

MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM

MAY 28TH, 2018 - DODGER STADIUM - LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

PART ONE

PART TWO

PART THREE

[A black screen.

White text appears on behalf of the AWA legal team to inform you of the penalties involved if you happen to do things with the Pay Per View that you're about to watch that you shouldn't.

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[Back to black for a moment.

We fade up from black to a shot of the American flag flapping in the breeze atop the USS Lexington. The voice of Gordon Myers is heard.]

"Francis Marion Crawford once said... 'They fell, but o'er their glorious grave floats free the banner of the cause they died to save.'

On this Memorial Day, we proudly send our thoughts and our prayers to the

memories of those who have died for their country and to the loved ones they left behind.”

[A silent moment, still holding on the flag before fading back to black...

...and then we slowly fade up on what appears to quite the palatial mansion somewhere in one of Los Angeles’ luxury neighborhoods - Beverly Hills, Bel Air, Malibu... you get the idea. The very tall wooden door swings open to reveal one of professional wrestling history’s biggest stars and one of the night’s featured attractions, Juan Vasquez... who appears to be a little flustered as he shouts over his shoulder.]

JV: I’m running late for my own retirement match! I’ll see you all at the stadium!

[The door shuts behind him as Vasquez tugs at his dress shirt collar, looking around...]

JV: Where the hell is that Uber?

[...and with a crane of his neck, Vasquez finds what he’s looking for.]

JV: Ah! There they are! Let’s do this!

[Vasquez jogs down the front steps towards the driveway...

...and we cut to a shot from behind him to reveal a royal blue lowrider pulling into view.]

JV: I thought it was supposed to be a SUV.

[He shakes his head with confusion, swinging the back door open and hopping inside...

...and we cut to a closeup of Juan sitting in the backseat, not looking up as he pulls the door closed behind him.]

JV: Dodger Stadium - let’s go! In a bit of a...

[He trails off as he looks up, his jaw dropping slightly...]

JV: What in the...?

[We cut to a shot showing the front seats, revealing Snoop Dogg in the driver’s seat and Ice Cube in the front passenger seat.]

SD: Juan Vasquez! We heard you needed a ride to the show!

[Vasquez silently nods, still surprised.]

IC: Comin’ from the West Side, nothin’ but the West Side. Let’s do this!

[Cube slaps some switches on the dash as we cut to an exterior shot, showing the lowrider lifting as it starts to pull out of Juan's driveway...

...and then we cut to the type of camera angle best known for something like Carpool Karaoke where we can see Vasquez in the backseat behind the two rappers-turned-major-Hollywood-stars.]

JV: Guys, I appreciate the ride but... are you driving for Uber now?!

[Cube laughs as Snoop shakes his head.]

SD: Nah, nah... we heard you needed a lift so we sent that Uber guy on his way with a little Chronic and a payday. It's not every day you get to drive a legend to his final match.

[Juan grins.]

JV: Appreciate that. It's going to be a hell of a night and this is the perfect way to start it.

SD: For sure, for sure... you know, I always thought I coulda been a pro wrestler.

IC: Your skinny ass? No way. But me on the other hand...

[Cube strokes his chin, grinning thoughtfully as Snoop shakes his head.]

JV: I think you BOTH could've made it in the business. You know, it's been a hell of a journey, guys. It's almost hard to believe this is it.

IC: Oh, it's it, brother... did I use that right? Still imagining myself Main Eventing SuperClash!

[Juan grins.]

JV: You got it, brother.

[We cut a little deeper into the ride where Juan starts looking around from the backseat.]

JV: Hey Snoop... I know you're West Side 'til you die but...

[Juan looks again.]

JV: ...this isn't the way to the Stadium.

[Snoop and Cube throw a look at each other, a grin on both their faces.]

SD: Sorry, man... we got one more stop to make.

JV: Huh? I really don't have time for-

IC: Don't worry, amigo... just one more person we promised a ride to.

[We pull to a stop as Snoop slaps the horn which plays a horn version of "Gin And Juice" to a chuckle from Cube.]

IC: Here he comes now.

[The backseat door swings open as someone else climbs through, speaking as they do.]

"Thanks so much for this, guys... I'm running late and-"

[And as Ryan Martinez flops down in the seat next to his longtime rival, his eyebrows raise...]

RM: You?

JV: You.

[Vasquez slides over, the two men side-eyeing each other...]

IC: Now, now... don't be breaking out into a rumble in the back seat on us.

SD: That's right. We got a friend who'll show up and regulate in a hurry if you guys can't behave.

[Ryan sighs, Juan shaking his head as the car begins moving again... everyone sitting in silence for several awkward moments.]

IC: Hey, uhh... maybe we need some music?

[Snoop nods.]

SD: I hear that.

[And slaps at the car stereo, starting up the opening notes of "California Love." Within moments, all four men are bobbing their heads to the West Coast anthem...]

...and we cut ahead into their ride where the song is now in full swing...

...and to the shock (and possible horror) of all, there is some full-on rapping going on by all four.]

#I been in the game for ten years makin' rap tunes
Ever since honeys was wearin' Sassoon
Now it's '95 and they clock me and watch me
Diamonds shinin', lookin' like I robbed Liberace
It's all good, from Diego to the Bay
Your city is the bomb if your city makin' pay (uh)
Throw up a finger if you feel the same way
Dre puttin' it down for Californ-i-a#

[Ryan and Juan are swinging their arms, making up for their lack of rapping skill with passion and enthusiasm as our front seat passengers are the ones now giving some side-eye as they're completely overwhelmed by the volume of our wrestling duo...]

IC: Sounds like maybe you two can get along after all.

[Martinez smirks.]

RM: Maybe.

[He reaches out a closed fist, accepting a fist bump from a smirking Vasquez.]

JV: For one more night at least.

[Ryan gives a nod.]

SD: Almost there!

[And we cut to an overhead shot, a helicopter shot tracking the blue lowrider as it rolls through the streets of Los Angeles - passing the Staples Center, heading down the freeway... rolling down Sunset Boulevard...

...and finally, pulling into the entrance to Dodger Stadium, the building known as Blue Heaven on Earth coming into full view as we climb the hill from Sunset, revealing the third oldest Major League Baseball stadium (and oldest West of the Mississippi) in all her glory.

The parking lot is filled with AWA fans, lining the path into the stadium, reaching out slap hands as the car slows to a crawl, windows down so everyone can reach out to greet the welcoming crowd.

The palm trees soar high in the air as the car approaches one of the stadium's entrances, the doors popping open as all four men climb out and are immediately swarmed by adoring fans...

...and the overhead camera spins away, leaving the quartet behind to take an aerial shot from beyond Center Field, showing the stadium in its picturesque splendor, the sun shining high in the Los Angeles sky as the music fades...

...and back up onto a roaring crowd - near 60,000 strong - as Memorial Day Mayhem officially comes on the air. Our shot is tight at the outset, not revealing the full glimpse of the field as we are zoomed in close on the entrance stage where the American flag is waving on the video wall. The voice of hometown girl Rebecca Ortiz is heard, cutting through the din of the fans.]

RO: AWA fans, please rise if you are able. Here to perform the National Anthem... a member of the AWA family...

...SELENA GOMEZ!

[A smiling Gomez steps up to a microphone on a stand, the cheers pouring down over her as she stands in a glittering red, white, and blue sleeveless dress. The music starts up as she grabs the mic and lets loose.]

#O say can you see...
...by the dawn's early light...
...What so proudly we hail'd...
...at the twilight's last gleaming.#

[The shot shifts to show the American flag fluttering in the daylight from the flagpole in center field...

...and then back to Gomez.]

#Whose broad stripes and bright stars...
...through the perilous fight.
O'er the ramparts we watch'd...
were so gallantly streaming?#

[Cut to a wide crowd shot of the stadium, the fluttering flag showing on the giant video screens in both left and right field over the pavilions.]

#And the rocket's red glare...
...the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night...
...that our flag was still there#

[And back to Gomez.]

#O say does that star-spangled...
...banner yet waaaaaaaave
O'er the land of the free...#

[The crowd starts cheering as they often do.]

#...and the hoooooome of the braaaaaave?#

[As Gomez completes the song with red, white, and blue daytime pyro erupting, leaving streaks of smoke of the same color in the sunshine, there's a massive roar from overhead, our camera cutting to the sky just in time to reveal four F-15 fighter jets from the 11th Fighter Wing in Fresno soaring over Dodger Stadium to the thrill of the sold out crowd...

...and after a few moments of silence, we hear a voice familiar to sports fans around the globe - the Baseball Hall of Famer and all-time legend, Vin Scully. His signature sound is iconic, music to the ears of baseball fans as his deep tones ring out.]

"Dodger Stadium. Chavez Ravine. Blue Heaven On Earth."

[We fade back up on an overhead shot from the other direction, showing the field... the mountains beyond the stadium in the background of the shot...]

"Oh, it's a place of many names but for fifty-six years, it's been a palace for Dodgers fans... a cathedral for true believers..."

[...fading into a shot of Dodger fans decked out in hats, jerseys, hoodies... shouting for the unseen action on the field...]

"...a place where the fruits of victory have tasted oh-so-sweet..."

[...fading into a shot of Kirk Gibson rounding the bases after his iconic home run in Game 1 of the 1988 World Series, pumping his fist as he hobbles to victory...]

"...and the agony of defeat has been softened by knowing that tomorrow is another day."

[...cut to a shot of the Houston Astros celebrating their 2017 World Series victory on the Dodgers' home field, dejected players and fans alike looking on in stunned disappointment.]

"But tonight, that cathedral of America's favorite pastime takes on a starkly different tone."

[We fade into a panning shot that appears to be taken from behind home plate, showing a field level shot fully saturated... the blue outfield walls, the green grass, the brown dirt, the blue sky beyond the outfield Pavilions...]

"Tonight, Blue Heaven On Earth turns into something very, very different."

[...and the color starts to desaturate, moving bit by bit towards grayscale.]

"Tonight, Dodger Stadium becomes a battlefield."

[We're in full black and white now, showing the stadium as it is set up for AWA action. We can see the ring... the stage... the ramp... the seating on the field... all empty for the moment.]

"But on this night, the greatest opponent isn't the man who is stronger or bigger..."

[Fade to black and white shots of Supernova pressing a heavy set of weights up in a bench... and into James Lynch running the steep stairs on the Reserved level of the stadium...]

"...nor the woman who is smarter or quicker..."

[...into Julie Somers doing high jumps, tucking her legs up with each leap into the air... into Michelle Bailey down on the mat, locking in a kneebar on a rapidly-tapping but unknown sparring partner...]

"These champions and challengers find themselves battling an opponent is undefeated in every conflict.

And no, I'm not talking about Max Magnum nor Atlas Armstrong."

[Fade to a face-to-face promotional shot of the two undefeated warriors.]

"It's time."

[Fade to a rapidly-ticking clock, the seconds dropping down.]

"Time is the opponent for a woman who has overcome so many obstacles in a difficult life, climbing a mountain she's been knocked down so many times, desperately trying to reach the top for the first time."

[Another shot of Michelle Bailey, kneeling on the canvas, a towel over her head. She pulls it off, revealing a sweat-covered face, a trickle of blood coming from her lip...]

"Time is the opponent for an Iron Cowboy who sacrificed years of his life on a friendship - on a brotherhood - that turned out to be as one-sided as a mid-summer blowout at the ballpark."

[Into Jack Lynch sitting on a wooden bench, wrapping his hands in white tape as he glares coldly into the distance.]

"Time is the opponent for a challenger who lost so much of it due to an injury that many thought he'd never recover from and is constantly thinking about how much of it he has left to accomplish his dreams."

[Back to James Lynch, rolling his neck as he listens to Veronica Westerly giving instructions as he stares up into a ring where a training partner awaits.]

"Time is the opponent for thirty women set to do battle. Two minutes of time over and over until only one woman is left standing as having overcome all of her foes."

[To a shot of the original AWA Women's Rumble, fists flying from the warriors involved.]

"And perhaps most of all, time is the opponent for Juan Vasquez."

[To Juan Vasquez, sitting in the Top Deck of the stadium, looking wistfully at the field below... the site of his final match in his career later tonight.]

"The boy who grew up in this very stadium, starry eyes looking on at childhood heroes that went by names like Fernando... like Gibson... like Hershisier..."

[We fade back into color to old family photos of young boy Vasquez dressed in a Fernando Valenzuela t-shirt and Dodger hat.]

"The boy who grew up in the city that surrounds us - the City of Angels - a city of dreams and limitless potential..."

[Into Vasquez standing in front of a house - first, a photo of Vasquez as a child... and then the adult Juan looking on, remembering where he quite literally came from.]

"The boy who grew up on the streets, living the hard life that so many in the city find as their starting point... but never letting their dreams die inside them."

[An old still photo of Vasquez and some childhood friends standing in front of a chainlink fence with barbed wire at the top, a baseball field behind them.]

"The boy who grew up to be a man living that dream, fighting with every bit of determination... of drive... of focus... with every bit of himself to make sure that just being on the show wasn't enough."

[Another photo, this time of Vasquez during his days on the EMWC ring crew, working to get the ropes secured, flashing a grin over his shoulder at the camera as a young Luke Kinsey is making faces over Vasquez' head.]

"The boy who grew up to be a superstar..."

[A shot of Vasquez taking on Jeff Matthews in his EMWC days...]

"...then a hero..."

[A shot of Vasquez making his AWA debut.]

"...then a champion..."

[Vasquez holding the AWA National Title overhead... fading into him holding the AWA World Title...]

"...and now a legend."

[A shot of Vasquez standing at the top of the aisle at last year's SuperClash, looking back towards the sold out stadium.]

"The boy who has done all there is to do in a sport of kings except for one thing."

[Fade to a shot of Vasquez, his face etched in pain after crashing through a table with a top-of-the-Woodshed senton at SuperClash VIII.]

"Because tonight, that boy who became a man who became a champion who became a legend has one opponent left... and while the marquee may tell you it's his old rival Raphael Rhodes... his final opponent is time itself."

[To a shot of Vasquez getting his knee wrapped by an AWA trainer.]

"And so, it's in this cathedral that Juan Vasquez utters a prayer to the Big Dodger upstairs to give his aging body more time."

[Vasquez leans against a tile wall, his eyes closed tight, his lips moving silently...]

"One more night in the spotlight."

[...and into Vasquez leaping into the air with a top rope moonsault...]

"One more night with his adoring fans looking on, roaring until their lungs ache and their throats are raw."

[...a shot of a rabid AWA crowd, many of whom are wearing Vasquez t-shirts or waving Vasquez signs...]

"One more night with the world watching."

[...and then a big panning shot with Vasquez in the ring, circling all the way around him to show a sold out stadium crowd.]

"A night where Raphael Rhodes tries to ruin the storybook ending... tries to tag in his partner of Father Time as Juan Vasquez attempts one more comeback in the heat of the moment..."

[Cut to Raphael Rhodes soaring off the top rope, sending a foe crashing down to the canvas with a superplex.]

"Battling the future. Battling age. And when you think about his career, battling against the end."

[A slow motion shot of Vasquez falling to the canvas, bloodied and battered.]

"One more night to use that aching old arm and Right Cross the stars back up in the sky and give us a night to remember."

[Another slow motion shot, Vasquez connecting with a Right Cross that snaps its victim's head around...]

"A night none of us will ever forget."

[Vasquez raising his arms over his head, standing on the middle rope, soaking up the adoration of the crowd...]

"So, sit back, AWA fans... relax... and enjoy the show.

Because it's tiiiiime... for AWA Memorial Day Mayhem!"

[And we fade through black...

...and with a ROAR from the sold out crowd as "California Love" begins to play over the PA system for the fans inside MLB's third oldest stadium as well as the fans at home rockin' out on their living room couches, we are on the air. More red, white, and blue daytime pyro goes off, creating quite the ruckus for several moments before the voice of the AWA's lead play-by-play man, "Big" Salvatore Albano, cuts in.]

SA: In the immortal words of the legend himself, Vin Scully, hi everybody and a very pleasant good afternoon to you wherever you may be! It is the biggest night of the summer - the kickoff to summer - and it doesn't get hotter than this! You are looking at a sold out Dodger Stadium in Chavez Ravine in Los Angeles, California where nearly 60,000 fans are on hand to get this party started at MEMORIAL! DAY! MAAAAAYHEM!

[The noise gets LOUDER as the camera pans over the impressive crowd, screaming and shouting, hooting and hollering, waving their arms in the air as they celebrate the kickoff to the biggest event of the summer.]

SA: I'm Salvatore Albano along with the man who is here in the City of Angels to speak it true, Colt Patterson...

[We cut to a shot of the announce duo, showing Albano in a standard black suit, white dress shirt, and an American flag tie alongside Colt Patterson who is in royal blue leather pants and a ruffled white shirt hanging open to reveal his well-toned chest and several gold chains. He's topped it off - literally - with a big red, white, and blue top hat and a pair of American flag mirrored sunglasses.]

SA: ...and Uncle Colt wants you!

[Patterson smirks as he points to the camera.]

CP: Albano, don't you start with me! Can you hear these people? Can you hear them cheering for me?

SA: For you?!

CP: Yes! For me! I'm the one who has got 'em more starstruck than those tourists looking at the stars' homes!

SA: Oh, brother.

[The camera cuts from the announce duo to give a nice wide shot of the stadium, revealing the ring somewhere around the second base placement. We can see the massive metal stage in center field, running between the two outfield pavilions with a large video wall standing behind it. The AWA has spared no expense as the video wall is framed by replicas of Los Angeles landmarks - the Hollywood sign, the Staples Center, the Capitol Records building, the Hollywood Bowl, the Coliseum, stars to symbolize the Walk of Fame, and others.]

A ramp runs partway down the aisle - also lined with stars with names of pro wrestling legends on them - before terminating on the field with a slight turn to head towards the ring. Barricades line the aisleway, creating the path to the squared circle which stands with blue and white ropes to salute the host team and blue ring aprons. Mats are on the field around the ring and a pair of ringside tables round out the ringside area. There are some tall towers set up with sound and lighting around the field and over the ring.]

SA: We've got a tremendous night of action for you here tonight, fans! Four title matches! The Rumble! Undefeated streaks collide! The Towel Match! And so much more including the one that we're all here to see... one last match, one more time... the legendary Hall of Famer Juan Vasquez steps into the professional wrestling ring for the final time to take on his longtime rival Raphael Rhodes!

CP: The Iron Cowboy versus the best in the world in the Towel Match! The Future versus the White Knight! The Spitfire versus the Platinum Princess! And that's just the tip of the sword because it just don't get any better than this!

SA: And we may just have a special surprise guest here in the City of Angels along the way. Let's throw it over to one of those guests - the PA announcer here at Dodger Stadium night in and night out... Todd Leitz!

[Leitz' booming voice rings out over the PA system.]

TL: AWA fans, the Los Angeles Dodgers and the city of Los Angeles would like to welcome you to Blue Heaven On Earth for MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM!

[The crowd ROARS!]

TL: And here to throw out the ceremonial first pitch... the Dodgers' own... CLAYTON KERSHAW!

[A grinning Kershaw makes his way out to center ring, the future first-ballot Hall of Famer dressed in black slacks and a Dodgers polo with a Dodgers jersey thrown over it and buttoned halfway. As he turns to wave to the fans, ball in hand, we can see that the back of the jersey on this night does not bear his legendary name... but rather a different legendary name.

"VASQUEZ"

With the number "18" underneath to represent the year, Kershaw gives one more wave before turning towards the aisle where we can see him point with a "you ready?"

The camera cuts to the aisleway to reveal another familiar face to baseball fans... and wrestling fans as well... "Big Papi" himself, David Ortiz who waves to the fans from his own custom-made Supernova jersey with flames covering the sleeves.

Ortiz turns back to Kershaw with a grin, giving a nod as Kershaw gives a little windup and tosses the ball over the ropes down the aisle where Ortiz snatches it out of the sky to cheers! Kershaw and Ortiz both salute the crowd again before we cut back to Sal and Colt.]

SA: How about that for a special treat, Colt?

CP: They shoulda had me do it, Big Sal. My fastball's much better than that guy's at this point of his career!

[Sal chuckles, shaking his head.]

SA: Clayton Kershaw, one of the all-time greats in baseball - a guaranteed first ballot Hall of Famer... and one might argue, Colt, you can make the same claims about one of the competitors in our opening match tonight - Michelle Bailey.

CP: Bailey's done a lot in this sport - a real trailblazer - she's competed all over the world, she's won titles just about everywhere she's been including the E... but tonight, she's going to try to do the one thing that's eluded her and that's win the World Title.

SA: Her first shot at a World Title! Right here tonight! On Friday, before all the festivities of the weekend began, Lori Dane ventured to Michelle Bailey's new office in Thousand Oaks to meet up with her long-time friend, and Colt, they had a lot to discuss.

CP: Yeah, like how she was finally gonna show her true colors and steal the title from Julie Somers with the help of E-Girl MAX.

SA: You and Ben Waterson have been on a roll, Colt.

CP: Hey, Albano, when it's plain as day, you have to admit it. She's been the most consistently nice person to Hamilton, Cinder, Cash, and the lot. You don't think she wants her first World Title shot in a 20 year career to go down in a loss, do you?

SA: Well, fortunately, I don't need to speculate, because Lori asked that of her. Let's go to that footage.

[We cut to the inside of a small office, where "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey and Lori Dane sit in plush chairs. Michelle appears to have had a long day, her hair stacked on top of her head in a large bun, and is wearing a yellow plaid top with black linen pants and black ballet flats. She's also holding an iPad Pro. Lori, ever the professional, sports an AWA polo shirt and jeans. Michelle points to the side of Lori's chair with the Apple Pencil.]

MB: Push that.

[Lori looks to the side of the chair, then pushes the button on the side. A footrest pops up, to Lori's surprise.]

LD: Oh! So that's why you don't have a couch!

MB: Mm hmm. Or a chaise lounge. I figure my client should be in control of their own comfort.

[Lori motions to the iPad as she pushes the footrest back in.]

LD: And how have you gotten used to using that instead of notebooks?

[Michelle gives a weary smile.]

MB: It's taken some time. I still prefer the aesthetic feel of paper, but for organization for my clients, it's best.

[Lori motions to the camera.]

LD: I should mention that we're in your new office. I wanted to try and set up a meeting at your house, but our schedules weren't going to allow for it.

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: Thank goodness it's out here. I can't imagine if this weekend was happening like at Dallas for SuperClash. I hope my life has calmed down a bit by the time we get there.

[Lori looks at her friend, her head tilted.]

LD: Do you hope you'll be defending the Women's World Title on one of those two nights?

[Michelle smiles, pointing at Lori with the pencil.]

MB: You're good. Sneaking that right in.

[She sighs, putting down the iPad and pencil.]

MB: Honestly, Lori, there are times where I wonder if I'm in over my head. This division is extremely competitive, and I often wonder if someone like me is meant to be here.

LD: What do you mean?

[Michelle frowns.]

MB: Think about how long I needed just to feel like I should take this shot. I wanted to be in the Rumble tonight, because I felt that was the best way for me to earn a shot at the World Title. Then Julie asked me to face her... said she wanted me to "live my dream". That's when things got...

[Michelle motions with her hands, trying to find the right word. Lori helps her.]

LD: Difficult?

MB: Difficult. Thank you. Winning the Royal Crown helped, and the encouragement I got from everyone made me feel like this is something I can do, but I'm always going to have that impostor syndrome running in my head, I think. Even if I do beat Julie on Monday, it won't feel real, even if that belt touches my hands and is put around my waist.

LD: What do you think will help with that?

[A sigh from the veteran.]

MB: I wish I knew.

[Lori hesitates, almost unsure about how to broach the next topic.]

MB: Go ahead. I know you have to ask.

LD: I'm sorry. It's just that... Michelle, I think your openness about your feelings and your history is why people are connecting dots. Dots I don't personally think connect, but others do.

[Michelle nods, the post from her tongue piercing popping out of the corner of her mouth and sliding across her lips, going back into her mouth on the other side.]

LD: You know my colleague on Showtime, Ben Waterson, believes that you have joined up with E-Girl MAX. That the pressure has gotten to you, and that by joining them, it will help you gain the win in your first-ever World Title shot after 20 years of waiting. There is a small, but very vocal minority out on social media who agrees with him.

[Lori looks at her notes to verify her next statement.]

LD: They say that, in the past, you mentioned that you wish you hadn't spent so long fighting against Ego MAX back during the EMWC days. Those same people note that your own 30 For 30 showed you had actually joined Ego MAX during your time away from television, but weren't actually able to be shown as a member due to the company folding before you could return. You've been exceedingly nice to Harley Hamilton and Cinder, and Casey Cash being your daughter's training partner when they first started is well known.

[Lori looks up from her notes at her friend, who stares back at her with her two-toned eyes.]

LD: You have to admit, even if it's not true... they have a point. And even if I don't believe it, I have the benefit of having known you all these years. They don't. Michelle, it looks fishy.

[Michelle nods again.]

MB: It does.

[Michelle leans forward.]

MB: Look, I get it. I get what people are saying. Julie Somers is a fantastic wrestler, and yes, I don't know if I can beat her. I do think that everyone in E-Girl MAX is extremely talented, and yes, I have been kind to them all in the past. I know that, at this level, the web gets tangled and feelings get hurt.

[She holds up a finger.]

MB: But there's one thing I always hold true to my heart. When presented with the right thing and the wrong thing, I will always do the right thing. The right thing, for me, is to go down my own path, fight Julie Somers on my own, win or lose on my own merit. I have no idea if people will take me at my word, but I can't control what others think. I can only control my own actions, and how I handle myself.

[There is a pause as she thinks over her next words.]

MB: Would it be easier to just join up with E-Girl MAX? Sure. Deep down, they talk about how you can do things better by working together with friends, and frankly, I think that's a positive message, even if I think the methods are a little... unfortunate.

[She gives off a little smile as Lori looks at her, surprised by her words.]

MB: But I think they need to do their own thing, much like I need to do my own. And right now, my future stares right in front of me, on Monday, when I fight Julie Somers.

LD: And you're going to do that on your own too?

MB: That's my plan. I'd like to keep it that way, but that's my plan.

LD: And what will you do if, and I'm sure this isn't the way you hope it goes, but if you lose?

[Michelle sticks out a hand, which Lori looks at.]

MB: That.

LD: A hand...?

MB: To shake. Win or lose, I'm going to offer my hand to Julie. Out of friendship, respect, admiration, whatever you want to call it.

LD: Even if the match gets heated, or if someone tries to interfere?

MB: Even if.

[Michelle closes all the fingers on her hand except one.]

MB: And you know I keep these.

[Her pinky. Lori smiles and accepts the pinky promise.]

LD: Good luck on Monday, Michelle.

MB: Thanks, Lori.

[And we cut back to our commentators, one of whom already has a few things to say.]

CP: Ohhhh, a pinky promise, huh? A pinky promise! Does that mean squat when a title's on the line?!

SA: I take it you feel some kind of way about that, Colt?

CP: Albano, you ain't ever been in the ring and held a belt over your head. I have. You do anything you can to win when it comes down to it, otherwise you ain't cashin' those big checks and callin' yourself a champion.

SA: Julie Somers doesn't act that way.

CP: Somers?! Don't make me laugh. Look at how she threw away everyone who got in her way on the path to the title. Victoria June ended up halfway to the nuthouse after Somers cut her off. If Michelle Bailey didn't accept E-Girl MAX's help, if she turned them down, and she ends up losing this match where their help could have won it for her, then I don't care what those diplomas on her office wall state... she's the dumbest person in this company.

SA: Well, folks, we won't have to wait long to find out... but right now, let's go back to our own Sweet Lou Blackwell - who wishes he had his own trade deadline to drop scoops over - who is standing by with the World Champion just moments before this match gets started! Lou?

[We cut to backstage where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in front of an AWA backdrop. Next to him is "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, who is dressed in her wrestling attire, consisting of a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Somers also wears a red cape. Her wavy brown hair is pulled behind her head in a ponytail. The AWA Women's World Title belt is strapped around her waist.]

SLB: Thanks, Sal... and you said it... in just a few minutes, this young lady, Julie Somers, will defend her AWA Women's Title against Michelle Bailey. Now, Julie, what originally looked like what could be a fan favorite matchup, featuring two friends having a friendly challenge, is marred by a bit of controversy after what happened in Reseda. What are your thoughts about what happened that night?

[Somers lets loose a breath, a look of frustration on her face.]

JS: Sweet Lou, how about we start with what E-Girl MAX had to say. It wasn't that long ago that I laid out the challenge to any one of them to come face me for this title belt around my waist. I would have been more than happy to take on any of them, right then and there, and what do I get?

"We'll take the title off you when we're good and ready," they said.

And then they have the nerve to claim in Reseda that I'm ducking them.

[She lets loose another breath and shakes her head.]

JS: On top of that, they're running their mouths about me wanting to be the center of attention, when they're the ones that are bringing out a trophy and having a big celebration because one of their own finally overcame karate. Oh, and then they follow it up by daring to talk about my brother like they did.

And then, when the match is over, they decide to pull exactly the type of thing that I expected from them... but even then, I was more than ready to take on that challenge, prove to them that I could beat one of E-Girl MAX on their terms and maybe even shut them up for good.

[She pauses at that point, as if she wants to say something, but then purses her lips.]

SLB: And then Melissa Cannon appeared.

[After a moment, Somers nods.]

SLB: Were you expecting her to show up at that moment?

[Somers purses her lips again.]

JS: I knew she was there and...

[She pauses again, as if thinking about how to frame her response.]

JS: And I get it... she's like my big sister, not just that she's there for me when I need her, but that she wants to look out for me. I get that she thought I was in a bad situation and I'm not going to say I was in great shape at that moment.

[She takes another deep breath.]

JS: But I'll just say this: I'm not one to back down from a challenge even when the odds are not in my favor. Hey, there were those who said the odds weren't in my favor each time I faced Kurayami, even when it was a tag match with Melissa by my side. And I've shown before I can overcome the odds, so what does that say if I'm not able to show I can overcome them again?

So while I don't blame Melissa for what she did, I do wish it hadn't happened at that moment.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Let's not forget what went down between Melissa and Michelle... and the fact that you and Michelle had a conversation about what happened. Now, Michelle is hearing the talk about her possibly joining up with E-Girl MAX. You had to deal with that in the weeks before your Tenth Anniversary Show match with Ricki Toughill and now, that same talk is surrounding tonight's title defense.

JS: Yeah, once again, everything goes back to E-Girl MAX, doesn't it? Again, they have the nerve to say I think I'm the center of attention when it seems they get themselves into everything in the Women's Division, one way or another.

But as much as I'm tired of that, and as much as I don't like two people I consider friends to have issues with one another, I have to remember I have a title match tonight and my focus needs to be there... and it's not because I believe any of the talk that's being lobbed at Michelle now.

[She again pauses, as if trying to think about what she wants to say next.]

JS: All I wanted was to find a worthy challenger for the title... and after E-Girl MAX pulled their usual shenanigans, I immediately thought of Michelle. She then proved herself by winning the Royal Crown... but even if she hadn't, she still would have been worthy because she has proven herself time and again.

And when I offered her the shot, all I wanted to do was say thank you to women like her for how they paved the way for the women of today. And by no means will I allow this title belt I wear to get in the way of our friendship, because regardless of what happens tonight, Michelle Bailey will still be my friend.

SLB: But what of the match tonight, Julie? What can we expect?

[Somers brushes away a loose strand of her hair.]

JS: What I'm expecting, Sweet Lou, is that Michelle Bailey will bring her best tonight, because I plan to bring my best... not because I don't value her friendship, but because I do. I would expect no less from any friend of mine to bring their best when they face me, just as I will, especially with a title on that line. And that doesn't mean that the title is in the way of our friendship... only that because we are friends, we know the worst thing we can do to disappoint one other is by bringing anything less than our best to a match, especially a title match.

When I tell every little girl out there about what it means to live the dream, it means you have to bring your best, night after night.

[She pauses again and looks directly at the camera.]

JS: And I don't intend to disappoint every little girl who believes in that... nor do I intend to disappoint Michelle.

[Another pause.]

JS: So what I say is not personal... I aim to successfully defend my championship tonight.

[She pats the belt around her waist, nods her head and walks off the set.]

SLB: I'd say there's a lot more on the line than just the Women's Title in our opening match. Let's go back to ringside!

[As we fade up from the backstage area, we find our shot on some fans in the crowd waving a "BURN 'EM UP, SPITFIRE!" sign... and then cut to a pair of young girls dressed in their best Michelle Bailey cosplay.]

SA: Thanks for that, Lou... and as we can see, it's a divided house here in Los Angeles as the fans are split between the champion and the challenger in what's likely to be one of the toughest matches of the night.

CP: The Women's World Title is one of the most hotly contested prizes in the sport - they're lining up for a shot at it. Thirty women later tonight will fight it out in one of the most grueling matches in pro wrestling just to earn a shot at it. I expect Michelle Bailey to bring everything she's got to try to win this thing and I expect Somers to be ready for the fight.

SA: Speaking of "ready for the fight..."

[The camera cuts to ringside to a shot of a blonde woman in her late 20s, her hair pulled back in a ponytail.]

SA: ...how about this special guest tonight? It's the GFC Women's Champion Athena Albright! The Trailblazer's in the building!

[The crowd ROARS at seeing Albright who gets out of her seat, a big grin on her face as tugs at her old school EMWC Michelle Bailey t-shirt, pointing at it.]

SA: And it looks like it's no secret who she is rooting for in this one.

[The smiling Albright throws some punches towards the camera, causing the camera operator to hop back as the fans all around Albright go crazy.]

CP: Looks like Albright finally came out of her Hexagon to see what some real fighting is all about, Big Sal.

[Sal chuckles as we fade from Albright over to Rebecca Ortiz in mid-ring who is sporting a royal blue glittering dress with white colored "slashes" across the midsection.]

RO: Our opening contest is set for one fall with a one hour time limit... and it is for the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRLD CHAMPIONSHIIIIIP!

[The audience in Dodger Stadium roars with cheers, but Rebecca Ortiz stands with arms at her side, a broad smile on her face. A few moments pass, and the crowd starts buzzing with anticipation, wondering why the ring announcer isn't saying anything.

Then they hear a clock ticking over the public address system.

As the ticking clock can be heard, the stage fills with costumed characters. A white rabbit. A march hare. A red queen. A caterpillar with a hookah. A pink and purple-striped cat.

Then a familiar, unmistakable voice can be heard.]

"What an amazing time...
What a family!
How did the years go by?
...now it's only me... "

[And out onto the stage, in an outfit portraying her as a hybrid of the Mad Hatter and Alice, steps the one and only Gwen Stefani to an eruption of cheers!]

CP: WHAT?! How did we swing this, Albano?

SA: Anaheim's own Gwen Stefani is here at Dodger Stadium on her last stop before starting her Las Vegas residency!

[And as Gwen Stefani breaks into her legendary solo debut, "What You Waiting For?", the fans cheer even louder as, once Gwen breaks into the chorus, she's joined on stage by the "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey! Michelle is dressed in a very Gwen-inspired outfit, wearing a light blue plaid blazer over a white ruffled crop top, a light blue plaid skirt with white ruffle accents, and her customary split kneepad/shinpad configuration of white for the left leg and light blue plaid for the right.

Michelle looks a bit overwhelmed looking out at the sea of humanity in Dodger Stadium, standing next to Gwen Stefani, but as she does so, Gwen grabs her by the elbow, pulling her to look at her face-to-face, just in time for...]

"Take a chance, you stupid ho!"

[And Gwen points Michelle down to the ring as the challenger begins to make her march out of center field towards the ring. Now, finally, Rebecca Ortiz makes her introduction.]

RO: Innnnnntroducing first, she is the challenger! Hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana, and weighing in tonight at 173 pounds...

"THE PLATINUM PRINCESS"!

MICHELLELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLE BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAILEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[As Michelle walks down to the ring, eyes fixed and somewhat watery, overwhelmed with emotion, Gwen continues to sing her famous song about the importance of taking chances as a woman. The combination of that, as well as its history with the challenger, is not lost on Salvatore Albano.]

SA: Fans, if you're not familiar with Michelle Bailey's career between the EMWC and the AWA, you may not know, but she was inspired by this specific song! In fact, it's part of how she got the nickname "Platinum Princess"! She used to use this song for walking out to the ring for years in Japan!

CP: So you're sayin' she's goin' back to when she was a misfit, huh?

SA: I'm saying she has a lot of success with this song, and talk about it being apropos for her lead-up to tonight, Colt. She was so unsure about whether or not she should take this opportunity against Julie Somers... listen to what this song is about! It's about giving a shot to the unknown! This was the song Gwen Stefani started her solo career with! Michelle may be known for "Stronger" by Britney Spears, but if there's any song she should take her first shot at a World Title with, it's this!

[As Michelle enters the ring, she thanks Rebecca Ortiz for the introduction, then turns around and waves to Gwen Stefani at the stage, who excitedly waves back. Michelle turns around to be inspected by the referee, and her hands seem to be trembling as she acquiesces to the inspection. We can hear the music stop in the background as the announcers discuss and presumably, the stage is cleared in the background.]

CP: Yeah, but look at how she looks in there, Albano. She's a bundle of nerves.

SA: I think anyone in her position, having debuted in 1998 and getting their first World Title opportunity in 2018, would feel the same.

CP: Bad enough to join up with E-Girl MAX?

SA: Oh come on, Colt. That was nothing more than a coincidence.

CP: Sure it was, Albano. Sure. People in desperate situations do desperate things. If you look at that woman right now, in about ten minutes from now, she might be feelin' mighty desperate and we'll see what the truth is.

[And with that, we fade to the entrance stage which has been cleared just in time for the video wall to light up.

The first thing we see is an animated character... it's none other than Gazelle, the famous pop star of Zootopia. And it appears that Shakira herself recorded a line, because when Gazelle speaks, you hear this:]

"I'm Gazelle. Welcome to Memorial Day Mayhem."

[And then we see the clip of Judy Hopps starting her iPod and then...]

"Oh oh oh oh oh"

["Try Everything" starts up and the animated clip is replaced with one word flashing up on the giant video screen: red lettering on a white background.

"SPITFIRE"

And then followed by three more words, also red lettering on a white background.

"LIVE THE DREAM"

The fans are cheering loudly as those words alternate on the video screen.]

RO: And her opponent... from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing 135 pounds... she is the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRLD CHAMPIONNNNNN...

..."THE SPITFIRE" JUUUUUULIIIIIE SOMERRRRRRRS!

[And then Julie Somers emerges from the entranceway. She is dressed in a red halter top and matching red Spandex shorts that comes just above her knees, along with red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She also wears a red cape. The AWA Women's Title is strapped around her waist.]

SA: This is the woman who some have said sealed the deal for the Women's Division in the AWA after her historic win over Charisma Knight at SuperClash VII. And since that time, she has risen to become the Women's World Champion... and tonight, Colt, she could be facing her toughest challenge yet!

CP: I won't argue that one, Sal, but I have to wonder if the champion may be having second thoughts... not only because of the questions getting raised about the challenger, but the fact that Julie Somers took the Britney Spear in Reseda two weeks ago! Not only do I wonder if she's a hundred percent even two weeks later, but if she's realized she's got a tougher task ahead of her than she originally thought!

[Somers stands at the top of the ramp, then spreads her arms upward diagonally just as red pyro fountains shoot up along the stage into the daytime sky. Somers then motions with her hands to encourage the cheering fans.]

SA: Colt, I don't believe for a second that Julie is having second thoughts at all! We've seen her face tough challenges before and she's proven she can overcome them! In fact, she was more than ready to take on Cinder for the title in Reseda, even though Cinder could not legally cash in her Steal the Spotlight contract!

CP: Well, you brought it up, Sal... so let me ask you this: Julie Somers acknowledged that she knew Melissa Cannon was in the building that night in Reseda. What if she accepted that challenge from Cinder, knowing full well that Melissa Cannon was going to come out to save her title?!

[Somers then makes her way down the ramp and the aisle, raising her arms above her head and still motioning with her hands. She reaches ringside and slides underneath the ropes, rolls to her feet and heads to the corner, climbing to the second turnbuckle and, once more, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers.]

SA: You heard Julie say that, yes, she knew Melissa was there, but didn't know she was going to show up at that moment. But regardless of what you believe, Julie had laid out the challenge not just to Cinder, but any member of E-Girl MAX, a few weeks back and they turned her down! And that's what led to this matchup tonight against Michelle Bailey!

CP: Hey, don't you try to deflect any blame to E-Girl MAX, Sal! But you did say earlier, and I agree with you, that this could be her toughest matchup yet! And that's especially because, even if Bailey won't say it herself, she has yet to win a title here in AWA and this could be her one and only opportunity to achieve that!

[Somers hops down from the turnbuckles, then turns and glances at Michelle for a moment. She removes her cape and hands it to a ringside attendant. She then removes the title belt around her waist, glances at Michelle and nods, and hands the belt over to the referee.]

SA: There it is, fans... that's what this is all about, the AWA Women's World Title. First established on July 16th, 2016... nearly two years ago now... and won in Madison Square Garden by Lauryn Rage in that twenty woman Rumble - the first women's Rumble in AWA history. Since then, we've seen three women hold that title - Rage, the monster Kurayami, and Julie Somers who won the title on November 23rd last year at SuperClash and has held it ever since at a total of 187 days, creeping oh-so-close to Rage's 204 day reign. But if she wants a shot at passing Rage on the list, she's gotta survive this stiff title challenge right here tonight.

[The crowd has settled into a buzz as referee Shari Miranda finishes her check of the champion, walking to the middle of the ring as she signals to both women to get ready...

...and then waves for the bell to big cheers!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell has gone and we're underway in the opening match here at Memorial Day Mayhem!

CP: Let's do this, Big Sal!

[Wasting no time, Bailey comes right out of her corner to mid-ring, extending her hand towards the champion...]

...and to her credit, Somers wastes no time as well, accepting the handshake to another big cheer.]

SA: A nice show of sportsmanship to kick us off here in Los Angeles...

CP: And that's NOT what I'm lookin' for, Sal. These two gotta get nasty if they wanna walk out of LA as the champ tonight.

SA: They're friends, Colt, and the respect these two have for one another is off the charts. I don't know if "getting nasty" is in the cards for this one.

CP: We'll see. We'll see.

[The two combatants come together in a collar and elbow, jockeying back and forth for a moment before Bailey pulls Somers into a side headlock...]

SA: Into the headlock... Bailey with a definitive size and strength advantage over the champion and that's what we expect to see her try to use early on in this one...

[It doesn't take long before Somers uses the ropes to propel Bailey out of the headlock, sending her into the ropes where she bounces back and with an enthusiastic shout, runs Somers right down with a tackle!]

SA: Ohhh! Down goes Somers off the tackle!

[Somers rolls to a knee, grabbing at her shoulder with a wince as Bailey nods her head, waiting for the champion to get off the mat...]

SA: Somers slow to her feet, sizing up the opposition... and Colt, it's probably a good time to remind our fans watching at home that the reason this match is going on first is because the loser of this one will receive an entry into the Rumble later tonight.

CP: Yeah, but they can't worry about that now. You gotta give this one everything you've got and if you end up coming up short, worry about what you'll have left in the tank for the Rumble later.

SA: Absolutely... and back to the tieup we go, and this time it's Somers who secures the side headlock...

[The Spitfire gives it a couple of cranks as Bailey looks for an exit and opts to repeat Somers' escape earlier, shoving her off into the ropes. Bailey drops down, forcing Somers to hurdle over her, rebounding back quickly...]

SA: Ohhh! And down she goes again!

[The champion hits the mat a second time early in the match, grabbing her shoulder as Bailey bounces from foot to foot, burning off some nervous energy as the crowd cheers for the action so far...]

CP: You said it earlier, Big Sal - the size, the power, this is where Bailey's going to have an advantage.

[Somers rolls to the outside off the second tackle, noticeably favoring her shoulder as she takes a walk around the ring to regroup.]

SA: The champion to the outside... trying to take a breather, figure out what comes next...

[A young fan in the front row bellows "WE LOVE YOU, JULIE!" at the Women's World Champion who smiles in her direction before turning back to the ring, rolling under the ropes to come to her feet.]

SA: We mentioned the divided house earlier tonight - some sixty thousand fans pretty evenly split, I'd say.

CP: For now.

SA: What's that supposed to mean?

CP: I'm just saying - when E-Girl MAX shows up here later to help their new pal, Bailey, win the title... the fans may not be too happy about that.

SA: Oh, come on. Michelle Bailey wants no part of E-Girl MAX, Colt. Period.

CP: Like I said... we'll see.

[Somers and Bailey meet in the middle in another tieup, this time Bailey using her strength to power Somers back across the ring, pushing her towards the corner..

...where Somers pulls off a quick spin move, shoving Bailey back into the buckles instead.]

SA: Somers using Bailey's momentum against her and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts at Somers landing a knife edge chop to the chest... but as she winds up for another, Bailey turns it around and SMASHES a forearm into the jaw that stuns the champion!]

SA: Ohh! I'm not sure Somers wants to be trading strikes with Michelle Bailey either, Colt, no matter how effective those chops have been for her in the past.

CP: She got the worst of that exchange for sure - she's seeing stars right now.

[The referee steps in, forcing Bailey back as Somers reels in the corner... but Bailey shows some aggression, coming right back in to grab the Spitfire by the arm...]

SA: Shoots her across, charging in after her!

[...but as Bailey nears the corner, Somers leans back, legs raised to cause the challenger to run chinfirst into the boots!]

SA: SHE CAUGHT HER COMING IN!

[Somers hops up on the middle rope, saluting the crowd before leaping off...]

SA: CROSSBODY OFF THE SECOND ROPE!

[...but Bailey shows the power edge, rolling through the crossbody attempt, right back up to her feet with Somers in her grasp...]

SA: Oh! Bailey rolls through it! Bailey's got her hooked!

[...but Somers rolls back the other way before Bailey can plant her feet, pulling the off-balance challenger into a small package!]

SA: CRADLES HER DOWN! ONNNNNE! TWOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CLOSE CALL FOR THE CHALLENGER!

[The crowd is buzzing at how close it was as Bailey rolls under the ropes, going out to the floor with a panicked expression on her face...]

CP: And that just goes to show, Big Sal - this business can turn your world upside down in a heartbeat. Michelle Bailey has fought for twenty years to FINALLY get this shot at the World Title... and she almost had it all ripped away from her right there.

SA: Somers waiting eagerly in the ring... but this time, it's Bailey who is taking a little walk to regroup from almost having it all taken away from her in the opening minutes of this one.

CP: And every time something like that happens, Sal, you better believe that Bailey gets a little more desperate.

SA: Colt, she's NOT joining E-Girl MAX!

CP: You've never been in the ring. You don't understand. In May of 1995, I won the EMWC Universal Title... I was on top of the damn world. By the summer of '97, I was almost an afterthought. A new generation was coming

into the EMWC - people like Hansen and Slater and Joe Reed... the Syndicate... I was tossed aside like yesterday's garbage. As a pro wrestler, you never know if your next match will be your last... and you DEFINITELY don't know when your next TITLE match will be your last. For someone like Bailey who has never challenged for the title before... standing here in Year 20... she knows that this may be her one and only shot at the gold and if she fails tonight, it may not come back around for her.

[Bailey's face is covered with anxiety and doubt as she takes a walk around the ring, pausing to look at a pair of fans dressed in their best Michelle Bailey 2002 cosplay. She smiles, walking over to give them a quick hug.]

CP: I don't agree with this at all. She needs to be focused on Julie Somers, not these idiot fans.

SA: But that's just who Michelle Bailey is as a person... as a human being.

[Bailey rolls back inside the ring, coming to her feet with a nod at Somers who grins, nodding in response...]

SA: You can see the warmth between these two... but right back we go, collar and elbow...

CP: They may be all buddy buddy outside the ring, Big Sal, but this is Memorial Day Mayhem with the World Title on the line! That's gonna go out the window in a hurry.

[There's a brief bit of jockeying for position again before Somers takes Bailey down with an armdrag...]

SA: Armdrag by the champion, challenger right up... Somers coming in quick... and Bailey returns the favor! Dueling armdrags by the champion and her challenger...

[As Bailey gets back up, Somers is there as well and leaps, extending her legs for a dropkick that the challenger swats away, sending Somers down on her chest on the canvas...]

SA: ...ohhh! Down goes Somers off the missed dropkick... look at this now, Bailey's got a lot of interesting pinning techniques in her arsenal, Colt...

[...and Bailey steps in, her feet tucked the armpits as she rolls to the side, pushing herself into a pushup, driving Somers' shoulders down into the mat!]

SA: ...we've got one! We've got two! We've got... noooo, Somers kicks her way free at two.

[But Bailey is on the move, grabbing the rising Somers in a rear waistlock, pushing her into the ropes, rolling back together...]

SA: Rolling reverse cradle! With the bridge! Shades of Adam Rogers gets one! Gets two! And the Spitfire kicks out again! Julie Somers escapes another pinning predicament out of the challenger...

[Both women scramble up again, Bailey rushing towards Somers who ducks down as Bailey leaps up...]

SA: Sunset flip!

[...but the momentum of Bailey's takedown causes Somers to roll through, ending up on her feet where she hooks the legs, flipping forward into a double leg cradle!]

SA: Somers reverses! The champ gets one! She gets two!

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Bailey bridges out of the pin, getting to her feet where she promptly spins Somers over...]

SA: BACKSLIDE!

[...and drags her down to the mat, pinning the shoulders!]

SA: She's got one! She's got two!

[Somers kicks out again, the crowd cheering the quick exchange of pinning situation as both women scramble off the mat, looking to beat the other to their feet to take advantage. Bailey is a half step quicker at this point, rushing forward, leaping up again...]

SA: Sunset fl-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and as she pulls Somers down with momentum, the viewers all realize that Somers was too close to the corner as the back of her head SNAPS against the turnbuckles!]

SA: Uh oh! Somers hits the corner!

CP: Brilliant move by Bailey - she's gotta take advantage!

[But Bailey takes a knee on the mat, an anxious look on her face as Somers lies on the canvas, holding the back of her head as the referee rushes to check on her...]

SA: From the look on her face, Colt, I'd say that was an accident.

CP: You buying that?

SA: Look at her!

CP: Yeah, yeah... poor Michelle. She didn't mean it, Julie! She swears! Pinkie pledge! Now get up and finish her off and take your title, Bailey!

[With Bailey slowly getting to her feet, allowing the referee to check on the champion, Somers takes the time to roll to the outside, dropping to a knee on the floor.]

SA: Somers seems shaken up by that crash into the corner and... well, for someone who you think plotted that, Michelle Bailey seems quite upset by what just happened. She was looking for the sunset flip but with the exchange of pins, they'd gotten too close to the corner and-

CP: Did Bailey give you talking points? Or maybe E-Girl MAX did!

SA: Let's not start with that nonsense again as Julie Somers is on her feet, trying to shake the cobwebs...

[Somers pulls herself up on the apron as Bailey walks over, extending a cautious hand as she asks the Spitfire if she's okay...

...but as Bailey draws near, Somers uses the ropes to leap off the apron, snapping a boot off the forehead of Bailey, sending her staggering backwards!]

SA: ...oh!

CP: You were saying?! Somers suckered her in right there!

[Somers ducks through the ropes, rushing at the staggered Bailey who sidesteps, hooking a waistlock...]

SA: And that kick to the head may have snapped them both into another gear, Colt. Bailey looking for a German Suplex here, trying to get the champion up...

[...but Somers blocks the lift, refusing to go up for it as Bailey lets go, taking aim at the back of Somers' head...]

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

[...and unloads with short forearms to the skull!]

SA: Bailey teeing off on the champion, hard shots to the head and... she's going for the German again!

CP: She hit her right where that sunset flip into the corner hit her... and I'd say the feeling out process is all over in this one, Big Sal.

[Bailey gets Somers in the air this time before a flailing Somers forces her to set her back down on the mat. Bailey grunts in exertion, muscling Somers up again...

...but this time, Somers tucks her head, flipping forward into a cradle!]

SA: CRADLE! CRADLE! ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO!

[Bailey kicks out with authority, breaking free and quickly trying to get to her feet but Somers beats her to it...]

SA: Dropkick on the button!

[Somers scrambles up, throwing a second one that sends Bailey falling backwards against the ropes...]

SA: Caught her good there!

[...and Somers gets up quickly, dashing to the ropes for momentum, charging back across, leaping into the air, and connecting with a strong dropkick to the chest that sends Bailey spilling through the ropes and out to the floor to cheers!]

SA: Somers sends her challenger to the outside... and Michelle Bailey is starting to see the speed of Julie Somers firsthand.

CP: The speed, the quickness, the athleticism... she's got Bailey on her heels and that's a bad thing if you're the challenger.

SA: Somers taking aim now... looking out on sixty thousand screaming fans here in Dodger Stadium!

[Somers sweeps an arm through the air, rushing to the ropes, racing back across the ring...

...and HURLS herself between the ropes in a missile dive, crashing into Bailey and sending her falling backwards into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SOMERS TO THE SKY AND BAILEY TO THE STEEL!

[Somers lands pretty much on her feet, looking out on the cheering fans with a smile and a nod. She pushes Bailey back, keeping her on her feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and after a trio of chops to the chest, Somers drags Bailey back towards the ring, tossing her under the ropes.]

SA: Bailey back in... Somers climbing up on that apron, taking aim again on the challenger..

[Somers grabs the ropes, trying to climb from the middle of the apron as Bailey regains her feet inside the ring...

...and then rushes forward, leaping into the air...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and absolutely ROCKS the Women’s World Champion with a forearm smash to the head!]

SA: What a shot by Michelle Bailey!

CP: Somers’ head may be ringing after that one.

SA: Another forearm... and another... living up to Dr. Dre’s words and trying to keep their head ringin’.

[With Somers hanging onto the ropes to stay on her feet, Bailey grabs a front facelock, lacing the arm over the neck to muscle the Spitfire into the air...]

SA: In comes the Spitfire, crashing down on the mat with that vertical suplex... floats over, right into the cover... one! Two! But again, Somers kicks out... fighting to keep that World Title around her waist.

[Bailey climbs off the mat, standing over Somers and hauling her off the mat by the trunks, pulling her right into another waistlock...]

SA: Looking for that German again...

[...but Somers is ready for it, snapping her elbow back into the jaw of Bailey once... and twice breaks her free.]

SA: ...but Somers is loose and on the move... to the ropes...

[She leaps into the air, springing off the middle rope into a crossbody...]

SA: ...SPRINGS OFF ANNNNNND...

[...but Bailey flattens out on the canvas, causing Somers to soar over her and CRASH chestfirst down on the mat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ...SOMERS! EATS! THE MAT!

[Somers immediately rolls onto hip, cradling into a fetal position as she clutches the ribs that just hit the canvas.]

SA: Julie Somers went for that high flying offense but Michele Bailey got out of the way and-

CP: She's hurt, Albano!

SA: I believe you're right, Colt. It was just a week ago that Somers took some hard shots to the ribs-

CP: Including the Britney Spear.

SA: -so it's unlikely she was coming into this title match at one hundred percent to begin with.

CP: And we saw nine days ago in Reseda, Sal, that if Michelle Bailey hits that Britney Spear, it can end the match for her... and end the title reign of Julie Somers.

[And again, Bailey doesn't immediately attack, looking on as Somers struggles on the mat, trying to push up to her feet...]

CP: What's she doing, Albano?! She needs to take advantage of this!

[Bailey seems a little torn as she watches Somers battle to her feet, holding her ribs as she does...

...and then seems to make a decision, rushing across the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[..and DRIVES a running knee up into the midsection of Somers, flipping her over onto the mat!]

SA: Bailey tossing the ol' kitchen sink at the Spitfire... and if the ribs were hurting before, Colt, they're in agony right about now. You happy now?

CP: Not yet... but that's a start.

[Looking to take advantage of the situation, Bailey pulls Somers off the mat, throwing her backwards into the corner. She marches in, lowering her shoulder...]

"OHHHH!"

[...and drives it into the injured ribs once... twice... three times... before the official steps in, forcing Bailey to back off with her hands raised.]

SA: Bailey going after the ribs now... targeting the injured ribs...

CP: Reminds me a little of something E-Girl MAX might do, don't it?

SA: Make up your mind, Colt! Do you want her aggressive or don't you?! She's fighting for the World Title! Her first ever shot at the World Title! Why WOULDN'T she be aggressive?!

CP: That's exactly what I was asking!

[Bailey backs to mid-ring, lowering her shoulder to charge back in again...

...but as she does, Somers kicks her legs up into the air, causing Bailey to run under her as the Spitfire attempts to drag her down in a sunset flip of her own!]

SA: SOMERS COUNTERS! ONNNNNE! TWOOOOOO!

[But Bailey kicks out at two, breaking free and getting to her feet swiftly as Somers again struggles to get up, grabbing at her midsection...]

SA: Oh! Kick downstairs by Bailey... looking for a suplex...

[Bailey goes to lift Somers into the air...

...and then DUMPS her facefirst on the canvas, bouncing her off the mat with a front layout suplex!]

SA: ...drops her down... quick to the lateral press! Bailey gets one! She gets two! She gets- noooo... out at two for the champion!

CP: But not much on that kickout, Albano. The body of Julie Somers is taking a pounding at the hands of the challenger right now and she needs to find a way back into this in a hurry or we're going to have a new World Champion.

[Bailey climbs off the mat, backing towards the ropes as she waits, watching Somers roll onto her back before Bailey rushes forward, leaping into the air, and CRASHES down onto the torso of Julie Somers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SENTON CONNECTS! Perhaps a Shades of Tommy Stephens salute to Juan Vasquez as he prepares to end his career here tonight in Los Angeles!

[Bailey flips over, diving into another lateral press, hooking the leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[...and Somers slips out again!]

SA: Not enough to keep the Spitfire down! We're a little over ten minutes into this battle for the Women's World Title as Michelle Bailey looks to make history and become the fourth woman to wear that championship gold.

[Bailey grabs Somers by the arm, hauling her to her feet where she promptly whips her across the ring, sending Somers crashing into the corner...]

SA: Somers hits the buckles incredibly hard, doing more damage to the torso... to the core of the champion...

[...and with a running start, Bailey lowers the shoulder and crashes into the ribcage again!]

SA: ...another big tackle in the corner... and you can see the pain on the face of the champion, Colt.

CP: When you've got bad ribs, you're in for a bad night at the office. Every single move you makes hurts. It hurts to stand, it hurts to walk, it hurts to punch... it even hurts to breathe.

SA: And with Reseda right down the road, I gotta say that if a man - or a woman - can't breathe, they can't fight according to martial arts legend Terry Silver.

[Straightening up, Bailey takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Did you see that chop, Sal? Most people throw their chops across the pectorals but Bailey intentionally aimed that one lower - right into the ribs, looking to do more damage to Somers' weakened body.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Another heavy knife edge chop by the challenger, taking a page out of the Spitfire's playbook as Somers is known for those chops in the corner ala the White Knight, Ryan Martinez, who we'll be seeing in action a little later tonight when he takes on "The Future" Derrick Williams in a highly-anticipated showdown.

CP: But right now, the future might be Michelle Bailey as champion... and wouldn't the E-Girl MAX girls love that?

SA: I don't think they would at all, Colt! I know you're buying into this whole thing but if you ask me, Hamilton... Cinder... Cash... the rest of their lackeys, they're all just gaslighting us - trying to make us think there's something there between them and Bailey when it's all just nonsense!

CP: We'll see about that.

[Bailey boosts Somers up to a seat on the top turnbuckle...]

SA: The challenger's got Somers sitting up top... and whatever comes next could be the end of Julie Somers as the World Champion!

[...and steps up to the middle rope after her...]

SA: Bailey reaching out, grabbing the head...

[...and Somers smashes a right hand into the exposed ribcage... and again... and again...]

SA: ...The Spitfire firing back! Hammering the ribs of the challenger!

[...but Bailey responds with a hard shot to the ribs of her own, immediately cutting off Somers' efforts to get free!]

SA: Oh! One shot to the ribs stops Somers cold... and Bailey's looking for a superplex!

[Bailey slings the arm over her neck, standing tall as she reaches for a grip on the champion...]

...who again shows off her fighting spirit, hammering away at Bailey's ribs again, landing a blow over and over and over!]

SA: SOMERS TRYING TO BREAK FREE!

[Somers leans back slightly, hanging onto the ropes as she swings a leg up to boot Bailey in the chest, sending her falling backwards off the ropes to the mat!]

SA: Ohh! Somers kicks her down!

[The champion winces, getting up to her feet as she watches Bailey scramble up off the mat, and leaps into the air, legs extended for a dropkick or maybe a rana...]

...but we'll never know as Bailey swats it down, catching the legs as she does and...]

SA: OH! BOSTON CRAB!

[...sits down into a high-angled Boston Crab!]

SA: LIKE THE LATE, GREAT FREDDIE MERCURY, JULIE SOMERS FINDS HERSELF UNDER PRESSURE AS BAILEY LOCKS IN THE BOSTON CRAB, CRANKING DOWN THIS SUBMISSION HOLD!

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

SA: Fifteen minutes into this sixty minute time limit as Michelle Bailey locks in the Boston Crab after several minutes of hammering the core of the Spitfire... and with a fighting spirit that is the stuff that most competitors dream of, Julie Somers is going to have to draw on all of it if she wants to walk out of Los Angeles with the World Title still around her waist!

[Somers is fairly close to the corner off the counter by Bailey but the ropes remain out of reach as she stretches out for them...]

SA: Somers reaching out for the ropes, trying for the quick way out of this!

[Bailey leans back, cranking the back in ribs of Somers who cries out, grabbing at her head as the referee shouts to see if she wants to give it up...]

SA: Can Julie Somers hang on?

CP: This hold doesn't just target the back! It's brutalizing those ribs, the abdominals, the obliques! Somers has been nursing the injured ribs since just about the moment the bell rung and now Bailey's trying to make that hard work pay the biggest dividend of them all!

[Somers screams in pain again, reaching out with her arm, her fingers still about a foot away...]

SA: She's close but not close enough!

[The Spitfire plants her other arm on the mat, trying to pull herself closer...]

SA: Somers trying... inching towards the ropes... crawling with all she's got and-

[The crowd ROARS with a relief as Somers throws a hand on the bottom rope, causing referee Shari Miranda to immediately call for a break!]

SA: Break! Break! Somers gets to the ropes in time!

CP: She made it, Albano... but how much further damage was done to the body? She was already hurting before that hold and now... look at her, rolling right out to the floor...

[Somers falls off the apron, landing hard on the barely-padded outfield grass as Bailey looks down on her, watching as Shari Miranda steps towards the ropes, taking a look...]

"ONE!"

SA: Somers on the outside and Shari Miranda starts counting her. Remember, fans... Julie Somers DOES have the champion's advantage in this. She doesn't lose the title on a disqualification or a countout and-

[Bailey steps in front of Miranda, shaking her head to a mixed response from the Dodger Stadium crowd.]

SA: Michelle Bailey, the challenger stopping the count there...

CP: She doesn't want the countout, Big Sal... she wants the strap!

SA: She certainly does... and now she's headed to the outside to try to take advantage of Somers' weakened condition just over fifteen minutes into this Women's World Title match - the opening contest here at Memorial Day Mayhem!

CP: Not allowing Somers time to recover on the outside - what do you think about that, Big Sal?

SA: I think it's a sign that Michelle Bailey knows that no matter the respect she has for the champion, if she wants to win that title, she needs to show that aggression here tonight.

CP: The same kind of aggression that would fit right in with E-Girl MAX.

SA: Not even going to dignify that with a response as Bailey pulls Somers off the mats down here at ringside-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd reacts as Somers pops a chop across the chest of her attacker, sending Bailey back against the ring apron as Somers grabs the ropes, trying to get back inside the ring...]

SA: Somers lands a shot and now she's trying to create some space, get a little distance and some much needed recovery time... but Bailey's got the leg! Bailey hanging on and keeping Somers out on the apron!

[Somers wriggles her legs free and gets a big response on a back kick to the mush of Bailey, sending the challenger stumbling a few feet back...]

SA: Ohh! Right on target! Bailey got rocked with that one and-

[...and Somers throws a quick look over her shoulder before leaping to the middle rope, springing into a backflip...]

SA: -MOOOONSAULLLLLLLT!

[...and WIPES OUT the challenger on the floor with a second rope moonsault!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: The high flying of Julie Somers is on target and with that one shot, she puts the challenger down!

CP: Somers is down too, Albano. That move may have looked pretty and it may get some clicks on the Internet but it was dangerous and it was dumb if you ask me. She's got banged up ribs and just turned her body into a missile to put Bailey down on the outside!

SA: Both women down on the floor... right out here on those mats covering up the outfield grass... and listen to these fans cheering on both champion and challenger here tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[We can hear loud "LET'S GO JU-LIE!" chants dueling with some "LET'S GO BAIL-EY!" chants throughout the 60,000 strong jammed into Chavez Ravine for the kickoff event to the summer!]

SA: Somers is slow to get up... but she's the first on her feet, grabbing those ribs again...

[She retrieves Bailey off the mat, tossing her back into the ring as the Spitfire gets herself back up on the apron... and points to the corner to a HUGE ROAR!]

SA: ...and if the control tower at LAX is listening, it may be time to clear the runway because the Spitfire is lookin' to fly once more!

[Somers walks down the apron and begins a climb... a slow climb...]

SA: Somers is obviously bothered by those ribs, hampering her attempts to climb the ropes... and giving Michelle Bailey valuable time to recover from that moonsault on the outside.

[...and the Spitfire eventually reaches her perch...]

SA: Somers to the top!

[...but finds Bailey on her feet and on the move, scoring with a right hand to the wide-open midsection!]

SA: Ohh! Big right hand to the body! Right to those injured ribs!

[Bailey shifts her footing, reaching up with both hands...]

SA: Uh oh! Somers is in trouble here! Bailey's got her and-

[...and HURLS Somers off the ropes, tossing her down with a mighty slam that shakes the ring and sends the crowd into a ROAR as Bailey collapses to her knees from the effort!]

SA: SLAMS HER OFF THE TOP! BAILEY CRAWLING ACROSS! LOOKING TO END IT!

[The crawling Bailey ends up flopping down onto Somers, rolling into a back press as she hooks the leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! T-

[...and the crowd reacts - some cheering and some booing - as Somers' shoulder pops up off the mat!]

CP: Not enough to keep her down. The back press - I liked the hook of the leg but the bodyweight was on the ribs and not across the chest and I think that made the difference in Somers staying down or not.

[Bailey slowly climbs off the mat, shaking her head as she does...

...and then backs off, giving a diagonal's length of the ring distance as she crouches down, hands on her knees...]

SA: And don't look now if you're a fan of the Spitfire because I believe Michelle Bailey is looking for the Britney Spear!

CP: It was just over a week ago that Bailey hit that Spear and laid out Somers enough for a three count... it wasn't Bailey's three count but I'll give her partial credit on the assignment.

SA: If she hits it here, we may have a new World Champion!

CP: I believe we WILL have a new World Champion, Big Sal.

SA: Bailey's lying in wait as Somers struggles to get to her feet with no clue what's waiting for her...

[As Somers reaches a vertical base, Bailey comes charging in on her, watching as Somers slowly shakes the cobwebs to realize what's happening...]

SA: BRITNEY SPEEEEEEEAR!

[...and desperately leaps into the air, low and targeted as she DRIVES her feet into the knee of the incoming Bailey, sending her into a full front flip before crashing to mat, screaming in pain as she grabs at the knee!]

SA: Uh oh!

[Bailey is immediately rolling back and forth on the mat, cradling the leg as she groans in pain - the referee urgently diving down to check to see if she's too injured to continue...]

CP: There may be some serious damage done there, Albano... Bailey's hurt and she's hurt bad, rolling to the apron to get out of there and... Miranda's over there with her, making sure she can keep going.

SA: What a battle this has been for the Women's World Title to kick off Memorial Day Mayhem... and you just have to hope that Bailey can continue because you'd hate to see a match this good end like that.

[Somers comes off the mat, giving a questioning look over at Shari Miranda who is checking to see if Bailey can continue...]

SA: The champion on her feet... she's waiting like the rest of us and...

[A reluctant Miranda rises up, waving her hands together.]

SA: ...and Shari Miranda says the match will continue. Michelle Bailey says she wants to keep going.

CP: Can you imagine having to make that decision? Twenty years in this sport without a shot at the World Title and when you get your shot, someone asked you to throw it away because you get hurt? But if you keep fighting, you're putting your health and career on the line.

SA: Not an easy decision to make but Bailey's made it... for now at least.

[Somers nods at the official as Bailey uses the ropes to drag herself to her feet, bouncing on one leg on the apron as Somers grabs her, pulling her into a front facelock...]

SA: Somers looking for a suplex here...

[...but a desperate Bailey hooks her hands around the back of the neck, dropping down to SNAP Somers' throat over the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Somers collapses to the mat, grabbing at her throat, coughing for air as Bailey steers her torso under the ropes before climbing with a wince back up onto the apron, slowly backing away until her back touches the ringpost...]

SA: What's Bailey got in mind here?

[...and with a hobbling run, Bailey leaps up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SENTON ON THE APRON! SWEET SAN ANGELO!

[Bailey grabs her back as she falls off the apron to the floor, leaving Somers clutching her ribs in tremendous pain as she rolls back inside the ring.]

SA: Somers back in, Bailey out on the floor now... and both women are hurting, Colt.

CP: They are... and at about twenty minutes and change in this one, they got a long time to go if they need it. But right now, what they need is to find a way to choke down the pain and finish off their opponent. Somers hanging onto the ribs, Bailey trying to slap some life back into that knee.

[We cut to the outside where Bailey is sitting on the ringside mats, rubbing her knee vigorously...]

SA: Trying to get the blood flowing back through that injured knee... and at this point, Colt, it may become a matter of which injury is worse. Which injury hampers the wrestler more?

CP: Bailey's shaking it off, getting on her feet on the outside as Somers tries to get up inside...

[As Bailey rolls under the ropes, we spy Somers climbing to her feet, hobbling a few steps before falling into the far ropes.]

SA: Somers is trying to keep her feet under her and-

[Somers grits her teeth as Bailey gets off the mat, the Spitfire surging forward...]

SA: OHHH! RUNNING DROPKICK INTO THE ROPES!

[...and lands the dropkick that knocks Bailey into the ropes, clinging to them to stay on her feet. Somers scrambles up off the mat, rushing back to the ropes again...]

SA: Somers on the move!

[...but Bailey hobbles across after her, connecting with a pretty fierce-looking clothesline to the back of the head that sends Somers falling through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: OHH! Bailey caught her flush with that enzuilariato! Somers falls to the outside and now it's Bailey who...

[The crowd cheers as Bailey throws a look at Somers on the outside.]

CP: You gotta be kidding me! On a bad knee?!

[Bailey aggressively slaps her own knee once... twice... three times... and then grabs the top rope, tugging them to propel her into a slingshot, crashing down with a crossbody on the Spitfire on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND DOWN THEY BOTH GO AGAIN!

CP: Bailey taking to the sky, showing Somers that she's not the only one that can fly when the need is there! Somers got wiped out with that, another big shot across her torso and... this is a hell of a fight, Big Sal.

SA: It sure is... two of the best at what they do going at it for the grandest prize in women's wrestling, the Women's World Title!

CP: We've said it over and over - the Women's Division in the AWA is THE hottest division in all of wrestling and that makes the World Title the hottest prize in wrestling period, Big Sal!

SA: It'd be tough to argue against that one as Bailey regains her feet, moving a little slow on that banged-up knee as she tosses Somers back inside.

[Grabbing the ropes, Bailey winces as she shakes out her knee a few times before rolling Somers slowly back inside the squared circle.]

SA: Michelle Bailey wisely bringing her opponent back inside the ring... bringing herself back in as well, making sure to avoid any risk of a countout.

[Back on her feet, Bailey reaches down to haul Somers off the mat by the back of the trunks, pulling her into a side waistlock...]

SA: Bailey gets her up annnnnnnnd...

[...and the crowd groans as Bailey DUMPS Somers on the back of her head and neck with a back suplex!]

SA: ...OHHH! A hard landing for the champion! Bailey rolls over, hooks the leg... it could be... it MIGHT be... it's...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Many of the crowd groan again, this time as they see Somers' shoulder POP up off the mat in time to avoid a title change!]

SA: A close call there for the Spitfire as Michelle Bailey nearly had the title won right there, Colt.

CP: A wise man once said "close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades," Big Sal. A near fall isn't enough to see the title change hands.

[Bailey kneels on the mat, shaking her head as Somers tries to crawl away from her...]

SA: Somers looking to get some distance but that doesn't look likely as Bailey gets back to her feet, trying to finish this one off...

[...and Bailey hauls her off the mat again, hooking a second back suplex...

...but this time, she grabs the leg, cradling it high and tight...]

SA: Uh oh! If you're a fan of Bailey's work in Japan, you've seen this before! She won many a match in the Land of the Rising Sun with this one...

[...and lifts Somers into the air a second time, sending her CRASHING down on the back of the head and neck again as Bailey holds the bridge!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and THAT MIGHT DO IT! THAT MIGHT BE ENOUGH!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice...]

SA: SHE'S GOT... NOOOOOOOOO! OUT JUST IN TIME AGAIN!

[The crowd is buzzing at the near title change as Bailey sits up on the mat, burying her face in her hands for a moment...]

SA: She called that the Lovely Backdrop during her time in Japan and indeed it was lovely here tonight in Los Angeles but it STILL wasn't enough to keep the Spitfire down!

CP: And that's gotta be Somers' greatest skill as a professional wrestling, Sal. Her heart. Her guts. Her resiliency. She takes so much punishment during her matches but keeps on keepin' on... keeps on fightin' back. Bailey dumped her on the back of the head TWICE right there and Somers is still in this thing.

SA: Why, Colt... you almost sound impressed!

CP: Look, I may not like her goody-two-shoes attitude but there's no denying that Julie Somers is one of the best in-ring competitors in the business otherwise that strap wouldn't be around her waist, Albano.

[As Bailey tries to regroup, Somers is again dragging herself across the ring, ending up by the ropes where she tries to pull up off the mat as Bailey rises and starting hobbling towards her...]

SA: Somers on the ropes, hanging over them, taking heavy breaths as she tries to recover...

[...and grabs her from behind, securing a rear waistlock!]

SA: ...she's got her hooked!

[But Somers clings desperately to the ropes, blocking Bailey's attempt to lift her into the air...]

SA: Bailey's looking for a German - taking a page out of her good friend Ayako Fujiwara's playbook - but Somers is hanging on... for now.

[Bailey again tries to rip her free but Somers' grip is locked in...]

SA: Bailey can't pull her off the ropes!

[...so Bailey lets go, takes aim, and lets fly!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[The blows break Somers’ grip on the ropes as she slumps forward against the turnbuckles. Bailey steps in again to grab the waistlock but before she can secure it...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...Somers WHIPS her head backwards, smashing the back of her head into Bailey’s face!]

SA: OH! RIGHT IN THE MOUTH!

[Bailey staggers backwards, sinking to a knee as Somers grabs the back of her own head, collapsing into the corner again...]

SA: Somers with a desperation move to avoid that German Suplex... putting her own health at risk with that... should we call it a reverse headbutt?

CP: Let’s not! But whatever you want to call it, it did the trick! Bailey’s counting her teeth right now and Somers got loose for the moment! But what is she doing?!

[The crowd is buzzing as a staggered Somers grabs the ropes, straightening up with a nod to the cheering crowd as she steps up on the bottom rope...]

SA: SOMERS IS CLIMBING! THE SPITFIRE IS CLIMBING!

[...to the middle rope...]

SA: Julie Somers is trying to get up those ropes for... for...

CP: For what?!

SA: I don’t know!

[...and to the top just as Bailey pushes up off the mat, still staggered as she looks up at the Spitfire!]

SA: SOMERS UP TOP!

[Somers blindly leaps backwards, flipping through the air, catching Bailey across the chest and knocking her down to the canvas with a moonsault which ends with Somers in a North-South position, leaning forward to hook both legs!]

SA: MOONSAULT! MOONSAULT CONNECTS! ONNNNNNNNNNE!
TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[And this time, it's the crowd reacting to Bailey's escape just before the final count comes down!]

SA: BAILEY KICKS OUT JUST IN TIIIIIIIME! WHAT A BATTLE!

CP: And this is the damn opening match, Big Sal! What else are we gonna see here tonight?!

SA: The best pro wrestling action anywhere in the world has come to Dodger Stadium right here in the City of Angels and these two are proving out right out the gate! Oh my!

[The crowd is buzzing with anticipation for whatever comes next as Julie Somers slowly pushes off the mat, cradling her ribcage as she tries to steady her feet with a grimace on her face...]

SA: The pain on the face of the champion is evident as she looks for a way to finish off her challenger and walk out of Los Angeles as STILL your World Champion, fans!

[Bailey struggles up off the mat, falling back into the corner as Somers advances on her...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and three big knife edge chops in the corner leave Bailey reeling as Somers nods at the cheering crowd.]

SA: Bailey might be out on her feet right now, Sal...

[But the crowd ROARS as Bailey surges forward, smashing a forearm into the jaw!]

SA: ...OR NOT!

[And another... and another... and another, backing Somers out of the corner out to the middle of the ring...]

SA: Michelle Bailey's firing up, the crowd on their feet in Los Angeles!

[...but as Bailey pauses to catch a breath, Somers returns fire...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...with a knife edge chop that has Bailey backpedaling away...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and another that sends the Platinum Princess collapsing back into the buckles.]

SA: Somers regains control... and she’s right there in the corner with Bailey.

[Leaning down, Somers bumps Bailey up to a seated position on the top turnbuckle...]

SA: But this is NOT where Bailey wants to be right now as Somers puts her in a vulnerable position up there on the top rope.

[...and Somers reaches up, throwing big right hands at the torso of Bailey, making sure she stays in place...]

SA: Somers winds up...

[...but one more haymaker proves to be her undoing as Bailey catches the hand, scissoring the arm, and rolls off her perch into a cross armbreaker to a HUGE REACTION!]

SA: OH! OH! BAILEY WITH THE COUNTER! MICHELLE BAILEY WITH THOSE SUPERIOR SUBMISSION SKILLS ON THE CHAMPION!

[But before Bailey can fully secure the cross armbreaker, Somers pushes off the mat with her feet, rolling over onto her knees where she grabs both legs, kicking off into a stacked cradle!]

SA: CRADLE! ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: -OUT IN TIIIIIME! Back and forth they go, fans! Giving everything in their bodies for the World Title! Giving all of their minds and bodies for this moment in front of 60,000 strong in Los Angeles!

[Bailey drags herself towards the corner, still on the mat as Somers scrambles up, charging in as Bailey leans against the buckles...]

SA: SOMERS ON THE MOVE!

[...and Somers leaps into the air, hanging in the sky for a moment...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[Somers grabs the ankle, dragging Bailey away from the ropes before diving onto her!]

SA: SHE'S GOT ONE! SHE'S GOT TWO! TO KEEP THE TITLE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd's reaction comes as Bailey somehow bridges out from under the lateral press attempt, ending on her feet where she grimaces before grabbing the downed Somers, twisting around...]

SA: LA MAJISTRAL!

[...but Bailey slips out of the La Majistral, modifying it to sit down on the stacked legs, bridging backwards for more leverage!]

SA: WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT?!

[The crowd counts along with Shari Miranda!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEE- OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SOMERS KICKS OUT! SWEET SANTA MARIA, WHAT AN EXCHANGE RIGHT THERE!

[Bailey collapses to the mat, clutching her ankle as Somers flops over onto her side, cradling her ribs...]

...and the fans ROAR their support for both champion and challenger!]

SA: After nearly thirty minutes of action, the fans of Los Angeles are on their feet, paying tribute to these two amazing competitors, Colt!

CP: It's been a hell of a fight... but it's not over yet!

SA: It's certainly not. And remember, whoever loses this match tonight will find themselves in the grueling gauntlet that is the Rumble later this evening! Their night isn't over yet!

[Bailey pushes up to her knees, grimacing with each movement as Somers rolls towards the ropes, grabbing hold of them to try and get off the mat.]

SA: Both woman battling to their feet, knowing what's at stake in this - the opening match of the mega-event known as Memorial Day Mayhem. The very first Memorial Day Mayhem took place on May 24th, 2008 from the Ft. Worth Convention Center and on that night, the opening match saw The Russians take on Werewolf Gregorson and Despair.

CP: We've come a long way, baby!

SA: But for these two, they may potentially still have a long way to go as both battle up their feet and- OH! Hard forearm jacks the jaw of Somers!

[Somers staggers back... then surges forward...]

SA: Somers returns the favor, smashing right up into the chin of Bailey!

[Bailey throws another... and Somers replies in kind!]

SA: Back and forth they go, battling it out for the Women's World Title...

[And with her striking skills a bit better than the champion, the challenger lights her up with a quick and stunning series of shots, sending Somers staggering backwards. Bailey leans over, vigorously rubbing her knee a few times before dashing to the ropes...

...but Somers is on the move right behind her, connecting with a big clothesline to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Somers wheels around, rushing across the ring to the far side, rebounding back towards a recovering Bailey...

...who ducks and sidesteps under another clothesline, hooking a waistlock on Somers...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and takes her over with a picture perfect bridging German Suplex, the referee diving to count!]

SA: FOR THE TITLE!

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEE-"

[Bailey's battered knee suddenly gives way, the bridge collapsing as she falls to the side, allowing Somers' shoulder to slip up off the canvas in time!]

CP: THE BRIDGE IS OUT!

SA: The former Governor of this great state will be very proud, Colt! The bridge collapses from the bad knee and that... and that alone... may have just saved the title for the World Champion!

CP: I don't know if she was kicking out of that, Big Sal.

SA: I don't either... but the fates align for her and the Spitfire as champion lives on!

[Bailey angrily smashes a fist down into the canvas as she pushes up on a hip, grabbing at her knee, wincing in pain as she tries to rub blood flow into it.]

SA: Signs of frustration on the part of the challenger... she knows how close she came to achieving her dream of World Championship gold right there, fans.

"THIRTY MINUTES GONE BY! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

SA: Halfway home in the time limit of this one. Thirty minutes left in the struggle to walk out of Chavez Ravine as the World Champion... and it's the challenger Bailey who is the first to her feet.

[Bailey stands, hands on her hips, breathing heavily for a moment before leaning down to retrieve the champion off the mat, bringing the Spitfire back to her feet...]

SA: Back to the waistlock! Perhaps looking for another German Suplex!

[But Somers is immediately fighting it, grabbing the hands, smashing her fist into the clutch...]

SA: Somers knows it's coming and she's fighting for her championship life!

[...so Bailey shifts her grip, grabbing the wrist, swinging Somers out into a ripcord, pulling her back...]

SA: RIPCORDER...

[...and Somers comes back swinging with the free hand, aiming a haymaker at the challenger who catches the offhand, clutching both wrists now!]

SA: ...oh! Blocked by Bailey and-

[With a two handed yank, Bailey pulls Somers forward into a stunning headbutt!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[Bailey grabs the hair with both hands, smashing her skull into Somers...]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[...again...]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

“OHHHHHHHH!”

[...and again...]

“OHHHHHHHH!”

[...and again...]

“OHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SWEET MERCIFUL MOTHER!

“OHHHHHHHH!”

“OHHHHHHHH!”

“OHHHHHHHH!”

“OHHHHHHHH!”

“OHHHHHHHH!”

[And finally, Bailey falls away, grabbing at her head as Somers collapses down to a knee...]

SA: HEADBUTT AFTER HEADBUTT BY THE CHALLENGER!

CP: The desperate act of someone who has had ONE shot at the World Title in her career and needs - doesn't want - NEEDS to make the most of it! Putting her own health at risk!

[Bailey swipes a hand across her forehead, checking for any sign of blood as she falls into the ropes, steadying herself as she looks across at the kneeling Somers...

...and then rushes forward, extending her leg as she leaves her feet!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ON A NIGHT WHEN GWEN STEFANI IS IN THE HOUSE, THAT KICK IS ONCE MORE THE HYSTERIC GLAMOUR! COULD IT BE ENOUGH?!

[Bailey grabs the leg, rolling into a back press, shouting “COUUUUUNT!” to the official who dives down to oblige...]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT ISSSSSSSSSS... NOOOOOOOT! SOMERS WITH THE SHOULDER UP AT THE VERY LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT! SOMERS SAVES THE TITLE! SOMERS SAVES THE TITLE!

[Bailey sits up on the canvas in a rush, glaring at the official, shouting "THAT WAS THREE!" as the official holds up two fingers, shaking their head.]

SA: Michelle Bailey with some words for the official and... that's not something we see from her... well, ever really, Colt.

CP: That just shows how frustrated she is! She's got one shot at this... maybe EVER... and as the song goes, she is NOT throwing away her shot!

[Bailey is still visibly upset, shaking her head as she climbs off the mat, kicking at the bottom rope as she steps across the ring, adrenaline forcing down the limp for the moment as she approaches the corner...]

SA: Not throwing away her shot indeed and Michelle Bailey's got gold in her sights!

CP: That ain't all that's in her sights, Big Sal!

SA: Certainly not - Bailey crouching over, sizing up the opposition, again trying to slap some life into that injured knee as Somers struggles to get off the mat without a clue in the world what's waiting for her...

[Bailey waves a beckoning arm up, demanding that the Spitfire regain her feet as Bailey looks to end the match with one final blow...]

SA: The Britney Spear is armed and ready and...

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in jeers!]

SA: ...what in the...?

[And the camera cuts to the top of the ramp where we see one half of the Women's World Tag Team Champions and the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner and contract holder, Cinder, walking towards the ring...]

SA: That's Cinder! That's Cinder on her way out here... and Colt, we're just about a week removed from Cinder trying to cash in that contract in Reseda and...

CP: She might be about to do it again!

SA: She can't! That's not how this contract works and you know it! She's gotta cash it in in advance... she's gotta inform the champion of her intent to challenge for the title!

CP: We'll see about that!

[The crowd is all over Cinder as she walks down the aisle, the official World Tag Team Title over one shoulder and the version available for the fans to purchase on the other...]

...and the Steal The Spotlight contract binder in her hand, swiftly walking down the aisle with a devious smirk on her face.]

SA: Later tonight, Cinder's going to defend the tag titles alongside Harley Hamilton against the Country Punks AND she's going to be in the Rumble!

CP: Maybe not! If she wins the title right now, she won't NEED to be in the Rumble!

SA: She CAN'T win the title right now, Colt!

[The arrival of Cinder in the aisle has got the attention of Michelle Bailey who has straightened up out of her crouch, pointing down the aisle at her...]

SA: But she's certainly had an impact on this match as Michelle Bailey has forsaken the Britney Spear to shout at Cinder and... does that put to rest this idea that Bailey's joining E-Girl MAX for you, Colt?

CP: Not at all. This could be some 4D Chess in action right here. These two making us think they're against each other when-

SA: Bailey's pointing out Cinder to the referee now as well... sorry to interrupt your conspiracy theories.

[Referee Shari Miranda moves over to the ropes, asking Bailey to step back while Miranda has questioning words of her own for the rapidly approaching Cinder...]

SA: Keep your eyes peeled for Hamilton... for Cash... for the Thompsons... who knows what diabolical plotting E-Girl MAX is up to right now.

[...who defends herself loudly and abrasively, shouting at the official who shakes her head, telling Cinder to go back to the locker room...]

SA: Julie Somers is starting to get back to her feet now - she's got no clue that Cinder's out here... but she's not gonna be happy about it after what went down in Reseda.

[Somers is up on a knee, clutching her ribs and shaking her head to clear the cobwebs...]

SA: Bailey shouting at Cinder, Miranda shouting at Cinder... and if Cinder's goal with to totally disrupt this match - mission accomplished!

[...and she pushes up to her feet, staggering across towards a distracted Bailey...]

SA: Somers is up!

CP: She's still got no idea what's going on... or does she?!

SA: Don't you start with this now!

[...and as Bailey turns to confront, Somers rushes towards her, snatching a front facelock as she runs up the ropes, twisting out...]

SA: TORNADO...

[...but Bailey swings her around, trying to counter...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and in the process, she SLAMS Somers’ leg into Shari Miranda’s face, sending her flopping down to the mat before Bailey HURLS Somers out of the front facelock, sending her ribsfirst down to the mat again!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: BAILEY TOSSES HER DOWN!

CP: But Shari Miranda got a faceful of feet! She’s down and out just shy of Beverly Hills!

[Bailey immediately takes a knee, wincing as she leans down to check on the official who does appear to be down and out as described.]

SA: The referee’s down! Julie Somers is down as well but we’ve got no referee!

[Cinder’s eyes light up at the sight of the referee out, putting the contract binder down as she clutches one of the title belts in her hands...]

SA: Hey! What is... what’s she doing?!

[Cinder climbs up on the ring apron, belt in hand as Michelle Bailey climbs back to her feet, pointing at Cinder and shouting at her to get down...

...when suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

SA: Hang on now! It’s Melissa Cannon! Melissa Cannon is on her way out there! And for most of these fans, it’s the first time they’ve seen her in person at an AWA event in a long, long time!

[The cheers are deafening for the AWA Original as she quickly makes her way down the aisle, a suspicious (and furious) expression on her face as Bailey trades words with Cinder...]

SA: And this is getting ugly, Colt. We’ve got Somers down, the referee down, Bailey shouting at Cinder, Cinder shouting at Bailey, and here comes Melissa Cannon to get added to the mix!

[Bailey throws a dismissive gesture at Cinder, turning to check on the official who is struggling to lift her head...]

SA: The referee's trying to get back into this... she might've gotten clipped with the foot instead of a full force shot!

[...and Cinder winds up with the title belt, ready to strike...]

SA: CINDER FROM BEHIND!

[...but before Cinder can let it fly, Melissa Cannon reaches up from the floor to just barely grab the title belt to cheers!]

SA: NO! NO! MELISSA CANNON STOPPED HER!

[Cinder jerks around, tugging on one end of the leather strap as Cannon pulls on the other, trying to rip it away...]

...and then climbs up on the apron, both full on tugging the belt now as Bailey turns back around, trying to talk them down!]

SA: We've got a tug of war on the apron! Cannon may have just saved Michelle Bailey's skin right there and-

[But with Bailey's back still turned, Cinder twists her body, dropping off the apron as Cannon rips the belt free...]

...and with the effort behind her pulling, she swings the belt backwards and SMASHES it into Bailey's head, knocking her flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: CANNON HIT BAILEY! CANNON HIT BAILEY!

SA: That... that was an accident, Colt!

CP: So you say! We saw those two get into it in Reseda and now you want me to believe that Cannon "accidentally" coldcocked her with the belt!

[Cannon DOES look shocked as she looks inside at the laid out Bailey who has stars in her eyes...]

...until Cinder YANKS Cannon down off the apron, grabbing her by the hair and the slacks...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS her into the steel ringside steps!]

SA: CINDER PUTS CANNON INTO THE STAIRS! SWEET SAN ANGELO!

[Cinder dives on top of Cannon, hammering fists down into her as Julie Somers slowly rises off the mat, looking around...]

...and spots Bailey laid out on the mat!]

SA: Oh no! Not like this!

[The Spitfire rushes to the corner, quickly climbing as the crowd buzzes with concern over what they're seeing...]

SA: SOMERS IS UP TOP ANNNNNND...

[...and Somers HURLS herself backwards, flipping through the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MOONSAULLLLLLLT!

[Somers hooks the legs as the referee slowly drags herself over...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

[...and slaps the mat once...]

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...twice...]

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

[...and the final slap of the mat comes down, the crowd ERUPTING in a mixed response for the sound of the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: AND SOMERS RETAINS THE TITLE!

[Somers rolls off Bailey, an elated look on her face for a moment before she slumps down to the mat.]

SA: After one heck of an opening match here at Memorial Day Mayhem, Julie Somers scores the victory... albeit one with a bit of controversy, Colt.

CP: "A bit?!" "A bit?!" This whole think STINKS of controversy, Albano. Melissa Cannon once again stuck her nose in where it didn't belong and she HIT Michelle Bailey with that title belt, directly leading to Somers picking up the win.

SA: That's a rather simplified version of what went down. You fail to mention the appearance of Cinder out here... you fail to mention that Cannon hitting Bailey with the belt was totally an accident as she tried to protect-

CP: An accident? Give me a break, Albano. Cannon knew exactly what she was doing!

[We cut to the outside where Cinder shakes her head as she backs down the aisle, having retrieved her two title belts and her Steal The Spotlight contract. Cannon is still down on the floor as Somers is handed her title belt, raising it over her head for the raucous Dodger Stadium crowd who reacts to Rebecca Ortiz calling it out...]

RO: Here is your winner... and STILLLLLLL AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRLD CHAMPIONNNNNN... JUUUUUUUULIEEEEEEE SOMMMMMERRRRRRRS!

[Somers grins, pumping the belt overhead a few times as she mounts the middle turnbuckle.]

SA: Somers still holding the prize and... you've gotta feel for Michelle Bailey.

[The camera shot cuts to Bailey, down on the mat, slowly starting to push up to a seated position as she holds her forehead, looking questioning up at the official who is explaining that she lost.]

SA: I'm not even sure Bailey is fully aware of what happened yet, Colt.

CP: After a shot to the noggin like that, she might not remember the smash of the belt... and definitely wouldn't remember the moonsault crashing down on her.

[Somers hops down on the mat, looking to Bailey who is being helped off the mat by the official. The confusion on her face is evident as she looks around... and spots Cinder in the aisle... and a little bit more understanding comes in. She points to Cinder questioningly, miming getting hit with the title belt as the still-somewhat dazed referee shrugs.]

SA: Bailey just saw Cinder still out here... and that's gotta make her a little suspicious...

CP: Cinder had nothing to do with what happened to her!

SA: You know that's not true - not true at all, Colt!

[Bailey turns away from Cinder, shaking her head as she spots Melissa Cannon slowly getting to her feet on the outside... which draws a confused look from Julie Somers. Bailey sighs heavily, looking down at the mat for a bit...]

SA: Both of these competitors may be starting to put the pieces together that something happened out here.

[Bailey finally lifts her head, looking back to Somers, emotions plain to see on her face as she steps closer...

...and extends her hand to big cheers!]

SA: Well, she promised to do it, fans... and Michelle Bailey lives up to her promises, offering to shake the hand of the champion... who, of course, accepts! Alright!

[The handshake quickly turns into an embrace between the two friends as the fans get louder. It breaks apart as Bailey raises the hand of Somers, pointing to her...]

SA: It was a hard-fought battle marred with - as we said - some controversy at the end but take nothing away from these two. What a fight!

CP: I can't believe this, Albano! No wonder Bailey lost!

SA: What do you mean?

CP: How are you gonna shake someone's hand after you got waffled with the damn belt?!

SA: That's the kind class Michelle Bailey has, Colt, and I wouldn't expect Mr. Loaded Forearm to know anything about that!

CP: I got so much class I get my own section on the airplane, Albano.

SA: I'm sure. Fans, what a way to kick off Memorial Day Mayhem - now let's go backstage with Sweet Lou who has - or is at least looking for - a very special guest. Lou?

[We fade to the backstage area where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell camped out in a Dodger Stadium hallway.]

SLB: A controversial ending to an instant classic matchup here in the opener of Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Blackwell is slowly backpedaling down the hallway as he speaks, throwing a puzzled look at a large mark on the wall that appears to be a handprint.]

SLB: Strange.

[He turns back to the camera.]

SLB: What a night it's going to be here in Los Angeles for all the stars of the AWA... but perhaps it's the Lynch family who has the most at stake here tonight. Of course, we've got Jack Lynch fighting for his family's honor tonight in what's-sure-to-be a brutal Towel Match against his former friend Supreme Wright... and his sister Theresa will be in the Iron Cowboy's corner. We've got James Lynch challenging for the World Title later tonight as well when he takes on Supernova. But not all is well for the Lynch family as we learned a few days ago that Travis Lynch suffered a serious knee injury at the hands of the Blackjacks and Bobby O'Connor a few days ago on Saturday Night Wrestling - an injury that will likely require surgery and will have Travis out of action for several months at least.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Our thoughts are with Travis and all of the Lynch family as he recovers from this injury.

[Blackwell is backing up down the hallway until he backs to a door.]

SLB: With so much at stake here tonight, you know that our Interim President, Maxim Zharkov, will be on constant alert to make sure everything is above board... and we wanted to get a word with...

[Blackwell's words trail off as we hear voices coming from beyond the door... LOUD voices.]

SLB: ...uhh... this might not be the best time actually. Maybe we should-

[Abruptly the door swings open, revealed a red-faced Jon Stegglet, a member of the AWA ownership group as he storms out of the office.]

SLB: Mr. Stegglet! What a surprise! Can we get a quick word about-

[Stegglet shouts a terse "not now, Lou!" over his shoulder as he stomps down the hallway.]

SLB: Ooooookay. I'm not entirely sure what's happening here but-

[The door swings open again as Maxim Zharkov marches into view, a tint of red to his angry face as well. He's gripping a pile of paperwork in his hand, throwing a look after Stegglet... then to Blackwell... then to the camera.]

MZ: что ты хочешь?!

[While Lou might not understand the words, the emotion behind them is obvious.]

SLB: If this is a bad time, we can-

[Zharkov curtly nods, throwing up his hands as he turns to go back into the room, a few sheets of paper slipping from his grip.]

SLB: I... well, a tense scene back here in Los Angeles as...

[Blackwell's words trail off as his eyes land on something on the floor. He leans down to pick it up, lifting it into the camera's view...

...showing off a set of X-Rays of someone's neck and back - clearly marked "M. ZHARKOV" in the corner. Blackwell yanks them out of view, suddenly alarmed at what he's showing the world...]

SLB: Back to you-

[Blackwell stops mid-thought, as his attention is suddenly snapped away. The camera view turns to match his point of view, and we see none other than Hannibal Carver walk into view. Carver is dressed in his usual off duty attire of black jeans and black hooded sweatshirt. He notices Blackwell, and comes to a stop.]

SLB: Hannibal Carver, you're not scheduled to appear here tonight! What brings you to the City Of Angels?

HC: Well Lou, I wish I could say I was planning on sitting down to see Vasquez tear it up one last time. I wish I could say I was here to use my employee discount on hot dogs and cold beer. But the truth is?

[Carver nods.]

HC: I'm here to hunt. Just like I said I would be.

SLB: You're referring, no doubt, to Generation Lost.

HC: One and the same. Boys, if yeh wanted my attention, yeh should've just asked. If yeh wanted me in the ring to make a name for yerselves, I would've been happy to take each one of yeh on face to face.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: But instead yeh took the cowards way out. Just like plenty before yeh have done. Yeh should've just asked any of them how it turned out for them.

Yeh should've asked Terry Shane.

Yeh should've asked Morgan Dane.

Yeh should've asked any of the countless sad sacks that tried to make their career by attacking me when I wasn't looking. There's plenty of them to ask, hell... the graveyard's full of them.

[Carver scowls.]

HC: But now it's too late for that. It's too late for anything but for me to do what I do best.

[Carver nods, pointing around finger at the camera.]

HC: Hunting down a pack of mangy coyotes, and make them sorry they were ever born.

[Carver looks over at Blackwell nods.]

HC: I'd love to stay and jawjack with yeh, Lou... but it's time to collect.

[Carver stalks away as Blackwell nods uneasily.]

SLB: If I'm glad for anything, it's that I'm not in that man's crosshairs. Back to...

[And Lou's words again trail off as he sighs.]

SLB: I can't believe this. Come on.

[He waves a hand as the camera trails behind him for several steps before coming to a halt in a very crowded Chimpanzee Position.]

SLB: I thought we'd rid ourselves of this particular... person.

[Blackwell pats the shoulder of a young woman who is facing the monitors. She turns around and it's the First Daughter of the AWA, Miss Sandra Hayes herself.]

MSH: Well well. It seems that it's not just the women in title matches or the Rumble that have the attention of the AWA.

[Sandra Hayes is in a fashionable linen yellow dress. There's a lanyard with a pass around her neck, which Sweet Lou points out.]

SLB: Now, that answers my first question right away: I thought you had left the AWA.

[Hayes shrugs with a smirk.]

MSH: Obviously, I can never be too far away from the AWA, as I'm sure "30 For 30" reminded you of exactly where I stand in the place of wrestling history – pariah or not.

SLB: So you are here at Memorial Day Mayhem on official business?

MSH: Well, I was reminded while rewatching "30 For 30" of exactly who I was, and even though I may not be... in-ring caliber exactly... I intend to go back to making history in the AWA. Because the time is going to be coming soon where it's going to be me calling the shots.

SLB: I'll be sure to pass on that our own Rachel Phelps is in our midst.

[Hayes seems utterly flabbergasted by Sweet Lou's pop culture reference.]

SLB: Never mind. She's friends with Enrico Palazzo – anyway... So you're back in the fold and I take it you have plans afoot, Miss Hayes.

MSH: Oh, Lou. More than plans – it's a Memorial Day Mayhem tradition to break some hearts, and I am the AWA's favorite heartbreaker, if I do say so myself. In fact, you're going to see some broken tonight. And there's nothing that Team Supreme, E-Girl MAX, Veronica Westerly, any of the Lynches, or even Interim President Zharkov can do about it.

[Hayes puts her hand over Blackwell's shoulder sweetly, leaning into his personal space with a dangerous wink.]

MSH: I'm sure a lot of other people on the show tonight have things they want to say. I'll leave you to it, Sweet Lou.

[Hayes walks away, leaving Lou shaking his head.]

SLB: I've got a bad feeling about this. Gentlemen... finally... let's go back to you.

[We fade from backstage to an overhead shot of Dodger Stadium, the sold out historic building showing all its splendor in the daylight from above...]

SA: Thanks, Lou... a whole lot going on backstage here tonight. Hannibal Carver is here and he's hunting for Generation Lost. Miss Sandra Hayes making a surprise appearance after many of us assumed she was out of the AWA for good after her client's recent exit. And what in the world is going on with Maxim Zharkov and Jon Stegglet, Colt?!

CP: I don't know... and those aren't the doors I'm going to be knockin' on to find out.

SA: A true investigative journalist right there, fans... a chaotic scene backstage nonetheless and... speaking of chaos, I have a feeling that's what we're in store for in our next match.

[A graphic comes up promoting said next match - the trios encounter between the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad and the unlikely crew of Brian James, Jackson Hunter, and Shadoe Rage.]

CP: Whatever gave you that hint, Albano? Is it KAMS affinity for chaos and carnage? Is it James on a murderous rampage to avenge what Team Supreme did to him over the past few months? Is it eternal cheater Jackson Hunter and that damn shovel? Is it the lunatic Shadoe Rage being involved? There are so many combustible elements in this one - an explosion is no doubt about to go down!

[Cut to a shot of SoCal's own Gwen Stefani now in the crowd with her kids, waving at the camera.]

SA: Speaking of no doubt...

CP: Oh brother.

SA: ...we'd like to thank Gwen Stefani for her appearance here earlier tonight and remind you that she's embarking on a long-term residency at the Planet Hollywood Hotel and Casino in one of our favorite cities, Las Vegas, Nevada. The first show starts next month so hit up the Planet Hollywood website and get your tickets now for one of the best concerts I've ever been to! Now, let's go back to the locker room area to our broadcast colleague, Mark Stegglet who is with one of the teams in our next match! Mark?

[Cut to a very unnerved Mark Stegglet, surrounded by two middle-aged Canadian maniacs, and an even more frighteningly stoic Son of the Blackheart, his head covered by a towel. Jackson Hunter shoulders his garden shovel, twirling the handle with a sinister smirk.]

MS: Thanks, Sal... we are just moments away from six-man action here at Memorial Day Mayhem and the tension in this room is something-

[The normally callow and weaselly Hunter is surprisingly the first to interrupt.]

JH: You know the Dirty Dozen? This is the Treacherous Trio. We pay evil unto evil.

[He waves the blade of the initial-etched shovel in front of the camera.]

JH: I brought my cordless Dremel just for the occasion to etch three more sets of initials... there, there, and there! Nothing personal, Team Supreme, but you are the least welcome reboot since "Robocop."

