

The ABC logo, consisting of the letters 'abc' in a white, lowercase, sans-serif font, centered within a solid black circle. The background of the entire image is a stylized wrestling ring with blue and black ropes, creating a sense of depth and perspective.

abc

# National Wrestling Night

[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... Shadoo 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 we fade up on an exterior shot of the Sprint Center in Kansas City, Missouri - all lit up and ready for the eyes of the professional world to be upon her.

And just like that, we are inside the same venue, the crowd ROARING for their opportunity to be seen on network television. Rabid fans of all ages, colors, shapes, and sizes are dressed in their favorite AWA gear and waving homemade signs of varying quality from the well-planned out "LARIATOS!" row of fans each holding up a silver sparkling glitter letter to spell out the name of their favorite team to the looks-like-it-was-made-in-the-parking-lot small placard from a middle-aged "HEARTBREAKER GURL!"

Pyro bursts forth from the entrance stage, rocketing its way towards the arena's ceiling, bringing even a louder reaction from the AWA faithful who've arrived in Kansas City for one of the biggest nights of the year..

...and as the pyro dies down, the music goes up and the sirens blare throughout the arena as Nas' "Hero" signals the arrival of the AWA National Champion, the "Phoenix" Jordan Ohara. And with this impending entrance, we hear - for the first time tonight - the voices of our commentary team for tonight's National Wrestling Night Pre-Game Show (as well as Showtime on ESPN) - Lori Dane and Ben Waterson.]

LD: We are wasting no time tonight here in Kansas City, fans! National Wrestling Night is just under sixty minutes away - a night that will see eight tremendous matches go down - and right now on our special Pre-Game Show, we've got four big matches of our own! Hello, AWA fans... I'm Lori Dane and alongside my partner Ben Waterson... we'll be calling all the action for you here on ESPN as we count down the minutes until the world switches over to ABC for National Wrestling Night. And Ben, you call yourself the Can't Miss Man... but this right here, this night is TRULY can't miss!

BW: Are you implying that I'm NOT, Dane?! I AM the Can't Miss Man which is why when ESPN needed someone to host this particular countdown to one of the biggest nights in AWA history - a night when we expect the biggest television audience for professional wrestling in YEARS - they called on ME!

LD: A likely story there... but it IS a big night.. it IS can't miss... and it's only fitting that we kick off this night with a Once In A Millennium Talent!

[The National Champion steps out on to the top of the entrance stage, standing on the metal platform as he looks out on the raucous crowd with a grin on his face. With the large video wall hanging behind him, Ohara points to the crowd, the National Championship gleaming around Jordan Ohara's waist. He is dressed in tight jeans and a Carolina blue and white ringer T-shirt with the words "Once in a Millennium Talent" emblazoned across the chest.]

LD: Jordan Ohara is the man who holds the title that is the longest AWA championship in existence, the National Title. He's a two time champion, having started his second reign last November at SuperClash when he defeated Jackson Hunter and later tonight, we'll see him defend that title in his toughest test to date when he meets the 2017 Golden Grappler winner for Best Newcomer, Sid Osborne, AND the legendary hardcore brawler Robert Donovan in a three way battle that promises to be one of the highlights of the night!

[The National Champion wears his loosely-curled hair in a Samurai-style top knot. His anchor beard is neatly trimmed for the occasion. The Blasian champion raises a microphone to his lips as he looks out at the audience.]

JO: AWA Galaxy...

...welcome to National Wrestling Night!

[The crowd ROARS for that... even though it's a little early. Ohara grins sheepishly, shrugging.]

JO: Sort of, right? Okay, okay... I might have jumped the gun on that but I wanted to be the very first to come out here tonight on one of the biggest nights in AWA history to see all of you and say those words.

[The fans cheer as Ohara nods.]

JO: And I couldn't say what I have to say in the back. I needed to speak to you face-to-face.

[He waves to the fans seated by the ramp and gives them the prayer hands bow.]

JO: I want to say hello and thank you to over sixteen thousand fans in this sold out arena and the millions more watching all around the world!

My name is Jordan Ohara... the "Phoenix..."

[Another big cheer goes up for the grinning Ohara.]

JO: ...and I am the current AWA National Champion...

[Ohara slaps the title belt around his waist.]

JO: ...because of you.

Thank you for all your support.

[Ohara looks down at his T-shirt, fingering the lettering embossed upon it. He tugs on the fabric and releases it, looking up sheepishly.]

JO: See this phrase "Once in a Millennium Talent?"

It isn't just a catchphrase to me. It isn't some arrogant declaration as some folks backstage have tried to suggest. To me, it is a reminder. To me, it is a mission statement. To me, it is my *raison d'être*.

I WANT to be the best...

I HAVE to be the best...

For you!

[Ohara pauses as he makes eye contact with the cheering crowd, drawing them in to his words.]

JO: I want to be your hero. And I don't care if that makes me uncool. I don't care if that makes me dorky to some people. I don't even care if people think it's arrogant.

It's who I am.

[Ohara paces back and forth on top of the ramp.]

JO: I'm a proud second generation wrestler like a lot of the wrestlers here in the AWA. My father, Ichiro Ohara, was a solid hand in Japan and he started my training. He saw that I had his strength and my mother's athleticism. He saw how naturally I took to the sport. But he didn't force me to follow in his footsteps. He let me learn to love this sport on my own.

[Ohara pauses to reestablish eye contact with all the AWA fans.]

JO: When I moved home to North Carolina at 13, I tried football. I tried basketball. It was cool but it wasn't professional wrestling. My dad would always send me tapes and DVDs of the matches in Japan and I fell in love with the sport every time I watched.

Every. Single. Time.

[Ohara runs one hand, smoothing his beard.]

JO: When I finally started training, my dad took me under his wing. And then he let other people train me. As ashamed as I am to admit it now, Sensei Mifune had a big hand in shaping me too.

[The crowd jeers the despised Mifune.]

JO: But my dad would always tell me to be a hero. He told me to always inspire the people to be the best versions of themselves.

He taught me that it didn't count if you won by taking shortcuts. He taught me that you had to do it the right way for it to mean something to the people. He taught me that that's who people talked about the next day. That's who people wanted to be.

He told me that I had that ability so I must also have that responsibility. No days off. No lapses. No feel sorry for yourself. As my mother would echo him.

"Knocked down seven times. Get up eight."

[The crowd applauds the idea.]

JO: So I trained every day at a 15 so I could be comfortable when the pressure was at a 10.

Tonight, the pressure is at a 10.

[Ohara nods as the fans buzz with anticipation.]

JO: Because tonight, I defend my National Title in a triple threat match. I don't even have to be pinned to lose my title. Why would I do that?

Because to be the greatest you have to take big swings.

[He mimes hitting a home run.]

JO: Somewhere out there, some kid is facing a tough life choice. Somewhere out there, a parent is making a tough decision for their kids. Somewhere out there, a worker is facing losing their job. Somewhere out there, someone is feeling desperate. Someone is being bullied. Someone is at wit's end and just wants to give it all up.

And somewhere out there they are all just looking for a little bit of light, a little bit of inspiration. And I want to be that light... that inspiration.

[The crowd cheers as Ohara smiles.]

JO: Watch me overcome the challenge tonight and realize that you too can overcome! You too can be great! You too can be a hero!

That's why I am taking on Rob Donovan and Sid Osborne in a three way sudden death match tonight!

[Ohara lovingly puts his hand on the faceplate of the title around his waist.]

JO: The AWA National Title is the AWA's original title. Somewhere, though, it got lost. The World Heavyweight Championship and then even the World Television Title surpassed it.

But now it's back and I mean for it to be THE title again. So...

[Ohara unsnaps the belt and raises it overhead. The crowd cheers the gesture as he lowers the title and cradles it in his arms.]

JO: I could only defend the title on occasion. I could pick easy opponents. I could let the title become meaningless and a joke and still parade around the ring calling myself a "champion." But that would betray everything my father taught me. That would betray you all.

[Ohara waves a beckoning hand towards the camera, staring hard into it.]

JO: So bring it on, Rob Donovan. Bring all seven feet and three hundred pounds of your bad self to the ring tonight. Bring me the Beale Street Bully. You got a foot and a hundred pounds on me. You nearly beat me for this title. You deserve this. Bring it all to me.

[He raises the title high again as his voice becomes defiant.]

JO: Bring it on, Sid Osborne. Bring all your technical expertise and all your mean-spiritedness and all your refusal to quit. Bring me the 2017 Golden Grapple award winner. Bring it all to me.

And I will bring it all to you. I will bring all my speed, all my toughness, all my ability, all my desire to this fight.

Mathematically, I don't have a chance. But never tell me the odds because I'm going to defy them. For these people...

[He gestures to the crowd.]

JO: ...so they know that tomorrow whatever challenge they're facing, they can defy those odds too.

[Ohara's voice rings out as he cries out his next words.]

JO: Knock me down! I'll get up! Keep knocking me down! I'll keep getting up! I'll keep getting up until I win because I have the people at my back and together we can win. Yes, we can. And together we will win.

Yes, we will!

["Hero" plays over the PA system as the crowd is fervently behind Ohara who waves and bows to them...]

...and we cut to our announce team seated down at ringside.]

LD: Wow! The National Champion letting our fans here in Kansas City and our fans watching around the world know that he's come for a fight tonight - a fight he has NO intention of losing, Ben!

BW: The Phoenix may be rising, Dane, but my money's on the Sin City Savior and maybe even that tough ol' SOB Robert Donovan to bring that pretty bird crashing back down to Earth and make him a two-time FORMER National Champion!

LD: That's coming up later tonight as we move over to National Wrestling Night on ABC but right now...

[A countdown clock comes up on the screen.]

LD: ...we are about fifty-two minutes away from that. And while we'll be spending a fair amount of time talking about what else we'll be seeing later tonight, let's also talk about what we'll be seeing here on the Pre-Game Show exclusively on ESPN. We've got two showcase matches in the hottest division in all of professional wrestling - the Women's Division - when we see singles action featuring young Betty Chang and tag team action with The Lariatos, a promising team made up of second generation superstar and red hot rookie Kimmy Bailey as well as her partner, the Olympic gold medalist Ayako Fujiwara.

BW: That's all well and good, Dane, but when you're talking about big matches here on the Pre-Game Show, what about the AWA World Tag Team Titles being on the line when Next Gen defends the gold against one of their top contenders, the Shot Callers?

LD: That'll be our Pre-Game Main Event but kicking things off in just a few moments, we're going to see the former star contestant - perhaps the most controversial reality TV star in history - Ricky Heartbreaker in action! Let's take a look at how he got into the situation he finds himself in tonight!

[We fade to a shot marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" as we open to a hallway somewhere backstage in the Sprint Center. A distinctly unimpressed looking AWA Interim President, Maxim Zharkov, stands in front of a closed door with a name plate bearing his handle on it. He's clearly been cornered by a tall blonde woman in

her mid to late twenties that we've seen once before. It takes a second or two to place her, so it's a good thing the beginning of her rant includes some exposition.]

VV: This is absolutely outrageous, Mister President! As Ricky Heartbreaker's personal attorney and representative, I cannot allow you to create adverse working conditions in this way!

