]

SA: A tremendous battle between Jackson Haynes and Supreme Wright comes to an end by referee stoppage. Haynes passed out in that guillotine choke... and Wright picks up a huge win here tonight on National Wrestling Night with the whole world watching.

[Wright climbs to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his hand in victory...]

...and then turns his back on the downed Haynes, seemingly a signal to his soldiers as Crawford, Jackson, and Martinez climb into the ring, launching an immediate attack on the downed Haynes!]

SA: What in the...?!

CP: And if the Brainbuster was a message to a certain FORMER White Knight-

SA: Knock it off.

CP: -then this is a message to the rest of the locker room. If you come after Team Supreme, you better not miss, jack!

[Martinez and Jackson drag Haynes to his feet, the former tag champion barely able to stand as each man hooks a hand around the throat...]

SA: No, no... NO!

CP: Welcome to...

[...and lift the 300 pounder into the air, bringing him down across a pair of bent knees!]

CP: ...THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

[Haynes is laid out on the mat, writhing in pain on the canvas as Wright leans against the buckles, nodding his approval... just watching.]

SA: Look at Wright. He's so proud of them!

CP: He's doing nothing wrong, Albano! He's just watching - just like he says he did in Toronto!

[Jackson kneels down, pinning one arm to the mat while Martinez does the same to the other, holding Haynes down in a crucifix pose as Crawford steps out on the apron...]

SA: Wait... we've seen this before!

[...and grabs the top rope with both hands, looking in on the prone Haynes...]

SA: Crawford leaps!

[...and springs off the top rope, plummeting down towards the trapped Haynes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and smashes a diving forearm down into the jaw!]

SA: OHHH! CRAWFORD ABSOLUTELY DESTROYS JACKSON HAYNES WITH THAT DIVING FOREARM!

[Crawford stays down on Haynes, shouting directly into his face as Haynes' head pitches to the side, his cheek against the canvas...]

SA: Team Supreme has hit and hit HARD here on National Wrestling Night after a fantastic matchup and...

[Suddenly, the crowd ROARS to life!]

SA: ...HUNTER! JAMES! WE'VE GOT TROUBLE FOR TEAM SUPREME!

[James clears the ramp easily, diving headfirst under the bottom rope, and comes up into a swarming barrage of blows from Jackson and Martinez!]

SA: Jackson Hunter and Brian James didn't get enough of KAMS earlier tonight apparently, Colt!

CP: No shovel this time though!

SA: No shovel but-

[The crowd ROARS as Jackson Hunter grabs a steel chair from ringside before sliding into the ring, coming to his feet with the chair in hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Cain Jackson across the back with it, knocking the original Team Supreme member down to his knees!]

SA: HUNTER STRIKES WITH THE STEEL!

[Swinging around, Hunter takes aim on the rising Paris Crawford...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but instead, AJ Martinez BOOTS the chair into Hunter's face, knocking him flat!]

CP: There goes the equalizer! And there goes Jackson Hunter!

[Martinez shouts angrily at the floored Hunter, earning himself a muting from a quick-triggered Standards and Practices guy earning his paycheck for ABC!]

SA: Martinez letting Hunter have it physically AND verbally, Colt.

CP: I don't even know if Hunter can hear him after that!

[Martinez swings around, grabbing Crawford by the shoulder and giving them a shake...]

SA: Crawford to the ropes...

[...and as they rebound back, Crawford leaps up into a dropkick on the staggered James as Martinez catches them under the arm, swinging around for a side slam...

...and SLAMS Crawford down on top of James!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT A COMBINATION ATTACK THAT WAS!

[Crawford rolls off James as Martinez pumps his arms up and down, drawing another approving nod from Supreme Wright...

...and Martinez locks his hands around James' throat!]

SA: That's his own flesh and blood!

[With a horrific grunt of effort, Martinez POWERS his half brother up into the air, holding him high...

...and DRIVES him down in a ring-shaking Firebomb chokeslam!]

CP: HE JUST GOT...

SA: Don't do it!

CP: ...BURRRRRRRRRRNED!

[Martinez pops to his feet, throwing his arms back with a roar as Cain Jackson regains his feet, stepping to his partner's side as Paris Crawford staggers into the mix as well...

...and finally, Supreme Wright steps in front of all three, standing over the laid out Hunter, James, and Haynes, crossing his arms in satisfaction as the fans ROAR their approval!]

SA: Team Supreme has just sent one HELL of a message to the locker room!

[And we fade to black...

We fade up on a dark but starlit Los Angeles sky, our focus on the stars themselves before slowly panning down to reveal we're in the middle of a completely empty Dodger Stadium... almost. The camera shot shows row upon row of empty seats with the stadium lights glowing down on them...

...and then slowly zooms in on the top deck, the cheapest seats in the ballpark to where someone is seated.

We cut to that "someone" to reveal the man once known as El Cholo... Los Angeles' native son, Juan Vasquez, sitting in a seat with a wistful smile on his face.]

"This... this is where it all began."

[Vasquez looks out on the field as the camera follows his gaze.]

"Right here. So many nights as a kid. Watching Gods walk among men."

[We can hear an echo of the immortal voice of Vin Scully on the call - "High fly ball into right field... sheeeee isssss GONE!" Vasquez smiles, nodding his head.]

"This is where it started for me. The rush. The roar of the crowd."

[He points down towards the field.]

"I knew I would never be like them. I wouldn't be Hershiser or Fernando..."

[The voice again - "if you have a sombrero, throw it to the sky!"]

"...Gibson or Guerrero... that wasn't my destiny. But this is where I heard the cheers of the fans for those men and knew my destiny was to one day hear them for me."

[Vasquez nods, closing his eyes, leaning back in his seat...]

"Can't think of any place I'd rather be when it ends."

[...and as we hold on Vasquez' face, serene... at peace... happy...

...the shot fades back up to the night sky where the Memorial Day Mayhem graphic appears with all the show info and the words "44 DAYS REMAIN."

As we fade back up to live action, we can already hear the sounds of Andrew Lloyd Webber and "Jesus Christ Superstar" playing in the Sprint Center.]

SA: Welcome back to National Wrestling Night, fans... and as you can see, we've got one of the participants in tonight's tag team Main Event already in the ring for some reason. And for those viewers who have never seen Atlas Armstrong before - no, this is not CGI. Atlas Armstrong is really that big and really that muscular.

CP: Atlas Armstrong has muscles in places you don't have places, Big Sal. He looks good tonight ... almost as good as I did back in the day. But where's the rest? Where's James Lynch?

SA: Maybe we're about to find out, Colt. Let's go up to Lou.

[And with that, we're in the ring where Veronica Westerly - getting booed for her actions earlier on and loving every second of it - is standing alongside her charge - the undefeated Almighty Atlas Armstrong. Armstrong is dressed for battle, frequently flexing for all to see as Sweet Lou Blackwell stands between them.]

