



# THE BATTLE OF LONDON

April 28th, 2018  
O2 Arena  
London, England

## Hour One Hour Two Hour Three

[We fade up as a very grand and booming instrumental is heard - something that could've been composed by John Williams... and in fact WAS composed by John Williams as the Walt Disney Company spared no expense for its newest content provider. We get a shot of what appears to be a film strip on screen, the AWA World Title the first image... but others quickly flash by - Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright at SuperClash VI... Julie Somers moonsaulting onto Kurayami from SuperClash IX... Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez squaring off all the way back at SuperClash I... quicker shots of Marcus Broussard, City Jack, Calisto Dufresne giving way to Jack Lynch, Jordan Ohara, and Kerry Kendrick... a glimpse of Melissa Cannon fading to Michelle Bailey fading to Harley Hamilton... Jim Watkins battling Joe Petrow... Ron Houston using a Fade To Black on an opponent... Hannibal Carver diving off the video wall at Eternally Extreme 2... Ayako Fujiwara delivering a German Suplex to Lauryn Rage... Violence Unlimited brawling with the Lynch Brothers... 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 back up on a shot of the exterior of a backstage door that says "INTERIM PRESIDENT ZHARKOV." The camera shot holds there for a few moments, music trickling out from under the door... but we can't quite identify the music yet until...

...we cut inside where the man himself, Interim President Zharkov, is standing, a few beads of sweat on his forehead as we realize the music is the Pointer Sisters' "Jump (For My Love)." A surprising smile is on the face of the Tsar as a loud knock is heard. Zharkov makes a lunge for a white towel on his desk, giving his forehead a swipe before...]

MZ: Enter!

[...and the door swings open to reveal one of the owners of the American Wrestling Alliance, Jon Stegglet, who sweeps into the room with a big grin on his face, striding across to shake Zharkov's hand.]

JS: Max! Welcome to London!

[Zharkov nods, still shaking hands. Stegglet's brow furrows, pointing to the air.]

JS: Pointer Sisters? Nice choice.

[Zharkov abruptly breaks the handshake, making another lunge to swat the Bluetooth speaker on his desk to silence it.]

MZ: Mr. Stegglet, it is good to see you.

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: But you're probably wondering why I'm here.

[Zharkov shrugs.]

MZ: Is big show, yes.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: Absolutely. Any time we go international, it's a big night for us... and this one might be bigger than any in a while. We've got big matches. We've got some big announcements. But really, I wanted to come here to see you specifically because I wanted to let you know how pleased we are with the job you've been doing.

[Zharkov looks genuinely shocked.]

MZ: Really? With all the brawls and the attacks and the...?

[Stegglet waves a hand dismissively.]

JS: All that's to be expected, Max. Just part of the gig. Hey, there's a reason this job's had more turnover than the Defense Against The Dark Arts gig at Hogwarts!

[Stegglet smiles wide, chuckling to himself... but Zharkov looks puzzled.]

JS: Harry Potter?

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

JS: Ah, well... don't let the crowd hear that tonight. But anyways, Max-

[A knock at the door interrupts Stegklet who pauses in mid-sentence. Zharkov looks surprised and raises a hand.]

MZ: A moment please.

[Zharkov walks over to the door, swinging it open... to a surprised look on his face...

...and we cut to a shot from the other side, showing Casey Cash looking back in. She quickly holds up a finger to her mouth, gesturing for quiet as she swings a white placard with black writing in front of her.]

"TELL HIM IT'S CAROL SINGERS!"

[Zharkov looks puzzled but...]

MZ: It's... carol singers?

[Stegglet's voice can be heard from inside the room.]

JS: In April? Give 'em a quid and tell 'em to bugger off!

[Zharkov gestures into the office but Cash shakes her head, hitting a button on a Bluetooth speaker of her own and we can hear Christmas carols... yes, in April... this plan wasn't well thought out. Cash holds up a second card.]

"WITH ANY LUCK, BY NEXT YEAR..."

[And another...]

"I'LL BE GOING OUT WITH ONE OF THESE GIRLS..."

[Zharkov raises an eyebrow... and Cash holds up another card with (badly) Photoshopped pictures of her wearing the AWA Women's World Title... and one blurry selfie of her with one of the Women's World Tag Team Titles. She beams at Zharkov who sighs as she pulls another card into view.]

"BUT FOR NOW, LET ME SAY..."

[And another.]

"WITHOUT HOPE OR AGENDA,"

[And another.]

"JUST BECAUSE IT'S CHRIS-"

["Chris" is scratched out and replaced with "THE BATTLE OF LONDON" sloppily. Zharkov shakes his head again as Casey shrugs with a smirk.]

"(AND AT CHRIS-"

[Yep, scratched out again.]

"-BATTLE OF LONDON, YOU TELL THE TRUTH)"

[Cash tosses it aside and pulls another into view.]

"TO ME, YOU'D BE PERFECT..."

[Zharkov looks actually touched, his jaw slightly dropped as Cash pulls another card out.]

"...IF YOU'D FIRE BETTY CHANG."

[Zharkov sighs deeply as Cash holds up a final card.]

"PRETTY PRETTY PRETTY PLEEEEEEEASE!"

[Zharkov shakes his head, slamming the door shut behind him as Casey angrily throws her Bluetooth speaker at the wall and stalks angrily down the hall...

...and we fade through black into the interior of the O2 Arena where the crowd is ROARING, we can hear the sounds of "Rule Britannia" blasting over the PA system, and the video wall is entirely dedicated to a flapping Union Jack in the breeze.

The voice of Salvatore Albano cuts through.]

SA: Pip, pip... cheerio... and hello AWA fans around the world! We are LIVE in the O2 Arena! We are LIVE in London, England... the country of Shakespeare, Churchill, The Beatles, Sean Connery, Harry Potter, David Beckham's right foot, David Beckham's left foot come to that! We are LIVE for what promises to be a history-making night here on ESPN as we present THE BATTLE OF LONDON!

[Another roar goes up as red and white pyro goes off at the top of the stage, filling the air with smoke and fire before coming to a halt, the fans still cheering madly as we see the extended rampway leading from the stage down the aisle towards the ring. The typical Saturday Night Wrestling setup has been exported to Londontown for this one and the fans are raring and ready to go!

We cut to a shot of the ringside area where we see Big Sal down by the announce table in a charcoal grey suit with a white dress shirt and a tie resembling the Union Jack and by his side is Colt Patterson who is dressed quite subdued for his usual style.]

SA: And Colt Patterson... I gotta say, you're lookin' good, my friend!

CP: It's Patterson, Albano... Colt Patterson.

SA: That's what I just-

[And on cue, Colt pulls a martini glass into view, smirking at the camera.]

SA: -ohhhh... now I get it.

[Patterson sets the drink down on the table behind them.]

CP: Gotta save that one for later, Albano, because if I gotta spend three hours here with you when I could be out painting the town red, I'm gonna lock you in the Tower of London!

SA: Threatening imprisonment in the opening minute of the show? How many of those have you had?!

[Patterson smirks but does not respond.]

SA: Drinking on the job aside, Colt, let's talk about this big night of action that's ahead of us here in London! Of course, we've got the Royal Crown Finals - two huge four way matches with some of the best in the world involved.

CP: Let's talk about 'em - on the men's side, we've got Joe Flint, Tony Donovan, Sid Osborne, and Shadoc Rage going for the Crown... and on the women's side, it's Trish Wallace, Michelle Bailey, Ayako Fujiwara, and Lauryn Rage!

SA: Any predictions?

CP: Two tough matchups... but I gotta pick my guy, the Sin City Savior, Sal. Sid Osborne is coming to London with a legitimate claim to be the National Champion... and that claim is only gonna get stronger when he walks out of London with the Royal Crown.

SA: And for the women?

CP: You talk about a Main Event anywhere in the world, Albano. The first woman to wear the AWA Women's World Title, Lauryn Rage. Michelle Bailey who has won titles all over the globe. Trish Wallace who may be the strongest woman in all of wrestling. And an Olympic gold medalist?

SA: That's not a prediction.

CP: You want predictions? I got predictions! I'm predicting that Trish Wallace is gonna shock the world and just be too much to handle for the other three in that match. I'm also gonna predict that Juan Vasquez is going down in the night's Main Event because all the nostalgia and all the politicking in the world isn't gonna get that belt off Supernova tonight.

SA: We've got those three big matches and a whole lot more so let's get things going up in the ring with Rebecca Ortiz and our opening matchup!

[We cut from ringside up to the ring where the aforementioned Ortiz has gone with a red and white dress that bisected vertically with the two colors with a blue sash tied around the midsection.]

RO: Tonight's opening contest here at The Battle of London is our European Showcase match! It is a TRIOS MATCH set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit!

Introducing first...

[The arena is plunged in darkness. A single spotlight shines down upon the stage, casting a sharp circle of light on the backdrop, as the horns introducing Garbage's "The World is Not Enough" starts to play. A figure walks in, casting a silhouette on the circle, which splits - another circle follows the silhouette to the center of the stage. The spotlight beam splits again, a third circle moves across to the left side of the stage, falling upon a feminine silhouette.]

RO: Hailing from Chelsea, London, England...

[Ortiz pauses for a BIG roar from the hometown fans!]

RO: ...he is accompanied to the ring by Xenia Sonova... weighing in at 265 pounds...

...he is HER MAJESTY'S MIIIIIGHT...

...RORYYYYYYYYYY SMYYYYYYYYYYYTHE!

[The lights around the stage returns to reveal Rory Smythe, who has golden tanned skin, hazel eyes and wavy, dark brown hair, closely-cropped around the sides and back. His muscular physique fills a black suit, over a white shirt and black tie.

The feminine silhouette is revealed to belong to Xenia Sonova, her dark brown hair falling in waves behind her, past her shoulders. She is dressed tonight in a sleeveless black dress. The hem of Sonova's dress reaches her ankles, but a slit on the outside of her left leg goes up nearly all the way to her hips. The duo pauses on the entrance stage as the lights come up...]

RO: Annnnnd his tag team partner...

...from Birmingham, England...

[Another big ROAR goes up from the partisan fans!]

RO: ...weighing in at 205 pounds... he is the CRUSHERWEIGHT...

...ADRIANNNNNNN KIRRRRRRRRRRK!

[The cheers go up for the CCW cruiserweight, striding into view with a snarl on his face. His deep crimson singlet covers his slender torso as he chomps down on a matching mouthpiece, pointing at the ring threateningly.]

RO: ....and their partner...

[A loud orchestral hit echoes through the hall: the climactic scene of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." The fans rise to their feet and look to the entryway.

Another orchestral hit and a wrestler appears, standing at ease, his arms clasped behind the back. Ringkrieger. The deep operatic bass of the Commendatore roars.]

"DON GIOVANNI... A CENAR TECO... M'INVITASTI... E SON VENUTO"

RO: ...from Innsbruck, Austria... weighing in at 305 pounds...

...Der Oger aus Innsbruuuuuck...

...MIIIIIIIISSSSSTERRRRRRRRRRR!

[The ROAR gets louder as one of Europe's finest competitors steps forward, standing between Kirk and Smythe with Sonova hanging back to give the trio the spotlight. MISTER gives a nod to both of his partners before the trio starts walking down the ramp towards the ring.]

SA: A European Showcase indeed! Three of the best in all of Europe right there, Colt.

CP: You've got Rory Smythe who is already in the AWA... you've got Adrian Kirk who WANTS to be in the AWA... and MISTER who left a trail of battered bodies from when he WAS in the AWA! This is something!

SA: A very physical trio to be sure... and for any of our newer fans who haven't seen MISTER or Adrian Kirk in action, you are in for a treat!

[Reaching the ring, MISTER allows Smythe to climb the ringsteps, posing for the crowd before ducking into the ring. Kirk dives under the bottom rope on the run, coming up on all fours and glaring into the hard camera...

...and MISTER is the last to enter, walking up the ringsteps onto the apron, wiping his boots before stepping through. He stands upright, facing out on the crowd with his hands clasped behind his back again and bellows ""RESPEKTIERE DIE LEINWAND!" before turning back towards his partners.]

SA: You heard him there, fans. Respect the canvas. The motto of MISTER and his allies in Ringkrieger who are not here tonight. That includes Daniel Ross who is down in CCW... and with so much talk about CCW already tonight, Colt, we'd be remiss in not talking about the Brass Ring tournament.

CP: We've talked a lot about the Royal Crown tournament being about opportunity, Sal... well, the Brass Ring is the ULTIMATE opportunity for one man and one woman who've been busting their butts down in CCW... down in Dallas in the Combat Corner... some of them in rings all around the world for one chance... one shot to show the world what they can do.

SA: Those tournaments are going to kick off very shortly as the Showtime crew prepares to go on tour for the summer starting on May 19th in Reseda... and I hear we're going to learn all the names who will be participating in the tournament next weekend on that Bon Voyage edition of Showtime when we see goodbye to Center Stage Studios in Atlanta for a few months, Colt.

CP: It could be a couple of the people in this match... a ton of good talent down there in CCW though... I can't wait to see who gets tapped for this one.

SA: And I'm sure you've got a sentimental favorite for the Women's side of that tournament with your daughter Piper competing in CCW.

CP: I'm rooting for her but I promise to be unbiased if she gets the call. As unbiased as I am towards everyone else.

SA: Oh brother.

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents... introducing first...

[The very familiar sounds of Blur's "Song 2" rings out over the PA system, the opening chords leading to what everyone knows is coming as the crowd rises up and...]

"WOO HOO!"

[...which brings the first man on the other team sprinting into view, pumping a fist excitedly.]

RO: ...from Dover, England...

[The Englishman gets another big ROAR from the O2 Arena crowd!]

RO: ...weighing 183 pounds... he is the DOOOOVER DYYYYYNAMOOOOOO...

...ARRRRRTHURRRRRR BAAAAAANKS!

[Banks grins broadly as he pumps his fist again, pointing to the raucous London crowd. He strikes his signature pose, chest puffed out with his fists on his hips and his strong chin thrust forward to another cheer from the more knowledgeable portion of the crowd...]

...and then does a shuffle step to the side as the next man comes rushing into view, pumping a fist himself as a blue and yellow ring jacket hangs off his fit torso.]

RO: Annnnnnd his tag team partner... from Odesa in the Ukraine... weighing in at 189 pounds...

...fighting out of the Sudakov Fight Academy...

...he is the Heart of the Ukraine...

...ALEXANNNNNNDERRRR KUUUUUUKURRRRRRAAAAAA!

[The highly-regarded prospect looks out with intensity on the crowd, throwing both arms up into the air and then jerking them down hard as he lets loose a war cry before exchanging a fierce chestbump with Banks...]

RO: Annnnnnd their tag team partner...

[A siren rings out over the PA system, shrill and harsh to get your attention...]

"DANGER WILL ROBINSON!"

[...and as "Aces High" by Iron Maiden shreds to life over the PA system, one of the business' hottest free agents comes charging into view to a THUNDEROUS ROAR from the AWA faithful!]

RO: ...from Liverpool... weighing in at 231 pounds...

...WILLLLLLL "THE THRILLLLLLL" ROBINNNNNN SONNNNNNNNNN!

[Robinson looks to be very enthusiastic about being a part of this opening match, trading quick high fives with his partners as he stands in electric blue full length tights at the top of the ramp with a red stripe running down the leg. He too has a ring jacket on, showing an aerial battle in progress stitched across the back. He shrugs out of it, revealing a lean but well-conditioned body and with a jerk of his arm, the trio starts down the aisle towards the ring...]

SA: Well, if we were impressed by the team of Smythe, Kirk, and MISTER, Colt... I might be even MORE impressed by this trio!

CP: Two more of CCW's finest in Kukura and that pipsqueak Banks... plus a guy that most experts would call one of the most-pursued free agents in the business... and I can only hope that him being here tonight means the AWA has the inside track in signing him to a contract, Sal.

SA: I'm with you there, partner...

[Reaching the ring, Banks gets a running start and leaps up, sailing over the bottom rope in a front roll to a sitting position in the ring where he flashes a big thumbs up at the camera. Kukura takes the ringsteps, marching aggressively down the apron to mount the midbuckle, pointing out to the crowd. Robinson comes in last, climbing up on the apron before slingshotting over the top, landing on the middle rope, and backflipping to mid-ring where he drops to a knee, pointing to the cheering fans.]

SA: ...whoa! And what an entrance there for Will Robinson... and this crowd is so excited for four of the six competitors in this matchup to be from right here in the United Kingdom, Colt.



CP: But they're on opposite sides of the ring, Albano. That's gotta be a problem. Not to mention we've got Adrian Kirk and MISTER on the same team and those two don't exactly get along either, Sal.

SA: A lot of history between the Crusherweight and Ringkrieger all over Europe... and it looks like it'll be MISTER starting this match against a different UK grappler in Arthur Banks. Talk to me about the Dover Dynamo, Colt.

CP: Well, he's not gonna rank very high on the intimidation scale checking in at five foot eight and 183 pounds... that's for sure. But surprisingly, he might be the strongest man in the ring.

SA: He's a powerful lad, yes?

CP: Absolutely. 23 years old and as strong as an ox. If you haven't seen some of his feats of strength on the Internet, you're missing out.

SA: He's definitely outsized as he starts things off with MISTER...

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: ...but the size of the fight in him is bigger than everyone in the building. MISTER looking for the collar and elbow, wanting to use that size advantage...

[But as soon as they tie up, Banks slips out, walking past MISTER and giving him a waggle of the finger...]

SA: ...oho... and Banks slips free, giving him a little wave of the fingers... Dikembe Mutombo style.

CP: I'm not sure antagonizing MISTER is the smartest strategy though.

[Banks waves MISTER towards him, sizing the bigger man up...]

SA: Here we go again... locking up in the middle...

[...but again Banks spins out, puffing out his chest, hands on his hips to cheers from the crowd!]

SA: ...and Banks escapes again, going right into that signature pose of his... almost daring MISTER to put one on him...

[An agitated MISTER makes a lunge, trying to overwhelm the smaller Banks who spins out again...

...and is just about to puff out his chest when...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: GOOD GOOOOOD! A thunderclap of a slap across the chest takes Arthur Banks down in a hurry!

[Looking to take advantage and give Banks no time to recover, MISTER drags him off the mat by the arm, winging him across the ring with a whip...]

SA: Banks off the far side... BIG CHOP!

[...but Banks ducks under the chop attempt, racing towards the ropes where he leaps up, using the ropes to swing around in a Tiger feint...]

SA: Look at the athleticism of Banks!

[...and SMASHES a lariat into the chest of MISTER to a big cheer!]

SA: Big clothesline by Banks... but look at MISTER! Refusing to go down!

[MISTER smashes a forearm across his own chest, shaking his head defiantly as Banks drops back into the ropes, bouncing back towards his fellow European...]

SA: Banks to the ropes for momentum and- OHHHH! Big boot to the mush by MISTER!

[The blow staggers Banks, knocking him backwards as MISTER lunges in, swinging him down into a standing headscissors...]

SA: He's looking for a powerbomb already!

[...and with a mighty lift, MISTER has him up on his shoulders where Banks starts frantically pummeling the skull of his attacker...]

SA: Banks trying to fight out of it annnnnd... HE DOES! Takes MISTER down and over with a rana! Nice counter by the man from Dover, England... right back on his feet... MISTER's not far behind him though and...

[As both men get to their feet, Banks lunges forward, ducking low...]

SA: YOU GOTTA BE...

[...and to a thunderous ROAR from the O2 Arena crowd, he slams the 305 pounder down on the canvas!]

SA: ...KIDDING MEEEEEE! SCOOP AND A MIGHTY SLAM ON A MAN HE'S GIVING UP OVER A HUNDRED POUNDS TO!

[A shocked MISTER rolls under the ropes to the floor as Banks flexes for the crowd, showing off the guns...]

SA: Arthur Banks showing the power we referred to earlier, Colt!

CP: Sure did. You called it - over a hundred pound difference and a big ol' slam right in the middle that shakes up MISTER and sends him scurrying to the outside to regroup.

SA: But Banks isn't about to let him do it!

[With a point to the ropes, Banks rushes them, bouncing off with speed...]

SA: DOVER DYNAMO ON THE MOOOOOVE!

[...but as MISTER scrambles clear, Banks leaps up, hitting the back of his neck on the top rope to bounce back towards center ring, striking his signature pose again as the crowd ROARS!]

CP: Hah! He had you fooled too, Albano!

SA: He sure did... and MISTER's up on the apron now, hot under the collar and-

[Banks moves to meet him there, winding up...]

...but MISTER blocks the blow, hooking an arm around the back of Banks' neck, dropping off the apron and SNAPPING Banks' throat down on the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[MISTER rolls under the ropes as Banks falls to his knees, coughing violently as MISTER strides to his corner, aggressively slapping the hand of Adrian Kirk.]

SA: There's our first tag of the match, bringing in a longtime Bates rival... and occasional partner for that matter... in the Crusherweight.

[Kirk comes in quickly, brushing past another former rival in MISTER to grab the struggling Banks by the hair, dragging him off the mat doubled over...]

SA: Kirk coming in hot, showing the aggression he's known for...

[...and starts snapping his foot repeatedly into the face of Banks!]

SA: ...look at those kicks, over and over to the skull of the Dover Dynamo...

[Kirk spins around, using the back of his leg to kick Banks' leg out from under him, putting him down on the mat...]

...and then leaps up, dropping 205 pounds down with a senton across the sternum!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KIRK WITH THE SENTON! FLIPS INTO A COVER!

[A two count lands before Banks escapes, his arm popping up off the mat into the air...]

...and Kirk promptly grabs the arm, scissoring his legs around it!]

SA: Look out now! He's looking for the jujigatame!

[The crowd is buzzing at Kirk's attempt to end the match early...]

...but Banks is ready for it, having his long-time ally/rival well-scouted, rolling to a hip...]

SA: Banks blocks it, trying to keep that arm from being extended...

CP: Or hyper-extended.

SA: That's the real fear for sure... especially with the Brass Ring Tournament coming up for some of these guys and gals from CCW. You don't want an injury - not now especially... but Banks is fighting this hold, trying to find a way out...

[On his feet with Kirk still grabbing at the arm, Banks braces himself...]

SA: ...oh my, do you think...?

[...and with the crowd ROARING and Banks grunting with exertion, he powers his opponent up into the air, holding him aloft in makeshift powerbomb position!]

SA: BANKS HAS GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM-

[But Kirk's got a counter for the counter, swinging his arm down to land 12 to 6 elbows to the skull of Banks, battling out of the powerbomb lift to land on his feet in front of him...]

SA: -KIRK ESCAPES... WHIPS HIM IN!

[...and as Kirk winds up for a swing, Banks baseball slides through the legs, coming to his feet behind Kirk who swings around...]

"OHHHH!"

[...and catches a stiff snap jab to the mouth from Banks!]

SA: WHAT A SHOT!

[The blow sends Kirk staggering backwards as Banks swings around to make his own tag...]

SA: Kirk's stunned... and in comes the Heart of the Ukraine, Alexander Kukura!

CP: This kid trained under Kolya Sudakov, former AWA National Champion, so if you're a fan of striking, suplexes, and submissions - this is your guy to watch right here.

[...and Kukura comes in a blur of motion, leaping at the stunned Kirk, smashing a flying European uppercut into the jaw, knocking Kirk off his feet!]

SA: Annnnd DOWWWWWN GOES THE CRUSHERWEIGHT!

[Kukura sprawls on top of Kirk, reaching back for a leg to secure a two count before Kirk escapes!]

SA: Two count only right there... and Kukura, look at him go! Moving so quickly to keep the attack on Adrian Kirk... annnnd SNAPS him over with a suplex!

[With his feet still on the mat, Kukura pushes off, rolling himself neatly into a mount on Kirk that draws some "ooooohs" from the impressed O2 crowd. Rearing back, Kukura drops a HUUUUUGE mounted forearm down on Kirk...]

SA: WHOA!

CP: I told you, Albano! That's a KO worthy forearm!

SA: Kirk trying to cover up, Kukura raining down those blows and-

[But as Kukura postures up to strike again, Kirk kicks his own legs up, snatching the arms of Kukura, dragging him down into a sunset flip!]

SA: -COUNTER BY KIRK! ROLLS HIM UP!

[Another two count follows before Kukura escapes, both European grapplers scrambling up off the mat to strike first...]

SA: Quickly to their feet and-

[Kukura comes up swinging, the forearm aimed at Kirk who somehow manages to backstep to avoid it, snaring Kukura as he goes by in a half nelson, swinging his knee quickly and impactfully up into the midsection!]

SA: -Kirk working the body... and uses that half nelson, sending Kukura into the neutral corner...

[Smashing chestfirst into the corner, Kukura staggers backwards as Kirk steps in, snatching the half nelson again...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DUMPS Kukura down on the back of his head and neck with a half nelson suplex!]

SA: SWEEEEEEET SANTA MARIAAAAAAAA!

[Kirk scrambles across, diving across the chest, tightly wrapping up a leg...]

SA: HE'S GOT ONE! HE'S GOT TWO! HE'S GOT TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[There's a mixed reaction for the kickout by the non-UK grappler as Kirk shakes his head at the official, holding up three fingers as he swiftly gets to his feet...]

SA: Kirk's got some words for the referee but he's staying focused, pulling Kukura to his feet... whip to the corner...

[Kirk charges in after him, landing a big clothesline in the buckles before slapping the hand of Rory Smythe...]

SA: ...and in comes the big powerhouse to a big roar from this crowd... Her Majesty's Might on the scene here in London. He wanted to be here so badly and like him or not, Colt, it's good to see him in the squared circle on this night.

CP: Absolutely.

SA: Smythe in as Kirk goes out...

[Keeping Kukura in the corner, Smythe starts laying in the heavy forearms, pounding the smaller competitor in the wrong part of town...]

SA: ...and Smythe working him over in the corner as the referee tells him to break it up...

CP: Be careful what you ask for, Sal.

[...and as Colt's comment finishes, Smythe drops Kukura with a vertical suplex out of the corner!]

SA: Suplex with ease by Smythe... and I think he's going for another one, fans.

[Getting back to his feet, Smythe pulls Kukura up with him, securing a front facelock again...]

SA: Got him wrapped up and-

[...but this time, Kukura spins out, twisting the arm at the same time, wrenching it around before using a kick to the back of the knee to put Smythe down on a knee on the mat...]

SA: -nice escape by Kukura and...

[...and with a hard armtwist, Kukura yanks Smythe down to the mat, leaving him there grabbing his arm in pain!]

SA: -ohhh! Kukura taking a standard armtwist and adding a little extra something to it, Colt!

CP: Just like his trainer Kolya Sudakov, Kukura does everything with intensity so even the most basic moves in his arsenal have the potential to do serious damage.

SA: Grabbing the arm again... and now he's dragging him back across the ring... listen to these fans, they know what's coming next!

[Kukura pauses to point at Will Robinson who is out on the apron, getting a big cheer from the crowd...]

SA: They want to see it annnnd...

[...and slaps the hand to tag Robinson to HUGE CHEERS!]

SA: ...they got it!

[Promptly grabbing the ropes as Kukura pins the wrist to the mat, Robinson slingshots over the top rope, dropping a stomp down on the bicep!]

SA: Will Robinson coming in, stomping the arm right away... and Colt, for our fans who are unaware about this young man, tell 'em something.

CP: Six foot one, 231 pounds out of Liverpool... maybe the biggest free agent in wrestling right now. He's spent the bulk of his career working here in the UK and elsewhere in Europe but also has had quite the run in Japan working for GOLIATH Takehara's group. For years, Sal, he was the big high flyer...

[Bringing Smythe to his feet, Robinson twists the arm around again...]

CP: ...but after he had a nearly career-ending injury a while back, he changed his style. More impactful. More striking and slams but he still has the high flying in his back pocket to pull out when he needs it.

SA: He spent 18 months on the shelf with that neck injury and is determined to make every day of his career count and.. oh! Smythe goes to the eyes!

[With Robinson momentarily blinded, Smythe hurls him into the ropes, sending him rocketing backwards...]

...and the crowd ROARS as the two countrymen collide, Smythe connecting with a steamrolling clothesline that flips Robinson inside out, dumping him in a heap on the canvas!]

SA: OHHHHH! BOOM GOES THE CANNON!

CP: He nearly put Robinson's head in the thirteenth row with that one!

[With Robinson laid out on the mat, Smythe marches to his corner, shaking out his arm before he slaps the offered hand...]

SA: And in comes MISTER... and immediately these fans react because there is absolutely NO love lost between these two, Colt!

CP: One of wrestling's hottest rivalries before MISTER came to the AWA... and I expect it's likely to pick up again here.

[MISTER aggressively pulls the dazed Robinson off the mat, shoving him back into their corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Gaaah! It's like getting hit with a frying pan!

[MISTER winds up a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Ahhh! It's like caving in his sternum!

[MISTER winds up a third time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and as Robinson sinks to a knee in the corner, Adrian Kirk leans over and slaps MISTER hard on the shoulder.]

SA: And I don't think MISTER's happy about it but Adrian Kirk just tagged himself in...

CP: Stop me if you've heard this one but Kirk and Robinson have their OWN history here in the UK too! All these guys came up together here in the UK and elsewhere in Europe, Sal, and they've all had plenty of opportunities to beat the hell out of each other.

[Kirk grabs a handful of Robinson's hair, yanking him to his feet before laying in a stiff European uppercut...]

"OHHHHH!"

[...and another...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and another!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And now Smythe tags himself back in, drawing a glare from the Crusherweight as Her Majesty's Might shoves Robinson back, holding him in place before landing a standing clothesline in the corner...]

SA: The three members of this team are taking turns laying into Will Robinson!

[...and again...]

SA: The chops by MISTER... the uppercuts by Kirk...

[...and again!]

SA: ...and now these clotheslines out of Smythe!

[Smythe finally obliges the referee's orders to get out of the corner, pulling Robinson to middle ring where he scoops him up, pressing him overhead!]

SA: GORILLA PRESS!

[But Smythe lifts with a little too much oomph, losing control of Robinson mid-lift where Robinson slips out, going high in the air before crashing back down on top of Smythe with a crossbody!]

SA: DOWWWWWN ONTO SMYTHE!

[Robinson hooks the leg, clinging tightly...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Smythe kicks out, breaking free of the pin attempt. Robinson is right back up to his feet, recognizing he's in the wrong part of town as Kirk makes a grab at him...

...and EATS a spinning back elbow for the attempt!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[The blow knocks Kirk off the apron as Robinson deftly avoids a MISTER chop attempt, leaping to the middle rope...]

SA: DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[...and hits the springback dropkick, knocking MISTER to the floor as well!]

SA: Robinson's got Kirk and MISTER cleared out and...

[A charging Smythe rushes at Robinson who sidesteps with a little shove, sending Smythe crashing into the corner as he stumbles back out...

...and Robinson snaps off a note-perfect spinning back hook kick under the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Smythe staggered, Robinson snares a front facelock, running up the turnbuckles, pushing into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and PLANTS Smythe's skull down with a tornado DDT!]

SA: OHHHHHH, WHAT A MOVE OUT OF ROBINSON!

[Smythe immediately rolls from the ring, ending up on the outside alongside Kirk and MISTER...

...which is Robinson's cue to grab the top rope with both hands, eyeballing the pile on the floor...]

SA: We said he kept moves like in his back pocket!

[...and leaps to the top rope, springing into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



SA: AND A SOMERSAULT DIVE TO THE FLOOOOOOOOOR! HE WIPES OUT THE WHOLE SQUAD!

CP: Guess he felt like it was a good night to rack up some frequent flyer miles!

[Robinson comes off the floor to his feat, raising an arm to a tremendous roar from the O2 Arena crowd before sweeping Smythe back up to his feet, shoving him under the bottom rope...]

SA: Robinson puts Smythe back in... back up on the apron...

[...and without hesitation, he starts climbing the turnbuckles...]

SA: ...and he's heading up top again!

CP: Someone's looking to impress!

SA: Robinson's up on the second rope... now to the top, perhaps looking to finish this one right here and now annnnnd...

[But before Robinson can take flight, the Crusherweight comes up off the floor, giving the top rope some strong shakes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ....AND KIRK SENDS HIM DOWN ON THE TOP ROPE!

[Countryman or not, jeers break out for Adrian Kirk for the outside assist as the referee orders him off the apron and back to the corner..]

...but Robinson's perilous perch gives Rory Smythe a window of opportunity as he starts climbing the ropes, pulling Robinson into a front facelock, slinging an arm over his muscular neck...]

SA: And now it looks like Her Majesty's Might is looking for a superplex in the middle of the O2 Arena!

"TEN MINUTES EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

SA: Ten minutes left in the time limit - we've reached the halfway point in the time limit of this one. Tons of fast-paced action in this one as Smythe is up top, got him hooked up annnnnnd...

[The crowd ROARS as Smythe elevates Robinson with ease, bringing him crashing down with a spine-rattling superplex!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...DOWWWWWN WITH THE SUPERPLEX! Smythe floats over, right into the cover - he's got one! He's got two! He's got-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -ROBINSON'S OUT AT TWOOOOOO!

[Smythe angrily complains at the referee, clapping his hands together as Xenia Sonova adds her two cents from the outside. The official holds up two fingers, waving for the match to continue...]

SA: Smythe didn't like the count, Colt.

CP: It might've been a little slow, Albano, but he's gotta get over it right now and try to finish this off.

[Smythe climbs to his feet, moving to the corner where he slaps the hand of an eager Kirk.]

SA: Another tag... in comes the Crusherweight, looking to finish off Robinson...

[Dragging Robinson off the mat by the hair, Kirk pulls him into a front facelock of his own, elevating him into a suplex...

....and then shoves him out, swinging his knees up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: INTO A BACKBREAKERRRRR!

[Kirk promptly flips over, diving across the torso of Robinson, hooking a leg tightly...]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BEEEE!! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...HE KICKS OUT AGAIN!

[The crowd is ROARING for the action now as Kirk gets to his feet, shaking his head at the downed Robinson before slapping the hand of MISTER.]

SA: And another tag... MISTER's in and...

[MISTER yanks Robinson off the mat, pulling him quickly into a standing headscissors...]

SA: ...POWERBOMB!

[...but at the peak of the lift, Robinson flips out of the powerbomb, hooking MISTER by the back of the head, and DRIVING his face down into the mat with a facebuster!]

SA: OHHHH! WHAT A COUNTER BY ROBINSON!

[With MISTER laid out on the canvas, Will Robinson starts crawling across the ring towards an eager and willing Arthur Banks who has his arm outstretched...]

SA: Robinson on the move, crawling across the ring on his hands and knees towards the Dover Dynamo!

CP: He's gotta go faster than that! MISTER's getting back up!

[As MISTER struggles to a knee, Robinson tucks his head, front rolling across into a lunge...]

SA: TAG!

[...and brings Arthur Banks charging through the ropes into the ring, sprinting at full speed across...]

SA: DROPKICK!

[...and sends an incoming Smythe right back through the ropes, falling to the outside!]

SA: SMYTHE GETS SENT TO THE FLOOR!

[Banks pops back up as Adrian Kirk steps in, charging towards him...

...and Banks catches him on the charge, lifting him into the air like he's going for a spinebuster...

...and then pivots, HURLING Kirk into the rising MISTER, sending them both down on the mat in a pile!]

SA: BANKS DROPS 'EM BOTH!

[Pumping his arms excitedly at the roaring crowd, Banks points to the again-rising MISTER...]

SA: What is he...?

[...and pulls him the rest of the way up, right into a front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck...]

CP: No way!

[...and with a ROAR of exertion, Banks lifts MISTER up into the air, holding him straight up and down for a split second before bringing him CRASHING down to the mat!]

SA: YES WAY! SUUUUUPLEEEEEEX FROM THE MIGHTY LAD!

[Banks comes off the mat, pumping his arms madly as the crowd goes NUTS for the surprising show of strength...]

SA: Arthur Banks showing off that sneaky strength again and...

CP: Look at MISTER though - getting right back up!

[...and Banks buries a boot into the gut of MISTER, doubling him over...]

SA: HE HOOKS ONE ARM!

CP: He's gonna Billion Euro Bomb MISTER?!

SA: I think he can do it! I truly believe he can do it!

[...but as Banks hooks the second arm, Rory Smythe smashes a double axehandle across the back, breaking up the lift. He grabs the arms, holding them back as he drags Banks a few feet back...]

SA: Smythe's holding Banks for MISTER!

[...and as MISTER winds up...]

SA: BIG CHOP!

[...Banks breaks free, spinning clear as MISTER connects with his own partner!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

SA: HE CHOPPED HIS OWN PARTNER!

[Smythe recoils from the chop, falling through the ropes to the floor as Banks shrugs, smirking at MISTER who twists, throwing another chop...]

SA: Swing and a miss and-

[...but as Banks ducks, MISTER yanks him into a standing headscissors...]

SA: POWERBOMB ON THE WAY!

[...which is when Alexander Kukura decides to even up the odds on all the illegal double and triple teaming, rushing back into the mix, leaping into the air, and CRACKING his extended arm across the collarbone of MISTER!]

SA: WAS THAT A FLYING SICKLE?!

[MISTER goes flying through the ropes to the outside, joining Smythe on the floor as Banks points at them...]

...and then grabs a surprised Kukura, tugging him into a standing headscissors of his own...]

SA: Wait a second! Banks grabs his own partner!

[...and lifts him into the air, twisting to shove him forward, tossing him out onto MISTER and Smythe!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[With Banks’ back to him, Adrian Kirk slides back in, snatching a rear waistlock on Banks...]

SA: HE HOOKS HIM!

[...and LAUNCHES him into the air, bringing him down in a bridging German Suplex!]

SA: SUPLEXES HIM OVER AND-

[And with Kirk bridging, Will Robinson suddenly leaps off the top rope, flipping through the air...]

SA: -450 SPLAAAAASH! DANGER WILL ROBINSON!

[Robinson rolls to the side, clutching his ribs in pain as the crowd ROARS for the dynamic athletic move...]

...and with Kirk feeling the effects as well, Banks regains his feet, pulling his former partner up, tugging him into a double underhook...]

SA: BANKS HOOKS HIM! HE LIFTS!

[...and flips Kirk over, dropping him in a sitout powerbomb!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: Arthur Banks picks up the win for his squad of he, Will Robinson, and Alexander Kukura in a tremendous opening match here at The Battle of London, Colt!

CP: A tremendous match - you said it - and what a way to start things off tonight!

[In the ring, Banks is on the middle rope, pointing to his cheering countrymen as Robinson and Kukura mount other corners to celebrate the win as well.]

SA: The fans are on their feet in London, paying tribute to the battle they just saw and their fellow Brits who fought so hard in this one... what a night this is going to be!

[We fade from the ring to the backstage area - more specifically, the entrance to the arena where we can see the Rage family coming into the O2 Arena. The fans inside the building cheer their arrival as we first spot the former World Television Champion and Savior of the AWA, Shadoe Rage, dragging a pullman behind him as he walks towards the camera. He carries his daughter Adrianna in his arms. The incredibly tall and long child with the wild afro, hugs her daddy's neck and hides her head in his shoulder. Her long legs kick aimlessly in the air as she wriggles away from her aunt, Lauryn Rage, as she pokes and tickles her niece. Behind them both walks the towering presence of Marissa Monet, the former World Champion shaking her head happily as she regards her family before her.]

“Yo, wahgwan, fam! Welcome to the Towns, North American folk.”

[The quartet stops, laughing as they stop in front of a mid-sized, bronze-skinned girl with braids. She is dressed casually in teal track pants tucked into her socks, trainers and a matching jacket. Her hair is braided into six individual strands. Sharp-eyed viewers and fans of the independent wrestling scene may recognize her as...]

LR: JAQ, what are you doing here?

[The one known as “JAQ” grins with a shrug.]

JAQ: Auntie pulled some strings, got me a gig doin’ interviews wiv two of me faves, innit? Tryna get like you, blud. Get across the pond and into the big time, yeah? Ah, is this me little cuz?

[She sees Adrianna and tickles the child's stomach.]

JAQ: You're getting so tall, innit. Soon be lookin' down at mama and papa.

[Shadoe nods his head proudly at his daughter before turning his gaze back to JAQ.]

SR: Godiva here?

[She nods.]

JAQ: Mum's in catering. Where else, right?

[Shadoe shrugs and nods with a chuckle.]

SR: Seriously, they gave you a live mic.

[JAQ puffs out her chest.]

JAQ: Yeah, Unc. Watch me, I'll start with Auntie here and get you before your match, right?

[Shadoe gives an appraising look.]

SR: We'll see how you do here. Lauryn, catch you later. JAQ, this is business. If you're going to do it. Do it right.

[With that Shadoe, Marissa, and Adrianna break off towards the dressing rooms, leaving Lauryn with her niece.]

JAQ: I'm not a complete newb at this, trust me. I got you. So, have you been taking in the sights and sounds of London town?

[Lauryn glares flatly at her niece.]

LR: First question.

[Lauryn's mood has certainly changed. The kindness has fallen off her face and she regards JAQ with the same intensity she would any other AWA reporter.]

JAQ: Straight to business, then. Okay, tonight you go up against three of the best the AWA has to offer. Michelle Bailey, Trish Wallace and Ayako Fujiwara in an elimination match to crown a Royal Crown winner.

LR: Correct.

JAQ: Well, Ayako don't like you. Trish Wallace wants to break your neck. And the last time you was in a match like this everybody betrayed you, yeah.

[Rage starts rubbing her face in mounting frustration.]

LR: Yes, that's what happened. Why are you bringing this back up?

[JAQ shrugs.]

JAQ: Man's is bringing it back up to ask 'So why won't it happen again?'

[The first Women's World Champion looks a little agitated as she responds.]

LR: Why won't it happen again? \_Why won't it happen again?\_ Who said it won't happen again, JAQ? You see, the seeds of it have already been planted. Trish Wallace won't go anywhere without Carolina Colton and Laura Davis. They'll be out there in force. It won't be safe for me outside the ring. Trish is a helluva package. She's built like a fire hydrant. She's hits like a damn truck.

[JAQ nods excitedly.]

JAQ: True. She's hench.

[Rage doesn't even react to the interruption and keeps on going.]

LR: And then inside the ring you have Ayako Fujiwara who has decided to turn it on again and for the moment stop playing fun and games with her little pet. You know she wants this Crown and she will have no problems turning her attention on me first, trying to get me out of there. And you know how dangerous she can be when focused.

[JAQ interjects again.]

JAQ: Indeed. She's a former Olympian. That Miss Germany suplex is something mean.

[And again Rage just keeps going.]

LR: And then there's Michelle Bailey. She might be the biggest and strongest of them all. She looks all sweet on the surface and you would think we have no issues but there's no telling. She's probably in Ayako's pocket and if you heard what she said last time she was interviewed, she was cool with everything that happened at Steal the Spotlight. So why wouldn't she be cool with it again? So I'm not safe inside the ring and I'm not safe outside the ring. Of the four of us competing, I've got the biggest target on my back and as a fit as I am these three got world class strength and a bunch of back up, too.

[JAQ nods, throwing up a hand.]

JAQ: So what's for it, then?

[Rage sighs, shaking her head.]

LR: JAQ, you should know best of all what it means to be a Rage. I've always been outnumbered. I've always been outgunned in the AWA. But I rose to the top once, despite it all. And tonight, I'm going to do it again.

I'm going to march to that ring and I'm going to fight, scratch and claw with everything I have to take that Royal Crown and get my career right back to where it should be. I was on top of this division. I'm going back to climb that mountain and everybody that pushed me off the first time and the second time... well, they're going to get got because Lauryn's coming and I'm bringing Hell with me.

[The crowd inside the arena cheers that as JAQ nods, letting the reaction cool before speaking again.]

JAQ: But if we're being for real, Auntie, you used to have a crew. Kurayami, Ricki Toughill, the Serpentes... you had some people backing you up when you went into these gunfights. Now it's just you. That's a lot of smoke.

[Rage shrugs.]

LR: I'm not asthmatic.

[Lauryn's hazel eyes are flat and cold as she regards her niece, eye-to-eye.]

LR: JAQ, listen up and listen good. You want to be big time in this business? Learn this. Other people are a crutch. They make you weak. They turn on you. They betray you. This is wrestling so you can't trust anybody because everybody wants what you want and the Royal Crown tournament is something everybody wants to win. And nobody wants to see Lauryn Rage win it. Trish Wallace doesn't want it. Laura Davis doesn't want it. Ayako damn sure doesn't want it...

[JAQ interrupts.]

JAQ: And Michelle Bailey? You think she doesn't want to see you wear the crown?

LR: Bailey wants it for herself. She probably thinks she's got me mapped out.

JAQ: Well, you did open up to her about coming back from your knee injury. You had to trust her at some point.

LR: I told her what I needed to tell her. Nothing more. And as much as I showed her pieces of me, I got to see her as well. I got to see what made her tick. I know her as well as she knows me. I know the real woman behind the mask she puts up. She might be the most dangerous of them all. But they are all in my way. In life. I fought like Hell to get here. Nobody had a tougher row than me to qualify. I didn't come all this way to just come all this way.

I'm here and there's a crown to win. You best believe Lauryn is winning it. I just need to get past the first elimination. Once that happens it will all break down because everybody will get selfish and then I have my chances and then I've got my opportunity to pick everybody off one by one.

[JAQ shakes her head.]

JAQ: Doesn't seem like the odds are in your favour, man. You're in the Towns. You got back up here. Why don't you just call on your-

[Rage angrily interrupts.]

LR: STOP IT!

[She breathes deeply.]

LR: I don't care what you do to break in in the big leagues, but here's what you're NOT going to do. You're not getting involved in this. This isn't business. This is personal. This is MY fight. This is my war. I want what's mine. I want the top of the card. I want my revenge. I want my World Title back. And if I have to die to get it... well, I'm damn ready to go. But I ain't takin' nobody with me that doesn't deserve to be taken. You're not going to get your neck broken in that ring with these killers on my account. Do you understand, that? Nobody is.

[Lauryn's gone stone cold intense.]

LR: They took six months of my career from me with a partially torn ACL. These bastards took my hopes and they took my dreams of becoming the two-time AWA Women's World Champion at SuperClash and wiped their asses with them.

[JAQ looks around alarmed at the language, like she's going to have the mic ripped out of her hand in a moment.]

LR: These women have taken my self-control. These women have taken my peace of mind. All they left me with is a bad attitude and nothing to lose. They've got to go. I'm crossing them all off my list so I can walk tall again. So tonight, three women are getting pinned, submitted and tossed over that top rope and then if Laura Davis and the Slam Sorority want to dance again... well, I got time today.

[JAQ puts up a pleading hand.]

JAQ: You can't go one on three with the Slam Sorority. That's crazy.

LR: It's like that and that's the way it is.

[A familiar voice breaks the discussion.]

"At least I don't gotta say it for you."

[Lauryn and JAQ look out of the frame, and within moments are joined by Kimmy Bailey, who has a slight frown on her face as the fans in the building cheer her



arrival. Kimmy motions for JAQ to hold the microphone in front of her, as Lauryn stares at the rookie (and so does JAQ but not quite in the same fashion.))]

KB: See, it's good you already know that you're out of your dang mind. Saves me the breath of sayin' that part myself. Now normally, anyone who talks bad about my mama, I'd knock 'em into next week lookin' both ways for Sunday.

[Kimmy gives JAQ some sideeye. JAQ winks back.]

KB: And you, Niecey, I'd knock you so hard you'd see tomorrow today just for standin' there and lettin' her say it.

[JAQ goes to speak, but Kimmy pulls the microphone back to herself, looking back at Lauryn. Lauryn gives her niece a sharp eye to shut up and stay quiet.]

KB: But you got business with my mama tonight, and she can correct the record on that herself. As for you and me, well... I got somethin' for you.

LR: And what might that be?

[Kimmy nods as she takes her phone out of her pocket.]

KB: See, while you've been makin' an enemies list and plottin' revenge, I was emailin' Zharkov real nice and sayin' it'd be great if I could get a match with the Slam Sorority. I don't know if I'm doin' somethin' different from you or what, but he gave me a match against all three of 'em in two weeks, in Las Vegas. Figure it'll save us all the time of them comin' for my head for savin' yours.

[Kimmy holds out the phone with Zharkov's reply so Lauryn can read it herself, but Lauryn chooses to glare at Kimmy instead. Kimmy retracts the phone, pulling something up.]

KB: You can see right there that I just gotta have partners. I told Ayako about it, and she said I can do whatever I want. She just ain't goin' to team with you. So I went out and got a backup.

[Kimmy pulls up a voice memo and moves JAQ's hand up to her phone, where the voice of Pink Cashmere can be heard.]

PC: Hey Kimmy! Of course I'll team with you in two weeks! It'll be great to get my hands on the Slam Sorority! Call me when you get back from London so we can talk about strategy... and who's going to team with us!

[Pink Cashmere's message ends, as Kimmy moves the microphone back to herself.]

KB: So as far as I see it, you got a choice. You can either go swingin' at the Slam Sorority by yourself, and end up in the same pickle as you did a couple of weeks ago...

[Kimmy grins.]

KB: Or you can team with me and Pinky and have the odds be a little more even. It took a little convincin' but she don't got a problem teamin' with you, and neither do I. Of course, if you're too stubborn to realize you need the help...

[Kimmy shrugs.]

KB: Then I'll go get Ayako and we'll clean up your mess ourselves. Whether it's you, me, and Pinky, or Pinky gets to team with the Lariatos, it don't matter to me. Either way, we're gonna de-pledge the Slam Sorority, whether you're with us or not.

[Kimmy doesn't wait for a response, walking out, as Lauryn frowns at Kimmy's offer. Hand finally unrestrained from Kimmy's grasp, JAQ speaks up.]

JAQ: She's peng, innit? Well, what do you have to say to her offer?

[Lauryn shakes her head, chewing her lip.]

LR: This ain't on me... now if you'll excuse me I gotta go kick some ass.

[Lauryn starts to whistle the tune "A Hunting We Will Go" as she walks off, leaving JAQ looking after aunt with concern but understanding as we fade to black...

We fade up on a dark but starlit Los Angeles sky, our focus on the stars themselves before slowly panning down to reveal we're in the middle of a completely empty Dodger Stadium... almost. The camera shot shows row upon row of empty seats with the stadium lights glowing down on them...

...and then slowly zooms in on the top deck, the cheapest seats in the ballpark to where someone is seated.

We cut to that "someone" to reveal the man once known as El Cholo... Los Angeles' native son, Juan Vasquez, sitting in a seat with a wistful smile on his face.]

"This... this is where it all began."

[Vasquez looks out on the field as the camera follows his gaze.]

"Right here. So many nights as a kid. Watching Gods walk among men."

[We can hear an echo of the immortal voice of Vin Scully on the call - "High fly ball into right field... sheeeee isssss GONE!" Vasquez smiles, nodding his head.]

"This is where it started for me. The rush. The roar of the crowd."

[He points down towards the field.]

"I knew I would never be like them. I wouldn't be Hershiser or Fernando..."

[The voice again - "if you have a sombrero, throw it to the sky!"]

"...Gibson or Guerrero... that wasn't my destiny. But this is where I heard the cheers of the fans for those men and knew my destiny was to one day hear them for me."

[Vasquez nods, closing his eyes, leaning back in his seat...]

"Can't think of any place I'd rather be when it ends."

[...and as we hold on Vasquez' face, serene... at peace... happy...

...the shot fades back up to the night sky where the Memorial Day Mayhem graphic appears with all the show info and the words "30 DAYS REMAIN."

We fade through black to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of a Union Jack with The Battle of London logo underneath.]

SLB: Memorial Day Mayhem is just a month away, fans! But for now, welcome back to The Battle of London where I've got a couple of big scoops heading your way! In just a moment, we're about to see the official AWA debut for a newly-signed tag

team from right here in the United Kingdom that could be a major part of the Women's Division in the months ahead... stay tuned for that.

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: But I've got one other piece of breaking news. After the events of National Wrestling Night, I've made the phone call... I got Ryan Martinez on the phone... and while he told the AWA that he needed a couple of weeks away to clear his head, I got him to reveal that he will be BACK on AWA television two weeks from tonight in Las Vegas, Nevada for what is shaping to up to be a very big night in Sin City!

[Blackwell raises a finger.]

SLB: But Ryan Martinez isn't just coming back because he has to... no, no... the White Knight is coming back because he WANTS to... because he WANTS to talk in the middle of that ring one on one... man to man...

[Blackwell smirks.]

SLB: ...with "The Future" Derrick Williams!

[The crowd inside the O2 ROARS at that announcement!]

SLB: And I for one can't wait to see it. Sal, Colt... back to you!

[We fade back to ringside to our announce duo.]

SA: The man with the scoops strikes again! Former World Champion Ryan Martinez will be in the house in two weeks in Las Vegas... and he wants to talk to Derrick Williams! How 'bout it, Colt Patterson?

CP: He wants to talk?! He wants to talk after he laid out Williams on National Wrestling Night?! If I'm Williams, I don't let a single word come out of that mouth before he punches him right in it!

SA: Oh, come on, Colt! What Martinez did at National Wrestling Night-

CP: Which part are we gonna talk about? Him attacking his own partner or him shoving around an announcer he claims is his friend?! This guy is losing all grip on his senses since the Red Wedding and he's become a danger to everyone around him!

[Sal sighs.]

SA: Well, Colt, you may not be looking forward to seeing the White Knight back on AWA TV two weeks from now on Saturday Night Wrestling in Las Vegas but I sure am... and speaking of looking forward to something, I've been looking forward to this one since I first heard about it. We got a chance to see some of the best talent in Europe with the men, but how about with the women? Let's go down to the ring and see who might crash the hottest division in wrestling!

[We cut down to the ring, where a pale woman in a plain black sports bra and spandex shorts set sets as a counterpart to the bombastic woman next to her wearing a trucker hat, cut up Battle of London merch shirt over a black sports bra, and zebra-striped leggings. A few fans recognize the two, as they start making a "whoop" noise along with her.]

RO: Our next contest is in the Women's Division, and it is a tag team match set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring, at a total combined weight of 287 pounds...

From Cork, Ireland... SAOIRSE STAR!

[A mild recognition pop from the indie wrestling fans, as the more intense of the two in the black outfit raises her hand to acknowledge the fans aware of her.]

RO: And from Hove, in the county of East Sussex, England... "QUEEN BEE" KATIE G!

[The less intense of the two, in the zebra stripes, pumps her fist and encourages the crowd to whoop along with her, with a few people joining in. Katie G tries to get her partner to join in with a fist pump and a whoop, but Star stares at her. Katie G decides it's better to do the whooping for both, shouting out to the crowd.]

CP: These two are a bit mismatched, ain't they, Albano?

SA: Well, Colt, originally Saoirse Star was supposed to team with her sister, Siobhan, who we've seen on AWA TV before. Unfortunately Siobhan wasn't able to be here due to an injury, and Katie G is stepping up to take her place.

CP: And she's not that weird bee that we've seen before, right?

SA: No, this "Queen Bee" is from a different colony. Rebecca, take it away.

[The ring announcer raises the mic.]

RO: And their opponents... at a total combined weight of 271 pounds... both from Ashton-in-Makerfield in the borough of Wigan, England...

"THE WIGAN WILDCAT" CASSIE RHODES!

"THE SNAKEPIT SWEETHEART" SOPHIE RHODES!

They are... THE RHOOOOOOOOOOODES DYYYYYYYYYYYYNASTY!

[The crowd gives a recognition pop as the voice of Ren Aldridge screams out over the sound system.]

# WE WILL DISTURB THE FALSE PEACE! #

[And to the sounds of "False Peace" by Petrol Girls, Cassie Rhodes bursts through the entrance, powerwalking down to the ring with a glare in her eyes. Behind her, giving a tongue lashing to ringsiders as she walks quickly to try and keep up, is her daughter Sophie Rhodes. Cassie is dressed in a black zip-up hoodie, hands heavily taped, along with leg-length tights featuring alternating blue and white chevrons. She also has on well-worn black wrestling boots. Sophie is also in a black zip-up hoodie, but is opting for spandex shorts in a similar alternating blue and white chevron pattern. She sports black kneepads, and wears black shinpads over her wrestling boots.]

SA: Colt, we saw this team back on Super Saturday when they were in the tag team gauntlet!

CP: Yeah, and they could have won the whole thing if they didn't get that unlucky draw!

SA: They got past Air Waves to start the match off, but ran into the power of Margarita Flores and the speed of Betty Chang. This mother-daughter duo is one to keep your eye on if they decide to make the AWA their home, especially if you happen to hold the Women's World Tag Team Titles.

[Cassie storms down to ringside, soon joined by Sophie, and the two remove their hoodies. Sophie has matched her halter to her shorts, and Cassie is wearing a matching tank top. Cassie stomps up the steps into the ring, as Sophie gracefully vaults over the top rope, where she is greeted by referee Scott Ezra for a pre-match inspection. The two are checked over and confirmed to be ready to compete, as Cassie paces in a small circle behind Sophie.]

CP: Mommy Dearest is a little intense, isn't she?

SA: Would you expect anything less from the older sister of Raphael Rhodes?

CP: Now that you mention it, I would not.

SA: So another Dynasty returns to AWA rings, with Cassie and Sophie Rhodes of the Rhodes Dynasty going against Saoirse Star and the "Queen Bee" Katie G here in this European women's exhibition!

CP: And with a ten minute time limit, they have a limited time to make a real sharp impression, don't they, Albano?

SA: Definitely. Both teams will have to be aware of the time, but from what I've seen of the Rhodes Dynasty, they like to work quick anyway.

[Katie G walks over to Sophie Rhodes, pumping her fist and shouting whoops at her as Sophie rolls her eyes. In the background, Saoirse Star shakes her head.]

CP: It's hard to tell if this Katie G character is trying to make friends or mock her opponents.

SA: Could be a bit of both, Colt. From what I understand, Katie G is big on trying to turn her matches into a rave-like atmosphere.

CP: Can you imagine Cassie Rhodes at one of those?

SA: I should say not.

[Katie G doesn't seem to think it's impossible, as she motions for Cassie Rhodes to come over, then pumps her fist. Cassie simply glares, so Katie G grabs Cassie by the wrist, lifts her arm up, and motions for a fist pump. Cassie looks at Sophie, who shrugs her shoulders, then turns back to Katie G, who shouts "YOU TRY IT!" Without hesitation, Cassie raises her arm... ]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[... and drills Katie G right in the face with a forearm!]

SA: Sweet Santa Maria, what a forearm by Cassie Rhodes!

CP: That ain't all, Albano!

[As Cassie grabs Katie G by the hair and throws her from the ring, Sophie darts across the ring and dives with a forearm of her own, catching Saoirse Star right in the jaw!]

SA: They're having a row here in London town, with Cassie Rhodes taking it to Katie G on the outside of the ring and Sophie Rhodes going after Saoirse Star on the inside! Scott Ezra's calling for the bell to get this one underway!

CP: He's a little late for that, ain't he?

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell sounds and Star is covering up as Sophie Rhodes throwing some wicked stri-

CP: Watch out!

[We hear a loud "THUNK!" over the headsets as Cassie Rhodes throws Katie G into the announcer table, while Sophie Rhodes tries to break through Saoirse Star's defense with slapping strikes.]

SA: Cassie Rhodes slamming Katie G into our table here at ringside! Now she's got fistfuls of Katie G's hair!

[With a maniacal scream, Cassie throws Katie G into the ringpost, where the party animal woozily collapses to the floor. In the ring, Sophie breaks through Star's defense, catching her with a forearm, then quickly snapping her over with a lightning quick vertical suplex!]

SA: Snap suplex in the ring as we try to avoid the chaos unfurling at ringside!

CP: Ha! Look at that cocky cover by Sophie Rhodes!

[Sophie puts a finger on Star's forehead, as Scott Ezra shakes his head and begins to count the fall. He only gets a one count as Star smacks Sophie's hand away.]

CP: I like this team already, Albano! They've got healthy attitudes!

SA: They've got attitudes all right, as we see Sophie Rhodes now pushing Saoirse Star around with her foot. Sort of like paintbrushes, only they're kicks.

CP: I bet Saoirse Star is wishing she was the one that was hurt, not her sister.

SA: Star now trying to get to her feet...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

SA: And a kick right in the chest by Sophie Rhodes!

CP: That'll make your heart skip a beat or two.

[As Star gasps for air, Cassie Rhodes throws Katie G onto the apron and climbs up with her.]

SA: Scott Ezra now admonishing Cassie Rhodes for continuing to attack Katie G. Colt, there's always the debate about needing two officials for a tag team contest, that would certainly be helpful here.

CP: Yeah, I dunno, Albano. Something tells me that Cassie Rhodes isn't the type that can be controlled by a second official.

[Cassie forces Katie G to her feet, grabbing her arm and thrusting it out. Sophie perks up and grabs Star by the hair, dragging her into the corner, and forces Star to tag Katie G.]

SA: Is that seriously going to be allowed? The Rhodes Dynasty just forced this team to make a tag!

CP: You want to get up there and tell them it's not?

[Ezra claps his hands, shouting "TAG!", as Sophie throws Star to the floor, with Cassie jumping off and driving a double axe handle into a prone Star's head. As Katie G realizes she's been tagged in, Sophie grabs a fistful of her hair and pulls her over the top rope, into the ring!]

SA: An unorthodox tag, to say the least, as Sophie Rhodes has brought Katie G in the hard way!

CP: And it looks like Saoirse Star is getting a lot of what her partner got!

[As we hear a crash of Star being thrown into the timekeeper's table by a rampaging Cassie Rhodes, Sophie grabs Katie G by the hair and starts driving shin kicks directly into the party girl's face!]

"WHACK!"

"WHACK!"

"WHACK!"

"WHACK!"

"WHACK!"

SA: This is turning into a massacre, Colt!

CP: That's just the way I like it! These wrestlers may be big here in Europe, but this is going around the world! If you want to make an impression on a global audience, you take it to your opponents!

SA: Sophie Rhodes with firm control of this one- oh no!

[We hear a loud clunk as Cassie throws Star into the ringpost in the background, then another crash as Cassie lifts Star up and drops her throat first on the ringside barricade. From in the ring, Sophie shouts "MUM! LET'S FINISH IT!"]

SA: Sophie Rhodes calling for her mother to "finish it", what could that mean?

CP: You're the expert, Albano, you tell me!

[Cassie Rhodes climbs into the ring, grabbing Katie G as Sophie scrambles up to the top rope. As Cassie lifts Katie G into the air with a vertical suplex, Sophie dives off... ]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... driving her weight into Katie G's as Cassie completes the suplex!]

CP: How about that? A combination of a suplex and a cross body!

[Cassie darts to her feet, seeing Star rising on the outside, and sloppily dives through the ropes onto her, as Sophie plants a foot on Katie G's chest, placing her hands under her chin in a grace face pose.]

SA: I understand that move is called the "Jam Sandwich", and look at this arrogant cover by Sophie Rhodes!

CP: Ha! I love it!

SA: Scott Ezra down to count, it could be, it might be... it is! The Rhodes Dynasty takes the win in dominant fashion over Saoirse Star and the "Queen Bee" Katie G

[The bell rings, as Sophie bends down, grabbing the nearly-unconscious Katie G's arm, then mockingly pumps the fist while shouting "whoop whoop!"]

SA: I understand that a "jam sandwich" in the United Kingdom is a nickname for a police car, and I bet Cassie Rhodes has been in the back of one of those a few times!

CP: You better watch your tongue, Albano, she might hear you and throw you into the post too!

[As Scott Ezra climbs to the outside to get Cassie to let go of Star's hair, as Cassie tries to throw her into the post again, Sophie demands the microphone from Rebecca Ortiz and gets it. Sophie looks at the floor as Cassie threatens Ezra, then shouts out to her.]

SR: MUM! OY! WE WON!

[Cassie seems to snap out of her craze, darting past Ezra and climbing back into the ring to join her daughter, but not before booting Katie G in the ribs to send her rolling out of the ring.]

SR: Well, London, how'd ya like a taste of how things are done up north, yeah?

[The crowd roars a mixed response, some happy for their fellow Brits, some upset by their rough tactics.]

SR: Some of you are real happy, which is the right reaction, and the rest of you can go get stuffed! What I want is for everyone to take a good look, a real hard look, at what we just did!

[Sophie motions out to the floor, where Dr. Ponavitch and a couple of members of his team have hustled out to help the beaten Saoirse Star and Katie G.]

SR: That's light work, that is. Katie G ain't in our class, and even if Saoirse Star's sister weren't busted up over the pond, it would've been the same! And if you think that was somethin'... have I got news for you!

[Sophie smirks as Cassie seethes behind her.]

SR: That's a message, each and every tag team watchin' right now should be takin' that in. We don't care who it is across the ring from us! The result's goin' to be the same!

[Cassie puts her hand on Sophie's shoulder, as Sophie points a finger right at the hard camera.]

SR: Consider yourselves on notice, from the bottom of the rankings all the way up to the tip top. A new Dynasty is dawnin' in the AWA, and the Women's Division ain't goin' to like what's hittin' it! You think this was a showcase for talent here in Europe?

[Cassie shouts "NO CHANCE!", loud enough to be picked up by Sophie's microphone.]

SR: It's a preview of what's to come, and the beatin' you're goin' to get when you try to keep the Rhodes Dynasty from what's ours by birthright, and that's the Women's World Tag Team Titles!

[Sophie goes to turn the microphone back over, but her mother stops her. Sophie holds the microphone in front of her mother, who snarls out... ]



CR: Hope we passed the bleedin' audition!

SR: We better have!

[Sophie turns the microphone over to Rebecca Ortiz, and as the pair leave the ring, we cut to a frazzled Sal Albano and a grinning Colt Patterson.]

CP: I like those two a lot, Albano.

SA: You would! Not only are they a mother-daughter team, but Cassie Rhodes is a fourth-generation grappler, which means Sophie Rhodes is the first to represent the Rhodes family's fifth generation in the ring. That's just mind-boggling to think about.

CP: Hey, you see them scraping up the bodies at ringside, and you tell me they aren't a serious threat to the Women's Tag Team Division.

SA: It certainly sounds like the AWA will be bringing home some souvenirs from this trip as Cassie and Sophie Rhodes, the Rhodes Dynasty, appear to be coming to the AWA on a permanent basis. You called it, Lou!

[On that, Sal throws it backstage to everyone's favorite intrepid AWA scoopster "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, standing in front of the AWA logo hanging on a wall. Blackwell has a wide grin on his face as he addresses the audience.]

SLB: Was there ever any doubt, Big Sal? AWA fans, it's been a great night so far and we still have a lot of exciting action coming up... oh, pardon me.

[The grin on his face slowly fades, as the Soldiers of Fortune muscle their way into the picture, with Marty Meekly waving the American flag in the background.]

SLB: ...and joining me at this time are the Soldiers of Fortune! Gentlemen, we need to start off with a very important question. It looked like you were all on the same page, but last week seemed to prove otherwise..

[Flint interrupts.]

JF: Pardon?

[Lou furrows his brow.]

SLB: On last week's Showtime, Charlie Stephens entered himself in the Second Chance Battle Royal, and we saw footage of what was going on during the match. You weren't happy about this and you stormed off to look for Stephens.

JF: Affirmative.

SLB: ...so the question is... are you all really on the same page? Charlie Stephens went on his own, and...

[Stephens steps forward, surprising Flint.]

CS: Let me answer this, Captain.

[Flint nods his head and takes a step back, Stephens turns towards Blackwell.]

CS: You think that my actions last week proved otherwise? Look here, Blackwell, I already apologized for sneaking out and entering myself in that Second Chance Battle Royal without runnin' things past the Captain. It was a spur of the moment

thing. I had a plan, and I laid it out to Joe after the fact. As I explained to the Captain, I entered myself in the battle royal for his benefit, nothing more.

[Blackwell raises an eyebrow in disbelief. Stephens frowns as he notices it.]

CS: Oh, don't give me that, Blackwell. It's the God's honest truth.

SLB: You're not always the most credible person, let's just put it that way.

[Stephens glares at Blackwell.]

CS: You heard that crowd last week during Joe's match. They finally believe in him, much like I've believed in him from the very first day we formed! I wanted the two of us to run roughshod in that ring tonight, and if it had to come down to it, I would have made that ultimate sacrifice for our captain.

[Stephens relaxes his glare, and briefly looks down.]

CS: Instead, I failed. I let a man, Shadoe Rage... a man whose knees are held together by bubblegum and a hell of a lot of prayers get the better of me in the end. It wasn't supposed to be that way. I wanted to show him I'm not the same kid he almost snuffed out years ago! It's been weighing me down all week, cross my heart and hope to die.

[Flint pats Stephens' shoulder and steps forward.]

JF: Don't worry about it, soldier. It's fine, I feel like I'm more than capable of steppin' in that ring tonight regardless of what happened last week, and complete my own personal mission. Remember, Charlie, you and the masked man over here...

[Flint points to Mr. Stars and Stripes.]

JF: You've got yourself a mission of your own. On May 12th, Next Gen are takin' on the Gold Standard... so get out there, do some scoutin' and let them know that you're takin' those belts back to the Soldiers of Fortune's camp. It's time to provide a little reminder to the tag team division that the Soldiers of Fortune are still the straw that stirs the drink, got it?

[Stephens nods his head.]

CS: Got it.

[With that, Stephens steps back. However, a smirk crosses his face, which escapes the notice of everyone on screen.]

JF: Now, Sweet Lou, let's talk about tonight. In just a few short minutes, my next mission is about to begin. right here in London, England... ya know, it feels rather fittin' that it's gonna start here. Reminds me of the time that a very unfortunate team from England thought they were better than us...

SLB: If I recall correctly, it was you and Stephens that ambushed them.

JF: Can it, pal. However you wanted to spin it, we proved them... and everyone else that dumped on us wrong. In the end? Rory Smythe is strugglin' to get things going... that other guy?