Me, as far as films go: I'm "Gran Torino." Yeah, you're a big bad gang terrorizing the neighborhood, but I'm old, and you... are on... MY... LAWN. I don't even care about teaching you a lesson. You kids want to talk about your glorious classic matches. Bull. I know Shadoo's knees are aching; my annual cortisone shot in my shoulder isn't quite going as far as it used to...

So guess what? Maybe I'll just toss this shovel at you, play dead while the ref's distracted, and we can call it an early night.

[Hunter glances behind him to see Brian James glowering down at him and Shadoo Rage aghast at the idea.]

JH: Or... not. Don't say I didn't suggest it. Petty and venal is the name of the game, and I'm the MVP.

[Hunter puts Takeshi Mifune's crushed Panama hat on his head. Shadoo Rage recoils in disgust, attracting Stegglet's attention.]

MS: Shadoo, your thoughts-

[Rage interrupts, violently surging towards Stegglet who leans backwards as the Savior of the AWA's speaks - his voice rasping and strangling.]

SR: Thoughts?! I DON'T HAVE THOUGHTS, I HAVE WRATH! You wanna talk about the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad?! You mean Cain Jackson, Paris CRAWFORD, and AJ "No Soul" Martinez?! Yeah! The slick little punks who STOLE the tag team championships like three little sneak thieves on a midnight subway?!

They think they're the kings of chaos - but chaos lives in me, chaos lives in me, CHAOS LIVES IN ME!

[He growls like a wounded tiger, then whirls on Hunter, practically foaming at the mouth.]

SR: AND YOU! JACKSON HUNTER! You're wearin' that mangled fedora like it's a trophy, but I smashed that thing for a reason! You wearin' it defiles me, DEFILES THE MATCH, DEFILES THE DAMN SPORT! IT DEFILES YOU!

IT'S FILTHY! FILTHY! FILTHY!

[Rage turns to Brian James.]

SR: And you, Brian James - you genetic wrecking ball, you hurricane with arms! You got rage in your blood, MAN, but I got madness in my marrow! You ready to crack some ribs? To rattle some skulls? HUH?! HUH?! CUZ I AM!

[Rage slaps his own chest violently and then glares down the camera lens, eyes wild, the prongs of his beard dripping with sweat.]

SR: KAMS! You think you're killers?! I've seen killers! I've been raised by wolves and baptized in gasoline! You don't scare me - you insult me! And Paris Crawford?! PARIS CRAWFORD! PARIS CRAWFORD!

[He trembles with fury, his movements glitchy, like his brain is buffering rage at 1,000 RPM.]

SR: I HATE YOU! You're nothing but a parasite! You robbed me in my qualifying match against Sid Osborne! You tried to take me out! But you didn't. No. You didn't. So now I'm going to take you out. I'm gonna return the favor by shattering your spine and SERVING IT TO YOU ON A SILVER PLATTER!

[He peels off his cape, revealing black trunks and chiseled twitching muscle. The herky-jerky spasms become more erratic. Even Stegglet starts inching further away.]

SR: This isn't just some grudge match! It's an EXORCISM! It's a RECKONING! I'm bringin' the Black Mass to Dodger Stadium - and by the time I'm done with you maniac bastards, all that's left'll be blood, teeth, and the sound of your last regrets!

[He leans into the camera, voice low and boiling.]

SR: Cain... Paris... AJ... You made me a promise when you stole that gold. You promised PAIN.

[He explodes suddenly!]

SR: WELL, GIVE IT TO ME!

[His face contorts into a twisted grin. He lifts his arms like a preacher at the end of the world.]

SR: And I'll give it right back! When the sun sets on Memorial Day
Mayhem... YOU... DIE... IN... DAAAAAAAAAAAAARKNESS!!

[Thoroughly unnerved, Stegglet turns to the remaining member of this
terrifying trio, the Engine of Destruction himself, Brian James.]

MS: Mr. James... after all that, I hesitate to inquire as to your mindset...

[The son of the Blackheart calmly reaches up, slowly pulling the towel from
his face. James' dirty blond hair is pulled back into a tight ponytail and his
face is clean shaven.]

BJ: Stegglet, it comes down to this. There is a time for talking.

And there's a time for doing.

[James looks around at his compatriots.]

BJ: The former is almost over... and the latter is just about here.

Now I am not going to scream, and I'm not going to foam at the mouth or
go red in the face. Because I want the three of you, Crawford, Jackson, and
especially you, Junior, to understand that this won't be a crime of passion.
That what I do to you three... what we do to you three, won't be in the heat
of the moment.

[James shakes his head.]

BJ: No... the terrible things we do to your bodies will be the result of cold
calculation. Of carefully considered violence. What we do will be the result
of many long nights of thinking about everything you three are owed.

People say that the three of us have nothing in common. That we're not a
cohesive unit like KAMS. But those people fail to understand that
fundamentally, the three of us have the only thing that matters in common...

Our names.

[He nods, looking over towards Rage and Hunter.]

BJ: You see, when it comes right down to it, all the things that you three
have done alongside your boss and the others in your little crew, they're all
about ruining our names so you can make your own.

The three of us, we've spent YEARS building those names, both for ourselves
and out of a larger legacy of the others that bear the same name.

And you've tried to take that from us, to drag our names through the mud,
to make us seem like we, and our families, are less than they really are.

[James glares into the camera.]

BJ: You tried to ruin my name with what you did to Detson. You tried to take from me the only thing my father ever gave me that was worth a damn. That comes with a price.

And tonight is when I start collecting.

So what I need you to understand is that what's coming for you is what you've earned. I need you to understand that when any of the three of us are in the ring, by ourselves or in tandem, we are going to do our best to spill your blood and break your bones. But vengeance is a dish best served cold.

And this is as cold blooded as it gets.

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

BJ: It started with getting myself ready. Then it was getting Hunter on board. Then it was convincing Rage, and God knows that took a minute.

But since the day we came together? It has been nothing but focus and planning. Nothing but preparing ourselves for that moment when the three of you are at our feet, begging for mercy.

That moment when the only mercy we have is a shovel to the face, a knee to the throat...

Or a fist to the heart.

Like Shadoe says, I do have rage in my blood. And you three are about to come face to face with the reckoning that you've earned.

Now, Stegglet, say your goodbyes. Because the talk is over.

Now it's time for the doing.

[The trio strides out of view, leaving a shaken Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: You talk about intensity... I talk about those three. Teamwork or not, I've got a feeling that the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad have their work cut out for them tonight. And speaking of the Team Supreme members, let's go over to Sweet Lou with the other half of tonight's trios showdown!

[We cut from one announcer to the next, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing in front of a locker room door with a vinyl "KAMS" sticker and "pretty people only" scrawled in red Sharpie.]

SLB: Fans, we're moments away from a high-stakes six-person clash. On one side, the men we just saw speaking with Mark Stegglet. On the other...

[He stops and shakes his head.]

SLB: I still don't know how they got away with this one.

[Lou quickly gets back into interviewer mode.]

SLB: ...one-half of the AWA World Tag Team champions and currently the team considered by many to be the most dominating three-person unit in all of professional wrestling, The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad - Paris Crawford, Cain Jackson, and "Hot Stuff" AJ Martinez. Let's see if we can get a word from them now...

[Blackwell enters the locker room, cameraman in tow, and is immediately stopped in his tracks by a monstrous figure, who towers over the interviewer. The camera pans upwards, where we see an annoyed AJ Martinez staring down at us.]

AJM: Hey! What does the sign say?!

[AJ points to the chicken scratch on the door, as an incredulous Blackwell frowns.]

SLB: Are you for real?

AJM: Hey, I am as real as it gets, Blackwell! Live and in living color! The handsome hybrid, the most genetically blessed wrestler in the history of wrestling! I am 100% real, now and always!

[Blackwell mutters under his breath.]

SLB: I think your manbun might be tied too tight.

AJM: Bite your tongue, Blackwell! My hair is perfect, just like my clothes, my face and everything else about me! But that's beside the point... what does the sign say?

SLB: You can't be serious. We have an interview scheduled!

AJM: I wrote that, Blackwell... and I meant it!

[He dismissively looks Blackwell up and down.]

AJM: Now, Mariah Wolfe you ain't, but since you're already here, I'll let it slide. What do you want to know?

SLB: Well, tonight's a critical match for you three. I'd like to know your thoughts going into such an important match.

AJM: Are you kidding me? "Critical?" "Important???" You think this is bigger than when we defeated and destroyed The Dogs of War? Bigger than when we won the World Tag Team Titles?! You think this is bigger than that?

SLB: Well, Junior...

AJM: What did you just call me?

[AJ's very handsome face turns a very unhandsome shade of red.]

SLB: I said—MMPH!

[A massive hand covers Blackwell's mouth... and most of his face along with it.]

AJM: Don't say it again! In fact, I better not ever hear anyone say that again! I don't want it from your mouth, I don't want to hear it from Patterson or Albano, or anybody else!

[He bends down to stare "Sweet" Lou right in the eye, speaking through clenched teeth.]

AJM: My name is AJ Martinez and you better not call me nothin' else.

[And with that, he releases Blackwell from his grip. The interviewer looks to be in a state of shock. Meanwhile, Martinez is back to his usual "charming" self.]

AJM: Now, let's get back to it. Tonight, I step in that ring alongside my main man, "Action" Jackson...

[The camera cuts to an unhappy-looking Cain Jackson seated on a bench, who is frowning at the new nickname that's suddenly been bestowed upon him.]

AJM: And of course, the deadliest of the species themselves, the only person alive who might be prettier than me, Paris Crawford...

[The camera cuts to Crawford who is typing away on their phone. They look up, giving a nod and brief smirk at the compliment, then go back to their phone.]

AJM: ...and you know what we're going to do, Blackwell? We're taking out the trash. These three have gotten in the way too many times. They think they're some kind of holy army on some kind of noble crusade, but what they are is... ugly, stupid, ugly, delusional, over the hill, ugly, and in the way!

SLB: You said "ugly" three times.

AJM: Well, there's three of them, ain't there?

[Suddenly, Cain Jackson, slams a fist down, his face a mask of irritation as he stands, cutting AJ off.]

CJ: Shut it. Stop wasting time with this nonsense and get your head into the game.

AJM: But I'm plenty focused!

CJ: I'm done listening to your chatter.

[AJ Martinez steps aside in deference to his tag team partner, as Jackson steps forward, an intense figure whom also towers over Blackwell. He speaks, his voice low and measured.]

CJ: Hunter, Rage, James... they're decaying monuments to a rotting era. One that should honestly die tonight with the end of Juan Vasquez's career.

SLB: What does Juan Vasquez's retirement have to do with any of this?

CJ: Everything. Vasquez might be the biggest star professional wrestling has ever seen, but he is a DYING star and tonight, we're all here to witness the last moments of that star before the light goes out forever. And with the death of that star, the AWA as we knew it is over. We finally say "Goodbye", so we can finally move on.

AJM: Hey! That's pretty good!

[Jackson shoots AJ a look that quickly quiets his younger tag team partner.]

CJ: And what remains is Team Supreme. What remains, is The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad. What remains... is this merciless machine of progress that obliterates the past. Men like Hunter and Rage, they're relics of the era that we're leaving behind. And Brian James? He's no relic, but he's a fool who's chosen to chain himself to the rotting corpse of that dead era.

[A beat.]

CJ: They have no place, in our brave new world.

[Blackwell blinks in astonishment, as AJ helpfully nudges his arm up to bring the microphone back to Cain Jackson's level.]

CJ: Tonight, we don't just beat them. We dismantle them. We erase their legacy and burn it to ash. They will fall, broken... and the world won't be prepared for what comes next.

[His eyes narrow.]

CJ: We're done here. Let's go.

[Jackson turns his back on the interviewer, waving Martinez and Crawford to follow him out of the room, walking swiftly out of view. Blackwell, slightly shaken, signals to cut the feed.]

SLB: Uh... back to ringside.

[We fade from the backstage area back out to ringside.]

SA: Both of these teams sound like they're preparing for war, Colt!

CP: That's exactly what they're preparing for. This isn't going to be pretty - this is going to be a fight... and that's exactly the way all six of 'em like it!

SA: Even Hunter?

CP: Okay, five of them.

SA: Jackson Hunter might be wondering what he's signed on for right about now.

CP: Maybe, maybe not... Hunter's the master strategist on that squad so who knows? He may be masterminding a gameplan for the other two to follow to perfection.

SA: I've got a feeling any master plan is about to be thrown out the window, Colt.

CP: I can't wait to see it.

SA: Batten down the hatches and get ready for one heck of a storm!
Rebecca, take it away!

[We fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is a TRIOS MATCH scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first...

[We hear the PA system come to life as dialogue from "Conan the Barbarian" is heard...]

"WHAT IS BEST IN LIFE?"

"TO CRUSH YOUR ENEMIES, TO SEE THEM DRIVEN BEFORE YOU, AND TO HEAR THE LAMENTATIONS OF THEIR WOMEN."

[A metal cover of "Anvil of Crom" then begins to play as we hear the loud revving of an engine. Just then, we see what was once a Chrysler Valiant Charger mounted on a US Ripshaw tank, the vehicle from Mad Max: Fury Road known as The Peacemaker, roaring into Dodger Stadium. The crowd erupts, a mix of awe and unease, as the tank-mounted Chrysler Valiant lumbers onto the field.

The Peacemaker lurches to a stop as Cain Jackson is the first to step down from the vehicle. Jackson, towering and stoic, wears what looks to be a sleeveless version of Michael Jackson's red and black leather jacket from "Thriller", his massive arms crossed, a pair of dark aviator sunglasses shielding his eyes and his red cargo pants are tucked into combat boots. He surveys the crowd with a slow, deliberate turn of his head, exuding menace.

AJ Martinez, by contrast, is all energy, grinning wickedly at the crowd. He's dressed in a tailored red suit jacket over a blood-red dress shirt, unbuttoned to the chest, with black leather gloves and polished boots. AJ follows, vaulting over the side with a showman's flair, landing in a crouch before popping up and throwing his arms wide, soaking in the crowd's hostile boos.

Lastly, Paris Crawford calmly steps from the vehicle, similarly wearing all red. They sport a cape draped over their shoulders, worn over a silk straight-legged sleeveless V-neck jumpsuit, with simple red boots on their feet. On the top of their head, they wear a red sun hat, with a wide brim going around the circumference of the hat, almost drooping down into their eyes. We can see that their hair for this occasion is long and brown, kept straight and worn loosely to their shoulders. They glare at Cain Jackson, who mutters "Girl, don't look at me like that", causing Supreme Wright's weapon to look away with a rather undignified "hmph!"]

RO: First, running freely in the Neon Playground, and proclaiming that not even their premium tier subscribers know statistics such as their weight... they are... PARIS CRAWFORD!

From Goose Creek, South Carolina, weighing 285 pounds... "THE BEAST" CAIN JACKSON!

And from Los Angeles, California, weighing 325 pounds... "HOT STUFF" AJ MARTINEZ!

THIS!

IS!

[Deep breath!]

THE KABUKICHO ASSASSINATION MANIAC
SQQQQQUUUUUUUUAAAAADDDD!!!

[The trio line-up, staring straight towards the ring, as the camera circles around them and then films from the bottom up, truly capturing how towering Jackson and Martinez are. Jackson then stares down at the camera, snarling.]

"Forgiveness is between them and God. It's our job to arrange the meeting!"

[And with that, one-half of the AWA World Tag Team Champions stride toward the ring, synchronized in their movements, exuding confidence and danger. The stage is set, and KAMS are ready for war.]

SA: Well... never let it be said that this particular unit doesn't know how to make an entrance, Colt!

CP: Huh?! I can't hear a thing! That engine may have just blown out my eardrums!

SA: Colt Patterson has the best biceps in wrestling.

CP: Thanks, Albano!

SA: Can't hear me, huh?

[As the trio takes the ring, soaking up the jeers from the crowd who boo the likes of AJ Martinez despite his hometown status - his allies getting the business from 60,000 strong as well, Rebecca Ortiz takes center stage...]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[Over the Dodger Stadium loudspeakers, the voice of the world's most famous martial artist, Bruce Lee, can be heard.]

"You must be shapeless, formless, like water. When you pour water in a cup, it becomes the cup. When you pour water in a bottle, it becomes the bottle. When you pour water in a teapot, it becomes the teapot. Water can drip and it can crash. Become like water my friend."

[And with that, comes the familiar cry of Volbeat's Michael Poulsen]

#LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!

[As Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call" kicks in, three men come stomping out into view, standing in a line facing the ring from their spot on the entrance stage.]

#Feel the fire, he's entering the ring
His mindset only knows how to win

[An array of blue and red lasers fire off the stage, lancing through the daylight skies as the three men are revealed through a sea of smoke and uplights giving the smoke a colored tint...]

RO: At a total combined weight of 755 pounds... the team of...

JACKSON HUNTER...

..."SENSAAAAATIONAL" SHADOE RAAAAAGE...

...and BRIIIIIIIANNNNN JAAAAAAAAMES!

[The trio of Jackson, Martinez, and Crawford have eyes on the aisle as the fan favorite squad makes their way down the ramp into the aisleway. We can see Jackson Hunter taking the lead, arms extended to his sides, trying to keep a fuming James and Rage from rushing into the fray...]

SA: What a world we live in when Jackson Hunter's been given the task of trying to keep Rage and James under control, Colt.

CP: It's a tall task. Those are two people whose emotions are running strong right now - in Rage's case, they're ALWAYS running strong - and if Hunter wants to keep things calm, cool, and collected - he's got his work cut out for them.

SA: But it's a good strategy, right?

CP: It's a GREAT strategy. KAMS thrives on chaos - we've seen that since their debut. If they can get a match to break down into some lawless wild brawl, that's when they're in their element.

SA: Well, there ARE rules to this one. This isn't a No Disqualification match or anything like that so there will be no "lawless wild brawl" tonight, Colt.

CP: There are ways to turn even a standard match to your advantage and I'm guessing KAMS knows every trick in the book to do exactly that. But the bigger advantage that KAMS has coming into this is that they ARE a collective unit. We've heard a lot of descriptions thrown at the other team like "unlikely trio" and the like... they're all ways to say the same thing. These three don't belong together. They're not a cohesive unit. They're not a team. And in the history of wrestling, a good tag team can usually find a way to beat two good singles wrestlers... the same thing applies in a trios match.

SA: Teamwork and chaos... sounds like quite the combination and-

[We can see Shadoe Rage already shouting at his own teammates, urging them to storm the ring as Hunter urgently tries to reason with him...

...and predictably, Shadoe Rage sees no reason, breaking away from Hunter and sprinting the remaining distance to the ring, diving under the bottom rope!]

SA: The unpredictable Shadoe Rage... does something quite predictable for him there...

[Rage pops up in front of a surprised KAMS and starts throwing bombs, lighting up Crawford... then Jackson... then Martinez who catches an overhead elbow for good measure that sends him stumbling back into the ropes to big cheers!]

SA: The match hasn't even started and the fans are on their feet already! This Team Supreme trio has been one of the most disliked units in the business since the Red Wedding and their efforts to injure men like Johnny Detson... like Howie Somers... those have done them no favors, Colt.

CP: I'm sure KAMS is too busy counting their money to worry about counting their fans, Big Sal.

[Rage turns back to Crawford, grabbing a handful of hair and winding waaaaaay back before throwing a haymaker between the eyes, sending them falling into the ropes...

...which is when Cain Jackson DRILLS Rage from behind with a double axehandle, knocking him down onto his hands and knees to jeers!]

SA: And the numbers game becomes too much for Rage to overcome on his own!

[Jackson puts the boots to Rage, quickly joined by Martinez and Crawford as we cut to the top of the aisle where Jackson Hunter is facepalming, shaking his head at the impetuous Rage throwing his presumed gameplan right out the window...]

SA: We've got a three on one in there and the match hasn't even officially started yet!

CP: Referee Koji Sakai is in for a long night at the office, Big Sal.

SA: You may be right about that and-

[Suddenly, Brian James also breaks away from Hunter, sprinting the remaining distance to the ring, diving headfirst under the bottom rope, coming up swiftly to his feet to run down Cain Jackson with a clothesline!]

SA: -and now it's Brian James bringing the offense!

[Wheeling around, James blocks a big roundhouse kick attempt by Crawford before lifting them straight up and throwing them straight down with a standing spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[James whips around again... and points a threatening finger at his half brother as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: There are no family ties in this one! Brian James is just as willing to punch his half brother in the mouth as he is anyone else in this match... and from the look on AJ Martinez' face, he's just as willing to do the same!

[But before either of them can strike...]

SA: Wait a second! Here comes Jackson Hunter now to even the odds and-

[Hunter does make one quick stop, pulling up the ring apron and retrieving something before he climbs inside...]

SA: He's got a-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -SHOVEL!

[A blow across the back from a shovel sends AJ Martinez falling to the canvas. Hunter pivots, taking aim on a rising Cain Jackson...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

[Jackson hits the mat as well, promptly rolling under the ropes to the outside to join AJ Martinez in fleeing the sadistic Hunter who has the crowd shockingly behind him if you’ve followed his career at all.]

SA: Two members of KAMS down on the mat... uh oh!

[The third member of KAMS is on their feet and suddenly find themselves surrounded on all sides by the fan favorite trio as the fans are ROARING at the idea of Crawford getting smacked around by all three... especially by Hunter with that shovel...]

SA: Paris Crawford’s in trouble! They’re closing in on them!

[Ever the strategist, Crawford makes a decision and goes barreling at Brian James who attempts a clothesline but Crawford ducks it on the run, diving through the ropes to escape!]

SA: Ohhh... and these fans are disappointed by that, Colt. They thought they had Crawford right where they wanted but the escape worked wonders there...

[Crawford taps their temple on the outside, smirking up at the collected group as Jackson and Martinez drag them into an impromptu strategy session on the outside of the ring...

...and Hunter does the same as Koji Sakai snatches the shovel from his hands, moving to take it out of the ring...]

SA: Both teams trying to regroup before the opening bell... and the shovel has been removed from the squared circle... much to KAMS’ joy, I’m sure.

[The impulsive Rage suddenly breaks away from Hunter and James again, sprinting to the corner where he’s to the top rope in a flash, leaping off with reckless abandon...]

CP: So much for a gameplan... again!

[...and CRASHES down onto the Team Supreme trio with a Death From Above double axehandle that sends KAMS down to the Dodger Stadium ground in a pile!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: We’ve got bodies out here like a rush hour pile-up on the 110!

[Rage comes off the ground, twirling a finger around in the air to a big cheer from the Los Angeles crowd as the former World Television Champion pulls Crawford to their feet and chucks them back inside. As Hunter and James exit at the referee's orders...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...the match becomes official with Rage down on a knee, hammering Crawford into the canvas!]

SA: We're official now in this one... and right away, you see Shadoe Rage looking to get a pound of flesh for Crawford's involvement in Rage's recent activities when he was trying to get into the Royal Crown tournament.

CP: Not that Rage needs a reason to become an out-of-control lunatic.

SA: Perhaps not but this time, he's got one.

[Dragging Crawford off the mat, Rage rushes him into the neutral corner, smashing their head into the turnbuckles!]

SA: Headfirst into the corner goes Crawford!

[Holding them in place, Rage twists around to smash a back elbow into the jaw... and again... and again as Crawford starts to slump against the turnbuckles...]

SA: Referee ordering Rage to back off, back out of the corner... and he does...

[But Rage dives right back in, shoving the slumping Crawford up, wedging them between the top and middle ropes...]

SA: ...uh oh... we've seen this before, Colt!

CP: We have and every time we see it...

[Rage climbs the ropes, springing into the air, and brings both knees CRASHING down into Crawford's torso, driving them down into the canvas to a big cheer!]

CP: ...it's effective!

[With the crowd cheering the early offense, the referee backs Rage out of the corner again, warning him to follow his commands.]

SA: Koji Sakai reminding Rage that this is NOT a No Disqualification match like we'll see later tonight between Jordan Ohara and Sid Osborne for the AWA National Title. Rage HAS to follow the rules here if he doesn't want to hang a L on his squad.

[Rage shrugs off the referee, moving to grab the wrists of Crawford who is still leaning into the buckles...

...and starts STOMPING repeatedly!]

SA: OH! OHH! OHHHHH!

[A few high impact stomps land before the referee physically pulls Rage off of Crawford to jeers from the Dodger Stadium crowd!]

SA: Look out! Rage threatening a backhand on Koji Sakai and that would end this one in a hurry.

[Sakai points to the AWA logo on his breast, threatening to “ring up” the former World Television Champion if he lays a hand on him. A fuming Rage shakes his head, turning back to drag Crawford up by the hair, twirling his arm around for the fans again...

...and then races towards the ropes, leaping over the top, and SNAPPING Crawford’s throat down on the top rope!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Jackson Hunter pumps a fist on the outside as James slaps the turnbuckle, cheering on their partner as Rage scrambles back up on the apron, pointing to the corner...]

SA: And Rage may be looking to end this early! He’s heading up top again and if he hits that flying elbow, this one’s all over, fans!

[But as Rage scales the ropes, a dazed Crawford is staggering and stumbling towards the corner...]

SA: Tag!

[...and the crowd grumbles as the near seven foot AJ Martinez steps slowly over the ropes, a smirk on his face as Rage stands up top, looking down at him.]

SA: We’ve got a little standoff here and... or maybe not.

[The crowd’s jeers turn to excitement as Martinez lifts a long and powerful arm and points at his half brother on the apron.]

SA: It looks like AJ Martinez has made it clear, Colt, he wants to get his hands on Brian James here tonight!

CP: Sometimes brothers gotta fight... I feel like I’ve heard that before.

[Sal chuckles as Rage hops down off the top turnbuckle, walking across the ring to his corner where he angrily slaps the hand of the Engine of Destruction.]

SA: And there's the tag to the Son of the Blackheart!

[James steps in... and then rushes forward, lunging into a tieup with his half brother, the two big men pushing and shoving their way around the ring.]

CP: Look at these two, Albano... like two big bulls going to work...

SA: The size advantage lies with AJ Martinez though... and that might mean the power advantage does as well, pushing James back across the ring into the neutral corner...

[Martinez delivers a two-handed shove to the chest, all smirking smiles as he backs up, giving a big flex to his brother...

...who SURGES out of the corner, using a double leg takedown to bring his half brother off his feet!]

SA: JAMES TAKES HIM DOWN!

[James is raining down blows on Martinez who frantically tries to cover up as the crowd cheers the action ongoing!]

SA: Brian James' striking game is lethal and Martinez knows it, arms up trying to shield himself from those heavy shots!

[James abandons the attack after a few moments, regaining his feet and standing poised and at the ready as Martinez struggles off the mat near the ropes...

...and a running clothesline flips the massive near seven footer over the top rope, dumping them out on the outside to a HUGE CHEER!]

SA: OHHHHH! JAMES SENDS HIS HALF BROTHER TO THE FLOOR!

[Cain Jackson seizes this moment to come through the ropes, rushing at James from behind...

...but James pivots and drops Jackson with a clothesline as well!]

SA: Down goes Cain Jackson!

[With Jackson rolling out to join Martinez on the outside, that leaves Paris Crawford who leaps off the top rope with a crossbody...]

SA: CAUGHT!

[...into the waiting, powerful arms of James who snatches them out of the sky to another big cheer...

...and then PRESSES THEM OVERHEAD TO A ROAR!]

SA: JAMES HAS GOT 'EM UP! HIGH IN THE SKY ANNNNNND...

[James rushes the ropes, hurling Crawford over the top rope onto Jackson and Martinez at ringside, bringing the trio down into a pile for the second time in the match!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And this team is ROLLING in the early moments of this one, Colt!

CP: You said it yourself, Albano - it's early... there's plenty of time for KAMS to get back into this thing. They gotta stop going one on one with these three, they gotta use that teamwork advantage, and if they can get it going a little crazy - even better!

[A fired-up James walks around the ring, shouting to the fans, pounding his powerful chest as KAMS struggles to regain their feet on the outside. James steps to his corner, shouting at Hunter to tag in. Hunter gives a "who? Me?" look before reluctantly making the exchange.]

SA: In comes Jackson Hunter... and listen to these fans! Almost a year ago, this guy dropped Maxim Zharkov on his head... and Zharkov's STILL not able to compete... and now they're cheering him?! What a difference a year makes!

[James backs to the ropes, waving for Hunter to run at him. Hunter sighs but obliges, dropping his head into a charge...]

SA: What are they...?

[...and James BACKDROPS Hunter over the top rope, sending him flying onto the recovered KAMS on the outside, knocking them down yet again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Well, KAMS may be hearing that ol' Chumbawamba song right about now - they get knocked down but they get up again... and then get knocked right back down by James, Hunter, and Rage so far in this one, Colt.

CP: If this keeps up, they're going to be needing a whiskey drink... and a vodka drink... they'll need the songs that remind them of the good times... they'll need the songs that remind them of the better times.

SA: Why, Colt Patterson... I'm impressed.

CP: You ain't the only one who has ever listened to the radio, Albano.

[Out on the floor, Hunter somehow guides the near seven footer back to his feet, tossing him back under the ropes into the ring. He grabs hold of the ropes himself, pulling himself onto the ring apron...]

...which is when Paris Crawford lunges forward, yanking the legs out from under Hunter as he crashes down HARD, his face bouncing off the apron!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Crawford grabs the staggered Hunter by the back of the hair, yanking him backwards...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and the back of Hunter’s head BOUNCES off the thin ringside mats to jeers!]

SA: Paris Crawford attacking Hunter from the blind side right there to devastating effect.

CP: Took a shot in the mouth and then one to the back of the head... and the person who took point in putting Johnny Detson on the shelf... maybe permanently... just took Hunter down hard and changed the entire course of this match.

SA: Crawford tossing Hunter back inside, turning him over to the big man for the... well, I was about to call them the World Tag Team Champions but I don’t even know if that’s accurate, Colt.

CP: Sure it is! They’re ALL the World Tag Team Champions!

SA: I can’t even imagine how that’s legally allowed by AWA officials but for the time being at least, it seems to be the case.

[Dragging Hunter off the mat, Martinez whips him into the neutral corner, charging in after with a heavy clothesline that causes Hunter’s legs to kick in the air before he settles back to standing...]

...which is where the massive Martinez tees off on him, throwing big hooking forearms and fists at the exposed head of Hunter, causing him to slump back against the buckles with his arms weakly raised to defend himself!]

SA: Clubbing shots in the corner, Hunter’s barely on his feet after that attack on the outside by Crawford!

[The referee steps in again, desperately trying to maintain some kind of control as he backs off Martinez...]

SA: The official trying to keep things in check in the early part of this one... wanting to avoid that chaos we talked about before that KAMS seems to thrive on...

[...and the near seven footer comes barreling back in for another clothesline but runs right into a raised boot from Hunter!]

SA: OHH! Right up under the chin!

[Martinez stumbles backwards as Hunter looks for a way out of the corner, hopping up onto the midbuckle...]

SA: Hunter on the second rope and-

[...but before he can strike, Cain Jackson slides down the apron, delivering a one-handed shove that sends Hunter flying off the buckles awkwardly, landing in a bearhug applied by Martinez who holds him for a moment before LAUNCHING him three-quarters of the way across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly throw!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: PURE POWER ON THE PART OF AJ MARTINEZ!

CP: “Hot Stuff” is living up to that nickname right here in front of his hometown fans who sure are giving him the business for someone who is one of them.

SA: With the kind of stuff we’ve seen out of Martinez over the past several months, I’m not Los Angelenos would claim this guy as one of them at all, Colt.

CP: Oh, but they’d gladly take that dumb kid White Knight! Even Vasquez who was nothing but treacherous to them for the past two years!

SA: What can I say? The people of Los Angeles choose who they want to hold dear to their heart and it is NOT AJ Martinez.

[In the meantime, Martinez slaps the hand of Cain Jackson, bringing his partner into the ring as they double whip Hunter off the mat back into the neutral corner...]

SA: Into the corner goes Hunter, crashing into the buckles...

[Jackson grabs Martinez’ arm, whipping him in...]

SA: ...INTO A 325 POUND AVALANCHE IN THE CORNER!

[...and Martinez steps out, tossing Hunter towards Jackson who lifts, pivots, and DRIVES him down in a thunderous spinebuster!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: We’ve seen this before, fans!

[Jackson stays down on all fours as Martinez steps out... and up onto the back of Jackson, propelling himself skyward to drop down in a senton on the downed Hunter!]

SA: AND A 325 POUND SENTON AS WELL!

CP: The weight hasn't changed and neither has the impact, crushing Hunter like a bug on the windshield of that monster KAMS came out here in early tonight!

[Jackson comes to his feet as Paris Crawford dashes in illegally, getting boosted up into the air by Jackson...]

SA: What in the...?

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and they come down with a vicious double stomp on the laid out Hunter!]

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO! LET THE BODIES HIT THE FLOOR HERE IN DODGER STADIUM AS KAMS HAS OBLITERATED JACKSON HUNTER IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS!

CP: And there's that teamwork! There's that chaos! Doubleteams, triple teams, people in illegally!

SA: The crowd is on their feet for that- AND THIS!

[The crowd gets even louder as Shadoe Rage and Brian James storm the ring towards the taunting Martinez and Crawford!]

CP: So much for the referee keeping control!

[Rage's flurry of fists have Crawford backpedaling as a well-placed elbowsmash between the eyes sends them stumbling backwards, sprawling through the ropes as Brian James ducks a clothesline from his own half brother..

...and HITS a huge running tackle on Cain Jackson, knocking the big man down to the mat, rolling to the outside as Rage comes off the top again, dropping Death From Above on Crawford on the floor!]

SA: We've got fighting all over the place now! Crawford and Rage on the outside! Jackson's out there... and here comes Brian James as well! Hunter's still down though and...

CP: Martinez is going out to the outside also... looking to take advantage of the numbers game...

[The fists are flying on the covered infield dirt of Dodger Stadium as all five are on the outside battling it out...]

SA: Ohh! Martinez drops Rage with a big clubbing shot across the back of the head!

[The near seven footer waves Jackson over as Crawford comes charging down the apron, diving off into a tumbling cannonball that puts James on his back on the outside!]

SA: It's a three on two on the outside and-

[Jackson and Martinez take aim, grabbing Rage under the arms...]

SA: -what are they...?

[...and in tandem, they HURL Rage into the air with a double hiptoss, clearing the barricade and sending him flying into the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: TO THE PEOPLE!

SA: SHADOE RAGE GOT LAUNCHED LIKE A BALL OFF THE BAT OF ANDRE ETHIER! OH MY!

[Martinez makes a show of dusting off his hands as a smirking Cain Jackson turns back towards the ring...

...and finds Jackson Hunter charging towards him, looking to help his allies...]

SA: HUNTER ON THE MOVE!

[...but Paris Crawford is on the move as well, running down the apron, leaping off...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sacrifices their own body with a running dropkick, at full extension when they hit Hunter in the chest with the feet before CRASHING down HARD on the ringside mats!]

SA: CRAWFORD OUT OF NOWHERE SAVES THEIR PARTNERS!

CP: That's teamwork! That's what I'm talking about, sacrificing yourself for the sake of the unit and that's EXACTLY what Paris Crawford did right there, Albano!

SA: They certainly did... and Crawford may have knocked the wind right out of themselves as Jackson tosses Hunter back in. Are they the legal competitors out here?

CP: I think so... but I'm not sure anyone can keep track of that at this point. It's starting to break down out here... just the way KAMS wants it.

[Staggering to his feet, Hunter falls back into his own corner with no Brian James or Shadoe Rage in sight. Cain Jackson smirks at Hunter...]

“Where are they?! You’re all alone in here, tough guy!”

[...and goes to work on him, hammering him with body shots in the corner...]

SA: Jackson tearing into Hunter in the buckles... shoots him across...

[...and as Hunter staggers out, Jackson goes into a spin!]

SA: ...DISCUS LARIAT! CONNECTS IN FULL!

[Jackson drops into a loose lateral press, glaring at the official who drops down to count.]

SA: We’ve got one! We’ve got two!

[Hunter slips out before three, earning cheers from the fans as Jackson gets to his feet to make the tag.]

SA: Jackson fails to get the pin... and now he’s bringing in the big man, AJ Martinez once more... we’re about ten minutes into this thirty minute time limit and this one’s living up the chaotic expectations we had for it, Colt.

CP: Here comes another double team... KAMS showing off the unity that made them one of the most feared teams in Japan and has made them the World Tag Team Champions here in the AWA!

[A double gorilla press shoots Hunter up... and then he comes right back down, crashing facefirst off the canvas!]

SA: Another hard fall to the mat for Hunter... and look at this guy. Seven feet tall, 325 pounds... and he’s just a big bully, slapping Hunter across the face when he can’t defend himself!

[The fans jeer Martinez who glares at them, cupping his hand to his ear, encouraging them to get angrier which they quickly oblige with...

...and he hauls Hunter up by the hair, holding him up for a moment before FLIPPING him inside out with a standing lariat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: That might do it! Martinez with the cover off that devastating lariat! Can he get him? Noooooo.... Hunter’s out at two and change this time.

CP: And he STILL has no partners waiting for him in the corner. Jackson Hunter is in there all alone against a killing machine unit... and this is his worst nightmare since Brian James drafted him into HIS fight.

SA: Another tag there, bringing Cain Jackson back in...

[Jackson hauls the limp Hunter off the mat, snatching a side waistlock as Martinez wraps a massive hand around the throat...]

SA: ...I don't like the looks of this for Hunter!

[...and they lift in tandem, Martinez using a chokeslam as Jackson drops Hunter with a back suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DEVASTATING DOUBLE TEAM OFFENSE BY THE CHAMPIONS!

[Martinez steps out at the referee's order before Sakai starts his count.]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Cain Jackson goes sailing out of the lateral press under the bottom rope thanks to Brian James pulling him to the outside!]

SA: JAMES SAVES THE MATCH FOR HIS TEAM!

[James lands a few big haymakers and a leaping knee on the chin before he grabs Jackson around the head and neck...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him into the ringside railing to a big reaction!]

CP: This is all blatantly illegal, Albano! Brian James with the save, breaking up the pin, but we know he's not the legal man out there doing all this damage to Cain Jackson!

[But with the referee distracted by the outside-the-ring activities, AJ Martinez takes the moment to step in, grabbing Hunter by the arms and hauling him back into their corner..]

SA: Oh, come on! Martinez with a little outside illegal activity of his own, Colt!

CP: James started it! Whatever KAMS does next is fair game in my book!

[Brian James leaves Jackson in a heap, climbing up on the apron and shouting at Martinez who is still in the ring...]

...but James quickly gets knocked back to the floor thanks to a running boot to the chest by Martinez!]

SA: OH!

CP: Haha! I love it, Albano!

SA: You would! Brian James JUST got back on the apron and that punk Martinez sends him down to the floor again!

[Martinez taunts him as the referee turns around, shouting at Martinez to get back out of the ring. Cain Jackson in the meantime has dragged himself back to his feet, rolling into the ring...]

SA: Jackson's back in, Martinez back out...

[The referee signals for the tag as Martinez slaps Jackson's hand.]

SA: ...and Martinez right back in!

[Pulling Hunter to his feet and shoving him back against the KAMS buckles, Martinez drives his back elbow into the side of the head with all 325 pounds behind it. He repeats it a few times with the referee ordering him out.]

SA: Come on, ref! Get in there!

CP: Hey, he's counting, Albano... that's what Sakai is supposed to do!

[Martinez backs off, arms raised as the referee warns him again...

...and then runs back in, landing another back elbow with a little more pop this time. He smirks at the shouting official before grabbing the arm, whipping Hunter from corner to corner, sending him crashing into the buckles where he staggers back towards a waiting Martinez...]

SA: Lifts him up...

[...and Martinez charges a few steps, DRIVING Hunter down with a thunderous powerslam!]

SA: ...AND DRIVES HIM INTO THE MAT!

CP: That might do it, Big Sal!

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at a diving save out of nowhere by Shadoe Rage who hurls himself through the ropes to break up the pin just in time!]

SA: SHADOE RAGE WITH THE SAVE!

CP: Where did HE come from?! Last we saw him, he was in the fifth row!

[Rage is still visibly hurt, breathing heavy on the mat from the exertion of making the save...]

...which makes him easy prey for Paris Crawford who drags him under the ropes by the foot to the outside!]

SA: Crawford pulls Rage back to the floor... and here we go again!

[Rage and Crawford are trading blows on the outside as AJ Martinez gets back to his feet, pulling Hunter up with a malevolent look on his face...

...and wraps his two massive hands around the throat!]

SA: Wait a second! Wrestling fans around the globe knows what comes next!

[But with Crawford and Rage wilding out on the floor, the referee turns his focus to them for a moment...

...and a moment is all it takes for Jackson Hunter to slam a foot up into the Martinez Family jewels!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: HUNTER GOES LOW! HE GOES LOW ON MARTINEZ TO SAVE HIMSELF FROM THE FIREBOMB!

CP: And I suppose you approve of that since it's one of your favorites that did it!

SA: Well, Jackson Hunter is far from one of my favorites, Colt... but I'd argue that maybe a little turnabout is fair play in a fight like this! You're talking about a team that tried - and may have succeeded - in ending Johnny Detson's career! They took out Howie Somers just a few weeks ago, put him on the shelf too! And how many others have they come after in their short time together since the damn Red Wedding?!

CP: There's always an excuse with you!

[With Martinez reeling, sinking to his knees, Hunter is crawling for his life, looking towards the corner where Brian James is back up and is waiting to make the exchange, the crowd getting louder and louder as Hunter inches closer and closer...]

SA: TAAAAAG!

[...and in comes the Engine of Destruction with the crowd ROARING for him as he rushes towards his rising half brother, lighting him up with rights and lefts...

...and burying a rolling sole butt in the midsection, doubling him over before a thrust kick to the chest sends him falling back into the turnbuckles.]

SA: James is heating up!

[James advances on the corner, throwing rights and lefts to the upper body, before stepping up to the middle rope, springing up to SMASH a shin into the cheekbone of "Hot Stuff.."]

...and then whips him across, charging in after him...]

SA: The big man on the move!

[...leaping onto the middle rope with one foot while driving his shin into Martinez' head with the other leg!]

SA: TSUNAMI DEATH STRIIIIIIKE!

[Martinez goes stumbling from the corner as James hops down, pumping his powerful arm...

...and with a war whoop, he SMASHES a running lariat to the back of Martinez' head, knocking him flat to a HUGE CHEER!]

SA: DOWN! GOES! MARTINEZ!

[James flips him over, diving across the chest...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But the near seven footer powers out, tossing his half brother off him to a shocked reaction from the crowd!]

SA: WOW! AJ MARTINEZ POWERS OUT!

[James looks a little surprised...]

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

SA: The fifteen minute call right there, halfway to the time limit in this one.

[As Martinez tries to get to a knee, he finds his half brother waiting for him, snatching a Muay Thai clinch, driving a knee up into the chin... and then another to the upper chest... and then a third to the jaw...]

SA: KNEESTRIKES!

CP: AJ's in trouble, Big Sal!

SA: He sure is!

[Martinez gets tossed into the ropes in a daze by James who drops into a three point stance for a moment before barreling forwards...]

SA: BLACK MASS CONNECTS! OVER THE TOP GOES THE BIG MAN!

[With Martinez spilled to the outside again, James throws back his arms in a massive roar, stomping around the ring with the ROARING crowd paying him tribute!]

SA: And listen to these fans react to Brian James! They realize how close they came to losing this man as an AWA competitor thanks to Team Supreme's shenanigans earlier this year and they're letting him know how much they appreciate him!

[With the crowd roaring and urging him on, James exits the ring, dropping down to the floor where he grabs his rising half brother by the hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him into the steel steps at ringside!]

SA: OHH! MARTINEZ HITS THE STEEL!

[The impact of the 325 pounder hitting the staircase causes it to separate into the two pieces - the staircase clattering aside as the heavy base stays on the floor. James drags Martinez to position him atop the heavy base...

...and then turns back towards the steel steps, pointing to them to a HUGE CHEER from the Los Angeles crowd!]

SA: Listen to these fans! They want to see him use the steps on AJ Martinez!

CP: Bunch of savages! He could cripple his own half brother if he does that!

SA: And somewhere in the back, Mama Westerly is losing her mind right now watching this, I'd wager.

CP: You're enjoying this, aren't you?! This is blood on blood!

SA: You had no problem with James Lynch carving up his own brother, Jack, in that barbed wire match last year at SuperClash!

CP: That's different. Jack Lynch is a scoundrel and we'd all be better off if a flood washed that family - except James - from the Earth.

SA: Good to see that time doesn't heal ALL wounds when it comes to the Patterson/Lynch history.

[James grabs the top of the steel stairs, lifting it... and then pressing it overhead...]

SA: You've gotta be...

[...and DROPS it down on his half brother, crushing him between the two pieces of the metal stairs!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

CP: That’s it! Ring the bell!

[Referee Koji Sakai shouts at Brian James from inside the ring... but does not call for the bell as ordered by Patterson.]

SA: It looks like... well, the match is going to continue. The referee is being very lenient in this one if he’s going to let that go, Colt.

CP: It’s a sham, a put-on by the office who is using James and Hunter and Rage to try to do to Team Supreme what AWA Legal wasn’t able to do! The office has had it out for Team Supreme since the Red Wedding and now they think these three will be able to get their pound of flesh!

[James celebrates his downed half brother at ringside...]

SA: Wait, wait! FROM BEHIND!

[...and turns right into a diving Paris Crawford, somersaulting off the top rope onto the Engine of Destruction!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: CRAWFORD TAKES TO THE SKY AGAIN, PUTTING THEIR BODY AT RISK ONCE MORE!

[With Crawford and Martinez down, Cain Jackson swoops in on the outside, tossing James under the ropes...]

SA: Cain Jackson puts Brian James back in... but he’s not the legal man, Colt!

CP: Aren’t we just throwing all the rules out at this point anyways?!

SA: No, we certainly are not! We are over fifteen minutes into this battle and... the referee’s trying to get Cain Jackson out of there! He’s telling him he’s not the legal man!

[Jackson won’t listen though, lifting James off the mat and hoisting him right up into a Canadian backbreaker over-the-shoulder...

...before RAMMING him torso-first into the turnbuckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: The referee is telling Jackson to get out of there but Cain Jackson is paying him no mind at all!

[With James now seated up top, Jackson starts to climb...]

SA: Oh brother, that's a whole lot of tonnage up on those ropes, Colt...

CP: Jackson's going to finish this off right here and now.

SA: Climbing to the second rope... and it looks like he's looking for a superplex, a move that used to be a signature of his opponent here, Brian James...

[Jackson hooks him up, starting to go for the lift...

...but James is hanging onto the ropes for dear life, blocking him!]

SA: ...but James grabs the ropes! Jackson can't get him up!

[And with Jackson in a precarious position, the crowd begins to ROAR at the next thing they see...]

SA: SHADOE RAGE! SHADOE RAGE BACK ON THE APRON! CLIMBING THE ROPES!

[...the Savior of the AWA scrambling up the same ropes that James and Jackson are on...]

SA: What is he doing up there?!

CP: If I know anything about Rage, it's not good news for anyone!

[Rage steps a foot up to the top rope, the crowd buzzing with anticipation...]

SA: What is he...?

[...and with James hanging onto the ropes, Rage leaps over his ally AND his opponent, hooking Jackson as he does...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES Cain Jackson down to the canvas with a sunset flip powerbomb that brings the Los Angeles crowd to their feet once more!]

SA: YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME! YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME! SHADOE RAGE WITH A DEATH DEFYING SUNSET POWERBOMB... OHHHH MYYYYYY!

[Rage promptly rolls back under the ropes to the outside as Jackson weakly rolls over onto his chest... and soon, joins Rage in spilling to the floor...]

SA: What a move! What impact! And Shadoe Rage may have taken Cain Jackson out of this match right there!

CP: Yeah, but he might've taken himself out of the match too, Sal!

SA: Both men down and-

[The crowd is still buzzing from the last big moment when Paris Crawford comes sprinting across the ring, leaping into the air, snatching James' head between their legs...

...and WHIPS them from the top rope perch with a rana!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: THE HIGHLIGHT REEL CONTINUES IN CHAVEZ RAVINE!

[Crawford flips over, crawling across the chest of James for a cover!]

SA: CRAWFORD COVERS AND-

[But the official waves it off, pointing to AJ Martinez still out on the floor!]

SA: Good call, Koji Sakai! AJ Martinez is the legal man and the referee REFUSES to count this pin attempt!

[Crawford “hrmphs” angrily in the referee’s direction before rolling from the ring, grabbing Martinez by the arm to drag him out of the wreckage...]

SA: Paris Crawford looking to finish this, putting AJ Martinez back in and telling him to finish off Brian James and end this thing for Team Supreme!

[A still-shook AJ Martinez slowly climbs to his feet, moving in a stagger towards his half brother as Crawford pounds the canvas, calling for him to finish James off...]

SA: Martinez bringing James off the mat... and how many times over the years has that been said by our boss, Colt?

CP: Quite a few for sure. But this is a whole new generation of Martinez versus James and I am HERE for it!

[With both men staggered but on their feet, Martinez reaches out to hook the double choke again...]

SA: Again, Martinez looking for that Firebomb!

[...but James' hands shoot up on instinct, grabbing the wrists and forearms of the near seven footer...]

SA: James is fighting it though - he's fighting it, Colt!

[James pushes the hands away, a huge cheer ringing out... and then he smashes his own skull into his half brother's, breaking free of his grasp!]

SA: OH! Skull meets skull and-

[Martinez stumbles back a pair of steps, creating a little bit of space which is enough for James to coil up and strike!]

SA: -BLACKHEART PUNNNNNNNCH! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The thunderous blow to the chest knocks Martinez to the mat, James diving on top, hooking a leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: CRAWFORD DIVING THROUGH THE ROPES TO MAKE THE SAAAAAVE!
WHAT A FIGHT!

[Crawford is pummeling the downed James with rights and lefts, hammering away as Martinez rolls under the ropes to the outside, still the legal competitor...]

“TWENTY MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!”

SA: Ten minutes left on the clock in this tremendous battle! Who can dig down deep and come out on top with ten minutes to go?!

[Crawford brings James to his feet, snatching a handful of hair and lighting up a doubled-over James with front kicks to the face...]

...followed by one big kick that snaps James back up, sending him falling back into the ropes closest to the entrance ramp.]

SA: James might be out on his feet after that!

[Crawford breaks away, hitting the ropes, dashing back towards James...]

...who drops his head and LAUNCHES Crawford over the top rope with a backdrop, sending them CRASHING down on the slightly-padded outfield grass to a HUGE ROAR!]

SA: JAMES SENT 'EM FLYING! We've got Jackson on the floor! Crawford on the floor! Martinez on the floor!

[A weary Shadoe Rage climbs up on the apron, looking out on the pile of KAMS accumulating near the entrance aisle...]

...and starts waving his arms, first at Brian James and then at a rising Jackson Hunter...]

SA: What in the world is this now? Shadoe Rage is trying to get these two to... do what exactly?

CP: If the idea was born in the mind of Shadoe Rage, I want no part of figuring out what he wants to do.

[The referee runs into the aisle to check on everyone as the fans are still buzzing, breaking into a chant.]

"HO-LY SHAD-OE!"
clap clap clapclapclap
"HO-LY SHAD-OE!"
clap clap clapclapclap
"HO-LY SHAD-OE!"
clap clap clapclapclap

[Jackson Hunter makes his way down the aisle, kneeling to check on Rage as he waves James to "finish this."]

SA: Shadoe Rage is hurt for sure... Jackson Hunter there to check on him... but Brian James is dragging his half brother out of the pile... and I believe those two are the legal men STILL, Colt.

CP: Who could possibly know - or CARE - right now, Albano?! This is out of control just like we expected it to be at some point!

[With Hunter tending to Rage, Paris Crawford manages to regain their knees, lunging forward, and...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...SHOVES Hunter into the barricade as James and Martinez start brawling their way back towards the ring!]

SA: The fight continues! Crawford just took out Hunter... and by my count, as Cain Jackson gets up as well... that means we've got a three on one on Brian James!

CP: The numbers game strikes again!

[Jackson waves Crawford towards the brawling duo but Crawford seems to have other ideas, pointing at the ring instead...]

SA: Crawford directing traffic out here... Jackson's in the ring... Crawford now as well... what's this all about? They've still got James fighting on the floor and he's the one they gotta beat at this point!

[Jackson points to the outside but again Crawford waves him off.]

SA: Paris Crawford looks like a pitcher out here on the mound of Dodger Stadium shaking off their catcher and...

[Jackson shakes his head as Crawford tells him their idea...]

SA: What are they...?

[...and finally, Jackson yanks Crawford into a standing headscissors...]

SA: WHAT?!

[...and the crowd ROARS as Jackson lifts Crawford up, preparing to drive them down into the canvas!]

SA: JACKSON'S GOT CRAWFORD UP! RIGHT UP IN THE CRUCIFIX POWERBOMB POSITION AND-

[But instead of throwing them down to the mat, Jackson twists to the side and HURLS them over the top rope onto a shocked Brian James and AJ Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CAIN JACKSON USING PARIS CRAWFORD AS A HUMAN MISSILE! TAKING OUT JAMES!

[Jackson swipes a hand across the air, signaling that it's all over...

...and as the crowd gets louder, Jackson nods his head, thinking the sudden cheers are for his impressive move as he turns back towards the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: INSTANT KARMA!

[...that's right! Jackson Hunter, battered and barely standing, is back in the ring looking to win this thing for his squad, leaping up for his signature bicycle kneestrike but Jackson's height combined with Hunter's beaten body only allows Hunter's knee to hit Jackson in the chest, knocking him back into the ropes...]

CP: He didn't get all of it though!

[...and as Jackson staggers back again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: HE GOT ALL OF THAT ONE!

SA: INSTANT KARMA A SECOND TIME! THE EYES ROLLING BACK IN THE HEAD AS JACKSON HITS THE CANVAS!

[Hunter looks out on the roaring crowd, a slight look of disbelief that he's got a crowd reacting to him like that on his face...

...and somehow, the 60,000 strong get louder as Jackson grabs the legs...]

SA: MINDFLAYER! MINDFLAYER!

[...and as he steps through the legs, crossing them over, and flipping Jackson onto his stomach, Hunter cranks back in his signature submission hold!]

SA: HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN! HE'S GOT IT CRANKED BACK! JACKSON HUNTER LOOKING FOR THE SUBMISSION HERE AT MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM!

[Jackson is screaming in pain, clawing at the canvas as Hunter wrenches his legs and back, looking for a shocking submission victory with the entire world watching...]

SA: CAIN JACKSON IS TRYING TO HANG ON! CAIN JACKSON IS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE!

[With Hunter cranking back on the legs, the crowd starts to buzz as AJ Martinez comes off the mat to the apron, stepping over the top rope with mayhem on his mind...]

SA: HERE COMES MARTINEZ TO BREAK-

[...but the crowd ERUPTS at Shadoe Rage - somehow... somehow - comes hobbling across the ring, throwing himself into a full body tackle on the near seven footer, cutting him off and taking him down to the mat!]

SA: -NOOOO! RAGE STOPS HIM! SHADOE RAGE...

CP: HOW THE HELL IS HE EVEN WALKING?!

SA: ...RISKING HIS ENTIRE BODY, SACRIFICING IT ALL FOR HIS TEAM!

[Jackson's arm goes up as Hunter screams "TAAAAAAAAP!" at him... and for a moment... just for a moment, it looks like it's coming...

...but that moment comes to a sudden, abrupt, and heartbreaking halt as Paris Crawford springboards off the top rope, DRIVING their feet into the back of Hunter's head to break up the submission hold!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CRAWFORD BREAKS THE HOLLLLLLLLL!

[With bodies strewn across the ring, the referee steps back, letting the ROARING crowd take it all in as Jackson Hunter holds the back of his head. Crawford rolls to the floor, having taken another hard fall onto their back. Shadoe Rage is down on the outside with AJ Martinez, trying to keep him from intervening again...

...and Cain Jackson slowly gets to his feet, shaking out his leg as he does. The big man waves an arm, shouting "GET UP!" at Jackson Hunter who is trying to oblige, weakly pushing up off the mat, clutching the back of his head as he slowly turns...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and nearly has his head removed from body by force with Cain Jackson's running Big Boot, Hunter getting turned inside out before roughly falling to the canvas where Jackson covers, hooking a leg...]

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

[...and this time, there is no save for Jackson Hunter as the mat is slapped a third time!]

SA: ...ISSSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd deflates as Cain Jackson climbs off the mat, aggressively pumping a fist as Crawford grins on the outside, AJ Martinez shoving Rage off of him as he joins Jackson on his feet, trading a big double fist bump.]

SA: KAMS takes the win in a wild and violent affair, working as a unit from bell to bell...

CP: I told you, Albano. A good tag team will almost always beat good singles wrestlers.

SA: Jackson, Martinez, and Crawford pick up the win... and I'd imagine Supreme Wright is looking on quite pleased at this big victory tonight at Memori-

"Ahem."

SA: Oh God, who gave them a microphone?

[We cut to Paris Crawford at ringside, a sadistic smile on their face, looking at the carnage in the ring as they hold a microphone.]

PC: Is this not lovely?

[Crawford casually climbs onto the apron and through the ropes, tired and wounded from the match, but clearly enjoying what they see from the wreckage. They look out to the audience.]

PC: Vous n'aimez pas ça?

[The crowd boos lustily, almost as if they understood that Crawford asked them if they liked what they saw and were answering accordingly. Crawford's smile grows as they hoist themselves onto the top turnbuckle, sitting and crossing their legs.]

PC: Chantez pour moi, mes enfants.

[Crawford spreads their arms wide, soaking in the deluge of boos.]

SA: I still can't believe what has happened to them, Colt. They were beloved just six months ago at SuperClash.

CP: But you can't argue with the success, Albano. Team Supreme was fantastic tonight.

[Crawford demurely hops down from the turnbuckle, walking over to Jackson Hunter, crouching beside him and speaking in a breathy whisper.]

PC: You caused this. Did it turn out as you hoped?

I warned you exactly what would happen, and still you ran head-first. Perhaps you will listen now, oui?

[Crawford stands to step on Hunter's sternum, then crouches back down again, putting pressure towards his throat. Shadoo Rage surges to his feet, rushing at Crawford...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[.. but not for long, being flattened by Cain Jackson's big boot. The force of the blow sends Rage to the mat, and Crawford looks amused as they turn their attention to him.]

PC: You. Why are you here?

[Crawford tilts their head as they look at Rage, barely conscious, trying to move his body but his brain won't send signals to his limbs to move faster.]

PC: A misunderstood belief that you are a savior, oui?

[Crawford gives off a knowing smile.]

PC: Vous ne pouvez pas vous sauver de nous. C'est votre dernier avertissement. Ne venez plus nous chercher.

[Jackson grabs the fallen Rage by the throat, hoisting Rage over his head into a military press, and casually throwing him over the top rope to the barely-padded stadium grass. The crowd continues to boo, as Crawford holds a finger to their lips in thought. Suddenly, as though they have a realization...]

PC: Et toi.

[They turn to Brian James, struggling to pull himself up on the ropes. Jackson storms over to the second-generation wrestler, holding him in place, as Martinez has Hunter constrained against the ropes.]

PC: Think with me, darling. Do you remember how I asked why you were mad at us? Do you remember how you said that we lied about you?

[Jackson grabs James by the chin and jerks his head up, forcing him to face the model.]

PC: Do you remember how I said I never gave you a single thought, until that moment, and you would regret that?

[Crawford, inches from James, safe from his wrath thanks to the human shield of Cain Jackson, smiles.]

PC: Do you?

[The crowd's boos reach ear-splitting decibels, as Crawford looks out to the crowd with disdain, then back to James.]

PC: Your regret has only just begun, dear boy.

[Crawford spins on their heel to Hunter as Jackson starts to force James down to the mat.]

PC: And you will have his regret on your conscience. Your silence could have saved him.

[Crawford climbs the turnbuckles as Jackson tries to position James, spreading his arm out onto the canvas.]

SA: Dear god... what are they going to do to him?! What is KAMS going to do to Brian James?!

CP: The same thing they did to Howie Somers, Albano! Damage!

SA: Someone's gotta get in there and stop this!

[Crawford, perched on the top rope, still holding the microphone, looks down onto James, with Jackson forcing James to look at Crawford on their perch.]

PC: Monsieur Wright sends his regards.

[And in one swift movement, Crawford drops the microphone and leaps into the air, gaining a couple of feet from their already high perch...]

"CRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRACKKKKKKKKKKK!"

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! A DOUBLE STOMP! THE HEELS OF PARIS CRAWFORD CONNECTED RIGHT INTO BRIAN JAMES' WRIST!

CP: Albano, listen to Brian James screaming! That wrist has gotta be broken!

SA: You're not kidding!

[Having let go, Jackson steps back with a cold smirk as James rolls around in pain on the mat, grabbing his now-injured arm...]

SA: How can Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, and Paris Crawford sleep at night?! First Johnny Detson, then Howie Somers, now Brian James?!

CP: And they made James watch too! That's some people who don't regret their actions one bit!

SA: They made Jackson Hunter watch too, and look at him!

[We cut to Hunter, finally freed from Martinez's grasp, diving onto James' prone form to try and get KAMS to leave him alone. Shadoe Rage can be seen starting to stir in the background, being tended to by medics, and Hunter screams that they need medics in the ring.]

SA: And Colt, that last thing Paris Crawford said... "Monseieur Wright sends his regards". Supreme Wright ordered this?

CP: He had to, Albano. Wright calls Crawford his "weapon". I'd say the weapon got buried right in Brian James' heart tonight.

SA: We've got... this is a bad scene, fans... a bad scene. Let's go backstage and... let's just go.

[We cut abruptly from the carnage in the ring to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: I... uhh... okay, we're live here, fans... backstage at Dodger Stadium where we just saw an absolutely repulsive scene go down in the ring as Team Supreme has struck - and struck violently - yet again. Like Sal said... first, Johnny Detson and the Red Wedding... then Howie Somers and the World Tag Titles... and now Brian James. Screaming in pain, holding that wrist which could very well be broken... and who the heck are going to stop this group now?!

[Stegglet shakes his head... and then his gaze shifts.]

MS: As the medical team tends to Brian James out there, it looks like someone has JUST arrived here at Chavez Ravine. Let's go...

[Stegglet gestures off-camera and the cameraman follows him as he approaches the biggest jerky boys since prank calls went out of a fashion, Chaz and Chet Wallace, the American Idols. Chaz is wearing skinny jeans and a "DEAD MAN'S PARTY" t-shirt with a skeleton smoking a cigar and wearing a top hat. Chet's gone for red leather pants and a tanktop that says "WORSHIP THESE IDOLS!" with a sketch of the American Idols posing. The Wallaces seem oblivious to the approaching Stegglet as they roll their suitcases into the building.]

MS: Gentlemen, a word?

[The Wallaces turn to look at Stegglet, a bored look on their faces.]

CHEZ: What could you possibly want, Stegglet?

[Mark smirks.]

MS: I just have one question - I promise.

[Chet sighs.]

CHET: Ask.

[Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: I just was wondering that with Hannibal Carver showing up here earlier tonight and saying that he's hunting Generation Lost...

[Chaz' jaw drops.]

MS: ...what is going through your mind to have the two of you show up here tonight?

[Chet replies, stammering a bit.]

CHET: Carver... Carv- he's here? Now? But he's not booked!

MS: Neither are you!

CHET: Yeah, but... we figured that was a mistake! Who WOULDN'T want Generation Lost here? Chaz...

[Chaz is still staring at Stegglet.]

CHET: CHAZ!

[His eyes snap up to his twin brother.]

CHET: Call Justin. Call Jayden. Get them here FAST!

[Stegglet interjects.]

MS: How do you know they're not already here? Maybe Carver already got them.

[Chet's eyes flash as he grabs Stegglet by the lapels, shoving him backwards.]

CHET: WHAT DO YOU KNOW, YOU LITTLE WEASEL?! HUH?!

[Chaz drags Chet away from the interviewer.]

CHAZ: Come on! We gotta get out of here! He could be...

[Chaz throws a look around anxiously.]

CHAZ: Let's go!

[The American Idols scamper out of view as Stegglet straightens out his suit, a smirk on his face...

...and we fade to another part of the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell. He's joined by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. Fawcett is wearing his customary white suit, the only splashes of color being a crimson tie and handkerchief tucked into the breast pocket. As we join the scene, we can see Fawcett looking behind Blackwell's head where there's a large mark on the wall that looks somewhat like a pawprint. As Blackwell speaks, Fawcett turns towards him.]

SLB: "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett, tonight sees you on familiar ground. Years ago, a Rumble match was the location that saw you unleash KING Oni on an unsuspecting wrestling world. Tonight, you look to have one if your charges make a similar splash as Harper Hannigan-

[Just then, a boisterous voice is heard. Loudly.]

"MY NOSE ITCHES!"

[In walks Harper Hannigan. They're wearing their usual severely worn black jeans that have been shredded to tatters below the knee, along with a lime green tank top that reads "THE MOTHMAN STOLE MY CATALYTIC CONVERTER IN POINT PLEASANT, W.V." In her left hand, as usual, they hold their trusty chainsaw.]

SLB: Your nose?

[Hannigan slaps Blackwell on the shoulder.]

HH: Come on, guy. Like the poem. Do I dare to eat a peach? Don't tell me I got more smarts than some city boy.

SLB: Well, I dare say that's another surprise from someone who's already quite a surprise.

"D"HF: Do not assume too much from Harper's mode of speech, my friend. In the Family, we learn more than just how to crush a skull.

HH: Ain't that the truth. There's also stabbing, strangling and stomping. The three S's.

[Blackwell tugs at his tie uncomfortably.]

SLB: Be that as it may, tonight is a unique challenge for you. You'll have twenty-nine other competitors to contend with. Most of whom you've never dealt with before. Are you feeling the pressure?

[Hannigan puts a thoughtful finger to their chin.]

HH: Looking forward to going through them all like my old pal here...

[Hannigan pats their chainsaw.]

HH: But naw, I ain't scared of any of them. Only one person has that honor, and they ain't in that ring tonight.

SLB: And who in the world scares you?

[Hannigan gets a wistful, far away look in their eyes.]

HH: My mawmaw. She chased off a porch thief with nothin' but a lit cigarette. Damndest thing I ever saw, guy.

"D"HF: Worry not, Blackwell. We've been in training for this very occasion. The chaos of the Rumble... while being mindful of the rules in place. No explosions.

[Hannigan nods sadly.]

HH: And that's all fine, because there's always the one rule that's on my mind.

[Hannigan lifts the chainsaw as Blackwell begins backing away quickly.]

HH: THE SAW IS THE LAW!

[Hannigan pulls the starter cord on the chainsaw as it roars to life. Blackwell shouts over the sudden din.]

SLB: LET'S HEAR FROM SOME OF THE OTHER RUMBLE PARTICIPANTS!

[We fade to pre-recorded footage - a series of clips - the first of which is marked "EARLIER TODAY" and showing an area towards one of the dugouts where the Lariatos stand facing each other.

Ayako Fujiwara is dressed in an elaborate teal kimono with intricate gold embroidery throughout, depicting flowing patterns, floral motifs, and a large golden phoenix on the back of the train, which dramatically extends across the floor.

Kimmy Bailey is wearing her ring gear - a low cut singlet with matching sports bra underneath, half black and half blue and white leopard print, with black kneepads and wrestling boots - along with a Max Muncy jersey worn open, the rookie sensation showing support for the rising star.

Suddenly, Kimmy reaches back...]

KB: Country Punks!

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And chops Ayako across the chest! The chop undoes the front of her kimono and exposes Ayako's wrestling attire underneath, causing her to frown. Ayako pulls her arm back...]

Ayako: Slam Sorority.

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And catches her protégé with a chop across the chest. Kimmy smirks, then reaches back again.]

KB: Peach Pits!

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Ayako, kimono coming further undone, is unfazed and retaliates.]

Ayako: Harper Hannigan.

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

KB: Rhodes Dynasty!

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

Ayako: Betty Chang.

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Kimmy rubs her chest, surprised.]

KB: Dang. You'd do that to Bets?

[Ayako firmly nods.]

Ayako: She's tougher than she looks.

[She then reaches back again.]

Ayako: Melody Thompson.

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Kimmy recoils.]

KB: Ow! You cut the line!

Ayako: Fine, you can have the next two.

[Kimmy rubs her hands together and then throws an overhand.]

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

KB: That chick that thinks we stole the lariat from her and wants a cut of our merch!

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Ayako glares.]

Ayako: I told you her name, and you spent both your chops on her. She's hardly worthy of two chops.

KB: Yeah, well, I forgot her dang name.

Ayako: Margarita Flores.

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Kimmy looks at Ayako with her head tilted, disbelieving.]

KB: Is that really her name?

[Ayako nods as Kimmy sighs.]

KB: Well, now we've wasted three chops on her!

Ayako: How unfortunate.

[Kimmy, shaking her head, starts to spin around, but as she does...]

KB: That jerk Melissa Cannon!

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Ayako smirks, then throws an overhand of her own, saying a name as she does so.]

Ayako: Lauryn Rage.

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Kimmy flinches, both in pain and disgust.]

KB: Ugh!

[Kimmy thinks for a moment, then her eyes light up.]

KB: Either my mama or Julie Somers!

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

Ayako: That was two.

KB: Well, you can't blame a girl for getting inspired! Actually, if it's my mama, I say she's worth five chops!

[Ayako gets a determined look on her face.]

Ayako: Seductive and Destructive...

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A beat.]

Ayako: ...and Casey Cash!

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Kimmy frowns, hesitating for a moment as she looks away. She looks back to her mentor, and then...]

KB: LARIATOS!

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Ayako's eyes flash with intensity.]

Ayako: LARIATOS!

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Kimmy immediately swings back.]

KB: LARIATOS!

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And Ayako retaliates right away.]

Ayako: LARIATOS!

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The two, chests deeply reddening, get in each other's faces, glaring at each other, mentor and student sharing in their mutual intensity. After a moment, Ayako reaches up, patting the top of Kimmy's head.]

Ayako: Good work. We're ready.

[Kimmy breaks into a bashful grin.]

KB: Gosh, thanks Ayako.

[Ayako rustles Kimmy's hair, then puts her arm around Kimmy's shoulder, as she fixes the front of her kimono with her other hand and they walk off. We then cut to...

The camera pans down to a full-face mask—the noh theatre styled mask that obscures the features of the mysterious competitor AKANE. The mask stares back with a blank expression, then it's peeled up slowly, revealing...

...another mask, this one gold and feline, the same mask AKANE wore at the most recent Showtime.]

A: A gift, you understand, from LION Tetsuo.

[AKANE's voice is smooth and composed, almost purring like an insolent black cat.]

A: He seems to think quite highly of me, enough that he asked me to wear a mask like his in the Legion Hall in his absence. Or at least, I was close enough to the one he should have asked, who was...

[She tails off.]

A: ...Ah, but I won't gossip – it would be rude of me to talk about someone who's listening. Fate will decide that, and fate will decide the Rumble, just as it did in Reseda for "The One They Call the Witch."

[She reaches behind her to undo the gold mask, which slips slowly off her face...]

A: And the funny thing about me is...

[...to reveal an elfin face with a kumadori line drawn across it, a head full of bright blue hair, two dark, mischievous eyes...]

A: ...I always have a way of making an impact where you least expect me to.

[...and an oddly familiar wicked grin...

...and we cut to a shot of AWA Original Melissa Cannon standing in an empty ring in the middle of what appears to be the Crockett Coliseum. There are large sandbags all over the ring... and all over the floor around the ring, a few broken open and spilling sand on the arena floor. She's been hard at work for a bit, a sheen of sweat soaking her skin as well as the Combat Corner tanktop and black yoga style pants she's wearing. Cannon grins, spreading her arms wide as the camera comes upon her.]

MC: There's no place like home, right?

[Cannon chuckles.]

MC: None of this has gone to plan yet. This wasn't how it was supposed to go down. I was supposed to show up in LA in a car with tinted out windows, wearing a hoodie over my head, running through the backstage area so no one could see me just in time to hear 60,000 of MY people shout "THREE... TWO... ONE!"

[She pauses, closing her eyes.]

MC: Chills, baby.

But that's not how it's going down and that's all because of E-Girl MAX... and Michelle Bailey.

[Cannon throws up her hands.]

MC: There are few things in life more important to me than friendship and Julie Somers is my friend. I saw her in trouble... and I did something about it, consequences with the office be damned. So, the whole world knew I was there... they knew I was back...

...and they knew that I was back with a knack for doing the unexpected.

[Cannon chuckles.]

MC: I can throw every single sand bag in the great state of Texas over the top rope and still not know if I'm ready to get in there in Los Angeles - in front of my hometown fans. In front of MY people. But what I know is that when that countdown goes off... when that buzzer sounds... when my music hits... when I walk onto that stage and hear those fans...

...I know I'll be ready to do the unexpected.

It's been a long time since I stepped foot inside an AWA ring... fighting the best women in the world for a prize like this. Too long. And I know the naysayers are saying it's impossible. That there's no way I walk back into an AWA locker room after all this time away and walk out with a date with the World Champion later this summer. They don't see it happening.

They don't expect it.

[Cannon smirks.]

MC: But I do.

[Cannon muscles a sandbag up off the mat, carrying it across the ring and tossing it over the ropes where it hits the floor, splitting open with sand pouring out on the pavement as we cut to...

...Betty Chang standing in front of a large AWA logo backdrop, dressed in her standard wrestling attire consisting of a short red vest embroidered with gold dragons over a black unitard. Her hair is tied back in a tight ponytail,

and her expression is a mix of focus and nervous energy as she adjusts her wrist wraps.

Beside her is Charity Rockwell, exuding vintage charm in a polka-dot dress, white gloves, and a wide-brimmed hat, fanning herself with a Japanese paper fan. The camera zooms in as Betty takes a deep breath and begins to speak.]

BC: Tonight's the night. The Memorial Day Mayhem Rumble. Thirty wrestlers, one ring, and only one walks out as the winner, earning a shot at the AWA Championship. I've been in some tough matches, but now I'm stepping into the ring with the very best of the best in the Women's Division, and I know it's gonna be a war.

[Betty's eyes flicker with intensity, but there's a hint of uncertainty in her voice.]

BC: One mistake, one bad moment, and I can find myself tossed over the top rope, my dreams broken.

[Charity steps forward, snapping her fan shut with a flourish and placing a reassuring hand on Betty's shoulder.]

CR: Now, hold it right there, doll! Don't you start doubting yourself before the bell even rings. You've faced down and stepped into the ring with some of the biggest monsters this sport has to offer and you never stopped fighting! You listen to me, Betty Chang, you're not just in this Rumble... you're a threat! There's no gal, pound-for-pound, in this or any other universe that packs a bigger wallop in those hands and feet than you do!

[Betty's expression softens, a small smile breaking through as Charity's words sink in. She nods, her posture straightening.]

BC: You're right, Charity. I have come a long way. But this Rumble... it's not just about strength or speed. It's about staying sharp, staying focused, and not letting anyone get in my head. Not Casey Cash, not Harley Hamilton, not even...

[She hesitates, a flicker of conflicted emotion crossing her face.]

BC: ...not even Kimmy Bailey!

[Charity raises an eyebrow, catching the hesitation, but quickly pivots to keep Betty focused.]

CR: That's the spirit, hon! You keep those eyes on the prize. Picture it: you, standing tall in that ring, the last one standing, with the AWA Universe chanting...

"Betty! Betty! Betty!"

BC: That does sound nice.

CR: Doesn't it? You've got that fire in you, and I've seen it burn brighter than a Baltimore clambake. You're not just fighting for a title shot... you're fighting for you, for every moment you've pushed through, for every doubter you've ever proved wrong. And I'll be right here, cheering you on, fanning myself silly, because I know you've got this!

[Betty's smile grows, her eyes now gleaming with determination. She clenches her fists, stepping closer to the camera, her voice steady and fierce.]

BC: You know what? I am ready! I'm not here to play nice or get tossed out early...

[She raises her voice slightly, now more determined than ever before.]

BC: ...I'm here to win! I'm going to outlast every single one of you and punch my ticket to the Main Event at Girls To The Front! Tonight, I'm coming for every single one of you in the Rumble, and I'm not stopping until I'm the last one standing!

"KI-YAAAH!!!"

[Betty throws a sharp, precise punch toward the camera, her face radiating confidence. Charity claps her hands, letting out a delighted "That's my girl!" as the scene fades to black.]

We fade from the series of pre-recorded clips to a live shot - a wide shot of the cheering Dodger Stadium crowd, ready for the next match on this jam-packed lineup to go down.]

SA: The Rumble is filled with some of the best competitors on the planet, thirty women battling it out to see who will walk out of here to add their name to a legendary page of the history book... AND with a future shot at the World Title in their hands. But we're not there yet, Colt.

CP: We got a long ways to go, Big Sal.

SA: Coming up next... the White Knight of the AWA, Ryan Martinez, taking on "The Future" Derrick Williams in what many analysts and fans alike have called a battle that just might determine who will lead this company into this new era we started recently. New broadcast partner, new announcers, new talent... the AWA is certainly what the world is watching and... it's what the stars are watching as well!

[The wide shot gives way to a shot of Hollywood actor David Arquette, a graphic coming up to identify him as the crowd cheers.]

SA: Hollywood's own David Arquette, one of the stars of the Scream franchise. I heard he wanted to be a pro wrestler at one point too - dreamed of being a World Champion, Colt!

CP: Keep on dreamin', kid.

[And we cut again, this time showing comedian Michael Che.]

SA: Live from Los Angeles, it's Michael Che! One of the stars of Saturday Night Live is in the house tonight too.

[And again, to rapper Wale.]

SA: One of my favorite musicians, Wale is in the house!

[And again, this time to sitcom star Danielle Fishel.]

CP: It's Topanga! Topanga's here!

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: Danielle Fishel of both Boy Meets World AND Girl Meets World fame... she's a big wrestling fan, Colt.

CP: Oh, I know... she's asked for autographs from me a bunch of times.

SA: I'm sure she has.

[And then we cut to a shot of one of the luxury boxes where we see a very familiar pair to AWA fans.]

SA: We'd know those two anywhere! It's tonight's performer of the National Anthem, Selena Gomez... and Professional Wrestling Hall of Famer Alex Martinez!

[The big man rises from his seat, waving to the now-roaring crowd.]

SA: It's always good to see them both... Alex already saw one of his kids pick up a win tonight and is just moments away from seeing if Ryan Martinez can pick up the win as well. And with that in mind, let's go backstage to hear from one half of this marquee matchup who is standing by with our friend Mark Stegglet! Mark?

[We cut backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing with the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez. Martinez wears his ring gear, and the expression on the former World Champion's face is intense, as always.]

MS: Thanks, Sal... it won't be long now before the man beside me steps into the ring with a man who has bedeviled him for some time now. Mr. Martinez, I think it is fair to say that you've had a lot on your mind for a very long time. Between the Korugun Corporation, Supreme Wright, and the man you're facing tonight, Derrick Williams... people wonder if you are unfocused.

[Martinez nods his head.]

RM: It's a fair thing to say, Mark. There is a lot going on. But ever since I first walked through the doors to this company, there's always been a lot going on.

But tonight? Tonight, there is only one thing going on.

Derrick Williams...

So let's talk about him.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: The floor is yours.

[Martinez nods, takes a breath, and then exhales.]

RM: They say Derrick Williams in 2018 is where Ryan Martinez was in 2014.

They're wrong.

Go back and look. I didn't get to where I am by bending the knee or betraying my partners, or attacking people from behind.

Williams, you want to be Ryan Martinez...

...well, I AM Ryan Martinez.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: I've been to the places you've only dreamed of, I've done the things you can only wish you could do, and I've held the gold that you haven't.

I'm not going to take anything away from you, you are a part of the future, Williams. One day, you will be in the Main Event of SuperClash, fighting for the World Title. And one day, the last thing people see of SuperClash will be you holding that title belt over your head, and the first thing they see on Saturday Night Wrestling will be your face.

One day.

[The intensity on Martinez' face deepens.]

RM: And I'll admit, you've impressed me.

When I came to you to apologize, all you wanted was a match, to face me, one on one. That takes guts, that takes integrity.

And I applaud you for that.

Like I said, I do see the future in you, Williams. I do believe in you.

But tonight, because I believe in you, I'm going to do something for you. I'm going to get you ready for the future I see for you.

I'm going to take you to places in that ring you've never been to before. I'm going to show you parts of yourself that you didn't know were there – reserves of heart and fighting spirit you're going to be surprised were in you.

And you're going to be in a fight the likes of which neither Carver nor Slater ever prepared you for. And in the end, two things will happen...

...you're going to be prepared for the future and you're going to realize that your time to shine hasn't come yet and neither has my time to take a step back.

[Martinez pauses.]

RM: This will be the fight of your life. And you will understand who I am and what I'm about. It won't be an easy lesson, but you'll be better for it.

Count on it!

[And with those words, Martinez steps away, ready to go to war once again as we stay on Mark Stegglet.]

MS: You could say that man is the face of this company... and it would be a tough argument against that statement... but what happens when another man comes along and believes that he is not just the future... but also the present. We may get the answer to that question here tonight, fans, but right now, let's go over to Sweet Lou who is standing by with that true believer! Lou?

[The shot cuts to another area backstage where stands "Sweet" Lou Blackwell and "The Future" Derrick Williams in his full gear and entrance attire.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark! A true believer indeed! Derrick Williams, you are mere moments away from facing the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez, in one of our most anticipated matchups of the night and to say this has been a long time coming is certainly an understatement.

[Williams nods, clasping his hands together.]

DW: Yes, Lou, it is.

You could run a whole video package here of our history. You could toss in us butting heads behind the scenes of the first Unfinished Business... of my frustration backstage after he sent Hannibal Carver out of the AWA for a year and a half... of my anger after he removed Juan Vasquez from the company.

You could show all the times I was involved in beating him down during the Axis days... of our reluctant joining forces against Korugun last year... of our "teamwork" against Masks for Money so far.

But to sum it up, this is business that needs taking care of. Martinez and I, we don't like each other... we never have. And it's very likely that I'm the one that breaks tradition and is the one that doesn't eventually turn to his side... or at least I won't pretend to.

[Williams gives a taunting smirk before continuing.]

DW: We're just two people that aren't going to get there and that's fine. Not everyone needs to be friends backstage. This is business.

This is me being dubbed and even calling myself the Future of the AWA, facing the man who has been the ace of the company, the stalwart defender... the constant... since the rise of the Wise Men four years ago.

But there's only really ever room for one ace, one stalwart defender, one constant.

And being that man is MY goal...

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

DW: ...and standing in the way is Ryan Martinez.

And this... this happening at this time is probably for the best.

See, Lou... I don't like Ryan Martinez but I don't hate him.

[He gives a cocky shrug.]

DW: There's no anger... no need to avenge my mentors upon him... no need to destroy him and put him out of the company...

...just a need to beat him.

A need to defeat him and cement my place as THE best the AWA has to offer.

A need to build on being one of the reasons this place exists in this capacity after last year... to hit that top level where I become undeniable... inevitable... that I really become The Future.

[In the background, you can hear...

#Woahhhh oohhhh ohhhh...

[It's the opening of Imagine Dragons' "Radioactive" playing through Dodger Stadium. A smirking Williams tilts his head as if hearing the music...]

DW: Now if you'll excuse me, Lou... I have history to make.

[As the music plays and Williams turns to exit, the camera follows behind the man dubbed The Future, sweeping from the interview area across the corridor and into the Chimpanzee Position area, passing by the backstage officials, technical team, and even Interim President Zharkov who inclines his head at his former ally as Williams walks through, heading into the entrance tunnel leading to the stage.

The camera keeps on following, focused on the back of his white ring coat with "FUTURE" scripted out in Azure Blue, keeping pace with the young lion as he pauses just before the entrance curtain, pausing as we can hear the crowd reacting...

...and with one final exhale, Williams busts through the curtain, the camera trailing behind him onto the entrance stage where he holds out his arms, the camera's shot circling around to the front, showing his ring attire of white boots with azure trim with matching long white tights with azure and trim and design including "FUTURE" up the right thigh with azure knee pads.

To the ring, he's wearing a long floor length white coat with azure trim down along the lapel folds, wrists, and coat edges - "THE FUTURE" written out in matching azure script on the back, and rounds out the outfit with a pair of silver framed round mirrored sunglasses.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first... from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 265 pounds...

...he is "THE FUUUUUUTUUUUURE" DERRRRRRRIIIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLLIAMS!

[Williams nods at the partisan mixed crowd response as he walks down the aisle in the daylight open air, speaking towards the camera, pointing at it as he heads down the ramp for a ways...

...and then as the music hits the chorus, he holds out his arms - a laser light show with daytime pyro starting up from strategic spots outside the stadium as we cut to a drone camera, taking over seamlessly and circling around, giving us a 360 of the self-proclaimed "Future of Wrestling"...]

SA: WOW!

[...and as the camera finishes its circle, we cut back to a shot of Williams, continuing his walk towards the ring.]

CP: The Future wants to show the world he's the man in this joint... and an entrance like that sure goes a long way to showing he's the one the world is watching!

SA: Williams heading to the ring... and the first I notice, Colt, is that the fans of Los Angeles aren't giving Williams quite the response he's gotten in other cities since late last year when he joined the cause against Korugun. This?

This is Ryan Martinez country! And these people are proud citizens of that country!

CP: I suppose you're going to lead them in a Pledge of Allegiance. Try to show some impartiality, Albano!

[As Williams gets to ringside, he climbs up on the ring apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring, stepping out to the middle of the squared circle, timing it once more so the chorus hits as he spreads his arms - the lights in the stadium flashing out various patterns as the video boards flash "THE FUTURE" in white and azure...

...and finally, he lowers his arms, smirking at the show-stopping entrance as he sheds his entrance robe, moving to the corner as Rebecca Ortiz retakes center ring.

Over the loudspeakers, the light tinkling of synth music can be heard, Rebecca Ortiz' voice working in concert with the sounds.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The synth music builds in intensity, and then the drums kick in, the deep, bassy notes reverberating throughout the arena, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blasts out over the loudspeakers.

The fans, begin to stomp their feet in unison to the drums as they welcome back one of their hometown boys.

Reinforcing all of this is a flash of red and blue daytime fireworks, their explosions timed to the beat of the drums. As the lyrics begin, the voice of Jared Leto is drowned out by the sound of the fans singing along.]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers#
#Time to go to war#

RO: He has held the World Television Title, and he is a former two-time AWA Champion of the WOOOOOOOOORRRRLDDDDDD...

#This is a battle song, brothers and sisters#
#Time to go to war#

[Smoke pours from underneath the stage, lit by uplights to glow a magnificently bright white...]

RO: He hails from LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA...

[The crowd ROARS for their own hometown...]

RO: ...weighing in tonight at 255 pounds...

[...and the crowd gets even louder as the AWA's White Knight emerges from the smoke and light, fireworks once more erupting along either side of the

entrance ramp, sparks illuminating the frame of the one of the most beloved men in AWA history.]

RO: ...he is the AWA'S WHITE KNIGHT...

[Ortiz takes a deep breath.]

RO: ...RYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAN MARRRRRRRRRTIIIIIIIIINEZZZZZZ!

[Martinez is in full view now, head bowed as he soaks up the overwhelmingly earsplitting cheers of his SoCal brethren. To the ring, the White Knight wears a long, white and red, sleeveless ring jacket, one that extends all the way to his ankles. The midsection of the ring jacket is cut out.

Martinez is clean shaven, his dark hair cut short and slicked back. White gloves that extend from wrist to fingertips cover his hands, and before he enters the ring, he lifts his arms in the air, fingers splayed open, and hands locked together, to show the sword and shield logo done in gold and silver on the inside of his gloves.]

SA: I CAN BARELY HEAR MYSELF, COLT PATTERSON! WHAT A REACTION FOR THE HOMETOWN KID HERE IN CHAVEZ RAVINE!

[Martinez strides down the aisle with purpose, marching down the ramp towards the ring as the fans ROAR for every step he takes as Derrick Williams begins to pace the ring, the shot cutting to an overhead shot to show the 60,000 fans shaking the foundations of Dodger Stadium for the entrance of one of their favorite sons...]

SA: RYAN MARTINEZ IS HEADING TO THE RING AND... WOW!

CP: I'm not even gonna try, Albano! Not even gonna try!

[...and as Martinez reaches ringside, he stares up at Derrick Williams who is waiting for him inside the squared circle. Martinez gives a nod as he scales the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes and moves out to the center of the ring, his eyes set in hard determination as he stares at his opponent.

Without ever taking his eyes off of Williams, Martinez removes his ring jacket. Unsurprisingly, white is the dominant color in the White Knight's ring gear. On his right elbow is a long white elbow pad, which goes from just below his shoulder to the middle of his forearm. His long white ring pants have on the right leg t, a pair of silver swords imposed over a shield of gold, while on the left leg are the letters "RM" in red, and done in an ornate, stylized gothic style script. His boots are white with white laces, though the soles are a glossy black color.

And as the music fades, Martinez edges back to his own corner, keeping his eyes on Derrick Williams as the two men stand across the ring from one another.]

SA: The entrances are done, the hype is complete... and now it's time to see who comes out on top of this much-anticipated battle!

[The referee moves to one competitor... then the other, checking to make sure they've been searched and are ready for this showdown to begin.]

SA: The official checking on both men... we're just about ready to get this started annnnnnd...

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, the hero of the people tries to remind them why he is exactly that, stepping out of his corner and offering a handshake to his opponent.]

SA: A whole lot of cheers for that, Colt. I think there was some discussion online on whether or not the White Knight might hear some boo birds here tonight over his... volatile actions in recent weeks. But in this hometown appearance, the fans are out in full force for Ryan Martinez as he tries to shake off the dark clouds hanging over his head since the Red Wedding and the betrayal of his now-former friend Supreme Wright and come out the other side with a win here tonight.

[Williams slowly walks towards the middle of the ring, eyeballing Martinez a bit...]

CP: It's hard to blame Williams for being unsure about it. The last time he thought he and Martinez were on the same side, he got laid out.

SA: That was a misunderstanding. You know that.

CP: Do I? Or do I think the pressure of being the White Knight might finally be getting the better of Ryan Martinez? How long can you be the face of the company - the hero of the people - before it starts to burn you out? We might be finding out the answer to that right now.

[Williams edges closer, looking around at the crowd encouraging him to shake the hand...]

SA: Williams... trying to make up his mind here... this is unusual for him too. Yes, Derrick Williams has been hearing the cheers as well since late last year but he hasn't changed his style much... or his attitude. He still believes he's the Future of this business and tonight is his chance to prove it.

[Williams sighs, reaching out to shake the hand to a big cheer.]

SA: Oh yeah! There it is!

[Martinez grins, nodding his head...]

...and then Williams gives a yank of the arm, pulling him into a three-quarter nelson suddenly...]

SA: WHAT?!

[...but Martinez is ready for it enough to shove Williams off before he can leap into the air, sending him several feet away...

...enough for Martinez to come charging in after him, starting to leap as Williams turns...]

SA: EXCALIB-

[...but before Martinez can leave his feet, Williams LUNGES through the ropes, diving out to the safety of the floor!]

SA: Ohhhh! A close call for both men right there - a tease of the Future Shock, an attempt at the Excalibur... and we've got ourselves a stalemate as Derrick Williams takes a walk on the outside.

[There's a smirk on the face of Williams as he takes a stroll, shaking his head at the exchange... and even Martinez seems amused, a smile on his face as he looks out on the sold-out hometown crowd.]

SA: Well, no hard feelings after that, it appears.

[Williams lets the count drift up to about five before rolling back under the ropes, coming to a knee quickly as Martinez watches. The Future climbs to his feet, hands on his hips as the crowd cheers.]

SA: It's a big night for Derrick Williams here tonight... we know how close he is to his mentor Juan Vasquez so the emotions are likely running high for Williams here in LA as well.

[Williams shrugs as he steps to mid-ring and extends his hand towards Martinez as the crowd shouts "NOOOOOOOO!"]

SA: Haha... well, now it's Derrick Williams offering the handshake but 60,000 fans say that's not the best idea, Mr. Martinez.

[Ryan grins as he looks around at the cheering crowd insisting he turn down Williams who puts on a look of shock...]

SA: I think he's going to pass on that.

[Williams shakes his head... and then extends his hand again.]

SA: Williams continues to offer that handshake and... well, maybe Martinez has changed his mind...

[Martinez reaches out to accept... and promptly twists the arm around into a rear hammerlock, cranking up on it as the crowd cheers.]

SA: ...or not. Martinez with the hammerlock... Williams looking to escape...

[Williams takes a moment to assess his options, looking to the ropes... looking for a leg to grab... and opts for the easiest answer, throwing an elbow back but Martinez deftly releases one arm and grab the other, snatching a half nelson...

...but Williams uses the transition to lunge forward into the ropes, leaning against them as he waits for the referee's count to force Martinez to release the hold.]

SA: Martinez lets go, backing away from Williams...

[Williams turns around, back against the ropes as he sizes up Martinez for a moment...

...and then lunges into a collar and elbow, pushing back away from the ropes to mid-ring, sliding his leg around and shoving Martinez down to the mat with a back heel trip!]

SA: Oh! Nicely done there by Williams... to the ropes now...

[Martinez scrambles up but dives down at the feet of Williams, forcing him to hurdle over, hitting the ropes again...]

SA: ...off the far side...

[The White Knight swings a clothesline that Williams ducks under, hitting the ropes again...]

SA: ...building up speed...

[...and Martinez throws a knife edge chop that Williams ducks again, continuing to rebound back but this time, Martinez goes low, using a drop toehold to take Williams off his feet, his face bouncing off the canvas!]

SA: ...and down goes Derrick Williams!

[Williams promptly rolls under the ropes, ending up right back on the floor. He immediately reaches up to check his nose for blood... and there's a decidedly less pleasant expression on his face as he looks up at Martinez from the floor.]

SA: Williams might be a little bit embarrassed after that, Colt.

CP: A face full of mat like that... yeah, I'd say so. And he's going to take that out on Martinez, I promise you that.

[Williams paces a bit on the outside, looking down at the ringside mats as Martinez waits, hands on his knees as he keeps his eyes on the Future...]

SA: Martinez standing and waiting... Williams heading back in now...

[Williams stands on the apron for a few more moments before ducking through the ropes, glaring at Martinez who waves him forward...]

SA: The mood seems to be shifting in this one, Colt.

CP: Yeah, I think the fun and games are over.

[...and Williams engages, tying up again, fighting for position... until Williams escapes, throwing a boot into the midsection to double up Martinez. The Future drops to his back, throwing an uppercut that pops Williams on the jaw, snapping his head back as he staggers towards the ropes.]

SA: I should say so! What a right hand that was! Derrick Williams takes after BOTH of his mentors - Hannibal Carver and Juan Vasquez - in being one of the hardest hitters in the locker room.

[Williams climbs back up, throwing a pair of kicks to the midsection, putting Martinez into the ropes. He pushes back on the chin, opening Martinez up as he winds up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and BLASTS him with a knife edge chop across the chest!]

SA: Oho! Taking a page out of the White Knight with that chop... sending him into the corner, trying to stay on his feet...

[Williams corners him, winding up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: Another big chop by the Future, this one in the corner!

[But before Williams can take advantage of it, Martinez reaches out, switching positions and putting the Future in the corner...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and lands a big chop of his own before winding up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and once more...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and he steps back, winding up big...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and connects with one final chop, sending Williams up over the ropes, tumbling down to the floor to cheers from the partisan Los Angeles crowd!]

SA: WILLIAMS GOES UP AND OVER AND ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE OUTSIDE!

[A fired-up Martinez steps up on the midbuckle, shouting at Williams, waving him back into the ring as the crowd gets even louder.]

SA: The intensity picking up in this one as Williams takes a hard fall to the outside courtesy of one of those big chops from the White Knight.

CP: With the impact on that one, that was no Machine Gun chops - that was more like a Rocket Launcher chop, Big Sal!

SA: It certainly was... and as Williams tries to get off the deck on the outside, these fans are still solidly behind Martinez.

CP: Of course they are! Even if Martinez was out here sneaking and cheating, they'd be behind him!

SA: I highly doubt that... but then again, I highly doubt Ryan Martinez would ever be out here “sneaking and cheating” as you say.

CP: Probably said the same thing about Supreme Wright and here we are!

[Back on his feet, Williams grimaces as he grabs at his hip, glaring up at Martinez who is in the center of the ring, eagerly waving him back in.]

SA: And I love seeing this side of Ryan Martinez again - the competitive side, the two-time World Champion side... the side that doesn't have to worry about Supreme Wright and Team Supreme and the Red Wedding and all his friends who were betrayed. This is Ryan Martinez in his element, Colt.

CP: I'm gonna be sick. Can you bow and scrape before this guy any deeper, Albano?

[Williams slowly gets up on the apron, taking a long look in at Martinez who again waves him forward impatiently.]

SA: Martinez wants to get right back into this but Derrick Williams is taking his time out there.

CP: He's got a ten count to take as much time as he needs.

[Referee Ricky Longfellow implores Williams to get back in the ring but the Future shakes his head, still standing on the apron...]

...which is when Martinez has seen enough, moving towards the ropes to retrieve his opponent...]

CP: Hey! Get him back, ref!

[The official is trying to do exactly that as Martinez extends an arm, shouting at Williams to “get back in the ring!”...]

...which is when Williams grabs the arm, dropping off the apron and SNAPPING the arm over the top rope to groans from the partisan crowd!]

SA: OH!

CP: Brilliant move by the Future right there!

SA: A bit of a cheap shot if you ask me... and while the White Knight has managed to keep his emotions in check and keep this match above board, I can't say the same for Williams right there.

CP: And why should he? These idiot fans who claim to have supported him since last year turned their back in a second as soon as every soccer mom's favorite wrestler got involved! Williams should do whatever it takes to win this match, beat the chosen one, and show the world that The Future is now!

SA: Hopefully, Derrick Williams is a better man than that... to do “whatever it takes...”

[With Martinez staggering away, shaking out his arm, Williams slides under the ropes, takes aim, and DIVES at the back of Martinez' knee, driving his shoulder into it!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: HE CLIPPED THE KNEE! First the arm, then the leg... and Williams is all over him now!

[The aggressive Williams drops an elbow down into the chest... and again... and again...]

SA: Elbow after elbow dropped down into the heart of the White Knight by Williams... really going after it!

[...and after about a half dozen blows land, Williams applies a lateral press, not bothering to hook a leg as we get a two count.]

SA: Two count there by Williams... who after all this time, still is unlikely to hook the leg when he goes for the win.

CP: Don't have to hook a leg if your opponent is knocked out.

SA: But he's not knocked out, Colt! Ryan Martinez isn't knocked out at all and Williams STILL didn't bother to hook the leg.

CP: It's not the best strategy but Williams has been successful with it so who are we to judge Derrick Williams?

[As Martinez comes off the mat, Williams is there to greet him with a stiff forearm strike to the jaw before grabbing the arm, whipping him to the corner where he follows him in, leaping high to land a second forearm!]

SA: We said it earlier - Derrick Williams is one of the hardest hitters in the AWA locker room and those forearms... those elbow strikes do major damage every time he lands one. Williams whips him back the other way, charging in again...

[Williams leaps high again, swinging for the fences...

...but the White Knight bails clear, causing Williams to crash chestfirst into the turnbuckles...]

SA: ...ohhh! Big swing, big miss in the corner!

[...and Martinez slips around to drag him down in a schoolboy rollup!]

SA: Cradle gets one! Gets two! But Williams kicks out this time!

[The early exchange of pin attempts has the crowd going as both men scramble up off the mat. Williams ducks an attempt at a right hand, scooping Martinez off the mat...]

SA: BIG SLAM- NO! SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE! MARTINEZ FOR THE WIN!

[...but Williams breaks free at two and change... and then promptly rolls under the ropes to the apron.]

SA: Williams escapes right there... a close call on that small package though... out on the apron looking for a breather...

[Williams climbs to his feet, shaking his head...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a big knife edge chop connects, knocking him off the apron and down to the covered Dodger Stadium outfield grass!]

SA: What a shot by Martinez! Williams goes down to the floor again and this crowd is loving what they're seeing out of their fellow Los Angeleno here tonight in Chavez Ravine!

[Out on the floor, Williams loudly protests the blow that sent him there to the official who steps closer to hear him...]

SA: Derrick Williams with some words for Ricky Longfellow who is waving him back in... and here comes Martinez!

[Martinez, eager to keep the fight going, strides towards the ropes, shouting for Williams to get back in the ring...

...and gets a little too close as Williams reaches under, sweeping out both legs with a yank!]

SA: Oh! Williams pulls him down...

[The Future slips the legs over his shoulders, grabbing Martinez around the thigh as he gives another yank...

...and SITS OUT with a devastating powerbomb on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ...AND PUTS HIM DOWN WITH A POWERBOMB!

CP: Incredible innovative offense on the part of Derrick Williams, Albano! It didn't have the full impact of a normal powerbomb because there was no downward push but falling off the apron from that height right down on your back and the back of your head still has a major impact! Martinez has gotta be rattled after that!

[Martinez grabs at his lower back as Williams regains his feet, arms spread wide as he looks out on 60,000 fans - most of whom are giving him the business for that one.]

CP: Listen to these people! If you ask me, if they're gonna boo ya anyway, kid... you might as well earn it. Grab a chair. Put this guy into the post. Something!

SA: Derrick Williams and Ryan Martinez have kept it fairly clean so far... but that's the key phrase right there "so far." Williams tosses Martinez back in, looking to do more damage here...

[The Miami native rolls under the ropes to join his opponent back inside the ring, watching as Martinez crawls across the ring, using the corner buckles to pull himself to his feet, leaning against them chestfirst...

...and Williams strikes hard, burying a forearm shank into the lower back of the White Knight, causing Martinez to cry out and the fans to react negatively.]

SA: Now, Williams is going to work... big forearms, one after another in the corner... targeting the back of Ryan Martinez.

[A few more forearms land before Williams is forced to back off by the official. He obliges, hands raised innocently as he backs to mid-ring...

...and then charges back in, lowering his shoulder to DRIVE it into the lower back of the two-time World Champion!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: He just SLAMS that shoulder into the lower back... and Ryan Martinez is hurting, Colt.

CP: He's hurtin' for certain and this is exactly what Derrick Williams needs to do. Work that back, break it down, make it hurt to even move or breathe... make Martinez work for every breath he takes AND every move he makes.

[Martinez staggers out of the corner off the tackle, collapsing down to the canvas as Williams looks on with a nod...]

SA: Martinez goes down in the middle of the ring... and here comes Williams with the lateral press!

[A two count follows before Martinez gets a shoulder up.]

SA: No, not enough yet... not enough to keep down the man with perhaps the greatest fighting spirit this business has ever seen, Colt.

CP: I didn't know you were moonlighting as Martinez' hype guy.

SA: I'm not! But if you're not willing to recognize that Ryan Martinez is one of the greatest of all time, you're in the wrong business, my friend.

CP: I can admit that. He IS one of the greatest of all time like his father before him... but he's also still a punk... he's also still a dumb kid as we saw with the Supreme Wright business... and he's also not the be-all, end-all as Derrick Williams is showing the world right now!

[Williams brings Martinez off the mat by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock before SNAPPING him over with a suplex!]

SA: Snap suplex! Perfect execution by the man who trained under former World Champion "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater! Another cover... and another two count before Martinez slips out. And it has become plain to see that Derrick Williams has painted a bullseye on the back of Ryan Martinez here tonight.

[Williams pulls Martinez off the mat by the arm, taking aim...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: BIG WHIP TO THE CORNER! The back of Martinez goes SLAMMING into those turnbuckles before he goes flying back out, crashing down on the mat!

CP: A whole lot of impact there on the whip! Williams is keeping it simple but effective at this point of the match.

SA: Again, a thirty minute time limit in this one... and by my clock, we're about ten minutes into it. Lots of time remaining for Williams as he covers again!

[Williams settles into another lateral press, again failing to hook the leg as a two count falls and Martinez kicks out.]

SA: Another two count for the Future... making Martinez expend energy kicking out over and over...

[Williams pushes up to his knees, clapping his hands together once as he shakes his head...]

SA: And we've seen this out of opponents of Ryan Martinez before, Colt. The signs of frustration at being unable to put away the White Knight.