SLB: Alright, Big Sal... you called it... we've got some of the people involved in tonight's Main Event and I've been summoned out here by this...

[He eyeballs Veronica who waits expectantly.]

SLB: ...lovely woman.

[He shakes his head.]

SLB: I can't believe what you pulled earlier tonight - you're a real piece of work, you know that?!

[Westerly smirks.]

VW: In fact, I do know that, Lou. But that was personal and will need to be addressed another time. Right now, this is all about business... Westerly Dynasty business to be exact. And I'm talking about the Westerly Dynasty inching closer and closer by the day to bringing the AWA World Title back to me... to us.

[Westerly rubs her hands together eagerly as Armstrong leans in.]

AA: We already got the belt, Veronica... but we gotta make it official by taking the title.

[She nods, grinning at Armstrong.]

VW: That's right, Atlas... and we will! We will make it official very soon... perhaps sooner than anyone expects!

[Blackwell interjects.]

SLB: That's a bold claim. And where in the world is James Lynch for this little battle with humility? You've got a tag team Main Event in just a few minutes - where is he?

[Westerly waves a dismissive hand.]

VW: The one true Last Lynch Standing had some Dynasty business to address... but don't worry, he'll be here soon enough. Blackwell, your little snide jabs about our lack of humility don't go unnoticed... but I have to ask... why SHOULD we be humble? Why SHOULD we stand out here and talk about how we're going to give it our best shot when Supernova comes out from under his rock and finally agrees to defend the title against the Dynasty? Why SHOULD I say something cliched like... we're going to give it a hundred and ten percent and the Good Lord willing, things will work out? I don't need to say ANY of that, Blackwell, because the fact is... we've already BEATEN Supernova!

[The crowd jeers that!]

VW: This man, right here... the UNDEFEATED... UNBEATEN... UNDENIABLE Atlas Armstrong put Supernova - YOUR World Champion - in the rack and beat him in the middle of the ring!

SLB: AFTER James Lynch hit the champion with a steel chair!

VW: Details, details. That doesn't matter, Lou. What matters... what the record books show... is that this man defeated the World Champion... that the Dynasty defeated the World Champion... tell 'em, big man.

[Blackwell steers the mic towards Armstrong.]

AA: Sweet Lou, let me tell it like it is. Everybody thought Supernova was unbeatable until he ran into the Almighty Atlas Armstrong. When I took that lame duck champion and draped him across my shoulders, I could feel his spine breaking, I could feel his muscles tearing, and I could feel his will shattering. Oh, he was screaming in my ear: "Please, Atlas! Don't hurt me no more!" And then all I felt was his hand furiously tapping out.

[The crowd jeers that assessment.]

AA: I beat the AWA World Champion, dude, no matter what you try to say to make Supernova feel better. I beat him. I know it. He knows it. Veronica and James know it. All these people out here know it, too.

[Atlas mimes strapping the title around his waist. The gesture makes his already impressive traps and pecs bulge with each movement.]

AA: I am the uncrowned champion and it's just a matter of time before I get that face-painted fraud in my grip again and this time I will not stop cranking on that backbreaker until I tear him in half! For I am the strongest man on this planet. I am undeniable. I am inevitable. I am unbeaten in that ring. I am...

...ATLAS ARMSTRONG!

And Supernova can't do nothing to change that fact.

[Armstrong flexes a most muscular pose that has Sweet Lou Blackwell pause and drop his jaw in amazement. Westerly regains the mic, nodding confidently.]

VW: All step forth and adore him! Atlas Armstrong!

[Westerly applauds her man as he strikes a pose, showing off his back muscles.]

VW: And I can promise you this, Lou... if either Atlas Armstrong or James Lynch gets Supernova in this ring with the title on the line, we will-

[Westerly is interrupted by the unmistakable drums and bass intro of Van Halen's "Runnin' With The Devil," and at the top of the entrance ramp is none other than...]

SA: SUPERNOVA IS HERE!!

[There is a quick zoom to the face painted figure at the top of the ramp, and yes, right there on his shoulder is the gold plated black leather belt that is the AWA World Heavyweight title.]

SA: And... he has the World Title?! I don't... when did that happen, Colt? When did he get the title back? HOW did he get the title back?

CP: I don't know, Sal, but don't doubt your eyes for a second, that right there is Supernova and he has the World Title back!

SA: You seem a little too confident for my comfort, Colt.

CP: I have no idea what you could be insinuating.

[Supernova enters the ring somewhat tentatively, and instead of going to the center of the ring, he stays in the corner.]

SA: Something... something's not right here.

CP: What do you mean?

SA: His coat... this trenchcoat doesn't seem like it fits and... look at his hair, Colt.

CP: You need to clean your monitor. Supernova looks exactly like he always looks to me.

[The camera don't lie though... and something isn't right in the state of Missouri.]

SLB: Supernova, now that you are here, perhaps you can address what Atlas Armstrong and Veronica Westerly have been saying about you...

[Lou holds the mic out.]

S: Well of course, Lou, I'd be happy to.

First off, let me just say that you look simply ravishing tonight, Miss Westerly. I mean, you're gorgeous beyond description every day, but tonight... well, there's just something about you, you're glowing.

[Westerly grins, fanning herself with her hand as Sweet Lou's brow furrows.]

SA: What?!

CP: Keep it down, Supernova is out here telling the truth!

[He turns towards Armstrong.]

S: And I also want to say to Mr. Armstrong... you know, I heard you talking about how tough you are, about how nobody looks like you, fights like you, or does it better than you. You talk about your size, your strength, and then you said you better than me in every single way. And I just want to say, Mr. Armstrong, sir...

...that you are absolutely right!

[The crowd starts to buzz with confusion as Atlas beams, flexing as he shouts "that's right!" to the fans.]

SA: Are you kidding me right now!

CP: I told you, pipe down. Supernova is finally saying all the things he's been afraid to say!

[And as more and more people start to smell a rat...]

S: So tonight, I just wanted to come out here and say that, if you promise not to hurt me and kick my butt as badly as you did last time, because I know you could, and if you promise me that I can get my picture taken with you and the lovely Miss Westerly...

...well, I am here to relinquish my title to you!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers at this announcement as Atlas nods his head emphatically, extending his hands to take the title belt.]

SA: What is going on right now?!

[Supernova moves to the center of the ring, and the moment he does, the belt on his shoulder catches in his hair... revealing that he's wearing a wig!]

SA: I KNEW IT!

CP: I did too! Look at Supernova out here having to wear a wig. I bet he's got a bald spot a mile wide!

[The wig, and then the trench coat come off, and there, standing in the center of the ring, laughing alongside his comrades is the Demon Cowboy himself...]

SA: JAMES LYNCH! HE'S GONE AND IMPERSONATED SUPERNOVA... AGAIN!

CP: Are you sure? That looks like Supernova to me!