[The woman, dressed to impress in a dark grey power suit, is Victoria Valentine, partner in the firm of Leslie and Valentine, and the one who helped Ricky Heartbreaker negotiate a sweetheart contract clause that indirectly earned him his first cheap win in the AWA.]

MZ: Your client was wanting handicap match, no? He said so himself. I simply give him one.

[Valentine rolls her eyes, barely stopping in her advocacy for her client.]

VV: I understand exactly what's happening here, Zharkov! You're running a promotion that's out of control! You've got gang attacks every week. You've got weddings that turn into massacres. You've got big names that your fans love being put on the shelf, for who knows how long. I can understand how, in those circumstances, you'd look to assert any control you could - and you'd target my client, a man who has done nothing wrong and has strictly adhered to the letter of every contract he's signed. But it's not fair!

[Zharkov raises a single eyebrow, conveying annoyance but also something else. Is there just the slightest hint of truth to what this lawyer just said to him?]

MZ: You may think that. I only will say this. Heartbreaker will wrestle two men tonight. He promise this, our fans will see this. If you want worse things for him, please...

...keep talking. I make matches, I also change matches. See if Ricky likes what I change next.

[Valentine, in full battle mode, is about to offer another rebuttal when you can see realization wash over your face. Sometimes, you can talk yourself out of something, and sometimes, you just need to shut up and not make things worse. Figuring this is one of the latter situations, she instead lets out a single pointed sigh and then turns on her rather fashionable and expensive heels, muttering as she walks out of frame.]

VV: It still isn't fair...

MZ(chuckling to himself): Fair. This sport is many things, but fair? Not always.

[And with that, we fade from the pre-taped footage to the ring where we see two young men are standing, dressed in the same powder blue and white singlets with a prominent "KC" logo inside a five sided plate, clearly meant to rep the hometown Royals. They look fairly similar to each other, particularly facially, although one is a couple of inches taller and has longer jet black hair. We'll leave it to ring announcer Rebecca Ortiz to tell us who they are.]

RO: The opening contest tonight on the National Wrestling Night Pre-Game Show is a TWO ON ONE HANDICAP MATCH!

[The arena crowd jeers, perhaps suspicious over what happened a week ago on Showtime.]

RO: Introducing first... hailing from Independence, Missouri, at a combined weight of 425 pounds... they are Benjamin and Colton... THE RAMIREZ BROTHERS!

[Judging by when each of the brothers raise their hands in time to their names being said, Benjamin is the taller one. They both get a polite hometown pop for being from the metro area.]

LD: Ben, on the most recent Showtime we saw Ricky Heartbreaker make a mockery of the handicap match format by deliberately putting himself on the advantaged side. Today, by order of Interim President Zharkov, he'll have to beat an actual tag team with some local support.

BW: If these guys are as lousy as the baseball team they support, the one that fluked into a World Series and then has barely cracked a .500 record since, I wouldn't be too worried. I think the former Bachelor is walking home with the roses tonight regardless of the odds.

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: And their opponent...

[G-Eazy and Bebe Rexha's "Me, Myself and I" begins to play over the sound system, and that's all Ricky Heartbreaker has to rely on as he steps out from the entrance way, stares at two opponents, and hears it from easily the largest and most hostile crowd he's seen in his short AWA career so far.]

RO: ...originally from Shaker Heights, Ohio, and now residing in Hollywood, Florida... he weighs in tonight at 196 pounds... he is...

...RIIIICKYYYYY HEARTBREAKERRRRRR!

[Heartbreaker has skipped some of his finery tonight and doesn't have his ring robe on. He's ready for action - clothes-wise, at least - in just his normal gold tights with a red heart across the rear. He doesn't seem all that ready for action in his posture or demeanor, though, moving quite slowly down the aisle as Colton Ramirez pulls at the top rope with both hands to limber up while his bigger brother gestures to the former Bachelor to get on with it and get to the ring.]

LD: Now that Heartbreaker's on the disadvantaged side, we don't see that cockiness he's displayed in previous appearances.

BW: You're going to criticize a man for being focused before a match?

[Heartbreaker does eventually get to the ring steps and stride up them, still a bit slower than his opponents might like. He walks to the center of the ring, pointing out to our referee that he should force one of the brothers to back off and ensure he only has to deal with a legal man. This being fair enough, the referee turns to the two and asks one to leave, which Colton does with no fuss.]

LD: Heartbreaker ironically perhaps trying to make sure the odds are even for him... didn't seem to care much a week ago, Ben.

BW: Dane, this guy has shown every willingness to get the rules in his favor - since when is that a prosecutable sin in the world of pro wrestling?

[This then leads to a brief conference between the two legal men and the official, laying out any final instructions before he calls for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"



[With the match now officially started, Heartbreaker makes his first move - though it might be fair to call it more of a gambit than a move, as he puts on a big, clearly phony smile and sticks his right hand straight out to offer a shake.]

LD: Oh please! Now this guy's about sportsmanship?

[Ben Ramirez looks at the outstretched hand for just a second... and then slaps it away, showing he's no dope! The crowd roars in appreciation and Heartbreaker fumes, turning around to broadly demonstrate how annoyed he is that his "sportsmanlike" gesture was spurned.]

BW: Heartbreaker trying to be an honorable man, and where does it get him?

LD: That's not what he's trying at all - here comes the sneak attack!

[Lori's right, as Ricky turning his back was just a prelude to turning around again suddenly and charging at Ramirez, trying to catch him off guard. Trying and failing, as the local boy easily sidesteps the charge and shows fancy footwork in taking Heartbreaker down with a textbook drop toe hold!]

LD: Oho! Down goes Heartbreaker and now we'll see what this rookie's got on the mat...

[Heartbreaker panics, focusing on keeping his legs free, which allows Benjamin to quickly shoot up towards his upper body instead and grab hold of the left arm, adding pressure into Ricky's upper back to hold him in place while he manipulates the arm into a chicken wing!]

LD: Some great basic chain wrestling from Benjamin Ramirez, just quickly moving to control the body parts and using Heartbreaker's momentum against him.

BW: This is not the start you need when you're facing two opponents, I'll admit that.

[Heartbreaker's trying to scramble on his knees to get closer to the edge of the ring, but Benjamin decides to go with it - because it brings him closer to his own corner, and his brother.]

LD: Heartbreaker trying to escape...

[The brothers make the exchange as Colton Ramirez slingshots acrobatically into the ring while Heartbreaker, a bit confused to have gotten the break and out of the chickenwing without his plan of making it to the ropes, scrambles to his feet just in time to eat one, two, and then a third big body shot, hard right hands right into the chest!]

LD: ...on his feet but in trouble still as the Ramirez brothers look to doubleteam...

[The older brother, still in the ring, grabs the same arm he had control of, using it to whip Ricky face first into the corner from short distance!]

LD: ....HAAAAAARD into the buckles!

[Heartbreaker staggers back, lucky to have missed the buckle with his head... but he's unlucky to stagger right back into both of his opponents, who each grab him by the side and work in tandem to drop him ass over teakettle with a big double back suplex!]

LD: That's all legal, just within the five count as the formerly legal man now ducks out of the ring! That's just good solid teamwork!

BW: Not a good start at all for Heartbreaker, who's showing good instincts by rolling after taking that suplex all the way out of the ring to regroup.

[The countdown clock re-appears on the screen, continuing to tick downwards.]

LD: About forty-six minutes left on the clock tonight as we continue to count down to National Wrestling Night...

[On the outside, Heartbreaker is on a knee, propping himself up with an arm on the ring apron while he tries to gather himself. After a couple of seconds he looks directly at the ref and forms his hands into a "T", formally asking for a timeout.]

LD: There are no timeouts in wrestling!

[That's exactly what the ref says as well, which annoys the former Bachelor. He stands up straighter, making a more emphatic timeout gesture and still being denied. This keeps his attention until just a moment too late, when he sees the flying form of Colton Ramirez flying through the air at him, already over the top rope!]

LD: A beautiful dive from this young man, and he catches Heartbreaker absolutely flush!

BW: He's showing some brains too. As soon as Ramirez gets back up, he's right on top of Heartbreaker and tossing him back into the ring. Have to give him points for that.

LD: Ricky Heartbreaker has not gotten out of the blocks yet, and he's not enjoying this side of the handicap match!

[Colton slides in quickly after him, getting to Ricky before he can get back to his feet and holding his left arm out to the side so he can quickly drive first one, then a second short knee into the tricep.]

LD: And right back on the arm... Ben, you weren't around in the days of the EMWC but seeing these two in there can't help but remind me of another sibling team from long ago that were known as the Benjamins. They also worked well as a duo and obvious name linkage aside, I-

BW: If you tell me it's all about the Benjamins, I walk!

[Lori chuckles as a grimacing Heartbreaker is yanked by the arm to his feet and quickly whipped across the ring, Colton Ramirez barnstoming across for a clothesline...]

LD: Heartbreaker ducks low and-

[...and the former reality TV star hooks an arm around the top rope, stopping his rebound...]

LD: -Heartbreaker hangs on but Ramirez doesn't!

[Colton Ramirez is coming back as fast as he can to build up momentum for what he assumed would be a second clothesline attempt, but he's surprised to not see Heartbreaker running back at him and he's moving too fast to slow down. Ricky takes advantage, pulling down the top rope as much as he can to low bridge the onrushing opponent, whose momentum takes him to the ropes, then toppling over them into an awkward fall to the floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: AND RAMIREZ GOES OVER THE TOP AND DOWN TO THE FLOOR!

BW: A smart reversal there by the reality TV star, and maybe now he can take control of this match.

LD: He'll need to capitalize on this, it is STILL a two-on-one!

[At the moment, capitalizing is the farthest thing from his mind, and rather he's glorifying, pointing to his temple and smirking to the crowd in that age-old "Ain't I a genius?" gesture that wrestling crowds have never been fond of.]

LD: Ricky Heartbreaker certainly seems pleased with himself... but he's wasting valuable time here...

[A weary Ramirez drags himself off the floor with the aid of the apron, ducking under the ropes to try to get back in...]

LD: ...and Ramirez is trying to take advantage of-

[Heartbreaker was ready for this, though, having overplayed his self-absorption. As soon as Colton is under that bottom rope and vulnerable, Ricky leaps into action and drives hard stomps into the area of his head and shoulders, taking full advantage of a prone opponent. The crowd boos this poor sportsmanship, but Heartbreaker doesn't care.]

LD: -well, I don't think anyone saw that coming. Ricky Heartbreaker perhaps playing some games in there of his own, making us think one thing while his mind is on a different track.

[Once his initial cheap shots are in, he pulls Colton up using a questionably legal handful of hair, just so he can throw a series of quick jabs with both hands to his face to keep him reeling.]

BW: Don't forget, Heartbreaker still has that contract clause that prohibits any opponent from striking him in the face. It doesn't stop him from punching anyone else, though.

LD: So what's good for the goose isn't good for the gander?

BW: I'd rather have double standards than no standards at all.

[Heartbreaker maintains his control, briskly whipping his momentarily stunned foe towards a neutral corner, which Colton collides with face first, only just barely getting a hand up to partially cushion the blow! He staggers back on wobbly legs, and Ricky takes the time to run at an angle to his opponent towards the middle of the ropes, leaping up to the second and springboarding off at just the right time to catch Colton with a diving facebuster!]