CP: This one's a long way from being over... and Williams CAN'T let himself get frustrated already. He hasn't used the Future Shock OR the Neuralyzer yet... if he kicks out of those, then we'll talk.

SA: Back on his feet, Martinez taking those big forearm shots to the head, knocking him back towards the corner...

[With Martinez in the buckles, Williams ducks down, boosting him to sit up on the top turnbuckle...]

SA: ...and now Williams looks to really be looking to end this here and now!

[...and steps up on the second rope, snatching the front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck...]

SA: Williams is taking aim on that back with one of the hardest possible falls inside that ring - a superplex off the top rope!

[...and Williams easily lifts the White Knight into the air, sending him down with a CRASH!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE GOT IT! HE GOT THE SUPERPLEX!

[Williams floats over, ending up in a lateral press as the referee dives down to count...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[...but Martinez' arm comes flying up off the mat, his shoulder popping off the canvas with it!]

SA: -ohhhh! Out in time! Martinez kicks out of the superplex... but the look on his face tells the story, Colt. He's hurt and he's hurt bad.

CP: And now it's important for Williams to keep his focus. He's gotta stay on him, keep working that back, keep putting on the punishment...

[Williams sits up on the mat, looking at the official who holds up two fingers before the Future can even say anything.]

SA: Williams back to his feet, dragging Martinez off the mat...

[He lifts the White Knight up into his arms, holding him across his chest as he steps to the middle of the ring... and DROPS the two-time World Champion down with a backbreaker...]

SA: ...ohhh! Backbreaker by the Future!

CP: He ain't done neither.

SA: Williams hangs on, right back to his feet... OHHH! A second backbreaker by Williams! Oh, come on! A THIRD!

[Williams finally shoves him off, sliding into a lateral press, still not bothering with a leg hook...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! T-

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

SA: -AND AGAIN, MARTINEZ IS OUT IN TIME! This one's heating up into one heck of a battle as we're getting close to the halfway point in this time limit, fans.

[Williams again has a hard look for the official who holds up two fingers, backing away from the agitated Williams who has a few quiet words for him before turning back towards Martinez who is crawling across the ring, trying to create some space...]

CP: And look at Martinez, crawling... running for dear life... trying to get away from the Future of this business, Derrick Williams.

[...and as soon as Martinez hauls himself to his feet in the corner, Williams spins him around to lay in a big elbowstrike to the jaw... and another... and another...]

SA: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[...and with a grasp of the arm, Williams FIRES Martinez across the ring, sending him CRASHING into the turnbuckles! The White Knight starts to slump forward but manages to grab the ropes, hanging on to stay on his feet...]

SA: Oh! Martinez hits hard but manages to stay on his feet for the moment...

[...and Williams comes charging across the ring, arm swinging up for a clothesline...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...but the White Knight swings the leg up, catching him under the chin with a boot that gets the crowd going again!]

SA: HE GOT CAUGHT! A faceful of boot connects!

[Williams staggers backwards on rubbery legs as Martinez hangs onto the ropes, not able to take advantage of it as he tries to stay vertical...

...and Williams charges right back in...]

SA: Williams on the move and- OH! MARTINEZ STEPS CLEAR!

[...but rams chestfirst into the buckles as Martinez pulls himself out of the corner, avoiding the charge. Williams staggers back again, barely able to keep his feet as Martinez slips in behind him!]

SA: WAISTLOCK!

[But as Martinez attempts a German Suplex, his back gives way, forcing him to set Williams back on the mat. The White Knight cries out, grabbing the small of his back as he staggers away from Williams...]

SA: Martinez couldn't get him up for the suplex!

[...who slips in to secure a side waistlock, lifting Martinez up and putting him down with a back suplex!]

SA: But Williams could! Martinez goes down in a heap again... and again, Williams makes a cover for ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[And as Martinez kicks out to save the match for himself again, Williams slides off, angrily slapping the canvas repeatedly before shouting “THAT WAS THREE! THREE!” at the official.]

SA: And now we're seeing some frustration out of Williams, Colt.

CP: Maybe we'll see him take a shortcut or two now.

SA: You sound far too happy about that idea.

[Williams angrily gets to his feet, dragging Martinez up by the hair before whipping him to the corner again...

...but this time, Martinez goes on chestfirst to avoid further damage to his back, taking the buckles at top speed before collapsing backwards to the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: CHESTFIRST TO THE CORNER! That’ll knock the wind out of the White Knight... and it may have done exactly that because he’s rolling right out of that ring onto the apron. What a physical battle this is between two of the best in the world here tonight in Los Angeles! The sun is shining high in the sky here above Dodger Stadium and it’s shining hard on these two, Colt.

CP: A tremendous matchup so far... and Derrick Williams is fully in control at the moment, looking for a way to finish off Ryan Martinez and win this match.

[Williams approaches the ropes, reaching over to grab Martinez by the wrist, hauling him off the apron...

...but Martinez grabs the wrist and mirrors what Williams did to him earlier in the night, dropping off the apron to SNAP the arm over the top rope!]

SA: OH! A counter by Martinez!

[The White Knight quickly rolls back in, getting his feet as Williams tries to shake out the pain shooting through his arm three-quarters of the distance across the ring from Martinez who lowers his head and charges on the attack...]

SA: Martinez on the move and-

[...but Williams is ready for him, lifting, pivoting, and DRIVING Martinez down with a spinning spinebuster!]

SA: SPINEBUSTER! SOMEWHERE, KEVIN SLATER IS SMILING!

[Williams hangs onto the legs, flipping forward into a double leg cradle!]

SA: CRADLE! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... OHHHHHH! MARTINEZ KICKS OUT! MARTINEZ KICKS OUT!

[And the Dodger Stadium crowd is ROARING for the near fall on the AWA’s White Knight as Williams pounds his fists down into the canvas!]

SA: Martinez escapes in the nick of time... and Derrick Williams can’t believe it! I think he truly believed he had him right there, Colt.

“FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!”

SA: The fifteen minute call right there by the timekeeper... halfway to the time limit of this one and these two are giving it all they’ve got, Colt Patterson.

CP: That's great. They get an A for effort... but only one of 'em is gettin' the duke tonight, Albano. And right now, my money's on Derrick Williams. How close has he come and we STILL haven't seen the Future Shock! We still haven't seen the Neuralyzer!

[Williams climbs off the mat, shaking his head as he looks down with disdain on the laid out Martinez who is barely moving on the canvas...]

CP: And what I want to know, Albano... if Ryan Martinez was on the verge of a breakdown lately with what's gone down with Supreme Wright, what does he do if he loses here tonight to Williams? Does he go full blown chaos demon? Does he make Caleb Temple look like a Boy Scout?

SA: I don't think we need to speculate on that quite yet.

[Williams pulls Martinez off the mat, tossing him into the neutral corner, stepping up on the middle rope...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEV-"

[...but somehow, Martinez gets his arms up and shoves Williams backwards, sending him flopping back, his arm smashing into the face of referee Ricky Longfellow who was a step too close to the corner, trying to get them separated. The blow sends him staggering backwards, falling to a knee as he grabs at his face.]

CP: The referee took a shot right there! Right in the mouth!

SA: He sure did! Ricky Longfellow... he didn't get flattened though. He's still conscious and-

[Williams is down on a knee as Martinez staggers from the corner. The Future throws a quick look at the temporarily downed official...

...and then looks up find himself face to jewels.]

SA: Uh oh! Don't do it, Derrick!

[The crowd also implores Williams to "don't do it" as he looks around.]

SA: Derrick Williams is in perfect position to-

CP: DO IT!

SA: -deliver a low blow to Ryan Martinez but...

[Williams shakes his head, getting up to shove Martinez back into the corner...]

CP: Ahhhh, I can't believe it, Albano! This kid had the chance to whack him through the uprights and win this thing but he wants to do the so-called "right thing."

SA: It IS the right thing! He refused to break the rules right there even though he had the opportunity to do exactly that.

[Williams grabs the arm, whipping Martinez across...

...or starts to before the White Knight reverses, sending Williams crashing into the corner instead before barreling in after him...]

SA: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUZAAAAA!

[...and SNAPS Williams' head back with the running big boot!]

SA: HE CONNECTS!

CP: I'm tellin' ya right now, Albano - if Williams loses this match after refusing to deliver the low blow, he may never forgive himself.

SA: Martinez pulls him out, middle of the ring...

[He yanks Williams into a front facelock, lifting...

...and immediately setting back down, grabbing at his back!]

SA: ...no! He went for the Brainbuster but he couldn't get him up and-

[Williams seizes the chance to roll Martinez up into a small package.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT I- NOOOOOOOO! MARTINEZ ESCAPES AGAIN!

CP: That looked like a slow count to me, Big Sal!

SA: It might've been, Colt... you could be right about that. Ricky Longfellow was recovering from that smash to the face from Williams and that may have cost Derrick Williams right there.

[Williams comes up hot, getting right up in the face of Longfellow, bullying him back towards the buckles...]

CP: I'd say the Future agrees with you there, Big Sal. He's letting Longfellow know that he thinks this match should be over right now but-

SA: But nothing! It was Williams who had the referee staggered!

CP: Thanks to Martinez!

[Williams jabs a finger angrily into the chest of the official before turning around to watch Martinez slowly stirring off the mat. The Future gives an upward wave of the arm, waiting as the White Knight climbs to his feet...]

SA: FUTURE SHOCK!

[...but as Williams snatches the three-quarter nelson, Martinez again shoves him off, sending him into the ropes where the Future comes bouncing back, swinging for the fences...]

SA: RIGHT CROSS!

[...but Williams' inherited move from Juan Vasquez comes up empty as Martinez ducks the big shot, grabbing his opponent over his shoulder, letting loose a roar of pain and effort as he gets up...]

SA: Wait a second! Wait a second! He's got him hooked over the shoulder annnnnnd...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Martinez lands a Vasquez signature move of his own, dropping Williams on the back of his head with the City of Angels Air Raid Crash!]

SA: THE CITY OF ANGELS! MARTINEZ WITH THE COVER, HOOKS THE LEG! ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OHHH! AND NOW, IT'S DERRICK WILLIAMS WHO SLIPS THE SHOULDER UP IN TIIIIIIIME!

[Martinez rolls off onto his back, breathing heavily as Williams flops onto his chest, trying to drag himself across the ring...]

SA: Ryan Martinez was a heartbeat away from winning this thing, just about able to put down Derrick Williams with the City of Angels... and carpool buddies or not, I think Juan Vasquez might take issue with his friend being beaten by his longtime rival!

[As Williams gets to the corner, he drags himself off the mat, slumping back against the buckles as Martinez sits up, wincing and grabbing at his back as the crowd urges him on...]

"LET'S GO RY-AN!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO RY-AN!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO RY-AN!"

clap clap clapclapclap

[...and driven by the cheers of his people, the AWA's White Knight climbs off the mat, stumbling towards the corner where Williams awaits...]

SA: Williams in the corner... and I think we know what's coming up next!

[Martinez looks out at the fans, soaking in their cheers, and then with a nod, cuts loose!]

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

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

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

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

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

SA: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

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

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

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

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

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

[And finally, Martinez relents, the crowd roaring as he takes some heavy breaths before grabbing Williams by the wrist, winging him across the ring again...]

SA: Williams to the corner... IN COMES MARTINEZ!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: YAAAakuuuuZAAAAAA!

[The running big boot snaps Williams' head back as Martinez steps back, shoving a staggered Williams out of the buckles...]

...and a running chop to the back of the head brings Williams down to the mat in a heap, Martinez collapsing to his knees, shoving Williams over onto his back as Martinez dives into a lateral press!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... NOOOOOOOO! THE FUTURE LIVES ON!

[Martinez smashes a hand down into the mat, grimacing as he looks out on the roaring crowd, cheering for the high level action they're witnessing in the middle of Blue Heaven On Earth.]

SA: Martinez came close there but close isn't enough, climbing back to his feet now...

[A weary White Knight grabs Williams by the hair, dragging him off the mat...

...and tugs him into a front facelock, sending the crowd into an earsplitting buzz of anticipation!]

SA: Martinez has him hooked! He's looking for the-

[But before he can secure the arm, Martinez gets driven backwards by a hard-charging Williams, his back SLAMMING violently into the turnbuckles to a groan from the partisan crowd!]

SA: Martinez gets put into the buckles!

CP: Smart counter on the part of Williams, staying away from that Brainbuster...

[Sucking wind, Williams ducks down, lifting Martinez up to set him down on the top turnbuckle...]

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

SA: Ten minute left on the clock... and Derrick Williams is looking to end this!

[...and steps up on the middle rope, again looking for a top rope superplex as Martinez immediately starts trying to fight out of it, slamming his fist into the exposed ribcage repeatedly!]

SA: Martinez trying to get loose, trying to avoid the superplex!

[A well-placed shot has Williams reeling as Martinez reaches up and piefaces him off the buckles, sending Williams crashing back down on the mat!]

SA: He does it! Martinez with an opening here - can he take advantage of it?

[Martinez stands up on the middle rope, looking down on the rising Williams...]

SA: And we don't see Ryan Martinez up on the ropes very often, Colt.

CP: We sure don't... and I'm guessing there's a good reason for that.

[...and as Williams gets to his feet, Martinez leaps into the air, extending his arm...]

SA: FLYING CLOTHESLI-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Williams leaps up as Martinez is on the way down, hooking the three-quarter nelson, and DRIVING Martinez' head into the canvas!]

SA: FUTURE SHOCK! FUTURE SHOCK! FUTURE SHOCK!

[Williams flips Martinez over onto his back, diving across, still not hooking a leg...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSS... NOOOOOOOO! FOOT ON THE ROPES! THE REFEREE SAYS MARTINEZ GOT HIS FOOT ON THE ROPES!

CP: Williams AGAIN didn't hook the leg and it cost him this time for sure!

SA: Wow! How close was that?!

[Williams rolls over, sitting down on the mat, burying his face in his hands as 60,000 strong buzz over the near fall...]

SA: Derrick Williams is beside himself down on the mat here in Dodger Stadium! He hit the Future Shock but he did NOT get the win! Ryan Martinez got that foot on the ropes by a shoelace and hangs on to keep on fighting in this one!

CP: Williams has gotta choke down this shock... this frustration...

SA: He's been in there with some of the best in the world... he's been in there with some of the most resilient in the world like Jordan Ohara... like Juan Vasquez... but you could argue that he's NEVER been in there with someone like Ryan Martinez, Colt!

CP: That may be true but none of that matters right now - he's in there with him in THIS moment and this is all that matters! Get up off the mat and find a way to finish this dumb kid off!

[Williams slams the mat in anger, climbing to his feet as he steps towards a still-unmoving Martinez, hauling him off the mat and tossing him back into the buckles...]

SA: Big elbow! And another! And another, Williams teeing off in the corner!

[...and with Martinez barely on his feet, Williams goes into a spin...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ROLLING ELBOW CONNECTS! RIGHT ON THE JAW!

[...and the impact of the blow nearly fells the White Knight who hooks his arms on the top rope in a desperate attempt to stay on his feet!]

CP: Martinez is out on his feet!

SA: It sure looks that way! Williams shoves him out of the corner, Martinez on rubber legs...

[Williams holds up his arm with a roar to the crowd - most of which jeer the idea of what's coming next - and then goes into another spin...]

SA: ...NEURALYZER!

[...but the attempt at sudden cranial contact fails as Martinez instinctively ducks down, sending Williams whiffing over his head with the violent strike...

...and allows Martinez to snare a waistlock, the crowd buzzing with anticipation...]

SA: NO! NO! TOO CLOSE!

[...and Martinez fights off the back pain long enough to elevate Williams off the mat, throwing him backwards in a release German Suplex...

...that causes Williams to CRASH violently into the corner, his head and neck whiplashing backwards on the awkward impact!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Martinez collapses to the mat as Williams does the same, the crowd ROARING for the brutal moment they just witnessed!]

SA: WILLIAMS IS DOWN! MARTINEZ IS DOWN! These two magnificent competitors are giving it everything they've got to try and find a way to come out on top of this!

[Both men are still down as the crowd starts to quiet a little.]

SA: And now it's a race to see who can get up and take advantage of their weakened, battered, but not yet broken foe! Will it be Derrick Williams, desperately trying to live up to his nickname and show the world that he IS the Future... not just of the American Wrestling Alliance but of this entire sport? Or will it be Ryan Martinez, the AWA's White Knight, fighting past the mental trauma he's endured over the past few months to show the world that while the masses continue to step up to challenge him, no man stands above Ryan Martinez in his position as the face of this company?

CP: We may be about to find out!

[The crowd is surging to life again, watching as the two competitors each try to get off the mat in their own way - Williams rolling onto his hip, grabbing at the ropes to try to get back to his feet...]

SA: Just about... seven minutes left in the time limit by my watch, Colt.

CP: I doubt your Apple Watch can even keep track of the time with that decibel alert going off over and over - you'd think these people were watching the World Series again... one of them they'd win anyways. Hah!

SA: We'll make sure Colt Patterson has a protective detail to get him out of Dodger Stadium in one piece, fans...

[...and Ryan Martinez sits up on the mat, a grimace on his face as he does, reaching an arm around to grab at his battered back as he struggles to get to his feet...]

SA: ...and the race is on - both men starting to stir, starting to get up off the mat...

[...and they both get there at roughly the same time, the crowd cheering as the referee waves for the match to continue!]

SA: ...GAME! ON!

[Williams pushes off the buckles, staggering towards Martinez, winding up...]

SA: BIG ELBOW! RIGHT ON THE JAW!

[...and Martinez falls back a step before winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND THE WHITE KNIGHT RESPONDS!

[The skin-splitting knife edge chop sends Williams staggering back, trying to keep his balance as Martinez steps closer...]

...and steps right into a jaw-jacking elbowstrike that causes Martinez to stumble back, falling to a knee...]

SA: WILLIAMS!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MARTINEZ!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WILLIAMS!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MARTINEZ!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WILLIAMS!

[And this time, the Future snatches Martinez by the hair, winding up again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers elbow after elbow, rolling back the eyes of the White Knight...
...who suddenly slaps the grasping hand away...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and as Williams falls back, it's Martinez who grabs him by the hair...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...but as Martinez winds up for one more, Williams slaps the hand away,
going into a spin...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers another rolling elbow with enough impact to send Martinez
into a spin, going all the way around...]

...and right into a three-quarter nelson!]

SA: HOOKED!

[But again Martinez shoves him away... but not too far as Martinez hooks an
inverted facelock, holding it for a moment...]

...and then HAMMERS his arm down across the exposed sternum of Williams!]

SA: BURNING SWORRRRRD!

[Martinez is out on his feet though, staggering around, unable to take immediate advantage of the prone Williams...]

SA: He's gotta cover!

CP: He doesn't even know where he IS right now!

[...and Martinez finally ends up by Williams' feet, leaning over to grab the legs, trying to stack up Williams onto his shoulders but one of the legs slips out, creating an awkward looking pin attempt!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The initial "OHHH!" is for the kickout... but it lingers after as the fans quickly realize that the awkward pinning position caused Williams' kickout to inadvertently send the free leg smashing up into Martinez' groin!]

SA: He... did he?! He kicked him low, Colt!

CP: Totally an accident! He didn't mean to do it, Sal!

SA: I... I actually agree with you there. Derrick Williams tried to kick out but because of the position he was in, that leg he kicked with went right up into the groin of the White Knight.

CP: Accident or not, Albano - this is his chance!

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

SA: Five minutes on the clock - and now these two REALLY gotta pick up the pace! Martinez is still down though, hurt from the low blow... and it may be Derrick Williams who gets up first after that!

[Williams pushes up to a hip, looking around... and spots referee Ricky Longfellow tending to Martinez, checking to make sure the White Knight can continue.]

SA: The referee checking on the two-time World Champion... and I'm guessing he's also ruled it accidental... no disqualification there it appears.

CP: He might not even know what happened. His eyes were on the shoulders of Williams. But Williams needs to take advantage of this right now and finish him! He's defenseless!

[Williams grabs at his head as he gets off the mat, an obvious conflicted expression on his face...]

SA: Williams doesn't know what to do!

CP: What?! Pick him up, Future Shock, end it! That's what you do, kid!

SA: Derrick Williams looks like he might not want to take advantage of what just happened with the low blow. Remember, Williams had the chance to cheat earlier and chose not to. This might be a different Derrick Williams we're seeing here tonight.

CP: This is the dumbest thing I can imagine! You got the edge, you didn't get DQd - FINISH HIM!

[The referee gets up, signaling that Martinez wants to continue as Williams gives him a moment, watching as Martinez pushes up to all fours...

...and as the referee waves for the match to continue, Williams grabs the arm, pulling the White Knight the rest of the way up, looking to whip him in...]

SA: Irish whi- reversed by Martinez!

[Williams slams against the buckles as Martinez takes a few deep breaths before barreling in after him...

...and runs right into Williams' raised feet that he uses to shove Martinez backwards, sending him toppling across the ring in a backwards roll right back to his feet...

...but as he's rolling, Williams throws his arms up, appealing to the 60,000 fans before leaning into a front roll of his own, covering the same distance that the White Knight did...]

SA: FUTURE SHO-

[...but as Williams pops up looking to deliver one heck of a highlight reel Future Shock, Martinez surges forward, leaping up...

...and as Williams hits his feet, Martinez DRIVES the extended leg into the chin, knocking him flat!]

SA: EXCALIBURRRRRRRR!

[Martinez scrambles into a cover, hooking BOTH legs as he does!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at their White Knight's victory as Martinez pushes off Williams, flopping over to sit on the mat as he smiles at the crowd's reaction.]

SA: What a battle! And at the end of it all, Ryan Martinez takes the W and maybe - just maybe - showed Derrick Williams that the White Knight's era is not over yet!

[A weary Williams rolls under the ropes to the outside, flopping off the apron to the floor as the referee points to the exhausted Martinez.]

SA: Ryan Martinez fighting through all sorts of physical and emotional exhaustion here in this one to pick up the win... and after what he's been through since late last year, that has GOT to feel good for the two-time World Champion.

CP: It was a big win, no doubt about it... and when you talk about him being a two-time former World Champion... we all saw it recently, Sal. We know that Ryan Martinez and Supernova had a discussion that if they both came out on top tonight, they had a date with destiny in their future. Well, Martinez just held up his end of the deal.

SA: And just the mention of those two battling for the World Title just sold out any stadium lucky enough to host it. But that's a discussion for another time and-

[The camera cuts to a shot of Ryan Martinez back on his feet, standing on the middle rope, saluting his roaring fans with a "I love you!" to them.]

SA: -these fans are STILL on their feet for the White Knight! House Martinez is alive and well in the City of Angels!

[On cue, we cut to a shot of a proud father in the luxury boxes, Alex Martinez beaming as he applauds his son from afar.]

SA: There couldn't be a father more proud of his son than Alex Martinez is of Ryan, Colt.

CP: Oh, it's so touching, I might weep.

[Cut back to Martinez saluting the Los Angeles crowd...

...and then to the aisle where an obviously-angry Derrick Williams is stomping up the aisle.]

SA: And an obviously disappointing loss for the Future... as Ryan Martinez holds back the changing of time here tonight in a hard-fought battle. This easily could've gone the other way though, Colt.

CP: It could, absolutely... and Williams doesn't need to feel bad about tonight. He was close - damn close - and when he goes back to the drawing board, he's looking for adjustments... not to reinvent the wheel.

SA: And I can't wait to see what the future holds for... the Future. Fans, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell who is standing by with Interim President Zharkov!

[As Martinez continues to celebrate with his fans, we fade to the backstage office of Interim President Zharkov with the AWA's resident scoopster standing beside him.]

SLB: Thanks, Sal! President Zharkov, it's been one heck of a night so far!

[Zharkov nods.]

SLB: I apologize for interrupting earlier and... well, if you want to tell me, I'm sure you will...

[Blackwell pauses expectantly... and gets nothing.]

SLB: Uh huh. Okay. Well, moving on, let's talk about something else then. We just saw Ryan Martinez defeat Derrick Williams... and we know that if Martinez won... and Supernova wins later tonight... you get what I'm saying?

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: That is a very appealing title match that will be under consideration... IF Supernova defeats James Lynch later tonight.

SLB: Speaking of which, I hear you have news for us about that matchup.

[Zharkov nods again.]

MZ: After review of recent event and with importance of that title match, it is decided that the other members of the Westerly Dynasty - both Veronica Westerly AND Atlas Armstrong - are BANNED from ringside tonight!

[The crowd inside Dodger Stadium ROARS at that announcement!]

SLB: Now THAT'S a scoop! And does-

[Suddenly, there's a knock at the office door. Zharkov furrows his brow, shrugs, and shouts...]

MZ: ENTER!

[The door opens and in walks the AWA Women's World Champion, "The Spitfire" Julie Somers. She is still dressed in her wrestling attire and has the Women's World Title belt strapped around her waist. Sweat is glistening off her body from her match earlier tonight.]

JS: Sorry to bother you, Mr. President. Sorry to interrupt, Lou.

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: Is this... okay?

[He gestures at the camera and Somers nods.]

JS: Sure. The world needs to know this anyways. Listen, about what happened in Reseda... I just wanted to make sure of one thing.

[Zharkov is listening intently.]

JS: Is Cinder's Steal the Spotlight contract still valid? I take it that it was never officially cashed in because our match never took place.

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: That is correct, Miss Somers. But let's be clear... Cinder was attempting to cash in the contract in an unsanctioned manner.

[Blackwell nods in agreement.]

SLB: That's right! Steal The Spotlight has to be cashed in with notice!

MZ: Correct. And that will not be allowed in the future.

[Somers pauses, then nods.]

JS: I understand... but I hope you understand why I was ready to accept at Reseda. I've had enough of E-Girl MAX and their nonsense. And after what happened tonight, I have every reason to want to get any of them in that ring.

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: I understand as well, Miss Somers... but there are rules... and as our employer let me know earlier today, there are some rules that cannot be broken for anyone.

[Somers raises an eyebrow before continuing.]

JS: I get it... and I appreciate you being straight with me. Now, I want to be straight with you on something.

Any time Cinder wants that match... whether it's Showtime at The Temple, or Saturday Night Wrestling at San Jose, or any time in the future... all she has to do is say when she wants it and I'll be there.

I want her in the ring in the worst way... like I want any member of E-Girl MAX in the ring in the worst way. I've just had enough!

[There's silence for a moment, broken by the Interim President.]

MZ: You are a fighting champion, Miss Somers, and I respect that. Be confident that when Cinder requests the match, you will be first to know.

[Somers nods with a smile.]

JS: Thank you.

[She turns to leave, then Zharkov speaks again.]

MZ: One more question?

[Somers turns back, a puzzled look on her face.]

JS: What is it?

MZ: Have you seen your match back?

[Somers pauses, then shakes her head.]

JS: No. I went straight to medical... then did some stuff for the social media team and...

[She looks puzzled.]

JS: ...why?

[Zharkov sighs.]

MZ: Please. Watch. And we'll talk again soon, yes?

[Somers nods.]

JS: Sure, of course.

[She then turns and depart the office, a curious expression on her face as we fade to a shot backstage... the atmosphere buzzing with chaos - crew members darting through concrete corridors, the distant roar of the crowd swelling. An AWA-branded backdrop frames Mariah Wolfe, microphone in hand, her smile tinged with unease as she addresses the camera.]

MW: We're moments away from another explosive matchup here at Memorial Day Mayhem, and I'm about to be joined by the AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions, Seductive & Destructive - Harley Hamilton and Cinder - to discuss their title defense against the Country Punks, Victoria June and Kayla Crist-

"Ohhhh, stand aside! It's th' pariahs of the AWA!"

[Enter Cinder - her ring gear seems to be modeled after a giant jawbreaker: all white, dolloped with brightly colored rainbow splatters. Both her belts - the AWA sanctioned tag belt and the self-awarded "Tag Team Champion of the Universe" belt are strapped across her torso, criss-crossed like baldrics.

Harley Hamilton is in a similarly-colored white ensemble consisting of a crop top with a high neckline and sheer, long voluminous sleeves that begin below her bare shoulders and gather at the cuffs. There is a cut-out section at the chest covered with the same sheer material as the sleeves. Paired with the top are matching white shorts with a high waist. Around her waist she wears the AWA tag team belt and in her right arm, she cradles the "Tag Team Champion of the Universe" title.

The "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash wears an oversized hoodie, also in a similar white jawbreaker motif, but with a black Under Armour logo in the center, over top of her ring gear for the evening consisting of her Maryland flag motif attire modified in an orange and black color. On the crown of her head rests her usual heart-shaped sunglasses, also in the jawbreaker look.]

C: Oh yes, the greatest criminal masterminds o' th' 21st Century have arrived. So undeserving and heinous, are we? The worst travesty of justice ever committed, by the way.

HH: That's us, alright... public enemy number one! All because we dared to win what's ours. These belts? That Steal the Spotlight contract Cindy's holding? We EARNED them, despite what the AWA would have you believe. But you wouldn't know about fairness, would you, Mariah? Always cutting us off to hype up one of the AWA's chosen ones.

[Harley narrows her eyes and leans in towards Mariah, her voice low and threatening.]

HH: And don't even think about cutting us off this time. You're stuck with us, so keep that mic steady, or I'll make you choke on it.

[Stunned by Harley's threat, Mariah slowly nods in acknowledgment.]

C: Aftah all, we've sent so many people to th' hospital for this wee scrap o' paper.

[Cinder pats the sticker-encrusted binder that, despite the events of Showtime, still hold the Steal the Spotlight contract.]

C: But not nearly as many as the fella who held this last year and basically kicked President Bizarkov upstairs into the office he holds now. Water under th' bridge I reckon. Ohhhh, that Jackson C. Hunter – what a scamp, aye?

HH: That's not exactly how I'd describe that lowlife, but the difference is clear. When Hunter slams a shovel into someone's head, he's a mastermind. But when WE steal the spotlight, when Cindy makes history... the AWA treat us like scum that's irrevocably destroyed the sanctity of professional wrestling.

[She scoffs.]

HH: Of course. They love their old boys' club, but us? We're the problem children because we don't kiss the ring and bow down to their rigged game.

CC: It's not right how you get punished for winning. Are they scared of what we can accomplish together or something?

C: Aye, and of course we got the other TAGteamCHAMPIONSoftheWORLD in the AWA. Ach, they got "legal representation." Oh, but it's different when they do it, aye? Typical. Takes six to do the work o' two. Put all Team Supreme together and see if they can't come up with one complete chromosome between 'em. That's a joke, by the way –and not a nice one – a nasty one, that masks a lot of very negative feelings about the lead up to tonight.

[Cinder pauses, her grin fading into a scowl as she clutches the binder tighter.]

C: I ask you, what's makes E-Girl MAX so different, aye? What's goin' on here?

HH: I'll tell you what's going on, Cindy. Zharkov and the AWA can't stand us because we're stars they can't predict or control. They hate that we outshine any of their corporate lapdogs while refusing to play any of their stupid games.

C: Aye! Despite what AWA management whitewashes in "30 Fer 30," there do seem to be some barriers toward us lasses, who dunnae fit in to these neat little boxes that they want tae place upon us. Despite the attempt tae suggest otherwise...

[Cinder pats the plate of the AWA belt.]

C: ...My Harley an' I earned this.

HH: Unlike the Country Punks, who never truly earned a shot at our titles. They're puppets. They're tools. They're Zharkov's pawns sent to try and break us and dim our light. To make us feel small. To make us doubt ourselves. I see right through those two. I see right through him. The AWA is using The Country Punks to settle their grudge against us, but we sure as hell aren't going to lose to a couple of disrespectful rejects acting like our titles are already theirs.

[She pauses, her gaze flickering to Cinder, before turning to the camera.]

HH: Victoria June.

[She spits the name like it's poison.]

HH: You think we forgot what you did? You think we forgot how you tried to end Casey Cash, the sweetest soul in this business, because you were too much of a coward to face us? You think we forgot how you bullied Cindy and

made her life hell, just because you're too weak to handle someone who shines brighter than you?

[Harley smirks.]

HH: We didn't just put you out of action for months, Vicky. We ENJOYED it. Every second of it. Because you got exactly what you deserved. And if you think we won't do it again, you're dumber than that tacky spider tattoo on your chest.

CC: Who told her that was a good idea? It's so ugly!

[Harley nods in agreement.]

HH: You're out here bragging about being the first one tossed out of the Rumble like it's a personality trait. Newsflash, sweetie... being a loser doesn't make you cool or interesting.

[Casey frowns, her eyes narrowing.]

CC: All it makes you is a loser, making excuses for why everyone else is passing you by.

[Harley's smirk fades, replaced by a fierce glare as she shifts her focus.]

HH: And you, Kayla? You're just Victoria June's sad little sidekick, tagging along because you're too spineless to stand on your own. I look down on you, cowgirl, because you've given me no reason to look up.

[Harley adjusts the title belt around her waist, her confidence burning brightly like the sun.]

HH: And don't even get me started on your little fantasy about defending OUR titles on Showtime. You're out here promising the Serpentes and the Peach Pits shots at gold you don't even have!

CC: I can't believe they're already making plans for your titles!

[Casey rolls her eyes.]

CC: What kind of honorable people promise to defend something they haven't won? That's not honorable, and that's not them being confident. That's them being arrogant.

[Harley laughs, but there's no humor in it.]

HH: It's bold. Stupid, but bold. They're so busy playing champions in their little fantasy world, they forgot the part where they have to face us first. Me and Cindy? We're not just Seductive and Destructive. We're the single greatest tag team in all of wrestling. Unpinned, unsubmitted, and absolutely UNDEFEATED since our formation. We've been through hell - Zharkov's setups, The Country Punk's pathetic attacks, the AWA's lies - and we're still

standing. Still shining. Still holding these belts. And they think they're going to change that at Memorial Day Mayhem?

[She shakes her head, her voice dripping with condescension.]

HH: Not a chance. Not in this lifetime or the next. This will not be their coronation. This...

[Harley pauses, as her pretty little face twists into anger.]

HH: ...will be their HUMILIATION! They don't get to disrespect us and walk away unscathed! We're not just keeping our titles, we're going to make them regret ever stepping into our ring!

[Casey places a calming hand on Harley's shoulder, as Cinder nods at her tag team partner, understanding her frustration.]

C: An' if you'll forgive me boastin' and braggin', my beloved Harls and Cash Money... I've won the Empress Cup... I'm the first female to Steal the Spotlight... I'm the first Women's Tag champ... I Main Evented the first Fight Night on Fox! Against...

[Cinder puts a big, fake grin across her face.]

C: ...You, Vekki Joon. Except this time, I'm not worried about a dagger 'tween my shoulderblades.

[She grabs Harley Hamilton and Casey Cash by the hand.]

C: I'm not buttoned up the back - not this time! Because, in addition to E-Girl MAX's first successful pay-per-peep title defense, you will see the first E-Girl MAX Rumble winner.. 'an, by the grace of Casey and Harley... It'll nae be me.

[Harley's eyes widen, her head snapping toward Cinder, her voice a mix of shock and exasperation.]

HH: What?

[Casey blinks, glancing between them, her voice hesitant but curious.]

CC: I think she said it won't be her-

[Harley cuts her off, her tone sharp but laced with affection, her loyalty to Cinder evident even in her confusion.]

HH: I know what Cindy said, Casey... but why?

[Cinder's manic grin softens into something tender, her lighter still as she squeezes Harley's hand, her voice earnest.]

C: Share th' wealth, sez I! Harls lifted me up when I was at my lowest to Steal th' Spotlight... If the moment arrives in the Rumble, I shall do th' same. An' if the suddenly sanctimonious AWA has a problem with my choice for friendship, then be prepared tae explain it to everyone else. Boys will be boys... but E-Girl MAX... will be forever.

[Harley's expression softens for a moment, her admiration for Cinder shining through, but her fire quickly returns.]

HH: You hear that, Mariah? That's what makes us unstoppable. Love. Loyalty. Something the AWA, Zharkov, and those Country Chumps will never get.

C: That's what makes us Pure. Dead. Brilliant.. That's why we win.

CC: Because we don't fight for approval from some committee. We fight for each other.

HH: And that's why they're going to lose. Because they're not just facing us... they're facing everything we stand for. Everything we've built. For Cindy. For Casey. For Harmony. For Melody. For Riley. For every fan who's ever believed in E-Girl MAX...

[Harley raises her title belt high, Cinder mirroring her with a wild grin. Casey raises her hand high into the air, completing the trio.]

HH: ...Memorial Day Mayhem is our night! Country Punks, you're not taking our titles - you're not even surviving us. Zharkov, keep sending your pawns. We'll keep crushing them. And that Rumble?

[She smirks.]

HH: One of us is winning, and it doesn't matter who...

[Harley pauses, turning to stare at Casey and then at Cinder, before repeating Cinder's mantra.]

HH: ...because E-Girl MAX is forever.

[And with that, Harley shoves past Mariah, with Cinder following with a cackle. Casey gives Mariah a small, apologetic smile before hurrying after them. Mariah looks flustered, clutching the mic as the camera lingers on the retreating trio...]

MW: Never a dull moment with those three. Fans, the Women's World Tag Title match is coming up in just a few moments. You've seen the champions... and... any minute now...

[She looks off-camera.]

MW: ...we asked security to make sure they stayed away until E-Girl MAX was out of the scene... almost there... alllllmooooooost there...

[Wolfe arches her neck, looking to see...]

MW: Okay. Coast is clear. Bring `em in, guys!

[Wolfe grins as she waits and within a few moments, she speaks again.]

MW: Here they come now - tonight's challengers and one of the most popular tag teams in the entire AWA - Victoria June and Kayla Cristol - the Country Punks! Ladies, come on in here...

[The camera shot pulls back as the Country Punks - the "Afro Punk" Victoria June and Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol arrive on the scene. Victoria June stands in the foreground, fists clenched, a fire in her green eyes hotter than a Tennessee summer. Her nearly colorless blonde hair is gelled into 8 Liberty spikes. Her pale freckled skin stands in stark contrast to her black makeup, black dominatrix ring gear and the spider tattoos adorning her chest and right arm down to the wrist.

Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol stands beside her, wearing a cowboy hat and long tan shearling coat over her western-themed ring gear and turquoise ring boots. She has her arms folded across her chest, her expression a mix of quiet determination and concern.]

MW: Ladies, you've been waiting for this match for several weeks now and you finally get your chance.

[June leans over the mic.]

VJ: You're right, Mariah. Ah been waitin' for this. Ah been BLEEDIN' for this!

[Wolfe responds.]

MW: The titles are on the line... and I know you two have been dreaming of holding those titles since they were announced.

[Cristol nods with a determined grin.]

KC: The AWA Women's Division is all about making dreams come true, Mariah. We just saw that 30 For 30 a couple nights ago and heard about the dreams of women like Melissa Cannon... like Lori Dane... like Ricki Toughill... and being a part of that documentary just served as a reminder to us that right now... this is OUR dream. We want those titles so that all the girls at home watchin' like we used to can go to bed at night and dream that sweet little dream of growin' up to be right here in this same spot gettin' ready to step in the ring alongside their best friend and make history. Ain't that right, Vicky?

[June nods... but there's no smile... there's a coldness, a distance.]

VJ: Ah wish... ah wish this could be just about the tag titles... just about making mine and Kayla's dreams come true. But it can't be, right? Because that's something else that Hamilton and Cinder took from me. Mah pride... mah body... and yeah, even this...

[She grabs a fistful of her blonde spikes, eyes burning with anger.]

VJ: ...Ah still remember the night that Cinder cut this right here. Ah ain't forgot.

And ah ain't forgot a couple of months ago when the two of 'em put me down and left me layin' on the shelf because they were afraid of what might happen if they had to get in the ring and put those titles on the line against the Punks. And when that happened, ah swore - on everything ah love - that ah'd make you pay for it.

[June extends her arms, still focused.]

VJ: Now here we are, and look who has got the shot at your Women's World Tag Team Titles!

Look who's standin' across from y'all - meaner, tougher, and hungrier for those gold straps than ever before!

[June hisses as she struggles to regain her composure.]

MW: Victoria, I've gotta point out... you seem a little... different since you came back from injury. Angrier... more aggressive.

[June snaps her head towards Wolfe.]

VJ: Can you blame me?!

[Wolfe shakes her head.]

MW: Of course not. But I'm also wondering if this newfound aggression...

[She gestures at the spider tattoos.]

MW: ...could work against you tonight. Are you at risk of letting your anger... letting your emotions get the better of you?

[Cristol throws a look at June who seems to be burning a hole through Mariah with her stare.]

KC: We've worked a long time for tonight, Mariah... and we're not about to let ANYTHING get between us and those titles. Not our emotions. Not Casey Cash or the Thompsons or whoever else Cinder and Hamilton have-

[June angrily interrupts.]

VJ: HARLEY HAMILTON! Ah see her too! The spider woman's got her eyes on you, Hamilton. You strut around - all smug, all pretty - like you own this division, like them belts were made for you!

But let me tell you somethin', chickie - you don't own NOTHIN' but the receipt me and Kayla got comin' for ya! You two tried to erase me. You tried to erase the Punks.

Well, we're standing right here in front of your face. What are you gonna do now?

[Victoria steps forward towards the camera, breathing heavy, but Kayla gently places a hand on her shoulder, a calm, measured contrast to her partner's fire. June tenses at her touch, but she steps back a little.]

MW: Again, I have to ask-

[Kayla waves her off.]

KC: Mariah, this night is about a lot of things for us. Is my partner angry? Damn straight she is... and she deserves every single bit of that anger. And you know what? I'm angry too! My partner... my best friend was laid out, sent to the hospital, because Hamilton and Cinder took a cheap shot at her. But that's just the way they do business, ain't it?

Hamilton and Cinder... I hope you were watchin' ESPN two nights ago... I pray to the Good Lord that you were so you can see all the hard work... all the blood, sweat, and tears that went into building this division into what it is today - the hottest division in all of wrestling. And when you see it, I hope it makes you sick to your damn stomachs what you've tried to do it.

[Cristol grimaces, shaking her head.]

KC: You two are champions! You're the standard bearers for the division! And what? You slithered your way to the top - cheatin', hurtin' folk, runnin' roughshod over everybody just 'cause you could! Just to feed your egos.

So, yeah... we're angry, Mariah... but me and Vicky? We ain't just fightin' for revenge, nah... we're fightin' for the girls that were on that documentary. We're fightin' to bring back the HONOR... the RESPECT that this division was built on. We're fightin' to remind the world that these belts ain't just accessories for a pack of mean girls in fancy tights!

[Cristol lifts her trigger finger towards the camera, sighting down the barrel of her finger pistol.]

KC: Tonight, we want our pound of flesh for sure... Vicky deserves that much.

But more than that, I wanna win. I wanna take what y'all been flauntin' and hold it up HIGH, so every little girl watchin' knows she gotta EARN her way, not just scheme her way! Right, Vicky?

[Cristol doesn't get an immediate response... and slowly reaches out, putting a hand out... voice lowering, concern creeping into her tone.]

KC: Vicky?

[And as her hand comes to rest on the Afro Punk's shoulder, June jerks away from it, nostrils flaring. The anger, the history, the pain - it's all bubbling over. And then she gets colder... stranger.... but in almost an instant, it's gone and the light is back in her eyes.]

VJ: Right, Kayla.

[A determined nod.]

VJ: We're about doin' things 'the right way.' We're about honor. We're about respect... and above everything else, we're about those World Tag Team Titles.

Because to me, this is a war. They fired the first shot but they didn't fire the last... and when ah step into that ring tonight, there's gonna be a whole lot going through this head of mine...

[She points to her skull.]

VJ: The fans. The history books. The titles.

[She nods.]

VJ: But ah'm also thinkin' about Cinder and Harley Hamilton. Ah'm thinkin' about Kowalski... and Cash... and the Thompsons... and ah'm thinkin' this division would be a whole lot better off without ANY of 'em! That's what ah'm thinking!

But Mariah... ah don't just wanna beat 'em, ah wanna hurt 'em.

[Mariah looks startled as June holds up a finger.]

VJ: And as Kayla's been tellin' me...

[She smiles for the first time at her hopeful partner.]

VJ: ...the best way to hurt 'em is to take those titles off their waists and put 'em around ours! Ain't that right, partner?

[June extends her arm, fist clenched and a relieved Cristol bumps the fist.]

KC: Let's do this, partner..

[With their fists still pressed into each other, Cristol speaks...]

KC: Hey! Ho!

[...and June joins in.]

KC/VJ: LET'S GO!

[The two women lock hands. The fire and the bond between them shimmer in the air like heat off the pavement as they exit out of view.]

MW: Now that's a team determined to strike gold in Los Angeles tonight! Rebecca, my friend... the floor is yours!

[The California sun shines overhead, casting long shadows over the Dodger Stadium outfield as the crowd buzzes in the bleachers and at ringside. The ring gleams in the centre of the baseball diamond, flanked by red-white-and-blue banners whipping in the breeze.

Suddenly, the speakers growl to life.

"Blood on the Bluegrass" by Legendary Shack Shakers explodes from the PA, all stomping bass, slide guitar, and manic hillbilly menace. The fans erupt in cheers as smoke and daytime pyro shoot from the entrance stage...]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ONE HOUR time limit and is for the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

Introducing first... they are the challengers... at a total combined weight of 310 pounds...

KAYLA "THE PISTOL" CRISTOL...

..."THE AFRO PUNK" VICTORIA JUNE...

...THE COUNTRYYYYYYYYYY PUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNKS!

[June comes bursting onto the scene like a heat-seeking missile, already halfway down the ramp before the smoke clears. Her jaw is clenched, fists taped tight, leather vest flapping behind her. Her pale blonde Liberty spiked hair is wild under the blazing light. She doesn't play to the crowd - her green-eyed glare is locked on the ring, like she's imagining the champions' skulls instead of turnbuckles.

Cristol struts out right behind her, spinning on her heel with flair. She's wearing a tan and chestnut western coat with silver tassels and white fringe. Her turquoise boots stomp on the ramp as she fires off finger guns at the fans and whips off her coat, tossing it behind her.]

SA: Look at Victoria June... she's here and she's here for payback! The sun's out, the lights are bright, and she looks ready to crack skulls like eggs on asphalt, Colt!

CP: And Kayla Cristol's here to ride or die for her friend. You can feel the charge in the air today - this isn't just a title shot for them. It's payback, validation, and blood all rolled into one.

[June hits the bottom of the ramp, walks up to ringside as if she's storming a battlefield. She rolls in and storms across the ring, yelling at the timekeeper: "Get 'em out here! We're done waitin'!"

Cristol hops up on the apron and vaults in, blowing kisses to the fans on the third base line and spinning finger guns in the air. Behind them, a massive American flag flutters in the outfield as the sun lights the ring like a spotlight from the gods. The Country Punks stand in stark contrast - one a storm ready to break, the other a gunslinger grinning at high noon.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The giant screens in Dodger Stadium flicker with a neon glitch effect, pink and black static crackling across them, before the opening beats of "E.V.O.L" by Marina and the Diamonds blast through the speakers. The stadium erupts as spotlights in shades of neon pink, electric blue, and violet swirl across the entrance ramp, illuminating a haze of smoke that billows from the stage.

The familiar wave of high-pitched cheers from the scattered clusters of teenage girls in the audience echo through the stadium, but are quickly drowned out by a thunderous wave of boos from the rest of the crowd. The boos reverberate through Dodger Stadium, as the screens flash with distorted images of Harley and Cinder's past victories and triumphs.]

RO: At a total combined weight of 269 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by Casey Cash and representing E-Girl MAX...

...they are the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRLD TAG TEAM
CHAMPIONSSSSSSSS...

The 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner... CINNNNNNDERRRRRR...

...and HARLEYYYYYY HAMILLLLTONNNNNNNNNN!

SEDUCTIVE!

AND!

DEEEEEEEEEEEEESTRUCTIVVVVVVVVE!

[Harley Hamilton and Cinder then burst through the smoke, dressed in their familiar purple satin ring jackets over their matching jawbreaker-inspired ring gear. The duo pauses at the top of the entrance ramp, the spotlights converging on them as the crowd's boos intensify, though the teenage girls' cheers pierce through like a beacon of loyalty. Harley and Cinder turn to face each other, their expressions softening for a brief moment amidst the chaos. They link pinkies - a ritual symbol of their "unbreakable" bond - Harley's confident smirk meeting Cinder's manic grin as they raise their joined hands

high. The gesture draws a fresh wave of cheers from their young fans, while the boos from the wider crowd grow even louder, a cacophony of love and hate.]

SA: Colt, the Women's Tag Team Champions are here and from the sound of them, they just might be ready for this fight tonight.

CP: I think they're ready, Sal. They sound ready. They sound confident, they sound determined... and best of all, they sound PISSED! They're sick of the disrespect... they're sick of the double standards... they're sick of being second-guessed... and tonight, they want to prove to the world that those tag titles are right where they belong - around their waists.

SA: But to do that, they've got to overcome an emotional challenge from the Country Punks... and I just don't know if they can survive this title match but we're about to find out.

[Casey Cash appears behind them, positioning herself between the two and raises the AWA Women's World Tag Team Title belts high into the air. Harley and Cinder break their pinkie link...

...and to the shock of the masses, Hamilton places a hand on Casey Cash's shoulder, speaking to her.]

SA: What is this about now?

[A few moments of discussion pass before Cash reluctantly nods, handing the title belts over to Hamilton and Cinder before she embraces both.]

SA: Huh. Is Casey Cash headed to the back?

CP: It sure looks that way. Harley Hamilton appears to have asked Casey Cash to NOT accompany them out to ringside.

SA: Is this an attempt by Hamilton to show that her and Cinder want to do this on their own, Colt?

CP: Maybe... or maybe they're just afraid that maniac Victoria June will take another shot at Miss Baltimore Crabs.

[Casey reluctantly goes back through the entrance curtain as Cinder and Hamilton "high five" their title belts together before starting down the aisle, Harley taking the lead as she struts down the ramp with a swagger that dares the crowd to keep booing. She points to a group of teenage girls in the front row, blowing them a kiss that sends them into a frenzy, before making the shape of an L on her forehead at a section of booing fans, her defiance on full display.

Cinder follows, her movements more erratic, suddenly lunging towards the barricade and startling the fans with a wild laugh.]

SA: The champions interacting with the fans on their way to the ring... appealing to those that support them and insulting those who do not... which there are far more of than the former.

CP: E-Girl MAX has their fans in certain corners of the fanbase but even I gotta admit that the boos will be much louder than the cheers tonight in Los Angeles.

[As they reach the ring, Harley and Cinder link pinkies once more in the aisle...

...which is when Victoria June goes sprinting across the ring...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and HURLS herself onto both champions, sending them sprawling at ringside!]

SA: THE AFRO PUNK STRIIIIIIIIKES!

[The crowd is ROARING for June’s shocking dive, leaving a stunned Kayla Cristol in the ring, watching as her partner tops the downed Harley Hamilton, pounding her fists down into her head...]

SA: Payback is a you-know-what and Victoria June wants all the payback in the world for these two attacking her and putting her on the shelf. It was all the way back at the premiere edition of Showtime - March 24th in Atlanta - when the champions violently assaulted Victoria June in an unprovoked attack-

CP: Unprovoked?! She went after Casey Cash!

SA: Maybe she did, Colt, but that certainly didn’t merit the response - hitting her with the title belt, the spinebuster on the steel stairs, the double DDT on the exposed concrete floor!

CP: You send one of ours to the hospital, we send one of yours to the morgue!

[June turns away from the downed Hamilton, tossing Cinder under the ropes as June crawls in to follow up.]

SA: Hamilton laid out on the outside and-

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: -HEEEEEEEERE WEEEEEEEEEE GOOOOOOOO!

[A still-shocked Kayla Cristol steps out to the apron, looking on in disbelief as June turns her focus onto Cinder, hammering Cinder against the neutral corner with heavy haymakers, battering her longtime rival all the way down into a seated position...]

SA: June's all over her, smashing her down!

[...and June grabs the top rope, stomping viciously down onto Cinder!]

SA: JUNE'S BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN' ALL OVER THE CHAMPIONS HERE TONIGHT!

[The referee orders June to break it off and she does, stomping fiercely out to mid-ring with a "LET'S GOOOOOOOO!" to the roaring crowd!]

SA: The fans are solidly behind the Country Punks here tonight in Los Angeles in this rematch from the Women's Tag Team Title tournament... and if June and Cristol win the gold here tonight, we're going to be happy this place doesn't have a roof on it, Colt!

CP: The biggest obstacle in them winning the titles - it may not even be Hamilton and Cinder, Sal. It might be June's temper! Can she keep her emotions in check long enough to forget about vengeance and think about victory?

SA: Could YOU if someone had laid you out like Hamilton and Cinder did to her?

[June stomps back in, dragging Cinder off the mat and whipping her across the ring from corner to corner, stampeding in after her to hit a twisting back elbow, her weight SLAMMING into Cinder's torso and putting her in perfect position to snatch a side headlock, charging out, and leaping up into a bulldog headlock!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BULLDOG PLANTS HER DOWWWWWN! Cover by Ju- no! No cover!

[Grabbing a shrieking Cinder by the hair, June starts pounding a fist down into the head over and over as Cinder kicks and flails under the brutal attack!]

SA: June choosing violence right there, all over Cinder... and who can forget their feud that led to that Hair versus Hair match between them? These two have a history of bad blood and it's threatening to spill all over Chavez Ravine here tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[The referee's count again forces June to get up, throwing up her hands in frustration as Shari Miranda holds up five fingers.]

SA: Official Shari Miranda may have her work cut out for her here tonight trying to keep this under control...

[With June arguing with the referee, Cinder takes the chance to roll under the ropes to the outside to escape...]

...which sees the Afro Punk brush past the referee, climbing to the outside after her...]

SA: ...uh oh! June's going out to the floor after her!

[The crowd cheers as June chases Cinder around the ring, getting a full lap around before Cinder desperately rolls back in, running to the ropes as June climbs in after her...]

SA: Cinder off the far side annnnnnd...

[...and June picks up the rebounding Cinder under the arm, going into a spin and DRIVING her down with a side slam!]

SA: ...right down across the spine! June slams her down... and again, no sign of a cover at all! The Afro Punk's right back on top, hammering that fist down between the eyes!

[With the referee warning June again, Kayla Cristol extends her arm, shouting to her partner for a tag.]

SA: The Pistol looking for her first appearance in this one...

[June climbs off the mat, bloody rage in her eyes... and then spots Cristol with her arm extended. June exhales sharply... and her expression softens as she tags her friend into the ring.]

SA: There's the first tag of the match...

[Cristol gestures at June, encouraging her to take a breath and calm down...

...and that brief discussion allows Cinder to crawl to her own corner, slapping the hand of her own partner.]

SA: ...and a tag on the other side as well, turning this one into Cristol and Hamilton squaring off early on in this tag team title showdown!

[With June on the apron, Cristol again rests a hand on her shoulder, encouraging some deep breathing as June glares across at Hamilton, nodding at her own partner.]

SA: Kayla Cristol in there... and Hamilton's waiting for her in the middle, the second generation superstar - the daughter of the former World Champion and legend Hamilton Graham...

[The two competitors circle for a moment before lunging into a collar and elbow, jockeying for position...

...but Hamilton skillfully tosses Cristol down to the mat with an armdrag!]

SA: Nice armdrag by one-half of the tag champs!

[Cristol gets up off the mat, dusting herself off as a smirking Hamilton beckons her forward...]

SA: Let's hook 'em up again says Harley Hamilton... here we go... back to the tieup... Cristol looking for an edge...

[...but this time, Hamilton twists around, using a snapmare to flip Cristol over into a seated position...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and paintbrushes Cristol across the back of the head!]

SA: Oh, come on! There's no call for that!

[Cristol gets up quicker this time, fire in her belly as the referee steps in to block an angry Victoria June from getting into the ring, ordering her back out as Hamilton points her out.]

SA: Victoria June trying to get in there after that slap!

CP: Get her out of there, ref!

SA: Shari Miranda is doing exactly that, making sure this stays one on one...

[As Hamilton again shouts at June, Cristol lunges at her, tying up, fighting for position...

...and it's Cristol who slips out, ending up behind Hamilton where she POPS her with a slap to the back of the head!]

SA: OH! How do you like them apples, Harley Hamilton?!

[The crowd is cheering as Hamilton fumes, kicking at the ropes for the embarrassing blow... and then charges at Cristol, throwing a right hand that Cristol blocks before landing a haymaker of her own... and another... and another... and then leaves her feet, landing a dropkick that knocks Hamilton off her feet and sends her rolling from the ring...]

SA: And just like that, Harley Hamilton goes rolling to the out- SIIIIIDE!

[The crowd ROARS as Cristol sprints across, landing a baseball slide dropkick that sends Hamilton flying backwards into the ringside railing, smacking her shoulder into the steel!]

SA: Cristol strikes hard on the floor... and she's not done yet, Colt!

CP: I don't think Kayla Cristol wants to tangle with Harley Hamilton on the floor, Big Sal.

SA: Definitely not, tossing her back in... and remember, all four of these competitors will be joining Michelle Bailey and twenty-five others in the women's Rumble later tonight... but who will walk into the Rumble as the tag team champions? That's what we're here to find out as the sun shines bright here in Los Angeles!

[Cristol quickly climbs up the turnbuckles, eyeballing the rising Hamilton...

...and leaps off into a crossbody, catching Hamilton across the chest, knocking her down to the canvas as she hooks a leg!]

SA: CROSSBODY CONNECTS FOR ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO!

[But Hamilton escapes the early offense, breaking free from the pin attempt as Cristol gets to her feet... and sees her partner waiting to tag back in.]

SA: Victoria June looking to tag back in... and the Pistol obliges!

[The crowd cheers as the Afro Punk comes back in, grabbing the rising Hamilton by the arm as Cristol does the same, both women twisting the arms around on Hamilton with a double armwringer before burying a pair of boots to the body...]

SA: Kicks downstairs and... OHHH! Double kneelift by the Punks sends Hamilton down!

[Cristol grins at her partner, slapping her on the back before ducking to the apron as June grabs the fleeing Hamilton, bringing her up to her feet by the hair, walking her into the neutral corner...]

SA: The Afro Punk looking to take out some of that aggression on Harley Hamilton here... OHH! Headfirst to the corner!

[And June keeps on going, ramming Hamilton's head into the buckle as the crowd counts along...]

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[...and leaves Hamilton reeling in the buckles afterwards!]

SA: She's trying to return the favor from that concussion that put her on the shelf!

[June grabs a loose side headlock, repeatedly smashing her fist into the skull of Hamilton as the referee shouts at her to back off...]

SA: June's hamming away, the referee counting her!

[...and June lets go at four and change, moving out of the corner with her hands raised as the referee reads her the riot act.]

SA: June's gotta be careful here, Colt.

CP: Gotta be REAL careful. A disqualification means you lose it all - the shot at the titles, the match, AND the winner's purse! June needs to choke all that down and keep her cool or it's gonna be a short night for her and the Pistol gunnin' for gold.

[June turns back to Hamilton as the referee lets her have it...

...and Hamilton uses that opening to bury a boot into the gut!]

SA: Ohh! Hamilton goes downstairs... turns her back into the corner...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...big chop by Hamilton!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hamilton lands another...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and another...

...but June shrugs it off, glaring a hole through Hamilton as she realizes what's going on, quickly backpedaling away, hands raised as she begs for mercy...]

SA: June didn't even feel it! Hamilton chopping away but June's like a mighty Redwood, refusing to go down!

[Reaching mid-ring, June snatches Hamilton by the hair but the wily Hamilton STOMPS the foot of June, breaking free to rush to the ropes...]

SA: Hamilton off the far si-

[...but June leaps into the air at the rebounding Hamilton, toppling her over!]

SA: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS!

[June lands a flurry of fists before grabbing the long blonde hair, driving the back of Hamilton's head into the mat over and over and over with the crowd going wild!]

SA: JUNE'S ALL OVER HAMILTON AGAIN!

[Seeing her partner in grave danger, Cinder comes through the ropes to intervene...

...but slams on the brakes as Shari Miranda rushes to cut her off and June pops to her feet, fists balled up and ready to fight Cinder as well!]

SA: Whooooooooa... and Cinder goes right back out of there! She wants no part of the Afro Punk in her current state of mind!

CP: She's out of control in there... look at those clenched fists! The ref may have to DQ her and put the titles back on Seductive and Destructive, Big Sal.

SA: Oh, you... and THEY... would like it, huh?

[June angrily turns back towards the kneeling Hamilton who drives her head up into the midsection of the Afro Punk!]

SA: Hamilton cuts her off again before she can get going... and now Harley's looking for a tag...

[But as Hamilton reaches out her hand, June snatches her by the back of the tights, yanking her backwards, swinging her around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHOULDERFIRST INTO THE RINGPOST!

[The crowd reacts to the big crash into the steel post as Cinder looks up, a horrified expression on her face from the floor as June looks out on the cheering crowd, nodding her head as she slowly steps out on the ring apron...]

SA: What in the...?

CP: Oh, we've seen this before, Sal! Not from June but we've seen this!

[June backs down the apron, her back pressing against the steel ringpost as she eyeballs Hamilton's head up against the post in her own corner...]

SA: June's got her in her sights! It's a little Monosso Day Mayhem come to life here in Los Angeles!

[...and with a homicidal scream, June goes tearing down the ramp, swinging her leg up...]

SA: CONCUSSIONIIIIIIIZERRRRR!

[...but Cinder desperately lunges forward, grabbing Hamilton by the arm, yanking her down to the floor!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[June collapses in a heap on the apron, screaming in pain as she grabs at her foot and ankle, the crowd falling to a hush as Kayla Cristol looks on in obvious alarm!]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! SHE KICKED THE POST! SHE KICKED THE POST!

CP: She's hurt bad, Albano! She might've broken her foot! She might've broken her ankle! Victoria June let her temper... let her emotions get the better of her... and she may have just cost her team this match, their shot at the titles... she might've even just cost herself her damn career!

SA: The referee is right there checking on her... you could hear the sound of the foot hitting the post all over this stadium. Sixty thousand fans have gone silent, waiting to see if June's going to be able to continue after that miscue and...

[The ringside doctor responds to a wave from the official, moving in to check on the downed and hurting Victoria June as well. Kayla Cristol drops off the apron but the referee puts up a hand, ordering her to stay back while the doctor tends to the Afro Punk...]

SA: The ringside doctor is there now too, checking on June... this one might be over right there...

[Down at ringside, we can hear Cinder giving her partner a peptalk, pointing at June, insisting that June tried to end her career...

...and a fired-up Hamilton marches forward, shoving the ringside doctor down to an "OHHHHHHHH!" from the crowd!]

SA: What the HELL?! What is she doing?!

CP: Exactly what she SHOULD be doing! Finish this off right now!

[Hamilton slips one of June's legs on either side of the steel post, folding them over...]

SA: FIGURE FOUR! A FIGURE FOUR LEGLOCK AROUND THE RINGPOST!

[...and June shoots up off the mat, screaming in pain as the referee immediately calls for a break before starting a very quick five count...

...that gets broken up when Kayla Cristol jumps off the apron, racing around the ringpost to try to intervene!]

SA: CRISTOL COMING IN!

[But the referee rushes to the floor, stopping Cristol from getting involved!]

SA: Oh no! The referee's tied up with Kayla Cristol and... look at this!

[June is flailing about, screaming in pain as Hamilton maintains the ringpost figure four, doing major damage to the knee and ankle of the Afro Punk as Cinder slides back into the ring, raining down stomps on the trapped June!]

SA: And now we've got a double team! This is ridiculous! Shari, forget about Cristol! Get over here and stop this!

CP: This is all on Cristol! That loving best friend... that ride or die... she wants to help her friend so badly, she's making it ten times worse by trying to get involved!

[Finally, the referee gets back in the ring, shouting at Hamilton and Cinder, restarting her count... and Cinder backs off as Hamilton lets go at four, smirking sadistically as she slides down to sit on the floor, looking at a pain-wrecked June grabbing her ankle...]

SA: Victoria June's ankle - if there wasn't serious damage before, there likely is now. A vicious attack by Harley Hamilton right there... Cinder joining in with those stomps on June to boot... and... oh, come on... stop this now! Stop it right NOOOOOW!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd cries out as Hamilton WRAPS the leg around the ringpost!]

CP: And if you were watching Saturday Night Wrestling two nights ago, you know that this is EXACTLY how The Blackjacks and Bobby O'Connor injured Travis Lynch's knee on the streets of Hollywood! He's on the shelf, he made need surgery, and nobody knows when he's coming back, Albano... the same thing may be about to happen to Victoria June if Seductive and Destructive get their way here tonight on their way to retaining their World Tag Team Titles.

[Hamilton finally rolls back inside the ring, getting an earful from the official as she watches June crawl to the wrong corner, leaning against the buckles as Hamilton slaps Cinder's offered hand.]

SA: In comes Cinder now...

[Harley and Cinder turn to one another, shouting "LET'S DANCE!" in unison before they turn back to June and start stomping her upper body relentlessly as the crowd jeers and the official calls for a break...]

SA: ...get one of 'em out of there, Shari! Come on!

CP: She's counting, Albano! What more do you want her to do?!

[Hamilton exits before the five count lands as Cinder drags June up by the hair, slapping her across the face a few times...]

"YOU'RE DONE, GIRLIE! DONE!"

[...and those slaps seem to wake up June for the moment who lands a big right hand... and another... and another...]

SA: June's got her on her heels, backing Cinder across the ring!

[...but as they reach mid-ring, Cinder leaps up, lashing out with a kick to the injured ankle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DROPKICK TO THE ANKLE! Precision attack by Cinder puts June right back down on the canvas!

[June goes down like a shot, grabbing her ankle, rolling around in pain on the mat as Kayla Cristol looks on with concern from her spot on the ring apron...]

SA: You can see the concern on the face of June's best friend and partner, Kayla Cristol... being forced to watch as her partner's ankle is viciously and violently targeted by the World Tag Team Champions...

CP: And just like how we saw Howie Somers put on the shelf when Team Supreme won the men's World Tag Team Titles from Next Gen, you gotta wonder if we're seeing the same thing here in this one. Is Victoria June's future in the AWA being put at risk by her own lack of impulse control?

[Grabbing the leg, Cinder pins it down to the mat, looking out on the jeering crowd, wiping her eyes mockingly at the fans' "tears" before she leaps up, dropping all of her weight in a kneedrop on the pinned-down ankle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[June sits up instinctively, grabbing for her ankle but Cinder SMASHES a forearm into her jaw, knocking her back prone as Cinder sneers, grabbing hold of the foot to bend and twist the ankle as June screams in pain...]

SA: Cinder's tormenting that ankle right now, June obviously in tremendous pain... and the conversation shifts to - how long can Victoria June handle this? How long can she endure pain like this?

[Cristol slaps the turnbuckle, shouting "COME ON, VICKI!" as Cinder taunts her, repeatedly the shout of support as she twists the ankle again...]

SA: Cinder's loving every second of this... she just lives to hurt people, Colt.

CP: No doubt in my mind that you're right there... and she does a heck of a job at it.

[Cinder climbs back to her feet, looking down at the grimacing June as the Afro Punk tries to drag herself towards the corner where Kayla Cristol is fully extended, reaching for the tag...

...and Cinder STOMPS the ankle once... twice... three times, laughing hysterically as June cries out again!]

SA: The sadistic Scot doing serious damage in this one... and now she's pulling her off the mat.

CP: June can barely stand on that ankle!

[Cinder tosses June into the corner, slapping Harley Hamilton's hand.]

SA: Another tag - the champions showing off that teamwork tonight. They're one heck of a tag team, I'll give them all the credit in the world on that one - they wouldn't wear those titles if they weren't...

[Back in the ring, Hamilton joins Cinder in laying in big kicks to the body of Victoria June as the referee counts...

...and they pull her out and up, taking her over with a double suplex!]

SA: Ohhh... nice doubleteam by the champions - Hamilton right into the cover, hooks the leg...

[A two count follows before the Afro Punk escapes.]

SA: ...and out at two for Victoria June, somehow managing to stay in this one despite the pain she's going through right now.

[June immediately starts crawling again, dragging her body across the canvas as Hamilton regains her feet, smirking at June's efforts...

...and then grabs her by the injured ankle, using it to drag the Afro Punk back to the champions' half of the ring, flipping her onto her back before dropping an elbow down into the knee of June!]

SA: Oof! Another shot to the leg by Hamilton and Cinder... and look at her, her father's daughter in there as she wraps up that leg and starts torturing it, bending that ankle back...

[As June cries out, an emotional Cristol paces the apron, taking her spot in the corner again as she slaps the turnbuckle in rhythm...]

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

[...and after a moment, the crowd picks up on Cristol's chant, trying to inspire the Afro Punk!]

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

[And driven by the cheering fans, June starts crawling towards the corner again, slipping out of Hamilton's hold as the second generation star gets back to her feet...

...and rushes the corner, smashing a running forearm into the jaw of Cristol, knocking her off the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HAMILTON KNOCKS CRISTOL TO THE FLOOR! CHEAP SHOT BY THE CHAMP!

[The crowd jeers the smirking Hamilton as she pleads her case to the official...

...but breaks into a ROAR as Kayla Cristol storms the ring, coming for Hamilton...

...but boos just as quickly again as Shari Miranda throws herself in front of the Pistol, preventing her from getting at Hamilton who mockingly waves at Cristol as Cinder ducks in, rushing over to help Hamilton drag June all the way back across the ring to the champions' corner!]

SA: These two are a well-oiled machine in there... dirty as sin but well-oiled!

CP: Hey, that's on Cristol... she seems to be picking up the lack of impulse control that her partner's got!

SA: She's having a hard time watching her friend getting tortured like this when she has no idea if June's suffered another serious injury or not.

CP: While I'm sure that's true, this time she came in because Hamilton gave her a pop in the mouth.

[Hamilton and Cinder drop a double elbowdrop on the back of the head before Cinder rolls out to the floor, leaving her championship partner all alone with the Afro Punk.]

SA: Hamilton staying right on her, bringing her back up to her feet...

[Hamilton wraps the injured leg around the middle rope in their corner, twisting the ankle as she does...]

SA: ...and right back on that ankle, leaving June in a bad spot in the wrong part of town...

[...but June chokes down the pain, throwing a big right hand to the head of Hamilton...]

SA: Ohh! What a shot!

[With her leg free, June backs down Hamilton, using a series of fisticuffs to send her halfway across the ring... and a huuuuuge right hand sends Hamilton staggering, spinning out of her path to the ropes as June now has a wide open lane to her partner to a ROAR of the crowd as Cristol shoves her arm towards her partner!]

SA: She's got a shot! She's gonna get there!

[But before she can reach the corner, June has her knee clipped out from under her by Hamilton!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CLIPPED! CLIPPED BY HAMILTON!

[June goes down hard again, grabbing at her knee this time as Hamilton gets up off the mat, just out of reach of an irate Kayla Cristol who shouts at Hamilton... so Hamilton punches her in the mouth, knocking her down to a knee!]

SA: OH! Another cheap shot!

[Cristol comes through the ropes and comes in swinging, dropping Hamilton with a right hand of her own that has the crowd ROARING...

...but the official steps in again, forcing Cristol to back off...

...which allows Cinder to storm in again, grabbing June by the leg and dragging her back across the ring before ducking out in time.]

SA: Cinder's out of there... the ref missed the whole thing AGAIN! These two are in and out at will... tags or not... and this is breaking down in terms of the official being able to keep this under control.

[Hamilton quickly walks back to her corner, rubbing her chin while throwing a glare at Cristol before tagging Cinder back in.]

SA: Another tag... in comes Cinder...

[Hamilton ducks out as Cinder pushes June back up against the turnbuckles, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a big overhead chop on the challenger...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and keeps on chopping, leaving June reeling in the buckles as Cinder backs off, blowing on her hand...]

SA: Cinder's lighting up the Afro Punk and-

[...but as soon as she steps back in, the resilient June lands a big haymaker... and another... and a third sending Cinder staggering backwards towards the middle of the ring...]

SA: June's fighting back again! Driving her back across the ring!

[...and Cinder lashes out with a kick to the back of the knee, driving June down to her knee...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS her with a spinning roundhouse to the face, laying the Afro Punk out as Cinder pounces on her!]

SA: It could be! It MIGHT be! IT... noooooo! Out at two there for Victoria June, somehow managing to stay in this... and that alone has gotta be impressive to you, Colt.

CP: It is! It is... but to me, it's just a matter of time now. They've hurt that ankle... they're working well together... and sooner or later, all that heart runs out and leaves you with your shoulders down and your betters standing over you.

SA: Her betters?! That's how you describe Harley Hamilton and Cinder?!

CP: Of course it is! Cinder's the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner! She's the 2016 Empress Cup winner! She's one-half of the Women's Tag Champions and a member of one of wrestling's most talked about factions! She was BORN for this business!

SA: Well, that's all-

CP: And speaking of BORN for this business, what about Harley Hamilton? The daughter of a legend! One of the sport's best natural athletes! And that

stuff about the tag titles and E-Girl MAX apply to her too! Victoria June's a loner freak who got a spider tattoo and I'm supposed to think she's "spooky" now?

[With June down on the mat on her chest, Cinder scissors the ankle between her legs, dropping down to smash all her weight down on the ankle again...

...and then slaps the ribs of June, grabbing hold of the arms and pulling back into a modified surfboard!]

SA: What the...?!

CP: This is one of the things I love the most about Cinder, Big Sal - submission innovation at its finest! Is this a surfboard? Is it a bow and arrow? Is it something else altogether? Stop, you're all right! Cinder's creating torture techniques on the fly, stretching out Victoria June and making Kayla Cristol watch!

[Cristol buries her face in the buckles for a moment, slapping her hand down on the ringpost as the crowd buzzes, trying to cheer on June who is fully trapped by Cinder...]

SA: Cinder's got the legs wrapped up, got the arms trapped, wrenching every single part of the body!

[An anguished "NOOOOOOOOOO!" from June causes Cinder to abruptly let go of the hold, viciously stomping the ankle again before stepping to the corner and slapping Hamilton's hand.]

SA: Another tag. Cinder let go after she couldn't get the submission and in comes Harley Hamilton on the exchange...

[Cinder grabs June off the mat, whipping her into the champions' corner as Hamilton comes in. The Mad Scot goes barreling in, leaping and throwing herself into a crossbody that CRUSHES June against the buckles...]

SA: OHHH!

[...and then slides down onto all fours, providing a stepladder as Hamilton comes charging in, springing off her own partner's back to SMASH a Superwoman forearm into the jaw of June who is clinging to the ropes to stay on her feet!]

CP: That was the Destruction...

[Hamilton drops back, arms spread wide as Cinder crawls between her legs and they both pose for the (mostly) jeering 60,000 fans in attendance...]

CP: ...and there's the Seduction!

[Cinder scoots out of the ring as Hamilton tosses June down to the mat, hooking the legs as she gracefully flips through into a double leg cradle...]

SA: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- noooo! June kicks her way free yet again! What incredible heart and resiliency on the part of the Afro Punk who can barely stand at this point of the contest - just over fifteen minutes into this grueling battle for one of the sport's richest prizes, the Women's World Tag Team Titles.

[A smirking Hamilton stands over the struggling June, looking down on her as June continues to try to get to her corner where Kayla Cristol eagerly waits for her...]

"Still haven't had enough, hero?"

[...and BURIES a stomp between the eyes, cutting off June's crawling before slowly working her way around towards the legs, lifting one off the mat...]

SA: Hamilton moving the leg into position and... we've seen this before, Colt!

[...and she rocks back with the legs deathlocked, pressing down on the knee with her foot as June cries out!]

SA: Harley digging into her legendary father's playbook with the very hold he used on Tommy Fierro to regain the World Title so long ago... the hold she calls the Indigenous People's Leglock... and it is EXPERTLY applied, Colt!

CP: This is a true throwback hold locked in by Hamilton, continuing to punish the knee... the ankle... working the legs of Victoria June and you said she can barely stand - after this, she may not be able to stand at all! A whole lot of people have faced a surgeon's knife because of this very hold back in the day, Big Sal!

SA: And from the sounds of Victoria June's screams, I'm guessing it's as painful as it's ever been!

[Cristol slaps the mat, begging June to get to her as Hamilton pushes harder on the knee, causing June to wail in pain as Hamilton shouts at Cristol!]

"LOOK AT HER! LOOK AT HOW MUCH PAIN SHE'S IN!"

[June grits her teeth, pounding a fist into the mat as Hamilton arches back, putting more pressure on the limb...]

...and June reaches out, throwing an overhand chop down into the chest of Hamilton!]

SA: June trying to fight back!

[And a second blow... and a third...

...but they have no effect on Hamilton who seizes June by the hair, SMASHING her face down into their tangled knees, causing June to slump back down on the mat!]

SA: OHH! Harley Hamilton stops that comeback short... and Cinder's calling for the tag now...

[A cackling Cinder waves her arms with a "Lemme in on the fun, Harley!" as Hamilton maintains the hold, somehow dragging their collective bodies towards the corner close enough for her to slap Cinder's stretching arm...]

SA: ...and Cinder's right back in off the tag...

[...and the Scot slingshots over the top rope, driving a double stomp down into the upper body of June!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hamilton abuses the count for a few more seconds before letting go, rolling under the ropes as Cinder goes to work, playing submission Mad Scientist as she hooks the arms in an omoplata...]

SA: Cinder going to work on the upper body of Victoria June now, stretching out the arm...

CP: I mentioned the Empress Cup earlier, Sal... probably a good time to mention that while Cinder is a former Empress Cup winner, Victoria June has a lifetime ban from the tournament for destroying the trophy!

SA: Well, that's their loss in my estimation!

[...and with the arm secured, Cinder slowly reaches back...]

SA: What is she...?

[...and grabs the leg, slowly and torturously pulling the injured limb up to bend it across her neck as June HOWLS in pain!]

SA: OH! OH NO!

CP: An omoplata on the arm and a Stretch Muffler on the leg, Cinder's bending her in half!

[June is clawing at the mat, the groaning in sympathy as Cinder attempts to wrench a submission out of her foe...]

SA: June's in trouble here! She can't claw her way across the ring stretched out like this! With one arm free! With one leg free! The pain is all over her face and the Afro Punk may be on the verge of giving this one up, fans! She may be on the verge-

[...and the crowd cheers as Kayla Cristol can't take it anymore, rushing into the ring and STOMPING the back of Cinder's head, breaking the submission hold as Shari Miranda reprimands the Pistol...]

...which just allows Harley Hamilton to rush back into the ring, delivering a few stomps as Cinder gets back to her feet, glaring at the protesting Cristol.]

SA: We've got another two on one! This is terrible!

CP: This is tag team wrestling at its finest, if you ask me... no wonder these two are the champs, jack!

[Hamilton departs as Cristol is finally forced out of the ring. Cinder has some strongly accented words for Cristol who fires back with some words of her own as the crowd cheers for the fiery Pistol!]

SA: Cristol and Cinder trading words as Cinder pulls her partner off the mat...

[But as Cinder turns to lay the badmouth on Cristol again, she gives a glimmer of opportunity for June who SMASHES her head into Cinder's, staggering the Scot for a moment...

...before she LUNGES forward with a Glasgow Kiss of her own, knocking June back down to the mat as Cinder falls on top of her!]

SA: The headbutt lays her out - ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! TH-

[But June lifts the shoulder, avoiding the three count again as Cinder gets up, getting up in Shari Miranda's face in a huff!]

SA: Cinder letting the referee hear it, she thought it was three and-

[Cinder is all over the official, backing her across the ring as June tries to crawl across the ring again...]

SA: -and with Cinder yelling at Shari Miranda, Victoria June is once again making her move!

[Cristol claps her hands, stomps her feet, and gets the crowd chanting again...]

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

[...and as June inches closer, Cinder turns away from the official to see June on her hands and knees, crawling closer to her corner...

...and with a mocking look on her face, Cinder goes and stands near June, clapping her hands...]

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

[The crowd jeers Cinder loudly as she mocks June with her own taunting version of the chant...

...and then wheels around to SMASH a running kick into Cristol, knocking her off the apron!]

SA: OH, COME ON!

[With Cristol down on the floor, Cinder ducks through the ropes to take her spot in the corner, slapping the buckle, clapping her hands...]

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

[...and with Cinder "cheering" June towards the corner, the unaware Afro Punk stretches up...]

CP: TAG! TAG! SHE GOT THE TAG!

SA: Colt Patterson, I can't believe you!

[Cinder rushes into the ring, pumping her arms and fist, highstepping around the ring as the crowd jeers even louder...

...and then yanks June off the mat, hooking a front facelock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SPIKES her with a vicious DDT!]

SA: OHHHH! RIGHT DOWN ON TOP OF HER SKULL!

[Cinder throws her arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before diving onto June, the referee mirroring the dive to count once... twice...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts as a pissed-off Kayla Cristol YANKS Cinder off her friend, pulling her right out to the floor where she starts hammering her with right hands!]

SA: SHE'S GOT HER! CRISTOL FIRING RIGHTS AND LEFTS ON CINDER!

[Grabbing Cinder by the arm, Cristol wheels her around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and FIRES her into the ringside barricade! Cristol pumps a fist triumphantly as the referee shouts at her from inside the ring...

...and with the referee looking to the floor, Harley Hamilton again slips in to grab June by the arm, dragging her back to the Seductive and Destructive corner.]

SA: Get her out of there, Shari!

[But Miranda still has her focus on Kayla Cristol when Hamilton pulls June up, hooking a suplex...]

SA: Hamilton going after June behind the official's back and-

[...but before Hamilton can lift, a desperate June beats her to it, getting Hamilton in the air and DROPPING her gutfirst across the top rope to a HUGE ROAR!]

SA: -SHE HANGS HARLEY OUT TO DRYYYYYYY!

[Hamilton bounces off the ropes, falling the floor as June turns, staggers, falling to her hands and knees again...

...and this time, with the crowd chanting for her, it's Kayla Cristol who is waiting eagerly...]

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

[...but before June can get there, Cinder rolls into the ring, grabbing her by the injured ankle, hanging on for dear life...]

SA: CINDER CUTS HER OFF... BUT LOOK HOW CLOSE SHE IS! INCHES AWAY! FINGERTIPS AWAY FROM MAKING THE...

[...and June rolls to her back, pulling back her legs and PUSHING Cinder off, sending her halfway across the ring before...]

SA: ...TAAAAAAAAAAG!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Cristol comes slingshotting over the ropes to join the action FINALLY! She catches an incoming Cinder with a series of stiff jabs before a big swinging uppercut sends her flying through the air and down to the mat!]

SA: The Pistol opens fire on the champions of the world!

[Cristol wheels around in time to catch an incoming Hamilton with a running back elbow, knocking her off her feet...]

SA: Down goes Hamilton as well!

[...and as Cinder comes back up, Cristol takes to the sky, throwing a dropkick that knocks her back down!]

SA: Kayla Cristol's been eagerly waiting for that tag for so long and now she's exploding all over the ring, taking out all that frustration on Hamilton and Cinder!

[Cristol wheels around, spotting the rising Hamilton who rushes her... ducking down as Cristol throws a clothesline, bouncing off the far ropes as Cristol spins back the other way, winding up again...]

SA: BOOOOOOOOM GOES THE CANNON!

[...and connects with a Texas-sized lariat that flips Hamilton inside out, dumping her on the canvas!]

SA: KAYLA CRISTOL AUDITIONING TO TEAM WITH THE LARIATOS RIGHT THERE AND HAMILTON GOT ROCKED!

[Hamilton rolls to the apron as Cinder comes back into the mix, catching a right hand to the jaw that sends her falling backwards. Cristol runs to the corner, hopping to the middle rope and giving a whoop as Cinder staggers towards her...]

SA: CRISTOL OFF THE ROPES!

[...and catches her on the way over, bringing her down with a somersault neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THE BACK OF CINDER'S HEAD HITS THE CANVAS!

[Cristol throws a look to the corner where her partner is still laid out on her face on the apron... and then turns back to the battle at hand, catching the incoming and staggered Hamilton with a series of right hand jabs, lifting her into a fireman's carry... and going into a spin!]

SA: AIRPLANE SPIN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

[After a half dozen rotations, she dumps Hamilton off her shoulders, rushing across the ring towards a rising Cinder in the corner...]

SA: CLOTHESLINE ON CINDER!

[Hamilton pulls her way up off the mat, staggering to the opposite corner where Cristol hits her with a running clothesline as well!]

SA: The champions are reeling under this sudden onslaught by the Pistol!

CP: Harley and Cinder gotta cut off this momentum and they gotta do it quick!

SA: It's Cinder who is legal but Cristol is focused on Hamilton right now, lifting her up top...

[Cristol pulls Hamilton down by the hair, smashing her with a pair of right hands before climbing to the second rope, pulling the second generation star into position for a superplex...]

SA: Cristol's going for it! She's got her hooked and... what's Cinder doing?!

[Staggering across the ring, the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner ducks under, lifting Cristol onto her shoulders and stumbling backwards in an electric chair...]

SA: Uh oh! Cinder pulls her down, up on the shoulders...

[Hamilton steps up top, swinging her arms back as Cinder gets into position, Cristol firing right hands down into Cinder's head...]

SA: HAMILTON UP TOP! GOING TO FLY!

[...and as Hamilton leaps, Cristol leans forward, pushing her momentum downwards...

...which causes Hamilton to soar over her own partner, crashing facefirst down on the canvas as Cristol drags Cinder into a Victory Roll!]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...NOOOOOOOO! CINDER JUST BARELY KICKS OUT IN TIIIIIME! What a battle, Colt!

CP: These four are leaving nothing in the locker room. This is a fight for the gold, baby!

[Cristol comes up off the mat, burying her face in her hands as Miranda holds up two fingers...]

SA: Kayla Cristol thought she had it won right there for her team but she comes up a little bit short...

[Cinder comes up to her feet as well, charging at Cristol, hoping to catch her before she re-establishes focus on her...

...but Cristol ducks down, lifting her up in a fireman's carry.]

SA: Another airplane spin?!

[The world will never know as a desperate Harley Hamilton pushes off the mat and DRILLS Cristol with an uppercut, knocking her momentum backwards as Cristol SNAPS her over into a devastating crucifix driver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CINDER HANGING ON! THIS COULD BE IT!

[Cinder hangs on as the official dives to the mat to count!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BARELY! JUST BARELY, CRISTOL GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

[Cristol is shaken up after the big move though as Hamilton drags herself out to the apron, barely able to pull herself to her feet as Cinder marches towards her, slapping the hand...]

SA: The champs make the exchange... Hamilton's out on her feet after missing that flying clothesline... that's not something we see from her very often and I think we just saw why.

CP: It was a miscue that could've cost them the match but they're still in this and with June still down, they've STILL got a two on one advantage.

[Hamilton wearily steps in, pulling Cristol off the mat, and lifting her up into a torture rack...]

SA: She calls this Chainsaw Breakfast!

[...and flips Cristol backwards towards her feet as Hamilton swings her leg up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KNEE! TO! FACE!

[And Cristol bounces off the kneestrike into Cinder's waiting arms as she wraps her up in a waistlock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES her down with a released German Suplex, rolling clear as Hamilton pounces on Cristol, wrapping up the leg...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT I- NOOOOOO! CRISTOL KICKS OUT!
Earlier, we saw her partner kicking out over and over and now it's Kayla Cristol who is defying the odds with all these big kickouts to save this title challenge for the Country Punks!

[Crawling off the mat, Hamilton is all over Shari Miranda verbally... and a little bit physically as Miranda gets backed away from the action by a pissed-off Hamilton...]

SA: Hamilton's shouting at the official... but as she does that, Kayla Cristol's on the move!

[Cristol is on all fours, crawling for her life towards the corner where Victoria June is now standing... but with a different expression on her face. Gone is the anger... the rage... the thirst for vengeance.. and in its place is a calm but cold expression as she sticks out her arm towards her crawling partner...]

SA: June's waiting for her, just staring in the ring...

CP: It's like a whole new person out there!

[...and as Cristol nears the corner, Harley Hamilton is warned of it from a shout by Cinder, sending Hamilton charging across to cut her off, smashing a right hand into June's face!]

SA: OHH! Hamilton NAILS her and-

[But Victoria June doesn't budge... almost as if she didn't even feel it.]

SA: -what the...?

[Hamilton looks alarmed at June just staring at her, taking a couple steps back...

...and getting dragged down to the mat by a Kayla Cristol schoolgirl rollup!]

SA: ROLLUP! ROLLUP! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The shocked Hamilton kicks out and kicks out HARD, sending Cristol flying out of the pin attempt...

...and right into the corner where she slaps the hand of her partner!]

SA: TAG!

[June steps through the ropes slowly and confidently, glaring at Hamilton who is on a knee, looking surprised at June's demeanor...]

SA: What in the world is going on here?!

[...and as June advances on the rising Hamilton, Cinder is SCREAMING at Hamilton to attack her!]

SA: Victoria June is stalking Harley Hamilton across the ring... just-

[Hamilton suddenly lunges at her but June ducks under it, coming up swinging with a big spinning backfist that knocks her into a stagger...]

SA: OHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[...and a running lariat that lifts Hamilton off the mat, spinning her inside out before dumping her on the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Cinder looks shocked at the sudden show of offense from June but comes charging in nonetheless, looking to take advantage of the distraction of June staring down on Hamilton...

...but the Afro Punk wheels to catch her coming in, hooking her...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: EXPLODER SUPLEX! RIGHT INTO THE TURNBUCKLES!

[The impact of the suplex into the corner sends Cinder rolling to the outside of the ring as June gets off the mat, watching her go...

...which allows a rising Harley Hamilton to try to sneak up on her, charging hard...]

SA: HERE COMES HAMILTON!

[...and June whips around, ducking to lift her up across the chest...]

SA: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM ON THE W-

[...but Hamilton slips out, snatching an inverted facelock...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: She calls that the Non-Pareil DDT! June gets flattened!

[And Hamilton slumps backwards, flattening out on the mat as well as the crowd ROARS for the wild action they're seeing...]

SA: Both women down! The crowd in Dodger Stadium, 60,000 strong are on their feet for this tremendous battle over the Women's World Tag Team Titles!

[...and with Cinder on the floor and Cristol in the corner, the crowd starts chanting once more...]

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

[...and both women on the mat start to stir, the referee circling, waving for the battle to continue...]

SA: June and Hamilton starting to get up off the mat... look at Kayla Cristol, on the second rope, keeping this crowd going, encouraging them to inspire her friend and partner to her feet! The Afro Punk is rising, Colt!

CP: But she ain't the only one! Harley Hamilton's getting up as well - this one's not over yet!

[...and in fact, it's Hamilton who is the first to her feet, June struggling up a moment later, still with the same calm and cold expression on her face as Hamilton lunges at her...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES a big forearm into the jaw, causing June to stagger under the impact before winding up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a big haymaker that rocks Hamilton, nearly taking her off her feet as she sinks to a knee before rising anew...]

SA: Back and forth they go, trading heavy shots in the middle of the ring... for Hamilton, it's the forearm to the jaw... for the Afro Punk, it's a knuckle sandwich to the mouth... back and forth... back and forth... the crowd living and dying with each shot!

[...and June suddenly heats up, landing a big blow... and another... and another, Hamilton backpedaling all the while...]

...until she suddenly reaches out, jabbing a finger into the eye!]

SA: OH! CHEAP SHOT BY HAMILTON!

CP: No amount of punches beats a Greco-Roman thumb to the eye, jack!

[And with June momentarily blinded, Hamilton grabs the arm, looking to whip her to the champions' corner...

...but June holds her ground, shaking her head at a surprised Hamilton to a ROAR from the crowd before the Afro Punk sends her flying back the other way with the whip, crashing into the challengers' corner!]

SA: Hamilton hits the buckles... Cristol's still up on the second rope!

[Cristol ignores the protesting referee, stepping to the top, planting her shin on the back of Hamilton's head...

...and rides her straight DOWN into the canvas!]

SA: BOGGY CREEK BUSTERRRRRRRR!

[Cristol pops up, pumping a fist triumphantly, shouting "THAT'S WHAT YOU GET!" before the referee forces her out of the ring. June is standing over Hamilton, staring down at her...

...when suddenly, she has her legs ripped out from under her by Cinder who drags her under the ropes to the outside!]

SA: Cinder trying to save the titles!

[June and Cinder are trading shots on the outside...

...when Kayla Cristol comes SOARING off the ring apron, diving onto a surprised Cinder with a flying clothesline to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

SA: CRISTOL TAKES OUT CINDER! OHHHH YEAH!

[June turns away from her partner pummeling Cinder on the floor, sliding back into the ring, watching and waiting for Harley Hamilton to stir off the canvas...]

SA: June's right there waiting for Hamilton to get up! Harley Hamilton is trying to get up off the mat after getting dropped with the Boggy Creek Buster... and you can feel it in the air, Colt! The titles may be about to change hands!

"THIRTY MINUTES GONE BY! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

SA: The halfway point in the time limit has come and gone - halfway home here in Los Angeles - but I'm not sure it's gonna matter! Hamilton is rising! Hamilton is getting to her feet! Cinder's down and out... Cristol on the outside with her... but Victoria June, the Afro Punk is waiting and...

[As Hamilton struggles to her feet, she wobbles in a circle towards a waiting Victoria June who lifts her up, holding her across the chest...

...but Hamilton elbows out of it, breaking free of June's grasp!]

SA: No! Hamilton is loose!

[The second generation star rushes to the ropes, leaping to the second...

...blindly leaping off with a twist, turning into a crossbody on the approaching June...]

SA: CAUGHT! CAUGHT! CAUGHT!

[...and with the Dodger Stadium crowd ROARING, June holds Hamilton across her chest for a moment, standing near the ropes with her on the catch...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...before DRIVING her down with a thunderous ring-shaking front powerslam!]

SA: SLAAAAAAAAM! JUNE COVERS!

[The referee dives down, the crowd counting along...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: SHE GOT HER! SHE GOT HER! VICTORIA JUNE GETS HER PAYBACK AND THE PUNKS WIN THE TAG TEAM TITLES IN THE PROCESS!

CP: Wait, wait, wait!

[June pops to her feet, light in her eyes suddenly once more as she jumps up and down, thrusting her arms into the air...

...and not noticing the referee frantically waving her arms, pointing down at Hamilton...]

CP: She got her foot on the ropes!

SA: WHAAAAAT?!

CP: Harley Hamilton's got her foot on the bottom rope! Look! Look!

[The referee grabs at her own hair, wrecked over her mistake for a moment as she tries to calm June down, trying to explain what happened as the crowd starts to deflate, jeering the referee...]

CP: This one's not over yet!

SA: The bell rang! We saw the three count... but it looks like Colt Patterson is correct, fans... the referee says the match must continue! The referee says Harley Hamilton - somehow, somehow - got her foot on the bottom rope in the nick of time to save the match AND their titles!

CP: And somewhere in the locker room, Casey Cash, the Thompsons... they're all breathing a sigh of relief.

SA: It may be too soon for that! Victoria June can't believe it! She thought she'd won it... she thought we had new champions... Kayla Cristol is beside herself on the outside as well...

[The referee turns away from June to the timekeeper, explaining what happened as June buries her face in her hands...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Cinder strikes on the outside, driving Cristol into the ringpost from behind! June turns towards the sound, making her move towards Cinder, leaning through the ropes to grab her by the hair...

...but Cinder reaches up, digging her sharp fingernails into the eyes of June who wails in pain...]

SA: TO THE EYES! TO THE EYES!

[...and Cinder shoves June backwards, stumbling blindly back into the ring where Harley Hamilton buries a boot into her midsection, snatching a double underhook...]

SA: Wait a second!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES June's skull into the canvas with a familiar-looking double arm DDT!]

SA: THE BROKEN SKULL DDT! BORROWED FROM THEIR FALLEN COMRADE, KELLY KOWALSKI!

[Hamilton flips over, snatching both legs, rolling her up tightly as the referee - who whipped around at the sound of the impact - dives to the mat to count...]

SA: No, no... not like this!

[...slapping the canvas once... twice...]

SA: Come on!

[...and a final time, the crowd ROARS with disapproval at the final count.]

CP: They got her! They did it! Seductive and Destructive retains the titles!

[Hamilton rolls off June, shoving her legs away with disdain as she throws her arms up into the air. A gleeful Cinder snatches up the title belts off the timekeeper's table, rolling into the ring and diving into a golden embrace with her friend on the canvas!]

SA: I can't... they had it won! The Country Punks had the titles won!

CP: Not according to the record book! The record book says Harley Hamilton pinned Victoria June in the center of the ring with the Broken Skull DDT and that Seductive and Destructive will continue their reign as the AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions! Yeah!

SA: Victoria June and Kayla Cristol... they're going to be heartbroken over this, Colt. Simply heartbroken. June had the match won with that powerslam... she'd gotten her vengeance on Hamilton and Cinder... and suddenly, in the blink of an eye, the whole thing got pulled out from under her.

CP: Yeah, but I can't help but wonder if this match would've gone differently if it wasn't June's quest for vengeance overpowering her desire to win the titles, Big Sal. I think that powerslam was the FIRST time June attempted a pin in the entire match!

SA: That can't be right - can it?

CP: In my opinion, June's fury lit the fire for the team here tonight... but it also burned the whole team down around her.

SA: And look at Hamilton and Cinder, getting the heck out of town as quickly as they can... they'll be in the Rumble later tonight as well but... what a bad break for June and Cristol.

[June sits up on the mat, a look of disbelief on her face as the crowd applauds her and Cristol's efforts. She looks down the ramp, watching Hamilton and Cinder be greeted by Casey Cash and the Thompsons at the top of the aisle, celebrating the title win...

...and June smashes a fist into the canvas as we fade to black.

We open to a plain white room, and a smiling Michelle Bailey, who has changed out her glasses for safety goggles. She is identified with a graphic, reading "Michelle Bailey - Expert Consultant".]

MB: Hello, and welcome to the AWA Technologies testing lab! When the team here, in collaboration with 2K Games, asked me to tell you at home about

the upcoming AWA 2K18, I was faced with a dilemma. I hardly know anything about video games!

[We cut to Michelle holding a Sega Genesis controller, surrounded by smart-looking people in labcoats, with the sounds of Toejam and Earl playing in the background. She looks up with a shrug, saying "this is the only game I know how to play". We then cut back to Michelle in the white room with a slight frown.]

MB: So obviously, we needed to call in a pro to help me.

[We pan back to see Kimmy Bailey holding a controller. She is identified with a graphic as well, reading "Kimmy Bailey - Video Game Genius".]

KB: Mama, you ain't gonna believe what they've done with this game! I thought last year's was somethin'...

[Kimmy lets out a low whistle.]

KB: But take a look at this!

[Kimmy presses a button, and the room transforms into a digital representation of the Saturday Night Wrestling arena packed with fans, with the mother and daughter standing inside of a ring, Michelle looking around in confusion.]

KB: Have you ever wanted to play through the storied career of Juan Vasquez?

[Michelle tilts her head.]

MB: But I was there for most of it...

[Kimmy ignores her mother.]

KB: With the new Showcase mode, you can!

[Kimmy presses a button, and her outfit changes to a replica of Juan Vasquez's, along with an AWA 2K18 T-shirt. Michelle looks on in surprise as Kimmy flexes.]

KB: You can take on practically everyone my daddy's faced! You can even play as the West Memphis Assassin!

[Kimmy presses another button, and the West Memphis Assassin's mask covers her face. We hear snarling in the background, as the camera pans to see digital representations of all the big opponents in Juan Vasquez's past - among them, Stevie Scott, Calisto Dufresne, Luke Kinsey, Shane Destiny, and Ryan Martinez - with a digital version of Raphael Rhodes standing in front of them. Michelle gets a worried look in her eyes.]

MB: You have to face all of them?!

[Suddenly, from the side, Juan Vasquez steps beside Kimmy, shaking his head.]

JV: I think you better let me handle this one. Hold down the left trigger and hit X.

KB: Sure thing, Daddy!

[Kimmy does so and Juan transforms into a digital version of himself, charging into a fight against all his famed foes. Michelle looks on in amazement as Kimmy holds up the controller.]

KB: That ain't all! If you want to be in control of the AWA, just put yourself in Maxim Zharkov's shoes with the new Galaxy Mode!

[Kimmy presses another button, and her outfit turns into a button down and slacks, pencil behind her ear, holding a clipboard in one hand and the controller in the other. The arena also repeatedly transforms, from Showtime, to Memorial Day Mayhem, to Power Hour, to the Crockett Coliseum, to SuperClash.]

MB: You mean I can make the matches?

KB: Of course, Mama! There's over 150 stars from the AWA's past and present, plus more than 25 different arenas to choose from, with over 20 different match types from your basic singles match to War Games! You can even make E-Girl MAX fight themselves!

[We pan to the other side, where Harley Hamilton, Cinder, and Casey Cash stand, glaring.]

HH: That'll never happen!

KB: Oh yeah?

[Kimmy holds down the right trigger and presses B, and all three turn into digital representations of themselves, with digital Casey wearing a referee shirt.]

KB: Oh, and there's a new special referee mode, too! Now get to work, you three!

[As the digital versions of EGM loudly complain, we see Maxim Zharkov himself enter the frame.]

MZ: I think you might want to let me handle this.

KB: Oh! Sure, Interim Boss!

[Kimmy hands Zharkov the pencil and clipboard, and he turns into a digital representation of himself, walking towards the fussing digital EGM as we close back in to Michelle and Kimmy.]

KB: And if that many stars ain't enough for you, they beefed up the creation suite to make as many as your hard drive can hold, or even modify the existing roster!

MB: Baby, don't...

[Kimmy holds down the left and right bumpers, pressing A, and turns Michelle into a digital version of herself. The camera whips around to see a seven foot tall version of Ayako Fujiwara, eyes glowing with a heavenly light, as Molly Bell happily purrs beside her. The digital Michelle looks across the ring in horror.]

MB: Reset the game right now, young lady!

[Kimmy pouts.]

KB: All right, fine. Sheesh. She was on your side.

[Kimmy presses the home button, as Michelle turns back to normal, and we're back in the white room. Michelle puts her hand to her chest, gasping.]

KB: And you can even take AWA action with you on the go!

[A Nintendo Switch is thrown into the frame, as Kimmy catches it without looking.]

KB: We got a version of AWA 2K18 on the Switch!

[And an iPhone gets thrown into the frame, again with Kimmy catching the device without effort.]

KB: Plus exclusive iOS and iPadOS versions!

[Michelle puts her hands on her hips with a sigh.]

MB: I'm really glad I asked you.

KB: Sure thing, Mama! That's AWA 2K18, coming this fall to practically everywhere! PlayStation, Xbox, Switch, Apple mobile devices, Windows, and Mac!

[Kimmy narrows her eyes.]

KB: But not Android, bless their hearts.

[We cut to the AWA 2K18 logo, and logos of the platforms underneath...

...and we fade back up on the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing by!]

SLB: What a fight! What a battle! Seductive and Destructive retain the World Tag Team Titles though and... my oh my, what a night it's already been here in Los Angeles and we still have so much more to come! In just a few moments, we'll be heading back out to the ring for our third title match of the night when Jordan Ohara defends the National Title against the 2018 Royal Crown winner Sid Osborne in a No Disqualification match that's sure to be a wild one! And speaking of wild ones, how about that commercial we just saw for the new AWA 2K18 video game coming this fall! I know the Baileys had a lot of fun filming the commercial and I just had a blast watching it! Both of the Baileys, of course, are slated to be in the Rumble later tonight... and since our opening match tonight, I've been trying to get work with the medical team to find out if Michelle Bailey will be able to compete. That knee went through a lot in her Women's World Title challenge and from the limp she had when she walked by me earlier...

[He shakes his head.]

SLB: I'm not so sure she's gonna make it... and that goes for the Afro Punk, Victoria June, as well. Her ankle was absolutely tormented just a little while ago by Cinder and Harley Hamilton... and it remains to be seen if she'll be able to compete later tonight. We'll update you on both of those situations as soon as we know more about...

[Blackwell trails off... a surprised look on his face as a familiar face to AWA fans walks nonchalantly onto the scene.]

SLB: Jason?!

[It is indeed former AWA announcer/interviewer Jason Dane!]

SLB: Aren't you a sight for sore eyes!

[Dane is dressed in a stylish black suit with a black dress shirt and a bright white tie. He's also moving with a bit of a limp, carrying a black cane with a crystal top - the crystal has an unusual look to it, jagged lines spiderwebbing it... and somehow giving off a deep crimson tint. Dane smiles at Blackwell, nodding.]