[The fans are all over the black sheep of the Lynch clan as he stands mid-ring, holding the title belt in his hands as Westerly and Armstrong laugh along with him.]

SLB: James Lynch! What do you have to say for yourself!

[Lynch sneers as he pulls a towel into view, working on wiping off the facepaint.]

JL: I'd say that just like last time... I fooled everyone.

Because Supernova, there's nothing to you at all!

It wasn't that long ago, Supernova, that I took your identity from you. It was easy, because just like my brother, just like so many of the other "heroes" here in the AWA...

You've got no substance.

You're empty, hollow inside.

[The fans jeer that accusation as Lynch nods his head.]

JL: And that's why I'm coming for you, Supernova. So I can end the myth of the mighty Supernova once and for all. So I can hold you up to the light... and then bring you crashing down to earth.

At the Anniversary Show, Atlas Armstrong broke your body in a way that guarantees it'll never be whole. We all saw it.

So now, sometime soon, its going to be me that takes this last thing you have left – the World Heavyweight title.

We all agree...

[The camera cuts to Armstrong, who has a brow raised, but finally nods his head, while Westerly is smiling and nodding her head.]

JL: ...that I'm going to be the one to take this from you, in a way that'll leave no doubts in anyone's mind.

And I'll be doing it sooner than you think, 'Nova. In fact...

[Before Lynch can continue, the lights go down in the arena and that, by itself, is enough to get the crowd popping.]

SA: We have company!

[And then you hear the horns over the PA system that signal the start of "Runnin' With The Devil" by Van Halen, as an image that looks like a sun comes up on the giant video screen, as well as the screen on the ramp, the fans' cheers growing louder.

Then you hear the strums of the guitar, with a red light at the entranceway blinking in time with them.

The image of the sun then grows larger, as you hear the tapping on the cymbal, the sound of fingers running over a keyboard, and when the guitar riff kicks in, the image burst into a sea of red and one word appears on both screens in black lettering.

"SUPERNOVA"

The crowd roars as flaming pyro shoots up alongside the ramp and a single spotlight hits the entranceway.

Supernova walks out from the entranceway. He wears a black trenchcoat, with the image of a yellow and orange, exploding star on the back, over a black singlet with the same image on the front, plus black tights and black wrestling boots. His brown hair hangs just past his ears and he wears a pair of shades.]

SA: And there he is! The real deal, Supernova, not the cheap imitation you saw earlier!

CP: I actually thought that imitation was pretty good, Sal. But now I gotta ask the question... who is his partner, or does he have one at all?

SA: We've already seen others who had mystery partners deliver. Why would this be any different?

CP: Hey, just because others delivered doesn't mean Supernova will! What if, this time around, nobody was willing to step forward against the Westerly Dynasty?

[Supernova walks down the ramp, the lights slowly coming back up with each step he takes, and the flaming pyro dies down. When he reaches the bottom of the ramp, he stops there and, then, we notice he had a mic in his hand. He raises it to his lips.]

S: Aren't you two the perfect pair? You know, you remind me about some of those famous comedy duos like Wilder and Pryor, Stiller and Wilson, Ferrell and our old friend O'Reilly -- or maybe one who was a one time duo, like Carrey and Bridges...

You know... Dumb and Dumber...

[The crowd cheers the implication.]

S: ...though I can't decide who is who.

[Even more cheers goes up as an agitated Armstrong points at Supernova twice, saying "you" and "you." Supernova ignores him and continues.]

S: But what proves how dumb you both are is how you've gotten on my bad side! You've got something that belongs to me and, by the time this night is done, that something comes back into my possession!

The only thing is... I needed a partner to deal with the likes of you two and that turned out to be a much tougher task than I expected.

[The crowd buzzes as Nova keeps walking closer to the ring.]

CP: Is he saying he DOESN'T have a partner?

[The champion continues.]

S: Because I talked to quite a few of the guys backstage and a lot of them said the same thing. They said that the two of you are such an imposing duo, they didn't know if they could measure up.

[Atlas flexes again as Lynch smirks, shouting "THEY DON'T!" down to Nova who is almost to the ring at this point.]

S: Others said they would have been out here tonight, but they had prior engagements.

I suppose I could have talked to Supreme Wright, but after all that's gone down, I think everyone can guess that he wasn't an option!

But then there was one name that came to my mind... a man who told me he would always have my back, just as I would have his.

You know... a man named Jack Lynch.

[The fans roar in approval of that man, as the camera cuts to a concerned looking James Lynch who shakes his head, mouthing "it can't be..."]

S: Unfortunately, Jack told me that he wouldn't face his own brother again and I have to respect that.

[And the crowd goes from elated to disappointed. The camera catches James Lynch nodding his head, the concern gone.]

"Don't worry... he lets everyone down!"

[James laughs loudly at his own joke as Nova is walking around the ringside area.]

CP: I gotta say, Sal, it looks more and more like that Supernova doesn't have a partner!

SA: Now I'm starting to see your side of things, Colt! Could it be that the champ will go it alone against the Westerly Dynasty?

[Nova continues.]

S: But I wasn't going to give up! I had to keep searching... keep looking around...

[He continues to walk around the ringside area.]

S: ...keep hunting for that one man who would stand by my side...

[And then, he walks alongside one individual in particular...

...and that individual glances over at Supernova...

...and the crowd goes nuts as the individual, Hamilton Graham, exchanges a smile with the World Champion.]

SA: You gotta be kidding me!

[And with a nod to Supernova, Graham climbs over the railing for the second time tonight.]

CP: NO WAY! It can't possibly be Hamilton Graham!

SA: Why not, Colt? Graham may not be as young as he once was, but he's never one to turn down a fight! We saw that earlier!

CP: I don't disagree with you, Sal, but that's a custom-made suit he's wearing! Would he really want to wrestle in that?

[Graham and Supernova now walk side by side to the ring steps, with Graham leading the way up. He ducks between the ropes, followed by Supernova. The crowd is ROARING for the World Champion and the legend as they stand side by side, looking across the ring at Armstrong, Lynch, and Westerly. Westerly whispers to both men but Lynch ignores her, stepping forward...]

JL: That's who you dug up?

[Lynch sneers.]

JL: Talk about scraping the bottom of the barrel.

[Graham goes to step forward but Supernova puts a hand on his shoulder to keep him there as Lynch continues.]

JL: First off, you better stop where you are, old man...

[The boos rain down on Lynch for that one as Graham clenches his fists, ready to fight...]

JL: ...because if my man Atlas here even BREATHEs hard enough, you're gonna break a hip!

[Armstrong puffs out his cheeks, exhaling hard as Westerly chuckles.]

JL: But come on, Supernova... THIS is who you got?

[Lynch throws a dismissive wave at the legend.]

JL: My old man used to clean this old man's clock six days a week, and twice on Sunday. You think you have a single thing you can do that I haven't heard about?

[Graham nods his head, holding up a closed fist and pointing with the other hand at the smirking Lynch.]