[Flint shrugs his shoulders.]

JF: Don't matter... and look at us. We won the Stampede Cup. We won the AWA World Tag Team Titles... and we have plenty of missions left in us. Tonight, I will prove that even in the potential twilight of my career I can win the Royal Crown! I can go on to bigger things from there! What'll come next? I have my options. Odin Gunn? Jordan Ohara...

[Flint starts to grin a wide grin.]

JF: ...Supernova?

SLB: All intriguing options indeed, but... in order to start your new mission, you need to complete this one tonight, and your three opponents will be out to make sure that it doesn't happen.

JF: Are you thinkin' I'm lookin' past them, Sweet Lou?

[Flint chuckles as Sweet Lou shakes his head.]

JF: You couldn't be more wrong! Lookin' past Tony Donovan? The son of the legendary Robert Donovan? A man who has Tiger Claw in his ear? Two of the most dangerous men who ever laced up a pair of boots... two men who I might have stepped in the ring with as a wet behind the ears rook if life didn't get in the way. Even in 2018... if Tiger Claw even thinks about doin' anything..

[Flint jerks his thumb in the direction of Charlie Stephens and Mr. Stars and Stripes.]

JF: I got an army of my own willin' to stop him.

SLB: I don't think Tiger Claw's the type to actually try to interject himself into a match like this.

[Flint nods his head.]

JF: Good. The man seems like a helluva teacher. He's turnin' Donovan into a very dangerous man. I'm definitely gonna treat him like one.

Then ya got Shadoe Rage. I'm not gonna sell him short despite Stephens' words earlier. Knees or no knees, he's the type that everyone's gonna have to make sure he ain't comin' back once ya bury six feet into the ground. Rage has been through pretty much everything you can think of in a career, some of the most hellacious matches that no man with any sorta sense would wanna put themselves through, an' he's still goin'. Sometimes it's scary to watch him pop right back up after takin' a beatin'. All I need to do is make sure he doesn't pop right back up for three seconds, nothin' more.

Then we got ourselves Sid Osborne.

[Flint chuckles.]

JF: I had myself a few recruits much like you. Men who thought they could smart off to men like me, only to end up cleanin' latrines with a toothbrush. Nothing more than a bunch of pathetic pukes. They didn't last very long under my watch. Unlike some of my former recruits, though, I actually believe in Sid Osborne. However...

You lack discipline, son.

[Flint stops chuckling, his face looking rather serious.]

JF: Sid Osborne... you are a man that could... no, scratch that.. SHOULD be a champion. You might lack discipline, but you don't lack talent by any means. However, you're like way too many people nowadays. You blame everyone but yourself. You are a man that needs to look in the mirror and figure out that YOU are the only reason why you're not a champion. But I have a feeling my little lecture's gonna go in one ear and out the other.

So if ya wanna complain to me about what I just said in that ring tonight, go right ahead.. I'll be happy to take yer words an' shove them right back down yer throat.

[Flint glances back at the Soldiers.]

JF: Alright, men, it's time to talk strategy, let's move out.

[Stephens nods his head as Mr. Stars and Stripes crosses his arms, not expressive in any way. Stephens, Meekly, and Mr. Stars and Stripes walk offscreen.]

JF: At ease.

[Flint follows his charges off screen as Sweet Lou turns towards the camera.]

SLB: Joe Flint with some words for his opponents tonight as he prepares for the Royal Crown Finals later tonight! It should be a classic. We'll be hearing from the other competitors throughout the night, back to you guys!

[We fade from backstage back out to the ring where we find Colt and Sal sitting at ringside.]

SA: Thanks, Lou... and I can't wait to see Joe Flint in action in that Royal Crown Final later tonight. But we've got a ways to go before that happens. Colt, coming up right now is something very different.

CP: A little bit of soap opera to go with your pro wrestling.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: That's one way to put it. Two weeks ago, AWA fans, you'll recall that at National Wrestling Night, the entire wrestling world was rocked by the revelation that up and coming rookie Damian DeVile is, in fact, the son of the legendary King of the Death Match, Caleb Temple.

CP: And you can thank Veronica Westerly for forcing that particular skeleton to come, as Veronica herself so succinctly put it, sprinting out of the closet.

SA: Some might thank Veronica Westerly for making that revelation... but I'm not so sure Caleb Temple would be one of them particularly after we witnessed the repercussions of Veronica's actions - and the impact on their daughter, Truth Marie. We haven't heard from any of the parties since then, but last Saturday night on Showtime, we promised that Damian DeVile would be here tonight to speak.

CP: Ginger, grab the popcorn!

SA: We've got our good friend Mariah Wolfe in the ring to get to the bottom of this so without further ado, let's get to it!

[Fade to the ring where Mariah Wolfe is standing, mic in hand and a grin on her face.]

MW: Ladies and gentlemen of London... please welcome to the ring...

...DAMIAN DEVILLE!

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

# DEUS #

[DeVile steps out from behind the curtain and into the aisle, his normally emotionless face tonight a pale mask of turmoil, anguish, call it what you will. He's got his long black hair, shaved at both sides, pulled and tied back as always. Tonight, he's wearing his street clothes, knee length black jean shorts, black workboots and a MORK t-shirt. He's still showing the signs of the beating he received at the hands of Max Magnum.]

# DEUS DIABOLUS INVERSUS #

[Ignoring the fans along the aisle, DeVile makes the long walk down the aisle towards the ring.]

SA: The son of the Devil himself making his way towards the ring, Colt...

CP: I go back a long time with Caleb Temple, Sal... and when I say I had no idea this kid even existed, I'm speaking the Gospel. This guy is maybe the best kept secret in wrestling history.

SA: But why? Why is he such a secret?

CP: We may be about to find out.

[DeVile rolls under the ropes, coming to his feet and simply nodding his acknowledgement to Mariah who raises the mic.]

MW: Damian DeVile, thank you for joining us tonight. Before we talk about what happened AFTER your match two weeks ago, how are you physically after your bloody encounter with Max Magnum?

[He shrugs.]

DD: Physical bruises heal. They have a timeline. A few days, maybe a few weeks, and those visible marks start to fade. The skin heals, the pain dulls, and eventually you're left with nothing but a scar, if even that.

But the bruises you don't see, those are a different story. The ones that settle in your mind and in your heart - they linger in ways that no amount of ice or rest can soothe.

So, have I recovered? Physically, yes. The bruises are fading. Mentally... that's another matter. And that's why I'm here tonight to address what happened two weeks ago.

[A small "CA-LEB TEM-PLÉ!" chant starts, causing him to wince slightly.]

MW: As you can hear...

[Mariah gestures to the crowd.]

MW: ...there is something else on everyone's mind here tonight other than Max Magnum. And that's Caleb Temple... the man we found out two weeks ago is your father...

[The crowd reacts to that announcement again as DeVille closes his eyes.]

MW: ...so, the question is - have you spoken to your father since National Wrestling Night?

[DeVille looks at the floor, searching for the right words.]

DD: I've tried. But - not for the first time in my life - he's not answering my calls. I don't know where he is. I mean, I get it - having your secret exposed in front of the world is rough.

But do you know what else is rough?

Having your father walk away from you when you need him most. Again.

[Mariah furrows her brow.]

MW: "Again?" What does that mean?

[DeVille snaps his head up, glaring at Mariah.]

DD: It means exactly what you think it means. This isn't the first time he's walked away from me because of... her.

[Wolfe presses the issue.]

MW: "Her?"

[DeVille nods.]

DD: My life has never exactly been a fairy tale. But I have grown up knowing what it's like to have a wicked stepmother. And she is the very worst of them. Maybe if we can track Father Dearest down, he and I can have a little family therapy session and we can talk about how SHE made him turn his back on me when I was six years old.

Six. Years. Old.

Let that sink in for a minute.

As soon as she had what she wanted from him - her darling daughter - she insisted I was sent to live with my dear dead mother's parents in Wisconsin. She didn't want her precious Truth to be corrupted by this... this...

..."Bad Seed."

[He chuckles softly, and the sound of his father is unmistakable.]

DD: And you all thought it was just a cute little 'badass' nickname.

[He shakes his head.]

DD: I don't blame him. Not really. He had his own demons to battle. He couldn't be the father I needed him to be while he was constantly trying to get the monkey's claws out of his own back.

I guess the apple really doesn't fall far from the tree, Dad, huh?

[A humorless laugh rings out.]

DD: "Gage Temple's broken bastard" spawned one of his very own. Who'd have thought it, huh?

[There's a hush over the crowd at these family secrets being revealed.]

DD: My grandparents, bless their cold, cold hearts, did what they could with me until I became too much of a problem for them to handle, and they... "invited me" to find my own way in the world.

[DeVille runs a hand through his hair.]

DD: Three years ago, on tour with the band I started, I overdosed in a filthy hotel room in Slovakia.

[The crowd is buzzing at this comment.]

DD: Turns out, the rest of the band didn't appreciate their singer almost dying and being busted with a wad of smack.

So they left me to rot too. You see a pattern forming here?

[Mariah nods.]

DD: This time, though... Dad, you don't get to walk away.

If you're even a fraction of the changed man you claim to be, you'll meet me in Vegas in two weeks.

Saturday Night Wrestling.

You and I are going to discuss our... situation.

[There's an audible buzz from the crowd at this "challenge."]

DD: But this time, the world will be watching and listening, and you're finally going to be accountable.

Because I've had enough of being abandoned.

Because I've had enough of being your shameful secret.

Because I've had enough of being the Bad Seed.

[DeVille slams his fist into his chest angrily.]

DD: Because I AM YOUR SON.

...and you OWE me.

[DeVille turns angrily from Mariah Wolfe, dropping to the mat and rolling from the ring as his music starts up again...]

SA: Well, fans... this Saturday Night Wrestling in Vegas is quickly turning into Must See TV! The tag titles on the line! Ryan Martinez in the house! And now Damian DeVille is calling Caleb Temple out! He wants to talk to his legendary father in Sin City! That's all going down in two weeks... but tonight is the Battle of London and it's all about the Royal Crown. We heard from Joe Flint a little earlier... now it's time to hear from one of his opponents in that one... Tony Donovan!

[We fade to the backstage area where Tony Donovan is sitting in a chair, Tiger Claw standing behind him. Donovan is dressed for action... and Claw is as well... if Claw's "action" is looking menacing in a suit and tie.]

TC: You have waited years for this opportunity.

[Donovan is silent, inhaling and exhaling deeply.]

TC: You came into this business as the son of Robert Donovan, gifted a chance to be a part of the sport of kings because of your name. Son to the old bastard who won't go away. Nephew to a couple of others who burned out before they could become stars.

[Donovan winces but doesn't speak, his eyes still closed.]

TC: You were let into the Combat Corner as a favor to your father where you subjected yourself to the trainings of men like Michaelson and Broussard... men who stepped into the ring as champions but still fell short of expectations.

[Donovan nods silently.]

TC: You came out of the school still unwilling - or unable - to be your own man. You hooked your fortunes to the original Team Supreme - a group that had... perhaps... one man worth following and a handful of others not worthy of associating with... until that one man threw all of you aside in a selfish fit of rage, casting out the people he claimed to care about making the future of this business.

[Donovan winces again, a slight nod this time.]

TC: You became part of a brotherhood. Of men who had earned the right to be your peers. But one still put himself above you, didn't he?

[Donovan's nod is stronger this time.]

TC: You became a King... but the others felt they were of more importance, didn't they?

[Donovan nods stronger still, his eyes squinting as an angry expression crosses his face.]

TC: You were even a champion...

...and then you lost it all for a woman who turned her back on you the moment you were no longer of use to her.

[That nod is softer. There's some pain there.]

TC: A son. A student. A flunky. A brother. A king. A champion.

But never your own man.

Tonight is your chance. Your moment. Your opportunity.

[Donovan nods again.]

TC: Tonight is the night you've been destined for since you first laced up boots. The night for you to prove that you are none of those things you've been before.

You are Tony [BLEEPING] Donovan.



[Claw smirks at having the stroke to drop the expletive.]

TC: Tonight... you better not disappoint me.

[And with that, Claw exits, leaving Donovan to slowly open his eyes, a determined expression on his face...

...and one more confident nod before 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."

[Shadoe Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

[They come quicker and quicker, all repeating the tagline - James Lynch, Victoria June, Cinder, Kerry Kendrick, Ayako Fujiwara...

...and this time, each time they say it, they stay on screen, the framed shot getting smaller as more people are added to it...

Laura Davis. Jackson Hunter. Bret Grayson. Ricki Toughill. And on. And on. And on.

And the photos all disappear, leaving just the tagline behind...]

"I am AWA."

[The graphic fades and is replaced with more text - "The American Wrestling Alliance. Every Saturday Night. ESPN."

Fade to black.

The words "Previously Recorded" flash across the top of the screen as we open to a shot of "The Shadow Wolf" Takeshi Mifune, standing in a dimly lit part of the backstage area. Atop his head, he wears a Cuban hat that shadows his eyes. He's dressed in a bold, patterned bowling shirt with deep reds and blues swirling in geometric designs, a stark contrast to his stoic demeanor. His hands are clenched into tight fists, the modern-day warrior looking ready to unleash his fury at a moment's notice.]

TM: I have heard your little whispers, Raphael Rhodes. You think you can bring order to my chaos. You believe you can prevent what I desire. But let me tell you something, weakling—your mind is far too small to grasp the thoughts of the strong. All you will ever comprehend, is the futility in your existence, as I choke the life out of your body.

[A slight smirk dances on his lips.]

TM: You think you can control a storm? You think you can put a leash on a wolf? Your British Round Rules will not change anything. The strong eat the weak, and you...

...you are nothing but a snack.

[He chuckles softly.]

TM: I am the storm you cannot weather, the beast you cannot tame. Your rules cannot cage me, much less control me. You cannot even slow me down, much less stop me.

[He raises his head, revealing dark eyes, burning with intensity.]

TM: I have watched you, Rhodes. Here and in Japan. You are a fourth-generation grappler. Within you, you carry your family's history and legacy. You are the bearer of their strength.

[He straightens, his posture exuding confidence and control.]

TM: But the four generations of battle and war that runs through your blood pales in the face of TRUE power.

[He raises his fists, a fierce determination etched across his face.]

TM: I will crush you, Rhodes. I will show you the true meaning of despair. I will make you understand the depths of your own weakness.

[He pauses, his eyes narrowing.]

TM: Because I am Takeshi Mifune! The strongest warrior! Nothing can stand in my way. Not you, not anyone. Because I am...

[He leans closer, voice barely above a whisper.]

TM: ...ichiban.

[With that, Mifune turns and walks away, his footsteps echoing through the empty hallway. The screen fades...

...and up we come in another part of backstage, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands by.]

SLB: Well, it should come as no surprise that Takeshi Mifune, the Shadow Wolf himself, is ready for battle... but just a couple of days ago, I had the pleasure of taking the four hour trip up north from old London town to visit the borough of Wigan, where one of England's very own was waiting for me. I didn't go alone, though - our camera operators came along to bring you with me. Let's take a look at what we recorded.

[We cut to footage marked with "RECORDED THURSDAY" on the upper left side of the screen. A more relaxed Blackwell, wearing an AWA polo shirt along with jeans and a jacket, stands in front of a statue of a mustachioed British soldier.]

SLB: Friends, I am here in Menses Park in Wigan, at the Boer War Memorial, and what a fitting site to be at as the AWA comes to England. Not only do we have the conclusion of the Royal Crown tournaments, but we also have what is sure to be a

battle between Team Supreme's Takeshi Mifune, and the hometown boy, Raphael Rhodes. In just a few moments, I will be meeting with Mr. Rhodes and his manager, Dana Kaiser. Before I do so, though, a reminder of the special rules for that encounter, as insisted upon by the AWA Interim President, Maxim Zharkov.

[We show a graphic, with each rule appearing on screen as Blackwell explains.]

SLB: First, the match is set for six rounds, each three minutes in length, with twenty seconds of time in between each round. There are three methods of victory in this match. The first method is to win two falls, either by pinfall, submission, or countout. The second will be if your opponent is disqualified or knocked out - that will count for two falls! The third is to be ahead in falls at the conclusion of the sixth and final round. Important to note, mind you, is that a fall ends the round, no matter when in the round it takes place.

[As the graphic moves off the screen, we see that Blackwell has been joined by Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser. Kaiser is wearing a royal blue pullover hoodie, along with jeans, and Rhodes is in a Team England track jacket and jeans. Rhodes' increasingly lengthening hair is tied back in a ponytail, and Kaiser's blonde hair is in a ponytail draped over her shoulder.]

SLB: Those are some strict rules to try and constrain an increasingly out of control Takeshi Mifune, but rules that are surely in this man's wheelhouse, are they not?

[Kaiser nods as Rhodes stands stoically, hands on hips.]

DK: When we heard the rules, Raph told me that they reminded him of the rules his father wrestled under when he was little. He has experience in similar rulesets as well, having wrestled under Admiral-Lord Mountevans rules in the past. The primary difference, Raph explained to me, is that these don't put as much of a restraint on what a wrestler can do with commonly legal holds. For example, in the rules he's familiar with, striking on the ground is illegal, but it's not here.

SLB: Do you think that it will do much to keep Mifune in line?

DK: You know, Mr. Blackwell, that's a question I don't know if I can answer. Takeshi Mifune thrives in chaos, but he also thrives in creativity. Whether it's with a chair or with his own hands, there's no question that he's a very dangerous man. I think what will keep Mifune in line is not the rules, so to speak, but how Raph counters his actions.

SLB: And, of course, there are even greater stakes now, as the winner of this encounter flies back to Atlanta next week to take on Jordan Ohara for the National Title.

DK: As important as the National Title is, Mr. Blackwell, we won't be putting any carts before horses here. Takeshi Mifune is not an easy out. We will have plenty of time to plan for Jordan Ohara if we accomplish our goal of stopping Mifune.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Obviously, being back in England does change the game a bit. Mr. Rhodes is becoming very popular back in America, but to be here in England, that has to make a big difference.

[Rhodes shrugs to Kaiser's side, as she smiles.]

DK: We just hope the fans will forgive our absence. You know, this is the first time Raph has been back in England in more than three years, and we hope that the fans will be by his side as he takes on a very dangerous opponent.

SLB: Is that true? He's been away for years?

DK: Well, when Raph and I got married, he moved to Minnesota with me, and as busy as he's been with his schedule...

[Kaiser frowns.]

DK: We just never made it back.

[Rhodes steps a little closer to Kaiser and Blackwell.]

RR: Do you like my hometown, mate?

[Blackwell smiles and nods.]

SLB: It's very scenic, I must admit.

[Rhodes nods, rubbing the back of his head.]

RR: A lot's changed since I was little. A lot's changed since I was last here, bein' honest with you.

[Rhodes puts his hands back on his hips.]

RR: See, when I was a wee lad, I wanted to get out of this town. My family used to go all over the world, from Japan to Germany, all on pro wrestling's dime. I used to hear about what my father would do, or my uncles. I'd get letters from Japan from my great aunt Mary, who loved it over there so much she stayed. Then I'd look around a town struck by poverty... and mate, I'd want to get away.

[Rhodes shakes his head.]

RR: I started goin' places as young as 14, when I'd visit my uncle for summers. I hit the road for a career in 2004, takin' up mixed martial arts because wrestling didn't get me there as fast as I wanted. My family told me that Wigan's been changin' all these years, but whenever I came back, it was to rest. I couldn't open my eyes to see what was around me.

[Rhodes frowns.]

RR: For the longest time, I carried my citizenship to Wigan like a curse, like growin' up around hard times was the fate I was doomed to have, and I had to make others suffer for it. Now, I come back and I see lush greenery, I see clean streets, I see happy faces... and it makes me wonder why I was so angry all that time. Wigan's changed, mate... and so have I.

[Rhodes points a finger at Blackwell.]

RR: Now Takeshi Mifune, that's a man that don't need a reason to be mental. While I was out there, learnin' my craft in countries where I couldn't speak the language, carryin' bitterness in my heart over the path I was on, Takeshi Mifune punished people just because he could. Takeshi Mifune don't care where you come from or why you're standin' across from him, he's goin' to do his best to tear you apart.

[Rhodes pauses for a moment, letting Blackwell absorb his words.]

RR: So like Dana said, I don't think he's goin' to care about what the rules are. I think he's determined to hurt people, because that's the kind of man Mifune's always been. There ain't much hate in my heart anymore...

[Blackwell interrupts.]

SLB: Not even for Juan Vasquez?

[Rhodes' eyes darken, and his voice becomes tense.]

RR: That's a special circumstance, mate. He resides in a real dark corner of my head, not in my heart.

[Rhodes shakes his head again, and he seemingly snaps out of the mood Blackwell accidentally brought him towards.]

RR: For too long, I let my hatred blind me. To keep me put away. I came back to Wigan hopin' to find what made me so mad, because you need to fight with emotion when you fight Takeshi Mifune. Instead, what I found was a Wigan that didn't exist when I was young. And the Raphael Rhodes that lived in that Wigan, he don't exist anymore either.

[Rhodes stares down the camera lens, as though he's talking directly to Mifune.]

RR: That Raphael Rhodes that's here now is one that's goin' to give you a fight, Takeshi Mifune. Not out of anger, but out of necessity. Someone has to stop you from what you're doin', and you just happened to choose me for the job when you got involved in my match with that model you're so bleedin' fond of. If you think I'm just one more piece on the board in your chess game, you better understand that I ain't playin' chess. I'm here to make sure you get to see the Queen. Thing is, I don't mean the person.

[Rhodes smirks.]

RR: I mean Queen Elizabeth Hospital, where you'll be wakin' up once I'm through with you.

[Rhodes looks back to Blackwell, whose face looks grim.]

RR: Welcome to England.

[Rhodes nods his head and walks off, followed by Kaiser. We cut back to Blackwell in the O2 Arena, watching the footage himself on the monitor with his hand under his chin.]

SLB: That man is intense, even on his days off. Surely, even with the modified rules, the match between Raphael Rhodes and Takeshi Mifune is going to be a war. Sal, Colt... back to you!

[We fade from backstage to the ringside area where we find our announce duo.]

SA: Thanks for that, Sweet Lou... and Colt, we are just about set for one of our featured matches here tonight - Takeshi Mifune versus Raphael Rhodes under British Rounds Rules!

CP: The Shadow Wolf has been out of control since the Red Wedding and we've really seen him ratchet up the violence lately... can the British Rounds Rules contain him? We shall see!

SA: And don't forget, this match took on even more importance last weekend in Atlanta when Interim President Zharkov announced that the winner of this one will face "The Phoenix" Jordan Ohara for the National Title one week from tonight in the

Bon Voyage edition of Showtime! This should be a good one, fans, so let's not waste any more time and let's get to it!

[We fade from ringside to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz awaits.]

RO: The following contest will be conducted under BRITISH ROUNDS RULES!

[The crowd cheers!]

RO: The rules are as follows: the match will be conducted under six three minute rounds with twenty second breaks between rounds. It will be two out of three falls with falls occurring by pinfall, submission ,or countout. When a fall occurs, the round immediately ends. If there is a disqualification or countout, the MATCH instantly ends. And if we go the distance, the winner will be declared whoever is ahead on falls...

[Rebecca pauses.]

RO: ...and the winner will go on to face Jordan Ohara for the AWA National Title next weekend on Showtime!

[The crowd cheers...

...and the arena goes dark, as "Kaze ni Nare" by Ayumi Nakamura begins to play over the PA system. As it plays, images of Takeshi Mifune beating the living hell out of various people (wrestlers, referees, fans, Japanese celebrities, mascots...anyone and everyone) interspliced with a black and white close-up of Mifune's face as he laughs maniacally are shown on the video wall.]

#Oshiete yo hito wa naze sagashi tsuzukeru no#  
#Kagirinaku setsunai ashitano#  
#Yumeeeeee woooooooooooooooooooooooooo#

RO: Introducing first... weighing in at 235 pounds... fighting out of Yokohama, Japan and representing Team Supreme...

He is the Shadow Wolf...

...TAAAAAAKESSSSSSSHIIIIIIIIII MIIIIIFUUUUUUUUNEEEEEEEEEE!

[The crowd roars with boos as they see "The Shadow Wolf" Takeshi Mifune emerging from the entrance, looking like everyone's worst nightmare.

Mifune, a thick, stocky Japanese male, is wearing simple black trunks and short black boots with white tape on his wrists. On his head is a Cuban hat and in his hands is a black towel. He walks towards the ring with enough intensity and intimidation to make even the bravest man quake in his boots.

He is accompanied by his tag team partner, the Olympic gold medalist, Bret Grayson. Grayson is wearing a black t-shirt with an image of him holding the American flag in one hand and with a bald eagle perched on his other arm, and American flag Zubaz pants. In his hands, he carries a water bottle and bucket, presumably serving as Mifune's cornerman for this bout.]

SA: A recent Internet poll showed Takeshi Mifune as one of wrestling's scariest individuals and that's a tough one to argue, Colt.

CP: I wouldn't argue it... not anywhere he could hear me at least.



SA: As we said, Mifune's been a bit out of control as of late... and we can only hope he doesn't decide to cause an international incident here tonight in London, Colt.

CP: At least now we know where Ryan Martinez learned how to incite a riot.

[Sal chuckles as Mifune reaches the ringside area, the song hits its climax and the more knowledgeable fans in the crowd can't help but join in...]

"KAZE NI NARRRREEEEEE!!!"

SA: There's always a part of the crowd that seems to love this guy - no matter what he does in or out of the ring and they're present here in London as well even though he's going to be facing one of their own in Raphael Rhodes, Colt.

CP: Maybe they're just too afraid of Mifune to not cheer him. He's not above slapping one of them around too.

[Mifune settles into the corner, a grin on his face as the referee tries to go over the rules with him again...]

RO: And his opponent...

[Ortiz consults her card.]

RO: ...weighing in this evening at 15 stone, 12 pounds, he currently resides in Minneapolis, Minnesota...

[Ortiz grins.]

RO: ...but he is from the Metropolitan Borough of Wigan, in the United Kingdom!

[The crowd roars out of respect for their countryman.]

RO: Accompanied to the ring by his trainer and advisor, Dana Kaiser, this is...

...RAPHAELLLLLLLLLL RHOOOOOOOOODESSSSSSSSSS!

[The lights drop, and then... ]

# OHHHHHHHHHHHHH COME ON! #

[As "The Mob Rules" by Black Sabbath screams over the O2's sound system, Raphael Rhodes bursts through the entrance, followed closely by Dana Kaiser, and receives an ear-splitting chorus of cheers from his countrymen. Rhodes is wearing a pair of wrestling trunks with the field of the coat of arms of Wigan, a black and gold diamond checkered pattern with the red rose of Lancaster centered in each gold diamond, printed across the entirety. He also wears black kneepads with the design of three gold lions' paws clutching red arrows, along with black shinpads over wrestling shoes. Kaiser is wearing a similarly patterned hoodie, jeans, and black sneakers, with a white towel kept over her shoulder.]

SA: Born in the town of Ashton-in-Makerfield in the borough of Wigan, a town devastated by the closure of coal mines, and raised as part of the fourth generation of one of the most prolific wrestling families in all of Europe! For the first time in years, Raphael Rhodes returns back to England, right here at the Battle of London!

CP: It's so loud in here, Albano, that I can hardly hear myself think!

SA: I got a chance to speak to Raphael Rhodes earlier today, Colt, and when I told him the attendance figures for tonight in the O2, he said he's never been in front of

a crowd like this in England! The national pride has got to be coursing through his veins tonight!

CP: Yeah, and if he's not careful, Takeshi Mifune's going to bust him open and cause all that pride to spill out in front of his fellow countrymen! Ha! What a homecoming that would be!

[Rhodes reaches the ringside area, where Kaiser gives him a black mouthguard after squirting it with a bottle of water. Rhodes glares at Mifune in the ring as he fits the mouthguard in place, nodding at his wife's last minute instructions.]

SA: Dana Kaiser has quietly become one of the best tacticians here in the AWA, and Raphael Rhodes has followed her gameplans to a T. Have you ever seen him in this physical shape or mental preparedness?

CP: I haven't. He's got a big date in a month against Juan Vasquez - which could be for the World Title, if Vasquez has his way tonight against Supernova - and he needs all the help he can get.

SA: And you've got to think Takeshi Mifune's going to be the trial by fire for that preparedness!

CP: If he can't get past Mifune, he's got no shot against Vasquez, Albano!

[Rhodes stomps up the steps, stepping into the ring...

...and charges right at Mifune!]

SA: WHAT?!

[The crowd is shocked as Rhodes barrels into the corner, smashing Mifune with a stiff right hand to the jaw, knocking him back in the buckles as a stunned Koji Sakai scrambles, waving an arm for the bell...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and a graphic comes up in the corner showing "BRITISH ROUNDS RULES: MIFUNE - 0, RHODES - 0" with a ticking clock starting at 3:00 and dropping down by the second.]

SA: Raphael Rhodes coming out of the gates like a man possessed... throwing big bombs in the corner...

CP: I thought these rules were to control Mifune! Someone should've tried to control Rhodes instead!

[A stiff forearm shot to a staggering Mifune knocks him through the ropes to the outside as the crowd starts to react wildly...]

SA: Whoa, whoa, whoa! This is spilling to the outside early and I don't think ANYONE saw this coming!

CP: Speaking of seeing it coming...

[There's a kerfuffle of noise as the announcers scramble clear just before Rhodes SMASHES Mifune's face down into the wooden table!]

SA: LOOK OUT!

[Mifune stumbles along the ringside area as Rhodes pursues, bloody murder in his eyes as he grabs Mifune by the arm, turning his back against the ring apron as the countdown clock reaches "2:34"]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Jeez... we've got two of the hardest hitters in the AWA locker room in there right now and Raphael Rhodes just proved it, Colt.

CP: Absolutely lighting up the chest of Mifune with that knife edge chop!

[Mifune grimaces, turning to the side as Rhodes muscles him up on the apron, shoving him under the ropes.]

SA: Rhodes bringing the action back inside the squared circle now but he's got Mifune in trouble early on in this one.

[Rhodes rolls back in himself, coming to his feet as Mifune crawls on all fours across the ring towards the far ropes. The Wigan native grabs the ankle of Mifune, trying to pull him back but Mifune rolls to his back, pushing off with the legs to send Rhodes off...]

SA: Mifune kicks him off, back to his-

[...but Rhodes charges back in, driving home a thunderous kneelift that picks Mifune off his feet, putting him back down on the mat!]

SA: -MY OH MY! What a kneelift there!

[Rhodes dives atop, hooking a leg as the countdown clock drops to "2:03."]

SA: Just over two minutes left in the first round of this one as Rhodes covers for one... for two... but Mifune gets the shoulder up in time!

[Rhodes swings a leg over the downed Mifune's torso, winding up...]

SA: Rhodes dropping some heavy fists from the mount, pounding away on Mifune who brings up the arms to cover up!

[...and as Rhodes swings down a punch, Mifune grabs the wrist with both hands, trapping it as he bucks out of the mount, sending Rhodes pitching forward as Mifune scrambles, still holding the wrist...]

SA: Mifune escapes, trying to hang on...

[...and as Mifune gets up first, he scissors the arms between the legs, dropping back into a cross armbreaker!]

SA: ...ohhh! Submission hold locked in!

CP: Mifune showing a little Callum Mahoney in his gameplan right there, trying to hyperextend the elbow...

SA: Rhodes rolls through though, getting off the mat...

[And with Mifune holding his wrist, a standing Rhodes raises his leg, viciously stomping down into the chest of Mifune once... twice... three times...]

...but a defiant Mifune hangs on, shouting madly at Rhodes who looks alarmed for a moment before the voice of Dana Kaiser breaks through shouting "UP! UP!" and Rhodes STOMPS the face of Mifune once...]

CP: OHHH! HE'S TRYING TO STOMP HIM OUT!

[...twice...]

SA: Mifune's gotta let go!

[...three times and finally Mifune releases his grip on the wrist, flopping back down on the mat as Rhodes yanks clear, shaking out his arm as the countdown clock lowers to "1:07"]

SA: Just over a minute to go in the first round of this one...

[And as Mifune comes up off the mat, Rhodes lunges at him, engaging in a quick collar and elbow before Mifune spins him around lightning quick, shoving him back into the corner where Mifune breaks the lockup, landing a quick one-two forearm shot to the jaw, knocking Rhodes for a loop...]

SA: ...and Mifune's got him in trouble in the corner - this is NOT where Rhodes wants to be with the Shadow Wolf!

[...but as Mifune grabs the back of the head, looking for a European-style uppercut, Rhodes surges forward to smash his head into the sternum of Mifune, sending the Japanese veteran gasping for air as he stumbles backwards.]

SA: Oh! Rhodes using his head as a battering ram, knocking the wind out of Mifune!

[Rhodes grabs the sucking-wind Mifune by the arm, rocketing him back into the corner before charging in with a back elbow up under the chin...

...and promptly spins back the other way, creaming him with a forearm shot with extra mustard on it, knocking Mifune to a seated position in the corner!]

SA: This right here... this is a damn FIGHT, Colt!

CP: It sure is... and I love it... and these people are loving it too!

[The crowd is roaring as Rhodes grabs the top rope with both hands, swinging his knee into the face of the seated Mifune once... twice... three times as Mifune slumps lower, hanging between the bottom and middle ropes now as the clock goes down to fifteen seconds!]

SA: The clock is ticking down! Mifune's in trouble!

CP: Rhodes is looking for the early knockout!

[Bret Grayson - at ringside - is in Mifune's ear, screaming "HANG ON! HANG ON! TEN SECONDS LEFT! TEN SECONDS!" as Rhodes kneels on the mat, leaning through the ropes to delivering an earsplitting open-handed slap to the side of the head, causing Mifune to slump even further backwards...]

SA: Seven... six...

[And the crowd does the rest, counting down to zero before the bell sounds. Rhodes freezes before throwing one more slap, a snarl on his face as he reluctantly

gets to his feet, walking away from the almost-laid out Mifune as Grayson shouts "GET HIM BACK!"

SA: Whew... close call there for Mifune, Colt.

CP: Remember, a knockout ends the match entirely. No more! But Mifune hangs on and now he's got... what? Twenty seconds to recover.

SA: Twenty seconds, that's right.

[Rhodes moves to his corner, accepting water and the towel from Dana Kaiser as Grayson vigorously rubs the shoulders and neck of Mifune, trying to revive him as the recovery period ticks down...]

SA: Grayson's trying to get his partner up and...

[Grayson shoves Mifune up to his knees, forcing him to look over the middle rope at the Olympic gold medalist...]

"YOU'RE BLOWING THIS! YOU'RE EMBARRASSING US!"

[...and Mifune's eyes go wide... cold... the murder in his heart drifting up to his eyeballs as Grayson delivers a little paintbrush of a slap.]

"GET BACK INTO THIS! YOU'RE TAKESHI [BLEEPING] MIFUNE, DAMN IT!"

[The crowd buzzes for the peptalk.]

SA: We apologize for the language there, fans.

CP: Speak for yourself, Sal! I loved it! Mifune looks like he's going to choke out an elephant right now!

SA: Bret Grayson obviously is fired up and trying to fire up his partner and...

[The ref signals for the corner people to leave the ring...

...and then waves for the bell as the graphic comes up again: "BRITISH ROUNDS RULES: ROUND 2 - MIFUNE - 0, RHODES - 0" with the "3:00" counting down in the corner...]

SA: After a brilliant first round out of Raphael Rhodes, the match continues and...

[...and this time, it's Mifune who comes charging out of the corner, shouting loudly as he throws a running big boot into the chest of Rhodes, sending him crashing backwards into the buckles before he falls to a knee in the corner!]

CP: Oh, yeah... soddin' brilliant there, gov'na!

[Mifune wraps his hands around the throat of the kneeling Rhodes, pushing his head back against the buckles as he throttles the British grappler...]

SA: That's a choke... the ref counting immediately, a DQ ends the match!

[...but Mifune lets go at four, planting his boot on the throat, shoving Rhodes back against the turnbuckles!]

SA: He breaks one choke and starts in on another!

[Another four count follows before Mifune drags Rhodes off the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"THUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and launches into a Violence Party, throwing alternating chops and forearms, clubbing Rhodes in the corner!]

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"THUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"THUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"  
"THUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Grabbing the arm, Mifune goes to whip Rhodes across the ring...]

SA: Irish whi- reversed!

[The reversal sends Mifune crashing chestfirst HARD in the corner, staggering backwards towards Rhodes...]

SA: SLEEPER!

[...who lunges, trying to wrap his arms around the head and neck of Mifune who twists away, lifting Rhodes up and dumping him on the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rhodes turtles up, grabbing the back of his head and neck...]

SA: Mifune drops him with the back suplex... and takes the mount!

[...and Mifune straddles, opening fire...]

SA: HE'S GOT RHODES STUNNED! HAMMERING AWAY!

[Rhodes swings his arms up, trying to defend immediately, pushing Mifune off enough to get onto his stomach...]

...which is when the Shadow Wolf lunges back in, securing the Japanese Stranglehold!]

SA: HOOKS HIM! MIFUNE HOOKS THE SLEEPER!

[Mifune wraps his legs around the torso and pulls back, stretching out the spine of Rhodes who claws at the mat...]

...and then almost immediately taps out to the shock of the crowd!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Whaaaaat? He just tapped out?!

[Mifune doesn't let go at first... but the referee quickly threatens to disqualify him, forcing the break. Mifune climbs off Rhodes, glaring down at him as the British grappler quickly sits up on the mat, staring up at him...]

SA: Rhodes doesn't even look... what's going on here?

CP: I think I get it, Sal. Raphael Rhodes knew that with almost two minutes left in the round, he would have to expend a tremendous amount of energy and take who knows how much damage to get out of that hold... and he still might not be able to do it. The tap out actually saves him... the live to fight another day plan.

SA: Well... if that was the gameplan, I suppose it's a sound strategy... but it's still surprising to see as I don't... Colt, can you recall Raphael Rhodes EVER tapping out in the AWA?

CP: I can't... and that's big... but Rhodes sucking down his ego to stand a better chance of winning this match might be even bigger.

[The referee holds Mifune back as Rhodes gets to his feet, showing little lasting damage as he stomps angrily to his corner, leaning back as Dana Kaiser speaks quietly to him, trying to get him in the right headspace to continue...]

...and across the ring, Takeshi Mifune's gaze has turned into a death glare, burning into Rhodes...]

SA: Look at the eyes of the Shadow Wolf, Colt.

CP: Yeah, well... it might have been a smart strategy by Rhodes - and I think it was - but to Mifune, it's a slap in the face. A total slap in the face for someone who considers themselves a warrior like Mifune.

[Mifune is standing tall in the corner, his eyes not leaving Rhodes as an ecstatic Bret Grayson is on the apron, slapping him on the back...]

...but it doesn't look like Mifune hears a word that his partner is saying.]

SA: The rest period is just about over but right now...

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: ...oh brother, batten down the hatches.

[An enraged Takeshi Mifune charges across the ring, looking to unleash hell on Rhodes...]

...who baits him in, leaning back in the buckles to swing a knee up under the chin of Mifune, snapping his head back!]

SA: OH! RHODES CAUGHT HIM!

[Rhodes drops down, his feet on the mat as he grabs Mifune by the back of the head, smashing Mifune's face into the top turnbuckle!]

SA: Rhodes trying to use Mifune's aggression against him!

[Snaring a rear waistlock, Rhodes looks for a takedown or perhaps a suplex but Mifune is ready, snapping an elbow back into Rhodes' cheekbone, whipping him around...]

...and Mifune LEVELS him with a standing lariat to the back of the neck, knocking Rhodes facefirst down to the mat as the crowd groans the brutally effective offense of the Shadow Wolf!]

SA: Rhodes gets dropped by Mifune!

[With about "2:39" on the clock, the graphic reads "BRITISH ROUNDS RULES: ROUND 3 - MIFUNE - 1, RHODES - 0" as Mifune steps closer to the prone Rhodes, leaping up to drop a knee down on the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Mifune rolls Rhodes onto his back, lunging across in a lateral press... and scoring a two count before Rhodes lifts the shoulder off the mat...]

SA: Two count only...

[...and Mifune spins out of the press, pushing up to all fours to DRIVE his knee into the ribcage of Rhodes...]

SA: ...ohh, kneestrike to the ribs!

[...and again...]

SA: He's targeting the ribcage of Rhodes - you can hear Kaiser shouting advice to Rhodes, trying to encourage him...

[...and again... but Rhodes reaches up, cradling Mifune's head, somehow flipping him over into a makeshift pin attempt!]

SA: ...and Rhodes gets one... gets two... trying to even the- ohhh! Out at two!

[Mifune escapes the cradle and is right back on all fours, swinging the knee up again...]

SA: And right back to the ribs!

CP: Mifune smells blood in the water!

[...and again...]

SA: Rhodes has gotta find a way out from under the Shadow Wolf, he's getting absolutely pummeled...

[...and again...]

SA: ...and he's got no defense for what's coming at him right now.

[...and as the clock flips down to "1:48," Mifune climbs off the mat, soccer kicking Rhodes in the ribs, sending him rolling across the canvas...]

SA: Mifune kicking a downed Raphael Rhodes in front of his countrymen here in London, England! The O2 is rockin' and rollin' right now as Raphael Rhodes tries to survive the third round of this British Rounds Rules affair...

[...and another kick lands, forcing Rhodes to roll up against the ropes, rolling under to the apron. Mifune is right there, reaching over the ropes, trying to drag Rhodes off the mat...]

SA: ...and now Mifune keeps on keepin' on, staying right on Rhodes...



[...who grabs Mifune by the grasping hand, twisting the wrist and dropping off the apron, snapping Mifune's arm down across the top rope!]

SA: ...OHH! What a counter!

[Mifune staggers backwards, grabbing at his arm as Rhodes rolls back in, trying to take advantage as he hits the ropes behind Mifune, running past him to the far side for more momentum, rebounding back...]

SA: Rhodes on the move and-

[...and Mifune shoves him skyward, stepping in and throwing his knee up as Rhodes comes plummeting down...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES his knee into the face of Rhodes, snapping his head back and knocking him flat on the canvas!]

SA: OHHH! HE MAY BE OUT! HE MAY BE OUT!

[Mifune dives on top of Rhodes, wrapping up a leg as the referee drops down to count...]

CP: THIS MIGHT BE IT!

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rhodes weakly lifts the arm off the mat, breaking the pin attempt JUST in time!]

SA: Takeshi Mifune is up 1-0 and was a heartbeat away from taking this win and moving on to face an old friend in Jordan Ohara a week from tonight in Atlanta with the National Title on the line!

[The clock reads "0:54" as Mifune shifts back to the mount, balling his fist up and hammering it down into the face of Rhodes who weakly raises his arms to defend as we see a nasty gash above his left eye!]

SA: MIFUNE'S TRYING TO HAMMER HIM OUT! HE'S TRYING TO END IT! UNDER A MINUTE TO GO IN THE THIRD ROUND!

CP: RHODES HAS BEEN BUSTED OPEN, SAL! HE'S IN TROUBLE!

[Mifune's brutality is crystal clear as he smashes his fist down into the cheekbone... into the bright of the nose... into the eyesocket, no target is safe as Mifune looks to pummel his opposition into submission or unconsciousness. Bret Grayson is hanging onto the ropes, screaming encouragement as Kaiser shouts for Rhodes to hang on...]

SA: Mifune's got Rhodes in serious trouble here... a bloodied Rhodes trying to hang on!

[Mifune abruptly gets to his feet, grabbing Rhodes' raised arm to drag him to his feet...

...and wraps his arms around the torso, flinging him backwards with a second back suplex, dropping him on the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Rhodes might be out! He's barely moving!

[Mifune scrambles up, pulling Rhodes' limp body off the mat, shoving him back into the corner...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

SA: OVERHEAD CHOPS IN THE CORNER!

[The brutal chops to the chest leave nasty red marks on the chest of the Brit as Mifune steps out to honor the break...]

...and then comes back in as the clock reads "0:16" and the crowd is buzzing with concern for their hero!]

SA: Rhodes hanging on with all he's got!

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A brutal open-handed slap to the ear snaps Rhodes' head to the side, droplets of blood flying off onto the mat as Rhodes clings to the ropes, trying to stay on his feet as the referee asks if he wants to give it up!]

SA: Mifune trying to finish it! Ten seconds to go!

[With a wild war cry, Mifune unleashes...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and batters Rhodes back and forth, leaving Rhodes just barely hanging on for dear life as the crowd counts down...]

"THREE! TWO! ONE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and the referee lunges in front of a murderous Mifune, preventing him from landing another blow as Mifune glares hard at the referee... giving it a thought... before slowly turning and walking away, allowing Rhodes to slump into a seated

position against the buckles as Dana Kaiser crawls in, quickly pouring water over his head...]

SA: Raphael Rhodes survives... somehow. Wow!

CP: Kaiser immediately goes to work. She's got twenty seconds and counting to get him back on his feet, pouring the water, using the towel on him. Look at that cut, Sal.

[The crowd reacts as Kaiser wipes the wound with the towel, pulling it away to reveal crimson on the towel and a nasty gash on Rhodes' forehead.]

SA: My... look at that indeed. From that kneestrike by Mifune no doubt. He split him wide open and Raphael Rhodes has got to fight the rest of this match with a badly bleeding wound over his eye.

CP: And "over his eye" is the key there. He's gonna bleed right into the eye, harming his vision. The eye's gonna be stinging non-stop and he might not be able to see everything coming his way.

SA: Takeshi Mifune was like a man possessed in that round, Colt.

CP: Well, like we saw, he was infuriated that Rhodes tapped out so quickly... and he took it out on him in that round for sure. Raphael Rhodes just got battered and bloodied in front of his countrymen... and there's that patriotic spirit splattered all over the mat, Albano.

SA: Nice imagery there, pal.

[Finally back on his feet, Rhodes is leaning heavily on the ropes as Kaiser continues to try and get water into his mouth and over his face, trying to revive him a bit as Mifune paces in his corner, ignoring every word out of Bret Grayson's mouth.]

SA: Takeshi Mifune STILL looks like a man possessed... and Colt, there's been a lot of chatter about the "what ifs" around the winner of this one, right? We've heard talk about "what if" Raphael Rhodes wins this match... "what if" he goes on next week to beat Jordan Ohara for the National Title... "what if" Juan Vasquez wins the World Title tonight and turns their Memorial Day Mayhem matchup into a Champion versus Champion clash.

CP: Right, sure... all possible results.

SA: But "what if" it goes the other way? What if Mifune wins? What if Mifune beats Ohara? What if Team Supreme gets their first taste of gold and Mifune and Grayson go into their tag title showdown two weeks from tonight with Mifune in position to become an AWA double champion?

CP: I hadn't thought of that, Sal, but I like the sound of-

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Enough "what ifs"... it's back to business here and Mifune's coming in hot again...

[A battered and bloody Rhodes leans back in the corner, trying to use the same counter he did at the start of Round 3 but this time Mifune is ready, pulling up short and DRILLING a surprised Rhodes with a stiff elbowstrike to the jaw, again whipping Rhodes' head to the side!]

"OHHHHH!"

SA: ...big shot by Mifune, Rhodes is stunned again!

[Grabbing the dazed Rhodes by the hair, Mifune CRACKS his skull against Rhodes' once... twice... three times...]

SA: Get him out of the corner!

[...four times... five... six, the referee now bellowing at Mifune to back off...]

SA: Koji Sakai screaming at Mifune in Japanese now!

[...seven... eight... nine... and finally, Mifune backs away, his arms raised as the crowd jeers and Sakai continues to bellow at him. The graphic on screen reads "BRITISH ROUNDS RULES: ROUND 4 - MIFUNE - 1, RHODES - 0" with "2:38" on the clock.]

SA: Sakai threatening a disqualification... and remember, these rules are designed to control Mifune who has been out of control lately. If there's a disqualification, this match is over and the Shadow Wolf is the loser.

CP: He just might burn down all of London if that happens, Albano.

SA: Mifune ignoring our official, stepping right past him...

[Rhodes' arms are hooked over the top rope, trying to stay standing as Mifune reaches out to the badly-cut forehead after the barrage of headbutts, wiping his hand across it...]

...and with Rhodes' life blood on his fingers, Mifune runs it down his own cheeks, leaving a twisted sort of war paint behind.]

SA: Oh... god. This guy is sick, Colt. Absolutely sick and twisted to the Nth degree!

[Grabbing the arm, Mifune rockets Rhodes across the ring, sending him crashing into the far turnbuckles...]

...and then comes charging in after him...]

SA: YAAAAAKUUUUUUZAAAAAA!

[...and DRIVES the running big boot into the jaw, snapping Rhodes' head back in the corner!]

SA: Shades of Ryan Martinez right there, Colt.

CP: Who do you think taught Martinez that move? Mifune's got his bloody fingerprints on the training of some of the sport's best - never forget that, Albano.

[Mifune steps back, a sneer on his face as he beckons a bloodied and barely-standing Rhodes out of the corner...]

SA: Mifune wants more... he wants the best that Rhodes has got left!

CP: Which may not be much.

[With "1:53" and counting on the clock, Rhodes pushes off the turnbuckles defiantly, staggering towards Mifune who he DRILLS with an overhead forearm smash to the chest...]

...and Mifune stands his ground, sneering at him...]

"AGAIN!"

[Rhodes pushes up, straightening himself for a moment before winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a knife edge chop that causes Mifune to take a step back, a smirk on his face. He nods his head in amusement, giving an approving nod before he piefaces Rhodes back, glaring into his eyes...]

"MORE!"

[...and there's a flash of fire in Rhodes' eyes as he winds up again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and uncorks an open-handed slap across the ear of Mifune, causing the Japanese superstar to wince, staggering back a pair of steps!]

SA: He caught him! He caught him good there!

[Mifune angrily steps forward, lashing out with a powerful front kick to the chest that sends Rhodes flying backwards, sailing between the ropes and spilling out onto the floor!]

SA: OHHH! Rhodes takes a hard fall... right out here by us and...

CP: Get out of the way, Albano. Here comes trouble!

[Mifune steps through the ropes, standing over the announce table as he looks down on his battered foe who is on the floor next to the table. He waves a beckoning hand at Rhodes, demanding he get back to his feet...]

SA: Mifune telling Rhodes to get up... Dana Kaiser's doing the same... an anxious expression on her face for sure.

CP: Absolutely. Do you know what a momentum killer it would be to head into the match with Vasquez in Los Angeles with a loss like this hanging on you? Like I said earlier, if Rhodes can't beat Mifune... he won't beat Vasquez.

SA: Rhodes trying to get off the mat, starting to stir out- HEY!

[A little toe kick aimed at the announcers sends Albano scattering back as Mifune smirks down on them with amusement...]

SA: Stay away from us, pal! We've got nothing to do with this!

[Mifune apparently disagrees, speaking in Japanese down at Albano as Patterson gives a wide berth...]

...and Rhodes suddenly surges to his feet, making a lunge for the legs and YANKS them clear, sending Mifune CRASHING down half on the ring apron and half on the announce table!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RHODES OUT OF NOWHERE TAKES DOWN MIFUNE!

[Rhodes wraps an arm around Mifune's head, trying to take advantage as he batters him with closed fists with the other arm!]

SA: THE CROWD IS GOING WILD IN LONDON! RAPHAEL RHODES TRYING TO GET BACK INTO THIS!

[The clock ticks down to "0:38" as Rhodes lets go, Mifune tugging the ropes to escape and get back inside the ring.]

SA: Mifune crawling back in... he got caught off-guard and Rhodes is coming in after him!

[Rhodes rolls under the ropes, finding Mifune on his feet waiting for him, hammering down with forearms across the back of the head and neck as Rhodes struggles to get to his feet...]

SA: We've got almost thirty seconds left in Round 4... time is ticking down in this one with Mifune still with a one to zero lead in this British Rounds Rules affair!

[...but Rhodes keeps on rising, straightening up as Mifune CRACKS him with a knife edge chop of his own! Rhodes recoils back, swinging his arm up...]

SA: CLOTHESLI-

[...but he telegraphs it too early, allowing Mifune to duck...

...which turns out to be a bloodied Rhodes' intention as he hooks the front facelock, SPIKING Mifune with a DDT!]

SA: -KANSAS CITY SHUFFLE DRIVES HIM DOWN!

[With great effort, Rhodes rolls Mifune to his back, diving across but not having the energy to hook a leg...]

SA: RHODES GETS ONE! GETS TWO! GETS TH- NOOOOO! OUT AT TWO!

[Rhodes rolls up to a seated position, shaking his head in disbelief as Dana Kaiser shouts out "TWENTY SECONDS!"]

SA: Twenty seconds and counting left in Round 4! Rhodes trying to get up, trying to take advantage of-

[Back on his feet, Rhodes hauls Mifune up as well, lunging into a rear waistlock...]

SA: WAISTLOCK!

[...but Mifune holds firm, blocking Rhodes' German Suplex attempt...]

CP: He can't get him up and over!

[...and Rhodes, feeling the pressure from the clock counting down, breaks the waistlock to rain down thunder in the form of clubbing forearms to the back of the neck...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

“WHAAAAAAP!”  
“WHAAAAAAP!”  
“WHAAAAAAP!”

[...and with Mifune doubled over from the impact of the blows, Rhodes yanks his head back by the hair into...]

SA: SLEEPER! SLEEPER! RHODES HOOKS IT ON HIM!

[...and as Mifune tries to fight it, Rhodes promptly leaps up onto the back, riding Mifune down to the mat as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: CAN HE GET IT?! CAN HE GET THE SUBMISSION WITH TEN SECONDS REMAINING?!

[And unlike Rhodes who immediately surrendered, Mifune struggles against the hold on the mat as Rhodes secures the body, neutralizing any attempt to escape...]

SA: The clock is ticking down! Rhodes is trying to even the score at one fall apiece but Mifune’s trying to hang on!

[As the clock goes down to six seconds, Grayson is screaming at Mifune to hang in there even as Mifune’s arms start to slow...]

CP: Six... five... four...

SA: The arms are slowing! He’s almost out!

CP: ...three...two...

[Mifune’s arms go limp...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[...and the crowd groans with disappointment at the sound of the bell as Rhodes lets go, rolling over onto his back as the referee signals for the end of the round.]

SA: Wow! A close call there for Rhodes who almost tied this up. Mifune is... he’s out, Colt! He’s out!

[Grayson is immediately in, rubbing the neck of Mifune, trying to get the blood flowing again as Rhodes wearily walks to his corner, nearly collapsing against the turnbuckles as his cornerperson, Dana Kaiser, tends to him.]

SA: Colt, what do you think of what we just saw there?

CP: The sleeper was on. It was on deep. Mifune was going out... and yeah, it was a lot like when Rhodes tapped out earlier except for the time difference. Mifune could’ve tapped out... he could’ve let Rhodes tie it up... and he could be up on his feet right now instead of Grayson trying to revive him.

SA: Was it a mistake to not tap out?

CP: I don’t know... because now we’re going into Round 5... two rounds left and Raphael Rhodes has to score a fall in both of those rounds to win this thing. It was a tough call and it’ll be interesting to see which strategy comes out on top of this one, Albano.

[Grayson drags Mifune off the mat, pushing him back into the corner, paintbrushing him a few times shouting “WAKE UP! GET YOUR ASS UP!”]

SA: One style of motivation...

[And we cut across the ring where Rhodes is pouring the contents of an entire bottle of water over his head as Dana Kaiser rubs the towel on his chest, revealing some nasty red welts from Mifune's chops as she quietly talks to him in the corner...]

SA: ...and another. We're down to the final two rounds in this one, fans... six minutes remaining to see who comes out on top of this one. And Colt made a good point... for Rhodes to win, he's going to need a fall in BOTH of the remaining rounds. Mifune - at this point - could run out the clock if he wants to.

CP: Does the Shadow Wolf strike you as a Prevent defense kind of guy, Big Sal?

SA: I can't say that he does, no, but desperate times perhaps. Both of these men have to be on the verge of exhaustion. Battered and bloodied... well, Rhodes is as at least... they continue to fight at the top of their game with so much at stake. Pride, honor, patriotism, and of course, a date with Jordan Ohara and the National Title.

CP: Somewhere back home, Ohara's gotta be wondering what he got himself into when he signed that contract. These two are going to rip that poor Boy Scout limb from limb.

SA: We'll find out about that a week from now... but right now, we're still waiting to find out who will face him. The referee advising the corners to get down and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: ...Round 5! Let's do this thing!

[Rhodes pushes weakly out of the corner, lumbering across towards Mifune who pushes off as well, moving out to meet him...]

SA: Meeting in the middle and... ohh! Hard forearm shot by Rhodes!

[...and Mifune replies in kind!]

SA: And Mifune lands one of his own!

[Rhodes lands a second, causing Mifune to backpedal...]

SA: Rhodes fires back again!

[...and then steps into a hard shot in response!]

SA: But Mifune's not backing down!

CP: And with two rounds left, I'm not sure a slugfest with the Shadow Wolf is the best course of strategy out of Raphael Rhodes. This may be his pride talking to him right now.

[With the on-screen graphic reading "BRITISH ROUNDS RULES: ROUND 5 - MIFUNE - 1, RHODES - 0" and "2:51" remaining, Rhodes throws another forearm... and is met with another, the crowd groaning with the impact of each blow landed!]

SA: Back and forth they go, neither getting an edge quite yet...

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"



[A slap across the face from Mifune snaps Rhodes' head to the side - not designed to knock him out, more of an insulting blow...

...and as Mifune slaps his chest, he shouts...]

"WEAK!"

[...and a pissed-off Rhodes unloads...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...with a series of knife edge chops that sends Mifune back into the ropes. Rhodes quickly grabs the arm, rocketing him across the ring...]

SA: English whip sends him in...

[...but as Mifune rebounds, he smoothly does a little knee slide to end up behind the off-balance Rhodes, reaching up to spin him around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and deliver a pinpoint elbowstrike that damn near breaks Rhodes' jaw, putting him down on the mat!]

SA: My... Sweet San Angelo, what an elbow to the mouth!

[Mifune gloats at the downed Rhodes, turning to look at the jeering London crowd with a mocking clap and salute as he stands over him...]

SA: Mifune making these fans watch as he batters their hero into the mat, getting closer and closer to victory with each second off the clock and-

[...and suddenly, Rhodes sweeps the legs out from under Mifune, hooking them as he flips through into a double leg cradle!]

SA: CRADLE! CRADLE! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: NO! NOT THREE! MIFUNE KICKS OUT AT TWO!

[With "2:02" on the clock, Rhodes scrambles up, catching the rising Mifune and dragging him down...]

SA: INSIDE CRADLE! HE'S GOT ONE! HE'S GOT TWO! HE'S GOT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OUT AT TWO AGAIN!

CP: This is desperation time on the part of Rhodes, trying to get at least one fall to tie it up in the next two minutes!

SA: Can he do it?

CP: If he can't, this match is-

[As Mifune pushes up off the mat, he's doubled over which allows Rhodes to leap over him, dragging him down into a makeshift sunset flip...]

SA: SUNSET FLIPS HIM FOR ONE! FOR TWO! FOR TH- AGAIN, HE KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Rhodes is breathing heavy as he comes off the mat this time, wiping the blood from his eyes as Mifune struggles to join him...]

SA: Both men look exhausted at this point, trying to keep fighting when they're running on fumes...

[...and a wild Mifune chop whiffs as Rhodes ducks low, wrapping his arms around the torso, driving him back into the buckles!]

SA: ...OHHH! HARD into the corner goes the Shadow Wolf!

[Rhodes gives him a shove, sending Mifune staggering out of the buckles as Rhodes hops up on the middle rope...]

SA: Rare to see Rhodes on the ropes but desperate times call for-

[...and as Mifune staggers in a circle to face him, Rhodes LEAPS into the air!]

SA: -DESPERATE MEASURES! CROSSBODY OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE!

[Snatching a leg as the shocked crowd reacts, Rhodes grits his teeth, hanging on for dear life as the referee counts once... twice...]

SA: OHHHH! OUT AT TWO AGAINNNNN!

[Rhodes pushes to his knees, burying his bloody face in his hands for a moment as Mifune struggles to get off the deck once more...]

SA: We're just over a minute left in Round 5!

[...and as the clock clicks down to "1:03" to be exact, Raphael Rhodes comes off the mat, a determined look on his face as Dana Kaiser screams "ONE MORE MINUTE!" from the corner!]

SA: One minute left! He's got sixty seconds to tie this up!

[Rhodes comes up swinging...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: BIG CHOP!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: ANOTHER!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to a skull-crunching headbutt from Rhodes, a blow that knocks Mifune to his knees from the sheer impact of it!]

SA: We've seen Rhodes drop all sizes and shapes with that headbutt in his career and he did it again!

[With Mifune on all fours, Rhodes backs off, takes aim...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and LUNGES back in with a stiff kneestrike to the sternum that flattens Mifune!]

SA: WHAT A KNEE! MIFUNE'S DOWN! RHODES COLLAPSES ON TOP!

[With "0:39" and counting on the clock, Rhodes' collapse puts him in pinning position...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...OHHHHH! KICKOUT IN TIME! MIFUNE BARELY GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

[Rhodes sits up on the mat, looking up with disbelief at the official...]

CP: There's no time to cry about it! Stay on him! You're down to just over thirty seconds left! Thirty seconds left or this is over, Albano!

SA: Round 5 is coming to an end soon and Raphael Rhodes is still down one to zero in this tremendous battle! The fans of London are on their feet, cheering on their countryman as he-

[...but as Rhodes is about to push up off the mat to pursue the advantage, Mifune swings his legs up, scissoring them around the torso of Rhodes, dragging him back down to the mat!]

SA: What is he...?!

CP: It's a bodyscissors! Mifune hooks a bodyscissors with time running down!

[With twenty seconds remaining, Mifune drags Rhodes down to the mat where Rhodes urgently tries to get free, pounding his knuckles down into the legs that are holding him...]

CP: This is brilliant! Rhodes was pressing the advantage, he had Mifune in trouble and the Shadow Wolf knew it! He wasn't sure if he could keep kicking out like he was and now he doesn't have to!

SA: Time is tick, tick, tickin' away here in the fifth round of this British Rounds Rules battle and...

CP: We're down to fifteen seconds...

[Rhodes is struggling to get loose, using both hands on the leg to try and push it off...]

...which exposes his face to a pair of brutal crossface strikes across the bridge of the nose...]

SA: OH! OHHH! MIFUNE LANDS SOME BIG STRIKES UP TOP!

CP: TEN SECONDS!

SA: Time is almost out in Round 5! Rhodes is-

[Planting his feet, Rhodes bridges back, forcing Mifune's shoulders down onto the mat as Sakai dives down to count...]

SA: ONNNNNE! TWOOOOO! NOOOO! He can't keep him down as the time-

CP: Five... four... three... two...

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd deflates as Mifune lets go of the hold, smirking as he shoves the back of Rhodes' head, sending him away as Mifune slides back into his corner, Grayson shouting his approval as the Shadow Wolf stands three minutes from victory.]

SA: Wow. After five hard-fought rounds of action, we've got Takeshi Mifune up one to zero heading into the final round and... what? The best Raphael Rhodes can hope for is a draw now?

[As Rhodes stumbles to the corner, a dejected expression on his face, Dana Kaiser is there to greet him, shoving him back firmly against the turnbuckles. Rhodes looks surprised as Kaiser leans in, shoving her fist under his chin to make sure he looks her in the eye...]

"It's not over yet! You can still win this thing - you just need to knock him out to do it!"

[...and Rhodes slowly nods his head at her, a determined look crossing his face as he looks across at Mifune who smirks at the Brit, waving a mocking hand at him as Grayson gives his own advice.]

"You've got it wrapped up. Just three more minutes. No mistakes. Play it safe. Keep him down and keep him under control just like last round. You got me?"

[Mifune has no words for Grayson, his eyes still locked on Rhodes.]

SA: You heard it right there, Colt. Dana Kaiser says it's not over. A knockout wins this thing for Rhodes.

CP: A knockout?! Of Takeshi Mifune?! Why not look for a TKO on Godzilla while you're at it? Raphael Rhodes had his chance and he blew it... and now he oughta do the smart thing and play for the tie.

SA: If he gets a pinfall or a submission, the match ends right there... and it ends as a draw... and who knows what happens to the match with Ohara a week from tonight, Colt.

CP: Good. Throw some more chaos at Zharkov and see what you get out of it. Rhodes needs to be smart here. A draw's not the end of the world. You can't go for the home run here. You gotta play it smart.

SA: The referee getting our seconds off the apron... and we're just about set for the sixth and final round in this battle at The Battle of London!

[The referee signals to check that both men are ready to come out of the corner for the final round...]

...and then waves for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The graphic comes up immediately once again, showing "BRITISH ROUNDS RULES: ROUND 6 - MIFUNE - 1, RHODES - 0" as "3:00" starts counting down.]

SA: Three minutes to go, still one to zero in Mifune's favor and-

[Rhodes rushes forward as quickly as his battered and bloodied body will allow, throwing himself into a leaping forearm smash that catches Mifune on the ear, stunning the Shadow Wolf!]

SA: -here we go! The fight is on again!

[With Mifune up against the turnbuckles, Rhodes goes head hunting, throwing hooking forearm shots that are bouncing off the temples at first...]

SA: Rights and lefts, trying to batter Mifune into unconsciousness!

CP: Get the hands up, boss!

[...and Mifune slowly raises the arms at shouts from Grayson to "DEFEND! DEFEND!" causing Rhodes' blow to glance off the protective stance!]

SA: Rhodes- the referee stepping in, trying to get him out of the corner..

[Rhodes ignores the official, swinging downwards this time with open handed blows to the back of the Mifune's head as he covers up...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...but Rhodes cannot beat him down, the referee finally wrapping his arms around Rhodes and shoving him back from the corner to jeers from the British crowd...]

...and a desperate Rhodes swings the official off him, nearly throwing him down to a concerned "ooooooh!" from the crowd!]

SA: Whooooa!

CP: Easy there, tiger. You do that and the referee will end this match for you REAL quick!

SA: Rhodes may be letting his desperation get the better of him...

[Rhodes throws a quick look of concern towards the official before turning back to the corner as the clock ticks down to "2:11."]

SA: ...Rhodes moving back in annnnnd...

[But as Rhodes steps closer, Mifune grabs him, swinging him around into the corner...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and lands a barrage of slaps of his own, rocking Rhodes who tries to cover up to the best of his ability...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...but the arms droop enough from exhaustion to allow Mifune to land several hard blows until the arms are completely down...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and with the referee SCREAMING protests at Mifune, Rhodes finally sinks to a knee, a trickle of blood coming from the left ear as he looks up defiant at the Japanese superstar who stands over him, shouting down at him in Japanese as Sakai wraps him up, keeping him from attacking again...]

CP: This official is playing a dangerous game if you ask me, Albano. Putting your hands on a wrestler is never a good idea... putting your hands on Takeshi Mifune is suicide!

[...and when Mifune brushes past the official, winding up again, Rhodes surges to his feet as the countdown clock drops to "1:28."]

SA: About ninety seconds remaining! Mifune's got Rhodes in trouble and-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rhodes HURLS himself skullfirst into a nasty-sounding headbutt that sends Mifune staggering backwards, a trickle of blood coming from his forehead as Rhodes discovers a matching wound on his own skull.]

SA: WHAT A HEADBUTT!

CP: Mifune ain't got a telescope but he's seeing stars right now!

[Rhodes reaches up, wiping a hand across his forehead, coming away with his own blood on his palm...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and UNCORKS a brutal slap to the left ear of Mifune that whips his head around, leaving him down on a knee, his eyes glassy, and his back turned to Rhodes who looks out on the ROARING British crowd, raising his arms high over his head, letting loose a ROAR to his people...]

SA: Under a minute to go!

[...and WRAPS his arms around the head and neck of the Shadow Wolf, the crowd EXPLODING as he does!]

SA: SLEEPER! SLEEPER LOCKED IN!

[The countdown clock is at "0:48" as Rhodes secures the submission hold!]

CP: He's got the sleeper but that's not enough! Even if he gets him to tap out from the sleeper, the match is over and it's a draw!

[Mifune's arms are pumping, trying to free himself...]

CP: Maybe he should actually just tap out right now and guarantee the draw!

SA: I don't know if Mifune's gut would allow for such a thing! His fighting spirit is too strong for that, Colt!

CP: You may be right but if he could think like a rational... oh, what the hell am I talking about? It's Mifune!

[...and as the arms slowly start to drop, Bret Grayson's shouts from the outside are clear "THIRTY SECONDS! HANG ON!"]

SA: This is the tipping point of the match! If Mifune hangs on, he wins! If he taps, it's a draw!

[With Mifune down on his knees, Rhodes leans forward, toppling him over chestfirst on the mat with Rhodes across his upper back, hanging onto the sleeper...]

SA: This might do it! All the leverage on him!

[...but as Rhodes hits the mat and Koji Sakai moves to check, Rhodes' shout stops him cold!]

"NO! NO TAP OUT!"

[Sakai throws a questioning look at Rhodes who shifts his body position, rolling to his side, adjusting his grip to end up with one arm holding Mifune's left arm out to the side...]

SA: What is he...? He's telling the referee not to check for the submission as....

CP: FIFTEEN SECONDS!

[...and Rhodes violently swings his free arm down into Mifune's exposed temple in a brutal twelve to six elbowstrike...]

SA: OHH!

[...and he lands a second, Mifune's head flopping to the side after impact...]

SA: OHHHHHHH!

[...and a third, the crowd counting down from ten as Mifune's eyes start to roll back...]

SA: OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[...and a fourth as the referee suddenly dives in, covering him up and waving his arms madly!]

SA: HE STOPPED IT! HE STOPPED IT! SAKAI STOPS THE MATCH!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rhodes slumps backwards onto the mat, letting go of Mifune who flops motionlessly alongside him, their bodies touching as Dana Kaiser throws her arms in the air in celebration as the official peels off to talk to Rebecca Ortiz.]