JD: Hello, Lou. Good to see you.

[Blackwell looks at Dane... then at the camera.]

SLB: You know, I'd love to sit down and catch up, Jason but... we're live, pal!

[Dane turns towards the camera for the first time, almost as if he's just noticing it.]

JD: So we are. Quite the job you've got for yourself here these days, Lou.
Backstage interviewer. What do they call you? The AWA's resident
scoopster?

[Blackwell beams with a prize.]

JD: Nice work if you can get it, huh?

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Best job on Earth.

[Dane leans closer, tapping the cane on Blackwell's chest.]

JD: I can agree from personal experience.

[Blackwell's face shifts, looking suddenly uncomfortable.]

SLB: Well, I... thanks for stop-

[Dane cuts him off.]

JD: Have you seen my sister around?

[Blackwell slowly nods.]

SLB: The owners have an office... right down that way...

[He gestures off-camera as Dane nods.]

JD: Of course they do. Thanks, Lou... I'll see you soon.

[And he saunters off in the direction that Lou gestured. Blackwell watches for a moment before shaking it off, turning back to the camera.]

SLB: I apologize for that, fans. You just never know what'll happen backstage at an AWA event and-

[Seen walking through the backstage area are one half of Generation Lost, the duo of Jayden Jericho and Justin Gaines. Jericho is listening intently to his cell phone, as Gaines glares at the surrounding backstage environment in general. The two continue to walk as Blackwell follows along. We listen in.]

JJ: Bro, chill... what's up now?

[The reply is muffled but seems a little distressed.]

JJ: Hunting you? Carver is hunting you? Hunting you like IT or like Get Out?

[The reply again is not audible as Jericho smirks.]

JJ: Okay, okay... yes, I'm taking it serious.

[He gives a light backhand to Justin Gaines' chest.]

JJ: We're both taking it seriously... but this seems manageable. We'll come find you though.

[Jericho nods.]

JJ: Yeah, before Carver does... of course, no need to be extra.

[Jericho pulls the phone away and presses "end call." Justin Gaines furrows his brow.]

JG: Um... what was that about?

JJ: Carver being a Gen Lost stan... what else? Seems like he's hunting Chet and Chaz... whatever that means. They seem anxious.

[Gaines nods thoughtfully.]

JG. Huh. Hunted? Like he's got a crossbow?

[Jericho throws his hands up.]

JJ: You think he's got a crossbow?! They didn't say anything about a crossbow.

JG: Jeez! NO! I don't think he's got a crossbow!

[Jericho sighs deeply.]

JG: I don't think he's got anything but his two bare hands, an anger management problem, and that ten cent brain. If he wants to come find us, great. It only speeds up the inevitable, which is...

[A ding sound is heard — incoming text.]

JJ: Bet, alright hold up...

[Jericho looks at his phone screen.]

JG: [looking at Jericho's phone over his shoulder] Zharkov wants to see--

JJ: Zharkov wants to see me. Says to come alone.

JG: I know. Go. Go see Zharkov. I got this.

[He pauses.]

JG: WE got this.

[Gaines nods and pats Jericho on the back. Jericho heads off as Sweet Lou Blackwell, who has been following along, stops off.]

SLB: Justin Gaines, you've got Hannibal Carver supposedly hunting Generation Lost throughout this building. Are you concerned the element of surprise might now be in the other pocket?

[Gaines smirks.]

JG: Concerned? About Carver? What I'm concerned about is that there's not enough Hannibal Carver to go around between the four of us. Any single one of us can take that guy out. We know he ain't got too many friends, and particularly none that are able to help him tonight. So what's he got that's gonna do him any good? I mean, look, Lou. We are not the fat kid at Chuck E. Cheese. Our eyes are not bigger than our stomachs. We don't bite off more than we can chew. When we chew, we swallow, but we don't swallow no fear. And we absolutely don't wait around to be hunted. We hunt.

[Blackwell mutters under his breath.]

SLB: Doesn't seem that way tonight.

[Gaines puts a hand solidly on Blackwell's shoulder, causing the interviewer to grimace.]

JG: Doesn't it? The fact is, we've been hunting Hannibal Carver this entire time and at this point in the game, he's wounded prey. So if he wants to get finished off tonight? That's fine by us because we are just here to make our mark, get the attention we deserve, and finally stop taking the back seat.

We are Generation Lost.

These are my boys, this is my gang, and TONIGHT is when we cannibalize... Hannibal.

[Gaines skulks off as Blackwell is left to consider the implications...

...and the "ACCESS 365" logo flashes across the screen as we find ourselves backstage where several members of the AWA medical staff are tending to Brian James, taping ice packs to his likely broken wrist. The loud roar of the Engine of Destruction cuts through the chatter.]

BJ: Tell me how they are!

[The camera cuts to Dr. Ponavitch who is standing in front of the Son of the Blackheart.]

DP: You don't need to worry about your friends right now. Worry about yourself. You need to get in that ambulance so we can take you for X-Rays, and a cast.

BJ: I'm not going anywhere until you tell me how they are! I need to know that Hunter and Rage are okay...

[As Dr. Ponavitch lets out a frustrated sigh, someone else steps into the scene.]

"Listen to Dr. Ponavitch, he's got your best interest in mind."

[The speaker is none other than Ryan Martinez, who looks like he's come straight here from his victory over Derrick Williams. The White Knight is still in his ring gear, and soaked in sweat.]

BJ: You better keep moving. You're not the Martinez I want to smash... but you'll do.

[Martinez holds up his hands.]

RM: I know you don't want to see me, and I know you don't want to leave, but I've got something to say, and you don't have much of a choice when it comes to listening.

[James grimaces in resignation.]

BJ: Spit it out then...

[The AWA's White Knight nods.]

RM: You lost tonight, and not just lost, but you're hurt. And you're going to have to take it easy, which I know isn't exactly your specialty, big man. But I want you to hear what I'm about to say.

This is where it starts.

Right now, you're where I was when Supreme Wright turned on me in the Cibernetico. You're where I was when Juan laid me out and damn near broke my neck. You're where I was so many times...

So believe me when I say this to you, Brian.

Everything you're feeling right now. That anger? That frustration.

[Martinez pauses.]

RM: That shame that comes from letting people down?

Use it.

That's your fuel, Brian. That's what takes you past being framed, past almost losing your job. Past losing tonight.

You keep that here...

[Martinez pokes his finger against James' temple. James tries to swat his hand away and grimaces, biting down HARD as pain shoots through his injured hand and wrist. Martinez sighs, shaking his head.]

RM: And here...

[Martinez points to James' heart.]

RM: And when that heals?

[Martinez points to James' wrist.]

RM: You come back, and you come back better.

And don't you forget this – you lost tonight. But you also built an army out of people that no one thought would ever stand beside you. You proved people wrong. And Hunter and Rage aren't going to forget that.

Neither am I.

You lost tonight, but one battle isn't the war.

And this war isn't over.

[Martinez lets that sit for a moment as James actually does seem to calm down a little.]

RM: So you get your X-ray, you get your cast, and you come back here and you put that fist through the heart of everyone who ever counted you out.

I'll be watching.

[James looks thoughtfully at Martinez.]

BJ: Well...

[James shakes his head.]

BJ: I guess I've got an emergency room to get to.

But I still expect one of you to get word to me.

To tell me how my people are.

[A voice calls out from off-camera - a loud, boisterous, bellowing voice.]

"WHERE IS HE? OUTTA MY WAY! WHERE IS HE?"

[Martinez smirks.]

RM: Sounds like our mutual friend is here to tell you himself.

[The door swings open to reveal the wild-eyed Shadoe Rage, a grimace on his face and a hobble to his step as he walks into the room still in his ring gear, trailed by Jackson Hunter who looks worse for wear and has re-armed himself with his signature shovel. Rage goes to James immediately, gripping the Engine of Destruction's uninjured arm.]

SR: You're good, brother. KAMS will pay for this. This I vow!

[Rage turns his wild gaze to Martinez.]

SR: Thanks for staying with our man.

[Martinez nods his head and looks from Rage to James and back again.]

RM: Of course.

"Your man..."

[Martinez turns back to James.]

RM: See what I told you?

[Rage turns back to Brian James, shaking his head.]

SR: I don't know what he told you...

[Rage shrugs.]

SR: ...but he's usually right... and remember this feeling right now... 'cause the next time we line up with KAMS we're going to smash their faces off. I can't wait, man!

[Martinez sees Hunter propping himself up on his shovel. Hunter sees he's being eyed up and holds the implement behind his back and puts an innocent look on his face.]

RM: Hunter... haven't been this close to you since you smashed my face into the Woodshed. I hope that isn't meant for me.

[Hunter smirks, shifting the shovel to his off-hand.]

JH: Not you, but, well... proximity to Derrick Williams... and when Derrick Williams is around, I become the Future Shock lodestone...

[The sound of Ponovitch's voice in the background breaks the tension as he walks back into view, the Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov walking with him this time.]

MZ: So, you would say...?

[Ponavitch shakes his head.]

DP: This is bad. Really bad. I've never seen a wrist injury like this... he's going under the knife for sure. I've gotta get him out of here though to get checked out...

[Ponavitch waves for someone to grab the stretcher but James shakes his head.]

BJ: It's my wrist they messed up... not my legs. I can walk on my own.

[Ponavitch nods as James climbs off the gurney, grimacing with each movement as he starts to exit.]

MZ: Rest easy, Mr. James. We will settle this when you return.

[James nods, starting to leave the work with the Doctor. Hunter and Rage - as if on instinct - begin to follow him until James turns around, shaking his head.]

BJ: You stay here.

[James and Ponavitch exit the room, leaving the Interim President as he slowly turns to survey the room...

...and locks his eyes on his former advisor nearby.]

MZ: Comrades Rage... and Martinez... could I have a private word with this individual?

[Rage taps Martinez on the chest and gestures towards the exit. The two wrestlers leave Hunter and Zharkov to stare face to face.]

JH: ...oh, as if this evening couldn't get any worse...

[Zharkov ignores the little jab as he steps closer, Hunter backing into a wall with a clatter as metal shovel hits wall.]

MZ: All those holes you dug for others... your friends seem to keep falling in them, don't they?

[Hunter doesn't seem to have an answer as Zharkov tucks his pencil behind his ear and walks off...

...and we fade back to live action from the ACCESS footage, we get another overhead drone shot... but not of the field this time but rather the parking lot...

...and then cut to a ground level shot from somewhere near the stadium, looking out as the twilight California sun slashes golden lines across the cracked concrete of Dodger Stadium's parking lot. The heat rises visibly from the asphalt, thick and almost alive.

The low rumble of a 2018 Dodge Charger Hellcat grows louder in the background until a matte black beast of a car pulls into frame, engine snarling like a caged animal. Sal's voice cuts in over the shot.]

SA: Listen to that sweet, sweet growl of American muscle!

[The car is still rumbling as the camera sweeps over and around it.]

SA: In the day, we sweat it out on the streets of a runaway American dream. At night, we ride through the mansions of glory in suicide machines. Sprung from cages on Highway 9 - chrome wheeled, fuel injected, and steppin' out over the line... OHHHHHH!

CP: You're such a geek.

[Sal chuckles as we close in on the driver's door as it swings open. Out steps Lauryn Rage - all sharp angles, attitude, and bad intentions. She's wearing black leather hot pants that gleam under the low sun, thick combat boots that hammer the pavement with each step, and a Nike sleeveless hoodie thrown over a fitted black Fenty x Savage sports top.

The hood of the hoodie is pulled back, showing off Lauryn's tight, razor-clean low Caesar cut. Amber-lensed aviators mask her bright, piercing gaze. A battered, no-frills black duffel is slung casually over her shoulder.

And her walk as she walks across the parking lot towards the stadium?

Cold. Coiled. Methodical.

With every step, the confident sashay in her stride is matched only by the undeniable power she exudes. There's both unmistakable strength and allure in her movement, the weight of the muscle and the sway of her natural curves accentuating each stride. It's a rhythm that demands attention.]

CP: Lauryn Rage doesn't just walk into a building, Sal - she CLAIMS it. That's how her father walked into arenas. That's how her sisters walked into arenas. That's how her brothers walked into arenas. And this is how Lauryn Rage walks into HISTORY.

SA: A second generation star... born to break records, born to break faces - and if you're in her way tonight in this thirty woman Rumble, well... sister, you better have kissed your mama goodbye!

CP: You're looking at the woman who WON the very first AWA Women's Rumble! The woman who made history by becoming the very first AWA Women's World Champion!

SA: Featured front and center two nights ago on ESPN's 30 For 30 - AWA: The Birth of the Women's Division! And tonight - TONIGHT - she could make history AGAIN by winning a second Rumble and earn herself that much-treasured shot at the Women's World Title on August 18th - Madison Square

Garden - at Girls To The Front, the first EVER AWA All-Women's supershow... and MSG is where she made history the first time, can you imagine how much she'd love to walk right back into the Mecca of Sports and Entertainment with a chance to do it all again?

[The handheld camera pushes in as Lauryn reaches the competitors' entrance. Lauryn stops. Lowers her amber-lensed aviators slowly, revealing eyes filled with a brewing storm.]

For one perfect, electric beat...

The whole world holds its breath.

Lauryn smirks, her focus unshakable. Her body language speaks louder than any statement could.]

SA: WOOOO! THERE'S A STORM COMIN', FOLKS! AND HER NAME IS LAURYN RAGE! DODGER STADIUM IS ABOUT TO FEEL THE FULL FURY... later tonight!

[And we cut back to the wide shot of the stadium, the crowd buzzing over all they've already seen and in anticipation of what's still to come.]

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. Someone holds up a sign which reads "DAMIAN DESERVES BETTER."]

CP: Here we go, Albano. It's family therapy time!

SA: Stop that!

DEUS

[DeVille steps out from behind the curtain and into the aisle, his face devoid of emotion. His long black hair, shaved at both sides, is pulled and tied back. He's wearing street clothes tonight. black jeans and a sleeveless black leather jacket over a Negura Bunget t-shirt but we can see his arms, a portfolio of dark tattoo work, befitting of a young man who once fronted a black metal band.]

DEUS DIABOLUS INVERSUS

SA: Damian DeVille... the Bad Seed himself... the man we recently learned is the son of one of the all-time greats in our sport... a former World Champion... a King of the Death Match... a Professional Wrestling Hall of Famer, Caleb Temple...

CP: And there's the problem right there, Big Sal! Damian DeVille is walking to the ring and all you're doing is puttin' over his old man! Temple's retired! He's done! This kid's the future right here and you just want to talk about the old days.

SA: That's certainly not my intent... but Caleb Temple is far from "done" when it comes to this young man. In fact, Veronica Westerly stuck her nose into this situation and has promised to deliver Caleb Temple here tonight to address this family drama.

CP: Veronica's got every right to be involved with this, Albano - it's her family too!

SA: I know it is... and the revelation of Damian DeVille's parentage certainly has an impact on her... as well as her daughter Truth Marie who we haven't seen in several weeks now. This isn't a match tonight on Memorial Day Mayhem... but it certainly has all of the intrigue and drama of a big fight feel!

[DeVille stalks down the aisle as the growled, repetitive mantra of the song continues and slips under the bottom rope and into the ring, springing cat-like to his feet. He wastes no time in motioning for the microphone and making the cut-throat gesture to kill the music.]

DD: Enough waiting!

[The crowd roars. The "TEM-PLE" chants are already starting. Damian paces like a caged animal, eyes locked on the stage.]

DD: They keep telling me, "He'll show. He'll come out. He'll be there this time." And every time? NOTHING. Silence. Ghosts.

A "legend" too afraid to face the son he turned his back on.

[DeVille lowers the mic as the fans jeer the shots aimed at the legendary competitor.]

SA: Tough words from this frustrated young man, Colt.

CP: He has a point, though. What happened to the so-called King of the Death Match... Brutality Incarnate... turns out he's nothing but a deadbeat dad.

[DeVille raises the mic again.]

DD: Dad...

[He pauses, shaking his head.]

DD: Caleb Temple... get out here.

Not for me. Not for the buyrate.

For YOU.

Because this - whatever THIS is - doesn't get to end with silence. It ends TONIGHT.

[DeVile lowers the mic as he stands and stares down the aisle, waiting for his father's arrival. He waves a beckoning arm impatiently as the "TEM-
PLE!" chants continue to ring out from 60,000 strong...

...and we cut to a crowd shot that shows a man waving a "WHERE IS
CALEB?!" homemade sign, shouting "YEAAAAAAH! WHERE IS HE?!" as the
camera lands on him...

...and then back to the wide shot as we wait to see what will happen next.]

CP: Where is he, Sal?

SA: I have no-

[After a beat, the video screen flickers to a BIG CHEER...

...but there is no music. No fancy lighting package. No pyro.

Nothing.

DeVile turns towards the ramp, still waiting with a "COME ON!"

SA: Oh... oh, of course.

[The crowd BURSTS into jeers as someone appears on the entrance stage...
but not the someone they were eagerly anticipating. It's the leader of the
Westerly Dynasty - Veronica Westerly herself - who emerges - regal,
venomous, and bathed in smug disdain. She's dressed like the queen of the
underworld, with a mic in one hand and something wicked behind her smile.]

VW: Oh dear Damian. Always screaming into the void, aren't you?

Screaming for a man who never wanted to hear you.

[She smirks down at the ring where the words are obviously landing on an
emotional young man.]

VW: You think Caleb Temple's going to swoop in, call you champ, put an arm
around you and fix all the pieces he shattered? Maybe take you out on the
field for a game of catch after the show?

[She gives a "tsk tsk" at the young man as the crowd jeers.]

VW: News flash, sweetheart. He was barely a father to MY child and I
married the bastard!

[The crowd "oooooooohs" at the verbal harpoon sticking out of Caleb Temple's
side... wherever he is.]

CP: She just couldn't resist, could she?

SA: The Yoko Ono of pro wrestling in the eyes of many - she's been a wedge between father and son for years. Some say she's the reason Caleb walked away from Damian in the first place.

[Damian steps forward, jaw tight.]

DD: You don't get to speak for him. You're not blood. You're a poison pill wrapped in diamonds.

YOU MADE HIM CHOOSE!

[He jabs an accusing finger down the aisle at his wicked stepmother.]

DD: You or me... and he obviously picked you.

[The crowd buzzes over this as Westerly gestures at herself with a "Can you blame him?" off-mic.]

DD: But guess what? I'm still here!

[The crowd surprisingly cheers the young man.]

DD: And he's still watching.

[Suddenly, what lights are visible in the Southern California evening drop, and with just a few bars of a familiar piece of music, the crowd erupts into a frenzy.]

O FORTUNA #
VELUT LUNA #
STATU VARIABILIS

SA: THE NOSTALGIA IS ALIVE AND WELL IN DODGER STADIUM! FOR YEARS, THIS MUSIC HAS BEEN UNDENIABLY IDENTIFIABLE WITH ONE MAN IN THIS BUSINESS! FOR YEARS, THIS MUSIC HAS MEANT THAT AN ICON IS IN OUR MIDST! BUT TONIGHT, THIS MUSIC MEANS A FATHER HAS COME TO SPEAK TO HIS CHILD!

[Caleb Temple walks out slowly. Weathered, iconic, haunted. Dressed in black jeans, hoodie and boots, grey streaks in his once-jet black hair. He stands alongside his estranged wife... but never looks once in her direction, his eyes never leaving his son for a moment...

...and then starts walking down the aisle towards the ring as the gloating Westerly's expression changes to one of barely-constrained rage.]

SA: Caleb Temple has arrived in the City of Angels... ironically some might add... and he's headed for the ring.

CP: The sun is still shining here in Dodger Stadium, Big Sal, but there's a chill in the air after the cold shoulder that Temple just gave Veronica. Didn't even look at her!

[Temple makes his way to the ring in short order, his son stepping back to allow room for his father to scale the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes into the ring to big cheers from the sold out crowd!]

SA: What a moment here in Los Angeles for this legendary former champion, Colt.

CP: Yeah, but it's a shame he can't enjoy it.

SA: Caleb Temple asking for a microphone now...

[As he receives one, he gives it a tap before speaking.]

CT: We don't need to do this here. Come with me. We can talk about it.

[Damian smirks and shakes his head.]

DD: That ship has sailed, Dad. I can call you "Dad," can't I? Sure I can.

[Cut to the top of the aisle where Westerly is smirking... and slowly moving down the ramp as well.]

DD: No, we're not leaving. Not until we get all of the skeletons out of the closet, right in front of your adoring public...

...and your darling daughter, wherever she's hiding.

[The comment seemingly cuts deep, as Caleb winces. He shakes his head in frustration.]

CT: What is it that you want from me, Damian?

Do you want to come home, is that it? Return to your father's house like the prodigal son?

[The Bad Seed glares at him.]

CT: Because THAT was what I wanted all along. When I bailed you out the last time you threw your life away, when you were looking at serious jail time... all I wanted was to bring you home.

[Caleb turns his head and finally looks at the approaching Rhoni.]

CT: But SHE wouldn't allow it.

[The crowd "OHHHHHHHs" as Veronica shrugs in a carefree fashion, still creeping closer to the ring to witness this confrontation. Temple shakes his head, turning back to his son, almost pleading with him.]

CT: I know I made mistakes when you were a kid. God knows I regret every bad decision I made back then. But don't DARE come out here like I didn't step up for you when you needed me, Damian.

I got you clean.

I got you back on your feet.

[DeVille turns his head slightly.]

CT: Kid, I saved your life.

[DeVille looks at his father, and his aggression softens somewhat.]

DD: But you wouldn't give me the one piece of help that I asked you for, would you?

[Temple turns his head.]

SA: What is he talking about, Colt?

CP: No one bothered to clue me in on this soap opera - As The Temples Turn.

[Temple looks at the mat and shakes his head.]

CT: No.

[Westerly is now climbing the ringsteps, bellowing into the ring.]

VW: Go ahead, darling...

[The sarcasm on that last word is dripping.]

VW: ...tell the whole world what your son asked you to do!

[Temple now glares at Veronica. He turns back to his son.]

CT: You wanted me to manage you.

[He throws up his hands.]

CT: You wanted me to train you! To walk that aisle together like it's our destiny!

[Damian nods slowly.]

DD: I still do.

[Temple looks up at the twilight sky as the tension mounts in the crowd.]

CT: No... no, I can't. I won't!

[The crowd reacts with a range of emotions - mostly shock at both the request and the response. The Bad Seed reels like he's been slapped... as Westerly ducks through the ropes, a gloating expression on her face.]

CT: Because you're chasing the same ghost I did, Damian.

The rush. The roar. The...darkness.

[He pauses.]

CT: This business nearly killed me.

Broke my body. Broke my soul.

[He points at DeVille's face.]

CT: I see it in you. The same rage. The same demons. You think having me by your side makes it safer? It won't.

No, I won't drag you down that road.

[There's a moment of silence in the ring as the son absorbs the words of the father... and seems set to respond when Veronica Westerly speaks up.]

VW: I warned you, kid. I warned you that this was a fool's errand. See, Caleb likes to tell the world that he really wasn't that bad of a father. Sure, he ditched you as a kid because he was too busy being rich and famous and a junkie hiding his habit...

[Temple cringes as the crowd "ooooohs."]

VW: ...and sure, he might've pulled some strings to get you out of trouble overseas and "saved your life" but even then, he had an excuse to leave you on your own, didn't he? He said it was my fault.

And it was... in part... because I didn't want your destructive behaviors anywhere near my daughter.

[DeVille winces this time, knowing that maybe... just maybe... Veronica made the right choice.]

VW: But your father didn't fight for you then. Yes, I wouldn't allow it... but he was fine with that decision. Oh, sure... he put up an argument... how cold I was... how uncaring I was... how I didn't understand what you'd been through... but the truth is, Damian... your father has never truly given a damn about you. Not then... not now... not in the future.

And maybe I didn't care about your past either.

But your future...

[She steps closer, tapping a well-manicured red nail on her chin thoughtfully.]

VW: ...that might be a different story.

Because if he won't guide you to glory, Damian...

[She turns slightly, looking right at her estranged husband.]

VW: ...maybe I will!

[The crowd reacts with shock as Caleb Temple's face goes cold, burning a glare into his wife.]

VW: You've walked a road to hell and back to get where you are, Damian... and it's made you stronger for it. You got here not on his name... but on your own. His refusal to be there for you has made you a tougher, better man... and a superstar just waiting to be let loose on the world.

You're right, Damian. You DO need someone in your corner to get you to where you want to be.

You just picked the wrong monster.

[Westerly's offer seems to have shocked Damian DeVille AND the 60,000 fans on hand... but infuriated Caleb Temple...]

CT: Don't you dare.

[Temple turns to his estranged wife and his voice drops an octave - thunderous, cold.]

CT: You ruined me once. You want to ruin him too? He's my son.

[Westerly sneers.]

VW: Funny. You only seem to remember that when the cameras are rolling.

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Temple takes a step towards her but she stays with her head held up, not budging an inch.]

CT: You're not a mentor. You're a parasite who has had to latch onto someone for over twenty years to stay relevant in this business.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Westerly's eyes flash towards her husband.]

CT: Your father would be embarrassed that you carry his name.

[And that does it as Veronica's face twists with fury.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Westerly delivers a hard slap across the face, Temple's head snapping to the side before she SPIKES her mic into the mat, storming out of the ring, marching up the aisle with fire in her eyes. Damian DeVille stands frozen, watching as his father reaches up to place a hand on his slapped cheek...

...and then slowly turns to look at his son.]

DD: Go.

Just go.

You always go after her. Every time. And every time... you leave me behind.

[Caleb Temple looks pained at his son's words...

...yet proves him right as he turns and exits the ring, following after Veronica up the aisle as Damian DeVille stands alone. His jaw clenches as the fans react... a solidly mixed reaction... some boos... some stunned silence... even some cheers - perhaps with a mix of sympathy for the young man. He watches his father depart for several seconds before he drops the mic...

...and his expression shifts. No longer the angry son. Now... a storm waiting to be unleashed.]

SA: Damian DeVille came here tonight looking for a father. He might have just found his own path to war instead.

CP: He just got left behind again. But something tells me... this is the last time.

[The camera fades on Damian staring into the camera, eyes filled with fury — and purpose...

...and we cut to the backstage, where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by.]

SLB: A tough scene to watch out there right then, fans... a family in tatters... but it may also be a tough scene to watch out there in just a little while. We've seen some incredible hard hitting action thus far, but this National Championship match coming up under No Disqualification rules may ultimately be NOT for the faint at heart. And with the man who's about to join me will be-

[Blackwell lets out a sigh and hangs his head in shame. The cause of this walks into view a moment later, as Sid Osborne steps into frame. He's wearing his customary black and white college letter jacket over his black and white singlet... but the cause of Blackwell's dismay rests upon his head, the shards of the destroyed National Championship belt which Osborne has had remade into a crown. Osborne smirks as he loudly and very annoyingly chews gum.]

SO: Why the long face? The bar run out of Bacardi?

SLB: I had really hoped that you'd realize the errors of your ways as far as parading around that remains of the title you desecrated goes.

[Osborne spits out him gum, shock showing on his face.]

SO: Desecrated? I think you mean, "made so much better that the human mind reels at its magnificence."

SLB: I certainly do not mean that.

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: You're really committed to the lie.

SLB: The lie?

[Osborne nods.]

SO: The lie that the National Title has any meaning. I mean sure, it did. Or at least, it had the potential. If Ohara and every dirtbag in the office could admit the truth. The truth that I was the unquestioned National Champion. That I beat that mealy mouthed mama's boy fair and square in the middle of that ring.

SLB: You cheated to get that three count!

[Osborne sneers.]

SO: The ref didn't see it so it never happened. All he saw was his hand hit that mat three times. That is reality. And not all the collective crying of Ohara, Donovan, you and every other sad sack loser can change that.

[Blackwell shakes his head incredulously.]

SLB: If any of that were true, you wouldn't be the challenger in tonight's championship match.

[Osborne rolls his eyes.]

SO: Don't remind me.

[Blackwell shoots Osborne with a confused look.]

SLB: Don't remind you? Ever since that match in question, you've been obsessed with that championship. Even to the point where you smashed it to smithereens!

[Osborne smirks, patting Lou on the head despite Lou's obvious disdain.]

SO: You can't even see the truth when it's right on front of your face. I'm not excited to be fighting for the gold tonight. I'm not trying to make my dreams of being champion come true.

[Lou lets out an exasperated sigh.]

SLB: Then what are you here to do?!

[Osborne scowls.]

SO: I'm here to make everything better. For everyone. You see, there was a time I wanted the glory of having that belt around my waist. But after all the roadblocks thrown in my way by the office and their golden boy... I realized what it is.

It isn't a symbol of excellence.

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: It's a crutch. It's a participation trophy for losers like Ohara that don't have what it takes to get to the top. So they can have a shiny toy that makes them feel like they did something. But don't worry, after tonight... it all goes away.

SLB: Please tell me you aren't planning to smash another championship!

[Osborne grins.]

SO: Oh no. You see, I've learned my lesson. I've seen that none of you brainiacs get a message when it's delivered plainly. No, I'm not going to smash the National Title.

[Osborne nods.]

SO: I'm going to bury it six feet underground.

[Blackwell blinks.]

SLB: W-what?

SO: Winning tonight? It's meaningless. I get to become AWA National Champ?

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: I already AM the National Champion. But once I am in the eyes of Zharkov and every other two faced scumbag in the office, I will make sure you never see that piece of crap again. I will defend it only when my lawyer says I have to. And those times?

[Osborne nods.]

SO: Whether I get myself disqualified, or counted out... that belt is NEVER changing hands again. All these rejects will actually have to be good at their job for once and not strive to be champion of the bathroom break match.

SLB: Are you using this coveted title just to put yourself in position to contend for the World Championship?

[Osborne rears his head back and laughs. For once, it seems like a legitimate laugh.]

SO: Oh man, that's good.

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: I am already more than a champion. Than any champion. I'm the King. That's higher than any of these dorks. Nova? He bows to me. And if some chump beats him? They'll bow to me too.

Tonight everything changes for the better. Everything except one thing.

[Osborne points at his crown, then inhales to let out a boisterous shout.]

SO: ALL! HAIL!

[Osborne hooks a thumb at his chest.]

SO: Me.

[Blackwell shakes his head in disgust as we cut to what appears to be pre-taped footage in the locker room as Jordan Ohara sits alone on a bench, elbows on knees, the broken AWA National Championship - the pieces not claimed by Sid Osborne's crown - laid flat on the floor at his feet. The belt is basically just the scarred leather strap at this point with a handful of jagged metal pieces still intact.]

The Phoenix is dressed in his ring gear, hands taped and jaw clenched. He looks forward - not at the camera, not at anyone - like he's talking to himself as much as the world. His voice is quiet... raw... as he speaks.]

JO: You know... when I first won this title back last year, I didn't sleep. I just sat with it. Held it in my hands and tried to believe it was real. All the miles. All the heartbreak. All the nights wondering if any of it meant anything.

This belt - It didn't just say I was a champion. It told me I wasn't crazy for believing in this. It told me my parents were right about the time they put into me chasing this dream.

So I put this championship up against anybody who wanted a shot because that's what a fighting champion does. That's what a champion does when they hold their title sacred.

[Ohara's eyes become haunted.]

JO: And then Sid Osborne... You didn't just try to win the title from me. You destroyed it.

Tore it apart like it was trash. Said it didn't matter. Said I didn't matter.

Sid, you could've just fought me. You could've just wrestled me. But no, you wanted to erase me. You didn't just disrespect the champion. You disrespected the championship. You turned something sacred into ashes.

[Ohara lifts the leather strap, holding it in front of the camera.]

JO: You don't understand what this is. What it costs. You don't get to break what you didn't build.

[Ohara lifts it again, like testing the weight of it.]

JO: You think wrestling is just leverage and pain. You think it's about control. About punishment. But there's something deeper than technique, Sid.

There's pride.

There's purpose.

There's people who need this to mean something.

[Ohara slaps the ruined belt over his shoulder.]

JO: So tonight isn't about getting my revenge. It's not about getting my title back - it's already broken. Tonight is about making sure you understand what you did.

You want to hurt me? I want to hurt you.

So get ready to burn.

And when it's done... when you're lying on your back, staring at the rafters you'll know exactly what it feels like to disrespect something sacred.

[He leans forward slightly, eyes locked on the ruined belt.]

JO: You broke it. Now I break you.

[He stands, letting the empty leather strap slip from his grasp, clattering on the floor as he walks away from it...

...and we fade out to the ringside area where Sal and Colt are seated.]

SA: Ominous words from the National Champion who seems to be focused more on hurting the Sin City Savior tonight than anything else.

CP: We saw how well that worked out for Victoria June, Sal. Maybe the Phoenix should've been paying attention to that match because if this Boy Scout thinks he's going to outfight Sid Osborne in a No Disqualification match, he's walking out of Los Angeles as a two-time FORMER National Champion, jack!

SA: It's gonna be one heck of a fight so let's get ready for this one right now! Rebecca, let 'em hear ya!

[We fade up to the ring to a grinning Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit... it is NO DISQUALIFICATION...

[The crowd ROARS at that!]

RO: ...and it is for the AWA NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIIIIIIIP!

Introducing first... he is the challenger... and the 2018 ROYAL CROWN WINNNNNNNERRRRRRR... from Las Vegas, Nevada and weighing in at 260 pounds...

...the SIN! CITY! SAAAAAAVIORRRRRRR...

...SIIIIIIIIIIIIIIID OSSSSSSSSBORRRRRRRRRNE!

[The crowd immediately starts to boo before the music even starts but as guitar feedback screeches over the PA, soon joined by a mid-tempo bassline from "Straight Edge Revenge" by Project X, the crowd gets even louder. 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#

SA: The crowd awaits the arrival of the challenger here tonight, a man who shocked wrestling fans around the world when he destroyed the National Title belt a while back... and you can't forget the added stipulation here tonight, Colt.

CP: That's right, Sal. If Ohara wins, Sid Osborne will foot the bill for the new title belt. If Osborne wins, the AWA will be paying for the replacement.

SA: Just to add a little insult to injury, huh?

CP: I'm sure Sid would love to wear a title belt that the AWA had to pay to put around his waist - absolutely.

SA: Colt, what do you think of this stuff from Osborne about wanting to bury the National Title?

CP: I'm hoping it's just big talk... I don't think ANY former wrestler - especially one who laced 'em up for the AWA at any point - would want to see the company's oldest title shoved aside.

SA: It's a slap in the face! To Jordan Ohara... to everyone who has worn that title from Marcus Broussard to Kolya Sudakov... Stevie Scott... even Juan Vasquez who wraps up his incredible career here tonight. Vasquez held that title as well and I'm sure it means a lot to him as his first piece of AWA gold.

CP: I got a question for ya, Sal.

SA: What's that?

CP: Where is Sid Osborne?

[Rebecca Ortiz seems to be asking the same thing, conversing with Adam Rogers who is suddenly down at ringside talking to her. Ortiz looks confused and then nods a few times.]

SA: Well, we're getting word from backstage right now - as I'm sure Rebecca is as well - that Sid Osborne got into an argument a little earlier with Maxim Zharkov about the order of entry. Apparently Osborne believes that since he's... oh brother... since he's a king, he says he shouldn't walk out before a peasant like Ohara... his words, not mine.

CP: That makes sense to me.

SA: It does?!

CP: Of course! He's the King! Zharkov should consider himself lucky that Sid's not requesting royal bearers to carry him out here over rose petals! That's what I would do.

SA: Of course you would. So, I guess... Jordan Ohara has agreed to come out here first and... Rebecca, Take 2, I suppose.

[Ortiz chuckles at the comment before beginning.]

RO: AWA fans, I apologize... but there has been a change to the order of entry.

Introducing first...

[The DodgerVision boards AND the LED screen above the stage goes black...

Suddenly...

A siren blares through the PA system.

#QB, where y'all at?#

Then comes the unmistakable icy piano riff of the North American Champion's theme, Nas' "Hero".

#Chain gleamin', switchin' lanes, two-seatin'...
Hate him or love him, for the same reason...#

[Ortiz' voice cuts back in.]

RO: ...weighing in tonight at 230 pounds from Charlotte, North Carolina... he is the two-time and reigning AWA NATIONAL CHAMMMMMMPIOONNNNNNN...

..THE PHOENIX...

...JORRRRRRRRRDAAAAAAN OOOOOOOOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAAAA!

[The piano line dances behind Nas's low, measured voice, ghostly and cool as steel. The crowd roars at the announcement!

On stage, a pair of golden Phoenix wings unfurl in a blaze of pyro, arching high into the sky as if drawn by fire.

Beneath them, standing still as stone in the flickering light, is Jordan Ohara.]

SA: OH MY!

[The champion's Phoenix-winged jacket gleams, elaborate and theatrical with metallic feathers stitched into the shoulders and arms. The midriff is exposed. Ohara's shiny white $\frac{3}{4}$ pants gleam under the light, and his feet are laced with his custom Jordan 11s, Carolina blue with the black heels.

The champion starts down the ramp purposefully, quickly getting down the ramp to the level part of the entrance where he makes his way towards the barricades, slapping as many hands as he can reach but his eyes are focused down the aisle on the ring. There's a tension in his jaw. No grin. No flapping arms. Nothing. He moves like a man walking toward something he can't avoid.]

SA: Jordan Ohara looks like a man focused... determined... and prepared for the violence coming his way in this one, Colt.

[As Ohara continues to walk, getting closer to the ring, he continues slapping hands...

...until suddenly he stops short, looking sharply towards a fan that just grabbed his arm...

...and then gets YANKED towards the railing, getting a forearm smashed into his face by a black-hooded sweatshirt-wearing fan who quickly hops the barricade, putting the boots to the National Champion!]

SA: What the...!? Get security out here! Ohara's been attacked by-

[A few more stomps land before the man rips back his hood to reveal...]

SA: Oh, come on! It's Sid Osborne!

CP: Haha! I love it, Sal! Do what you gotta do to come out on top!

[Osborne throws a pair of middle fingers at a rowdy fan giving him the business...

...and then drops to his knees, pummeling Ohara before he can even get out of his entrance attire!]

SA: Sid Osborne... I hate to say he outsmarted Jordan Ohara but-

CP: But you kinda have to!

SA: Osborne dragging Ohara off the field...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Osborne ROCKETS Ohara into the barricade lining the entrance aisle, sending him into the steel before he crumples to the ground to the jeers of the crowd!]

SA: Osborne with a vicious assault in the aisle... nothing illegal about it since the match hasn't started.

CP: Nothing illegal about it because it's No Disqualification! Did you forget about that?!

SA: Who could forget that?

[Osborne lays in some heavy stomps on Ohara before dragging him onto his feet, grabbing a handful of face and shoving Ohara back towards the ring...]

"You want MY title?! You want to wear MY title?!"

SA: Osborne's delusional as can be, Colt! He really thinks that title belongs to him!

CP: Possession is nine-tenths of the law... and he is a man possessed for sure!

[With Ohara leaning against the apron, Osborne smirks as he steps back to unzip his hoodie, tossing it aside...

...and revealing his crown made up of fragments of the National Title belt taped to his chest to a grumble from the sold out crowd!]

SA: Look at that!

CP: He's got the belt! He's the champ!

SA: He most certainly is not!

[Osborne rips the crowd off his shirt, holding it high over his head for all to see, the boos raining down on him.]

"BOW! BOW DOWN BEFORE YOUR KING!"

[He puts the crown on his head with a cackle, turning back towards the Phoenix...]

SA: The 2018 Royal Crown winner he is but National Champion he is NOT no matter what kind of crown he's got on his head...

[...Osborne gets closer to Ohara, pointing to the crown...]

"How about you, hero? Are you ready to bow down before your king?"

[...and Ohara lashes out with a right hand, knocking the crowd off Osborne's head as he throws a flurry of fists that have the crowd rocking!]

SA: Oh yeah! The champion unloading on this pretender to HIS throne!

[Osborne reaches out, raking the eyes of Ohara to jeers before shoving the Phoenix under the ropes. The Sin City Savior turns his back, heading to grab his crown off the ringside mats. He plants it on his head again, his arms spread wide as the Dodger Stadium crowd lets him have it...]

SA: Sid Osborne's demanding this crowd pay him homage...

CP: And rightfully so! In fact, let's get up and-

SA: Would you sit down?!

[...but as Osborne turns, Ohara leaps into the air, hanging onto the ropes as he swings his legs through, kicking Osborne right in the face with a wrecking ball dropkick that sends the crown rolling down the aisle to another big cheer from the 60,000 on hand!]

SA: Well, that oughta quiet down Sid Osborne for now at least... two feet right in the mouth!

[Ohara slides through the ropes to the apron, standing tall as Osborne struggles back towards him...]

...and the Phoenix takes flight, leaping high into the air, bringing a Tomahawk chop down between the eyes of the Sin City Savior, knocking the challenger down on the mat!]

SA: The referee hasn't officially started this match yet since we've been unable to get both competitors in the ring at the same time but Scott Ezra is keeping a watchful eye on this one.

CP: Why? He's not there to do anything but count the pin or call for the submission!

[On the outside, Ohara pulls Osborne off the mat, hammering him with right hands before grabbing a handful of hair and SMASHING his face down into the ring apron. The challenger staggers away, Ohara in pursuit around the ring...]

SA: Over there by our timekeeper's table now - LOOK OUT!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FACEFIRST OFF THE WOODEN TABLE!

CP: We talked about Osborne being a man possessed, Big Sal, but right now, it's Ohara who looks like a madman out here.

SA: You think about the utter hell that Sid Osborne's put Jordan Ohara through over the past several months and you can hardly blame him for that! The destruction of the National Title alone would be enough to drive most champions into a bloodlust... but when you think about that fight in the parking lot... the repeated attacks in the ring... this one has been brewing for months and it's going to boil over here tonight in Los Angeles.

[Ohara shoves Osborne under the ropes, climbing up on the apron where he points to the corner to a big cheer...]

SA: The Phoenix getting ready to fly once more, heading up the turnbuckles over here by us...

[...and Ohara mounts the top rope, looking out on 60,000 strong!]

SA: ...HE FLIES!

[Ohara brings the Tomahawk chop down between the eyes a second time, flooring Osborne on the canvas...]

SA: Big chop connects - quick cov-

[But Ohara bails on the lateral press attempt, opting to pound Osborne into the mat to big cheers from the AWA faithful!]

SA: No cover! Ohara's here for a pound of flesh and he's trying to collect it right here and now with the whole world watching!

CP: He's not even trying to win it right now - he said he was out to punish the Sin City Savior and he's proving it!

[The referee signals for the bell to officially start the match now that both men are inside the squared circle...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: There's the bell - we're official! Sixty minute time limit, no disqualifications...

CP: I can't imagine these two will go anywhere near sixty minutes at the rate this fight is going, Sal.

SA: You never can tell in the American Wrestling Alliance!

[...and just as soon as the bell sounds, Sid Osborne manages to worm his way out from under Ohara, dragging himself under the ropes to the outside to jeers!]

SA: The challenger bails out to the floor... and Ohara's going after him!

[A footrace ensues on the outside, Osborne trying to get away from an angrily-pursuing National Champion...

...and as Osborne rolls in, he dashes to the ropes as Ohara comes in after him...]

SA: The challenger off the far side... OHHHH! Big chop, right across the chest, takes him down!

[Osborne scrambles up, charging hard again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ANOTHER HEAVY CHOP BY THE CHAMPION!

[The Sin City Savior is back on his feet, thinking third time's a charm as he barrels in once more...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DOWN GOES OSBORNE AGAIN!

[Ohara waves him off, poised to strike as Osborne struggles up to his feet... and Ohara goes into a spin...]

SA: PHOENIX KI-

[...but seeing the kick coming, the challenger lunges through the ropes to the safety of the outside again to groans from the sold out Dodger Stadium crowd!]

SA: -oh ho ho... and Sid Osborne wanted NO part of that Phoenix Kick, Colt.

CP: Can you blame him? We've seen people knocked flat with that kick... and Sid's looking to regroup on the outside.

[The referee manages to keep Ohara in the ring... for the moment... as the National Champion paces, waiting for Osborne to re-enter..

...when we suddenly cut to the top of the entrance ramp, the boos immediately coming down as someone appears in frame...]

SA: What in the...?

CP: Oh, this just got even MORE interesting, Big Sal!

[The boos are out in full force as Miss Sandra Hayes sashays down the aisle, a curious look on her face...]

SA: We thought she was gone. We thought she'd departed the AWA along with... with her client but apparently not. I think we were all surprised to see her here earlier tonight... and even more surprised when she implied that she intended to have an impact tonight, Colt

CP: But what kind of an impact? Is she already hunting for a new client? And if so, does that mean it's one of these two?

SA: Jordan Ohara would have NOTHING to do with her!

CP: I'm not so sure about that. He's a man, isn't he? Miss Sandra Hayes has gotten so-called good men to do some very bad things before. She's very convincing.

SA: I'm sure she is...

CP: And what a coup it would be for her to sign her next client as the National Champion! That would rocket her right to the top of discussions about who the best manager in the AWA is.

[Ohara throws a surprised look at the incoming Hayes...

...and then grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the top rope onto a surprised Osborne, wiping out the challenger on the outside to big cheers!]

SA: BIG DIVE BY THE CHAMPION!

[The Phoenix is slow to get up, again throwing a look up the aisle at Miss Sandra Hayes who is lightly applauding what she just saw, nodding her head in approval.]

SA: Sandra Hayes certainly seems to have liked that dive over the top but Sid Osborne didn't... and he's taking a beating on the outside from Ohara again, those big right hands down on the ringside mats...

[Dragging Osborne off the floor, Ohara wheels him around...

...and Osborne smashes a headbutt right into his mouth, stunning the Phoenix!]

SA: OH! Osborne sneaks a hard shot in there and... look out now!

[The crowd buzzes as Osborne yanks up the ring apron, grabbing a steel chair and lifting it into view to a mixed reaction...]

SA: The Los Angeles fans are no strangers to the extreme and Sid Osborne may be well on his way to ratcheting this up to that level.

[With Ohara reeling, Osborne winds up with the chair over his head, ready to strike...

...but Ohara wheels around to bury a thrust kick into the midsection, causing Osborne to let go of the chair, staggering away towards the ringpost as an agitated Ohara grabs the fallen chair.]

SA: Uh oh! And now it's the Phoenix who has the steel chair on the outside!

[But before he can use it, Ohara watches in annoyance as Osborne swings around the post, diving back under the ropes to jeers from the fans.]

SA: So much for that plan. Ohara thought about using the chair but Osborne took that option away from him...

[Ohara puts the chair down on the mat, crawling through the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Osborne scores with a low dropkick as Ohara comes back in!]

SA: Osborne caught him on the way in...

[Grabbing the hair, Osborne goes to work with heavy right hands to the skull as the Los Angeles crowd jeers the Sin City Savior... for the most part. As there seems to be everywhere the AWA goes, there are a smattering of cheers for the outspoken Osborne.]

SA: Back on their feet now... big hooking shots downstairs by the challenger, knocking Ohara back into the corner and-

[Ohara starts screaming in pain as Osborne digs his fingers into the eyes, gouging the champion as he forces him down against the buckles!]

SA: He just went right for the eyes! No disqualification is paying dividends for the challenger so far... and now he's choking him! His boot right on the throat, choking the National Champion!

[Osborne keeps the choke on well beyond a five count that never comes, pulling on the ropes for leverage as Ohara tries to fight his way free.]

CP: I love it, Albano! No rules? Take advantage of it! He can choke all night if he wants to!

SA: Thankfully, he doesn't... backing across the ring now... taking aim on Ohara...

[The Sin City Savior charges back across the ring, leaping up to DRIVE his knees into the chest of the seated Ohara, knocking the wind out of him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...double knees - the Meteora to some - connects and Ohara is left reeling in the corner... rolling back to the floor now, creating some distance between he and the challenger...

[But as Ohara staggers along the apron, Osborne takes aim again, barreling across the ring...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CONNECTS with a suicide dive between the ropes, crashing into Ohara and DRIVING him into the ringside barricade!]

SA: THE BULLET TOPE - THAT HIGH SPEED MISSILE THROUGH THE ROPES, PUTS HIM INTO THE STEEEEEEEEL!

[Osborne gets to his feet, shouting at the ringside fans...]

"I DON'T SEE YOU BOWING!"

[...and gets booed according as he pulls Ohara off the railing, walking him towards the ring, tossing him back in.]

SA: The Sin City Savior puts him inside... can't win out on the floor... and we heard him before the match, Colt... he wants to win the title so he can BURY the title. Defenses on his own timeline. Not caring how he retains as long as he retains. Probably looking for challengers that are the least threats to his reign. The anti-Ohara for sure! Jordan Ohara's been out here almost every week to defend that title - a fighting champion if there ever was one - and Sid Osborne wants to burn all that down with his reign if it happens.

CP: It's already happening! The King is also the champion... he just needs to make it official for the suits and the fans tonight,

[Osborne rolls back in, coming to his feet, leaning over and waving for Ohara to get off the mat...

...and as he does, the challenger charges him again...]

SA: Osborne on the mo-

[...but Ohara leaps high into the air, his feet catching Osborne in the chest, DRIVING him down in a ring-shaking and crowd-thrilling DOUBLE STOMP!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Having crushed the chest of Osborne, it’s Ohara’s turn to go for the win, diving into his first pin attempt, earning a two count and change before Osborne muscles out!]

SA: What a counter by the Phoenix... but it’s not enough to keep the Sin City Savior down for three and make sure Ohara walks out of Los Angeles with the title around his waist, keeping his reign going. Jordan Ohara has held that title for 187 days...

CP: Much better than the 187 seconds he held it the first time.

SA: ...thanks for that, Colt.

[The crowd is chanting for the champion as “O-HA-RA!” chants ring out throughout Dodger Stadium as Osborne rolls back to the outside, fleeing champion as he makes a grab at him from the mat.]

SA: Osborne running for it again... and this time, Ohara’s going out after him!

[The Los Angeles crowd cheers him on as Ohara rushes around the ring, trying to get his hands back on Osborne...

...but as Ohara gets near, Osborne grabs Sandra Hayes who yelps as the challenger pulls her in front of him!]

SA: Oh, come on!

[Osborne sneers at Ohara who stops on a dime to avoid running down Hayes who is pleading with him to help her...]

SA: Osborne’s hiding behind Sandra Hayes, trying to keep-

[...and there’s another squeak from Hayes as Osborne shoves her at Ohara who catches her, turning her away from the duo to safety.]

SA: -well, thankfully Jordan Ohara is keeping Sandra Hayes out of harm’s way there and-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd reacts as Osborne DRILLS Ohara from behind with a forearm to the back of the head, nearly knocking him into Hayes who just barely moves clear as Ohara crashes down on the ringside mats...]

SA: What a disgusting move from Osborne, attacking the champion from behind... and he just about took out Sandra Hayes in the process!

CP: What do you care? You hate Sandra Hayes!

SA: Not enough to want to see her laid out by a falling Jordan Ohara!

CP: Just beaten up by Ricki Toughill last year at SuperClash.

[Osborne smirks at the jeering crowd, pointing at the downed Ohara...]

"He'll never be good enough to beat me!"

[...and then towards a fuming Sandra Hayes.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Osborne's head whips around from the impact, the crowd bursting into a mixed reaction for Hayes attacking another unpopular party. She smirks at Osborne who reels away in surprise...

...and then launches a verbal volley at her that gets him censored by the powers that be.]

SA: Oh! We apologize for the language of Sid Osborne there if any of that slipped through. Hey, pal! You're talking to a lady over here!

[Osborne has a few words for Albano too as he approaches the announce position...]

CP: Hey, just for the record, if he comes after you, Albano...

SA: Yes?

CP: ...you're on your own. I'm no Bucky Wilde. I'm not risking my body for yours.

SA: My hero. I can't believe-

[Albano's words are cut off with a sudden grunt and a few moments of silence of his own as the crowd jeers Osborne yanking Albano's chair out from under him, dumping him on the floor. Osborne shouts at Patterson who stands up, hands raised...]

CP: I got no part of this. You do you, King.

[Osborne smirks as he saunters away from Albano who is using the table to get up off the mat awkwardly. A ringside production guy rushes over with a replacement chair as Albano looks embarrassed.]

SA: Falling on my-

[The audio cuts out again as Albano shakes his head at a smirking Patterson.]

SA: I'm glad you enjoyed that, Colt. That Sid Osborne is a real class act. Bullying women. Picking on announcers. He's a real tough guy.

[With the chair folded up in hand, Osborne walks over towards a rising Ohara...

...and JAMS the edge of the chairback into the knee of Ohara, causing him to go down on the leg!]

SA: OH! Osborne going after the knee...

CP: And that's a smart move in there with Ohara. Take away some of the speed, the athleticism... take away that high flying skill.

[Pushing back to his feet, Ohara tries to make a grab for Osborne but gets the chair driven in a second time before Ohara gets shoved back inside the ring...]

SA: The champion back in, favoring that knee as Osborne rolls back in as well... and he's still got the chair, Colt.

CP: No disqualifications - why not?!

[As Ohara gets off the mat, Osborne gets a big wind-up this time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the chair into the back of the knee, sweeping Ohara's leg out from under him and putting him down on the mat. Osborne throws the chair down on the mat, punctuating the brutal attack.]

SA: Ohara's down... and he's hurting after that, grabbing at the knee as-

[The challenger jumps back in, stomping the knee over and over as the crowd jeers and referee Scott Ezra stands by watching helplessly.]

SA: Osborne with a cover... but Ohara's out at two again.

[Osborne kneels on the mat, hands on his hips as the referee holds up two fingers and the crowd cheers the escape.]

SA: The challenger up on his feet... got that chair again...

[He quickly unfolds the chair, setting it up in the middle of the ring before turning towards the champion who is struggling to get back to his feet...

...and with a grab of the injured leg, Osborne lifts him up...]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS him across the seat of the chair with a shinbuster, bouncing Ohara back up to take him over with a back suplex!]

SA: Ohhh! Brutal combination by the challenger... and there's another cover! He gets one! He gets two! Out at two!

[Osborne kneels on the mat again, looking out on the 60,000 fans cheering the kickout...

...and then locks his eyes on Sandra Hayes who is slapping the mat repeatedly, cheering on the Phoenix.]

SA: Well... it looks like nearly being laid out by one of these men has convinced Miss Sandra Hayes to put her support behind the National Champion.

CP: Not what I would've expected out of her.

SA: I'm not sure anything that's happened with her tonight would fall into the category of something I expected out of her.

[Sin City Sid climbs to his feet, mockingly clapping his hands in Hayes' direction as the crowd jeers...]

SA: Osborne dragging Ohara off the mat now...

[He points to the crowd, running towards the ropes...

...and then swings around, HURLING Ohara towards Hayes who just barely avoids the flying body!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE- HE TRIED TO THROW OHARA AT HAYES! WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH THIS GUY?!

[A smirking Osborne soaks up the jeers of the crowd as Hayes backpedals away, glaring daggers at the Sin City Savior as he steps out onto the apron, looking down on the two-time National Champion...

...and as Ohara slowly gathers himself to his feet, Sin City Sid goes charging down the apron...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS himself off in a cannonball, wiping out the champion on the outside to a big reaction from the crowd!]

SA: OSBORNE IS A MAN ON A MISSION TONIGHT IN LOS ANGELES!

[Osborne climbs off the ringside mats, arms spread wide as the fans let him have it... most of them at least. But there a few diehards in attendance who break in a small but audible sing-songy chant...]

"SIIIIIIID'S GONNA KILLLLLLLLLLL YOU!"

"SIIIIIIID'S GONNA KILLLLLLLLLLL YOU!"

"SIIIIIIID'S GONNA KILLLLLLLLLLL YOU!"

[The Sin City Savior nods his head at the chanting, standing over Ohara as he looks over at Hayes who shouts "COME ON, CHAMP!" at the Phoenix...]

SA: And again, Colt... I gotta question the support of Ohara by Sandra Hayes.

CP: Why?! You talk about a power couple! If Ohara can retain the title tonight AND get Sandra Hayes by his side, suddenly this kid can go the distance and there's no stopping him!

SA: In the meantime, Sid Osborne bringing Ohara up off the field at Dodger Stadium...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as a desperate Ohara cracks him with a chop across the chest!]

SA: Oh! What a knife edge blow by the champion!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Ohara fighting back, trying to get back into this...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A third blow sends Osborne staggering backwards away from Ohara who is in pursuit...]

SA: Ohara coming for him, trying to-

[...and as the Phoenix gets too close, Osborne lashes out with a kick to the injured knee, causing Ohara to crumple down to a knee on the floor as the fans groan in sympathy...]

SA: -OH! RIGHT TO THE KNEE!

[A snarling Osborne grabs Ohara by the hair, dragging him off his knee...]

SA: What's he...? NO!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and maliciously RAMS his head into the steel ringpost!]

SA: OH NO!

[Ohara collapses back down onto the floor, his arms over his head as Hayes covers her face, looking on in shocked disbelief as the malevolent Osborne stands over his victim, sadistic rage in his eyes.]

SA: Sid Osborne just SMASHED Jordan Ohara's head into the unforgiving steel ringpost here at ringside and... wow.

CP: He may have cracked his damn skull wide open! No disqualifications!

SA: The challenger's certainly taking advantage of that rule...

CP: Oh, and Ohara isn't?! Don't look now, Albano but your bias is showing!

SA: Osborne pulling Ohara off the... oh no.

[The crowd reacts as Ohara's face becomes visible for the first time since hitting the post, a stream of blood coming down across his face.]

SA: Well, Colt... you said he might've cracked his skull open and the champion is BUSTED wide open!

[Osborne sneers, pulling Ohara's head back by the hair, exposing the face as the Sin City Savior looks out on the jeering crowd...]

SA: Showing off his handiwork...

[...and SMASHES his knuckles down into the wound... and again... and again... and then really lets the fists fly, rapid-fire into the skull as he tries to deepen the cut as the cameraman gets closer, showing the crimson mask starting to form on the face of the Phoenix!]

SA: ...and Jordan Ohara's bleeding profusely now! We're just over ten minutes into this No Disqualification match and Jordan Ohara is showing the wear of those ten minutes for sure.

[Osborne straightens up, leaving a bloody Ohara on his knees...

...and then makes a lunge towards the cameraman!]

SA: What is he-?!

[The cameraman struggles to get out of reach, revealing Osborne pulling up the heavy cable that trails the cameraman...

...and the Sin City Savior loops the cord around the throat of Ohara!]

SA: HE'S CHOKING HIM WITH THE CAMERA CABLE!

[Yanking Ohara off his knees and down onto his butt, Osborne drags him across the ringside area by the throat, causing the camera feed to abruptly go black...]

SA: Uh oh! We lost our feed here! We need to-

[The technical director makes a quick cut to another camera, rushing into position to watch as Ohara drags the coughing and gasping Phoenix across the ringside mats...]

SA: The Sin City Savior... looking out on these fans... making sure they're watching the damage he's inflicting on the National Champion...

[Suddenly, Osborne spots his fallen crown lying in the aisle nearby. The Sin City Savior walks over to it, scooping it off the floor. He holds it overhead, getting more jeers from the crowd... which seems to agitate Osborne for a moment as he stomps back over to Ohara, jerking him into a seated position on the floor...]

SA: What is he... AHHHHH!

[The crowd reacts in shocked horror as Osborne digs the metal shards in his makeshift crowd down into the already-torn flesh of the National Champion, deepening the cut already in place...]

CP: OSBORNE CARVING UP THE CHAMP LIKE IT'S A DIFFERENT HOLIDAY!

SA: I guess we should be grateful he didn't decide to barbecue the champion, huh?

[Osborne tosses the crown aside again, smirking as the bloodied Ohara slumps back down on the ringside mats. The Sin City Savior soaks up the jeers of the crowd for a moment before dragging Ohara up, tossing him back into the ring...

...and then pauses to share some words with Miss Sandra Hayes again, Hayes animatedly gesturing towards the ring in response!]

SA: Sandra Hayes... I can't believe I'm saying this but she seems solidly behind Jordan Ohara and... well, I gotta wonder if the feeling is mutual, Colt.

CP: A good-looking kid like Ohara... how could he turn down having someone like Sandra Hayes by his side? I'm diggin' this package, Big Sal! Ohara and Hayes could go all the way to the top of this company!

[Osborne rolls back into the ring, climbing to his feet...

...and the bloodied Ohara rushes towards him, leaping up...]

SA: DOUBLE STOMP!

[...but Osborne is ready this time, shoving him skyward...

...and kicking him in the groin on the way down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW BY OSBORNE! That oughta be a-

CP: Say it! Say it, Albano!

[Sal sighs as Osborne dives onto Ohara, hooking the legs...]

SA: No disqualification but can he get him?! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[...but Ohara breaks free to a HUGE ROAR from the sold out Dodger Stadium crowd!]

SA: Creeping up on the fifteen minute mark of this sixty minute time limit title fight, Ohara escapes just in time to save his National Title... and Osborne's irate! Osborne may have just snapped!

[Snatching Ohara by the hair, Osborne pummels the bloody forehead again, digging into the wound...]

SA: The Sin City Savior trying to split him from ear to ear with those punches aimed right out the wound on his forehead!

[With Ohara reeling, Osborne snatches him by the ankle, dragging him over to the ropes where he plants a leg down on the middle rope...]

SA: Osborne's going after the leg again, got him where he wants him...

[...but as Osborne goes to leap, Ohara boots him in the rear, shooting him over the top rope to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...AND OHARA SENDS HIM TO THE OUTSIDE!

[Hayes claps her hands, pounding the mat, shouting "COME ON, JORDAN!" as the crowd echoes the cheers...]

SA: Osborne's down and on the outside... and Ohara buys himself some recovery time...

[...and a dazed Ohara climbs up off the mat, sweeping a hand across his face to wipe the blood from his eyes and then grabs the top rope with both hands...]

SA: ...Ohara's got the ropes, Osborne trying to get up off the ringside mats...

[...and as Ohara slingshots himself over the top rope in a crossbody...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...the arrogant Sin City Savior simply walks away as Ohara crashes and burns on the outside!]

SA: Ohhh! Ohara just took HIMSELF out there! He had some time to recover, to get back into this... but he pushed the moment, tried to take advantage of it... and it cost him!

[Osborne peels Ohara off the mat by the arm, taking aim...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and FIRES the Phoenix into the ringside railing, his back slamming into the unforgiving steel!]

SA: SPINE MEETS STEEL IN CHAVEZ RAVINE!

[Ohara slumps down, sitting against the railing as Osborne sizes him up from a distance...

...and then breaks into a charge!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CANNNNNNONBALLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[Osborne's flipping body CRASHES into Ohara's smashing him into the railing a second time before Sin City Sid retakes his feet, dragging Ohara off the floor and tossing him back into the ring...]

SA: Ohara back in, Sid moving fast... rolls in... COVERS!

[...and the referee dives down to the mat to count...]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT... NOOOOOT QUIIIIIITE YEEEEET!

[...and the crowd ROARS as Ohara slips a shoulder up in time again!

Osborne smashes a fist down into the mat angrily, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers as Osborne pushes up off the mat, stomping towards him...]

SA: Whoa, whoa! Hang on now! Sid Osborne getting up in the face of Scott Ezra!

CP: It's no DQ! Show him the back of your hand, Sid!

SA: Oh, that's great! Encouraging someone to assault one of our officials! Real good work there, Colt!

CP: I'm just saying he can do it if he wants to!

[Shoving the official aside, Osborne snatches up a chair off the mat, twisting around to face the downed Ohara. He puts the chair down across Ohara's face...

...and then leaps up, dropping his weight down in a legdrop across the chair, smashing it into his face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Osborne shoves the chair aside, diving into another lateral press!]

SA: SIN CITY SID GETS ONE! GETS TWO! GETS- NOOOOO! Ohara's out again!

[Hayes claps her hands, nodding her head, looking on eagerly as Ohara tries to crawl away from the Sin City Savior...]

SA: Osborne puts that chair down on the chest... another legdrop?

[...who then points to the top rope.]

SA: Or not.

CP: He's got something more impactful in mind, jack!

[With the chair down on the chest of Ohara, Osborne stomps the chair a couple of times, flattening out the National Champion as the Las Vegas native ducks through the ropes, heading to the corner...]

SA: Osborne's going up top! Going up... and you gotta think he's looking for that Stage Dive frog splash. Both of these men rely on a version of the frog splash to win the majority of their matches and Osborne's going for his right here... and right now!

[Osborne steps to the middle rope, heading to the top...]

SA: Ohara! Ohara!

[...but Ohara comes off the mat, picking up the chair that was on him...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and HURLS it in Osborne’s direction, causing him to lose his balance, falling crotchfirst down on the top turnbuckle!]

SA: DOWN GOES SIIIIIIIIID!

[Ohara staggers towards the corner, looking to take advantage of the situation...]

SA: And now it’s Ohara who is starting to climb, looking for something big here to turn this back around. The blood flowing heavily down into his eyes in this No Disqualification match!

[...and grabs a front facelock, reaching for the arm...]

SA: He’s going for the superplex! Ohara’s looking for the superplex!

[...but it’s Osborne who peppers a few shots into the ribcage, leaving Ohara reeling...

...and then the Sin City Savior rakes his fingers, gouging at the blood-stung eyes...]

SA: OH! OH!

[...and with Ohara blinded and reeling, Osborne leaps from the top, flipping over the Phoenix...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SUNSET POWERBOMMMMMMB!

[...and the Sin City Savior hangs on, waiting as the referee counts!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: AGAIN! OHARA KICKS OUT AGAIN!

[Osborne looks shocked, collapsing backwards on the mat, staring up at the Los Angeles sky as the crowd ROARS for another near fall!]

SA: So close! We were so close to seeing a new National Champion crowned right there... and the Good Lord only knows what he'll do with that title if he gets his hands on it! The first time he had it in his hands, he destroyed the belt - if he wins it here tonight, he might destroy the actual championship next!

[Osborne rolls off the mat, again stomping towards the referee, threatening him once again...]

SA: The referee is backed into the corner, telling Osborne that it was so close... so close!

[Hayes is again cheering for Ohara, leaning through the ropes, shouting at the National Champion to get back into the match...]

...and surprisingly, Ohara starts to stir, rolling onto his chest, trying to push up off the mat...]

SA: Ohara's trying to get up and keep fighting!

[Osborne whips around in time to see Ohara push up to his knees where the challenger grabs him by the hair, smashing his fist down into the cut forehead again... and again...]

"You're nothing, Ohara!"

[...and again...]

"You want MY title?!"

[...and again!]

"BOW! BOW TO THE KING!"

[Osborne forces the bloodied champion down onto all fours, looking around for his crown...]

...but not seeing it, he simply jumps up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and STOMPS the fingers of Ohara, causing the National Champion to wail in pain!]

SA: Sid Osborne just tried to break his fingers, Colt! He just tried to break Ohara's fingers!

[Screaming in pain, Ohara rolls from the ring, ending up out on the floor where Sandra Hayes quickly moves to try to comfort him...]

SA: Ohara to the outside... Hayes nearby, trying to check on him and- LOOK OUT, SANDRA!

[Hayes yelps as she jumps clear just before Osborne DRILLS Ohara with a baseball slide to the back, sending him flipping over the ringside barricade, landing in the area between two sections of seats!]

SA: Oh no! Ohara just went into the crowd, Colt.

CP: It's no disqualification! Anything goes out there!

SA: And you better believe that Sid Osborne, the challenger, knows it.

[Osborne departs the ring, quickly snatching up his fallen crown and setting it on the ring apron before going after the National Champion who is struggling to get to his feet just beyond the barricade...]

SA: Osborne's going over the railing now too! The fans here in Dodger Stadium are going wild as they get up close and personal with the action!

[The Sin City Savior drags Ohara the rest of the way to his feet, leaning him up against the railing as he tees off with right hands to the bloodied skull...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Osborne with a chop!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Laying in those knife edge blows up against the steel barricade!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Osborne lets loose a roar as he pummels Ohara with short right hands, driving him down into a seated position against the railing...]

SA: The challenger's got the bloodied champion laid out against the railing and... uh oh...

CP: Let's run it back!

SA: Osborne backing off... Osborne taking aim...

[And after walking about ten feet deep into the crowd, rabid AWA fans all around him, the Sin City Savior lowers his head and breaks into a run...]

SA: HERE! HE! COMMMMMMMMMMES!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[The crowd ROARS as Ohara rolls clear JUST in time and Osborne SLAMS his own spine into the steel barricade with enough force to shift the metal railing a foot or two! Osborne rolls onto his hip, pain all over his face as the AWA fans let the Phoenix hear it...]

"O-HA-RA!"

"O-HA-RA!"

"O-HA-RA!"

[...and a bloodied and wearied Ohara works his way off the stadium grass, using the shifted railing to drag himself to his feet, flopping over the barricade to land back inside the ringside area!]

SA: Jordan Ohara with the timeliest of movements saves his skin - AND quite possibly the National Championship - here tonight in Dodger Stadium! With sun slowly setting here in Southern California, Jordan Ohara just managed to keep the sun from setting on his title reign with that move right there, Colt!

CP: Perfect timing for Ohara, the worst of results for Osborne who was in total control literally seconds ago and now can barely move on the outside after slamming his own spine into the railing at violent impact!

[Ohara gets to his feet, grabbing the railing with both hands and giving it a few yanks, shifting it a little further...]

SA: What in the world is Ohara doing out there?

CP: Trying to get the railing back in position?

SA: But it looked like he was pulling it further OUT of position if you ask me... nonetheless, Ohara rolling back inside the ring now. Osborne's still laid out on the outfield grass here at Dodger Stadium, his body a wreck after that crash into the railing.

[Climbing off the mat, Ohara picks up a chair in the ring, opening it up as he walks across the ring with it, setting it back down...]

SA: Ohara moving things around in there, clearing space to try to finish off the challenger perhaps...

[...but it quickly becomes obvious that Ohara has other ideas as he backs away from the chair, leaning against the ropes, swiping the blood from his eyes again, leaning down to slap some life into his injured knee...]

SA: What is he...?

[...and the Phoenix breaks into a hobbling sprint across the ring, stepping up on the seat of the chair as he approaches, springing off to land awkwardly with both feet on the top rope...]

SA: WHAT IS HE...?!

[...and HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE AIR...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...CLEARING THE BARRICADE...]

SA: SWEEEEEEEEET SANTA MARIAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[...and WIPES OUT Osborne with a somersault plancha off the top rope!]

SA: WHAT A DIVE! WHAT A DIVE! OHARA MAKES THE HIGHLIGHT REEL HERE AT MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEMMMMMM! BOTH MEN DOWN! BOTH MEN ARE DOWWWWWWN!

[The crowd is on their feet, absolutely ROARING for the death-defying display of daring and danger put on by the National Champion as both men lie spread out on the outfield grass!]

“O-HA-RA!”

“O-HA-RA!”

“O-HA-RA!”

“O-HA-RA!”

“O-HA-RA!”

[And so it goes, the Chavez Ravine crowd paying tribute to the Phoenix as he tries to recover from putting his own body into great peril to dish a little more payback on the man who has haunted him for months!]

SA: Jordan Ohara throwing back to the days when the E ran roughshod in Los Angeles and takes this match TO THE EXTREEEEEME!

[Several more moments pass, the referee coming out to check to see if both men can continue, before the bloodied Ohara drags himself to his feet, getting an even bigger reaction from an already-boisterous AWA faithful!]

SA: OHARA IS UP! Can you believe it, Colt?!

CP: There's a lot we've seen here tonight that I can't believe and this one makes the list for sure! A death-defying dive out of Jordan Ohara turns this match on its head! Just when you thought that the title was changing hands, the Phoenix RISES and flips the script on this one!

[Ohara points to the sky to big cheers before dragging a laid out Osborne off the grass, tossing him back over the railing before climbing over himself.]

SA: Both men on the right side of the railing, heading back for the ring...

[Osborne drags himself under the ropes, trying to get away from a stalking Ohara who has bloody vengeance on his mind as he rolls in after him.]

SA: Both men back in the ring now as well and... oh, would you look at this?!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Osborne rolls to his knees, hands up as he pleads for mercy from the bloodied National Champion...]

SA: Now, Sid Osborne's had enough! Now he begs for sweet mercy from the Phoenix!

[Ohara shakes his head, advancing on Osborne before SMASHING a right hand down across the jaw!]

SA: But there will be no mercy for Sin City Sid - not on this night!

[He pulls the challenger off the mat by the hair, rushing the corner...]

SA: HEADFIRST INTO THE TURNBUCKLE!

[..and Osborne slumps against the buckles, barely standing as Ohara looks out on 60,000 strong and goes to work...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BIG CHOP BY OHARA!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with Osborne slumping even further, Ohara pulls him back up, whipping him across the ring, sending him CRASHING backfirst into the turnbuckles, staggering out towards the Phoenix who lifts... twists..

...and DRIVES his challenger down into the canvas with a sitout powerbomb!]

SA: BOLT BUSSSSSTAAAAAH!

[Ohara stays seated, holding the legs, gesturing to the official who dives down to count the shoulders as the crowd chants along...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO, HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP IN TIIIIIME!
JORDAN OHARA WAS A HEARTBEAT AWAY FROM RETAINING THE TITLE IN
THIS BRUTAL NO DISQUALIFICATION MATCHUP!

[The bloodied Phoenix slumps backwards, staring up at the sky as the crowd buzzes for the near fall.]

SA: What a battle, Colt! For the oldest prize in the American Wrestling Alliance!

CP: Ohara looking to keep that title around his waist, extending his reign into the upper echelons with men like Zharkov, Vasquez, and Scott!
Osborne looking to snatch it away and put his name on the list alongside men like Dufresne, Jackson Hunter, and Hannibal Carver!

SA: Of course, it's Travis Lynch at the top of that list with a 468 day reign - Travis, as we've learned, will be undergoing surgery on his knee in the near future thanks to the recent actions of the Blackjacks and Bobby O'Connor last Saturday - our best wishes to Travis... but right now, we're focused on this hard-hitting battle between Ohara and Osborne... both men down... both men hurting... Ohara's been busted open, his knee damaged as well... Osborne with his back barking from those smashes into the guardrail... and in the middle of it all, the National Title hanging in the balance.

CP: And don't forget Miss Sandra Hayes!

SA: Who could possibly forget Sandra Hayes who - believe it or not - actually has this crowd on their feet cheering and chanting for the Phoenix!

[Sweeping her arms up in rhythm, Hayes does indeed have an "O-HA-RA!" chant ringing out through 60,000 strong...]

SA: Can this crowd - this sold out rabid crowd - fill the Phoenix with enough to get across the finish line here tonight in Los Angeles?

[A bloodied and hobbled Ohara pushes up off the mat, staggering towards the corner, ducking through the ropes...]

SA: And don't look now if you're a fan of the Royal Crown winner because Jordan Ohara is looking to the sky!

[Hobbling down the apron, barely putting weight on the bad knee, Ohara works his way up the ropes, keeping an eye on the unmoving Osborne...]

SA: Ohara heading to the top, looking out on this sold out crowd...

[...and manages to get one foot on the top, looking down on Osborne as he grimaces, pushing his way to the top...]

CP: With the way he's moving, you wonder if he made his knee worse with that dive to the outside, Big Sal!

SA: A definite hobble in his every step, perched on the top rope, looking high and far...

[Ohara raises his arms over his head, saluting the cheering crowd before leaping into the air, pumping his arms and legs...]

SA: PHOENIX FLAAAAAAAME!

[...and CRASHES down with a frog splash on the prone Osborne, reaching back to snare the legs!]

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

[But at the very last possible moment, Osborne's shoulder shrugs up off the mat, barely getting clear before the three count falls!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OSBORNE ESCAPES! WOW!

[Ohara looks shocked as the crowd buzzes at the knockout.]

CP: An incredible show of resiliency on the part of the Sin City Savior, Big Sal! You gotta admit that!

SA: Absolutely! The fans are stunned! Ohara's stunned!

CP: Jordan Ohara's gotta be wondering what it's gonna take... hell, right now he's gotta be wonder if he's GOT what it takes!

[Ohara shakes his head, looking up with confusion at referee Scott Ezra who signals how close it was, holding up two fingers.]

CP: Look at him, Sal! He doesn't know what else to do! The Bolt Buster couldn't do it! The Phoenix Flame couldn't do it! Jordan Ohara can't do it! He can't win this!

SA: I wouldn't bet the farm on that, Colt!

[Ohara slowly works his way off the mat, Hayes slapping the canvas in rhythm, cheering him on...]

"O-HA-RA!"

"O-HA-RA!"

"O-HA-RA!"

[...and slowly the Phoenix climbs to his feet, wincing as he puts weight on the bad knee, looking down at Osborne who is crawling across the ring, trying to put needed space between champion and challenger!]

SA: Ohara, slowly moving in pursuit... trying to get his hands on the challenger... trying to take advantage and seize this moment...

[Ohara grabs Osborne by the hair, dragging him to his feet before he can escape to the outside...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lays in a heavy chop, spinning Osborne around from the impact. Ohara snatches him around the waist in mid-spin...]

SA: BOLT BUSTER! BOLT BUSTER!

[...but before he can lift the challenger for his second Blue Thunder Bomb of the night, Osborne craftily STOMPS a foot down into the side of Ohara's injured knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow takes Ohara down to a knee as Osborne slides behind him, reaching down to yank the champion's legs out from under him...]

SA: OH! HE'S GOT THE LEGS! LOOKING FOR THE WHEELBARROW!

[...and with Ohara in wheelbarrow position, Osborne muscles him up off the canvas, swinging him around in mid-lift...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: INTO THE PIIIIIIIIIT!

[...and DRIVES him down with a ring-shaking inverted powerbomb. Osborne flips him over while still in position, sitting on the torso and leaning back with both legs hooked!]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT IIIIIIII-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -OHARA BREAKS FREEEEEEEEEEEE! THE NEAREST OF NEAR FALLS RIGHT THERE, COLT!

CP: It don't get much closer than that! Sid Osborne was a chin hair away from the National Title!

[The camera cuts to an anxious-looking Sandra Hayes fanning herself at ringside.]

SA: And how invested is Sandra Hayes in this one, Colt?

CP: She looks like she's already signed Ohara, Big Sal. Say, you don't think...?

SA: I definitely do NOT think.

[Osborne pushes off the mat, burying his face in his hands for a moment before jerking his head back, outrage and fire in his eyes as he glares out on the 60,000 fans chanting his opponent's name...]

"O-HA-RA!"

"O-HA-RA!"

"O-HA-RA!"

[...and Osborne defiantly shakes his head, picking his crown up off the mat and planting it on his head. He points to it, then out to the fans...]

"SHOW SOME RESPECT TO YOUR KING!"

[...and gets booed accordingly as he strides across the ring towards Ohara who is struggling to flip onto his chest, trying to get off the canvas before his challenger can take advantage of the situation.]

SA: Osborne, the 2018 Royal Crown winner with his crown on his head, looking to finish off Ohara and add one more piece of hardware to an already-impressive start to the year.

[Osborne grabs the struggling Ohara by the hair, yanking him to his knees before kneeling down beside him.]

"You can't beat me. You're not tough enough. You're not strong enough. You're not good enough!"

[Osborne gets up, arms spread as he stands over Ohara who slides his hands under him, trying to push up to his feet...]

"STAY DOWN!"

[...but a defiant Ohara will NOT stay down, shoving his way up to his feet as Osborne grabs him by the hair, pulling it back...]

SA: OH!

[...and Ohara SPITS in his face, a wad of bloody saliva right in the eye, causing Osborne to recoil in disgust, twisting away from Ohara who steadies himself...]

SA: RIGHT IN THE EYE!

[...and as a furious Osborne turns back around, Ohara goes into a full back spin, whipping his leg around...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and CONNECTS with a brutal-looking back roundhouse kick, snapping Osborne’s head to the side as the crown goes flying off his head!]

SA: PHOENIX KICK!

[Osborne staggers, falling into the ropes where he catches himself, shoving himself back towards Ohara...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and a second kick snaps the head of Osborne to the side again, sending him down to his knees, his eyes glassy as Ohara standing over him, the burning Phoenix glaring down at his challenger...]

SA: BACK TO BACK PHOENIX KICKS! OSBORNE’S ON HIS KNEES!

[Osborne tries to push up but flops forward, landing on his face on the canvas to BIG CHEERS from the crowd!]

SA: Osborne might be out! This might be over!

[But Ohara shakes his head at the 60,000 fans imploring him to cover...]

SA: Ohara won’t cover him! Ohara said he wanted to break him!

[...and Ohara slides the top of his foot under the chin of Osborne, slowly but surely lifting his leg, drawing Osborne up to his knees... then to rubber legs, barely able to hold his balance as Ohara lowers the leg, staring dead in the eyes of the Sin City Savior...]

“Go to hell, Osborne.”

[...and UNCORKS one final Phoenix Kick, BLASTING Osborne in the ear with it, causing him to crumple like a puppet with its strings cut.]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Ohara stands a moment, absorbing the roar of the crowd before collapsing to his knees, falling onto the motionless Osborne.]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[A massive ROAR goes up from 60,000 strong as a bloodied, beaten, and exhausted Ohara rolls off Osborne triumphant.]

SA: What! A! Fight!

CP: Two of the best in the world at the top of their game with the rules thrown out the window? That’s how I like my wrestling, Big Sal!

SA: Jordan Ohara retains the title in one HELL of a battle here in Los Angeles!

[A weary Ohara sits up on the mat, blood still streaming down his face... but a smile on it nonetheless as he hears Rebecca Ortiz make it official.]

RO: AWA fans... here is your winner... and STILL AWA NATIONAL CHAMPIONNNNNNN...

...JORRRRRRRRRRDAAAAAAAAAN OOOOOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAAAA!

[Ohara grins, nodding his head as the referee helps him to his feet as we cut to Sandra Hayes at ringside, giddy with excitement. She wildly gesticulates over her shoulder toward Center Field, beckoning toward the entrance with her eyes still fixed on the ring.]

SA: And Miss Sandra Hayes... I guess calling for medical assistance for The Phoenix after that astounding gutcheck so that he can rise from the ashes again!

[A production hand emerges and hustles down the ramp, carrying something in a midnight green velvet cloth.]

SA: Oh! She was calling for the new title belt! The new title belt that thanks to this win, Sid Osborne will be paying for out of his salary... and that’s gotta a little extra something special for the Phoenix, Colt.

CP: Is that even legal?!

SA: It’s totally legal! Osborne signed the contract and-

[Big Sal is cut off as Sandra Hayes has procured a microphone while she takes the velvet-wrapped object from the crew member as “Hero” fades.]

MSH: I knew you’d do it!

[The crowd cheers!]

MSH: I knew you and I could shake up the entire National Title scene, Jordan!

[Many in the crowd are less than thrilled to hear that while in the ring, Jordan Ohara doesn't seem to regard Sandra Hayes at all after the grueling no DQ affair, bracing himself on the ropes.]

CP: What did I tell ya, Albano?

SA: She's not exactly a fountain of credibility, Colt.

[Hayes turns to face the crowd, many of whom are jeering her.]

MSH: To everyone in the AWA who doubted Jordan Ohara... the right man won! The man with integrity won! And from now on, the National Title belt stands for integrity. It's going to have its dignity restored!

[Hayes adjusts the heavy belt-sized object under the green velvet cloth.]

MSH: Because Jordan Ohara is a man of integrity...

...and he's going to make good on a promise he made to me, and to all of you.

[Ohara looks confused down at Hayes who seems like she's about to climb into the ring to present Ohara with the concealed, new belt...

...but changes her mind and retreats to the foot of the aisle.]

MSH: And remember your promise, Jordan.

Remember that you promised that Memorial Day Mayhem 2018 would host another Phoenix Open Challenge for the AWA National Championship!

[Ohara looks puzzled as 60,000 fans in Dodger Stadium groan when they realize what comes next...]

SA: What...?

["Juno" by Tesseract blares to life over the stadium sound system as a young man emerges in a dim light of sunset. He has a toned, muscular physique with stringy dirty blonde hair to just past his shoulders and a stubble beard, with faux patent leather black tights and white boots, and one kneepad heavier than the other.]

SA: WHAT?!

CP: IT'S KERRY KENDRICK, ALBANO! The "King of Spades" is a tough card to beat and he's accepting Jordan Ohara's open challenge!

[Kendrick makes quick progress down the ramp and toward the ring, taking a gulp from his plastic water bottle and tossing it aside. In the ring, Ohara looks completely flabbergasted, only now registering what is happening around him.]

SA: He quit! Kerry Kendrick walked out of the AWA sixteen days ago!

CP: His contract had a 30 day "No Compete!" They all do! I'm guessing Sandra Hayes had all that time to hide this up her sleeve!

SA: What is she talking about?! When did...? An Open Challenge?!

CP: Remember back a few weeks ago when the office said they wouldn't sanction another title match with Osborne! Remember that Ohara said there and then that he'd do another Open Challenge here tonight!

SA: But... but that can't happen now! He HAD a match! He WON a match!

[Kendrick practically leaps through the ropes toward Jordan Ohara, who is on the opposite side of the ring from him. Only the referee's intercession stops Kendrick from going to work right away. Rebecca Ortiz looks confused at the official, raising the mic...]

RO: The following is-

[Hayes angrily interrupts, mic still in hand.]

MSH: DON'T READ THE RING ANNOUNCEMENTS! JUST RING THE BELL!

[The referee jumps at Hayes' shrieking. Ohara looks puzzled at the official who is asking him what he wants to do...]

SA: Don't do it, Jordan! Don't you even-

[...and Ohara - still trying to get his wits about him - slowly nods his head.]

SA: Oh... oh no.

"DING DING DING!"

SA: I can't- this is... we're getting word from the back, that, yes this IS a legally sanctioned title match, fans! And yes, Jordan Ohara, after that grueling melee with Sid Osbourne, now has to defend the belt against Kerry Kendrick, who for all we knew was long gone from the AWA roster!

[Kendrick doesn't even wait for Ohara to get his bearings. With a kick to Ohara's weakened leg, the stronger Kendrick brings Ohara to a knee and rains down overhead clubbing blows to the back of the champion's neck and head.]

CP: What a strategic mistake that was for Ohara to have made that challenge in the first place, Albano. He knew the risk that someone with brains like Kendrick and Hayes could actually take him up!

SA: Are you...?! There's NO WAY that Jordan could have possibly known that was still a valid challenge! And I don't even know if it would be if he'd just walked away from this... but that's not the kind of champion Jordan Ohara is, Colt! And by the way, what a load of dingo's kidneys Hayes laid on the fans –Jordan Ohara showed more heart and integrity in the last half hour than either she or Kerry Kendrick combined have in their entire careers.

[Ohara manages a couple of shots to the midsection of the surprise challenger, but Kendrick barely registers them before landing a knee to the midsection...

...and then DRILLS him with a short kneelift!]

SA: OH!

CP: Now Ohara gets to see how it feels when someone else cuts the line.

SA: Shades of Kendrick's Liberty Bellringer kneelift, not quite with the same authority... I don't know if that kneepad of his is still loaded.

CP: Why don't you go up there and ask him, Albano? A professional athlete like Kerry Kendrick hits you in the face with a knee strike, it don't matter if it's loaded or not.

[Kendrick lays a few stomps in on Ohara as Hayes claps gleefully at ringside.]

SA: Kerry Kendrick going to work on Jordan Ohara who has been railroaded into his second consecutive match of the night. No wonder he can't get out of the blocks after losing so much blood and that leg of his wracked with pain.

CP: Heavy hangs the head that wears the crown, Sal. Don't promise what you can't deliver.

SA: I can't... how are you okay with this?! This is not right! This is Kendrick and Hayes taking advantage of-

[Kerry Kendrick pulls Ohara upright into a front facelock, angling toward the ropes as the crowd begins to buzz with concern...]

SA: No, no, no!

CP: Here it comes... looking for that Slingshot DDT.

[Kendrick is able to lift Ohara up the ground slightly, but Ohara has the wherewithal to counter, dragging Kendrick down to the mat!]

SA: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE! TO RETAAAAAIN!

[But only a one count lands before Kendrick kicks out to escape, the crowd buzzing with disappointment...]

SA: One count only!

CP: One and a half if you're feeling charitable! Ohara had better start stringing together some offense here if he wants his Open Challenge to be successful.

SA: How COULD he at this point, Colt?! He's on one leg, and he left EVERYTHING on the mat just moments ago against Sid Osbourne!

[Kendrick mounts Ohara, who can barely defend himself, and rains measured fists down onto the face and the already bloodied Phoenix!]

SA: Just pounding him! A total mugging right now! Come on, ref!

[After a dozen unanswered shots, Kendrick hooks the leg.]

CP: We have a new National Champion, Albano!

SA: One... Two... and... WE... DO NOT!

[The crowd ROARS at the knockout as a stunned Kendrick looks up at the official, the stadium suddenly breathing with new life as Ohara barely kicks out at two-and-three-quarters!]

CP: I don't believe it! This should be over!

SA: I'm not sure I believe... I'm not sure anyone in attendance here believes! But where there's life, there's hope for Jordan Ohara!

[Kendrick pounds the mat in bemused frustration, then marches to the far corner. He crouches down slightly, measuring Jordan Ohara, who is beginning to stir on the mat.]

CP: This isn't like Kendrick - he should not be giving the champ a chance to get up!

SA: He shouldn't be here at all, Colt! Sandra Hayes used some legal shenanigans to wrangle a National Championship match tonight and...

[As Ohara gets to a knee, doubled over, Kendrick rushes him with a running kneelift!]

SA: LIBERTY BELLRINGER! Loaded kneepad or no!

CP: Ohara's out!

[Kendrick dives on top, reaching back to hook the leg!]

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

[If the fans had hoped for a miracle comeback from Jordan Ohara, there is no mistaking the sense of deflation in their mood as the referee's hand slaps the mat for the third time in as many seconds!]

SA: ...issssssss.

[Kendrick immediately forgets Ohara once he hears "Juno" blaring again over the stadium sound system...]

CP: There is no joy in Los Angeles... Jordan Ohara has struck out!

SA: What a horrific turn of events here in Chavez Ravine... from jubilation to dejection... and Kerry Kendrick is the new AWA National Heavyweight Champion.

[Kendrick climbs to his feet and crosses to the nearest corner to stand on the middle ropes, taunting the jeering crowd. Cut to ringside, where an overjoyed Sandra Hayes climbs the ringsteps.]

SA: Memorial Day Mayhem 2018 sees its first title change on the night... and I don't think anyone in Los Angeles saw this one coming.

CP: Credit where credit is due, Albano. Jordan Ohara wrote too many checks on the equity of the National Championship and was caught flatfooted when the new champ cashed his on him.

[Kendrick climbs down from the buckles to see Miss Sandra Hayes, who is presumably still very much his business and romantic partner, holding the midnight green velvet cloth.]

SA: And, if that is what I presume it is... that was made awfully fast. I wonder how far back plans for this heist were in the works.

[Kendrick pulls back the velvet cloth to reveal a wrestling belt - a gold and elliptical main plate, encrusted with jewels, with a great bird spreading its wings taking up most of its surface. A raised AWA logo in chrome silver at the top, the words "NATIONAL CHAMPION" in gold on a black plaque near the bottom.]

SA: And a final insult: a phoenix on the belt that was obviously meant for Jordan Ohara-

CP: I think you've got mythology on the brain, Albano! That's an eagle! As in the Super Bowl Champions. They're champs, just like Philadelphia's own Kerry Kendrick - the heart and soul of the AWA!

[Kendrick gives Hayes a kiss on the lips in a public display of affection that is a few seconds longer than necessary, and he takes the belt and straps it around his waist as the medical team rush to Jordan Ohara's aid.]

CP: This is the moment he's been waiting for, Albano! Ten years ago, almost to the day, the AWA crowned its first AWA National Champion – Kendrick's own mentor, the San Jose Shark... Marcus Broussard. Now his dream has become a reality!

[Kendrick mounts the buckles that happen to be in front of David Ortiz, pointing down at him and patting the belt around his waist as Ortiz jeers him, giving a big thumbs down.]

SA: It seems Kerry Kendrick and Sandra Hayes' National Championship dream is a nightmare for Jordan Ohara and just about everyone else in the AWA.

[Kendrick crosses to another corner of the ring to pose on the turnbuckles, facing down at Juan Vasquez's family, trash talking them maniacally as he gets some measure of revenge after the everts of Saturday Night Wrestling two weeks and two days ago.]

SA: He's taunting everyone out here - EVEN CHILDREN!

[Kendrick smirks as Hayes reaches around him to rest her hand on the faceplate of the title belt...]

SA: Oh, now this is just getting obscene! Fans, we hope to get an update on the condition of Jordan Ohara—he hasn't moved since he was struck with that Liberty Bellringer.

CP: Look at the champ - tell me he doesn't look great in that belt. Ten years of work... It's almost poetic, Albano. You've always waxing poetic, Albano. You've always quick with a metaphor. You gotta admit this is probably the greatest day in Kerry Kendrick and Miss Sandra Hayes' lives, Sal.

SA: It probably is... but they're the only ones. Sweet Lou, take us away from all this... please.

[We fade backstage where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell standing.]

SLB: You talk about a miscarriage of justice! Kerry Kendrick - I thought he was gone! We all did! He quit and... Hayes?! I can't believe...

[Blackwell trails off, shaking his head.]

SLB: Well, fans... we may not like how it went down but we DO have a new National Champion in Kerry Kendrick...

[Blackwell even SOUNDS disgusted.]

SLB: ...and...

[He looks off-camera at a little ruckus, rolling his eyes.]

SLB: ...and now these two?!

[Blackwell shakes his head, waving a hand at the cameraman who twists around to reveal Chaz and Chet Wallace walking... on their tiptoes, creeping along a wall...]

SLB: What in the world are you two doing?!

[Chet smirks, putting on his best Porky Pig voice.]

CHET: Be vewwy vewwy quiet... we're hunting drunken morons.

[Chet raises an eyebrow.]

CHET: Hey, maybe you'll do.

[He sniffs the air in front of him like he's smelling Blackwell's breath.]

SLB: Look here, you! I won't tolerate that kind of slander with the whole world watching! Besides... YOU are hunting Carver?

[He snorts.]

SLB: I don't think so! He's hunting YOU! And when he finds you-

[Blackwell stops abruptly as a metal clatter is heard off-camera. Chet jerks around to look as Chaz... hides behind him.]

CHAZ: WHO IS IT?! WHERE IS HE?!

[Chet cranes his neck...]

CHET: I don't... he's not there! He's not! Calm down!

[Chet grabs his twin brother, shaking him by the shoulders...]

CHET: CALM DOWN!

[...and then suddenly, someone comes rushing into view, smashing a trash can over the back of Chet Wallace's head!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[Chet Wallace goes falling to the floor as Chaz cries out in alarm...

...and we see Hannibal Carver hammering fists into the head, knocking him back against the wall as Sweet Lou bails out of sight, watching as we can hear some off-camera voices crying out for help!]

SA: That's Hannibal Carver! He's been hunting for Generation Lost all night and he's got his hands on the Idols!

CP: This is ridiculous! If he wants to fight, let 'em do it out here in the ring!

[Carver is raining down blows on Chaz Wallace before grabbing him by the hair...

...and HURLING him over a rolling production case, sending him crashing down with a sickening thud on the concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Carver wheels around to grab the rising Chet Wallace, throwing him facefirst into the Dodger Stadium wall...

...and that's when we get a flood of AWA officials and security on the scene, diving in between Carver and Chet!]

SA: Here comes the cavalry for the Idols... and look at Chaz, dragging his brother out of here by the hand! The Wallace twins are running for their lives!

[Carver can be heard screaming as he strains to get past a quartet of AWA officials, shouting "I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU!"...

...and we fade to some obviously pre-recorded footage where we find a closeup of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. We can see just below his face that he's dressed to the nines in a custom-tailored suit as he begins to speak.]

HSS: The Almighty Atlas Armstrong.

[Scott smirks.]

HSS: Hearda you.

[The camera pulls back a bit to reveal Scott's upper body as the Hotshot throws his hands in the air.]

HSS: The size! The strength! The domination! Better than all others...

[He chuckles...

...and then as the camera pulls back even more, we see Max Magnum step into place behind the former National Champion-turned-manager, his hulking form clearly visible behind the Hotshot.]

HSS: Well... almost.

[He winks at the camera.]

HSS: You see, Mr. Armstrong, I am what you might call a learned man... and as such, that means I am familiar with the myth of the one they call Atlas. The one who was condemned for eternity to hold up the heavens across his massive shoulders.

Mr. Armstrong, here in Los Angeles where stars are born, we intend to help you live up to your namesake.

Some might think we mean we're going to make you carry the weight of the Westerly Dynasty on your shoulders... because we all know that Ms. Westerly has pinned her hopes on the wrong horse here tonight.

[Scott chuckles.]

HSS: But it's not the Westerly Dynasty that is your cross to bear, Mr. Armstrong.

It's the burden of failure.

[Scott holds up two fingers - his index finger on either hand.]

HSS: It's a clash like no other... some might call it a super clash.

[He smirks.]

HSS: Two undefeated titans. Two monsters of the mat. Two unstoppable beasts that cannot be beaten... yet must be.

Because only one man can walk out of Los Angeles as STILL undefeated.

And Mr. Armstrong, I am here to serve as your reality check.

[He shakes his head.]

HSS: It will NOT be you.

And that's what you will have to live with.

Everyone handles their first loss differently, Mr. Armstrong... and the longer it takes to get to it, the more pain it causes.

But it's that pain that will live with you for the rest of your career.

[Scott holds up an empty hand...]

HSS: Whether it lasts for twenty years, filled with championship glory...

[...and then squeezes it shut.]

HSS: ...or you crash and burn once you've seen the lights. You will feel that pain. It will burn into your brain and haunt your every movement because THIS is the night that you become... a mere mortal.

A former stuntman who made friends with the right legend... who got the foot in the door that true professional wrestlers who've spent their lives

fighting for this opportunity never get... the musclebound monster who looks good on the cover of a magazine.

You've exceeded all expectations, Mr. Armstrong. Congratulations.

[Scott jerks a thumb over his shoulder.]

HSS: But this is where your glory ends... and your burden begins.

[Scott grins broadly, giving a chuckle, jerking a thumb over his shoulder as Max Magnum who breathes heavily, sweat pouring over his chiseled frame, intensity in his every breath...]

HSS: Consider yourself warned.

[...and we fade from this pre-taped locker room message.

To a darkened room with a single spotlight shining down on Atlas Armstrong, all 6'8, 298 pounds of sculpted power. He stands with his arms thrown out and his head thrown back, basking in the spotlight. He turns his gaze to the camera, dark eyes sharp, jaw clenched - every inch of him carved like a modern-day colossus.

Beside him, in a sleek black dress, stands the leader of the Westerly Dynasty - Veronica Westerly - arms crossed, the mastermind who set the stage for one of the most important battles in AWA history.

Atlas breathes deep, soaking in the moment before turning his piercing gaze to the camera. When he speaks, his voice is slow, measured - commanding.]

AA: This is what it comes down to, huh?

Two undefeated titans. Two forces of nature. Two men who have never felt their shoulders touch that mat for three seconds. Until now.

[He smiles eagerly and coldly at the same time.]

AA: Max Magnum, I want you to understand somethin'. This? This isn't just another match. This isn't some warm-up for a World Title shot. No, this is bigger than gold. This is bigger than any belt. This... is about legacy.

[Armstrong lowers his impressive arms, folding an arm around Westerly's diminutive shoulders.]

AA: You call yourself undefeated. So do I. Nobody has been able to pin these shoulders to the mat. But after Memorial Day Mayhem, there will be only one.

[Atlas steps closer to the camera, his presence overwhelming.]

AA: See, Max, I look at you... and I see a specimen. You're fast. You're powerful. You've run through everyone they put in front of you. And I

respect that. You? You're the second-greatest physical specimen to ever step foot in that ring.

[A cute condescending smirk curls at the edge of the dark man's lips.]

AA: But that's where it ends. Because I am Atlas Armstrong. I am the indomitable. The impossible. The invincible. And you? You are the next piece of my legacy. You are the sacrifice that proves, once and for all, that there is no man, no monster, no force in the AWA stronger than Atlas Armstrong.

[Veronica Westerly steps forward now, her voice sharp, precise - her presence as powerful as the titan she manages.]

VW: Max Magnum, do you understand what you're stepping into? Do you realize what I've created? This is more than a match, more than a spectacle - this is a battle of gods.

And I built it.

[Westerly's smug expression is as agitating as you might imagine.]

VW: I put the pieces in place. I made the impossible real. And now?

Atlas Armstrong is going to do what he does best.

[She looks up at Atlas before turning back to the camera.]

VW: He's going to dominate.

[Atlas cracks his neck, his massive hands tightening into fists as his voice drops to a low, dangerous growl.]

AA: Magnum, I want you to bring every ounce of strength you've got. Every suplex. Every powerbomb. Every Bombshell. Every last bit of that "unstoppable force" you think you are.

Because I need this to be a fight.

I want this to be a war.

[He grips his powerful hands together with a loud clap.]

AA: They dared call me a bully? No, I break bullies. I am going to break you.

I want everyone in that stadium, everyone watching around the world, to see exactly why there's no man alive that can stop me.

When the dust settles, when that bell rings, and you're lying on that mat, looking up at the lights... you're gonna realize that you never stood a chance. There is only one human cheat code in the AWA. Me!

[Armstrong powers his arms as Westerly steps in front of him, cupping her hands to her mouth...]

VW: O come let us adore him! Almighty! Atlas! Armstrong!

[Atlas pounds his fist into his chest as Veronica smirks. The camera lingers on them - power, dominance, and inevitability - before fading back to a live shot inside the stadium, the overhead shot showing the sky taking on a slighter darker tint as the sun continues to set behind the stadium walls.]

SA: The sun is starting to come down in the sky here in Los Angeles but here in Dodger Stadium, the stars are already out here at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[We cut to a crowd shot, showing Snoop Dogg and Ice Cube sitting ringside, posing and waving to the camera as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: Our thanks to Snoop Dogg and Ice Cube for helping us welcome the world to the show earlier tonight... and a special "welcome to the show" to Cube's son, O'Shea... who I'm told is a big wrestling fan himself, Colt.

CP: Hey, Cube... when I come to your town... bow down!

SA: Oh, brother... I had nothing to do with that, I promise.

[We cut to another pair in the crowd.]

SA: He made his family disappear a long time ago but his family is right here with him tonight in Los Angeles - Home Alone's Macaulay Culkin is here with his brother Kieran - both big wrestling fans - and Kieran's got a new show debuting on HBO next week actually - Succession! You heard about this one, Colt?

CP: Something about a wealthy family with the kids all fighting over who is gonna take over the family business?

SA: That's exactly right.

CP: No one's gonna watch that.

SA: COLT! But it's not just the stars of the entertainment industry that are here tonight... Los Angeles is arguably the capital of the sports world as well and...

[We cut again... this time showing tennis legend Billie Jean King.]

SA: ...Billie Jean King's here! Former Number One in the world for women's tennis... 39 Grand Slam titles... and you know she's excited for the women's Rumble AND Girls To The Front later this summer.

[We cut again to a HUGE ROAR from the Los Angeles crowd as the next person immediately pops up, throwing rights and lefts towards the camera...]

SA: He was born in East LA... and he's right here with us tonight - former World Champion - 11 times over - former Olympic gold medalist... and these days, he's one of the biggest boxing and MMA promoters on the planet - the Golden Boy himself - Oscar De La Hoya is in the house!

[...and another cut gets another MASSIVE REACTION!]

SA: Wow! You talk about a superstar tag team!

[A massive hand covers the camera lens abruptly and then pulls back to reveal a grinning Shaquille O'Neal sitting next to Dodger owner Magic Johnson who has a smile that'll light up all of Hollywood.]

SA: Former Laker World Champions Magic Johnson and Shaquille O'Neal... and how in the world do you top that, Colt?

CP: I have no idea.

SA: I do. Dodger PA announcer Todd Leitz, take it away!

[The booming voice of Todd Leitz is heard over the PA system.]

TL: Ladies and gentlemen... here for our next match as the SPECIAL GUEST RING ANNOUNCER...

[The crowd buzzes at the surprise.]