JL: Fine... fine! We'll take on the two of you... but Supernova, let's be clear.

When this night's over, I'm gonna take his colostomy bag and shove it straight down your throat!

[The crowd is booing even louder now as Lynch lowers the mic, waving Graham forward as Graham shakes his head, gesturing to Lynch.]

SA: What a disgusting thing to say!

CP: It was pretty funny if you ask me.

SA: Looks like ol' Hammy's got something to say himself.

[Lynch smirks, tossing the mic at Graham who catches it off his chest, raising it...]

HG: You about done flappin' your gums, boy?

[The crowd cheers loudly as Lynch shakes his head.]

HG: I gotta say... this is about what I'd expect comin' out the mouth of one of Blackjack Lynch's snot nosed punk kids!

[And that gets a ROAR from the partisan Kansas City crowd.]

HG: You think your daddy is the one that beat me up?

I'm guessing you've only seen some highlights of the two or three times he got one up on me... 'cause we all know your old man was too cheap to buy a tape of the whole damn match!

[Laughter goes up from the crowd as Lynch fumes at the verbal jab.]

CP: You know, Sal... Graham may have a point there.

[As the laughter dies down, Graham points a threatening finger again.]

HG: Look kid, I might be older than you, but I'm tougher than you, and if one more word comes outta your mouth... well, I'm gonna give you the same kinda ass kickin' I used to give your dad!

[The crowd ROARS as Graham flings the mic back at Lynch. It bounces off his chest, falling to the mat as Lynch looks shocked at the threat and the throw. Graham turns his back on Lynch, soaking up the cheers of his hometown crowd as he raises his arms over his head...]

SA: Hamilton Graham showing that he can still put the fear of God into a person...

[...which is when James Lynch comes charging forward, SMASHING a running haymaker into the back of Graham's head, knocking the legend down as the crowd ROARS with disappointed anger!]

SA: THAT NO GOOD- HE JUST HIT HAMILTON GRAHAM FROM BEHIND!

[And that sparks Supernova into action, throwing big haymakers at Lynch, driving him back from the downed Graham as a pair of ringside officials and the referee check on the legend...]

CP: Hey, I'd make the argument that Graham had it coming!

SA: Had it coming?! For what?!

CP: He ran his mouth as good as he got... and he stepped to the Westerly Dynasty and that's not something you do if you don't want to get your head smashed!

[The World Champion is battering James Lynch back across the ring as Veronica Westerly bails out to the floor...]

...but Atlas Armstrong isn't about to back away, joining the fray with his hands raised over his head for a big hammer blow...]

SA: Here comes Atlas annnnd... oh! Nova caught him coming in too!

[And with the Kansas City crowd roaring, Supernova turns his focus onto Atlas Armstrong, blasting him with hard and heavy haymakers as well, backing down the Almighty one as Westerly shrieks with anger from the outside!]

SA: The match hasn't even started yet and Supernova's taking on both Armstrong AND Lynch!

CP: So what?! Is this a handicap match now?! Graham's down... they're getting him out of here!

SA: You're right, Colt. It looks like Hamilton Graham won't be his partner and-

[Nova grabs Lynch with one hand and Armstrong with the other...]

SA: -double noggin knocker on the way annnnnnd...

[...but Armstrong raises his powerful arms, pushing Nova's grasping hands away from both he and Lynch...]

...and then FLATTENS the World Champion with a standing clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT A SHOT BY ARMSTRONG!

CP: What's your gimmick, Albano? Boom goes the cannon?

SA: That's the one and it sounded like a Howitzer going off here in Kansas City!

[With Supernova down on the mat, James Lynch goes on the attack, stomping and kicking the downed World Champion...]

SA: And at this point, this match might not even happen! Lynch and Armstrong have taken down the World Champion and they're looking to finish what they started at the Anniversary Show!

CP: James Lynch says he's gonna be the next World Champion and it looks like he's out to prove it tonight!

SA: He can't prove anything about being the champion if the match never starts!

[Armstrong joins in, the dastardly duo stomping and kicking him into the canvas...]

SA: Supernova's gotta get out from under this, needs to get back to his feet and-

[The crowd suddenly ERUPTS as the PA system kicks in!]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?!

CP: You've gotta be kidding me!

SA: I DON'T THINK SO! THAT MUSIC CAN ONLY MEAN ONE MAN AND THAT ONE MAN IS...

[The crowd gets louder as that "one man" comes charging through the entrance curtain, sprinting at top speed down the aisle towards the ring in his ring gear!]

SA: ...EVERYONE'S AMIGO, JUAN VASQUEZ!

[Vasquez clears the ring ramp in a hurry, diving under the ropes into the ring to where a shocked Lynch and Armstrong are standing!]

CP: He's dressed to fight too! Was this all a setup?! Was he Supernova's partner all along?!

[Vasquez pops up, throwing right hands on Armstrong... then on Lynch...]

SA: And now it's the former World Champion coming to the aid of the current World Champion!

[...and then switching to chops on Armstrong... and chops on Lynch...]

SA: Vasquez is fighting them both off!

[...and with Lynch up against the ropes, Vasquez whips him in, sending the Texan bouncing off...]

SA: HIPTOSS!

[...and the crowd ROARS for one of Vasquez' signature moves, throwing Lynch up, over, and down to the canvas!]

SA: OH YEAH!

[Vasquez twists around to face an incoming Armstrong who lashes out, burying a boot into the midsection. He grabs Vasquez, lifting him up for a slam...]

SA: Big slam... no, Juan slips out!

[...and then Vasquez shoves Armstrong from behind, sending him into the ropes where he bounces back off...]

...and Vasquez elevates Armstrong as well, flipping the 300 pounder through the air, tossing him down onto Lynch's torso!]

SA: HIPTOSS ONTO LYNCH!

[The crowd is ROARING as Armstrong lies on top of Lynch, piled up for Vasquez who hits the ropes, rebounding back...

...and leaps HIGH into the air, crashing down on top of both men!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS! THE SENTON CONNECTS ON TOP OF THE PILE!

[Armstrong rolls out of the ring, followed closely behind by Lynch as Vasquez climbs to his feet, pumping a fist to big cheers from the AWA faithful as Supernova gets back to his feet, trading a high five with Vasquez...

...and then charges across the ring, LEAPING over the top rope to crash down on top of the Westerly Dynasty with a big dive!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: AND THE CHAMPION GOES UP, OVER, AND DOWWWWWN ONTO THE WESTERLY DYNASTY!

[Referee Shari Miranda shouts out to the floor, trying to get some control so the match can officially start. Juan Vasquez raises his hands, grinning at the official as he steps out to the apron and Supernova pulls James Lynch off the floor, tossing him back inside the ring...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: It’s official now, Colt!

CP: About time Miranda get some control. She’s out here letting Vasquez and Supernova do whatever they want!

SA: What?! It was the Westerly Dynasty who started all this when they attacked Hamilton Graham!