BW: A great athletic move from Ricky Heartbreaker!

LD: One of very few we've seen him do so far. If his career was more about that and less about shenanigans, he might be winning some people over!

BW: He's winning matches, two and oh so far. That's what matters!

[He's not trying to win right at the moment, as instead of going for a cover after a high impact move he's standing near the downed Ramirez, taunting him as his older

brother pounds the top turnbuckle in his corner in encouragement, trying to get Colton fired up and fighting back.]

LD: And again, Ricky Heartbreaker is wasting time with talking trash and gloating and... and again, you have to wonder if it'll cost him as his brother tries to get Colton fired up and back into this.

[The younger Ramirez hears his brother and starts to step up, instinctively reaching out towards his brother even though he's nowhere near close enough to tag - and that motion gives Heartbreaker an opening, stepping across his outside leg to secure body position while getting an arm around the rising man's neck, allowing him easy access to one of the classic wrestling holds - the abdominal stretch! Heartbreaker quickly gains control, torquing as hard as he can to apply pressure on Colton's torso.]

LD: Now here's an oldie but a goodie, the abdominal stretch. It doesn't tend to win matches in these days, but it does wear out opponents.

BW: It can win things for you if you can add a little extra, and it looks like Heartbreaker is going for that extra.

[As the referee leans in to check for a submission, Heartbreaker leans back and grabs the ropes for extra leverage...]

LD: Oh, come on! Referee, keep your eyes on this guy! He's a habitual rulebreaker!

[As the crowd's reaction alerts the official, the referee straightens up to take a look and Heartbreaker times it perfectly to let go of the ropes to avoid being seen...]

BW: Nothing going on there.

LD: Ben, you're not blind! You saw it too!

BW: Maybe... but the referee didn't see anything. That's all that matters.

[As the official checks for a submission again, Heartbreaker reaches back for the ropes a second time...]

LD: He's doing it again!

[...but this time, Benjamin Ramirez calls it out, causing the referee to straighten up quickly, Heartbreaker only barely able to release in time.

But maybe not quite in time, as the rope is still shaking slightly, and the referee sees it! It isn't conclusive evidence, but it's enough for suspicion, and Heartbreaker starts to loudly protest his innocence, all while being openly challenged. It's not enough for a sanction...

...but it is a distraction to maintaining proper form on the stretch, and as Heartbreaker continues to argue, his hold continues to get sloppier and sloppier. Until...]

LD: Big hip toss from Colton Ramirez! He's free, he's diving for the tag... and he has it!

BW: This is bad news for Bachelor Nation!

[The hip toss doesn't keep Heartbreaker down for long, but long enough that when he gets back up and steps forward he's running right into a buzzsaw in the form of

a charging Ben Ramirez! A big shoulder tackle takes him down, and he tries to spring back up quickly and charge again but only ends up eating another shoulder tackle.]

LD: Heartbreaker goes down once! Now twice!

[The former reality star is up again, swinging a wild haymaker that Ramirez easily ducks, lifting the out of control Heartbreaker into the air...]

LD: AAAAAAATOMIC DROP! AND BENJAMIN RAMIREZ IS ABSOLUTELY A HOUSE OF FIRE IN THERE!

BW: That's the danger of giving up a tag at a key moment, a fresh man often beats a tired one. Quintessential tag team action!

LD: Heartbreaker stumbles back towards the ropes, but Ramirez isn't letting up on him, he's coming in for... oh my goodness, that's... that's disgusting!

[Lori's train of thought is broken, but not as badly as Ben Ramirez as a desperate Ricky Heartbreaker, reeling after a series of big shots in a row, tried to buy himself space and time in what she accurately described as "disgusting", by audibly drawing in a loud breath and then expelling that - plus some rather disgusting fluids - by spitting right in his opponent's face!]

LD: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Ramirez stops his advance, first in shock and then in anger, wiping the spittle off with a single hand before a look of pure fury crosses his eyes. Heartbreaker, still just leaning against the ropes and hoping for time, gets only a few seconds of it before Benjamin rears back to absolutely paste him with a right cross!]

LD: NO! NO! NOT THAT!

[And it's a good thing it did take him a few seconds to get that angry and decide what to do about it, because that buys time for his brother to race into the ring and catch his arm before he can send it forward towards Ricky's network-tv famous face.]

LD: What a save by Colton Ramirez... his brother was about to deservedly punch Ricky Heartbreaker for spitting right in his face, but if he'd done so that would have been a disqualification! Don't forget that special contract clause this little worm managed to get written into his employment here!

[The referee certainly hadn't forgotten, and was in fact right in position ready to call for the bell if the punch had landed. Instead, they're right in position to ask Colton to leave the ring, while his brother asks in some understandable confusion why he blocked the punch. For a few seconds all three are cross-talking, trying to get this sorted out, and that gives the ever opportunistic Heartbreaker one more opening. He launches in with a clubbing double fisted blow into the small of Benjamin's back, which leads to an interesting chain reaction.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow knocks Ben into Colton, falling awkwardly down...]

LD: RIGHT INTO THE KNEE OF THE OFFICIAL!

[It's not a significant blow luckily, most of Colton's weight hitting the mat before the leg, taking referee Koji Sakai down to his hands and knees on the mat grabbing at the leg for a moment...

...and that moment, where all three of the other men in the ring are distracted, is all Ricky needs.]

BW: GOOOOOAAAAALLLLLLL!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: LOW BLOW! HEARTBREAKER KICKS HIM LOW!

BW: And the referee never saw it at all! Hah!

[And trying to take advantage before the referee recovers to suspect the low blow, Heartbreaker moves quickly, stepping to the side of the pained Benjamin, snapping him back in a textbook side Russian legsweep, laying him flat on his back as the kneeling official shouts at Colton Benjamin to vacate the ring...]

LD: Sakai getting Colton out of there...

[Coming to his feet, Heartbreaker signals for the end, pointing to the top rope and shouting out "It's Heartbreaker time!" loudly enough for the ring mics to pick it up.]

BW: Both his opponents are down, Ricky Heartbreaker is headed to the top rope for his elbow drop finish. If he hits this, it's all over!

[Let's not belabor the point. He does, and it is. Neither brother is in a position to stop him as he moves quickly to the top rope, measures the distance, and flies off to hit his Heartbreaker square in the chest. The referee is, however, more than recovered and back in position to count as Ricky goes for a lateral press, and gets an easy three. Rebecca Ortiz needs only make it official.]

RO: Here is your winner... RICKYYYYY HEARTBREAAAAKERRRRRR!

["Me, Myself, and I" begins to play again, and much like someone fleeing the scene of a crime - an apt comparison given the way the win was "earned", Heartbreaker doesn't bother to stick around and have the referee raise his hand. He quickly slips out of the ring and starts down the aisle, not really starting to celebrate until he's halfway back to the entrance and a safe distance from the two men he just disrespected and beat. Neither is fully fit just yet, and in fact they're consoling each other rather than chasing the man who cheated them, but still Ricky wants that distance before he goes into his own glorification.]

LD: Every time we see this guy, he comes up with a new way to get a tarnished victory.

BW: He's undefeated, Dane. That's all the record book says. Three wins, no losses. Every time he's on TV, he's the winner. He's the star. And that's just the way he likes it.

LD: And judging from this crowd, he's the only one that likes it!

[Indeed, he's being booed as he finally takes the hint and turns to exit. The camera follows him for a short time as he does, but then we have to cut away and move on with the show.]

LD: Ricky Heartbreaker picking up the victory here in Kansas City... and with just under forty minutes to go on the clock until it's time for action over on ABC, let's head backstage where our own Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by with someone eagerly waiting for those forty minutes to run out!

[We cut from the action inside the arena to the backstage interview area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is flanked on either side by the two masked mercenaries who've been making lives hell for several weeks now collectively known as Masks For Money.]

On Lou's right is the veteran Golden Grappler, dressed in his ring attire of a black mask with gold around the eyes, mouth, and nose holes, and his long tights matching in black with gold trim, along with black boots with "G G" on the sides in gold.

On Lou's left is Grappler's partner and protege, Ultra Commando 3, wearing a similar colored balaclava style mask, done in a digital flecktarn of black, grey, and gold, his cargo pants matching the pattern of his mask]

SLB: Thanks, Lori! We are indeed backstage here in the Sprint Center with just under forty minutes on the clock as we're steaming towards National Wrestling Night where we will see a huge tag match that's been building for a couple of months and I'm here with one-half of that encounter... the Golden Grappler and Ultra Commando 3, the duo known as Masks For Money...

[The two hulking masked men nod confidently as Blackwell continues.]

SLB: ...and gentlemen, you two have been persistent in your pursuit of Derrick Williams and Ryan Martinez for a while now. Is this the night it comes to a head and ends one way or another?

[The mic is steered in front of Ultra Commando 3 first.]

UC3: Is tonight the night, Lou? Probably.

[He shrugs with what you imagine is a smirk behind that mask.]

UC3: You see, we've accomplished what we've set off to do. We showed that we're the most professional team in AWA. We've shown that we do what we say, that we do what we're paid for. We beat two of the top stars in the AWA and will do so again. Tonight, if no one was paying attention, in front of a Network TV audience... we put everyone - especially Next Gen - on notice and we make our statement to the world...

...Masks for Money are for real.

[Lou switches over to the Grappler.]

GG: I've said it before, Lou, it's a simple calculus. Commando and I have become an elite unit in a short amount of time. We get the job done. We did exactly what we were paid to do against two of the top people in this entire company. When we beat them again, if Martinez even bothers to show up and isn't still having a sad from the Red Wedding, we prove that we ARE the team to beat in the AWA.

We are not two men to be taken lightly and we show that again tonight.

[Grappler slaps Commando on the back before the duo strides out of view.]

SLB: Masks for Money, ladies and gentlemen, coming with a purpose and to make a statement, leading off National Wrestling Night in just about...

[Blackwell checks his wrist.]

SLB: Thirty-seven minutes and counting!

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: And we'll be right back after these messages!

[And we fade from the AWA's resident scoopster 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 back up on the entrance stage where we find Showtime on ESPN's co-hosts, Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams.]



MW: We are back here LIVE on ESPN for the National Wrestling Night Pre-Game Show! And Sweet Daddy, the wrestling world is looking forward to one heck of a night!

SDW: You betta believe it, Miss Mariah! KC is HOT and LIVE, baby!

[The crowd ROARS in response!]

MW: And in just a minute, we'll be heading down to the ring to see Betty Chang in action, spotlighting the hottest division in professional wrestling - the AWA Women's Division - and I can't help to think about later tonight when we'll see the E-Girl MAX trio of Kelly Kowalski and the Women's World Tag Team Champions, Harley Hamilton...

[There are some cheers from the hometown crowd...]

MW: ...and Cinder taking on the AWA Women's World Champion Julie Somers...

[...and a still-bigger cheer for the World Champion much to Hamilton's likely dismay.]

MW: ...and two partners of her choice! Sweet Daddy, any thoughts on who the Spitfire's lined up to go to battle with her?