TL: ...while Dodger Stadium has never been his address, EVERY ballpark is his home...

Please welcome to Chavez Ravine...

[Dramatic pause.]

TL: ...MR. BASEBALL... BOB UECKER!

[There's a HUGE ROAR from the Los Angeles crowd as a grinning Bob Uecker comes out onto the entrance stage. He raises both arms over his head, waving them back and forth to cheers.]

SA: Oh yeah! It's Mr. Baseball himself, Colt!

CP: You know, I've never understood how that works, Albano.

SA: How do you mean?

CP: This guy was one of the worst baseball players to ever play the game. It'd be like naming Allen Allen "Mr. Wrestling!"

[Sal chuckles as the Ueck makes his way down the ramp, slapping all the outstretched hands he can reach...]

SA: Boy, they love the Ueck here in Los Angeles... in EVERY place he goes. The voice of Harry Doyle in the Major League movies - one of my personal favorite movies. And of course, he's a huge pro wrestling fan, Colt.

CP: Who isn't these days?

[Reaching the ring, Bob Uecker jogs up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes and going into a spin as the crowd ROARS again. Uecker walks over to the ropes, giving them a quick tug and a thumbs up to laughter as he steps to mid-ring, bowing his head as Rebecca Ortiz hands over the house mic and a few index cards.]

BU: Alright! Hello Los Angeles!

[The crowd cheers loudly!]

BU: You know, when the AWA asked me to be a part of Memorial Day Mayhem, I said "of course! Absolutely! I just have one question.... how much are the tickets?"

[The crowd laughs as Uecker smiles.]

BU: When I went backstage earlier, I ran into Casey Cash who was dressed in Under Armour stuff from head to toe. You know, when I played in the big leagues, the sponsors paid me NOT to wear their stuff.

[More laughter as Uecker lets loose a smile that lights up the stadium.]

BU: Alright, enough of that... we've got a match and I've got a job to do! Don't worry, Rebecca... by the time I'm done, they'll have a raise waiting for you in the back.

[Cut to Ortiz who is laughing so hard, her cheeks are red... and then back to the ring as Mr. Baseball reads one of the index cards.]

BU: The following special attraction match is one fall with a thirty minute time limit!

[The heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" blares out into the open air. You know what that means.]

BU: First... with the manager Stevie Scott... from Minnesota... six four... 295 pounds...

MAX! MAGNUM!

[Max Magnum strides out onto the entrance stage, trailed close behind by his manager "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Magnum's chiseled face shows a steely focus on the ring. Clad simply in black trunks and a black t-shirt with "SPLX

BCHS" in a white block font on the front, the massive physical specimen hops side-to-side before jumping in place and landing with brute force on the ramp and white pyro shoots around him, triggered by his feet contacting the floor. The edited KISS classic skips the first few lines and cuts directly into Gene Simmons' strikingly accurate description of Magnum 40 years prior.]

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

[Magnum stomps down the ramp towards the ring, Scott practically jogging to keep pace as the fans respond with a mix of cheers and boos for the Modern Day Man of Steel...]

SA: Max Magnum is an absolute monster. Big, strong, athletic... intimidating.

CP: Dominating.

SA: Insert your adjective of choice and it probably fits the undefeated Alpha Beast who puts that undefeated streak in jeopardy... likely the greatest jeopardy it's been to date.

[...and reaching the ringside area, Magnum deadleaps from the floor to the apron, another burst of pyro going off as Magnum ducks through the ropes. Scott scales the ringsteps, climbing in to join him as the guest ring announcer moves quickly out of the way as Magnum takes center ring, swinging his powerful arms across his broad chest...]

CP: Whaddya think ol' Uecker would do if Magnum hit him with the Bombshell right now?

SA: Break into a million pieces probably! And I don't even want to think of such a thing!

[The music fades as Uecker decides to do the rest of his announcements from the crowd...]

BU: And his opponent! From San Simeon... the manager, the devious Veronica Westerly... 294 pounds... he is ALMIGHTY... ATLAS! ARMSTRONG!

[The opening strains of Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Jesus Christ Superstar" play melodically over the PA system as Atlas Armstrong emerges into view on the entrance stage, Veronica Westerly standing several steps behind him as Armstrong is wrapped in a floor-length silver cape...

...and the cape is flung off by Armstrong, revealing his bronze-skinned ultra physique to a mixed response from the crowd!]

SA: The other half of this incredibly anticipated battle of undefeated behemoths! Atlas Armstrong, the Almighty himself, is heading to the ring along with Veronica Westerly... and after the embarrassment she suffered earlier tonight with her husband and Damian DeVille, you better believe Westerly's looking for her man Atlas to make a major impact on Memorial Day Mayhem right about now.

[Westerly nods approvingly as Armstrong ignores the fans - both cheering and jeering - as he heads towards the ring, his eyes locked on the waiting Max Magnum. His big, bulging muscles and ridiculous definition are on full display as he walks in his royal blue trunks and gold boots, ending up at ringside where he stares up at the Modern Day Man of Steel before pulling himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes as Westerly stays on the floor, taking her spot in the corner..]

...and Armstrong strikes a big double bicep pose right up in the face of Magnum, the crowd reacting to the lack of fear on display!]

SA: Well, we talked about Max Magnum being intimidating... but Atlas Armstrong is showing no signs of that, Colt.

CP: Absolutely not. Armstrong does NOT fear Max Magnum... and that may be a new experience for Magnum... an unpleasant one to boot.

[The referee steps in, forcing Armstrong to back into one corner and Magnum to the other..]

SA: I do not envy the referee in this one, trying to keep these two under control. With the size and strength and intensity, it feels like this could break into chaos at the slightest bit of provocation.

CP: This match needed a special referee... like me!

SA: That would've been interesting... but I doubt you could've done as well in your guest duties as Mr. Baseball did.

CP: That coward already ran for it, Albano. He might be back to Cleveland by now.

SA: Milwaukee.

CP: Does it even matter?

[With the two undefeated foes in opposite corners, the crowd is buzzing with excitement...]

SA: We're just about set for action in this one and... well, hold on to your butts!

[As the bell sounds, neither man moves an inch towards the other, staring across the ring from their respective corners.]

SA: Colt, the tension is high for this one. In the ring, at ringside, and throughout this sold out SoCal crowd! The electricity that's in the air, you can cut it with a knife!

CP: You can... what? Whatever, Albano... the fact is, you don't see this too often. There's four title matches here tonight... but only one battle of two undefeated top stars.

SA: Atlas Armstrong made his AWA debut on April 8th, 2017 on the Power Hour... winning in impressive fashion with that Superman Punch... and he was off to the races. He hasn't lost a match by pinfall or submission since then, claiming victories over opponents like Omega... like Kaz Konoe... even a controversial victory over the World Champion Supernova.

CP: All very impressive... but I'm not sure it holds up to the resume of Max Magnum. Magnum debuted just a few weeks before Armstrong - March 18th, 2017 - when Stevie Scott unleashed him on the former World Champion Calisto Dufresne... and Dufresne would be far from the only World Champion that Magnum would put down in his debut year, beating everyone from the Ladykiller to the Doctor of Love, Dave Bryant, and anyone else put in his path.

SA: Veronica Westerly in Atlas' corner, Stevie Scott in Magnum's - providing strategy and advice for their two monsters in this mammoth clash here in Los Angeles!

[As the announcers build the moment, the two competitors are slowly inching towards one another from their corners, the anticipation growing over the 60,000 fans jammed into Dodger Stadium for this monumental battle for AWA dominance...]

SA: The AWA faithful aren't big fans of either of these guys, Colt, so I'd expect a pretty even crowd rooting for big moments, ring-shaking slams, and the kind of spectacle you can only find here in the American Wrestling Alliance!

CP: Enough with the hype, Big Sal! If I get any more pumped, I'm gonna rip right out of my shirt!

SA: We sure wouldn't want that!

[The two undefeated powerhouses are now inches away from one another, the staredown in full effect as the fans buzz, waiting to see who will throw the first blow...

...and not getting a blow at all as - at an unspoken word - the two titans come together in a big ol' collar and elbow tieup, jockeying for early advantage as the fans cheer!]

SA: AND WE'RE OFF IN THIS ONE! Highly-anticipated, much-debated - this one has had the Internet pundits buzzing since it was announced. Two

undefeated streaks on the line and one of 'em is getting shattered here tonight in Los Angeles!

CP: Let's go! Look at these two! Like two bulls, pushing and shoving each other around the ring...

SA: It's an early stalemate for Armstrong and Magnum, showing off that size and strength that both are so well known for...

[The crowd begins to cheer as Magnum plants his feet and starts pushing hard, causing Armstrong to backpedal one slow step at a time...]

SA: ...but don't look now, fans, because Max Magnum is showing why they call him the Alpha Beast!

CP: The Alpha Beast, the Modern Day Man of Steel - I think Magnum's got the nickname column won in this one, jack!

SA: The Almighty might disagree with that but right now, no one can disagree that he's being shoved right back into the corner... impressive show of strength by Max Magnum as the referee calls for a break...

[Magnum lets go, quickly backing off with a smirk.]

SA: ...and gets one! How about that?

CP: There will come a time where the rules are going out the window and the fists are gonna fly in this one... but we're not there yet.

[Armstrong eyeballs Magnum warily after the clean break, nodding at Westerly as she provides some input.]

SA: Veronica Westerly has been privately telling people she's been looking forward to matching strategic skills against Stevie Scott... and you would imagine that she just might have a little extra motivation in this one after that emotional scene with her husband earlier tonight. And Colt, did I hear that right? Was Veronica trying to expand the Westerly Dynasty by adding Damian DeVille?

CP: Absolutely. We've been hearing talk from the Westerly camp about expansion for weeks now. DeVille's a promising young prospect and Veronica could turn him into a superstar.

SA: Speaking of superstars, these two superstars are just about set to lock up again...

[The two behemoths come together in a second tieup, struggling for an edge...]

...which is when Armstrong sets his feet, gives a ROAR, and HURLS Magnum across the ring, sending him flipping ass over teakettle to the opposite corner as the crowd ROARS as Armstrong goes into a series of poses.]

CP: Tremendous power on the part of the Almighty! Look at the biceps, the triceps, the delts, the abs - this guy is ripped, cut, and ready to be the face of this company if he wins here tonight!

SA: Max Magnum, Stevie Scott... they're both STUNNED at what just happened and the question must be asked, Colt - could Atlas Armstrong actually be STRONGER than Max Magnum?!

CP: Sure looked like it right there but this one's far from over, Big Sal - far from over.

[An embarrassed Magnum scrambles off the mat, Stevie Scott urgently and frantically giving advice to the Alpha Beast, trying to calm him down as Magnum looks fit to be tied. A few moments pass before Magnum seems to soothe a bit, giving his manager a nod.]

SA: And now it's Stevie Scott putting his managerial skills to good use. You've got the clash of bodies inside the ring and the clash of minds on the outside... and this much-anticipated matchup is certainly living up to the hype so far.

[Magnum edges out of the corner, moving towards a smirking Armstrong who beckons him forward...]

...and Magnum lunges, feigning a tieup before smoothly moving into a go-behind, snatching a waistlock...]

SA: Magnum showing off that amateur background and- WHOOOOA MY! Up high and down low goes Armstrong on that waistlock takedown - Magnum showing some strength of his own...

[The Modern Day Man of Steel immediately lets go, his own smirk on his face as he looks down on Armstrong...]

...who quickly comes off the mat, stepping up to Magnum with his own embarrassment on his face this time...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who SLAPS Atlas Armstrong right across the face!]

SA: UH OH! Things might be heating up now!

CP: But look at Armstrong! Magnum gave him his illest shot and Armstrong looked like he didn't even feel it! Just absorbing the blow and staring him down...

[Armstrong responds with a boot to the gut of Magnum, doubling him over...]

"THUUUUUUUD!"

[...and SMASHES a big clubbing blow across the back!]

"THUUUUUUUD!"

"THUUUUUUUD!"

"THUUUUUUUD!"

"THUUUUUUUD!"

"THUUUUUUUD!"

SA: Armstrong teeing off on the Alpha Beast, driving his equally-undefeated foe down onto a knee...

[With Magnum down, Armstrong races to the ropes, rebounding back as Magnum rises...]

SA: OHH! BIG TACKLE! NO ONE MOVES AN INCH!

[The crowd buzzes for the big football tackle exchange as the two mountains of men stare each other down...]

...and Magnum points to the ropes, calling for another one which Armstrong quickly obliges with.]

SA: Off the far side again... BOOM! Big crash!

CP: But Magnum holds his ground! And that's almost three hundred pounds of muscle slamming into him!

[Armstrong grimaces, gesturing for Magnum to take his turn now. The Alpha Beast nods, hitting the ropes, coming back strong...]

...but Armstrong goes swinging, throwing a clothesline that Magnum ducks under, continuing on into the ropes...]

SA: Magnum down and under, to the ropes...

[...and Magnum runs Armstrong right down with a clothesline of his own, flattening the Almighty One as he hits the mat, rolling to the outside of the ring as Magnum lets loose a roar, stomping around the ring to some cheers from the 60,000+ on hand in Los Angeles!]

SA: ...THE CLOTHESLINE PUTS HIM DOWN!

CP: Armstrong wisely bails out...and Veronica is right there, trying to talk to one pissed-off big man!

[Stevie Scott on the other hand looks quite pleased at what he's seeing, beaming as he claps for Magnum who is pacing the ring, obeying the official's orders to not pursue him.]

SA: Referee Andy Dawson keeping Magnum inside the ring while Armstrong regroups on the outside... and we're seeing a stalemate in the early minutes of this one, fans.

CP: All that power, all that strength... the intensity... the athleticism... the explosiveness... so far, it's dead even.

SA: We're just around five minutes - five minutes of this thirty minute time limit have gone by in this massive collision between two talents who've gone undefeated - unpinned, un-submitted - for over a year now. Tonight, that ends for one of these two Goliaths.

[Armstrong lets the count build a bit, waiting until six before he climbs up on the apron, glaring at Magnum who waves him back in. The Almighty ducks through, looking less than pleased as he rushes at Magnum again...

...and brings a knee up into the midsection as Magnum goes to lock up.]

SA: For a second time, Armstrong avoids a lock up with a shot to the solar plexus... and look at that strength! A big hammer blow across the back... and Magnum's right back down on his knees...

[Armstrong nods confidently as he steps in behind Magnum, reaching down to secure a waistlock...]

SA: ...and what's this now? Armstrong-

[...and the crowd ROARS at the show of strength as Armstrong deadlifts Max Magnum off his hands and knees...]

SA -LOOK! AT! THAT!

[...but before Armstrong can try to throw him over, Magnum wriggles free, breaking loose of the waistlock to standing switch into one of his own...]

SA: But now it's Magnum who-

[...but Armstrong IMMEDIATELY elbows out at shouts of "GERMAN! GERMAN!" from Westerly, breaking free to dash to the ropes while Magnum reels from the elbows!]

SA: -off the far side comes Armstrong...

[A stunned Magnum swings big with a clothesline but comes up empty as Armstrong ducks under, hitting the ropes...]

SA: ...CLOTHESLINE BY THE BIG SUR BIG MAN!

[...and the clothesline by Armstrong knocks Magnum to the canvas where he rolls to the outside, Stevie Scott racing to be beside him!]

SA: Back and forth, back and forth... a true stalemate in the early moments of this one, Colt, and- hang on now... Atlas Armstrong is ignoring Andy Dawson and he's going out after Magnum!

[Dropping to the floor, Armstrong approaches the recovering Magnum...]

CP: Look out out here, Big Sal! It's like two kaiju turned loose in Chavez Ravine!

[...but as Magnum surges to his feet, he lands a boot to the gut, doubling over Armstrong. He grabs him by the hair, twisting around to SMASH his face into the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Magnum BOUNCES Armstrong facefirst off the apron!

[Armstrong stumbles away from the ring into Magnum's waiting arms as he scoops the big man up...]

SA: THREE HUNDRED POUNDS ANNNNNND...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...SLAAAAAAAAAAM ON THE DODGER STADIUM FIIIIIIIIIIELD!

[Stevie Scott thrusts his arms into the air in celebration, imploring his charge to "GET HIM IN! PUT HIM BACK IN!" Magnum obliges, tossing Armstrong under the ropes, and crawling in after him.]

SA: Our first cover of the mat gets one... get two... but Armstrong kicks out at two!

[Magnum swings a leg over Armstrong, securing the mount as he opens up on him, smashing his fists down onto the head of the Almighty who lifts his muscular arms to try to shield himself...]

SA: Magnum's all over him, trying to break down his defenses with those heavy blows... switching to the hammerfists now, trying to smash through and land a big shot...

[...but somehow Armstrong is able to muscle out, flipping Magnum over onto his back as Armstrong takes the mount in kind!]

SA: ...whoa! Reversed by Armstrong... and now he's opening up, big shots from the top...

[A handful of blows land before Magnum is able to get his own defensive posture, absorbing the rest on his forearms...]

...and then grabs hold of Armstrong, easily reversing back into his own control...]

SA: And again, back and forth they go and... that's a choke! Referee, that's a blatant choke applied by Max Magnum!

[The crowd jeers as Magnum throttles Armstrong for a few moments, earning a referee's four count before Magnum lets go, climbing to his feet.]

SA: Max Magnum resorting to a choke there... and that's a little unusual for a competitor who typically just likes to overwhelm an opponent with his physicality.

CP: Some frustration peeking through on Magnum who is not used to facing an opponent as game for a battle as he is.

SA: You could be right about that, Colt... Magnum bringing Armstrong to his feet now, looking to assume control of this one...

[A whip sends Armstrong into the turnbuckles as Magnum charges in, throwing himself into a back elbow. He leans against the big man, holding him in place as he lashes out with repeated back elbows to the side of the head, leaving the Almighty reeling...]

SA: Sends him back across to the opposite corner...

[...and then steamrolls into him with another heavy clothesline!]

SA: ...ohhh! All impact on that one, crushing Atlas against the turnbuckles...

[Magnum backs off a few feet, watching as Armstrong stumbles into his waiting arms...]

SA: ...he's got him hooked annnnnnnnd...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as the 300 pounder is LAUNCHED overhead, sent flying halfway across the ring before bouncing off the mat with an overhead belly-to-belly by the Modern Day Man of Steel!]

SA: PURE! POWER! Max Magnum tossing Atlas Armstrong across the ring like a sack of garbage, sending him bouncing off the canvas here in the middle of Dodger Stadium...

[Magnum kips up off the mat to a big cheer!]

SA: ...and there's the athleticism to go with that overwhelming power! Max Magnum is the perfect blend... the kind of guy you'd create on AWA 2K18 or in some kind of a lab somewhere.

[But as Magnum is on his feet, he spots Armstrong struggling to get to his...

...and the Alpha Beast goes tearing across the ring, smashing a knee into the body, knocking Armstrong back against the turnbuckles.]

SA: This is NOT where Armstrong wants to be with Magnum!

[Knees are coming in bunches to the body of Armstrong, battering the abdominals and the ribcage...

...and then Magnum changes levels, slamming his shoulder into the ribcage as well as the referee protests, ordering Magnum to get out of the corner!]

SA: Magnum's all over him! Working him over in the corner!

[The referee wedges himself between Magnum and Armstrong, managing to get Magnum to back a few steps away...

...which is when Magnum grabs the official under the arms, lifting him into the air with ease, and then sets him back on his feet!]

SA: Hey! Can he do that?!

CP: He just did!

[Magnum whips back around, lunging at Armstrong, smashing an elbow across the jaw, knocking him down into a slump where Magnum opens up with overhead hammerfists, smashing them into the skull over and over as Armstrong continues to slide down into a seated position on the mat...]

SA: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[Andy Dawson attempts to do exactly that but Magnum will not relent, smashing his knee into the face of the seated Armstrong repeatedly, earning big jeers from the Dodger Stadium crowd as Veronica protests loudly... and finally, the official steps in again, forcing Magnum out of the corner...]

SA: Andy Dawson gets him out of there... and he's telling Max Magnum that if he doesn't obey his commands, this one's over! He'll disqualify Max Magnum and this one will be all over!

CP: No one wants to see this one end like that, Sal... so hopefully Max Magnum will be able to keep his cool enough to keep Andy Dawson from resorting to that.

[Magnum glares in on Armstrong, steaming mad as Stevie Scott also implores his charge to keep his cool from the outside while Armstrong tries to drag himself off the mat with the aid of the ropes.]

SA: Atlas getting back to his feet, having taken a pummeling in the last couple of minutes...

[He staggers along the ropes, hanging onto the top...

...and Magnum blitzes him with a clothesline, knocking the Big Sur native over the ropes to the outside!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: MAGNUM SENDS ARMSTRONG TO THE FLOOR! All the way over the top rope and down to the outside here at Dodger Stadium... Veronica rushing to the big man’s side and-

CP: She ain’t the only one - here comes Mighty Max!

[Magnum ducks through to the apron before dropping to the floor, moving in on Armstrong as the Almighty One tries to get up with the help of his manager... who scampers away as Magnum grabs hold of Armstrong...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and Magnum HURLS Armstrong shoulder-first into the steel ringpost!]

SA: The aggression of Max Magnum is on full display as the Alpha Beast is physically overwhelming Atlas Armstrong right now! Just dominating him!

CP: What’s Magnum doing now?

[He walks over to the nearby timekeeper’s table, swiping a hand at the occupants which sends the timekeeper and Rebecca Ortiz scurrying.]

SA: He’s clearing off the timekeeper’s table - maybe looking to take this one up a level!

[Magnum throws a look over his shoulder at Armstrong, nodding as he grabs the table with both arms...]

SA: What in the world...?!

[...and Magnum lifts it into the air like he’s delivering a vertical suplex to it, and brings it CRASHING down across the head of Armstrong, spilling the Almighty One across the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: HE SUPLEXED THE TABLE ONTO ARMSTRONG!

[Referee Andy Dawson throws his hands up into the air, grabbing at his hair as he sees what went down...]

CP: Is... is it over? Is the match over? Is that a DQ?

SA: I’m not sure... the referee is looking out here and...

[Dawson looks around at the crowd for a moment... and then waves for the match to continue!]

SA: ...the match is on! The referee using his discretion to let the match go on! Good call, Andy Dawson!

[The crowd cheers the official's decision as Dawson again waves the match to continue...

...and then buzzes as the camera zooms in on Armstrong, revealing a nasty gash on the side of his head!]

SA: Oh! Look at that, Colt!

CP: The table... look at the table... it looks like the edge of the table broken, was a bit jagged, and it must've slashed open the head of Atlas Armstrong! The side of the head is cut open and... well, Atlas Armstrong is a mere mortal after all!

[Magnum pulls the now-bleeding Armstrong off the mat, tossing him into the ring before rolling in after him. The Alpha Beast promptly pulls Armstrong to his knees, turning his face to target the cut... smashing an elbow into the cut... and again... and again...]

SA: And now Magnum smells blood LITERALLY in the water! He's going right after that cut on the head, trying to split it open!

[Magnum backs off, wiping some blood from his elbow and rubbing it across his chest to leave a crimson streak...]

CP: Painting himself in the blood of his victim like some kind of caveman warrior! I love it!

[...and then circles around the rising Armstrong, securing the waistlock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DUMPS Armstrong with a released German Suplex!]

SA: DOWN! GOES! ATLAS! All impact, no bridge on that suplex... and Armstrong's in SERIOUS trouble right about now!

CP: At this point, this isn't a match, Big Sal - it's a mugging!

[Magnum stands over him, demanding Armstrong stay down, arrogantly flicking out a boot to kick Armstrong in the head as he tries to stir off the canvas...]

SA: Magnum's taunting the big man... who is trying to get off the mat again but Max Magnum is all over him!

[As Armstrong struggles up again, Magnum takes him over again...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MAKE IT TWO!

CP: Magnum's dominating him right now!

[Stevie Scott is jubilant at ringside, waving his arms around, shouting "IT'S OVER! IT'S OOOOOOOVERRRRRR!" as Veronica pounds the mat, shouting for her charge to get off the mat...]

SA: The respective managers living and dying with their clients' actions... and Magnum again tells Armstrong to stay down!

[But the Big Sur powerhouse will not be denied, staggering off the mat again... and Magnum wraps him up in a waistlock again...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THREE! Armstrong gets planted - and Magnum with the cover!
ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Armstrong muscles out, shoving a shoulder off the canvas in time!]

SA: Two count only... wow! Armstrong showing some tremendous resilience to go along with that size and strength!

CP: And this is really the first time that we've seen Armstrong physically outmatched since he got here... this is our first chance to SEE that resilience.

[An irate Magnum grabs Armstrong by the hair, lacing a few short right hands into the bleeding wound before dragging Armstrong off the mat, sending him into the corner where he SMASHES him with a running clothesline!]

SA: The impactful clothesline connects!

[Armstrong staggers out of the corner, allowing Magnum to snatch a full nelson, twisting him around...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX BY MAGNUM! HOLY-

CP: Look at the power! Who else not only gets Atlas up and over like that but with THAT level of impact?! NOBODY, BIG SAL!

SA: Magnum... look at this cover... sheer arrogance.

[Magnum plants a boot on the chest, holding his arms aloft in the air as the referee dives down to count...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: -KIIIIIICK OUUUUUUUUT!

[Magnum look alarmed at the kickout that earns some cheers from some of the 60,000 strong on hand as Armstrong gets the shoulder up to big applause from Veronica Westerly!]

SA: Armstrong got DROPPED... got DUMPED on the back of the head and neck and still managed to kick out! Very impressive performance we're seeing out of the Almighty One, Colt.

CP: Absolutely... but he's got Magnum circling in on the kill...

SA: Armstrong again rolling to his chest, again trying to push himself to his feet, not staying down despite the Alpha Beast continuing to demand that he do so...

[Armstrong manages to get onto his hands and knees when Magnum hooks him around the body from behind, ripping him off the mat to his feet...]

SA: He's going for another German!

[...but the powerful Big Sur behemoth reaches down, grabbing the clasping hands of Magnum...]

SA: Wait a second!

[...and as many in the crowd cheer what they're seeing, Armstrong starts slowly... prying... the hands... apart!]

SA: HE BREAKS FREE! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT!?!]

[Magnum looks shocked at Armstrong's power... but quickly recovers, burying a short forearm into the lower back before shoving Armstrong from behind, sending him into the ropes...]

SA: Off the ropes!

[...and with a loud grunt of exertion, Armstrong RUNS DOWN Magnum, sending him crashing down to the mat with a big tackle! Many in the crowd cheer that too as Armstrong stands mid-ring, looking down on the recovering Magnum as Veronica pounds the mat with her fists, shouting for “MORE! MORE! MORE!”]

SA: Veronica Westerly channeling her inner Billy Idol here, calling for more, more more as Armstrong watches Magnum get back to his feet, staggering in... and he walks right into a right hand! Big shot by Armstrong! Another one! Another!

[And with Magnum reeling, Armstrong grabs the arm for a mighty whip...]

SA: Irish whi- no, reversed by Magnum!

[The whip sends Armstrong into the ropes where he bounces back towards the wobbly Magnum...]

SA: LEAPING TACKLE! OHHHHH YEAH!

[The crowd ROARS for that impressive show of athleticism as Magnum goes down hard... and now it's Stevie Scott's turn to pummel the mat at ringside, shouting at Magnum to get up and fight...]

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

SA: You heard it, fans! We're fifteen minutes into this - halfway to the time limit of this extraordinary clash of monsters!

[On his feet, the rallying Armstrong waves for his opponent to get up, lying in wait for him as Magnum stirs off the mat but when he does...]

SA: Armstrong from behind... lifts him up!

[...and Armstrong carries him around the ring a bit, showing off the power before bringing him down onto a bent knee!]

SA: ATOMIC SPINECRUSHER BY ARMSTRONG!

[Magnum stays on his feet, grabbing at his tailbone and lower back before being send into the ropes with a mighty whip...]

SA: Off the far side...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...POWERSLAAAAAAAM!

[Having driven Magnum into the mat with a spinning powerslam, Armstrong pops right up and jerks his arms up and down a few times...]

SA: He's calling for the backbreaker! Calling for that big rack attack!

CP: During this undefeated streak of his, we've seen him beat COUNTLESS opponents with this! But can he beat the Modern Day Man of Steel? A man who hasn't been PINNED yet - let alone submitted!

SA: He's gonna try!

[Armstrong waits as Magnum struggles to his feet, Stevie Scott BELLOWING words of warning to his charge as Armstrong swoops in behind him...]

SA: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[...but Magnum slips out of it as Magnum shoves him off, sending him to the ropes...]

SA: Magnum's out, sends him in!

[...and as Armstrong rebounds, he leaps into the air...]

SA: SUPERMAN PUNCH!

[...but Magnum is ready for it, having a mastermind in his corner to lead him to a winning strategy, ducking low to catch Armstrong across his shoulders!]

SA: UP! UP! HE CAUGHT HIM FOOOOOORRRRRRR...

[Magnum goes into an airplane spin, moving swiftly before he LAUNCHES Armstrong up, sending him flying through the air before CRASHING DOWN on the canvas!]

SA: ...BOMBSHELLLLLLL! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE!

CP: IT'S OVER!

[Magnum covers as the referee dives down to the mat, the crowd counting along...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Stadium goes silent. You could hear a pin drop as the camera ZOOMS in on the stunned of Max Magnum...]

...cutting to the shocked face of Stevie Scott...

...and then to a pair of jaw-dropped fans who are clutching one another in disbelief!]

SA: Atlas Armstrong... kicks out?!

CP: This whole stadium is in SHOCK, Big Sal! Atlas Armstrong has kicked out of the Bombshell! Atlas has NEVER been pinned - and it's going to take more than THAT to do it!

SA: Yeah... but has ANYONE ever kicked out of THAT?!

CP: Not that I can recall but there's a first time for everything, Albano!

[With Armstrong motionless on the mat, Max Magnum climbs to his feet, a look of disbelief still on his face...

...that quickly snaps away as he storms towards the referee, bullying Andy Dawson all the way back to the corner, piefacing him as he shouts at him...]

"IT WAS THREE! IT WAS THREE, YOU PIECE OF SH-"

[The audio cuts out as Magnum continues to scream at the referee, strands of saliva spraying out of his mouth all over the cowering official...]

SA: -OFF HIM! STEVIE SCOTT, GET YOUR MAN OFF OF HIM!

[A frantic Stevie Scott tries to do just that, leaping up onto the apron, shouting at Magnum to stay focused...

...and then it's Stevie Scott who looks terrified as Magnum grabs him by the suit lapels, shaking him back and forth as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: UH OH! STEVIE SCOTT MAY HAVE A BOMBSHELL OF HIS OWN IN HIS FUTURE!

[A furious Magnum flings Scott away, sending him flying off the apron, sprawling out on the floor before turning back towards a recovering Armstrong, jerking him the rest of the way to his feet...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAPS the Almighty One across the face!]

SA: HE SLAPPED HIM AGAIN!

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Magnum keeps laying in the heavy slaps, the first couple snapping Atlas' head around limply...

...but by the third and fourth...

...something is happening.]

SA: Wait a second!

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[And this time, Armstrong’s face is filled with anger!]

SA: Colt, are you seeing this?!

CP: I am but Magnum isn’t!

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[Armstrong’s eyes go wide, his cheeks puffing out as he glares a burning hole through a suddenly-cognizant Magnum who shakes his head in disbelief, stepping back from his opponent...

...and throwing a big right hand!]

SA: BIG SHOT!

[Atlas’ eyes go even wider as he puffs big breaths of air out.]

SA: NO EFFECT!

[Magnum looks around in a panic and then throws another one!]

CP: HE’S NOT FEELING IT, ALBANO!

[Magnum again looks around with concern as Stevie Scott pulls himself to his knees on the floor shouting “KEEP HITTING HIM!” The Alpha Beast digs waaaaaaaay back...]

SA: BIG RIGHT... BLOCKED!

[And suddenly, the Dodger Stadium crowd is rallying behind the big man from Big Sur as he lands a big right hand of his own, knocking Magnum off his feet and launching him several feet through the air!]

SA: WHAT A SHOT BY ARMSTRONG!

[Armstrong is shaking with intensity now, throwing his arms up in the air to the wild ROARS of the SoCal crowd! Magnum gets back up, staggering towards him...

...and another big right hand sends Magnum stumbling backwards with a third one knocking him into the ropes where the bloody Armstrong grabs him by the arm, hurling him across...]

SA: Armstrong shoots him in...

[Armstrong drops into a three point stance, rushing forward as Magnum rebounds...

...and CONNECTS with another big tackle, knocking Magnum down and sending him nearly to the floor!]

SA: MAGNUM GOES DOWN AGAIN!

CP: You can feel the momentum changing in this one - Stevie Scott is beside himself, Big Sal!

[The Hotshot is back on his feet, pleading with Magnum to break the rally by Armstrong who is beckoning the Alpha Beast up, lying in wait for the powerhouse as he stirs again...]

SA: Magnum gets back up but...

[...and Armstrong rushes in, leaping up, pumping the leg...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ...BICYCLE KICK!

[The big kick sends Magnum flying backwards, smashing into the turnbuckles as he does. He stumbles out towards a waiting Armstrong who lifts him mightily with one-hand...

...and THROWS him down with a standing spinebuster!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Armstrong stands over the downed Magnum, looking out on sixty thousand cheering fans as he raises his mighty arm in the air after the spinebuster, keeping it aloft for all to see as he bellows “ADORE ME!” to a crowd that seems really not that opposed to that idea.]

SA: The fans in Dodger Stadium are on their feet... for Atlas Armstrong, if you can believe that... as he looks to finish this off and SHATTER the undefeated streak of Max Magnum!

[Armstrong raises his other arm, striking a double bicep pose over the floored Magnum...

...and then jerks his arms down once... twice... three times to another ROAR from 60,000+!]

SA: HE’S CALLING FOR THE BACKBREAKER!

[A panicked Stevie Scott drags himself back up on the apron, shouting at the official... at Armstrong... at anyone he can...

...which is when Armstrong clears the ring in three mighty steps, leaping into the air...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRILLS his fist into the jaw of Stevie Scott with a Superman Punch, sending him flying back off the apron to the floor to another ROAR from the Los Angeles crowd!]

SA: MAGNUM FROM BEHIND!

[With Armstrong distracted, Magnum comes from the blindside to strike...

...but Armstrong is ready for him, busting out a spin move that would likely impress Magic Johnson at ringside as Armstrong watches Magnum CRASHING into the corner before staggering back out...

...and gets hoisted right back up!]

SA: HE RACKS THE ALPHA BEAST! SWEET SANTA MARIA!

[With 60,000+ fans roaring, Armstrong jumps up and down, stretching the spine of the Modern Day Man of Steel across his shoulders...]

SA: HE'S GOT MAX MAGNUM RACKED IN THE MODDLE OF THE RING!
BENDING AND SNAPPING LIKE ELLE WOODS ALL OVER CHAVEZ RAVINE!

CP: Most people would've quit already but Magnum's hanging on! You don't get to be undefeated for over a year by giving up when the going gets tough but can Max Magnum get going OUT of this hold and back into this match?!

SA: I don't know if he can! Armstrong trying to break this man in half but Max Magnum is hanging on to his undefeated streak with his fingertips! The undefeated streak means EVERYTHING to this man, Colt, but he's risking his career by staying in this thing!

CP: The Alpha Beast would rather end up in the hospital than quit!

SA: But a spinal injury can END a career!

CP: I should know!

[Magnum's arms are starting to droop, the fight slowly slipping away from him as Armstrong tries to force a company-altering submission out of him...

...and the Alpha Beast shows he's got one ounce of fight left in him, weakly raising his arm just high enough to...]

SA: HE GOES TO THE EYES! RAKES THE EYES AND HE'S OUT THE BACK DOOR!

[Magnum immediately grabs at his back, a grimace on his face as he lands on a knee behind Armstrong...]

...and as the blinded Armstrong turns around, swiping madly at the air, Magnum surges to his feet, lifting Armstrong up across his mighty shoulders again...]

SA: MAGNUM TURNS IT AROUND! ONE MORE SHOT!

[But as he starts to get Armstrong set for the Bombshell, Armstrong slips out the back door as well, falling back into the ropes, bouncing back towards the staggered Magnum...]

SA: MAGNUM TURNS AND-

[...and Armstrong LEAPS into the air, smashing his fist solidly into the jaw of Magnum who staggers, falling to a knee...]

SA: SUPERMAN PUNNNNNNNCH!

CP: LOOK AT MAGNUM! LOOK AT THAT TOUGH SON OF A GUN!

[Armstrong looks shocked that Magnum didn't go fully down from the blow but quickly recovers from it, stomping around the ring, throwing his mighty arm into the air, fist clenched at the summit...]

SA: HE'S GOING FOR IT AGAIN!

[...and Armstrong comes charging in, leaping into the air towards a kneeling Magnum who is surging upwards to his feet...]

SA: CAUGHT! CAUGHT AGAIN! CAUGHT ON THE SHOULDERS!

[...and Magnum goes into a spin...]

SA: BOMBSHE-

[...but Armstrong spins out, landing behind him, yanking him towards him by the back of the tights...]

SA: HE RACKS HIM! BACK IN THE RACK!

[...but Magnum slips out, landing behind Armstrong, shoving him into the ropes where Armstrong rebounds back strongly, leaping into the air!]

SA: SUPERMAN PUNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The mighty blow fells Max Magnum, knocking him flat as Stevie Scott screams "NOOOOOOOO!" Armstrong collapses on him, the referee diving down as Armstrong nods along with the count...]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIIIIIGHT BE!! IT... ISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: THE STREAK... IS OVER!

[The boisterous crowd is on their feet, ROARING for the history-making victory they just witnessed.

A quick cut to ringside shows Veronica Westerly overjoyed, pounding her fist into the apron in celebration...

...and then to Stevie Scott, leaning forward with his face on the mat, crestfallen at the shocking loss for his man.]

SA: The range of emotions in this one... the thrilled crowd, the proud manager in one corner, and the heartbreak in the other... what a moment this is!

[Atlas Armstrong kneels on the mat, nodding his head as Veronica climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes and rushing to his side, helping him to his feet...]

SA: Veronica Westerly in there... and yes, there he is. Still undefeated. Still unbeaten. Still Almighty. Atlas Armstrong!

[Armstrong raises his muscular arms in the air, Veronica grinning as she applauds proudly...]

SA: And the Westerly Dynasty strikes hard in their first match of the night! Could this be a sneak preview, Colt? Could we be seeing a preview of what we'll see later tonight when James Lynch challenges Supernova for the World Heavyweight Title?

CP: It certainly could be!

[Armstrong flexes his powerful arms, earning more cheers than he did at the start of the night...

...and we see the referee helping Max Magnum to a seated position on the mat. The Alpha Beast's eyes are glassy, looking at the official in disbelief as Andy Dawson tries to explain what happened.]

SA: Max Magnum with his first loss... and you can see on his face, Colt... he can't believe it.

CP: It's a tough pill to swallow when you've been undefeated as long as he has... and Stevie talked about it before the match... for a lot of guys, it's what happens next that can really define their career. That first loss... nobody retires undefeated, Big Sal. So it comes for us all at some point.

[Stevie Scott slides into the ring, moving to his charge's side...]

SA: Stevie Scott in now... and what a difference it makes. The sheer joy on one side of the ring with Armstrong and Westerly and on the other... as Stevie helps his man up to his feet...

[Magnum rises, defiant to the core but unsteady on his feet for sure as Armstrong turns to look at him, ready in case Magnum's looking for another go...]

SA: ...Stevie Scott talking to Magnum now... trying to-

[...and without warning, Magnum dips down, lifting Scott up onto his shoulders with the Hotshot in mid-sentence...]

SA: NO! NO! HE'S NOT MEDICALLY CLEARED! HE'S NOT-

[...and swings him through the air, throwing him down with violent impact on the canvas!]

SA: GAAAAAH! BOMBSHELL ON THE HOTSHOT!

[Magnum shouts down at Scott, spewing his venom in his direction as Scott lies motionless on the mat...

...and then angrily drops to the mat, rolling to the floor as Armstrong stands at the ready, fists balled up in case the fight comes his way next.]

SA: Max Magnum lays out his own manager... and then he's out of here.

[Armstrong glares after the departing Magnum... who pauses in the aisle to flip off 60,000+ fans in Dodger Stadium before the camera quickly cuts off him...]

SA: We're going to need some help out here for Stevie Scott... that's for sure... but Colt, let's not let Magnum's actions distract from the reality of the situation and that reality is that Atlas Armstrong has done it... he's shattered the undefeated streak of Max Magnum... and now the Almighty stands alone!

[Armstrong raises his arms again, mounting the midbuckle with a mighty flex to some cheers from the crowd and applause from Veronica Westerly as we fade from the ring...

...and then to the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell camped out in front of a door that appears to be Maxim Zharkov's office for the evening.]

SLB: What a night it's already been here in Los Angeles and as the sun is coming down, the heat is picking up! We've still got our Rumble to come! We've still got the Towel Match! The World Title match! AND the final match in the storied career of Juan Vasquez when he takes on Raphael Rhodes in tonight's Main Event! But right now, I want to talk to President Zharkov but...

[Blackwell shrugs, an embarrassed look on his face.]

SLB: ...he's not here. We must have gotten our wires crossed or something - I had gotten a text to-

[Blackwell pauses as someone approaches.]

"Move aside, Gaslight King!"

[Blackwell is nudged aggressively out of the way by one of the Generation Lost member, Jayden Jericho.]

JJ: The Prez wants to see me so if you don't mind...

[Blackwell tries to object.]

SLB: But he's not-

[Jericho shoves the door open anyways, shouting as he does.]

JJ: HEY BOSS! You wanted to see-

[The door closes behind him... and after a moment, we hear a loud shouted exclamation.]

SLB: Uhhhh.

[Blackwell leaps backwards as the door comes flying open and a flustered Jayden Jericho comes stumbling out, a red mark on his cheek...]

JJ: OUT OF MY WAY! HE'S IN THERE!

SLB: Who is...?

[Jericho rushes out of sight as the door swings open again and - to the roar of the people - Hannibal Carver steps into view, a grin on his face.]

HC: Lou. Which way did he go?

[Blackwell points after the fleeing Jericho as Carver nods...

...looks back and grabs a broom, breaking the handle to leave a jagged nest of splinters on it...

...and with a satisfied nod, he walks in that direction. Lou looks at the camera with a shrug and gestures to follow.]

SA: Fans, apparently Hannibal Carver JUST missed getting his hands on another member of Generation Lost as we've seen the Boston Brawler stalking all four of them all night long...

CP: Did Carver set that whole thing up? Jericho said he got a text from Zharkov earlier and-

SA: It had to be a part of this plan, didn't it?

[The camera continues to follow as Carver shouts.]

"HEY JAAAAAAAYDEN! COME OUT AND PLAAAAAAAAY!"

[He taps the splintered broom handle on production cases... walls... anything nearby as he stalks after the second-generation grappler...]

SA: Jayden Jericho lit out of there like his hair was on fire, Colt.

CP: No fight with Hannibal Carver is EVER a fair fight, Albano... he's gotta find his allies quick and-

[We push into the Chimpanzee Position where we find Jayden Jericho has indeed found his allies, now huddled up with Justin Gaines and the Wallace twins as Carver steps into view...]

SA: Whoa, whoa, whoa!

[...but before a four on one fight can go down, AWA officials and security form a wall between the two sides, a whole lot of shouting going on from everyone involved...]

SA: We've got a combustible scene back there... and we may need LAPD on the scene to keep this under control.

CP: Please don't call LAPD. We've got enough fans worried about a lawsuit already.

[Sal tries to contain his chuckle as Interim President Zharkov steps into frame, shouting...]

MZ: YOU WANT TO FIGHT?!

[He throws up his hands.]

MZ: FIGHT OUT THERE! NOW!

[He gestures towards the entrance curtain, the crowd inside the stadium ROARING at the idea of an added attraction...]

...and after a brief discussion, Generation Lost decides to take Zharkov up on his offer, rushing through the curtain to head towards the entrance stage. Carver moves to follow and Zharkov extends an arm...]

MZ: Mmm?

[Carver sighs, handing over the splintered broom.]

HC: You're a real buzzkill, Maxy.

[Zharkov tosses the broom aside, allowing Carver to proceed...

...and as we cut back to inside the stadium proper, we see Generation Lost in street clothes headed to the ring to jeers from the AWA faithful.]

SA: Well... it looks like we've got ourselves a bonus match, Colt. Generation Lost has been a thorn in the side of Hannibal Carver for several weeks now, actually putting the former SuperClash Main Eventer on the sidelines with an injury for a time... but Carver's back now and he's looking for payback.

CP: What kind of payback is he going to get running into a four on one matchup, Albano?!

SA: It's Hannibal Carver. You really want to guess at what's in his mind?

[Hitting the ring, the foursome are all over the place, shouting at the fans... yelling at Rebecca Ortiz, demanding a microphone.]

SA: Oh, please don't give that to-

[Sal sighs as Chaz Wallace taps the mic head.]

CHAZ: Check, check one... check one two... LA, you got me, yo?

[The crowd boos as Chaz nods.]

CHAZ: Good, good! You see, Los Angeles... they GOT me! They GOT Generation Lost! And we GOT each other. I got my brother's back... I got Jayden's back... and you know I got the big guy's back...

[He points to Justin Gaines who looks ready for a fight while the other three look ready for the club.]

CHAZ: ...but who got your back, Carver?! Nobody - that's who! Your buddies all were out here earlier, wrestled their match, hit the showers, and are cruising the streets of Hollywood lookin' for some action!

[Chet interrupts.]

CHET: Except your pal Jack who is going to get twisted, torqued, bent, and broken by SUUUUUUUPREME later on.

[Chaz nods.]

CHAZ: And that means that if you want a fight with us, Carver... you gotta do it like you did in your hotel room last night... all alooooooone!

[The Idols giggle madly as the fans jeer.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!#

[The crowd blows the roof off the joint as "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys begins to play. At the top of the ramp, Hannibal Carver walks out with a microphone in his hand. He makes a cutting motion across his throat as the music is abruptly cut off.]

HC: I'll tell yeh, I could hunt you sorry bastids all night.

[The crowds volume somehow gets even louder as Carver nods.]

HC: Seeing the fear in yer eyes, being right around the corner and listening to yer knees knock together as yeh cry about what I'm gonna do next... it's a hell of a time.

[Justin Gaines steps towards the ropes, pointing a threatening finger at Carver as Chet Wallace rubs Gaines' shoulders from behind, encouraging him to take the fight to the Boston Brawler. Gaines has a mic that he holds in front of Chet ...]

CHET: This guy wants to talk about knockin' knees, when he's one bad landing from being in traction!

[Gaines pulls the mic back to himself.]

JG: You wanna talk about hell of a time? Your chiropractor had that when I damn near broke your neck! And now you want more? Come on down here! We're ready to go!

[Carver grins.]

HC: That's great. We agree then. But fair enough. Smacking the lot of yeh all over the backstage is a good time...

[Carver points at the ring.]

HC: ...but it's time to really put some serious hurt on yer sorry carcasses.

[Carver starts stomping down the ramp as the crowd starts chanting his name at deafening volumes.]

"CAR-VER!!"

"CAR-VER!!"

"CAR-VER!!"

"CAR-VER!!"

[Carver stops short, as if just remembering something.]

HC: And I'd be happy to stomp yeh by myself... but there's two things.

[Carver extends a middle finger to a mix of laughter and cheers.]

HC: Number one, we already played that song. And yer right, anyone that I call a friend is busy tonight. Or they ain't here.

[Carver scratches his chin thoughtfully.]

HC: But as for number two?

[Carver grins, nodding.]

HC: It didn't take me long before I found out that damn near everyone in that locker room would love to kick yer ass!

[Carver lowers the mic, listening...

The opening notes to "You're The Best" by Joe "Bean" Esposito rings out over the PA system to a HUGE CHEER and "Cannonball" Lee Connors bursts through the curtain on cue, a huge grin on his face as he walks into the overwhelming sight that is a sold out Dodger Stadium with a "wow!" He grins as he approaches Carver, fistbumping the Boston Brawler before shedding his gi to reveal some athletic pants and a bare torso...]

SA: Lee Connors joining Carver for this impromptu showdown...

CP: He's gonna need more than that, Albano!

[...and then Connors turns to point to the entrance as his music fades out]

"NO EVIL CAN ESCAPE..."

"...OMEGA!"

[With a flash of light, accompanied by John Barry's majestic "Overture" from "The Black Hole," a caped figure in black, royal blue, and gold emerges from the entrance. He crooks his elbows, places his wrists just above his hips, and turns his palms upward.]

SA: Oh yeah!

CP: Oh no.

[Then John Barry foreboding "Main Theme" from "The Black Hole" plays as the arena lights dim to a sickly red.

The towering demigod Polemos sweeps his way into view, joining his much-smaller partner on stage. Omega offers up a high five... and perhaps surprisingly, gets one as Polemos eyeballs the waiting Carver and Connors for a moment before Carver points to the ring!]

SA: Well, this might not be Carver's usual running buddies, Colt, but I got a feeling they'll do nicely to help him take on Generation Lost here tonight!

CP: Oh yeah? I got a feeling Gen Lost is going to burn these four up like you did those burgers on the Foreman Grill this afternoon when you said we were going to barbecue in the parking lot before the show!

[And with Carver leading the charge, the foursome sprint the remainder of the aisle, diving under the ropes to the ROAR of 60,000 fans!]

SA: LET'S FIIIIIIIGHT!

[As the fan favorites come to their feet, the Generation Lost crew is ready to meet and greet them with flying fists to the head. The action quickly pairs off - Carver with Gaines, the Idols with Omega and Plemos, Connors with Jericho...]

SA: An unexpected treat here at Memorial Day Mayhem as Generation Lost is tangling with Hannibal Carver, "Cannonball" Lee Connors, and the team of Omega and Plemos in what should be a wild eight man affair, Colt!

CP: We don't even have a referee out here yet! Is this official?!

SA: It's gonna be!

[Street clothes or not, the fight is swiftly raging as brawlers start to spill to the outside, still in their pairings. As Plemos throws hands in a pair of blue jeans and his mask, Chaz and Chet Wallace are bouncing around ringside while Omega darts in to clash their heads together.

A quick camera cut shows Lee Connors pushing Jayden Jericho up against the apron, throwing repeated rounding kicks to the midsection.

And on the far side of the ring, we see Justin Gaines and Hannibal Carver absolutely throwing bombs at one another to the joy of the crowd!]

SA: There's so much action out here all over ringside, it's gonna be tough to call this one, Colt!

CP: It's good practice for the Rumble in just a little while.

SA: The sun is setting here behind Dodger Stadium, still that golden hour glow in the air and what a fight this is just moments into it! And there, Colt... there's referee Koji Sakai who drew the short straw backstage, I guess, to come out here for this chaotic scene.

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With our camera still on Carver and Gaines, we see Carver lower his shoulder into the torso, driving Gaines back into the ringside railing, giving the front row fans a thrill... and a startle as they crash into the safety barricade!]

SA: Look out! The action is all over ringside and - you got my back, right?

CP: Not a chance, Big Sal. You're on your own.

[The referee slides into the ring, shrugging and waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And NOW it's official as-

[The camera cuts to show Jayden Jericho attempting to Irish whip Lee Connors into the ring apron when Connors deadleaps to the apron, springing backwards...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MOONSAULT FROM THE APRON TO THE FLOOR BY CONNORS!

"Cannonball" Lee Connors is freshly back from injury and has found himself involved with Odysseus Allah and his notable father since coming back... but he's made time for another fight here tonight in Los Angeles!

CP: We've got that big masked goof Polemos behind us right now... someone get him out of here!

[We cut again as Polemos is lifting his own partner up for an atomic drop...

...and then HURLS him into a split-legged dropkick on both American Idols, leaving the Wallaces spilled out on the floor as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: The referee's trying to get this action inside the ring...

CP: Good luck with that.

SA: But Hannibal Carver came here tonight looking for a fight and he's sure got one on his hands right now, still trading shots with Justin Gaines over by the aisleway... those are two heavy hitters, Colt.

CP: No doubt about that... and would you look at that? That masked moron Polemos is the one to get someone actually back into the ring.

[The crowd cheers as Chaz Wallace is inside - quickly followed by Omega who is looking to continue the early action, dragging Chaz up and whipping him into the corner...]

SA: Omega shoots him in... OHHH! Spinning leg lariat in the corner knocks Chaz Wallace for a loop!

[...and Omega pops out, striking his Omega pose to the thrill of the crowd before he uses a snapmare to take Chaz over into a seated position where he quickly cartwheels over before DRIVING two feet in the face with a low dropkick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Omega pops up to his feet, obviously excited about being in front of such a big crowd as he plays to the fans, hyping them up even more...

...which allows him to get NAILED in the back of the head by a running Chet Wallace forearm smash!]

SA: OHH! Chet gets him from behind, Colt!

CP: The referee's shouting at Chet but... this one's going to be hard to control for sure.

[Polemos comes into the ring, stalking after Chet who attacked his tag team partner. Chet quickly bails to the floor but Polemos doesn't stop, stepping over the ropes to go after him on the floor...]

SA: Polemos is chasing Chet around the ring - very slowly.

CP: You ever see a horror movie monster run a hundred yard dash? Why should Polemos?

[With Polemos in stalking mode on the outside, Chaz Wallace tries to take advantage of his brother's assist, whipping Omega into the ropes where he throws a low dropkick aimed at the knee or below, causing Omega to flip through the air, crashing down on the mat...]

SA: Low dropkick - that dropkick being the signature move of these Wallaces and...

[...and Chaz scrambles up, snapping off a beautiful somersault legdrop on the prone Omega to a big crowd response!]

SA: ...OHHH! LEGDROP CONNECTS!

[Chaz flips Omega over, diving into a cover, and getting a two count before the shoulder pops up!]

SA: Two count there as Generation Lost is looking for a quick win to notch a victory in the record books on this big night... and then get the heck out of town before Hannibal Carver can do any REAL damage on them.

[Chaz pulls Omega off the mat, keeping the pace high with a whip to the corner followed by a running, leaping back elbow up under the chin... and a swift tag to Jayden Jericho.]

SA: First tag there for the Generation Lost side bringing in the Son of the Playboy... Playboy Junior perhaps?

CP: That sounds... wrong.

SA: Indeed it does. My apologies as Generation Lost is setting for something here...

[With Chaz down on all fours, Jericho rushes across the ring, springing off the back of Jericho with a Meteora against the buckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ...nice double team by Jericho and Chaz Wallace... and that’s an interesting twist, Colt.

CP: What’s that?

SA: We expect good teamwork out of the Idols... but to see one of them working a well-executed doubleteam with Jayden Jericho tells me that this Generation Lost is really coming together into a dangerous unit.

CP: Generation Lost is one of my favorite groups in the AWA because you can see the lineage shining through. They formed this group to be the family for each other that they feel they lacked in the loving arms of guys like Gunnar Gaines, ol’ Battlin’ Burt, and that scumbag Ronnie D... but you can glimpses of all three of those men in their offspring. So, I’m not surprised to see them coming together like this.

[Jericho keeps the offense going, using a snapmare to take Omega over into a seated position...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and BURIES a kick between the shoulderblades to groans from the Dodger Stadium crowd...]

...and then a basement dropkick seals the deal, knocking Omega flat for Jericho to scramble into another pin attempt!]

SA: Another two count... and another kickout by Omega... and now you can see the other competitors in the corners... the match really in full swing now and Jericho’s looking to take advantage of that, putting Omega in the Generation Lost corner...

[Jericho slaps Chet’s hand, bringing him back into the ring...]

SA: Another quick tag... boots downstairs...

[...and the Chet/Jericho alliance pays dividends with a double suplex that takes Omega over!]

SA: ...and another nice doubleteam by Generation Lost! I’m very impressed by the teamwork of this unit...

[With Omega down and crawling on the mat towards his own corner, an arrogantly-smirking Chet Wallace delivers a high five to big Justin Gaines, tagging him in official to a rumble of excitement from the fans.]

SA: ...and that tag brings in Justin Gaines, a fourth generation powerhouse. Six foot seven, 283 pounds... this kid could be a major force, one of the true young lions here in the AWA.

[Gaines stomps across the ring, stopping Omega before he can reach his corner, dragging him to his feet and throwing him back into the Generation Lost corner where he steps in and just unloads on the much-smaller competitor, mauling him with rights and lefts to jeers from the fans and protests from the official...]

SA: Get this bully out of the corner!

[...and then Gaines LAUNCHES the cruiserweight-sized Omega three-quarters of the way across the ring, sending him bouncing off the canvas!]

SA: Well, I'm not sure if that was smart. He threw him right into range where he can...

[Gaines steps menacingly out of the corner, pointing across the ring...]

SA: ...oh... uh oh... he wants Carver!

CP: And you know damn well that if he wants Carver, the Boston Brawler's gonna oblige!

[Carver insistently tags himself in, rushing out of his own corner without hesitation into a bar room brawl!]

SA: THE FIGHT IS ON IN LOS ANGELES!

[The crowd is ROARING as the two men exchange heavy haymakers in the middle of the ring, oblivious to the world around them...]

SA: NEITHER MAN WANTS TO GIVE AN INCH!

[...and then Gaines swings a knee into the midsection, breaking off the brawl before whipping him into the ropes...]

SA: CLOTHESLI- ducked by Carv- BLACKOUT!

[...but Gaines shoves him off before he can deliver it, sending him bouncing off the ropes where Gaines drops him with a back elbow up under the chin!]

SA: Ohh! And Justin Gaines just knocked Hannibal Carver off his feet... and that's not going to sit well with the Boston Brawler!

[Gaines leans in, stomping Carver repeatedly on the canvas before dragging him to his corner, slapping the offered hand...]

SA: In comes Chaz... uhhh, check that... Chaz tags Chet so... what's happening here...?

[The Idols pull Carver off the mat, whipping him together to the ropes where they stop him with a double boot to the gut before dashing to opposite ropes...

...and SANDWICH his head between a pair of running boots!]

SA: Ohhh! Another doubleteam!

[Grabbing the dazed Carver, the Idols lift him together, bringing him down in a double back suplex!]

SA: Oh, come on! Get one of `em out of there!

CP: They've got a five count!

SA: They've practically been in there for five minutes... and they're STILL going!

[With the referee protesting, Chaz lifts his own brother for a back suplex, giving a little extra oomph on the lift to toss Chet into a moonsault onto the laid out Carver!]

CP: Wow! Impressive doubleteam attack from the Idols!

SA: Illegal doubleteam... but yes, it was impressive as Chet Wallace picks up another two count before Carver kicks out.

[Chet gets up and promptly tags in Jayden Jericho who slingshots over the top rope, a smirk and a strut before he trades a high five with Chet Wallace, waiting for Carver to battle up off the canvas...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connect with a double superplex that sends Carver falling back into the neutral corner, hanging onto the ropes to stay on his feet. There's a fistbump between a gleeful Jericho and Chet as Jericho grabs the arm, whipping Chet across...]

SA: OHHH! Big running clothesline from Chet Wallace!

[...and Chet grabs the back of the head, shoving Carver back out towards Jericho... but this time, it's Carver who delivers the clothesline, flattening both he and Jericho as they fall to the mat!]

SA: Carver turns it around and down goes Jericho!

[Chet Wallace tries to intervene but the referee forces him out as Carver crawls towards his corner while Jericho crawls towards his!]

SA: We've got ourselves a race - both men trying to get to their corners and make that tag!

[The crowd is getting louder, rooting Carver towards his corner...]

SA: Who can get there first?

[...and Jericho makes a lunge, slapping the hand of Chaz Wallace who slingshots over the ropes...

...just as Carver makes a diving tag on the other side to the outstretched hand of "Cannonball" Lee Connors!]

SA: TAG ON BOTH SIDES!

[Connors also comes in over the top rope but with a front somersault, landing on his feet, and immediately springing into action, throwing a high roundhouse to the sternum of the charging Chaz Wallace, taking him down to the mat to cheers!]

SA: Connors with the skilled feet, using those martial arts skills on Chaz Wallace!

[Wallace comes up, looking to attack again, but a second spinning roundhouse levels him!]

SA: Down goes Chaz again!

[As Wallace comes up again, "Cannonball" Connors launches into a series of lightning quick palm strikes, smashing his hand up and down the torso of Chaz...

...and then dips low, popping up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: PALM STRIKE UPPERCUT!

[Chaz is seeing stars as he stumbles backwards. Connors is fired up as the crowd ROARS, watching him point to the Generation Lost corner where Chet comes in, sprinting across...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SUPERKIIIIIIICK!

[Chet gets the taste of his own medicine, falling to the mat where he promptly rolls under the ropes to the floor...]

SA: Chet bails out of there in a hurry... look out below!

[An incoming Chaz gets backdropped over the top, flying down onto the floor where he just barely misses flopping on top of his twin brother!]

SA: Both of the Idols get sent out by Connors... and this kid is THROUGH THE ROOF right now, Colt!

CP: This is the biggest crowd he's ever been in front of, Albano - it's hard not to be feeling that rush!

[Connors points to the crowd, getting them fired up again as he sprints to the ropes, flying across at top speed before throwing himself between the top and middle ropes in a somersault, wiping out both rising Idols with a tope con hilo!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Connors somehow lands on his feet, ending up in the aisle, slapping the fans of the ringside fans as he grins broadly at the highlight reel dive's result!]

SA: The kid is on fire... and he's bringing this back in now... he doesn't want to stop!

[Connors tosses Chaz back inside the ring, climbing up on the apron where he points to the corner, walking towards the turnbuckles...]

SA: Connors to the corner, he's heading up top!

[...and as the Cannonball steps to the top rope, Jayden Jericho tries to come through the ropes, causing the referee to jump over in front to cut him off!]

SA: Jericho trying to help his partner but-

[But Jericho's true intent is quickly revealed as Justin Gaines goes rushing down the apron, shoving Connors into the air, sending him soaring through the sky before CRASHING down on the floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: GAINES WITH THE OUTSIDE HELP!

CP: Connors went down HARD to the outside, Big Sal! He might be hurt after that!

[Gaines marches back to his corner, demanding the tag from Chaz which quickly comes...]

CP: And if he wasn't hurt already, he may be hurt in just a moment!

[Gaines drops off the apron, stomping around the ring over towards Connors where he yanks the fan favorite off the mat, pressing him overhead...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DROPS him throatfirst across the ringside barricade to BIG JEERS!]

SA: OHH! Right down on the throat!

[Connors is down on his back, grabbing his neck, coughing and gasping for air as a stoic Gaines stands over him, glaring a hole through him!]

SA: Justin Gaines trying to do serious damage on the outside and he may have just succeeded!

[Not wasting time, Gaines drags Connors off the floor, SMASHING his face down on the ring apron!]

SA: OH! Connors goes facefirst into the apron! And now gets put back in the ring, Gaines coming right in behind him...

[Gaines drags Connors up, whipping him HARD to the neutral corner where Connors slams into the buckles, staggering out towards the Alaskan young lion...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: BIG LARIAT! FLIPS HIM INSIDE OUT!

[Gaines throws his arms apart in a “it’s over!” gesture before diving across Connors’ prone torso...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: CLOSE CALL! Gaines almost got him with that big clothesline but Connors hangs on and this impromptu fight continues here at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Gaines climbs off the mat, giving some trash talk to the official who insists it was a two as Gaines drags Connors up, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

SA: A powerbomb on the way?!

[...but as Gaines lifts Connors up, “Cannonball” flips out at the peak, snatching Gaines by hair...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: FACESLAMMS HIS WAY OUT OF IT! WHAT A COUNTER!

[Gaines bounces off the mat, flopping back towards his corner as Connors turns on his hands and knees, trying to crawl his way towards his own corner...]

SA: Lee Connors opens a window, creating a chance to turn this around...

CP: Gaines is almost in his corner already! The momentum of that faceslam carried him there... but look at Connors!

[The uber-athletic high flyer throws himself into a front somersault, clearing the distance needed to lunge...]

SA: TAG!

[...and both men tag at almost the same time, Polemos coming over the ropes into the ring as Gaines reaches up and slaps Chaz Wallace's hand. Chaz comes through the ropes...

...and immediately slams on the brakes when he sees the incoming masked giant, twisting around...]

SA: What the...?! Did he just tag Jericho?!

[Chaz waves his partner in as Jayden Jericho glares at him, throwing up his hands...]

SA: Jayden Jericho can't believe it and-

CP: Believe it or not, he's the legal man and- OOOOOVER THE TOP GOES JERICHOO! POLEMOS PULLS HIM OVER BY THE HAIR!

[With Jericho in, the God Of War throws a right hand that sends Chet to the floor... one that sends Chaz to the floor... and POPS Justin Gaines with an uppercut that knocks him to the outside as well to a HUGE ROAR!]

SA: Polemos is cleaning house already... Jericho up and on the move!

[Jericho comes charging back at Polemos who DROPS the Son of the Playboy with an uppercut!]

SA: Listen to these fans letting the God of War hear it!

[Polemos tugs his glove, wiggling his fingers with his arm pulled back behind him as he watches Jericho come off the mat...]

SA: HE HOOKS HIM!

[...but as Polemos attempts the chokeslam, the athletic Jericho backflips out of it, landing on his feet, dashing back to the ropes behind him...]

SA: Off the ropes he comes and... OHHHH! BIG BOOT!

[Jericho rolls out to the floor as Polemos stomps across the ring, slapping his partner's hand...]

SA: There's the tag to Omega... and look out here! Clear the runway!

[...and Omega runs right in to a scoop from the masked man, pressing him overhead...]

SA: POLEMOS PRESSES HIS OWN PARTNER ANNNNNNNND...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Polemos flings Omega over the top rope, sending him crashing down onto Jayden Jericho on the outside!]

SA: ...OMEGA THROWN LIKE A HUMAN CRUISE MISSILE! JERICO GETS WIPED OUT ON THE OUTSIDE!

CP: There are bodies flying all over the place in this one, Big Sal!

SA: We knew this one would be wild but I don't think we expected all this!

[Omega gets off the floor, tossing Jericho back in and promptly makes his way to the top rope in the neutral corner, leaping from the top...]

SA: BIG SPLASH CONNECTS! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd groans as Chaz Wallace makes a DIVING save through the ropes, breaking up the pin attempt...]

...and then quickly dives right back out as Polemos comes for him. The masked giant doesn't take running away as a reason not to follow as he goes over the ropes, dropping to the floor to chase Chaz around the ring...]

SA: Omega's not done yet, Colt! Dragging Jericho off the mat...

[Omega reaches out, grabbing Jericho by the throat... but the Son of the Playboy stabs a finger out to jab Omega in the eye!]

SA: ...OH! To the eyes, blinding Omega...

[Chet comes dashing in, charging towards Jericho who gives him a boost up into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Wallace connects with a flying dropkick, knocking Omega down to the mat where the fan favorite rolls to the outside!]

SA: WHAT A FLYING DROPKICK!

[With Omega on the outside, Chet Wallace gets a running start...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and LAUNCHES himself between the ropes, driving himself like a torpedo into the chest of Omega, smashing him back into the barricade!]

SA: Somebody call LAX and get an air traffic controller over here because we got people flying all over the place! My oh my!

[Jericho points to the outside where Chet and Omega are standing, turning to run to the ropes himself, rebounding back...

...and running right into a waiting Hannibal Carver who lifts, pivots, and DRIIIIIIVES Jericho into the canvas with a spinning spinebuster!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Carver pops up, talking trash and firing up the crowd even more as Jericho rolls to the outside...

...just as Chaz Wallace rolls back in, fleeing from the still-pursuing Polemos, taking a swing at a ducking Carver as he goes by but Carver hooks him in a full nelson, lifting him up...]

SA: DORCESTER DROOOOP!

[..and DROPS him down on his tailbone with a sitout slam! Chaz trembles down on the mat, clutching his... well, his ass as Carver pops up again, still all sorts of fired up as Chaz rolls to the floor and Carver finds himself face to mask with the God of War.]

SA: Well... now what?

[Carver looks to the outside... and Polemos mimes diving through the ropes...]

SA: You gotta be kidding me.

[Carver shakes his head, turning away from Polemos who circles around him, holding up his hand... and then points to the ropes, miming running hard...]

CP: Is he really trying to talk Carver into diving to the floor?!

[The crowd laughs as Carver looks thoughtful... and then throws up his hands.]

SA: They're gonna do it! Carver and Polemos are gonna do it!

[The duo count it off with a “ONE! TWO! THREE!” and dash to the ropes together...

...where Justin Gaines reaches under the bottom rope with his arms spread wide to trip up one leg on each man to HUGE JEERS!]

SA: Awww, Gaines ruined it!

CP: He may have saved their careers though.

[Gaines drags Polemos under the ropes, grabbing the big man around the head and neck...]

"CLANNNNNNNNNNNNNNG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OHHHH! POLEMOS GETS HURLED BACKWARDS INTO THE RAILING!

[Carver rolls under, grabbing Gaines and spinning him into a haymaker!]

SA: The God of War is down for the moment but the Boston Brawler's up and he's dishing it out on Justin Gaines!

[The two are soon trading fists again, battling around the ringside area as Gaines smashes Carver's head into the apron... and Carver smashes Gaines into the timekeeper table in return...]

SA: We've got a fight on our hands!

[...and as the brawl continues on the floor, we cut back to the ring where both American Idols and Jayden Jericho are back in the ring, taunting the jeering crowd...]

SA: Generation Lost sans Justin Gaines thinks they're ruling the roost right now, Colt!

CP: They are! They stand alone! They should win for that!

SA: Those are some bizarre rules you've got in- OMEGA!

[Everyone's favorite Neptunian hurls himself off the top rope, catching Jericho across the chest with a crossbody!]

SA: OMEGA SWOOPS IN AND TAKES OUT JERICO!

[But the Idols rush Omega before he can get up, hammering him with punches and kicks as they drag him to his feet, whipping him across the ring...

...towards where Lee Connors is standing on the apron. Omega goes low with a baseball slide to the floor as Connors leaps over him, springing off the top rope...

...and DROPS both Idols with a split-legged springboard missile dropkick!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: WOW! “CANNONBALL” LEE CONNORS CONTINUES TO IMPRESS TONIGHT IN LOS ANGELES!

[Connors kips up off the mat, pumping his fists to big cheers from the Los Angeles crowd!]

SA: This is one heck of a fight - and one heck of a display of athleticism from the competitors in this match! We’ve seen dives over the ropes, through the ropes, off the top... we’ve seen-

[As Chaz Wallace comes to his feet, Connors is waiting, lashing out with a leaping kick to the ribs... and then with the other leg to the other side... he keeps on going, leaping up over and over and lashing out with kicks to the body, driving Chaz all the way back into the corner..

...and as soon as he stops, Connors drops into a split to avoid a Chet running clothesline as he crashes into his own brother in the corner!]

SA: The best defense is to not be there at all!

[Connors runs to the far corner, sliding to a stop before sprinting back the other way. He leaps up to the middle rope on his left hand side, springing and twisting to smash his left heel into the back of Chet’s head, sending him stumbling backwards as Connors lands on the middle rope on the other side, springing into the same kick back the other way, kicking Chaz in the bridge of the nose, sending him stumbling forward...

...and both Idols go wobbling towards a waiting Polemos who is back in the ring and ready to strike...]

SA: DOUBLE CHOKE!

[...and with a Wallace in each hand, Polemos lifts them high and brings them down hard with a double chokeslam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[With both Idols down, Connors sits on the top turnbuckle, allowing Omega to climb up behind him... stepping up onto his shoulders...

...and then LEAPS OFF, crushing both Idols under a flying splash!]

SA: FLYING NEPTUNIAN!

[We cut to the outside just in time to see a lunging Hannibal Carver send Justin Gaines spilling over the barricade into the crowd with a clothesline!]

SA: And they’re still fighting on the outside as well, Colt!

CP: Connors isn’t! Connors is stepping to the top rope!

[Connors stands tall, looking out over the 60,000+ on their feet...

...and with a deep breath, he leaps and flips, spinning quickly...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRUSHES both Idols under a 630 senton!]

SA: ATOMIC CANNONBALLLLLLLLLLL!

[Connors rolls to the outside as Polemos drags one of the Idols up, feeding him to an incoming Hannibal Carver who hooks the three-quarter nelson, leaping up to DRIVE Chaz' head into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BLAAAAAACKOUUUUUUUUT!

[Carver flips over, sitting on the chest of a motionless Chaz, arms crossed as the referee counts once... twice...

...and Polemos DRIVES Jayden Jericho off the apron and back to the floor with a big boot to the mush!]

SA: THEY GOT 'EM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Carver pops up off the mat, pumping his fist triumphantly as the fans cheer the win!]

SA: Big win here at Memorial Day Mayhem for the team of Hannibal Carver, Lee Connors, Omega, and Polemos... in a match that very much deserved the description of "mayhem."

CP: It was a wild one, a whole lot of chaos on the scene... but yeah, Carver and his squad come out on top and that's a tough loss for Generation Lost who certainly had gotten the better of Carver at every turn... until tonight.

SA: Carver's been looking to get his payback since the first time Gen Lost laid hands on him... and tonight, he gets it with a little help. Connors back in the ring now... Omega as well... and the party is on in Los Angeles!

CP: There's not a bar within a fifteen mile radius that's safe of being run out of inventory tonight, Big Sal.

[Sal chuckles as Carver mounts the middle rope, instructing his team to all do the same as the crowd pays tribute...]

SA: It was a fight, a brawl... some might even call it a rumble...

CP: Nice segue.

SA: ...and right now, we're going to hear some pre-recorded comments from even more of the competitors in tonight's Rumble which is just a short time away now!

[We fade from the celebration in the ring to the aforementioned pre-recorded comments, kicking things off as...

...Ricki Toughill paces back and forth in a more utilitarian corner of Dodger Stadium - a dumpster outside a food and beverage area of one of the stadium's kitchens.]

RT: There comes a time in everyone's life where you have to put up or shut up. I spent the better part of my other life in the AWA telling everyone that I was the most ruthless... the most violent... the downright most sadistic woman on two legs. And a little under two years ago, I had the chance to test those assumptions scientifically in the first ever women's Rumble.

And I choked!

I spent the better part of a year and change reliving every move I made in my head and wondering what I did wrong? I've watched people that I looked down on and people that I thought myself tougher and more righteous than have all gone on to success. Julie Somers - AWA World Champion. Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol - top contender to the Tag Team Championship. Victoria June - top contender to the Tag Team Championship. Cinder - Tag Team Champion, Steal the Spotlight contract holder and presumed heir to the throne around the AWA. And me?

[She smacks an already bent, discarded baking tray against the large garbage bin.]

RT: Started in the gutter and a lot of people seem to think I belong back here. But when I woke up this morning and laid in bed, waiting for the pins and needles in my left arm to subside, I realized I did nothing wrong in 2016 - that was just how good the field was.

And the depth of the AWA only gets deeper and deeper... and now I have 29 other women looking to take their bad days out on me, rather than the other way around. But now... self-doubt is not my anchor: it's my rocket fuel.

[She tosses the baking sheet into a nearby aluminum trash can that looks portentously dented.]

RT: I'm not going to mince words: I know that my winning years are close to being toast and the window is closing - not unlike Michelle Bailey, who I know will be scrambling for the same exit as me, and maybe looking to engage in a little anger management on my face. But I'm not asking for anyone's pity - oh no. I want the fans and everyone watching at home to save their pity for everyone who has the misfortune to be in the ring at the same time as me.

[Toughill picks up another cookie sheet and tosses it in the trash can.]

RT: Save your pity for Harper Hannigan if she tries to build her reputation on my back again. Save your pity for Casey Cash, and Cinder, and Harley Hamilton, and all their little hangers-on in E-Girl MAX after leaving me half-for-dead. Save your pity for Melissa Cannon... and Laura Davis... and anyone else that has an issue with me, because I'm not coming all the way out to LA just to be a warm body, or to yet again make someone else a star.

[She takes a "NO PARKING" sign that is laying on the ground and tosses that into the trash can, which is now filled with hard and heavy implements.]

RT: And I know that the only way to end this game is to channel Mike Piazza and knock that ball 500 feet over left field and into the parking lot. With the Main Event of "Girls to the Front" at stake, there are no friends out there, just me...

[She pats the aluminum trash can with her palm, making the contents rattle.]

RT: ...and my teammates here! And no one can stop me, because when I enter the Memorial Day Mayhem Rumble, this is no longer Chavez Ravine...

[She fishes her trusty old baseball bat out from the trash can and shoots the camera a crooked grin.]

RT: ...this is Bat Country!

[We fade from the grinning Toughill..

...and cut to Mariah Wolfe who stands in the center of the frame, a false smile plastered on her face. To her left, twirling the interviewer's hair around her fingertip, is the "Snakepit Sweetheart" Sophie Rhodes, and to her right, glaring with a maniacal grin, is the "Wigan Wildcat" Cassie Rhodes. The daughter/mother combination are wearing matching prints of blue and white chevrons, with Cassie wearing a tank top/leg-length tights combo and Sophie in a halter top/shorts combo. Both wear black kneepads and boots, with Sophie sporting black leather shinpads over her boots.]

MW: I'm standing by with the last entrants to qualify for the Rumble, Cassie and Sophie Rhodes. It was just a few days ago that you qualified, in the three-way tag match that concluded Saturday Night Wrestling. Do you feel as though you've had enough time to prepare for this match?

[Mariah starts to move the microphone towards Cassie, but Sophie stops twirling Mariah's hair to catch her elbow and move the microphone towards herself.]

SR: You're my favorite kind of lass. Fit and daft.

[Sophie smirks as Mariah frowns. Sophie then leans forward, across Mariah, towards her mother.]

SR: What was it that famous boxer said, Mum?

[Cassie snaps out of her glare, turning towards her daughter.]

CR: Everyone's got a plan 'til they get punched in the mouth.

[Sophie slightly nods, standing back up straight to look at Mariah as she points at Cassie.]

SR: That's our plan, love. Ain't a bit worth makin' a plan when you can just punch 'em in the mouth and make 'em forget theirs. A match like this? 28 of 'em against us? You think they got a plan for us?

[Sophie gives a slight shrug as Cassie punches her palm.]

SR: I bet our plan works, and theirs gets spat out like their teeth.

[Sophie motions, and mother and daughter walk off-screen. Mariah shakes her head, and we cut to...

...Representing the Peach Pits, Shannon Walsh rolls her neck, throwing a few shadow boxing punches before swinging her arms across her torso, acknowledging the camera for the first time.]

SW: 2018's been a big year for me. The Peach Pits went further in the Women's World Tag Title tournament than anyone thought we would. We almost won the whole damn thing... but came up a little bit short.

And now I'm about to step into the second Women's Rumble ever with another chance to make history - a chance to win the opportunity to Main Event the first EVER AWA all-women's event - Girls To The Front - and fight for the World Title there.

And I will NOT come up a little bit short this time.

[Walsh shakes her head defiantly.]

SW: Laugh all you want. I can hear the chuckles now.

"She can't do it... she doesn't even have her partner Kelly Taylor with her."

[Walsh clenches her fist, pounding her chest.]

SW: Kelly's always with me... and Donna makes her return tonight... and I couldn't be happier for her... and for us.

But Donna...

[Her voice takes on a menacing tone.]

SW: For your sake, I hope our paths don't cross tonight.

[And with that implied threat, we fade to...

..."Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash, who has changed out from her Under Armour jawbreaker-patterned hoodie into a white Baltimore Orioles Cal Ripken Jr. jersey. Still underneath is a matching crop top/shorts combo in a Maryland flag print, modified to be orange, white, and black. There is a frown on her face as we hear occasional clicks from Riley Campbell's camera.]

CC: You remember the night, right, Riley?

[Casey looks off-screen as the clicking stops. There is a pause as she looks expectantly, then looks back at the camera.]

CC: Riley remembers. I was in New York, sitting up in one of the luxury suites at Madison Square Garden, watching the Rumble. Watching 20 women determine who was going to be the first-ever AWA Women's World Champion. Now, not even two years later...

[Casey motions with her hand.]

CC: Here I am. Here I am, not just at the second Rumble. Not here, running to the stands getting a Dodger Dog before the first entrant. Not here, with my sheet of paper keeping track of who came in and who threw who out, like I did back in New York. No, I'm in it. I'm actually in this Rumble.

[Her frown deepens.]

CC: It was supposed to be my dream come true. My dream. MY DREAM!

[Casey reaches behind her, grabbing an empty plastic shell, and throws it at the floor.]

CC: HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?!

[Casey gets up, storming out of frame. We finally cut from the pre-recorded barrage to Sweet Lou standing backstage.]

SLB: It looks like someone wasn't too fond of the number she drew.

[Blackwell chuckles.]

SLB: The Rumble is just about to set to go down... and with just moments until Numbers One and Two make their way to the ring, we've got a final injury update. Remember, earlier tonight, we saw injuries to two of the scheduled competitors - the ankle of Victoria June and the knee of Michelle Bailey.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: As for Victoria June, we still do not have an update. I know she's been with the training staff most of the night since her match concluded... and it's been touch and go whether or not she'll get clearance to compete. At this point, we simply just will not know until we see her out there... or we don't.

[The scoopster shrugs.]

SLB: But with an update on Michelle Bailey...

[Blackwell looks off-screen, and motions with his hand as the camera pans back.]

SLB: We have Michelle Bailey herself!

[As the camera continues to pan back, Michelle limps into the frame, still in her gear from earlier with an ice pack affixed to her knee with plastic wrap. She has a towel over her shoulder, and a frown on her face. Blackwell welcomes her into frame with a look of concern.]

SLB: In our opening encounter, Michelle, the buzz from the AWA Galaxy is near-unanimous, that you and Julie Somers had a tremendous match. Unfortunately, it resulted in you falling short, and now you will go into what you were originally scheduled for tonight, the Rumble. I have to ask, after such a hard-fought bout, will you be ready for such a match? After all, you could draw an early number and have to go for an hour after wrestling for 30-plus minutes.

[Michelle takes the towel as Sweet Lou speaks and briefly wipes her face, then puts it back over her shoulder.]

MB: It's funny, Lou. This was what I wanted from the beginning. Eight years ago, I was in the Men's Rumble. I wasn't back in wrestling when the first Women's Rumble happened two years ago, and Ricki Toughill beat me to being the first to be in a Women's Rumble and Men's Rumble. This was what I wanted...

[She sighs.]

MB: Then Julie made her offer, and what I wanted became the consolation prize.

[Blackwell tilts his head, motioning with his hand to encourage Michelle to continue.]

MB: I got a taste of what it would mean to become the World Champion, Lou. All those years, I wondered what that forbidden fruit tasted like. I wondered if I'd even like it. Do you know what it tasted like?

[She covers her head with the towel, looking down at her feet as Blackwell shakes his head.]

MB: It tasted... strange. I always heard that success was vindication, confirmation of who you were, but I didn't feel vindicated when I came moments away from pinning Julie Somers. I didn't feel vindicated that all my struggles in my life were worth it when I kicked out of her moonsault. It didn't feel like when I walk in the door at home, get greeted by a loving partner, get hugged by my wonderful daughter.

[She looks back up through the hem of the towel at Blackwell.]

MB: It felt different. Not a bad taste, just a different taste. A taste I couldn't figure out. And when Melissa Cannon and Cinder came down to the ring, when they got involved, that taste that was in my mouth got bitter.

[Her voice quiets.]

MB: Then when I got hit with the belt, the taste in my mouth... just tasted like my own blood.

[She lets out a small sigh.]

MB: But I have to know what that taste was, when I was moments away from beating Julie Somers, when I was inches away from my fingertips touching the plates of the World Title and calling it my own. That means I have to go into the Rumble tonight, and I have to win it. I have to go to Girls To The Front and challenge Julie again. And that means I went back to Dr. Ponavitch, and I took the concussion test.

[A firm nod.]

MB: I passed. I took his range of motion tests for my knee.

[Another firm nod.]

MB: I passed. Barely. He said, in his professional opinion, that he would not recommend that I go out and wrestle tonight in the Rumble. That I don't accept my consolation prize, that I don't etch my name in the history books and become the second woman to ever be in the Men's Rumble and the Women's Rumble. Don't chase after that title shot, give up on Girls To The Front. Do you know what I asked him, Lou?

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

MB: I asked him what he told Raphael Rhodes, back in 2010, in the last Rumble I was in.

[Blackwell gets a look of realization in his eye.]

SLB: That's right! Raphael Rhodes did wrestle in that Rumble with an injured knee!

[Michelle gives a little smile.]

MB: He did. He did, and he won. I asked Dr. Ponavitch what he told Raphael Rhodes that night, and he said... "don't wrestle".

[She places her hands on her hips, her posture wobbling somewhat.]

MB: So if Raphael Rhodes can win the Rumble on a busted knee, then by God, so can I. And if there's anyone that has a problem with me being in there and wants to come after me?

[She points to her ice pack-wrapped knee.]

MB: There's your target. Hit it if you can.

[She smiles again, her face showing the relaxed confidence of someone with nothing left to lose.]

MB: If.

[And with that, Michelle hobbles off, with Blackwell shaking his head once more.]

SLB: Well fans, I don't know if I should be making gambling advice, but I might just call my bookie and put down a couple of bucks on Michelle Bailey after hearing the determination in her voice, injured knee and all.

[He checks his watch.]

SLB: And by my time, it's just about time for the 2018 Rumble to begin! This, my friends, is gonna be a classic... and I can't wait to see what goes down out there.

[We fade from backstage to a shot of the ringside area where a handful of people are jumping and waving at the camera... all surrounding a group of very serious looking others.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... please welcome to ringside... the competitors in the 2018 Brass Ring Tournament!

[Some applause goes up for the fifteen competitors seated at ringside, watching the action unfold: Riley Bennett, Isabella Liriano, Armani Avery, Bodhi Li, Rodrick Storm, Gabriel Cordova, Big Boss Shinza, Jo Jo Washington, Lily Driscoll, Felicia Love, Danny King, Adrian Kirk, Elijah Wilde, Will Robinson, and Catalina Lopez.]

SA: The Brass Ring Tournament is set to begin very, very soon, Colt... just a few days away now - this Saturday night on Showtime in Boyle Heights. In fact, don't miss this week's edition of Brass Ring Roundup where yours truly will be in the house to help Sweet Lou break down the first round matches as well as to introduce the schedule of matches for the first round of action!

CP: You? They hired you for that? I'm the guy who speaks his truth! They shoulda got me, Albano!

SA: You're just looking for the extra payday, my friend... but nonetheless, these fifteen - the future of our sport in the eyes of many - will be sitting ringside watching the action go down in this Rumble knowing that one of their own - the mysterious AKANE - will be competing as part of it... and what a huge opportunity for her.

CP: Imagine it, Albano - one minute you're fighting for an AWA contract and the next, you're on the biggest show of the summer, taking part in one of the biggest matches of the year, and if you win, you're headed to a historic night in Madison Square Garden with the chance to become a champion? Now THAT'S a dream come true!

SA: For one of the thirty women tonight, they WILL see their dream come true here at Memorial Day Mayhem by winning the first thirty participant women's Rumble in AWA history! The Rumble is one of the biggest nights of the year for AWA competitors and fans alike... so let's take a look back at the history of this massive showdown!

[We fade through black...

...and back up on footage marked "Saturday Night Wrestling - April 12th, 2008" where we see Melissa Cannon in a different time, handling the ring announcing duties in the middle of the ring in the old WKIK Studios - the original home for the American Wrestling Alliance.]

MC: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

It is a 30-Man Open Invitational Rumble...

[A voiceover is heard... and no, your ears do not deceive you, the AWA has borrowed the Hollywood talents of another massive Dodger fan in television's Bryan Cranston.]

"The Rumble is a tradition that started very early in the storied history of the American Wrestling Alliance."

[Cut to footage of Kevin Slater walking to the ring as the first man to ever enter a Rumble.]

"A tradition that AWA fans adore - each for their own reasons."

[To footage of Ron Houston tossing Marcus Broussard over the top rope that first year with his Fade To Black, claiming the first ever Rumble victory.]

"For some, it's the moments of glory..."

[Cut to Raphael Rhodes countering a running knee with a headbutt, sending his rival Juan Vasquez to the floor.]

"...the rivalries elevated..."

[Cut to "The Masked Outlaw" using the Outlaw's Curse to take both he and Kerry Kendrick over the top rope before hanging onto the ropes to narrowly save himself for victory last year.]

"...the unexpected winners..."

[Cut to a montage of surprise entries over the years from competitors like Kurayami and Lori Dane to Tumaffi and David Ortiz.]

"...and the surprises... oh, the surprises."

[Cut to a shot of Supreme Wright with his arms raised overhead in victory.]

"But for the competitors, the Rumble means one thing - opportunity."

[We get a montage of Rumble victors celebrating.]

"It's opportunity when ten different Rumbles have gone down since the beginning and only one person has won twice..."

[We get a split screen of Supernova and The Masked Outlaw celebrating their victories...]

"...sort of."

[...and then the Masked Outlaw side of the screen is replaced by Kerry Kendrick.]

"Opportunity that on one night, you can leapfrog the entire locker room to become THE man..."

[Cut to a victorious Bobby O'Connor in 2015.]

"...or woman."

[And to Lauryn Rage, winner of the first Women's Rumble, celebrating with the AWA Women's World Title.]

"Say, how about Da Kid? The winner of the ONLY Rumble in AWA history where the prize was not a shot at the gold... but gold itself. And on this night, Lauryn Rage will look to make history as the first officially recognized two-time winner of the Rumble and earn her shot at regaining the Women's World Title."

[Cut back to that shot of a victorious Supernova.]

"And while she may be able to steal that honor away from Supernova - whose 2017 victory under a mask was stripped away in controversy... she's unlikely to come close to touching him in the eliminations department where Supernova stands high atop the mountain with a lifetime number of 21... ten above the closest other competitor."

[Cut to a wide shot of a Rumble unfolding, fists flying wildly.]

"But what makes a person rise to the top of the most chaotic hour in wrestling? Is it power? Skill? Speed? Endurance? It's probably all of those things... but when you look at the list of winners, the biggest trait in common is their genetics."

[Cut to a split screen of Raphael Rhodes, Supreme Wright, Terry Shane, Ryan Martinez, Bobby O'Connor, and Lauryn Rage.]

"Those family names seem to drive Rumble winners straight to Victory Lane which could mean good news for names like Bailey, Cinder, Hamilton, Colton, Wallace, and Rhodes later tonight. In fact, Sophie and Cassie Rhodes will look to make history by becoming the first family to pick up two victories in Rumble history."

[And back to another wide shot.]

"But whether you're a second generation talent..."

[Cut to a shot of Kimmy Bailey.]

"A third generation..."

[To Bobby O'Connor.]

"...heck, even a fifth generation talent."

[Check out the smirk on Cassie Rhodes.]

"Going into a Rumble, the only thing you really need to know is that your night can end - just like that."

[A barrage of clips of eliminations.]

"It's the toughest hour in this sport, testing everything you are as a professional wrestler. It's brutal. It's grueling. It's career-threatening."

[A shot of Lauryn Rage clutching the title belt in 2017 appears.]

"But damn is it ever worth it."

[Cut back to another wide shot of a full ring.]

"For thirty women, opportunity has finally arrived..."

[Cut to a shot of a smirking Bryan Cranston.]

"...and on this night, it's the one who knocks."

[We fade through black to come back up on a panning shot of the Dodger Stadium crowd, there's a moment's pause to take in the moment before...]

"The Lonely Shepherd" by Zamfir starts up over the PA system to a big reaction!]

CP: Is Melissa Cannon Number One?!

SA: Melissa Cannon's not the only one who uses this music, Colt!

[And the crowd ROARS as former Women's Champion Lori Dane walks into view. Lori's in a black women's suit with a white blouse underneath and a royal blue scarf. She grins at the crowd's reaction, waving a hand as she starts down the ramp towards the ring...]

SA: It's a special treat for our fans here tonight because you can't have a Women's Rumble without the Mama of the Women's Division - our broadcast colleague, Lori Dane, who is going to join Colt and I down here for all the action!

CP: What?! No one cleared this with me!

SA: You're welcome to take a break and let Lori and I call the action if there's a problem, Colt.

CP: The only problem is the level of impartiality out here if I leave you and her alone to call the action. I ain't goin' nowhere, Albano.

[By this time, Lori has made her way to ringside, notably foregoing getting into the ring as she walks straight to the announce table, shaking hands with a welcoming Salvatore Albano... and a reluctant Colt Patterson.]

SA: Lori Dane, my friend, welcome to Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Lori gives the welcoming crowd another wave before tugging on her headset.]

LD: Thanks, Sal... thanks, Colt... it's my pleasure and honor to be here with you and... while I appreciate the love from my adopted hometown crowd, this night's not about me. This is about that ring... the thirty women about to climb into it... and the big prize! So... sorry, Sal... but let's go to Rebecca! Take it, girl!

[Lori points with a grin to the ring as we swing the camera over towards a grinning Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: AWA fans, it is now time for the 2018 RUMMMMMBLLLLLLLLLLE!

[The crowd ROARS!]

RO: Earlier today, all thirty competitors drew a number to determine their order of entry. In moments, the women who drew numbers one and two will come to the ring where they battle it out for two minutes before being joined

by the person who drew number three. This will continue until ALL thirty competitors have entered the ring.

The only way to be eliminated is to go OVER the top rope and have BOTH feet touch the floor!

And this year's winner will move on to Girls To The Front on August 18th in Madison Square Garden to fight for the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Another BIG ROAR rings out!]

RO: And now, Los Angeles... LET'S RUMBLE!

[The hometown girl lowers the mic for a moment, grinning as the crowd continues to cheer boisterously...]

RO: And now... here is the woman who drew NUMBER ONE...

[We pull back to an overhead shot of Chavez Ravine as twilight falls in Dodger Stadium, the dusky sky starting to give way to darkness as we wait... and wait... and wait...]

CP: Who's it gonna be?!

[...and we cut back to a ground level shot of the stage just as the overhead lighting rig dims and the opening chords of Jorge Quintero's "300 Violin Orchestra" plays over the PA system. Up on the video screens, we see the image of a sun setting against a city skyline, with the shot then panning upward toward the sky, which darkens and you can see the stars.

And those stars begin to move about as the crescendo builds, until those stars fall into place, coming together to form these words:

"DAVIS #1"

Then... as the orchestral music starts up again, a single spotlight hit the entranceway and, standing there, is none other than the person about to be introduced.]

RO: ..."THE ALL-AROUND ATHLETE" LAAAUUURRRRAAA DAAAVIIIISSS!

[Laura Davis has her back toward the crowd, her arms spread to the sides. She is wearing a red, white and blue track suit, and on the back on her jacket in blue lettering are the same letters on the video screen.

"DAVIS #1"

Davis then turns around, a serious look etched on her face. The woman with brown eyes and brown, shoulder-length hair pulled behind her head, lowers her arms and walks down the aisle, her gaze fixed on the ring ahead, the spotlights following her.]

SA: It's the longtime veteran, Laura Davis, who has drawn Number One, though I can't imagine this is the spot that Davis wanted to be in as she seeks a shot at the AWA Women's World Title, Colt.

CP: I won't say that Number One is a good draw, Sal, but don't forget that Davis went 30 minutes with Ayako Fujiwara in an Ironwoman match last year. Her stamina... her endurance... it's the stuff of legend and I say that if there's anybody who can go through 29 competitors in the Rumble and last more than an hour to reach the finish line, it's The All-Around Athlete!

LD: I gotta agree with Colt here. There's a lot of talented women in this match but Laura Davis is right up at the top of that list and she's shown in the past that being in the ring for a long time is her idea of a good time. This is right up her alley.

[When she reaches ringside, she stops, raises her arms again, curls her hands into fists, then extends her thumbs so they point toward the lettering on the back of her jacket. The overhead lights come back up and the spotlight fades. She then turns toward the camera and speaks.]

"I am starting at number one..."

[She then holds up her pointer finger as she says...]

"...and I will finish number one!"

SA: Davis is not lacking for confidence... and Colt... Lori... you raise a valid point about Davis being able to go the distance. However, doing it against one woman, even one as talented as Ayako Fujiwara, is one thing, but doing it against 29 other talented women for at least an hour is a more difficult task!

CP: Hey, nobody said it was going to be easy. But I'm sure Laura Davis would be the first one to tell you that she never wants it to be easy! She's always up for a challenge and it's clear she's confident she can meet the challenge. And I will say, Sal, that I'm not going to bet against her!

[Davis lowers her arms, ascends the ring steps, ducks between the ropes, then strides toward the center of the ring and spreads her arms once more. Davis unzips her jacket and removes her pants, revealing her wrestling attire, which consists of a dark blue leotard with matching elbow pads and wrestling boots.]

SA: We'll find out soon enough if the last-ever UWF Women's Xhampion can overcome the odds to face the AWA Women's World Champion at Girls To The Front. Right now, we're about to find out who is number two and that woman could have something to say about Davis and her confidence in going the distance here in Los Angeles!

CP: Well, we could just as easily see a situation like the last time the women had the Rumble match. Recall that it was Melissa Cannon and Miyuki Ozaki

who entered at one and two and both were still in the Rumble after everyone else entered.

LD: It may have been twenty women instead of thirty that night, but who's to say we won't see the first two still in this one after all thirty women have entered! Stranger things have happened.

[Davis takes her jacket and pants, twirls them into a ball, then looks at the camera.]

"See, Carolina can teach the coach something."

[She then hands her track suit over to a ringside attendant as she makes her way towards the ropes, looking expectantly down the aisle...]

RO: And now... the woman who drew NUMBER TWO...

[There's a few moments before the music starts up again - this time with the signature opening notes to Eminem's "Til I Collapse."]

LD: I can't say I'm familiar with who uses this entrance music, boys.

CP: Maybe our first mystery entrant of the night!

[A plume of steam blasts up from underneath the stage, enveloping the entrance curtain...

...and striding through it to two well-timed bursts of fire on either side is a familiar face who looks quite different.]

RO: ...from the Peach Pits... SHANNONNNNNN WALLLLLLLLSH!

[On this night, the former MMA fighter looks every bit like a former life, foregoing the peach-colored singlet for jet black. Her hair is tied back tight in a braid... she's even wearing a mouthpiece with her hands lightly taped as she throws punches at the air.]

SA: Oho! Shannon Walsh taking on a different look here tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem... the biggest night in her career as a singles competitor for sure, Lori.

LD: She's been telling everyone in the locker room, on Twitter, everywhere she goes that tonight isn't about her friends - Kelly Taylor or even the returning Donna Martinelli - it's every woman for herself and I think this change in look is the perfect outward expression of that idea.

CP: She's in this to win it, not help Martinelli... and I respect that approach.

[Walsh swings her arms across her torso as she hops down the aisle, staying loose as Laura Davis nods approvingly, awaiting her inside the ring.]

SA: There's going to be a little bad blood between these two as well, Colt, because you could argue that Laura Davis was responsible for the Peach Pits' failure to be the first Women's World Tag Team Champions after she injured Donna Martinelli during that tournament - an injury that Harley Hamilton and Cinder took full advantage of in the Finals.

CP: Are you really trying to say Hamilton and Cinder wouldn't be the champions today if not for Laura Davis?

SA: I'm saying that some might make that argument, yes... the Peach Pits competed during that tournament at a level many of us didn't know they were capable of... and they've continued to show that talent since then. I think there's a very good chance they'd be the champions if Martinelli didn't get hurt.

CP: You just love to feed the fire for Hamilton and Cinder... who I'm sure are watching and listening backstage right now waiting to come out here. Remember who said it, ladies!

[Walsh reaches ringside, looking up inside the squared circle as Davis leans over, hands on her knees, waving Walsh in...

...and Walsh storms under the ropes, rushing in, and throws herself into a double leg takedown on a surprised Laura Davis as the bell rings!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The 2018 Rumble is UNDERWAY in Los Angeles!

LD: I've got chills running up and down my spine, Big Sal... this is gonna be a special night for the women of the AWA!

[Walsh takes the mount with ease, raining down rights and lefts on a shocked Davis who quickly tries to shield herself from major damage in the opening moments of what may be a long night for her.]

SA: Walsh is hammering down, trying to get a shot or two in on Davis and look at the intensity of Shannon Walsh!

CP: She's always been "the serious one" in the Peach Pits... and maybe this is a glimpse at her true nature.

SA: Walsh battering the arms as Davis is maintaining a solid defense and-

[Davis grabs a leg, reaching up to grab the head and neck of Walsh, somehow managing to turn her over into her own mount...]

SA: Wow! Nice reversal by Davis who is a master of the mat herself... a few shots from Davis and- going for the leg! Going for the kneebar!

LD: You don't see a lot of submission attempts in the Rumble but if Davis locks it in, it's gonna do damage!

[Walsh has done her job in the video room though and is ready for it, swinging her free leg down, jamming her heel into the torso as she breaks free of Davis' grasp, both women scrambling back up to their feet quickly...]

SA: Back into a stalemate... remember, fans... two minutes went on the clock at the bell and when those two minutes are up, Number Three is going to join them.

CP: And Shannon Walsh better be praying right now it isn't a member of the Slam Sorority.

SA: The Rumble - as billed - is every woman for herself but at times, we do see some odd partnerships form... and when you have allies coming in, sometimes that increases your odds of survival.

CP: We got a lot of teams and factions in this thing tonight - the Country Punks, the Slam Sorority, E-Girl MAX to name a few... and any one of them increases their chances by having their friends in there with them.

[Walsh's attempt at another leg dive ends with Davis stuffing the takedown, snatching a front facelock instead. She rolls Walsh to one side... and then to the other...]

LD: You don't see that too often - the old fashioned Gator Roll, trying to disorient Walsh...

[...and then back to her knees where she smashes the knee into the top of Walsh's skull once... twice... three times...]

SA: Davis landing some big shots there, maintaining the front facelock as she brings Walsh up... ohhh! Walsh drives her back into the corner...

LD: Shots to the body, opening up on her!

[With Davis trapped in the corner, Walsh buries rights and lefts into the ribcage, rocking the body of Davis who again tries to protect herself...

...and then sees an opening, raking her fingers across the eyes of Walsh!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

SA: Davis goes to the eyes!

CP: Totally legal in the Rumble!

LD: It's legal but-

[Walsh stumbles, swiping at her eyes to clear her vision and Davis pounces, grabbing the back of her singlet...

...and LAUNCHES her over the top rope, sending her bouncing off the apron to the floor!]

SA: Whoa! She's gone! Shannon Walsh is eliminated!

LD: And before we even get a third competitor in there! That might be some kind of a record, Big Sal!

SA: Laura Davis, the ring general, used Walsh's aggression against her. Walsh was going full bore offense, not protecting herself in that attack in the corner and Davis did not hesitate, raking the eyes and getting that early elimination and... wow. I'm in shock, Colt.

CP: Just imagine how Shannon Walsh feels. The Rumble can change your fortunes in an instant. Walsh did all that talking, did all that prep... and just like that, her night is over and she's got some hard thinking to do about what comes next for her and the Peach Pits.

LD: And that means Laura Davis is going to get a little breather here... which could be crucial as she faces an hour in this thing if she wants to win it.

[Davis leans back against the turnbuckles, a smirk on her face as she lifts her wrist as if she's checking her watch...]

"Tick tock, ladies!"

SA: Laura Davis letting the people know she made short work out of Shannon Walsh as we wait and see who will be the person who drew Number Three.

[Davis does some stretching in the corner... more to taunt the crowd than to achieve any sort of physical bonus...]

...and then straightens up quick as the countdown clock appears and the Chavez Ravine crowd obliges...]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[All eyes turn in Dodger Stadium towards the entranceway as Davis smirks.]

SA: Big smile on the face of Laura Davis and... and that's why!

["Another Brick In The Wall" by Fury Weekend begins to play to herald the arrival of the third participant - Davis' partner-in-crime, Carolina Colton, as she jogs into view. Colton strikes a big double bicep pose off the bat with a "HOW YOU LIKE THAT?!" to the crowd before she jogs down the aisle. Davis

leans back against the buckles again, clapping for her ally as Colton draws closer.]

SA: Her fellow Slam Sorority partner, Carolina Colton, is Number Three... and this is huge for Laura Davis AND Colton if you ask me. Both women get a little extra breather. Both women now have an ally in there to watch their backs.

CP: You just assume they're not gonna throw down?

SA: Knowing Laura Davis, I'm fairly sure they're not gonna "throw down."