CP: Come on... what's the ruling here?

[Ortiz makes it official...]

RO: Referee Koji Sakai has ruled that Takeshi Mifune has been KNOCKED OUT...

[The crowd EXPLODES!]

RO: ...AND IS UNABLE TO CONTINUE! THEREFORE, YOUR WINNER OF THE MAAAAATCH...

[The jubilant crowd already knows and can barely hear the announcement over their thunderous cheers...]

RO: ...RAAAAAAPHAELLLLL RHOOOOOOOOOOODES!

[...and Dana Kaiser dives under the ropes, rushing to her man's side, sliding to her knees to wrap him up in a big grounded embrace as Mifune pushes off the mat, looking out at Bret Grayson with disbelief as Grayson climbs up on the apron, loudly complaining about the decision...]

SA: Mifune...

CP: He doesn't look out to me, Albano!

SA: He's moving and...

[From down on the mat, a pissed off Mifune grabs the referee by the shirt collar, yanking him down alongside him...]

SA: Uh oh... we've got a problem here.

CP: The match is over and rules aren't going to save the United Kingdom from the wrath of Takeshi Mifune now!

SA: Mifune insisting to the official he was NEVER knocked out... but I don't know, Colt. I'm not sure if-

CP: If the man says he was never knocked out, who the HELL are you to doubt Mifune?!

[Mifune climbs off the mat, a stagger to his step and still a little off-balance as he forces the referee back into the turnbuckles, continuing to menace him...]



...and with the official's safety at risk, we see a stream of AWA officials hit the ringside area, led by Kevin Slater who forces himself between Mifune and the referee who is still getting an earful from Bret Grayson on the apron. Slater squares up on Mifune, trying to get him back...]

"I'LL RIP HIS HEART OUT!"

[...and that's what Slater is concerned about, his arms at full extension as he tries to keep the official away. Dana Kaiser has managed to get Rhodes towards the other corner, looking on with concern as Slater orders Mifune out of the ring.]

SA: Kevin Slater out here trying to restore order... Tommy Fierro out here as well, trying to get Grayson out of here... this is a combustible situation involving Team Supreme... AGAIN... and we haven't even told you yet what happened back in the States involving KAMS, fans!

CP: Slater might need more than a few guys to keep Mifune in check.

[Mifune steps back, hands raised as Slater turns to the official who we can hear explaining his decision, mentioning "best interest of the wrestler's safety" to a nodding Slater who turns...

...just as Mifune makes a LUNGE at the official, arms outstretched to grab him by the throat!]

SA: WHOA! WHOA!

[This brings Bret Grayson into the ring, wrapping his arms around his partner in an Olympic-sized waistlock, dragging him back while shouting...]

"NO! NO! THEY'LL TAKE AWAY OUR TITLE SHOT!"

[...while Slater tries to hold him back from the front, ordering the referee out of the ring as Sakai quickly obliges.]

SA: Koji Sakai is out of there... and Bret Grayson may have subdued his partner for the moment when he mentioned their upcoming shot at Next Gen.

[Grayson gives a tug, twisting as Mifune falls down to his knees...

...and finds himself face to face with a kneeling Raphael Rhodes again.]

SA: Oh no...

[Oh yes! Mifune lunges at Rhodes, trying to dig his fingers into his eyes as Rhodes struggles against him, Dana Kaiser leaping to sit on the top turnbuckle and avoid Mifune and Rhodes tangled up on the canvas as the crowd roars for the impromptu scuffle!]

SA: This is out of control... again!

[A frustrated Grayson rolls from the ring, reaching in to grab his partner by the ankle, dragging him under the ropes as Slater shouts "GET 'EM OUT OF HERE!" to his other officials who quickly form a wall blocking Mifune from getting back into the ring...]

SA: Grayson gets him out of here... and now they're trying to get BOTH of them out of here!

[Rising to his feet, a smirk on his face, Rhodes raises a hand as Dana joins him, her own arms over her head before she starts clapping for her man who sits on the middle rope, inviting Mifune to get back in. For a second, Mifune tries to oblige but Grayson manages to hold his partner back as Mifune angrily shouts and points at Rhodes from the aisle...]

SA: Wow! A brutal match... a wild post-match scene... but after all is said and done, Raphael Rhodes has come to London and he's put down a very tough challenge as he now has TWO big dates on his calendar to look forward to. One week from tonight, Colt, he faces Jordan Ohara with the National Title on the line...

CP: I'm looking forward to that one. Ohara's a talented kid but does he have the guts and will to hold off a challenge from Raphael Rhodes? I'm not so sure about that.

SA: ...and then one month from now, May 28th inside of Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles, California, we will see Juan Vasquez inside a professional wrestling ring for the last time when he meets one of his oldest rivals, Raphael Rhodes, one more time in the City of Angels!

CP: In a match that COULD be Champion versus Champion by the time we get there.

SA: It certainly could... but we'll find out more about that later tonight. Colt, the Raphael Rhodes we saw here tonight - is he capable of sending Juan Vasquez off into retirement with one last "L" on his record?

CP: Those elbows there at the end? That's the kind of viciousness he's going to need in Los Angeles. Vasquez is going to give it everything he's got and then some. There is no tomorrow for Juan Vasquez on May 28th so every move he's hesitated to do in the past few years because he didn't know how his body would respond the next time out - he can do 'em! Because there's no more matches to get ready for! The moonsaults, the dives... hell, he can piledrive Rhodes off the Diamond Vision video wall! There's no tomorrow! And if Rhodes wants to beat that, he's gotta be willing to go to lengths that he might not think of on a normal night at the office, Albano.

SA: One last time for Juan Vasquez... and Raphael Rhodes may have just shown the entire world exactly how ready he is. Fans, we're going to take a break but when we come back, we've all seen the videos, we've heard the hype, and now we're going to finally get the arrival of Lady Rebecca Falkingham here in the AWA so stick around!

[We keep our shot in the ring, showing Rhodes celebrating his victory with Kaiser by his side, the British crowd ROARING their support for their countryman as he stands on the middle rope, his arm aloft as we fade to black.

We fade up from black onto black and white footage of an empty arena - likely the Crockett Coliseum from the looks of things - with deserted chairs and a wrestling ring with no one in it.

We see Karl O'Connor walking up a set of steps with the aid of a cane, moving slowly and deliberately, putting much of his weight on the cane. He slowly takes a seat, looking down onto the ring as the camera cuts to a closeup of him and we hear his voice.]

"I can still hear the echoes chanting my name."

[A closeup on his eyes, wrinkles showing the years and the mileage on his body.

Cut to a shot of "Big" Jim Watkins standing in a locker room dressed in an old brown ring jacket, running his finger down the trim as we hear his recognizable voice.]

"Time has not silenced the crowd."

[We get a trio of old pieces of footage - Brett Bryant in his younger days with his arms raised over his head, Cameron O'Connor applying a spinning toehold on an unknown foe, and Blackjack Lynch raising his black glove-covered hand into the air as his gravelly voice is heard.]

"I never did a moonsault..."

[Cut to a modern day closeup shot of Blackjack Lynch's eyes, a notable scar over one of them...

...and then a shot of Terry Shane Jr. in a suit looking out over the empty arena with his voiceover.]

"...or walked the top rope."

[Oliver Strickland sits on a locker room bench, his eyes drifting across the vacant room as he speaks.]

"There were no pyrotechnics..."

[And onto Ivan Kostovich who runs a hand over the links of his old Russian chain now hanging from a hook on a door as we hear his heavy accented words.]

"...no fancy, flashing lights."

[Cut to a series of modern shots of current day AWA superstars in action - Jordan Ohara diving off the top rope with a crossbody to the floor... Julie Somers using a moonsault from the top onto a standing opponent on the outside... and we hear Karl O'Connor's voice again.]

"We never flew through the air."

[Cut to O'Connor sitting in the Crockett, cane in hand as he looks at the empty ring...

...and then old footage of a defiant Blackjack Patterson shaking his head, refusing to submit to a painful hold as we hear Jim Watkins.]

"We were men of courage..."

[Closeup on Watkins' eyes in present day before cutting to Blackjack Lynch wrapping his hand around a foe's head as his voice is heard.]

"...men of steel."

[And then back to modern day shots of Juan Vasquez leaping off the top of the Woodshed, plummeting down... to Shadoc Rage hurling himself off the top of a super-sized steel cage... to a blood-covered Hannibal Carver wielding a steel chair as we hear Terry Shane Jr's voice.]

"They were men without fear."

[Cut to a shot of Blackjack Lynch standing in the ring, raising a hand in the air as if saluting the crowd as we hear his voice. We can actually see a ghost-like vision of cheering fans around him...]

"I can still hear the echoes cheering my name."

[...but when we cut to the opposite angle, we can see he's all alone in the ring.

And we cut again, this time showing the legendary Hamilton Graham standing outside the ring, a hand draped over the rope, a hungry look upon his face, wishing for one more moment of glory as we hear his familiar voice.]

"Today... I cheer for them."

[And as we fade to black, a graphic comes up promoting "AWA LEGACY" before we fade all the way out...

...and while still on a black screen, we hear a voice.]

"Ayako. Bailey. Lauryn. No shrinking violets here."

[As we fade up, Trish Wallace enters the promo area, looking as miserable as ever behind her aviator shades.]

TW: It bugs me. It really bugs me that I never get a chance to play to my strengths. Hate to be all... 'back in my day' reminiscing right now, but it really did feel like it was uphill both ways.

Seeing my brothers walk in to the AWA and get the star treatment while I trained... did I complain?

Watching them whizz opportunity after opportunity down their pant leg... did I complain?

Feeling squeezed out of the shuffle after taking Kurayami to the limit last year, and then see the company promoting The Peach Pits and EGM over me... did I complain?

I just trained harder, because I love this company.

[Wallace clasps her hands together with a mighty clap, the power evident in the simplest of gestures.]

TW: And I'm a good girl for a calendar year, and I keep my temper in check, and then I finally get the call:

"Hey, Donna Martinelli is on the disabled list: we've got room for you to qualify for the Royal Crown. You're welcome." Like they're doing me a favor!

But then Laura Davis takes me aside after SuperClash. She saw what I'd been through... she saw what was dragging me down. Join me, listen to me, play it cool around Skylar so she doesn't know I'm recruiting you too... Why wait to get your crown when you can just take it? So I sat on it for a while, thinking I was going to be polite about it.

You think the future belongs to the washed former champion? An over-hyped media darling barreling toward middle age? A wrestler with one gold medal and a track record of wasted potential? Or maybe to some nattering wannabe fashionistas like The Peach Pits or E-Girl MAX? It ain't there, ladies!

[Wallace jerks a thumb at herself.]

TW: The future belongs to the "Starkiller" Carolina Colton! The future belongs to the "All-Around Athlete" Coach Davis! The future belongs to Slam Sorority!

And the Crown... belongs to "T-Bone" Trish Wallace.

[...and with that, we fade out to the ring where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Trish Wallace making it clear that she's not just happy to be in the Royal Crown... she's coming to win!

[Blackwell grins as the crowd JEERS the idea of the Slam Sorority member walking out of the O2 Arena as the Royal Crown champion...]

SLB: Alright, alright... LONDON, ENGLAND!

[The crowd ROARS because that's them!]

SLB: LEMME HEAR YA!

[Oh, they're even louder now - is that a challenge, Lou?!]

SLB: It's been a tremendous night of action already here at the O2 Arena here tonight - how 'bout that British Rounds Rules match, huh?

[Another big cheer goes up as Blackwell nods and grins!]

SLB: And that's just the tip of the iceberg of what we've got for you. Both Royal Crown Finals coming up... plus that big World Title showdown between Juan Vasquez and Supernova!

[Another ROAR rings out!]

SLB: But right now, I've got a special treat for the people of the United Kingdom. Ever since this show was announced, the rumors have been flying - and believe me, I'd know - that the AWA was planning to announce a major signing of a talent from right here in the UK...

[The crowd cheers that as Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Earlier tonight, we saw some of the UK's finest in action... but tonight, I'm here to introduce to the world the newest member of the AWA roster... and the newest member of the hottest division in pro wrestling, the AWA Women's Division...

[There's a smattering of boos now from some audience members who know what's coming next.]

SLB: ...let's give a warm London pride welcome to one of the best the UK has to offer inside this squared circle...

LADY! REBECCA! FALKINGHAAAAAAAAM!

[Blackwell grins for his best Megumi Sato impression, lowering the mic as the UK fans rise to their feet, looking towards the entrance stage.]

"CLANG!" "CLANG!" "CLANG!"

[...the sound of a bell being rung is surprising, the fans arching their necks trying to get a glimpse...]

"HEAR YE!" "HEAR YE!"

[An English town crier emerges from the back to the entrance stage, carrying a moderately-sized brass bell in his right hand and a scroll in his left.]

"CLANG!" "CLANG!" "CLANG!"

"HEAR YE!" "HEAR YE!"

SA: Okay, we hear ye for Pete's sake...

CP: Quiet, Albano! We might miss somethi-

"CLANG!" "CLANG!" "CLANG!"

"HEAR YE!" "HEAR YE!"

SA: What was that, Colt?

"CLANG!" "CLANG!" "CLANG!"

[The crowd is really on this guy's case now as he looks out at them with a disgusted expression and...]

"CLANG!" "CLANG!" "CLANG!"

SA: Enough is en-

"CLANG!" "CLANG!" "CLANG!"

SA: Are you kid-

"CLANG!" "CLANG!" "CLANG!"

[Albano can be heard sighing as the fans' booing is practically deafening now for this annoying show. Pausing until the crowd quiets a bit, the town crier unfurls his scroll, obnoxiously clearing his throat...]

"O ye! On this day here at The Battle of London, I am pleased to announce the arrival of the British Isles' preeminent distaff wrestler..

...the adherent of Lord Byron...

...the pupil of Sir Colin Hayden...

...the Lioness incarnate...

Please all rise and give due respect to her Ladyship of Falkingham Palace...

...LAAAAAADYYYYY REBECCAAAAAAA FALKINGHAAAAAAAAM!

[The town crier looks around, awaiting the proper response...

...and the response he gets is probably not exactly what he had in mind. The crowd is decidedly mixed for Falkingham, the locals torn between wanting to support one of their own headed to the biggest professional wrestling company on the planet and wanting to boo the pants off the arrogant beauty heading their way soon.

The town crier shakes his head in disapproval before raising the mic one more time...]

“Long may she prosper!”

[The peaceful and glorious sounds of “Mass for Four Voices Kyrie” begins to sing out over the PA system as Lady Rebecca Falkingham gracefully glides out from behind the stage to the grandeur of The Battle of London.]

SA: Well, there she is, Colt. We’ve been seeing the introductory videos for weeks now, imploring us to “just you wait” but the waiting is over - she has arrived!

CP: And look at her, Albano! Now THAT’S class! That’s dignity! That’s grace and beauty!

[The statuesque redhead in the black ticornie waits at the top of the ramp, arms extended gingerly at her sides to display her spectacular sequined version of a British red coat with gold rope adorning the collars, buttonholes and cuffs. She inclines her head curtly. As she raises her head up, a slight sneer curls her thin upper lip as she regards the crowd.]

SA: And for all the hype about debuting in front of her fellow countrymen, she sure doesn’t look too thrilled to see them.

CP: Of course not! Look at the disrespect being shown to her! There are actually people in this crowd NOT on their feet paying tribute!

[Blackwell waits patiently as Falkingham drifts down the aisle towards the ring, her arms staying aloft as she occasionally pauses to look at a fan alongside the entrance ramp, giving them a once over before either nodding in approval or sneering with disdain.]

SA: I guess that fan didn’t please her - but he’s standing!

CP: And giving her a thumbs down?! What kind of peasant does such a thing!

SA: Lady Rebecca Falkingham signed a quite lucrative contract by all accounts... but judging by the pace of her entrance, maybe she’s getting paid by the hour!

CP: Royalty don’t rush, Albano. We’re on her time now... she doesn’t work on ours.

SA: Tell that to my show format and the producer in my ear. Can someone move her along a little?

[But Lady Falkingham indeed works on her own clock and it is several more moments before she arrives at ringside. She gives the ring a once over, nodding with approval before ascending the ringsteps where she delicately wipes the bottom of her boots on the apron and then turns to the ring expectantly...]

SA: What is she...?

[Arms still outstretched, she gestures at the ring ropes with gloved hands.]

SA: Oh, you’ve gotta be kidding me!

[But nothing happens... at first.]

SA: Uhh, Lou?

[Dark eyes flashing, Lady Falkingham gestures again at the ring ropes with a touch more urgency until light dawns on marble head and Sweet Lou hustles over towards the ropes, sitting down on the second and awkwardly gesturing her through.]

CP: Ugh, what an embarrassment this is. What she must think of us already.

[Falkingham gives Lou the slightest of glances before gliding through the ropes to take center ring, her arms spread wide as she slowly rotates, giving all of her “adoring subjects” a chance to see her. Blackwell quickly hustles back into position, mic in hand...]

SLB: Rebecca, welcome to The Battle of London!

[Still posing for the fans, Lady Falkingham raises a delicate eyebrow in Lou’s direction as he sticks the microphone near her face. Lady Falkingham opens her mouth to speak...

...and a sound escapes her. Not a snort of disapproval. Not a laugh. Not a word exactly. More like a... “SQUI!” A sharp and high-pitched squeak of dismay.]

SLB: Pardon me?

[Falkingham clutches at her chest for a moment, grimacing before she finally regains her composure and when she speaks it is with the most laboriously received of received pronunciations since Downton Abbey.]

LRF: Are all the commoners of America so familiar, hm?

[Lou looks puzzled.]

SLB: I... don’t know how to answer that. But that’s besides the point-

[Lady Falkingham interrupts.]

LRF: The point, dear boy, is that if you are to address me... and I fail to understand why my new employers would send... you...

[She looks disdainfully at Blackwell.]

LRF: ...to do so... then you will address me appropriately by my rightful and earned title... the Ladyship of Falkingham Palace, the Lioness Incarnate... Lady Rebecca Falkingham.

[There are more than a few boos this time for her browbeating of everyone’s favorite backstage interviewer who looks a little agitated now. He eyeballs her for a moment thoughtfully before...]

SLB: No, I’m not calling you that.

[The crowd laughs as Falkingham’s eyes flash with annoyance and barely-held rage.]

SLB: But I will call you Lady Rebecca... and I will also call you one of the top free agents in professional wrestling according to a recent piece by a noted wrestling writer.

[Falkingham nods her head in approval of the praise, still holding her hands up uselessly by her sides.]

LRF: Yes. It is your honor and distinct pleasure, Mr. Black... hm?



[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: You can call me "Sweet Lou."

[Falkingham reacts like someone stuck a dirty diaper under her nose, twisting her face into disgust.]

LRF: SQUI! I most assuredly can not. Mr. Blackwell, while it pains me to understand how you and your countrymen can behave in such a boorish fashion so often, I am - nonetheless - a highly educated woman who is well learned in your country's ways... and even moreso in the AWA's ways.

Since the announcement heard round the world that the United States' pre-eminent professional wrestling promotion... the American Wrestling Alliance... sought to expand its reach past the provincial reaches of North America and bring its show to England, we have seen an outpouring of demand here on our beloved shores for more examples of British wrestling to infuse its brand.

[The fans cheer that statement as Falkingham gestures towards them.]

LRF: As you see, the masses simply cry out for it.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: It doesn't hurt that we've seen such talented competitors from your great country in our rings - men like Rory Smythe and Raphael Rhodes...

[The fans cheer!]

SLB: ...and your former trainer, Colin Hayden as well!

[Falkingham arches an eyebrow.]

LRF: You are familiar with Mr. Hayden's talents? There may be hope for you yet, Mr...?

SLB: Blackwell.

[Falkingham gives a dismissive wave.]

LRF: It matters not. Yes, you may have seen Mistery Smythe and Rhodes in their efforts to represent the United Kingdom... and do so quite well in many's estimation... yet they fail to represent what I do. The women of England.

[There's a higher pitched cheer this time.]

LRF: And while I would prefer to not sully my very expensive shoes on your soils, Mr. Blackworm...

[Lou shakes his head.]

LRF: ...I have also come to learn that if one truly wishes to test themselves... to prove themselves... to hold themselves up as the standard bearer of women's professional wrestling, they cannot do it here.

They must come to the American Wrestling Alliance and step foot into what is - without hyperbole - the most vital and competitive women's wrestling division in the world.

[The fans like to hear the respect for the AWA, showing the love as an AWA chant breaks out. Lady Rebecca acknowledges the chant with a tilt of her head for a moment before gesturing for the fans to tamp down their applause, and then clasps her gloved hands behind her back again.]

LRF: Please, countrymen, I urge you ... please do not be crass punters like our cousins to the west.

[There's some laughter in the crowd mixed with a few jeers from some Americans who've come to London for the event.]

LRF: Be proper and save your applause until the end.

[As the crowd quiets down, Falkingham continues.]

LRF: As you look upon the tremendous competitors of this division, you see the best our sport has to offer.. almost. You see it represented by styles of all sorts. Skills of all sorts. Many shapes, colors, nationalities...

[She unclasps her hands, holding up a gloved finger.]

LRF: ...yet it is found wanting in one aspect. The division lacks an example of class, breeding, pulchritude and technique.

It lacks an English Rose, in fact.

[Lady Falkingham shakes her head in disappointment.]

LRF: And so, to address this pitiful void, it is for months now I have been in negotiation with the American Wrestling Alliance to allow them to secure my talents for Queen and Country.

O England, it is here tonight that I announce... I accept my duty to leave this fair land and travel to America and bear the enormous burden of thrusting British wrestling back to the forefront of the world where it belongs.

[Falkingham nods proudly, aware of the "sacrifice" she makes.]

LRF: Yes, yes... thank you all... my loyal subjects!

[Blackwell looks around a bit puzzled as the crowd really didn't react to her proclamation.]

LRF: I am mindful of the enormity of my burden and responsibility and I promise you, Her Majesty and the Empire, that lightly these duties I do not take.

It is also with great reluctance and sadness that I inform you that this appearance here today will be my final appearance before you, England, on English soil.

[Lady Falkingham pauses for expected condolences from the crowd. We hear none but she seems to as she nods and continues.]

LRF: I know... I sympathize with your deprivation. Nay, my next competition shall take place across the Atlantic Ocean in Los Angeles at an event known as...

[She lifts a small note card in her hand, looking at it for a bit... first with confusion... then with disdain... then with horror before looking at Blackwell.]

LRF: ...I apologize, dear sir, for this cannot be right. Memorial Day Mayhem?

[The crowd cheers loudly as Lou chuckles.]

SLB: You got it, sister.

[Falkingham's face twists again.]

LRF: Sir, you forget yourself.

[Blackwell throws himself into a dramatic bow.]

SLB: My apologies, my lady.

[Falkingham glares at Lou as if trying to detect sincerity... and then nods, moving forward.]

LRF: At this barbarically-named event, I will compete as one of thirty women participating in a...

[She sniffs disdainfully, letting loose another...]

"SQUI!"

[...and then shakes it off.]

LRF: ...Rumble match. Now, I say... although this type of barely-legal professional wrestling match is not the ideal nor proper showcase for a woman of my technical skills but rather a barbaric free for all... I, nonetheless, stand here proud to represent my people and my nation as I humble our American cousins in their own crude brawl.

[The crowd responds again with a bit of mixed love for Lady Rebecca... a far cry from the kind of reaction she's likely to get in the States.]

LRF: Through the Grace of our Savior and with the strength of England behind me, I shall defy the odds and stand tall ... the victor ... the survivor ... the triumphant ...

...The Lioness... Lady Rebecca Falkingham.

[Falkingham pauses, soaking up a mixed response before nodding in approval.]

LRF: I thank you for your attention.

You may now shower me with adulation and return to your seats.

[Falkingham steps back as Blackwell pulls the mic away.]

SLB: Well... you heard her, fans. Lady Rebecca Falkingham is coming to the AWA... she's coming to Los Angeles... and oh yeah, she's coming to Rumble!

[Falkingham's face twists into one more look of disgust at Blackwell before she gestures to the ropes, waiting for a sighing Blackwell to open them ropes for her once more. Her music starts up again as the camera zooms out to show a wider angle of the ring as Lady Rebecca Falkingham curtsies to the people and delicately waves goodbye...

...and on that note, we fade from the ring to the bank of television monitors that can only mean one thing... and just in case you weren't sure what that one thing is, a helpful voiceover is there to make it crystal clear.]

"Here with the Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center.. Mark Stegglet!"

[And we fade to a different set of monitors showing AWA action this time, revealing Mark Stegglet in a black suit standing in front of them with a grin.]

MS: Hello AWA fans and welcome to your Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center! I'm Mark Stegglet and while some of our crew is off in London for The Battle of London, I'm back home in the States getting you all the news that's fit to print when it comes to the biggest event of the summer: Memorial Day Mayhem! Now, this year's big event is just about a month away and will be coming to you LIVE on Pay Per View from Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles, California! And while a lot of the lineup has yet to be determined, we do have a couple of big matches to talk about it so let's get right to it!

[We get a graphic showing Juan Vasquez on one side of the screen and Raphael Rhodes on the other with the words "ONE LAST TIME" stamped across them.]

MS: And we're wasting no time here - the big one! One last time! The retirement match of the Hall of Famer Juan Vasquez as he climbs inside the squared circle for the final time in his hometown of Los Angeles, California to take on one of his oldest and greatest rivals in Rapahel Rhodes. And if the hype behind the final Vasquez match wasn't enough, we now know that there's a possibility that when it's all said and done, this match just might be Champion versus Champion. Earlier tonight, Raphael Rhodes earned a title shot at National Champion Jordan Ohara a week from tonight in Atlanta... and later tonight, Juan Vasquez gets one final crack at the AWA World Title when he meets Supernova. But whether there's gold at stake or not, it's going to be a special night in the City of Angels when Vasquez walks that aisle for the final time, fans.

[The graphic changes.]

MS: And how about this one, fans? The annual 30 person Rumble - and this year, it's Ladies' Night in LA when the women of the American Wrestling Alliance put on a show for the world. The AWA Women's Division is the hottest in wrestling and they intend to prove it when 30 of the world's best come to Los Angeles and compete with the prize at the end being a shot at the Women's World Title at the AWA's first-ever women's only event - Girls To The Front - which will be held later this summer in New York City. We've announced a bunch of big names for this in the past...

[The graphic shifts to show the entire announced field for the Rumble so far: Michelle Bailey, Margarita Flores, all three members of Slam Sorority, the Country Punks, Donna Martinelli and Shannon Walsh of the Peach Pits, Ricki Toughill, former Women's World Champion Lauryn Rage, Harper Hannigan of the Fawcett Family, and all four members of E-Girl MAX.]

MS: ...but there are a few notes on some of these entered competitors. Injuries have played a role in putting some of these appearances in jeopardy - of course, we're already aware of Victoria June and Donna Martinelli attempting to come back from injury in time to compete in this year's Rumble... but we can add another name to that list in Kelly Kowalski. Kowalski was badly injured on last week's Showtime during a match with Ricki Toughill... and as such, we're officially announcing that Kowalski has been pulled out of the Rumble due to those injuries and...

[Stegglet sighs.]

MS: ...by order of Interim President Zharkov...

[Stegglet clears his throat as he reads from a notecard.]

MS: "Due to a special clause in the contract for this match that was drafted and executed by... attorneys associated with a major sponsor..."

[Stegglet shakes his head before continuing.]

MS: "...the Rumble participant spot vacated by Kelly Kowalski will be filled..."

[Stegglet sighs again, looking up at the camera.]

MS: "...by a competitor of E-Girl MAX's choosing."

[Stegglet wads up the notecard, tossing it over his shoulder with annoyance.]

MS: There you have it, fans. A vacated spot in the Rumble that will go to whomever the women of EGM choose... and I can't say that idea thrills me but it is what it is and the show must go on... and on it goes with the announcement of FOUR more competitors heading into the Rumble.

[The graphic shifts to reveal one of the competitors taking up full screen.]

MS: She's been on a roll of late here in the AWA Women's Division and in Los Angeles, she has a chance to shock the world... BETTY CHANG is in the Rumble!

[The graphic changes again, showing two more competitors.]

MS: The Internet just shouted out loud for this one because...  
LARIAAAATOOOOOOOOO! Kimmy Bailey and Ayako Fujiwara are in the Rumble as well!

[And once more...]

MS: And we just saw her debut moments ago where she made the announcement herself - Lady Rebecca Falkingham has been entered into the Rumble and will be in the house in Los Angeles looking to make history!

[The graphic disappears, leaving Stegglet on camera.]

MS: That makes twenty names entered with ten more spots to go - just a month away from the Rumble and a month away from the biggest event of the summer, Memorial Day Mayhem! May 28th, Los Angeles, California... Dodger Stadium has been SOLD OUT for weeks but you can still join us LIVE on Pay Per View and believe me, fans, you do NOT want to miss it!

[We fade to a shot of the Memorial Day Mayhem logo, promoting the upcoming major event...]

...and then we fade to the backstage area of the O2 Arena where a grinning Mariah Wolfe is standing.]

MW: Mark Stegglet hanging out back home in the Control Center, running down everything you need to know about Memorial Day Mayhem coming to Los Angeles in just about a month's time. Sweet Lou's out in the ring with Lady Rebecca Falkingham.

[Wolfe grins.]

MW: Which means that yours truly gets to hang out backstage and break some news! Earlier this week, AWA Women's World Champion "The Spitfire" Julie Somers appeared on ABC's Jimmy Kimmel Live to talk about her career, the AWA, and Memorial Day Mayhem. Let's first take you to a highlight from her appearance.

[We cut to footage of Jimmy Kimmel Live in which we see "The Spitfire" Julie Somers walking onto the stage. She wears a pink T-shirt with the words "LIVE THE DREAM" in white lettering and blue jeans. Her wavy brown hair hangs loose. She shakes hands with host Jimmy Kimmel.]

We then cut to later in the broadcast and an exchange between Kimmel and Somers.]

JK: So tell me about this phrase...

[Kimmel gestures to her shirt.]

JS: [smiling] Yeah, live the dream.

JK: What is that all about?

JS: I just want every little girl who looks up to me... anyone, really... to go out and live your dream. If you believe you can accomplish something, you can.

JK: You'd want me to live the dream, too?

JS: [chuckles] Sure, anything you believe in!

JK: If I asked you for something, could you help me?

[Somers gives him a look of suspicion... like she's playing along.]

JS: What do you want?

JK: Well, my dream is to get a selfie with you! Can you help a guy out?

[Somers joins the audience in laughter.]

JK: No, really, let's do it now!

JS: [chuckling] Oh, let me think about it...

[Kimmel looks to the audience, his arms spread in a slight shrug, as if he's wondering what he did wrong. The audience laughs, but a few make the "awww" sound.]

JS: [chuckles again] Oh, all right, since you asked!

[Kimmel pulls out a cell phone -- yes, he happened to have it on him -- and Somers then leans over behind him. They both have goofy smiles on their face and Kimmel snaps a shot, the audience laughing and applauding.]

We cut back to Wolfe, who is grinning.]

MW: Always good to see the AWA Women's World Champion having fun. I do understand she did more than take a selfie with Jimmy Kimmel, but stayed afterward to meet with people in the studio audience and sign some autographs as well. And right now, Julie's joining us live via satellite from Hollywood...

[We now go to a split screen where we have Wolfe to the left and Somers to the right. Somers is dressed in a "LIVE THE DREAM" T-shirt, only this one is white with red lettering. Her hair is pulled back behind her head in a ponytail.]

MW: Julie, thanks so much for joining me tonight!

JS: Thank you, Mariah... I wish I could have been in London to meet the fans there in person, but I appreciate you giving me a few minutes to talk.

MW: Of course! When the champ wants to talk to the people, we'd be fools to turn her down... and speaking of someone turning you down...

[Julie grins.]

JS: Jumping right into it, huh?

[Mariah smiles with a shrug.]

MW: It's the question on everyone's minds lately... and I'd be drawn and quartered on the Internet if I didn't ask it. Back at National Wrestling Night, after you teamed with Michelle Bailey and Ricki Toughill, you offered Michelle a shot at that sparking piece of gold on your shoulder there - the Women's World Title - in Los Angeles at Memorial Day Mayhem... an opportunity that Michelle... well, if she didn't turn it down, she definitely didn't immediately accept it.

[Julie nods.]

MW: And I'm sure you heard the interview she did with Lori Dane on Showtime?

JS: [nodding] I did, Mariah.

MW: Let me ask you... what was going through your mind when Michelle didn't know what to say at first?

[Somers bites her lip, as if she's thinking about what to say.]

JS: You know, Mariah, I'll be honest with you... I wanted to surprise Michelle.

But... let me explain a few things first.

I tell people all the time about how, when I was just 14 years old, I'd go around backstage at UWF or MBC, asking all the women about wrestling - how do I get involved, what I need to do - that type of thing. And they were always patient with me, answering every question I asked, even as I wondered if I was bugging them too much.

But I never did watch EMWC.

[Mariah looks a little surprised by that news.]

JS: I had heard about Michelle Bailey but didn't know much about her... that is, until she did that interview about a year ago, about her journey, about what she went through, and how she was ready to make her comeback in AWA.

[She takes a deep breath.]

JS: And I just got so inspired by that, you know? I was so inspired, that 14-year-old girl came right out. When I finally got to meet her, I couldn't help myself... I started asking her questions. Not about her personal life, of course, but all about wrestling, what I could do to get better, what I could do to stand out more.

And she was just like all the others before. She was so patient with me, answered my questions, even when I wondered if I was bugging her. And she's become not just a mentor, like so many of the other women who gave me advice, but she's become a good friend.

So when I couldn't get somebody else to challenge me... when none of E-Girl MAX would take me up on my offer for a title shot, I thought about it and wondered... what if, instead, I offered a shot to someone who gave me all that advice, as a way to thank them for being so patient with my questions?

[She sighs.]

JS: But as far as my reaction... if I told you I wasn't disappointed, I wouldn't be honest with you. Not that I'm mad at Michelle... I just didn't expect her reaction, I guess.

[Mariah nods.]

MW: Now that you heard what Michelle had to say, what are your thoughts about that? She said she thought that maybe she didn't deserve it, that maybe she was selfish for taking it. Do you think she would be?

[Somers pauses for a bit. She purses her lips, like she's thinking about what she wants to say.]

JS: It would be easy for me to say that she's not being selfish for accepting a title shot, but I won't. I'm not going to question what she's thinking.

And maybe some would say that I'm the selfish one, in wanting to face her in the ring, give the fans a match they'd love to see. Maybe some would make it out to be that way.

But all I wanted to do was find a way to say thank you to somebody who has been in that ring for so long, who was so willing to give me advice, answer my questions. And with so many of those women who are now retired, no longer in the wrestling ring, I wondered if I'd ever get that chance to thank one of them by offering them a match... especially a title match.

[She pauses again.]

JS: And Michelle's still out there, still wrestling... heck, she's in the Finals of the Royal Crown tournament. If I got to face her, give her the shot, that would be my way to say thank you not just to her, but to all the women who gave me advice, for everything.

And maybe that's selfish, but I just see it as a way to give back in what I think would be the best way possible.

MW: Is there anything you want to say to Michelle tonight?

[Somers pauses once more, then nods.]

JS: First, I want to wish her the best of luck tonight in the Royal Crown tournament and I'm rooting for her. And second... Michelle, you said you had people telling you to go for it when I offered you the shot, just like Juan Vasquez told you to go for it when the women's Memorial Day Rumble was announced.

I would just say that, maybe there is a reason why they said you should go for it. Maybe it's because they believe in you... and that they believe you are worthy, that you have earned this shot.

I won't speak for all of them, but I can speak for myself. And I DO believe in you, Michelle, and like I told you, you should live your dream.



I would be honored to face you, to defend the belt against you at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Julie shrugs.]

JS: But if you decide not to face me... I understand and you're still my friend.

[Wolfe is quiet for a moment, then nods.]

MW: Thank you, Julie, for taking the time to visit with me. I will say that I'm sure a lot of fans would love to see you face Michelle at Memorial Day Mayhem as well.

JS: [nodding] Thanks, Mariah.

[The split screen fades, leaving Mariah Wolfe behind solo.]

MW: And fans, I just have to wonder if the words of Julie Somers will have any impact on Michelle Bailey's thinking. We're going to take a quick break and when we come back, it's eight man tag team action that you do NOT want to miss!

[Fade to black.

After a moment, the ESPN 30 For 30 logo comes up on the screen with the words "COMING IN EARLY 2018."

We come up on a shot of Lori Dane - a talking head shot.]

LD: They told me repeatedly - "there's no room for women's wrestling in the AWA." It wasn't even up for debate really. I mean... I wasn't surprised. Look at what happened in the E.

[We get a brief still photo publicity photo shot of "Luscious" Lori Dane holding the EMWC Women's Title.]

LD: Yeah, I held the title but for the life of you, could anyone remember who I beat for it? Or if I even defended it on TV? I was a house show gimmick. Someone they could trot out there to get whistled at and make the guys drop money for bikini 8X10s at intermission.

[Cut to a talking head of former AWA competitor Melissa Cannon.]

MC: Most of the talented women's wrestlers in the 80s and 90s were in Japan. There were a handful here but for every Jessica Starbird, you had an "Erotic" Erin. For every Lori Dane, a Satin Sheets. The women in the States were being treated as a sideshow and everyone knew it. The Throbbing Mattress Kittens? Give me a [BLEEPING] break!

[Cut to Laura Davis with a smirk on her face.]

LD: The UWF took it pretty seriously but very few other places did. Even the so-called biggest promotions on the planet didn't give us the time of day. Hell, some of the best women were better in the ring than the top men at times... but you'd never know it by the way they promoted us.

[Back to Dane.]

LD: I was a friggin' co-owner of the company and I still couldn't get it done for a long damn time. But when it changed...

[Dane raises her eyebrows as we fade to a graphic that says "THE BIRTH OF THE AWA WOMEN'S DIVISION."

The "Coming Soon" graphic returns for a moment before we go back to black...

...and as we fade back up, we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing backstage.]

SLB: Welcome back to The Battle of London, fans... and we're just a short time away from our next match... if you can call it a match when we've got Generation Lost taking on the... unusual... team of the Fawcett Family and the Aces In The Hole. But before we get to that, I've got a couple of pieces of breaking news to... well, break.

[Blackwell gives a sheepish shrug.]

SLB: First off... and this is a big one... back at National Wrestling Night, we heard Julie Somers offer a shot at her World Title at Memorial Day Mayhem to Michelle Bailey... which she did not immediately accept for unclear reasons.

Last week on Showtime, we heard Bailey's reasons for that... and just moments ago, we've heard Julie Somers making it clear why she thinks Bailey has EARNED that shot at her title.

[Blackwell smiles.]

SLB: And now... for the first time since the Tenth Anniversary Show, our ol' pal Bucky Wilde just sent me a text message to let me know that he plans to be in Las Vegas for Saturday Night Wrestling for a special edition of The Call Of The Wilde with his special guest, Michelle Bailey... and he says that HE will be getting to the bottom of this Bailey/Somers situation once and for all!

[We get a graphic on screen promoting that special interview as the fans inside the O2 watching on the big screen cheer.]

SLB: Now, drastically shifting gears here, let's talk about the recent happenings involving three members of Team Supreme - the trio known as the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad - and the unlikely pairing of Brian James and Jackson Hunter.

[Blackwell pauses.]

SLB: Of course, the roads leading to this conflict go all the way back to SuperClash last year when KAMS assaulted former World Champion Johnny Detson, leaving him in a horrible way, and were okay with Brian James taking the fall for it. In fact, the only one who - shockingly - was telling the truth about what went down that night was the guy who witnessed it... and nobody believed had witnessed it... Jackson Hunter. For weeks, we heard the evidence against James pile up to the point where he was suspended and on the verge of being fired... but when it mattered most, Jackson Hunter told Brian James the truth... and James went after Team Supreme like he'd been shot out of a cannon.

[He takes a breath.]

SLB: They've exchanged some attacks back and forth since then... leading to National Wrestling Night where they met in tag team action, fighting to a no contest... and then again to Showtime where KAMS was violently assaulting Shadoo Rage, nearly knocking him out of the Brass Ring Tournament altogether when James and Hunter showed up to save the day.

[And again.]

SLB: Which brings us to yesterday when the AWA had dispatched both Brian James and Jackson Hunter to a special media appearance in Los Angeles for our broadcast partners here on ESPN... when they encountered a most unwelcome visitor. Let's take a look - courtesy of our friends at First Take.

[We fade to footage marked "First Take - courtesy of ESPN" where we see Brian James and Jackson Hunter on a split screen with ESPN personality Stephen A. Smith. James and Hunter are both in street clothes and James is laughing as the footage starts up.]

BJ: No, no... I wouldn't want to even try to bring him down with a tackle. Maybe Jackson here?

[Hunter smirks, shaking his head.]

JH: Me neither. But I've managed a few guys that might like to take a crack at it.

[Smith laughs.]

SAS: I'm sure you have... alright, that's enough talk about other sports. Let's talk about yours. You guys are here today promoting some of the upcoming AWA shows, right? I hear you're in London this weekend!

[Hunter shakes his head.]

JH: Not us. We're stuck here with you, Stephen.

[Laughter all around.]

JH: But the rest of the crew is, yeah. Sold out crowd in the O2 in London.

SAS: Nice, nice... right here on ESPN?

JH: You got it. Who needs us? You can promote The Battle of London all on your own.

SAS: But I hear you've got an even bigger show coming up... and believe me, I'm gonna be at that one.

BJ: You're talking about LA?

SAS: That's right. Memorial Day Mayhem at Dodger Stadium! That's a heck of a building to run!

BJ: Sold out too.

SAS: No kidding?

BJ: Been sold out for months now. Over fifty thousand people are going to be in that stadium that night, Stephen... and I can't wait.

SAS: You two on that show?

[James and Hunter throw a glance at each other, grinning.]

JH: Not... yet?

[James laughs.]

BJ: I'm going to let him get in trouble on that one.

JH: I have a few plates that I am spinning

SAS: Alright, alright... I'll let it go. But could those plans have anything to do with these guys you've been getting in some trouble with lately? What do they call themselves?

[Smith checks a notecard on his desk.]

SAS: Oh, I ain't even gonna try, boys. Let's call 'em KAMS. Can we do that? KAMS?

[James' smiling face goes a little cold.]

BJ: We can call 'em "dead men walking" if you ask me.

[Hunter smirks.]

JH: I call them "the Shipping/Receiving Department of the Torrance Home Depot that all called in sick one day," but that's only marginally longer than their [BLEEP] actual name.

[That one makes James smirk a little as Smith laughs loudly.]

JH: ...since when do wrestling stable names need appendices?

SAS: They don't call you the Seven Second Sinner for nothing, huh?

[Hunter looks confused.]

JH: I think you've got your nicknames crossed there but I'll take it. I just think that-

[Hunter suddenly looks alarmed...]

...and Cain Jackson comes rushing into frame, delivering a big boot that knocks Hunter flat!]

SAS: OH!

[A few choice words are muted as we see AJ Martinez come into view, throwing big bombs with Brian James as they tumble towards the camera...]

SAS: Guys, guys! Careful over there!

[...and the split screen gimmick is abandoned as we cut to a full screen shot of James and Martinez trading haymakers while Cain Jackson and Paris Crawford put the boots to Jackson Hunter on the side of the screen. We can hear cries for "HELP!" and "SECURITY!" from ESPN production people as Crawford springs off a chair, thrusting their leg out and connecting with a graceful grand jeté kick to the jaw that spins James around, into Martinez.

Martinez uses the opportunity to drop James with a well-placed right hand up under the chin, putting him down as Jackson comes in, lifting a desk chair overhead as someone shouts "NO!"...

...and HURLS it down on top of James!]

"Take that, mother-"

[And the audio cuts out again as an excited Martinez grabs the camera and plants a kiss on the lens to leave a saliva smear, with Crawford primping their hair in the background. Jackson nods at the wreckage, a smile on his face. We then see him motion with his head, and lipreaders can make out "time to go". KAMS departs the scene, leaving James laid out under the chair as Hunter groans in pain nearby...

...and we cut to footage marked "TEN MINUTES LATER..." where James and Hunter are back on their feet, looking a little roughed up.]

JH: How many times is this gonna happen, James?

BJ: You were there for them all too. You can count, yeah?

[Hunter shakes his head.]

JH: I told you when this all started this was a bad idea... a BAD idea... but NOOOOOO... you're the son of the [BLEEP] damned Blackheart... you can face down any threat. I've had to clean up after so [BLEEP] many Brian James-sized disasters in my life over the past few weeks, and I'm sick of Team Supreme being everywhere I turn, like they're a [BLEEP] Ed Sheeran song...!

[James glowers at Hunter.]

BJ: You [BLEEP] damned coward. Go on then. Get out of here. I'll do this without you.

[Hunter angrily gets up, kicking over a nearby chair.]

JH: THEN FIX IT... OR 86 IT!

[Hunter surprisingly shows some stones, getting up in James' face.]

JH: YOU THINK YOU CAN DO EVERYTHING YOURSELF!

[Hunter throws up his hands, sitting down.]

JH: But you can't.

[James glares at him. Hunter sighs.]

JH: We can't.

[Hunter looks down at the ground a moment.]

JH: Brian... we need help.

[James stares at Hunter for several long, awkward seconds...

...and then abruptly gets up, startling Hunter.]

BJ: Then let's go find some.

[James storms off, leaving a curious Hunter to get up, trailing behind him as we fade back to live action in the O2 where Sweet Lou is standing.]

SLB: A wild scene there for sure... and we certainly would like to apologize to Stephen A. Smith and the rest of the First Take crew for the actions of Jackson, Martinez, and Crawford.

[Blackwell shakes his head with disgust.]

SLB: It certainly isn't the kind of actions that we would-

[A voice rings out from off-camera... a mocking yet very serious tone...]

"We would NEVER dream of endorsing the kind of chaos that would get us mentioned on SportsCenter!"

[...and the voice behind that mocking sidles into view, that of Chet Wallace dressed for action in long black tights with a multi-color confetti pattern on it. His torso is bare but covered with a sparkling silver vest with "IDOLS" written across the back. There are tassles around his matching silver boots...

...and perhaps not surprisingly, his twin brother looks the same as he joins Chet in the picture.

A moment passes before the rest of Generation Lost enters the shot.

Jayden Jericho is dressed in almost sparkling silvery long tights with black boots with specks of silver in them. He is not wearing a shirt and is standing next to Justin Gaines. Gaines has black tights and a leather vest but no shirt. His damp blond hair hangs at shoulder length, with his face dusted with about three days of black stubble. ]

SLB: Oh, it's you.

[Chaz Wallace shakes his head.]

CHAZ: It's us, Lou! And if you feel lightheaded, grab hold of these floatation devices...

[He flexes as Blackwell grimaces.]

SLB: Why on Earth would I feel lightheaded?

[Wallace smirks.]

CHAZ: It's a natural feeling when you're suddenly soaring to the top of the ratings pile like what happens EVERY time Generation Lost takes the stage!

CHET: That's right, Lou... we're here to take The Battle of London to heights unimaginable. Every single fan who turned off their TV when they saw Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens earlier? They're back! Every single fan who cringed away when they saw the teeth of some of these people in the O2 tonight? They will NOT change that dial, Lou.

CHAZ: And you know what, Lou?

[He waits... and waits... until Lou finally sighs and replies.]

SLB: What?

CHAZ: You're welcome!

[Chet and Chaz exchange a high five as Justin Gaines smirks at the twins' antics.]

CHAZ: Now, let's get down to brass tacks and call a spade a spade... no matter how much we're driving the ratings through the roof right now, we're about to

experience a dip for sure because the fans realize that when this little chat comes to an end, they're going to have to see...

[Chaz shudders.]

CHAZ: ...The Aces In The Hole and the Fawcett Family.

CHET: Cringe!

CHAZ: Exactly, my brother from the same mother. And Lou, I know you don't have any backstage stroke around these parts otherwise you'd make someone buy you a new suit...

[Blackwell looks at his suit.]

CHAZ: ...but even you, Dear Scoopster, has to wonder why the AWA would fly us all the way over to London...

CHET: IN COACH!

[Chet shudders.]

CHAZ: ...to fight the likes of those four. Where's our match with Next Gen for the tag titles? Too busy tied up waiting to see if Mifune-

[Chaz puts a hand in front of his brother's mouth.]

CHET: I'd strongly prefer you keep that beautiful face intact.

[Chaz throws up his hands, stomping away.]

CHET: Oh, this is gonna be... okay, I've gotta... guys, tell Lou what he needs to know!

[Jericho glares at Blackwell.]

JJ: Oh, now you did it Lou!

SLB: I did? I did nothing of the sort! I hardly said anything!

JJ: And yet, still enough to upset my friends! This isn't funny, this isn't some kind of joke. Unlike Gibbie and the Dave over in Marketing trying to convince them that Aces In The Hole name really slaps.

[Jericho smirks.]

JJ: Two jokes trying to make a name off the hottest sensations to hit the airwaves this wrestling season in Generation Lost, the only group worth anything here! And you're going to pair them with two fuggos in Crowley and Lost Boy, who are on their-

[Jericho starts counting on his fingers, pointing to every single one before throwing his hands up in frustration.]

JJ: -oh hell, I don't know but it's a lot of chances when me and Justin barely get chance one! When the American Idols, God's greatest tag team, was getting wasted on the sidelines. I mean, Generation Lost, took out Hannibal Carver for you!

[Lou's jaw drops.]

SLB: For me?!

JJ: Lou please, your gratitude is appreciated, but don't interrupt! We put Carver down like the bad habits he endorses - not the drinking and Denny's - but the favoritism, the seniority driven entitlements, and cronyism!

I keep telling everyone we're not asking, we're taking.

[Jericho sneers.]

JJ: Carver was in the way and we moved him out to pasture! Fawcett Family and Aces In The Hole... you want to get in the way?

Big man, tell them the consequences!

[Jayden open hand slaps Gaines across the chest, while Gaines maintains his stare into the camera, then smirks slightly.]

JG: Consequences? Yeah. About that.

[Justin chuckles to himself.]

JG: I shouldn't NEED to tell them the consequences. I shouldn't need to tell them JACK. Because our group may make comments with the best of them, but what it does best is give demonstrations. We don't do no show and tell. What we do is tell and show. We tell you it's your ass. And then? We make you smell it.

[Jayden breaks out laughing.]

JJ: Show and smell, right, big man?

[Justin arches an eyebrow.]

JG: Wow. That's bad. Did I... did I just say that? Guess I just did. Wow. But here's the thing. It don't matter. Plenty of people have doubted me. ME, with this pedigree and these natural gifts, THIS ability to bring you skyward before it all comes crashing down. And not just that. Plenty of people have doubted US.

There's just one question. Which is...

[Justin thinks it over for a beat.]

JG: Do you believe yet? Do you believe after what we did with Hannibal Carver? Are you gonna believe tomorrow? Save yourself some time, bow to the inevitable, and believe now. Because at the end of the day? Your Fawcetts are going to be shut off, and it's not going to be just your aces in the hole if you know what I mean.

JJ: [laughing maniacally] It's gonna be our boots! And those aren't just Idol threats!

JG: [grinning, pointing at Jayden] Yep. He gets it. THEY [points to Idols] get it. You will too.

[Gaines and Jericho stride out of view after their partners, leaving Lou behind.]

SLB: There they go... thank goodness.

[Blackwell sighs.]



SLB: This is a NICE suit! Take it, Mariah.

[And we fade away from the AWA's resident scoopster to another part of the backstage area where we find Mariah Wolfe standing... looking quite uncomfortable... between the members of the Fawcett Family and the Aces In The Hole.]

MW: Thanks, Lou... and if Generation Lost thinks tonight is going to be a walk in the park, I'd say-

[Mariah glances over at "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett, smiling eerily in his customary white suit... the only splashes of color being a blood red tie and handkerchief tucked neatly into the breast pocket. To his left stands Porter Crowley, staring intently into his shard of mirror glass. Before them crouches The Lost Boy, who slowly inches towards Mariah. He cocks his head to the side, fixing her with the manipulative gaze of a dog looking for treats. He's only held slightly at bay by the heavy steel chain attached to his studded leather dog collar, the chain gripped in the hands of Harper Hannigan.]

MW: I... uhh... I'm having a really hard time focusing here. Dr. Fawcett, would you mind?

[Hannigan gives the heavy chain a hard yank, pulling a whimpering Lost Boy away from the interviewer.]

MW: Thank you... as I was saying, the four of you will be competing tonight as a mostly unlikely quartet against Generation Lost. The obvious question, I think, is can the four of you co-exist in this match?

[A grinning Billy Givens slaps his partner on the shoulder.]

BG: Miss Mariah, you gotta know by now that there are a whole lot of people that think and me and Davey Boy here are an odd couple, yeah?

[Mariah shrugs, nodding reluctantly.]

BG: That's right. And you've seen what we can do in the ring together... and the Bishops are gonna see what we can do in the ring together a week from now on Showtime... but that's seven days away. Right now, this little throw down with the Generation Lost is just about seven MINUTES away and you better believe we're ready for it.

[Mariah nods, sliding the mic towards Givens' partner.]

DL: I agree. Fully.

[Mariah waits for more... and gets none, as Fawcett leans in.]

"D"HF: Brevity is the soul of wit. Shakespeare.

MW: Which, I suppose, brings me to your half of this unlikely team, Dr. Fawcett...

[Fawcett shakes his head.]

"D"HF: Unlikely? I think not.

Is it unlikely to feel distress at the disappearance of man's best friend?

[Fawcett pats The Lost Boy on the head, finally putting him at a slight ease. Crowley finally lets his eyes leave his mirror shard.]

PC: Generation Lost, do you know what it means to need? To feel security after a lifetime of being left out in the cold? Because me and The Lost Boy...

[Crowley scratches behind The Lost Boy's left ear, causing The Lost Boy's left leg to shake wildly.]

PC: ...we could write a book about it.

[Crowley pauses.]

PC: ...well, I could write a book about it. His writings are a little more unfocused, lot of stuff about adding water to food to make gravy.

[At the mere mention of the word "gravy", The Lost Boy begins grunting and sniffing wildly. Hannigan pulls back on his chain as Mariah backs away a step.]

PC: But the point is, we know all about it. Being tossed into the cold whenever we aren't needed to do someone's fighting for them. You saw my concern as weakness. You took your shot, but we're all still standing. Because me and man's best friend aren't new to being treated like less than others. Never being shown that we have any value at all, until we met our chosen family.

[Fawcett and Hannigan nod.]

HH: And it is a damn family. Hell, sounds like more of one than some of their daddies that they're always whining about. "Wah, my daddy only gave me a headstart here and didn't make everyone call me a damn star." Gimme a break.

"D"HF: So again, unlikely? I think not. Everyone you see here, has been victimized by these men. I can understand wanting to make a name for yourself. I see that they have chosen the shortcut of cheap attacks in the night. But truly, they have chosen another fate than the one they intended.

They have chosen to become...

[Hannigan lets the chain drop to the floor as The Lost Boy charges towards the camera, barking with spit flying.]

"D"HF: Dog food.

[We quickly cut away before the camera crew suffer a similar fate...

...and then fade back out on a live shot inside the O2 Arena.]

SA: Some ominous words there from the Fawcett Family as they get set to do battle in front of all these tremendous fans here in London... and Colt, the stars of British wrestling are here as well to see this night of action!

[The camera pans to the front row, where we see the Drake family: The Privateers, Edward and Jacob Drake, and their sister, "British Bad Girl" Lisa Drake.]

CP: The Drake family here in the O2! How 'bout that?

[Edward has a shaved head and a goatee and he is dressed in a white button-down shirt, red tie and navy blue slacks. Jacob had short, thinning brown hair and is dressed in a red button-down shirt and dark blue slacks. Lisa has blonde hair that just touches her shoulders and she is dressed in a white jacket over a red blouse with matching skirt.

When the camera pans on them, the three stand up, Edward nodding at the camera, while Jacob smirks and pumps his fist and Lisa has a slight smile and waves. The trio then acknowledges the cheering crowd, Jacob pumping his fist several times, before they sit back down.]

SA: They're going to be happy they're here in just a few moments as we're set for this eight man tag match... well, it's more likely to be a war... to begin! Rebecca, take it away!

[We fade up to the ring where Rebecca is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is an EIGHT MAN TAG TEAM MATCH!

[A big cheer goes up!]

RO: Introducing first...

["Wins & Losses" by Meek Mill rings out over the PA system, drawing big jeers from the London crowd...]

RO: ...at a total combined weight of 855 pounds... the team of...

JAYDEN JERICO... THE AMERICAN IDOLS... and JUSTIN GAINES...

...GENERAAAAATIONNNNNN LOSSSSSSSSSST!

[...and the dastardly quartet slithers into view up on the stage. The Idols are their usual flamboyant, obnoxious selves, taunting the fans as Jayden Jericho smirks at their actions. Justin Gaines brings up the rear, towering over everyone else as he looks out on the crowd with a determined gaze.]

SA: Generation Lost - now this group has proven to be quite dangerous, Colt, since coming together several weeks back.

CP: You heard what they said, Sal - they don't ask, they take... and so far, they've taken in the form of putting Hannibal Carver on the shelf, beating up the Aces In The Hole backstage, and generally laying waste to everyone that gets in their way.

[Reaching the ring, the Idols are up on the apron right away, slingshotting themselves over the top to land in the ring. Jayden Jericho gets a running start, diving under the ropes to join them as Justin Gaines climbs the ringsteps, giving the fans a disparaging glare before stepping through the ropes.]

SA: All too true... but this is certain to be their stiffest test to date in the form of the Aces In The Hole and the Fawcett Family.

CP: Four guys who couldn't get along long enough to settle on lunch? I don't think so, Sal.

[Rebecca retakes the mic.]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents... at a total combined weight of 1084 pounds... being accompanied down the aisle by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett and Harper Hannigan... the team of Billy Givens and David Layton...

...THE ACES IN THE HOOOOOOOLE...

...and The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley...

...THE FAWCETT FAMILYYYYYYYYYY!

SA: And here they come, the crowd welcoming this unlikely quartet to London!

[The “unlikely quartet” is moving quickly down the aisle towards the waiting Generation Lost...]

CP: This is gonna be a fight, Sal!

[...and just before the Aces and the Fawcett Family enter the ring, a flood of AWA officials slide in to form a wall in the middle of the squared circle!]

SA: Whoa! Whoa!

CP: I guess we have our answer why all these officials were out here! They were here to stop a war from breaking out!

[In the ring, Givens is shouting past the officials at the Idols as the others try to get past the wall...]

SA: You gotta be impressed by President Zharkov’s foresight here, Colt. He knew this was a volatile situation and he knew he needed to cut it off before it got out of control before the bell even rang!

CP: You can suck up to the Tsar all you want, Albano, but listen to these fans ‘cause I agree with them...

[And what are we listening to the crowd say?]

“LET THEM FIGHT!”

“LET THEM FIGHT!”

“LET THEM FIGHT!”

SA: “Let them fight” is the sentiment of the fans jammed into the sold out O2 Arena... and Colt Patterson apparently... and soon enough, they’ll be fighting but right now, we’ve got AWA officials and the referee trying to get this thing under control.

[The officials manage to get the two sides to opposite corners of the ring, the referee standing in the middle as the ring very slowly empties to leave Billy Givens and Chaz Wallace inside the ring.]

SA: Referee Pete “Blue Shoes” Miller is the man in the middle for this one, keeping these two teams at bay... and remember, Colt, Generation Lost cranked up the heat on this one two weeks ago when they attacked the Aces In The Hole backstage at Showtime...

CP: Generation Lost is showing everyone that they don’t follow the rules - they make their own!

SA: ...and it looks like it’ll be Chaz Wallace of the American Idols starting things off with the Cowboy Casanova himself, Billy Givens. And if these two can keep their emotions in check for a bit, Colt, this could be an outstanding showdown.

CP: Two very athletic competitors looking to do battle... I like the looks of it on paper.

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Not wanting to try to keep it under control any longer, the referee signals for the bell and Givens and Chaz Wallace sprint at one another, diving into a collar and elbow tieup that Wallace quickly turns into a side headlock, cranking the hold and shouting "OHHH YEAAAAH!" to the jeering fans...]

SA: Wallace in the headlock... but not for long, Givens shoves him off...

[Givens drops down, causing Chaz to hurdle over him, hitting the far ropes...]

SA: ...Chaz off the back side...

[...and ducks down as the athletic Givens leapfrogs over him, sending Chaz into the ropes once more...]

SA: ...coming back in and... whoooooa! Deep armdrag by Billy Givens takes him over!

[Chaz scrambles up off the mat, charging in on Givens who uses another armdrag to toss him down to the mat a second time...]

SA: Givens sending him down again!

[...and as Chaz Wallace gets up again, Givens leaves his feet with a standing dropkick that sends Chaz flying backwards, spilling out to the floor!]

SA: And to the outside goes Chaz Wallace!

[As Chaz goes out, Chet comes in, charging Givens who leaves his feet again, connecting with a second stunning dropkick, knocking Chet down as he too rolls to the outside...]

SA: Jericho's next, Givens taking on all of Gen Lost!

[...and as Jericho charges Givens, he gets scooped up into the air!]

SA: SCOOP SLAM ON JERICO!

[Jericho rolls out, the crowd going wild as Givens approaches the ropes quickly, grabbing hold of the top...]

SA: SLINGSHOT!

[...but as the Gen Lost members scatter, Givens wisely hangs onto the ropes, swinging himself to land on the ring apron to cheers from the crowd!]

SA: I thought Givens was about to dive out onto the pile and so did Gen Lost who went running for the-

[Givens promptly leaps up in the air, landing on the middle rope, springing blindly backwards to land backfirst on the pile of Generation Lost members, wiping them all out at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -TRUST FALL DIVE BY THE COWBOY CASANOVA!

[Dragging himself out of the pile of bodies, Givens pulls Chaz back to his feet, chucking him under the ropes into the ring.]

SA: Givens puts Chaz back in... giving a few words at Justin Gaines who I notice didn't get involved in all of that mess there.

CP: He's just biding his time, Big Sal.

SA: Maybe, maybe not...

[Givens grabs the top rope with both hands, ready to slingshot back into the ring. He leaps into the air, looking to springboard off...

...when Justin Gaines comes running down the apron, delivering a mighty shove that sends Givens flipping through the air, CRASHING down backfirst on the mat in a somersault!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and he's involved now!

CP: Hah! I told you, Albano! He was just waiting for the right opportunity... look, this kid is an opportunist just like his old man was.

SA: Don't let him hear you say that. Justin Gaines does NOT like any comparisons to his Hall of Fame father.

[As Gaines smirks at this action, soaking up the jeers of the crowd...]

SA: HERE COMES LAYTON!

[...and a big double leg takedown by Layton from the apron sends both he and Gaines rolling to the floor trading right hands to a ROAR from the London crowd!]

SA: Uh oh! This one is breaking down early!

[And on cue, The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley jump down off the apron, rushing around to get into a donnybrook with Chet and Jericho on the floor as the crowd gets even louder!]

SA: We've got fighting all over the ringside area!

[The referee throws up his hands in disbelief, shaking his head as the fight rages on all around him!]

SA: This one is out of control early on... and the referee's going to have a hard time getting this back under control, Colt.

CP: If I were him, I wouldn't even try. Just let 'em fight!

[Back on his feet and seeing his allies in some trouble, Chaz Wallace rushes towards the corner, leaping over the top rope to land on the apron, leaping up to the middle rope...]

SA: MOONSAUUUUULLLT!

[...and CRASHES down onto the pile with a moonsault onto Chet, Crowley, the Lost Boy, and Jayden Jericho, wiping them all out again as the crowd reacts to the high flying attack!]

CP: The athleticism of Chaz Wallace right there on display! The kid's putting on a show...

SA: Speaking of athleticism...

[With Chaz on his feet on the floor, Givens rushes the ropes, leaping to the top rope...]

SA: ...SWEEEEET SAN ANGELOOOOOOOO!

[...and dives off with a springboard plancha onto Chaz Wallace!]

SA: GIVENS TAKES OUT WALLACE! WHAT A DIVE TO THE OUTSIDE!

CP: You talk about high risk offense, Big Sal, he put it all on the line right there!

SA: And we've got bodies all over the ringside area as- look out!

[The announcers scatter as Justin Gaines drags David Layton over towards the ring, smashing his head off the apron near the announce table!]

SA: Layton and Gaines going to war right here by us!

[Gaines grabs Layton again, looking to drive his face down into the announce desk but Layton slaps the arm away, wrapping his own powerful arms around Gaines' torso...]

SA: BELLY TO BE- NOOOOO! Justin Gaines goes to the eyes!

[With the crowd jeering his illegal tactic, Gaines grabs Layton by the back of the head again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES him headfirst into the ringpost, earning a shower of boos and a shouted warning from the official!]

SA: DAVID LAYTON GETS SENT HEADFIRST INTO THE POST!

CP: And this is the kind of viciousness we're used to seeing out of Generation Lost since they came together, Sal. There's a lot of talk about the various factions in the AWA these days - Team Supreme, the Desperadoes, E-Girl MAX, the Slam Sorority... but don't sleep on Generation Lost. These kids are angry, they're hungry, and they're driven... and that's a dangerous combination for anyone that gets in their way...

[With Layton down, Gaines moves to Givens and presses him slightly overhead, dropping him facefirst on the ring apron before shoving him under the ropes into the ring!]

SA: Gaines putting Givens back in... I'm not exactly sure...

[Gaines walks around the ring, pulling his partner up and shoving Chaz Wallace back inside the squared circle as well.]

SA: ...and he puts Chaz back in also...

[Chaz crawls across the mat, diving across Givens' prone form.]

SA: Givens is STILL the legal man... right?

CP: There's been so many bodies in and out of there... the referee may not even know... or care!

[Climbing off the mat after a two count, Chaz slaps the hand of Justin Gaines, bringing the largest man in the match into the mix...]

SA: There's a Generation Lost tag... in comes Gaines officially now.

[Moving swiftly for a big man, Gaines pulls Givens off the mat, rocketing him into the neutral corner with an Irish whip before stampeding in after to land a heavy clothesline that causes Givens to kick his legs up into the air before setting back down!]

SA: Ohh! Big clothesline in the corner... and this isn't where you want to be with Justin Gaines!

[The six foot seven inch Alaskan tees off, smashing rights and lefts to the body of the trapped Givens...]

SA: Gaines hammering away in the corner, the referee telling him to back off...

[...but Gaines refuses to back away, lowering his shoulder to drive repeatedly tackles into the ribcage...]

SA: ...and more punishment downstairs with those heavy shoulder drives to the gut...

[...but with Gaines' attention on his partner, David Layton gets in the ring, ignoring the protesting official as he grabs a rear waistlock...]

SA: ...what? WHAT?!

[...and LAUNCHES the near 300 pounder overhead, throwing him down with a released German Suplex that gets a big crowd response!]

SA: GERMAN SUPLEX ON JUSTIN GAINES!

[Coming back to his feet, Layton spreads his arms wide, feeling the energy from the crowd as Chaz Wallace comes charging in on him...

...running right into a head and arm clutch...]

SA: He's got Chaz Wallace too and...

[The crowd ROARS as Layton hurls him overhead as well, throwing him halfway across the ring before Wallace goes bouncing off the canvas!]

SA: ...what a throw by David Layton, showing off that power and technique he's known for!

[That cues Chet Wallace to take his shot, rushing at Layton who buries a boot into the midsection before Layton hooks a gutwrench...

...and HURLS Chet halfway across the ring with a standing gutwrench throw!]

SA: Goodness! Layton's tossing around Generation Lost like yesterday's trash!

CP: JERICHO'S UP TOP!

[But as Layton turns and Jericho flies, Layton reaches up...]



SA: CAUGHT!

[...and then ROCKETS Jericho three-quarters of the way across the ring with an overhead belly to belly that has the crowd EXPLODING in cheers!]

SA: OHHHHHH! WHAT A THROW BY LAYTON! AND HE HAS SINGLE-HANDEDLY TAKEN DOWN GENERATION LOST!

[The referee is immediately in Layton's face, ordering the illegal man out of the ring as the crowd jeers the official!]

SA: The fans in London want to see some more, Colt!

CP: Can you blame them? Illegal or not, that was impressive stuff!

[Layton is soaking up the cheers of the fans and the shouts from the official...

...when suddenly, Justin Gaines snakes his ankle from underneath the ropes, dragging Layton off his feet and out to the floor...]

SA: Gaines pulls him out and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -INTO THE STEEL HE GOES! SPINEFIRST INTO THE BARRICADE!

[Inside the ring, Chaz Wallace uses a hairpull from outside the ring to yank down a rising Givens. The referee immediately spots it, warning Chaz for the outside-the-ring antics as Gaines rolls back in, slapping the hand of Chet...]

SA: Gaines makes the tag... bringing Chet Wallace inside...

[Chet slingshots over the top rope, promptly slapping Jericho's hand before slingshotting back to the apron...]

SA: ...or not.

[...and then slingshotting back in, dropping a big splash on the chest of Givens!]

SA: OHHH!

[Jericho follows his ally in kind, slingshotting into a somersault, dropping a leg across Givens' chest as Chet rolls out. Jericho stays seated, shouting for a count as the referee dives down...]

SA: OHHHHH! WE'VE GOT ONE! WE'VE GOT TWO!

[...but Givens kicks out at two, leaving Jericho to complain about the count.]

SA: Can these four just stop complaining for once?! There was NOTHING wrong with that count!

CP: That's not how they see it.

SA: Obviously not... Jericho back on his feet now, lifting Givens up to his... big slam right down on the canvas!