SDW: Oh, I got all sorts of thoughts, baby! I might even have a scoop or two... but loose lips sink ships and I'm all about sitting back and seeing what the Women's World Champion and her running buddies can do those mean and nasty bullies!

MW: I can't wait to see it! But right now, we're going to see someone else in action who has a date pending with E-Girl MAX two weeks from tonight, right back here on ESPN for Showtime, when she teams with her partner Charity Rockwell against the EGM duo of Casey Cash and Harley Hamilton. But that's then, this is now... and now it's time for action! Megumi-san, take it away!

[And we fade from the cheery duo to the ring where the powerful lungs of Showtime's ring announcer, Megumi Sato, waits to do her business.]

MS: The following match is in the AWA Women's Division and is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first...

[The lights go out as a voice rings out over the PA system.]

"Welcome. Ladies and Gentlemen, you are about to see a story of murder, greed, corruption, violence, exploitation, adultery, and treachery - all those things we all hold near and dear to our hearts. Thank you."

[The singsongy horns that lead to Chicago's "All That Jazz" play over the PA system for a moment before cutting out...]

...and a lone spotlight lances through the darkened arena to land on a young lady standing on the entrance stage in a pose. Her arms flung skyward, a long leg extended out to the side in a half crouch as she looks ready to cut quite the rug.]

"OHHHHHHHHH YEAAAAAAAH RIGHTEOUS!"

[The frenetic sound of Jerry Lee Lewis' version of "Wild One" kicks in as the lights come on - the normal white lighting interspersed with blue as we get a full look at the competitor now dancing and grinning her way down the staircase, slapping every offered hand she sees.]

MS: From Chicago, Illinois... weighing in at 99 pounds... "FOXY"...

...MOOOOOXXXYYYYY HARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRT!

[Hart pumps a fist in the aisle at the announcement of her name as she clasps a hand to her chest, and shouts "I LOVE YOU ALL!" on her way towards the ring. At 99 pounds and barely five feet tall, Hart is diminutive in stature to be sure. She's wearing a glittering silver sports bra style top with short black trunks...

...and a tremendous mane of bright blue hair hanging down to her rear as she repeatedly waves and smiles at the cheering fans.]

LW: Look at Moxy Hart making her entrance here! She's so full of energy and enthusiasm.

BW: Yeah, well, enthusiasm can only get you so far, Lori. Moxy might be popular with the crowd, but let's face it, she's one of the smallest competitors on the roster. Size matters in this business.

LW: Size isn't everything, Ben. Moxy's quick, agile, and she's shown some impressive skills in the ring.

[Hopping up on the ring apron, Hart grabs the top rope, slingshotting into a somersault before landing on her feet on the mat in a similar pose to what she held on the stage. She grins at the cheering crowd, straightening up with a wave as she settles back into the corner...

...and "Blue Water Blue Sky" by Daisuke Ishiwatari, from the Guilty Gear X2 soundtrack, begins to play over as Betty Chang makes her way to the ring. The young martial artist is dressed in a bright pink transparent shirt with multi-colored neon triangle designs, a black sport bra underneath, a black mini skirt with pink trim, black shorts underneath and black and pink wrestling sneakers with matching laces.]

MS: And her opponent... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 110 pounds...

...BETTYYYYYYY CHAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNGGG!

[Chang reaches ringside, smiling and waving at the cheering fans as she jogs up the ring steps to the apron, grabbing the top rope and slingshotting over in a somersault, landing on her feet with a loud "YAAAAAA!" as she strikes a martial arts pose!]

LD: Here comes Betty Chang, folks! Known for her lightning-fast strikes and unpredictable style. She's had her share of recent troubles against Casey Cash and her friends in E-Girl MAX.

BW: If you ask me, Betty's biting off more than she can chew against E-Girl MAX. We all saw how Harley Hamilton and Cinder put Victoria June out of commission for messing with Casey Cash. If Betty keeps poking the bear, she'll wind up in a hospital bed right next to the Afro Punk.

LD: Betty Chang has shown us time and again that she's got what it takes to hang with the best. Tonight's another chance for her to silence her critics.

BW: I seriously doubt I'll be silenced, no matter what Betty does tonight.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell rings to signal the start of the match. Betty Chang and Moxy Hart circle each other in the ring, the crowd buzzing with anticipation.]

LD: This is going to be an exciting contest between two of the youngest and most talented high flyers on our roster.

[Betty and Moxy lock up in the center of the ring, each trying to gain the upper hand. Betty quickly transitions into a wrist lock, but Moxy flips out of it, using her agility to escape. The crowd cheers as Moxy cartwheels away and stands ready.]

LD: What a display of agility from Moxy Hart!

BW: She's like a lightning bolt in there.

[Moxy charges at Betty, but Betty ducks under a clothesline attempt and grabs Moxy's arm, whipping her into the ropes. Moxy bounces back, and Betty goes for a spinning back kick, but Moxy ducks under it and leaps to the ropes, springboarding off into a crossbody. Betty bends backwards into a bridge, evading Moxy by inches, as the blue-haired high flyer crashes onto the canvas!]

LD: Betty Chang showing off some incredible agility to dodge that crossbody block!

[As Moxy rises back to her feet, Betty charges, transitioning into a spinning headscissors takedown and sending Moxy flying across the ring!]

LD: Betty just sent Moxy for a ride! Both of these young competitors are putting on a clinic in high-flying action!

[Betty and Moxy both get to their feet quickly. Moxy runs at Betty, who counters with a perfectly timed arm drag. Moxy rolls through and bounces up, charging again. This time, Betty leapfrogs over her. Moxy hits the ropes and rebounds back, ducking under a spin kick from Betty.]

BW: You know, Lori, Betty is one of the few people who can match Moxy in speed and agility. That might just throw Moxy off her game.

[Moxy comes off the ropes again and goes for a running dropkick, but Betty sidesteps it. Moxy lands on her feet and spins around, but Betty is already in the air, hitting a picture-perfect dropkick of her own that sends Moxy sprawling.]

LD: Absolutely, Ben. And let's not forget, this is one of the few times Betty has ever wrestled someone smaller than her. Usually, she's severely outweighed and outmuscled.

BW: That's a great point. Betty's used to compensating for size and strength disadvantages, so facing someone smaller and lighter might give her an unexpected edge. Against the blueberry pop tart, she doesn't have to worry about being overpowered; she can just let loose with everything she's got.

[Moxy, recovering quickly, charges at Betty once more. Betty catches her with a deep arm drag, transitioning smoothly into a grounded armbar, trying to wear Moxy down.]

LD: Look at the technique from Betty Chang! She's got Moxy grounded, trying to take away some of her high-flying offense.

[The crowd is on their feet, cheering for the fast-paced, back-and-forth action as Betty maintains control of the match.]

BW: A surprisingly smart strategy from someone who seems like such a space cadet half the time. I give Betty a lot of flack, but she's actually very well trained, even if she's got her head up in the clouds most of the time.

[Betty whips Moxy into the corner and follows up with a spinning leg lariat, but Moxy moves out of the way at the last second. Betty crashes hard into the turnbuckle!]

LD: Oh! Betty went for something big there and comes up empty!

BW: We were just talking about how facing someone that could match her speed and agility could throw Moxy Hart off her game, but the same could be said for Betty Chang! How often has she faced someone quick enough to evade her kicks or dodge one of her punches?

[Moxy quickly scales the ropes and hits Betty with a missile dropkick, sending her sprawling across the ring.]

LD: Moxy Hart with a big missile dropkick! She needs to capitalize on this momentum!

[Moxy kips up and pumps her fist, before running to the ropes, bouncing off and hitting Betty with a running twisting senton!]

LD: What a move! Moxy hooks the leg... One! Two! No!

[Betty kicks out, but Moxy doesn't waste a second. She pulls Betty up, but Betty suddenly grabs her by the arm and counters with a judo throw, causing Moxy to land hard on the mat.]

LD: Betty counters with a Seoi Nage! A judo shoulder throw!

[Holding onto Moxy's arm and wrist, Betty rolls through on the canvas and back to her feet, pulling Moxy up with her and tossing her shoulder with yet another throw!]

LD: It may be surprising to see Betty throw someone around like this, but she's done the same to Casey Cash, who's much bigger than her.

BW: Betty regularly rocks people much larger than her with her martial arts. She may be small, but she's a lot stronger than she looks. Reminds me a lot of Raphael Rhodes in that way.

LD: I'm shocked, Ben. Are you actually complimenting Raphael Rhodes?

BW: No, I'm just comparing two annoying runts to each other.

LD[Sighing]: Of course.

[Betty keeps her grip on Moxy's arm and rolls through, lifting her up off the canvas and up into a fireman's carry!]

LD: Betty's got her up in the fireman's carry!

[With a guttural roar, Betty throws Moxy off her shoulders, but Moxy lands on her feet with cat-like agility. Moxy immediately runs into the ropes, rebounds, and hits Betty with a flying forearm, knocking her to the mat! Moxy kips up to her feet, the crowd roaring in approval.]

LD: What a move by Moxy Hart! She's so quick, it's incredible!

[Betty gets back to her feet, shaking off the cobwebs as Moxy bounces on her toes, ready for the next exchange.]

LD: Both of these young athletes are giving it their all. This is what makes them so exciting to watch!

BW: Indeed, Lori. Betty may be able to match Moxy in speed and agility, but Moxy's resilience and quick thinking are something else. This is anyone's match right now.

LD: These two are so evenly matched! It's incredible to watch.

[Moxy climbs to the top rope, looking for a high-risk move. She leaps off with a moonsault, but Betty meets her in mid-air, catching her with a rising knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: BETTY CHANG INTERCEPTED HER OUT OF MID-AIR!

LD: Moxy went for it all and came up empty! This might be it! One! Two! No! Moxy Hart won't stay down!

BW: How the heck wasn't she knocked out by that?

[Betty wastes no time, pulling Moxy up and she hits a picture-perfect Northern Lights suplex, bridging for the pin.]

LD: Betty is relentless! She hits the suplex and has the bridge!

[Once more, Moxy Hart gets her shoulder up, causing the crowd to clap and stomp their feet.]

LD: So close! But Moxy Hart escapes again!

[Betty gets to her feet and swipes her arms across the chest, signaling for the end.]

LD: Betty's signaling that she's ready to end the match!

BW: I wonder what kind of illegal karate she plans on using.

LD: Karate is NOT illegal in professional wrestling, Ben.

BW: It used to be! And has anyone looked at the rulebook? It might still be!

[She heads to the top rope, but Moxy suddenly gets to her feet, running up and meeting Betty at the top, knocking her to a seated position on the top turnbuckle with a forearm smash.]

LD: Moxy Hart showing incredible resilience! She refuses to stay down!

BW: It looks like she's going high risk here! This could be it!

[The crowd rises to their feet in anticipation as Moxy sets up for a top-rope hurricanrana.]

LD: Moxy's going for a super rana!

[Moxy launches herself into the air, hitting the super hurricanrana, but to everyone's shock, Betty somersaults through the air, landing on her feet! The crowd

gasps in shock and amazement. The look on Betty's face seems to indicate that she's just as shocked and amazed by what happened as everyone else.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Oh my God! Betty Chang landed on her feet! Incredible!