[Reaching ringside, Colton pulls herself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes with a big grin on her face. She's dressed in a black single-strapped top and short tights, both decorated with a sky blue and hot pink paint splatter pattern. A half-sleeve tattoo of a mountain lion covers one of her forearms... and to the surprise of many, Davis steps out of the corner and waves her ally forward.]

SA: I... well, I suppose I stand corrected, Colt.

CP: I would think an apology is in order.

SA: I do apologize to the Slam Sorority who are showing more integrity than E-Girl MAX did at SuperClash last year... and what they plan on showing here tonight if they get their way.

LD: That's kind of the sword hanging over this whole match, isn't it? It's tough enough for the other competitors to know that E-Girl MAX has FOUR competitors in this thing, giving them a potential numbers advantage at any time... but knowing that there's a plan... a plot for them to work together like they did last year at SuperClash to... I hate to use the word "steal" here but if it goes down like that, that's how it's going to feel! Like they stole it!

CP: Not you too. It's a good thing I stayed out here to speak the truth and nothing but!

[Colton claps her hands together as she and Davis circle...]

CP: This might be a good time for Colton to show her mentor all she's learned since joining up...

[...and come together in a collar and elbow tieup, Davis quickly slipping out into a rear hammerlock on the Colton Family's "pride and joy." Colton looks for a way out...

...and uses a drop toehold to take Davis off her feet, floating across to secure a front facelock...]

SA: Nice exchange of holds in there....

[...and Davis spins out of the front facelock, securing the hammerlock again, this time with Colton seated on the mat. Colton gets to her feet, reaching back to grab Davis around the head and neck... and uses her considerable strength to snapmare Davis out of the hammerlock and over onto her back!]

SA: ...whoa! Colton powers out of that hammerlock... impressive reversal there.

LD: Somewhere in the back, Trish Wallace is saying she could've powered out quicker.

[Sal chuckles as Colton makes a lunge as Davis rises, grabbing a collar and elbow and powering her straight back into the corner...]

SA: All the way into the buckles and... look at this!

[The crowd reacts as Colton lifts Davis up for a slam, trying to toss her over the ropes as an alarmed Davis starts slapping at Colton's massive frame, shouting "NO! DOWN! PUT ME DOWN, CAROLINA!"]

LD: Ahhhh... I thought we had something interesting there. Carolina Colton maybe got a little fired up there, looking to toss her mentor over the ropes but Davis got through and reminded her that's not their plan tonight. I'd imagine the Slam Sorority won't turn on each other unless they're the last women standing.

CP: It's a good strategy, right?

LD: It is.

CP: Now, I expect you both to say the same when it's E-Girl MAX using it.

[Lori and Sal sigh as Davis points to her wrist, draping an arm around Colton's shoulders as they wait together...]

SA: And another little breather for Laura Davis as she and Colton are going to wait as the clock ticks down...

[Davis is talking to Colton the entire time, providing a little in-match strategy session to her student as Colton nods in understanding repeatedly.]

SA: The skies overhead here in Dodger Stadium are becoming darker by the moment and you can only hope that's not an omen for the fourth person who enters this match who will find TWO members of the Slam Sorority waiting for them...

CP: What if it's Trish Wallace? Get the whole gang in there and the Slam Sorority just might dominate this thing from bell to bell.

LD: A terrifying thought for the other women in the locker room waiting to make their entrance tonight.

[Davis and Colton take a moment to shout from the ring down to MMA superstar Athena Albright who is still at ringside in her Michelle Bailey gear. Colton balls up her fists and waves Albright in...]

"YOU WANT A PIECE, TRAILBLAZAH?!"

[Albright smirks, waving a dismissive hand at the boisterous youngster...]

CP: Did you see that coward Albright not wanting a piece of Carolina Colton?

LD: I don't think cowardice has anything to do with it... and if Colton wants Albright inside a GFC cage, she knows where to find her.

CP: She's a Colton, she might be willing to do it.

[...and the clock starts to tick down.]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

SA: Who's it gonna be? Who is Number Four?!

[Dodger Stadium. Twilight. Nearly 60,000 fans on their feet as the Memorial Day Mayhem Rumble hits a fever pitch. The ring sits at center diamond, surrounded by a circular rig of lights and towering LED screens that glow like fire in the Los Angeles night. The overhead lights cut out. A heartbeat of silence.

#I GOT, I GOT, I GOT, I GOT—
LOYALTY! GOT ROYALTY INSIDE MY DNA!#

[The first blast of Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" punches through the sound system and detonates the crowd. Fuchsia strobes light up the entrance tunnel like a war zone as smoke cannons fire. The screen blazes to life: fast-cut footage of broken bodies, brawls, and one unmistakable silhouette framed in white-hot spotlight.

LAURYN. RAGE.

And then - there she is as Laura Davis looks alarmed... then determined as she nods her head and huddles up with Colton again.]

SA: IT'S THE FIRST WOMAN TO WEAR THE WORLD TITLE! THE ONLY WOMAN TO WIN A RUMBLE! LAURYN RAGE IS IN THE CITY OF ANGELS!

[Lauryn Rage steps out of the dugout like she owns the city. The camera tracks low as she emerges in her signature cheeky-cut unitard, her fuchsia

glove glinting like a warning flare beneath the lighting rig. Over her gear, a black leather vest swings open with each step, the hood folded back against her shoulders. Her freshly cut low Caesar gleams under the lights, sharp as a blade. She pauses. Lets the music breathe.]

#You see, my pedigree most definitely don't tolerate the front...#

[No smile. No posing. Just eyes locked on the ring where her enemies await.

That same ring where she won her first Rumble. Where she intends to win her second. And where at least half a dozen names on her list are about to learn what it means to stand between Lauryn Rage and her destiny.

She starts her walk. It's that purposeful, sultry strut - shoulders squared, hips rolling like she owns the rhythm. The camera glides backward as she stalks down the ramp, a predator in slow motion, bathed in smoke and light. Every footfall hits like punctuation. Her knee brace on the right leg is visible, but it doesn't slow her. It's not weakness - it's a badge. Proof she fought her way here. Proof she's still dangerous. Fans reach over barricades to snap photos, scream her name, or beg for her to notice them. She doesn't flinch. Doesn't blink. Just walks the long ramp with the kind of energy that says "I'm here to finish the list."]

LD: Lauryn Rage looks like she's walking to a coronation. That's not swagger. That's inevitability

CP: She's not out here to make friends - she's out here to make history, again. You better pray she don't have your number tonight.

SA: There is NO doubt that the two women waiting for her inside that ring are on her list and-

[Lauryn reaches ringside and slides under the bottom rope, quickly popping to her feet as "DNA" fades. The war is on...

...and she takes a big swing at an incoming Carolina Colton to a MASSIVE ROAR from the crowd!]

SA: -HERE! WEEEEEEEE! GOOOOOOO!

[Davis is a blur of motion, hammering away on Colton with rights and lefts, first to the head... then to the body...

...and then pivots to catch an incoming Davis with a shot in the gut as well, doubling her over!]

SA: The fans in Los Angeles are on their feet! This is one of the favorites to win this thing tonight... although this is a very early draw for her. Much different than when she came out as Number Fifteen on July 16th, 2016 - the night she won the first AWA Women's Rumble to become the very first AWA Women's World Champion... and I promise you, Colt, she's looking for a

pair of repeats in 2018. She wants to win this Rumble tonight and go on to Girls To The Front to regain the World Title!

CP: Wants are one thing, reality is another... and the reality is right now she's in there with two stone cold killers who are focused on ending her night in a hurry.

LD: She's doing pretty well for herself so far!

[Grabbing each by the hair, Rage CLASHES their skulls together to a big cheer, sending both Colton and Davis staggering away to separate parts of the ring. She turns her attention to Colton, perhaps thinking to take away Davis' shield before she focuses her energy on her rival.]

LD: Lauryn Rage has been haunted by these Slam Sorority women for months... or perhaps it's the other way around. In any case, Lauryn's coming tonight... and she's coming for payback.

[With Colton leaning against the buckles, Rage charges across the ring, throwing herself into a flying hip attack up into the upper torso!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage muscles Colton off the mat, bridging her across the ropes in the corner...]

SA: Uh oh! We've seen this before!

[...and then steps up on the ropes for added oomph, springing into the air to bring her ample hindquarters down across the core of Colton, crashing her down to the canvas to another big cheer!]

SA: The people of Los Angeles are solidly behind the former champion and her quest to regain her title! Rage has been on a vengeance-filled rampage since SuperClash last year when she was betrayed by her entire team... making a list of those who wronged her and spending this year so far trying to cross names off that list through physical violence.

CP: She says tonight there's a chance she can cross even more names off the list so that's a little sidequest for her en route to making history as the first two-time winner...

LD: Well, that's debatable. Supernova won the Rumble in 2011 and again in 2017.

CP: Not according to my record book. The 2017 Rumble was won by the new AWA National Champion Kerry Kendrick... and that's official!

[As the announcers bicker, Rage gets Colton back on her feet, trying to upend her over the ropes...

...which brings Laura Davis rushing her from behind!]

SA: Davis from the-

[But Rage twists around, burying a hooking haymaker into the midsection of Davis, doubling her over. Rage twists around, hooking her around the head and neck...]

SA: SNAKEBITE!

[...but Davis shoves her off, sending her barreling forward...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and Carolina Colton puts her down with a powerful running back elbow up under the chin, falling to the mat after impact!]

LD: Ohhhh! And just like that, the Slam Sorority has taken control of this situation... which is bad news for Lauryn Rage. However, the good news... potentially at least... is that we're about see the next entry into the match.

[With Colton and Davis putting the boots to Rage down on the mat, the crowd begins to count down... ten... nine... eight...]

SA: This is going to be our fifth entry here tonight... and as Lauryn Rage takes a pounding from the Slam Sorority, you can hear the fans in Los Angeles getting ready to welcome the next entrant - whoever it may be.

“FIVE!”

“FOUR!”

“THREE!”

“TWO!”

“ONE!”

“BZZZZZZZZZZZZT!”

[A hush rolls over the crowd... then the solemn clang of a brass bell echoes throughout Dodger Stadium.]

LD: What in the...?

[From the curtain emerges a white-wigged town crier, clad in resplendent red and gold livery, unfurling a scroll so long it drags behind him.]

SA: Oh brother.

[He raises the bell and proclaims:

“OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!”

[The bell rings out again.]

“CLAAAAAANG!”

“CLAAAAAAANG!”

“CLAAAAAAANG!”

[The town crier bellows some more as the fans start to jeer.]

“Gather ye knaves and common folk!

Hark, from the shores of Blighty to the bitter colonies!

From the smoke-stained chimneys of Manchester to the velvet drawing rooms of Mayfair!

From the misty highlands of Scotland to the scandalous salons of Bath!

From the opium dens of Shanghai to the tea-stained sands of the Raj!

Make way! Make room! Make reverence!

For she who dines with dukes and dismembers debutantes!

The Baroness of the Bodyslam!

The Viscountess of the Vertical Suplex!

The Imperial Empress of the Elbow Drop!

The Scourge of Suffolk! The Jewel of Kent!

The Last Bastion of Civilized Violence!”

[Inside the ring, Colton has pulled Rage onto her knees, holding both arms in a loose chickenwing as Davis rains down forearms onto her rival.]

LD: Are you kidding me with this? The match is gonna be over by the time she hits the ring!

CP: Shhhh! You’re in the presence of nobility, Dane! Show some decorum!

[The town crier continues.]

“Hers is the bloodline of conquerors and corgis!

Of empire and etiquette!

She has crossed oceans of mediocrity to bring discipline to the lawless, culture to the uncouth, and boots to the bellies of upstarts and Americans alike!

So rise! Rise, you unwashed peasants!

Clap, cheer, or perish in your squalor!

For I present to you,

By royal charter and divine right,

The sword in Britannia's gloved hand,

The lioness of the squared circle,

The crimson-coated avatar of QUEEN AND COUNTRY...

[The town crier takes a VERY deep breath.]

"LADYYYYYYY REBECCAAAAAAAAAA FAAAAAALKINGHAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMM!"

[Inside the ring, Davis gives a dismissive wave for the moment, keeping her focus on Rage as the Slam Sorority whips her across the ring, landing a double boot to the midsection before taking the former champion over with a double suplex...

...as the first sacred notes of Byrd's "Mass for 4 Voices: Kyrie" begin to echo - reverent, choral, entirely wrong for this setting.

A single spotlight illuminates Lady Rebecca Falkingham, head held aloft, features etched with imperial disdain. She wears a gleaming scarlet redcoat over a fitted Union Jack unitard and leggings, her arms in long white gloves, a crisp tricorne perched on her powdered curls.

She extends her hand with a flourish, and her crier dutifully takes it as they begin their agonizingly slow procession down the ramp.[]

SA: Colt, I think this entrance is longer than the Magna Carta.

CP: That's history, Sal. Educate yourself.

SA: She's gonna need a walker before she makes it to the ring!

CP: She walks like a queen because she is a queen. Show some respect.

LD: Should I go put on my Queen of Extreme t-shirt?

CP: Only if you want her to show you what royalty is REALLY all about.

[Lady Rebecca Falkingham sneers down her nose at the fans, offering no high fives - only disdain. The crowd boos viciously, but she remains unmoved, her every step a statement of colonial dominance.

She and her crier are only halfway down the ramp when...]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[The opening dirty twang of "Blood On The Bluegrass" hits like a shovel to the chest - gritty guitar and rolling snare drums, sounding like something scraped out of a haunted Kentucky barn. The crowd recognizes it immediately and lets out a solid cheer but when the spotlight hits the curtain, Kayla Cristol doesn't burst out like she used to. She walks through slowly, head up, jaw tight, wearing her worn shearling coat over her western-themed gear. Her turquoise boots thud a little heavier than usual on the steel stage. She lifts her arms and fires her signature finger pistols, one to each side, then straight ahead with a wink and a snap.]

SA: It's The Pistol! Kayla Cristol is the next one in!

LD: She seems a little...

[Something's off. The movements are all there — the swagger, the strut — but her smile never quite reaches her eyes. She mouths something to herself. Could've been "Don't cry." Could've been "You got this."

And with a deep breath, she breaks into a dash down the aisle, heading for the ring...]

SA: Kayla Cristol's gotta be disappointed over not winning the World Tag Team Titles earlier tonight, Colt, but she's gotta shake that off if she wants to succeed in this one!

CP: She sure does... and that ain't an easy thing to do but- HEY!

[The crowd ROARS as the rapidly-incoming Cristol plows straight through Falkingham, knocking her flat on her noble posterior! Her tricorne launches skyward like a cannon shot, her redcoat flaps up, and the crowd explodes with laughter.]

LD: HA! She got flattened like a tea biscuit!

CP: That was an unprovoked assault on Her Ladyship! Kayla Cristol just declared war on the Crown!

[Lady Rebecca sits stunned for a beat, blinking in disbelief. Then, with burning cheeks and trembling outrage, she lifts her hand, demanding aid. Her town crier, looking equally scandalized, helps her to her feet. She adjusts her hat, straightens her coat, and resumes her slow, deliberate walk, ignoring the laughter, though her eyes betray her fury.]

LD: She's pretending that didn't happen. Like we all didn't just see her get trucked!

CP: The Crown never acknowledges embarrassment. She'll deport the entire crowd before she admits defeat.

[In the meantime, Kayla Cristol has slid into the ring at a full sprint, coming up swinging on the Slam Sorority - two haymakers for Laura Davis... and a dropkick for Carolina Colton to free up Lauryn Rage for the moment. Cristol pumps her fists as she grabs Davis off the mat, raining down shots to back her into the corner and then stepping up on the midbuckle as the crowd counts some more!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

[As the Dodger Stadium fans count along with the repeated punches, we cut to ringside where Lady Falkingham has reached the ring apron, many in the crowd still laughing at her... but Lady Rebecca doesn't care. Because dignity, like empire, must be upheld - no matter how many times you fall on your royal behind...

...and back to Cristol who has finished her barrage of punches just in time to leap, twisting into a crossbody on an incoming Colton, wiping her out to big cheers!]

SA: Kayla Cristol has turned this match on its ear with her enthusiasm, with her excitement - Cristol's looking for a big night here in Los Angeles and if she can't be the tag team champion, you gotta think winning the Rumble would be a dream come true for this young lady.

LD: We heard from her during the 30 For 30 - we know how much just being in the Rumble two years ago meant to her so winning it would put her on top of the world in more ways than one!

[Lauryn Rage gets to her feet, giving a nod to Cristol as they split off, Cristol taking the fight to Colton in one corner as Rage does the same with Davis in the opposite corner...]

SA: The odds are even now...

CP: Don't forget about Lady Rebecca.

LD: Lady Rebecca looks TERRIFIED to even be out here!

CP: Don't confuse fear with disgust! This isn't her kind of match. What kind of dignified lady would ever want any part of this sort of street fight atmosphere? This place looks like a biker bar on Sunset on a Friday night - not the high levels of athletic prowess and competition that Lady Rebecca is used to.

LD: Well, excuuuuuuuuse me! So sorry we lowered ourselves to making Her Royal Highness earn her tea and crumpets!

[Falkingham finally climbs upon the ring apron, chin high, white gloves still in place, disdain for the "riff raff" in the ring apparent on her face...

...and then looks towards one of the officials on the floor.]

SA: What's this about?

[She gestures to the ropes with her head.]

SA: I don't... I can't believe this!

[The official throws up his hands, ordering her in... but she again gestures towards the ropes with her head...]

LD: She wants the referee to hold the ropes open!?

[Referee Koji Sakai throws up his hands, running up the steps and obliging so that Falkingham FINALLY gets inside the ring. She nods approvingly as he scampers away...

...and then visibly cringes as Kayla Cristol is shoving backwards into her by. Carolina Colton!]

SA: Well, Falkingham's finally in there and...

[Cristol throws a right hand at her but Falkingham slips away from it, shaking her head. Cristol keeps coming but Falkingham simply lowers her head and runs for it...

...and ducks right under a Colton clothesline that misses Falkingham and takes Cristol off her feet!]

SA: ...she's running for her life! This is ridiculous! How can she possibly hope to win this thing if she's afraid to be in it?!

CP: This just isn't her cup of tea! Give her time, Albano!

SA: Speaking of time, time is ticking down and it's just about time for our next competitor...

[On the far side of the ring, we see Lauryn Rage trying to get her rival, Laura Davis, over the ropes but Carolina Colton quickly breaks that up with a double axehandle to the back of the head!

And on the near side, Falkingham pulls the rising Cristol up, securing a cravate...]

SA: Uhhhh.

[...which Cristol quickly elbows out of, throwing Falkingham bodily into the buckles where she crashes in. Cristol advances on her, cocking her fist...

...and Falkingham flinches back but also lashes out forward, catching Cristol with a stiff palm strike to the cheek. The crowd gasps - as does Falkingham who looks at her hand in shock.]

SA: I think even Falkingham is surprised she did that!

[Cristol winds up again but Falkingham ducks under the blow, kneeing Cristol in the gut...

...and with a smirk, Falkingham straightens her posture, looking out on the crowd as Cristol reels in the corner and the countdown begins...]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[And the non-existent roof blows off Dodger Stadium as we hear the opening panflute to Zamfir's "The Lonely Shepherd"...]

LD: Hey, I know that music!

[...and as yellow lighting illuminates the smoke around the entrance, the music shifts to "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity" as the AWA Original Melissa Cannon stomps into view with a roar of "HONEY, I'M HOOOOOOOME!"]

LD: MELISSA CANNON DRAWS NUMBER SEVEN!

[A grinning Cannon looks out on the roaring 60,000+ on hand welcoming her home as she stands in a pair of full-length yellow pants with slash marks on mid-thigh and lower calf. She's wearing an original Combat Corner t-shirt that has been cut to show off her midriff. The AWA Original gives a nod to the cheering crowd, patting her fist to her heart...

...and then starts down the aisle towards the ongoing battle!]

SA: The seventh woman into the fray... and remember, fans, only one competitor - Shannon Walsh - has been eliminated so far! This is a big night for Melissa Cannon, making her official return to an AWA sanctioned event since she was released from her contract in late 2016 after some controversial political comments got her in hot water with our former network partner, Colt.

CP: Exiled to Japan, Cannon's thrived there... and stewed at the same time. She was sent from her home because of her political beliefs... and that can't

sit right with her. We heard so much from her on the 30 For 30 about everything she did... everything she put in to get the Women's Division established and on the map and thriving... only to be thrown aside during a year when it became known as the hottest division in wrestling.

LD: But all that's in the past... and look at how happy she is to be home!

CP: I'm gonna need you to swallow down all your bias and call this straight, Dane. I can see the tears in your eyes already!

LD: Oh, be quiet... let me enjoy this.

[Cannon jogs the remainder of the aisle, diving headfirst under the ropes into the ring...

...and makes a beeline for Laura Davis and Carolina Colton, dishing out heavy forearms to both women to the joy of the Los Angeles crowd!]

SA: The hometown girl has arrived in the City of Angels and goes right to work on the Slam Sorority! Six competitors inside the ring now - Davis, Colton, Rage, Falkingham, Cristol, and now Melissa Cannon... and remember, Laura Davis has been in there since the get-go...

[Cannon drops Colton with a well-placed kneestrike before turning her focus back on Davis...]

CP: And Laura Davis is the kind of competitor that Cannon missed out on wrestling during her year overseas so it's no surprise that's who she turns her focus on right away.

LD: That's true, Colt. Knowing Melissa Cannon, she's always been about facing the best in the world and Laura Davis is certainly in that upper echelon. Cannon, the 2015 winner of the Empress Cup which was held in Nagoya in front of ten thousand strong, defeated Ayako Fujiwara in the Finals, knocking off the Olympic Gold medalist in her efforts to become a three-peat winner.. and you know she'd love to finally get a chance to add AWA Women's World Champion to her resume in 2018, boys.

SA: After all she did to get us here, absolutely.

[A whip sends Davis across the ring into a rolling sole butt to the midsection, doubling her over. Cannon grabs the back of the tights, aiming to send Davis into the crowd...

...and LAUNCHES her over the top rope!]

SA: DAVIS IS GONE! SHE'S-

LD: NO! SHE HANGS ON! SHE HANGS ON FOR NOW!

[The crowd buzzes as Cannon realizes that Davis is still in the match. The veteran advances on the Number One Athlete, hammering away at her while

Kayla Cristol hangs onto Carolina Colton, preventing one Slam Sorority member from helping the other...]

SA: Look at that! Brilliant move by Cristol! Keeping Colton from the save!

[Colton madly claws at the mat, trying to shake Cristol loose so she can get to her mentor as Cannon hammers away at Davis, trying to knock her to the floor and to elimination...]

SA: Cannon's got her in trouble! In serious trouble!

[...and suddenly, to the shock of all, Lauryn Rage rushes into the mix and THROWS Cannon backwards, sending her down to the mat...]

LD: What in the...?

[...and leans over the ropes, grabbing Davis to hammer her fist repeatedly into the head!]

CP: I can't believe it! Lauryn Rage just SAVED Laura Davis from what looked like a sure elimination just so she could try to eliminate her herself!

SA: Whether it's Rage or it's Cannon, Laura Davis is still in danger though, Colt!

[But a charging Carolina Colton breaks free of Cristol and nails Rage from behind, knocking her down to a knee as a grateful and gasping Davis slips back into the ring, barely able to avoid elimination as the crowd buzzes at the near miss. Colton puts the boots to Rage down on the mat... and Lady Rebecca Falkingham camps out in the corner, clutching her pearls and looking aghast at the action she's seeing...]

SA: Six competitors in there... we're getting close to number seven...

[Cannon snatches Colton back away from Rage, trading heavy forearms with the Canadian as Cristol grabs Davis off the mat, peppering her with jabs to back her across the ring towards the corner...]

...but the wily Davis ducks down, lifting Cristol up as if she's going to backdrop her over the ropes...]

SA: Uh oh! Cristol's in trouble!

[...but the Pistol reaches out and grabs the top rope, blocking the toss as Davis struggles to rip her free...]

LD: Cristol's fighting to stay in this!

[...as the time starts to tick down.]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

SA: It's time for Number Eight!

[And the buzzer sounds, signaling the next entrant, when...]

WOOOOOOOOOOO!

["1 of 1" by SHINee kicks up, and the teen girl audience gets their first heroine of the evening, much to the displeasure of the rest of the audience.]

CP: It's time to protect this ring, Albano, the Rumble is now officially brought to you by Under Armour!

[Albano groans.]

CP: Hey, they make quality athletic wear, not like you'd know!

SA: I take offense to that, their sneakers are very comfortable. Be that as it may, E-Girl MAX gets its first entrant, and it's the "Charm City Cutie", Casey Cash!

[We see Casey, wearing an orange, white, and black version of her Maryland flag attire, with a home Cal Ripken Jr. Baltimore Orioles jersey over top, along with black Under Armour kneepads and sweatbands and black wrestling boots. She bites her bottom lip as she walks to the ring, shaking her head. Riley Campbell, Under Armour's Head of Pro Wrestling Marketing, keeps pace with the "Charm City Cutie" as she walks to the ring, snapping photos all the way down.]

CP: We ain't ever seen her go longer than what, ten minutes? Fifteen minutes?

LD: It's a cruel trick of fate, Colt. Her Godfather is the Orioles Iron Man, Cal Ripken Jr., and not only does she draw his number, #8, but if she wants to follow through on Harley Hamilton's plan to fix the Rumble on behalf of E-Girl MAX, to rig the ending and repeat Steal the Spotlight, she's going to have to be their Iron Woman.

CP: No wonder she doesn't look too happy about it.

LD: To her credit, she was trained by Shane Destiny and Misaki Ishikawa, the fundamentals are there. If there's ever been a time for her to show her stuff, it'd be now.

[Cash rolls under the ropes into the ring, looking around warily at the action unfolding all over the squared circle...

...and lunges at Melissa Cannon from behind, smashing a fist into the ear, knocking her into Colton who drags Cannon into the corner for more punishment...]

SA: Right hand on Cannon... from behind.

[...and then hits a rising Lauryn Rage with a right hand to the back of the head...]

SA: Right hand on Rage... from behind.

[...and then as Kayla Cristol slips free, landing a dropkick to the chest of Laura Davis, knocking the Number One Athlete back into the corner. The Pistol starts to rise...

...and Casey Cash hits her with a clubbing forearm to the neck, knocking her down to her knees!]

SA: Big shot on Cristol... from behind... and I'm sensing a theme here with Casey Cash, Colt.

CP: She's taking every opportunity to do damage! What's wrong with that?

SA: She's a cheap shot artist! That's what she is!

[She wheels around, a bit of a grin on her face as she spreads her arms wide to the jeering crowd...

...and then balls up her fists, coming in hard on Lady Rebecca Falkingham...]

"SQUI!"

[...and Falkingham ducks away, sticking her head and torso between the ropes as she tries to shy away from any direct battle. Casey Cash looks surprised...

...but only for a moment as the rising Kayla Cristol spins Cash around into a haymaker that knocks her right off her feet!]

SA: Uh oh! The Pistol's had enough of that!

[Cristol takes the mount on Casey Cash, pummeling her with rights and left as Cash squeals, trying to shield herself from the beating...]

SA: Kayla Cristol's had it out for E-Girl MAX for months now and this is her shot to get a piece of yet another member!

LD: And if I were Cristol - knowing the plans E-Girl MAX has for tonight - I'd try to get rid of Casey Cash right now! Try to get that numbers advantage tossed right out the window and make these girls EARN this if they want to win it!

SA: That's exactly what she's trying to do, Lori! Good call!

[The crowd is buzzing as Cristol drags Cash up by the hair, hauling the protesting Cash across the ring towards the ropes where Lauryn Rage comes to assist...]

SA: And now we've got a two on one on Cash! Lauryn Rage's got some E-Girl MAX names on her list as well and payback is hell in Chavez Ravine!

CP: The last time someone went after Casey Cash to send a message to E-Girl MAX, Victoria June spent some time in the hospital! If they take out Cash right now, the streets of Los Angeles may run red tonight!

[With her arms over the top rope, Cash struggles as Rage and Cristol each grab a leg, trying to tip her backwards over the top as the crowd buzzes at the possibility...

...and across the ring, we see Laura Davis and Carolina Colton taking turns hitting Melissa Cannon in the ribcage with heavy blows!]

SA: The two members of the Slam Sorority already in the match are working over Melissa Cannon... and she could use an assist, Lori.

LD: Don't look at me. I promised Jon... and Bobby... and Todd... that I'd just sit here and call the match. I didn't draw a number this time - I swear! Melissa's on her own... unfortunately.

SA: Falkingham COULD help but right now she's just standing in the corner watching two two-on-ones go down... and we're creeping closer to the ninth member of our match joining us - and can you believe that we've STILL only seen one elimination?

CP: The stakes are high in this one and these women have come to fight.

SA: The countdown clock is on!

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[And as "Another Brick In The Wall" by Fury Weekend starts up for the second time in the match, the crowd ERUPTS in a mix of boos and concerned buzz as they realize what that means...]

CP: Hail, hail! The gang's all here!

SA: Trish Wallace is Number Nine and that means ALL three members of the Slam Sorority are in there... and I'd say that's trouble for the other five competitors in the ring AND those still to come.

[The second-generation powerhouse comes jogging down the aisle towards the ring in a sleeveless black leotard with baby blue and hot pink detailing.]

SA: Some more power about to get introduced to the mix in the form of this 26 year old out of Minnesota - the daughter of Battlin' Burt looking to add to her family legacy by adding her name to the history books here tonight.

LD: There's a whole history of legacy competitors who've done that from Raphael Rhodes and Supreme Wright... Terry Shane and Bobby O'Connor... Ryan Martinez and Lauryn Rage... but for Trish Wallace, it would be the biggest night in her career if she could pick up the win tonight and put herself into the Main Event of Girls To The Front in Madison Square Garden in August to fight for the World Title!

[As Wallace reaches the ring, she rushes right into the mix, connecting with a running clothesline on Melissa Cannon as Davis and Colton back off...]

SA: OHHHH!

CP: Things are getting worse for your girl in there, Dane.

LD: She's got a lot of fight in her though, Colt. A three-on-one is a bad spot for anyone but if anyone can fight out of it, it's her.

[Colton insists on delivering a running clothesline of her own, rocking Cannon with it... and then gesturing to Wallace.]

SA: A little "can you top this?" between the two partners... and Laura Davis is trying to get them on track now, pointing out Cannon and... uh oh, it looks like the night might be over for her!

[Davis, Wallace, and Colton team up to get Cannon up into the air, trying to dump her over the ropes where she is desperately hanging on...

...which is when Lauryn Rage dashes across the ring, leaping into the air to dive into a flying forearm to the side of Wallace's head, breaking off the elimination effort!]

SA: Ohhh! Da Kid comes sailing in out of nowhere to break it up!

[Rage's sudden departure allows Casey Cash to slip away from Kayla Cristol's efforts to toss her, crawling away from her as an agitated Cristol pursues...

...and walks right into a surprising European uppercut from Lady Rebecca Falkingham, knocking her off her feet!]

SA: OH! How about that now?!

CP: Falkingham may be starting to come around, getting into the swing of things so to speak...

SA: Falkingham... look at her stomping Cristol!

LD: Maybe she realized her technical skills aren't going to help her here.

[Falkingham drags Cristol by the hair to the ropes, stomping and kicking... and then CHOKING with her boot heel!]

SA: Wow! Falkingham has snapped!

LD: She's not just adapting... she's unraveling!

[Falkingham is shrieking "CURTSY FOR MEEEEEE!" before laughing - a little too hard, a little too loud as she grabs a shocked Casey Cash, pulling her towards her and gesturing to Cristol...]

SA: And now she's making friends?!

[An alarmed Cash reluctantly nods, helping pull Cristol off the mat as the duo work the Pistol over with a flurry of shots before Falkingham lands a vicious forearm, going into a twirl like she's at a grand ball as Cristol collapses on the mat...

...and then sweeps Cash towards her, asking "shall we take a bow?" Cash nods, terror in her eyes as Falkingham sweeps her into a bow, mocking the jeering crowd...

...and we cut to the other side of the ring where we see that the Slam Sorority has tossed Melissa Cannon to the side for the moment and is focusing their efforts on Lauryn Rage who suddenly finds herself tipped forward over the ropes, hanging on for dear life...]

SA: Rage is in trouble!

LD: This is what the Slam Sorority needs to do as Laura Davis has been in the ring for almost twenty minutes now... they need to work as a group, they need to use the numbers advantage to isolate their opponents and get them out of there. Lauryn Rage has been fighting the Slam Sorority for months and now they may get the ultimate payoff by taking away her dream of going back-to-back as the winner!

[Rage is clinging to the ropes as a kneeling Melissa Cannon hammers forearms into the lower back of Laura Davis from down on the mat, taking her out of the team-up for the time being as the crowd counts down...]

SA: Here we go! We're about to get Number Ten in the mix! Still only one person has been eliminated and this ring is starting to get pretty full as the stars start to come out over Dodger Stadium!

[...and the fans pick up their count...]

"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[The opening synth notes of "The Cyborg Fights" by Makoto Miyazaki pulse through the speakers in Dodger Stadium, as the crowd erupts in cheers for Ayako Fujiwara!]

SA: UH OH!

LD: I'd say the mood is about to change in that ring, Big Sal!

SA: Ayako Fujiwara has drawn Number Ten... and that means trouble for EVERYONE in there!

[The Olympic gold medalist is dressed in an elaborate teal kimono with intricate gold embroidery throughout, depicting flowing patterns, floral motifs, and a large golden phoenix on the back of the train, which dramatically extends across the floor. Her expression is serene, yet focused, her eyes directed at the ring as she approaches it with quiet confidence.]

SA: This is a competitor that can COMPLETELY flip this match on its head, Colt.

CP: She sure can... and while she's been focused on the tag team division for a while now, Ayako Fujiwara is an instant threat to any match she's in. She could win this whole thing coming in at Number Ten, no doubt about it!

[As Ayako reaches ringside, she unties her kimono's obi sash and lets it fall, revealing her wrestling gear beneath: a sleek, black and red asymmetrical strap crop top with a corset-like front tied together with crisscrossing red and black string. Her abdomen is fully exposed and she wears middle waist black motorcycle pants with rivets running up and down the legs with short wrestling boots. She grabs the ring apron with both hands and makes a deep bow, before sliding into the ring...

...and comes up hot, ducking under a wild swing from Casey Cash, hooking a waistlock...]

SA: WAISTLOCK!

[...and LAUNCHES her across the crowded ring, bouncing off the canvas with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: INCREDIBLE!

LD: Just seeing that move makes my neck hurt!

[Fujiwara kips up off the mat, setting her gaze on the backpedaling Lady Rebecca Falkingham whose eyes are wide with terror...

...and then Fujiwara wheels around, ducking under a Laura Davis clothesline, scooping her up across her chest...]

SA: KANPEKIIIIINNNAAAAAAA! DAVIS GETS PLANTED!

[Fujiwara gets up, glaring down at her former rival, dusting off her hands as Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton look stunned at this turn of events...

...and join hands, rushing at Fujiwara who ducks under, dashing to the ropes herself...]

SA: LAAAAARIAAAATOOOOOOOOO!

[...and the Olympic gold medalist drops them BOTH with a double running clothesline!]

SA: FUJIWARA IS CLEANING HOUSE! SHE'S DROPPED CASEY CASH! SHE'S DROPPED THE SLAM SORORITY!

[Fujiwara twists around, rushing forward towards a cowering Falkingham...]

SA: LARIAAAAAATOOOOOOOOO... VER THE TOOOOOOP! FALKINGHAM IS ELIMINATED!

[Fujiwara lets loose a roar, pumping her powerful arms triumphantly as the Los Angeles crowd echoes that roar, paying tribute to one of the fan favorites!]

LD: From the moment Ayako Fujiwara arrived in the AWA, she's been hailed as a future Women's World Champion! Could tonight be the night she gets her date with destiny locked in stone? Could she be the winner we've been looking for?

CP: We got a whole lotta match to go before we start anointing the winner of this thing - that goes to both of ya!

SA: Falkingham's gone! We're down to eight in there again... and... oho! Look at this now!

[The crowd buzzes - then ROARS - as Melissa Cannon steps up to the plate, smirking at Fujiwara as they come face to face in the middle of the ring!]

LD: Oh yeah! They want to see it! The fans want to see it and you better believe that I want to see it! LET'S DO THIS!

[With a nod, Fujiwara ROCKS Cannon with an elbowstrike to the jaw...

...and Cannon returns fire with just as stiff of a blow, staggering the Olympic gold medalist!]

SA: We've got a standoff on our hands! Elbows versus forearms!

[Another Fujiwara elbow has Cannon on her heels but a Cannon forearm has Fujiwara's eyelids fluttering as well...]

SA: The fans in Dodger Stadium are on their feet!

[...and Cannon - sensing an opening - brings the thunder...]

"OHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

[She steps back, going into a spin...]

SA: ROLLING ELBO...

[...but Fujiwara ducks under, hooking the waistlock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

SA: ...OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! MISS GERMANY STRIKES AGAIN! SHE- OH MY GOD!

[The crowd ROARS as a fired up Cannon climbs off the mat, shaking her head as an oblivious Fujiwara gets to her feet as well!]

SA: MELISSA CANNON FIGHTING THROUGH THE IMPACT!

[Cannon rushes Fujiwara as she turns, connecting with a lariat of her own that staggers Fujiwara, knocking her backwards into the ropes...]

...but as Cannon lowers her head, rushing back to the ropes for more momentum, Fujiwara follows...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: LARIAAAAAATOooooooooo!

[...and connects on the just-turned Cannon with a lariat that flips Cannon over the ropes!]

SA: MELISSA HANGS ON! SHE'S ON THE APRON!

CP: FOR NOW!

[Lori Dane is noticeably quiet as Fujiwara stays on Cannon, pulling her up, trying to send her to the floor to elimination!]

SA: Two years ago, in the closing moments of the first Women's Rumble, these two were battling it out near the ropes, trying to see who would be the first to wear that Women's World Title around their waist when-

[In something resembling a mirror image from that night in Madison Square Garden, Lauryn Rage rushes unseen across the ring, reaching down between the legs of Fujiwara...]

SA: -LIGHTNING STRIKES IN CHAVEZ RAVINE!

[...and tips the Olympic gold medalist over the top rope, crashing into Cannon...]

LD: RAGE TRYING TO TAKE 'EM BOTH OUT!

[...but this time, both Fujiwara and Cannon manage to stay on the apron, avoiding the fall to the floor for the moment...]

SA: Ayako hangs on! Cannon hangs on!

[...and as Rage struggles to push both off the apron, the countdown starts back up...]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[The crowd stirs for a moment...

...then sits in puzzlement as New Year's Day's "Malevolence" starts blaring over the PA system.]

SA: I'm not sure... anyone know whose music this is?

[There's silence from the announcers as the puzzled crowd looks on...

...until the stage lights turn red and form a walkway as the entrance screens turn black...

...then become emblazoned in red with...

"CHARISMA KNIGHT"]

SA: OH! What a surprise this is! One of the pioneers of the AWA Women's Division - one of the featured faces on the recent 30 For 30 show, Charisma

Knight has returned to action here in the American Wrestling Alliance at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Charisma Knight is looking much different than we last saw her. Her shoulder length hair is well kept - jet black with red highlights - framing her face with properly done black eye shadow around her eyes and black lipstick.

She gets a fairly good reaction for her return as she holds her arms out to the side, taking it all in...]

LD: You said it, Big Sal... one of the pioneers of this division, one of the first people we signed in hopes of there even BEING a division! She was a part of the first Rumble! She was a part of the first Women's Match at SuperClash! And tonight, with the eyes of - not just the wrestling world but the entire sports-watching world - on this ring... on this night... on these women, it's only fitting that she's back to be a part of this!

[Knight walks to the ring purposefully, taking off her black and red lycra ring coat, revealing her classic attire of a black halter top with red and orange flame designs, matching her long tights of the same, finished in red kneepads and kickpads over black wrestling boots.]

CP: She looks back to her old self... which is good news for her... and bad news for everyone else in there...

[Knight is about to get in the ring when she spots Ayako Fujiwara, Lauryn Rage, and Melissa Cannon in a three-way slugfest on the other side of the ring...

...and with a smirk, she rushes over to join them.]

CP: ...including some of her old rivals!

SA: There's no love lost between some of these women and... look at this now!

[Rage looks surprised as Knight climbs up on the apron behind Fujiwara, grabbing her by the hair, trying to throw her to the floor!]

SA: Oh! Knight from behind! She hasn't been in the ring yet but if she throws Fujiwara to the floor, Ayako's gone!

[The Olympic gold medalist turns out of the hairpull, smashing Knight in the mouth with an elbowstrike... which leaves Cannon and Rage trading haymakers nearby...]

SA: Four of the pillars this division was built on are over there and they're going to war! This is wild! The fans in Los Angeles are going CRAZY for this!

CP: And somehow, Albano... you gotta think Charisma Knight is more than a little bitter about this whole thing.

SA: How's that?

CP: A former Women's World Champion - the first to wear the gold. The Olympic gold medalist who has been anointed a future World Champ from Day One. The conquering hero - the face of the division from the get-go... and then there's Charisma who went crazy, got stuck babysitting a rookie, and then got kicked to the curb when they had more marketable talent to promote... only to be brought back when they had a TV show to sell.

SA: Well, sheesh... when you put it that way...

[With a shout, Rage unleashes a Perfect Punch...

...that Cannon ducks, causing it to JAM between the shoulderblades of Fujiwara who luckily falls through the ropes, back into the safety of the ring as Rage curses audibly.]

SA: Oh! Rage wanted to eliminate Fujiwara so badly... a lot of bad blood there over the years... and recently too for that matter, Lori.

LD: Lauryn Rage's obsessive attitude could be the difference between making history tonight and going back to the locker room in a huff to stare at her list. She needs to get over settling grudges tonight and focus on winning this thing before she makes a mistake she can't recover from.

[Rage grabs Fujiwara by the hair, dragging her off the mat across the ring where she RAMS her into the corner..

...and where Laura Davis grabs Rage from behind, trying to up-end her over the top rope...

...but before long, it's Fujiwara who is up and yanks Davis off Rage, driving some short forearms into the jaw of her former rival!]

SA: Now it's Davis and Fujiwara going at it again! Who can forget that classic Ironwoman match they had last year?

[But Rage yanks Fujiwara off Davis, booting her in the gut...

...but Ayako gives her a shove, sending her towards the ropes where Charisma Knight - who still hasn't entered the ring - pulls the ropes down, causing Rage to flip over!]

SA: OH! OH!

LD: She almost went! Lauryn Rage hanging onto the apron this time! Charisma Knight right there - no friends in this one, trying to knock her off the apron!

[Seizing the moment, Casey Cash swoops in to try to get Rage off the apron as well, working alongside Charisma Knight to pummel the first Women's World Champion...]

SA: What a big moment this would be for Casey Cash if she can help get Lauryn Rage out of the way for E-Girl MAX! Can she do it though?! The former champion hanging on! Staying in the fight!

[Kayla Cristol gets back into the picture as well, grabbing Cash and pulling her away from the action, leaving Rage to rally against Knight as the crowd starts counting down anew...]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[The buzzer sounds, and...]

I DON'T CARE! I LOVE IT!

[With a high-pitched shriek from the audience to go along with "I Love It" by Icona Pop (ft. Charli XCX), Melody Thompson walks out from the entrance, wearing a black Under Armour sports bra/tights combo with pink accents, along with black Under Armour kneepads and black wrestling boots. She has long black hair worn loosely to her shoulders, and is greeted up the entrance path by Riley Campbell, taking her picture as she strides down to the ring.]

SA: And there's another member of E-Girl MAX, the officially designated substitute for the injured Kelly Kowalski.

CP: Not the one anyone expected either, right Albano?

SA: Not in the slightest, Colt. Melody Thompson isn't officially a member of the AWA roster! She's only appeared in tag team contests with her twin sister Harmony, so for her to get the call, something has to be up.

CP: You and Blackwell, you're both so suspicious. Blackwell was sayin' that something was fishy with these two as well.

SA: Because there is, Colt! Harmony was training for this match just as hard as Melody was, but Harmony not only isn't in it, I haven't seen her at all today. Nobody has. Everyone today has only seen just Melody Thompson, and she's never seen anywhere without Harmony.

[The twin flying solo makes to the ring, where she's cheerfully greeted by Casey Cash as Melody flings herself into a messy-looking double axehandle to the back of Kayla Cristol's head, knocking the Pistol down to the mat!]

LD: Thompson going right to the aid of Casey Cash... and right AGAINST Kayla Cristol! These may not be the two who fought the Country Punks

earlier tonight but you better believe that E-Girl MAX has an enemy's list in this one and Cristol is right at the top of that list.

[Cash pulls Cristol up a flurry of fists, backing her towards the corner as Melody comes to assist...]

SA: And this is the gameplan that E-Girl MAX has tonight as well... work in tandem... as a trio... and if the fates decree it so, as a quartet to try to eliminate everyone in their path to win this thing. Kayla Cristol may be first on their list but she won't be the last.

LD: Right about now, the Pistol is in desperate need of her own partner in there with her but there's been no sign of Victoria June - not yet.

[Thompson and Cash are trading off, burying boots into the body as Cristol gets worked over...]

LD: Laura Davis still in there, still working alongside her charges in the Slam Sorority as well... working over Melissa Cannon in the corner again as Knight and Rage are tangled up near the ropes...

[...but Cristol starts firing back, a flurry of fists of her own, to the skull of Cash... to the jaw of Thompson... and a double noggin knocker sends them staggering away, Thompson falling through the ropes to the outside from the impact!]

SA: OH! Did she...?

CP: No, no! She went THROUGH the ropes, Albano! Keep your shirt on... for the love of God please keep your shirt on!

SA: In the immortal words of Michelle Tanner... how rude!

[Inside the ring, Cristol grabs a fleeing Casey Cash by the hair, rushing the ropes with her...]

SA: CASH GOES OVER...

[...but Cash manages to grab the ropes, staying on the apron perilously!]

SA: ...BUT NOT OUT! SHE HANGS ON!

[Cristol grimaces, leaning over to grab Cash by the hair, smashing an elbow down between the eyes once... twice...]

SA: Trying to send her to elimination! Cristol working on the big elimination! Again, we've only seen two eliminations so far in this one - Shannon Walsh and Lady Rebecca Falkingham!

[...and Cristol is still pounding when we see Melody Thompson roll back in, rushing across with speed and energy...]

SA: OHHH! Melody Thompson strikes from behind!

[Invigorated, Melody Thompson flings Cristol into the corner, lacing boots into the midsection as a relieved Casey Cash slumps through the ropes, falling to the mat where she kisses the canvas gratefully...

...and then sits up with a disgusted look on her face, spitting and wiping her mouth...]

LD: Miss Baltimore Crabs didn't like the taste of the canvas...

[...and as Cristol breaks away from Thompson, the Pistol leaps up, grabbing Cash by the hair and makes her eat the mat again!]

LD: ...and I'm guessing her second course was no better!

[Cristol takes the mount on the canvas, smashing her right hand down into Cash's head as Melody tries to regroup, stumbling out of the corner into a Pistol punch to the gut from the rising Cristol!]

SA: Kayla Cristol is taking on BOTH members of E-Girl MAX at the same time! How about that?! Listen to these fans cheering her on!

[We cut across the ring to find Charisma Knight and Melissa Cannon trading blows near the turnbuckles as Lauryn Rage is recovering, sitting against the buckles nearby...

...and staring a hole across the ring where the Slam Sorority has Ayako Fujiwara down on the mat, taking turns stomping and kicking the Olympic gold medalist!]

SA: Safety - and power - in numbers is the story of this one so far...

[The crowd starts to count down again.]

SA: ...and we're just about ready to see lucky... or perhaps UNLUCKY... Number Thirteen make their appearance! Who's it gonna be?

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[The buzzer sounds, and the fuzzy riffs and drumbeats of "Only Shallow" by My Bloody Valentine trigger a roar from the crowd as Kimmy Bailey bursts out of center field, running to the ring at a full sprint!]

SA: LARIATOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOS!

[The rookie sensation breaks the land speed record for a 185+ pound sprinter, quickly making it down to the ring and sliding in headfirst, where

she's met with boots by the Slam Sorority, cutting her off before she can even get going...]

CP: Yeah, but she ain't exactly safe at home, Albano!

SA: The impulsive Kimmy Bailey rushing the ring to the aid of her partner and mentor Ayako Fujiwara just ran right into an ambush by Colton, Wallace, and Davis!

LD: And this is where that numbers edge really comes into play, guys. Kimmy Bailey's there, trying to help her tag team partner and she's STILL outnumbered by the Slam Sorority!

[Wallace and Colton drag a struggling Bailey to her feet, holding her powerful arms as Laura Davis gets right up in her face, jabbing a finger into her chest...]

LD: No one will EVER forget that Screwdriver delivered by Laura Davis on Kimmy Bailey... least of all the red hot rookie!

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Davis goes upside the head of Bailey with a vicious slap...

...and Bailey's eyes go wide with rage!]

SA: UH OH!

LD: That might've been a mistake!

[Bailey lets loose a roar and YANKS Colton and Wallace into one another in a big crash, sending them staggering away...

...and that leaves Bailey free to come for Laura Davis who backpedals, shaking her head as Bailey puffs out her cheeks, pointing a threatening finger at her...]

SA: Laura Davis may have crossed a line and-

[Bailey rushes forward, changing levels to lift Davis up in a massive double leg, lifting and slamming her down to the canvas to a HUGE ROAR! Bailey throws back her impressive arms...

...and then storms forward to connect with a running double clothesline on Charisma Knight and Melissa Cannon!]

SA: LARIATO!

[She spins around, pointing a finger at Lauryn Rage who is getting up in the corner quickly...]

SA: LARIAAAAATOOOO!

[...and Bailey CRUSHES her with a running lariat in the corner, twisting around again, looking across the ring where Kayla Cristol ALMOST has Casey Cash over the ropes...

...and the rookie sprints across, taking careful aim!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: LAAAARIAAAAATOOOOOOOOOOO!

LD: CRISTOL’S GONE! BAILEY HITS THAT BIG CLOTHESLINE AND THE PISTOL IS ELIMINATED!

SA: Was that intentional?! Was she aiming for Casey Cash and-

CP: No, no, no! Remember, Albano - Casey Cash and Kimmy Bailey TRAINED together... they broke into this business together! There’s a bond there no matter how Kimmy might feel about E-Girl MAX! Heck, she may have even JOINED E-Girl MAX just like her Mama!

LD: I don’t believe that for a second... but no matter how you spin it, Kimmy Bailey just saved Casey Cash from what looked like a sure elimination and that sent Kayla Cristol over the top for the third elimination of the night!

[Cash throws a grateful hug Kimmy’s way, getting a few pats on the back before the wild-eyed Bailey races back across the ring again, leaping high...]

SA: BIIIIIG FIERRO PRESS!

[...and starts pounding Melissa Cannon into the canvas!]

SA: Kimmy Bailey’s got her eyes set on Melissa Cannon after the recent interactions between Cannon and Michelle Bailey... and look at those heavy right hands!

[With her partner working over Cannon, Ayako Fujiwara comes off the mat and is throwing big elbows at all three Slam Sorority members, the crowd solidly behind her as she fights out from under them!]

SA: This ring is still awfully full - ten competitors battling it out and we’re very close to seeing the next competitor in - Number Fourteen!

[The camera cuts to a wide shot that lets us identify where everyone is at - Fujiwara singlehandedly taking on the Slam Sorority... until Lauryn Rage pulls herself off the mat, dragging Davis by the hair out of the fray to pull her over near the ropes...

Bailey hammering Cannon down on the canvas.

Charisma Knight coming off the mat to be swarmed the opportunists from E-Girl MAX as Casey Cash and Melody Thompson try to get Knight over the ropes to the floor...

...and the countdown begins again.]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[The dramatic boss battle theme from 'Octopath Traveller,' "Decisive Battle II" by Yasunori Nishiki, begins to play as the crowd looks curiously towards the entrance where they see Brass Ring 2018 competitor, AKANE, sassily stepping through the curtains in her noh theater mask and sparkling red ringmaster jacket, with it's long tails trailing behind her as she swaggers and skips her way down the aisle. She stops halfway up the aisle as the traditional noh mask looks with unsettling blankness at the camera that is tracking her entrance, golden blonde locks with blue highlights the only indicator of her identity..]

SA: Number Fourteen is the longest shot in the match, a competitor in this summer's Brass Ring Tournament that will be held over with you on Showtime, Lori.

LD: AKANE won that Battle Royal in Reseda to earn this spot... and I gotta be honest, that win was a bit of a surprise... so she's already got that upset mentality in mind coming into this one.

[AKANE is on the smaller side, but definitely doesn't look like a pushover. Her ring gear seems to consist of every color available, with a halter top and arm sleeves in patchworked red, pink, green plaids, etc., with black and yellow pinstriped shorts and knee pads, and neon green boots with bright orange kick pads. She removes the noh mask - revealing her half-asian, half-caucasian face that would be considered cute as a button, but her wild grin and the kumadori line painted across her face betray the ferocious competitor she is...

...with a jerky motion, she sprints the rest of the distance, diving headfirst under the bottom rope.]

SA: AKANE is in so let's see what she can-

[An incoming Melody Thompson tries to catch her on the way to her feet but AKANE is a step quicker, coming up quickly to lash out with a side kick to the solar plexus and a spinning back kick to the side of the leg that brings Melody down to a knee...

...and Casey Cash comes to her friend's aid... or so she thinks as she catches a rapid series of backfists ending in a spinning backfist that knocks her off her feet to the mat! A stunned Melody Thompson can be seen stomping her foot on the canvas.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AKANE bringing the skilled striking to Dodger Stadium, sending BOTH members of E-Girl MAX sprawling! And there's just something about this young lady that seems familiar, Lori.

LD: We don't know much of her background beyond what she's done in Japan - which is impressive on its own.

[AKANE twists away from the downed E-Girl MAX competitors, slipping in behind Carolina Colton with a jabbing kick to the back of the knee, taking her down to a knee as Ayako Fujiwara barrels over Trish Wallace with a running elbow strike. Fujiwara looks thoughtfully at AKANE who steps back and DRILLS Colton with a roundhouse to the back of the head, twisting around to look out on the pleasantly-surprised crowd!]

LD: AKANE takes out Carolina Colton from behind... and look at this showdown!

[AKANE nods her head at Fujiwara, her arms spread wide, daring the Olympic gold medalist to take her best shot...]

SA: I'm not sure I'd get in Fujiwara's face if it were up to me but-

[...and Fujiwara obliges, lunging in for a double leg...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but AKANE seems ready for her, swinging a knee up to catch Fujiwara flush in the face before she can get into her amateur takedown!]

SA: AKANE rocked her! She's stunned!

[Pulling Fujiwara off the mat, AKANE turns her towards the ropes... but before she can go any further, Kimmy Bailey grabs her from behind, launching her with an overhead belly-to-belly throw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Bailey pumps her powerful arm, shaking Fujiwara to clear the cobwebs...

...and the duo races forward with their hands clasped!]

SA: DOUBLE LARI-

[AKANE drops to the mat on her back to avoid it, kipping up right after, dashing to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and lashes out with a split-legged dropkick on BOTH Lariatos!]

SA: OHH! Can you believe this?! The Brass Ring competitor is taking on BOTH Lariatos... and putting them down!

CP: She's got more in her bag of tricks than I think anyone realized, Big Sal.

[AKANE takes a knee, her tongue out as she drags a thumb across her throat...

...and then watches as Trish Wallace scoops up a recovering Ayako Fujiwara in her powerful arms as Carolina Colton does the same to Kimmy Bailey. They back away from each other...]

SA: What in the...?

[...and then charge one another, crashing their bodies together!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wallace lifts, pivots, and DRIVES Fujiwara down with a powerslam! Colton does the same, leaping a little as she does to try to one-up her partner, leaving both Lariatos down on the canvas!]

SA: The Slam Sorority puts down the Lariatos! And we are getting close to the halfway point, fans! Almost halfway through the field of thirty and... wow! Only three competitors eliminated! This is wild!

[On the far side of the ring, we see Laura Davis trying to lift Lauryn Rage out over the ropes but struggling to get the job done. She shouts for some help from her allies who quickly make their way over to assist.]

SA: And yet again, Laura Davis and Lauryn Rage come together!

CP: But this might be it! Rage is in trouble! Rage is ALMOST over the top!

[Rage is hanging on, struggling to save herself as the countdown starts again...]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

["You're Going Down" by Sick Puppies starts up over the PA system. Up on the video wall, you see a quick succession of black-and-white camera shots, the camera panning over somebody's eyes, then taped-up fists, mixed in with a silhouette of somebody in a boxer's pose. This continues as the guitar

picks up, and when the drums and lyrics kick in, the video wall flickers and you see one word.

"KNOCKOUT"]

SA: Wait a minute!

[And out from the entranceway emerges a women dressed in women's boxing gear, consisting of a black top that leaves her midriff bare and white shorts. She also wears white kneepads and black wrestling boots. Her dirty blonde hair is pulled back behind her head and she has her fists taped up.]

SA: "Knockout" Kelly Woods, welcome to the AWA!

CP: What a way to make a debut!

SA: It IS her debut... and it's only fitting it is in the Rumble because this young lady made one of her first-ever appearances in a Rumble match at the Angels and Amazons event back in 2010!

[Woods stands at the top of the ramp, where she does a little shadow boxing. She then jogs down to the ring.]

LD: A former women's boxer, Woods has been wrestling independents, had a stint in MMA and most recently competed in P*WIN, and she looks ready to go!

[Woods slides underneath the ropes and rolls to her feet...

...and just narrowly avoids Charisma Knight running past, throwing herself into a flying knee into the back of Trish Wallace, breaking up the Slam Sorority's efforts to eliminate Lauryn Rage!]

SA: Whoa! Look out in there!

LD: Like you said, Big Sal... it's quite crowded in there and-

[Grabbing Laura Davis, Woods tosses her into a corner, tearing into her with a series of rights and lefts to the ribs as a weary Davis struggles to defend herself!]

SA: Kelly Woods going after one of the biggest fishes in the pond that is the Memorial Day Rumble, going right after the Number One Athlete herself, Laura Davis!

[Woods backs off, shuffling her feet to a big cheer from the fans before CRACKING Davis with a roundhouse right that sends her flying towards the ropes, falling to her knees against the middle rope...

...which is when Lauryn Rage spots this interloper throwing fists, and swings her around into a haymaker of her own!]

SA: Oh! Big right hand by Da Kid!

[Woods staggers back but comes back quick and strong, lighting up Rage with some precision shots to the chin, sending her staggering backwards towards the ropes...]

LD: And while Lauryn Rage may have trained with a boxer, Kelly Woods WAS a boxer! This isn't working out well for the first Women's World Champion right about now, fans!

[Rage grabs the ropes, hanging on to stay on her feet as Woods advances on her, getting a boot to the gut for her efforts...]

...and the crowd ROARS as Rage SNAPS her down with the Snakebite, sending Woods flying backwards towards the center of the ring!]

SA: SNAKEBIIIIITE!

[Rage struggles up off the mat, looking to throw Woods to the floor...

...but turns her attention instead to Colton and Wallace who are trying to toss Charisma Knight over the ropes to the floor!]

SA: Knight's in trouble! Charisma Knight trying to hang on against a two on one!

[Rage grabs Wallace, swinging her around into a big right hand to the gut... then grabs Colton to do the same to the Canadian powerhouse...

...which is when Laura Davis kicks her in the back of the knee, putting Rage down on her knees as Wallace lifts Knight up, getting Colton to give the assist in a press...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throws Knight a long way down to the floor for the elimination!]

SA: Charisma Knight is ELIMINATED by the Slam Sorority!

[Colton dusts her hands off as Wallace waves a mocking farewell to Knight out on the floor...

...which is when Kimmy Bailey comes storming into sight, dropping Wallace with a running forearm smash to the jaw!]

SA: OH!

[She pivots, DRILLING Carolina Colton with a forearm shot that knocks the Canadian off her feet!]

SA: DOWN GOES COLTON!

[Across the ring, we see Ayako Fujiwara doing the same thing, dropping Melody Thompson with a running elbowstrike... spinning into a big roundhouse kick on Casey Cash...]

SA: The Lariatos are on a rampage!

[...a Bailey running forearm drops Melissa Cannon...]

LD: They've been unleashed!

[...a Fujiwara leaping shoulderblock drops Lauryn Rage and AKANE...]

LD: Nobody can stop them!

[...and with one woman left standing, Kimmy Bailey FLIPS Laura Davis inside out with a standing clothesline!]

LD: Lemme try this one... LAAAAARIAAAAATOOOOOOO!

SA: Nicely done! And can you believe this - the Lariatos have completely LAID OUT every other individual in this Rumble!

LD: And you know what that means!

[With everyone else down, Fujiwara and Bailey turn to face one another from across the ring...]

SA: Are they...?! Will they...?!

[...and the fans let their feelings be known loud and proud!]

"FIGHT!"

"FIGHT!"

"FIGHT!"

"FIGHT!"

"FIGHT!"

[Bailey grins, cupping a hand to her ear, nodding her head as she and her partner begin to circle one another quickly...]

SA: It's gonna happen! They're gonna do it!

[...but before they can, a countdown begins.]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

“ONE!”

“BZZZZZZZZZZZZT!”

[There’s a moment of anticipation, waiting to see...

Oh sweet merciful God.]

SA: SWEET! SANTA! MARIA!

[The crowd ERUPTS in shocked terror at the sound of a horrific evil laugh over the PA System just before “Demonizer” by Judas Priest begins to play!]

SA: DO NOT ADJUST YOUR SETS! A MONSTER IS AMONGST US!

[Striding out onto the entrance ramp is the former AWA Women’s World Champion, Kurayami. "The Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo" wears a spiked, black leather jacket over a tattered, cut up death metal band t-shirt that she wears over a basic black wrestling leotard along with knee high boots.]

CP: And that rumble you feel under your feet isn’t the San Andreas Fault, Los Angelenos... it’s the Queen of Kaiju crushing mere mortals beneath her feet!

LD: Is she back?!

SA: We have no idea... but she’s here! And this may completely turn this entire Rumble on its head! What a shocking moment this is and...

[The former champion climbs up on the apron, looking in on Bailey and Fujiwara turned to face her..

...and without fear, she steps through the ropes as the crowd ROARS for what’s about to come.]

SA: Kurayami is Number Sixteen!

CP: And if you think for a second that this monster can’t run the gauntlet from this spot and win the whole damn thing, you’re sadly mistaken!

[Showing no fear, Bailey marches up to Kurayami, getting right in her face, jabbing her finger into her chest...

...and without a word in her direction, the former champion whips around lightning-quick and FLATTENS Bailey with a spinning backfist that sends her flying away!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Fujiwara looks shocked at her partner getting woman-handled in such a fashion...

...and then lunges in at Kurayami, ducking a grasp to end up hooking a waistlock!]

SA: WAISTLOCK!

LD: Do it, Ayako!

[Fujiwara lets loose a ROAR as she manages to lift the monster off the mat, throwing her down with an IMPACTFUL released German Suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[But as Fujiwara gets up, pumping her arms wildly to salute the ROARING crowd...]

LD: Oh my god! Oh my god!

[...Kurayami GETS UP!]

SA: KURAYAMI IS ON HER FEET! FUJIWARA DOESN'T HAVE A-

[The Japanese superstar whips around as Kurayami storms forward, laying out Fujiwara with a running lariat of her own!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[With Fujiwara down, Kurayami stands over her...

...and without warning, AKANE rushes into the frame, throwing a high kick to the chest of Kurayami!]

SA: Uh oh!

[AKANE lights her up, lashing out with palm strikes and kicks...

...until Kurayami buries a boot in the midsection, powering AKANE up into the air...]

SA: Wait, wait! NOOOOO!

[...and THROWS her over the top rope with a crucifix powerbomb, causing AKANE to have a horrific landing on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: AKANE IS GONE! KURAYAMI CLAIMS HER FIRST VICTIM!

CP: But not her last, I'm guessing!

[Kurayami seems to be in a wild rage as she peels Fujiwara off the mat by the hair, yanking her into a standing headscissors, lifting her into the air...

...and THROWS her down in a ring-shaking powerbomb!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: WHAT A POWERBOMB! FUJIWARA _BOUNCED_ OFF THE CANVAS!

[Kurayami stands center ring, surveying all the downed bodies... many of whom seem to be playing possum now in hopes of not drawing the monster’s attention in their direction...

...and the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo yanks Fujiwara off the mat, pulling her into another standing headscissors...]

SA: Another one?!

[...and lifts Fujiwara into the air...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: A SECOND POWERBOMB!

CP: She tried to put her THROUGH the mat, Albano!

SA: Kurayami and Fujiwara are no strangers to one another, Colt... there’s some bad blood there.

CP: Pretty soon, there may be some bad blood spilled all over the mat...

LD: Guys, she’s... I can’t believe this!

[Kurayami drags a limp Fujiwara off the mat again, pulling her right into another standing headscissors...

...and we can see Kimmy Bailey down on the mat, grabbing Kurayami by the leg, trying to save her friend and partner...]

SA: Come on, Kimmy!

[...but Kurayami dishes out a brutal kick to the face, knocking Bailey down onto all fours just before she lifts Fujiwara a third time...]

SA: NO, NO!

[...and DRIVES her down onto the kneeling Bailey with a third thunderous powerbomb!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: This is... this is an out-and-out destruction of the Olympic gold medalist by Kurayami and-

[Dragging Fujiwara's limp form off the mat, Kurayami shouts in her face in Japanese...

...and then lifts her overhead!]

SA: Oh no! Kurayami presses her way up high!

[Stepping towards the ropes, the former World Champion lets 60,000+ see her prize...

...before tossing her disdainfully to the floor!]

SA: Sweet Santa Ana! Ayako Fujiwara has been ELIMINATED in shocking fashion here by Kurayami! The former World Champion has ELIMINATED the Olympic Gold Medalist and one of the odds-on favorites to win this Rumble here tonight!

[Kurayami throws up her arms in a roar as the camera sweeps the ring, showing the others in the match...

...including Casey Cash who is out on the floor hiding...]

SA: No one wants a piece of Kurayami or at least no one is able to take a shot at her right now! E-Girl MAX is hiding on the outside... well, Casey Cash is at least... where the heck did Melody Thompson go?

[With Kurayami standing tall and AWA medical rushing to check on the eliminated Ayako Fujiwara on the floor, the countdown starts again...]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[There's that moment of anticipation again as Kurayami turns towards the entryway, watching to see who is next...

...and you talk about a shocked reaction...]

SA: WHAT?!

LD: Oh, for the love of...

[...as "Milkshake" by Kelis begins to play over the PA system, the crowd reacts with a different sort of horrified shock.]

SA: It can't be - can it?!

[The video screens being taken over one word says it can...

“HOTBODY”

And as the veteran Holly Hotbody steps from behind the curtain to a burst of boos, we quickly see some things never change as the diva saunters out onto the stage in a low-cut cropped white tank top, barely containing its assets. The words “Club Holly” are written across the front in red, varsity-style letters. She also wears a pair of white, high-rise, boy-cut shorts with red lacing along the sides and white vinyl boots. She grins at the reaction, striking a pose at the top of the aisle that is sure to make some 90s women’s wrestling fans pulse race before heading down the ramp towards the ring.]

LD: Of all the gin joints in all the world...

SA: Holly Hotbody was talked about in the 30 For 30... she was shown in footage from back in the day but we were told she refused to be in the documentary. However, she did NOT apparently refuse to be in the Rumble! What a moment, fans!

CP: It’s been far too long! Come on down, Miss Holly!

[Kurayami tilts her head in disbelief at the approaching Hotbody as the crowd continues to jeer. Hotbody pauses just beyond the ring, shrugging at Kurayami before climbing the ringsteps where she turns to blow a kiss to her “adoring fans” before stepping through the ropes...]

SA: Hotbody’s in...

[...which is when Melissa Cannon comes tearing across the ring, connecting with a running elbowstrike that sends Hotbody tumbling backwards over the ropes, falling to the floor!]

LD: HA! Oh hell yeah! I love it, boys!

CP: What?! Redo! Redo!

[Sal chuckles as Cannon stands near the ropes, laying the badmouth on the eliminated Hotbody...

...and then twists around into a boot to the gut by Kurayami, doubling over Cannon!]

SA: Uh oh! Melissa Cannon got a long-awaited piece of payback on Holly Hotbody... but now Kurayami is out for blood!

[But before Kurayami can deliver another powerbomb, Kimmy Bailey rushes forward with a ROAR...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and connects with a running lariat that flips Kurayami over the ropes, dumping her out on the floor!]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?!

LD: KIMMY BAILEY DUMPS THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION!

SA: I KNOW HE'S WATCHING AT HOME BUT... OH MY STARS!

[Kimmy Bailey leans over the ropes, shouting at the downed Kurayami as the crowd rumbles in shock at the elimination!]

SA: Hotbody's gone! Kurayami's gone! This is wild!

[We cut to the outside, showing Kurayami trying to get off the floor as Kimmy Bailey is shouting at her from inside the ring...]

...and we quickly see Tommy Fierro, Adam Rogers, and John Shock getting themselves between Bailey and Kurayami, demanding the hot-tempered rookie stay inside the ring...

...and nearby, we can see AWA medical personnel getting Ayako Fujiwara on a stretcher.]

SA: Fujiwara... Ayako Fujiwara being put on a stretcher out here - the powerbombs, the fall to the floor... something did some major damage to the Olympic gold medalist and-

[Kurayami storms to her feet, trying to get back into the ring at Kimmy Bailey as more officials and referees rush into view...]

SA: Kurayami's trying to get back in there!

CP: They may need more than that to keep her back!

SA: Kurayami and Bailey shouting at each other and-

[...and Kurayami HURLS John Shock backwards, throwing him off his feet to jeers from the crowd! She whips away, glaring across ringside...]

...and spots Fujiwara laid out on the stretcher on the ground, secured in place...]

SA: NO!

[...and with a wicked and sadistic sneer, Kurayami storms across the ringside area, leaping into the air!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RUNNING SPLASH ON THE STRETCHER!

[Kurayami CRUSHES Fujiwara underneath her body weight, leaving Fujiwara physically wrecked even further. Kimmy Bailey attempts to come through the ropes but Adam Rogers and Kevin Slater hold her back inside the ring as the emotional Bailey wails for her friend...

...and Kurayami climbs to her feet, sneering up at Bailey.]

LD: Kimmy Bailey is beside herself... she can't even think straight right now... and remember, fans... Ayako Fujiwara was the prize student of Miyuki Ozaki... the same Miyuki Ozaki who took that same running splash right there from Kurayami way back in the day - a move that put Ozaki on the shelf for almost a year! Could the same thing have just happened to Fujiwara? Could the student have become the teacher in the worst possible way?

[The officials are right there, preventing Kurayami from doing any further damage to Fujiwara or Bailey, demanding she head back up the aisle... and the former champion seems to finally be doing just that...

...as the countdown starts again.]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

["Blue Water Blue Sky" by Daisuke Ishiwatari, from the Guilty Gear X2 soundtrack, begins to play over as Betty Chang makes her way to the ring.]

SA: Betty Chang, fresh off a disappointing defeat at the hands of Casey Cash on Showtime in Reseda, will look to get back on track in a major way here in Los Angeles tonight...

[Chang jogs down the aisle towards the ring dressed in a white martial arts gi jacket over her wrestling attire bright pink transparent shirt with multi-colored neon triangle designs, a black sport bra underneath, a black mini skirt with pink trim, black shorts underneath and black and pink wrestling sneakers with matching laces. Her hair is styled in two high pigtailed that cascade down slightly past her shoulders.]

SA: ...and at Number Eighteen, we're really starting to get into the people who DID get the luck of the draw, Lori.

LD: Eighteen's not bad. Not bad at all. You start thinking you could be about twenty minutes away from the biggest win of your life... and that's where Betty finds herself right now.

SA: With that surge of people getting tossed a few minutes ago, we've got ten competitors still in there - The Slam Sorority... including Laura Davis who has been in there for over a half hour now... Lauryn Rage, Kelly Woods,

Melissa Cannon, the E-Girl MAX duo of Casey Cash and... Melody Thompson didn't get eliminated, did she? Where did she go? Anyways... Kimmy Bailey and now Betty Chang round out the field of nine and... uh oh.

[Chang comes to a halt in the middle of the aisle as she finds herself face-to-face with Kurayami...]

LD: This has gotta be a really bad case of deja vu for Betty Chang right now who was injured by Kurayami in her debut match and then got beaten up by the former champion again when they met in... okay, it looks like Kurayami's going to let her pass...

[But as Chang passes with a sigh of relief...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...Kurayami BLASTS her with a running lariat to the back of the head!]

SA: OH, COME ON! GET HER OUT OF HERE!

[Kurayami grabs Chang off the floor before anyone can intervene, pressing her overhead...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS her throatfirst across the steel railing!]

SA: Kurayami is DESTROYING Betty Chang in the aisle! This monster is completely out of control - COMPLETELY out of control!

[The officials hit the aisle, huddling up around Chang to shield her from further attacks for the former champion...]

...and inside the ring, we see Melissa Cannon attacked by Casey Cash from behind, Melody Thompson rolling into the ring to help her.]

SA: Kurayami has left Betty Chang laying in the aisle... is she even going to be able to compete in this thing?!

CP: They didn't even get Fujiwara loaded up in the meat wagon yet... maybe they can just stack Chang on top of her and get a Two For One special down at the ER.

SA: That's not funny at all, Colt! Kurayami has done serious damage to the competitors in this thing and-

[Kimmy Bailey is shouting down the aisle after Kurayami who has left her friend Betty Chang laid out as well. Adam Rogers and Kevin Slater stay in place, preventing the hot-headed rookie from pursuing...]

...and we cut to another part of the ring where Colton, Wallace, and Davis are working over Lauryn Rage in the corner again, trying to eliminate their

rival with Kelly Woods getting tangled up with Wallace, trying to help out the first AWA Women's World Champion.]

SA: They're finally getting her out of here... and like we said, we don't know if this was a one night appearance for the former champion or the start of a return... but if it's the latter, I gotta imagine she's got a fine or worse coming her way, Lori.

LD: Absolutely terrible. That brutal assault on Ayako outside the ring... rough housing an official... attacking Betty Chang before she can even get to the ring! I don't even know if Betty's going to be able to compete at all. And what a heartbreaker that would be for her after she's worked so hard and improved so much lately.

[With Cannon being worked over by Cash and Thompson in one corner and Rage being brutalized by the Slam Sorority in the other corner, the fans are jeering the action in the ring as half the medical team gets Ayako Fujiwara up the aisle on the stretcher and half tends to Betty Chang in the aisle. Kimmy Bailey stands still, watching mournfully as her friends are helped by AWA medical...]

SA: Kimmy Bailey - we know how driven by emotions she is, Lori... just like her mother... and her emotions have gotta be running wild right now as she watches her friends in trauma.

[Casey Cash and Melody Thompson are trying to get Cannon up and over the ropes but the veteran is struggling to stop it, blocking their efforts. A frustrated Cash throws up her hands before walking over to Kimmy Bailey, putting a hand on her shoulder...

...and Kimmy whips around, fist drawn back!]

SA: Whoa! Whoa!

[Cash goes flopping back on her butt on the mat as Kimmy holds up, not smashing that mighty fist into her former training partner's face.]

LD: A close call there for Casey Cash... and as we said earlier, both Cash and Kimmy Bailey trained under Shane Destiny and Misaki Ishikawa very early in their career so there IS a relationship there.

CP: Not to mention Kimmy Bailey joining E-Girl MAX like her mother.

LD: Oh, Colt...

SA: You'll learn to ignore him.

[Cash gestures to Cannon... and Bailey takes one more look down the aisle before a look of resigned determination crosses her face. She nods as she moves over to the ropes, shoving Melody Thompson aside as she lifts Cannon straight up across her chest with ease. The crowd is buzzing with concern that Melissa Cannon's big night is about to come to an end as Bailey

leans forward, setting her on the top rope, trying to shove her to the outside...]

SA: Casey Cash is... is she cheering her on?!

CP: Hey, give her credit, Albano. She was the eighth woman in there... we're just about to nineteen so she's been in there for over twenty minutes now. Show some respect.

SA: That's the thing with Casey Cash, isn't it? When you saw her on 30 For 30, she was an endearing young woman. A fan at the first Women's Rumble, a night she says inspired her to train for the ring... and here is she actually competing in the second one! A great story! But what's not a great story is her ducking and hiding in there... using the nepotism... piggybacking off Hamilton and Cinder. She's clearly a talented competitor... but when do we get to see her USE that talent? She could be helping to eliminate Melissa Cannon right now but instead she's standing back and letting her allies do her dirty work!

[Cash's cheerleading doesn't give Kimmy Bailey enough "oomph" to get Cannon over the ropes...

...so Melody Thompson moves over to help, awkwardly reaching up and under Bailey to provide some extra muscle...]

SA: What is Thompson doing?

CP: She's greener than the outfield grass here at Chavez Ravine, Big Sal. She's just trying to help!

[...but an agitated Bailey whips around, delivering a two-handed shove to the chest of Thompson, launching her into the air where she flops down on the mat to cheers. Cannon slumps to the canvas as Casey Cash shouts "HEY!" at her former training partner... and Thompson frantically starts stomping her boot on the mat.]

SA: What is... we've seen her do that before, Lori.

LD: We have. I thought she was loading up her boot the first time but... I'm not sure.

[Thompson butt scoots backwards away from an advancing Bailey as we cut to the other side of the corner where we see Colton and Wallace holding Rage's arms as Davis laces boot after boot into the midsection of Da Kid as Woods lies on the mat nearby...]

SA: Laura Davis and her Slam Sorority continuing their efforts to wear down Lauryn Rage... over a half hour now in there for the Number One Athlete who is proving us right that she's got the endurance to go a long way in this one. Kelly Woods is hanging in there as well in her AWA debut.

[Davis tees off with some short forearms to the jaw of Rage, shouting at her as she does. She backs off, directing traffic as Wallace and Colton whip Da Kid across the ring, catching Rage in their powerful arms on the rebound...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throw her down in a ring-rattling standing spinebuster!]

SA: BIIIIIIIG SLAM BY THE SLAM SORORITY!

[Colton and Wallace trade a rare share of unity, clashing their meaty forearms together as Rage reels in pain on the canvas...

...and the countdown starts up again.]

"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[There's a pregnant pause in the air as all eyes turn towards the entranceway...]

SA: Who drew Number Nineteen?!

[...and the AWA Faithful ERUPT in an ear-splitting roar to one lyric being bellowed across the PA system!]

#`CAUSE YOU'RE WORTH FIGHTING FOR!#

[And as "Dukes" by Repartee continues to play throughout Dodger Stadium, the crowd ROARS as a familiar face bursts out onto the entrance stage.]

SA: SKYLAR SWIFT RETURNS AT MEMORIAL DAY MAAAAYHEEEEEEM!

[A grinning Swift raises both fists into the air, getting a HUGE ROAR...

...and we cut to the ring where Trish Wallace is staring slack-jawed up the aisle.]

LD: And T-Bone Trish can't believe her eyes... or ears! Listen to these fans!

SA: One of the most popular women in the AWA Women's Division is here... and she's heading to the ring!

[Swift's honey-brown hair is tied up into a bun with a few errand strands rolling down her cheeks near her baby blue eyes. She is bedazzled to the nines with glistening silver suspenders with little fleur-de-lis symbols running

down them over a white crop top with "DREAM GIRL" written across her chest. Her ring trunks are just as shiny, sparkling silver with a blue line down the side that expands as it flares out around her ankles over her black boots. We also can spot a silver kneebrace wrapped around the injured limb that took her out of action for months.]

SA: The Canadian Dream Girl has arrived at Dodger Stadium... and look at Trish Wallace! She's beside herself!

[Wallace kicks the ropes, pointing at the approaching Swift who keeps her eyes on her as she drifts to the barricade, slapping a few fans and pausing for a hug with some young girls looking for a selfie with the popular superstar...]

SA: Some things never change! The fans are on their feet welcoming back Skylar Swift...

[Swift rolls under the ropes, coming to her feet as Wallace charges at her, ready to do damage...]

...but Swift arches backwards, avoiding the charge with a bridge before coming up to an "oooooh" from the crowd, leaping and twisting...]

SA: BEAUTIFUL DREAMER!

[...and the tornado roundhouse kick BOUNCES off the temple of Wallace, sending her flying backwards, tumbling over the ropes and down to the Dodger Stadium field!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WALLACE IS GONE! JUST LIKE THAT, TRISH WALLACE IS GONE!

[Wallace looks up in shock from the floor as Laura Davis shouts at Carolina Colton, gesturing her towards Swift...]

...and Colton goes charging at her from behind, looking to do damage...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...when Lauryn Rage steps in her path CRACKS her with a right hand!]

SA: PERFECT PUNCH!

[The blow staggers Colton into the ropes where Rage rushes at her, connecting with a clothesline that sends the Canadian over the ropes and to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RAGE TOSSES COLTON!

LD: And just like that, Laura Davis is all that remains of the Slam Sorority in this Rumble! So much for the numbers advantage!

[A furious Davis rushes Rage from behind, flipping her over the ropes...

...but again, Rage hangs on, refusing to be eliminated by her rival as a furious Davis kicks her repeatedly, trying to shove her to the floor!]

SA: Laura Davis has SNAPPED!

CP: Can you blame her?! You know she had a gameplan to win this thing tonight and that plan just got RUINED by Skylar Swift and Lauryn Rage!

SA: And just like that, we're back down to nine in the ring... well, eight actually. Betty Chang is still down at ringside... she's telling the ringside officials she can do this...

CP: She should be eliminated for goldbrickin' out on the floor!

SA: Goldbricking?! You saw what Kurayami did to her!

CP: That's a convenient excuse to avoid getting in the ring for as long as you can.

SA: You mean like Melody Thompson who... where did she go again?! There's no sign of her anywhere!

[Swift grabs Davis by the hair, dragging her away from the ropes which allows the first AWA Women's World Champion to roll back inside the ring to safety...]

SA: Nine women in there when Betty finally arrives... and we're about to see our twentieth competitor of the match!

[Swift and Davis are exchanging forearm in the corner...]

CP: Laura Davis still in there! She was in the first Ironwoman match in AWA history... and now she's proving herself to be the Ironwoman in this Rumble too!

LD: Still a lot of talent to come. Eleven more competitors still to enter this thing, Colt.

CP: My money's on the Number One Athlete...

SA: Really?

CP: ...for now.

SA: Colt Patterson hedging his bets until the end... and in the meantime, with the Slam Sorority out of the picture, that unfortunately paves the way

for E-Girl MAX to use the numbers to THEIR advantage... and that's exactly what they're doing right now as Casey Cash is... Melody Thompson is back, I see... and Lori, I think I smell a rat out here.

CP: That's those hot dogs the street vendors sell out on Sunset.

[Sal chuckles as we see Thompson and Cash working over Melissa Cannon again, preventing the veteran from fighting out of the corner as Kelly Woods walks over, looking to assist as she pulls Thompson into a right hand that knocks her right back down to the mat...

...and Kimmy Bailey comes charging in, laying in a heavy clothesline on Cannon to knock her off her feet. A gleeful Cash jumps up and down, forcing an embrace on her former training partner as Bailey continues to seethe over what happened to her allies earlier.

With E-Girl MAX and Kimmy Bailey working over Melissa Cannon... with Laura Davis and Skylar Swift engaged in a brawl... with Lauryn Rage trying to catch a breather for a moment... and with Betty Chang finally shrugging off the AWA medical team to roll under the ropes...

...the countdown begins.]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[A harmonica plays to cue the start of "Bad Obsession" by Guns N' Roses. It's accompanied by a cowbell and an instant later...

...the sound of a chainsaw revving.]

CP: Here comes trouble!

[The curtains fly open, and sure enough, the first thing that comes into view is the whirring blade of a chainsaw. Harper Hannigan walks out, grinning maniacally as they raise the chainsaw to the sky.]

SA: Harper Hannigan draws Number Twenty... and this could again totally change this match, Lori!

LD: We haven't seen Hannigan compete much yet... but climbing in there tonight, we know they're a wild ball of barely constrained chaos who could eliminate a dozen people in the blink of an eye!

CP: Oh, and they have a FRIGGIN' CHAINSAW!

[They are barefoot, wearing severely worn black jeans with horizontal slashes cut into the fabric starting at the thigh and ending above the knees. They wear a lime green tank top with the slogan "THE MOTHMAN STOLE MY CATALYTIC CONVERTER IN POINT PLEASANT WV" across the chest. They let loose a banshee-like scream as they whip their head back, their long black mohawk hair whipping through the air.]

#I can't stop thinkin' thinking 'bout sinkin' #
#Sinkin' down into my bed #
#I call my mother #
#She said I'm sick in the head #

[Hannigan switches the saw to one hand and hooks a thumb behind them, as a clearly delighted "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett walks out. He smiles, laying a hand on their shoulder as the two nod in unison.]

SA: "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett joining them out here... I'm not sure that's legal...

CP: IS A CHAINSAW LEGAL, ALBANO?!

#It's a bad obsession #
#It's always messin' #
#It's always messin' my mind #

[The two make it to ringside as Fawcett seems to be waiting to be handed the chainsaw.]

SA: Alright, time to hand over the chainsaw...

[The mere presence of the chainsaw has brought the in-ring action to a complete halt, all eyes outside on Hannigan who revs up the chainsaw again...]

"SCREEEEEEAAAAAAWWWWWW!"

[...and then touches the chain to the steel ringpost, generating a godawful noise that causes many to cover their ears as sparks fly into the air from metal meeting metal...]

SA: Get that thing away from them!

[Hannigan - now the sole focus of everyone in sight - proudly hands over the chainsaw to Fawcett...]

...and then dives under the ropes, coming up strong to throw themselves into a clothesline on an alarmed Laura Davis who hits the mat and rolls for her life!]

SA: Hannigan starting off strong!

[The wild woman pivots and lunges, smashing their head into Kelly Woods' sternum, sending the former boxer back into the buckles before a big swinging barefoot to the chin causes her to slump down to the mat!]

SA: OH! Big foot to the mouth on Woods!

[Hannigan peels away, a mad look in their eyes as they charge across the ring, flooring Skylar Swift and Betty Chang with a double clothesline that flips both women inside out!]

SA: Let the bodies hit the floor indeed! Harper Hannigan is turning the Rumble into their own person drowning pool!

[Hannigan has a wild expression as they stumble away from Swift and Chang, wrapping their hands around the throat of Lauryn Rage, pushing Rage back against the buckles as Rage desperately throws rights and lefts to the body, trying to break free...

...and then RAKES the eyes, sending Hannigan stumbling blindly away...

...and walks right into Kimmy Bailey who wraps her arms around the torso of Hannigan, looking to fling them over in an overhead suplex...

...but Hannigan sticks the thumb in the eye, digging and gouging at it as the crowd recoils in disgust!]

SA: Harper Hannigan is making their Rumble debut in impression fash-

[Hannigan reaches a hand out, grabbing Melissa Cannon around the throat, lifting and...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: CHOKEBREAKER!

LD: Melissa's spine is driven down across the knee of Hannigan! And don't look now but Harper Hannigan is ruling the roost at this point in time!

[Hannigan throws their head back, letting loose a roar at the bodies laid out all around them like sacrifices on an altar...]

SA: Harper Hannigan is standing tall... and what's this now?

[Casey Cash slowly approaches, hands up defensively, trying to soothe Hannigan...]

LD: If you remember back recently, Harper Hannigan has done a little dirty work on the part of E-Girl MAX... and I have to wonder if maybe Hannigan is part of this Harley Hamilton plot here tonight, guys!

CP: If you're right, we might as well all go home right now. If Hamilton has this monster on EGM's side as well, it's all over!

SA: I think... maybe Hannigan was so fired up, that's why they laid out Melody Thompson. Casey Cash is trying to settle them down now... look at her.

[Cash puts a (hopefully) soothing hand on Hannigan's shoulder, stroking their arm...]

SA: And... Lori, I think you're right! I think Harper Hannigan has put themselves in league with E-Girl MAX... for tonight at least... and what does that mean for...

[Having cleared her vision, Kimmy Bailey slips in behind Hannigan, lifting them up and dropping them down in a back suplex that gets the crowd going! Casey Cash jumps up and down, shouting "KIMMY!" in a scolding fashion towards her former training partner...]

SA: ...and I think Kimmy Bailey may have just ruined Casey Cash's plan!

[Kimmy gets up... and Cash is right up in her face, pointing at Hannigan...

...who gets up off the mat, charging in on Bailey who shoves Cash aside to meet Hannigan in the middle of the ring in a slugfest!]

SA: I came to a baseball stadium and a hockey fight just broke out between the red hot rookie and the Homicidal Hillbilly! Oh yeah!

[With Bailey and Hannigan throwing down, the rest of the competitors are quick to stay out of their path. Cash and Thompson lurk in the corner, watching warily as Melissa Cannon and Lauryn Rage take turns chopping Skylar Swift in the corner... Laura Davis is working over Betty Chang with short forearms to the jaw... Kelly Woods is leaning against the turnbuckles, taking a breather...

...and the countdown starts again!]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[And with Melody Thompson stomping her foot again, we hear...]

"ALL MY LIFE I WANTED TO BE SOMEBODY AND NOW HERE I AM!"

[The roar of Suzi Quatro brings the arena to life. A tomboyish-looking woman with a messy undercut combover bursts her way through the curtain exuberantly. Ricki Toughill makes her way down the aisle, pumping her fist up in salute over her head to "The Wild One (Single Version)."]

SA: Ricki Toughill is Number Twenty-One...

CP: ...and she ain't comin' alone!

[Toughill comes running down the aisle carrying a metal trashcan in her hands, looking every bit like a wayward schoolgirl: a tattered dress shirt and loose necktie cover a plaid kilt with a corseted tank top, with ripped black fishnets and a pair of well-loved Converse high tops...

...and she HURLS the trash can over the ropes, sending a nice soaring "fly ball" into the air before it BOUNCES off the skull of Harper Hannigan!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Toughill rolls under the ropes, making a dive for Hannigan, taking their legs out from under them and raining down right hands on Hannigan's head to the thrill of the Los Angeles crowd!]

SA: Don't look now but we've got a fight on our hands! And if you thought Kimmy Bailey versus Harper Hannigan was a wild throwdown, Ricki Toughill has arrived to put the "mayhem" in this event!

[Toughill hauls Hannigan off the mat, swatting an arm at Casey Cash who dashes out of the way as Toughill throws Hannigan into the corner, smashing her hip into the midsection a few times, driving Hannigan down into a seated position as Toughill marches out to mid-ring, slapping her hindquarters a few times...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and charges back in to DRIVE her hip into Hannigan's skull!]

SA: This ain't Kokomo but Toughill's doing the Hippy Hippy Shake all over Harper Hannigan...

[Toughill goes barreling across the ring the other way, dropping the E-Girl MAX crew with a double clothesline that sends Thompson rolling out to the floor again...]

SA: ...and she picks up the spare on E-Girl MAX as well!

[With the AWA Faithful ROARING their support for Toughill, the brawler turns her attention on Laura Davis, grabbing two hands full of hair and dragging her away with Lauryn Rage, throwing the Number One Athlete across the ring into a dropkick from Skylar Swift who crawls onto Davis, hammering her with elbowstrikes from the mount!]

LD: Look at this now...

[And with a lull in the action, Toughill turns back towards the corner...

...and watches Lauryn Rage climb to her feet, Da Kid looking out at her.]

LD: At one time, these two were pretty good friends, boys... but there's been a falling out of some sort and... what's going to happen here?

[Toughill and Rage are staring each other down, the crowd buzzing with anticipation...

...but before we see what happens next, Casey Cash rushes back in, smashing Toughill from behind with a running forearm to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Casey Cash might've just gone to see the Wizard because she just found some courage, jumping on Ricki Toughill like that!

[Cash lands a few shots undefended before she drags Toughill towards the ropes, looking for a shocking elimination...

...but a charging Betty Chang lands a running palm strike that SNAPS Cash's head back, her eyelids fluttering as Toughill grabs her by the hair, looking for the elimination...]

SA: Ricki's got her! Ricki's gonna toss Casey Cash!

[...but before that can happen, Melody Thompson comes rushing back into the scene with Ricki's trash can in hand!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Thompson smashes the trash can across Toughill's back with the impact that one might use to swat a fly...]

SA: What in the world...?

LD: First time swinging a trash can maybe?

CP: I'd hope so.

[...and Toughill slowly turns around, pointing a slightly amused but very annoyed finger at Thompson who flings the trash can aside, a look of sheer terror on her face as Toughill advances on her.]

SA: Thompson's running for it! She's heading back to the floor again!

[Thompson frantically stomps the mat before diving through the ropes to the outside, Toughill chasing out after her to a ROAR from the crowd!]

CP: But look at the brilliant strategy on the part of Melody Thompson - she saves Casey Cash AND she draws Toughill away from Cash! You gotta be impressed!

SA: There's NO chance she came up with that as a plan, Colt, and you know it.

[Inside the ring, we see Kimmy Bailey and Harper Hannigan are going at it again as Toughill chases Thompson out on the floor, trying to get her hands on her...

...and the countdown starts again.]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZT!"

SA: Eleven competitors in the ring and we're about to see Number Twenty-two who will be the twelfth woman in that crowded squared circle!

[All eyes turn towards the entrance stage, waiting to see the next combatant through the curtain...

...and as the industrial electronica of "Banshee" by Dance With The Dead sound through the stadium, which is bathed in a blood red light...]

SA: IT'S CINDER! CINDER IS NUMBER TWENTY-TWO!

CP: And that'll make THREE members of E-Girl MAX in there... and we're getting pretty late in the match too, Big Sal.

LD: And I know it's every woman for herself, boys, but some of these girls need to start thinking about working together to keep EGM from achieving full strength in there because if that happens, I believe it's all over.

[One-half of the Women's World Tag Team Champions comes barreling down the aisle as Melody Thompson throws herself to the floor, attempting to crawl under the ring...]

SA: What the... where is Melody Thompson going?! She's trying to escape from Ricki Toughill and-

[Toughill catches her though, grabbing the struggling Thompson by the ankles, preventing her from getting away...

...and with the roaring crowd cheering her on, she tries to drag Thompson back into view.]

SA: Ricki's got her! Ricki's got her, dragging her out and- WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd has a similar reaction as Toughill pulls not just one Thompson into view... but BOTH!]

SA: I knew it! I told you I smelled a rat! Harmony Thompson's been under the ring the whole damn match and I bet you... I just BET you... they've been switching in and out this whole time!

CP: Well, it's a bold accusation, Sal... but you could be right... but what a brilliant strategy if it's true!

SA: Oh, it's true! And Ricki knows it!

[Toughill drags both Thompsons to their feet, holding them by the hair for all to see... and then CLASHES their skulls together to a big cheer before tossing them under the ropes.]

SA: BOTH Thompsons being put in the ring now - only one of them are legal!

CP: Can YOU tell them apart?!

SA: Well, there's only one way to resolve this then...

[With both Thompsons up and staggering, Ricki charges in...]

SA: ...TAKE 'EM BOTH OUT!

[...and connects with a double clothesline that sends BOTH Thompsons flipping over the ropes to the outside!]

SA: They're gone! Melody - AND HARMONY - are both gone! Way to go, Ricki!

CP: Listen to you - "way to go, Ricki!" Why not put on a skirt and grab some pom-poms, Albano?!

SA: Don't tempt me!

[Lori chuckles at the bickering announcers, perhaps recalling days of yesteryear at the announce booth for her as Cinder crashes into the back of her former ally, knocking Toughill over the ropes but Ricki hangs on, remaining on the apron as a furious Cinder rains down strikes upon her!]

SA: And look at Cinder! Look how angry she is that Ricki Toughill just put a wrench into their gameplan tonight!

Cinder waves a hand over, calling for Casey Cash's help in trying to eliminate her...]

LD: A lot of bad blood between Cinder and Toughill and you know Cinder would LOVE to be the one who ends Ricki's chance of making history here tonight.

[As E-Girl MAX works on eliminating Ricki Toughill, the camera shot pulls back to show the whole ring as we quickly can assess the whereabouts of everyone still in the match... and yes, Laura Davis and Lauryn Rage are fighting AGAIN! So are Harper Hannigan and Kimmy Bailey who are trading heavy blows in the middle of the ring. We can also see Melissa Cannon trying to overcome the duo of Skylar Swift and Betty Chang as Kelly Woods tries to intervene, pulling Swift off of Cannon and into a hooking shot to the body.]

SA: Eleven competitors still in the ring after Melody Thompson bids us farewell... and eight more still to come.

LD: There are some heavy hitters in that final eight as well, Sal - names like Harley Hamilton, like Michelle Bailey, like Victoria June if she's able to get cleared in time. Any one of those could completely turn this thing around as we creep towards the home stretch in the 2018 Rumble!

SA: You're absolutely right about that and-

[Fighting out of the corner, Lauryn Rage turns her attention on E-Girl MAX, swinging Casey Cash around into a big haymaker that sends her stumbling towards the corner...]

SA: Casey Cash has been in there for quite some time now... coming up on a half hour and that's gotta be considered a big win for her.

CP: Yeah, but it's Laura Davis who is the Ironwoman, Big Sal... over forty minutes of action!

[...and then Rage yanks Cinder off the ropes by the hair, throwing her down to the mat, allowing Ricki Toughill to get back inside the ring safely. She gives her former friend a quick nod before rushing back into the mix... and gets walloped in the gut by Kelly Woods!]

SA: It's a wild scene here in Los Angeles as the time ticks down towards our next entrant...

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

#YEAH!#

[...and all eyes turn towards the entrance stage where a few moments pass before someone comes hobbling into view. There's no music. No lighting package. No graphic package even. Just the Afro Punk limping badly on a bum ankle, a few telltale bandages on her face as she steps into view to big cheers.]

SA: It's Victoria June! Number twenty-three is Victoria June who looks banged up but ready to go, fans!

LD: I knew she wouldn't stay down, Sal. She's got too much heart in her NOT to fight.

SA: And... well, we apologize but we are apparently experiencing some sort of technical issues since there's no music or..

CP: Or someone backstage thinks Bad Religion is better than the Ramones.

SA: Yikes. That's a hot take for sure.

[June continues her slow walk down the aisle, a hollow look on her face that does not change... not even as the 60,000+ on hand decide to welcome her to the Rumble in their own way.]

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

SA: The fans in Los Angeles are serenading Victoria June to the ring... and look at Cinder! Cinder looks like she's seen a ghost!

LD: You know that E-Girl MAX thought they'd taken June out of the Rumble earlier tonight during the tag title match! There's no way they thought she'd make it out here!

[Turning the corner, June now has a straight shot staring down her foes...

...and then makes the dash as best she can on a sore ankle, diving under the ropes. Cinder comes towards her and June leaps up, toppling her with a Fierro Press that causes the crowd to ERUPT in cheers!]

SA: JUNE TAKES HER DOWN!

[Grabbing Cinder's head, June repeatedly slams the back of her head down into the mat to a huge roar!]

SA: And the Afro Punk is all over her long-time rival, Cinder!

[June's head banging comes to an abrupt end as Casey Cash kicks her between the shoulderblades from behind, causing her to pitch forward.]

SA: Casey Cash makes the save for her ally! E-Girl MAX continuing to work well together as they have throughout this entire Rumble so far... and Cash is putting the boots to June!

[Cash confidently smashes her boot down into June's upper body over and over...

...which is all good until June grabs the kicking foot, holding it in her hands as she gets to her feet, watching Cash hop on one foot to keep her balance...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and June ROCKS Casey Cash with a massive headbutt, sending Cash stumbling backwards, falling into the corner where the Afro Punk is immediately on her with a three-step leaping flying forearm/splash combo, crushing her in the buckles where she begins throwing big looping haymakers, driving Cash down...]

SA: JUNE IS ALL OVER CASEY CASH!

CP: The last time she pulled this, she ended up in the hospital!

SA: Victoria June simply UNLEASHING on Casey Cash and these fans in the City of Angels are loving it!

[June pulls Cash off the mat by the hair, swinging her around...]

SA: UP AND OVER THE TOP! OVER THE TOP GOES CASH!

CP: But she's hanging on, Sal!

SA: She sure is! Casey Cash still in this match by the skin of her teeth and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Cinder lands a running, leaping knee to the back that sends June pitching towards the ropes...

...but luckily for the Afro Punk, she spills through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: Oh! Oh!

LD: She didn't go over! June to the outside but she didn't go over!

SA: Victoria June luckily fell THROUGH the ropes right there and that saves her from being eliminated by Cinder... who immediately pulls Casey Cash back in to safety to save that E-Girl MAX plan... for the most part.

CP: Whaddya mean for the most part? Yeah, they lost Melody but... look at this now!

[Cinder pats Cash on the shoulder, encouraging her, and then pointing at Ricki Toughill...]

...and the duo jumps the brawler from behind!]

SA: And the EGM duo goes right back after Ricki Toughill!

[Cash and Cinder rain down stomps on Ricki for a few moments before Cash waves Harper Hannigan over to join them... and the big brawler does exactly that, hammering home some big punches on the kneeling Toughill as Cash and Cinder hold the arms of a struggling Toughill!]

CP: A three-on-one! Harper Hannigan working right alongside E-Girl MAX and you think the plan is still working "for the most part." Get out of here with that nonsense, Albano!

SA: No need to get hot about it, Colt. Simply making the observation that they wanted all the members in there at the end and Melody Thompson's elimination certainly prevents that from happening.

[The camera cuts to the far side of the ring where we can see Victoria June's boots disappearing under the apron...]

SA: What in the world...?

CP: Maybe she thinks Harmony is still down there.

SA: I wouldn't begin to imagine I know what Victoria June is thinking, crawling under the ring...

CP: I know what it is, Albano. This is her hiding! She's going to stay under there until everyone's entered and then she's going to try to screw it all up for E-Girl MAX!

LD: A creative strategy if not the most courageous one.

[But after a few more moments of EGM and Harper Hannigan hammering away on Toughill, we get a HUGE ROAR from the crowd!]

SA: Wait! Wait! There she is!

[June comes out on the other side of the ring...

...and she's carrying a Singapore cane!]

SA: UH OH!

LD: It looks like it's Victoria June who wants to take this match to the extreme this time!

[The Afro Punk rolls back in, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the Singapore cane across the lower back of Cinder who cries out, arching her back as she staggers away...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then one across the abdomen of Casey Cash who hops away, clutching her torso...]

...and then June turns to glare at Harper Hannigan who gleefully nods, turning their head and pointing to their cheek while shouting "RIGHT HERE, MISSY!"

SA: Uhhhh.

CP: Hannigan came up in all those hardcore indies, Big Sal. This is a night at the office for them!

[June doesn't hesitate, winding up overhead...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the cane right down over Hannigan's head!]

SA: VICTORIA JUNE ON THE RAMPAGE WITH THAT SINGAPORE CANE!

[June holds up the cane with a roar, the crowd cheering for her hardcore actions...]

...but Skylar Swift runs past her, leaping to the middle rope, springing back...]

SA: OHH! Springboard dropkick by Swift takes down June... and so much for the hardcore portion of our evening!

[...and Laura Davis picks up the fallen Singapore cane, eyeballing it... and Lauryn Rage's exposed back...]

...and then tosses the cane over the ropes to jeers from the crowd, waving her arms apart!]

CP: Hah! And the Number One Athlete wants no part of the weaponry!

[The fans are still booing as Davis tries to lift Rage over the ropes from behind, her weary muscles not giving her enough lift to get the first AWA Women's World Champion over the top...]

LD: Guys, you gotta be impressed with Laura Davis and Lauryn Rage's continued obsession with getting the other over the top! It feels like they've been going at it all night long!

SA: They practically have - Davis was our Number One entry tonight and Rage came in a few minutes later at Number Four... both women still in there as we're about to welcome Number Twenty-four now...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Kimmy Bailey UNLEASHES a standing lariat on Kelly Woods, flipping Woods over the top rope to send her to the floor!]

SA: LARIATOOOOOOOOO!

[Bailey pumps her arms excitedly as the countdown begins again...]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[The buzzer sounds, and we are greeted with...]