[Jericho reaches out to slap the hand of Chaz Wallace who promptly starts climbing the ropes...]

SA: Jericho's heading to the top - he's very dangerous from there...

CP: He sure is. He's got a lot of options up there too and Billy Givens is looking worse for-

[...when suddenly a snarling and snapping Lost Boy comes running through the ropes, sprinting past a protesting referee as Chaz Wallace looks shocked by all of this...

...and even more shocked as The Lost Boy sinks his teeth into Chaz' leg!]

SA: AHHH! AHHHH!

CP: He's BITING him, Albano! He's gonna need a rabies shot after this! Do they even HAVE those in the UK?!

[Chaz screams in pain as the referee bellows for The Lost Boy to let him go... but only when a smirking "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett gives the same order does the Lost Boy back off...

...which is when Chaz loses his balance and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...drops crotchfirst on the top rope away from the corner!]

SA: A HARD FALL FOR CHAZ WALLACE!

[And with the official getting The Lost Boy out of the ring, Givens climbs to his feet, taking advantage of the situation by leaping to the middle rope, springing into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SNAPS Chaz up and over with a rana that tosses him away from the Gen Lost corner, putting Givens down on the mat as well!]

SA: Another INCREDIBLE show of athleticism by Billy Givens... and he's looking for a tag now, trying to get out of the ring and get someone else LEGALLY into this match for the first time. This one's been as hard for the official to control as we thought it would, Colt.

CP: Exactly! Which is why he should just-

SA: Let them fight, yes, I know... Givens crawling on his hands and knees, looking to get to his corner while Chaz Wallace tries to get back up after that top rope rana by the Cowboy Casanova...

[And while David Layton isn't waiting for the tag...]

SA: CROWLEY MAKES THE TAG!

[The wild-eyed "Pretty Porter" charges into the ring, rushing across the ring where Chaz Wallace is up and... pretty alarmed...]

SA: CLOTHESLI-

[...and Wallace instinctively ducks the clothesline, allowing Crowley to go racing past him where he hits the clothesline on Chet Wallace, knocking him off the apron to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Crowley pivots and SLAMS his skull into Jayden Jericho’s as the son of the Playboy wounds up for a haymaker, sending him down on the outside as well!]

SA: Jericho and Chet to the outside and-

[Sensing Crowley’s coming for him next, the near 300 pound Gaines reaches out to grab him...

...and Crowley responds by blindly hammering fists into Gaines!]

SA: We came to see some pro wrestling and a hockey fight broke out!

CP: Do they even have hockey in London?

[The crowd is ROARING as Gaines and Crowley hammer one another as viciously and swiftly as they can...

...until Gaines slaps the hands away, hooking his own behind Crowley’s neck and dropping off the apron to snap Crowley’s throat over the top rope!]

“OHHHHHHH!”

[Crowley staggers in a circle away from Gaines, turning back to the ring...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and walks right into a Chaz Wallace superkick that knocks Crowley back into the ropes!]

SA: What a shot by Chaz Wallace!

[With Crowley dazed and on the ropes, Chaz lowers his head, charging to the far side for momentum as he bounces back towards Crowley...

...who lowers his head, HURLING Chaz Wallace high and far into the air, clearing the ropes and landing HARD on the barely-padded floor in a heap!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: CROWLEY SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOOOOOOR!

[With the crowd ROARING, Crowley ducks through the ropes, standing on the apron as he looks out at the cheering crowd with an amused expression on his face...]

SA: And listen to these people cheering for Porter Crowley!

CP: Will wonders never cease?

SA: On the apron annnnnnnnd...

[...and with his arms spread wide, Crowley swandives off the apron, smashing his skull into Chaz Wallace’s forehead to a big “OHHHHHHH!” from the London crowd!]

SA: ...DIVING HEADBUTT OFF THE APRON!

CP: What... who the hell decides to do THAT to their own body?!

SA: Someone like Porter Crowley does, Colt! Showing no care for his own body, Porter Crowley puts it all on the line here at The Battle of London, laying out Chaz Wallace on the outside!

[Crowley is slow to rise but rise he does, getting to his feet, grabbing at his forehead as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett nods approvingly and Harper Hannigan smashes their steel chair into the steel steps a few times, shouting loudly...]

SA: The Fawcett Family is PUMPED UP after that one... and Crowley's looking to go for the kill, rolling Chaz back in.

[Crowley rolls himself back in as well, the crowd still buzzing off his big dive to the floor off the apron.]

SA: Crowley back in, Chaz trying to get up but he's going to find Crowley waiting for him!

[And as Chaz gets up, Crowley muscles him up into a fireman's carry to a ROAR from the crowd!]

SA: He's looking for Damaged Goods!

[But before he can deliver his signature move...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...Chet Wallace slips through the ropes, ignoring the protesting official to land a superkick of his own!]

SA: Down goes Crowley!

[Crowley promptly rolls under the ropes to the outside as Chet Wallace celebrates with a pair of leaping crotch chops, turning back...

...and gets STEAMROLLED by a running, leaping headbutt to the sternum out of The Lost Boy!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Chet immediately rolls to the outside as well, leaving The Lost Boy to howl at the moon...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...a howl that is short-lived as Jericho hits a shuffle step short superkick to the chin, stunning The Lost Boy...

...but he keeps coming!]

SA: Uh oh!

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ANOTHER ONE!

[The Lost Boy stumbles back a step...

...but keeps coming!]

SA: THE LOST BOY WILL NOT BE STOPPED!

[Jericho looks around in a bit of a panic...]

“WHAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and throws a third one, this one to the knee, knocking The Lost Boy down to a knee...]

“WHAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and one more to the chin, knocking The Lost Boy flat before he rolls under the ropes to the floor, leaving Jericho to proudly and excitedly fistbump to jeers from the O2 Arena’s crowd!]

SA: Jayden Jericho clears out The Lost Boy!

[But as Jericho turns, he eats a boot to the gut from David Layton who quickly hooks him up, lifting him with ease...

...and then chucks him forward, sending Jericho crashing facefirst to the mat!]

SA: FRONT LAYOUT SUPLEX ON JERICHOOOOOO!

[As Jericho rolls to the outside, Layton gets grabbed by the shoulder, yanked around into a head and arm clutch...

...lifted...

...and...

...SLAMMMMMMMMMMED DOWN TO THE MAT!]

SA: GRIZZLY SLAM! GRIZZLY SLAM BY JUSTIN GAINES ABSOLUTELY PLAAAAANTS DAVID LAYTON!

[Gaines throws his arms back, delivering a big roar as Billy Givens slinks in behind him, waiting for him to turn...

...and as he goes, he gets a rolling sole butt to the gut, doubling him over as Givens snatches a front facelock, charging the corner, running up the ropes and kicking off...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: TORRRRNAAAADOOOO DDT BY GIVENS!

[Givens dives on the prone Gaines, the referee shrugging as he dives to count...]

SA: Is Gaines legal?

CP: Is GIVENS legal?!

SA: That's a fair po-

[But as the official delivers a two count, Chaz Wallace comes springboarding off the top rope, flipping through the air...]

SA: -450!

[...and CRASHES down across the back of Givens, breaking up the pin and leaving every single member of the match laid out on the mat as the crowd goes absolutely NUTS for the action they're witnessing!]

SA: All eight competitor are down! The fans are up! And this place is going bananas, Colt Patterson!

CP: We knew this one would be wild and it has NOT disappointed! Generation Lost, the Aces In The Hole, the Fawcett Family - who's gonna pull it out?!

[Clutching his ribs in pain, Chaz Wallace pushes up to his knees, looking around and spotting bodies laid out in every direction.]

SA: Chaz Wallace is the first to stir, getting up off the mat and bringing Billy Givens with him... what punishment Givens has been through in this one... this kid's really showing a lot of people what he's made of.

[Wallace whips Givens into the corner, charging in after him...]

SA: DROPKICK!

[Chaz spins away, pointing to his brother who is getting in the ring behind him...]

CP: Don't look now, Albano... but it's a...

[...and Chet charges in after him, connecting with a dropkick of his own!]

CP: ...DROPKICK PARRRRRTAAAAAY!

[Jericho rolls in, charging across as well...]

SA: MAKE IT THREE!

[Jericho scrambles up, shoving a dazed Givens out of the corner towards Justin Gaines who boots him in the gut...]

...and then very deliberately snatches a three-quarter nelson, sneering at the booing crowd!]

SA: Oh... a little bit of a message to Hannibal Carver who STILL hasn't been seen since Generation Lost attacked him several weeks ago!

CP: Don't look now, Albano, but I think the Cowboy Casanova is about to get BLACKED OUT!

[But as Gaines twists to go for the cutter, Givens uses his remaining strength to shove him off, sending him sprawling towards a waiting Porter Crowley who lifts him onto his shoulders...]

SA: CROWLEY! CROWLEY!

[...and brings him right back off, swinging the knee up into the face!]

SA: DAMAGED GOOOOOOODSSSSSS!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Gaines rolls out, clutching his face in pain as Crowley defiantly stares down all three of the other Generation Lost members in the ring...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: A TRIPLE SUPERKICK! DOWN GOES CROWLEY!!

[The Lost Boy is promptly up on the apron, throwing back his head in a howl...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: AND ONE... OR THREE... FOR THE LOST BOY AS WELL!

[With Crowley, The Lost Boy, and Layton all laid out on the outside, Givens rushes tiredly at The Idols who throw a double clothesline that Givens ducks under, running right at Jericho who boots him in the gut, turning to hook him in a snapmare position...]

...and with a boost from the Idols, Jericho flips over the top of Givens...

...and DRIVES the back of his head into the canvas!]

CP: EMANCIPATOR!

[Jericho scrambles into a cover as the Idols stand over him, protective... yet taunting...]

SA: It could be! It MIGHT be! IT... ISSSSSSS!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The Idols yank Jericho up, diving into a big embrace as the ring announcer makes it official.]

SA: Big win for Gen Lost, Colt!

CP: Absolutely. Every since forming up, they’ve been out to send a message to the entire locker room... heck, the entire world of pro wrestling... about how they’re the team of the future... they’re the ones to beat... and tonight, I think they just took a major step towards doing just that.

[Gaines joins the trio in the ring, nodding his approval as he moves to high five the Idols and Jericho, leaving Givens laid out at his feet...]

...until he suddenly doesn’t, yanking Givens off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

SA: Hang on! You already won the match! There’s no reason for this!

[...and lifts him into a crucifix powerbomb position, the Idols and Jericho clearing out space and keeping a look out as Gaines gets into position...]

...and DROPS Givens down into a hangman’s neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DENALI DEATH DROP ON GIVENS!

[Gaines climbs off the mat, soaking up the jeers of the crowd as he glares down at the laid out Givens on the mat...]

CP: And if the message wasn't already sent before, you better believe it is now!

SA: We're going to need some medical help out here, fans. Givens is hurt and he's hurt badly.

[The officials are back on the scene, getting Generation Lost cleared from the ring as the fans buzz with concern...]

SA: We'll be right back.

[...and we fade to black.

...and fade back up as the quintessential American family of four walks up and down the snack aisle of Anyplace grocery store in Anytown USA. The father wears khaki dockers and a golf shirt that would make him look like a State Farm agent if it weren't navy. The wife is in jeans and a quilted jacket. Her curly hair drops a little bit. The kids, a daughter and a son, trudge along behind them, seemingly on the verge of a meltdown tantrum. The mother searches the snack aisles, picking up chips, candies, candy bars. She sighs in exasperation.]

M: Kids, I know you're hungry. But none of this stuff is right. It so bland. It isn-

[Suddenly, the racks of candies fly apart and Shadoe Rage bursts onto the scene dressed in fuchsia and gold. He holds up two handful of jerky sticks.]

SR: Wanna feel Sensational? Tired of bland cured meats? Tear into Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky!

[Rage tears a chunk of jerky from the pack in his hand. The sound reverberates through the screen. The family is suddenly transformed and energized into hip looking versions of themselves.]

SR: The signature herbs and spices! The smoky flavor! The lean turkey jerky! It's the perfect snack!

[Rage hands out the packs of jerky.]

SR: Ohhhh man, that's good. When I get my hands on Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky, I feel SENSATIONAL!

[Rage tears into another bite along with the family. Everybody seems even more amped as Rage turns towards the camera.]

SR: And so will you.

So will you!

SO WILL YOU!

TEAR INTO IT!

MR. BERKELEY'S TURKEY JERKY... IT'S SENSATIONAL!



[Rage savages the remaining piece of jerky before he stares straight into the camera, smiling as we fade to black...

And as we fade up with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we are in a private dressing room, where Michelle Bailey is unraveling a new roll of athletic tape. As she gets the tape to her liking, she sizes up the wrist of tonight's World Title contender, Juan Vasquez, then starts to wrap the tape around his wrists. The audio cuts in, part way through what Michelle is saying.]

MB: -and you wouldn't believe how many notifications my phone got about this. Have you ever had your phone just buzz nonstop for hours?

JV: My phone is usually on "Do not disturb."

[Michelle's head tilts as she continues to work on taping Juan's wrist.]

MB: It is?

JV: I mean... I'm a popular guy.

MB: Mmmhmm... So how come you always answer me?

JV: I got Lorena to figure out how to get certain numbers to bypass it for me. It's how she got away with stealing that street sign a few weeks ago.

MB: Oh. That makes sense.

[Michelle rips the tape and starts working over the right wrist with a sigh.]

MB: I don't get why everyone's making a big deal about Julie's offer and what I said about it. There are so many people who think they should contribute their two cents to my feelings and why I don't know if it's a good idea to take that shot.

[Michelle looks up from her taping job to meet Juan's eyes.]

MB: It doesn't make sense to me. Why is it so important to them that I have to feel like I earned this shot? Why does everyone think they get a say in how I should feel?

JV: Because people love a good story. They want to see the struggle, the triumph, the whole damn journey. But here's the thing — you've already been through the fire. You've faced demons that would've taken down anyone else but you didn't just survive, you're thriving.

[Juan's expression softens as he watches her work.]

JV: Look, tonight, I'm stepping into that ring against Supernova for the World Title. You know what people care about? They care about the moment. They want to see if I can pull off one last miracle before I hang it up. No one cares how I earned this title shot. They want the fairy tale ending.

[He leans forward, urgency creeping into his tone.]

JV: And you? You've got a chance to write your own happy ending. It doesn't matter how it happened or if you think you're deserving. What matters is that people want to see you succeed. They want to feel joy. They want YOU to feel joy. And damnit, after everything you've been through, don't you deserve to be a little selfish?

[He pauses, searching her eyes for a flicker of understanding.]

JV: You've already conquered all the biggest challenges in your life. You've fought tooth and nail for your place here. All I'm saying is, take this shot. For once, let it be about you.

[Michelle's hands falter for a moment as she absorbs his words, her breath catching in her throat. Juan's gaze never wavers.]

JV: You've already sacrificed so much. Honestly, you've earned this moment in ways that no match or title belt can ever measure.

[Juan leans back, giving Michelle a moment to process.]

JV: Do it for yourself. Be a little selfish. Take the shot.

[Michelle silently finishes wrapping Juan's wrist as she absorbs his words. After she tears the tape, there's a loud, thudding knock on the door, and both look towards the exit. Michelle looks back to Juan and quietly speaks.]

MB: Were you expecting someone?

JV: No.

[There's more loud knocks, followed by a stern statement in a British accent.]

"You goin' to answer or just sit there, mate?"

[Vasquez silently gets up off of the bench, walking over to the door and pulling it open. On the other side, he sees Raphael Rhodes, with Dana Kaiser behind him mouthing "sorry, he wouldn't wait". Rhodes has a bandage wrapped around his head, covering his brow, and dried blood still covering his face with fresh blood oozing through the wrap.]

JV: Tough night, amigo?

[Rhodes smirks.]

RR: Could've been worse. Not like you would've noticed, since you don't seem to think anythin' I do is worth watchin'.

[Vasquez glares, unmoved by Rhodes' words.]

RR: You know, mate, for someone who says he ain't bothered with what I do, you like upstagin' me. I get a match against a man like Takeshi Mifune, in my home country, and it bothered you so bad that you got yourself a match for the World Title against Supernova, huh? Are you real proud of yourself? Puttin' me in a spot where I got to root for you just because it means I can take it off of you next month?

[Vasquez remains stone faced, as Rhodes jabs a finger at his long-time nemesis.]

RR: You think you can just do whatever and there ain't no consequences. Same old Juan Vasquez, after all these years, same old spotlight hog. And what's rotten about it is that you get enabled by people that should know better.

[Rhodes motions to Michelle Bailey in the background, who looks past the two to Dana Kaiser, mouthing "What did I do?" Kaiser mouths "Sorry, he doesn't mean it" back as Rhodes continues.]

RR: Well, I just wanted you to see, since I know you didn't watch anyway, that I took Takeshi Mifune's best stuff and I'm standin'. You better be thinkin' about throwin' your best stuff in a month instead of wastin' your time tryin' to win another title, because I ain't who I used to be.

[Rhodes frowns at Vasquez.]

RR: And you sure ain't who you used to be either, mate.

[Rhodes stares into Vasquez's eyes, and Vasquez stares back.]

JV: You ruined a beautiful moment... for that?

[Juan steps forward, his jaw clenched, eyes locked on Rhodes. The tension in the room crackles.]

JV: You think I took this match to upstage you? Let me make one thing clear: This match has absolutely nothing to do with you.

[Rhodes scoffs, but Juan continues, his voice rising.]

JV: But you got one thing right... I want the spotlight. Hell yes, I want it! The love and admiration of millions just isn't enough! Ending my career in front of my hometown isn't enough! I want the greatest happy ending this sport has ever seen and I deserve it.

BECAUSE I'M JUAN VASQUEZ, DAMNIT!

[He gestures emphatically.]

JV: I don't want to just retire; I want to retire knowing I was the best. I want to know that I retired while I was still on top!

[Juan's voice grows more intense as he locks eyes with Rhodes.]

JV: I want to step into Dodger Stadium as the World Champion and I want the pleasure of defeating you in my final match. I want to retire knowing that even on his best day, with all the motivation in the world, with no excuses left...

...Raphael Rhodes could never beat Juan Vasquez!

[Rhodes' expression falters, a flicker of uncertainty crossing his face as he tries to keep his eyes locked on Vasquez. It doesn't escape Juan's notice.]

JV: You're starting to feel it, aren't you? That's pressure, amigo. That's doubt creepin' in. And I hope it weighs down on you. I hope it crushes you. I want you to feel every ounce of it, every second leading up to our match.

[He leans in, intensity boiling over.]

JV: I want to pile on the pressure on you until it's so much that you can't bear it! I want you to not only fail, I want you to fail in the most spectacular way! I want you to feel that pressure, Raphael. I want you to DROWN in it. Because when it comes down to it, I want to see you break under the weight of your own expectations.

[Juan steps back, steadying himself as he exhales slowly, his demeanor shifting to a cold confidence.]

JV: You're angry now, aren't you? You want to rip my head off. But I know you won't lay a single finger on me right now, because if you stop me from becoming

World Champion, it just means everything I say and think about you is the absolute truth.

[He steps back, satisfied, as Rhodes struggles to maintain his bravado.]

JV: This is what you wanted, isn't it? You wanted so badly to be the man who retires Juan Vasquez. But you never once considered that you might actually lose until now, right? Well, now that's a reality you have to face.

[He leans in, his voice low but steady, a hint of a smile creeping onto his face.]

JV: Be careful what you wish for, Rhodes, because you just might get it.

[Juan relishes the moment, feeling the shift in power.]

JV: You wanna talk about consequences? Well, here's one for you: You've put everything on the line, thinking you'd walk away with my legacy. But when that bell rings, and the pressure's on, you'll realize it's not my legacy on the line — it's yours.

[Rhodes absorbs Vasquez's words, his hand clenching into a fist, when Kaiser finally speaks up.]

DK: Raph... please. You said what you needed to say, let's go. We'll see him in a month and you can prove him wrong then.

[After staring at Vasquez a little longer, Rhodes relaxes his fist, then silently walks out of the room, slamming the door behind him. The noise of the door slamming causes Michelle Bailey, still in the background, to flinch. A moment of tension passes before Vasquez speaks up.]

JV: How have you put up with that [BLEEP]hole and his family for two decades, anyway?

[Michelle gives off a relieved smile.]

MB: He says the same about you, almost word for word, whenever we talk.

JV: At least I have a cute smile. What's his excuse?

[Michelle gives Juan a playful punch to the shoulder and with another flash of the ACCESS logo...

...we cut to live action backstage, where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by. To his right stands the Sin City Savior himself, Sid Osborne. Sid is wearing his customary wrestling singlet with a college letterman jacket over it. He is loudly chewing bubblegum, much to Blackwell's annoyance.]

SLB: Tensions are running high here in London... and I'm here with Sid Osborne, who in a short time will be looking to grab the crown as the men's final of the Royal Crown tournament will commence.

[Osborne nods, boredom clearly showing on his face as he begins blowing a bubble.]

SLB: You'll be facing Joe Flint, Tony Donovan, and Shadoe--

[The bubble pops, shooting a few flecks of spittle onto Blackwell's suit jacket. He sighs, cleaning them off with a handkerchief.]

SO: And the crap continues to roll downhill. Correct me if I'm wrong...

[Osborne holds up his index finger.]

SO: ... which I am not. But, didn't I already beat the undeserved delusion out of Shadoe Rage to move onto this final?

SLB: Well, yes. But then Shadoe beat the odds and earned the right to make his way back into the tournament.

[Osborne scoffs, making "quote fingers" in the air.]

SO: The "Last Chance" Battle Royale. And hey, it would be fine if that's what it was. But see, Shadoe's got something. Not talent. No, something so much more important to everyone in this dump.

[Osborne scowls.]

SO: He's got one of those last names. Rage. Martinez. Lynch. The list of names are different except for one thing. They all mean the same thing.

That no matter how much you stink up the ring. No matter how much you don't have what it takes anymore... someone in the office...

[Osborne shakes his head in disgust.]

SO: Someone who, not coincidentally, also has a famous last name... will make sure they get shot after shot. Passing by every single young promising talent just so some dusty fossil can get another moment in the limelight. A moment that they'll screw up being being a failure. But a moment nonetheless.

SLB: I personally found it inspiring that Shadoe was able to win after the cowardly attack--

[Osborne holds up a silencing finger.]

SO: I'd quit while you were ahead. Paris had every reason in the world for what they did. And along with beating up the entire Lynch Family, I'm glad someone is doing the right thing around here for a change.

[Now it's Blackwell's turn to shake his head in disgust.]

SO: Speaking of last names, we have Tony Donovan. Son of the world's oldest baby. Tony, I've already revealed that you're every bit of the useless coward that your old man is. I still have the tear-stained letter where you begged me to spare your talentless hack of a father.

SLB: Tony Donovan did not write--

[The silencing finger returns.]

SO: You've gotten lucky around here, Tony. I mean... you can't help but be lucky when your daddy's in the office's pocket. But much like your father, you've attached yourself to a bigger talent and got some championship gold as a result. Of course, it isn't the same as when I became undisputed National Champion all by myself and retired the title forever...

[Blackwell begins to protest, but is silenced as soon as he opens his mouth.]

SO: ...but if I was you, I'd make sure you stay healthy enough to defend those belts. Focus on worrying about why Iron Claw won't let you get a Happy Meal after the show and not how to strap on a belt with a pair of broken hands.

[Blackwell looks at Osborne expectingly.]

SLB: Well, go ahead. What awful things do you have to say about Joe Flint?

[Osborne's jaw drops in mock shock.]

SO: The guy's a war hero, Blackwell. Have some class.

[Blackwell looks on flabbergasted as Osborne continues.]

SO: I look forward to smacking around the old failure and the young failure with you, Flint. It's going to be a hell of a time. And I know you'll do the right thing and eliminate yourself as soon as they're both gone.

SLB: Why in the world would he just hand you the win?!

[Osborne shrugs.]

SO: Because if he doesn't, he's a disgusting traitor to the country I'm the forever champ of. Duh.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: As always it's been a pleasure--

SO: Only for you. Don't put words in my mouth, dirtbag.

[Blackwell sighs as we fade...

...and the cameras go to Shadoc Rage's dressing room. The dreadlocked warrior sits before a mirror, staring deeply at his own reflexion as Marissa Monet styles his hair. In the background his exceptionally tall daughter, Adrianna, plays in the corner with AWA action figures. Sharp-eyed viewers will note that she is using a figure of her father to pummel a figure of Jordan Ohara. She calls out in a strong but childlike voice ... "The new National Champion ... DADDY!" Rage and Monet share a glance at each other's reflexions and smile.

At the edge of the screen, away from the mirror, is Rage's younger sister, Godiva Rage. Fans of the Rage clan recognize the former Misfit, the British Bombshell, despite her older appearance and diminished physique. The statuesque, blue-eyed blonde chats in her broad cockney accent.]

GR: Looks like daddy got another one, innit? Ooh la, she's gonna be quite the a'traction ... probably seven feet if she's an inch. What you lot feedin' 'er any way? Be lookin' me eye-to-eye inside a month, I reckon.

MM: A month? You know, you're not as young as you used to be. She might catch you in a week.

GR: Blimey, you ain't lie.

[There's a click as the dressing room door opens. JAQ appears in the mirror, microphone in hand. The East London Terror smiles as she approaches her uncle.]

JAQ: Unc, wahgwan! Ready to answer some of the hard questions, yeah?

SR: They seriously sent you?

JAQ: Whatchumean, unc? Yo, it's all in the family, innit? You're in my ends so why shouldn't I be the one to bless you with the pressing questions?

SR: Why don't you sound like your mother? Accents here are weird.

GR: She's does have a funny way of talking, don't she. I tell 'er that all the time.

JAQ: You lot all sound funny to me. But this isn't about voices, Unc. This is about the Rages, innit. You and auntie have the chance to make history today and be the first brother and sister to win the Royal Crown. How do you feel about that?

SR: We're really doing this?

[Rage shrugs.]

SR: It would be really really wonderful for Lauryn and I to be brother and sister winners of the Royal Crown tournament, but I'll be honest... man, that's not even my concern. I have to be concerned about me and my career at this moment. At the beginning of the year, I came out and made a vow to all these people in the AWA Galaxy that in 2018, I would wear gold.

My clock is ticking.

And I may be many things, but one thing I'm not is a liar. I will never be that. I don't steal it. I just take it.

[JAQ nods.]

JAQ: And tonight you're going to take the Royal Crown?

SR: You're English, JAQ. You understand the history of conquest that came behind the English monarchy. The crown goes to the strong. The crown goes to the powerful. The crown goes to the ruthless. And I am all those things. I am motivated and ready. And I look at the field and there is nobody that can hold me coming through those ropes.

[JAQ holds up her free hand.]

JAQ: Wait, Unc, I love you and all, yeah, but I got eyes, innit. And I watched Sid Osborne pin you to make it into this tournament. And we saw what he did to that pretty boy's title, yeah? He's got to be the biggest test for you in the ring tonight.

SR: Sid Osborne beat me, but he didn't do it alone. He had the help of KAMS to do it. Tonight, he has no help. He has no friends. I have no friends. Tony Donovan has no friends. Flint has no friends. Nobody has any friends out there. And as bad as it sounds, I'm used to operating without friends. I prefer it.

[JAQ shakes her head.]

JAQ: Why's that? That don't make sense to me. Why go it alone when you can have back up?

SR: This business is about individual glory. For years, I was a tag team wrestler. For years, I was a success in a tag team. But everybody wants to know what you did on your own.

All the tag team titles in the world will never compare to a World Title run.

You're in this business to be the best. And I'm going to prove to the world out there that I am the best.

[Rage nods confidently as JAQ continues.]

JAQ: So what do you have in store for your opponents tonight?

SR: Only a fool gives away their strategy. And I'm not a fool, JAQ. You want to know what I have in store for my opponents? I'm going to deliver pain. I'm going to hit them and keep hitting them until they can't stop moving. I'm going to take full advantage of the rules and I'm going to take full advantage of the ring, JAQ. That's what you can expect. A ball of energy striking everything that moves.

JAQ: Yeah, but Joe Flint says your knees are held together by tape and prayers. You gonna show them, Unc, that you still got it?

SR: I never lost it, JAQ. I know this is a young man's game and to some people here, the idea of a forty four year old man is abhorrent. I'm not over the hill. I'm not past my prime. They can make all the jokes they want. They can believe it all they want.

I am that man. I am whole.

They can underestimate me all they want. That's going to be their fatal mistake. I am going to win the Royal Crown and stand tall... and then I am going to fulfill my promise.

I will wear gold in 2018.

[Rage takes a deep breath.]

SR: And every champion is on notice.

I am the one... I am the winner... and I'm coming for their titles. We good?

JAQ: Sounds aces to me.

[Rage shoves his way to his feet, heading for the door.]

SR: Good. See you after the show.

[And with that, we fade from backstage out to the ringside area.]

SA: It's a family atmosphere backstage tonight for the Rages, Colt.

CP: If you're looking for the latest example of why Shadoe Rage is NOT winning the Royal Crown tonight, you just saw it.

SA: What do you mean?

CP: I mean that on one of the biggest singles matches for him in years, he's not focused... he's not going over strategy... he's hanging out backstage with the family, bouncing a kid on his knee, fielding softball questions from some kid I've never heard of that got a job because of him! Shadoe Rage has gotten soft in his old age and that's something that someone in that ring tonight - I don't know which one but SOMEONE - will take advantage of.

SA: It's gonna be a barn burner! Let's go down to Rebecca!

[We fade to the ring where our lovely ring announcer is standing.]



RO: The following contest is the first of our ROYAL CROWN TOURNAMENT FINALS!

[A HUGE ROAR goes up from the London crowd!]

RO: It is a four way match fought under Elimination Rules with the last man standing being declared the winner of the match AND the Royal Crown Tournament! There are no countouts! No disqualifications! And no time limit! The only way to score an elimination is by pinfall, submission, or to send an opponent over the top rope and have BOTH feet touch the floor!

[Ortiz pauses as the fans take in the rules.]

RO: And now... the participants...

[Ortiz lowers the mic as a loud crackling noise is heard, slowly fading into a piercing buzz, as a distorted voice is heard shouting out partial lyrics to "My Country 'Tis of Thee"]

# Land where my fathers died!  
# Land of the pilgrim's pride!  
# From every mountain side,  
# Let freedom ring!

[The 'ring' starts echoing, and it starts resembling an actual ringing sound. Suddenly, the ringing sound fades perfectly into the opening guitar riff by Ted Nugent of the Damn Yankees, as "Don't Tread on Me" by the early 90s super group Nugent played guitar for starts playing over the PA to a surprisingly mixed reaction from the crowd.]

RO: Introducing first... heading down the aisle... from Parris Island, South Carolina... weighing 281 pounds... representing the Soldiers of Fortune...

..."CAPTAIN" JOOOOOOOOOOOOE FLINNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNT!

[Flint strides into view, pumping his fist excitedly to the sold out London crowd as he makes his way down the aisle towards the ring...]

SA: Former tag team champion! Former Stampede Cup winner! "Captain" Joe Flint, The Duke is here in London looking for his first taste of singles glory in many years!

[...and as Flint approaches the ring, full of fire, he climbs up on the apron, turning to salute the crowd before ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

SA: Joe Flint's had his share of success with the Soldiers of Fortune over the past couple of years... but tonight, this isn't about tag teams... he's got no partner, no friends, no allies... he's a man alone to fight for success and to fight to become the first man to wear the Royal Crown!

[Flint settles back into the corner to wait for his first opponent...]

RO: Next...

["Enemy" by Sevendust begins to play throughout the O2.]

RO: Fighting out of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania... weighing in at 260 pounds... being accompanied down the aisle by Tiger Claw...

[The boos pick up a bit at Claw's name, briefly drowning out any cheers for the former tag team champion.]

RO: ...TOOOOOOOOONYYYYYYYYYYY DONNNNNNNNNNOOOOOVAAAAAAN!

[Donovan steps into view, Tiger Claw by his side. The duo looks out on the crowd giving a mixed response to the third generation grappler before Claw places a hand on his shoulder, sending the former tag team champion forward.]

SA: And much like Joe Flint, Tony Donovan is here tonight in search of singles glory. He and Wes Taylor have made for a successful duo, former two-time tag team champions. He's been a part of Team Supreme in the past... a part of the James Gang... a part of the Kings of Wrestling... but tonight, he stands alone...

CP: Almost.

SA: A good point, Colt. Unlike Joe Flint who chose to not have his partners in his corner tonight, Tony Donovan has his... friend... Tiger Claw.

CP: Why do you say it like that, Albano?

SA: Because I think at this point, it's plain to see that Tiger Claw is not acting in the capacity of a friend - he's a manager! Or at least an advisor of some kind! And I don't know what's going through Tony Donovan's head trying to pull the wool over his own partner's eyes but-

CP: So, now you're accusing Donovan of lying to Wes Taylor?!

SA: Maybe... deceiving is a better word?

[Donovan climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes, a focused look on his face as he sizes up Flint from across the ring, settling back into the corner where Tiger Claw is immediately waiting to whisper some last minute thoughts to him.]

SA: Whatever the business relationship between those two is, hopefully Claw can keep his nose out of this one and leave it in the hands of the four competitors remaining in this tournament.

[The music fades as Rebecca continues.]

RO: Next...

[Guitar feedback screeches over the PA, soon joined by a mid-tempo bassline from "Straight Edge Revenge" by Project X. Two red slashes appear on the video screen, forming an X. The guitar riff kicks in as on either side of the X, in collegiate block letters "SID OSBORNE" flashes on the screen to loud boos from the crowd.]

#I'M AS STRAIGHT AS THE LINE#  
THAT YOU SNIFF UP YOUR NOSE#  
AND I'M AS HARD AS THE BOOZE  
THAT YOU SWILL DOWN YOUR THROAT#

RO: ...from Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is the Sin City Savior...

...SIIIIIIIIIIIIID OSBORRRRRRRNE!

[The song kicks into high gear as Sid Osborne makes his way out to the top of the metal entrance ramp. His head is bowed, his arms outstretched. He turns his back to the crowd, the back of his college letterman jacket reading "LAS VEGAS

STRAIGHT EDGE" in collegiate block letters. He then takes his jacket off, letting it drop.]

#STRAIGHT EDGE REVENGE#

#STRAIGHT EDGE REVENGE#

#THIS TIME YOU'VE PUSHED ME TOO FAR#

[Osborne stomps down the ramp, slowly walking up the ring steps to the ring. He stops at the apron, pointing around to the assembled crowd before cutting his thumb across his throat.]

CP: I gotta file a grievance here on Sid Osborne's behalf, Albano.

SA: Oh?

CP: Yeah, what's with Ortiz not giving him his full intro?

SA: What do you mean?

CP: She didn't introduce him as the rightful AWA National Champion!

SA: I'm not even gonna dignify that one with a response, Colt Patterson. Sid Osborne, the 2017 Golden Grapple winner for Best Newcomer, has come to London and he's hoping to walk out with a piece of history - the first winner of the Royal Crown Tournament.

[The music settles as the crowd stirs once more...]

RO: And finally...

[...and comes to life in a big way as Jon Spencer's Blues Explosion's "Greyhound Part 2" begins to play throughout the O2 Arena as the entrance ramp fills with pink and yellow smoke...]

RO: ...from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 240 pounds...

He is... SENNNNNNSAAAAAATIONALLLLLLLLL...

...SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[With the AWA faithful ROARING, the former World Television Champion steps into the smoke.]

SA: There he is, Colt! The Savior of the AWA!

CP: You know, I'm gettin' a little sick of that nickname.

SA: Why?! He EARNED it at SuperClash when he stepped up to fight the forces of Korugun when we needed him the most!

[Rage moves through the smoke, turning in circles. The robes fly up, showing fuchsia and gold patterned tights and magenta boots. He pulls his hood down, showing his pile of dreadlocks on top of his head before he starts down the aisle towards the ring where his opponents - and potential glory - await.]

SA: Shadoe Rage has told the world he intends to carry championship gold in 2018... and this is the best way to get yourself firmly in that title picture, Colt.

CP: It definitely is... which is why Sid Osborne's going to be a great Royal Crown winner to go along with his National Title.

SA: Sid Osborne is NOT the National Champion... no matter what he - and YOU, Colt Patterson - claim! He doesn't hold the title belt!

CP: Right now, nobody does except the janitor who swept up the pieces!

[Colt chuckles as Albano sighs.]

SA: I find no humor in the destruction of an AWA championship belt in a wild-eyed tantrum... and I'm sure Shadoe Rage would agree with him as he climbs up on the apron...

[The white tape on his back is evident, a remnant of the back injury suffered just seven days ago at the hands of Team Supreme. He ducks through the ropes, perhaps a little slower than usual as he thrusts his arm into the air, shedding his entrance attire to reveal his shredded upper body, twirling around to the cheers of the crowd.]

SA: It's no secret who the fan favorite is in this one, Colt.

CP: It IS a secret how the AWA fans turned on a dime on this guy. This is still the same guy who caused all sorts of hell for Supernova a couple of years ago!

SA: A lot can change in a couple of years. We often hear it said - what have you done for me lately? Well, this man has done a lot for AWA fans over the past nine months or so and if you ask me, he deserves every bit of the love he's feeling from them these days.

[The official steps to mid-ring, speaking to all four competitors - each of whom have taken a corner.]

SA: Some final words from the official, just moments before this one gets going...

CP: I'm pumped up for this one, Albano! I love it when the AWA makes history and the Royal Crown Tournament finals - the first of its kind - is history being written before our very eyes tonight.

SA: Absolutely... and as-

[As the referee signals for the bell, the crowd ROARS for the action to come!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The men's half of the Royal Crown Tournament Finals is underway! Pinfalls, submissions, and over the top rope gets you gone and this will keep on going until there's one man left standing, Colt.

CP: A four way match is a rarity for the AWA... and it's a tough night at the office for anyone involved. There's no disqualifications, no countouts... so if there's someone who wants to fight, it can get dangerous in a hurry. Plus you throw in having to keep your head on a swivel...

SA: It would seem like the ability to make alliances could be important.

CP: It could be... but... well, speak of the devil...

[The crowd buzzes as Sid Osborne turns to talk to Shadoe Rage, pointing across the ring at Flint and Donovan...]

SA: You talk about an unlikely alliance. Sid Osborne is trying to ally himself with Shadoo Rage?!

CP: Maybe a little bit of mutual respect after their match last week on Showtime.

SA: Perhaps, I suppose, but I get the feeling that Sid Osborne doesn't respect ANYONE - no matter what he says!

[Rage looks over at Osborne... then out at the jeering crowd, imploring him not to do it...

...and with a nod, Rage points at Flint and Donovan, bringing a smirk to the Sin City Savior's face...]

SA: I can't believe it, fans. He's going to-

[But as Osborne turns back to Rage, urging him into action, Rage DROPS him with an overhead elbow to the crown of the skull to a big cheer!]

SA: Scratch that! Looks like it's going to be every man for himself, Colt

CP: For now anyways.

[The longest reigning World Television Champion dives atop the downed Osborne, reaching back and dropping big bombs to the face of Osborne who tries to cover up as Rage pummels him relentlessly...]

SA: Shadoo Rage all over Osborne... and I'd say there's ZERO respect from last week's Showtime!

[...but Tony Donovan intervenes, reaching down to pull Rage up off of Osborne, the third generation grappler rearing back a right hand...]

SA: Big righ- blocked!

[...but Rage blocks the punch and delivers one of his own... and another... and another... and with a handful of hair, Rage ROCKETS Donovan headfirst into the top turnbuckle to a stern glare from Tiger Claw on the outside!]

SA: Rage sends him into the turnbuckles... Tiger Claw looking on and he doesn't look happy.

CP: He made it pretty clear that he didn't want Donovan to disappoint him tonight.

SA: Just some friendly advice, huh?

CP: Of course!

[With Donovan staggering out of the corner, Rage hops through the ropes, moving swiftly up the turnbuckles, the crowd getting louder as he does...]

SA: And just like that, Shadoo Rage is up top! The Savior of the AWA in his favorite perch!

[...and leaps into the air, bringing his clasped hands down across the skull, knocking the former tag team champion down to the mat!]

SA: Down goes Donovan as Rage delivers Death From Above, one of his favorite moves...

[Rage is about to cover Donovan when Joe Flint intervenes, pulling Rage off the mat...]

SA: ...Flint getting himself involved now as well, big right hands by the former Marine... former tag team champion... former Stampede Cup champion.

CP: Lots of tag team accomplishments but this is his first crack at a major accomplishment as a singles wrestler since his days working for ol' Blackjack, Albano.

SA: A big opportunity for The Duke here tonight... whips Rage into the corner, coming in hot...

[But as Flint roars in with the Howitzer clothesline, Rage snaps his elbow up, catching Flint under the chin by a back elbow!]

SA: Ohhh! Rage caught him coming in!

[As Flint staggers backwards, Rage hops up on the middle rope, leaping off with a crossbody on Flint, taking him down for a quick one count and change before Flint easily kicks out!]

SA: One count right there... remember, pinfalls, submissions, and over the top with both feet hitting the floor yields an elimination in this one.

[Rage pops up off the mat, twirling around with an arm in the air, soaking up the cheers of the crowd as he points to the corner...]

SA: Rage heading up top again and- ohhh! Sid Osborne caught him from behind and yanked him by the tights into that short forearm to the lower back - going right after the back that Rage injured at Showtime at the hands of KAMS!

[...and with Rage reeling from the short forearm, Osborne lifts him high and drops him hard, putting him down with a back suplex!]

SA: Ohhh! Quick suplex, down on the back... and a quick cover as well gets one... gets two- noooo... Rage is out at two!

[Osborne pushes up to his knees, giving Davis Warren a look as Rage writhes in pain on the mat, grabbing at his injured back.]

SA: Six days of rest helps the back of Shadoe Rage but it does NOT cure it after the brutal assault by Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, and Paris Crawford... and now it's the Las Vegas native-

CP: And uncrowned National Champion.

SA: -I'm not so sure about that one, Colt Patterson... nevertheless, Osborne's going to work...

[Rolling Rage onto his stomach, Osborne leaps up, dropping his rear end on the lower back of Rage, flattening the former Television Champion down on the canvas!]

SA: ...and going right to work on the back as well.

[Kneeling on the mat, Osborne slams a few clubbing forearms down into the kidney area, working the back some more...]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

[...when a short kick to the chest sends him sprawling backwards.]

SA: And early on in this one, it seems like every single person in this match is determined to be the one on the attack. No alliances, no defense, no waiting it out - Tony Donovan wasn't content to watch Osborne punish Rage, he wanted in on the action and delivers a hard kick... and I've gotta say, Colt - a kick like that sure looks like Tiger Claw's been doing more than giving friendly advice to Tony Donovan.

CP: Why do you keep in on this? Claw's told you he's not managing Donovan. Donovan's told you Claw's not managing him. Why don't you drop it?

SA: Because I think they're lying to us... or maybe to themselves... and I want to know what Wes Taylor thinks about this whole situation.

CP: Wes Taylor should buy into it and maybe we'd be talking about Taylor and Donovan getting the next shot at Next Gen and the World Tag Team Titles and not the Gold Standard.

[Donovan pulls Osborne off the mat by the hair, hooking his arms behind the neck in a loose version of a Muay Thai clinch...]

SA: And more pages of the Tiger Claw playbook on display, Donovan landing those big knees to the chest, driving him back towards the corner..

[...and as Osborne falls back into the corner, Donovan grabs the top rope, swinging the leg up into the torso...]

SA: ...and even more influence of Tiger Claw on display as Donovan uses those big kicks to the body. Tony Donovan - as we know - trained in the Combat Corner for a while then moved on to the teachings of Supreme Wright and Team Supreme. Could Tiger Claw be adding his own flavor to Tony Donovan's skillset?

CP: If Tony Donovan is lucky, yes. Tiger Claw's one of the greatest of all time - former World Champion, Hall of Famer - and Tony Donovan would be lucky to learn from him. Look what it did for Brian James!

SA: You can see the referee looking on here, urging Donovan to let Osborne out of the corner but he can't force him out. No disqualifications in this one and-

[Donovan quickly takes advantage of that rule - or lack thereof - as he wraps his hands around the throat of the Sin City Savior, choking him up against the turnbuckles.]

SA: Osborne being choked and there's nothing anyone can do about it...

[Sal's quickly - and perhaps surprisingly - proven wrong as Flint breaks up the chokehold with a double axehandle across the shoulderblades of Donovan!]

SA: ...check that... Flint breaks the choke... and now we've got our first doubleteam of the match. Flint hangs onto the arms, Osborne on the second rope...

[Sid gives a pair of coughs, trying to get the air flowing again before he leaps off, smashing a double axehandle of his own down across the head of Donovan, putting him up against the ropes where Flint pursues, laying in heavy shots to the midsection as Osborne stands over Rage, taunting him as the former TV Champion tries to get up off the mat...

...but Osborne buries a knee into the chest, knocking Rage right back down on the mat as the Sin City Savior stands over him!]

SA: Osborne puts Rage back down... and we've got Flint on the other side of the ring, laying in some hard shots on Donovan as Claw tries to give some more of that friendly advice from the outside...

[Osborne makes sure Rage is down with a pair of stomps to the chest before turning around, eyeballing Flint as he pushes on Donovan's torso, trying to tip him over the ropes...]

SA: Flint's trying to get Donovan out of there... look at Sid! Look at Sid!

[...and Osborne approaches quickly, trying to flip Flint over the top rope instead!]

SA: OSBORNE'S LOOKING FOR THE EARLY TOSS!

[But Flint manages to hang onto the ropes, blocking the attempt to eliminate him...

...and fires back with a big haymaker between the eyes!]

SA: OH! Big right hand!

CP: Flint can throw those with the best of 'em!

[Flint lands a second... a third... a fourth, driving Osborne back across the ring as the crowd starts to rally behind the Soldier of Fortune...]

SA: A lot of people claimed that Shadoe Rage was the only one who'd have the support of the people in this one but it sounds like some of the UK have taken a liking to Captain Joe as well!

[Flint's big shots have Osborne on his heels, trying to recover...

...when Tony Donovan comes charging in, leaping up to drive his knee into the back of Flint, sending him pitching forward towards Osborne who snags the ankle, taking Flint down with a drop toehold that sends him crashing down over the middle rope!]

SA: OHH! Snapped his throat down on the ropes!

[With Flint hanging over the rope, Osborne gives Donovan a thumbs up before ducking out to the apron, measuring his man...]

SA: We've seen this...

[...and then with a walking start, leaps high in the air to bring his leg down across the back of Flint's neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...BEFORRRRRE! Legdrop connects and that one rocks Joe Flint!

[With Flint down, kicking his legs and gasping for air on the canvas, Osborne sneers at the booing ringside fans.]

SA: Osborne with some dangerous offense there... and you notice, fans, he is NOT eliminated even though he's on the outside because he did NOT go over the top rope first. To be eliminated - it's like a Battle Royal - you gotta go over the top rope and have BOTH feet touch the floor.

[Inside the ring, Donovan dives across the downed Flint, reaching back for a leg...]



SA: Donovan with the cover for one! He gets two... but that's all! Joe Flint kicks out at two and this remains a four way match for the moment, Colt.

CP: Donovan tried to take advantage of the offense from Osborne there - tried to pick the bones if you will and that's a smart move in a match like this. Conserve your own energy and use someone else's to try to get a W.

[Shaking his head at the two count, Osborne suddenly jerks up the ring apron...]

SA: Uh oh.

[...and pulls a steel chair into view, holding it aloft to jeers from the AWA faithful in the O2 Arena!]

CP: This is totally legal, Big Sal - so can it with your "uh oh" garbage.

SA: Legal but not exactly sporting.

CP: Who cares about that? This is the Royal Crown Finals - the very first time the AWA's done this tournament. You etch your name in the history books when you win this one. Ask someone like Brian James what it meant to be the winner of the Battle of Boston and what it did for his career. Ask Lauryn Rage what it meant to be the winner of first Women's Rumble. History is one thing... but the winner of this one, that puts them RIGHT in line for a shot at a major championship. You mean to tell me that if Tony Donovan wins this, he won't be able to go to Zharkov with that crown and say "I want a shot at Jordan Ohara?" If Shadoc Rage wins this, he can't get a crack at Supernova and the World Title? When the stakes are this high, nobody gives a damn about sporting except someone like you, Albano.

[Osborne climbs up on the apron but Donovan - perhaps not trusting what he's planning on doing with the chair - rushes across and lays in a knee to the sternum, halting Sid halfway through the ropes and knocking him back with just his head and torso hanging through...]

SA: Donovan cuts off Osborne... look at this now...

[Holding the hair of Osborne, Donovan rapidly throws short kicks up into the face of the Sin City Savior...]

SA: ...quick and brutal kicks to the head of Osborne, again showing the newly-educated feet at Claw Academy...

[...and with the Vegas native stunned, Donovan drops back into the ropes, rebounding back with a big boot to the ear of Osborne, sending him spinning away, falling off the apron back to the floor!]

SA: Back down on the floor goes Sid Osborne... again, not eliminated since he was on the apron and didn't go over the top to the floor. But that leaves him out...

CP: Which isn't the worst place to be actually. You can't get eliminated on the outside, Sal.

SA: A fair point to be sure... and with Osborne on the outside...

[Donovan pivots at a shouted warning from Tiger Claw, catching a rising Shadoc Rage with a kick to the midsection before hooking him up and taking him over with a vertical suplex!]

SA: ...ohhh, right down on the injured back again goes Shadoc Rage... and Tony Donovan with a lateral press, trying to take advantage of that injury...

[A two count follows before Rage kicks out to break the pin.]

SA: ...and another two count there. Tony Donovan back on his feet, staying on Rage for now...

[Grabbing Rage by the leg, the crowd jeers as Donovan flips him over onto his stomach, securing a half Boston Crab!]

SA: ...and into the half Crab goes Donovan!

[Rage cries out, clawing at the canvas as Donovan wrenches the leg, leaning back to bend Rage's torso as well...]

CP: And I like this hold right here, Sal.

SA: You do? Why is that?

CP: This is perfectly picked for maximum impact on Shadoe Rage - it's attacking his notoriously bad knees AND the recently injured back at the same time.

SA: Sound strategy on the part of Tony Donovan... and again, I have to wonder how much of this strategy was developed by Tiger Claw who is one of the most calculating men in the sport.

CP: I don't know. Claw always struck me as the kind of guy who just shows up and beats people up.

SA: I think the man who betrayed Casey James at SuperClash is a plotter at heart. Perhaps all those years hanging around Brian Lau who is known as a master strategist as well, Colt.

CP: A well-deserved reputation.

[As Rage cries out again, Donovan wrenching back and shouting "ASK HIM!", Claw looks on with an approving nod as the fans cheer Rage on, trying to inspire him to get to the ropes to escape...]

SA: Rage trying to drag himself across the mat to the ropes...

CP: What for? It's no DQ! Even if he gets there, Donovan doesn't have to let go!

[...and as Rage reaches the ropes moments later, the crowd realizes the same thing as Donovan continues to apply the hold!]

SA: Donovan not letting go! Rage is trying to get loose but the ropes aren't enough to escape in a No DQ match like this!

[But with the ropes for leverage, Rage keeps pulling, dragging his torso over the bottom rope, leaning forward and stretching...]

...and eventually gets enough momentum to fall from the ring to the outside, slipping free from Donovan's grasp to cheers from the crowd as Rage grabs at his back on the outside.]

SA: We're just about ten minutes into this one... which doesn't matter much since there's no time limit but in those ten minutes, Colt, Shadoe Rage has taken a tremendous amount of punishment on that injured back.

CP: As he should. We all saw what happened on Showtime... we know that Rage is walking wounded here tonight... and we know there oughta be a bullseye on that injured back for the other three in this match... and so far, it seems like there is.

[Donovan gives a quick look to the outside, perhaps considering going after Rage but ultimately turns back to the other side of the ring where Joe Flint is trying to recover in the corner...]

SA: Donovan turning his focus to Flint annnnnnd...

[The crowd reacts as Donovan comes barreling in, driving his 260 pounds into the torso of Flint with an avalanche...]

SA: ...big splash in the corner! Six foot six, 260 pounds out of Pittsburgh, P-A... and at 24 years of age, he's got the entire world ahead of him, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. For a guy like Joe Flint, this is a chance to grab a fleeting opportunity to go on another big singles run... maybe a last big singles run in his career. For a guy like Donovan, this is his chance to show he's more than just a tag team wrestler... more than just a part of a group. This is his chance to stand alone and show the world what he's capable of.

[...and snares a side headlock, charging back out...]

SA: BULLDOG PLANTS HIM DOWN!

[Donovan flips Flint onto his back, covering again...]

SA: He gets one... he gets two... but that's all... and so far, it's been Tony Donovan taking most of the pin attempts, Colt.

CP: Donovan wants to make an impression on everyone watching this. The fans, the locker room, the office... and to do that, you gotta get some eliminations and you gotta get the W.

[Donovan swings a leg over Flint, smashing a fist down between the eyes as Claw shouts "AGAIN! AGAIN!" from the floor, urging Donovan to continue battering the Soldier of Fortune!]

SA: Donovan hammering away with those clenched fists... and there's nothing the official can do about this either, Colt. No disqualifications as we've said repeatedly... and Donovan's taking advantage of it right now.

[Coming up off the mat, Donovan looks down at Flint... and then another shouted warning from Tiger Claw gets Donovan's attention elsewhere - specifically on Shadoe Rage who is on his feet and trying to get back inside the squared circle...]

SA: Shadoe Rage trying to get back in there and- OHHHH! Baseball slide! The feet right to the ribcage and down goes Rage again, Colt!

CP: Just stay down, oldtimer.

SA: Shadoe Rage - as we've heard recently - has taken some offense to you and Ben Waterson focusing on his age, Colt.

CP: Hey, I'm the guy who calls it like I see it and if Shadoe Rage wants to keep climbing in that ring at... what? 67 years old?

SA: He's 43 and you know it, guy who calls it like you see it.

CP: With the body of a guy who is 137 years old like Joe Louis when he fought Ali!

[Sal chuckles just before the camera cuts from Rage grimacing in pain on the outside...

...to Sid Osborne on a knee, his head peeking up over the ring apron!]

SA: And while Shadoe Rage is fighting to get into the ring, it looks like Sid Osborne's taking a breather on the outside just watching!

CP: Of course he is! That's because Sid Osborne is the most brilliant competitor in this match, Albano! Why should he get in the ring? Why waste energy doing that? It's an elimination match! He doesn't get bonus points for attendance!

SA: It's kind of a cowardly way of competing, don't you think?

CP: You call it cowardly, I'll call it intelligent.

[Turning back to the ring, Tony Donovan finds Joe Flint struggling up to a knee, trying to get back to his feet...]

SA: Flint now, trying to get up and get back into this fight...

[...and as Donovan approaches, Flint buries a big right hand into the midsection!]

SA: ...shot downstairs by the former tag team champion!

[Flint lands a second... and a third... and a fourth, sending Donovan staggering backwards, clutching his torso as the crowd rallies behind Flint as he climbs off the deck...]

SA: Joe Flint starting to rally here, getting some of these fans behind him as well!

[...and back on his feet, Flint winds and hurls a big haymaker that cracks Donovan on the jaw, sending him staggering backwards even further...]

SA: Ohh, what a right hand by Flint! And another!

CP: The closed fists are legal in this one, jack!

[...and another... and another, driving Donovan back across the ring towards the ropes, Claw shouting instructions from the outside...]

SA: Tiger Claw doesn't like what he's seeing right now, Colt, and-

[...and Donovan cuts off the flurry of offense with a well-placed thumb to the eye!]

SA: -oh, come on!

CP: Totally legal!

SA: I know, but-

[With Flint temporarily blinded, Donovan hops up on the middle rope, taking aim...]

SA: Donovan off the ro-

[...but before he can leap, Flint lashes out with a ferocious (and blind) uppercut that CRACKS Donovan on the jaw, flipping him backwards over the top...]

SA: -HE GOES OVER! DONOVAN GOES OVER!

[...but Donovan somehow grabs the ropes, swinging safely onto the apron to save himself!]

SA: Ohhhh! Close call there for Donovan...

CP: It's not over though! He's still out on the apron - if Flint can knock him down from there, he'll be eliminated!

SA: And that's exactly what The Duke is trying to do!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Flint starts pummeling the off-balance Donovan with a series of right hands, trying to put him down to the floor for the first elimination of the match!]

SA: Donovan hanging on for dear life, Flint trying to end his night and his surprising tournament run!

[With Donovan able to hang on, Flint backs off for a running start, charging in with the intent to drive Donovan to the floor..

...but Donovan sidesteps, hooking a kick into the midsection that catches Flint on the run!]

SA: Ohhh! Donovan caught him on the way in!

[And with Flint doubled up, Donovan reaches down, snatching a front facelock...]

SA: Are you kidding me?!

CP: This is a dangerous move for BOTH of them, Sal! A suplex might eliminate Flint but I don't know if Donovan can hang on and keep his momentum from taking him down too!

SA: We may be about to find out!

[...and lifts a struggling Flint into the air, getting him over the ropes but being forced to set him standing on the apron due to Flint's efforts to escape!]

SA: Oh! Both men on the apron now!

CP: And both went over the top! This could be it for BOTH of them, Sal!

[Donovan quickly fires off, smashing a forearm into Flint's jaw, knocking him backwards, a hand on the ropes for stability...]

SA: Big shot by Donovan!

[...and then Flint surges forward, landing a big haymaker that jacks the jaw of Donovan, sending him stumbling backwards down the apron!]

SA: Trading blows on the apron, each trying to knock the other to the floor for the elimination!

[The throwdown continues, the crowd going wild for each shot landed as the two men try to take one another out of the match...

...which is when Sid Osborne gets a wonderful, awful idea!]

SA: SID OSBORNE COMING IN!

[Slinking into the ring, Osborne comes charging across, looking to eliminate TWO competitors with one surprise attack...

...but Flint and Donovan both see him coming, snapping off a double back elbow under the chin of the charging Osborne, sending him falling backwards down to the mat...

...and then their short-lived teamwork ends with a big haymaker thrown by both men, hitting both men, and knocking both men down on the apron to a big ROAR from the UK crowd!]

SA: BOTH MEN DOWN ANNNNNNNNNND...

[The crowd buzzes, a sigh of relief from some as both Donovan and Flint roll under the ropes back into the "safety" of the ring.]

SA: ...and both men back in! That saves them both from elimination, Colt.

CP: For now, Albano... for now.

[Back on his feet, Osborne rushes forward to stomp and kick Flint a few times... and then turns to do the same to Donovan, leaving them both down on the mat as Osborne throws a quick surveying glance around...]

SA: Sid Osborne plotting his next move, trying to find a way to take one - or BOTH - of these men out of the match...

[Pulling Donovan off the mat by the wrist, Osborne gives the arm a twist before whipping him into the corner...]

SA: Into the corner goes Donovan...

[...and then turns his focus back on Flint, pulling him up and throwing him into the opposite corner with a little extra pepper on it, causing Flint to smash hard into the buckles before slumping down to a seated position in the corner as Osborne falls to his knees from the exertion!]

SA: ...ohhh! And Flint hits the corner even harder! He goes down... and Sid Osborne is up with two of his three opponents at his mercy for the moment.

[Back on his feet, Osborne gives an appraising look to both men before tearing across the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLITZES Donovan with a running palm strike, causing Donovan to slump down into the same seated position as Flint. The Sin City Savior scrambles back up, turning back towards Flint...]

SA: Osborne's going back and forth - the palm strike on one annnnnnd...

CP: CAAAANNNNONNNNBALLLLLLLLLLL!

[...and yes indeed, Osborne leaves his feet with a running cannonball splash in the corner, smashing Flint against the buckles!]

SA: Colt Patterson's favorite pool dive and Sid Osborne's favorite running attack connect, leaving Flint in a bad way... and Osborne's not done yet, back on his feet, charging in...

CP: CAAAAANNNNONNNNBALLLLLLLLLLLL!

[The crowd reacts as Osborne hits the same tumbling attack on Tony Donovan, crushing him against the corner...]

SA: Osborne laying out BOTH these men... and look at him now, wasting valuable time taunting these fans when he should be trying to eliminate someone, Colt!

CP: I gotta agree with you there. There will be plenty of time after you win to tell the fans how great you are. This could be a big mistake.

[And with Sin City Sid taunting the fans, he fails to see Shadoe Rage climb up on the apron behind him, reaching over to hook him around the head and neck to a HUGE ROAR as Rage tries to drag Osborne over the top rope...]

SA: RAGE TRYING TO GET HIM OUT! RAGE TRYING TO PULL HIM OVER!

[...and a frantic Osborne is trying to fight his way free, struggling and straining to get loose from Rage's grasp...]

SA: Ohhh! Osborne kicks him in the knee!

[The blow causes Rage to sink to a knee on the apron as Osborne quickly gets away from him, shaking his head...]

SA: Osborne got shaken up by that - he didn't see Rage coming and he came oh-so-close to a surprise elimination right there.

CP: That over the top rope rule means your night can end in a big hurry, Sal.

SA: It sure does...

[Osborne is visibly anxious over what just happened, glaring at Rage as the Savior of the AWA reels from the kick to the knee on the apron...]

...which allows Joe Flint to get to his feet behind Osborne, swinging him around...]

SA: Flint scoops him up!

[...but Osborne slips out over the top, spinning Flint around in turn...]

SA: Reversed! Sid with the sl-

[...but Flint slips out, swinging Osborne back around, scooping him up...]

SA: Reversed again and- HE'S TRYING TO TOSS HIM!

[...and as Flint approaches the ropes, looking to send the Sin City Savior to the floor for an elimination, the crowd is ROARING!]

SA: These fans may not be certain how they feel about Joe Flint, Colt, but they DEFINITELY know how they feel about Sid Osborne and right now, they want to see him eliminated!

[Osborne managed to get his arms out though, his hands grasping at the rope to try to stay in the match...]

SA: The Sin City Savior is fighting to stay in this in!

[...and with Flint and Osborne engaged near the ropes, Tony Donovan comes rushing into the fray...]

SA: DONOVAN FROM BEHIND!

[...and upends Flint, sending him over the ropes, crashing onto the apron as Osborne falls safely to the canvas!]

SA: OHH! OSBORNE'S IN AND NOW IT'S FLINT WHO IS IN DANGER!

[The crowd is buzzing as Donovan hammers away on Flint, trying to knock him to the floor before The Duke can get back into the ring...]

SA: We're over fifteen minutes into this thing and we've yet to see an elimination but that may be about to change, fans! Tony Donovan battering Flint relentlessly here, trying to just pummel him off the apron, down to the floor, and out of this match!

[...but as Donovan swings powerful clubbing forearms, Flint struggles to get back to his feet, causing the third generation grappler to switch to haymakers!]

SA: Donovan just swinging for the fences with every shot here, putting some serious ill intent behind those right hands!

[Donovan leans waaaaaay back to throw another when...]

SA: BLOCKED!

[...and Flint responds with a big haymaker of his own, sending Donovan staggering away from the ropes...]

...but before Flint can get back in, Osborne LUNGES between the ropes, driving his head into Flint's midsection!]

SA: Ohhh! Sid goes downstairs! And now we've got Sid trying to get Flint out of there, taking Donovan's spot in pounding away on the former tag team champion! You know Charlie Stephens, Mr. Stars and Stripes, and that weasel Meekly are backstage right now looking on... and I'm just glad they're staying put. It's bad enough with Tiger Claw out here but if we got Flint's entire entourage out here, it could go South in a hurry!

[Flint grabs the top rope with both hands, hanging on for dear life as Osborne lashes out with big knife edge chops over the ropes...]

SA: Osborne, who has had his issues as of late with National Champion Jordan Ohara, is trying to take a big step towards another shot at that title by knocking off the other three in this match to become the 2018 - and inaugural Royal Crown winner here tonight in the O2.

CP: He should already be the National Champion, Albano. This should just be icing on the cake!

SA: Nevertheless, Osborne looking for the first elimination of the match and... look at this now!

[The crowd jeers as Donovan gets back into the mix, joining Osborne to try and force Flint off the apron!]



SA: And now they're BOTH working on Joe Flint! This is trouble!

CP: Flint's desperately trying to hang onto those ropes, just taking full force shots to the head because he can't spare an arm to try to defend himself!

SA: He's hanging on for now though! Joe Flint showing that tremendous heart that made him a champion in the early part of his career... before he became all bitter and twisted and the kind of person who would hang around a treacherous snake like Charlie Stephens!

[Donovan and Osborne are taking turns punching Flint, trying to knock him to the floor and out of the match...

...when a staggering Shadoe Rage swoops in from the blind side, grabbing Osborne from behind to a big cheer!]

SA: RAGE! RAGE TOSSES SIIIIIIID... NOOOO! SID HANGS ON! SID HANGS ON TO THE ROPES! HE'S ON THE APRON AS WELL!

[And with Flint and Osborne out on the apron, the two men in the ring split apart - Donovan driving fists into the head of Flint as Rage snaps off jabs at Osborne...]

SA: The crowd in the O2 are on their feet! Who will be the first one out of the Royal Crown Finals?!

CP: It could be BOTH of them, Sal!

SA: It sure could! Shadoe Rage on Osborne, Tony Donovan on Flint!

[And in sheer desperation, both Flint and Osborne go to the eyes on their attackers, sending them staggering backwards!]

SA: OHH! Eye gouges in tandem! That'll buy them some time to-

[Osborne twists to the side on the apron and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...kicks Joe Flint right between the legs!]

SA: OSBORNE GOES LOW ON FLINT AND-

[And with Flint stunned, Osborne simply shoves him off the apron, tossing him to the floor!]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... Joe Flint has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd is split on that announcement as Osborne leans forward, flipping through the ropes to get back to safety as Flint looks up in shock (and pain) at the ring.]

SA: At just over twenty minutes of action, Joe Flint - former tag team champion, former Stampede Cup winner - has been eliminated, Colt.

CP: Sid Osborne took advantage of Flint in a weakened position and... well, Sid is an opportunist at his core and that's what just happened. He took the opportunity when it presented himself and we're down to three!

SA: Tony Donovan, Shadoe Rage, and Sid Osborne! One of these three men will be the first ever Royal Crown winner!

[Osborne gets to a knee, surveying the scene as Donovan and Rage are trying to recover from the twenty minutes of action so far as well as the eyegouges that left them reeling...

...and he goes for Donovan first, grabbing the wrist to whip him across..]

SA: The Sin City Savior trying to capitalize on his momentum, shoots him across... Donovan ducks the clothesline...

[And as Donovan rebounds act, he gets dropped with a brutal knife edge chop across the chest!]

SA: ...ohhh, big chop connects and down goes Donovan!

[But before Osborne can take greater advantage...]

SA: RAGE TAKES HIM DOWN!

[...and with a sloppy double leg tackle, Rage starts hammering Osborne with closed fists to the skull, the crowd going wild for the attack!]

SA: Shadoe Rage hammering away on Osborne in a continuation of their Royal Crown first round match last weekend, Colt.

CP: If you ask me, Albano, Rage shouldn't even be in this match. He lost fair and square to Osborne...

SA: Fair and square?!

CP: ...and the only reason he's here tonight is because Zharkov stuck him in that Last Chance Battle Royal...

SA: Which he won! Which means he's got every right to be here!

CP: Debatable.

SA: Well, what won't be debatable is Shadoe Rage is absolutely pummeling Sid Osborne right now, coming back to his feet now and bringing the Sin City Savior up with him...

[With a handful of hair, Rage rushes the corner, smashing Sid's head into the top turnbuckle!]

SA: Headfirst to the corner... and now Rage is trying to take advantage of this moment!

[Rage squares up, snapping off jabs to the chin of Osborne, his head whipping back on every blow...]

CP: Gettin' some dirty work done in the corner with those jabs...

SA: Rage winds up... ELBOW CONNECTS!

[The overhead elbow has Osborne on rubber legs as Rage grabs him by the hair, pointing across the ring to a BIG ROAR!]

SA: Shadoe Rage charging... RAGE LOOKING TO TOSSSSSSSSS-

[But as he HURLS Osborne over the top rope, the resourceful Vegas native again manages to grab the ropes, barely saving himself as he lands safely on the apron once again...]

SA: -NO! NO! OSBORNE HANGS ON!

CP: But he's on the apron so that gives Rage a chance to-

SA: ELBOW! RIGHT HAND! ELBOW! RIGHT HAND! OSBORNE TRYING TO HANG ONTO THE ROPES AND RAGE IS TAKING OVER HERE!

[On the other side of the ring, we see Tony Donovan push up onto all fours...

...and Tiger Claw deliberately slide the steel chair that Osborne tried to introduce to the match earlier under the ropes into Donovan's hands.]

SA: Wait a second! What's this now?!

CP: Brilliant strategy by Claw!

SA: Brilliant strategy?! He just gave him a chair!

CP: I know! Brilliant, right?

[Donovan climbs to his feet, steel chair in hand...]

SA: Remember, fans - this is totally legal in this match! No disqualifications!

[...and rears back with it, looking for a home run swing!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE INJURED BACK OF SHADOE RAAAAAAGE!

[Rage collapses to his knees from the impact, quickly folding over onto all fours as Donovan looks down on him... and then over to Tiger Claw who nods approvingly...]

SA: No, no! Don't do it, Donovan!

[...and then raises the chair over his head, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Gaaaaah! Like a hammer driving a nail, Donovan SMASHES that steel chair down into the injured back a second time and Shadoe Rage is flat on his face near the ropes there... what a shot that was.

CP: Tony Donovan looking to make a major name for himself here tonight as a singles competitor, Sal, and he may have just done it!

[Donovan seems about to toss the chair aside when a very commanding "AGAIN!" is heard. Donovan throws a glance at Tiger Claw, giving a nod as he raises the chair again, the crowd buzzing...]