BW: Are you kidding me? ARE YOU KIDDING ME??? How the heck did she pull that off!?

[Shaking off her own shock at seeing Betty still on her feet, Moxy charges at Betty, but she side-steps the blue-haired daredevil, catching her with a spinning back elbow that hits her in the side of the head.]

LD: Betty catches Moxy with that elbow!

BW: Right in the temple! It's a miracle Moxy is still on her feet!

[Moxy spins around, dazed, as Betty strikes a martial arts stance...]

"KI-YAAAAAH!!!"

[...and strikes Moxy with punch directly in the solar plexus, sending Moxy right to her knees!]

BW: Betty Chang's striking ability is second to none. That punch could break ribs!

[Betty takes a step back, measuring Moxy Hart up, and then unleashes a devastating spinning hook kick, catching Moxy flush on the jaw!]

"SMAAAAAAAAAACCCCK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Moxy collapses to the mat, completely knocked out.]

BW: What a punch to the mid-section! And that spinning hook kick! Moxy is out cold!

[Betty covers Moxy for the pin, hooking the leg tightly.]

LD: One! Two! Three! It's over! Betty Chang wins!

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: What an incredible match! Betty Chang with the knockout victory!

BW: Moxy Hart put up a heck of a fight, but Betty Chang's martial arts made all the difference. Her knockout power is for real. All it took was a few strikes and it was lights out for Moxy Hart.

[Betty is smiling big, celebrating her hard-fought victory as the referee raises her hand. Moxy Hart is attended to by the medical team, slowly coming to and receiving a round of applause from the crowd for her valiant effort.]

LD: Moxy Hart may have lost, but she showed incredible heart and determination tonight.

[Betty helps Moxy Hart to her feet and gives her a congratulatory hug. She raises Moxy's arm, acknowledging her effort, and the crowd cheers in appreciation for both competitors.]

LD: What sportswomanship from Betty Chang! She's congratulating Moxy on a hard-fought match.

BW: Sure, Lori. It's nice to see a handshake and all, but let's not kid ourselves - Betty's got bigger fish to fry. She's got that match against Harley Hamilton and Casey Cash on Showtime.

[As she exits the ring, Betty Chang looks directly into the camera.]

BC: "Harley Hamilton, Casey Cash - I know you're watching. You think you're untouchable? Think again. Charity and I are coming for you! We'll see you at Showtime!"

[Betty walks away, raising her arms triumphantly into the air, all smiles.]

LD: Strong words from Betty Chang! She's making her intentions clear - Harley Hamilton and Casey Cash better watch out.

BW: That's all well and good, but Harley Hamilton is one-half of the Women's World Tag Team Champions and you better believe Casey Cash is going to be motivated to show that Betty's recent success against her was just a fluke. These two are no pushovers; Betty and Charity better be ready for a real fight.

LD: You mention the World Tag Team Titles right there... what about Betty and Charity potentially gunning for those titles?

BW: The tournament and the weeks that followed were a killing field for EGM, Dane. The other finalists - the Peach Pits - suffered a major injury putting Donna Martinelli on the sidelines indefinitely... maybe she'll be back for the Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem, maybe she won't! Victoria June's been injured...

LD: At the hands of Harley Hamilton and Cinder!

BW: ...and no one knows when or if she'll be back so that takes the Country Punks out of the mix too! Seductive and Destructive is on top of the world and waiting for someone... anyone... to be able to step up and put a stiff challenge together for the titles. Could it be Chang and Rockwell? Sure but I ain't holdin' my breath, Dane.

LD: Maybe it'll be Betty and Charity... or maybe it'll be the team we're about to see in action... one of the hottest rising teams in the sport! Ben, we should have done some vocal exercises to prepare.

BW: Why's that?

LD: LARIATOS!

[We hear the fans sitting immediately behind Lori and Ben shout "LARIATOS!" in response.]

BW: ...go to the ring, please.

[We cut down to the ring, where Megumi Sato stands, two young women behind her and to her right, and referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller to her left.]

MS: Our next match is in the Women's Division and is a tag team match set for one fall with a ten minute time limit!

Introducing first... from Charleston, South Carolina, and Charlotte, North Carolina respectively... at a total combined weight of 299 pounds... the team of..

...ELYSE NELSON AND PATIENCE FISHER!

[There is a mild response for Nelson and Fisher, two young Caucasian women, with Nelson in green and gold, and Fisher in blue and white. Both are in good shape, with Nelson looking a little more muscularly toned compared Fisher.]

LD: This will be the first time we've seen Patience Fisher in action, and Elyse Nelson has had a couple of AWA matches, falling short in her appearances so far.

BW: They look like athletes, which is a good start.

[As Nelson and Fisher discuss their strategy, Megumi Sato introduces their opponents.]

MS: Aaaaaaand their opponents! From Pinehurst, North Carolina and Fujinomiya, Japan respectively, they weigh in at a combined weight of 358 pounds...

KIMMY BAILEY!

AYAKO FUJIWARA!

THE LAAAARRRRRIIIIIIAAAAAAAAATTTTTTOOOOOS!!!

[With "The Last Dancer" by Armin van Buuren vs Shapov pulsing with intensity through the Sprint Center, the crowd roars with excitement as Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey part the curtains, walking side-by-side down the aisle. Fujiwara can be seen talking to her young partner, who nods her head with each piece of advice her mentor gives. Fujiwara has on a ripped, oversized hooded denim jacket over her wrestling attire. Underneath, she has on a sleek, black and red asymmetrical strap crop top with a corset-like front tied together with crisscrossing red and black string. Her abdomen is now fully exposed and she wears middle waist black motorcycle pants with rivets running up and down the legs with short wrestling boots. She turns her back to the camera and points a thumb to the words on the back of her jacket:

"THIS MACHINE SUPLEXES FASCISTS"

...before spinning back around and throwing a fist into the air and giving a roaring yell of enthusiasm at the crowd, who respond in kind. Bailey, meanwhile, wears a black Adidas zip-up hoodie with three stripes down the sleeves, a simple black sports bra, and black shorts with the word "CONJUGATE" across the seat. She also has black kneepads and Adidas wrestling shoes with three white stripes on the arch.]

LD: This is one powerful tag team, Ben.

BW: We haven't seen them team much at all, though. The last time they teamed together, they got the cat involved and were in a trios match! That's part of why they're ranked #4.

LD: They are in high demand in singles action as well, though. Ayako Fujiwara is still the #5 ranked contender to Julie Somers' World Title in singles competition and I'm sure they couldn't help it that they were both selected to compete in the Royal Crown.

BW: Fat lot of good it did Baby Bailey there. She's already out of it, and Fujiwara's got a tough draw next week against Ricki Toughill.



LD: I notice you left out that Trish Wallace had a significant amount of help from Laura Davis to attain that win.

BW: So will the record books. All that matters is the check in the win column and the winner's share of the purse.

[With Fujiwara removing their jacket and Bailey her hoodie, the two exchange a quick glance, then drop their entrance attire... and rush the ring!]

BW: Whoa!

LD: The bell has sounded, and the Larios are on the attack! Fujiwara on Nelson, Bailey on Fisher, and they're straight out blitzing these two!

BW: I think they may have been in the ring before their coats hit the ground, Dane!

[Fujiwara backs Nelson into the ropes and then hits the first lariat of the evening, hitting her with a lariat that sends her over the top rope and crashing to the floor!]

LD: Ayako Fujiwara making quick work of Elyse Nelson, out to the floor goes the South Carolina native!

[As Fujiwara quickly steps out of the ring, Bailey throws Fisher to the mat with a stiff bodyslam. Fujiwara tersely shouts "Again!" as Bailey grabs Fisher by the head, lifting her to her feet, and slamming her down powerfully to the canvas once more!]

LD: This is more direct coaching from Ayako Fujiwara than we've seen in the past.

BW: You see the word on Bailey's shorts, Dane? These two are gym rats, so I wonder if that means the conjugate method. Four sessions per week, two of maximum effort, two of dynamic effort, focusing on speed, power, and agility.

LD: That wouldn't surprise me a bit, Ben. You see how these two athletes work, and Ayako has had Kimmy operating at what she calls "60%" or "75%".

[Bailey gets Fisher back to her feet, lifting her up into the air, and tags Fujiwara. As Fujiwara climbs into the ring, Bailey takes a moment to do a couple of bicep curls with Fisher in her grasp as the crowd roars its approval.]

BW: This kid is such a showoff... but what else can you expect from the daughter of the king of showoffs himself, Juan Vasquez?

LD: No need to sound so bitter, Ben. This is multitasking. She's getting in a workout during her workout.

[As Fujiwara gets into position, Bailey suddenly slams Fisher down across her own knee with a backbreaker, then hoists Fisher back up, tossing her towards her mentor... ]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... who catches her in a waistlock and immediately throws her over with a snap release German suplex!]

LD: OH MY!

BW: Come on Pete, get one of them out of there!

LD: The Lariatos are heating up now, a Bailey backbreaker, turned into a German suplex from Miss Germany herself!

[Bailey steps out of the ring as Fujiwara nods her head, pulling Fisher back up to her feet and reaching her hand out, tagging Bailey back in.]

LD: Some quick tags here by the Lariatos. Fujiwara pulling Fisher to the middle of the ring, and Bailey setting up...

BW: What are they going to do to this poor woman?

[Fujiwara holds a dazed Fisher by the wrist as Bailey stands a few steps away. Suddenly, Fujiwara yanks Fisher towards her outstretched arm as Bailey charges... ]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: GOOD LORD!

LD: Short-arm clothesline by Fujiwara, met with a lariat by Bailey! A sandwich lariat!

BW: And you're telling me this might not even be maximum effort?

LD: I don't think poor Patience Fisher could handle maximum effort from the Lariatos.

[As Fujiwara steps out of the ring, Bailey nudges Fisher with her foot, then looks over to her mentor.]

"HEY! AYAKO! I THINK WE BROKE THIS ONE!"

[The crowd roars with laughter as Fujiwara points across the ring to Elyse Nelson. Bailey looks over at Nelson, then back to Fujiwara, giving a thumbs up and a firm nod.]

LD: I think Ayako Fujiwara just said training's not over.

BW: Where's the referee to step in and stop this one?

[Bailey grabs Fisher by the wrist, dragging her over to Nelson and holding up her arm, grabbing Nelson's hand and forcing a tag.]

LD: Very sportswomanlike by Kimmy Bailey, wouldn't you say?

BW: No, I would not say that, not in the slightest.

[Bailey steps back, giving Nelson space to step into the ring, as Pete Miller helps Patience Fisher out of the ring boundary and onto the apron. Bailey looks out to the crowd and pumps her fist, shouting "LET'S GO ELYSE!" as the crowd joins the chant.]

"LET'S GO ELYSE!"

"LET'S GO ELYSE!"

"LET'S GO ELYSE!"

"LET'S GO ELYSE!"

"LET'S GO ELYSE!"

BW: I don't think I've ever seen anything like this before.

LD: Elyse Nelson is a little tentative to step in there with either of the Lariatos, and I honestly couldn't blame her. She's legal though...

[Nelson steps into the ring, and gets a resounding cheer from the audience, as well as a polite clap from Bailey.]

LD: And the encouragement from her own opponent can't hurt, I suppose.