WE WILL DISTURB THE FALSE PEACE!

[The crowd responds with a chorus of boos, which just gets louder when two figures, not one, storm down the entrance.]

CP: Ha! Look at this, Albano, I love it!

SA: Wait just a minute! Both of them?! Cassie Rhodes and Sophie Rhodes - the Rhodes Dynasty - are walking to the ring together? They can't do that, Colt! They can only enter one at a time!

CP: You go down there and tell them!

LD: We've got John Shock and Kevin Slater running down there to tell them just that, and thank goodness they are.

CP: Looks like they're only tellin' the mom, though, not the kid.

[Cassie Rhodes glares at Slater and Shock as a halo of officials try to form between her and her daughter, with Sophie raising a finger in protest, shouting "now see 'ere!"]

SA: I'm indeed being told that it is Sophie Rhodes who drew this number, the officials are telling Cassie Rhodes that she has to go back to the locker room.

CP: They're gonna need more zebras to make her, Albano.

[Slater eventually tells Sophie she needs to get in, as the officials swarm around Cassie. Cassie can be heard saying "you go, poppet, I can handle this", as Sophie turns to the ring, rolling under the ropes...

...and promptly SMASHES a forearm into the jaw of Skylar Swift who is in the wrong place at the wrong time, getting knocked right down onto the mat.]

SA: And you can expect the physicality to only get rougher as Sophie Rhodes is in... and Cassie Rhodes is still on the floor raising a ruckus!

[Cassie is shouting at Tommy Fierro, still trying to get to the ring as her daughter stomps Swift a few more times...

...and then pivots to smash a forearm into Melissa Cannon's jaw... then Ricki Toughill's... then Victoria June's...]

SA: She's going crazy in there, throwing those big bombs at anyone within reach!

[Cassie breaks past Fierro enough to reach under the ropes, dragging Skylar Swift to the outside, smashing the Canadian Dream Girl's face into the ring apron!]

SA: Wait a second! She can't do that - can she?!

CP: She's doing it, Albano! And ain't nobody gonna stop her!

[Cassie Rhodes is stomping and kicking Swift down on the floor as Sophie Rhodes yanks Melissa Cannon's head back by the hair before CLUBBING a forearm down across the bridge of the nose...

...and just beyond her, we can see Harper Hannigan mauling Kimmy Bailey with clubbing forearms and haymakers and headbutts, driving the rookie down to a knee...]

SA: Look at Hannigan putting a pounding on Bailey!

[Betty Chang swings Hannigan around by the shoulder, throwing a swift kick to the ribs... and another... and another...

...and Hannigan responds by grabbing Chang by the throat, dragging her struggling form into a gorilla press!]

SA: WHOA!

[Hannigan gets a running start and HURLS Chang over the top rope...

...and she keeps on flying, clearing the ringside area, sailing over the barricade...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CHANG GETS THROWN INTO THE FRONT ROW!

LD: But her FEET didn't touch the floor, Sal! She's still in this!

SA: What?! Are you sure?!

[Chang sits up, having lands in the laps of the front row fans. She looks confused at first...

...and then kicks her legs up into the air, a big smile on her face as she points to her wiggling feet! The crowd ROARS!]

SA: Betty Chang saved her skin! The referee is over there signaling she's still in this and...

[Chang puts a hand on the railing and one on the shoulder of a fan in the front row, rolling to a seated position... and then standing on the chair, arms raised triumphantly in the air to big cheers!]

SA: ...but how the heck is she gonna get back to the ring?!

CP: There's no way! She's done for! Just hop down on the floor and call it a night.

LD: Betty's looking at the ring apron... sizing it up...

[She puts a foot on the railing, eyeballing on the apron...]

SA: There's no way she makes that jump!

[Chang eyeballs it a little more...

...and then snaps her fingers, looking at one of the ringside fans...]

SA: That's Athena Albright! What's she want with her...?

LD: She... she wants her chair!

SA: What?!

[Albright - gleeful to be a part of the show - scrambles out of her souvenir chair with the MDM stars plastered on the seat cushion - and folds it up, handing it to Betty who gingerly opens it up, leaning over the railing, putting it down on its feet...]

SA: She's putting that chair down and...

[Chang steps over the railing, standing on the chair...]

CP: She's still not close enough!

LD: Wait, wait... I get it!

[Chang gestures to the crowd, getting a second chair...]

LD: The floor is lava!

SA: What?!

[...and unfolds it, setting it down, and stepping onto that one...]

SA: Oh! I see! She's gonna...

[...and then moves the first chair in front of her, stepping onto that one, getting close to the ring apron now.]

SA: She's making herself a bridge to the ring and-

[Cassie Rhodes breaks away from her beatdown of Skylar Swift, charging towards Betty Chang...]

SA: Cassie Rhodes is-

[...and Chang leaps over the incoming Rhodes, landing on the ring apron safely, jerking a back kick into Cassie Rhodes' face, knocking her into a seated position in a chair!]

SA: She did it! She did it!

[Chang grins broadly, pumping her arms in the air in celebration as she stands on the apron, the crowd ROARING for her..

...which is when Casey Cash comes running along the ring ropes, connecting with a big clothesline that flips Chang inside out, causing her to crash down facefirst on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Chang's gone! After all that, Casey Cash picks up the elimination on Betty Chang!

[Cash smirks, swinging her arm around, shouting "LARIATO!" and putting her fists on her hips before turning back to the action...

...and a HUGE running clothesline from Victoria June flips her over the top!]

SA: CASH IS GON- NO! NO! CINDER GRABS THE LEGS! CINDER HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE TO KEEP CASEY CASH IN THE RING!

[Cinder clings the legs, keeping a panicking Cash from falling to the floor as June hammers Cinder from behind across the back, trying to break her grip on Cash...

...as the countdown starts up again!]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[We see Skylar Swift crawling back into the ring as an agitated Cassie Rhodes stomps the eliminated Betty Chang on the outside...

...and then cut to the entrance stage as "Heads Will Roll" by Yeah Yeah Yeahs begins to play over the PA system as the high-pitched shriek of cheers from a minority of the crowd are quickly drowned out by a loud roar of boos from the majority at the sight of Harley Hamilton making her entrance to the Rumble.]

SA: Harley Hamilton is Number Twenty-Five!

CP: Hail, hail... the gang's all here!

SA: Harley Hamilton loves it when a plan comes together... and with this draw, this puts E-Girl MAX in a **STRONG** position to do exactly what they gameplanned. Eliminate everyone else, leave EGM, and pull some kind of shenanigans like they did last year during Steal The Spotlight!

[Still in her white, jawbreaker-inspired gear with rainbow splatters seen earlier in her match against The Country Punks, Hamilton has now tied up her strawberry blonde curls into a high ponytail, looking extremely confident as she walks down towards the ring. About halfway down the aisle, she breaks into a sprint, eager to throw herself right into the middle of the action.]

SA: Hamilton slides in... and goes right to work!

[She promptly nails the Afro Punk, dragging her by the hair away from Cinder, throwing her into a corner before making sure Cinder and Cash are back in the ring...]

SA: Hamilton immediately saves Casey Cash and Cinder from potential elimination and...

[Hamilton drops into the QB role, pointing at June in the corner... and then getting the attention of Harper Hannigan who nods before rushing the corner with a big bare foot to the mouth of the Afro Punk!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Hamilton nods before grabbing Cash and Cinder, pointing at Ricki Toughill’s exposed back as Toughill tries to get Laura Davis over the ropes...

...and Hamilton, Cinder, and Cash move as a unit, grabbing Toughill from behind and...]

SA: OH! Toughill’s gone!

CP: Haha! Just like that, Albano! E-Girl MAX getting to work right away and they score an almost IMMEDIATE elimination! Ricki Toughill - one of the odds-on favorites - just got tossed like Tommy Lasorda running his mouth to an umpire! She’s outta here!

SA: Ricki Toughill’s eliminated and...

[Hamilton and Davis exchange a brief staredown...]

LD: Ooooh... that’s an interesting look. I’d like to see that one go down, boys.

SA: You’re not alone in that and-

[Hamilton breaks away, gesturing across the ring, getting Casey Cash’s attention...

...and the growing confidence of Cash drives her across the ring, scoring with a dropkick that sends Skylar Swift over the top rope, crashing down on the outside!]

SA: -Skylar Swift’s gone as well! Casey Cash gets another elimination... and Harley Hamilton is over the moon!

[After a moment of high fives for the E-Girl MAX trio, Hamilton sends Harper Hannigan after a kneeling Melissa Cannon as Cash, Hamilton, and Cinder go to work on Victoria June in the corner...

...and as we spot Lauryn Rage get yanked backwards from an approach vector aimed at EGM by a lurking Laura Davis, Davis whips her around, sending her halfway over the top rope as the Number One Athlete - and Number One Entry tonight - tries to finish the job...]

SA: Rage is in trouble! Lauryn Rage is in serious trouble... Davis right there trying to get her over!

[The shot pulls back to a wide shot to show all the action - Cash, Hamilton, and Cinder kicking away at the torso of the Afro Punk... Harper Hannigan smashing fists into the face of Melissa Cannon against the ropes... Davis trying to upend Rage... Kimmy Bailey trading big forearm shots with Sophie Rhodes...]

SA: Ten competitors inside the ring... a handful more to come... and with each entry... with each elimination, we get closer and closer to finding out who will challenge the Women's World Champion - whomever it may be - at Girls To The Front this August in Madison Square Garden!

[...and suddenly, we see Victoria June trying to fight her way out of the corner!]

SA: Big shots by June, trying to battle out of the buckles!

[The street fighting tactics come out into view as June sinks her teeth into Casey Cash's hand, causing Cash to yelp and pull away...]

CP: She bit her! Like a rabid dog!

[...and June SMASHES her elbow right into the eyesocket of Cinder, sending one-half of the World Tag Team Champions staggering backwards!]

SA: She's fighting her way out!

[Hamilton throws a big chop... to no effect.]

SA: Uh oh!

[A second chop lands... to still no effect.]

SA: Victoria June is possessed!

[June lets loose a scream before dropping Hamilton with a big haymaker, sending all three EGM members away before shouting "I AIN'T GOIN' OUT LIKE THAT AGAIN!" She stands mid-ring, chest heaving... and the E-Girl MAX girls are suddenly looking to one another as if rethinking their strategy...

...as the countdown begins again!]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[A loud "GET OUT OF MY WAY!" from ringside announces Cassie Rhodes coming under the ropes, sprinting into the fray, jumping into the air, and landing on the back of Melissa Cannon who has Sophie against the buckles...]

SA: OH! It's Cassie Rhodes at Number Twenty-Six... and she didn't have far to go to get right into the mix!

CP: The Rhodes Dynasty taking on Melissa Cannon... that can't be good for your girl, Lori.

LD: Oh, come on, Colt... I've been calling this one down the middle!

CP: I beg to differ.

SA: Four more competitors left to join those in there... and as we get close to the end of this match, I... get anxious at the idea that E-Girl MAX is still in there... WITH Harper Hannigan doing their dirty work as well. Could this year's Rumble really end like last year's Steal The Spotlight - with E-Girl MAX making a mockery of competition? With them burying the fighting spirit that makes this division the hottest in wrestling?

CP: What's wrong with them working together to win?

SA: Not a thing... my problem is what they do if they're the last ones left, Colt. If they fight it out... if they put their best efforts into victory instead of just letting one of them win... I have no problem with it at all.

[Harley Hamilton can be seen surveying the ring, sizing up the competition... and nudges Casey Cash, sending her to help the Rhodes Dynasty eliminate Melissa Cannon...]

SA: Hamilton playing ring general in there, giving orders and watching her soldiers carry them out as Cash goes to make it a three on one on Melissa Cannon who certainly drew the ire of E-Girl MAX last weekend in Reseda, Lori.

LD: Melissa helped spoil that impromptu Steal The Spotlight cash-in they tried to pull... so yeah, she's definitely on their list.

SA: And speaking of lists... Lauryn Rage has got Laura Davis in trouble! Davis is halfway over the top! Rage is trying to get her over and-

[Hamilton sends Cinder over to stop that, the wild Scot burying a forearm shank into Rage's lower back, putting her down on her knees as Davis slides back inside the ring to safety...]

...and suddenly, Casey Cash is sent flying thanks to a Cassie Rhodes haymaker, knocking the E-Girl MAX member down to the canvas!]

SA: Oh! I guess the Rhodes Dynasty felt they had no need for any help and... uh oh!

[A furious Cinder and Hamilton swarm the Rhodes Dynasty, Hamilton tangling with Cassie as Sophie engages with Cinder, battling near the ropes...]

...which is when a recovering Victoria June strikes!]

SA: THE AFRO PUNK FROM BEHIND!

[A running clothesline aimed at the back of Cinder's head is flung...

...but Casey Cash pulls Cinder clear JUST in time, causing June to SMASH a clothesline into the chest of Sophie Rhodes, flipping her over the ropes and down to the floor!]

SA: OHH! SOPHIE RHODES IS GONE!

[And joining hands, Cash and Cinder strike the off-balance June...]

SA: AND SO IS VICTORIA JUNE! WOW!

CP: Divide and conquer right there, Big Sal! E-Girl MAX got the Rhodes Dynasty working alone instead of together... one goes out, one stays in... for now... and they even got rid of that pesky punk rocker, Victoria June, in the process!

SA: That puts us down to nine inside the ring... nine competitors in the ring with four more still to come! And E-Girl MAX has definitely had a significant impact on this match so far, Lori.

LD: They've got a gameplan and they're working it to perfection... and if the other competitors in this match want to stand a chance of winning, they need to get on the same page and fight off Hamilton, Cinder, and Cash before it's too late.

[The camera draws back to show the E-Girl MAX gang huddled up, looking for their next target as Harper Hannigan and Kimmy Bailey continue to battle all over the ring, leaving Melissa Cannon and Cassie Rhodes left down on the mat recovering as Laura Davis again gets Lauryn Rage teetering on the verge of elimination...

...and the countdown begins.]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[And as the buzzer sounds, all eyes turn towards the entranceway again...

...and Carly Rae Jepsen's "Cut To The Feeling" bursts out over the PA system to a surprisingly loud - and positive! - reaction!]

SA: IT'S DONNA MARTINELLI! WHAT A DRAW FOR MARTINELLI RETURNING FROM INJURY!

[With the Peach Pits logo swirling on the video screens and peach-colored lighting hitting, Donna Martinelli breaks into view with a huge grin, her arms

spread wide. She's wearing a glittering bodysuit in the style of Elton John's famous Dodgers outfit from his concert at Dodger Stadium in 1975 that reads "PEACH PITS" in the Dodgers' logo script across the chest and "DONNA" with the number 1 on the back. She grins at the crowd's reaction, waving for it to get louder before she starts striding down the aisle to the ring...]

SA: Donna Martinelli coming back from a pretty bad arm injury - we haven't seen her compete since the Tenth Anniversary Show back in March when she was in the Finals for the Women's World Tag Team Titles... and what a return it would be if she could outlast the final entries into this match and walk out of her adopted home state as the winner of the 2018 Rumble!

[Back inside the ring, Hamilton eyeballs Martinelli for a moment... and then points across the ring. The E-Girl MAX trio moves as one, rushing to the other side of the ring...

...where they grab hold of Lauryn Rage's legs as Da Kid struggles to stay inside the ring...]

SA: Oh no!

[...and tip the first AWA Women's World Champion the rest of the way over the top rope, helping Laura Davis to eliminate her rival!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Lauryn Rage is gone! Rage just got eliminated by Laura Davis AND E-Girl MAX - it took all four of them, Lori!

LD: What a heartbreaking elimination for Lauryn Rage... as well as these fans that support her! You know she had her heart set on making history tonight in Los Angeles and then again in August in Madison Square Garden!

[Davis is overjoyed, taunting Rage from the inside as Da Kid looks up at her, fuming from her seat on the ground.]

SA: Laura Davis and Lauryn Rage... Davis was Number One, Rage was Number Four... and they spent the majority of the last forty-five minutes or so going at it, trying to eliminate each other... and with a timely assist by E-Girl MAX, Davis finally gets the job done!

[A smirking Cinder waves mockingly at Rage who gets off the floor in an angry rush, pushing towards the ring as Tommy Fierro and John Shock intervene...]

SA: Thankfully, we've got some officials out here at ringside trying to keep this under control... and you can see Rage trying to get past them! She doesn't give a damn!

LD: She wants back in there!

CP: She can't get back in! Her night is over! Someone better break the bad news to her... I nominate Albano.

[Lori chuckles as Rage struggles to get past Fierro and Shock as Davis stands on bottom rope, taunting her foe...]

SA: It may take more than Fierro and Shock to keep her out of there...

[But while all this madness is ongoing, Donna Martinelli slides into the ring...

...and looks across the ring at Laura Davis' back.]

CP: Hang on now... don't you do it, Martinelli! Don't you dare!

[Martinelli looks around at 60,000+ ROARING fans...

...and rushes forward, grabbing her mentor by the tights...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHE'S GONE! SHE'S GONE! DAVIS GETS TOSSED BY MARTINELLI!
OHHHHH, CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!

[Lauryn Rage laughs at Davis who falls at her feet, nodding her head approvingly...]

SA: Donna Martinelli has eliminated Laura Davis, her mentor, from the 2018 Rumble... and Davis lasted over fifty minutes before getting eliminated! What a showing for her but it's not enough as she's eliminated by the person she likely suspected the least!

[...and Martinelli celebrates the big elimination...

...albeit briefly as Cassie Rhodes drops her with a big European uppercut!]

SA: We're down to eight in the ring with three more still to come! Cannon, Cash, Bailey... Kimmy Bailey that is... Harper Hannigan, Cinder, Harley Hamilton, Cassie Rhodes, and Martinelli...

[Davis slowly gets to her feet on the outside, glaring up at Martinelli who is getting pounded down by Cassie Rhodes...

...and then Davis gets yanked into a right hand by Lauryn Rage!]

SA: OH! The fight is on on the outside again!

[The crowd is going wild as Rage and Davis brawl their way around ringside, heading for the aisle...]

SA: Rage and Davis are gonna fight their way all the way to Pacific, fans!

LD: That war's not over... not yet!

SA: Certainly not...

[With Rhodes hammering away at Martinelli in the corner and the E-Girl MAX crew working over Melissa Cannon across the ring, the action comes down to Kimmy Bailey and Harper Hannigan hammering away at each other with forearms and fists mid-ring...

...and a fired-up Kimmy Bailey breaks the stalemate with a standing lariat, sending Hannigan falling back into the ropes before bouncing with a running big bare foot to the mouth!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow knocks Bailey back into the ropes before she comes charging back off, lowering her head to duck under a wildly-swung clothesline from Hannigan, rebounding off the far side...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Bailey knocks Hannigan off their feet with a running lariat!]

SA/LD: LARIATOOOOOOOOO!

CP: Would you two knock it off?!

[Cannon is leaning on the ropes, legs up in the air thanks to Cash and Cinder as Hamilton tries to push her upper body back over the top...

...as the countdown starts again.]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[Santana's "Warrior" starts to play. Margarita Flores saunters out through the entranceway, dressed in a black bustier top, matching shorts and black boots. Flores winds her arm up and raises it in the air, yelling "YEEEEAAH!!!" as she does.]

SA: Margarita Flores - one of the biggest women in the match with a tremendous draw right here!

CP: Number Twenty-Eight... with her size? We could be looking at the big winner right there, Big Sal.

[She takes advantage of the supersized length of the entrance aisle, taking her time to make her way to the ring, surveying the action in it as she rotates her arm from the shoulder, warming up for the dreaded lariat.]

SA: Flores has some enemies in there who are likely awaiting her arrival too... so she better be ready for this!

[Reaching the ringside area, Flores walks around the ring, still keenly watching the action, until she sees her opening...

...and as she rolls under the ropes, she's swarmed by Cinder and Cash at Hamilton's direction.]

SA: And there they are... the aforementioned enemies, Colt.

CP: Bad blood lasts forever and if Margarita Flores thought her rivalry with Harley Hamilton ended last fall, she's sorely mistaken!

[Hamilton joins the attack, adding some well-placed kicks to the stomps of Casey Cash and the wild clubbing of Cinder...]

SA: That tall drink of Texas water is under a three-on-one assault from E-Girl MAX and-

[...but not for long as Melissa Cannon yanks Hamilton off of Flores with two hands full of hair, dragging her back into a well-placed forearm smash to the jaw!]

SA: -Melissa Cannon - now the longest competitor in the match - comes in to bail out Flores!

LD: Flores has still got two people beating on her though, Sal. It's not over yet.

[But the biggest woman in the match battles to her feet, throwing big bombs at Cash... then Cinder... then Cash... then Cinder...]

SA: The fans in Dodger Stadium are on their feet for Margarita Flores!

[...and a double noggin knocker sends both Cash and Cinder down to the mat. Flores swings her arm around, shouting to Cannon who tosses Hamilton towards her...]

SA: BOOOOOOOM GOES THE CANNON! Margarita Flores connects with that big ol' lariat and down goes Harley Hamilton!

[Flores nods her head at the cheering fans as she looks around the ring, surveying the action. She finds Cassie Rhodes tangled up with Donna Martinelli, trying to shove the Peach Pit over the top...

...and then sees Kimmy Bailey and Harper Hannigan going at it again, trading big chops as Flores appraises the situation...]

SA: We've got nine competitors in there - two more to come! The end of the 2018 Rumble is in sight, fans!

[Coming off the mat, Casey Cash grabs Donna Martinelli by the hair, trying to help Cassie Rhodes get her over the ropes...]

...and we cut back to mid-ring where we see Kimmy Bailey powering out of a two-handed choke, smashing her skull into Hannigan's chest!]

SA: OHH! What a headbutt!

[A palm strike follows, staggering Hannigan backwards...]

SA: Bailey bringing the high intensity striking and power...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...SUPERKIIIIICK!

[With Hannigan stunned near the ropes, Bailey backs off, swinging her own arm around with a purposeful glare at Margarita Flores...]

...and then charges back in!]

SA: LARIAAAAAATOOOOOO- OHHHHHHH!

[The crowd reacts in kind as Hannigan swings a big leg up, catching Bailey under the chin with a bare foot!]

SA: HANNIGAN ROCKS HER!

[Bailey staggers backwards as Hannigan tears into the ropes, charging in again...]

SA: DIRTKICKER!

[...but as Hannigan swings the leg up for a running big "boot", Bailey ducks under, catching the leg on her shoulder, lifting Hannigan into the air...]

SA: WHOA! WHOA!

[...and with a twist, she dumps Hannigan awkwardly over the top rope in a makeshift powerbomb, sending Hannigan bouncing off the apron before falling to the floor!]

LD: Harper Hannigan's eliminated! Wow! That's huge, boys!

CP: It certainly is. Not only did it take out one of the biggest competitors in the match but Hannigan was working under the instruction of Harley

Hamilton and E-Girl MAX... so Kimmy Bailey just took one of EGM's weapons out of the holster!

[With Bailey leaning over the ropes, Donna Martinelli tries to seize the moment, rushing forward to try and tip Bailey the rest of the way over...]

LD: That's your family, Donna!

CP: Every woman for herself, Dane!

[...but Bailey hangs on to the ropes, landing on the apron as Martinelli tries to shove her off...]

...but Bailey lifts her into the air...]

SA: WHOA! SWEET SANTA MARIA!

[...and kinda tosses her in a suplex/slam onto the rising Hannigan, sending Martinelli to the outside as well!]

SA: She's gone too! And just like that, Kimmy Bailey with TWO big eliminations this late in the match! That leaves us with seven competitors in the ring - Melissa Cannon, the E-Girl MAX crew, Kimmy Bailey, Cassie Rhodes, and Margarita Flores!

[The countdown begins...]

SA: And just in time for our penultimate entry!

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

[The buzzer sounds, but no music plays, and nobody walks through the entrance. A few moments pass with the crowd murmuring, anticipation starting to build.]

CP: Well, Albano? Who is it?

SA: I don't know, Colt. I don't know who this could be.

[The crowd near the entrance sees first, then starts to cheer, and the rest of the audience slowly builds up to a roar.]

SA: ...and look who's comin' up!

[And, with a limp, barely able to get up onto the entrance stage, her knee heavily wrapped in an ace bandage, adrenaline having worn off from her

encounter against the World Champion a couple of hours earlier, the "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey hobbles down the aisle, trying to carry herself toward the ring.]

CP: Next you're gonna tell me that in a year that's been so improbable, the impossible has happened!

LD: I can't believe what I just saw?

[The producers get a sweeping shot of the crowd, standing and cheering the now-former #1 contender as she looks towards the ring, teeth gritted, eyes focused, looking to reclaim the position she just lost.]

SA: For a year, fans... Michelle Bailey has been nothing but heart since she has come back to pro wrestling, since she's joined us here in the AWA. She wrestled last year for three months wearing a face shield due to a broken nose at the hands - or more specifically the forehead - of Kelly Kowalski. She had to sit on the tarmac at a Mexican airport while Laura Davis dropped her daughter, wrestling as a substitute, on the top of her head hundreds of miles away. She's spent the last few weeks with her closest friend, Juan Vasquez, on the road to retirement as she had to decide if she was even worthy of getting a shot at Julie Somers' title. And now, after getting her bell rung by Melissa Cannon with that title belt, after injuring her knee... she's going to try and go for another shot in what may be her gutsiest effort to date!

CP: And Albano, you know I ain't much for the soft stuff, but look at this crowd, all on its feet! What a tribute!

[She finally makes it down to the ring, opting not to try and climb in, instead sliding in head-first under the bottom rope, where she's met by...]

LD: And it's Cassie Rhodes who looks to shock the world by eliminating one of the best to ever do it!

[Rhodes rains down stomps on Bailey before she can even get to her feet. Across the ring, we see E-Girl MAX working together on Margarita Flores, Cash and Hamilton each lifting a leg as Cinder tries to shove her over...]

...and in comes Kimmy Bailey into the mix, grabbing Cassie Rhodes around the waist, lifting her high into the air and THROWING her down with a massive waistlock takedown!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: The daughter comes to save her mother!

[Kimmy yanks Michelle to her feet, lunging into a huge hug to a ROAR from the Los Angeles crowd!]

SA: And what a moment this is, fans!

[With the Baileys embracing, Melissa Cannon appears just out of their eyeline...]

...but before she can do anything, Cassie Rhodes tries to attack the Baileys, rushing into a wild swing that Kimmy shoves her mother aside in time to block. A few big punches have Rhodes falling back towards the ropes as Michelle looks on with beaming pride...]

SA: Kimmy shoots her across...

[...and then Kimmy SMASHES her body into Rhodes' torso with a massive running spear tackle. She grins as she takes a knee, pointing to her mother who mouths "not bad... not bad..."]

SA: ...and that's a Britney Spear if I've ever seen one!

[Kimmy pulls the dazed Cassie off the mat, shoving her to the ropes and inviting her mother to do the honors as Michelle rushes into a clothesline that flips Cassie Rhodes over the top to the outside!]

SA: She's gone! Cassie Rhodes eliminated by the Baileys! Oh yeah!

LD: That puts us down to seven, Big Sal... so when that final entry - when Number Thirty - walks through that curtain in a little while, they'll have a one in eight shot of walking out of Dodger Stadium as the winner of the 2018 Rumble... and walking INTO Madison Square Garden as the challenger for the Women's World Title this August!

[Grabbing Michelle by the arm and swinging her around, Melissa Cannon gets right up into her face...]

SA: And I'd say there's no love lost here in this confrontation after just a week of Melissa Cannon being back in the AWA, Colt.

CP: She's laid hands on Michelle Bailey twice now and-

[Bailey actually looks to be trying to talk Cannon down when a fuming Kimmy Bailey stomps into view, shoving Cannon back...]

SA: Uh oh. This hot-headed rookie interrupting any potential peace talks and-

[Cannon responds with a stiff elbowstrike to the jaw of Kimmy Bailey who replies with a big knife edge chop...]

CP: I love this, Big Sal! While E-Girl MAX is getting ready to run the table... to be three of the final eight standing... these two are beating the hell out of each other!

SA: I hate to say that you're right, Colt, but you're quite right on this one. These other woman - the Baileys, Flores, Cannon, whoever Number Thirty is... they need to be working together! They need to form an alliance -

however temporary it may be - to fight off E-Girl MAX and keep them from whatever chicanery they've got planned!

[With Cannon and Kimmy throwing down and Michelle looking on helplessly, Flores is just about tipped over the top rope...

...when Harley Hamilton frantically waves to Michelle Bailey, seeking out her help...]

SA: Wait a second...

[Bailey gives Hamilton a hard look...

...and then seems to agree, moving over to aid E-Girl MAX in their efforts to toss Margarita Flores over the top!]

CP: I knew it! I told you, Albano! Michelle Bailey has joined E-Girl MAX! She's done it!

SA: I... no! I don't believe it!

LD: Neither do I... but considering Michelle Bailey is one of the only women in the locker room who don't totally disdain E-Girl MAX... some of them at least... I suppose I also can believe she might be willing to work with them.

[But as Bailey draws near to help, Cinder takes a mad swipe at her, causing Bailey to abruptly step back...]

LD: Uh oh... maybe not ALL of E-Girl MAX are on the same page with this plan.

[...and a frustrated Hamilton waves Bailey away, causing the veteran to shake her head as she turns to look for someone else to engage with as the countdown begins again...]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZT!"

SA: And the final entrant in the 2018 Rumble is...

[The music that's cued up over the PA system... it's about 20 seconds into Pat Benatar's "All Fired up."]

SA: Hold on... I know this music!

LD: So do I! But it can't be... can it?!

[Up on the video screen, we see the outline of the map of Texas over the Texas flag.

And then the word in red lettering that sends the crowd into a frenzy.

"SUPERSTAR"]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA!! STEPHANIE HARPER IS HERE IN LOS ANGELES!

[Sure enough, the Hall of Famer "Superstar" Stephanie Harper walks out from the entranceway and onto the stage to a THUNDEROUS ROAR from the AWA Faithful!]

SA: Stephanie Harper has just walked into Dodger Stadium and brought this whole Rumble to a halt!

[Indeed she has... as the seven competitors remaining in the ring - Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Casey Cash, Kimmy and Michelle Bailey, Melissa Cannon, and Margarita Flores- have stopped fighting to look down the aisle in disbelief as Harper - dressed in a white singlet, featuring a yellow star streaking across the front, the word "Superstar" written in black lettering right underneath that, white kneepads, and white boots - looks out on 60,000+ welcoming fans!]

CP: This has gotta be a mistake! I thought Harper was done with wrestling for good after she injured her knee!

SA: We all thought that, Colt! But it looks like that the Hall of Famer is the 30th entrant in the Memorial Day Rumble!

[Harper stands at the top of the ramp, her hands on her hips. Though she's doing her best to keep a focused look on the ring, you can tell from her expression that she's overwhelmed by the reception from the crowd.]

LD: It has been twelve years since Stephanie Harper has stepped inside the wrestling ring as a competitor!

CP: And she's doing it in the Rumble, no less! I'm still in shock and I'm not easily shocked!

LD: I'm right there with you, Colt. I never thought we'd see the day that Stephanie Harper climbed inside an AWA ring but... wow! What a moment!

[Harper heads down the ramp, striding confidently towards the ring, her pace getting quicker with each step until she's in a sprint towards the ring, the cheering crowd getting even louder...]

[Harper heads down the ramp, then runs down the aisle and toward the ring.]

SA: Here she comes! And that means one of these eight competitors will be the winner of the 2018 Rumble and the woman moving on to Girls To The

Front to challenge for the World Title in Madison Square Garden later this summer!

CP: And now that the whole gang is there, I feel the need to point out that THREE of the final eight are E-Girl MAX... and that means Harley Hamilton's plan has worked to perfection!

LD: For now.

[Harper dives headfirst under the ropes, coming to her feet...

...and POPS a trash-talking Cinder with a European uppercut to a HUGE ROAR, knocking the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner down to the canvas!]

SA: Oh yeah! Harper drops Cinder and... there's one for Cash!

[With two EGM members down, Harper turns her focus onto Harley Hamilton who stabs a finger out into the eye, temporarily blinding the Hall of Famer as Hamilton grabs her by the hair, looking to eliminate her, turning around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and walks right into a big running lariat by Margarita Flores!]

SA: THEY MEET AGAIN!

[Flores nods confidently as Cinder charges her...]

SA: ANOTHER BIG LARIAT!

[...and then Casey Cash!]

SA: MAKE IT THREE! MARGARITA FLORES, THAT TALL DRINK OF TEXAS WATER IS DISHING OUT LARIATS TO EVERYONE IN HER WAY!

[Flores throws her arms back, letting loose a roar as she rushes forward again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Kimmy Bailey comes to meet her, crashing together in an exchange of lariats!]

SA: OHH! NO EFFECT!

[The crowd reacts as Flores and Bailey are unable to make the other budge with their respective lariats. Bailey points Flores to the ropes as she obliges, hitting the ropes as Bailey drops back into the ropes...]

SA: HERE WE GO AGAAAAAAIN!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again, neither one woman budes as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: Can you believe it?! Margarita Flores and Kimmy Bailey just BLASTED one another with those big lariats but neither of them went down!

CP: Went down?! Neither of them even fell back a step! Just standing their ground in the middle of Dodger Stadium!

[Bailey goes to the ropes again, looking to get a little more "oomph" into her third lariat attempt...

...but Flores pivots, lifting Bailey up under her arm, swinging her around, and DRIVES her down with a side slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FLORES PLANTS HER!

LD: And the people in Dodger Stadium weren't exactly thrilled by that... they wanted to see another lariat!

[Flores comes up, swinging her arm around...]

SA: They may be about to see another one! Flores has got her eyes on Harley Hamilton!

[...and as Hamilton pulls herself up with the aid of the ropes, Flores comes stampeding in on her...

...and Hamilton goes right back down, pulling the top rope with her, sending Flores tumbling over the ropes to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHE'S GONE! MARGARITA FLORES HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

LD: We're down to seven! One of these seven will make history here tonight - but which one?!

SA: We're down to E-Girl MAX, the Baileys, Melissa Cannon, and Stephanie Harper!

[Cannon grabs Harper, ready to lay in a forearm when Harper puts up a hand, shaking her head...]

SA: What's this now?

[...and as Cannon lets go, Harper points across the ring at E-Girl MAX.]

SA: It's about time! Stephanie Harper's trying to explain to Melissa Cannon and the Baileys that they need to work together otherwise EGM is going to pick them off one by one!

[Michelle Bailey looks conflicted at the Hall of Famer's pleas as she looks back and forth between the two sides of the ring...]

CP: Look at her, Albano! She doesn't want to betray her new team!

LD: That's not it at all... look, we know that Michelle Bailey has been willing to give these girls a shot... we know that above all else, Michelle Bailey values her honor... her sense of right and wrong... and maybe she just plain thinks it's wrong to go four on three with E-Girl MAX!

SA: After all the times that E-Girl MAX has used the numbers to THEIR advantage?! Come on, Lori!

LD: What? Are you agreeing with Colt? You think she's joined E-Girl MAX?

SA: No, not at all... but I'm... well, I suppose I'm a little confused here too. She wants to win... she wants to get another shot at the title especially after the controversial ending earlier tonight... so why wouldn't she take this chance? Why is she throwing away her shot?

CP: Maybe she's not! Maybe she realizes that if she's on the EGM side, it'll be four on three the other way!

LD: You think she'd really align herself AGAINST her own daughter?!

CP: It's every woman for herself and-

[Kimmy Bailey even seems to be making her plea to her mother when suddenly E-Girl MAX has seen enough, rushing across the assault Melissa Cannon and Stephanie Harper to a HUGE ROAR as the fight is on!]

SA: Seven women left! Who's it gonna be?!

[Harper is trading big forearm shots with Harley Hamilton as Cinder and Cash swarm Cannon, knocking her back towards the corner... Michelle Bailey seems to take a half step towards helping Cannon... but bites her lip, holding in place, shaking out her knee...]

SA: Michelle Bailey looked like - for a second there, Lori, I thought she was going to help Melissa Cannon...

LD: Favoring that knee still though... knowing any pressure she puts on it lessens her chances of winning this Rumble. And look, Melissa and Michelle have had a rough week with absolutely no time to figure things out and-

[Kimmy Bailey watches warily as Cash and Cinder take turns chopping Cannon against the ropes... and then the red hot rookie takes a step towards

intervening before her mother puts an arm across her chest, shaking her head.]

SA: And now Michelle keeps Kimmy Bailey back as well!

LD: Oh, come on, Michelle! Let her go! Let her fight!

[A string of European uppercuts has the crowd on their feet as the Hall of Famer batters Harley Hamilton back into the corner, hammering away at her...]

SA: Harper's got Hamilton on the ropes! She's got the second generation champion in trouble!

[Harper grabs the hair, smashing another uppercut in... and then a headbutt has Hamilton clinging to the ropes, trying to stay on her feet... and then with a shout, she calls for help from her allies...

...and Cinder peels off of Cannon, rushing to attack Stephanie Harper from behind!]

SA: Ohh! And now it's a two on one on Stephanie Harper and-

[Suddenly, Kimmy Bailey rushes into the mix, hammering a fist into the head of Harley Hamilton... and then one on Cinder...]

LD: Michelle standing back, still rubbing blood flow into that injured knee as her daughter unleashes on the tag team champions!

[...and as Casey Cash gets Melissa Cannon's legs off the mat, Michelle Bailey continues to watch...]

LD: Melissa's in trouble! Casey Cash has got her almost over!

[But Cash doesn't have enough size and strength to get Cannon all the way over and starts shouting herself...]

SA: Cash needs Cinder's help! She needs Cinder's help in getting Cannon out!

[...but the flurry of offense from Kimmy Bailey has the tag champions occupied...

...and Stephanie Harper suddenly free and on the move!]

SA: Here comes Harper! From behind!

[And the Hall of Famer grabs a shocked Casey Cash from behind, her eyes going wide as she shrieks for assistance...

...but Kimmy Bailey prevents that assistance from coming as Harper HURLS Cash over the top rope, crashing down to the outside to a HUGE ROAR!]

SA: WOW! Casey Cash is gone! She came in at Number Eight and made it all the way near the end but her night is over!

CP: You gotta be impressed by that performance, Big Sal!

SA: I absolutely am... and getting tossed by a Hall of Famer is nothing to be ashamed of!

[Cash doesn't look ashamed from her seat on the outside... she looks mad, glaring up in the ring where Harper grins, dusting off her hands as she helps Melissa Cannon back to her feet, eyeballing the action across the ring... and Cannon throws a hard look at Michelle Bailey while Harper tries to keep her focused on Hamilton and Cinder...]

SA: We're down to six! A half dozen women with the chance at making history still in play - it's Hamilton, Cinder, the Baileys, Cannon, and Harper! One of these six will win the 2018 Rumble and move on to challenge for the World Title at Girls To The Front this August!

LD: This is awesome, Big Sal! I'm so glad I got to be a part of this!

SA: We're glad you're here too, Lori... and as we- look out!

[Breaking away from Kimmy Bailey, the World Tag Team Champions angrily bumrush Stephanie Harper to try to avenge their fallen friend on the outside...]

SA: Hamilton and Cinder are all over Harper... but here comes Cannon! Cannon getting involved!

[Cannon rips Cinder out of the mix, hammering forearms into the jaw of the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner...]

SA: Cannon and Cinder! Hamilton and Harper!

[Kimmy Bailey tries to get back in the mix but again, Michelle is there to try to talk her down. We catch a "wait! Be strategic! Think!" as she taps a finger into her daughter's forehead as the Baileys impatiently watch Cannon and Harper fighting with the tag champions!]

SA: This would be a Dream Match anywhere in the world and we're seeing it go down in the Rumble! Oh yeah!

[Cannon grabs Cinder by the arm, whipping her into the corner, rushing in after to connect with a big running elbowstrike! Cinder stumbles out... and gets ROCKED with a elbow to the back of the head that puts her down on the mat on her chest as Cannon falls to her knees...]

SA: Melissa Cannon down! Cinder down!

[And with her mother looking on, Kimmy Bailey breaks away to pull Melissa Cannon off the mat, lifting her up into her powerful arms!]

SA: She's gonna toss Cannon! The rookie's got her up!

[But as she approaches the ropes with her, Bailey gets caught with a quick series of elbowstrikes from Cannon, dropping down to her knees as Bailey lets her go...

...and Cannon wraps her arms around Bailey's torso, lifting Kimmy up to try to flip her back over the ropes!]

SA: Wait! Wait! Kimmy's in trouble!

[A desperate Kimmy Bailey reaches out, grabbing the top rope with both hands to try to fight off elimination...

...which is when Michelle Bailey suddenly rushes forward, burying a boot into the midsection of Melissa Cannon, forcing her to put Kimmy down.]

SA: Whooooa! Mama Bear makes the save for Baby Bear right there... and a big double whip...

[A double clothesline attempt comes up empty as Cannon baseball slides under the attempt, coming off the mat to pop Kimmy Bailey with two elbowstrikes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then sends her staggering away with a spinning backfist, falling into the ropes as Michelle tries to boot her in the gut again but Melissa catches the leg and with a gleam in her eye...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DRAGON SCREWWWWWW!

[Michelle Bailey SCREAMS in pain at the vicious torque of her injured knee as Melissa Cannon pounces on it, grabbing the leg and flipping her over onto her chest with a half Boston Crab!]

SA: The Boston Crab locked in - the half Crab focused on the injured knee!

[As Michelle pounds the canvas in pain, we cut to another shot where Stephanie Harper has Harley Hamilton up for a slam, leaning over the ropes with her as Hamilton grabs the top rope, hanging on for dear life as the Hall of Famer attempts to dump the E-Girl MAX member to the outside...]

SA: She's hanging on! She's hanging on!

[...and suddenly, Casey Cash breaks away from John Shock who was trying to get her to leave, hopping up on the apron to grab Harper by the wrist, jumping down and yanking hard!]

SA: CASH! CASH!

[And with Harper forced to let go of Hamilton to try to save herself, the daughter of former World Champion Hamilton Graham lifts, shoves...

...and DUMPS the Hall of Famer to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: HARPER’S GONE! THE HALL OF FAMER IS OUT!

[Harper looks up in disbelief as the crowd gives a similar reaction. A grinning Harley Hamilton mockingly waves at Harper, shouting her gratitude to a lurking Casey Cash who is taunting Harper on the outside...]

SA: Thanks to Casey Cash getting involved, Stephanie Harper is out and we’re down to five! Hamilton, Cinder, Cannon, and both mother and daughter Bailey are still in this thing! Who’s gonna come out on top?!

[Tommy Fierro helps Stephanie Harper to her feet on the outside. Harper looks up at the ring, shaking her head in annoyance...

...and then BLASTS Casey Cash with a right hand on the jaw, knocking her flat to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

SA: OH, WHAT A RIGHT HAND!

[Harper dives on top of Cash on the outside, pounding away on her as the crowd goes crazy!]

SA: HARPER’S ALL OVER HER! HARPER’S ALL OVER CASH ON THE FLOOR!

[With the wild brawl on the outside, Harley Hamilton deliberately steps back from the ropes, turning herself around, waving Cinder to her side...]

SA: We’ve got officials trying to break this up on the outside... and look INSIDE the ring, Colt!

CP: EGM, the Baileys, and Cannon - one of ‘em is on the verge of history! But who? Who will it be? Will it be one-half of the World Tag Team Champions? Perhaps Harley Hamilton... the daughter of the legendary Hamilton Graham... second generation born and bred for her own legendary status... already a champion in the AWA. Maybe it’s Cinder... the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner... a former Empress Cup winner... her own family legacy strong if not as famous.

LD: What about the red hot rookie, Kimmy Bailey? If you had to pick one who you might not expect in the final five, it would be her, right? Powerful.

Youthful and energetic. Impulsive but impactful. Trained for greatness and in her first year in the AWA, showing all the traits that makes someone a future superstar. Or my old pal, Melissa Cannon? THE AWA Original for women's wrestling. Returning to the AWA rings after being exiled to Japan, looking to shock the world and walk right into the Main Event of Girls To The Front.

SA: And lastly, there's Michelle Bailey. The legend herself. The 2018 Women's Royal Crown winner. A champion across the globe but never THE champion. The woman who DESERVES to be a World Champion but came up just short earlier tonight. Can she get another shot? Can she get another opportunity to show the world exactly who the hell she is? She's Michelle Bailey, damn it! And this Division would NOT be where it is without her. One of these five are going to walk out covering in glory and... right now, I have no idea who it will be!

[Harley Hamilton pulls Cinder towards her, the EGM duo aligned and together again... Melissa Cannon has let go of the half Crab upon Harper's elimination, getting herself ready for the battle still to come... and a fuming Kimmy Bailey has pulled her mother to her feet, helping keep her standing as Michelle attempts to avoid weight on the injured knee...]

LD: Sal, when I see Michelle standing like that... look, I know why she's in there... I understand why she came out for the match tonight... but I feel like she's risking too much. She can barely stand on that leg!

CP: Yeah, after your friend ripped and tore the knee to shreds... again! It's no wonder she's turned to Hamilton and Cinder for their support.

LD: She has not!

[But she... could be. Harley Hamilton is talking a mile a minute now, trying to convince Michelle and Kimmy to stand beside E-Girl MAX...]

SA: And look at Harley Hamilton! Harley Hamilton doesn't want to fight... doesn't want to earn this the right way at the end of it all... she wants to plot! She wants to scheme! She wants the Baileys to help them eliminate Melissa Cannon and... and THEN what happens, Colt?!

CP: Whatever E-Girl MAX says happens.

[Hamilton is talking from a distance to the Baileys, Michelle listening intently as Kimmy... well, Kimmy's eyes are elsewhere...]

SA: What is...?

[...and the furious Kimmy Bailey rushes at Melissa Cannon, looking to put a beating on the woman who just hurt her mother!]

SA: LARIAAAAAAATOOOOO-

[But the veteran sees it coming, dropping her head...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and backdrops Kimmy Bailey over the ropes, sending her down to the floor to elimination!]

SA: KIMMY’S GONE! KIMMY BAILEY GETS ELIMINATED BY MELISSA CANNON! AND WE’VE REACHED THE FINAL FOUR!

LD: Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Michelle Bailey, and Melissa Cannon! One of these four are on the cusp of the history books - to join Lauryn Rage as the only women to ever win an AWA Rumble!

[And as the camera pulls back to a wide shot, we see Melissa Cannon on one side of the ring, looking across - her vision shifting back and forth between E-Girl MAX who stands across from her, the tag champions ready to strike at a moment’s notice... and Michelle Bailey who looks to be dripping in physical pain from the bad knee and emotional pain at seeing her daughter eliminated trying to avenge her...]

SA: Who’s gonna-

[...and Melissa Cannon decides not to wait and see who’s coming for her first, sprinting across the ring, leaping up and catching Harley Hamilton on the jaw with a leaping elbowstrike!]

SA: -HERE WE GO! THE FINAL FOUR!

CP: Let’s do this!

[Cannon is unloading on a surprised Hamilton, landing elbow after elbow up against the ropes...]

...until Cinder grabs her by the hair, hauling her backwards away from a reeling Hamilton. Leaning against the ropes, Michelle Bailey just watches as Cinder throws Cannon down to the mat, stomping and kicking at her... and then waving for Hamilton to join her...]

SA: Harley Hamilton moving in...

[Hamilton throws a look at Bailey, obviously happy that she’s not intervening in their two-on-one attack on Cannon...]

...or is she?]

LD: Look at Michelle, guys... she’s conflicted about this!

[Bailey’s sense of honor seems to be directly attacked by E-Girl MAX using a two on one on Cannon... despite her current feelings for the AWA Original. We can see her creeping closer as Hamilton and Cinder gleefully put the boots to Cannon...]

CP: You're seeing things that aren't there, Dane! Michelle Bailey is solidly in the E-Girl MAX squad!

LD: Then why isn't she joining in on this attack, Colt?!

CP: Who knows what kind of master plan EGM has in place? They don't allow me into their strategy sessions though if wishing made it so...

[Hamilton pulls Cannon off the mat, holding her arms behind her as Cinder takes aim...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SNAPS Cannon's head to the side with a vicious ear-ringing slap!]

SA: Cinder's taunting Cannon, telling her they've got her right where they want her!

[Cinder tells Harley to "hang on" as she dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...]

...and Cannon breaks free, moving clear as Cinder DRILLS Hamilton with a running back elbow under the chin, knocking her backwards through the ropes!]

SA: OH! OH! CINDER MISSED!

CP: Hamilton went THROUGH the ropes though! She didn't go over!

SA: She didn't but-

[Cannon DRILLS Cinder with a pair of elbowstrikes, sending her staggering across the ring towards Michelle Bailey...]

...who Cinder BOOTS right in the kneecap, causing Bailey to cry out as she sinks to a knee!]

SA: OH, COME ON!

[Twisting back around, Cinder rushes at Cannon who ducks the head!]

SA: BACKDROP!

[But Cinder manages to hang onto the ropes, ending up out on the apron alongside her partner as Cannon moves in...]

SA: ELBOW FOR HARLEY!

[...and then twists to the side...]

SA: And one for Cinder as well!

[...and back to Hamilton...]

SA: One for Harley!

[...and then back to Cinder who reaches out, raking the eyes!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: CINDER GOES TO THE EYES!

[Snatching a handful of hair, Cinder pulls Cannon closer to the ropes as Hamilton reaches in, each hooking her under the arm...]

SA: Wait, wait!

[...and THROWS her over the top rope with a double hiptoss!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: CANNON’S GONE! SHE’S GONE! WE’RE DOWN TO THREE!

[Hamilton and Cinder trade a big double high five out on the apron, holding their arms aloft...]

...and then turning to taunt the crowd!]

CP: It worked! E-Girl MAX is all that’s left! What a plan! What a plan by Harley Hamilton!

[Hamilton and Cinder are taunting the 60,000+ jeering them as they celebrate their triumphant plan...]

...which is when Michelle Bailey pushes off the ropes, grimacing as she steps across the ring towards the middle...]

CP: Bailey’s coming over to join them! What a moment, Sal! Take it all in, Dane!

[...and then Bailey lowers her head, rushing towards the ropes...]

CP: WHAT THE-?!

[...and DRIVES her shoulder into Cinder’s lower back, knocking Cinder off the apron and down to the floor below to a HUUUUUUGE ROAR!]

SA: CINDER’S GONE! CINDER WENT OVER THE TOP TO THE APRON AND NOW SHE’S ELIMINATED BY MICHELLE BAILEY, FANS! WE’RE DOWN TO TWO!

[Hamilton turns, a look of shock on her face as she stares at Michelle Bailey who hobbles backwards, falling to a knee again...]

"What the hell are you doing?!"

[...and Hamilton ducks back through the ropes, standing over the kneeling Bailey...]

"I thought you understood us!"

[...pacing madly as she glares at Bailey...]

"I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS!"

[...and a violently-angry Hamilton grabs Bailey by the hair, SMASHING her skull down into her head, knocking Bailey flat on the mat as the fans groan with sympathy!]

SA: Ohhh! What a headbutt! And just like that, any alliance between Harley Hamilton and Michelle Bailey just went right out the window!

[Hamilton dives on top of Bailey, slamming her forearm down into the jaw a few times before Bailey gets the arms up to defend herself...]

...but Hamilton keeps on coming, pushing her forearm into the cheekbone, grinding it back and forth as the fans jeer loudly!]

SA: Hamilton trying to punish Bailey now, bone on cheekbone on the mat!

[Hamilton gets off the mat, turning away and kicking her heels up disdainfully as if "burying" Bailey...]

CP: Harley Hamilton is one-half of the Women's World Tag Team Champions... and right now, I'd say she may be about to add 2018 Rumble winner to that resume with a side of possible future Women's World Champion!

SA: Michelle Bailey's not done yet, Colt.

LD: That's right. If we know anything about Michelle - and we know a lot quite frankly - but above all is, we know she's a fighter. If she wasn't a fighter, she wouldn't be out here in this Rumble at all right now with that knee injury... and when you're a fighter, you've always got a shot to pull it off!

[Hamilton stalks the downed Bailey, shouting "GET UP! GET UP, YOU TRAITOR!" as Michelle tries to push up off the mat...]

SA: Bailey struggling to get to her feet, trying to be that "fighter" that Lori was just talking about...

[...and as the Platinum Princess and 2018 Royal Crown winner gets to her feet with a wobble, Hamilton takes aim...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a precision-fired superkick to the injured knee, causing Bailey to cry out as she crumples down onto her knees, wincing in pain as Hamilton sizes her up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS a roundhouse kick that has Bailey out on her knees...]

CP: She's out! Ring the bell!

SA: That can't happen in a Rumble - it's over the top or nothing and-

[...but Hamilton isn't done as she grabs Bailey by the hair with both hands and LAYS! HER! OUT! with a massive kneelift!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Bailey right back down to the mat... and she's not moving, fans. Harley Hamilton might've knocked her out cold with that kneelift! The rage of Harley Hamilton may be about to carry her over the finish line and onto Victory Lane. Michelle Bailey - in Hamilton's eyes... Bailey betrayed her and E-Girl MAX and now she's paying the price.

[Hamilton drags Bailey's limp form off the mat, tossing her into the turnbuckles...]

SA: Bailey can barely stand, hanging onto the ropes to stay on her feet... trying to avoid putting weight on that injured knee...

[...and after backing across the ring, Hamilton charges right back in, leaping up onto the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and JACKS HER JAW with that step-up kneelift!

[Hamilton gets the crowd going again as she blows a kiss to the 60,000+ solidly against her before turning to grab a side headlock, dragging Bailey out of the corner...]

SA: BULLDOG! PLANTS HER FACE INTO THE CANVAS!

[Hamilton rolls to a knee, looking coldly out on the jeering crowd, shaking her head as she gets to her feet...]

"THIS IS MY MOMENT! THIS IS MY RUMBLE TO WIN!"

[She stabs a finger at the downed Bailey.]

"SHE COULD'VE BEEN A PART OF THIS!"

[Shaking her head again, she drags Bailey off the mat to her knees, glaring down into her face...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAPS her across the cheek!]

SA: Oh! Slapped her right in the mouth! What disrespect!

[Hamilton shoves her back down onto all fours with a handful of hair, backing off as she sneers at the downed Bailey...]

SA: I think we know what's next!

CP: Michelle Bailey may have won the Royal Crown... but she's about to say Hail To The Queen!

[Hamilton rushes forward, stepping up onto Bailey's back, leaping into the air...]

...but as she goes for the double stomp to the back of the head, she lands hard on the empty canvas as Bailey rolls to the side to avoid it!]

SA: OH! BAILEY MOVES!

[Hamilton grabs the injured leg of Bailey but Bailey pulls the legs back, kicking off and sending Hamilton crashing backwards into the turnbuckles to big cheers!]

SA: Bailey fighting out from under Hamilton!

[Bailey rolls over to her knee, surging into a single leg takedown on Hamilton as she comes out of the corner...]

...and Bailey rolls right up the torso of Hamilton, smashing the point of her elbow down into Hamilton's sternum!]

SA: OH! A little mat wrestling in a Rumble?! Why not?!

[Bailey takes the high mount, trying to get her legs around the head and neck of Hamilton...]

LD: TRIANGLE! SHE'S LOOKING FOR A TRIANGLE!

[...and Bailey secures it, rolling to her back, reaching up to try to brace the bad leg as she cranks on it!]

SA: MICHELLE BAILEY WITH A TRIANGLE CHOKE IN THE MIDDLE OF A RUMBLE!

CP: It's not what you'd expect but... if she knocks her out, she can take all the time in the world to toss her!

SA: She's having trouble getting enough pressure on it, Colt! The bad knee is giving her issues!

LD: But there's a bigger problem, Sal - because if she can't get the hold secured, she's letting Hamilton counter it!

[The crowd buzzes as Hamilton muscles Bailey up off the mat into a makeshift powerbomb position while Bailey continues to try and get the triangle fully locked in...]

SA: HAMILTON'S GOT HER UP! TRYING TO-

[...and Hamilton's presumed powerbomb attempt goes sideways when Bailey's weight causes Hamilton to stumble backwards...]

SA: -WHOA! WHOA! WHOA!

[...and BOTH women go tumbling over the top rope, somehow both landing on the ring apron!]

SA: OHHH! HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?!

LD: Now they're BOTH on the outside though and that's dangerous news for both of them!

[The crowd is buzzing as Hamilton comes to her feet first, hanging onto the ropes while moving towards Bailey who is trying to get off a knee...]

SA: OH! BIG BOOT TO THE MOUTH!

[...and Hamilton lands a brutal front kick, Bailey clinging to the ropes to stay on the apron!]

SA: Hamilton hammering away, trying to knock Bailey right off the apron to the floor... trying to get that win, win this Rumble, earn that shot at Girls To The Front! Trying to add the Rumble to Steal The Spotlight and the World Tag Team Title Tournament Finals in the list of big matches that E-Girl MAX has won!

[Hamilton grabs a fistful of hair, smashing her fist repeatedly down into Bailey's skull... and then CRASHES an overhead elbow down between the eyes as well. Bailey's eyelids flutter but she again loops an arm over the middle rope, hanging on for dear life...]

SA: The fans in Dodger Stadium - over sixty thousand of them - are on their feet trying to root Michelle Bailey over the finish line!

[...and Hamilton drags Bailey up to her feet by the hair, smashing a pair of forearms into the jaw before turning Bailey around...]

SA: What is she...?

[...and lifts her up into the torture rack that is the set-up for the move she calls Chainsaw Breakfast...]

SA: She's got Bailey up! She's got her in serious danger here!

[...but a struggling Bailey forces herself into a backflip, gingerly landing on the injured knee and delivering a two-handed shove to the chest of the off-balance Hamilton, sending her CRASHING backfirst into the ringpost!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: INTO THE POST! SPINE MEETS STEEL!

[Bailey backs off to the opposite pose, staring down the hobbling Hamilton...]

SA: HERE! SHE! COMES!

[...and charges the distance between the two, looking for a match-ending Britney Spear...]

SA: BRITNEY SPEAAAAAAAA-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Hamilton snaps a desperation front kick up, catching Bailey flush in the face, sending her staggering backwards to a disappointed ripple of jeers from the crowd...]

SA: Bailey had her in her sights but-

[...and with a shout, Hamilton rushes forward, leaping into the air, snatching a front facelock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SPIKES her skull down into the ring apron with a head-splitting DDT!]

SA: BAILEY GETS SPIKED!

[Hamilton slams down on her back on the ring apron as Bailey bounces up from the impact...

...and flops right off the apron and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: IT'S OVER! IT'S OV-

CP: YES! I CALLED IT, ALBANO! I CALLED IT ALL ALONG! HARLEY HAMILTON WINS IT!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd is stunned silent for a moment as Hamilton lies flat on her back on the ring apron, likely unaware of what's even happened at this point...

...until the jeers get loud once more and hometown girl Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the 2018 Rumble... and the shot at the Women's World Title this August at Girls To The Front...

...HARRRRRLEYYYYYYYYY HAMILLLLLTONNNNNNN!

[Hamilton grabs the ropes, pulling herself into a seated position, eyes wide, jaw dropped...]

"I won?! I did it?!"

[A ringside official walks over, raising her hand in victory.]

"I WON! I DID IT!"

[Hamilton drags herself off the apron, standing tall as she throws her arms into the air...]

SA: Harley Hamilton... fans, I may not like it but Harley Hamilton has done it! Harley Hamilton has won the 2018 Rumble and... wow.

LD: Well, all I can say is... at least this time, she had to fight her way to victory, Big Sal.

SA: Look at the smile on Colt Patterson's face. Colt, you'd think YOU won the Rumble tonight!

CP: It's a big moment for Harley Hamilton... a big moment for E-Girl MAX... a big moment for the AWA Women's Division!

[Hamilton ducks back through the ropes, again throwing her arms into the air to celebrate her win...

...and is quickly joined by Casey Cash, Cinder, the Thompsons, and Riley Campbell who is taking photos as quickly as possible!]

CP: And the party is on! Someone close all the clubs in Hollywood because it's an E-Girl MAX night on the Sunset Strip, jack!

[Hamilton embraces her sisters-in-arms as Michelle Bailey looks up from the floor, sitting on the ground as she looks up at Hamilton with a disappointed expression on her face.]

SA: So close for Michelle Bailey. So close. But it's not enough. It will NOT be Michelle Bailey with another shot at the title in Madison Square Garden... and right now, you have to wonder if the shot at the title she got earlier tonight will be the ONLY shot at the title for Michelle Bailey, Lori.

LD: It's... it's heartbreaking to see, Sal. She wanted this SO badly. And to come up short twice in one night, it's gotta be crushing for her. After winning the Royal Crown, I thought - so many people thought - the title was next for her and... I don't even know what to say.

[An emotional Bailey buries her face in her arms on the outside as Hamilton throws a look at her before raising her arms overhead again, Cinder adding in a little trash talk on Bailey...]

SA: This is Harley Hamilton's moment... and she's taking it all in, forcing these 60,000+ fans to suffer through every moment of this victory celebration. There she is, fans. Your 2018 Rumble winner. Your Girls To The Front title challenger and... well, we're never going to hear the end of it.

LD: Absolutely not.

CP: What a night!

[As Hamilton mounts the middle rope, doing the "belt gesture" as her allies cheer her on, we fade from the ring to the backstage area where we find Mariah Wolfe standing...]

MW: You can hear the fans jeering from back here, guys... but sixty thousand plus can boo all they want and it will NOT change the fact that one-half of the Women's Tag Team Champions, Harley Hamilton, just won the second Women's Rumble ever and will now look ahead to Girls To The Front - August 18th... Madison Square Garden - where she will meet the AWA Women's World Champion whomever it may be. Tickets for that show go on sale this coming Friday, fans... so circle it on your calendar, make sure that you're a part of the first ever all-women's show in AWA history!

[Mariah looks off-camera for a moment and then gestures for the cameraman to follow her, ending up next to a fuming Melissa Cannon who angrily kicks a rolling production case, sending it spinning across the floor as Wolfe jumps to the side out of the way.]

MW: Melissa, a quick word...?

[Cannon whips around, glaring at Wolfe... then at the camera. Her face is flushed, sweat still dripping off her body from her near-miss in the Rumble...]

MW: You came so close out there and-

[Cannon laughs without a hint of humor behind it.]

MC: "You came so close"... the story of my damn career, isn't it? You came so close to being in the first women's match at SuperClash. You came so close to being the face of the Women's Division. You came so close to being the first Women's World Champion.

And then tonight... tonight, I came so close again.

[Cannon shakes her head.]

MC: All to have it RIPPED away by...

[She growls, yanking at her own hair in frustration.]

MW: Melissa, are you okay?

[Cannon slaps her hands down onto her legs.]

MC: I'm a damn sight far away from okay, Mariah. I'm tired of it! Tired of being so close only to have it all ripped away from me... tired of people like E-Girl MAX and the Baileys running MY division. We all saw the 30 For 30... you know this division belongs to me... and now that I'm back?

[She nods.]

MC: It's time to take it back.

[Cannon storms off, leaving Mariah behind...]

MW: That's a woman determined to make an impact after her recent return to the AWA, fans. Sal, Colt... back to you.

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

SA: Thanks, Mariah... Melissa Cannon obviously feeling some frustration... feeling some anger... maybe even feeling some disrespect... and with Girls To The Front on the horizon, this Women's Division continues to be the hottest division in wrestling. And speaking of the Women's Division, fans, you may have heard, we recently signed YouTube travel influencer Katrina Coleman to a wrestler's contract after making a game effort against some of our roster on Showtime.

CP: Explain this to me, Albano, because it don't make sense to me. She goes places and records herself, and people watch it?

SA: That's right. Over two million people do, in fact.

CP: Huh. Imagine if someone popular did that.

[Big Sal shakes his head.]

SA: Now, Ms. Coleman will make her official roster debut on Showtime this coming Saturday on ESPN, but the office figured they should let her show off her other skills. They sent her, along with a camera crew, here to Dodger Stadium on Thursday, just before the Dodgers embarked on an East Coast trip, to tour the stadium. Let's take a look at what she recorded for us.

[We transition to the footage with a silhouette of a surfing woman, as Katrina Coleman bounds onto the screen, a GoPro strapped to her chest. Beside her is the statue of Jackie Robinson, sliding into home plate. Her wavy blonde hair is tied into a loose ponytail that drapes over her shoulder, and she is sporting a Dodgers cap on the top of her head. She is also wearing a loose-fitting Dodgers tank top and denim cutoffs, as well as Vans slip-on sneakers.]

KC: What's up, AWA Galaxy? This is Katrina Coleman, here at Dodger Stadium, where in just a few hours, the Dodgers are gonna take on the San Diego Padres.

[There is a crack of a baseball hitting a bat in the background.]

KC: Right now, batting practice is going on, and that sounds like a blast, right? So we're going to go down there and get involved. I can't go there by myself, though, it's more fun with friends.

[She motions excitedly off-screen.]

KC: So the hosts of Showtime, Lori Dane and Ben Waterson, have graciously agreed to join me for some batting practice!

[A smiling Lori Dane and a scowling Ben Waterson join the upbeat Katrina on screen.]

LD: Thanks for letting us tag along, Katrina, this is something I've wanted to do for a while.

[Waterson points at the GoPro.]

BW: What's that all about?

[Katrina looks down with a grin.]

KC: Oh! Well, let me introduce you to someone that my YouTube subscribers know quite well, this is Kamtrina!

[As she points at the camera, we switch to the perspective of the GoPro, where we can only hear Katrina, but we can see Ben Waterson frowning deeply.]

BW: You named a camera after yourself?

KC: This is so everyone can see through my eyes while I'm on an adventure!
Now come on, practice awaits!

[Katrina reaches out, grabbing Ben by the wrist and pulling him towards the stadium. As she walks past the statue of Jackie Robinson, she shouts out "hi Jackie!" We cut back to our cameraman's perspective with a smirking Lori Dane.]

LD: He has no idea what he got himself into.

[Another silhouette, this time of a woman on a skateboard, transitions us down to the diamond, where our trio walk out of the dugout. and Ben's eyes go wide.]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me.

[We cut towards the mound, where three pitchers await - Clayton Kershaw, Walker Buehler, and Kenley Jansen. All three look bemused as Katrina, Lori, and Ben approach.]

KC: Now the Dodgers didn't want to give us just any ol' batting practice experience, but they also didn't want to tire these guys' arms out, so we're each gonna get three pitches, okay?

[Clayton Kershaw nods his head.]

CK: We're big fans too.

[Lori looks surprised.]

LD: Oh? Will you be watching Memorial Day Mayhem?

CK: We've already got a theater lined up in Philadelphia so we can watch as a team. There was no way we were missing Juan Vasquez's last match.

[Kershaw looks thoughtful.]

CK: Actually, I don't pitch this weekend. I wonder if the office would let me-

[Ben, frowning at the mention of his longtime nemesis, interrupts the Dodger hurler.]

BW: Then I guess you won't mind pitching to me, huh?

CK: My pleasure.

[We cut to moments later, with Waterson in the batter's box and Kershaw on the mound. The first pitch comes, and Waterson misses by a mile.]

BW: Hey! It's batting practice! Throw a slow pitch!

CK: That was a slow pitch!

[A quick graphic on the screen, featuring a comic-style image of Katrina holding a radar gun, shows that the pitch was 74 miles per hour. The next two pitches, 72 and 75 miles per hour, send Waterson striking out swinging. A silhouette of a woman swinging a baseball bat puts Katrina up to the batter's box where she faces Kenley Jansen, as she shouts out.]

KC: Kinda weird for you to be a middle reliever, huh?

[The closer grins as he throws a looping pitch to Katrina, who swings and misses as she giggles, the pitch coming at 67 miles per hour. We switch to the view from Katrina the GoPro, as Katrina connects with the second pitch, a dribbler that Jansen runs forward to grab and tag the rookie. We cut back to the other camera, as Katrina swings and misses the third pitch.]

LD: Good effort!

[We see Ben rolling his eyes as Katrina walks up to the mound to high-five Kenley Jansen, and then we cut to Lori at the plate, staring down Walker Buehler. We also hear Ben Waterson heckling from afar.]

BW: Lori LAME!

[Lori swings and misses the first pitch due to Ben's heckling, as we hear Katrina mutter "knock it off..." Lori frowns and grips the bat, swinging again, but misses the second pitch. Ben finds this hilarious, as Katrina frowns with her hands on her hips.]

KC: Nobody heckled you during your time up, y'know!

BW: That's your fault for not thinking of it first.

[He turns to his Showtime co-host.]

BW: Come on, Lori! Just imagine it's Todd after he insulted you on TV again!

[The third pitch comes...]

"CRACK!"

[And Lori drills it towards right field, landing just at the wall. Katrina starts jumping excitedly, shrieking "RUN LORI, RUN!", as Ben has his hands on his head in slack-jawed shock. Lori makes it to second base before a coach chases the ball down and throws it to Walker Buehler. We cut to a few moments later, as the AWA representatives are meeting with the Dodgers stars.]

LD: I can't believe I did that!

WB: I hope none of the Phillies get a double off me on the trip.

[Buehler's teammates tease him by pushing him and shaking him by the shoulder.]

KC: Well, thank you so much for coming here and pitching to us!

CK: Thanks for coming, and take care of our stadium.

[As Katrina waves to the departing Dodgers, we hear Ben and Lori conversing.]

LD: You said act like it was Todd, so I did.

BW: I can't believe that worked...

[We get a silhouette of the surfer girl wiping out, and now our trio is seated high above the stadium, overlooking the field.]

KC: We're here at the Vin Scully Press Box, and it's hard to believe that in just a few hours, after the Dodgers take the field, our team is going to start constructing the Memorial Day Mayhem stage.

[Lori nods as Ben sips from a beer.]

LD: It's a lot of hard work that our stagehands do. Events like Memorial Day Mayhem, they'll be working hard from Friday morning all the way up until the bell to make sure the fans get an experience like none other. You know, Katrina, it takes months to conceptualize the look for our events, to bring it all together.

[She smiles wistfully.]

LD: But when it all comes together, it's magical.

BW: Especially when guys like this lose.

[Ben motions towards the field, as Dodgers public address announcer Todd Leitz starts to make an introduction.]

"Ladies and gentlemen, throwing out our first pitch tonight, he will be defending his championship here at Dodger Stadium on Monday at Memorial Day Mayhem... please welcome the AWA World Heavyweight Champion... SUPERNOVA!"

[As the crowd applauds, we cut to a shot of Supernova walking onto the mound, then throwing a perfect pitch over the plate. We cut back to the press box, where Katrina has a smile.]

KC: Now I've been to plenty of baseball stadiums, and this one has been pretty incredible. I've been told though, you can't come here without getting one of these...

[An assistant arrives, carrying three Dodger Dogs, one for each of the trio.]

LD: Oh, these are great!

BW: I prefer the Doyer Dog.

KC: Nothing beats a ballpark hot dog.

[All three take a bite as the first Padres batter comes up, and Katrina motions at her Dodger Dog with a smile as she chews, speaking with her mouth full of food.]

KC: And this is the best of them all!

[We get a silhouette transition of another surfing girl...

...and then cut back to a live shot of the sold out Dodger Stadium where, standing live in the crowd, Dodger Dog in one hand and a beer in the other, is Katrina Coleman!]

SA: And there you see her, a real woman of the people!

CP: A nutball amongst nutballs, Albano!

[We cut to a shot from Katrina's GoPro, as we can see she is in the upper deck, giving us a beautiful overhead shot of the field, the ring, and the staging.]

SA: And what a view she has! We'll see her in action on Saturday, but up next... this is one of the big ones, the reason that sixty thousand strong have jammed into this cathedral of sports here tonight on Memorial Day 2018... it's bitter, it's ugly, it's personal, it's likely to be bloody... one of the biggest rematches in AWA history... Towel Match II... and it's just about set to go!

CP: Supreme Wright versus Jack Lynch is one of the greatest rivalries in the history of this company, Big Sal, and this is just the latest chapter...

SA: This chapter began back in March at our Tenth Anniversary Show when Supreme Wright was about to get married to Theresa Lynch... and then revealed his true colors to the world. But the bad blood between these two go all the way back two and a half years ago... a feud that culminated in the first Towel Match between these two at SuperClash VII. In the time between, they've been friends... they've been tag team partners... and with Theresa cementing their bond, they've even been brothers. But none of that matters tonight. We caught up with both of these men throughout the day... and let's hear those words right now.

[The words "Previously Recorded" flash across the bottom of the screen as the camera captures Supreme Wright standing in the Loge section of Dodger Stadium. In the background, we can see the wrestling ring and the stage set-up for Memorial Day Mayhem.

The former, two-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion is dressed in a three-piece, navy and light blue checkered pattern, slim-fitting tweed suit with a white dress shirt underneath and a bright yellow necktie. His eyes blaze with purpose, glaring at the camera.

Behind him stands Takeshi Mifune. The Shadow Wolf is dressed in a gray blazer over a black t-shirt with a caricature of him placing Godzilla into the Japanese Stranglehold. In his hand he holds a white towel, his face a smug, grotesque promise of bad intentions. Supreme steps forward, his voice steady but filled with intensity.]

SW: Two and a half years, Jack Lynch. It's been two and a half years since both our lives were changed forever on a warm Thanksgiving night in Texas.

[He can barely hide the bitterness in his words.]

SW: But I might as well still be there in Minute Maid Park, because I relive that night every single day of my life.

The Towel Match.

[His eyes narrow at the memory.]

SW: The night you, Jack Lynch, handed me my greatest defeat. Not because you were more talented or skilled... not because you were better than me, but because you were fighting for something I didn't understand back then.

You were fighting for family.

For Tammy Kay. For Jamie Christina.

[A moment of hesitation, almost as if saying the name pains him.]

SW: ...for Theresa.

[Inhale. Exhale. His frustration is palpable.]

SW: Me? I was fighting for the things I always fought for. For the honor of professional wrestling. For my own selfish pride. And when these things proved to be insufficient, I fell short and you showed the world that Supreme Wright could be broken.

[He clenches his fists, the rage building up inside him.]

SW: But tonight, I'm not here for glory or honor.

Tonight, I'm fighting for HER.

[Supreme steps closer to the camera.]

SW: I'm fighting for something that once I could barely understand but something I understand now all too well: I'm fighting for LOVE.

[A beat.]

SW: And maybe that makes you laugh. But I don't need to explain myself. When I chose MY family, when I chose Team Supreme, I tore down The Pillars with my bare hands. And tonight, when I destroy you, Jack Lynch, my friend, my brother... make no mistake, it will be for HER love.

[He glances back at Takeshi Mifune, who gives a slow, menacing nod, gripping the towel tighter.]

SW: Mifune-sensei holds my towel, Jack Lynch. The world hates him. They fear him, because they cannot understand a true warrior's heart. But he's my family. The closest thing I've ever had to a father. He won't throw that towel even if my heart stops beating and my blood stops flowing. I wouldn't want it any other way.

And you? You've got Theresa in your corner, holding yours. MY Theresa. You and yours have manipulated her. You've turned her against the man who loves her, but tonight, she's going to see the truth. She's going to see who's fighting for her soul.

[Supreme leans in, his voice dropping to a low whisper.]

SW: Jack Lynch. My friend. My ally. My brother. You saw the good in me. You believed in me when you had every reason not to. When I fought by your side, that was no lie and that was no illusion. But we no longer walk the same path and we never will again. But out of gratitude, I will give you the same promise I gave Theresa.

[A beat.]

SW: "Til death do us part."

[Supreme holds his stare, unyielding, as Takeshi steps forward, placing a hand on his shoulder. The camera lingers on Supreme's face, before fading through black...

...and into the backstage area where the Iron Cowboy himself, Jack Lynch is standing in front of a plain "AWA" banner. The former World Champion is by himself, his black Stetson hat worn low and tipped forward.]

JL: I asked to be alone for this, 'cuz I ain't got much of a mind to sit here answerin' questions. Not tonight. Tonight, I just wanted to talk to ya, and tell ya what's been on my mind... and in my heart.

[The King of Cowboys takes a long, deep breath, which he exhales slowly.]

JL: Let's start with talkin' about what's obvious.

Feels like everything is goin' wrong, don't it?

I don't know when it all began, but it feels like I've been walkin' down a long road of misery for a long time.

And somehow... through the course of it, I lost two of my brothers.

[Lynch reaches up, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.]

JL: There was my brother by blood who turned his back on that blood. Who told our parents, our brothers and sisters and me that blood don't count for nothin', as far as he is concerned.

And then James went and proved it at SuperClash, writin' his exit from our family in blood.

My blood.

I'll carry the scars of that barbed wire match, both on my flesh and in my soul forever. And it seemed like no sooner than that, I turn around and the man who I thought was my brother in all but blood betrayed me worse than James ever did.

I'm talkin' about you, Supreme Wright.

[Lynch lifts his head and tilts his Stetson back, staring at the camera.]

JL: The blood that made us brothers was the blood we spilled together. You and I went to war, first against each other, but then later... by each other's side.

And I thought the bad blood had been resolved.

But then what happened? Well, ya proved that you were never nothin' more than a snake in the grass. Ya spent years lyin' in wait, just lookin' for the opportunity to put the knife in my back.

And ya sure did that, didn't you?

What shoulda been one of the happiest days in the history of my family... hell, what shoulda been the happiest day of YOUR life, marryin' my sister.

But it was all just a set up, wasn't it?

[Lynch is quiet for a long moment, before, after an exhale, he resumes.]

JL: I've seen what you've done since then... hell, what you did tonight to Brian James.

You've been runnin' roughshod over the AWA. But that ends tonight.

And by me.

[Lynch's eyes narrow, and whatever funk had been on him before seems to be melting away.]

JL: I've been knocked down. First by my brother James... and then by you. But I suppose its time to take the advice of a man I know is a true friend – Ryan Martinez. And we all know what he'd say right now.

A man gets knocked down so he can get back up again.

So here I am, standin' up, and standin' against you.

And tonight? Well... Wright, I'm fixin' to do what I did a few years back... go out there and beat ya so bad that even your own cronies know that its over for you.

I aim to set things right. In the AWA, and in my life. And just like a few years back... that starts with you.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: They say lightnin' never strikes twice, but then again, they also say that history repeats. And tonight? I know which of those two clichés I believe.

We've come full circle, you and I. Only difference is, there won't be no forgiveness, we won't ever be brothers. Not after all you've done.

It ends tonight, Wright. In that ring and with a towel thrown in.

And just like before, you'll be in the Iron Claw, screamin' for mercy, beggin' someone to throw in the towel and save whatever little piece of you that's left.

Storm's come callin', Supreme...

And you got no choice but to answer for all you've done.

See ya out there.

[And with that, Jack Lynch steps away as we fade back out to the overhead shot of the sold out Dodger Stadium, the lights brightly illuminating Blue Heaven On Earth underneath a darkening Southern California sky...

...and then fade down to Rebecca Ortiz standing center ring.]

RO: The following contest is the TOWEL MATCH!

[A big ROAR goes up from the sold out crowd!]

RO: There are NO pinfalls... NO submissions... NO countouts or disqualifications... the only way to win is to FORCE the other man's second to THROW IN the towel!

[Another ROAR rings out!]

RO: Introducing first...

["Power Slam" by Paradelous thunders through Dodger Stadium, as the lights dim, and a cascade of white lasers slices through the air, pulsing in rhythm with the pounding beat. They converge on the entrance ramp, where Supreme Wright steps out from behind the curtain, his pristine white attire shimmering under the spotlight.

The crowd unleashes a deafening torrent of boos, but Supreme's steely gaze locks onto the ring, HIS ring, his face showing unshakable confidence. At his side, stands a scowling Takeshi Mifune, clutching a black towel tightly in his right hand. Trailing behind them is a Japanese "young boy" wrestler, barely out of training, proudly waving a "Team Supreme" flag.]

RO: Making his way to the ring, weighing in at 228 pounds... hailing from Sherwood Forest, Baton Rouge, Louisiana... he is... "The White Knight"...

...SUPREEEEEEEEMMMMMEEEEEE WRRRRRIIIIIIGGGGGHHHHHHHTTTTT!!!

[The crowd's boos intensify at the announcement of the AWA's most hated villain. Supreme's attire consists of white full-length tights, matching elbow pads, kneepads, and boots, worn underneath a sleeveless white coat. He looks the part of a hero, but everyone in the crowd knows he is anything but a hero, showing him no love at all.]

SA: The crowd really letting Supreme Wright and Takeshi Mifune know what they think about them, but I don't think either one care. About these fans or even each other. Look at the towel in Mifune's hand. I'm not sure a merciless monster like Mifune would ever throw it in for Supreme.

CP: Not a chance in hell that happens, Sal. That man's got ice in his veins, even for someone he considers a son!

[As Supreme and Mifune approach the ring, the young wrestler with the flag hurries to keep pace. When they reach the apron, Mifune, with a sneer, delivers a sharp kick to the young boy's chest, sending him stumbling aside. The flag falls to the ground as the crowd gasps before booing once more, their hatred for Mifune flaring. Mifune merely cackles at his trainee's misery.]

SA: Look at that! Takeshi Mifune, just kicked his own supporter out of the way!

CP: That dumb kid with the flag didn't see it coming, but he should have. How many times has Mifune shown he has absolutely no regard for anyone? This Towel Match is about to get brutal, and Supreme Wright chose the right man to hold his fate in his hands.

SA: Giving the towel to Mifune sends a clear message. Mifune has no intention of throwing in that towel and Supreme Wright has no intention of giving up this fight under any circumstances. This is going to be a war.

[Supreme ascends the apron, pausing to bask in the crowd's venom, while Mifune follows, his grip on the towel tightening, a chilling smirk curling his lips as the music fades and Dodger Stadium braces for chaos...]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The overhead lights shift into a lower frequency, giving the entire stadium a sepia tinge. Over the loudspeakers comes the sound of a locomotive, its whistle blowing and the engine roaring.]

RO: Coming to the ring now...

[The overhead spotlight falls on the entranceway, and the lights on the aisle have created the images of train tracks.]

RO: ...from Dallas, Texas...

[Spotlights circle the stadium. And in the center of every aisle, someone rises. They are people of all types. Men, women, young, old, black, white. All of them dressed the same, in a long black duster over a white t-shirt and a pair of blue jeans. In unison, they lift their Stetson hats on place them on their heads.]

RO: ...weighing in tonight at two hundred and sixty pounds... being led down the aisle by his second for tonight, his sister Theresa...

[The train's whistle blows again, and it fades into the opening strains of Bon Jovi's "Wanted: Dead or Alive. As it does, the spotlight turns to the entranceway, and there he stands. A former National Tag Team Champion, a former World Tag Team Champion, a co-holder of the Stampede Cup, a former World Heavyweight champion.]

RO: ...THE IRON COWBOY... THE KING OF THE COWBOYS...

...JAAAAAAACCCKKKKKKKK LYYYYYYNNNNNCCCCHHHHHHHH!!!

[The Iron Cowboy stands in the center of the entranceway. His head is covered in his trademark black Stetson, his body is covered by a long black coat. It's open, and beneath it, we can see black wrestling trunks, and a black pad on his right knee. The only color is the silver trim on the toes of his black cowboy boots. Both of his fists are taped with black tape that extends from the middle of his fingers to the middle of his forearms.

Lynch steps slightly to the side, making room for his sister who smiles at the loud ovation, lifting her arms into the air to wave to the cheering crowd...

...and then accepts the white towel from her big brother, giving him a nod and a few words off-mic as he hands it from his shoulder to hers. The Iron Cowboy shares an embrace with his sister before they turn towards the walkway and start heading down the aisle.]

SA: Here they come, Colt! Brother and sister united in a common cause tonight... the destruction of Supreme Wright.

CP: Well, I understand why Jack Lynch would be out for blood tonight... but I guess it's true what they say, Big Sal... hell truly hath no fury like a woman scorned!

SA: Theresa Lynch was wronged on her wedding day, Colt! Any woman would want to be in her position to see that man suffer for it. You can't blame her for that, can you?

CP: Can I blame her for wanting to hold the fate of the man she pledged to love in her hands? Oh, jeez... I guess not! You proved me wrong, Albano!

SA: Your sarcasm is duly noted... and as the Lynches approach ringside, it looks like they're being greeted by some AWA officials who were sent out here by President Zharkov, I'd imagine.

[The Lynches come to a halt as they reach the ring, Jack shrugging out of his duster and handing off his Stetson to a ringside attendant as he glares up into the ring at his former brother without blood...]

CP: These officials forming a wall...

[The Iron Cowboy stands at ringside - Kevin Slater, Adam Rogers, and John Shock with their arms locked as they stand between him and the ring where Supreme Wright is glaring down at him...]

SA: The tension is palpable, Colt.

CP: There's guys who don't like each other... there's guys with bad blood... and then there's this. This is a whole other level. It's personal. It's family. It's blood... and there's gonna be blood spilled before this one's over.

SA: AWA officials down here at ringside, wisely keeping these two apart until the referee says it's go time.

CP: An excellent call by Zharkov. Lynch was going to tear into Wright as soon as he got in the ring... and Zharkov knew it. At least this way, the pistol stays in the holster until the ref says so.

SA: Referee Ricky Longfellow having some words with both sides... letting Theresa Lynch and Takeshi Mifune know that he's got nothing to do with this. The only way this match ends... the ONLY way... is for one of the seconds to throw that towel in and give up the match for their wrestler.

CP: Look at the Shadow Wolf. Imagine what it'll take to get a sadist like that to throw in the towel.

[Lynch's eyes are burning with hatred for his former friend... his former brother...

...and Longfellow abruptly jumps back from the ropes and shouts "LET HIM IN!" to the ROAR of the Dodger Stadium crowd as Lynch tears through Slater, Rogers, and Shock, diving headfirst under the bottom rope.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The King of the Cowboys surges to his feet, rushing forward as Wright does the same to meet him in the middle...]

SA: HEEEEEEERE WEEEEEE GOOOOOOOO!

[...and collide in a flurry of fists from Lynch, blows born out of piss and vinegar, hatred-filled haymakers that rock the former two-time World Champion...

...but as furious as the wronged Lynch is throwing, his former ally is showing no sign of retreat, holding his ground to meet every blow with one of his own with an elbowstrike to the jaw! The crowd is immediately on their feet, ROARING at the throwdown in center ring!]

SA: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

[The lanky Texan is scoring at will, Wright showing no sign of trying to defend himself - just taking the shots and giving his own in kind as the Los Angeles fans salute the early brawling!]

SA: WE KNEW IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS! FROM THE NIGHT OF THE RED WEDDING, IT HAD TO GO DOWN JUST LIKE THIS!

CP: In this business, we drop some hype on folks with the "this ain't a wrestling match, this is a fight!"... nah, nah... THIS is a fight!

[The referee looks on with wide eyes as Wright lets loose a roar, landing a trio of unanswered elbowstrikes across the mouth of Lynch, battering him backwards...]

SA: Uh oh! Supreme Wright getting the early edge with the heavy blows!

[...but Lynch is having none of it, lowering his head and rushing forward, driving his weight into the chest of Wright, SMASHING the leader of Team Supreme back into the turnbuckles!]

SA: OHH! BACK INTO THE CORNER!

[Lynch stumbles back a step, reaching up to swipe a hand across his already-bloody mouth as he takes a breath, looking in on Wright who we can already see has a cut on his cheek and a rapidly-swelling mouse over his eye...

...and Lynch lunges back in, going for the head of his former friend who snatches him in a loose bodylock, twisting him out of the corner, throwing

him down to the canvas with an uncharacteristically sloppy looking Supreme Wright belly-to-belly throw!]

SA: Wright throws him out of the corner - not a lot behind that though, just trying to create some space...

[Lynch quickly pushes up, doubled over as he gets off the mat...

...and Wright rushes forward...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and attempts to punt kick his former friend's head off his shoulders, connecting with significant impact, sending Lynch falling back into the ropes in a stagger...]

SA: What a kick by Wr-

[...but Sal doesn't even get the words out of his mouth before Lynch pushes off the ropes, lunging with his entire body weight behind a haymaker that CRACKS Wright on the jaw, knocking both men down to the canvas in a tired and battered pile after an early flurry of action!]

SA: -WOW! What a right hand by Lynch! And both men go down, Colt!

CP: If that little taste is any teaser for what we're getting the rest of this one, you're going to need an oxygen tank out here, Big Sal.

[Sal chuckles as we cut to ringside and see Takeshi Mifune, towel hung over his neck, nodding with an approving smile... and then to Theresa Lynch who looks absolutely horrified, emotionally wrecked by the opening moments of this war.]

SA: And right there, you see the difference between the two cornerpeople... as if you needed to. Takeshi Mifune loves this... LIVES for this. They could beat each other into a bloody, broken pulp and he'd call for more. But Theresa... she's gotta watch the man she once loved do battle with her big brother... how can she even watch at all, Colt?

CP: Like I said, Albano... hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

[Lynch pushes up to his knees on the mat, a red welt on the side of his cheek from the punt kick...

...and looks a little surprised as something shiny comes flying across the canvas, landing in front of him.]

SA: What is... Theresa just threw something into the ring... threw something right to Jack...

[Jack smiles at his baby sister... and then holds the object up for all to see.]

SA: It's a chain! She tossed a chain in there!

CP: What?!

[Lynch climbs off the mat, looking menacingly down at Supreme Wright kneeling on the mat, looking with alarm at Lynch... and then with shock over at his former bride...]

CP: I can't believe she'd do that to her husband!

SA: Is he her husband?! We never got an answer to that! Did the license get signed? Did the paperwork get filed?

[...and Lynch slowly wraps the chain around his taped fist, nodding his head at Wright who shakes his head at him...]

...and then surges to his feet, rushing Jack before he can strike!]

SA: OHHH!

[Or so he thought as the Iron Cowboy POPS the incoming Wright with a chain-wrapped fist, sending him falling back into the corner!]

SA: LYNCH CAUGHT HIM GOOD THERE! STARS IN THE EYES OF SUPREME WRIGHT!

[Snatching a side headlock with the off arm, Lynch gets the crowd going again with a series of short right hands to the trapped head of Wright!]

SA: And now the Iron Cowboy is all over him with that chain!

[Having landed a half dozen blows, Lynch grabs the wrist, winging Wright across into the turnbuckles where he crashes hard into the corner, stumbling back out as Lynch winds waaaaaaaay back...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets DROPPED with a big chain-wrapped fist between the eyes, knocking Wright flat on his back on the mat!]

SA: And if this was a normal match, Lynch might make the cover... but there's nothing normal about this!

[Lynch scrambles into the mount, hammering his fist down into the head of Wright over and over...]

...and we cut to ringside where we see Blackjack Lynch looking on with an approving nod...]

SA: The patriarch of the Lynch clan looking on... and he's the only member of the Lynch family ringside tonight. I asked Jack about it earlier this week and

he said there was no chance he wanted his mother... his wife... his daughter... none of them out here to see what Supreme Wright might do to him... or what he might do to Wright for that matter. Because as opposed as they are now, Supreme Wright was a part of the Lynch family for a while now. He's had dinner in that Lynch family dining room... he's ate the famous BBQ out at the firepit... he's spent birthdays and Christmas on the ranch. It's gotta be incredibly hard to see what Jack's going to have to do to him here tonight for them... Theresa most of all.

[We cut to Theresa who is watching her big brother pummel her man with a steel chain she provided...]

CP: Look at her, Sal... she's obviously going through it... and that's how you know how much she wants to see Supreme suffer.

SA: How's that now?

CP: She wanted to be in Jack's corner for this! She wanted to be ringside to see Supreme go through unimaginable pain and punishment! Even if it would hurt her to be here to watch it.

[Lynch climbs off the downed Wright, letting loose a roar that gets the crowd on their feet again...]

...and then points down at Mifune who simply shakes his head.]

SA: No chance. No chance, Colt.

CP: I'm not sure there's anything he can do to make Mifune change his mind. I was watching the original Towel Match between these two this week - that brutal battle at SuperClash VII in Houston - and you had Jack's wife holding the towel in one corner and his brother Matt holding it for Supreme. Matt let Supreme go through a lot of punishment in that... and in the end, it was Cain Jackson who threw in the towel for Supreme that night. That's why it's Mifune tonight. If the Grinch's heart is three sizes too small, Mifune's is thirty-three times if he's got one at all!

[Lynch spikes the chain down on the mat before ducking through the ropes, hopping down to the floor...]

SA: Jack Lynch to the outside... maybe looking to level this one up a notch already...

CP: We're about five minutes into this match... we've already seen a chain... and now Lynch is digging under the ring for buried treasure. This one's going to send someone to the hospital, Sal.

SA: At least... and... oh boy, here we go...

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch holds a steel chair aloft, tossing it over the ropes into the ring... and then grabs a second, tossing it in as well...]

SA: A pair of chairs added to the mix as Jack Lynch looks to take things to the Extreme in a city that knows that style well.

CP: Didn't Creed lose an eye down the street in the Coliseum?

SA: Yes he did... in the middle of a thunderstorm... hopefully we can avoid BOTH of those things tonight.

[Lynch rolls back in, grabbing the chair in both hands, looking coldly at Mifune who opens his arms, inviting the Iron Cowboy to keep going...]

SA: Doesn't give a damn.

[...and Lynch swings the chair back over his head, looking to pound Wright like a hammer with a nail...

...but Wright swings the leg up, thrusting it into the midsection of the exposed Lynch!]

SA: Oh! Upkick to the solar plexus!

[The kick doubles over Lynch which leaves him exposed as Wright swings his leg again, kicking Jack in the face, sending him staggering and falling to a knee!]

CP: Supreme Wright can do damage at any time from any position... Lynch opened himself up to use that chair and Wright made him pay for it... doing damage from HIS BACK, Sal!

SA: He's not on his back anymore though, right back up and... what is...?

[The 60,000+ fans buzz with surprise as Wright snatches the steel chair up off the mat, opening it up...]

SA: Supreme Wright setting that chair up on the mat... I'm not sure... Colt, this is NOT the Supreme Wright we're used to seeing!

[...and with a handful of Lynch's hair, he pulls him to his feet...

...and SMASHES his throat down onto the edge of the chair's back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch collapses to the mat, grabbing at his throat, coughing violently, gasping for air as Wright sneers at the stunned crowd which goes for shocked silence...

...to deafening jeers for the former fan favorite!]

SA: Supreme Wright with an absolutely VILE use of that chair and... Colt, weapons are NOT Supreme Wright's thing - his hands are his weapons, we've heard him say that before!

CP: Maybe his choice of friends and family aren't the only thing that changed at the Red Wedding.

[Lynch is rolling back and forth on the mat, his face turning red as a concerned Ricky Longfellow looks on as Theresa Lynch - her eyes red and watery - grabs the bottom rope, looking in on her brother, the white towel gripped in her hand...]

SA: And look at Wright now, telling her to do it... telling Theresa Lynch to throw in that towel and end this for her brother.

[Theresa angrily shakes her head, slamming the towel down on the ring apron to shout "COME ON, JACK!" as the crowd cheers along with her, rooting for the Iron Cowboy as Wright gives a disappointed shake of his head before bringing the gasping Lynch off the mat and throwing him back into the turnbuckles...]

SA: Lynch into the corner now, right here by us...

[...and Wright steps in, keeping him in the corner as he winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a brutal knife-edge chop right across the windpipe of his former friend!]

SA: Right in the throat! A chop right in the throat!

CP: He ain't done neither, Big Sal.

[Wright winds up again, locking eyes with his former bride...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and Theresa is screaming for him to stop as Lynch collapses to all fours, gasping for air, coughing again. Wright turns back to Theresa, leaning down to look at her...]

"Only you can stop this. Only you can end it for him."

[...and when she shakes her head, Wright grabs Lynch by the hair, dragging his struggling form across the mat and throwing his throat down on the middle rope, planting his shin across the back of the neck...]

SA: Come on! That's a choke!

CP: What are you “come on” all about?! It’s a Towel Match! Everything’s legal in this one, jack! Whatever you gotta do to get the other side to throw in the towel is acceptable... even welcome.

SA: I wouldn’t go that far... and look at this guy, tormenting the woman he claims to love... making her watch him punish her big brother!

[Again, Wright implores Theresa to end the match with a “throw it! Throw it and put him out of his misery!” But again, she refuses and he straightens up, glaring down at her before STOMPING the back of Lynch’s neck, driving his throat into the ropes again before Lynch slumps down to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor...]

SA: Jack Lynch rolls to the outside... seeking a moment and a place to recover a little. Supreme Wright with some absolutely disturbing actions, going after the throat of the Iron Cowboy... and as much as Lynch was ready for this match, Colt, I don’t know that he’s ready for THIS version of Supreme Wright.

CP: We’ve barely seen Wright even WRESTLE since the Red Wedding... and now we’re seeing what the Red Wedding created... or revealed to us. This is a different Supreme Wright... and somehow, someway... he’s even more dangerous than the guy who held the World Title twice... the guy who broke King Kong Hogan’s arm... the guy who stood toe to toe with the Syndicate...

SA: WITH Jack Lynch by his side! Don’t forget that! That’s how close these two were at one time, teaming up at SuperClash VIII to face down the Syndicate in a Street Fight... and WINNING! They beat Casey James and Tiger Claw! And now they’re tearing each other to pieces... and for what? For what?! So Wright can have followers again? So he can-

CP: So he can stop being bogged down in Jack Lynch’s wars and focus on becoming the World Champion for a third time! So he can stop being Ryan Martinez’ little buddy and start being the man this company is built around! So he can not be an afterthought at the Tenth Anniversary Show in a freakin’ wrestling wedding and he can be the greatest technical wrestler in the sport, one of the hardest hitters in the business, and one of the most dangerous men on the damn planet, Albano! How about that?!

SA: He was all of those things when he stood alongside men of principle too! But I suppose those days are over... and as Jack Lynch tries to recover on the outside, Supreme Wright wants no part of allowing that.

[Wright exits the ring, moving to pull Lynch off the mat by the hair, staring into his face...]

“Tell her. Tell her to end this for you. For your parents. For your wife. For Jamie.”

[...and the mere mention of his daughter’s name, Lynch FIRES a right hand into the jaw to a big cheer!]

SA: Lynch with a big shot! Keep his daughter's name out of your mouth, you piece of-

[Lynch drives Wright backwards with a pair of haymakers, Wright falling back against the post...

...but as Lynch advances, Wright spins around the post, reaching through to grab the wrist of Lynch... then the other...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and YANKS Lynch's face into the ringpost!]

SA: OHH! Facefirst into that unforgiving steel ringpost!

[Lynch slumps down the post, flattening out on the floor as Wright turns to look at the jeering fans at ringside...

...and smirks as he sees Blackjack Lynch on his feet, looking on with a murderous glare of his own.]

SA: Blackjack Lynch at ringside - you know this is hard for him to watch. Jack Lynch has been in a lot of wars over the years - a lot of personal wars - but this might be the worst... and this might be the hardest for Blackjack to witness considering what it's doing to his daughter as well.

[Wright mockingly waves at the legend with a "Hi Dad!" that has Lynch ready to spit nails as the fans jeer...]

SA: Calling him "dad"... what a piece of work this guy is, Colt.

CP: Oh, he's deep in your head... just like he's deep in the Lynches' head... right where he wants to be.

[Wright turns his attention back to Jack who is using the apron to try to drag himself off the mats... and Wright boosts him the rest of the way up, shoving him back into the ring...

...and is about to join him when Theresa Lynch drifts a little too close to the action, causing Wright to turn his focus onto her.]

SA: Wright locking eyes with Theresa again...

CP: An enchanted moment.

SA: Ugh... how could you even... and look at this now, walking towards her... arms outstretched...

CP: Come on, baby... give your husband a hug!

[Theresa is backpedaling away, shaking her head, seemingly on the verge of tears...

...which is when Wright suddenly turns at noise from the crowd, just in time to catch a cowboy boot to the mouth from an Iron Cowboy baseball slide that sends Wright flying across the ringside area, crashing into the ringside railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND LYNCH PUTS HIS ENEMY INTO THE STEEL!

[With Wright leaning against the barricade, Lynch sits against the ropes, trying to recover. Lynch gives a word to his baby sister - a quick "I got this, kid" drawing a smile from Theresa who backs away, giving her brother room to work...]

SA: Jack Lynch caught him good... and now it's Wright who is spitting blood at ringside.

[The camera indeed catches the two-time World Champion spitting a mouthful of crimson on the ringside mats as he leans on the railing for support, getting an earful from the very pro-Lynch fans at ringside, including a particularly rabid fan in a homemade "LYNCHEES FOR LIFE!" t-shirt with an old photo of the entire family - yes, even James and Matt. He points to the shirt, shouting at Wright - "YOU SUCK, YOU TRAITOR! GO TO HELL!"]

SA: The fans at ringside are letting him have it and-

[Wright straightens up suddenly, jerking a hand back for a backhand, causing the fan to topple backwards, falling into the seats...]

SA: HEY!

[...and a smirking Wright lowers his hand, shaking his head as the fans jeer even louder!]

SA: He just threatened a fan, Colt!

CP: Ehhh... that's kind of a gray area if you ask me.

SA: He threatened to backhand that fan! You saw it! And you better believe President Zharkov saw it too!

[Wright is standing by the railing, taunting the jeering fans...

...when he suddenly gets spun around into a Lynch right hand... and another... and another, the crowd ROARING for the flurry of fists!]

SA: Lynch is hammering away at him on the floor and-

[He POPS Wright with an uppercut, sending him staggering away from the railing back towards the ring as Lynch helps the fan up, giving him a high five that the young man will never forget...]

SA: -yeah! That's more like it! Jack Lynch making memories on the outside...

CP: And while he's hugging babies and kissing old ladies, he let Wright get away from him. That's why he'll fail when Wright succeeds.

[Lynch heads back in after the fleeing Wright, rolling in after him, scooping up a steel chair as he does...]

SA: Both men back in but Lynch isn't alone!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch delivers a brutal blow with the chair across the back of Wright, putting him down on all fours...]

SA: Lynch rocks the back of Wright with that chair!

[The Iron Cowboy throws a look at Mifune who returns the stare...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then HAMMERS the chair down across Wright's back a second time, causing Wright to flatten out on the mat! Lynch looks at Mifune again who feigns a yawn... and a pissed-off Lynch flips the chair around in his hands, the edge of the chairback pointed down...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a look at Mifune who nods...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and another look at Mifune who nods more aggressively, gesturing at his downed student...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and as Mifune doesn't even make a move towards his towel at all,, a furious Lynch SPIKES the chair down on the mat, hands on his hips as he stares at the Shadow Wolf.]

SA: And right about now, Jack Lynch is facing the harsh reality that no matter what he does to Supreme Wright, he may not be able to force Mifune to throw in that towel, Colt.

CP: Takeshi Mifune does NOT care what Lynch does to Wright. He does NOT!

[Lynch shakes his head as he opens up the chair, setting it standing on the mat as he pulls Wright off the mat...

...and then lifts him up under his arm, the crowd buzzing as Lynch stares dead in the eyes of Mifune who assesses the situation, his hand drifting slightly up to the towel...

...and then jerks it back down, shaking his head...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BAAAAACKBREAKER ON THE CHAAAAAAAAAIR!

[...and Lynch MANGLES the steel chair by delivering a backbreaker across the seat of the chair, destroying both the seat and Wright's back in the process! Wright flails about on the mat, clutching his lower back as the crowd ROARS for the dangerous back-breaking maneuver...]

SA: Jack Lynch taking it to the Extreme and Supreme Wright's spine just paid the price!

[...and the camera cuts to Takeshi Mifune who just smiles in response... and then to Theresa who recoils in shock, fingers tangled in her hair as she looks on in disbelief!]

SA: Theresa Lynch can't believe what her brother is having to do out here...

CP: But look at Mifune! He's smiling! He liked it!

SA: What in the hell is it going to take to get through to this guy?!

CP: Nothing! Not a damn thing! And that's why he's holding the towel for Team Supreme and not a bleeding heart like Theresa!

[Coming back to his feet, the Iron Cowboy looks down at Wright... then over at the smiling Mifune...

...and then lifts his gloved hand into the air, twisting his fingers into a familiar position that gets 60,000+ on their feet!]

SA: He's calling for the Iron Claw! The signature hold of the Lynch family!

CP: What's he think that's going to do to Mifune that wrecking Wright's spine with a steel chair didn't?!

SA: I don't know but we're about to find out... or maybe not.