SA: He's gonna-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a third blow across the injured back with the steel chair leaves Rage howling in pain on the canvas as Donovan throws the chair aside, dropping to his knees...]

SA: Three shots with the chair... and Donovan's looking to take advantage! Cover! He's got one! HE'S GOT TWO! HE'S GOT THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

[The crowd ROARS for Rage weakly lifting his shoulder off the mat in time!]

SA: A very close call there for Shadoe Rage who somehow survives THREE steel chair blows across the injured back to just BARELY get that shoulder up, Colt!

CP: And that means Donovan is close to eliminating him. He NEEDS to stay on him!

[Donovan pushes up to his knees, a disgruntled look on his face as Sid Osborne comes through the ropes...]

...and immediately offers to work together with Donovan.]

SA: We've seen this before. Sid Osborne AGAIN offering to work with someone to get an edge in this match. We heard it in the pre-match interview about Joe Flint... we saw him try to do it with Shadoe Rage at the start of the match... and now Tony Donovan.

CP: The difference is it looks like Donovan's going to take him up on it.

[Back on his feet, Donovan gives a nod, gesturing for Sid to take his shot on Rage...]

SA: Donovan and Osborne apparently working together now, looking to eliminate Shadoe Rage.

CP: It's a sound strategy. Two on one, take out the bigger threat and-

[...but as Osborne leans down to pull up Rage...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OHHH! NOT SO FAST SAYS TONY DONOVAN!

[...and as Osborne collapses to the mat after being hit across the back with the steel chair, Donovan gets a sprinkling of cheers from the crowd as he SPIKES the chair back down on the mat.]

SA: Suddenly, Tony Donovan's got BOTH men down and a chance to do some serious damage, Colt!

CP: He's already done the damage with that chair... now he needs to cross the finish line!

[Pulling Rage off the mat, Donovan wraps his arms around his torso, lifting him into the air...]

SA: Back suplex... with a bridge!

[...and the bridging Donovan gets two and change before Rage slips the shoulder off the mat again!]

SA: A near fall there on Rage!

[Donovan gets up, a frustrated expression on his face as he grabs Osborne by the wrist, flinging him across the ring...]

SA: Osborne off the far side...

[...and the third generation grappler lifts, pivots, annnnnd...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...DRIVEN DOWWWWN WITH THE SPINEBUSTER!

[Donovan swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture, diving across the prone Sin City Savior...]

SA: He's got one! He's got TWO! HE'S GOT THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -AND NOW IT'S OSBORNE KICKING OUT IN THE NICK OF TIME!

[Donovan angrily smashes a hand down on the mat, letting loose a frustrated grunt as he pushes off the mat, listening as Claw shouts "stay on them! Keep on it!" He gives a nod...]

SA: Donovan getting some solid advance from Tiger Claw there... some obvious advice but solid nonetheless...

[...and Donovan turns his focus back to Rage again, dragging him off the mat and rocketing him into the corner where Rage hits HARD against the turnbuckles before staggering out towards Donovan who goes into a spin...]

SA: ...DISCUS CLOTHESLIIIIIINE! BOOM GOES THE CANNON!

[Donovan dives across again!]

SA: Could that be it for Shadoe Rage?!

[The referee drops down to slap the mat once... twice... annnnnnd...]

SA: OUT AT TWO AGAINNNNN! OH MY, COLT PATTERSON! THIS IS A WAR!

CP: We know the stakes in this one, Albano, and that means these guys are pulling out all the stops! Donovan's throwing everything he can think of at these two but so far, Rage and Osborne will NOT be denied!

SA: Donovan's going back to Osborne, trying to get an elimination and get one step closer to winning the Royal Crown in the worst possible away!

[Another whip sends Osborne bouncing off the ropes towards a waiting Donovan who uses the Sin City Savior's own momentum to lift, pivot...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

SA: POWERSLAM CONNECTS! DONOVAN HOOKS HIM!

[There's a look of sheer desperation on the face of Donovan as he hooks the leg deep, nodding along with the count of one... two... annnnd...]

SA: OUT! AT! TWOOOOOOO!

[Donovan lets loose an angry shout that earns him a moment of silence on the audio.]

SA: We apologize for the language there, fans... Tony Donovan obviously feeling the frustration as he sees both Shadoe Rage and Sid Osborne repeatedly kicking out. The frustration is evident on his face, Colt.

CP: Tiger Claw is trying to talk him down, trying to keep him on his game. That ain't easy when you're going to the big guns and it's not getting the job done. Sometimes you gotta dig deep to something you haven't used in a while or maybe even something you've never done before. A match like this - the others have you so well-scouted, you might need to introduce a little unpredictability to get the job done... to get across the finish line...

[Donovan pushes up off the mat, his arms and fingers wiggling at his sides as he eyeballs a rising Shadoe Rage...]

SA: I'm not sure what he's got in mind here, Colt.

CP: Me neither but it's gonna have to be good to finally get one of these two down for a three count.

[...and as the former Television Champion reaches his feet, Donovan reaches out and wraps his arms around the head and neck!]

SA: SLEEPERHOLD!

CP: Nah, nah, nah... that's the Kata Ha Jime! The judo choke his good friend Tiger Claw used for all those years inside the squared circle!

SA: Rage felt it coming though, he dives into the ropes!

CP: But Donovan doesn't have to break it! Donovan's hanging onto the hold and Rage can grab the ropes all he wants, Donovan might still choke him out, Sal!

SA: Cutting off the flow of blood to the brain... trying to render Shadoe Rage unconscious...

[Rage is on the ropes, looking for another way out when...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...OSBORNE WITH THE CHAAAAAIR!

CP: What a shot! Right across the spine!

SA: Did Sid Osborne just SAVE Shadoe Rage?!

CP: I think it's less saving Rage and more trying to get Donovan while his back was turned!

[Osborne quickly opens up the chair, setting it down on the mat as he whips a stunned Donovan into the ropes...]

SA: Donovan off the far side...

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”  
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ...DROP TOEHOLD! FACEFIRST INTO THE CHAIR GOES DONOVAN!

CP: And it was Donovan who brought the chair back into this! Isn't it ironic?

SA: Don'tcha think?

[With Donovan reeling on the mat, Osborne folds up the chair, planting it down firmly on the chest of the third generation grappler as Osborne exits the ring to the apron, climbing the ropes with the crowd buzzing...]

SA: Osborne's heading up top! Sid Osborne's looking to end Donovan's night right now!

[...and as Osborne reaches the second rope, the crowd begins to buzz as Tiger Claw climbs up on the ring apron!]

SA: What's he doing?! Get him down from there!

[Claw has words for Osborne as the always-chatting Osborne fires right back as the official tries to get the Hall of Famer off the apron...]

SA: Claw and the referee arguing now and-

[...and with Osborne still talking, he fails to notice Donovan push up to his knees, flinging himself forward...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...hitting the ropes and causing Osborne to lose his balance, crotching himself on the top turnbuckle!]

SA: OHH! THE INTERFERENCE OF TIGER CLAW PAYS OFF!

[With a smirk on his face, Claw slips back down to the floor...]

CP: Big mistake out of Osborne and it may cost him just as big, Sal!

SA: Donovan on his way up... to the second rope...

[Donovan slings Osborne's arm over his neck, securing a front facelock...]

SA: ...and Donovan's looking for a superplex, hoping to finish off the Sin City Savior and get this Royal Crown Final down to a one-on-one battle! We're approaching the thirty minute mark in this historic battle to see who will be the first man to emerge victorious of the inaugural Royal Crown tournament!

[...and with a massive grunt of effort, Donovan lifts Osborne into the air...]

SA: SUPERPLEX!

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”  
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and with tremendous impact, both men slam violently into the canvas...]

SA: DOWN THEY GO AND...

CP: RAGE! RAGE!

[...and before Donovan can act, Shadoe Rage is to the top rope in two quick steps, standing tall...]

SA: ARE YOU...?

[...and LEAPS into the air, BURYING the point of his elbow into the heart of Tony Donovan!]

SA: OHHHH! ANGEL OF DEATH DROP CONNECTS FOR THE ONNNNNNE!  
TWOOOOOOOO!

[And the crowd ERUPTS as the referee slaps the mat a third time!]

SA: THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Tony Donovan has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd cheers loudly as an enraged Tiger Claw smashes his fists down on the ring apron, glaring into the ring as a weary Rage rolls off of Donovan, taking a sitting position on the mat as the referee helps Donovan out of the ring.]

SA: And then there were two! Shadoe Rage and Sid Osborne battling it out to see who will walk out of the O2 as the first winner of the Royal Crown tournament!

CP: Both men have an elimination! But there's one thing Sid's got that Rage don't, Albano...

SA: Oh yeah? What's that?

CP: ...Sid beat Rage last weekend! He's got the momentum on his side 'cause he knows he can beat him again!

SA: Well, he knows he beat him last weekend... and if he's honest with himself, he might also know he beat him thanks to the brutal attack by KAMS and the interference of Paris Crawford who are NOT in the building tonight!

CP: That you know of!

SA: Unless they took a late flight from Los Angeles, they're not here, Colt! And that means if Sid Osborne wants to walk out of London as the Royal Crown champion, he's gotta do it on his own!

[As Donovan makes his way slowly up the aisle, trailing behind a steaming-mad Tiger Claw, the crowd buzzes for the final showdown as Rage struggles to get up off the mat, grabbing at his back...]

SA: And you can see Rage again grabbing the back... that elbowdrop did him no favors in the physical wellbeing department, Colt.

CP: No, but it got him a step closer to winning the Royal Crown and sometimes that's all that matters. Rage has made it clear to the world he wants to wear



championship gold again sometime in 2018... and in order to do that, he's gotta get himself up the ladder of contention and I can't think of any better way to do it than to win the Royal Crown here tonight, jack!

SA: Rage pushing up off the mat, dragging Osborne to his feet now...

[Rage ducks down, lifting Osborne off the canvas, and with a cry of pain, he slams him down, immediately sinking to a knee and grabbing his back...]

SA: ...hard slam by Rage but again, the pain shooting through his back slowing him down.

[Clenching his jaw, Rage pushes up off the mat again, pointing to the crowd to a HUGE ROAR!]

SA: Rage looking to go up top again... perhaps looking to end this here and now, Colt!

CP: He's moving awfully slow to do that.

SA: To the outside, slowly climbing those turnbuckles...

[Stepping one foot up top, Rage steadies himself before mounting his perch, looking down on Osborne with his arms raised over his head...]

SA: Up top again! HE LEAPS! ELBOOOOOOOOOO-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -NOOOOOOOOOOOO! HE MISSED! OSBORNE ROLLED CLEAR AND RAGE TOOK THE CANVAS FULL FORCE ON THAT INJURED BACK!

[And as Osborne pushes up off the mat, a wicked gleam crosses his eye as he too ducks through the ropes...]

SA: And now it's the Sin City Savior heading up top! Sid Osborne looking to finish off Shadoe Rage - an injured Shadoe Rage - and capture the Crown here at The Battle of London!

[...and as he climbs the turnbuckles, Osborne plants a foot on the top rope, throwing back his head in a howl of triumph to the London crowd!]

SA: Break out The Clash and the Sex Pistols 'cause this kid's set to...

[Osborne LEAPS into the air, pumping his arms and legs as he does...]

SA: ...STAAAAAAGE DIVE!

[...and he lands RIGHT on Rage's raised knees!]

SA: OHHHH! HE GOT THE KNEES UP! KNEES UP IN TIME AND-

[And with Osborne draped across his knees, Rage reaches up, hooking the head, rolling him to the side into a makeshift cradle!]

SA: -IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...KICKED OUT IN TIIIIIIIME!

[The crowd ROARS for the near fall, saluting the two warriors as they lie on the canvas, breathing hard as they try to pull one more wind into their weary bodies to carry them across the finish line!]

SA: Both men took a shot, went for the Hail Mary, and both men came up empty on it! Rage is down! Osborne is down! The people in Londontown are UP and they are loving every second of this, Colt!

CP: What a battle, Albano. We started with four tonight, we're down to two, and these two are pulling out all the stops to become the first to etch their name in the history books under "Royal Crown winner!"

SA: Rage is starting to stir first, the longest reigning World Television Champion climbing off the mat...

[Reaching down, the hobbled Rage drags Osborne up by the arm, throwing him into the corner...]

SA: Into the corner goes the 2017 Golden Grappler winner for Best Newcomer... trying to make his 2018 even better. He's been battling for the National Title for most of this year...

[...where Rage steps up on the middle rope, balling up his fist...]

SA: ...the fists are flying in London!

[The crowd counts along!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVE..."

[But the crowd trails off as Osborne ducks down, slipping out from between the legs, rearing back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES his forearm down in a clubbing blow across Rage's injured back, causing Rage to arch his body in agony...]

SA: Clubbing blow to the spine!

[...and Osborne steps up on the middle rope, reaching out to hook up Rage...]

SA: What is he...?

[...and LEAPS into the air, snapping Rage backwards off the ropes...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OHHHHH! SWEET SAN ANGELO! A SIDE RUSSIAN LEGSWEEP OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE, RIGHT DOWN ON THE INJURED BACK!

[...and the leap backwards to the canvas seems to have taken a bit out of Osborne as well who is slow to react, flipping over to throw an arm across the chest...]

SA: HE'S GOT ONE! HE'S GOT TWO! HE'S GOT THREEEEEE- NOOOOOOOO!  
SHOULDER UP IN THE NICK OF TIME!

[...and again the crowd ROARS for the near fall as Rage just narrowly escapes the jaws of defeat by popping his shoulder up off the mat!]

SA: A devastating move by Osborne... but not enough to hold the Savior of the AWA down for a three count!

[As Osborne slowly rolls onto his back, sucking wind into his body, Rage rolls under the ropes, dropping off the apron to the floor in search of recovery time as the crowd buzzes...]

SA: Rage perhaps wisely escaping the ring here... trying to regroup a bit, catch his breath...

CP: As old men are likely to need.

SA: Oh, cut it out!

[Osborne pushes up to his knees, looking around to try to find Rage...]

SA: Sid Osborne could use a little recovery period of his own...

CP: Maybe we can bring back those British Rounds Rules from earlier.

SA: Not this time... this time, we're down to two men who can win this thing by pinfall, submission, or over-the-top-rope and that's it! And they can't stop fighting until one of them gets the job done and makes history here tonight!

[Osborne grunts as he gets to his feet, nodding as he spots Rage on the outside on the floor, also trying to get up...]

SA: Rage on the outside... and it looks like Osborne's going out there to join him, climbing through the ropes to the apron...

[Osborne backs up, leaning against the post for a few breaths as Rage battles up to his feet...

...which is when Osborne rushes forward, throwing himself into a somersault...]

CP: CANNONBAAAAAALL!

[...and WIPES OUT the barely-standing Rage with the tumbling splash from the apron to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Sid Osborne putting his body on the line in London, trying to win the Royal Crown Tournament by pinning a major superstar here in the AWA - Shadoe Rage. This is the kind of win that can really springboard a career to a whole other level, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. That's why it means so much to Osborne and why he's fighting so hard to get the job done!

[Osborne drags himself off the floor with the aid of the ropes, weakly lifting his arm into the air to egg on the jeering London crowd...]

SA: These people do NOT like Sid Osborne...

CP: ...and he's perfectly fine with that, Sal. In fact, he might even enjoy it!

SA: You could be right about that... and the boos keep coming as he pulls Rage to his feet with two hands full of hair... ohhh! Facefirst into the ring apron!

[Osborne shoves Rage under the ropes, rolling him back into the ring...]

SA: Rage back in.. Osborne pulling himself up on the apron...

[...and a weary Sin City Savior strides down the apron alongside the ropes, heading towards the corner again...]

SA: ...and he's going up top again!

CP: He's gotta be looking for that Stage Dive to finish him off, Albano!

SA: He went for it a few moments ago and came up empty... but he's got another crack at it here, climbing up the turnbuckles, looking down on Rage...

[...but as he "looks down on Rage," he also sees something flying in his direction!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE THREW THE CHAIR! SHADOE RAGE JUST BOUNCED THAT STEEL CHAIR OFF OSBORNE'S SKULL!

[Osborne slumps forward, falling off the ropes to the canvas as Rage kneels on the mat, nodding his head to the ROARING crowd!]

SA: Shadoe Rage saves himself with the aid of that steel chair we've seen used throughout this match at times! A big move right there to keep Osborne from delivering the Stage Dive frog splash and that puts Rage right back in it!

[Rage pushes up to his feet, moving in to grab Osborne by the arm, dragging him to his feet where he whips him across the ring...]

SA: Rage sends him to the corner... coming in hot!

[...and chases him down, a running back elbow popping Sid under the jaw!]

SA: Ohhh! The often-used elbow of Shadoe Rage connects again!

[Rage twists around, grabbing Osborne by the head to deliver a big haymaker between the eyes... and another... and another... and an overhead elbow smash for good measure leaves Osborne hanging onto the ropes to stay on his feet!]

SA: Rage is all over him in the corner!

[He drags Osborne from the ropes, again grunting in pain as he lifts him up and slams him down on the mat, immediately grabbing at his back as he falls into the turnbuckles...]

SA: Slams him down again!

[...and pushing off, he drops down, smashing an elbow into the chest!]

SA: Elbowdrop connects!

[Rage slowly gets up, taking aim before dropping a second...]

SA: Another one!

[...and again he's up, dropping a third!]

SA: Elbows deep into the heart of Osborne!

[Rage gets up, staggered as he moves in...

...and then waves off another elbow, leaping into the air to drop a knee across the sternum!]

SA: OHH! KNEEDROP ON TARGET!

[He stays down on Osborne, getting a count of two and change before the Sin City Savior escapes!]

SA: Two count right there...

CP: And you have to wonder if maybe... just maybe it would've been enough if he'd had the strength left in his body to do all ten of those elbows we usually see before that kneedrop, Sal.

SA: A fair point, Colt... but a two count it was and Rage is... you can see the exhaustion on his face. Barely able to hold himself up as he struggles to get back to his feet again...

[Rage leans heavily against the ropes, catching another breather as he grabs at his lower back...]

SA: ...and there's just no escaping the "what if" here, Colt. What if the assault at the hands of KAMS had not happened? What if Shadoe Rage was here at one hundred percent?

CP: Or as close as he's able to get these days.

[Rage reaches down, grabbing Osborne by the hair, pulling him to his feet...]

SA: Both men up on their feet and- oh! Osborne slips in a right hand!

[...but in response, Rage lowers his shoulder, DRIVING Osborne back into the turnbuckles!]

SA: Ohhh! And Rage fires right back, smashing him into the corner...

[Leaning over, Rage boosts the Sin City Savior up, sitting him down on the top turnbuckle...]

SA: ...and now it looks like Rage has his eyes on finishing this, setting Osborne up top...

[...and reaching up to grab the hair, Rage SMASHES his fist into the head of the Vegas native once... twice... three times before stepping up to the middle rope with him...]

SA: ...hooking him up... a superplex on the way perhaps!

[...but as Rage reaches to grab the front facelock, Osborne smashes his fist into Rage's ribcage...]

SA: But Osborne's fighting back!

[...and again...]

SA: Hammering away at the ribs of Shadoe Rage!

[...and again, causing Rage to slump forward, arms clenched at his side to protect the torso...]

SA: Osborne's trying to avoid the superplex - a potentially match-ending superplex - trying to fight his way out of this dangerous situation...

[...and as Osborne stands on the ropes, he too leans forward...]

SA: ...OSBORNE... SUNSET...

[...and DRIVES HIM DOWN WITH A POWERBOMB!]

SA: ...FLIP POWERBOMMMMMMB!

CP: IT'S OVER!

[The referee dives to the mat as Osborne hangs on for dear life!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!! IT I-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA, HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?! HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?!

CP: Osborne was a heartbeat away from winning the Crown!

[Osborne leans back, falling to his back on the mat, his face buried in his hands as the crowd buzzes in disbelief at the near fall!]

SA: Fans, we are just about forty minutes into this out-and-out war between some of the AWA's finest! They're giving it everything they've got and then some, Colt!

CP: Of course they are! That's what the Royal Crown is all about!

[Shaking his head in shock, Osborne sits up on the mat, looking up at the official who holds up two fingers...]

SA: The referee reiterating it was a two count... and Sid Osborne is stunned, fans!

CP: Can you blame him?! He dropped Rage like a bad habit with that sunset flip powerbomb and the son of a gun STILL kicked out!

[Osborne climbs off the mat, still shaking his head as he moves in on the barely-moving Rage, reaching down to grab a fistful of hair...]

SA: The Sin City Savior bringing Rage to his feet, boot to the belly...

[...and with Rage doubled over, Osborne steps into a standing headscissors, reaching down to secure one arm...]

SA: We saw this on Showtime! Osborne hooks one arm...

[...and then the other...]

SA: ...and now he's got both! Looking for the Billion Dollar Bom-

[...but before he can attempt the lift, Rage straightens up, hoisting Osborne into the air...]

SA: -AND RAGE BACKDROPS OUT OF IT!! SHADOE RAGE SAVES HIMSELF AGAIN, COLT! HE DID IT AGAIN!

CP: Incredible!

[...and as Osborne slams down on the mat, Rage collapses to his knees, pain on his face as the London crowd ROARS their support of the Savior of the AWA!]

SA: Shadoe Rage down on his hands and knees, his body - jolts of pain shooting through his body with every movement...

[He pushes up off the mat, leaning hard on the ropes as Osborne struggles up to a knee, battling to his feet as well...]

SA: Both men on the rise and- big right hand by Rage!

[The haymaker sends Osborne falling back into the corner as Rage keeps walking towards him, winding up again...]

SA: Rage swinging for the fences with those right hands!

[Grabbing Osborne by the arm, Rage goes to whip him across...]

SA: Irish whi- reversed!

[...and Rage SLAMS violently into the buckles, crying out as his injured back hits the corner and he slumps down to a seated position against the midbuckle...

...and Osborne lets loose a roar, charging in as quickly as his body will manage...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and leaps up, driving his knees into the chest of the cornered Rage!]

SA: METEORA IN THE CORNERRRRRR!

[Osborne bounces out, moving to the middle of the ring before running right back in...]

SA: OHHH! SLIDING CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS AS WELL!

[Getting to his feet, Osborne uses a handful of hair to throw Rage out of the corner and down onto the mat where the Vegas native crawls into a pin attempt!]

SA: Osborne covers again - he's got one! He's got TWO! HE'S GOT THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OUT! AT! TWOOOOOO!

[The arm weakly raised off the mat gets a HUGE ROAR from the London crowd as Osborne lets loose a shout that earns a muting from a quick-reflexed censor!]

SA: Osborne can't believe it, Colt!

CP: It's pretty unbelievable right now, Albano. Sid Osborne is giving Shadoe Rage - an injured Shadoe Rage I might add - everything he's got in his arsenal and Rage just keeps on kicking out! Over and over again! It's gotta be driving Osborne mad right now.

[Osborne climbs off the mat, fire in his eyes as he shoves the official...]

CP: Whooooa... easy there! You don't want to risk a disqualification when you're this close to the finish line, kid!

SA: The official warning Osborne, letting him know he won't tolerate that...

[A fuming-mad Osborne wheels away from the official, grabbing Rage by the hair as Rage had managed to get to a knee on the mat...]

"SLAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

[...and Osborne SLAPS him across the face!]

"YOU THINK YOU'RE THE SAVIOR?!"

"SLAAAAAAP!"

"YOU'RE NOTHING!"

"SLAAAAAAP!"

"NOTHING!"

[Osborne grabs two fists full of hair now, yanking Rage off the mat before grabbing the arm to whip Rage into the corner...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RAGE REVERSES! SID HITS THE CORNER!

[Osborne, having slammed hard into the buckles, staggers out towards Rage who leaps up, extending his arm and dragging the Vegas native down to the canvas with a bulldog lariat!]

SA: OSBORNE GOES DOWN... AND RAGE IS UP!

[Feeding off the roaring crowd... feeling a second wind, Shadoe Rage goes quickly to the ropes, moving through them, heading towards the corner...]

SA: HE'S GOING UP! RAGE IS GOING UP!

[...and Osborne weakly rolls over, trying to get out of the ring before Rage reaches his perch!]

SA: OSBORNE TRYING TO ESCAPE! RAGE TAKING AIM!

[And with Osborne near the ropes, Rage adjusts his footing up top before...]



SA: OFF THE TOP!

[...and BURIES the point of his elbow into the heart of the Sin City Savior!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ELBOW CONNECTS! RAGE COVERS! ROYAL CROWN...

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice... thr-]

SA: ...NOT WON! OSBORNE ESCAPES WITH A FOOT ON THE ROPES! HE GOT HIS FOOT ON THE ROPES TO SAVE THIS MATCH FOR HIM!

[Rage rolls off of Osborne, grabbing at his back as he rests on a hip on the canvas, Osborne's foot still draped over the middle rope...]

SA: Osborne's down! Rage is down! The fans in the O2 are on their feet! We are over forty minutes now in this one and still they fight! Still they battle! Still they bite, scratch, and claw their way towards Victory Lane, Colt Patterson!

[...and as Osborne's foot comes to rest back down on the mat, the Sin City Savior pushes himself into a roll under the ropes, dropping off the apron to the floor!]

SA: Osborne to the outside, trying to keep himself out of the ring as Shadoo Rage looks to end this thing!

[Rage's face is a permanent wince as he rolls to his belly, using his powerful arms to shove up in a pushup to his knees, nodding his head as the crowd cheers him on...]

SA: Rage fighting his way to his feet... he's gotta know he's close, Colt.

CP: Close don't mean nothing until you get the job done!

[...and fights his way up with a roar of effort, falling forward into the ropes, looking down on Osborne on the outside as the Sin City Savior tries to recover on the floor...]

SA: Shadoo Rage looking down on Osborne, wondering what it's gonna take to finish him off!

[Rage steps out on the apron, stumbling towards the corner, aggressively slapping his hand down on the top turnbuckle a few times...

...and then starts climbing!]

SA: Rage on the outside and he's climbing, Colt! He's climbing!

CP: This guy's out of his mind, Albano! He's got knees held together with thoughts and prayers... his back has been beaten worse than Swansea against Manchester United last weekend... and he's going up top with Osborne on the floor?!

SA: He went through the ropes though, no elimination at risk here!

CP: No, just his ability to WALK!

[Mounting the top turnbuckle, Rage looks down on Osborne as the Sin City Savior struggles to get off the floor...]

SA: Rage standing taller than Big Ben! Flashbulbs a-firin' all over London!

[...and Rage LEAPS off, plummeting downwards...]

SA: DEATH FROM ABOOOOOOOVE!

[...and brings the big double axehandle CRASHING down over the skull of Osborne, wiping him out on the floor as Rage immediately goes down to his knees, grabbing at his back again!]

SA: Rage took a big chance there and it may have paid off, Colt.

CP: Osborne's down... and he could be out after that... but can Rage take advantage of it with that bum back of his?

[Rage grabs hold of the apron, desperate to get up to pursue the action as Osborne is flat on his back on the barely-padded concrete...]

SA: Rage drags himself to his feet with the aid of the apron and the ropes, barely able to stand...

[He leans down, grabbing Osborne by the hair to drag him to his feet...]

SA: Pulling Sid Osborne up, gotta put him back in and-

[...but suddenly, a desperate Osborne wraps his arms around the torso of Rage, lunging forward...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RAGE'S LOWER BACK DRIVEN INTO THE RING APRON!

[Osborne steps back, still hanging onto Rage who is howling in pain...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SPINE MEETS STEEL IN THE O2! RIGHT INTO THE RINGPOST!

[Osborne shoves a groaning Rage under the ropes into the ring, rolling in after him, throwing himself into a sloppy exhausted cover...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

[...and Rage's shoulder POPS up off the mat again!]

SA: IN-CRED-I-BLE!

[Osborne pushes up off the mat, full of fire as he grabs Rage by the hair, smashing his fist angrily down into the face once... twice... three times before getting back to his feet, dragging Rage up with him...]

SA: He's going for the Billion Dollar Bomb!

[...but before he does it, he pauses, looking down...

...and then shoves Rage aside.]

SA: What in the...?

[Osborne stomps across the ring...

...and grabs the steel chair off the mat again.]

SA: Uh oh... oh no, Colt.

CP: He's gonna REALLY finish him off now!

[Osborne winds up with the chair, stomping past the official...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and with three massive chairshots to the back, Osborne may have finally taken the last bit of fight out of his opponent, glaring down coldly as Rage sits motionless on the mat. Osborne throws down the chair, planting a boot on the middle of Rage's chest as he arrogantly and defiantly shouts "COUNT HIM!" to the official who obliges...]

SA: It could be! It MIGHT be! IT...

[A deafening ROAR ERUPTS from the London crowd!]

SA: ...SWEET SANTA MARIA! He kicked out again!

[The arrogant cover is just enough to allow Rage to lift his shoulder weakly off the mat, just barely clearing the canvas as the referee calls for the two count...

...which seems to send Osborne into a fury!]

SA: Osborne's got the chair again! Enough is enough!

CP: Obviously not! Because Shadoe Rage is too dumb to stay down!

SA: It's not intelligence - it's guts, Colt! It's heart! It's that intangible we call "fighting spirit" and Shadoe Rage has got it in bushels!

[An enraged Osborne unfolds the chair, setting it up on the canvas before turning his attention back to Rage, yanking him into the standing headscissors...]

SA: What is he...?

[He swiftly hooks one arm... and then the other...]

SA: BILLION DOLLAR...

[...and as he lifts, he pivots, extending Rage's body outwards so that when he falls...]

SA: ...OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...he falls HARD, his injured back SMASHING down onto the seat of the chair, mangling the steel underneath his falling body as the crowd echoes Sal's reaction!]

SA: FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS HOLY!

[And with Rage folded up, his body wrecked, Osborne drops down, tightly rolling into a back press with the legs wrapped up tightly...]

SA: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: HE DID IT! OSBORNE WINS THE CROWN!

[Osborne sits up on the mat, an almost shocked look on his face for a moment as the referee raises his hand, pointing to him...]

RO: Here is your winner of the ROYAL CROWN TOURNAMENT...

...SIIIIIIIIIIIIID OSSSSSSBORRRRRRRRRNNNNNNNE!

[Osborne throws his arms into the air, the crowd reacting with mostly boos but some reluctant cheers of respect for the hard-fought victory. With the aid of the official, Osborne gets to his feet... and then shoves the referee aside, throwing his arms in the air again...]

SA: After forty-four minutes of action, Sid Osborne has emerged victorious - the very first winner of the Royal Crown Tournament!

[...and then staggers to the corner, stepping up on the middle rope with his arms raised over his head to another loud reaction.]

SA: What a victory! He gave it all he had and then some, Colt.

CP: I told you, Albano! I told the world that Sid Osborne was going to win this thing and now he has! Sid Osborne is the 2018 Royal Crown winner right here in London, England and... yes! He did it!

[Osborne pounds his chest, nodding his head as he points to the fans...]

SA: An incredible effort by Shadoc Rage... really, by all four competitors... and you can see how disheartened he is with this loss.

[...cut to Rage down on the mat, sitting up against the ropes, looking at the triumphant and celebrating Osborne, a discouraged expression on his face.]

SA: And Colt, I'm sure it's going through his mind what might have happened if he hadn't been attacked last weekend by-

CP: Nobody cares what sob story Shadoc Rage has got! This is Sid Osborne's night! The Era of Sin City Sid has begun at The Battle of London!

[Cut back to Osborne, still celebrating as pyro goes off in the background behind him...]

...and we fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of two boys sitting in front of a TV playing video games. The shot is over the TV so we can see the living room behind them. The boys are very into the action on the screen which we cannot see but we can hear the explosions and gunfire of the latest hot first person shooter type game. The girls sitting behind them look bored to tears as the boys trade jabs like "GOT YOU!" "YOU'RE TOAST!" and "GRENADES FOR DAYS, FRIENDO!" A voiceover begins.]

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

"Looking for your next video game to trade bullets for bodyslams?"

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

"Tired of just another boring shoot 'em up?"

[The girls get up from their seats on the couch now, looking eagerly at the screen.]

"Wish there was someone who looked like YOU that you could control?!"

[A white light shines down from the living room ceiling on the two girls...

...and with a burst of shattering glass, the room fills with light.

As the light dies down, we find the grinning form of "Spitfire" Julie Somers in wrestling gear standing in front of the now-smoking television set.]

JS: Step aside, boys... it's Ladies Night.

[And we cut to a series of shots of video game pro wrestling action: Michelle Bailey delivering a Britney Spear to Kelly Kowalski. Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift trading blows. Harley Hamilton and Cinder making their entrance. The voiceover continues.]

"It's AWA 2K17 coming your way just in time for the holiday season. Play as your favorite wrestlers..."

[Victoria June drops Xenia Sonova with a front powerslam.]

"...create your own shows in our new El Presidente mode..."

[A digital Castillo is on stage making a match.]

"...take your created superstar from rookie to SuperClash Main Event!"

[A face we don't know is trading blows center ring with Trish Wallace before hoisting her into a Jackhammer suplex.]

"All in one tremendous game!"

[Cut scene of the digital Julie Somers standing on the turnbuckles, flipping off onto a prone Kurayami...

...and then to a shot of the real Julie Somers.]

JS: Now that's what I like to see.

[Somers looks over at the boys now huddled in the corner of the room.]

JS: Aww, we didn't forget about you two.

[Somers snaps her fingers as we get a barrage of shots from other characters - Supreme Wright using Fat Tuesday on Jeff Matthews. Jack Lynch applying an Iron Claw on Muteesa. Hannibal Carver using a Blackout on Derrick Williams. And finally, Ryan Martinez causing Johnny Detson to pinwheel through the air with an Excalibur. The voiceover continues.]

"Get AWA 2K17 at game shops, retail stores, and online! Available for your favorite gaming system and on PC!"

[Back to a shot of all four kids playing excitedly now, a tag team match on screen pitting Julie Somers and Victoria June against Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. The on-screen Somers takes a German Suplex from Fujiwara as real life Somers grimaces, grabbing at her neck.]

JS: That had to hurt.

[And with that, we cut to a graphic promoting AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

...and we fade back up to the backstage area of the O2 Arena where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing.]

SLB: We are back LIVE here in London for this very special event known as The Battle of London and... battle it has been, fans. What a war we just witnessed in the men's Royal Crown Finals and you better believe that the women are backstage right now thinking they're not about to be outdone later tonight. But before we get to that, let's take a small step backwards.

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: Just a few moments ago, we saw the commercial for AWA 2K17 which was released back in October. I am pleased to announce that development of AWA 2K18 is well underway... and there is going to be a media event coming up Memorial Day Weekend to give more information about it as well as the world premiere of our new AWA 2K18 commercial that will air for the very first time during Memorial Day Mayhem... and I've gotten a sneak peek of that one and I promise you do NOT want to miss that.

[Lou pauses.]

SLB: And speaking of things you do not want to miss, the hype for this one has been rolling since last fall - 30 For 30: The Birth of the AWA Women's Division has FINALLY set a release date... and surprise surprise, it ALSO will be dropping on Memorial Day Mayhem weekend! The Sunday night before MDM, right here on ESPN, you will find out the behind-the-scenes story of just how the hottest Women's Division on the planet came to be. Believe me, folks, you'll want to be glued to your sofas to check this one out...

[Blackwell grabs at his earpiece.]

SLB: ...and apparently, we've got one more piece of breaking news as we're told moments ago, AWA National Champion Jordan Ohara posted this video on Twitter. Let's take a look!

[We cut to a cropped video displayed on a white screen with Twitter logos all around. As the video begins to play, Jordan Ohara is staring into the screen, holding up his phone. The AWA National Champion's face is deadly serious.

JO: Sid Osborne ... congratulations on winning the Royal Crown tournament.

[Ohara is seething mad as he says Osborne's name.]

JO: This is America.

We don't bow to kings around here and I damn sure won't be bowing to you. Especially with the way you won it.

Nasty. Dirty. All weapons and wasted talent.

[Ohara shakes his head.]

JO: The word in the locker room is that whoever won that tournament would be right at the top of the list for a shot at any belt they want.

[He wags a finger at the camera.]

JO: Uh uh. Osborne, don't even worry about that. You got a title shot. And this one should be right up your alley.

You. Me. For the National Title...

[Somehow his expression gets harder.]

JO: ...no disqualifications.

Run it.

[And with that, the image cuts out and we go back to Sweet Lou.]

SLB: Wow! A challenge laid down at the feed of the Royal Crown winner! Jordan Ohara wants to put his National Title on the line against Sid Osborne in a No Disqualification match!

[Blackwell looks around a bit frantically.]

SLB: We're just getting this news now and... uhh... okay...

[Blackwell holds up a finger.]

SLB: I'm gonna go find President Zharkov! I need to know if this is happening! We'll be... I'll be...

[Blackwell looks around frantically...]

SLB: ...go to something else while I... just go!

[...and as he runs off in search of the esteemed AWA Interim President, we get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo before coming up on another area backstage with a "EARLIER TONIGHT" graphic. It is a rare locale for AWA televised footage - the catering area. We can see a handful of production staff milling around, even a few lower card and local competitors grabbing a bite...

...and then there's Lady Rebecca Falkingham, fresh off her debut, surveying the offerings with a wince on her face.]

LRF: Do people really eat these things?

[She walks along the table past a plate of fried chicken... past a dish of pasta... arms held up uselessly at her side, her long gloves still in place. She pauses in front of what appears to be a delicious chocolate cake... and bites her lower lip, looking longingly at it but simply can't bear to touch it.]

V/O: Please, my dear. Allow me. Arthur, fetch the cake.

[Lady Rebecca Falkingham turns towards the voice. It belongs to none other than that British rogue last seen in the previous edition of the Brass Ring tournament,

Lord William Wesley Windsor. His much set upon manservant, Arthur, retrieves the cake. He hands it to Lord Windsor.]

WWW: You are dismissed now, Arthur. Immediately.

[Lady Rebecca Falkingham's eyes flash with appreciation.]

LRF: Lord Windsor, thank you kindly but...

[Windsor nicks off a forkful of cake, offering it up to Lady Rebecca who looks anxiously at it as Windsor lays on the charm.]

WWW: So, off to America, hm?

[Falkingham doesn't respond, her eyes still on the temptation on the fork.]

WWW: I do warn you, my dear... you will be out of your element for at least a fortnight. From the driving their motorcars on the wrong side of the road to their atrocious manners, it is all very discombobulating.

Not to mention they believe that...

[Windsor smirks, clearing his throat to bring his voice into a terrible approximation of a Texas drawl.]

WWW: ...Amurica is numbah one, bawh!

[He breaks into laughter... and Rebecca seems to not be listening at all, still staring at the fork.]

WWW: Yes, yes... they ACTUALLY sound like that.

But what can you expect from a bunch of overmuscled, celebrity-worshipping gun fanatics who bow to a President rather than nobility?

[Falkingham's gaze finally lifts from the fork, her eyes popping as she looks at Lord Windsor...

...or rather just beyond him.]

WWW: And one of them is behind me, correct?

[With a short "squi!", Falkingham nods vigorously. Lord Windsor lets loose a deep sigh, slowly turning...

...and coming nose to chin with none other than the Almighty himself, Atlas Armstrong. The six foot five inch Brit swallows awkwardly as he looks up at the musclebound monster.]

WWW: Well, well, good chap... I suppose you heard all that?

[Armstrong nods.]

AA: I did.

[Windsor nods.]

WWW: And you take umbrage? Wish satisfaction?

[Armstrong nods.]



AA: I do.

[Windsor sighs again.]

WWW: Well, I don't suppose I can offer you anything other than a drubbing in that ring? A thousand pounds, perhaps?

[Windsor looks around nervously, extending an arm...]

WWW: A night with the lovely Lady Falkingham?

[Another "squi!" is heard as Armstrong looks away from Windsor for the first time, noticing Lady Rebecca.]

AA: Tempting but from the looks of her, that's not yours to offer.

[Windsor grimaces.]

WWW: Are you even slightly British?

[Armstrong nods.]

AA: My father is from Liverpool.

[Lord Windsor rests his head in hand, tutting in dismay.]

WWW: That, my dear, does not count. I suppose we must.

[Armstrong nods.]

AA: Yeah, we must.

[Lord Windsor turns to Lady Falkingham and bows deeply. "You see," he says before he gestures to Arthur to leave. As the Lord retreats, Armstrong stares down at Lady Falkingham.]

AA: Do you even know that guy?

[Falkingham has produced a handkerchief from somewhere and is dabbing at her forehead.]

AA: Good. This won't be long... and it won't be pretty.

[Armstrong hits a most muscular pose in front of Lady Rebecca Falkingham who inhales sharply, fanning herself wildly to prevent the vapors.

Satisfied, Atlas walks off as Lady Falkingham looks around to make sure nobody is watching before she exhales.]

LRF: I might like America after all.

[And with another flash of the ACCESS logo, we fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first... from Henley on Thames, England... and accompanied to the ring by his manservant Arthur... weighing in at seventeen and three quarters stone...

...LORD... WILLIAM... WESLEY... WINNNNNNNDSORRRRRR!

[The beautiful strains of Elgar's "Nimrod" play throughout the arena as the curtains part and out comes Arthur in his black suit and white gloves. He then holds the curtains as Lord William Wesley Windsor makes his entrance.]

SA: Lord William Wesley Windsor formerly from CCW making a special appearance here tonight...

CP: Albano, I don't know if you know this but when the AWA held a Brass Ring tournament before, Windsor competed in that one!

SA: I DID know that, Colt. A very different tournament this time around as the competitors will be fighting for a contract to be a part of the AWA locker room rather than competing in a single match. A big opportunity for whoever gets selected for that tournament and we'll be learning those names in the days ahead as we head towards Showtime On Tour this summer.

[Windsor sneers at Arthur to get out of his way as he poses at the top of the ramp. He wears a beautiful heliotrope robe with gold filigree, peering down his nose at the crowd and scowling as he makes his way to ringside.]

SA: After his exit from CCW, Windsor relocated back here to the UK and he's been competing on some of the AWA's shows around the UK this week but he's facing a different level of competition here tonight... and you got the sense that he didn't exactly intend to get in this match at all, Colt.

CP: Well, I'm sure he's overjoyed to be a part of this big event in London... but I'm also sure he's more than a little anxious about having to face the undefeated Almighty, Atlas Armstrong.

SA: At least he won't have to deal with Veronica Westerly and James Lynch who I'm told are back in the US... but that'll come as small comfort, I'm sure.

[Windsor pauses at the ringsteps looking back at Arthur who hurries to climb the steps first, bowing meekly and never making eye contact, and then has to hold the ropes open. You can see the strain on his body as Windsor waits til he's almost spent before stepping through. Windsor holds open his arms expectantly and Arthur dutifully removes his robes, folds them and alights (well, struggles) from the ring to ringside.]

SA: Lord William Wesley Windsor is a great technical wrestler... but it remains to be seen if that's enough to put down the Almighty Atlas, Colt.

CP: Unpinned, undefeated, undeterred in his goals... you're talking about a guy who has BEATEN the World Champion, Sal!

SA: Through questionable means... but yes, you're right. He has a W in his record book against the champion of the world... and he's been basically unstoppable since arriving here in the AWA.

[As Windsor settles in, Rebecca continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The opening notes to Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Jesus Christ Superstar" ring out over the PA system.]

RO: ...from San Simeon, California...

[Ortiz smirks as she does a doubletake at her notecard.]

RO: ...weighing in at an even twenty-two stones...

He is the Impossible... the Incredible... the Uncanny... the Astonishing... the Amazing...

...THE... ALMIIIIIGHTYYYYYYYYY...

...ATLAAAAAAAAAASSSSS ARRRRRRRRMSTRONNNNNNNG!

[The massive form that is Atlas Armstrong emerges from the entrance wrapped in a floor-length silver cape. Dark-haired with bright hazel eyes, the bronze-skinned brute of a man with the golden tan looms over the fans at ringside as he walks down the aisle...]

SA: Sweet Santa Maria, Colt... I don't know if I've ever seen a man put together like this one!

CP: What are you talkin' about, Albano?! You sit next to me all the time!

[Armstrong reaches the ring quickly, getting a sprinkling of cheers from the fans not enamored with Lord William Wesley Windsor, mounting the steps to take center ring where he drops to one knee, unclasping his cape and shrugging the silver cloth to the mat. There's a buzz that ripples over the crowd at the reveal of Armstrong's big, bulging muscles and ridiculous definition. The big man in the royal blue trunks and gold boots flexes, making his muscles jump and strain.]

SA: No offense at all, Colt, but I'm not sure you can measure up to Atlas even in your glory days.

CP: I'm sure of it, Albano. I'm DAMN sure of it. You need to spend some more time in the video room.

[On his feet, Armstrong poses for all four sides of the ring to a little bit of a mixed reaction before turning his attention to his opponent. He flexes a most muscular at the British grappler and roars. Windsor unconsciously steps back, blanching at the sight. He dips his head through the ropes for a moment to confer with Arthur.]

SA: Looks like Lord William's looking for a little strategy session... and what in the world can he be talking about, Colt?

CP: All Armstrong did was roar at him so I'm not sure... but maybe Atlas in his street clothes versus Atlas in his ring gear has given him a thought to do something different. Or maybe he's just starstruck! That used to happen all the time to my opponents too.

SA: I'm sure.

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Not only did Windsor compete in the first edition of the Brass Ring Tournament, Colt... but he was actually the runner-up. I'm sure he'd love to make a big impression here tonight against Atlas Armstrong... and if he does, maybe it won't just be Lady Rebecca Falkingham making the trip to the US to be a part of the AWA locker room. Of course, it was his big mouth that got him in trouble this time, talking about musclebound Americans and... well, Atlas Armstrong overheard all that.

CP: Armstrong asked to be a part of this tour, Albano, because of his heritage - his father being British and all.

SA: His father British, his mother Samoan, and Armstrong all sorts of monster! And we heard a few cheers for Atlas as he was introduced... partially because of that heritage, I'm guessing... and partially because neither of these guys are adored by the fans so... you gotta pick someone, right?

CP: Or maybe these fans are just a bunch of fickle bandwagoners. They couldn't appreciate two men who are the peaks of their respective crafts. William Windsor with his technical skill and Atlas Armstrong who is arguably the strongest active competitor around.

SA: So you ad-

CP: I said active, Albano.

SA: Sheesh. The jetlag hasn't worn off yet?

CP: Ha ha, Albano. Ha freakin ha.

SA: But seriously, Colt... what does a man the size of Windsor have to do against a powerhouse like Armstrong?

CP: Windsor's not exactly a cruiserweight in there, Albano. Six foot five, 256 pounds... but he IS giving up a few inches in height and about fifty pounds or more in weight. So, he's outsized... but Windsor's likely to outclass him if he can get it down on the canvas. That's the strategy - gotta be.

SA: There's also a bit of an experience edge to Windsor as Armstrong's still essentially in his rookie year. He's going to need every advantage he can get against this undefeated big man who has shot up the rankings since his debut.

[There's a bit of circling at the outset, no one rushing into a tieup. Windsor seems overly cautious, trying to stay far out of Armstrong's reach but the confident Armstrong quickly closes the distance, lunging in to snare Windsor's head and neck in his mighty clutches.]

SA: Side headlock by Armstrong, grabbed with ease...

CP: And this is the first test of the match for Windsor - how to get out of this basic hold that becomes anything but basic in the hands - or in this case arms - of a man like Armstrong.

[Armstrong wrenches the hold tighter as Windsor stomps his feet, writhing in pain as Armstrong puts on the big squeeze...]

CP: Armstrong showing how much his power influences every move he makes inside the squared circle, Big Sal.

SA: He certainly is.

[Lord Windsor struggles in the hold for a few more moments, looking for an easy escape before he regains his composure enough to go to work, stepping on the back of Armstrong's near leg as he slips his hands up through tiniest gap in the headlock.]

CP: Look at this, Sal - a master at work...

[The two different pressures at once, throw off Armstrong's balance and Windsor breaks the grip, seizing Armstrong in a headlock of his own.]

CP: ...and a nice reversal too, snatching a headlock of his own... and takes him right over to the mat...

SA: Beautiful counter wrestling on the part of Lord William Wesley Windsor... and this is where he wants him, Colt. Down on the mat.

CP: Absolutely. Armstrong is going to be a lot more vulnerable off his feet and-WHOA!

[Whoa is right as Armstrong rolls right up to his feet. Using one hand, he pries apart the headlock, flexing his biceps to the crowd.]

SA: Incredible strength by the big man from San Simeon!

[Windsor stays on the attack, trying not to let his surprise at the easy escape take him off his game as he reaches out and POPS Armstrong with a forearm uppercut!]

SA: Ohhh! European uppercut out of Windsor!

CP: We're in England, Albano. He calls it a British uppercut.

SA: Alrighty then... British uppercut rocks the big man from California... and another one sends Armstrong falling back a step or two...

[He lashes out with a kick to the knee, trying to hobble the larger man...]

"SLAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then tries to embarrass him with a hard slap that rings out across the O2!]

SA: Right upside the head and that might be a mistake!

CP: I don't think so, Albano.

[A furious Armstrong swings for the fences with a wild haymaker that Windsor avoids, snatching the passing arm in an armbar before stepping on the back of the knee again...]

CP: He riled up Armstrong just to take advantage of his hot temper and-

SA: Don't look now, Colt, but he can't bring him down!

[Armstrong shakes his head defiantly at Windsor, still trapped in the armbar as Windsor again stomps the back of the knee, trying to force his larger opponent down to his knees...]

CP: Those legs are like tree trunks. He might have to step on Armstrong's Achilles tendon if he really wants to dish out the pain.

[...but before that can happen, Armstrong grabs Windsor's arm with his hands, twisting out of the hold into an armbar of his own to some cheers as Windsor minces around the ring, a pained expression on his face.]

SA: And this is NOT going the way Lord William had in mind, Colt.

CP: Absolutely not... a second twist around, really cranking up that pressure...

[Armstrong looks out on the crowd, nodding his head as he goes to crank the arm a third time...]

...but this time, Windsor is ready, leaping forward into a roll to land on his feet, releasing the pressure...]

SA: Quick escape and-

[...but Armstrong doesn't let up, delivering a mighty boot to the the Brit's posterior, sending him flying forward into the turnbuckles to laughter from the crowd as a look of dismay crosses their countryman's face.]

SA: -and this is starting to turn into a hard day's night for the Brit here in the O2!

[Lord Windsor whips around, one hand gripping his aggrieved gluteals.]

"How dare you, sir! How dare you!"

[Sal's chuckles seem to draw Colt's ire.]

CP: Oh, real funny stuff, huh?

SA: It was pretty funny, yes.

CP: You like to go on about bad sportmanship - well, that's pretty bad sportsmanship, Albano.

SA: You've never had a problem with the way Armstrong acts before!

CP: Hey, I understand slapping around Supernova... but Lord Windsor is a gentleman fighting in his home country in front of this huge crowd. There's no call for trying to embarrass him!

[Armstrong flashes a back flex in response before turning back towards Windsor...

...who takes advantage of the turned back to lash out with a thumb to the eye!]

SA: Oh! Right into the eye!

CP: Ha, that's what you get. Lord William Wesley Windsor isn't afraid to fight fire with fire.

[Windsor hooks a hand around the back of Armstrong's head before...]

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

SA: A quartet of British uppercuts has Atlas reeling. He certainly felt those.

[Windsor pulls Armstrong towards mid-ring, wrapping his torso up in a bodylock...]

SA: Windsor looking for a suplex here!

[...but as he attempts to bring down the powerhouse with a belly to belly, Armstrong manages to block it!]

SA: No dice there!

[But Windsor's not giving up so quickly, stomping down on the ankle viciously, leaving Armstrong off-balance as Windsor again gathers his strength, popping his hips...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

SA: UP! AND! OOOOOVERRRR with the mighty heave!

CP: Come on, Albano. You gotta be a little impressed with that.

SA: I never said Lord Windsor isn't impressive, Colt... just that Atlas Armstrong is a little more impressive.

CP: Not right now he's not, down on the mat... and even these stiff upper lipped Brits are cheering for that one.

[Indeed they are, applauding the technique of one of their own as Windsor does a mocking bow towards them...]

...and then promptly follows his display of technical wizardry by kicking Armstrong right in the face!]

SA: OH! He just can't help himself, Colt! Shows off the skill then goes back to the savagery!

CP: That was smart. Keep the big man down and stunned. These fans might not like it but they don't know what it feels like to be hit by Atlas Armstrong.

[With Armstrong down on the mat, Windsor drops a quick knee down across the head!]

SA: Ohh! And Windsor again with that vicious side... but effective, that can't be denied.

[He gets right back up, balls up his fist, and drops that down as well, smashing it between the eyes of Armstrong before scrambling into a lateral press...]

SA: Windsor with the first pin attempt of the match gets one... gets two... but that's all.

[The knockout causes Windsor to slap his hands in frustration as he dives on Armstrong, seizing him in a front chancery.]

SA: And watching this man compete has me fascinated, Colt. The transitions from grappling to brutality... reminds me a little of Supreme Wright.

CP: Don't let Team Supreme hear that.

[Using the facelock to roll Armstrong back and forth in a gator roll, Windsor looks to disorient the big man before dragging him off the mat still in the grip...]

SA: Up to their feet now...

CP: And this might be some experience shining through, Sal. In that Brass Ring tournament we talked about, Windsor met former World Television Champion Whitiri so he might have a feel for that Island strength.

[From the standing position, Windsor's looking for another suplex with the powerhouse smashes a fist into the ribcage, rattling the technician's focus...]

SA: Big right to the body!

[A second right hand causes Windsor to sink to a knee...]

SA: Fighting out of his clutches!

[...and a third breaks Armstrong out completely.]

CP: Well-aimed liver punches by Armstrong, Windsor can't even stand right now!

[Armstrong can and does, rising up, scooping Windsor up as he goes vertical, and throwing him down in a ring-shaking slam!]

SA: BIIIIIIIG BODY SLAM BY ARMSTRONG! BOOM BOOM, SHAKE THE ROOM!

[Lord Windsor promptly rolls out of the ring, clutching at his lower back as he struggles to get to his feet.]

SA: Windsor goes out and Atlas is going after him!

[Feeling momentum on his side, Armstrong elects to pursue after the now-fleeing Windsor who is stumbling around the ring as Armstrong walks after him, the crowd urging him to catch up to their fellow countryman...]

SA: Armstrong's almost there and- ohh, come on!

[...and just before Atlas gets his hands on Windsor, the Brit ducks and spins, pulling his manservant Arthur into Armstrong's path!]

SA: Lord Windsor just shoved poor Arthur at Atlas Armstrong and...

[Armstrong holds Arthur at arm's length, threatening to send him to the middle of next week...

...and then just kinda shoves him aside, shaking his head to some jeers from the crowd.]

SA: ...well, thankfully Atlas Armstrong elected not to pummel a senior citizen.

CP: Until he gets a match with Shadoe Rage.

SA: You're too much, Colt Patterson.

[And as Atlas resumes his pursuit, he sees Windsor back inside the ring and decides to go back in as well, climbing up on the apron to duck through the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHH!"

SA: Lord William with another uppercut as Armstrong was coming through the ropes, taking advantage of the distraction...

[As Armstrong slips back through the ropes, Lord William lowers his head, dashing to the ropes behind him...]

SA: Lord William off the ropes and-

[...and runs right into a waiting Armstrong who powers him up...]

SA: HE LIFTS...



[...and THROWS him down to the mat with a standing spinebuster!]

SA: ...AND SLAAAAAMS HIM DOWN!

CP: And that ONE move may have just completely turned this around, Albano.

SA: Armstrong looking out on these fans, feeling the electricity from this sold out O2 Arena crowd!

[Pulling Windsor off the mat by his once neatly tousled hair, Armstrong rocks him into the ropes...]

SA: Shoots him in and...

[...and with Windsor bouncing off hard, Armstrong steps up and lays him out by doing his best impression of a wall!]

SA: ...PINK FLOYD WOULD BE PROUD OF THAT WALL!

[Having run headlong into Armstrong, Lord Windsor crumples as if he ran into a brick wall. He lays on the mat, twitching as Armstrong stands over him, smirking at his state...]

SA: A gigantic tackle by a gigantic man... and this might do it, Colt!

[Armstrong lifts his mighty arms, jerking them down a couple of times before grabbing the rising Windsor...]

SA: Here it comes... we've seen this before!

[...and hoists him up into the air, laying him down across his powerful shoulders...]

SA: He's got him in the rack!

[...and lets loose a roar as he repeatedly wrenches his arms down, tormenting the spinal column of a trapped Lord Windsor who doesn't make it very long before...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: He got him! Armstrong wins!

CP: The undefeated streak rolls on!

[...and Armstrong unceremoniously dumps Windsor to the mat, smirking as he allows the official to lift his arm just high enough to pump it into a double bicep pose as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner... the ALMIGHTY...

...AAAAATLAAAAAAS ARRRRRRRMSTRONNNNNNG!

[Armstrong nods his head confidently, looking out on the crowd giving him a solid mix of boos and cheers.]

SA: And you said it, Colt... the undefeated streak rolls on for Atlas Armstrong as he continues to soar up the ladder of contention, his eyes on championship gold for himself and the Westerly Dynasty in the very near future.

CP: Lord Wesley on the other hand may have his eyes on a date with a doctor in the very near future.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: He may indeed... and it's a good thing we know one! Dr. Bob Ponavitch, our very own AWA head physician is standing by with Sweet Lou Blackwell who apparently got a little sidetracked on his hunt for President Zharkov. Lou?

[A frazzled Sweet Lou Blackwell is mopping his brow as the camera comes live.]

SLB: You would think a guy his size would be easy to find, Big Sal, but President Zharkov has eluded me so far... but this guy hasn't! Dr. Ponavitch, you've been a busy man as of late... but right now, I want to ask you about a very specific situation.

[Ponavitch nods.]

SLB: It was just a week ago in Atlanta on Showtime when Shadoe Rage was violently assaulted by the trio known as KAMS, suffering a serious back injury as a result. And I for one can't help but wonder if tonight's Royal Crown Finals might've had a different outcome if Rage was at one hundred percent. Doc, what can you tell me about the back injury?

[Ponavitch chuckles.]

DBP: I don't think I'm exaggerating by much when I describe Shadoe Rage as a medical miracle. All the things we've seen him go through in the past...

[The doctor shakes his head.]

DBP: Any normal man, any normal athlete should not have been able to compete with the damage to his lower back that he suffered as a result of the incident from last week...

Most people would not be out of bed, let alone wrestling three other men.

[Blackwell interjects.]

SLB: So, you would expect the injury played a part in tonight's outcome?

[Ponavitch shrugs.]

DBP: In this sport, any man or woman can win or lose on any given night, Lou. So, I can't say that for sure. But what I CAN say is that we've seen Mr. Rage compete with injuries many times in the past... we've seen him put his body through hell jumping off steel cages and scaffolds... and with the wear and tear of this sport on a man of his age...

[Blackwell interrupts.]

SLB: Tell it to me straight, Doc. Was he cleared to compete or not?

[Ponavitch gets a stern expression.]

DBP: Of course he was cleared, Lou. No one steps inside an AWA ring without receiving medical clearance - you know that. That said, I did advise him - in my professional opinion - to not-

[A voice interrupts from off-camera.]

"Don't finish that sentence!"

[Both men seem startled as Shadoe Rage limps into the shot. He is wrapped in ice packs and his lower back is cinched tight with a brace. He moves gingerly, wincing with his every animated gesture. Rage pushes between Dr. Ponavitch and Sweet Lou Blackwell, commanding the microphone.]

SR: Don't say anything. Right there in that ring tonight, Sid Osborne beat me fair and square. That's all that happened. No excuses from me. No excuses from you...

[He points a long finger at the doctor.]

SR: No excuses from anybody. I'm tired of being called old. I'm tired of being called broken. It isn't true. None of it is true.

Shadoe Rage is still vital today.

[He gestures wildly towards the camera.]

SR: You're not sending me to the glue factory. Forget that!

Sweet Lou Blackwell, Sid Osborne is your rightful Royal Crown winner. I tip my hat to him. He went further than I was ready to go tonight.

That's my fault. That's not because of KAMS.

They get NO credit for putting me down, either.

[Blackwell gets a doubtful look on his face but it quickly vanishes as Rage jerks a finger towards him.]

SR: As far as I'm concerned Sid Osborne beat me twice. He has been the better man twice. But I will prevail in the end.

Sid Osborne, we are not finished.

I will see you again one-on-one and you will feel the full wrath of Shadoe Rage!

[Rage grimaces as he glares at the camera.]

SR: Now, speaking of people who will feel the wrath of Shadoe Rage...

KAMS! Crawford, Martinez, Jackson!

You all had the unmitigated gall to attack me and try to injure me. Well, you failed. I'm still standing here. I lost tonight, but your backstabbing sneak attacks didn't break me. They didn't limit me. They didn't set me back.

[Rage nods his head madly.]

SR: But you have the cheek to try put me on the shelf, to try to put me out of the AWA... for that... you gotta pay. And the price will be high! And the cost will be taken out of your careers.

Yeah, Shadoe Rage is gunning for gold in 2018 but now I'm also gunning for you!

[He punctuates the "you" with a stabbing finger towards the camera.]

SLB: Shadoe Rage, never let it be said that I'd try to argue with you but I think you're trying to not let those three get one over on you... I think you KNOW their

attack may have cost you this match tonight but you definitely don't want them to have the satisfaction of that. I think you-

[Rage suddenly jerks his head away from Blackwell. His posture shifts into a defensive, uneasy stance. He glances off-camera, his head tilting slightly as if something — or someone — has caught his attention.]

SR: What the hell do you want?

[The camera zooms out slightly, revealing a figure moving into view from the shadows. It's none other than Team Supreme member, Bret Grayson, approaching Rage with a scowl on his face. He steps forward, purposefully, his eyes locked on Rage.]

BG: I couldn't help but notice that you were talking an awful lot for a man that can barely stay on his feet after what Cain, AJ and Paris did to you.

[Grayson scoffs.]

BG: Look at'cha! The great Shadoe Rage, pathetically hobbling around, trying to pretend that he's still the man he used to be.

[Grayson steps closer, getting right in Rage's face. Sensing trouble brewing, Dr. Ponavitch makes a quick exit from the scene.]

SR: Not right now, Grayson. I'm in no mood for you... where is Mifune?

[Rage looks around warily, expecting to be jumped from behind.]

BG: Settle down, pal, I'm just here to congratulate you. Seriously, you did a great job tonight. You almost had it won! But then again, almost doesn't count, does it? Not to a winner like me, anyhow. But congrats on second place, palooka.

[Rage's eyes flare with fury.]

SR: Congratulations and jokes? You got congratulations and jokes? Well, guess what... I don't need either one. No, I don't. But I do need a favor from you.

[He stares directly into Grayson's eyes, his voice cold.]

SR: You go back to your little buddies over at KAMS and tell them something for me. Crawford, Martinez, Jackson — they tried to take me out. Now they made it personal. So now, when I come for them, it's going to be ugly. It's going to be brutal. They are going to wish they never crossed me. Tell them that. Maybe they'll listen to you. Well, they failed. But they better know this: I'm coming for them. And when I do, it won't just be for a title or glory. It's personal. Tell them, when I'm done with them, they're gonna wish they'd never crossed me. I'm coming for them. And it's not gonna be pretty. You make sure they hear that loud and clear.

[Grayson's grin falters for a moment, his eyes narrowing. He steps even closer, his voice dripping with contempt.]

BG: You think I'm some kind of messenger for you, Rage?

SR: Yes, I do... palooka.

[A beat.]

In a flash, Grayson kicks Shadoe Rage hard in his already-injured leg, causing Rage to hiss and fold up with pain. Grayson quickly seizes Rage's leg, pulling him down and locking him in his brutal ankle lock.]

BG: I'M NOBODY'S MESSAGE BOY, RAGE! You're just another washed-up old man trying to pretend you've still got it! You're just an old man clinging to past glory!

[Rage yells out in pain as Grayson wrenches on his ankle.]

SR: You son of a—

[The camera zooms in on Rage's face, contorted with agony as he struggles, desperately trying to break free, but Grayson's hold is locked in tight. The pain is overwhelming, but Rage is determined not to give in.]

BG: I don't care about your messages, Rage! If your vendetta's with them, then your vendetta's with me! You're done! Just like your career!

[Rage grits his teeth and kicks wildly with his free leg, trying to blindly strike Grayson, but Grayson just pulls back harder, twisting the ankle lock even further. Rage huffs in defiance, pounding the floor as he tries to block out the obvious and overwhelming pain from the ankle lock. Just as it looks like Grayson is about to snap his ankle, the sound of security and backstage officials, led by Tommy Fierro, rushing in echoes throughout the area.]

TF: Get off him, Grayson! Now!

[The security guards rush in, grabbing Grayson by the shoulders and forcefully yanking him away from Rage. Grayson, still smiling, pulls back for a moment, clearly enjoying the chaos he's caused.]

TF: You're out of here!

[Despite Grayson's resistance, security manages to wrestle him away from the fallen Rage. They drag him several feet back, keeping a firm hold on his arms. Grayson fights them off for a moment, still full of fight, but eventually he stops resisting as he's pulled away.]

TF: That's enough! Get moving, Grayson!

[As Grayson is dragged off-screen, Rage is left on the ground, clutching his ankle. His face is a mask of pain and anger as he pulls himself into a seated position, holding his leg close to his chest.]

SR: (through gritted teeth) Okay, Grayson, I've got to send you a message too! I'm gonna finish you, too!

[The camera lingers on Rage for a moment as he struggles to compose himself, eyes glaring in the direction Grayson was taken as we fade to black...

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

#When you wish..#

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

#...upon a star#

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

#Makes no difference who you are...#

[...to a closeup of a bloodied Martinez, looking up in shock as a hobbled Shadoo 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 we fade back up to pre-taped footage marked "EARLIER TODAY..." where we see what appears to be cell phone footage of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott getting out of a sports car in a parking lot somewhere.]

HSS: Memorial Day Mayhem is almost here...

[Scott gleefully rubs his hands together.]

HSS: ...and believe me when I tell you, it's going to be a GREAT night for the Hotshot and Max Magnum. Especially Max Magnum.

You see, Max has been waiting to get his hands on the best the AWA has to offer for a long time now. And he keeps getting pushed off... brushed aside... shoved back... because the suits are as afraid of what Max Magnum is capable of as the locker room is...

[Scott grins.]

HSS: ...until they need us. Like at SuperClash when Jon Stegglet came begging for us to be a part of WarGames! And when Zharkov needed someone to put Damian DeVille through the wheat thresher.

Ordinarily, we have no interest in running errands for the office...

[The former AWA National Champion holds up a finger.]

HSS: ...but this time, Zharkov made us an offer we couldn't refuse. He made us a match for Memorial Day Mayhem... a huge, Main Event-level marquee attraction match that will shock the world when it is announced...

[He holds the finger to his lips.]

HSS: But not tonight. Tonight is for the crew in London. So, you fans sit back, enjoy the show with your tea time...

...but just know in two weeks when the AWA comes to Las Vegas, I will be there.

More importantly, Max Magnum will be there.

[Scott grins again.]

HSS: And we're going to knock the wrestling world right down on its ass.

[Scott chuckles before brushing past the camera, leaving a shot of his sports car as we fade to...

...a live action shot of Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in the Chimpanzee Position. There is production staff milling around in the background.]

SLB: We're back here backstage in the O2 where I'm about to get the answers I've been looking for...

[Blackwell cranes his neck and then spots whoever he's looking forward, giving his cameraman a wave.]

SLB: ...Mr. Zharkov! Mr. Zharkov, over here!

[Blackwell comes to a halt by Interim President Zharkov who looks a little surprised to suddenly be on camera, clipboard in hand.]

MZ: Mr. Blackwell...?

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: I'm assuming you saw the video posted on Twitter by Jordan Ohara.

[Zharkov's face goes cold, giving a curt and silent nod.]

SLB: And?

[Zharkov raises an eyebrow.]

MZ: And what, Mr. Blackwell?

[Blackwell looks surprised.]

SLB: And do we have a National Title match? I'm sure Sid Osborne wouldn't turn down that challenge!

[Zharkov snorts with little humor behind it.]

MZ: I am sure he would not. However, Mr. Blackwell, after speaking to the AWA front office, I have been instructed to inform Mr. Ohara that no such match will be sanctioned by the AWA.

[Blackwell's look of surprise gets bigger.]

SLB: Wait... I don't unders-

[Zharkov interrupts.]

MZ: After Sid Osborne's actions at National Wrestling Night, we do not intend to reward him by putting him in another title match... Royal Crown victory or no. Understood?

[Blackwell silently nods.]

MZ: Good.

[And with that, Zharkov steps out of frame, leaving a shocked Blackwell behind.]

We fade to another part of backstage inside Juan Vasquez's dressing room. Unlike earlier in the evening, the room is empty now, save for the Hall of Famer and former AWA World Champion. Juan is fully dressed in his wrestling attire now, looking ready to go into battle. Seated on a bench, looking contemplative, he begins to speak.]

JV: It didn't hit me until just now, but this is the last time I'll ever challenge for a World Title.

[He looks up with a familiar smile on his face.]

JV: Wow.

[He says it more to himself than to any of us, really.]

JV: For the man who's probably been in more World Title matches than anyone who's ever stepped into a wrestling ring, for the man who's been wrestling for twenty-two years and Main Evented every corner of the world for the last fifteen, you'd think I'd be used to this feeling by now. It should just be another day at work, right?

[A shake of the head.]

JV: Wrong.

[Juan runs his finger along his forearm.]

JV: The electricity running through my veins, the chills going up and down my spine, the anticipation before I step out there and take that long walk down the aisle... that feeling's never left me. I hope it never leaves me. And I know when I finally step away from it all, I'm gonna' miss it like hell.