BW: You want to know why she lost to Trish Wallace? This is why. Her killer instinct just doesn't exist.

LD: I think it's more like she's trying not to maul people who are way out of her skill level. Even as a rookie, it's clear Kimmy Bailey is a special talent, especially with Ayako Fujiwara showing her the way.

[Suddenly, we hear a shout from the Lariatos' corner.]

"BAILEY! ENOUGH FOOLING AROUND!"

BW: Seems like the fun and games are over.

[Then a follow up from Fujiwara.]

"ONE HUNDRED PERCENT!"

[The crowd erupts with cheers as Bailey cracks a smile, a mischievous gleam in her eyes, as Nelson puts her hands up in protest.]

LD: I'll say they're over! Ayako Fujiwara just told Kimmy Bailey to go a hundred percent!

[Bailey stomps over to Nelson, driving a kick right into the overwhelmed opponent's stomach. Grabbing her arm, she drags Nelson to the ropes, sending her off... ]

LD: Here comes Nelson back on the rebound, BIG BAAAAAACK BODY DROP!

BW: She threw her halfway into the lighting rig with that, Dane!

[Nelson hits the mat with a resounding crash as Bailey looks at Fujiwara and points up, marveling at how high she just tossed Nelson into the air. Fujiwara shakes her head, and Bailey nods, getting back to work.]

LD: Kimmy Bailey, for all her athletic gifts, she's still a big kid, Ben. All of 20 years of age, and Ayako Fujiwara keeping her on track and focused.

BW: That's been the big flaw in her matches so far, Dane. She needs a guiding hand. Mama Michelle and Papa Juan can't help her when she's in the ring.

[Bailey gets Nelson back up to her feet, lifting her onto her shoulder and carrying her to the Lariatos corner, slamming her against the buckles and driving her shoulder into Nelson's stomach. She reaches up and tags Fujiwara, then places her hands on Nelson's chin, maintaining the grip as she steps through the ropes... ]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[... leaving Nelson's torso open for Fujiwara to blast her with a chop!]

LD: This is some great teamwork being shown by the Lariatos here, in only their second televised match in two-on-two competition.

BW: The other teams in the division better hope that Ayako advances in the Royal Crown and keeps them distracted a little longer.

[Fujiwara grabs Nelson in a belly-to-belly grip, taking a step back, then reaches a hand out and tags Bailey once more. She returns to the grip, then throws Nelson three-quarters of the way across the ring, causing her to land with a resounding thud! Bailey darts into the ring, kicking Nelson in the shoulder and forcing her back to the center of the ring, as the Lariatos stand parallel to each other.]

LD: A huge belly-to-belly suplex by Ayako Fujiwara, and Kimmy Bailey put Elyse Nelson back into position... what could they be setting her up for?

BW: Whatever it is, I'm guessing it's going to be painful.

[Bailey and Fujiwara wait for Nelson to stand, and both raise their hands, motioning for the crowd to count along... ]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

[Then both take off, running at full speed as they criss-cross each other on two occasions. Nelson, dazed, staggers around as she sees the Lariatos run past her twice, then on the third time... ]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... they meet in the middle, crushing Nelson with a double lariat!]

LD: LARIAT00000000000000S!

BW: Oh come on, Pete, this can't be right!

LD: A HUGE double lariat by the Lariatos, and they call that the AC/DC! But I don't think they're done!

BW: Are you kidding me.

[Fujiwara steps out of the ring and Bailey, dragging over Nelson's limp body, immediately tags her, then scales the ropes as Fujiwara gets back in. Fujiwara hoists Nelson onto her shoulders into an electric chair lift, positioning her right next to Bailey who is standing on the top rope.]

BW: Dane, they can't do this, they're gonna kill her!

LD: Elyse Nelson is up on the shoulders of Ayako Fujiwara! All 184 pounds of Kimmy Bailey is up on the top rope! She's got Nelson in a front facelock and...

[Bailey falls backwards, pulling Nelson down with her...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... SPIKING her with a super DDT!]

LD: THEY'RE ON FIRE! THE LARIATOS HAVE ABSOLUTELY CRUSHED THIS YOUNG TEAM!

BW: A DDT off Ayako Fujiwara's shoulders!? I can't believe it! That's got to be it!

[Bailey rolls to her feet, keeping guard on an unmoving Patience Fisher, still laid out on the apron, as Fujiwara hooks a leg with her cover on Elyse Nelson.]

LD: Even with that devastating maneuver, Ayako Fujiwara still shows this kid the respect to cover her properly! That's one, two, and three! The Lariatos with a dominant victory here on the National Wrestling Night Pre-Show!

[The bell sounds as Ayako Fujiwara gets to her feet, greeted by the cheering crowd and a powerful hug by her young teammate Kimmy Bailey.]

MS: YOUR WINNERS! THE LAAAARRRRRIIIIIIAAAAAAAAATTTTTTOOOOOS!!!

[There's an audible shout of "LARIATOS!" from the crowd as the replay starts to show the sandwich lariat on Patience Fisher.]

LD: Ben, what a powerful display here by the Lariatos, and of course, it started with that double team lariat. They hit another one on Elyse Nelson, that AC/DC, that could've ended the match right there.

[The replay then shows the electric chair/super DDT combination.]

BW: But no, they had to try and kill this poor woman. Was there any need for this?

LD: I think they were sending a message to every team in the division, all the way to the top with Seductive and Destructive... we may be #4, but we're coming straight for you.

BW: Well, they've got a lot of roadblocks in their path, that's all I'll say.

LD: Mariah Wolfe is standing by with mentor and student. Mariah?

[We cut to ringside, where Mariah Wolfe is standing beside the Lariatos, with Kimmy Bailey placing her hands on her hips and Ayako Fujiwara nodding affirmatively.]

MW: What a blow away win for this team, Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey! The Lariatos!

[We hear quite a few fans shout "LARIATOS!" as Kimmy turns around and pumps her fist, shouting "DANG RIGHT!"]

MW: We haven't had much chance to see you two together as a team, as you both were chosen for the Royal Crown. Kimmy, you had a heartbreaking loss last week against Trish Wallace. Do you have any comments about that?

[Kimmy shrugs her shoulders.]

KB: I ain't goin' to stand out here and say it don't hurt to lose. It sucks to lose, especially to someone like Trish Wallace. It says a lot, though, that she needed help from Laura Davis. Turns out if speakin' nonsense was music, Trishy-poo would be leadin' a brass band. For all her talk about how great she was and how she hurts people teamin' with Ayako, who's there to help her beat me but ol' Laura Davis. Now I ain't about to let that Slam Sorority get under my skin, so I'm just goin' to say this...

[Kimmy points a finger at the camera.]

KB: I ain't the same girl I was seven months ago, Laura Davis. You keep stickin' your nose in my business and I'll cancel your birth certificate. Oh, and Carolina Colton, the girl that ain't no bigger than a minnow in a fishin' hole? PLEASE bring Carolina Colton to me...

[Kimmy flexes for the camera.]

KB: ... so I can show her what real muscle's all about. But that ain't important right now, because those three ain't worth the air the good Lord filled my lungs with. It's about this woman...

[Kimmy slaps Ayako on the shoulder.]

KB: And helpin' her do what I couldn't.

[Kimmy slaps Ayako on the shoulder, and Ayako Fujiwara steps forward with a composed but determined expression.]

AF: Thank you, Kimmy. Yes, losing is always hard, but it's the losses that drive us to always strive to be better and no matter what we achieve, there's always room for improvement. You've already shown incredible growth, and I have no doubt you will achieve great things.

[Kimmy nods.]

MW: Ayako, she mentioned it, you're up next for the Royal Crown. You face Ricki Toughill next week on Showtime to determine who will join Michelle Bailey, Lauryn Rage, and Trish Wallace in the Finals in London. Your thoughts?

AF: Ricki Toughill is a formidable opponent and I have immense respect for her skills and all that she has accomplished. But at the same time, I've trained my entire life for moments like this. Throughout my career, I've faced the best in the world and time and time again, I have emerged victorious.

[Kimmy suddenly interjects, grinning as she looks at Ayako.]

KB: But against an opponent like Ricki, you gotta be ready for anything!

[Without warning, Kimmy chops Ayako hard in the chest. Ayako barely flinches, absorbing the blow with a calm demeanor.]

AF: I'm always ready.

[Ayako puts her hand to her chest, contemplating the blow.]

AF: Was that 75%?

[Kimmy looks at her hand and pouts.]

KB: Aw. That was at least 85%!

AF: Like I said, there is always room for improvement.

[The crowd chuckles as Ayako smiles briefly before returning to her serious expression.]

AF: Kimmy and I are on this journey together, and her spirit and enthusiasm inspires me every day. We both have a lot to prove, not just to our opponents, but to ourselves. I promise you, next week, I will give everything I have to secure my place in the finals.

[Ayako's tone shifts, becoming more intense.]

AF: I've heard countless people say Ayako Fujiwara versus Ricki Toughill is a Main Event anywhere in the world and I'm honored to be held in such high esteem. I understand with that belief comes great expectations, but I welcome it. The world will be watching, and I intend to rise to the occasion. But the question I have is... "Will Ricki Toughill?"

[Kimmy puts her hand to her mouth, surprised by Ayako's bold words.]

AF: Together, Kimmy and I will continue to rise, no matter what challenges come our way. We will not be deterred by distractions or underhanded tactics. We will face them head-on, with strength, courage and determination. That's what it means to be a true champion. And next week, when I step into that ring against Ricki Toughill, I have no doubt in my mind that I will emerge victorious.

[A beat, before Ayako punches a fist into the air.]

AF: LARIATOS!

[Kimmy and the crowd respond to Ayako's shout.]

KB: LARIATOS!

[Kimmy nudges Mariah with her elbow.]

MW: Oh! ... Lariatos?

KB: Not bad, but it needs work.

[Kimmy pats Mariah on the back, darn near knocking her off her feet, as she and Ayako exit stage right. Mariah composes herself as he turns her attention back to the camera.]

MW: Well, there you have it, folks. Next week on Showtime, Ayako faces Ricki Toughill in what promises to be a true clash of titans. Will Ayako join Michelle Bailey, Lauryn Rage, and Trish Wallace in the finals of the Royal Crown in London? I can't wait to find out! We'll be right back with more of the Pre-Game Show as we are...

[She points to the corner of the screen where the countdown graphic comes up reading "15:34"]

MW: ...ALMOOOOOOST THERE!

[She grins 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 Shadoc Rage.]

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

"And I... AM... AWA."

[We get quick shots now, individual shots...

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoc 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 we fade back up to find Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams on the entrance stage again, the crowd cheering loudly at being back on the air.]

SDW: The time is tick, tick, tickin' into the future and we're down to under fifteen minutes and.... wooooo, baby! When you look at what's comin' up still tonight, it gets you up outta your seat and up onto your feet! Haynes and Wright! Supernova and a partner against the Westerly Dynasty! James and Hunter against KAMS! And a whole lot more!

MW: It's one of the biggest night's in the ten year history of this company, fans, and we can't wait for you all to see it! Now, remember, when we hit the end of our Pre-Game Show... when that countdown clock...