[Supernova pulls Lynch to his feet, battering him with right hands... then a few backhand strikes send Lynch falling back into the neutral corner...]

SA: Back into the corner... Nova grabs the arm, big whip comin’ up...

[...but Supernova’s Irish whip attempt is reversed, sending the champion crashing into the turnbuckles. Lynch straightens up and charges in after him...]

SA: ...ohhh! Big boot, right to the mouth!

[Lynch staggers out as Nova steps forward, lifting him up...]

SA: INVERTED ATOMIC DROP BY THE CHAMPION!

[...and as Lynch staggers in a circle, Nova picks him up again...]

SA: AND A STRAIGHT FORWARD ATOMIC DROP AS WELL!

[...and with Lynch stunned, Supernova hits the ropes behind him, bouncing back, leaping high, grabbing Lynch by the hair...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: LEAPING FACESLAM BY THE WORLD CHAMPION! Lynch gets a faceful of canvas from the champ!

[Outside the ring, Veronica Westerly angrily shouts in at Shari Miranda who throws a puzzled look at her...]

SA: Shari didn't do anything! What's Westerly going on about?

[Supernova stays on the attack, grabbing Lynch by the arm, dragging him up to his feet...]

SA: Supernova not slowing down for a second here, pulling him up and... OHHHH MY! GORILLA PRESS! HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[...and THROWS him down hard on the canvas, causing Lynch to cry out, grabbing at his lower back as he rolls to a hip on the mat!]

SA: A big ol' slam! And James Lynch is in trouble early on in this one... we didn't get to the introductions but it's scheduled for one fall with TV Time Remaining in this one and...

[Down on the mat, James Lynch starts crawling across the ring, trying to get back to the neutral corner as Supernova stalks behind him...]

SA: ...James Lynch looking for a breather as Supernova stays right on him, ready to keep up the offensive onslaught...

[Lynch reaches the corner, using the ropes to drag himself to his feet as Supernova steps in after him, climbing to the middle rope...]

SA: ...and the KC fans are on their feet for the champion of the world!

"ONE!"
"TWO!"
"THREE!"
"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[And with ten punches landed, Supernova hops down, grabs a handful of hair and drags him to the corner where he slams his face into the top turnbuckle before slapping the offered hand...]

SA: The tag is made and in comes Juan Vasquez! What a duo this is, Colt! And the Westerly Dynasty could NOT have expected this!

CP: No chance of that... but don't count Armstrong and Lynch out of it yet, Albano.

SA: Never.

[...and the duo whips Lynch across, dropping him with a double clothesline!]

SA: Supernova out... and Vasquez with the cover!

[Miranda slaps the mat twice before Lynch's shoulder comes up off the mat.]

SA: Two count there, not enough to keep the so-called Last Lynch Standing down for three.

[Vasquez comes up off the mat, throwing a look at Atlas Armstrong, making sure he's not on the way in... and then drags Lynch up by the hair, pushing him to the corner again before smashing Lynch's head into the top turnbuckle...

...and then with a smirk on his face...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[...and as Shari Miranda reprimands Juan Vasquez, the Hall of Famer grins, dragging the staggered Lynch into a front facelock and pulling him out of the corner...]

SA: Vasquez getting an earful from the official but...

[...and takes him over with a suplex!]

SA: ...but Vasquez keeps on going, taking Lynch up and down with the vertical suplex. Giving us all a little taste of what we might expect in that final showdown with Raphael Rhodes at Memorial Day Mayhem in 44 days. Dodger Stadium, here we come!

CP: Sal, how do you think Supernova feels about that?

SA: What do you mean?

CP: I mean, he's the World Champion. The eyes of the professional wrestling world should be on him... and as usual, you've got Juan Vasquez stealing the spotlight and how come no one's talking about who Supernova will be facing at Memorial Day Mayhem?!

SA: A whole lot of people are talking about it, Colt! Stop trying to stir things up!

CP: I'm just callin' it like I see it, Albano. If I'm Supernova, I might be looking for a shot to take Vasquez down a peg tonight.

[With Lynch down on the mat after the suplex, Vasquez makes the tag, bringing the champion back in...]

SA: Quick tag by Vasquez, working well with the champion...

CP: For now.

[Supernova climbs in, pulling Lynch up by the arm, whipping him into the neutral corner...

...and then falling back into the opposite corner to big cheers!]

CP: Is he looking for the Heat Wave already?! It's too soon!

[An alarmed Veronica Westerly climbs up on the apron, shouting at the official and Supernova, drawing the attention of both...

...but only for a moment as Supernova throws a dismissive gesture at her before charging across the ring...]

SA: HEAT WAAAAAA-

[...but Lynch surges out of the corner, leaping into the air as Supernova leaps!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CLOTHESLINE TAKES HIM OUT OF THE SKYYYYYYYY!

[Lynch pushes up to his knees, crawling into a cover of his own!]

SA: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- nooooo, out at two!

[And an irate Lynch climbs to his feet, stomping and kicking the downed World Champion to big jeers from the Kansas City crowd!]

SA: Lynch is all over him! He's got a hot temper, this James Lynch... which may be the ONLY trait he shares with his legendary family these days!

[Stepping across the ring, Lynch slaps the offered hand of his partner...]

SA: There's the tag, bringing in the Almighty Atlas Armstrong...

CP: The UNDEFEATED Atlas Armstrong, Albano.

SA: Also true for sure. Atlas Armstrong is one of a handful of AWA competitors sitting on lengthy undefeated streaks...

CP: But the only one who has a win over the World Champion under his belt.

SA: And again, also true... although it was a questionable, controversial win...

[Climbing into the ring, Armstrong pulls Supernova off the mat with ease, grabbing him under the armpits and HURLING him high into the air, tossing him into the Westerly Dynasty's corner!]

SA: Chuck D and the boys might tell you to don't believe the hype but I don't believe ANYONE would say that about Atlas Armstrong who is pure power and then some. A physical specimen unlike most we've seen step inside an AWA ring... and he can back it up inside the squared circle, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. We've seen a whole lot of big muscular guys in the AWA over the past ten years... but nothing like Atlas Armstrong if you ask me. Nothing.

[Stepping into the corner, Armstrong doubles over, grabbing the middle rope...]

SA: Ohhhh! Big shoulder into the ribs!

[...and with Supernova reeling in the corner, Armstrong dives the shoulder in again... and again... and again...]

SA: Armstrong working the ribs, perhaps thinking about that torture rack backbreaker of his...

CP: He's got a heck of a bearhug as well, Albano. Either one of those would take advantage of some banged-up ribs...

[Straightening up, Armstrong wraps his arms around the torso, dragging the World Champion out of the corner...

...and then HURLS him overhead, bouncing him off the mat with a belly-to-belly throw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Another impressive show of power!

CP: Just say it like it is, Albano - everything this Atlas Armstrong does is an impressive show of power and strength!