[He shakes away those thoughts. No need to think about it right now.]

JV: But that's the future. And I've spent the last few months doing nothing but looking towards the future. Towards Memorial Day, Dodger Stadium, Raphael Rhodes, my retirement and beyond. But tonight? As far as I'm concerned, there is no tomorrow. There's no Memorial Day, no Dodger Stadium, no retirement and there sure as hell is no Raphael Rhodes. Forget about it... forget about it all!



[He leans forward, locking eyes with the camera.]

JV: Tonight, there's only you and me, Nova.

[He nods.]

JV: You, me, and the AWA World Heavyweight title.

[Juan stands up, the intensity building.]

JV: From the moment you walked into the AWA, I knew... I KNEW! you'd be the man holding the big gold around here someday. And you have no idea how happy I was when you proved me right. I wasn't lying when I said I was proud of you, amigo.

[He pauses, his expression turning serious.]

JV: But pride only gets you so far.

[Taking one step forward, the entire mood seems to shift as Juan stares into the camera.]

JV: Let's talk seriously now. Former champion to champion. Or if you want to be more technical, "former champion who happens to be JUAN VASQUEZ... to champion."

[A beat.]

JV: I want that title.

[A dangerous grin forms on his face.]

JV: I want to walk into Dodger Stadium on Memorial Day with the AWA World Heavyweight title wrapped around my waist. I want to ride off into the sunset leaving no doubt who was the greatest to ever do this. Tonight might be the final time I ever challenge for a World Title but you better believe I intend to have a final match DEFENDING a World Title.

[Juan begins to rattle off the names. The legends. The immortals. The names of the greatest this sport has ever seen.]

JV: Hardin, Thunder, James, Kowalski, Temple, Matthews, Courtade, Langseth, Annis, Reed, Daniels, Graham, Shane, O'Connor, Martinez, Martinez again, Kinsey, Destiny, Scott, Wright... you. The names can go on forever. But I don't want to just be A name in the pantheon, I want to be THE name. The one that stands out among them all. The champion of champions. The immortal among immortals. And that name belongs to the handsome devil from Ninth Street that's talking to you right now, amigo.

Me. Juan Vasquez, damnit.

[His voice drops to a low growl.]

JV: And you're standing in my way.

[Juan takes a step back, allowing a smirk to creep onto his lips.]

JV: Here's the deal: if you want that title to stay around your waist, you better be ready to leave it all out in the ring. I'm not looking for a friendly farewell match between us or a gentle send-off. No! HELL NO! I want blood, sweat, and every

ounce of determination you've got left in you. I want to see just what you're made of, Mister World Champion, because you're sure as hell gonna see what Juan Vasquez is. I told you that there's no tomorrow and damnit, Nova, you better be acting like there isn't one too.

[He points an accusing finger at the camera.]

JV: If you ain't prepared to show me absolutely no mercy... then sorry to say amigo, I'm walking out of London with the World Title. You may be "Supernova", but tonight, I'm gonna be the star that's shining brightest.

[A big grin.]

JV: No pressure, kid. Consider it a final test from your old pal, Juan.

[Just as quickly, the grin falls away, as Juan leaves Supernova with four simple words with the intent behind them as much directive and they are a warning.]

JV: There is no tomorrow.

[And with that, he walks off to eternity and glory...

...and we fade out to Sal and Colt sitting ringside.]

SA: Wow.

CP: If you have ever wondered how Juan Vasquez became a World Champion multiple times around the world... how he became a Hall of Famer... the last few minutes should have answered that question for you. That's a man who wants to walk out of London... out of his final shot at championship gold... as the champion of the World.

SA: You can say that again. Vasquez certainly seems to be a man on a mission here tonight at The Battle of London... but that's later because coming up right now...

[Albano trails off as he puts a finger to the earcup of his headphones.]

CP: What? What are they tellin' you, Albano?

[There is a roar of cheers from the audience in the background.]

CP: And what are these people cheerin' for?

SA: I understand that a special announcement is going to be made, and you may have heard the audience's reaction about it... take a look up at our entrance stage, Colt!

[We cut to the entrance, where Dana Kaiser is standing with a microphone in one hand and a clipboard in the other. A step or two behind her, with a fresh bandage over his cuts and holding a protein shake, is Raphael Rhodes. Kaiser waves to the audience as Rhodes acknowledges them with a nod of the head as he sips from his shaker cup.]

DK: Thank you once again for your warm welcome, London!

[There is another cheer from those in attendance.]

DK: Raph and I have been asked to make a couple of announcements...

[Kaiser looks back at Rhodes, who sets the shaker cup down.]

DK: As you can see, Raph has been to the medical team to get his cut taken care of, and stitches are in, so next up is to get him prepared for next week's contest against Jordan Ohara. Of course, you will be able to watch that on Showtime on ESPN, as well as here in England on Sky Sports.

[Kaiser holds up the clipboard.]

DK: Tonight has been a fantastic night for the AWA, and right here is the proof. This is the official attendance figure for tonight, which has produced the biggest European financial numbers in our history, and for that we have to thank all 19,282 of you!

[The crowd cheers, as Rhodes nods his head in the background. Lipreaders can see him say "that ain't half bad". Kaiser motions at the stage.]

DK: Of course, if we had a little bit smaller of a stage, we could have fit some of the over-8,000 people currently watching in overflow arenas around the city as well. Thank you to all of you for making this event such a success.

[Kaiser takes a quick look at her clipboard, then back out to the crowd.]

DK: Now, Jon Stegglet mentioned to me that we get requests for AWA events around the world, especially with our new television partnerships bringing us into more homes than ever before. Mr. Stegglet has given Raph and myself the honor of announcing two events for 2019, events that will take place as part of an upcoming World Tour, and he said we could announce them because of the special meaning it had to us.

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation of what Kaiser could be mentioning.]

DK: I have been told that the AWA offices have been getting requests for a new entry in the series of Rising Sun Showdown events, and I am pleased to let you be the first to know that in 2019, the AWA will be at the Tokyo Dome for Rising Sun Showdown 3!

[There is a recognition pop from the crowd, as Rhodes walks up to Kaiser and places his arm around her.]

DK: Tokyo is special to us because, all those years ago, it's where we met. Just a short walk away from the Tokyo Dome itself, actually, we met in the lobby of Korakuen Hall, as my bodybuilding team was attending a show he was wrestling on. We're glad to get the chance to go back next year. But... well... it's the second event we're here to announce that's just as special, if not moreso.

[Kaiser hands the microphone to Rhodes, who stares out to the sea of his fellow Britons.]

RR: The first thing I want to do... is I want to apologize.

[The crowd gasps in confusion.]

RR: I'm sure there was a lot of you worried about me when you saw me submit that fall to Takeshi Mifune, and I gave you quite a fright up until that last moment. And I apologize for what you had to see earlier between me and Juan Vasquez. I understand that aired for everyone to watch, and I ain't proud.

[Rhodes shakes his head, and Kaiser pats him on the back. Rhodes jabs a finger out to the crowd.]

RR: I ain't proud that he's gettin' the World Title shot tonight.

[The crowd cheers their countryman in encouragement.]

RR: I ain't proud that he's goin' to come out here, play some video about how he did all these things, and then he's goin' to wrestle Supernova for the biggest prize we got in our sport. And I especially ain't proud of myself for wantin' him to win the bleedin' thing, so it means I can get another shot at it. The whole thing makes me sick, and I hate that I feel sick when I'm back in England. Especially here in London.

[Rhodes steps away from Kaiser, walking to the front of the stage.]

RR: I grew up 330 kilometres north of here, in the borough of Wigan, and I used to watch for things that would happen in London on the telly. Whether it was my family fightin' for the bread that went in my mouth, or my brother Simon and I watchin' the football match each week, with Cassie havin' a row in the background. And you know, the biggest thing that we would get came every year in the middle of May. We'd watch the FA Cup final live from London, and it looked like another planet. It looked like the biggest place in the world.

[Rhodes solemnly nods as the audience absorbs his words, some cheering with similar memories of their childhood.]

RR: And my mum and her sister would make a feast for us, with all the orange squash we could stomach to go with it, and we watched the FA Cup final together. I used to sit there and wonder if someday I'd be able to hold people's attention the way the FA Cup held my family's. And I can tell you that I've wrestled in some big places, but I ain't ever had anythin' like the FA Cup final. SuperClash last year was close... but it didn't feel the same.

[Rhodes stares out to the audience, briefly wavering in his confidence but quickly picking back up.]

RR: My family's real big on religious and mythological names. My brother's named for the Apostle, St. Simon, for one. But me, I'm named for Raphael, the archangel of healing. My mum wanted me to be capable of doin' good things, better than my family that was only ever seemin' to destroy what gets built. And for years, I've been tryin' to live up to that name, only to fail at every step. Juan Vasquez, that rotter, says he wants me to fail, he wants me to drown under pressure.

[Rhodes holds up a hand.]

RR: But I'm bloody tired of bein' a failure. And tonight, I swear to you, in front of God and everyone, I'm goin' to live up to my name.

[Rhodes drops his fingers into a fist, then raises his index finger.]

RR: I start by riddin' the AWA and pro wrestlin' of Juan Vasquez. I am goin' to walk into his city in Memorial Day Mayhem and make people cry, because he ain't goin' to get a happy end at my expense.

[Rhodes holds up a second finger.]

RR: Then, if he don't bollocks it up and win the title tonight, to lose it to me next month, I'm goin' to work my way into contention for the World Title. I don't just get a shot by askin' for it, I'm goin' to do it the Rhodes way. The English way. I'm goin' to bleedin' earn it.

[Rhodes holds up a third finger with a grin.]

RR: Then... next year... I'm walkin' back on English soil. I'm goin' to fight for the World Title. And I'm goin' to have all my memories of FA Cup finals growin' up, and wonderin' if I could ever fight in the biggest place in the world...

[The crowd, picking up on what Rhodes is saying, starts to rumble in their seats.]

RR: ... and I'm goin' to fight for the bleedin' World Title at Wembley Stadium in 2019.

[The crowd EXPLODES with cheers, realizing what this means for them, as well as Rhodes himself.]

RR: Maybe it ain't the Wembley I grew up with, but I ain't the man I used to be either. If Wembley can get a second start, so can I. And it starts with you next week, Ohara...

[Rhodes glares at the camera that is rapidly approaching him, pointing straight to Jordan Ohara sitting at home.]

RR: It bleedin' starts with your head.

[The crowd roars once more as Rhodes drops the microphone, with Dana Kaiser leading him off stage. We cut to Sal Albano and Colt Patterson, with Albano clearly surprised.]

SA: Can you believe it, Colt?! The AWA is going to be live in Wembley Stadium next year!

CP: And not only that, Raphael Rhodes is callin' his shot! He says he'll be in the Main Event, fighting for the World Title, when we come back next year!

SA: Fans, I've never seen that man more focused or determined than he is right now! And we can now make it official...

[A graphic comes up on the screen showing the two announced events as "SUMMER WORLD TOUR - 2019. RISING SUN SHOWDOWN 3. THE BATTLE OF LONDON 2." as the crowd ROARS for the announcements!]

SA: Two colossal events! One summer world tour! We're about a whole year out from it but 2019 is already promising to be one of the biggest years EVER for the AWA, fans! And I can't wait-

[Sal's interrupted by a drum march coming from the entranceway.]

SA: What in the world...?

[All eyes are on the entrance stage where - dressed in full regalia - a large Scottish Pipe band some forty people strong is drumming and marching to full assembly.]

SA: Well, fans... this is most unexpected.

[The pipes join the drums to start playing "Scotland The Brave" as they start marching from the stage down the ramp towards the ring.]

SA: We have - from what I'm being told by those backstage - the Stonehouse Pipe Band heading down to the ring for... well, I wish I could explain why they're here. This isn't on our format, Colt.

CP: It's beautiful culture, Sal... just sit back and enjoy it.

SA: It's certainly fitting with our salute to the United Kingdom here tonight in the O2 so... maybe that's good advice, Colt.

CP: Then shut your mouth and listen.

[The band continues on for a while, heading down the ramp to a surprised - but not unpleasant - reaction from the fans as the pipe and drum corps makes their way to ringside, fanning out to surround the ring, still marching in place as they continue to play..

...until coming to an abrupt halt, some cheers ringing out for the band as they finish.]

SA: Well, I think I'll join in there and give them some applause, Colt.

[Sal's clapping is heard for a moment before it's overwhelmed by the band picking up to play once more - a different tune this time.]

SA: Oh, another number. Well, alright, I guess that's...

CP: Heh. Remind me to never be on your team for Name That Tune.

SA: What are you...? Oh, you've gotta be-

[The pipers abruptly stop as Sal's realization kicks in...

...and the PA kicks to life as well with "Controversy" by Prince blasting out over the PA system to big jeers from the London crowd!]

SA: This guy is DEFINITELY not on our format!

CP: But certainly a welcome addition to the show!

SA: Not in my book.

[The boos pick up as the man known as Bryson Page strides arrogantly out onto the entrance stage wearing a kilt and a black t-shirt with "ENGAGEMENT GOD" written in silver and gold script on the front. He's got a smirk on his face and a strut in his stride as he takes the time to jaw with the fans on his way towards the ring.]

SA: The Front Page is on Showtime, Colt - what's this guy doing here in London?!

CP: Hey, the people of the UK could use a little truth in their lives too! And that's what Bryson Page brings to the masses - truth, culture, and engagement! I bet we're trending worldwide right now!

SA: We were ALREADY trending worldwide!

[Page grabs the ropes, climbing up on the apron where he ducks through into the ring to boos, a big smile on his face. He produces a mic from his waistline, giving a throat-slitting gesture to cut the music as the pipe band leaves the ringside area.]

BP: Ladies, gentlemen... people of all types... and...

[His face twists with disgust as he also puts on a fake accent]

BP: ...Lunduners!

[Crowd really boos at this as Page laughs.]

BP: That was really good. You love me, you hate me, you love to hate me...

[He shrugs.]

BP: ...I love to hate you...

[More boos bring another grin to his face.]

BP: ...but I am the Voice of the Voiceless...

...the Spoon that Stirs the Pot...

...the Man who spills the Tea...

...The Harbinger of Truth...

...and not only the AWA but Disney Inc's Number One ENGAGEMENT GOD!

BRYSON PAGE!

[The ROARING jeers are near deafening now in the O2!]

BP: And this, my foul weather friends... is a special international edition of...

...THE FRONT PAGE!

[Page extends his arms to the side, soaking up every single boo from the London crowd.]

BP: You can boo me all you want to, luddites, but I drive the numbers here!

And drive the numbers I shall!

Because you see, the AWA has a couple of homebodies here in jolly ol' London...

The family Rhodes. Lady Falkingham.

...and, of course, ME!

[Sal interjects as the fans jeer.]

SA: He lives in Vancouver.

CP: He's from Scotland originally, Albano.

SA: Like... on [ancestry.com](http://ancestry.com) or something? I thought he was Canadian!

CP: Don't question his origin story. And be quiet, the man's speaking here.

[Page continues.]

BP: Even though I'd rather be talking in my dear home, bonnie Scotland,

I thought I'd grace jolly ol' Engerland to REALLY drive up the numbers.

And do what guys like ol' Raffy Rhodes can't do and REALLY pop this crowd!

[Waaaaay more boos from the crowd at insulting Rhodes, and some really not nice (but quite clever) chants we can't repeat here.]

BP: Now normally, I'd start a bit talking about one of the hot button issues happening in the AWA right now... lessee... maybe it's about that big bully Ricki Toughill trying to cripple Kelly Kowalski...

[The fans jeer as Page waves a dismissive hand.]

BP: ...or how you won't like Jordan Ohara when he's angry... grrrrrrrrrr!

[Another shower of boos.]

BP: But that'll have to keep 'til next time - see, suits... I know how to leave 'em wanting more... because tonight is SO big, I gotta skip all this. How big is it, you ask? It's big! It's HUGE! It's gonna drive up numbers! We'll be trending on EVERYTHING! It'll be played on YouTube for weeks! It'll even make that Ticker Tocker thing that's starting to blow up.

SA: I think he means TikTok.

[Page continues.]

BP: Tonight, I deliver something that only I, BRYSON PAGE - ENGAGEMENT GOD, can deliver to the masses.

Tonight, I bring to you something really special.

A guest that only I could get and deliver to the masses!

[Page grins, rubbing his hands together as the fans start to buzz.]

BP: Aha, got your attention, don't I? Well, good! Because right now, I present to you my guest... so get up out of those seats off your kettle bottoms and give me the respect and thanks I deserve for bringing you a former World Champion... and more importantly, the man who was responsible for blessing us with the great Mark Langseth...

[The crowd REALLY hates that... but, suddenly start shifting when they realize just who Page is talking about now]

SA: No way.

[Page continues.]

BP: ...England's own...

THE ERA OF DEFIANCE...

...GABRIEL WHITECROSS!!!

[The distorted guitar feedback and heavy percussion is unmistakable. The seething, brooding "Something Wicked" by Nuclear Assault fills the arena, against the rising volume of adoration for the man known as "The Era Of Defiance."]

SA: Are you kidding me?! Gabriel Whitecross is here?!

[As he steps through the entrance, wearing a short-sleeved black shirt and his signature black denim jeans and white boots, it's obvious that although the grey



hair is shorter and the goateed face displays a few more wrinkles, the physical stature of Whitecross is still relatively imposing.]

SA: He IS! The former World Champion is in the O2 for The Battle of London!

[With the widest of appreciative grins, Gabriel salutes the fans as he makes his way to the ring.]

SA: Wow! What a coup for Bryson Page, fans!

CP: You ready to take back some of that trash you were talking?

[Reaching the ring, Whitecross surprisingly slides under the bottom rope into the ring. Rising to his feet, Gabriel then waves to all four sides of the building before facing Page and offering a handshake.]

BP: Heh. Heh heh. Wow... that's...

[Page looks around at the roaring crowd, a surprised (and more than a little annoyed) expression on his face.]

BP: ...that's quite a reaction there, Gabe.

[Page throws a look at Whitecross' offered hand before quickly shaking it... and not-so-subtly wiping his hand across his shirt afterward.]

BP: I gotta say... it's impressive.

[He gestures to the still cheering crowd. Whitecross is absolutely beaming, looking out on the same fans with a nod.]

BP: When I was asked for this, I knew it was something. And I knew, that the Engagement God needed to be there. Be here for this moment. Because yeah, in this world we live in now, in London, people are gonna tune in for Raphael Rhodes...

[The crowd cheers and Whitecross nods, clapping.]

BP: ...yeah, some people are gonna tune in for the Royal Crown tournament...

[Another cheer and Whitecross pumps a fist for the tournament.]

BP: ...hell, some people might even tune in for Supernova and that no good turncoat Vasquez.

[The crowd definitely didn't care for that, letting Page hear it but he ignores all that, still speaking at a quickened pace.]

BP: But this? This? I knew there was only one segment EVERYONE was going to tune into. One segment that was going to get millions of views on YouTube, one segment that was gonna go viral on Twitter and TikTok.

And that segment was going to be THE FRONT PAGE! WITH BRYSON PAGE...

[Page raises his hands, as the crowd boos mercilessly]

BP[half mumbling]:... and Gabriel Whitecross.

[The crowd ROARS for Whitecross who arches an eyebrow quizzically at Page but soon can't help to break into a smile at the cheering crowd again before he leans over Page's reluctantly-offered microphone.]

GW: And to speak the truth, Mr. Page, I must say that I feel truly blessed to be here in London, in front of every single one of you tonight! I feel very privileged to have been asked by the AWA to be a part of this magnificent event. Thank you!

[The crowd roar their approval and a brief but very vocal "WHITE-CROSS! WHITE-CROSS!" chant kicks into gear. Page waves a dismissive hand at the crowd, trying to talk over them.]

BP: Yeah, yeah... that's great. And it's great that everyone here... well, still remembers you.

[Page smirks to himself as the fans grumble at his attitude.]

BP: You... you haven't made an appearance anywhere in what, fifteen years? Wrestling fans aren't known for their long memory, especially here in Jolly ol' Engerland!

[In response, Whitecross' eyes narrow in what could be construed as annoyance, but again he smiles and allows himself a chuckle. However, the sentiment seems just a fraction forced.]

GW: It has indeed been a long, long time ... And this fact alone makes me deeply thankful and grateful that I still hold a place in the hearts and minds of wrestling fans the World over; especially right here in London.

[A nostalgic thought visibly occurs to Gabriel. He shakes his head, as if still not really believing the accomplishments that had blessed his wrestling career.]

GW: And you know, some memories remain oh-so-very vivid in my mind. Why to me it seems like only yesterday that I was defeating a fellow Englishman, the legendary Lord Byron, to win the illustrious EMWC World Title in Toronto. I-

[Page abruptly cuts him off.][

BP: Yeah, I remember that match - little kiddie Bryson watched it on TV! I mean, I wasn't little kiddie Bryson yesterday... when was that...

[Page snaps his fingers a few times, trying to recall something]

BP: YEAH! December 31, 1997! That's over TWENTY years ago. Most of these blokes in need of a dentist weren't even gleams in their daddy's eyes yet.

[The crowd jeers the latest insult to their dental hygiene.]

BP: You tapped out Lord Byron, then just rode that wave, for the rest of the time you were relevant. Did ya ever see a World Title again? Did ya do anything else worthwhile outside of bless us with the existence of Mark Langseth?

[There are HUGE BOOS from longtime AWA fans for that, drawing a chuckle from Bryson Page.]

BP: And, speaking of Toronto, where you won that match, why couldn't you have shown back up there? In Canada! It saves me a trans-Atlantic flight and I wouldn't have to put up with dump of a country that no one wanted to be associated with anymore-

[This time there is no inclination by Whitecross to disguise the anger that had been rising within him from the moment Page first opened his mouth.]

GW: Alright, that is enough. You ... my "friend" ... you can insult me for as long and as pointedly as you desire ... But you cannot and will NOT insult this United Kingdom; nor will you denigrate these fans!

[The crowd ROARS for the Era of Defiance standing up for them... but Page looks annoyed, his ever-present smirk back in place as he steps closer to the former World Champion.]

BP: Listen here Gabe...

[He reaches out, dusting a hand across Whitecross' shoulder.]

BP: ...I know you've been hiding under a rock for the last fifteen years so I'll give you a break.

And maybe twenty years ago, you were somebody.

But here? Now? I'm Bryson Page. I AM the Engagement God.

[The crowd jeers as Page continues.]

BP: I drive the ad revenue in this place... and that means I pretty do whatever I want...

[He steps closer.]

BP: ...and there's not a damn thing ANYONE - least of all a broken down has-been like you - can do about it!

[Page is right up in Whitecross' face, talking trash off mic now, enticing him to attack or react. Gabriel's fists clenches tightly under the provocation, as "Whitecross : The Diplomat" seemingly desires to give way to "Whitecross: The Breaker Of Bones."]

SA: Uh oh... a tense scene inside the ring now. Bryson Page running his mouth and-

[However, The Era's sneer reluctantly dissipates. With a sigh of frustration, Gabriel takes a step back.]

GW: No.

This is not my life any more. I am no longer the man to play Judge, Jury and Executioner toward the foolhardy walking bags of misplaced arrogance that are the likes of you.

But, in lieu of that, I do actually have a suggestion, Mr. Page.

If you do not wish to be here in London, then by all means, on behalf of EVERYONE in the UK...

GET ... THE ... HELL ... OUT!

[Page steps back as the fans ERUPT in a roar!]

SA: Well said, Mr. Whitecross!

CP: How dare he?! Does he even know who he's talking to?!

SA: An overly-puffed up windbag with an inflated sense of who gives a damn about him?

CP: What?! HOW DARE \_YOU\_, ALBANO?!

[Page is fuming mad... at Whitecross... at the fans... and he looks like he's going to say - or maybe even DO - something before he slowly drops the mic to the mat, holding up his hands.]

SA: Huh. Not what I expected.

[He turns to leave the ring, uttering "FINE, I KNOW WHEN I'M NOT APPRECIATED!" loud enough to be heard by all...]

SA: Hit the road, Bryson Page. You're not welcome in this house.

[...and as Whitecross turns to salute the cheering fans...]

SA: Oh yeah! Let's hear it for Gabri- NO!

[...Page wheels on his heel, rushing to sucker punch the former World Champion...  
...who drops down, picking the ankle, yanking the leg out from under Page!]

CP: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[Whitecross grins at the crowd before...]

SA: ANKLELOCK! ANKLELOCK! THE FAMILY NAME LOCKED IN!

[...and Page is screaming and scratching the canvas, slapping it repeatedly as he shouts "I QUIT! I QUIT! I QUIIIIIIT!"

SA: It's not a match, you goof!

CP: He tapped out! Let him go!

[Page quickly gets to the ropes, hugging them tightly as a grinning Whitecross lets go, nodding his head as Page drags himself through the ropes, falling ugly to the floor...]

SA: Oof!

[...and still screaming as he grabs at his ankle on the outside.]

CP: He might've broken his ankle, Albano!

SA: Good. It'll go well with his so-called sports hernia.

["Something Wicked" begins to play again over the PA system as Page crawls on his hands and knees up the aisle, screaming "GET A DOCTOR! DOCTOOOOORRRRRR!" as Whitecross turns to point to the fans, enjoying his moment as we fade to black.

We fade to black...

Cut to the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers is holding a big box in hand, while Daniel Harper is holding what looks like a small packet.]

HS: You know, Daniel, somebody once said that life is like a box of chocolates. You never know what you're gonna get.

[Yes, that would be a box of chocolates that Somers is holding.]

DH: That's a good observation, Howie. But if you ask me, life is more like a pack of AWA trading cards.

[Sure enough, in Harper's hand, that's a pack of trading cards.]

DH: You never know what you're going to get, but chances are, you're going to get something good.

[Somers glance at Harper for a minute, then nods.

Now in comes a voiceover.]

"It's the premier edition of Topps AWA trading cards. Featuring today's top AWA stars from the men's division."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Ryan Martinez, Supreme Wright and Shadoo Rage.]

"The top AWA stars of the women's division."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Julie Somers, Victoria June and Erica Toughill.]

"The top AWA tag teams."

[Images pop up of cards featuring The Soldiers of Fortune, The Gold Standard and KAMS.]

"The managers and announcers."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Miss Sandra Hayes, Sweet Lou Blackwell and Colt Patterson.]

"The legends of the ring."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Casey James, Marcus Broussard and Shane Destiny.]

"Even the founders of the AWA."

[And, yes, you get images of cards featuring Jon Stegglet, Bobby Taylor and Todd Michaelson.]

"Plus, look for special inserts."

[Images of a "Fantastic Finishers" card features Supernova putting an opponent in the Solar Flare, a "Dynamic Duos" card features Harley Hamilton and Cinder and a "Rising Stars" card features Max Magnum.]

"Along with cards featuring event-used memorabilia."

[Images of such cards, featuring Jack Lynch, Jordan Ohara and Ayako Fujiwara.]

"Autographed cards."

[Images of such cards, featuring Derrick Williams, Gordon Myers and Michelle Bailey.]

"Even dual autographed cards."

[And the image featured, of course, would be Next Gen, with Howie Somers and Daniel Harper's signatures on the same card.]

Cut back to Somers.]

HS: Now that one's a keeper.

[We pull back and see Harper going through the cards in his pack.]

DH: Cool... Hannibal Carver autographed card!

HS: [looks at the box of chocolates, then back at Harper] Um, you want to trade?

DH: [stares at his tag team partner] You call that a fair trade, dude?

[We then cut to an opened display box of the Topps AWA trading cards and hear the voiceover again.]

"Look for Topps AWA trading cards wherever trading cards are sold. Or order them at AWAShop.com."

[We fade to black...

...and then fade back up to live action backstage. The scene opens where we see Mariah Wolfe standing in front of an AWA backdrop with the trio of Harley Hamilton, Casey Cash, and Cinder, accompanied by Under Armour's head of Professional Wrestling Social Media, Riley Campbell.

Harley is wearing an Ayako Fujiwara t-shirt transformed into a sleeveless v-neck crop top by a trusty pair of scissors. Her strawberry blonde hair is worn in a voluminous high ponytail with bangs. Over her shoulder, rests her half of the AWA World Tag team titles and around her waist is the faux AWA World Tag Team champion of the Universe belt.

Cinder, as usual, looks like she was bitten by a radioactive Hot Topic employee, with baggy black cargo pants with entirely too many buckles and grommets to be practical and a cut-up to hell Ayako Fujiwara t-shirt worn over her black crop top like a tattered piece of fabric. Her Universe and World Women's tag Team titles are buckled to each other, and she wears them both over her shoulders like a baldric.

Casey is also in an Ayako Fujiwara shirt, with an Under Armour zip-up hoodie worn open over top, along with plain black leggings and Under Armour sneakers. Resting on the crown of her head are a pair of heart-shaped sunglasses with blue frames.]

MW: Welcome back to The Battle of London, folks, where I'm live backstage with E-Girl MAX.

HH: Most of E-Girl MAX, anyway.

[Harley lowers her head somberly.]

C: Aye. Sadly, not all of us could make the trip.

CC: It's the worst tragedy to ever happen in professional wrestling history!

[There's an awkward silence as their thoughts stray to the fallen Kelly Kowalski, before Casey Cash takes out her iPhone.]

CC: But at least we're still mostly together! Look, Melody and Harmony are with us!

[We see the Thompson sisters on Casey's screen, waving excitedly.]

HH: Ohmygosh I miss you guys!

"We miss you too!"

CC: We miss you more!

"Noooooooo... we do!"

[Mariah Wolfe clears her throat rather loudly.]

MW: Getting back into focus, it's surprising that you made your way across the pond to England after you made it clear you hold no love for the Royal Crown tournament.

HH: Mariah, the Royal Crown tournament may be a complete sham and completely illegitimate in the eyes of the world due to E-Girl MAX's unfair and undeserved ban from competing-

CC: How do I get banned for someone trying to stab me?! It's completely unfair! Almost as unfair as illegal karate!

HH: -But you know what? I still want to support my sempai. Someone of Ayako Fujiwara's status doesn't deserve to have her name dragged down in the mud just because Zharkov is a doofus! She's got the talent to turn this farce into something worth watching, and I can't wait to see her win!

[Casey bops in place behind Harley, as though she has a cheer in her head but isn't saying it. Until...]

CC: Gooooooooo Ayako! Yaaaaaaay!

[Casey shakes her hands as though she's holding invisible pom-poms.]

C: And ye know, Mariah... I couldn't resist comin' back home, could I? The fine folks at Tesco missed me terribly, ye see. Cannae leave a place like that behind, no matter how far ye wander.

[Cinder reaches into one of the numerous pockets of her cargo pants and pulls out a zippo lighter. She flicks it open, her eyes lighting up as the flame dances in front of her face. She leans closer to the flame, mesmerized by it, her giggle soft and eerie, as she watches the flickering light. The others around her seem vaguely uncomfortable, with Casey sidling away, glancing at Harley with a nervous laugh, as Riley calmly snaps away on her camera.]

MW: Well, um... Let's shift gears a bit. There's been a lot of concern about Kelly Kowalski. She was injured at Showtime last weekend, and we're hearing she might be out for a while. How is E-Girl MAX handling this?

[The mood in the room turns serious. Harley's expression softens slightly. Even Cinder snaps her lighter shut and makes a frown.]

HH: It's a tragic situation, Mariah. Kelly is like family to all of us. But we refuse to give our enemies and haters the satisfaction of seeing us cry over it anymore. Kelly will always be with us in spirit even if she can't be here by our side.

[Casey solemnly nods her head, as Cinder places her hand over her heart with a pout.]

MW: Now, with Kelly out, there's a vacant spot in the upcoming Women's Rumble, as well as next week on Showtime against Ricki Toughill. You've been given the chance to replace her in both instances with someone of your choosing. Any hints on who that might be?

[Harley's smirk returns as she glances at Riley, with a mischievous glint in her eye, as the ace reporter's camera snaps her picture.]

HH: Oh, we've got just the right person in mind...

[Before she can finish, a voice off-camera interrupts.]

"OY OY OY!"

[Everyone looks off-camera as the mother-daughter duo of Cassie and Sophie Rhodes, the Rhodes Dynasty, walks into the frame. Sophie points at the World Tag Team Title belt over Harley's shoulder.]

SR: Would you look at that big belt over her shoulder, mum?

[Cassie nods her head, glaring at E-Girl MAX through the bangs hanging down into her eyes.]

SR: That'd look real bloody good around my waist, yeah? I mean, if teeny tiny Betty Chang can turn her lights off with one kick...

[Sophie smirks.]

SR: Well, you can imagine what someone like me can do. But we're patient, yeah? You got enough on your plate with them Country Punks, yeah?

[Harley eyes the interloper with disdain.]

HH: Excuse you. I don't think we've met.

SR: I'm Sophie Rhodes and this-

[Harley waves her hand dismissively at Sophie.]

HH: Yeah, yeah... this is your sister. Why are you interrupting us?

[Sophie frowns at Harley and flatly corrects her.]

SR: She's my mother.

CC: Your sister is your mother!?

SR: Now look here-

[As Sophie turns to address Casey, she bumps into Cinder who growls at her.]

SR: Temper, lass. We'll be waitin' for you to settle your business with them, to take those away from whoever wins.

[Cassie glares at Cinder, who stares back. Suddenly smiling, Cassie feels inspired to speak for a change, with her missing eyetooth standing out in her grin.]



CR: Ask your mum how much we love beatin' up Scots.

[Sophie claps her hands, claspings them towards her chest as she grins, then starts to walk past EGM with her mother.]

SR: Just our favorite thing, yeah? Good luckkkkkk.

[Sophie keeps her eyes on EGM as she walks past, bending backwards and giggling...]

C: ARF! ARF!

[...before Cinder barks at her, startling Sophie and causing her mother to push her along past EGM and out of frame. Harley rolls her eyes and shakes her head.]

MW: Well, I don't think anyone expected that. What the heck was that about?

HH: Those two? Just another pair of opportunists looking for a quick way into the spotlight by riding our coattails. They think they can just waltz in and take what's ours? [shakes her head] Not happening. There's a list of contenders for the most prestigious titles in professional wrestling and last time I checked, they weren't on it.

CC: Get in line, girls!

MW[nodding]: Speaking of challengers, it seems that you're on a collision course with The Country Punks. Thoughts?

[Harley makes a disgusted face as Cinder growls under her breath and then begins barking at Mariah.]

C: ARF! ARF!

[Harley and Casey hold Cinder back.]

HH: Settle down, Cindy!

[Cinder huffs, but quiets down, crossing her arms with an annoyed look.]

HH: Good girl.

[Harley turns her attention to Mariah.]

HH: As for The Country Punks go, they've got nothing! As far as we're concerned, they don't deserve a shot at these titles. They're a pair of sore losers who think they're entitled to something they never earned. The Country Punks can wait. We've got bigger things to focus on.

[And with that, they walk off, leaving Mariah behind.]

MW: If you ask me, that sounds a little bit like Misses Hamilton and Cinder trying to duck Kayla Cristol and the rumored-to-be-back-soon Victoria June. Good luck, girls.

[Wolfe gives a smirk of her own as we fade...]

...and the words "Previously Recorded" flash across the top of the screen as we see Ayako Fujiwara, standing in front of a backstage area adorned with banners celebrating the Royal Crown tournament. She is dressed in an indigo kimono dress with a floral pattern print and slightly flared mid-length sleeves. An obi belt cinches

at the waist to accentuate her figure. Ayako stands still with her arms crossed, her expression calm but her eyes sharp, glancing briefly around her, before returning her focus to the camera.]

Ayako: Trish Wallace. Lauryn Rage.

[Her eyes narrow and her expression hardens.]

Ayako: It could be so simple... it could be so easy, to give into my darkest thoughts and seek revenge. But I want to make one thing clear: tonight, my focus isn't on settling old scores.

It's to win.

[She pauses, allowing her words to resonate.]

Ayako: I can already hear the whispers from the ones who question my killer instinct or think I've lost my edge. They'll make the same mistake that they always do and see my kindness as weakness.

[She lets out a small, knowing laugh, shaking her head.]

Ayako: It's not just laughable, it's a complete misunderstanding of who I am. To believe that giving Lauryn Rage and Trish Wallace a one night reprieve from a reckoning is an act of kindness, fails to understand that this is not the kindest of mercies. There is nothing soft or delicate about me. I am a sheathed blade - elegant and refined, but still sharp and deadly all the same.

[Unfolding her arms, Ayako moves closer to the camera.]

Ayako: There will be a day when Trish Wallace and Lauryn Rage truly get what they deserve. But tonight, winning the Royal Crown will hurt more than any physical pain I could deliver, and my victory will be the sweetest revenge.

[She pauses, her tone softening.]

Ayako: And then there's Michelle Bailey.

[Her expression brightens, a hint of warmth reflecting her respect for Bailey.]

Ayako: Michelle, you represent everything I admire about this sport. Your heart, your determination, and your unwavering spirit inspire me. Together, we can show everyone what it means to fight with honor and integrity. I'm proud to stand alongside you in this match.

[She takes a deep breath, shifting her focus back to the matter at hand. Her voice rises, as her resolve grows stronger.]

Ayako: But tonight, when that bell rings, I have to focus on my goal; and that means setting aside friendship and personal grudges all in pursuit of glory and The Royal Crown.

Tonight, it isn't about payback or revenge; it's about showcasing my ability and skill. Every suplex, every strike, and every hold will be a testament to my power and resolve. It's about proving that my journey, my dedication to this sport, and my wrestling exceeds and excels far beyond anyone else's. Just like when I won Olympic gold here at the London games nearly six years ago, I'm not just here to compete...

...I'm here to conquer.

[And with that, the screen fades out...

...and up on a live shot of "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, a smile on his face.]

SLB: Folks, I've been wanting to talk to this woman all night, and she's waiting just to the side...

[Blackwell motions off-camera, where a friendly voice gently chides him.]

"You told me to wait here!"

[Blackwell stifles a grin as he continues.]

SLB: The one, the only, the "Platinum Princess", Michelle Bailey!

[Michelle Bailey walks into the frame, shaking her head with a smile. Her long blonde hair is tied into a simple ponytail, and she wears little makeup aside from a black liner to accentuate her two-toned eyes. She's also wearing a black zip-up hoodie with the word "ROCK" over a pink, guitar-strumming lobster, presumably over top of her ring gear.]

MB: I could have just met you right here, you know.

[Michelle nudges Blackwell with her elbow.]

SLB: I figured it'd be good for dramatic effect.

MB: That's me, all right. Good for dramatic effect.

[Michelle holds in a giggle as Blackwell gives a slight shake of his head.]

SLB: And as part of that dramatic effect, I understand that you will not be addressing Julie Somers' comments from earlier, is that correct?

[Michelle nods.]

MB: I promised Bucky Wilde I'd give him an exclusive in two weeks. I wasn't able to watch what Julie said earlier tonight anyway, so I want to make sure I see what she had to say before I can respond to it, especially since I will not be at Showtime next week.

SLB: I can certainly understand, but do you mean to tell me that rat is gonna scoop me? Me, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell?

MB: I'm sorry, Lou. I'll give you the next one, I promise.

[Michelle holds out a pinky.]

MB: You know I keep these kinds of promises.

[Blackwell seems unsure how to respond to the offered pinky, holding his hand up as though he was going for a handshake, then extending an index finger, before putting his hand back down.]

SLB: I don't think we need to hold you to that kind of word. I will ask you some tough questions about your opponents tonight in the Royal Crown, though.

MB: Of course, I wouldn't expect any less.

SLB: Now you've got three very tough opponents in tonight's contest, with Trish Wallace, Ayako Fujiwara, and Lauryn Rage ready to take you on. I actually wanted to ask about the first two in tandem, as Ayako Fujiwara made some rather surprising remarks about both Trish and you on Showtime last week.

[Blackwell motions to an off-screen monitor, as the footage of last week plays, marked "LAST WEEK ON SHOWTIME".]

Ayako: And Trish Wallace, the woman who now supposedly possesses the killer instinct that I lack... did anyone wonder where she was when Michelle Bailey kept her out of my reach and took her place in the very same match where I laid waste to Flores and Swift? Michelle knew, just like everyone else does, that once I set my sights on someone, there's nothing but devastation in my wake. Michelle is the kindest person I know... but she wasn't protecting Trish Wallace out of compassion—she was afraid of what I'd do to her.

[We cut back to Blackwell and Michelle.]

SLB: I'm going to call you on the carpet right here. Is what Ayako said true? Did you leave Trish Wallace out of that match in New Orleans, just before SuperClash, because you wanted to protect her from Ayako?

[Michelle sighs a bit, then quietly nods. Blackwell's eyes widen as the crowd, watching on the video screens in the arena, gasps in shock.]

MB: It's not easy to admit, but... it's one of the reasons, yes.

SLB: Tell me why, Michelle?

[Michelle hesitates for a moment, then goes right into her explanation.]

MB: Trish wasn't in a great frame of mind. She had been attacking officials, she had gotten disqualified a few times. I said that she was in danger of getting suspended, and that would have left her off of SuperClash. What I said was true. But what Ayako said was true, too.

[Michelle frowns.]

MB: The frame of mind Trish was in, and the frame of mind Ayako was in, Ayako would have eaten her alive. As the team captain, I had to think about the health and safety of my team, and after Trish broke Molly Bell's ribs, I... I saw something in Ayako I didn't feel comfortable seeing.

[Michelle looks up at the ceiling, shaking her head, then turns her attention back to Blackwell.]

MB: I first met Ayako Fujiwara a decade ago, Lou, when I would go to Japan and wrestle there. I knew her when she was just Miyuki Ozaki's student. I'd watch her sparring, and think that not only was she special, she was dangerous. Over the years, I'd see how much more dangerous she'd become, especially if someone betrays her.

[Her voice wavers as she talks, as though she's aware of what's to come.]

MB: So yes, I took Trish out of the match. The way Ayako felt that day, the way Trish was acting, I knew Trish was in trouble. I wanted to see Trish go to SuperClash, because she deserved the opportunity. I thought I was doing the right thing.

[She frowns again.]

MB: If I had known my actions would send her into the arms of Laura Davis, to hurt another innocent party in Skylar Swift, to attack my daughter the way she did to qualify for this match, to turn her into what she is today... Lou, I would have let Ayako finish the job in New Orleans.

[Michelle takes a quick, deep breath, then continues.]

MB: Ayako Fujiwara under normal circumstances is a deadly woman. It's why I was happy to see her mentoring my daughter, and now teaming up with her, because my daughter will learn quite well by teaming with Ayako. I asked to face Ayako in my first AWA match because I knew if I could survive Ayako, I could survive the AWA. The way she felt at SuperClash? The way she's felt these last few weeks? I don't know if any of us can withstand her. But I'll say this... I'm going to try to weather the storm that's coming, and Trish Wallace better hope she can do the same. This time, Lou, I'm not going to protect her. I... I'm not going to save her from what she deserves.

[Blackwell nods, giving Michelle a moment to settle down before bringing up the thusfar missing component to the match.]

SLB: Of course, the three of you won't be alone, as you'll be joined by Lauryn Rage. Earlier tonight, she had some rather harsh words for you. If you will?

[Blackwell motions off-screen again, as the footage from Lauryn's interview - marked with "EARLIER THIS EVENING" - plays.]

LR: And then there's Michelle Bailey. She might be the biggest and strongest of them all. She looks all sweet on the surface and you would think we have no issues but there's no telling. She's probably in Ayako's pocket and if you heard what she said last time she was interviewed, she was cool with everything that happened at Steal the Spotlight. So why wouldn't she be cool with it again? So I'm not safe inside the ring and I'm not safe outside the ring. Of the four of us competing, I've got the biggest target on my back and as a fit as I am these three got world class strength and a bunch of back up, too.

[JAQ nods, throwing up a hand.]

JAQ: So what's for it, then?

[Rage sighs, shaking her head.]

LR: JAQ, you should know best of all what it means to be a Rage. I've always been outnumbered. I've always been outgunned in the AWA. But I rose to the top once, despite it all. And tonight, I'm going to do it again.

[The footage cuts, and we're back to Blackwell and Michelle. Michelle is silent for a moment, absorbing the information that Blackwell has shown her. She bites her bottom lip, eyes to the floor.]

SLB: Considering your body language, I hate to ask how you feel about that, but you know I have to.

[Michelle nods.]

MB: I usually like to think through my words, because not thinking through your words results in actions you might not be proud of, or saying things you don't mean.

[Michelle sighs, wrapping her arms against her torso, her voice dropping to a quiet tone.]

MB: I know Lauryn Rage is angry. I know she's got a lot on her mind, and she says things to get herself ready for a fight. But Lou, if she was as confident in herself as she says she is, she wouldn't need to say the things she does.

[She drops her hands to her side, but her voice remains quiet.]

MB: She wants to cast aspersions on me - you know what, actually, forget me, on everyone in the world - but she doesn't want to look in the mirror and see what the root of her problem is.

[The sound of a foot anxiously tapping can be heard.]

MB: She's got that big target on her back, huh? She says she's seen the real me after a two minute conversation where she asked me for help, and I encouraged her to get her mind right. That's the treatment I get for trying to help her, to be denigrated like that on international television. To be told I'm probably in someone's pocket. As my daughter offers herself up to help solve the problem of the Slam Sorority, Lauryn Rage has the gall to stand there and create an illusion about me. An illusion that she needs to fight this fight, because she's not confident enough to fight it on her own merit.

[The tapping stops as Michelle shifts foot to foot.]

MB: This is a woman who talks about how she's the one with the target on her back as she turns down helping hand after helping hand. This is a woman who shows up with her family in tow, doing an interview with her niece of all people, and has the nerve to say she's the one who's always outnumbered.

[Michelle breaks her stare at the floor and looks up at Blackwell.]

MB: Did you know that I haven't spoken with my parents or my brother in seventeen years? It took my 30 For 30 coming out for my sister to finally open up and talk to me after all that time. All these years of the people who were supposed to be closest to me rejecting me, leaving me in the cold, it can turn someone bitter, right?

[Blackwell nods, unsure of how to respond.]

MB: And yet, here I stand, doing the best I can without bitterness in my heart, with the family I've built in their place. I try to help where I can because it's the right thing to do, and I raised my daughter to do the same, no matter what the circumstance is. But you, Lauryn Rage, you throw that back in my face. You lie to the world about me, and you do it without hesitation. Over what? Over wanting to win a match? Because you think that I should just hand over a win to you while you go out infuriating the entire locker room instead of rehabbing your knee and getting the delusions worked out of your head?

[Michelle frowns as she looks back at the camera, her voice becoming tense.]

MB: Let me make something abundantly clear to you, you spoiled, selfish, arrogant little brat.

[The crowd in the arena, watching on video screens, reacts loudly in surprise.]

MB: You complain about your fortunes and how hated you are, while you throw people like me, people that genuinely tried to help you, into the sewer because you think it gets you one step closer to your goal. I'm not Laura Davis, and I'm not the

one who gave you the dose of bad medicine you swallowed at SuperClash. Nope. What I'm going to do, Lauryn, is I'm going to give you the same fight I planned on giving you tonight, same as I would Trish Wallace, and yes, same as I would Ayako Fujiwara. I'm going to do that because I'm not what you say I am. I'm a professional, and that's what professionals do. But if you ever...

[Michelle scowls, her eyes narrowed, as Blackwell looks taken aback by Michelle, never having seen her this upset before.]

MB: And I mean EVER reach your hand out to me again, if you ever want my help for anything, I'll remember the day you spat in my face and tried to tell me it was raining.

[Michelle looks back at Blackwell.]

MB: She says she's outgunned?

[Blackwell nods again, not used to this intensity from Michelle.]

MB: She's right. She is outgunned. Problem is, she doesn't get that she's the one who sold everyone those guns to point at her.

[Michelle storms off, leaving Blackwell behind to mouth the word "wow".]

SLB: Uhh... I guess this is speechless. It's Royal Crown Finals time, fans, and I think you can tell that woman right there... is more than ready for it. Rebecca Ortiz, take it away!

[We fade from backstage to the ring where the crowd is still buzzing over what they just heard as Rebecca Ortiz steps to center ring.]

RO: The following contest is the WOMEN'S ROYAL CROWN FIIIIINAAAAALLLS!

[A HUGE ROAR goes up from the London crowd!]

RO: It is a four way match fought under Elimination Rules with the last woman standing being declared the winner of the match AND the Royal Crown Tournament! There are no countouts! No disqualifications! And no time limit! The only way to score an elimination is by pinfall, submission, or to send an opponent over the top rope and have BOTH feet touch the floor!

[Ortiz pauses as the fans take in the rules.]

RO: And now... the participants...

[The lights go out and the arena is bathed in a neon pink and blue glow as a gritty synth plays. Fury Weekend's synthrock interpretation of "Another Brick in the Wall" introduces the presumptive powerhouse of the match.]

RO: First... weighing in at 166 pounds, from Minneapolis, Minnesota... she represents the SLAM SORORITY...

[A woman dressed in a cropped leather vest and retro-styled shades steps into the stage fog, lasers and strobe lights that decorate the stage. In silhouette she poses in the classic bicep curl flex pose before making her way down the aisle.]

RO: ..."T-BONE" TRIIIIIISH WALLLLLLLLLLLACE!

[Wallace is THICK: 166 pounds of solid muscle and bad attitude. Her hair is colored a titanium blonde and hangs loose halfway to her waist. She is dressed in a black

sleeveless leotard with American flag-styled blue stars and red striped detailing, pounding her fist aggressively into her palm as she climbs the ringside steps.]

SA: Trish Wallace is used to outclassing her opponents in strength and conditioning, but against Lauryn Rage, Michelle Bailey, and Ayako Fujiwara, she may meet her match.

CP: She's out there with axes to grind, Albano, and there nothing so good for strength training as carrying a grudge. She and Ayako Fujiwara have never seen eye to eye – they've butt heads every time they've been in the same ring. And Slam Sorority has put a massive bullseye on Lauryn Rage. Think of how pleased Coach Davis would be if T-Bone took out Lauryn Rage AND Michelle Bailey in one fell swoop.

[The second generation powerhouse goes to the center of the ring and flexes her thick biceps with a smug scowl...

...and as the music fades, Rebecca Ortiz raises the mic again.]

RO: Next... weighing in at 70 kilograms... from Fujinomiya, Shizuoka, Japan... she is an OLYMPIC GOLLLLD MEDALIST...

...AYAAAAAAKOOOOOO FUJIWARRRRRRRAAAAAA!

[As "The Cyborg Fights" by YellowExxhy kicks the PA, Ayako Fujiwara strides out onto the entrance stage to a big reaction. She looks just as we saw her earlier, all focus as she stares down the aisle at Trish Wallace who nods her head expectantly, waving Fujiwara forward.]

SA: You heard her earlier, Colt - she won that gold medal right here in London six years ago... and tonight, she's looking for another piece of gold - the Royal Crown.

CP: Ayako Fujiwara made history as the first Olympic gold medalist to compete in an AWA ring... and she'd love to add some more history to her resumé here tonight, Big Sal.

SA: She's got the skills, she's got the talent but some have questioned if she has the focus these days.

CP: It's not the focus I doubt... it's the killer instinct. These days, when we see Fujiwara in action, she's hanging out with the likes of Kimmy Bailey or Molly Bell. And that makes her soft in my opinion... and she can't be soft if she wants to win this tonight.

SA: I think she'd beg to differ with that characterization, Colt... and she may be about to prove you very wrong.

[Fujiwara is to the ring in quick order, scaling the ringsteps, looking out on the crowd before ducking and spinning into the ring to a big ROAR from the crowd, some fans throwing streamers into the ring to pay honor in a true Japanese spirit. Fujiwara keeps spinning, the streamers falling all around her as the music starts to fade...]

RO: Next... from Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing in at 160 pounds... she was the first to wear the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRLD CHAMPIONSHIP...

...SHE IS DA KID...

...LAURRRRRRYNNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAGE!



[The London fans get treated to a little SoCal hip hop in the form of Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" ringing out...]

#I got, I got, I got, I got  
Loyalty, got royalty  
Inside my DNA#

[As the lyrics continue, the spotlight hits the entrance way...]

#I got power, poison, pain and joy  
Inside my DNA  
I got hustle, though, ambition, flow  
Inside my DNA#

[...and the spotlight illuminates the former Women's World Champion as she takes center stage in a hooded black leather studded biker's vest. She pauses for a moment, head down, arms crossed over her groin before she throws the hood back and throws her arms out to the crowd and does her turntable twirl to a BIG CHEER!]

SA: The first woman to win an AWA Rumble! The first woman to wear championship gold in the AWA! The first Women's World Champion! Lauryn Rage has made a reputation on being "the first" to do a lot as a female competitor in this company... tonight, she looks to add to that reputation by becoming the first Women's Royal Crown winner!

[With the music pumping through the arena, Lauryn strides towards the ring, face intense. She steps up onto the ring, wiping her feet on the apron before she ducks through the middle and top rope, throwing a nasty glare at both Wallace and Fujiwara before mounting the buckles, throwing both fists in the air and jawing with the fans!]

SA: Lauryn Rage has an attitude problem - that's not in question... what IS in question is is that attitude a problem for her or for her opponents, Colt? Does Michelle Bailey have it right? Is Lauryn Rage making more enemies for herself at a time when she needs allies?

CP: She is. She absolutely is. But I kinda think that's the way she likes it, Sal. She's a loner to the core - a "Lone Wolf" if you will - and she likes that her against the world mentality in all situations.

SA: She'll have some allies a couple of weeks from now in Las Vegas... but that's not what tonight is about. Tonight isn't about teamwork... or even the ongoing battles between Da Kid and the Slam Sorority... tonight is about the Royal Crown and what Lauryn Rage sees as the quickest path back to Julie Somers and the title Rage believes she never should've lost to begin with.

[As Rage continues to salute the crowd, the music dies down for Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: And finally... she hails from New Orleans, Louisiana, weighing 171 pounds, she is the "Platinum Princess"...

...MICHELLLLLLLLLLLLE BAAAAAAAILEYYYYYYYYY!

[The crowd ROARS with cheers as "Stronger" by Britney Spears plays, and Michelle Bailey walks out of the entrance, in awe of the capacity crowd at the O2. She takes a moment to soak in the cheers before unzipping her hoodie, removing it to reveal a sequined tank top styled after the Union Jack in the front, and navy blue with a white peace sign in the back, reminiscent of Geri Halliwell's famed Union Jack dress. She is also wearing a navy blue skirt, and her mismatched kneepads and

shinpads are white on the left leg and red on the right leg. The crowd's cheers get louder when they see Michelle's attire, as well as the tribute shown by it.]

SA: And here's potentially the next contender for the Women's World Title, Colt!

CP: Sucking up to these fans as usual! There's no depth she won't stoop to to try and get these people on her side!

SA: That's not the impression I got, Colt! When I spoke with her yesterday evening, she said this was her first opportunity to wrestle in London, and as a big fan of the Spice Girls, she wanted to show her love!

CP: Well, I'll tell you right now that Bailey winning this thing is not what I want what I really really want.

SA: Clever.

[As Michelle strides down the aisle, a serious look on her face, she reaches out to slap the hands of the fans. She also stops to see her daughter, Kimmy Bailey, sitting near ringside, leaning across the barrier to give her a hug.]

CP: And who let Kimmy Bailey have such a prime seat, huh?

SA: What emotions young Kimmy must be feeling. Not only will she be getting to see her father, Juan Vasquez, challenge Supernova for the AWA World Title, the first time she's ever seen Juan challenge for the title in person, but she also sees her mother go against her tag team partner!

CP: You're not gonna shout their team name, are you?

SA: I'm sure the fans can do it for me if they notice she's here.

[There are shouts of "LARIATOS!" from the fans around Kimmy, leading to a groan from Patterson.]

SA: It's good to see Kimmy here. I know we've heard that the Slam Sorority isn't here tonight but I'd hardly put it past them to be lurking to try and help Trish Wallace win this one just like they helped Trish beat Kimmy.

CP: That's not what I hear, Albano - I hear the Slam Sorority stayed back in America and are letting Trish do this on her own... but even if they WERE here, Kimmy ain't gonna be able to help, though, being behind the barrier. You think security ain't gonna stop her?

SA: I'd love to see them try.

[Michelle makes it to the ring, hopping over the top rope with a smile as she looks at her opponents. The music fades, and she winks at Ayako Fujiwara, much to Lauryn Rage's consternation.]

CP: Lauryn Rage doesn't like that one bit.

SA: She said earlier that she thought that Michelle Bailey was in Ayako Fujiwara's "pocket", and that isn't going to help her anxiety any.

CP: Can you blame her? After what happened to her at Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash last year, where her whole team turned on her?

SA: You know full well Michelle Bailey is here for the competition, not for any kind of skullduggery.

CP: Tell that to Trish Wallace. I'm sure Laura Davis told her about how Michelle got Ayako to help her knock her out of that Steal the Spotlight match.

[Rage shouts something in Bailey's direction with an angry gesture... then to Fujiwara... then to Wallace who she goes stomping towards, getting right up in her face as Shari Miranda lunges forward, trying to keep them separated...]

SA: Whoa! Whoa! Hang on, Shari!

CP: Forget that! Let's get this thing started!

[As the referee struggles to keep Lauryn Rage and Trish Wallace apart, Shari Miranda throws a desperation look over her shoulder at the timekeeper and shouts "RING THE DAMN BELL!"]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Miranda dives clear, allowing Wallace and Rage to tear into each other with wild haymakers as the London crowd cheers!]

SA: WE'VE GOT A DONNYBROOK IN LONDONTOWN!

[Ayako Fujiwara and Michelle Bailey look at one another, shrug, and then step back to their respective corners to watch...]

CP: And what are those two doing?!

SA: It looks like Ayako and Michelle are in no hurry to do battle, Colt!

CP: And you're okay with that?! You hypocrite! You nearly lost your mind when Hamilton and Cinder pulled the same thing at SuperClash!

SA: It was hardly the same thing... and I've got full faith that Michelle Bailey and Ayako Fujiwara will do business the RIGHT way if it comes to that later in this one.

[Bailey leans back, propping herself up between the ropes as she observes Wallace and Rage swinging for the fences, battering one another wildly...]

CP: Bailey looks like she wants some popcorn in there.

SA: You offering to get her some? I'm sure she'd appreciate it... and in the meantime, Lauryn Rage continues her war with the Slam Sorority by going at it with Trish Wallace at the outset of this one. And remember, Colt... Laura Davis and Carolina Colton are NOT here tonight... at least that's what we're told. Trish Wallace walks alone in this one.

CP: I suppose that's good news for the other competitors.

SA: Absolutely... but if Laura Davis - "Coach" Laura Davis, I should say - was here, she might be able to tell Trish Wallace that trading haymakers with someone with the boxing skills of Lauryn Rage is NOT a good idea!

[The crowd ROARS as Rage shows off those boxing skulls, backing Wallace up with a series of stiff jabs... then some big hooking blows to the body and chin...]

SA: UPPERCUT... UPPERCUT... BODY BLOW!

[...driving her back towards the corner where Rage squares up, throwing lightning quick rights and lefts to the ribcage of Wallace!]

SA: She's all over her now! Clenched fists, in the corner, but no disqualification in this one like we saw earlier tonight when that steel chair played such an important role!

[Grabbing the arm of Wallace, Rage goes to whip her across but the powerhouse reverses with ease, sending Rage crashing into the turnbuckles where she bounces right out...

...and runs Wallace right down with a clothesline to big cheers!]

SA: Lauryn Rage who was the very first Women's World Champion here in the AWA looking to make another piece of history tonight as the first women's Royal Crown winner!

[Rage looks around, spotting Fujiwara glaring at her as Michelle Bailey grins and claps for Rage's early offense.]

CP: And here comes Lauryn Rage with her knack for making friends and influencing people.

[Rage's face grows dark as she stares back at Fujiwara, waving her forward...

...and then turns to Bailey, shouting "LET'S DO THIS!" at her too...]

SA: She wants them... BOTH?!

CP: It's well-established that Lauryn Rage doesn't exactly think things through, Sal.

[But before Bailey and Fujiwara can oblige, Trish Wallace dives from her knees at Rage, taking her down with a double leg...]

SA: OH! Wallace takes her off her feet!

[...and the fight continues, Wallace hammering home some heavy blows from the mount as Rage tries to shield herself...]

SA: Wallace and Rage going at it again!

[...and then somehow manages to roll Wallace onto her back, throwing her own heavy hands from the mount...]

SA: And now it's Rage with the upper hand, shots to the body, trying to break down the defense of Trish Wallace!

[...and a few more land before Wallace upends her again, putting Rage back on her shoulders...]

SA: This looks more like a bar room scuffle than a pro wrestling match right now, Colt!

CP: With the daughters of Adrian Rage and Battlin' Burt in there, who the hell would EVER be surprised by that?!

[Fujiwara watches the action for a few more moments before finally seeing enough, swooping in behind Trish Wallace, snatching a waistlock to rip her off of Rage and up to her feet...]

SA: I don't think Fujiwara was trying to save Rage there - their history is well-known - I just think she was ready for a fight, Colt.

CP: She's gonna have to be if she wants to win this one. No playing with that goofy little cat. No messing around with some punk rookie. We're going to need to see Olympic gold medalist killing machine Ayako Fujiwara if she wants to outlast these three.

[...but before Fujiwara can attempt her signature suplex, Wallace snaps an elbow back into the side of the head of the Olympian, landing it once... twice...]

SA: Wallace breaks free of the waistlock, swings around...

[...and the powerhouse ducks down, scooping Fujiwara up for a bodyslam, stepping towards the ropes...]

SA: ...AND SHE'S TRYING TO TOSS AYAKO!

CP: Already?!

SA: TRISH WALLACE TRYING TO GET FUJIWARA OVER THE TOP ROPE!

[And this sparks Michelle Bailey into motion finally, charging over to grab Fujiwara by the leg, pulling her down behind Wallace!]

SA: And Michelle Bailey makes the save!

CP: Why?! It's an elimination match!

SA: I think you know the answer to that, Colt. They're friends! Michelle's daughter is Fujiwara's partner!

CP: It's supposed to be every woman for herself in there!

[With Fujiwara down on the mat, Bailey and Wallace take the opportunity to get reacquainted by trading heavy forearm shots to the thrill of the London fans!]

SA: And now it's Bailey and Wallace doing battle, forearm after forearm being thrown!

[With Bailey stunned, Wallace delivers a big kick to the chest, pushing her back into the ropes...]

SA: Into the ropes goes Bailey and-

[...as she bounces back, she throws herself forward!]

SA: -BRITNEY SPEAAAAA-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock as Trish Wallace just barely gets clear of Bailey's intended Britney Spear, sending Bailey SLAMMING violently into Ayako Fujiwara instead!]

SA: She accidentally hit Fujiwara instead! What a move by Wallace to engineer that malfunction at the junction!

[Bailey pulls up short, hands clasped to her mouth in shock as Fujiwara clutches her ribs, grimacing in pain as she rolls to the outside. Bailey can be heard trying to apologize to her ally as Trish Wallace smirks at what she caused...]

...and then DRILLS Bailey with a heavy forearm to the back of the head, sending her pitching forward towards the ropes where Wallace swoops in behind her, flipping her over the ropes...]

SA: OVER THE TOOOOP...

[...and Bailey just BARELY snatches hold of a rope, hanging on for dear life as she swings low, one foot scraping the floor before she ends up on the apron, clinging to safety...]

SA: ...one foot touched! Just one! Bailey's still in this!

[...where Wallace grabs the top rope, kicking down repeatedly at Bailey, trying to drive her off the apron to the floor!]

SA: Kimmy Bailey is looking on backstage. Earlier tonight, we learned that two weeks from tonight in Las Vegas, it'll be the Slam Sorority taking on Lauryn Rage, Kimmy Bailey, and Pink Cashmere... and you better believe Trish Wallace would love to get in Kimmy's head a little bit by eliminating her mother from this historic battle.

[Bailey manages to absorb all the kicking and stomping, squirming her way under the ropes until referee Shari Miranda signals she's re-established position inside the ring...]

SA: Bailey's back in and... maybe not for long though!

[Wallace promptly lifts her back to her feet, scooping her up this time in her powerful arms...]

SA: GOING FOR A SLAM!

[...and steps towards the ropes, intending to slam Bailey over them and out to the floor...]

SA: BAILEY HANGING ONTO THE TOP ROPE! TRYING TO FIGHT IT!

[The crowd is buzzing for the struggle...

...and then gets louder as we see Ayako Fujiwara roll back into the ring, clutching her ribs as Lauryn Rage lurks in the corner, taking a moment.]

SA: Fujiwara back inside the squared circle!

[The Olympic gold medalist snatches the waistlock from behind on Wallace as Bailey falls over the ropes, again landing on the ring apron...]

SA: Bailey goes over but hangs on again...

[...and a fired-up Fujiwara LAUNCHES Wallace over her head, tossing her down to the canvas with a big crash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...GERRRRRMAAAAAN SUPLEX BY FUJIWARA!

CP: They don't call her Miss Germany for nothing, Albano!

SA: They certainly don't...

[Fujiwara comes off the mat, fuming as she glares down at Wallace, still grabbing at her ribs. We can see Michelle Bailey pulling herself to her feet on the apron...

...which is when Fujiwara angrily swings around, rushing the ropes...]

SA: WHAT THE-?!

[...and swings her leg up, attempting to kick Bailey off the apron to the floor!]

SA: OH!

[But the veteran Bailey is a step quicker, sidestepping and causing Fujiwara's leg to whiff on the kick, ending up between the middle and top rope where Bailey grabs the leg, tugging down on it to tuck the foot behind the bottom rope, trapping Fujiwara for a moment who shouts something in Japanese just before Bailey delivers a dropkick to the trapped knee...]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[...and falls to the apron, promptly hooking her arms and legs around the bottom rope!]

SA: A nice move there by Bailey, using the ring ropes to her advantage... although I'm a little surprised to see Fujiwara and Bailey square off this early in the match, Colt.

CP: I'm not. Accident or not, I'm comin' right after someone who hits me with a spear like that!

[Before Bailey can regain her feet, Wallace goes after Fujiwara's leg, stomping and kicking the knee...

...which leaves her exposed for a recovered Lauryn Rage to swing her around by the shoulder, booting her in the midsection...]

SA: SNAKEBITE!

[...but the powerful Wallace shoves Rage forward, sending her crashing into the turnbuckles, running right in after her with a clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[Wallace peels back, spinning around to spot Fujiwara coming up off the mat and Wallace lifts her the rest of the way, looking to scoop her up...

...but finds herself unable to complete the lift as Michelle Bailey has snaked an arm under the ropes, hooking Fujiwara's ankle from her place on the apron!]

SA: Oh! Look at that! Maybe some of that friendship shining through even after their brief battle moments ago as Bailey tries to save Fujiwara from whatever Wallace had in mind right there!

[Wallace lets loose a roar of effort, actually managing to drag Bailey under the ropes as she tries to lift Fujiwara again but fails as Bailey scrambles up off the mat. With both Fujiwara and Bailey on their feet, they deliver a double boot to the midsection of Wallace...]

SA: Bailey and Fujiwara go downstairs... double whip now...

[...and as Wallace rebounds, she gets elevated, dropped down HARD with a double backdrop!]

SA: ...EXCUSE HER WHILE SHE KISSES THE SKY!

[Fujiwara and Bailey have their heads on a swivel, looking around and spotting Lauryn Rage up and on the move...]

...and with clasped hands, they run right over her with a double clothesline!]

SA: AND AGAIN WITH THE DOUBLE TEAM!

CP: This isn't fair!

SA: Oh, come on, Colt! You HAD to know we were likely to see some teamwork between Bailey and Fujiwara!

[On cue, Fujiwara lifts Bailey up in an atomic drop, tossing her forward into a legdrop on Wallace!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT A DOUBLE TEAM RIGHT THERE!

[Bailey flips over, hooking a leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO!

[But Wallace powers out, shoving Bailey off of her and up to her feet where she rushes towards a waiting Fujiwara, scooping her up into her arms...]

SA: BAILEY LIFTS...ANNNNNNNND...

[...and THROWS her down on top of a prone Rage in a senton!]

SA: ...SLAAAAAMS HER DOWN ON TOP OF THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION!

[This time, it's Fujiwara who makes the pin attempt, hooking a leg...]

SA: SHE'S GOT ONE! SHE'S GOT TWO! SHE'S GOT-

[...and Rage kicks out this time, breaking free of the Olympian's grasp!]

SA: Noooooo! Out at two on that side of the ring as well!

[The crowd cheers the teamwork as a grinning Bailey trades a quick high five with Fujiwara before lifting Wallace off the mat, gesturing for the Olympic gold medalist to join her...]

SA: Double whip coming up...

[...and as Wallace rebounds, Bailey and Fujiwara clasp hands again...]

SA: ...double clothesli- Wallace runs through it!

[...and the stampeding Canadian comes charging back the other way, WIPING OUT both Bailey and Fujiwara with a double clothesline of her own!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



SA: SHEER STRENGTH AND POWER BY TRISH WALLACE!

[Wallace lets loose a roar, flexing her arms to jeers from the London crowd as she looks back and forth between the three downed opponents before turning her focus onto Michelle Bailey...]

SA: And I'm a little surprised Wallace didn't go back after Rage there.

CP: I think she realized that if Bailey and Fujiwara are going to work together like this, they're the immediate threat. She's gotta get rid of one of 'em, Sal.

SA: Wallace pulls Bailey to her feet... look at THIS!

[The crowd ROARS as Wallace effortlessly presses Michelle Bailey straight up overhead!]

SA: MILITARY PRESS! WALKING WITH HER! WALKING TOWARDS THE ROPES!

CP: Fujiwara's still down! She can't stop this!