[She points to it again, now at "13:37"]

MW: ...reads Quadruple Zeroes, the AWA action's all done here on ESPN for tonight. You need to switch over to your local ABC network and the party continues there! Three hours of top flight AWA action that you do NOT want to miss!

[Wolfe grins.]

MW: And on that, we're just about ready for the Main Event of our Pre-Game Show as the World Tag Team Champions - Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, collectively known as Next Gen - defend their titles against the Shot Callers. It wasn't long ago that Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley III made it well known that they are among the tag teams who wanted their shot at the titles. Now, tonight, they'll get what they've been wanting for quite some time!

SDW: The Shot Callers asked for their shot and they got it, but you got to know that Next Gen has been on a roll! They beat the Soldiers of Fortune in the Boot Camp match to regain the titles, then inside the steel cage, and now, they're looking not only to stay on a roll by beating The Shot Callers, but roll right on to the challenge from Team Supreme -- namely, Takeshi Mifune and Bret Grayson, the Gold Standard!

MW: No doubt Team Supreme will be watching this match with a lot of interest, not only after Next Gen called them out, but I'm sure they want their shot at the titles as well! Let's head back to Lori and Ben!

[We cut to Lori Dane and Ben Waterson at the commentator's table.]

LD: Thank you, Mariah! We're about to see the World Tag Team Titles go on the line, and Ben, as Sweet Daddy said, Next Gen has been on a roll! What are your thoughts about this matchup?

BW: I won't take a thing away from Next Gen, because they are two-time tag team champions and you must be doing something right to achieve that! But I wouldn't look past The Shot Callers! Alexander Kingsley III is well-trained, experienced, and one of the best technicians in the locker room, and ever since Curt Sawyer joined forces with Kingsley, Sawyer has never looked better! The Shot Callers could very well be calling themselves champions after this match!

LD: The Shot Callers have been an impressive team, but let's not forget the family connections of Daniel Harper, a fourth-generation wrestler, and Howie Somers, whose uncle Eric was a former AWA tag team champion himself. This should be a good one so let's go up to the ring for our Main Event!

[We cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is ready to make the introductions.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with TV Time Remaining and it is for...  
THE AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP!

[The fans cheer in approval of that.]

"Keep Your Eye on the Money" by Motley Crue kicks in over the PA system, drawing loud jeers from the crowd.]

RO: Introducing first, the challengers, at a total combined weight of 510 pounds...  
CURT SAWYER! ALEXANDER KINGLSEY THE THIRD! They are...

...THE SHOOOOOTTTTTT CAAAAAALLLLLLLERRRRRRSSSSS!

[Sawyer and Kingsley appear at the entranceway. Sawyer is dressed in a sleek red jacket with "Sawyer" embedded over the left pec. He also wears matching red tights, black boots and a black brace on his right knee. Kingsley is dressed in a similar jacket with "Kingsley" embedded over the left pec, red trunks and black boots.]

LD: And there they are, Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley III, who have certainly made an impression on the tag ranks and have also had their issues with Shadoe Rage as of late.

BW: Shadoe Rage might have gotten under their skin, but believe me, I know Kingsley well and he'll make sure the focus stays on the task tonight, and that Sawyer will do the same!

[Kingsley smirks and raises his arms, while Sawyer stands there with his arms folded. Kingsley then casts a glance at his partner and slaps him on the shoulder, then the two make their way to the ring.]

LD: If Shadoe has gotten under their skin, you certainly can't tell. Sawyer appears to be all business tonight and Kingsley appears quite confident.

BW: And is that a bad thing, Lori? Just think of how much Kingsley will do his family name proud with a win tonight.

LD: And what about Sawyer?

BW: Why, he'll prove how far he's come since his days of running The Rusty Spur, from being an out-of-shape slob to one of the finest tag team wrestlers in the AWA!

[The Shot Callers reach the ring, both ascending the ring steps and ducking between the ropes. Kingsley again raises his arms and smirks at the booing crowd, while Sawyer takes a position in the corner, a hardened look on his face.

Motley Crue fades over the PA system and is replaced with chanting.

"Do-do-do-do do-do-do-do  
Do-do-do-do do-do-do-do"

[It's the unmistakable opening to Fall Out Boy's "Centuries," after which two words appear on the video screen.

"NEXT GEN"

Big cheer for that.]

MS: And their opponents, at a combined weight of 495 pounds... they are the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! HOWIE SOMERS! DANIEL HARPER! They are...

...NEEEEEEXXXXXT GEEEEENNNNN!

[The World Tag Team Champions emerge from the entranceway and stand at the top of the ramp. Howie Somers and Daniel Harper each wear a navy blue vest with the words "NEXT GEN" printed across the back in white lettering. They wear the same wrestling attire: a white singlet with the letters "NG" on the front in navy blue, block lettering, navy blue tights, white knee pads and wrestling boots. Somers and Harper each have a World Tag Team Title belt strapped around the waist.]

LD: And there they are! The tag team champions! A duo that some might say has taken its place among the best tag teams the AWA has ever seen!

BW: That's a bold statement, Lori, though as we've mentioned, they are two-time tag champs! But the question is, can they keep it going against The Shot Callers?

[Somers and Harper raise their arms to the crowd as the fans cheer. The duo then swiftly marches toward the ring, their eyes focused ahead, though they do extend their arms to slap hands with fans.]

LD: And much like AWA10 and that steel cage match, Next Gen looks quite focused.

BW: As well they should be, Lori! They have to know that many tag teams are waiting for their shot at the gold, so if they want to prove they are one of the best teams in AWA history, they better be focused!

[Somers and Harper reach ringside, where they stop to remove their vests and drop them to the floor.]

LD: Wait a minute... Next Gen usually gets into the ring before they...

[The tag team champs then remove their belts, dropping them to the floor as well...

...and then they slide into the ring, roll to their feet and rush The Shot Callers!]

LD: As an old friend used to say... OH MY STARS! Next Gen going right after Kingsley and Sawyer!

BW: And before the bell has even rung! I thought Somers and Harper were supposed to set an example!

LD: Since when have you cared about that, Ben?

BW: Hey, I'm just trying to think of the children, Lori!

[Somers attacks Sawyer while Harper attacks Kingsley, with The Shot Callers responding in kind.]

LD: It's broken down already and the match hasn't officially started!

BW: And Next Gen might have made a mistake! The Shot Callers are taking it to them!

LD: Sawyer and Kingsley have the advantage, both hammering away!

[Sawyer has Somers trapped in one corner while Kingsley has Harper trapped in the opposite corner, Sawyer firing away a series of hard shots to Somers' chest, while Kingsley hits Harper with a pair of forearms, then a European uppercut.]

LD: Sawyer and Kingsley have Somers and Harper by the arm... now a pair of Irish whips...

[As Sawyer and Kingsley try to whip Somers and Harper into each other, though, Next Gen reverses the attempt.]

LD: Reversal! Sawyer and Kingsley meet face to face!

[After Sawyer and Kingsley collide with one another, Harper leaps up for a dropkick into Kingsley's back.]

LD: And Harper sends Kingsley right back into his partner!

[Sawyer and Kingsley fall to the mat, both rolling out of the ring, as the referee orders Next Gen to their corner.]

LD: And our referee trying to get this match under control...

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: ...and there's the bell!

BW: And what is Harper doing now?

[Kingsley and Sawyer are outside the ring and huddled, Kingsley saying something to Sawyer...

...but Harper slides toward them, his feet extended.]

LD: Baseball slide! Harper still taking the fight to The Shot Callers!

[Sawyer slumps against the railing as Kingsley falls to the floor. Harper has an intense look on his face as he grabs Kingsley and throws him back into the ring.]

LD: Kingsley tossed into the ring and Somers is waiting for him!

BW: And Harper is going after Sawyer outside the ring! How is this fair to The Shot Callers?

[Inside the ring, Somers drags Kingsley up and whips him into the ropes.]

LD: The Irish whip by Somers... no, a reversal by Kingsley!

[Kingsley goes for a clothesline but Somers ducks.]

LD: Clothesline misses!

[Somers comes off the opposite side and leaps into the air.]

LD: But the shoulder tackle by Somers does not!

[Meanwhile, outside the ring, Harper and Sawyer are trading blows, but Sawyer gets the upper hand after a clothesline.]

BW: Yeah, but Harper is learning the hard way why he shouldn't have kept pushing Sawyer like this!

LD: I'm not sure if Somers even knows what's happened to his partner... he's got Kingsley in the corner.

[Inside the ring, Somers corners Kingsley and drives his shoulder into the midsection.]

LD: Somers not letting up on Kingsley and the official is putting the count on him!

BW: Yeah, but look at Sawyer and Harper!

[Sawyer has slammed Harper's face into the ring apron, then grabs him in a side headlock.]

LD: Sawyer has Harper... what is he trying to do?

[Sawyer takes a couple of steps toward the ring stairs...

...but that's when Harper pushes free of Sawyer's grasp.]

LD: Sawyer sent into the steel steps!

BW: He's holding his knee, Lori! Look!

[Indeed, Sawyer has crumpled to the floor, where he grabs his right knee, a look of pain on his face.]

LD: Sawyer's right knee has given him issues in the past, and right now, it looks like he may have serious damage!

[Harper, meanwhile, heads over to his corner and gets on the apron. Meanwhile, Somers is being reprimanded by the official, as Somers holds up his hands.]

LD: And Somers coming close to being disqualified! Next Gen absolutely taking the fight to The Shot Callers! This duo is FIRED UP! We heard what they had to say towards Team Supreme in general and the Gold Standard in particular recently... they are NOT happy with what they saw at the Red Wedding, Ben.

BW: Oh, so that's the plan? Pass off this aggressive rule-breaking as them being angry at someone else and just taking it out on the Shot Callers? They may have seriously injured Curt Sawyer out there and you're okay with that?!

LD: I'm never okay with someone getting injured... but I do think there are some hot tempers in the AWA locker room these days thanks to Team Supreme's actions and that may be what Sawyer and Kingsley are feeling the impact of right now.

[Somers pulls Kingsley out from the corner, then reaches over to tag in Harper.]

LD: There's the tag to Harper... now Next Gen looking for the double team.

[Somers positions Kingsley over a bent knee, while Harper goes to the second rope and leaps off.]

LD: Elbow by Harper right to the throat! Next Gen has been in control thus far!

BW: Only because they attacked before the bell, Lori! And look at poor Curt Sawyer... he's having trouble walking!

[Sawyer is trying to get to his feet, but is having trouble putting weight on his knee.]

LD: Sawyer certainly does not look like he's doing well... right now, it's Harper with Kingsley...

[Harper pulls Kingsley up and delivers his own European uppercut.]

LD: The European uppercut is a signature move of both competitors in that ring... now Harper backs Kingsley into the ropes.

[Harper whips Kingsley, but Kingsley manages a reversal.]

LD: Kingsley reverses the Irish whip...

[Kingsley then catches Harper off the ropes around the waist, falling backwards.]

LD: And Kingsley drops Harper across the ropes with the Hotshot!

BW: Kingsley's looking for his tag team partner... I don't think he knows what happened!

[Kingsley turns to his corner, doesn't see Sawyer, then glances around and notices Sawyer limping outside the ring.]

LD: And Kingsley going outside to check on his partner...