[Supernova is struggling to get up off the mat as Armstrong swoops in on him again, scooping him up in his muscular arms...]

SA: Scoops him up... and SLAMS him down!

CP: Whoooooa! He almost knocked me out of my chair on that one.

SA: Out of your... I don't think so. There's no need for hyperbole, Colt!

[Armstrong rushes to the ropes, bouncing back off, leaping high into the air...]

SA: ELBOOOOOW! Right down in the heart!

[...and then flips over, planting his hands in the chest, pressing himself up as the referee counts once... twice...]

SA: And the champion's out at two!

[Armstrong throws a glare at the official, holding up three fingers as the crowd jeers.]

SA: Atlas Armstrong thinks it was a slow count...

CP: You don't?

SA: No, I don't... not at all.

[The powerhouse regains his feet, dragging Supernova up off the mat, lifting him into his arms again...]

SA: Look at the strength! Holding him across the chest like he's nothing...

[...and then DRIVES his back down across a bent knee!]

SA: ...BACKBREAKER BY ATLAS!

[Showing no physical strain at all, Armstrong gets right back up, still holding the World Champion...

...and brings him down across a knee a second time!]

SA: Two backbreakers!

[Armstrong straightens up again... and then arrogantly tosses Supernova like a frisbee, sending him spinning down to the mat as the fans jeer. The big man responds by flexing... of course.]

SA: In addition to unbelievable power... this guy's also got an unbelievable ego, Colt.

CP: Can you blame him? Look at the size! The power! The physique! Add the undefeated streak on top of that and Atlas Armstrong believes the world belongs to him and you're welcome to argue with him, Albano, but I'm not about to.

SA: Veronica Westerly looking on... she's obviously pleased at what she's seeing.

CP: 2017 in the AWA saw a very big and powerful group dominating a big chunk of the year... and that group crashed and burned at SuperClash.

SA: Literally.

CP: And when they did, it opened up a power vacuum here in the AWA. You've got all these groups lining up to take their shot - the Desperadoes, Generation Lost, Team Supreme... and that's just on the men's side of the locker room. E-Girl MAX... the Slam Sorority... folks are lining up to show the world that they are where the power lies in this company in 2018 and beyond... and the Westerly Dynasty is right in the mix for that, Big Sal.

[Down on the mat, the World Champion is trying to crawl towards his corner where his partner is waiting...

...when Atlas Armstrong arrogantly saunters across the ring, stepping in front of him to block his path, staring right in the eyes of Juan Vasquez before striking a double bicep pose to jeers and a dismissive wave from Vasquez who sticks his arm out towards the champion.]

SA: Supernova's trying to get to the corner... but he's got a mountain of a roadblock in front of him...

[Turning back towards the champion, Armstrong reaches down to wrap his massive arms around Supernova's torso, deadlifting him straight up off the mat in a gutwrench, twisting around to face Vasquez again...]

"You watchin'... amigo?"

[...and then HURLS Supernova across the ring with a released throw, bouncing him off the mat near the Westerly Dynasty corner!]

CP: Incredible! And Juan Vasquez has to be thanking his lucky stars right now that it's not Atlas Armstrong he's facing at Memorial Day Mayhem, Sal!

SA: You think Raphael Rhodes is going to be an easier night at the office for Juan Vasquez? You're dreaming. Considering the history between them, I think that battle between Rhodes and Vasquez is going to be one of the most physical battles of his legendary career.

[With Supernova down on the mat, Armstrong steps across the ring, leaping into the air...]

SA: OHH! Big leaping stomp, planting that massive foot down on the back...

[...and then springs right back up, dropping a three hundred pound kneedrop into the lower back as well!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: Armstrong staying on the back, keeping an eye towards locking in that torture rack...

[Armstrong, still kneeling on the back, reaches out to snatch a handful of hair, yanking it back into a makeshift surfboard as the crowd jeers and Shari Miranda calls for a break!]

SA: ...and Armstrong torturing the back in a different way now!

[The referee's count reaches four before Armstrong lets go, sneering at the jeering crowd as he gets back to his feet...]

SA: Armstrong's shouting at the World Champion, ordering him to get up!

CP: James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong are absolutely dominating the World Champion right now and Veronica Westerly's gotta be thinking about how soon she can get Supernova back in that ring with either one of them with the World Title on the line!

SA: James Lynch said they were all in agreement that he was going to be the next champion but watching Armstrong in there right now... I'm not so sure about that.

[Armstrong reaches down, using a grip on the tights to haul Supernova to his feet, grabbing him by the arm...]

SA: Irish whip on the way...

[...and ROCKETS him into the Dynasty corner, Supernova's spine SLAMMING into the turnbuckles at high velocity and impact as he leaves his feet, collapsing in a heap in the corner as the crowd buzzes with concern for one of their favorites!]

SA: ...Sweet San Angelo! Hard impact in the corner.. and down goes the champion again...

[Standing center ring, Armstrong reaches up with his massive arms, pumping them up and down to signal for the backbreaker...]

SA: ...and he's calling for the backbreaker, calling for that rack attack...

[But before he can move in on Supernova again, Armstrong looks up at James Lynch who sticks out his hand, calling for the tag...]

SA: ...but it looks like James Lynch has other ideas.

[Armstrong throws another look at the downed champion and then nods, slapping the hand of James Lynch.]

SA: The tag is made and in comes the black sheep of the legendary Lynch family, looking to do more damage to the champion of the world... going right after the back, stomping and kicking him...

[With Supernova down on his chest, Lynch leaps up, dropping a knee into the back... and then scrambles back up to do it again...]

SA: Over and over, the knee down into the back... OHH! Third time's a charm!

CP: Not for Supernova.

SA: Absolutely not... Lynch makes a cover now... he gets one... he gets two...

[But Supernova's shoulder pops up off the mat before Lynch can secure a three count. Lynch glares at the official as he gets back to his feet, gesturing to Armstrong as he pulls the champion up by the arm...]

SA: Another whip and... ohhh! Into the corner again! The back slamming into those turnbuckles!

[Lynch backs off, swinging his arm around...

...and Armstrong very casually hooks the back of Supernova's tights, keeping him in place as Lynch storms in, delivering a big clothesline!]

SA: A little illegal assist from the outside...

[Armstrong lets go of the tights, shoving Supernova out of the corner towards Lynch who lifts him up, twists him around...]

SA: ...AND THE SPINE MEETS THE PINE WITH A POWERSLAM!

[Lynch stays on the champion, tightly hooking a leg...]

SA: It could be! It MIGHT be! IT...

[...but the crowd ROARS as Supernova kicks out in time, breaking free of the pin attempt!]

SA: ...NOOOOOO! OUT IN TIME!

[And this time, James Lynch is REALLY glaring at referee Shari Miranda who holds up the two fingers again. Lynch shakes his head, climbing to his feet to slap the offered hand of Atlas Armstrong.]