SA: MICHELLE BAILEY FACING ELIMINATION AT THE EIGHT MINUTE MARK OF THIS ONE!

[But as Bailey near the ropes and the anxious crowd buzzes louder, Lauryn Rage re-enters the fray, burying a boot in the gut of Wallace, causing her to drop Bailey to the mat behind her!]

SA: Ohhh! Hard fall for Bailey but-

CP: But it's better than getting tossed!

[Wallace staggers to the side, her back to the ropes as Rage twists around, snatching the snap mare hold...]

SA: And Trish Wallace is about to ask herself why did it have to be...

[...and jumps up, dropping down to her tailbone to jack the jaw of Trish Wallace!]

SA: ...SNAKEBITE!

[The impact of the stunning maneuver sends Wallace snapping backwards, flopping towards the ropes where she falls through them, landing roughly on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Bad break there for Lauryn Rage who hit her signature Snakebite which would've had Wallace a likely early elimination... but Wallace fell to the outside to what's essentially safety at the moment... and Lauryn Rage is beside herself, Colt!

CP: She's gotta keep her cool in there, Sal... which I know is like telling a hyena to stop laughing... but Rage has got some people right where she wants them right now. I know she's got some scores to settle with Trish Wallace... with Ayako Fujiwara... but right now, she's gotta focus on getting to the finish line, winning this Royal Crown, and letting Julie Somers know that if Bailey doesn't want a crack at the title at Memorial Day Mayhem, you better damn well bet Lauryn Rage does!

SA: The very first Women's World Champion here in the AWA who won that inaugural AWA Women's Rumble back on July 16th, 2016 in Madison Square Garden.

CP: Eliminating Ayako Fujiwara to do it too, Sal.

SA: You're absolutely right.

[Rage kicks the bottom rope in frustration before stomping across the ring, snatching two hands full of Michelle Bailey's hair, hauling her up to a standing position before burying the boot in the gut again...]

SA: She's looking for it again!

[...but as Rage spins around, looking to secure the hook, Bailey leaps up...]

SA: CRUCIFIX! DRAGS HER DOWN! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The near fall on the tight cradle has the London crowd buzzing as Bailey and Rage scramble up, trying to beat the other to their feet...]

SA: Both women moving swiftly here, trying to get the edge...

[...and Rage comes up swinging, uncorking a wild right hook that Bailey ducks under, lowering her shoulder into the midsection to DRIVE Rage back into the turnbuckles!]

SA: ...and back to the corner they go! Bailey might've gotten lucky on that right hand, Colt.

CP: I think Rage was gonna take her head off with that!

[Grabbing the middle rope for leverage, Bailey DRIVES her shoulder into the gut of the former champion once... twice... three times...]

SA: Bailey trying to soften up the ribcage, working her over in the buckles... again, totally legal in this one...

[...and then boosts Rage up, sitting her down on the top turnbuckle...]

SA: Bailey's looking to go big here and perhaps send Lauryn Rage home!

[...and at a shout from Ayako Fujiwara, Bailey drops down on all fours as Fujiwara sprints across, stepping up on Bailey's back, springing off to land on the middle rope, her arms promptly locked around Rage's torso!]

SA: OH! SHE'S GOT HER HOOKED ANNNNNND...

[Fujiwara pops those hips, flipping Rage through the air, and tossing her three-quarters of the way across the ring with an overhead belly to belly throw!]

SA: ...OHHHHHHH! WHAT A THROW BY FUJIWARA! AN OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY...

CP: And this time, it's Rage smartly rolling to the outside, Sal. No danger of elimination out there. No DQs, no countouts.

[Fujiwara climbs off the mat, looking around the ring where we see Lauryn Rage on the floor on one side... and Trish Wallace trying to regroup on the floor on the other...]

SA: Wallace is down and out! Rage is down and out! Annnnnnd....

[...and slowly Fujiwara turns to lock eyes with Michelle Bailey.]

SA: ...what do we have here, Colt?

CP: Oh yeah, listen to these fans, Sal! This is the matchup they want to see!

SA: They've seen it before - we all have - back on June 24th, 2017... almost a year ago now when Michelle Bailey made her return to the big leagues of professional wrestling taking on Fujiwara that night. On that night, Fujiwara got her hand raised... but I think our sport and our fans were the real winners, Colt.

CP: Oh, gag me with that slop they serve for breakfast around here! Bailey lost, Fujiwara won... and if Fujiwara stops palling around with every sob story in the locker room, maybe the same thing would happen again here tonight.

[Fujiwara and Bailey square off, the latter grinning with a shrug...]

SA: And I think Michelle Bailey knew it would have to come down to this at some point, Colt. Let's do this thing!

[...and with a nod, they run towards one another...]

SA: HERE WE GO!

[...and then past one another...]

SA: What the...?!

[...and then THROUGH the ropes in stereo tope dives on either side of the ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AHHHHHH QUE MORRRTAAAAAAL!

[The crowd is ROARING for the shocking pair of dives, Bailey onto Rage and Fujiwara onto Wallace.]

SA: What a moment that was! And we don't often see EITHER of those two take to the sky like that... not anymore for Michelle Bailey anyways... but that came out of nowhere and left some people laying on the outside!

[We cut to the outside where Bailey slowly gets off the mat, shaking her head in disbelief that she did that as the London fans continue to salute her...]

...and then on the other side where Fujiwara is dragging Wallace off the ringside mats.]

SA: We thought they were going to throw down, Colt, but they had something else up their sleeves and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Bailey gets sent into the steel ringpost with a handful of yanked tights into a leverage move by the former World Champion!]

SA: RAGE TAKES ADVANTAGE ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Rage shoves a shaken-up Bailey under the ropes, sending her back inside as Fujiwara shoves Wallace in as well...]

SA: Rage puts in Bailey, Fujiwara puts in Wallace... and this one's set to get going again about twelve minutes into this four way elimination battle to crown the first Women's Royal Crown winner. Sid Osborne won the Men's Royal Crown earlier tonight. Who will join him from the women? Time will tell!

[Coming to their feet, Fujiwara throws a glare at a rising Lauryn Rage who smirks in her direction, gesturing at the downed Bailey...]

SA: Rage taunting Fujiwara here, almost like she's trying to get under her skin... there's no love lost between those two as we've been reminded recently with Ayako encouraging her partner, Kimmy Bailey, to stay out of Rage's war with the Slam Sorority

[...and as Trish Wallace struggles off the mat, she finds Ayako waiting to deliver a stunning forearm smash, sending Wallace staggering backwards, wobbling in a circle towards Lauryn Rage...]

SA: OHH!

[...who POPS her with a right hook, sending her staggering back in a circle towards Fujiwara who DRILLS her with an elbowsmash...]

SA: They're battering Trish Wallace back and forth between them - both of these women with a grudge against Wallace. We've mentioned Rage's war with the Slam Sorority- ohhh, what a right hand!

[...and Rage hits her back the other way...]

SA: But don't forget the bad blood between Fujiwara and Trish Wallace after what Wallace did to Molly Bell all those months ago, putting her out of action with that devastating bearhug...

[...and Fujiwara stops her wobble, winding waaaaaaay back...

...and Wallace reaches out, raking the eyes of the Olympic gold medalist to jeers from the crowd!]

SA: ...and Wallace goes to the eyes!

CP: Guaranteed to stop any offense!

[Wallace shifts her footing, trading places to put Fujiwara between her and Rage and promptly sends Fujiwara stumbling away after a fierce forearm shot on the ear...]

SA: Wallace hammers one home...

[...and Rage simply shrugs, throwing another right hand at Fujiwara, knocking her back the other way...]

SA: ...and Lauryn Rage doesn't much care WHO she's hitting in this one, Colt. She's got one of those haymakers for everyone involved!

[...and Wallace delivers another hard shot, sending Fujiwara staggering back towards the former Women's World Champion...]

SA: Back and forth she goes, getting pinballed between these two rivals...

[...but as Rage throws another right, Fujiwara swings an arm up to block it before...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ...HEADBUTT!

[And this time, it's Fujiwara trading places with Rage, shoving the former champion towards a gleeful Wallace who hammers her with a stiff forearm shot to the jaw, sending her stumbling backwards...]

SA: And now it's Rage who is stuck in the middle - although she has no clowns to the left of her and jokers to the right, she's got Wallace to the left of her and Fujiwara to the right!

[...and Fujiwara smashes another forearm into the jaw, leaving Rage a wobbly mess as she drops back towards a waiting Wallace...]

...and in the meantime, a sharp-eyed viewer will spot Michelle Bailey up and on the move, climbing the ropes behind the battling trio!]

CP: Bailey! Look at Bailey!

SA: She's heading up top! Michelle Bailey from the outside and I don't think anyone's seen her yet!

[And as Wallace catches the falling Rage, steadying her as she gets ready to deliver another blow...]

...Bailey LEAPS from her perch, wiping out both women with a diving crossbody!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[She stays on the pile, gesturing for a count...]

SA: DOUBLE PIN ATTEMPT! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

[...but the crowd groans as both women kick out, sending Bailey flying off of them!]

SA: ...NOOOOOO! Both Wallace and Rage are out at two!

[Fujiwara aggressively claps her hands together, moving in quickly as Wallace struggles to get up off the mat...]

SA: Fujiwara from behind on Wallace, swings her around!

[...and scoops her up into the air, looking for a slam as she heads towards the ropes....]

SA: Fujiwara trying to eliminate her!

[...but the powerhouse snatches the top rope, holding firmly to prevent Fujiwara from flipping her over the ropes...]

SA: Wallace hanging on! Fujiwara still trying, looking to toss her to the outside!

[...and Lauryn Rage climbs up off the mat, throwing a surveying glance over at Wallace and Fujiwara, starting to walk in that direction.]

SA: Here comes Rage to help!

CP: Help who?!

[But before the former champion can get there, Michelle Bailey comes rushing into frame, leaping up to snatch Rage in a bulldog lariat, dragging her down hard to the canvas!]

SA: NO ONE EXPECTS THE SPANISH INQUISITION!

CP: The what...?

SA: The Spanish Inquisition. It's... it's the name of the move... it's Jeremy Rhodes' old... Monty Python... you know, Colt... the joke doesn't work if you have to explain it. Bailey makes the cover! She gets one! She gets two! She gets- noooo, Rage out at two!

[In the meantime, we can see Wallace and Fujiwara still engaged near the ropes, Wallace hanging on for dear life as Fujiwara tries to tip her over the ropes and down to elimination...]

SA: Bailey coming back to her feet... and now she's looking to help Fujiwara!

[The crowd cheers as Bailey gets into the mix, trying to upend Wallace with the aid of Fujiwara, dumping her over the ropes where she lands on the apron...]

SA: And now Trish Wallace is REALLY in trouble!

[Wallace's face is dripping with determination as she hangs onto the top rope fiercely with both hands, struggling to stay in the ring as Bailey and Fujiwara continue to try to eliminate her...]

SA: Wallace hanging on! I don't know how, Colt!

CP: That's that Wallace family fight in her! Just like Battlin' Burt back in his day.

[...and as Lauryn Rage slowly climbs off the mat, she looks across the ring to where her other three opponents are battling...]

SA: Rage on her feet, moving slowly but-

[...and she stomps across the ring, reaching out...]

SA: Wallace is in EVEN MORE REAL trouble now!

[...and grabs Michelle Bailey, flinging her to the side...]

SA: What in the...?

[...and then does the same to Fujiwara, clearing her path to get at the Slam Sorority member!]

CP: She wants to do it herself! She could've helped Bailey and Fujiwara eliminate Wallace but that hot-headed Lauryn Rage wants to do it on her own!

SA: That might come back to haunt her, Colt!

[Grabbing Wallace by the hair, Rage hauls her to her feet, winding up her right hand...]

CP: Maybe not, Albano! Maybe she's-

[...but Wallace reaches out, digging her fingers into the eyes to jeers from the London crowd!]

SA: OHH! RIGHT TO THE EYES!

[Trish grabs Rage by the hair, dropping to a knee on the apron and snapping Rage's throat down across the top rope!]

SA: And now down across the ropes! Wallace got her good there!

[Rage staggers backwards, coughing madly as Wallace throws herself between the ropes to the referee's gesture that she's re-established back inside the ring and safe from elimination for the moment...]

SA: We're over fifteen minutes into this battle and we've yet to see our first elimination... although that may be about to change!

[...and Rage stumbles right into the grasp of a pissed off Ayako Fujiwara who secures the waistlock before...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: GERMAN SUPLEX!

[...and Fujiwara delivers it with enough "oomph" to roll Rage right back to her feet, leaving her staggered near the ropes where Michelle Bailey takes her turn, burying a boot in the midsection.]

SA: Bailey turns her around towards the middle... LIFTS!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: POWERBOMMMMMMMB!

[And with Rage flat on her back, Bailey stacks her in a cradle, widening her stance as she does...]

SA: INTO THE TOTAL BUMMER! HOLDING HER DOWN! ONNNNNNNNNNE!  
TWOOOOOOOO!

[...and surprisingly, Bailey is YANKED right out of her unbreakable pinning attempt, lifted and slung across the shoulder of Trish Wallace!]

SA: WHAT IN THE...?!

[Wallace takes a three step run before leaping up, DRIVING Bailey down to the mat with a thunderous powerslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Trish Wallace saves Lauryn Rage... and then PLANTS Michelle Bailey with the running powerslam, Colt!

CP: And just like Rage wanted to eliminate Wallace on her own, it looks like Wallace feels the same way about the former champion.

[Before Wallace can attempt the pin after the powerslam, Fujiwara snatches her from behind, yanking her to her feet, pulling her into a waistlock...]

...and again, Wallace throws her elbows backwards, breaking the grip...]

SA: Wallace breaks out of the German!

[...but with a roar of some harsh-sounding Japanese words, Fujiwara snatches both arms, pulling Wallace into a double chickenwing...]

SA: Uh oh! She's got her hooked annnnnnnnd...

[...and LAUNCHES her overhead, throwing her down on the back of the skull and neck with a released Tiger Suplex!]

SA: ...DOWWWWWWN WITH THE TIGER SUPLEX!

[Upon hitting the mat, Wallace promptly rolls out of the ring as Fujiwara gets off the mat, all sorts of fired up as the crowd ROARS their approval, cheering her on as she shouts something loudly in Japanese again!]

SA: Ayako Fujiwara is HEATING UP!

[Fujiwara stomps back over towards the downed former champion, dragging Rage off the mat, whipping her into the corner...]

SA: Fujiwara puts her in... charges in after!

[...and leaping into the air, she smashes a forearm into the jaw of the trapped Rage!]

SA: OHH! Leaping forearm finds the mark!

[Fujiwara wraps her arms around the torso of Rage, taking her out of the corner with an overhead bridging Northern Lights Suplex!]

SA: RAGE GETS A GLIMPSE OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS! FUJIWARA HOLDS FOR ONE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Rage kicks out, getting the shoulder off the mat in time...

...but Fujiwara hangs on, pushing off the mat with her feet, rolling back to her own while still hanging onto Rage...]

SA: Wow! Look at this!

[...and she shifts her grip to a front chancery, deadlifting Rage off the mat...]

SA: From one suplex...

[...and brings her down with a spine-shaking vertical suplex!]

SA: ...INTO ANOTHERRRRRRR!

[With Rage shaken up and downed on the mat, Fujiwara kips up to her feet, the London crowd getting louder as she nods along with them, moving to the ropes, bouncing off...]

SA: Cartwheel...

[...and brings her knees down across Rage's lower back as Rage rolled over to attempt to get to her feet!]



SA: ...KNEEDROP! RIGHT DOWN ACROSS THE SPINE!

CP: Mama would be proud to see her daughter put one of her old moves to good usage here tonight!

[Fujiwara rolls Rage back onto her shoulders, hooking a leg...]

SA: We've got one! We've got TWOOOOO! WE'VE GOT TH-

[But Rage again lifts a shoulder, breaking free of the pin attempt!]

SA: Two count only! Lauryn Rage showing tremendous heart right now, kicking out of that double knee the back...

[Back on her feet, Fujiwara watches as Rage rolls to her knees, struggling to get up off the canvas...]

...and the Olympic gold medalist gives her a hand, yanking her off the mat in a waistlock...]

SA: Uh oh!

[...and Rage immediately starts fighting it, flailing and kicking, smashing her hands down on Ayako's in an attempt to break the grip...]

SA: Rage trying to escape!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but a superkick from Bailey halts the efforts as Fujiwara re-secures her grip and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: GERMAN SUPLEX CONNECTS! BRIDGED!

[The referee dives down to count.]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHE KICKS OUT! SHE KICKS OUT!

[Bailey's jaw drops, shaking her head in disbelief at the kickout as Fujiwara angrily smashes a hand down into the canvas. The crowd cheers the resiliency of the former champion!]

SA: Lauryn Rage kicking out time and time again, showing how badly she wants to walk out of London as the Royal Crown champion! We've seen twenty minutes and counting of action, Colt, and STILL all four competitors are in this thing!

CP: We knew this was gonna be a hot one in Londontown, jack! A Main Event anywhere in the world!

SA: A former World Champion, an Olympic gold medalist, one of the most famous female wrestlers in the history of our sport, and perhaps the strongest woman in wrestling these days - all battling it out for supremacy here tonight as they want to

make history by being the first women's Royal Crown winner! Who will write their name in the history books alongside Sid Osborne at The Battle of London?

[Fujiwara climbs to her feet, disgust on her face as she reaches down to haul Rage off the mat, Michelle Bailey nearby looking on...]

SA: Fujiwara's calling for the Kanpekina!

[...but as she reaches down to scoop Rage up...]

SA: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE!

[...Rage drags her down in an airtight cradle!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans in a mixed response as Bailey drops a big double axehandle down on the pin, breaking it up and saving her friend!]

SA: And Michelle Bailey saves Ayako Fujiwara from what looked like certain elimination right there, fans!

[Bailey gets up, scrambling backwards, waving her arm up as she waits for Rage to get up off the mat...]

SA: Rage trying to get to her feet now-

CP: She ain't gonna like what's waiting for her!

SA: Bailey's crouched over, perhaps looking for that Britney Spear again!

[...and as the former Women's World Champion rises, slowly turning, Bailey goes rushing forward...]

SA: BRITNEYYYYYYYY...

[...but Rage has the move well-scouted, swinging her foot up...]

"OHHHHH!"

[...and catching Bailey in the face, cutting off the attack and straightening her up...]

SA: BAILEY GOT CAUGHT...

[...and then Rage squares up, lashing out with a hook-uppercut hybrid shot known as...]

SA: PERFECT PUNCH CONNECTS! BAILEY GETS CAUGHT AGAIN!

[...but as Rage makes a lunge to try to grab her, Bailey falls through the ropes to the outside just out of Rage's grasp, the former champion falling to her knees as she tries to catch her.]

SA: Ohhh! And bad luck for Lauryn Rage strikes again as Michelle Bailey falls to the outside after the Perfect Punch!

[Rage smashes her fist down into the canvas a few times, letting loose a frustrated howl...]

...that gets abruptly truncated as Ayako Fujiwara swoops in from the blind side, wrapping her powerful arms around Rage's torso...]

SA: AYAKO FROM BEHIND!

[...and DEADLIFTS her straight up off the mat, holding her aloft...]

SA: MT. FUUUUJIIIIIII!

[...and DRIVES her down with a thunderous German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BRIDGE! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT I-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE KICKED OUT!

[Neither can Ayako Fujiwara who bolts to a sitting position, glaring at the official who holds up two hands to show just how close it was.]

SA: An eyelash away from eliminating Lauryn Rage right there and Ayako Fujiwara can't believe she kicked out of the Mt. Fuji German Suplex...

CP: She's gotta stay on her though, Sal. That was close... real close... and the right move here might seal the deal.

SA: You're absolutely right, Colt.

[Climbing back to her feet, Fujiwara throws a hard glare at the downed Rage who has rolled onto her chest, trying to push up off the mat...]

SA: Fujiwara on her feet, Rage trying to get up to hers...

[...and Fujiwara reaches down, snatching the waistlock again.]

SA: ...and she's going for it again, Colt!

CP: If at first you don't succeed...

[She powers Rage off the mat, setting her down on her feet for a moment on the canvas...

...and that brief moment allows Rage a glimmer of opportunity, swinging her head backwards recklessly...]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the back of her head into the middle of Fujiwara's face, sending the Olympic gold medalist staggering away clutching the bridge of her nose!]

SA: OH! RAGE ESCAPES!

CP: And might've busted her nose in the process!

[Rage slowly turns, hands on her knees as she tries to recover, watching a stumbling Fujiwara moving back towards her...]

SA: Both women up and-

[...and stumbles right into a front kick to the midsection, doubling her over...]

SA: KICK DOWNSTAIRS ANNNNNND...

[...where Rage hooks her, pushing the chin against the former champion's shoulder before dropping down!]

SA: ...SNAAAAKEBIIIIITE!

[Fujiwara goes bouncing backwards through the air, flattening on the mat to cheers from the crowd as the feisty Canadian scrambles towards her, diving into a lateral press, rolling the leg into a cradle...]

SA: TO ELIMINATE FUJIWARA - ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!  
THREEEEEEEE-

[...but Rage suddenly finds herself YANKED out of the pin attempt by Michelle Bailey who drags her by the leg under the ropes, pulling her clear to the outside to a mixed response from the London crowd!]

SA: BAILEY SAVES HER FRIEND AND-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With a mighty toss, Bailey throws Rage backwards, sending her crashing spinefirst into the steel ringside barricade...]

SA: INTO THE STEEL GOES LAURYN RAAAAAGE!

[And the fired up Bailey pumps a fist to the crowd, taking a little walk around the ringside area before...]

SA: WHAT IS SHE...?!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock as the stampeding Bailey lowers her shoulder, looking for a Britney Spear back into the railing...]

...but the combined weight and impact on the steel causes the connective hinges to snap, the railing giving away and toppling over as Bailey and Rage go crashing through, flopping down onto the exposed concrete inside the ringside area!]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIIIIIIAAAAAA! THE BRITNEY SPEAR BREAKS THE RAILING!

CP: It mighta broken Rage and Bailey too, Albano! They're laid out on the concrete floor!

SA: They certainly are... and for the moment at least, I'd say those two women are out of the equation and this one's between Trish Wallace and Ayako Fujiwara!

[The camera holds on the barely-moving forms of Rage and Bailey, security and AWA officials spilling into the area to try and form a ring around them to keep the AWA faithful at bay...]

...and then cut back to the ring where a recovered Trish Wallace has crawled back in and is heading straight for a dazed Ayako Fujiwara, trying to take advantage...]

SA: Almost twenty-five minutes into this Royal Crown Finals and STILL no one has been eliminated!

CP: Looks like Trish Wallace might be about to change all that, Big Sal.

SA: Wallace bringing Fujiwara off the mat... big boot to the belly...

[With Fujiwara doubled over, Wallace yanks her up into a Canadian backbreaker, stretching out the Olympic gold medalist over her powerful shoulder...]

SA: ...and up into a backbreaker! Maybe looking for a submiss- OHHH!

[...the crowd groaning along with Sal as Wallace rushes the corner, ramming Ayako's torso into the buckles before muscling her up to sit on the top rope.]

SA: Wow! The power of Wallace on display, depositing Fujiwara up top... and she's going up with her, Colt!

CP: Like I said, Trish Wallace is wasting no time at all! She wants this elimination!

SA: No love lost between these two dating back to when Trish put Molly Bell on the shelf with that bearhug of hers... but it's no bearhug right now... right now, she's looking for...

[Wallace powers Fujiwara up into the air with ease, bringing her crashing down off the top turnbuckle!]

SA: ...SUUUUUUPERPLEEEEEEX!

[Wallace floats over onto the gold medalist, hanging on tight...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! FUJIWARA IS...

[...and the shoulder POPS up just in time!]

SA: ...STILL ALIVE! KICKED OUT AT THE LAST MOMENT!

[Wallace sits up on the mat, letting loose a frustrated shout before rolling to her knees...]

SA: Wallace down on her knees, looking to take this one home for the Slam Sorority...

[...and as Fujiwara rolls onto her back, Wallace raises an arm overhead...]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and the crowd collectively groans at all of Wallace's frustrations raining down on Fujiwara's back in the form of clubbing forearms!]

SA: Wallace hammering away on the lower back, doing a number on it after that superplex...

[Back on her feet, Wallace hauls Fujiwara up off the mat, dragging her into a front facelock...]

SA: ...and she's going to continue doing a number on it by all appearances, Colt.

CP: Looking for another suplex here.

[...and powers Fujiwara up into the air with ease...]

SA: Way up high...

[...and holds... and holds... and holds...]

CP: Look at the power, Sal!

SA: Wallace showing off her incredible strength, perhaps the strongest woman in professional wrestling as I said earlier...

[...and then lowers one arm away, holding Fujiwara up for a one-armed suplex with the crowd reacting!]

SA: SHEER STRENGTH! PURE POWER! UUUUUUUUP...

[Finally, Wallace brings Fujiwara BOUNCING off the canvas with the spine-rattling suplex, rolling into a cover...]

SA: ...DOWWWWWN! COVERS! FOR THE FIRST ELIMINATION OF THE MATCH!

[...and the referee slaps the mat once, the crowd counting along... twice...]

SA: OUT! AT! TWOOOOOO!

[...and Wallace glares at referee Shari Miranda who holds up two fingers, waving for the match to go on.]

SA: Trish Wallace is physically dominating Ayako Fujiwara right now but she just can't hold her down, Colt.

CP: For all our talk about Lauryn Rage's resilience earlier, Fujiwara's the proverbial damage sponge as well. She can take a serious beating... we just don't see it happen too often. Usually she's the one DELIVERING the serious beatings.

SA: Wallace back to her feet, still questioning the count...

CP: And this is where having "Coach" Laura Davis at ringside would be helpful for her, keeping her focused and on track when the frustrations start to build.

SA: ...dragging the Olympic gold medalist back to her feet by the arm... mighty whip!

[The big whip sends Fujiwara CRASHING into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Her back SMASHING into the turnbuckles, Fujiwara comes stumbling out of the corner towards a waiting Trish Wallace...]

SA: Fujiwara can barely stand and- BEARHUG!

[...and the crowd reacts big as Wallace wraps her powerful arms around Fujiwara's torso, lifting her off the mat!]

CP: And we just talked about this, Sal - this is how she injured Fujiwara's little buddy, Molly Bell, all those months ago!

SA: It sure is! And don't think for a single second that Ayako's forgotten about it! Now it's Fujiwara wrapped up in the Iron Grip of the 26 year old from Minneapolis, Minnesota! Wallace hasn't been able to get the pinfall to eliminate her so far... but could she get the submission right here?

[Wallace puts on the squeeze, the AWA faithful loudly expressing their concern for the Japanese competitor as Wallace punishes the ribs and back...]

SA: Wallace has her out in the middle of the ring but Fujiwara won't quit!

CP: Not yet anyways.

[...and Fujiwara cries out as Wallace cranks up the pressure, screaming "ASK HER!" to Shari Miranda!]

SA: Referee Shari Miranda is right in there, checking to see if Fujiwara wants to give it up... but no luck for Wallace on that front.

[Wallace lets loose a roar of her own as she tightens the squeeze, causing Fujiwara to cry out again...]

SA: The power - we've seen the power on display all night - and now the power is focused on the lower back and ribcage of Ayako Fujiwara, trying to finish what the suplex and the suplex started! Can she get the job done?

CP: The fans are on the edge of their seats, Albano - waiting to see if we're about to finally get our first elimination of the match!

SA: Fujiwara screaming NO! She refuses to give in! Refuses to quit and-

[...and suddenly, Wallace starts ragdolling Fujiwara back and forth, shaking her within the bearhug as Fujiwara winces in pain, trying to stay in the battle.]

SA: -and the power of Wallace is just incredible! Fujiwara trying to resist, trying to hang on, putting her body at risk... just like Molly Bell did...

[And slowly, the arm of Fujiwara which had been constantly searching for an escape starts to drop...]

CP: Look at the arm, Albano! She's fading! There's more than one way to beat someone with a bearhug. If Fujiwara doesn't want to give it up, fine! Wallace will rob her of every molecule of oxygen in her lungs and knock her out!

SA: The arm is fading! The arm is dropping! Wallace may be on the verge of taking us down to three with a major elimination! A lot of people saw Ayako Fujiwara as the favorite in this one and...

CP: It's down! The arm's down! Check it, ref!

[Miranda does exactly that, grabbing the wrist to lift...]

SA: It drops once! Three times and you're out!

[Miranda holds up one finger then grabs the wrist, lifting the arm a second time...]

SA: Up... and... downwwwn! That's two!

CP: One more! Wallace is going to send her to the showers!

[...and then the official lifts the arm a third time, holding it aloft for a moment before letting go...]

SA: NO! NO! THE ARM IS UP! THE ARM IS UP!

[...and with the London crowd ROARING, the arm is also pumping...]

SA: FUJIWARA LIVES!

[...and punching! Right hand after right hand in close quarters, driving it between the eyes of Trish Wallace as her grip starts to break down!]

SA: Ayako Fujiwara, the Olympic gold medalist, throwing some very non-Olympic haymakers, trying to fight her way free!

CP: It's working too! Wallace is losing her grip!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Fujiwara CLAPS her arms together on the ears of Wallace, busting out of the bearhug as Wallace staggers backwards.]

SA: She got her bell rung and Fujiwara is free!

[With Wallace in a daze, Fujiwara drops back into the ropes, bouncing back towards a stunned Wallace...]

SA: Off the far side...

[...and LIFTS... PIVOTS... and DRIIIIIIVES Fujiwara into the canvas with a back-busting spinebuster!]

SA: ...SPIIIINE ON THE PIIIIINE!

[Wallace folds her up, stacking her into a pinning predicament as the referee dives down to count...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT I-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -IS NOT! SHOULDER UP IN TIME! INCREDIBLE! WE ARE JUST SECONDS FROM THE THIRTY MINUTE MARK OF THIS MATCH AND... Colt, I-

CP: We STILL don't have an elimination! This is awesome, Sal! These four may be fighting all night long!

[Wallace pushes up off the mat, shaking her head in disbelief, fists on her hips as she looks out on the cheering crowd!]

SA: Trish Wallace is stunned by what she's experiencing right now with Ayako Fujiwara kicking out of that spinebuster...



CP: And she's gotta be wondering what it's gonna take to put Fujiwara down for a three count, Sal.

SA: I'M wondering that too!

[Climbing off the mat, Wallace looks down with disdain at Fujiwara before leaning down to drag her to her feet...]

SA: Fujiwara pulls her up...

[...and then lifts Fujiwara's battered body up, slinging her over her shoulder...]

SA: Uh oh! She's got her up, Colt!

CP: Wallace loves that running powerslam! If she hits it here, it's lights out for Fujiwara!

[...and charges the corner, smashing Fujiwara's back into the buckles!]

SA: INTO THE CORNER!

[Wallace turns, letting loose a roar as she charges all the way across the ring...]

SA: INTO ANOTHER CORNER!

[Wallace strides out to mid-ring, looking around, and then moving towards a third corner...]

SA: MAKE IT THREE!

CP: Might as well go for the full boat now, T-Bone!

[...and then charges the final corner, smashing Fujiwara into the turnbuckles!]

SA: CORNER TO CORNER TO CORNER TO CORNER ANNNNNNNND...

[With one more charge from the buckles, Wallace looks to end Fujiwara's night...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and runs RIGHT into a bicycle kick from Michelle Bailey who just managed to get back in the squared circle in time to save her friend from certain elimination!]

SA: BAILEY! BAILEY OUT OF NOWHERE WITH THE BICYCLE KICK!

[Fujiwara rolls clear of Wallace as Bailey dives on top of Wallace, hooking the leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -WALLACE KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Bailey looks up at the official, checking the count. Upon confirmation, Bailey sighs, shaking her head at the downed Wallace...]

...and then ends up getting dragged under the ropes to the outside!]

SA: LAURYN RAGE ON THE FLOOR!

[With Bailey on the outside, Rage unleashes a series of quick right hands to the skull, Bailey trying to cover up to defend herself..

...which ends up with her basically giving Rage an arm to grab, the former champion obliging and...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...whipping Bailey towards the ringpost where Bailey leaves her feet, her head hitting the steel as she wraps her body around the post, leaving her a wreck on the outside!]

SA: BAILEY GETS DESTROYED ON THE OUTSIIIIIDE! RAGE PUTS HER INTO THE STEEL POST!

CP: This is her shot, Sal! Bailey's down! Ayako's down! Wallace is down! Rage is the last woman standing!

[The fired up former World Champion rolls into the ring, taking a quick look around, and then marches straight over to Wallace...]

SA: No surprise there, Colt! Heading straight for Trish Wallace whose Slam Sorority has been on Rage's radar for MONTHS now... they'll meet in trios action in two weeks but right now...

[...and after pulling Wallace up, Rage whips her across the ring, sending her crashing into the turnbuckles before Wallace falls down to a seated position in the corner, her head up against the turnbuckles!]

SA: ...Rage puts Wallace into the corner... now what is she...?

[Instead of following up on Wallace, Rage marches over to Fujiwara, pulling her up by the arm and FIRES her across into the opposite buckles from Wallace, Fujiwara also falling off her feet up against the turnbuckles!]

SA: We've got Fujiwara down! We've got Wallace down! Lauryn Rage in the middle of the ring, talking her trash to these two...

[Rage is indeed running her mouth in their directions...]

SA: HERE! SHE! COMES!

[...and then sends something else in Wallace's direction, a running hip attack that sends her ample hind quarters CRASHING into Wallace's face in the buckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage nods her head to the ROARING crowd, running back the other way...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FUJIWARA GETS SOME AS WELL!

[With Fujiwara and Wallace laid out on the canvas, Rage resumes speaking her truth from the middle of the ring, letting them both hear it as the London crowd gets louder, perhaps sensing a first elimination is near...]

SA: Rage is heating up!

[Rage pounds her chest middle ring, looking out on the boisterous crowd...

...and then suddenly runs to the ropes, bouncing back...]

SA: What is...?

[...and just before impact, we notice Michelle Bailey trying to get up on the apron, a trickle of blood coming down her forehead...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and another running hip attack connects, smashing into Michelle Bailey, sending her flying off the apron and back down on the floor!]

SA: RAGE HAS TAKEN OUT EVERYONE! THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION IS ROLLING!

[Still talking that trash, Rage stomps back across, dragging Trish Wallace off the mat, pulling her out to the middle of the ring...]

SA: BOOT...

[...and with Wallace doubled over, Rage turns, hooking the head and neck against her shoulder...]

SA: ...SNAAAAAKEBIIIIITE!

[...and with Wallace flopped back down onto the mat, Rage scrambles into a lateral press, hooking a leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ROARS as Rage climbs off the mat excitedly, pumping her fist to celebrate the elimination...]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... Trish Wallace has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd cheers again as Rage nods her head, smirking and waving goodbye at Wallace as she is rolled out of the ring by referee Shari Miranda.]

SA: Man, that's gotta feel good for Lauryn Rage to not only get the first elimination but to do it at the expense of Trish Wallace and the Slam Sorority.

CP: It's only going to add more fuel to the fire for that rivalry though, Sal. Two weeks from tonight in Vegas is going to be explosive when Rage gets back in that ring with Davis, Colton, and Wallace... no matter who is on her side.

[Rage approaches the ropes, stepping up on the second rope to continue laying the bad mouth on Wallace who is being helped up the aisle with the aid of a pair of AWA officials...

...and a buzz starts to build through the crowd, a sound that a jubilant Lauryn Rage is totally oblivious to as she celebrates.]

SA: Uh oh!

CP: Turn around, kid!

SA: Lauryn Rage is celebrating scoring the first elimination of this match... and she has no idea what's waiting for her when she...

[Rage hops down off the ropes, turning around...]

SA: ...here comes trouble!

[...and finds Ayako Fujiwara and Michelle Bailey standing in the ring waiting for her. The trickle of blood on Bailey's forehead has gotten worse as she swipes a hand angrily across it, pointing at Rage who looks alarmed at suddenly being outgunned.]

CP: And what an ironic twist, Albano. Lauryn Rage eliminated Trish Wallace from the match and ended up putting herself in a two on one situation because of it!

[Rage looks back and forth, obvious alarm on her face as she stares down the other two remaining competitors in this Royal Crown Finals...]

SA: The former World Champion is looking at a long, hard road in front of her right now if she wants to win this thing and-

[...and without warning, Rage rushes into the fray, throwing haymakers first at Bailey... then at Fujiwara... then back to Bailey... then back to the Olympic gold medalist...]

SA: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

[...and a well-placed right hook catches Fujiwara solidly on the jaw, sending her spinning away from Rage, falling back into the ropes as Rage pivots towards an advancing Bailey...]

SA: BOOT DOWNSTAIRS!

[...and Rage twists, hooking Bailey...]

SA: SNAKEBI-

[...who charges forward, driving Rage chestfirst into the ropes...]

SA: -ROLLING CRADLE BY BAILEY! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[...and a powerful kickout by Rage sends Bailey flying forward...]

SA: OHHH! SHE WENT OVER! SHE WENT OVER!

[...and to the shock of the crowd, Michelle Bailey goes sailing over the top rope, the momentum carrying her...]

SA: BUT SHE HANGS ON!

[...but Bailey grabs the top rope, hanging dangerously over the ropes, feet perilously close to the floor...]

SA: BAILEY TRYING TO AVOID ELIMINATION! FEET JUST INCHES OFF THE FLOOR!

[...and then using her upper body strength, Bailey starts to pull herself back over the top...]

SA: BAILEY SKINS THE CAT! BACK INSIDE!

[...and as a relieved Bailey surveys the scene, she finds Lauryn Rage on a knee, catching a breather...]

SA: BAILEY ON THE MOVE!

[...and DRIVES her foot into Rage's face with a sliding kick!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WASH! YR! FACE! CLEEEEEEEAN!

[Bailey pounces on Rage's prone form, hooking a leg, nodding her head as the crowd counts along with Shari Miranda...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RAGE GETS THE SHOULDER UP IN TIIIIIME!

[Bailey sits up on the mat, burying her bloody face in her hands as the crowd buzzes over the latest near fall...]

...and Ayako Fujiwara stomps into the frame, snatching Rage by the hair to drag her to her feet...]

SA: No rest for the weary here as Fujiwara looks to finish the job!

[...where she scoops her up in her powerful arms presumably for the Kanpekina but we'll never know as she lifts with a little extra oomph and Rage slips out over the top, landing behind her awkwardly...]

SA: OH!

[Rage falls back into the ropes, a grimace on her face...]

SA: Lauryn Rage fell strangely right there, landing right on that surgically-repaired leg, Colt!

CP: She landed kinda off and may have tweaked the knee!

[Twisting around, Fujiwara charges at the hurting Rage, looking to finish what she started...]

SA: FUJIWARA COMING ON STRONG!

[...but Rage drops down, tugging the top rope down with her!]

SA: AYAKO GOES OVER! AYAKO GOES OU- NOOOOO! SHE HANGS ON! SHE HANGS ON!

CP: But Lauryn Rage is never gonna get a better shot at this!

[Rage gets back to her feet, wincing as she shakes out her leg...]

...which is when a bloodied Michelle Bailey comes storming in...]

SA: BAILEY!

[...but Rage pulls off a spin move worthy of an NBA All-Star, causing Bailey to sail past her, heading for a collision with Ayako Fujiwara!]

SA: OH!

[But Bailey slams HARD on the brakes, coming up just shy of ramming into her friend and likely sending her to elimination...]

SA: Bailey just barely avoided disaster there for her and Fujiwara and- WAISTLOCK!

[The crowd ROARS as Rage pulls off a released German Suplex of her own, dumping Bailey on the back of her head! Rage rolls over onto all fours, crawling for her life to get there...]

SA: Rage on her hands and knees, crawling across...

[She makes a lunge, throwing herself on top of Bailey as the referee dives down to count...]

SA: ...SHE'S GOT ONE! SHE'S GOT TWOOOO! SHE'S GOT-

[...but Bailey's shoulder POPS up off the mat, breaking the pin!]

SA: NOOOOO! OUT JUST IN TIME!

[Rage rolls onto her back, staring up at the lights for a few moments as she tries to figure out what comes next. Bailey rolls to a hip, struggling to get up off the mat as Fujiwara catches a breather out on the apron...]

SA: Everyone's down again! And listen to these fans here in London!

[The London crowd jammed into O2 are on their feet, paying homage to the three remaining competitors as they continue to battle it out for their shot at making history!]

SA: Rage getting back to her feet, trying to take advantage of this situation...

CP: She needs to do it now, Albano. She's got Bailey one on one and if she waits too much longer, Fujiwara will get back into the mix and a two on one is NOT a situation I give Rage a strong shot of surviving to win this thing.

SA: Rage on her feet, pulling Bailey the rest of the way to hers...

[With a grunt of effort, Rage lifts Bailey up over her shoulder, circling around with her...]

SA: ...TO THE CORNER!

[...and CHARGES into the corner, jamming Bailey's back against the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wobbly but still standing, Rage slowly turns away from the buckles back to the middle of the ring. There's a grimace in each step as Rage lumbers forward a little slower this time...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and PLANTS Bailey with a running spinebuster slam!]

SA: THAT MIGHT DO IT! RAGE HANGS ON TO THE LEGS! SHOULDERS DOWN!  
ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICKOUT AGAIN! BAILEY KICKS OUT AGAIN AND LIVES TO KEEP FIGHTING!  
THIS IS AWESOME, COLT!

CP: Don't you start chanting on me, Albano!

[Rage again lies back on the mat, frustration all over her face as the crowd ROARS for the near fall!]

SA: Lauryn Rage thought she had it right there, I think, Colt.

CP: She's probably thought she had it on SEVERAL of these moves, Sal, but Bailey keeps kicking out - hell, they ALL keep kicking out! That's how badly they want to make history as the first women's Royal Crown winner here tonight!

SA: Three women left - Lauryn Rage, the former Women's World Champion... Ayako Fujiwara, the Olympic gold medalist... and Michelle Bailey, arguably the most well-known women's pro wrestler in the world today! Which one is walking out of The Battle of London with history in their pocket?

[Rage pushes up off the mat, a mix of pain and exhaustion on her face as she surveys the scene...]

SA: We're almost forty minutes into this war! We've got blood! We've got old injuries rearing their heads! We've seen bodies battered and bruised!

[Rage climbs to her feet, looking down at Bailey...]

"LET'S FINISH THIS!"

[...and as the crowd cheers Rage's confidence, she grabs two hands full of hair to drag a bloodied Bailey to her feet...]

SA: Dragging Bailey up...

[An exhausted Bailey shoves Rage backwards before Rage can attempt whatever she had in mind, sending the off-balance former champion falling into the ropes where she bounces back...]

SA: Wild right hand!

[...but as Rage swings for the fences, Bailey drops down to the mat, grabbing Rage's injured leg as she does...]

SA: What in the...?

[...and rolls back to her feet, locking in a half Crab!]

SA: OH! OH MY! THE RAINBOW BRIDGE! ONE OF THE SIGNATURE HOLDS OF MIYUKI OZAKI LOCKED IN!

CP: Right on the surgically repaired knee that Rage tweaked moments ago! Right in the middle of the ring!

SA: Rage SCREAMING in pain! Clawing at the canvas!

[Bailey cranks on the leg, shouting "ASK HER!" almost immediately!]

SA: And knowing Michelle Bailey, she doesn't want to INJURE Lauryn Rage but she DOES want to win this match! Immediately telling the referee to ask and Shari Miranda is right down there in position to check! Rage SCREAMING she doesn't want to give up!

CP: She may not have a choice! She lost MONTHS off her career with that injured knee last year, Albano - if she lets Bailey rip it to pieces here, she may lose YEARS the next time!

SA: Rage trying to hold on! Trying to find a way out!

[Trapped on her stomach, Rage is digging into the mat with her elbows and forearms, trying to pull Bailey across the ring...]

SA: Rage is trying to get to the ropes, Colt, but that's no escape! Not in this one!

CP: No DQs! She can get to the ropes and Bailey can hang on until she rips that leg clear off!

SA: Bailey again instructing Shari Miranda to ask and again Rage says no!

CP: She's as stubborn as they come, Sal, and I admire that... but not at the risk of your career!

[Rage grabs at her hair, wailing in pain as Bailey cranks back on the leg, shouting "ASSSSSK!"]

SA: BAILEY AGAIN ASKING FOR THE SUBMISSION! RAGE AGAIN SAYING NO!

CP: That surgically repaired knee is being bent, stretched, tweaked, and torqued in a way the human anatomy shouldn't be! Bailey may not want to injure her but if Rage doesn't give up soon, she might!

[With Rage wailing "NO! NO! NOOOOOO!" and pounding her clenched fists into the canvas, the crowd is buzzing with concern for her future physical wellbeing...]

...when Ayako Fujiwara comes through the ropes, rushing across...]

SA: Fujiwara's back in and... what is she...?

[...and quickly takes a grounded position, scissoring Rage's left arm between her legs while looping Rage's right arm around Ayako's head, leaving Ayako's arms free to wrap around Rage's head and neck...]

SA: CROSSFAAAAACE!

[...and CRANKS back, the referee grabbing her head with both hands as the crowd ERUPTS in shock!]

SA: FUJIWARA BENDING HER FROM ONE DIRECTION AND BAILEY FROM THE OTHER!



CP: She's gotta give it up!

SA: BOTH ARMS ARE TRAPPED! ONE LEG IS TRAPPED! RAGE HAS GOT NO WAY OUT! NO WAY OUT! NO WAY...

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: SHE GAVE IT UP!

[Bailey immediately lets go of the leg as the crowd ROARS for the submission...

...but Fujiwara hangs on for a few more seconds before Bailey shouts at her to let it go!]

SA: Wow! We're down to two!

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... Lauryn Rage has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd reacts with a mixed response for the former champion's elimination as she rolls out of the ring, immediately falling to a knee on the floor as Bailey and Fujiwara watch her leave...]

SA: Just over forty minutes of action and the first AWA Women's World Champion will NOT be the first to wear the Royal Crown!

[With the applause of the crowd, Rage hobbles her way into the aisle, staring back into the ring where Bailey and Fujiwara are standing watching her...]

SA: And Colt, the rules of this match may have allowed for that... but I'm betting the way that went down is gonna sting for Lauryn Rage.

CP: Absolutely. A double team submission?! Having to give up to save her career? She's not gonna like it one bit... and that bad blood between her and Ayako Fujiwara is far from over. Far from over.

[And with Rage now safely in the aisle making her way back to the locker room, Michelle Bailey and Ayako Fujiwara slowly turn to face one another, the crowd getting louder as they do...]

SA: Oh brother... here we go! Batten down the hatches and all that jazz! This is gonna be a donnybrook!

CP: Is it?! They've been watching each other's backs practically since the opening bell! Who knows? Maybe they're gonna take a page out of Hamilton and Cinder's playbook!

SA: Highly unlikely, Colt.

[The bloodied Bailey smirks at her friend, shrugging her shoulders...]

"Here we go!"

[...and Fujiwara nods stoically, staring a hole right through her tag team partner's mother...]

SA: Here we go...

[...and Fujiwararushes forward, smashing a forearm into the jaw of Michelle Bailey to a big cheer...]

SA: ...INDEED!

[...and Bailey holds her ground, responding with one of her own...]

SA: OHH! They're trading forearms as we're down to the final two! Who's walking out with the Royal Crown?

[...another Ayako forearm...]

SA: Who is making history?

[...another Bailey forearm...]

SA: Who is telling the world that they belong at the top of this division?

[...another Ayako forearm...]

SA: Of this company?

[...Bailey...]

SA: Of this business?

[...Ayako... and Ayako hangs on this time, throwing a second... and a third... and a fourth. She steps back, going into a spin...]

SA: ROLLING ELB-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and spins right into a knife edge chop out of Bailey that stuns Fujiwara!]

SA: OHHH! BIG CHOP CONNECTS!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A series of brutal chops has Fujiwara on her heels, her bloodied opponent/friend doing damage late in this hard-fought struggle to be the first women's Royal Crown winner!]

SA: What a fight we're witnessing, fans!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[But this time, as Bailey lands her chop, something different happens...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...this time, Ayako Fujiwara doesn't backpedal away...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...this time, the Olympic gold medalist holds her ground...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...this time, she fights back!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

CP: SHE SLAPPED THE TASTE RIGHT OUT OF BAILEY'S MOUTH!

SA: And a few teeth as well perhaps!

[Bailey recoils in pain and perhaps shock from her friend going upside her head with an open-handed slap...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...but she too won't be denied on this spring evening in London, uncorking a slap of her own.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[And so it goes... Fujiwara.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[Bailey.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[Fujiwara.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[Bailey.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[And there's a little extra sauce on this latest blow from Fujiwara, staggering Bailey in a circle...]

SA: WAIIIIIISTLOOOOOCK!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MISS GERMANY STRIKES AGAIN! RIGHT ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[But this time, the Olympic gold medalist holds on to the waistlock, pushing off the mat, maintaining the hold as she rolls back to her feet, dragging a struggling Bailey with her...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MAKE IT TWO!

CP: Bailey's in trouble!

[...and still with the grip in place, Fujiwara rolls off the mat to her feet, bringing a markedly more banged up Bailey with her...]

SA: She's got it on lock annnnnnnnd...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...THAT'S THREE! BRIDGE!

[The fans count along with referee Shari Miranda.]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UUUUUUUUUP!

CP: INCREDIBLE!

SA: Michelle Bailey, bloodied and battered but not broken, continues to fight in her biggest match to date since making her return to the major leagues of professional wrestling last year! Perhaps on this night, Colt, she will NOT be denied!

CP: A tremendous show of resiliency to kick out after those rolling German Suplexes, high impact on the back of the head and neck not once... not twice... but three times and still having the strength and iron will to go on fighting. Like I said... it's incredible, Big Sal.

SA: Bailey's still down on the mat, on her chest, trying to push up to her feet as Fujiwara gets up... looking down in disbelief at her friend... at the mother of her tag team partner... perhaps marveling at the fighting spirit of Michelle Bailey who has worked so long and hard to get to a moment just like this!

[On her feet, Fujiwara shakes her head at Bailey who is still struggling to get up, pushing to all fours...]

SA: Bailey's fighting to get up and keep going in this Royal Crown Finals and-HOOKED!

[...which is where she is when Fujiwara snatches the rear waistlock once more, letting loose a loud grunt of exertion as she deadlifts the struggling Bailey off the mat...]

SA: Fujiwara's got those hands clasped but Bailey's fighting it! She doesn't want to go up and over again, Colt!

CP: Gotta fight harder than that!

[...stretching and reaching, Bailey manages to wrap her arms around the top rope...]

SA: Into the ropes but that doesn't get a break in this one!

[...and Fujiwara keeps the clutch, pulling and yanking, trying to rip Bailey free from the ropes and into another German Suplex...]

SA: Bailey hanging on for dear life! Fujiwara trying to tear her loose!

[...when abruptly, Fujiwara breaks her grasp and BURIES a short forearm into the kidneys of Bailey, causing the Platinum Princess to cry out. Fujiwara reaches out to grab the waistlock again...]

SA: Is that enough to get her over?!

[...but this time, Bailey has other ideas, leaping up to push her feet off the ropes, causing Fujiwara to topple backwards to the mat.]

SA: OH!

[Bailey rolls backwards, breaking the grip and ending up back on her feet as Fujiwara scrambles up off the mat...]

SA: Bailey with a boot to the breadbasket!

[...and with the Olympic gold medalist doubled up, Bailey steps forward into a standing headscissors...]

SA: Bailey's got her hooked! We saw this earlier with Lauryn Rage!

[...but as Bailey starts to lift, the powerful Fujiwara stands tall, holding the legs of Bailey with her dangling over her shoulders and down her back!]

SA: REVERSED! FUJIWARA'S GOT HER UP!

CP: Maybe looking for that Waterwheel Slam!

SA: Fujiwara out to the middle, looking out on this sold out O2 crowd that's been going WILD all night long!

[But before Fujiwara can deliver the slam, Bailey manages to kick, flail, and struggle her way into a sunset flip!]

SA: ROLLS HER UP! ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[Fujiwara kicks hard, rolling her body back the other way to end up sitting on Bailey's chest with both legs hooked!]

SA: REVERSED AGAIN! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Bailey swings her legs down, dragging Fujiwara back into the sunset flip...]

SA: WOW! BACK DOWN FOR ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[...and Fujiwara gets her back into the double leg cradle...]

SA: INCREDIBLE! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...and then gets rolled back into the sunset flip but this time Bailey holds the legs while getting to her feet...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOO- WHAAAAAAA?!

[...and DEADLIFTS Fujiwara into the air with a ROAR!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: POWERBOMMMMMMMMMMB!

[With Fujiwara flattened out on the mat, Bailey grabs the legs, stacking her up...]

SA: ALLIGATOR CLUTCH! LOOKING FOR TOTAL BUMMER!

[...but the powerful Olympic kicks hard, sending Bailey flying backwards towards the ropes where she narrowly avoids going over, hanging on and landing back on the mat on her knees!]

SA: WOW!

[The crowd ROARS for the back and forth exchange!]

SA: WHAT A BATTLE! OVER FORTY-FIVE MINUTES OF ACTION AND WE'VE GOT TWO WARRIORS GIVING US EVERYTHING LEFT IN THEIR BATTERED, BLOODIED, AND EXHAUSTED BODIES!

[Bailey is slow to recover, the lift on the powerbomb having taken a lot of out of her. She kneels on the mat, hanging onto the ropes as Fujiwara rolls to her chest, reaching around to grab at her lower back...]

SA: Bailey's down but trying to get up... Fujiwara's down and hurt after that powerbomb!

[...but the Olympic gold medalist pushes to a knee, glaring across the ring at Bailey...]

CP: It's not over yet, jack!

SA: Bailey and Fujiwara! One more round perhaps! One more last gasp left in their bodies!

[...and with the aid of the ropes, Fujiwara gets to her feet, staring across again. She takes a few deep breaths before lowering her head, charging across with a tremendous roar!]

SA: HERE! SHE! COME-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OVER THE TOP! OVER THE TOP!

[Having seen Fujiwara on the charge, Bailey dropped down, dragging the top rope with her to cause Fujiwara's momentum to carry her over, leaving her out on the apron as Bailey struggles to get off the mat...]

SA: FUJIWARA HANGS ON BUT SHE'S IN TROUBLE, COLT!

[...and as Bailey does, she winds and throws...]

SA: FOREARM!

[...and Fujiwara rocks back, her fingers still clutching the top rope...]

SA: ANOTHER ONE!

[...Fujiwara desperately re-grabs the ropes with one hand, the other slipping off as she's dangling over the floor which would mean elimination...]

SA: FUJIWARA HANGING ON BY FINGERTIPS! BAILEY TRYING FOR ONE FINAL SHOT!

[...and snatching Fujiwara by the hair, Bailey lets loose a ROAR as she hammers away...]

Once...

Twice...

Three times...

...but even as Bailey lets go, a defiant Fujiwara is hanging on, shaking her head!]

CP: She can't knock her down, Albano!

SA: This is amazing! Ayako Fujiwara REFUSING to be eliminated! REFUSING TO-

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[And the crowd ROARS as Fujiwara fires back, landing a forearm of her own that stuns her opponent...]

SA: BIG SHOT BY AYAKO!

[...and uses the ropes to propel her forward, Fujiwara lands a second elbowstrike, staggering Bailey who spins in a half circle...]

SA: OHHH! WHAT A FOREARM!

[...and then steps up on the middle rope, reaching down to wrap her powerful arms around Bailey in a waistlock!]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?!

CP: She's got her hooked!

SA: FOR WHAT?! SHE'S ON THE SECOND ROPE, COLT!

[With the crowd in shock at this development, Fujiwara lets loose a ROAR OF EFFORT, attempting to hoist her opponent off the mat...]

SA: YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

[...and a wide-eyed Bailey snaps an elbow back!]

SA: ELBOW!

[And another!]

SA: BAILEY FIGHTING FOR HER LIFE!

[And a third that causes Fujiwara to let loose of her grip, hanging onto the top rope as Bailey staggers out to the middle of the ring...

...and immediately dashes to the far side...]

SA: BAILEY TO THE ROPES! BAILEY COMING BACK STRONG!

[...and as she nears the ropes, the Platinum Princess LEAPS into the air, throwing her body forward towards Fujiwara who is off-balance on the middle rope...]

SA: BRITNEY SPEEEEEEEAAAAAAAR!

[...and upon impact, Fujiwara goes flying one way as Bailey drops down hard, crashing into the ropes as the Olympic gold medalist goes down... down... down...]

SA: SHE'S OUT! IT'S OOOOOVERRRRR!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the bell... getting even louder as the referee walks over to the laid out Michelle Bailey, raising her arm in the air!]

SA: BAILEY WINS THE ROYAL CROWN!

[Bailey sits up on the mat, a look of surprise on her face as the referee raises her arm again...]

"I did it? I won?!"

[...and an elated Bailey climbs off the mat with the aid of the referee, throwing her arms up in the air...]

...a split second before a rampaging Kimmy Bailey wraps her mother up in a big embrace, lifting her off the mat and shaking her madly.]

SA: Kimmy in to celebrate - and for the Baileys, the party is ON in London!

[Michelle and Kimmy share the mid-ring embrace, the fans loving every second of it as Michelle celebrates her triumph...]

SA: An incredible battle, every woman giving it their all in that one, but Michelle Bailey stands atop the mountain when it's all said and done... and I wonder if THIS will have any impact on what she's got to say to Julie Somers two weeks from tonight!



[Kimmy breaks away, lifting her mom's arm with enough oomph to dislocate a shoulder. Michelle winces but grins as she waves to the fans, a huge smile on the faces of both women as we fade to black...

And then back up to a shot of a darkened room, a filtered spotlight shining down in the middle of it. We can hear footsteps in the background.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

The steps are drawing closer it seems.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

And they come to a stop revealing the face of Ryan Martinez, still battle-weathered from his bloody war at SuperClash IX.]

"They call me the White Knight."

[A quick shot of Martinez delivering brutal chops to the chest of the King of the Death Match, Caleb Temple.]

"The son of a Hall of Famer."

[A shot of House Martinez - father and son - standing in the ring with Gunnar Gaines.]

"The former two-time World Champion."

[A shot of Martinez standing over Juan Vasquez with the World Title in his grasp.]

"And I am AWA."

[We get an almost identical shot in the darkened room but this time with Supreme Wright standing center stage.]

"The greatest professional wrestler on the planet."

[Cut to footage of Wright cranking on the arm of Casey James.]

"A two-time World Champion"

[Wright holds the title overhead with a defeated Dave Bryant in the background.]

"I am AWA."

[Wright is replaced by Julie Somers.]

"The Spitfire."

[A shot of Somers flipping off the top rope, crashing down on top of Kurayami with the moonsault.]

"The Women's World Champion."

[To SuperClash IX and Somers holding the title over her head.]

"The heart and soul of the Women's Division."

[Somers trading blows with Lauryn Rage inside a steel cage.]

"And I am AWA."

[Somers is replaced by Jordan Ohara, the National Title slung over his shoulder.]

"The Phoenix."

[Ohara dives off the top rope, smashing down with a Phoenix Flame splash.]

"The National Champion."

[Ohara stands on the midbuckle, holding the title up over his head.]

"A once in a millennium talent."

[A series of quick chops lighting up Juan Vasquez.]

"I am AWA."

[The champion is replaced by a grinning Michelle Bailey.]

"The Platinum Princess."

[Bailey tears across the ring, smashing home a Britney Spear on Laura Davis.]

"Former EMWC champion."

[A quick still photo comes up of Bailey holding a championship title aloft.]

"The heart and soul of the- Julie said that?! Grr!"

[A playful Bailey plants her fists on her hips, striking a pose.]

"And I am AWA."

[Bailey is replaced by the face-painted Supernova, the World Title secured around his waist.]

"The icon."

[We get footage of Supernova way back in the day, trading blows with Mark Langseth.]

"The franchise player."

[Supernova using the Heat Wave splash on Shadoe Rage.]

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

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

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

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoe Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

[They come quicker and quicker, all repeating the tagline - James Lynch, Victoria June, Cinder, Kerry Kendrick, Ayako Fujiwara...

...and this time, each time they say it, they stay on screen, the framed shot getting smaller as more people are added to it...

Laura Davis. Jackson Hunter. Bret Grayson. Ricki Toughill. And on. And on. And on.

And the photos all disappear, leaving just the tagline behind...]

"I am AWA."

[The graphic fades and is replaced with more text - "The American Wrestling Alliance. Every Saturday Night. ESPN."

Fade to black...

...and then fade up to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where we find James Lynch sitting at a desk, speaking into what appears to be a cell phone camera. The black sheep of the Lynch family is dressed in a black polo, a few days of stubble on his face as he runs a hand through his hair.]

JL: Don't you dare do it, Supernova... don't you dare.

[Lynch slaps a hand down on the table, menace in his eyes.]

JL: Don't you dare go halfway around the world and lose MY World Title to that retiring bum!

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: See, unlike some people, I didn't spend the last few days sightseeing and hanging out with the locals... I've been here in America. More specifically, I've been at the AWA offices every single day letting them know that this will not stand! This disrespect!

How the hell did Juan Vasquez get a title shot?! Huh?!

[Lynch throws up his hands.]

JL: You know I had next, Supernova! You know I had it coming! You know I deserved it! You should've stayed here and signed the contract to give ME the next shot at the title.

But instead, you ran. You went halfway around the world to hide from me.

[He shakes his head again.]

JL: I'll be rooting for you, Nova. Because there's only one thing I want to see more than you lose the World Title... and that's me being the one to beat you for it.

[Lynch reaches out, swatting the cellphone camera to black...

...and we fade up to a live shot of Mariah Wolfe backstage.]

MW: James Lynch making it clear that when the World Champion returns to the good ol' US of A, he's going to be waiting for him... of course, that assumes that Supernova can somehow survive his battle in just a few moments for the World Title with Juan Vasquez... a match that can drastically upset the status quo here in the AWA. But James Lynch isn't all that's awaiting us back home, fans, as we've got two big shows coming up as we continue down the road to Memorial Day Mayhem just one month away in Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles.

[A graphic comes up with the Showtime logo.]

MW: Our first stop will be back in the A-T-L for another jam-packed edition of Showtime - our final Showtime in Atlanta for the next few months as we get ready to go out on the road. But this Bon Voyage edition of Showtime is going to be a hot one. Let's take a look at some of the matches confirmed...

[The graphic changes to promote the first match.]

MW: How about this for a Main Event? It's going to be the AWA National Title at stake when Jordan Ohara defends the gold against the man who was triumphant earlier tonight - Raphael Rhodes! And if Juan Vasquez strikes gold here tonight, Rhodes will have the unique opportunity to turn their Memorial Day Mayhem clash into a champion versus champion showdown!

[The graphic changes.]

MW: How about this one? Due to the injury suffered by Kelly Kowalski last weekend, Ricki Toughill is without an opponent for Showtime... but not for long as the powers that be have granted E-Girl MAX the authority to select Ricki's new opponent!

[Another change.]

MW: It'll be tag team action when the Aces In The Hole do battle with the returning former AWA tag team champions, The Bishops!

[Another change.]

MW: "Cannonball" Lee Connors takes on Dirt Dog Unique Allah!

[And then back to Mariah.]

MW: Plus, we've got the Blackjacks in action, news on the Brass Ring tournament, and so much more! And then, AWA fans, the scene shifts to Las Vegas one week later for the latest edition of Saturday Night Wrestling - the FINAL edition of SNW before Memorial Day Mayhem and what a loaded lineup this one is!

[The graphic shifts to one promoting SNW with the first match.]

MW: The AWA World Tag Team Titles will be on the line with the long-awaited clash between the champions Next Gen and their challengers The Gold Standard! A lot of bad blood between these teams at this point so that'll be a tough night at the office for both champions and challengers.

[The graphic changes.]

MW: But that's not the only title match coming to Vegas as we've learned Odin Gunn will defend the World Television Title against former Dog of War Wade Walker in a special FIFTEEN minute time limit title defense! They've gone the distance before and now they'll get just a little extra time on the clock to see who is the better man in Sin City.

[It changes again.]

MW: Speaking of Sin City, after Sid Osborne's victory tonight in the Royal Crown, he'll be on hand in Las Vegas to address the masses... or maybe... his royal subjects?

[Another change.]

MW: Six woman tag team action is coming to Vegas as the Slam Sorority takes on the unlikely trio of Lauryn Rage, Kimmy Bailey, and Pink Cashmere! A lot of history in this one and with Memorial Day Mayhem just two weeks away at that point, there will be quite the battle for momentum for some of these Rumble participants.

[Another shift in the graphic.]

MW: Our old pal Bucky Wilde will be in the house for the first time since the Tenth Anniversary Show to host a special edition of The Call Of The Wilde... with special guest - Royal Crown winner Michelle Bailey! Bucky says he's going to get to the bottom of this Bailey/Somers situation in this one.

[Another change.]

MW: "Hotshot" Stevie Scott says he's managed to get Max Magnum a MDM match that will shock the world. We'll find it exactly what it is in Las Vegas!

[Again.]

MW: Former World Champion Ryan Martinez returns in Vegas and he wants to address Derrick Williams man to man in the middle of the ring.

[And again.]

MW: Speaking of confrontations, Damian DeVille will be there in Las Vegas as well and he says he wants to talk to his legendary father, Caleb Temple, with the entire world watching.

[And back to Mariah.]

MW: Whew! We've got all of that and in Vegas, who knows what else is coming! It's going to be a memorable night for the ages in Sin City, fans... and right now, let's go over to our own Sweet Lou Blackwell who is standing by with the World Champion... Lou?

[We go to another backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell, who stands before a Battle of London backdrop.]

SLB: Thanks, Mariah - we are just moments away from the Main Event of the evening here at The Battle of London! We are about to see Juan Vasquez in the latest match of his retirement tour, but this is going to be no ordinary match... it is for the AWA World Heavyweight Championship! Juan Vasquez is going to get one more shot at that title and he will be facing the current World champion... with that said, Supernova, come on in here!

[And that's the cue for Supernova, the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, to walk onto the set. Supernova is already dressed in his wrestling attire, a black singlet with the image of a yellow and orange exploding star on the front, black tights and wrestling boots. He also wears a black trenchcoat and a pair of shades. The AWA World Title belt is strapped around his waist.]

SLB: First of all, Supernova, it has been a while since we've seen you with the title belt in your possession. It was the Westerly Dynasty who had that belt in their possession for several weeks, and it was, in fact, none other than the man you will face tonight for the title who was responsible for getting the belt back to you. Now, you defend that belt against that man, a man who, I might add, you know all too well.

S: Sweet Lou, you aren't kidding when you said I know the man I'm about to face all too well! Juan Vasquez is, without a doubt, one of the all-time greats in professional wrestling, but he's been more than just an all-time great to me. In fact, Juan has been many things to me. He's been a teacher, he's been an adversary, he's been a confidant, he's been an opponent, he's been a role model, he's been an arch rival, but most of all, he's been a friend.

[He turns toward the camera.]

S: Yes, Juan, after all this time, I am proud to call you my friend... and it's not just because you were there for me two weeks ago and helped me get this belt back from James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong. It's because you've been somebody who was happy to give me advice, to offer a suggestion, to even give me a little push when I needed it the most.

And even during the past year, when I didn't think I could trust anybody in that locker room, when I thought I would have to go it on my own... and even when I saw you, Juan, siding with Korugun against everyone who defended the AWA's honor... through my own travails as I pursued the World Title, I asked myself this question...

What would Juan Vasquez do?

[He spreads his arms out to the sides.]

S: And this is the result... I walked out of SuperClash with the AWA World Title!

So, Sweet Lou, you could say that I learned a lot from Juan about what to do to get to this point.

But there's something else about Juan that we know all too well... you saw what he had to say earlier to Raphael Rhodes, right?

[Blackwell gives a quick nod.]

SLB: He certainly had plenty to say to Rhodes... was there anything in particular that stood out?

S: That he wants the spotlight, Sweet Lou.

I mean, look at the retirement tour that's underway... and don't get me wrong, I think it's a wonderful thing for Juan to have one final run leading into Memorial Day Mayhem, particularly as a way to say thank you to all the fans who have followed his career. But let's not kid ourselves that this retirement tour isn't also about how much Juan wants the spotlight.

And what better way to ensure you get the spotlight than, in your final months as a pro wrestler, to go out with a World Championship around your waist. It's like Peyton Manning going out with a Super Bowl win... like David Robinson going out with an NBA Finals win... like Carlos Beltran going out with a World Series win just a few months ago!

So like I said two weeks ago, it doesn't surprise me that Juan would ask for a shot at the World Title. But when it comes to tonight's match, I go back to the same question I asked earlier...

What would Juan Vasquez do?

[He turns to Blackwell, who seems to wonder if Supernova is asking him the question.]

S: What do you think he would do, Supernova?

[Supernova turns back to the camera.]

S: Let me put it to you this way: Take any one of the legends out there, like J.W. Hardin, Brody Thunder, Casey James, Mark Langseth, even Luke Kinsey, and picture them about to embark on the final months of their career, and they see Juan Vasquez with the World Title. And they tell him that they would love nothing more than to get one shot... just one shot... at that World Title before they decide to call it a career.

And while I won't speak for Juan, I can't imagine him doing anything more than saying that he'll grant them a title shot, but don't think for one minute he's going to go easy on them, and certainly don't think he's going to just let them get the win and the fairy tale ending to their career.

[Supernova then pulls off his shades, revealing his eyes, which have the orange flames painted around them.]

S: So, Juan Vasquez, don't expect that I'm going to go easy on you tonight, that I'm just going to let you get the win and that I'm going to give you a fairy tale ending.