[Kingsley confronts Sawyer, asking him if he's all right, but Sawyer waves him off and points back to the ring.]

LD: Sawyer telling Kingsley to get back into the ring.

BW: And who can blame him? Kingsley needs to stay on top of things... imagine how impressive it would be if he beats Next Gen single handedly?

[Kingsley looks frustrated, but slides back into the ring as Sawyer limps over to his corner.]

LD: Kingsley back on the attack... he's got Harper up and sends him into the ropes...

[Kingsley puts his head down for a back body drop, but Harper is ready for him.]

LD: And Harper with a kick right to the head!

[Kingsley staggers backwards as Harper kicks him in the midsection, then cinches in a front facelock.]

LD: Harper has Kingsley... a facelock, a hook of the leg...

[Harper takes Kingsley over with a fisherman suplex and bridges.]

LD: He gets one... two... and the kickout by Kingsley!

BW: Sawyer is finally in his corner but he's having trouble putting weight on that knee!

[In the ring, Harper has dragged Kingsley up once more and tags in Somers.]

LD: Somers back in the ring... Harper sending Kingsley into a neutral corner.

[Somers stands at the opposite corner, then Harper grabs him by the arm and whips his partner across the ring.]

LD: And Harper sending Somers right into Kingsley!

[Somers pulls Kingsley out of the corner and hooks him around the waist, but Kingsley pokes Somers in the eyes out of desperation.]

LD: And Kingsley going to the eyes! Somers stunned and...

[Kingsley then wraps his arms around Somers, trying to lift him up.]

LD: Kingsley now going for the belly to belly! Can he get him up?

[Somers is able to block the attempt, then lifts Kingsley up.]

LD: And Somers with the inverted atomic drop!

[Kingsley falls backwards and slumps into his corner, where Sawyer is standing.]

LD: Wait a minute... did the referee signal a tag?

[The referee motions to Sawyer to get into the ring.]

BW: What is this about? Where was the tag?

LD: I can only guess that Kingsley and Sawyer touched hands when Kingsley fell into his own corner!

[Sawyer ducks between the ropes and he and Somers trade blows as the countdown clock appears, reading "6:21"]

LD: Still, Sawyer is taking the fight to Somers as the time ticks down! About six minutes left in this one and in this show!

BW: That shows you exactly the kind of competitor that Sawyer has become since joining forces with Kingsley!

[Sawyer sticks a thumb in Somers' eyes, then hooks a front chancery.]



LD: And Sawyer trying to take Somers over... can he get him up?

[Somehow, Sawyer is able to lift Somers up and over into a vertical suplex.]

BW: What guts and determination by Sawyer! He got the big man of Next Gen up and with a bad leg!

LD: An impressive display by Sawyer and... what is he doing now?

[Sawyer gets a smirk on his face, then runs into the ropes.]

LD: Sawyer coming off the ropes... he leaps!

[Sawyer then bends his right knee and comes down...]

LD: Somers moved! Sawyer hits the canvas!

[And Sawyer now winces in pain, grabbing at his right knee.]

LD: Sawyer landed on that injured knee!

BW: Sawyer's kneedrop is one of the best in the business, so I can't blame him for going to what works! But that's not a good sign for Sawyer!

[Somers gets to his feet, dragging Sawyer to the corner, then tagging in Harper.]

LD: And now Harper back in... Somers pulling Sawyer up and slams him...

[Then Somers grabs Harper from behind and has him in position.]

LD: And now Somers has his partner... slams him right on top of Sawyer! Harper with the cover now... one... two...

[Kingsley comes rushing into the ring, kicking Harper in the back of the head.]

LD: Kingsley with the save! But that brings Somers back into the ring!

BW: The referee's gotta step in to stop this!

[Somers and Kingsley now trade blows, then Harper gets to his feet and spins Kingsley around.]

LD: European uppercut by Harper! Kingsley dazed!

[Somers and Harper then locks hands and rush toward Kingsley.]

LD: Double clothesline takes Kingsley out!

[Kingsley tumbles over the ropes and to the floor as the referee orders Somers out of the ring.]

BW: About time that referee get some control of the situation!

LD: Sawyer managed to get to his feet... but Harper coming up from behind!

[Harper stands behind Sawyer, wrapping his left leg around Sawyer's right, then falling backwards.]

LD: Russian legsweep by Harper! Now he's back to his feet!

[Having rolled quickly to his feet, Harper leaps into the air.]

LD: Elbowdrop by Harper! And he's back up again!

[Harper grabs the right leg of Sawyer and signals to the crowd, then spins around.]

LD: Harper's got Sawyer by the leg... figure-four leglock applied!

[Sawyer yells in pain as Harper applies the pressure.]

BW: Come on, Sawyer... this is gut check time!

LD: Sawyer's knee in a bad way... how much longer can he hold on?

[Sawyer covers up for a moment, but then raises his right hand and slaps it on the mat.]

LD: Sawyer is tapping out! This one is over!

[The bell rings as Harper releases the hold, then rises to his feet. He raises his arms in the air, then is joined by Somers, who does the same, both men with intense looks on their faces.]

MS: Here are your winners... and STILL the AWA World Tag Team Champions...  
NEEEEEEXXXXXT GEEEEENNNNNN!

[The official collects the tag team belts and hands them back to Next Gen. Somers and Harper raise the belts in the air to the cheering crowd as the countdown clock comes up reading just over three minutes.]

LD: And Next Gen prevails, once again, over the number two ranked contenders for the World Tag Team Titles! I can only imagine that Mifune and Grayson are next on their list!

BW: And I'm sure The Gold Standard will be more than happy to respond - when Bret Grayson is medically cleared - but right now, what about Sawyer? He's still down!

LD: Sawyer is still holding his knee... now Kingsley is in the ring checking on his partner.

[As Next Gen departs the ring, Kingsley waves to the back, yelling for someone to come down for help.]

LD: And we've got Dr. Ponavitch on his way to the ring along with a couple others... Sawyer might have significant damage to that knee, Ben.

BW: Give that man credit... other men would have packed it in after an injury like that, but Sawyer fought gamely!

LD: I'll take nothing away from Sawyer, but unfortunately, it looks like he'll need help to get back to the locker room. Fans, we hope you enjoyed the Pre-Game Show here on ESPN! We're under three minutes on the clock and counting! It's been our great honor and privilege to call the action but it's time for us to step aside for our good friends Colt Patterson and Big Sal Albano! But before we do, let's go over to Mariah - take it home, girlfriend!

[We cut to the backstage area to a grinning Mariah Wolfe standing alongside the man called "The Future" Derrick Williams. Williams stands in white gear with blue

trim, wearing his ring coat of white with blue trim and "The Future" written in digital like font on the sides, along with mirrored round sunglasses framing his face, his natural black hair growing now to about an inch and sitting in it's natural tight curls.]

MW: You got it, Lori! Fans, we are just MOMENTS away from kicking off National Wrestling Night right here in Kansas City on the ABC Network! And... here's the scoop... we are just moments away from kicking off National Wrestling Night on ABC with a HUGE tag team match between Masks For Money and the team of the man standing by my side right now, "The Future" Derrick Williams, and his partner, former World Champion Ryan Martinez...

[Wolfe looks around.]

MW: ...who right now is nowhere in sight! Derrick, you're here all by yourself. We heard from the masked mercs earlier tonight...

[Williams nods.]

MW: ...do you have anything to say to them? Or maybe something about where in the world your partner is before this matchup with an established - and VERY dangerous - tag team?

[Williams sighs, before answering.]

DW: Where is my partner?

[Williams shrugs.]

DW: I don't know, Mariah... and at this point, I don't CARE where my partner is!

[Mariah looks surprised at the firm response.]

DW: He wants to sulk because he let that snake Supreme Wright in too close? That's his business. But if it interferes with MY business, that's where we have a problem.

The Masks have been hounding both Martinez and I for months.

Tonight, it's over.

[Williams swings a hand out.]

DW: Tonight, the Masks get sent packing and I move on!

Because they've been an annoyance... and while we've had people stealing the World Title belt... we've had the Red Wedding... we've had the Desperadoes running wild on Showtime... and all that other stuff, I've been struggling to get into the mix of any of it.

Why? Because I've got two masked mercenaries gunning for me because someone wrote them an awfully big check.

[Williams jerks a thumb at himself.]

DW: I should be up there deep involved, chasing Supernova, gunning for the World Title... but instead I'm chasing off mercenaries and gunning for whoever hired them.

Well, that's done tonight. Period.

If Ryan Martinez deigns to join me, great. If not, I'll do what I always do, Mariah. Go it alone and get it done.

[Mariah shakes her head.]

MW: Derrick, I'm not sure if you're aware but we've heard that Ryan Martinez IS in the building...

[The Sprint Center crowd ROARS!]

MW: ...for the first time since the Red Wedding. But we've also heard that not only have none of us seen the White Knight since the Red Wedding but we've no one - other than President Zharkov - has even SPOKEN to him.

[Williams sighs.]

DW: I think, Mariah, that I might be the only one here who doesn't give a damn about the Red Wedding...

[Mariah's jaw drops as you can almost hear the collective gasp inside the arena.]

DW: ...because you'd have to have been blind not to see it coming.

Ryan Martinez getting fooled by Supreme Wright and his band of merry men is not MY problem. MY problem is him coming out to that ring tonight and getting business done.

Because whatever it takes, I'm ending things with Masks For Money TONIGHT!

[A determined Williams smashes a closed fist into an empty palm.]

DW: Because I AM the Future.

I was named the Future by Juan Vasquez... just as a gimmick, a silly thing when he may have been under the influence of a damned crystal a couple of years ago.

I was handpicked... I was in a group that DOMINATED this company for a year.. that would STILL be dominating it today if it had stayed standing and wasn't shattered to pieces by that piece of trash last year and that shady company he worked for.

Oh, and by the way, in case you forget while seeing the White Knight go to Disneyland, I'm a major reason why that shady company has nothing to do with what's on your TV tonight and why THIS wrestling company is still standing.

[Williams pauses with a smirk.]

DW: I am the Future of the AWA... and it's far past time I claim my place at the table.

Mariah, you say that we're kicking off the show tonight - well, that's all good with me. Tonight, on national network television, the AWA wants its biggest and brightest stars leading off and it's no surprise that it's Martinez and Williams.

[He smirks wider.]

DW: The Present and the Future.

But as it says on my entrance video on the big screens, the Future is NOW, Mariah.

[Williams pauses, nodding as the fans cheer.]

DW: You hear the people, Mariah?

[Wolfe nods.]

DW: That means it's showtime.

Now, let's get the VTR Roll going, do the intro, I know the Masks are sitting there in Chimpanzee waiting for their music to hit

Let's get this rolling... so I can get this done...

...and I can get clear to go after what I really want...

[Williams grins.]

DW: ...and that's Supernova and the AWA World Title.

[Williams tugs his sunglasses back in place, standing up straight as the fans cheer as Mariah throws it to network television...]

MW: That's our cue! It's time to play the music, it's time to light the lights, it's time to get things started on National... Wrestling... Night! Grab the remote! Change that channel to ABC! We'll see you in a matter of seconds! So long everybody!

[And on that, we fade to black and...]