"Break him, big man!"

[Armstrong nods at Lynch, leaning down to pull Supernova up off the mat. He holds him by the chin, bellowing at the champion...]

"YOU'RE GOIN' DOWN, CHUMP! YOU GOT NOTHIN' FOR US BUT THAT TITLE!"

[...and then lifts him up, pressing him overhead with ease...]

SA: GORILLA PRESS! ARMSTRONG'S GOT HIM UP HIGH ANNNNNND...

[...but lifts with a little too much gusto, losing his grip on Supernova who slips out, landing on his hands and knees behind Armstrong!]

SA: ...OUT THE BACK DOOR GOES THE CHAMP! CRAWLING THROUGH THE LEGS!

[But as he crawls between Armstrong's legs, Armstrong snatches an ankle, shaking his head...]

"NOT SO FAST, LITTLE MAN!"

[...but the champion rolls onto his back, drawing his legs in...]

SA: HE KICKS HIM OFF!

[...and with Armstrong down on the mat, Supernova crawls quickly across the ring towards a waiting Vasquez...]

SA: HE'S GOT THE TAG!

[...who comes rushing into the ring as Armstrong regains his feet, coming for Vasquez...]

SA: Vasquez and Armstrong! Right hands by the Hall of Famer, Armstrong's rocked and-

[Vasquez pivots and SMASHES a right hand into James Lynch's jaw, knocking the Texan off the apron to big cheers!]

SA: -DOWN GOES LYNCH!

[Vasquez whips around as Armstrong barnstorms him, swinging out an arm for a clothesline but Vasquez ducks under it, hooking the back of the tights as Armstrong whiffs by...]

SA: BIG SWING! BIG MISS!

[...and Vasquez starts CLUBBING forearms down on the back of Armstrong's head. The big man, unable to defend himself, sinks to his knees as Vasquez keeps on pounding away, unleashing a wild cry as he does!]

SA: Juan Vasquez is FIRED UP here on National Wrestling Night, driving Armstrong down onto his knees and he's... oh wow! Is he really gonna try this?!

CP: No way, Albano!

[But Vasquez has his arms locked around the torso of the 300 pounder from Big Sur, California, powering him up onto his feet in a waistlock...]

SA: Vasquez looking for a German!

[...but Armstrong lets loose a shout of his own, pushing the arms apart and forcing Vasquez to drop him back down on his feet.]

CP: No chance!

[Vasquez grabs the back of Armstrong's shoulders and SMASHES home a headbutt to the base of the skull!]

SA: OHHH!

[And again...]

SA: OHHHHHH!

[...and again!]

SA: OHHHHHHHHHHH! VASQUEZ HAS ONE OF THE HARDEST HEADS IN WRESTLING, COLT!

CP: Just ask any promoter who has ever had to work with him!

[And with Armstrong slumping forward, Vasquez reapplies the waistlock...]

SA: HOOKED! ANNNNNNNNNND!

[...and LIFTS Armstrong into the air, DUMPING him on the back of his head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THROOOOOOOOOWN! A mighty German Suplex by the former World Champion puts Atlas Armstrong down! And even Juan Vasquez looks shocked that he pulled that off!

[On his feet, a smirking Vasquez does a "did I do that?" for the retro cheers before cocking his right arm...]

SA: ELBOW!

[...and scrambles up to deliver another...]

SA: Another!

[...and another...]

SA: ELBOW AFTER ELBOW ON ARMSTRONG!

[...a half dozen in all find the mark, leaving Armstrong covering up on the mat as Vasquez climbs to his feet, the crowd ROARING for him as he plants his boot on the face of Armstrong...]

...and TWISTS, raking his boot leather across the eyes!]

SA: AHHH!

CP: A little bit of El Cholo coming to the surface for this retirement tour!

[Grabbing at his eyes, Armstrong rolls away from Vasquez...]

...who turns just in time to see an incoming James Lynch. Vasquez pulls up, setting for a hiptoss...]

SA: HIPTOSS!

[...but Lynch slams on the brakes... which is exactly what Vasquez was anticipating with his own fakeout, delivering a standing clothesline that WRECKS James Lynch instead!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch rolls from the ring to the outside, Veronica Westerly rushing to his side as Vasquez slowly raises his right hand, closing up the fingers for all to see...]

...which is when the perfectly framed camera shot reveals the massive Atlas Armstrong getting to his feet behind an unaware Vasquez!]

CP: ATLAS LIVES!

[Armstrong SMASHES a double axehandle down between the shoulderblades of Vasquez, knocking him down to his hands and knees as the KC fans jeer loudly!]

SA: Armstrong from behind! Vasquez lost his focus on the big man for a moment and it cost him!

[Armstrong yanks Vasquez to his feet by the back of the tights, snatching him into position...]

SA: He's gonna rack Vasquez!

CP: Say goodbye to your retirement tour, amigo!

[...but again, Armstrong lifts with a little too much enthusiasm, allowing Vasquez to backflip out of the lift, landing on his feet behind Armstrong who swiftly turns...]

SA: RIGHT CROSS!

[...and swings one of the most notorious strikes in wrestling at the jaw of the Almighty Atlas...

...who is ready for it, swinging his massive paw up to catch the flying fist in his own hand!]

SA: BLOCKED?! HE BLOCKED IT?! ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

CP: The Right Cross has leveled professional wrestlers from coast to coast and on every continent where they lace up boots, Big Sal, and Atlas Armstrong... the ALMIGHTY Atlas... just caught the damn thing!

SA: I can't believe it... and neither can Vasquez! He's in shock! He's in...

[The shocked expression turns into a howl of agony as a smiling Armstrong tightens his grip!]

SA: ...PAIN! HE'S IN PAIN! ARMSTRONG'S TRYING TO BREAK HIS DAMN HAND!

[The Almighty Atlas is showing off his grip strength by squeezing the fingers and hand of Juan Vasquez, trying to shatter all those little bones that are so delicate in there...]

CP: He's gonna take him out of Memorial Day Mayhem! Atlas Armstrong is playing spoiler for one of the biggest shows of the year, Big Sal! He'll make headlines all over wrestling if he does it and-

SA: SUPERNOVA'S UP TOP!

[...and the World Champion HURLS himself from the top, trying to desperately save his partner...]

SA: CROSSBODY!

[...but as Armstrong frees Vasquez, shoving him away, he turns in time...]

SA: CAUGHT!

[...and catches the flying Supernova in his powerful arms!]

SA: CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!

[Armstrong steps to the middle of the ring, letting loose a powerful bellow as he pops the champion up, depositing him over his shoulder, turning towards the corner...]

CP: ARMSTRONG'S GONNA PUT HIM IN THE BUCKLES!

[...and charges into the corner, ready to slam the champion...]

SA: NOVA SLIPS OUT!

[Supernova uses Armstrong's own momentum against him as he lands behind him, giving a shove to assist Armstrong in running facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

SA: Armstrong hits the corner...