Because as much as I appreciate you being there for me when I needed someone to have my back, and as glad as I am to know that I can still call you a friend, I didn't go through all the trouble the past few weeks to get this title belt back, just so I could give it right to somebody else!

Tonight, I walk into this match with the belt in my possession and I intend to walk out with it in my possession... because I earned that right to do so, right in front of everyone in London and everyone watching around the world.

[He puts his shades back on.]

S: Now, I hold no grudge against Juan, so I'm not going to finish with what you've come to expect from me as of late, Sweet Lou. So let's finish this off in my old school way.

Juan Vasquez, tonight I can promise you one thing...

[He then gets a slight smile on his face.]

S: You're going to feel the heat... my friend!

[With that, the World champion walks off the set. Blackwell is quiet for a moment.]

SLB: What else is there to say but... let's go back to ringside!

[We fade from the backstage area to the ringside announce table.]

SA: Thanks, Lou... Supernova does not seem like a man overwhelmed by the moment ahead of him - defending the World Title against a Hall of Famer in his final title challenge.

CP: You don't get to the top of the mountain by being intimidated by big moments... and Supernova is on the top of the biggest mountain of them all right now. The AWA World Champion. It took him a long time... a hard road to the top of that particular mountain and he's not letting anyone knock him off the mountaintop without one hell of a fight.

SA: But by the same token, you have to believe that Juan Vasquez will be giving every bit of fight in his body to get that mountaintop one more time as well.

CP: Will he? Or did he waste the time when he should've been planning or training with one of his now-signature city sights tours? Come on, Albano. Roll it!

[Sal sighs.]

SA: You heard the man. Roll it.

[We fade through black as the camera zooms in on a double-decker bus rolling through the bustling streets of London as "Werewolves of London" by Warren Zevon plays in the background. We see Lorena Vasquez and Kimmy Bailey hopping off the bus, followed by their dear old daddy, Juan Vasquez. However, they are joined by a new face, Vasquez's youngest daughter, twelve year old Mari Vasquez, who leaps off the stairs of the bus and onto Juan's back. With Mari still hanging off his back, Juan places his hands on his hips and says to no one in particular...]

JV: Well, well, well, London. We're-

[Juan is cut off in mid-sentence...]

"ANARCHY IN THE UK!!!"

[...by Mari's shout. Everyone groans at her as "Anarchy in the UK" by The Sex Pistols begins to play and we cut to the family standing outside the historic Tower of London. They wander through the ancient fortress as Kimmy playfully lifts Mari onto her shoulders as they marvel at the Crown Jewels. Kimmy military presses Lorena over her head in the courtyard, drawing the eyes of the other tourists, as Juan motions for her to put her sister down.]



SA: The family enjoying the sights and sounds at The Tower of London.

CP: Oh please, Lou... what are we doing here? After what she pulled in Oklahoma, we're lucky Lorena Vasquez didn't run off with the Crown Jewels! And what if Kimmy Bailey dropped her sister right on the cobblestones? I don't know anything about the little one, but she looks like trouble too. Vasquez has no control over these girls!

[We then cut to the family wandering through the vast halls of the British Museum. They take a family selfie in front of an ancient Egyptian sarcophagus, with Kimmy flexing her muscles playfully in the background while Lorena sneaks a funny face in the photo. We then see the family in front of the Rosetta Stone.]

JV: "It says this was used to decipher ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs."

Mari: "Then what does it say on it?"

Lorena: "It says I'm cooler than you."

[Everyone laughs as we close the day at the museum with the family striking wrestling poses amongst the Assyrian sculptures as we then cut to the family riding the London Eye, capturing views of the sprawling city below. There is then a rapid fire series of still photos of the family at various sites around the city: Hyde Park, Buckingham Palace, Camden Market, Big Ben, Trafalgar Square and finally eating fish and chips at The Mayfair Chippy.]

SA: They're really embracing the London experience, fish and chips and all!

CP: I'm surprised Kimmy Bailey actually left them with anything to eat!

["God Save the Queen" begins to play as we see, dressed in his finest suit, Juan Vasquez, standing in the historic Buckingham Palace gardens, flanked by his proud daughters, Michelle Bailey and even the ever elusive Marisol Vasquez. Kimmy beams with pride, while Lorena and Mari wave enthusiastically. We then see Queen Elizabeth approach, as Juan kneels, and with a gentle tap of the sword on his shoulder, the Queen knights him. The moment is surreal, and as he stands tall, tears of joy fill his eyes.]

SA: And there it is! What a moment! Juan Vasquez, knighted! What an incredible honor for him and his family.

CP: They knighted him? Are you kidding me??? Well, don't expect me to call him "Sir"!

SA: I don't think we have to worry about that, Colt.

CP: I think we do! Sure, he's a former and possibly future World Champion, a Hall of Famer but now he's practically nobility! If you thought his ego was big before... now it's big enough to orbit the Sun!

SA: Be that as it may, we're moments away from the historic World Title match between Juan Vasquez and Supernova. But before we get to that, I understand Mariah Wolfe has caught up with some very special guests at ringside.

[The camera cuts to ringside seats, where we see Mariah Wolfe standing by with Kimmy Bailey, Lorena Vasquez, and Mari Vasquez. Kimmy is wearing the exact clothing we've seen her wearing from earlier in the night. We see that Lorena is in a black t-shirt that reads "Industry Plant" with an arrow pointing directly at Kimmy. She holds up a sign that reads "IF SUPERNOVA WINS, I WILL COMPLAIN ONLINE". Meanwhile, Mari is wearing Juan's infamous M-65 Army field jacket that he wore

during his days with The Axis of Evil, over a t-shirt that depicts a rather... curvaceous anime depiction of a winking Michelle Bailey blowing a kiss in an American flag bikini, with unknown Japanese kanji written on it.]

MW: Hello, everybody! I'm here at ringside with three young ladies who are undoubtedly rooting for Juan Vasquez tonight! Kimmy, Lorena, Mari... you must all be so excited!

KB: Absolutely, Mariah! I know my daddy's ready to bring home that championship one last time!

Lorena: That's right!

MW: And what about you, Mari? What do you think about tonight?

Mari: Hey! Before I answer any questions, I'm gonna need the television production truck guy to put "Wrestling Historian" underneath my name. Hear that? Wrestling HISTORIAN.

[Lorena and Kimmy roll their eyes at their little sister, as Mari silently counts to herself, giving the boys in the production truck, time to make the change, before a hastily made chyron with a misspelled "Wrestlijg Historian" appears underneath Mari's name. ]

Mari: Now, as an avid tape collector that enjoys classic wrestling that no one knows about anymore from like way back in 1998, first off let me just say how disappointed I am that this match isn't taking place in the Killing Box.

Lorena: What do you mean "tape collector"? We don't even own a VCR.

[Mari ignores her sister.]

Mari: But I expect my papi to destroy Supernova like Gary Grayson destroyed Alex Martinez in the 1999 King of the Death Match finals and then pose over his carcass like the son of a-

[Kimmy puts a hand over Mari's mouth and motions that this interview is over.]

KB: Okay, okay! I think that's a perfect note to end this interview on! We're super excited for tonight, Mariah!

[Mariah chuckles, shaking her head.]

MW: Well, there you have it! Juan Vasquez's daughters are ready to cheer on their dad in what promises to be an unforgettable match! And with that, I think the time for hype is over... so let's go up to Rebecca Ortiz for the introductions for tonight's Main Event!

[We fade up to the ring where Rebecca is standing.]

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[A big ROAR rings out from the AWA faithful!

"They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play over the PA system as the crowd erupts with cheers! The cheers only get louder as they see Juan Vasquez emerging from the entrance way. The former champion is dressed in red tights with white and gold flames running up the legs and black boots with gold trim. He wears a limited edition London exclusive "Juan Vasquez Farewell Tour 2018" t-shirt with the Union Jack pattern on the lettering and a sepia photo of him

triumphantly holding up a title belt as fans cheer wildly in the background. He pauses at the top of the ramp and lifts both arms into the draw, drawing a roar from the crowd as pyro erupts behind him.]

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

[Actually, since this is a special occasion, there's actually more pyro than usual.]

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

[And a few explosions.]

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

[And finally, a shower of sparks for Juan to make a dramatic pose in of, which he does, as he drops to one knee and throws his head back, arms outstretched.]

SA: Say what you will about the man, Colt Patterson, but he certainly knows how to make an entrance.

CP: WHAT?! I CAN'T HEAR YOU! I THINK WE'RE SITTING TOO CLOSE TO THE PYRO!

[As he make his way down the aisle, Juan slaps as many outstretched hands as he can. Upon reaching the ringside area, he circles his way completely around the ring to slap the hands of all the fans there, before stopping in front of his daughters. Lorena holds up a "SUPERNOVA HAS NO VA" sign as Juan goes "Really, a Spanish pun?", before Kimmy, Lorena, and Mari grab their dear old dad in an enormous hug.]

SA: Aww, a great family moment there as Juan Vasquez' daughters prepare to see their famous father challenge for AWA championship gold for the final time, Colt.

CP: It's a big moment for them... and for everyone involved with this company really, Sal. You think back to the early days of the AWA when Vasquez first signed on... really adding a level of legitimacy in the eyes of the fans, the wrestlers, and the suits. Some might argue that the signing of Vasquez is one of the most important moments in the history of this company.

SA: And it wasn't long after that when he challenged Stevie Scott for the National Title, one of the hottest feuds back then - trading the title back and forth in 2010... and then you look ahead to 2016 when he won the World Title from Jack Lynch in Las Vegas, another big moment in AWA history as it set up the monumental SuperClash Main Event between Vasquez and Ryan Martinez that fall.

CP: When you think back on the career of Vasquez and all the big moments he was a part of... this right here is going to be one of the last ones so it's a special night for everyone.

[Rolling into the ring, Juan takes off the shirt and flings it into a sea of fans who proceed to rip each other apart trying to get it. Juan climbs up to the second turnbuckle and points to the entrance way, making the "I want the belt!" gesture as all eyes await the entrance of the champion.]

SA: And now... we wait.

[Vasquez drops down off the buckles, pacing a bit as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...

...and the lights go out in the arena and the video board lights up with multiple images -- images that resemble suns. A collection of horns play, signaling the start of Van Halen's "Runnin' With The Devil."

Then comes the strums of the guitar and the sun images flash from yellow to red, with red lights around the stage flashing in time with the guitar strums.

The flashing sun images grow larger as you hear the tapping of the cymbal, the sound of fingers running over the keyboard.

Then, when the guitar riff kicks in, the sun images burst into a sea of red, with one word spread across the video wall in black lettering.

"SUPERNOVA"

Then, at the top of the ramp, we see flames ignite in a large semi-circle, then we see just enough in the shadows of someone approaching this half-ring of fire.

And that's when a lone spotlight shines down, and there he is: Supernova, dressed in a black trenchcoat over a black singlet and wearing a pair of shades. He stands in the flaming entryway on the stage and spreads his arms to the sides, the crowd roaring in approval.]

SA: A... hot arrival for the World Champion!

CP: You did NOT just say that.

SA: I'm afraid I did, Colt Patterson! And as my good friend Migos would say, Supernova is a man who walks it like he talks it! He talked a good game a few moments ago and now he's heading down the aisle to remind Juan Vasquez what he's capable of inside that ring.

CP: That's all well and good, Albano... but if Nova wants to know what's in Vasquez' vault, it's loads of cash and assaults!

SA: Why Colt Patterson... you do surprise, my friend.

[Supernova emerges from the flames, striding down the aisle towards the ring where Juan Vasquez eagerly awaits him as the lights come up.

The fan favorite takes a deliberate pace down the aisle, his eyes fixed on the ring ahead.]

SA: The crowd in the O2 is on their feet for this one... and just imagine what it'll be like next year in Wembley, Colt!

CP: I can't wait to find out.

[When Nova reaches the ring, he climbs the stairs, and he walks along the ring apron. He unclips the title belt, holding it over his head to big cheers before

ducking into the ring where he immediately gives the title belt over to the referee who grabs it with both hands...

...and as the music fades, the arena lights dim as the video wall lights up with a shot of the AWA World Heavyweight Title to a big reaction from the crowd. A deep voice rings out.]

"The AWA World Heavyweight Title.

For over five years, it has been the pinnacle of prizes in our sport.

The grand championship.

The big one.

The one worth living for...

...worth fighting for...

...worth giving everything for.

The best of the best have fought for it...

...and on this night, they will again."

[The picture of the title fades out as we hear the opening notes to "Coronation" from the Stardust soundtrack as we get a still photo of James Monosso, fresh off becoming the very first AWA World Champion. The photo appears to be taken backstage after the match, the title in his white-knuckled grasp. There is graphic text below the photo.]

"JAMES MONOSSO - CHAMPION #1 - 267 day reign"

[That photo fades and is replaced by a smirking Calisto Dufresne, the title secured around his well-toned waist, pointing at the camera in publicity photos.]

"CALISTO DUFRESNE - CHAMPION #2 - 186 day reign"

[The Ladykiller is replaced by the Doctor of Love himself, a shot of him in the ring with the title... the fleeting moments that he held it the first time, a grin upon his face.]

"DAVE BRYANT - CHAMPION #3 - 0 day reign"

[And right to Supreme Wright fresh off his first title win, holding the belt aloft as Bryant lies motionless behind him.]

"SUPREME WRIGHT - CHAMPION #4 - 180 day reign"

[Back to Bryant, this time in a stylish suit, holding the title belt with a grin on his face as he does a media appearance.]

"DAVE BRYANT - CHAMPION #5 - 80 day reign"

[And right back to Wright, also now dressed in a suit as he stands behind a podium promotion SuperClash VI.]

"SUPREME WRIGHT - CHAMPION #6 - 98 day reign"

[To Ryan Martinez, holding the title aloft after his title win at the aforementioned SuperClash.]

"RYAN MARTINEZ - CHAMPION #7 - 444 day reign"

[The smirking Johnny Detson makes his first appearance on the list, dressed to the nines holding the title belt in one hand and his Academy Award in the other.]

"JOHNNY DETSON - CHAMPION #8 - 169 day reign"

[To Jack Lynch, celebrating his title win surrounded by his family and friends in the locker room, the champagne flowing.]

"JACK LYNCH - CHAMPION #9 - 41 day reign"

[Juan Vasquez, the AWA icon, appears holding the title belt tight to his chest, a long-awaited feeling for the Hall of Famer as he stands backstage.]

"JUAN VASQUEZ - CHAMPION #10 - 77 day reign"

[Back to Martinez, backstage at SuperClash VIII, celebrating his title win surrounded by media.]

"RYAN MARTINEZ - CHAMPION #11 - 115 day reign"

[And back to Detson, Martinez at his feet as he regains the gold.]

"JOHNNY DETSON - CHAMPION #12 - 246 day reign"

[And then finally to Supernova, holding the title over his head last year at SuperClash.]

"SUPERNOVA - CHAMPION #13"

[And then to black...

...before fading back to the ring where ring announcer Rebecca Ortiz is waiting.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ONE HOUR TIME LIMIT and it is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIIIIIIIP!

[Another massive ROAR goes up!]

RO: Introducing first... the challenger...

[Vasquez hops from foot to foot as the crowd cheers.]

RO: ...from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 238 pounds...

He is a Hall of Famer...

He is a former AWA WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMMMMMPIONNNNNN...

HE IS...

...JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VASSSSSSQUEZZZZZZZZ!

[A grinning Vasquez does a little dance, spinning around once with his arms over his head to the ROAR of the crowd... and then reaches out with a grin to fistbump a smiling Ortiz who gets right back to business...]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[Supernova sheds the trenchcoat, standing before the cheering AWA faithful.]

RO: ...from Venice Beach, California... weighing in at 260 pounds...

He is the REIGNING and DEFENDING AWA WORRRRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIIIIIGHT CHAMPIONNNNNNNNNNNNNN...

He is...

[Deep breath.]

RO: ...SUUUUUUUUUUPERRRRRRRNOOOOOOOOVAAAAA!!!!!!

[A thunderous ROAR goes up for the current champion as he raises his arms over his head, saluting the boisterous crowd. Rebecca Ortiz exits the ring, leaving Supernova and Juan Vasquez to get a few final instructions from the referee, the crowd buzzing with anticipation as they nod and then back up to their respective corners.]

SA: Colt Patterson, are you ready for this?

CP: Oh hell yes.

[And with that...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[As the bell sounds, both champion and legendary challenger make their way towards center ring...]

SA: We’re underway here in the Main Event of The Battle of London!

CP: And look at this staredown, Albano.

[...and stop a step apart, staring at one another as the crowd reacts!]

SA: When you talk about the men who led this company that has gone from a small territory running high school gyms and aging TV studios in Texas to being here tonight in the O2 Arena on ESPN... these would have to be two of the names on your list, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. As we said, Juan Vasquez’ arrival in the AWA gave the company a level of credibility in the eyes of the wrestling world that you cannot deny. And Supernova... Supernova - you might argue - is the original AWA homegrown megastar. Both men former World Champions. Both men among the most popular superstars to ever lace ‘em up and climb inside an AWA ring. You think back to SuperClash III when Supernova challenged for the World Title in his first SuperClash Main Event, coming up short to Calisto Dufresne... but on that night, it was the return of Juan Vasquez that saved Supernova from losing more than just the match.

SA: They’ve been linked since that night... and tonight, for the last time, they climb inside the ring together.

[With a grin, looking around at the roaring crowd, Vasquez extends his hand...]

SA: It's a sold out crowd here in the O2 and this is one of the matches they came to see - they want to know if Juan Vasquez can do the unthinkable and become the AWA World Champion just one month before he hangs up his boots for the final time.

CP: If he does, it's a win that'll rock the entire wrestling world to the core, Sal.

[...and the World Champion happily accepts, more cheers coming up from the AWA faithful for the show of sportsmanship...

...which quickly goes awry as Vasquez SMASHES his left hand into the jaw of Supernova mid-handshake!]

SA: OH!

[There's a sprinkling of boos for the suckerpunch as Vasquez smirks with a shrug.]

"I'm just Juan Vasquez, amigo!"

CP: Never one to turn down a shortcut if it's presented to him.

[With Nova reeling, Vasquez shifts his footing...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a knife edge chop that has the champion stumbling backwards.]

SA: Juan Vasquez, one of the hardest strikers in the AWA locker room, has the champion on his heels in the opening moments of this one...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and that one puts the champion back into the corner.

CP: Not a place you want to be against the Hall of Famer, Sal.

SA: Absolutely not.

[Grabbing Supernova by the arm, Vasquez whips him across the ring...]

SA: Vasquez sends him across, into the corner...

[...but Nova bounces out of the buckles, absorbing the impact and running right over Vasquez with a clothesline that wipes him out!]

SA: ...CLOTHESLINE TAKES HIM DOWWWWN!

[Nova spins around, waving a hand for Vasquez to get up and as El Cholo scrambles to his feet, the champion charges in again...]

SA: AND ANOTHER CLOTHESLINE BY THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[...and Nova is fired up early, pumping his right arm as he watches Vasquez scramble up again, a little slower this time...]

SA: The veteran Vasquez getting back to his feet and-



[...and the crowd ROARS as Supernova grabs Vasquez, lifting and pressing him high overhead!]

SA: -GORILLA PRESSSSSSSS ANNNNNND...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...DOWWWWWN WITH THE PRESS SLAM!

[Vasquez cries out, a grimace on his face as he rolls under the ropes to the floor, grabbing at his lower back...]

SA: Vasquez immediately grabbing for the back... and we all know that Juan Vasquez' back hasn't been the same since SuperClash VIII when he jumped off the Woodshed.

CP: And if we know it, you know Supernova knows it too, Big Sal.

SA: He surely does... and the champion perhaps draws first blood in this World Title battle. Supernova, as we said earlier, has been the champion since winning the title from Johnny Detson in a three way sudden death match including Brian James back at SuperClash IX in Toronto last year. He's on Day 157 of this - his first World Title reign which makes him the seventh longest World Title reign behind names like James Monosso, Calisto Dufresne, Ryan Martinez, Johnny Detson, and Supreme Wright... and you notice a name NOT on that list, Colt?

CP: Juan Vasquez.

SA: Absolutely. Vasquez held the World Title for 77 days in 2016, beating Jack Lynch in Las Vegas and losing the title to Ryan Martinez at SuperClash VIII in New Orleans.

[With Vasquez regrouping on the outside, his kids shouting encouragement to him and getting a grateful nod in response...]

SA: SUPERNOVA ON THE MOVE!

[...and his daughters' shouts of warning fall on deaf ears as Supernova HURLS himself over the top rope, wiping out his challenger on the outside with a crossbody that draws big cheers from the London fans!]

SA: WHAT A DIIIIIVE TO THE OUTSIDE!

[Supernova pops up off the floor, looking out to the crowd with a fist pump...]

SA: The champion is off to a hot start in this one, fans... pulling Vasquez off the ringside mats, tossing him under..

[Nova pauses a moment as Lorena Vasquez shouts a few things in his direction. The champion flashes an amused look, shaking his head at Vasquez' kids as he climbs back inside the ring...]

SA: The Vasquez children making life difficult for the champion with their barrage of words on the outside... but both men are back inside now and...

[The crowd reacts as Juan Vasquez rolls to his knees, begging for mercy...]

SA: ...well, we haven't seen this in a while.

CP: You will now flash back!

SA: Vasquez down on his knees, trying to get the champion to go easy on him... and when you add this to the suckerpunch earlier, it feels like Juan Vasquez might be digging into his bag of tricks to get the edge on a younger, more athletic champion.

[Supernova shakes his head, pointing at Vasquez to the official who waves for the match to continue. The champion plants his fists on his hips, looking down at Vasquez who again begs for mercy...]

SA: Nova's telling him to get up, get up and keep fighting for the grandest prize in our sport - the AWA World Title. We've had thirteen World Champions since that title was created in the summer of 2012... could we get number fourteen here tonight?

CP: And if we do, Juan Vasquez will become the fifth man to hold that title twice, Sal... but nobody's held it three times.

[...and as Nova turns to complain to the official, Vasquez surges to his feet, swinging a right hand...]

SA: BLOCKED!

[...but Supernova was luring him in, bringing up his own arm to block the blow before CRACKED Vasquez with a right hand that takes him off his feet, putting him back down on the canvas!]

SA: And down he goes! Supernova knew what was coming there and that suckerpunch didn't land!

[Vasquez again rolls to the outside, kicking at the ring apron in frustration as he takes a walk on the floor.]

SA: Juan Vasquez right back to the floor, looking to regroup a bit as the opening moments of this one have not gone his way.

[Supernova grins as he approaches the ropes, sitting on the middle to hold them open as he invites Vasquez back inside...]

SA: The champion wants the action back inside.

CP: And that's a smart move. Juan Vasquez... while he may be back to shaking hands and kissing babies these days... he's got a mean and nasty streak in him that pops up from time to time and he can be a dangerous opponent to deal with out on the floor.

SA: A good point, Colt... and Vasquez ignores Supernova, taking his time on the outside, milking every moment of the official's ten count...

[Vasquez sweeps past his family, getting some words of encouragement as he finally turns back to the ring as the referee counts to seven.]

SA: Vasquez back up on the apron now... and back in.

[The crowd cheers as Vasquez re-enters the ring, looking across at Supernova who implores him to get back to it...]

SA: Both competitors back in the ring... and right back at it! Lockup in the middle!

[Vasquez struggles against the younger and stronger competitor, trying to shove him back across the ring to the far corner...]

...but with a triumphant shout, the champion THROWS him halfway across the ring and sends him down to the mat!]

SA: Whooooooa!

CP: And Juan Vasquez might be having a come to Jesus moment about what it's like to take on someone in their prime!

SA: The World Champion at 31 years old - younger, faster, stronger than his legendary challenger...

[Vasquez looks up at Nova from a knee, glaring a hole right through him as the Venice Beach native strikes a double bicep pose that gets some squeals and cheers from the crowd...]

...and Vasquez comes up to his feet, hot temper flashing as he rushes at the champion again...]

SA: Vasquez dives back into a tieup, trying again to overpower the World Champion...

[...and this lockup lasts even less time as Supernova HURLS him down a second time!]

SA: ...and that doesn't happen either!

[Vasquez angrily slaps his hands on the mat, scrambling up to his feet again, sprinting in at the champion once more...]

SA: Here he comes again!

[...and runs right into a high hiptoss by Supernova!]

SA: UP AND OVER GOES THE CHALLENGER!

[Now a little embarrassed, Vasquez scrambles up, charging in...]

SA: AND OVER HE GOES AGAIN!

[...and as Vasquez comes to his feet this time, the World Champion leaves his feet, lashing out with a rare but effective dropkick, catching his challenger in the chest and sending Vasquez down to the mat, rolling out to the safety of the ring apron!]

SA: The dropkick is on the money and the challenger is out of there again, Colt!

CP: This is NOT going the way Vasquez had in mind. He's a planner, Sal. You know he had a gameplan coming into this and to see it fall apart like this in the opening minutes has gotta be jarring to a veteran like him. And as much as we talk about this match with Vasquez trying to upset the apple cart and put himself in the Main Event of Memorial Day Mayhem defending the World Title, he also wants to make sure he's still got momentum on his side taking on Raphael Rhodes in his retirement match. Getting overwhelmed like this isn't good for the confidence, the ego, none of it...

[With Vasquez reeling and regrouping on the apron, the champion decides to keep up his own momentum, reaching over the ropes to bring Vasquez off the apron to his feet...]

...which is when Vasquez DRILLS him with a short right hand to the jaw on the way up!]

SA: OH! Vasquez caught him!

[Grabbing Nova by the back of the head, Vasquez drags him quickly down the length of the ropes, ramming him headfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

SA: Nova gets his head slammed into the corner! Vasquez trying to turn around this one and- he's headed up top! Supernova's dazed and the challenger's going to the top rope!

[But as Vasquez gets to the top, he gets a right hand driven into his midsection!]

SA: Supernova caught him!

CP: Big mistake by Vasquez - he got desperate to get back on track and he went for the home run too early! Supernova was ready for him and...

[Reaching up, the champion HURLS Vasquez from his perch, sending him CRASHING down hard on the canvas where the Hall of Famer cries out, grabbing at his back in tremendous pain!]

SA: RIGHT DOWN ON THE BACK AGAIN!

[Vasquez immediately rolls under the ropes to the outside, this time going all the way to the floor, grabbing at his lower back as the crowd buzzes with concern for the challenger.]

SA: Juan Vasquez, the Hall of Famer, out to the floor... the former World Champion looking to get back into this match... but right now, he's in trouble early, Colt.

CP: He definitely is, Big Sal. He's been victimized by the power of Supernova... by the athleticism of Supernova... and he's gotta use those veteran skills - that craftiness - to turn things around in a hurry.

SA: And you have to assume Rapahel Rhodes is backstage looking on, wondering if Vasquez will be able to do what was unimaginable a few weeks ago and walk into Los Angeles as the World Champion and give Rhodes the chance of a lifetime in Dodger Stadium.

[The shot cuts to Juan's daughters at ringside, shouting their support for their legendary father as he tries to recover on the outside...]

SA: Juan's family looking on - his daughters Mari, Lorena, and Kimmy - and you know they'd love to see their father walk out of London as the champion of the world for the final time in his legendary career.

[Nova is playing to the crowd inside the ring as Kimmy shouts.]

"IGNORE HIM! GET YOURSELF GOING!"

SA: Supernova may be one of the most popular competitors to appear on this show tonight... but not with those three young ladies.

CP: Couldn't Vasquez have stuck them in a luxury box somewhere? They're driving me crazy! Somebody oughta shut them up!

SA: You're welcome to try, Colt Patterson... and I'll be right there to watch what happens next.

[Vasquez kneels on the outside, nodding his head as he uses the apron to pull himself to his feet, looking in on the champion who is eagerly waiting for the match to continue...]

SA: Vasquez not backing down, certainly not STAYING down as he gets right back in there...

CP: But you can tell how badly the back is bothering him, Sal. He's grabbing it after almost every single thing he does... and that's a bad omen if you're a fan of Juan Vasquez hoping he makes history here tonight.

SA: ...back to his feet, looking across at Supernova...

[The World Champion grins at Vasquez, nodding his head as well as they head towards one another...]

SA: Right back to a tieup... oh, and this time Vasquez wastes no time - knee to the gut right away!

[...and with Nova doubled over, Vasquez strikes hard!]

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Landing a clubbing forearm across the back, Vasquez keeps throwing...]

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and hammers the World Champion down to a knee where Vasquez immediately snatches a side headlock...]

SA: And now the veteran maybe looking to slow things down a little, Colt.

CP: That's not a bad idea. Supernova got off to the hot start so pumping the brakes a bit lets Vasquez slow things down, get on a pace he likes, and start to turn this around...

[...but the powerful champion is quickly to his feet, ignoring the quickly-thrown right hands to the head by the Hall of Famer, shoving him off to the ropes...]

SA: ...Nova fights out of it, Vasquez off the ropes...

[...and he runs right into a big shoulder tackle out of the World Champion, knocking Vasquez off his feet and down to the mat!]

CP: Whoooooa! And don't look now, Sal, but Juan Vasquez may be looking his own career's mortality straight dead in the eye! Juan Vasquez who has been the World Champion across this industry multiple times. Juan Vasquez who was put in the Hall of Fame long before he hung up his boots. Juan Vasquez who is one of the pillars this company was built on. He's just about a month away from stepping in the ring for the final time... and right about now, he's remembering exactly why that is.

[Down on the mat, Vasquez slides back away from Supernova, looking up with surprise at the World Champion who stands over him as the Hall of Famer nears the corner...]

SA: Vasquez trying to find the old Juan Vasquez... trying to find the man who held those World Titles, who was in the Hall of Fame... but right now, this match is almost completely all Supernova.

[As Vasquez uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, the champion moves back in on him, looking to finish him off...]

SA: Oh! Boot downstairs by Vasquez!

[...and after grabbing the champion by the back of the head, Vasquez SLAMS his face into the top turnbuckle!]

SA: Headfirst to the... oh...

[But Supernova snaps back up, a determined look on his face as he stares down the challenger...]

CP: No effect!

[...and Vasquez grabs the head again, smashing it down a second time...]

CP: STILL NOTHING!

[And the defiant champion grabs the top rope, smashing his own head into the top turnbuckle a few times...]

SA: PURE ADRENALINE ON THE PART OF THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[...and then snaps back up, throwing a big haymaker that sends Vasquez flying through the air before crashing down on the canvas to a big cheer from most of the crowd!]

SA: Supernova may have a soft spot in his heart for Juan Vasquez and what he's done for him and this company... but the World Champion is NOT about to let that get in the way of a successful title defense here at The Battle of London!

[Grabbing a rising Vasquez by the back of the head, Supernova races across the ring to the corner...]

SA: OHHHH! AND THIS TIME, IT'S VASQUEZ WHOSE HEAD IS DRIVEN INTO THE CORNER!

[Vasquez goes flying backwards through the air, crashing down on the mat again to cheers from the London crowd!]

SA: Supernova continuing to dominate, staying on the attack...

[Helping Vasquez off a knee, Supernova lifts him up...]

SA: ...BIG SCOOP... AND THERE'S THE SLAAAAM!

[...and with Vasquez laid out on the mat, Supernova dashes to the ropes, rebounding back, leaping sky high into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and as the wily veteran rolls clear, Supernova CRASHES down on his back on the abandoned canvas!]

SA: VASQUEZ ROLLS OUT OF THE WAAAAAY!

CP: Hah! And you can never put a veteran like Vasquez COMPLETELY out of something, Sal. He's always got another trick up his sleeve to try to get back into a tough match.

SA: Supernova went for that big elbowdrop, Vasquez got out of the way, and just like that, things may have turned in the favor of the Hall of Famer who is fighting to become a two-time AWA World Champion with just one month left in his professional wrestling career.

[Coming up off the mat to cheers from many in the crowd (including his front row daughters,) Vasquez looks to take advantage of the opening he created, immediately pulling Supernova off the mat by the arm, whipping him into the corner so Nova's back SLAMS into the turnbuckles...]

SA: And perhaps Juan Vasquez will look to go after the back - the back that hit the empty canvas now slammed into the corner as well... this could be the opening he's been looking for since the bell rung about ten minutes ago... ohhh! He follows him into the corner with a clothesline!

[Vasquez backs off at the referee's instruction, watching as the champion slumps down into a seated position against the turnbuckles...]

...and with a smirk on his face, the challenger brushes past the official to move back in on the wounded champion...]

SA: Vasquez going to work on the champion...

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, the challenger swings a knee into the face of Supernova...]

"OHHHH!"

[...and a second...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a third...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...before he breaks away to the middle of the ring, ignoring the protesting official as he charges back in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with a running knee to the face, snapping Supernova's head back and leaving him flat on his back in the corner.]

SA: The champion might be out, Colt!

CP: Did you see his head snap back?! He's not even moving on the mat!

[Grabbing the champion by the ankle, Vasquez drags him out of the corner, diving into a lateral press...]

SA: Title on the line gets one! Gets two! Gets... noooo, out at two!

[Vasquez nods at the official as he pushes up to his knees, the crowd buzzing over the two count as the Hall of Famer throws a glance at his cheering section.]

SA: Vasquez' three daughters at ringside cheering him on... and you know his spirits have also been bolstered by Michelle Bailey's victory for the Royal Crown a little earlier tonight... but this one is all about him and his chance to become the World Champion one more time before hanging them up for good. Can he get it done, Colt?

CP: It's a tall mountain to climb but if anyone can do it, I've learned not to bet against this guy a long time ago.

SA: Bringing Nova back to his feet... and shoves him back into the corner...

[With Supernova reeling in the corner, Vasquez grabs the top rope, lacing a few hard kicks into the midsection...]

SA: ...still going to the body... the back earlier, the ribs now, weakening that core strength...

[...the shouts of the official force Vasquez to back off, raising his hands...]

SA: A warning from the referee, making sure he obliges to that five count...

[But with the champion still dazed, Vasquez gets about three-quarters of the way across the ring before lowering his head and charging back in...]

SA: ...on his way annnnnd... OHHHH! NOVA GETS THE BOOT UP!

[The challenger goes staggering backwards, swinging wildly at the air as he stumbles back to mid-ring. Supernova steadies himself, taking a breather before he charges out...]

SA: The champion out of the corner annnnnd...

[...but Vasquez has enough wits left to lift the charging champion, pivot...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES him down with a spinning powerslam in the center of the ring!]

SA: DOWN GOES THE CHAMPION! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE!

[But Vasquez doesn't attempt the pin this time, climbing slowly to his feet, fighting through the pain in his back...]

SA: Vasquez is up...

[...and he looks to one side of the sold out O2 Arena to big cheers... and then to the other, drawing even bigger cheers...]

CP: This? Again?

[...and with a smirk on his face, he backs himself into the ropes, bouncing off, approaching the prone champion before coming to a complete stop and...]



"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...CRUSHING the throat of Supernova underneath a somersault legdrop before immediately bouncing to his feet and rushing to the ropes, where he throws up the "W" along with most of the arena and tens of thousands of voices cry out...]

"WEST-SIIIIIDDDE!!!"

SA: WESTSIDE CONNECT, GANG!

CP: Not you too, Albano. We're in London, England!

SA: Well... there is a West END here in London. Maybe Juan's been down there trodding the boards!

CP: Maybe Bucky had the right idea retiring.

[Sal chuckles as Vasquez grins at the crowd and flashes the "W" to his daughters at ringside who gleefully return the gesture...]

SA: Just imagine the reaction that's going to get in Vasquez' hometown of Los Angeles in one month's time, Colt. The TRUE Westside. And on that night, it won't be just the fans cheering for Juan Vasquez... it'll also be Juan Vasquez thanking the congregation.

[...and then turns his focus back to Supernova, using a handful of the back of the tights to pull Nova to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and after clubbing the champion back down to the mat with a series of forearm smashes, Vasquez pulls him right back up into a rear waistlock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RELEASED! GERMAN! SUPLEX!

[...and with the champion laid out on the mat in a heap, Vasquez rolls to all fours, crawling across the ring...]

SA: COVER!

[...as the official dives down to count, the crowd counting along...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"TH- OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OUT! AT! TWO!

[Vasquez pushes up to his knees, looking first at the official... and then out to the cheering fans - some cheering for the kickout, others for the near fall.]

SA: Two of the most popular men in the entire AWA going at it in the Main Event of The Battle of London... this crowd living and dying with every move as they cheer both champion and challenger.

CP: And whoever ends up in the Main Event in Wembley next year is gonna have their work cut out for them to be more beloved than these two in the O2 tonight, Big Sal!

SA: We learned about The Battle of London II coming your way next summer - the summer of 2025 as the AWA goes back out on a world tour. The Tokyo Dome... Wembley Stadium... who knows where else we'll land and that's going to be something else but right now, we're focused on the here and now as Juan Vasquez - former World Champion and Hall of Famer - looks for the storybook ending for his legendary career by winning the World Title in front of this sold out crowd and then walking into his own hometown of Los Angeles at Memorial Day Mayhem as the World Champion for his final match ever.

[Vasquez pushes off the mat, wincing a bit as he grabs Supernova, pulling him up as well...]

SA: Whip across...

[...and the rebounding Supernova finds himself flipped over in the air, dumped down to the mat with one of Vasquez' long-time signature moves...]

SA: ...HIPTOSS...

[...and before Supernova's even hit the mat, Vasquez is rushing the ropes again, bouncing off...]

SA: ...SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

[...and DROPS his weight down across the chest of the champion with a senton!]

SA: Vasquez grabbing at his own back - that longtime injury flaring up again as he connects with that senton!

[Grimacing, the Hall of Famer rolls into another lateral press, hooking a leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[...but again, the champion kicks out, breaking free of the pin attempt to save his title!]

SA: Nooooo! Two count only again! The champion continues to fight, Colt!

CP: The World Title is the pinnacle of our sport, Albano. When you're fighting for it, you're willing to do whatever it takes to win it... when you're defending it, you're willing to go beyond human limits to keep it. The champion knows what's at stake here tonight - he knows what a threat to his title reign Juan Vasquez is... and he knows what he needs to do to keep Vasquez from winning the gold for the second time here tonight.

[This time, Vasquez slams a hand down on the mat as he pushes to his knees, shaking his head at the official...]

SA: Some frustration on the part of the former World Champion... perhaps thinking he had Supernova beaten right there.

[...and Vasquez climbs off the mat again, an obvious grimace on his face this time as he again grabs at his lower back.]

SA: The ghosts of injuries past - that fall off the Woodshed through the ringside table so long ago - an injury that is perhaps one of the reasons that we're just a month away from the end of a legendary career.. and perhaps showing itself as one of the reasons that Juan Vasquez just might not be able to get the job done here tonight.

[He reaches down to grab Supernova, grunting in pain as he hauls him off the mat, ducking low...]

SA: Scoop...

[...but as he goes for the slam lift, he immediately recoils back, grabbing his lower back in pain...]

SA: ...ohhhh, he couldn't get him up, fans! The back hurt too much and-

[...and as he steps back in on the champion, Supernova shows a little veteran savvy of his own...]

SA: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[...but Vasquez kicks out, breaking free in time!]

SA: VASQUEZ SAVES HIS SHOT AT THE TITLE!

[The momentary double down gives both men an even shot to get up first and they arrive standing at about the same time, Vasquez moving a step quicker to bury a boot in the gut...]

SA: He hooks him! SUPL-

[...but again he can't get the lift, crying out and setting the champion back down...

...who promptly rolls him into another small package!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A little bit closer this time but again Vasquez escapes before three! Hanging onto his chances to become World Champion with both hands and maybe even his teeth, Colt!

CP: One more chance at the biggest prize in the sport, it's gonna take something big to put down El Cholo!

[There's a scramble up for both sides again, Vasquez moving a little slower this time...]

SA: Both men up, Supernova goes to grab-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HEADBUTT! HEADBUTT!

[And the simple but effective strike that has stunned the likes of Raphael Rhodes and MAMMOTH Mizusawa sends the World Champion flopping backwards, falling through the ropes to the outside...]

SA: Out to the floor goes Supernova!

CP: The headbutt may have him seeing stars, Sal.

SA: Supernova definitely looks dazed on the outside... and what in the world is on the mind of Juan Vasquez right now?!

[Stepping through the ropes to the apron, Vasquez looks out on the roaring crowd... then down on the staggered World Champion who is struggling to get off a knee to his feet...]

SA: OHH! BACK KICK TO THE MUSH!

[...and with Supernova REALLY staggered now, Juan Vasquez takes a deep breath, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

SA: You've gotta be...

[...and LEAPS into the air, landing on the middle rope, springing into the sky...]

SA: ...MOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLLLLLT!

[...and CRASHES down onto the World Champion, wiping out both champion and challenger on the outside as the crowd - including three very vocal ringside fans - are going nuts!]

SA: JUAN VASQUEZ PUTTING IT ALL ON THE LINE HERE IN LONDON! THE ASAI MOONSAULT TO THE OUTSIDE, TAKING OUT SUPERNOVA...

CP: He might've taken himself out as well, Big Sal!

SA: Both men down on the floor after that suicidal attack by Vasquez. A desperation move to try and get himself into position to win the World Title... but you may be right, Colt, he might've done too much damage to himself as well. They're both down on the floor... and although you can hear his daughters shouting for him to get back up, Vasquez has NOT stirred since hitting the floor.

CP: They call it high risk offense for a reason, Albano... and Vasquez knows that as well as anyone. He went for it anyways and it may have just cost him the World Heavyweight Title.

[The fans around the O2 are on their feet, cheering and clapping, stomping and roaring for both champion and challenger as they urge their heroes to their feet and back into battle.]

SA: Almost twenty minutes into this hard-fought battle over the World Title... and while we've seen some big matches here tonight, there are NO higher stakes than this as they fight it out for the greatest prize in our sport - the AWA World Heavyweight Title.

[The cheering crowd manages to inspire one man to his feet, a grimace on his face as he grabs at his lower back...]

SA: The challenger is up! The referee counting verrrrrry slowly to give these two a chance to get back in there - they want to see a winner as badly as we do... as these fans in London do!

[...and drags the World Champion off the floor, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

SA: Vasquez puts Nova back in... what comes next here, Colt? What can Juan Vasquez do to finish the job tonight at The Battle of London and become a two-time World Champion?

CP: Vasquez has a lot of weapons to choose from - the Right Cross, the City of Angels...

SA: But right now, it looks like he's picked a different one, Colt, because he's heading up!

[To the cheers of the fans, Vasquez pulls himself up onto the apron, staggering down it towards the corner where he slaps a hand aggressively down on the buckle a few times...]

SA: Juan Vasquez is heading up top, taking that high risk once again as he looks to finish off the World Champion and make history!

[...and Vasquez slowly climbs the buckles, pausing on the first step to grab at his back, his face twisted in agony...]

CP: This is a mistake, Sal!

SA: It certainly could be! Juan Vasquez' back has been through twenty minutes of hell here tonight in Londontown and he's risking it all to climb those ropes again, looking for something to put an end to Supernova's World Title reign!

[...and puts one foot up top, looking out on the ring, sudden panic on his face...]

SA: SUPERNOVA!

[...as the recovered World Champion rushes the corner, drilling Vasquez with a right hand!]

SA: OHH! BIG RIGHT HAND!

[A second one lands... and a third haymaker which causes Vasquez to grab the ropes, clinging onto them to keep from toppling backwards as the champion suddenly steps up...]

SA: Oh no... this can't be good for either one of them, Colt!

CP: It's gonna be a lot worse for Vasquez if Supernova hits what he's got in mind!

SA: Supernova on the second rope, reaching up towards the challenger...

[...and with a handful of hair, Nova guides Vasquez into a front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck...]

SA: The crowd in the O2 are standing! They're on their feet! Nova... TO THE TOP!

[...and with a mighty lift, the champion brings Juan Vasquez into the air, soaring high before falling far...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”  
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SUPERPLEX! SUUUUUPERRRRPLEEEEEEX!

[A weary Supernova rolls over, throwing an arm across a prone Vasquez’ chest as the referee dives to count...]

SA: TO KEEP THE TITLE! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!! IT...

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ...VASQUEZ IS OUT IN TIIIIIME!

[Vasquez promptly rolls onto his hip, grabbing at his back as Supernova rolls onto his back, staring up at the lights of the O2 as the fans ROAR for the near fall!]

SA: Juan Vasquez took one hell of a fall onto his injured back and he STILL - I repeat, he STILL kicked out! What a battle!

CP: World Championship gold will make someone do crazy things, Albano!

SA: Both men are down after that... a tremendous fall from the top rope has left BOTH competitors in a bad way...

[The fans are ROARING for the near fall as Kimmy Bailey utters comforting words to her family at ringside...]

SA: Juan’s daughters know how close that was as well, Colt.

CP: It doesn’t get much closer than that.

SA: The World Champion starting to stir down on the mat... and perhaps this time, it’ll be the man from Venice Beach who is the first to his feet, looking to press the momentum on his side...

[As Supernova takes a knee, he gives Vasquez an appraising look before climbing to his feet...]

SA: ...and as the champion gets up, his challenger is still down and in an incredible amount of pain.

[...where he pulls Vasquez’ barely-moving body up by the arm, whipping him to the corner...]

SA: OHHH! Hard crash sends Vasquez’ back into the turnbuckles again...

[...and with a jog across the ring, Nova takes flight!]

SA: ...HEEEEEAT WAAAAAVE! THE FLYING SPLASH IN THE CORNER!

[The champion nudges Vasquez out of the corner, watching him stumble a few steps forward before collapsing to the canvas.]

SA: And we all know what comes next!

[Supernova flips Vasquez onto his back, reaching down to grab the legs...]

SA: He’s got the legs! He just needs to step through!

[...but that's when Vasquez starts kicking and flailing, writhing and wiggling on the mat to try to get free!]

SA: Vasquez is fighting it! Trying to break free!

[Nova makes a couple of attempts to secure his submission hold but Vasquez' efforts thwart him...

...and instead, he shoves the legs down, dropping back into the ropes...]

SA: Supernova off the ropes... ELBOOOOW!

[...and lands the big leaping elbowdrop he missed earlier in the match!]

SA: He got all of that! Rolls over, hooks the leg... ONNNNNNNNNE!  
TWOOOOOOOO!

[But again, Vasquez kicks out, breaking loose of the pin before three to big cheers - especially from his special fans in the front row!]

SA: Vasquez escapes again!

CP: Supernova oughta go for the Solar Flare again. With the back that damaged, there's ZERO chance Vasquez can hang on if he locks it in!

SA: Vasquez stopped it moments ago but- no, Supernova pulling him off the mat now...

[A desperate Vasquez lashes out with a boot, aimed for the midsection of the champion but ending up in his arms...]

SA: ...he caught the kick! The champion caught the kick downstairs!

[...and with a swing, he whips Vasquez the other direction, picking him up high in the air...]

SA: He's got him up annnnnd...

[...and brings him down across a bent knee!]

SA: ...DOWWWWWN WITH THE ATOMIC DROP!

[Vasquez stumbles away, the jolt to the spine putting him down on all fours again as the champion utters a loud "GET UP!" to his challenger.]

SA: Supernova's got a fire in his belly, trying to make sure Juan Vasquez feels the heat one more time before Vasquez walks into Dodger Stadium at the end of the month to face Raphael Rhodes in his retirement match.

[Dragging the challenger to his feet, Supernova lands a quick forearm smash... and another... and a third...]

SA: He's teeing off on Vasquez!

[...and the blows keep coming, quicker with each one thrown... four... five... six...]

SA: Vasquez can't defend himself!

[...seven... eight... nine, driving Vasquez back across the ring where a tenth puts him into the buckles.]

SA: Back in the corner, big whip on the way!

[Vasquez SLAMS violently into the turnbuckles off the whip, hooking his arms over the ropes to stay standing as Supernova steadies himself before charging across at top speed...]

SA: ONE CORNER TO...

[...leaping into the air...]

SA: ...THE OTHER!

[...and CRUSHES Vasquez against the turnbuckles with the Heat Wave!]

SA: He hits it again! Another Heat Wave connects!

CP: Vasquez is out on his feet!

[Or so it appears but as Supernova bounces off Vasquez a few steps, Vasquez too seems to absorb the offense, sucking down a second wind for a burst of energy to rush forward...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and with an excited shout of “LAAAARIAAAAATOOOOOO!” from the front row, both champion and challenger collapse to the canvas side by side as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: WOW! JUAN VASQUEZ WITH A BURST OF FIGHTING SPIRIT, THAT UNKNOWN INTANGIBLE THAT MAKES SOMEONE KEEP COMING... KEEP FIGHTING... TAKE YOUR OPPONENT’S ILLEST SHOT AND KEEP THROWIN’! Vasquez took the Heat Wave and somehow... someway... was able to pull down just enough energy to land that big running lariat before he collapsed to the canvas!

CP: I’ve been in the ring. I know that feeling, that intangible... and it’s like someone else takes control of your body for a split second, Sal. There’s NO WAY Vasquez should’ve been able to throw that lariat after taking the Heat Wave but he did it! He did it and it may have just saved this match for him!

SA: Both men down! Both men laid out in the middle without a bit of motion... and we’ve got our referee checking to see if either man can continue after that.

[The official lifts the arm on both, letting it fall to the mat before stepping back and loudly proclaiming...]

“ONE!”

SA: And we’ve got a double count here.

CP: Please don’t let this match end like this.

SA: No one wants to see that but after the battle they’ve been through, that may be all that’s left...

[With neither man moving, the referee’s count goes to two... and three...]

SA: That count up to four now... still no signs of life from either man...



[We can hear loud bellows from the fans - particularly from the Sisters Vasquez and Bailey, cheering on their dad, trying to root him to his feet...]

SA: The fans in London showing their love and support for both men but will that be enough to get one - or both - of them back into this match. It's been a grueling battle for the richest prize in our sport.

[The count continues... five... six...]

SA: Vasquez starting to stir! Juan Vasquez somehow is starting to stir! This is incredible, Colt!

CP: Juan Vasquez has a secret power that a lot of experts forget about, Sal.

SA: What's that, Colt?

CP: Being Juan Vasquez! It gives him an otherworldly level of support from the fans! They know this man... they know what he's done in the past and what he's capable of even when he might forget... they know what kind of hero he is to them and their kids and... hell, maybe even some of their grandkids at this point! They've been watching him do this kind of thing for a long, long time and they know that when the chips are down, he's just begun to fight!

SA: You almost sound impressed by him, Colt Patterson!

CP: You know I don't impress easy, Albano... but yeah, a little bit... maybe.

SA: That count is up to eight though! He's gotta...

[And as the count hits nine, Vasquez staggers to his feet, grabbing his back for an instant, and then hurries to grab Supernova, looking to haul him up before the ten count falls...]

SA: ...they beat the count and-

[...but before Vasquez can pull him up, Supernova sweeps the legs out from under him, trying desperately to secure his hold...]

SA: -HE'S LOOKING FOR THE SOLAR FLARE! SUPERNOVA CAUGHT HIM OFF-

[...but a mighty kick from Vasquez sends Supernova flying backwards, SLAMMING into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: The champion's stunned! The back of his head hit the turnbuckle and...

[As Supernova staggers out, Vasquez lifts him over his shoulder to a HUGE ROAR from the London fans...]

SA: ...HE'S GOT HIM UP! HOOKING THE HEAD! THE WORLD TITLE ON THE LINE ANNNNNND...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...CITY OF ANGELS DRIVES HIM DOWN!

[An exhausted Vasquez stays on him, his arm draped over the midsection weakly as the referee dives down to count...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

[...but the lack of body weight on top of Supernova holding him down allows the World Champion's shoulder to POP clear off the canvas in time!]

SA: -NOOOOOO! NEAR FALL FOR THE CHALLENGER!

CP: How many matches - how many TITLES - have we seen Juan Vasquez win with that move right there, Albano? A near fall you called it - it was VERY close and... having been in tight matches like this with high stakes like these, Albano, I'll tell ya... this is when some doubt might start to creep in. He hit the big move and the champion of the world kicked out.

[Vasquez slumps down on the mat, staring up at the lights alongside his opponent as the crowd continues to cheer on both men...]

SA: Vasquez trying to get up... trying to get just a little more strength left into that aching back, that aging body as he looks for that one more moment of championship glory before he heads into retirement.

[...and sits up on the mat, breathing heavily as he looks out on the cheering London crowd.]

SA: London's calling for Juan Vasquez, cheering him on, rooting him towards the finish line as we near the half hour mark in this sixty minute time limit!

[With a serious struggle using the ropes for support, Vasquez gets to his feet, flopping forward to hang over the top rope, looking out on the crowd... more specifically at the front row where his daughters are standing, cheering him on louder than anyone else...]

SA: Juan Vasquez...

CP: Look in the eyes, Sal! That's a man who isn't sure what he's got left!

SA: I don't know about-

[The voice of Lorena Vasquez cuts off Sal.]

"PHOENIX SPLASH!"

[Vasquez buries his face in his hands, shaking his head at his daughter's request. Next to Lorena, Mari is next to bellow...]

"FLAMING BARBED WIRE LARIAT!"

[...and Vasquez' eyes go wide, shaking his head before shouting in response...]

"STOP WATCHING COURTADE MATCHES!"

[...and then Kimmy Bailey jumps on her chair, cupping her hands to her mouth...]

"GOOOOOOOOO DADDY!"

[...and Vasquez points to her, nodding his head as he turns to grab a rising Supernova off the mat, dragging him to his feet in the middle of the ring...]

SA: Vasquez and Nova in the center of the-

[...and Vasquez rears back his right arm, giving a shout along with his daughter at ringside... and heck, Sal might as well join in.]

SA: -LAAAAARIAAAAAATOOOOOOOOO!

[A standing lariat DEMOLISHES the World Champion, flipping him inside out before dumping him to the canvas as Vasquez collapses to his knees!]

SA: COULD THAT BE ENOUGH?! VASQUEZ ON HIS KNEES! HE COVERS!

[The crowd counts along with the referee.]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! KICKOUT! SUPERNOVA SAVES THE TITLE!

[The crowd is ROARING for the near fall as Vasquez falls out of the lateral press, rolling onto his side and burying his face in his hands in disbelief!]

SA: So close right there to having a new World Champion, Colt!

CP: But not close enough! What else does he got, Sal?! He's gonna need to dig deep if he wants to win the World Title!

[Vasquez pushes up onto his hip, sitting up and looking out at the roaring crowd...]

SA: The challenger up off the mat, looking to end this...

[...and as he rises to his feet, he staggers across the ring to the corner...]

SA: ...Vasquez leaps up, bottom rope!

[...and snaps off a moonsault on top of Supernova!]

SA: That's one!

[He slowly gets back up, grabbing at his back as he steps back into the corner...]

SA: To the middle... make it two!

[...and lands a second moonsault, crashing across the chest of the World Champion.]

CP: We know this one comes in threes, Albano!

SA: Vasquez off the mat, still in tremendous pain... still barely able to stand and walk as he heads back to the corner... and yes, this Moonsault combination is not just a sequel, it's...

[Vasquez climbs to the top rope, looking out on the London crowd...]

SA: ...A TRILOGY!

[...and CRASHES down onto the prone World Champion with a breathtaking moonsault!]

SA: FOR THE TITLE!

[The referee dives to count as Vasquez snares a leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPIO-  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and at the very last possible moment, just inches before the referee's hand met the mat a third time, Supernova's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking the pin!]

SA: OHHH, HOW CLOSE... HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?!

CP: A HEARTBEAT AWAY FROM A NEW CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!

[Vasquez rolls onto his back, staring up at the lights of the O2 Arena again, his face buried in his hands...]

SA: I'm not sure you can get any closer, Colt! We were on the verge of an AWA World Title changing hands - on the verge of Juan Vasquez becoming the World Champion for the second time after that Moonsault Trilogy and...

[...and he sits up, slamming his hands down on the mat before quickly getting to his feet with a grimace on his face as he stumbles back near the ropes...]

SA: Vasquez is up! The challenger is on his feet and he's looking to end this thing!

[...and holds up a clenched right hand to a BIG ROAR from the sold out crowd!]

SA: He's calling for the Right Cross!

CP: If he hits it, it's over, Albano!

SA: I believe you're right!

[Vasquez lets loose a harsh "GET YOUR ASS UP!" at the champion as he continues to hold the clenched right fist at the ready...]

SA: Vasquez waiting... waiting for Supernova to get to his feet, waiting with perhaps his greatest weapon loaded, cocked, and ready...

CP: I can barely hear you right now, Albano! These people are going crazy!

[...and as Supernova struggles up off the mat, Vasquez gives one last nod before surging forward...]

SA: RIGHT CROS-

[...but the champion has it scouted and is ready, sidestepping sloppily to the side, sending Vasquez whiffing by off-balance as Supernova reaches out for a handful of hair, bending him backwards into an inverted facelock...]

SA: BLACK HOLE DD-

[...but Vasquez too has done his homework, spinning immediately to end up in a front facelock, his arms around the champion's midsection as he DRIVES him back into the turnbuckles!]

SA: Ohhh! Back and forth exchange there - two near misses for both champion and challen-

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OH H H H H H H H H H H H H!"

[A big chop connects, stunning the champion as Vasquez backs off, raising his right hand again...]

SA: He's going for it again! In the corner this time annnnnnd-

[...but the rushing Vasquez meets an open set of buckles as Supernova jerks himself clear of the attack, sending the former champion chestfirst into the corner!]

SA: -MISSED! HOOKED!

[Supernova re-hooks the inverted facelock, just a few feet out of the corner...]

SA: DOWWWWWWN!

[...and the crowd ROARS as Supernova DRIVES the back of Vasquez' skull into the canvas with the Black Hole DDT!]

SA: THAT'S GOTTA BE IT, FANS! SUPERNOVA WITH THE COVER TO RETAIN! HE'S GOT ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

[But JUST before that third count lands, the shoulder POPS off the canvas, sending a tremendous ROAR of shock and joy through the London faithful!]

SA: -HOLY MARY, HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT AGAIN! SWEET SANTA MARIA, HE KICKED OUT, COLT PATTERSON!

CP: I... I can't believe it! I thought Supernova had him BEAT!

SA: And so did Supernova, look at him down on a knee, asking the referee... almost pleading with the referee at this point...

[But the official holds up two fingers, shaking his head at the questioning champion who climbs off the mat, moving towards the referee...]

SA: Supernova continuing... he STILL can't believe it!

CP: But this is a mistake, Sal. All the questioning in the world ain't gonna change the count. The ref says it was two... so it was two and if Supernova wants it to be three, he needs to get his head back in the game.

[Supernova has backed the official into the corner now, holding up three fingers...]

SA: Frustration obviously setting in on Supernova who thought he'd successfully defended his title with the Black Hole DDT but no dice.

CP: Look at Vasquez! Vasquez getting off the mat!

[A dazed and hurting Vasquez collapses against the turnbuckles, looking across at where the champion is still arguing with the referee...]

SA: Supernova's got no idea either! The challenger's up and Supernova hasn't got a clue!

[...and Vasquez sprints across, charging the exposed back of the World Champion...]

SA: VASQUEZ FROM BEHIND!

[...but at the last moment, the surge of cries from the crowd seems to tip off Supernova who spins away from the oncoming Vasquez...

...who just BARELY slams on the brakes in time to not stampede right over the official!]

SA: Whoa! Close call right there!

[With Vasquez begging off, checking to see if the official is okay, Supernova snatches a handful of hair again, pulling him backwards into another inverted facelock...]

SA: HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED AGAIN!

[...but Vasquez grabs hold of the nearby official, blocking Supernova's attempts to pull him down...]

CP: Brilliant move by Vasquez!

SA: Maybe not the most sporting but...

CP: Nobody'll care how he did it if he does it!

[...and as the official wriggles free, Vasquez manages to spin out of the grasp, grabbing Supernova by the front of the tights and falling back, YANKING him into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Leverage move using the tights by Vasquez! He's never shied away from a shortcut or two to get to where he wants to go!

[Vasquez grabs Supernova by the hair, yanking him back out of the buckles...]

SA: ASSASSIN'S SPIKE!

[...and drags him into the sleeper variation, his thumb driven into the side of Supernova's neck!]

SA: HE'S GOT IT LOCKED!

[But a desperate Supernova leaps up, pushing out with his legs, catching his feet on the top turnbuckle with enough force to shove backwards, driving Vasquez down to the mat and rolling over him!]

SA: OHH, WHAT A COUNTER!

[With both men down, Vasquez scrambles up on the kneeling Supernova...]

SA: Vasquez up first though!

[...who reaches out, sweeping the legs out from under the challenger!]

SA: HE'S GOING FOR IT AGAIN! HE'S GOT THE LEGS HOOKED AND THIS TIME...

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova finally steps through, securing his punishing submission hold!]

SA: ...HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN! HE LOCKS IN THE SOLAR FLARE ON JUAN VASQUEZ!

[The pain goes shooting immediately through the back of Vasquez who slaps and claws at the canvas, screaming in agony as he looks for a way out!]

SA: And when you think of all the punishment that has gone through the back of Juan Vasquez tonight, you've gotta wonder if this is it, fans! Is the final shot at the World Title for Juan Vasquez coming to an end?!

[Vasquez stretches out an arm towards the ropes but finds himself several feet away!]

SA: Nowhere close to the ropes!

CP: You can hear him screaming all over this building, Albano - the back is being destroyed - what was left of it anyways!

SA: Supernova's got him trapped in the same hold he used on Johnny Detson last November to win the World Title! Bending the spine of the challenger, trying to force him into submission for one of the biggest wins of the champion's career!

[Vasquez shoves up onto his elbows, clenching his jaw as he tries to wriggle forward...]

CP: I think he's too hurt to get out any other way - he's gotta drag himself AND Supernova across the ring to get to the ropes!

SA: Can he get there?

[...and inches himself towards the ropes, the crowd cheering him on... his daughters screaming their support for him as Supernova visibly backsteps to keep his balance...]

SA: He's doing it, Colt! He's doing it!

CP: He's not there yet!

[...but he's getting closer and closer, Supernova continuously stepping backwards to keep the hold applied as Vasquez clears a few feet within a few moments, stretching out again...]

SA: He still can't get there!

CP: He's gotta give it up or THIS is gonna be his retirement match!

[...reaching for the ropes, his fingers stretching...]

SA: Not there!

[...and as a shout of "WE LOVE YOU, DADDY!" rings out, Vasquez raises his weary head, locking his eyes on his daughters at ringside...

...and with a tortured cry, Vasquez reaches out...]

SA: HE GOT THERE! HE MADE IT!

[...and at the referee's shout, Supernova immediately breaks the hold, falling to his own knees as Vasquez cries out, grabbing at his lower back as the referee waves it off, saying there's no submission!]

SA: Vasquez DRIVEN by these fans... by his daughters... he got to the ropes and finds a way out of the Solar Flare!

[Supernova grabs at his head, shaking it back and forth...]

SA: Supernova was so close right there! So close to getting the win and keeping his title!

[...and then climbs to his feet, moving towards the downed Vasquez.]

CP: Vasquez may have gotten free but he's physically wrecked, Albano. Supernova can finish this... right here... right now... and he needs to do it quickly because Vasquez finds a way. He finds a way.

SA: Dragging him up... whips him across...

[Vasquez slams into the turnbuckles, his entire body jolted from head to toe on impact. Supernova stomps across the ring, looking out on the roaring London crowd as he steps into the corner, leaning back into the turnbuckles...]

SA: ...HERE HE COMES!

[...and sprints across, leaping into the air...]

SA: HEAT WAAAAAAVE!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets SMASHED out of the sky with Vasquez' signature strike!]

SA: RIGHT CROSS! RIGHT CROSS!

[The blow sends Supernova flying backwards, flopping down on his back in the middle of the ring as Vasquez falls to his knees from the exertion!]

CP: VASQUEZ LAID HIM OUT! HE FOUND A WAY!

SA: SUPERNOVA'S DOWN! HE'S NOT MOVING! VASQUEZ CRAWLING ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES! TRYING TO GET THERE... TRYING TO...

[And he collapses onto Supernova, chest to chest as the referee dives to the mat to count...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[...or is it? In the closest of close calls... the nearest of near falls, the World Champion's shoulder comes FLYING up off the canvas mere millimeters before the referee's hand slaps the mat!]

SA: NOOOOOO! SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP! SWEET SANTA MARIA, THE SHOULDER IS UP!

CP: It is physically impossible to be any closer than that!



SA: Juan Vasquez trying to give himself the farewell of dreams... and he just about did it right there, fans!

[Crawling off the canvas, Vasquez looks out on the cheering crowd... then out to his daughters...]

SA: Vasquez getting to his feet... and if he didn't know how to finish off Supernova before, he definitely doesn't after the Right Cross didn't get the job done!

[...and then points to the corner...]

SA: You've gotta be kidding me!

[...and hobbles towards the corner, grabbing his back with every step.]

SA: His back has been battered, bent, potentially broken... and he's looking for something... I don't even know how to describe it, Colt.

CP: Crazy?

SA: That... fits, yes. Juan Vasquez to the corner, stepping out to the apron...

[The Hall of Famer grits his teeth, wincing with each movement up the ropes, climbing...]

SA: He's heading to the top rope! Supernova still down on the mat... whatever Vasquez has got in mind, this is it!

[...and steps one foot up top, looking down long and hard at the World Champion...]

SA: ON THE TOP!

[...and takes a moment to inhale deeply, soaking up the ROAR of the crowd, feeling the moment...]

SA: HE LEAPS!

[...and throws himself into the air, kicking out his legs and coming straight down towards the champion...]

SA: SUPER SHADES OF TOMMY STEPH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KNEES UP! KNEES UP!

[...who raises his knees at the last moment, WRECKING the back of Juan Vasquez with two knees up into the back!]

SA: SUPERNOVA GETS THE KNEES UP AND...

[Rolling over onto his knees, Supernova grabs the legs as Vasquez is screaming in pain on the mat...]

SA: ...SOLAR FLARE! TRYING TO GET IT LOCKED IN!

[...but Vasquez - fighting through the pain - is battling to keep the hold from being locked in...]

CP: He knows it's over if Supernova gets it applied!

SA: Vasquez fighting for his life! For his final shot at the title!

[...and an exhausted Supernova abandons his efforts, switching his grip...]

SA: CATAPULT!

[...and slingshots Vasquez through the air towards the corner!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

SA: HE HIT THE POST! VASQUEZ' HEAD HITS THE POST!

[The impact leaves the Hall of Famer draped over the top turnbuckle, his head pressed into the steel...]

SA: Supernova back on his feet...

[...and the World Champion steps to the corner, climbing up onto the second rope...]

SA: What is he...?

[...and reaches out, grabbing Vasquez by the hair, pulling him back into an inverted facelock while standing on the middle rope!]

SA: ARE YOU...?! ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[Supernova looks out on the buzzing crowd, holding Vasquez for a moment...

...and then leaps backwards, DRIVING the back of the Hall of Famer's skull into the canvas with a second rope Black Hole DDT!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

SA: SWEEEEEEEEET SANTA MARIIIIIIAAAAAAAA!

[Supernova flips over, hooking a leg!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: HE DID IT! SUPERNOVA KEEPS THE GOLD IN LONDON!

[A jubilant - and obviously relieved - Supernova rolls off of Vasquez, lightly patting his vanquished foe's chest as he sits on the mat, the crowd ROARING for the win and for the match they just witnessed.]

SA: Wow. What a battle, Colt! What a match!

CP: They both gave it everything they had... and maybe... just maybe... Supernova wanted it a little bit more tonight.

SA: The title belt given back to him...

CP: He looks like he's never been so happy to get something dropped in his hands in his life.

[Supernova clutches the title to his chest, nodding to the cheering fans as he allows the referee to raise his hand in victory...

...and then asks the same official to help him to his feet.]

SA: Supernova getting up... on top of the world still. He took the very best that Juan Vasquez could offer...

CP: And that's saying a lot.

SA: It sure is. But he took it and kept going and has come out of this one STILL your World Heavyweight Champion!

[We cut to the crowd, showing gleeful Supernova fans celebrating the big win...

...and then to the Sisters Vasquez and Bailey in the front row, tears in their eyes as they embrace in the crowd, watching their legendary father try to recover inside the ring.]

SA: Supernova on his feet, giving his opponent a round of applause...

[The grateful champion points to Vasquez, clapping high and hard over his head as the fans echo the response...

...and then he extends a hand down to Vasquez, a hand that is eagerly accepted this time as the champion brings the Hall of Famer to his feet.]

SA: A show of respect there... we know the history with these two...

[Supernova pulls Vasquez into an embrace, patting him on the back a few times before they break apart with Nova lifting Juan's hand into the air, pointing to him...]

SA: Yeah... a great moment there for sure. Vasquez drops the fall but... Supernova giving him all the love here tonight along with all of these tremendous fans.

[Vasquez leans over the ropes, waving to his girls, blowing a kiss with a "I tried!" and a smirking shrug...]

SA: Juan Vasquez taking this moment with his family... with his fans... the last time he will ever compete outside the United States. He has fans around the world who are taking in this moment...

CP: And then there was one, Sal.

SA: Hm?

CP: One more match. One last time. Los Angeles, California. Dodger Stadium. Memorial Day Mayhem.

SA: You're absolutely right. Vasquez versus Rapahel Rhodes in a battle no one wants to miss. We don't yet know what Supernova will be doing that night in Los Angeles but you better believe he wouldn't miss it for the world either.

[Supernova rolls from the ring, belt over his shoulder, clapping and pointing back to the ring where Juan Vasquez has been left to enjoy this moment in the ring alone.]

SA: It's been an incredible night! The O2 has been rocking from the moment the doors opened and they kept on going all night! To all of them... to all of you

watching at home, we wish you good night from London, England... good night from The Battle of London... and we'll see you real soon.

CP: Mama, I'm comin' home!

[And as Juan Vasquez welcomes his daughters into the ring to enjoy this moment in front of the sold out crowd with him, we fade to black.]