[Supernova rushes back across the ring, taking aim on the cornered Armstrong...]

SA: We've seen this before! We know what's next!

[...and then goes charging across the ring, leaping into the air...

...where James Lynch SWATS him out of the sky with the World Title belt being SMASHED into a flying Supernova's face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The referee, having seen it all, does the appropriate thing.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd jeers the sound of the bell as Miranda waves her hands, pointing to the downed Supernova...]

SA: Supernova and Vasquez are gonna win this one by disqualification but...

[Lynch tosses the belt aside, bouncing it to the corner as he kneels down, grabbing Supernova by the head and pounding his fist down between the eyes!]

SA: ...and now Lynch is REALLY gonna try to do a number on the World Champion!

[The crowd is jeering loudly as Lynch smashes his fist down over and over on the skull of Supernova...

...and then gets louder as Armstrong stumbles out of the corner, joining his ally in putting the boots to Supernova!]

SA: Oh no... and now we've got a two on one on the champion of the world!

CP: With the whole world watching on ABC, the Westerly Dynasty is gonna put the World Champion on the shelf and claim that title for their own once and for all, Albano!

[Lynch gets to his feet, pointing at Supernova and jerking his arms up and down at Atlas who nods enthusiastically.]

SA: And now it's James Lynch who wants to see the champ get racked!

CP: And like the good ally he is, Atlas Armstrong is all set to oblige, jack!

[Armstrong drags Supernova off the mat, leaning over to slip the arm into position...

...which is when the crowd ROARS!]

SA: JUAN'S BACK IN!

[Back into the fray, Vasquez comes up swinging...

...the World Title belt, BOUNCING it off the skull of Atlas Armstrong, knocking Supernova out of his grip and sending the big man falling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

SA: OHHH, WHAT A SHOT ON ARMSTRONG!

[A fired up James Lynch rushes at Vasquez, trying to take him out...

...but Vasquez ducks down, pulling the top rope with him, causing Lynch to go over the top...]

SA: OVER THE TOP!

CP: He hangs on though! Still on the apron!

[...but as Lynch scrambles to stay on the apron, Vasquez DRILLS him between the eyes with the title belt as well, sending Lynch plummeting off the apron to the floor to HUGE CHEERS from the Kansas City crowd!]

SA: You were saying?! Juan Vasquez and the World Title belt have CLEARED the ring, fans! He saved the World Champion from further harm and he cleaned house as only Juan Vasquez can!

[Vasquez stands near the ropes, still holding the title belt in his hands as Supernova sits up on the mat, looking up gratefully at him.]

SA: The fans here in Kansas City are going wild! They may not have liked how this one ended but they LOVE to see their heroes standing side by side in there together.

[Vasquez waves a hand at the Westerly Dynasty, inviting them back into the ring as he threatens to bash them with the title belt again as Supernova gets up off the mat with a grimace, looking out on the now-retreating trio.]

SA: The Westerly Dynasty is looking for a way out of town, Colt.

CP: Live to fight another day, Albano. That's all it is.

SA: We shall see about that...

[As the trio walks back up the aisle, Vasquez lowers the title belt down from the fighting position...

...and locks his eyes on it.]

CP: Ohh... what's this about now?

[Vasquez looks longingly at the title, running his fingertips across the face of it as Supernova looks at him from behind, hands on his hips...

...and then Vasquez slowly turns around, looking at the World Champion.]

SA: Supernova got the title belt back!

CP: Not yet he hasn't.

[Vasquez again takes a look at the title... and then with a bow of the head, he hands it over to a waiting Supernova who gratefully - and eagerly - snatches the belt out of his hands, slinging it over his own shoulder.]

SA: Now he has!

[Vasquez grins, clapping his hands at the World Champion who stares back at Vasquez before he steps towards the ropes, waving to the timekeeper's table for a microphone.]

S: I'll admit it, Juan... I wasn't exactly sure what was going on with you at some points over the past few years... but I'm sure glad you came out here tonight!

[The fans approve as well, cheering loudly for both men.]

S: I just want you to know that, even as I questioned you, you've always had my respect.

[Vasquez again bows his head in thanks as the crowd applauds.]

S: And it was an honor to team with you as you complete your tour to Memorial Day Mayhem. I'm sure I speak for everyone when I say I can't wait to see your match against Raphael Rhodes!

[The fans roar in approval of that, too. Vasquez then motions for the mic. Supernova cocks his head, but hands it over.]

JV: Nova, we've been through a lot over the years, traveling up and down all these roads, but I want to say, I was always proud to be your friend and I'm even prouder now that you've become the AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

[The crowd applauds as well as Supernova.]

JV: But...

[We see Supernova mouth, "But?"]

JV: ...you know that I can't just let our story end here.

[The crowd begins to buzz, sensing what Juan is about to say.]

JV: We've stepped in the ring once before, but that wasn't the match I wanted and I'm sure it wasn't the one you wanted either. I can't retire knowing the only match we ever had was one that didn't even have a winner.

And maybe a man with one foot out the door doesn't have the right to ask this...

[Juan points to the World Title.]

JV: ...but I want one more shot at the big gold, amigo!

[The crowd goes wild!]

JV: My last shot. My final shot. My only shot to go out on top of the world.

[Vasquez grins.]

JV: I know I'm being greedy, Nova, but right here, right now...

[Dramatic pause.]

JV: ...I'm challenging you to a World Title match at The Battle of London!

[With the crowd roaring, Vasquez hands the mic back to Supernova.]

SA: WHAAAAAT?!

CP: Of course he is! When DOESN'T Juan Vasquez have an ulterior motive?! No wonder he was willing to team with Supernova tonight! He had this planned all along!

[The World champion stares back at Vasquez silently for a moment, then speaks.]

S: You know, I probably should have seen this coming... after all, why wouldn't you want to challenge me for this belt right here?

[He gets a slight grin on his face.]

S: And you want it to go down in two weeks time, at The Battle of London, just as you are about to wind down your tour? I've just got one thing to say to that.

[He pauses for effect, then that grin grows wider.]

S: You got it... amigo!

[The fans roar as Supernova tosses the mic aside. He then extends his hand to Vasquez, who takes it, the two with a brief handshake, then they pull apart...

...but, as you would expect, neither lets go and they pull each other back in, now locked eye to eye.]

SA: London is calling to the faraway towns, because a battle is about to come down! Nova and Vasquez for the World Title is coming to the O2 Arena on April 28th on ESPN and you do NOT want to miss it! It's been one heck of a night here in Kansas City, fans... and for all of us here at the American Wrestling Alliance, we want to thank our network partners at ABC for having us aboard for the first NATIONAL... WRESTLING... NIGHT! And we'll see you down the road!

[The crowd is ROARING as Vasquez and Supernova get bombarded with flashing cameras capturing this historic moment...

...as we fade to black.]