[The crowd jeers as Wright, seeing the Claw coming, rolls his way over to the ropes, hanging onto them as Lynch grimaces...]

SA: The ropes won't save him here but being in them gives him more options to get out... so it might buy him a little bit of a stay of execution for the moment.

[The big Texan drags Wright off the mat, pushing him against the ropes, throwing some big looping right hands to daze the leader of Team Supreme...

...and then with a nod, Lynch steps through the ropes to the apron.]

SA: What's this now?

[Lynch reaches back in, snatching a front facelock...]

SA: Whoa, whoa, whoa!

CP: I told you - I watched their first match and Lynch did this EXACT thing to Wright two and a half years ago in Houston! A suplex to the floor would be devastating right now, Big Sal...

SA: With the damage already done to his back, absolutely!

[Slinging the arm over his neck, the Iron Cowboy goes to lift Wright up into the air for a vertical suplex...

...but Wright snaps off a knee to the skull near the peak of the lift, forcing Lynch to put him back down...]

SA: The ever-resourceful Wright escapes and-

[...and Wright returns the favor, lifting Lynch into the air...

...and then THROWS him forward, sending him crashing facefirst down on the ringside mats!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: STRAIGHT DOWN TO THE FLOOOOOOOR!

[The crowd reacts with shock at the counter as Theresa Lynch races around the ring, dropping to her knees to check on her brother's condition as the fans buzz with concern...]

CP: Supreme Wright with one hell of a counter, Big Sal... and that may have saved him big time! Lynch was looking for that suplex to the floor and... I don't even want to think about what that would've done to Wright's back.

SA: Not a lot of give on the outfield grass here in Chavez Ravine and- oh, what's this now?! Get him away from here!

[The AWA faithful react angrily as Takeshi Mifune walks over towards Theresa Lynch, shouting at her to stay away from her brother...]

SA: The Shadow Wolf... I don't like him anywhere NEAR Theresa Lynch, Colt.

CP: He IS pretty unpredictable.

SA: That's one way to describe it...

[Theresa backs away as Mifune lurks over her, glaring down at her...

...and then grabs Lynch by the hair, pulling him to his knees.]

SA: Watch him! Watch him!

CP: He's not gonna hurt Lynch. He's got too much honor in the art of the fight to do that.

[Mifune shouts something in Japanese at the kneeling Texan...

...and the crowd ERUPTS as Lynch reaches up from his knees, snatching the Iron Claw on the Shadow Wolf!]

CP: Unlike No Honor Lynch there!

SA: HE'S GOT THE CLAW ON MIFUNE!

[Lynch uses the leverage to drag himself to his feet, holding onto a struggling Mifune's skull to the ROAR of the Dodger Stadium crowd...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who react in a shocked and screaming fashion as Supreme Wright HURLS himself between the ropes into a suicide dive, jamming his elbow into the jaw of the Iron Cowboy!]

SA: SUICIDE DIVE TO THE OUTSIIIIIDE! Supreme Wright - again away from the usual tactics, digging into a more unpredictable offensive attack than what his former friend might have anticipated.

CP: It's brilliant, Big Sal!

SA: Or some might say it's desperate, Colt Patterson. However you chalk it up, it's been effective so far for sure.

[Mifune looks ready to draw blood when Wright extends a hand, shaking his head...

...and the Shadow Wolf angrily kicks at the barricade, knocking a pair of Lynch fans backwards as he spews some angry Japanese words in their direction!]

SA: Again, these Team Supreme villains are berating the fans in Los Angeles!

CP: Not the super nice Japanese guy like they've got down the road in Anaheim either. Shohei Ohtani might hit one four hundred feet but he's not likely to choke you out for booing him.

SA: The fans are giving it to Mifune as good as he's giving it to them... showing no fear of the Shadow Wolf!

CP: It helps when you can hide behind a steel barricade.

[Mifune has a few angry words for the "LYNCHEs FOR LIFE" guy too as Wright again implores his bride to throw in the towel for her brother... but Theresa is defiant, shaking her head...

...which leaves Wright to grab Lynch by the wrist, dragging him across the ringside area...]

SA: Uh oh... where is he going now? I don't like the looks of this at all.

[...and places Lynch's hand down on the steel ringsteps, looking Theresa dead in the eye...]

"Do it!"

[...but when she shouts "NO!", Wright lifts his leg...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and VICIOUSLY stomps the right hand, smashing the fingers into the steel steps!]

SA: STOMPING THE HAND... THE FINGERS... TRYING TO BREAK THAT HAND, COLT!

CP: Supreme Wright would break your hand if he was still a baby-kissin' fan favorite. If you're going to boo him anyways, he'll bring every damn finger on Lynch's hand to make Theresa throw that towel! Every single one of them!

[Lynch rolls to his back, cradling his injured hand to his chest as Theresa recoils back like she's been slapped in the face...]

"Now? Will you do it now?"

[...and with less defiance but still determined, Lynch shakes her head, her lip trembling as an angry Wright kicks at the steps, knocking the top half off the base.]

SA: Supreme Wright losing his cool out here... and now he's gotta be wondering what it'll take to get Theresa to throw that towel.

CP: This might do it!

SA: This... what?! WHAT IS HE DOING?! WHAT IS HE DOING?!

[With Lynch's hand back on the metal base, Wright stomps the wrist, pinning it down as he muscles the other half of the steel steps up, looking right into Theresa's wide eyes as she grabs at the towel...]

SA: She's gonna throw it! She's gonna-

[...but turning away, making it so she doesn't have to watch, she pulls the towel down...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Wright SLAMS the top half of the stairs down on his former friend's hand, causing Lynch to HOWL in pain on the floor!]

SA: HE'S GONNA BREAK HIS DAMN HAND, COLT!

CP: I told you, Albano! I told you he'd do it!

[Blackjack Lynch is angrily shouting at a stoic Supreme Wright from beyond the railing but this time, the two-time World Champion doesn't even acknowledge him, stepping forward so that he's standing behind Theresa who is sobbing now, her chest heaving with each breath as Wright leans closer, whispering to her...]

SA: This sick son of a... this guy needs his ass kicked, I'm tellin' ya that!

CP: That may be true... but I'm lookin' around that AWA locker room and I'm wonderin' who the hell is gonna do it if Jack Lynch can't do it for his own family, jack!

SA: We are approaching the twenty minute mark of this one... remember, no time limit in this one. They can go all night if they have to... until the sun is rising over the Hollywood Hills!

[Wright turns away from Theresa's back, dragging the Iron Cowboy off the ringside mats, chucking him back in before rolling himself in...

...and he promptly pins the arm to the mat, scissoring it between his legs to immobilize it as Theresa slowly turns to look at the action unfolding as Wright grabs the fingers...]

SA: AHHHH!

[...and BENDS them backwards against the grain as the crowd groans in sympathy for one of their favorites!]

SA: He's trying to snap the damn fingers right in front of Theresa!

[Wright's face shows nothing but cold focus as he twists and bends the fingers of the King of the Cowboys, causing him to cry out in pain...

...and Theresa beats her fists into the apron, screaming at him to stop!]

"You stop it! You alone can end this for him, Theresa!"

[But Theresa shakes her head, refusing to throw in the towel...

...which is when Wright goes to work on unwrapping the tape from around Lynch's hand, twisting and tangling it around the fingers...]

SA: Sweet Mother of Mercy, no...

[...and YANKS on the tape, bending the fingers back at an ungodly angle!]

SA: ...he's gonna do it! He's going to break the fingers of Jack Lynch!

CP: Unless Theresa throws the towel! She's right there!

[Theresa grabs the towel in hand, drawing it back over her shoulder...

...but Jack's anguished howl of "NOOOOOOO!" stops her short as she grimaces, pulling the towel back down.]

SA: So close! She was close to throwing it in but Jack Lynch told her no... and Supreme Wright is NOT happy about that. Back on his feet and- OHHH! He stomps the hand again!

[Lynch rolls to his knees, cradling the hand as Wright stands over him, shaking his head at Theresa...]

"You should have ended it... now it's only going to get worse."

[He snatches Jack by the hair, prepared to make good on his threat as he pulls Jack's head back so he can see him...

...and Jack throws a left hand into the midsection!]

SA: Oh! Jack fighting back!

[And another! And another, breaking Wright's grasp on his hair, stumbling a few steps back...

...and Lynch YANKS the legs out from under him, putting Wright on his back as Lynch climbs off the mat, holding one of the legs in his hands...]

SA: What's he...?

[Lynch throws a look at his father at ringside who nods his head as Lynch raises his big ol' cowboy boot off the mat...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and STOMPS down into the groin of Supreme Wright, causing the crowd to recoil in horror and Theresa to look on in shocked disbelief.]

SA: He just STOMPED him right in the Wright family jewels!

[Lynch glares at Mifune who shifts uncomfortably, a slight wince on his face as he shakes his head...

...and Lynch STOMPS a second time!]

SA: Mifune refusing to quit - and you get the feeling if this was an I Quit Match, Wright might give it up right here...

CP: But it's not and Mifune stays strong!

SA: This is what Shadoe Rage did to Blackjack Lynch a couple of years ago at Showtime!

CP: You mean the so-called Savior of the AWA once brutalized an old man? Some hero of the people he is.

SA: Shadoe Rage has never claimed to be a saint... and with Jack Lynch out here in those black trunks and boots, he's no saint either as Supreme Wright is learning the hard way right now.

[Lynch looks at Mifune again...

...and Mifune turns his back on the ring.]

SA: Wow! We've seen this before, Colt. We saw Jack's little brother Matt do that exact same thing at SuperClash VII during the original Towel Match between these two.

CP: It worked then, didn't it?

SA: I suppose it did but-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -a third absolutely sadistic stomp down into the groin of Supreme Wright... and Wright is absolute agony, turtling up on the mat as Lynch lets go...

[Lynch looks down with disgust at his former friend who is writhing in anguish on the mat...

...and the Iron Cowboy walks over to the corner, going to work on the turnbuckle...]

SA: ...and it looks like the Iron Cowboy is going to use this ring to his advantage, pulling off that turnbuckle padding to expose the solid metal buckle underneath...

[Lynch tugs one buckle covering off, throwing it aside... and then goes to work on the middle buckle as well...]

SA: ...and don't look now but Jack Lynch is exposing every single metal buckle in that corner, Colt.

[With the buckles exposed, Lynch walks out to mid-ring, dragging a pain-wracked Wright off the mat by the arm...]

SA: He's gonna...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and WHIPS him into the corner, Wright's spine SLAMMING into the exposed metal! He bounces out, collapsing facefirst to the canvas as Lynch shouts at Mifune, pointing to Wright... but again, Mifune shakes his head.]

SA: I just don't know, Colt... I don't know if ANYTHING gets that man to surrender.

[Lynch holds up his hand, trying to show the signal for the Iron Claw again but grimaces as he forces his injured fingers apart...]

SA: Jack Lynch is calling for the Claw... but with the injured fingers...

CP: With the injured fingers, it might not do any damage at all! Supreme Wright may have completely taken that weapon out of Lynch's arsenal tonight.

[As Wright struggles to get off the mat, one hand on his back and the other on his... front... he wobbles towards a waiting Lynch who swings his arm forward...]

SA: CLAW!

[...but Wright brings his arms up, gripping the wrist on the injured hand, blocking Lynch's attempt to hook the hold...]

SA: Wright's fighting it! He's got the wrist, keeping the hold from being applied and-

[...and Wright SMASHES his skull into Lynch's!]

SA: -OHH! HEADBUTT BREAKS THE HOLD!

[Lynch staggers backwards, falling facefirst into the corner, his arms up over his head as Wright checks his own forehead for blood.]

SA: A skull-splitting blow landed by the two-time World Champion and-speaking of the World Title! This is how he won the first one!

[Wright grabs Lynch from behind, trying to lift him up onto his shoulders...]

SA: He's looking for Reign Supreme! He's looking for-

[...but Wright suddenly cries out, grabbing at his lower back.]

SA: No! No! He can't get him up!

[Lynch swings his elbow down a few times, breaking the lift attempt... and revealing a stream of blood coming from his forehead from the headbutt!]

SA: Oh! That headbutt split him up! Jack Lynch has been busted wide open at the hands of his sworn enemy...

[Wright staggers backwards as Lynch swings around, arm up and swinging...]

SA: CLAW! HE HOOKS THE IRON CLAW!

[But with the injured fingers, he just can't fully apply it, allowing Wright to reach up, pushing the hand away...

...and with dazzling speed and efficiency, he hooks the fingers with his own, twisting the wrist violently to push it down to the canvas, and STOMPS the fingers again as Lynch - and the fans - cry out in pain!]

SA: OHH!

CP: That's all too familiar to the heroes of the AWA, Big Sal!

[Again, Jack Lynch finds himself down on the mat, cradling his mangled hand as his sister defiantly refuses to throw in the towel yet again.]

SA: Wright with the mount... ohhh! Big elbow to the cut forehead... and another... and another! Wright just pummeling the Iron Cowboy, really opening him up now...

[Theresa again beats her fists into the apron, shouting at her former fiance to let up on her brother...

...which is Takeshi Mifune's cue to let loose some mocking cries from across the ring, echoing Theresa's shouts to jeers from the AWA faithful.]

SA: Mifune... what a piece of work that guy is. Sadistic as they come... cold, calculating... cruel.

[With Lynch bleeding badly now, Wright drags him up by the hair, tossing him back into a corner...

...and with a smirk on his face and a point to the mocking Mifune, Wright steps into the corner after the big Texan, winding up...]

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

[With the crowd POURING boos down onto Wright...]

CP: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

SA: Mocking his former friend Ryan Martinez who you know is looking on from backstage...

[...the two-time World Champion makes a show of pausing, taking a breath, cupping his hand to his ear as he listens for them to call for more...]

SA: Sixty thousand strong are all over this guy and deservedly so!

[...and with a nod, Wright strikes again. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the mocking chant of Mifune.]

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

[Wright grabs the wrist, whipping Lynch from corner to corner and as the Iron Cowboy bounces out, Wright goes charging across the ring, leaping into the air, extending his leg...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: EXCALIBUR CONNECTS! Blatantly ripping off the moves of the White Knight, Colt!

CP: Hey, Supreme taught him the Excalibur so it's only fitting that he takes it back if you ask me!

SA: Nobody asked you!

CP: Don't take your hurt fanboy feelings out on me, Albano, or we're gonna have a problem!

[With Lynch bloodied and wiped out on the canvas, Wright stands over him, a foot pressed down between his shoulderblades, looking out on the deafening jeering crowd as Theresa buries her face in the white towel, still refusing to throw it in...]

SA: Supreme Wright glaring at Theresa... perhaps in disbelief that she's allowing her brother to go through this but this is exactly what Jack Lynch wants, Colt.

CP: Oh, I don't doubt that for a second. Jack Lynch would probably rather go on the shelf for months than to let sweet little baby sis, Theresa, down after what Supreme Wright allegedly did to her and the whole Lynch family.

SA: Allegedly! We saw him do it! We saw what he did at the Tenth Anniversary Show!

CP: Of course we did... I'm just not sure the Lynches didn't have it coming.

SA: Ah, just what we needed... another color commentator who hates the Lynches.

CP: Hey, our families go back a long, long time, Albano. I know the Lynches better than most and I know what they're capable of doing to an outsider... even one they're clinging to their bosom at the time.

[Seeing no towel coming in, Wright shrugs as he walks across the ring, retrieving a steel chair that he positions in the middle of the ring...]

SA: Wright dragging that chair out to the middle... and now he's pulling Lynch up off the mat...

[...and drags Lynch into a front facelock, eyes locking with Theresa before he slings Lynch's arm over his neck...]

SA: What in the world is he...?

[...and Theresa scrambles up on the apron in a panic, towel pulled back and at the ready as the crowd jeers the actions of Wright...]

CP: I believe he's setting for the Brainbuster on that chair, Albano.

SA: I believe you're right - and I believe that Theresa Lynch just stopped it!

CP: For now... but she's gotta throw it to stop it for good!

SA: Is she? Is she gonna throw the towel?

[Wright hesitates as he waits to see if the towel flies in...

...and that hesitation is enough for Lynch to blindly charge forward, shoving Wright with him across the ring...]

SA: LOOK OUT!

[...and Theresa barely lunges out of the way, falling to the apron where she rolls off to the floor as Lynch SHOVES Wright through the ropes, both men tumbling all the way down to the floor to a ROAR from over sixty thousand fans!]

SA: OH! TOO CLOSE! Theresa Lynch almost got taken out by her own brother and...

CP: Her husband?

SA: I really hate to call him that but... yes, perhaps. We need some clarification on that front!

[We cut to the outside of the ring, the bloodied Lynch and Wright laid out on the floor in a pile as Theresa Lynch clutches her chest, trying to regroup over near being wiped out by the two men...

...and then to Takeshi Mifune who slowly makes his way around the ring, looking down on the laid out Wright with a nod of his head. He shouts something in Japanese at Wright - angry and harsh... but somehow motivational as Wright rolls over onto his hip, trying to get out from under his bloodied rival.]

SA: The action's spilled out here on the floor again... both men down... both corner people there watching, looking on...

[Both men are struggling to get off the ringside mats as Mifune barks in Japanese at Wright again, causing Wright to grit his teeth as he drags himself out from under Lynch, hauling him up off the ground...]

SA: Wright pulls Lynch up and-

[Lynch again lowers his shoulder, wrapping his arms around Wright, driving him backwards across the ringside area...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and somewhere between the sounds of over five hundred pounds of body weight slamming into metal and sixty thousand fans ROARING for the

impact, another sound is heard... a sound that sends a feeling of dread through the production area...]

SA: What the...?!

[...and the camera tells the tale as we see that barricade has snapped off one end of the connector, the metal fencing being shoved inwards towards the front row, the wrestlers spilling into the crowd!]

SA: Oh... oh no. We're going to need some help out here! We've got a section of our barricade... of our security railing that just snapped off and...

[Security is the first on the scene, fanning out to make sure the wrestlers stay out of the crowd and the crowd stays out of the ringside area...]

SA: Security out here... here come some officials from the back now... some of our production team at ringside... we've got stadium staff out here as well... this is a chaotic scene over here as we try to get some control...

[Through of sea of bodies trying to settle the scene, Jack Lynch pulls Supreme Wright out of the crowd, tossing him back under the ropes.]

SA: The action moving back into the ring thankfully...

[As Lynch climbs to his feet, blood streaming down his face, he lifts his hand again...

...and then points at the leg of Supreme Wright.]

SA: ...and if you can hear these fans - and I know you can - you know that Jack Lynch just laid down the ultimate threat! The Iron Claw on the knee - the move that won the first Towel Match... the move that dislocated the kneecap of Supreme Wright before!

[But as Lynch pulls the leg up into range, Wright kicks off with both legs, sending Lynch flying backwards, crashing into the turnbuckles to groans from the anticipatory crowd, eager to see Lynch put an end to his hated rival...]

SA: Wright escapes again... climbing to his feet, looking for his own opportunity to end this!

[Pushing Lynch back into the corner, Wright winds up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and lays in a big chop, going right back the other way to slam an elbow into the jaw of the Iron Cowboy!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Another chop...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...another elbow...]

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and so it goes.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[And with Lynch hanging onto the ropes, desperately trying to stay on his feet, the blows become harder and quicker, foregoing the chops now and going straight to elbows over and over, harder and harder...]

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and as Wright gets angrier... more fierce... more violent with every blow...]

SA: THE VIOLENCE PARTY IS IN FULL EFFECT IN LOS ANGELES! AND THERE AIN'T NO PARTY LIKE A WEST COAST PARTY 'CAUSE THIS VIOLENCE PARTY DON'T STOP!

[...fury spilling all over the place, Wright rears back again, ready to deliver a final blow...

...and then pulls up short!

Wright freezes, slowly turning to look at his hand...

...which is clenched into a fist.]

CP: And just like two and a half years ago, Supreme Wright CANNOT bring himself to throw a pun-

[And as Wright's face twists into one of rage...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...he throws the punch!]

SA: OHH! HE DID IT! HE PUNCHED JACK LYNCH! THE NIGHT THE LINE IS
CROSSED!

[And he throws another!]

SA: OH!

[And another!]

SA: OHH!

[And another!

And another!

And another!

And another!

And another!

And another...

...driving Lynch down to a knee, hammering away as Wright lets loose a shout of anguished rage! He twists away from the corner, a ferocious look on his face before he buries his head in his hands...]

SA: The man has snapped... and I think he just realized it! He's having some kind of... what? Fit? Crisis?! I have no idea but-

[Wright snaps out of it quickly though, swinging back to charge into the corner..

...and Lynch comes tearing out of the corner, leaving his feet!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: LARIAAAAAATOOOOOOOOOOO! JACK LYNCH TAKES HIS DAMN HEAD CLEAN OFF!

[Both men collapse to the mat, the exhausted crowd paying tribute to the action they’re seeing with an extended thunderous roar most often reserved in this cathedral of sports for a Clayton Kershaw shutout win or a towering Andre Ethier walk-off home run...

...but on this night, it’s for the bloodshed... the unparalleled action... the heights of competition... the emotions of the moment... the thrill of it all.

On this night, it’s for Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright who have given their all to TAKE the other man’s all... to leave them with nothing.

But as the referee watches, looking down to see if either man looks able and willing to continue...

...we soon learn that “nothing” has not been reached.

Not yet.]

SA: BROKEN BODIES! BLOODIED SKULLS! AND YET, THEY KEEP FIGHTING! JACK LYNCH DRAGGING HIMSELF OFF THE MAT... USING THAT STEEL CHAIR TO SUPPORT HIS BATTERED FORM...

[Lynch staggers as he gets up, slapping the chair down on the mat, shouting “QUIT, MIFUNE! THROW THAT DAMN TOWEL!” and Mifune shakes his head, a cold glare aimed at the Iron Cowboy who waits... and waits, watching Supreme Wright push off the mat to his knees...]

SA: LYNCH WITH THE CHAIR!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and the Iron Cowboy SMASHES the steel chair over the kneeling Wright’s head, Wright just barely getting an arm up to partially shield his skull as Lynch delivers a reckoning upon him!]

SA: That’s it... my god, that’s gotta be it, Colt!

CP: Tell Mifune that!

SA: HE CAVED THE MAN’S DAMN SKULL IN! END THIS THING!

[Lynch throws the chair down on the mat, pointing at the motionless Wright who collapsed onto his chest, his arms over his head as Mifune's stoic visage cracks... just for a moment... as he looks in on Wright...]

SA: Takeshi Mifune... is it? Is it enough?

[Mifune's hand shifts slightly, his fingers gripping the towel around his neck...]

SA: We are over thirty minutes into this war - this brutal, bloody, unhinged war in the middle of Chavez Ravine... and could this be it? Could it finally be over?

[...and Mifune snatches his hand away from the towel, almost like he's embarrassed he even thought about it, wrapping his hands around the bottom rope, bellowing at the former two-time World Champion as Lynch looks down on Wright, watching as the leader of Team Supreme rolls over onto his back...]

...and the crowd ERUPTS into a buzz as they see a heavy flow of blood coming from the wound inflicted by Lynch's steel chair blow!]

SA: Oh... oh no... and now it's Supreme Wright who is busted wide open! We've got blood on the part of BOTH of these competitors and...

[Lynch looks at Mifune who clenches his jaw, shaking his head...]

...and Lynch angrily stalks over, dragging Wright to a seated position, smashing a fist down into the cut forehead...]

SA: OH! What a right hand!

[...and Lynch just opens up, hammering the wound over and over until the blood is pouring down the face of his rival...]

SA: And I'd say this one's getting hard to watch, Colt, but it's been hard to watch for a while now. These two are absolutely battering each other, punishing each other...

CP: A match like this certainly can shorten someone's career, Sal.

SA: A match like this could END someone's career if you ask me.

[...and as Lynch shoves Wright's limp form back down on the mat, he steps to the feet, looking at Mifune...]

...and then grabs the foot, lifting the leg off the mat, staring dead in the eyes of the Shadow Wolf... who looks slightly alarmed for a moment as Lynch lifts his hand...]

SA: He's going for the knee! He's going to lock in that Iron Claw on the knee!

CP: You talk about ending a career! You talk about-

[Lynch looks down on his bloodied foe, ready to lock in a potentially career-ending hold...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...which is when Wright swings the free leg up, driving his foot up between the legs of the Iron Cowboy who proves not to be iron all over!]

SA: He... I can't... he kicked him low, Colt! When the hell have we EVER seen Supreme Wright use a low blow?!

CP: Desperate times call for desperate measures... and that sadistic Texas was going to try to end the man's career! When someone's trying to end your career, you do WHATEVER it takes to stop them! Supreme Wright did one hundred percent the right thing!

[Wright climbs off the mat, wiping blood from his eyes as he looks down at Lynch... then out at Theresa who is looking on in horror at the blood-covered mess going on in front of her..]

...and then goes down on his knees, sneering as he rolls Lynch onto his side... slipping his left arm behind Lynch's neck...]

CP: We've seen this before, Albano!

[...leaning down, pressing his torso into the upper back of Lynch, forcing his head and neck downwards towards his chest!]

CP: IT'S THE SUGAR HOLD!

SA: WHAAAAAT?!

CP: The trademark hold of Roosevelt Wright... and Jamie Christina Lynch's favorite wrestling move!

SA: COLT! How could you?! For our fans who weren't with us two and a half years ago, this is the damn hold that Supreme Wright once threatened to apply on little Jamie Christina! He threatened to put it on Jack Lynch's baby girl - his daughter!

[Theresa looks through the ropes through tearful eyes again, pleading with her brother to escape... and again, we see Takeshi Mifune shouting at her... berating her... bullying her to throw in the towel...]

SA: Get Mifune away from her!

[Theresa backs away, Mifune advancing on her as the crowd lets loose STADIUM-SHAKING jeers for his actions!]

SA: Somebody's gotta stop this, Colt! This guy's out of control!

[Theresa backs into the railing, suddenly out of room to get away from Mifune who is right up in her face, screaming in Japanese at her...

...when suddenly a bold fan reaches over the railing, shoving at Mifune with "GET AWAY FROM HER!" It's the "LYNCHES FOR LIFE" fan that gets big cheers from the fans around him as security rushes to get in his way but fail to stop him from reaching over the railing, slapping an angry hand down on the chest of Mifune...]

SA: We've got a fan getting involved and-

[...and Mifune suddenly whips the towel off his shoulders, wrapping it around the neck of the fan...]

SA: WHAT THE HELL?!

[...and YANKS him over the railing into the ringside area!]

SA: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

[Mifune stands over the fan, sneering down at him as security grabs Mifune, trying to drag him away...

...when suddenly, the gap in the railing becomes a serious problem.]

SA: Uh oh... we've got a problem out here. We need more help! More security!

[The fans are surging towards the gap, ready to rip Takeshi Mifune apart for laying hands on one of their own...

...and the rest of the stadium's crowd ERUPTS as a literal flood of humanity comes pouring out of the backstage area, rushing down to ringside to try and keep things under control!]

SA: We've got... look out!

[Officials... security... uniformed police... you name it, they are on the scene, forming a deep wall between the gap in the barricade and the ring as Mifune peels away. Theresa Lynch looks alarmed by the sudden crowd, moving towards her father who puts a protective hand on her shoulder...

...and inside the ring, we see Wright break the submission hold, grimacing and letting loose a roar as he muscles down the pain while muscling up Lynch onto his shoulders...]

CP: Forget about all this - look in the ring! Look in the ring!

[...and backs into the corner, breathing heavily as he tries to steady himself, using the ropes to support Lynch's body as he steps up onto the bottom rope...]

CP: Sal, I thought he was going for Fat Tuesday...

SA: I think he is! I think he's going for a Fat Tuesday... OFF THE ROPES! Looking to cave in the ribcage of Jack Lynch... looking to perhaps create internal injuries... looking for perhaps one final shot to send Theresa Lynch into a towel-throwing frenzy!

[Wright grimaces, grunting with exertion as he forces himself up onto the middle rope...]

SA: On the second rope... trying to keep Lynch there...

[The Iron Cowboy realizes he's in serious trouble, swinging his injured right hand to smash off Wright's face once... twice... three times...

...but the mangled hand has little impact as Wright clenches his jaw, letting loose a roar as he tries to step to the top rope!]

SA: ...WRIGHT'S ON THE TOP! WRIGHT'S ON THE-

[The crowd collectively gasps as Wright's foot slips under the weight of Lynch, one foot dropping down onto the second rope while the other stays up top, Lynch slipping off the shoulders to stand on the middle rope...]

SA: -WHOA! WHOA! Wright BARELY hanging on! He almost slipped to the floor and...

[With Wright struggling to regain his balance, the lanky Texan reaches down...]

SA: What in the...?

[...wrapping his arms around Wright's body...]

SA: WHAT IN THE...?!

[...and Lynch steps onto the top rope...]

SA: NO! NO, NO! DON'T DO IT, JACK! DON'T DO IT!

[...and with an anguished roar of exertion, Lynch lifts Wright up into the air...]

SA: SWEEEEEEET SAN ANGELOOOOOOOOOO!

[...and steps forward, throwing Wright into the air...]

SA: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...and BOTH men go plummeting off the top rope, crashing down onto the pile of humanity that's underneath them between the ring and the steel barricade!]

[illegible]

[The announcers go silent as Lynch and Wright are sprawled out on the floor, bodies all around them from the shocking impact. And the fans greet the moment with the only way they know how...]

[illegible]

[With the crowd getting censored by the powers that be, the announcers finally break their silence...]

SA: For the love of all that is holy... and fitting in this stadium... I can't believe what I just saw... I can't BELIEVE what I just saw! Jack Lynch turning that Super Fat Tuesday into the damndest superbomb I've ever seen in all my days! Thank god in heaven that there were so many bodies out here on the floor because... well, I hate to think about what would've happened if we didn't have all those people out here that they just landed on, Colt.

CP: I'll tell you EXACTLY what would've happened, Big Sal! That lunatic Jack Lynch just attempted to END Supreme Wright's career... if not WORSE... right out here in front of the whole world! He tried to CRIPPLE him, Albano! Call it like it is!

SA: He did... he did... you're absolutely right that he did. Jack Lynch just took this beyond any limits we could've possibly expected and... again, I'm so thankful that they did not get a direct fall to the floor. It may not be concrete... but the outfield grass... the infield dirt... that's an impact that could've broken a spine for sure. They're both hurt... they're laid out... they're hurt BAD... and this match may be over right here and now... but at least someone should be able to walk out of here! If there wasn't...

[Sal trails off as we cut to ringside where Mifune and Theresa are both kneeling down, checking on the men they've seconded for this war.

Surprisingly, even Mifune has concern on his face for Wright who is unmoving on the floor as we've got medics rushing onto the scene to tend to... well, everyone.]

SA: Not just Jack... not just Supreme... but we've got so many people down after that. So many people laid out. You can see Doc Ponavitch and his team coming out here to check on them...

CP: We're going to need a whole lot of stretchers out here, Albano.

SA: I'm afraid you're right...

[We hold on Theresa and Mifune, staring each other down, both holding the towels in their hands, almost silently daring the other to throw in the towel and finally end this bloody conflict...

...when someone, miraculously, Jack Lynch rises to his feet on rubber legs, barely able to hold his balance as the sixty thousand fans ROAR in tribute for the Iron Cowboy!]

SA: LYNCH LIVES! LYNCH LIVES AND LYNCH STANDS!

CP: Incredible. Absolutely incredible.

[Lynch reaches down into the pile of bodies, grabbing something...

...and then drags Supreme Wright's dead weight out of the mass of humanity, pulling him towards the ring.]

SA: And finally... finally it may be time to end this!

[Lynch drags Wright off the floor, shoving him back into the ring, rolling in after him...]

SA: Both men in the ring... both seconds back looking on...

[An exhausted and bloodied Lynch drags Wright off the mat, blood staining the white tights of the leader of Team Supreme as the Iron Cowboy muscles him up onto his shoulders...]

SA: ...Lynch has got him up... barely able to stand under Wright's weight...

[...and suddenly gets a running start...]

SA: What's he...?!

[...and HURLS Wright into the exposed steel buckles with a Texas Stampede, throwing his body in a Death Valley Driver type motion into the buckles with extreme force and impact...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...enough impact onto the exposed buckle to cause another loud SNAP to ring out, the top rope breaking loose, falling down to the canvas as Wright slumps motionlessly into a pile, Lynch collapsing alongside him!]

SA: WRIGHT IS DOWN! LYNCH IS DOWN! THESE TWO ARE LITERALLY TEARING THE DAMN RING DOWN AROUND THEM!

CP: The top rope broke completely loose when they hit the corner... they're lucky they didn't fall to the outside after that, Big Sal.

SA: Very lucky... both men down... Mifune looking on... Theresa as well... is THAT enough? Is THAT enough for the Shadow Wolf to throw in the towel?

[Lynch pushes up onto his knees, blood covering his face, barely conscious... the light dimming behind his eyes as the Iron Cowboy surveys the scene around him, staring out at Mifune who shouts at Lynch in Japanese, dragging a thumb defiantly across his throat...]

SA: Son of a...

[Lynch pushes to his feet, shaking his head, wiping the blood from his stinging eyes, wobbling towards Wright who is down on the mat, on his chest near the buckles...]

SA: Lynch is moving in... I'd say for the kill but I don't know... I just don't know if there's ANYTHING he can do to get Mifune to throw in the towel, Colt.

CP: I told you, Albano! I told you it would never happen! Mifune will NEVER throw in that towel!

[Lynch reaches down, grabbing Wright, hauling his lifeless form up off the mat...

...and Wright suddenly swings around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRACKS Jack Lynch across the temple with the steel bar that held the top rope to the ringpost that broke off!]

SA: WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

CP: That's what you get for never putting together a ring, Albano! He hit him with that metal piece that holds the turnbuckles to the ringpost! That thing is solid steel and... he may have knocked Lynch out cold!

SA: Jack Lynch went down like a sinking stone and... he might have a concussion! He might have a cracked skull! He might... here comes Theresa now! Oh no... get out of there, Theresa! Get out of there!

[With Wright down on his knees and Lynch laid out on the mat, Theresa kneels down next to her brother, shaking him, trying to stir him back to consciousness...]

SA: Theresa... oh... oh no... no, no, no...

[Sal's reaction comes as Takeshi Mifune climbs into the ring as well, stalking towards Theresa...]

SA: Theresa, get out of there now!

[...and now Theresa has spotted Mifune, falling to her rear, looking up at Mifune who is towering over her...]

SA: I don't... Colt, I don't know what he'll do to her! He's crazy! He's out of control!

[Theresa is cowering on the mat as Mifune stands over her...]

SA: This is terrible! He can't do-

[...and the crowd suddenly ERUPTS!]

SA: BLACKJACK! BLACKJACK!

[The patriarch of the Lynch family comes over the railing, moving as quickly as he can to slide into the ring, coming to his feet...

...and yanks his leather belt from around his waist, winding up...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and LASHES it across the back of Mifune to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

SA: BLACKJACK WHIPS HIM! WHIP HIM LIKE A DOG, BLACKJACK!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Mifune staggers towards the ropes as Blackjack wraps the belt around his fist, making sure the very large buckle in the shape of the great state of Texas is across his knuckles...]

SA: Look at the size of THAT, Colt!

CP: That buckle's as big as Texas itself!

[...and a BIIIIIG HAYMAKER with the belt sends Mifune flying through the ropes to the outside, Blackjack going through the ropes after him to a massive roar!]

SA: BLACKJACK'S TAKING THE FIGHT TO MIFUNE ON THE OUTSIDE!
NOBODY DOES THAT TO HIS LITTLE GIRL!

[And with Mifune and Blackjack brawling on the outside, Supreme Wright climbs to his feet inside the ring. He steps towards Theresa, bringing her up to her feet...]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and she SLAPS him across the face, spinning him around like a top...]

SA: CLAAAAAAW!

[...right into Jack Lynch applying the Iron Claw!]

SA: HE’S GOT THE CLAW APPLIED! CHOKING DOWN THE PAIN IN THAT HAND! SQUEEEEEEEZING THE SKULL OF SUPREME WRIGHT!

[Wright’s already bloody head is bleeding even more now, his life’s crimson pouring down his torso as the crowd is ROARING, jumping up and down with anticipation that the end is near...]

SA: Where’s Mifune?! Throw in that towel! Throw in that-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[You could hear a damn pin drop.

I mean, what other reaction could you possibly have to seeing Theresa Lynch kick her big brother right in the Lynch family jewels?]

SA: WHAT DID SHE DO?! WHAT DID SHE DO?!

CP: I LOVE IT, ALBANO!

[Lynch lets go of the hold immediately, staggering in a circle, staring in disbelief through blood-stung eyes at his baby sister who glares at him, staring him dead in the eyes after having him booted him in the balls...]

SA: WHY?! DAMN IT, THERESA! WHY?!

[Lynch seems to be asking the same question when...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...Theresa does it again, kicking Jack low and watching as he sinks down to his knees. Sixty thousand people are SCREAMING bloody murder as Theresa Lynch looks her brother dead in the eye... and pfeaces him down off his knees to the mat!]

SA: This is... this is wrong... this can’t be happening, damn it!

[Climbing off the mat, Supreme Wright grins at Theresa Lynch...

...and then snatches his rival in his unbreakable submission hold, the Cobra Clutch Crossface, cranking back on the hold!]

SA: And there's the Crossface!

CP: Nobody's even gotten out of this, Big Sal! Nobody!

SA: Wright tightening it up, cranking the neck, the blood streaming down the face of Jack Lynch - all the blood loss, all the pain, all the agony... the betrayal!

[Wright keeps on pulling, bending Lynch backwards as the Iron Cowboy's struggling arms start to slow...]

SA: Jack Lynch is... he's fading, Colt!

CP: He sure is!

[...and the arms stop, flopping limply to the mat as Theresa Lynch looks down at him, shouting at him. Her face is angry... bitter... filled with rage as she berates her big brother...]

SA: I can't believe this. I can't believe what we're witnessing here tonight.

[...and snatches up the towel, rubbing it in the face of her brother, getting his blood all over it...

...and with fury on her face, she whips around and flings the towel into the referee's face!]

SA: Unbelievable.

[The referee catches the towel, looks at Theresa... and waves for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: It's over.

[The Dodger Stadium crowd has been whipped into a bloodthirsty frenzy, baying for the heads of the "happy couple" - Supreme Wright and Theresa Lynch. Wright lets go of the Cobra Clutch Crossface, allowing Lynch's bloody face to bounce off the canvas as the two-time World Champion comes to his feet, locking eyes with his bride as they stand over her unconscious brother...]

SA: Why?! Damn it - why did this happen, Colt?!

CP: Ain't true love fantastic, Albano?

SA: I'm gonna be sick.

[The crowd lets their feelings be known as Theresa rushes into her man's arms, the biggest boos of the night perhaps raining down on husband and wife. Takeshi Mifune steps into the ring, a little worse for wear from his brawl with Blackjack Lynch, but holds his black towel into the air behind Wright and Theresa who are locked in an embrace...]

SA: The fans are letting these two - these three if you count Mifune - know exactly how they feel about this situation... and on this night, Blue Heaven On Earth... has been turned into HELL!

[The embrace continues as we fade from the ring, heading backstage to where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing, shaking his head with disgust.]

SLB: Wild, wild stuff here tonight in Los Angeles... and who the hell would have EVER thought we'd see what we just saw?! Theresa Lynch betraying her own brother - her own flesh and blood - to help Supreme Wright? Absolutely disturbing, fans. We need answers from that young lady... and we need 'em soon. And perhaps soon is when we'll get them... because Memorial Day Mayhem is not the end of all things, it's only the beginning as we've kicked off the AWA's summer in a major way this weekend in Southern California and it's only going to get better. Let's take a look...

[We cut to a graphic promoting the next show on the AWA tour calendar - Showtime On Tour: The Temple - Boyle Heights, California.]

SLB: Southern California isn't done with us quite yet. Next Saturday night, we'll be back in action right down the road in Boyle Heights as we invade the warehouse known as The Temple. Once the home of some of the most popular lucha libre action in recent years, now deserted... abandoned... and ready to be taken over by the American Wrestling Alliance. And we've already got one heck of a lineup coming that night - the World Television Title will be on the line when the undefeated Odin Gunn - if he can even walk fresh off one of the most brutal matches we've ever seen last weekend - takes on Odysseus Allah. The Women's World Tag Team Titles will be on the line when Harley Hamilton and Cinder take on The Peach Pits. The Serpentes do battle with the Country Punks. And so much more!

[The graphic shifts to promote some of the upcoming events - Saturday Night Wrestling in San Jose... Showtime On Tour: Ring Wars at the former IIWF Coliseum in Portland... Saturday Night Wrestling in Portland... Showtime On Tour in Seattle...]

SLB: We're heading North! Northern California! Portland! Seattle! And don't forget the big 4th of July show in the KeyArena in Seattle when the AWA presents Opportunity Knocks II. You want to call someone out? We got a ring. We got a mic. Do that thang!

[...and then on to Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada for Showtime... Calgary for Saturday Night Wrestling... Showtime in Winnipeg...]

SLB: We're heading to Canada for a few big shows... and then on to our annual stop - always one of the highlights of the year in Grand Forks, North

Dakota. I'm looking forward to this next one too, fans, as Showtime On Tour rolls into the Mall of America! I hope they've got a Hot Dog On A Stick.

[And then to a graphic that promotes five specific shows.]

SLB: And then, AWA fans... then we get what a lot of folks in the locker room and in the front office are calling the High Five. Five huge events... five weeks in a row... and it all kicks off with Saturday Night Wrestling: Duel At The Diamond when the AWA rolls into the Rogers Centre in Toronto for the first time since SuperClash IX last year... that's going to be a big one. The following week, it's all about the ladies as Girls To The Front - the very first women's exclusive AWA event - hits the Mecca of Sports and Entertainment, Madison Square Garden. Then it's on to Philly for what's sure to be an extreme edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. The Showtime summer tour is wrapped up with One More For The Road in the Hammerstein Ballroom in New York City... and lastly, we hit national network TV with National Wrestling Night: Parade of Champions at the TD Garden in Boston!

[Blackwell takes a deep breath, swiping across his brow.]

SLB: Whew! What a loaded summer it's gonna be! And I can't wait to be a part of all the action. Right now though, we're going to head over to Mariah who is standing by outside the office of the AWA President! Mariah?

[We do indeed cut to a grinning Mariah Wolfe who is stationed outside the office door.]

MW: Thanks, Lou! Unfortunately, I have to be the bearer of bad news here as I tried to get an interview with President Zharkov to address some of the controversial things that have gone down here tonight and he refused to comment on air... however, he did say that he will be on hand in Boyle Heights on Saturday night to address some of what we've...

[Mariah trails off as a raucous cheer interrupts her and we see E-Girl MAX appear on the scene. A triumphant Harley Hamilton is being carried on the shoulders of the Thompson sisters, as we see they're flanked by Cinder, Casey Cash, and Riley Campbell. The twins set Harley down, as she stands in front of Mariah grinning from ear to ear. The group is loud, laughing, and still riding the high of Hamilton's victory.]

MW: Harley Hamilton, congratulations on your victory-

[Harley places a finger on Mariah's lips...]

HH: Shhh...

[... and holds up her iPhone as "Nothing's Gonna Stop Us Now" by Starship blares from it. Cinder, as usual, belts the chorus.]

C: #Nothin's gonnae stoap us, nothin's gonnae stoap us noooowwww!!!#

[Harley grabs Cinder in a fierce hug and the two squeal with joy, as Riley snaps photos, her camera clickly furiously.]

HH: We did it! We did it!

C: A'm pure chuffed fur ye! My darlin' Harley was pure dead brilliant!

[Mariah tries to restore some order, tapping Harley on the shoulder as she and Cinder jump up and down. Harley releases Cinder from her embrace, glaring at Mariah with an annoyed expression on her face.]

HH: Ugh. What do you want?

MW: Harley, you and your friends are understandably excited-

HH: Of course we're excited, Mariah! This isn't just my win, this is E-Girl MAX's victory! We just won the Rumble and there's nothing you or...

[She cups her hand to her mouth, shouting the next part so Maxim Zharkov can hear if he's in his office...]

HH: ...YOUR OVERLORDS IN THE FRONT OFFICE... can do about it! Our plan was executed to perfection!

HT: Yeah, we're not just a couple of pretty faces.

MT: We've got brains AND beauty!

[The twins giggle, striking sultry poses for Riley's camera.]

MW: Harley, your strategy clearly paid off, but at Girls to the Front-

CC: But nothing! At Girls to the Front, Harley's tearing that World championship right off Julie Somers' waist!

[Harley grins, grabbing Casey by the waist and twirling her around before dipping her dramatically, before pulling her back up to her feet and planting a big kiss on Casey's cheek.]

HH: I love this girl! Casey, you're my hype queen!

[Casey laughs, playfully slapping Harley on the shoulder as she rubs her cheek where Harley kissed her, as Riley's camera catches every moment.]

MW: So Harley, I have to ask-

HH: Look Mariah, all you need to know is that E-Girl MAX is no longer the future of the Women's Division... we are the NOW. And as far as Julie Somers goes? She better enjoy the time she has left as champion. Now if you excuse me, we're off to celebrate!

[Harley throws her head back, laughing, as the group erupts in cheers. The Thompson Sisters, Harmony and Melody, lift Harley back onto their shoulders and start chanting in unison...]

"HAR-LEY! HAR-LEY!"

[Cinder and Casey join in, pumping their fists, while Riley Campbell snaps photos, her camera clicking wildly. As they exit, Riley spins around for one final shot, the camera flash popping brightly, and catching Mariah square in the eyes.]

MW: ACK!

[Mariah flinches, blinking rapidly, her composed facade cracking for a moment.]

MW: That dumb, overgrown, unprofessional...

[She straightens up, forcing a smile.]

MW: Well, there you have it folks. A jubilant Harley Hamilton and E-Girl MAX are riding high after the Rumble. Back to you, Sal and Colt at ringside!

[The camera lingers on Mariah's slightly frazzled expression as the chants of "Har-ley! Har-ley!" fade down the hall, before we fade from the backstage area back to ringside...]

SA: Riding high indeed... E-Girl MAX... love them or hate them... are on top of the Women's Division right now, Colt Patterson.

CP: That's right, Albano, and I can actually TASTE the bile you said that with! Harley Hamilton, the winner of the Rumble. Cinder, the winner of Steal The Spotlight. Together they're the Women's World Tag Team Champions... and Harley said it herself, Albano... Julie Somers better enjoy the time she has left as champion!

SA: Casey Cash with a good showing here tonight in the Rumble as well... and she looks to be in one piece after fighting all over ringside with the Hall of Famer Stephanie Harper... but I don't want to talk about the Rumble right now, Colt. I want to talk about our two matches still to come... and the role that the AWA front office has played in both of them with some recent decisions. Earlier tonight, we heard it made official that both Atlas Armstrong AND Veronica Westerly are banned from being at ringside for the World Title showdown between the champion Supernova and the challenger James Lynch... a match we'll see in just a few moments... and a decision that could have a significant impact.

CP: It definitely could. Any time you strip away someone's manager from them unexpectedly, it can deal a major blow... strategy, support... someone to shout at the referee if they're out of line. All of that's gone now. James Lynch is on his own and that could be a difference maker.

SA: And what about tonight's Main Event - the retirement match for Juan Vasquez as he takes on longtime rival Raphael Rhodes... and the front office has sanctioned a Special Guest Referee for this one... someone very familiar with both competitors... in Shane Destiny.

CP: That one's a bit of a tossup, you know? Like you said, he's got connections with both of them... I hear both of them approved it... I don't know if he's got any kind of sinister motives for accepting...

SA: Maybe we should ask. It's rare that we hear from the officials in our Main Event contests, but standing by with Mark Stegglet is tonight's special guest official, Shane Destiny! Mark?

[We cut to Mark Stegglet, who gives a nod. Standing beside him is the man in question, Shane Destiny. Destiny wears the traditional AWA referee's shirt, but has opted for a pair of shorts, as he has a metal knee brace on each leg. As Destiny notices Stegglet's nod, he grins and talks just loud enough to be picked up.]

SD: Don't worry, kid, I'll get you through it.

[Stegglet cracks a grin of his own as he tries to ignore Destiny's remark.]

MS: That's right, Big Sal, I have the special guest official for tonight's Main Event, Shane Destiny. Shane, it's an unusual role for you tonight, isn't it?

[A nod from the recently-retired Destiny.]

SD: It is. I've been the ref for some matches at the training school, but this...

[He motions with his hand.]

SD: Kind of a step up. I even had to go to a meeting! I had no idea referees went to meetings.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: The fans at home might not know that, but our officials try to stay on top of things. It's a tough job.

[Destiny rubs the back of his head, a bashful grin on his face.]

SD: Yeah, I'm probably not going to make it any easier on 'em.

[Stegglet arches his eyebrow.]

MS: Oh?

SD: Oh yeah. When I told them how I was planning on officiating, there was this big uproar of "you can't do that", and "it'll make us look bad", and "the

other wrestlers are going to try and get away with murder". That's actually why I asked for this time, after Zharkov came in and placated them.

[Stegglet frowns.]

MS: Interim President Zharkov had to get involved?

SD: Well, yeah. You go into a referee meeting and tell them you don't plan on enforcing any of the rules, and they're going to get upset, sure.

[Stegglet almost drops the microphone out of shock as Destiny rolls his eyes.]

SD: Why is everyone getting so puritan about this? I'm not gonna let one of them use a machete or anything.

MS: You just said you're not going to enforce the rules, though! It's Juan Vasquez's last match! How could you just let anything go?

[Destiny holds up a finger.]

SD: Exactly. Do you know why Juan wanted me for this match, and why Raph was okay with it?

[Stegglet's curiosity is raised, along with his brow.]

SD: Do you remember 2014? Juan had gotten hurt... think it was his shoulder. It's hard to remember which injury it was.

[Destiny points to his head.]

SD: It's hard for the ol' memory to bring it all together.

[A nod from Stegglet, and Destiny points to his left knee.]

SD: While he was out recovering, I was also out rehabbing a torn ACL in this knee. We were both going stir crazy just sitting at home doing our rehab, and ONE of us has a private jet, won't say who, but we decided we were going to go to some baseball games. Derek Jeter was having his retirement tour and we wanted to watch him play. So every couple of weeks, he'd fly his jet to Philly, and we'd go to Boston, or New York, or Baltimore. Casey Cash always tells me she saw us at one of those games, when the Yankees were visiting the Orioles.

[Destiny smirks at the memory.]

SD: It was a good summer. It reminded me of why Juan and I became friends in the first place. Juan got back to work and I was still rehabbing, but we got to go to Jeter's last game, us and Luke and Michelle, all together like the old days. None of us even had a rooting interest. You can appreciate what you're seeing when a legend's retiring, right? The team you root for doesn't matter, it's knowing that you got to be there to see them live.

[Stegglet nods as he follows Destiny's story, trying to understand what he's saying.]

SD: So Jeter's coming up for his first at-bat. I nudge Juan with my elbow, and I go "man, it would suck if there's a close pitch and he argues balls and strikes, and the ump tosses him, huh?" Not like it mattered, Jeter isn't the kind that would argue, but I always thought it stunk when a referee tried to make himself seem important by enforcing the rules by the text of the rule, and not the spirit of the rule.

[Just then, Stegglet's eyes flash with realization.]

MS: So you're saying you're not going to enforce the rules because-

[Destiny interrupts.]

SD: Because a fan who bought a ticket here tonight, or bought this pay-per-view... they know it's Juan Vasquez's last match. Not only that, but it's Raphael Rhodes' last chance at beating Juan Vasquez. Now I ask you, kid, what kind of jerk would I be if I disqualified either one of them for not breaking at five? Or if I counted one of them out when they were at the apron when my count hit ten? I might forget how to count past three until the match is over anyway.

[He smirks.]

SD: Tonight, I'm not letting them kill each other or anything. If one can't go, I'll stop it. But there won't be any ticky-tack disqualifications, and the counts will be a little lax. And if I never get another invite to ref for the AWA again?

[He shrugs.]

SD: How the hell can I possibly top this anyway?

[And with that, the guest referee walks out of frame, as Stegglet looks back at the camera with a smile.]

MS: How indeed. Well, while tonight's Main Event official may be giving the combatants the benefit of a doubt, I don't think the competitors in our World Title match - now just moments away - will be so lucky... and with the bad blood between James Lynch and the AWA World Champion Supernova... let's just say whoever drew the short straw to officiate that one may have their work cut out for them. Right now, let's go over to James Lynch who is just moments away from the biggest singles match of his career!

[Cut to backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing with the Demon Cowboy himself, the Lynch family Black Sheep, James Lynch. While normally dead eyed and humorless, at this moment, Lynch wears a very uncharacteristic smile.]

SLB: James Lynch... I am certain I know what you are smiling about!

JL: Do you mean my sister finally seeing the light?

SLB: I mean yet another betrayal of your brother!

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: So far as I can tell, Blackwell... that is the same thing.

Once again, Jack... the chickens have come to roost. All of your lies, all of your selfishness... it has come back to bite you.

And you deserve it.

[Blackwell's jaw drops, throwing up his free hand.]

SLB: That is your brother you're talking about!

[Lynch smirks.]

JL: Exactly.

But you know what, Blackwell? I've talked about Jack Lynch enough. Hell... I've BEATEN Jack Lynch enough. He isn't part of my life, and he isn't why I am here tonight.

Because Jack isn't the only Lynch getting what he deserves tonight.

[Lynch's expression turns sinister.]

JL: Tonight is the night that I climb to the very top of the mountain, tonight is the night that I prove I'm the greatest wrestler named "Lynch" there's ever been.

Tonight, I become World Champion.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Well, you do have a match against Supernova tonight. But your quest to become World Champion may hit a bump in the road. Namely, tonight, the two people who have been in your corner these last few months, Veronica Westerly and Atlas Armstrong have been banned from ringside.

[Lynch turns, glaring at Blackwell until the latter begins to squirm in discomfort.]

JL: If you think I need someone else to fight my battles for me, Blackwell, then you just haven't been paying attention.

Veronica and Armstrong, do they make my life easier? Of course they do.

But I'm not looking for easy tonight, Blackwell. Tonight, I'm out for blood. And for me... hunting has always been a solitary sport.

SLB: You seem awfully confident for someone who no longer has the deck stacked in his favor.

JL: Haven't you been listening, Blackwell?

I don't need help.

You see... months ago, I was you, Supernova.

[Blackwell interjects with attitude.]

SLB: You impersonated him. But you never were him.

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: Oh, but I was, Blackwell. The moment I put on that makeup, I became Supernova. I put myself in your mind and under your skin, 'Nova. And do you know what I realized when that makeup was on my face?

There's nothing beneath it.

You're nothing, 'Nova, but a hollow shell. You're empty inside, filled up with the cheers of fickle fans who only cheer you because they don't have it in them to actually achieve anything themselves.

I've seen what you see in the mirror, Supernova. I've looked into your eyes and seen through your soul.

You don't have what I have.

You don't have the courage to burn your world down and walk away from the ashes the way I have. You've never had to do terrible things and then find a way to face yourself.

You just put on another layer of makeup and hide.

[He smirks.]

JL: But tonight, I take it all from you. Tonight, the masks you wear come off... and the world will see that once the makeup is washed away, there's nothing left.

I will be World Champion come night's end.

And once again?

The world will see that when it comes to Supernova... there's nothing there at all.

[With those words, Lynch turns, and walks away...]

SLB: Arrogance. Bitterness. Jealousy. The hallmarks of who James Lynch is in 2018. But as much as I hate to admit it, we may need to add "World Champion" to that list before this night is over. Mark Stegglet is standing by with the champion to get his thoughts. Mark?

[We cut to another part of backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing next to the AWA World Heavyweight Champion Supernova. The franchise of the AWA is dressed in a black singlet with the image of a yellow and orange, exploding star on the front, along with black tights and black wrestling boots. He also wears a pair of shades and a black trenchcoat. His brown hair hangs just past his ears. The AWA World Title belt is strapped around his waist.]

MS: That's right, Lou! We are just moments away, Supernova, as you are just about to walk that aisle to defend the AWA World Title against James Lynch. It wasn't that long ago, after you lost a non-title match to Atlas Armstrong, that he, James Lynch, and Veronica Westerly made off with the World Title belt. You would get it back a few weeks later but over the past several weeks, it has become clear that for the Westerly Dynasty, it was all about the numbers game... but not tonight. Tonight, it looks like things will stay between you and James Lynch because Armstrong and Veronica Westerly have been barred from ringside, champ!

[Supernova holds up his hand.]

S: Let me stop you there for a minute so I can address something... about Atlas Armstrong. You see, I may have been wrong about him.

[A brief pause for effect.]

S: He had a point that he doesn't pick a fight, then run away, but that he will fight you man to man. I do need to stand corrected there... after all, he certainly didn't run away from a fight when he confronted me and Ryan Martinez in Reseda last weekend.

But there IS something I said that Atlas didn't push back about... that's what I said about James Lynch.

[Nova glares into the camera.]

S: And we've seen it for months now... James Lynch opens his mouth, brags about himself, taunts everybody else, and once it gets heated, he lets Atlas fight it out while he hightails it out of there, leaving Atlas to wonder why James doesn't have his back.

Now, Atlas, that wouldn't make you a bully, sure, but what would it make you? I know what I would say.

It makes you a stooge.

[He gives a quick nod.]

S: But that brings me to the other half of the so-called Westerly Dynasty... and Mark, you do remember what happened a year ago as it relates to James Lynch?

[Stegglet pauses, then nods his head.]

MS: Yes, James Lynch was posing as you, making everyone believe you betrayed the AWA. And then, you revealed that you were posing as the Masked Outlaw to expose him. Which, of course, brings us to tonight's title match. I can only imagine you have a lot to settle with the man you're about to face.

[Supernova gets a slight smile on his face.]

S: To say I would have a lot to settle would be an understatement, Mark. While I was suspended, I had to watch as James Lynch posed as me, made everyone think I had sold my soul to somebody else, threw away everything I stood for and chose to become somebody else's stooge.

And after I took it upon myself to become the Masked Outlaw to expose the fraud that had been perpetrated, nobody talked about how they were mistaken... in fact, James' brother thought he could somehow save his soul.

But then what happened?

I fought back against that regime, I persevered, I earned myself a shot at this.

[He gestures to the title belt.]

S: And along the way, I learned that the fans were still in my corner, that they still believed in me. And when all was said and done, I overcame everything to win the belt that is around my waist now.

[He spreads his arms out for a moment, allowing his trenchcoat to part a bit and giving everyone a good look at the belt around his waist.]

S: But since I won this title belt, James Lynch decided to put his nose in my matches, run off with the title belt, then keep running away every time I would come out to confront him.

James Lynch has, time and again, hid behind Atlas, made him carry the load... while he tucked his tail between his legs and fled every fight.

And that, James Lynch, is what makes you a coward!

[Another quick nod.]

S: But in tonight's match, you won't get to make somebody else carry the load. It's just you and me. You won't be able to hide behind somebody else. You won't be able to avoid answering for the fights you wanted to pick.

Now, don't get me wrong, James. I know you present a challenge. You deserve credit for finding a way to beat your brother, the man they call Mr. SuperClash, on that very stage where your brother earned that name.

But that was when you were facing your brother... a brother by blood and a man who once thought you were his brother by bond. And he held back just enough to give you an opening to seize your triumph.

Obviously, I'm not your brother by blood, James... but more importantly, I'm not your brother by bond. I won't have any reason to hold back, and I won't have any reason to give you an opening because I'm feeling conflicted or sentimental.

And if you find yourself in a position when you worry that your career might be at stake, that you might have to again spend years out of action, wondering if doctors would ever give you clearance, and you look at me with pleading eyes and say "Supernova, you are the hero, please help me."

I will look right back at you and whisper...

[He then lowers the tone of his voice into a near-whisper.]

S: No.

[He then glances at Stegglet, who speaks again.]

MS: It sounds clear that you don't intend to show any mercy to James Lynch tonight, Supernova. The question, though, is what exactly can we expect to see in tonight's match as you look to not only successfully defend your title but settle a personal score with the Lynch brother?

S: Mark, let's go back to what James Lynch had to say in Reseda... how he said that he's already taken my name, taken my face and now he'll take the one thing I have left, that being this right here.

[He gestures to the title belt again.]

S: I've already taken back my name. I've already regained my reputation in that locker room. I've kept the support of every fan who believes in me. As far as my name goes, it is whole again.

But as far as taking my face?

[He then pulls his shades off, revealing the orange and yellow face paint around his eyes. And now he raises his voice... not a lot, but just enough to get a point across.]

S: You look into my eyes, James Lynch! The face may have changed but the fire is still there... in fact, the way the face has changed, you don't have to look hard to see the fire in the eyes!

But more importantly, James Lynch, the face has changed from a man who once may have just been happy to see the fans, to a man who is letting you know that this is more than just about a title!

This is about all that's happened, from what happened more than a year ago to what has happened these past couple of months and ending this, once and for all!

Tonight, James Lynch...

[He raises the hand that holds his shades and points toward the camera.]

S: YOU BURN!

[With that, Supernova relaxes his posture, then takes the shades, folds them up and tucks them into a pocket in his trenchcoat. The AWA World Champion then walks off the set.]

MS: I think we may have just seen some shades of the old Supernova in the new one that wears the title belt. Let's go back to Sal and Colt!

[We fade from backstage out to the overhead panning shot of the sold out Dodger Stadium...]

SA: Thanks, Mark... Supernova obviously is looking for some payback for all James Lynch has put him through over the past year or so right out here under the stars of the Los Angeles sky... and speaking of stars...

CP: Is that the only segue you can come up with?

[Sal chuckles as we cut from the wide shot of the Dodger Stadium crowd to ringside where we see...]

SA: We want to give a special thanks to Dodger living legend Clayton Kershaw out here with his family at ringside. He did a great job throwing out the first pitch for us here tonight... to the shock of no one, Colt.

CP: You know I taught him his curveball, right?

SA: Is that right?

CP: Would I lie?

SA: No comment on that but... hey!

[We cut to another part of ringside where we see "Big Papi" himself, David Ortiz. Ortiz has done some light facepaint work to mimic what Supernova is wearing and is sporting an orange, yellow, and white Supernova baseball

jersey - currently available on AWAShop.com - as Ortiz lets loose an old school Supernova howl for the camera.]

SA: Big Papi is here - former Boston Red Sox player... former AWA wrestler... and former tag team partner for the World Champion Supernova... David Ortiz is right down here at ringside to watch his friend in action, Colt.

CP: He'd better stay right there in his seat if he knows what's good for him.

[Sal laughs.]

SA: Tonight, James Lynch looks to add his name to a very prestigious list - a roll call of honor some might say... let's take a look...

[The stadium lights dim as the Dodger Vision screens light 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 almost six 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 promoting 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 finally to Supernova, showing him on the ropes with the title belt held overhead.]

“SUPERNOVA - CHAMPION #13”

[And then to black...

...before fading back to the ring where ring announcer and hometown girl Rebecca Ortiz is waiting.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONSHIIIIIP!

[Ortiz pauses, smiling at the ROARING crowd!]

RO: For the duration of this match, Atlas Armstrong and Veronica Westerly have been BANNED from ringside!

[Another big ovation rings out.]

RO: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[Darkness fills the stadium as all lights go black. Over the loudspeakers comes the craggy, portent laden voice of the original Man in Black, Johnny Cash.]

“And I heard, as it were, the noise of thunder. One of the four beasts sang, ‘come and see.’ And I saw. And behold... a white horse!”

[Cash’s voice fades out, and there comes the sound of crashing thunder, followed by the sound of a stampede of horse hooves, thundering across Dodger Stadium. The stadium floods with a hellish, red light.]

RO: Coming to the ring, hailing from Dallas, Texas...

[The sound of thunder gives way to the steady drumbeat and twangy guitars of 7Horse’s “Meth Lab Zoso Sticker” as the crowd erupts into boos.]

RO: ...weighing in tonight at two hundred and thirty pounds... representing the Westerly Dynasty... he is the DEEEEEEEEMON COWBOOOOOOY...

...JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMES LYNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Through the haze of the red lights emerges the Demon Cowboy, James Lynch. Lynch wears a long black leather duster, open to show his bare chest beneath. As he strides past the camera, we see that on the back of the duster is a white skull wearing a black cowboy hat and a red bandana. He’s wearing a pair of long wrestling tights, that are currently covered in black leather chaps, held up by a black belt with a silver belt buckle. Both of Lynch’s hands are covered in black gloves, while the lower half of his face is covered in a black bandana with a white skull design. Lynch’s long, dirty

blond hair is pulled back into a tight ponytail and his brown eyes stare straight ahead, their gaze cold and merciless.]

SA: The Black Sheep of the Lynch family... although these days, I'd say he's not alone in that... heading down the aisle, looking to add himself to the history books as the second member of the Lynch family to wear the top prize in our sport, the AWA World Championship. His brother Jack held the title for 41 days in 2016 - defeating Johnny Detson to wear it and dropping it to Juan Vasquez... but he will live in eternity as an AWA World Champion... and you better believe that drives his brother mad.

CP: Supernova better hope not. James Lynch is a dangerous competitor on any given day... on a day when he wants to upstage his brother, he becomes even more dangerous. Jack Lynch lost the Towel Match earlier, letting his family down... and YOU better believe that's going to send James Lynch to a whole new level here tonight to show the world that he IS the proverbial head of the table when it comes to the Lynch family.

[Lynch makes his way to the ring slowly and first takes off the long duster. Next to be removed are the chaps, revealing that his black tights have a pair of crossed six shooters done in white on the left hip, and a pair of red branding irons on the right. On the backside is the flag of Texas in a blood red color. Lynch's black and red boots have the classic "cowboy" design so common for wrestlers from his home state.]

SA: When you look at the history of this man inside an AWA ring, Colt, it's almost impossible to believe he's here tonight challenging for the World Title. Joining the company when the AWA bought Blackjack Lynch's Premier Championship Wrestling back in March of 2011... he was primarily a tag team wrestler at first, teaming with Jack to win the Stampede Cup in September 2011... and then going on to win the National Tag Team Titles at SuperClash III in November of that year from Violence Unlimited. After losing the titles, James was sidelined off and on due to some knee injuries but seemed on the verge of a comeback when his family got into a bloody war with the Beale Street Bullies in 2013... only to be hit with a spike piledriver at Homecoming 2013... a move that would put James Lynch on the shelf indefinitely.

CP: And when we say "indefinitely"... we thought forever.

SA: Some of us did, yes. We thought that was the end of James Lynch's in-ring career... but one year ago at Memorial Day Mayhem, we found out how wrong we were as Veronica Westerly brought James Lynch back to the AWA... back to in-ring competition... under the facepaint of Supernova. One year later, he's here... he's back in action full time... and tonight, he's hoping to cap off one amazing comeback story with the AWA World Heavyweight Title. Can he do it? We're about to find out as he awaits the arrival of the champion.

[Lynch pulls down his bandana but leaves it hanging around his neck, as his cold, dead eyes stare straight ahead at the entranceway, waiting for his opponent to come to him...

...and the lights go out through Dodger Stadium and the video wall lights up with what looks like a sun and we then hear the collection of horns that signal the start of Van Halen's "Runnin' With the Devil."

Then you hear the strums of a guitar, with a red light at the entranceway blinking in time with the strums, the image of the sun growing larger with each strum.

Then you hear the tapping of the cymbal, the fingers running over the keyboard, and the guitar riff kicks in, with that sun bursting into a sea of red and one word in black lettering appears on the video wall:

"SUPERNOVA"

And the crowd goes wild as flames light up around the stage and ramp.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... from Venice Beach, California... weighing in at 260 pounds...

...he is the AWA WORRRRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMMMMMPIONNNNN...

THIS!

IS!

SUUUUUUUPERRRRNOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as a single spotlight hits the entrance stage and out walks an individual...

...but said individual wears a trenchcoat that is tied shut and a cowboy hat...

...and underneath the hat, we can barely make out that this individual is wearing a mask.]

CP: Hey, hold on... what's this all about?

SA: Good question, Colt... it appears Supernova has taken a somewhat different approach to his entrance tonight.

CP: If that IS Supernova, Sal! We know that mask! Everyone knows that mask!

SA: It is indeed the legendary mask of the man - or men - who have adopted the look of the Masked Outlaw.

[The individual makes his way down the ramp and then the aisle, the lone spotlight following, as the flames around the stage and ramp die down. The individual takes a deliberate pace and does not acknowledge the fans.]

CP: Well, somebody better check to see who that is... for all we know, this could be somebody working with Supernova while the champion comes out of the crowd to attack James Lynch when his guard is down!

SA: You think Supernova would concoct a plot like that?!

CP: I think when the World Title is on the line, all bets are off!

[Whoever this individual is, he makes his way toward the ringsteps, and when he reaches them, the lights come back up in the stadium and the spotlight fades.]

The individual points up at the ring and - though the lights are up - we still have little clue as who this individual actually is.]

SA: Well... whoever it is, he certainly wants James Lynch to take it all in... he wants him to see the mask... see that leather duster... see that the Masked Outlaw has arrived in Los Angeles. Just one year ago, when James Lynch was impersonating Supernova and making everyone believe the longtime fan favorite had betrayed the fans AND the AWA... Supernova was under this mask, making a shocking return the same night Lynch's true identity was revealed...

[The individual now ascends the ring stairs and walks along the ring apron. He ducks between the ropes as the referee, per James Lynch's insistence, goes over to confront this individual...

SA: Whoever this is, he's in James Lynch's head, Colt. Lynch is demanding the official get that mask off and-

CP: Can you blame him?! First, that tyrant Zharkov takes away Lynch's allies and now this masked freak is out here trying to pull a fast one!

[The Masked Outlaw is silent as he keeps his eyes on James Lynch, slowly removing his Stetson, fully showing off the mask now. He hands the hat to the official who reluctantly takes it...

...and then slowly pulls off the mask...]

CP: Who is it?!

[...and reveals himself to be none other than Supernova. His brown hair hangs just past his ears and he has yellow and orange paint that resembles flames around his eyes.]

SA: It was Supernova all along! Playing some kind of mind game on James Lynch... Supernova sending the message to the man who was responsible for dragging the name of the AWA's franchise player through the mud for several months! And it's a year after the day in which James Lynch's schemes were revealed to the world, that Supernova will get his chance to settle that score!

CP: As much as Supernova may be looking to settle a score, James Lynch is looking to show everyone why he is the best of the Lynch brothers... he's already beaten his brother Jack at SuperClash IX! Now imagine if he follows that with his first-ever singles title in AWA, with his first ever AWA World Title!

[Supernova hands the coat and hat out to a ringside attendant as a fuming Lynch glares bullets at his back...

...and then the champion turns to face his opponent. As the referee gives final instructions, champion and challenger meet in the middle of the ring, staring one another down as the fans buzz in anticipation of the World Title match about to unfold before them.]

SA: This one's been brewing for over a year now... and we're finally here. The challenger... six foot two, 235 pounds... and Colt, I think if you would've said two years ago that James Lynch would be challenging for the World Title at Memorial Day Mayhem 2018 - a lot of folks would've called you a dreamer.

CP: That'd be the nice way to put it... I'd say delusional. This guy's career was basically finished. I watched that first Towel Match, Big Sal, and he was in the crowd rooting his brother Jack on, walking with the aid of a cane!

SA: A lot has changed for this individual... and not all for the better. But across the ring from him, the man they call Supernova... the AWA World Champion... one of the franchise players of this company... six foot four, 260 pounds from right down the freeway in Venice Beach... this has got to be a dream come true for him.

CP: When you think about how long this man fought to get to the mountaintop, finally winning that title last fall against Johnny Detson and Brian James... he's going to give it his all to keep the title around his waist tonight.

SA: Add in James Lynch pretending to be Supernova last year... the battles with Korugun... all the attacks this year, stealing the title belt... this is a combustible situation and I've got a feeling, it's about to blow.

[Referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller takes one final look at the competitors and...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell has sounded and it's-

[Lynch sneaks in a kick to the gut before the final hype can be achieved, smashing his forearm down across the back and shoulders of the doubled-over champion...]

SA: The challenger off to a quick start, doing damage from the opening bell...

[Grabbing the arm, the challenger looks for a whip but the more powerful Supernova reverses, sending Lynch into the ropes where he's hit with a gut kick of his own...]

SA: ...and it's the champion going downstairs...

[With Lynch doubled over, Nova drops back into the ropes, charging back off, leaping high, grabbing the hair...]

SA: ...ohhh! Facefirst to the canvas - and what a way to start this one, Colt!

CP: We're going to see some early match aggression on the part of both champion and challenger, feeling the situation out, seeing how much damage they can do. A lot of bad blood in this one for sure.

[Lynch comes up off the mat as Nova barnstorms towards him...]

SA: CLOTHESLINE BY THE CHAMPION!

[...and as Lynch rises again, Nova comes rushing in on him again!]

SA: Make it a pair as the challenger goes down a second time!

[Lynch starts to get back up but when he sees the champion bearing down on him, the challenger bails through the ropes to the outside, earning jeers from the AWA faithful...]

SA: James Lynch heads out to the floor, looking for a respite from the early action in this one which is NOT going the way he'd gameplanned with his manager, Colt.

CP: It's not, that's for sure... and he's doing the right thing here - get out, regroup, and figure out-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Colt is cut off by a loud reaction from the fans as Supernova gets a running start, clearing the top rope with a mighty leap, and wiping out the challenger on the outside!]

SA: NOVA TAKES TO THE SKYYYYYY!

[The crowd is buzzing over the highlight reel dive as Supernova comes off the mat, giving a shout to the 60,000+ hometown fans doing him homage...]

CP: And that would NOT have happened if Westerly was out here, Big Sal.

SA: Both Veronica Westerly AND Atlas Armstrong - who was victorious earlier tonight over the formerly-undefeated Max Magnum - were barred from ringside by President Maxim Zharkov... a bold and smart move if you ask me... but James Lynch is definitely at a disadvantage without his allies in his corner tonight in more ways than one.

[Pulling Lynch off the floor, Supernova fires him back in under the ropes before crawling through himself...

...where he finds James Lynch down on the mat on his knees, begging for mercy to jeers from the crowd!]

SA: Oho... and suddenly, James Lynch is looking for some love and mercy on the part of the World Champion... and from the look in his eyes, I don't think he's about to get it...

[But as the AWA's resident beach boy approaches, Lynch buries a right hand into his midsection...]

SA: ...ohhh, and the challenger lets him get close enough before lowering the boom...

[Coming off the mat, Lynch grabs the back of the head, smashing it into the nearest turnbuckle...]

SA: ...uh oh!

[...but Supernova snaps back up, glaring at Lynch who looks alarmed before SMASHING his head down a second time...]

SA: No effect!

[In fact, this time, the champion decides to smash his OWN head into the top turnbuckle a few times before popping back up, wild eyes a-flashin' before he strikes a big most muscular pose, sending Lynch into a backpedal as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: Supernova shaking off the effects of that turnbuckle and-

[As the champion advances, Lynch tries to sneak another kick into the midsection but this time, Supernova catches the boot...]

SA: -and now Lynch is REALLY in trouble!

[...and causes Lynch to bounce on one foot a few times, trying to keep his balance... but the Venice Beach native quickly uses the caught foot to swing him around, snatching him up and bringing him down with an atomic drop that sends Lynch into the ropes, flipping over the top, and crashing down on the outside!]

SA: Out to the floor goes the challenger again... and at this point in the match, it's all Supernova, Colt!

CP: It is... and I think it's going to take James Lynch a little time to regroup here. Ever since coming back from that devastating neck and spine injury he suffered back at Homecoming in 2013, Lynch has had someone in his corner - be it Veronica Westerly or Bobby O'Connor... so being out here by

himself has gotta be a major shift in his usual gameplan. He'll get there though, I have no doubt about it.

SA: Supernova coming out after James Lynch, ignoring the referee who is trying to keep the action in the ring... and there's that aggression we talked about. The champion wants to keep his title belt above all else - have no doubt about that - but he also wants his pound of flesh for everything James Lynch has done to him over the past year and change... including trying to destroy Supernova's reputation when he wore his facepaint last year.

[On the outside, James Lynch makes a break for it, leading Nova in hot pursuit around the ring before rolling back in with Supernova hot on his heels...]

SA: Both men in, Lynch to the ropes...

[...but as the challenger rebounds, Nova shoves him skyward, sending him high in the sky before he faceplants down on the canvas to another big cheer!]

SA: ...OHHH! Big splat in the center of the ring for the challenger! And Supernova is FIRED UP, Colt! Stomping around that ring, shouting to the fans...

CP: How can you not be? Over sixty thousand fans in your hometown letting you hear it? It's the kind of adrenaline rush that few things can replicate.

[Lynch staggers off the mat, clutching his chest as he staggers back, leaning against the turnbuckles... and the champion is immediately on him...]

SA: No rest for the wicked here just off Sunset Boulevard as Nova looks to make this man pay for his sins!

[...and mounts the middle rope, raising a clenched fist to a big cheer!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Supernova hops down, shouting to the crowd again before grabbing the arm, whipping Lynch across into the far turnbuckles...]

SA: Into the corner goes Lynch... could it be...?

[...but as Supernova charges across, it's not the Heat Wave but a staggering clothesline that connects!]

SA: No, no... not yet at least.

[Nova grabs the arm, whipping him back across the ring into the corner...

...and then falls back into the corner, the telltale sign that something is on the way.]

SA: And now he's going for it! Going for the win early!

[The champion barrels across the ring, leaping into the air...]

SA: HEAT WAVE!

[...but the challenger pulls himself clear, sending Supernova sailing in towards an empty corner..

...but he extends his arms, grabbing the top rope to prevent himself from crashing into the turnbuckles!]

SA: Oh! Lynch avoided it but Supernova saves himself from disaster right there!

[Lynch tries to take advantage, spinning the champion around into a big right hand... and another...

...and Supernova shakes them off, advancing on him...]

SA: Supernova looks like he could walk through a brick wall right now! James Lynch is hammering him with those heavy blows but Supernova doesn't even feel it!

[...and as Supernova shakes off a third haymaker, Lynch goes into the backpedal, moving towards the ropes as Supernova moves in on him.]

SA: James Lynch is looking for a way out of Los Angeles right about now as the champion continues to-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Lynch lures Supernova towards the ropes before falling back, hooking the front of Nova's tights, and sends him rocketing through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: OH! What a move by James Lynch! Illegal, yes... but effective!

CP: Supernova didn't see it coming at all - a brilliant move by the challenger and that may turn this one completely around, Big Sal.

SA: And much like the champion, the challenger is wasting no time in taking the fight to him on the outside... right out on the apron now, looking down on the champion...

[As Supernova gets to his feet, Lynch leaps off the ring apron with an overhead elbowsmash down across the crown of the skull, putting the champion right back down on the ringside mats!]

SA: Ohhh... and James Lynch - as you said, Colt - may have completely flipped the momentum around with that pull of the tights - that leverage move taking Supernova to the outside... just pounding him down on those ringside mats now, really doing a number on him...

[Bringing the champion to his feet, Lynch swings him around for momentum and...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...FIRES him into the steel ringsteps, knocking the top half off the base to jeers!]

SA: Into those steel steps and... Colt, we saw those steps involved in our last match - the Towel Match - a little while ago but this one is by the AWA rulebook. The official will allow some latitude considering the stakes of the match but he's gotta be careful out there.

CP: You better believe he will too. He doesn't want to get disqualified, he doesn't want Supernova to get disqualified. He wants no part of a countout either - this guy wants the strap... and tonight, I think he's gonna get it.

SA: The stars are out here in Dodger Stadium... both high above in the night sky and in the ring as these two competitors do battle over the richest prize in our sport, the AWA World Heavyweight Title.

[Lynch leans Supernova against the base of the steps, hammering his fist down into the face some more as the referee and the crowd give him a hard time for it...]

SA: James Lynch looking to become the fourteenth man to wear the AWA World Title since it was introduced in September of 2012... it was an event called Blood, Sweat, and Tears that year, named after the longtime EMWC event of the same name... where James Monosso defeated "Hotshot" Stevie Scott in the Finals of 64 man tournament to become the first champion in New Orleans. Since then, nine different men have held that title... including James' brother Jack. Will James Lynch become the tenth right here in Los Angeles?

CP: My money is on yes, Big Sal.

SA: If he does... as Lynch rolls in to break the count, avoiding that countout like you talked about... it will be the third time the World Title has changed

hands in California. August 22nd, 2014 - Supreme Wright became the World Champion for the second time, defeating Dave Bryant at All-Star Showdown in San Francisco... and then last year, March 18th right here in Los Angeles when Johnny Detson defeated Ryan Martinez to become the champion for the second time at the Ninth Anniversary Show. James Lynch looking to add his name to the history books here tonight... dragging the champion off those steps now...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and he FIRES him into that steel barricade... which I can only hope has been reinforced after our last match with that chaotic scene out here at ringside, Colt!

CP: If that railing gives way again, I'm heading for the door... besides, don't people usually leave this stadium in the seventh inning anyways.

SA: Nobody's leaving early tonight as we're in the midst of our double Main Event - Supernova defending the World Title against James Lynch with the big one, the retirement match of Juan Vasquez when he meets longtime rival Raphael Rhodes in just a little while.

[The crowd jeers as Lynch drapes Supernova's throat over the railing, pushing down on the back of the neck to choke him as the crowd jeers.]

SA: Lynch keeping the pressure on on the outside, wearing the champion down... and now he puts him back in, needing to finish it inside the ring if he wants to take that strap home with him.

[Lynch pulls himself up on the apron, nodding his head at the jeering crowd before grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

SA: Hang on now... we've seen this before, Colt... that slingshot clothesline that he's used to great effectiveness since unveiling it...

[...and as Supernova struggles to his feet, Lynch slingshots over the top rope into a somersault, coming through with his arm extended...]

SA: ...CLOTHESLI-

[...but Supernova has the move scouted enough to duck under it, snatching an inverted facelock which sends the crowd into a ROAR!]

SA: HE HOOKS HIM! HE HOOKS HIM! BLACK HOLE DDT ON THE WAY!

[But Lynch also has THAT move well-scouted, twisting around, wrapping his arms around the body to take the champion up and over with a Northern Lights Suplex!]

SA: Ohh! What a counter! With the bridge, he gets one... he gets two... but that's all as Supernova kicks out of the Northern Lights Suplex! James Lynch

had that Black Hole DDT scouted and knew he needed to get loose from it at all costs, Colt!

CP: And I like that because it shows that both of these guys aren't just fighting on emotion - they've still got their wits about them enough to remember the scouting reports. Supernova avoiding that clothesline... Lynch able to counter the Black Hole. Nice exchange by both champion and challenger!

[Lynch is on the attack through, burying a couple of hard kicks into the ribcage before dragging the champion to his feet, whipping him into the corner...

...and comes charging right in after him, snapping his head back with a running dropkick!]

SA: Ohh! Bullseye on the dropkick! And that one takes me back to the days, Colt, where we used to marvel over this man's athleticism... the agility, the high flying skills... but since returning from a career-threatening injury, all of that's been put aside for hatred, bitterness, and jealousy.

CP: Jealousy?! Of who?!

SA: His brother, Jack, for one!

CP: The same brother Jack who just lost to Supreme Wright in a soul-crushing defeat? That Jack Lynch? The same brother Jack who got ripped to shreds, nearly bled out, and lost to James at SuperClash? That's who you think he's jealous of?

SA: Absolutely.

[With Nova dazed in the corner, Lynch smirks at the jeering Dodger Stadium crowd before whipping the champion across the ring...

...and throws his head back, cupping his hands around his mouth to deliver one of Supernova's formerly-signature howls!]

SA: Oh, come on now...

CP: Hold on... I'll do this one for you. James Lynch - he's going corner to corner... HEEEEEEAT WAAAAAAVE CONNECTS!

[The flying splash in the corner does indeed connect, crushing Supernova under his weight as the crowd jeers loudly as Lynch gestures to himself, shouting "ANYTHING HE CAN DO, I CAN DO BETTER!"]

CP: How was that, Big Sal?

SA: Oh, it was just fabulous. James Lynch mocking Supernova, showing off his own moves... just like he did last year leading up to Memorial Day Mayhem. Of course, it was just one year ago when the mystery came

crashing down... when the man disguised as the Masked Outlaw would win the Rumble and then go on to reveal the identity of that fake Supernova as James Lynch - a moment that shocked us all... and then took that Outlaw mask off to reveal the REAL Supernova! One year ago... and that's why we're here.

CP: One of the reasons at least. James Lynch had a heck of a year in 2017, capped off with that brutal and bloody Barbed Wire Match win over his brother Jack at SuperClash... and THAT'S why he's got a shot at the World Title right here at Memorial Day Mayhem. That's a year for the history books, Big Sal.

SA: It was an impressive year, for sure... and 2018 would be even more impressive for him if he can strike gold here in Los Angeles and put the Westerly Dynasty on top of the wrestling world.

CP: Can you imagine the party, Albano? If James Lynch wins the World Title after what Atlas Armstrong did earlier tonight - can you imagine the party? You'd have to imagine it because there's no way you'd be invited to it.

SA: Oh, but I'm sure you would.

CP: Of course!

[With Supernova down on the mat, Lynch sneers at the hostile Los Angeles crowd, grabbing the champion by the legs, folding them over...]

SA: He's looking for that Texas Cloverleaf - the Solar Flare! Supernova's won countless matches with that over the years but now the mockery of James Lynch is-

[...but the champion KICKS OFF, sending Lynch flying backwards into the turnbuckles!]

SA: -OHH! BIG TIME COUNTER BY THE CHAMPION! We're about ten minutes into this World Title battle - a sixty minute time limit in this one - and Supernova may have just turned momentum back in his direction!

CP: Lynch hitting the corner with incredible impact, his head and neck snapping backwards in a whiplash-type movement... and that certainly could turn it around like you said.

SA: Supernova fighting to his feet...

[And as he does, Lynch comes rushing in on him...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and runs right into a spinning powerslam, shaking the ring and sending the crowd into a roar as the champion hooks the leg, getting a two count of his own before Lynch escapes!]

SA: Two count off the powerslam... and you can hear the overwhelming support of this hometown crowd for the man who grew up in Venice Beach down the freeway here in Southern California. They are solidly behind the World Champion in this very tough test for him as he looks to extend his title reign tonight.

[Both men are a little slow to get off the mat, struggling to their feet...]

SA: It's been a tough first ten minutes of action for both champion and challenger and they're showing the wear and tear as they battle to a vertical base...

[...and as they get there, the Texan comes up swinging with a big right hand on the jaw!]

SA: ...right hand by Lynch...

[Supernova staggers, steadies, and returns fire with one of his own!]

SA: But Supernova's not going down, a big shot of his own!

[The crowd cheers as the slugfest continues, champion and challenger going blow for blow...]

SA: It's a fistfight in the middle of Chavez Ravine!

[...but slowly, Supernova gets the edge as he blocks a blow and lands one of his own...]

SA: The champion coming out ahead!

[...and another... and another, rallying to drive Lynch back across the ring towards the corner...]

...where he promptly thrusts his fingers forward, jamming them into Nova's windpipe!]

SA: OH! Illegal thrust to the throat by the challenger!

[The blow sends Nova in a spin, allowing Lynch to easily hook him from the side, lifting him into the air...]

SA: DOWWWWWN with the belly-to-back by the challenger... and now he makes a cover of his own getting one... getting two... but the champion kicks out at two.

[Lynch climbs off the mat, grimacing as he looks down at Nova, rubbing his jaw for a few moments before STOMPING down on Supernova's midsection... then his chest... then one perfectly placed on the cheekbone!]

SA: James Lynch stomping Nova all over the ring and... where's he going now?

[The Black Sheep of the Lynch clan backs to the corner, stepping up on the middle rope, raising his fist overhead...

...and then leaps off, burying said fist down between the eyes, causing Nova's entire body to shake on the canvas!]

SA: FISTDROP CONNECTS! North-South cover by the challenger - it could be... it MIGHT be... it's... not! Supernova slips out again, another two count for James Lynch.

CP: Sal, we talked about James Lynch's athleticism earlier... how he lost a lot of that with the neck injury and the time away... but coming off the ropes like that was a glimmer of that athleticism again.

SA: It sure was. For a moment, you remember the man who thrilled fans fighting Violence Unlimited alongside his brother, Jack. Formerly one-half of the National Tag Team Champions. Former Stampede Cup winner. But those were a long time ago... and tonight, James Lynch looks to make history by becoming the second member of the Lynch family to hold the AWA World Title.

CP: Third if you count Supreme Wright.

SA: And I certainly do not.

[Lynch climbs off the mat, looking down on the prone Supernova...

...and with a smirk, he raises his right hand into the air, his fingers twisted into a familiar shape...]

SA: And speaking of the Lynch family... I can't believe this... James Lynch is signaling for the Lynch family legacy - the Iron Claw, Colt.

CP: We don't see it very often from him. It's never been his weapon of choice. Jack Lynch has always been the Claw guy while Travis and James used it more as a setup for other things but... well, who knows? Maybe the old man taught him a thing or two to get him ready for this match.

SA: Are you trying to insinuate that Blackjack Lynch helped prepare James Lynch for this title challenge?

CP: Why not? We know the old man won't let anything stand between him and a buck or two. I'm sure he can sell a few more James Lynch fake autographs on the Lynch website if James is the World Champion.

SA: That's disgusting, Colt! After everything this man has done to his family, James Lynch is NOT welcome with the Lynches... not these days. Blackjack Lynch wants no part of this.

CP: Or so he says!

[As Supernova struggles to his feet, James Lynch surges forward, looking for his family's clawhold...

...but Supernova brings the hands up, grasping the wrist of Lynch and preventing the hold from being applied for the moment!]

SA: Supernova blocks the Claw! He blocks the Claw! Lynch fighting it, trying to get through that defense but the champion is holding his ground and-

[Lynch swings a knee up into the midsection, knocking the wind out of the champion as he grabs the arm, whipping Supernova across the ring while doubling over...]

SA: Backdrop by- NO! SUNSET FLIP! SUNSET FLIP! TO RETAIN THE TITLE!

[The referee dives down, slapping the mat once... twice...]

SA: HE GOT... nooooooooooo! James Lynch just BARELY gets the shoulder up! What a counter by Supernova and it was almost enough to keep the World Title securely around his waist here in Los Angeles, Colt!

CP: Close call there for Lynch... and it just goes to show you, Sal, that a match can be over just like that.

[The two men scramble up off the mat, looking to get the edge...]

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

SA: Fifteen minutes gone on the time limit of sixty for-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -OHHH, WHAT A CHOP BY THE CHAMPION!

[The blow staggers Lynch who stumbles backwards before catching his balance and returning the favor...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Lynch ain't no slouch in the striking department either, Big Sal... lighting up the champion right there!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Supernova returns fire, leaving a red welt across Lynch's chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Lynch refuses to back down, landing one of his own as the crowd cheers and groans with each respective blow.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Supernova with another knife edge chop and Lynch is reeling!

[Lynch winds up, throwing an off-balance chop at Nova who ducks under...

...and reaches back, snatching the arm of Lynch as he goes by...]

SA: He's got him hooked annnnnnd... BACKSLIDE BY THE CHAMPION!

[The referee dives down again...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Again! Again we're a half count or less away from seeing the end of this battle for the richest prize in our sport, the AWA World Title and...

[Scrambling off the mat again, Lynch comes up swinging, catching Supernova with a big right hand... and another... and another...

...but soon, it's Supernova throwing bombs of his own!]

SA: Another slugfest breaking out in the center of the ring... but Supernova is rocking his world with those big haymakers, driving him back across the ring...

[Lynch ends up pressed back into the turnbuckles as Supernova moves in...]

CP: The striking exchanges don't seem to be going Lynch's way, Sal... he might want to try something else.

[...and Supernova lands a big forearm strike... and another... and another... and slowly, the pace of the blows pick up until the World Champion is a blur of motion, hammering away on Lynch with the crowd ROARING and the referee protesting, demanding Lynch be allowed out of the corner...]

SA: SUPERNOVA IS HEATING UP!

[The referee's count reached four and change before Supernova quickly backs off, hands raised as he takes a verbal beating from the official...]

CP: Very close right there. I think Supernova was trying to get himself disqualified to save the title!

SA: He was not! If he wanted to get disqualified, he wouldn't have stopped throwing those forearms, Colt!

CP: Well, he can't make it obvious.

[Supernova steps back in, landing a hard kick to the midsection before bending over, muscling the challenger up to a seat on the top turnbuckle...]

SA: Supernova staying in the corner... and this time, he's got Lynch up in a precarious position, perhaps looking to finish him off in this World Title challenge...

[Supernova steps up onto the second rope, reaching out to grab Lynch in a front facelock...]

SA: ...and it looks like he's got his mind set on a superplex, Colt!

CP: This COULD finish him off if he hits it... that's a long way up there, jack!

SA: The champion trying to get him into position and-

[But Lynch wastes no time in trying to fight his way out, digging his fingers into the eyes...]

SA: OH! He goes to the eyes!

CP: The perfect counter for every situation - every man and woman's weakness!

[...and a mighty shove sends Supernova falling backwards off the ropes, crashing down onto the mat!]

SA: Ohhh... and down goes the champion! And just like that, James Lynch may have turned the momentum right back the other direction as he tries to make history in Dodger Stadium!

[Lynch sneers at the jeering crowd, standing tall on the middle rope, beckoning the World Champion to get back to his feet...]

SA: Lynch has got his eyes on the champion, still on the second rope, again digging into the arsenal of his younger, pre-injury days... perhaps showing the desire to break out some offense that Supernova just might not expect to see tonight.

[...and as Supernova staggers to his feet, Lynch leaps off, catching him flush on the chin with a flying dropkick!]

SA: OHHH! Flying dropkick off the second rope! Right on target! Lynch with the cover, for the gold! It could be... it MIGHT be... IT...

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova's shoulder comes flying off the mat in time to save the title!]

SA: ...Supernova kicks out in tiiiiiiime!

[Lynch angrily slams a hand down into the canvas, glaring at the official who backpedals away with two fingers raised.]

SA: Ol' Blue Shoes says it was two and James Lynch is frustrated. He thought he might have the title there... he thought he knocked the champion into the middle of next week with that dropkick.

CP: This is no time for frustration though... and a veteran like James Lynch knows it.

SA: Colt, is this another time where not having Veronica Westerly ringside is a detriment?

CP: Of course. Part of a manager's gig is to keep their charges on target... keep them focused... not allow them moments of weakness where things slip away in a haze of frustration or anger... just look at what she was able to do earlier tonight. Atlas Armstrong stands atop the mountain as the longest undefeated competitor in this company... and at least partial credit for that has to go to Veronica Westerly who - in a matter of a few months - has raised Armstrong to a whole new level as part of the Westerly Dynasty.

SA: You think back to SuperClash - Atlas Armstrong wasn't even on the main show. He was on the pre-show Battle Royal... and now tonight, he made history at one of the AWA's biggest nights of the year and could be a part of a faction that makes SERIOUS history in just a little while from now. There's no doubt that Veronica Westerly has done wonders for the two men she's associated with in a short matter of time.

[Back on his feet, Lynch is nodding his head, waiting for Supernova to fight up to his feet...]

SA: Lynch has got him in his sights, setting up for something...

[...and as the World Champion wobbles up off the mat...]

SA: ...CLAW! HE HOOKS IT ON HIM! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

[...and wraps his fingers around the skull of Supernova, leaning into it with enough body mass to drive the champion of the world across the ring towards the ropes...]

SA: Ohhh... and right into the ropes! The hold was locked in but he forced the champion right into the ropes where the referee calls for a break, Colt.

CP: That's just inexperience with the hold lately. We don't see James Lynch use it a lot anymore as we said... and when he got it on, he just went with

his own momentum and didn't hold the World Champion in the center of the ring.

[Lynch refuses to break the hold, ignoring the cries of Pete Miller as the fans jeer...]

SA: Come on, ref! Break it! Break the Claw!

[...and as the official starts to count, Lynch starts to let up a little at the count of four as Supernova wraps his arms around the torso and...]

SA: What's he... SWEET SAN ANGELOOOOOOO!

[...Sal reacts as Supernova muscles Lynch up off the mat, still in the hold as he DUMPS him backwards over the top rope, dropping him down into an awkward fall with a belly-to-back suplex!]

SA: OUTLAW'S CURSE! Supernova just hit the Outlaw's Curse on James Lynch! We saw him come out here tonight in that Masked Outlaw getup and... well, maybe it wasn't just a coat and a mask that he took away from his time under that hood, Colt!

CP: A devastating counter... the kind of thing that might've been illegal in some promotions back in the day... but totally legal here for the World Champion as he escapes the Claw in a horrible way if you're James Lynch who is laid out on the floor.

SA: He got wiped out by that move... longtime wrestling fans would know that move as a signature maneuver of men like Hall of Famer John Wesley Hardin and AWA executive Bobby Taylor... but tonight, Supernova uses it in VERY effective fashion... and that may have just completely flipped this match on its head.

[Dropping to his back, the champion rolls under the ropes to the outside, the crowd still buzzing over the dangerous move they just saw unleashed on the challenger...]

SA: We are twenty minutes into this battle as it spills out onto the floor surrounding the ring here at Dodger Stadium... and Colt, I've gotta say we've seen a much more aggressive attitude tonight out of Supernova than we're used to.

CP: I suppose it's understandable though, Big Sal, when you think about the bad blood between these two dating all the way back to the beginning of last year. James Lynch disguised as Supernova, sullyng his reputation in the eyes of the champion... then everything that's happened between them this year with the Westerly Dynasty and stealing the title belt and all that. Supernova's burning hot under the collar and taking it out on James Lynch here tonight with the whole world watching.

[Dragging Lynch up off the floor, Supernova buries a boot into the midsection before snatching him by the hair...]

SA: OHHH! Facefirst off the apron... smashing his face down into the canvas...

[...and keeps holding the hair, dragging Lynch along the outside of the ring over to...]

SA: ...and now down onto the timekeeper's table as well!

[With Lynch sprawled over the apron after the second faceslam, the champion climbs up onto the timekeeper's table, the timekeeper, Tommy Lasorda, and Rebecca Ortiz hustling away as Supernova grabs Lynch to drag up onto the table with him...]

SA: Up on TOP of the table now... and that's not the sturdiest table in the world. It's a pretty small table and...

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova lifts James Lynch overhead, pressing him high in the sky for all to see...]

SA: ...GORILLA PRESS! ON TOP OF THE TABLE!

CP: That's a long way down no matter which way he goes, Big Sal!

SA: He's gonna throw him all the way down and- NO! Lynch slips out, Lynch lands inside the ring...

[Supernova twists around, still standing on the table as Lynch ducks through, burying a shoulder into the midsection...]

SA: ...ohhh, Lynch goes downstairs and... AHHHHHHH!

[...and the crowd ROARS as Lynch slingshots himself over the top rope, snatching the doubled-over World Champion in mid-flight, and DRIVES him down onto the barely-padded infield dirt with a thunderous sunset flip powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! WHAT A MOVE BY THE CHALLENGER!

CP: He's gotta get him back in! He's gotta cover him! That might do it right there, Sal... we might be looking at the new World Champion!

SA: You're absolutely right... and Lynch is taking a breather on the outside... big mistake!

CP: And again, we see how the reckless decision-making of Maxim Zharkov has a major impact on a match! Zharkov banned Westerly from being out here for NO REASON at all... and so she's not here to keep Lynch moving, get him back in the ring, and-

SA: Now he's going... now he's moving...

CP: But he wasted valuable seconds, Albano! And when you're fighting for the World Title, every second matters!

[Lynch fires the stunned Supernova back under the ropes, just beyond them into the ring before scrambling up on the apron...]

SA: Lynch on the apron... he should be-

[...and grabbing the top rope, he slingshots into the air, flinging himself into a pretty nice-looking flying splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -SLINGSHOT SPLASH! HOOKS THE LEG! WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION!

[The crowd counts along with the referee slapping the canvas...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ERUPTS with elation as Supernova just barely drops his foot on the bottom rope, the referee immediately springing up and calling off the pin count!]

SA: SUPERNOVA GETS A FOOT ON THE ROPE AND SAVES HIS TITLE, COLT! SAVES HIS TITLE!

CP: That's the way to describe it for sure... he saved the title because James Lynch... James Lynch had him beat... he had him defeated... and he WAS the new World Champion if they'd been six more inches deeper into the ring... and again, I have to point out what might have been if Zharkov wasn't a power hungry dictator!

SA: Colt, Colt... look at James Lynch!

[Lynch is on his feet and is completely irate, screaming at the referee who QUICKLY backs up, raising his hands defensively...]

SA: James Lynch has lost ALL control and is berating Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller, leaving his opponent and-

CP: This is unbelievable, Albano! This is all Zharkov's fault! Every single bit of this is Maxim Zharkov's fault, damn it! We should have a new World Champion right now!

[The official is backed up against the buckles, still being threatened by James Lynch who reaches out to shove him into the corner..

...and as Supernova struggles up to a knee, the referee has had enough, delivering a two-handed shove to the chest that sends Lynch back a few steps to a HUGE ROAR!]

SA: That's it, Blue Shoes! Don't take that from him!

[Lynch's backwards motion leaves him right in front of a rising Supernova who hooks him from behind in a waistlock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: GERMAN! GERMAN! WITH A BRIDGE! ONNNNNNNNNNE!
TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -LYNCH GETS THE SHOULDER UP! WOW! WHAT A BATTLE, COLT!

CP: When it's the AWA World Title on the line, you do whatever it takes to win. It fuels you, it drives you, it makes you do things that you didn't know you could... AND it makes you do things that maybe you know you shouldn't.

[Nova grimaces as he sits up on the mat, shaking his head in disbelief as the crowd buzzes over the nearfall.]

SA: And now it's Supernova showing a little frustration at not being able to get the win right there to keep his title. Coming up off the mat to his feet...

[As the World Champion gets up, he comes up swinging as he brings Lynch up and batters him backwards into the corner with flying fists...]

SA: Into the corner, Nova grabs the arm...

[A whip sends Lynch towards the far side...

...but in a desperate attempt to avoid a potential Heat Wave, Lynch baseball slides under the ropes to the floor. The crowd jeers loudly as Lynch angrily waves a dismissive arm towards the ring.]

SA: Where's he... is he leaving?!

CP: No, no, no... it's just a breather. Taking a break with the safety of being outside the ring.

SA: You were saying?

[The crowd starts to get even louder as Supernova starts to climb the turnbuckles from the inside...

...and HURLS himself off the top rope, wiping out James Lynch on the floor with a crossbody!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SAFETY NO MORE AS SUPERNOVA TAKES OUT LYNCH ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Nova comes off the floor, soaking up the roaring cheers of the Los Angeles crowd as he pulls Lynch off the ringside mats, tossing him under the ropes into the squared circle...]

SA: The champion puts him in... and he's heading up top again!

[With Lynch down and unmoving, Supernova scales the turnbuckles in two big steps up the ropes, standing up top...

...and then leaps high into the air, coming down HARD across the torso of the challenger with a flying splash!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: THE SPLASH CONNECTS! IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT...
NOOOOOOOO! OUT! IN! TIME!

[Supernova pushes up to his knees, burying his face in his hands as the crowd buzzes over the nearfall and the referee holds up two fingers to make sure everyone is aware...]

SA: So close! He was so close right there to taking the win and walking out of Los Angeles as STILL your World Champion!

CP: “And still” are the sweetest words a champion can hear, Big Sal, and Supernova ALMOST heard 'em right there... but almost don't get the job done or as a local hero around these parts might say... “Job's not finished.”

SA: Supernova might have a little Mamba Mentality in him, Colt.

[Nova slaps a hand down on the mat before getting to his feet, turning to look at Lynch who is crawling across the mat, dragging himself away from the World Champion...]

SA: Lynch is trying to get out of the ring again but Supernova's not having it!

[Grabbing Lynch by the hair, Nova shakes his head as he drags him up, pulling him into a front facelock...]

SA: Nova hooks him and- OH! Lynch DRIVES him back into the buckles!

[Lynch grabs Nova by the arm, going to whip him across the ring...]

SA: Irish whi- no, reversed!

[And as Lynch slams into the turnbuckles, Supernova throws himself back into the corner before charging across the ring at top speed, leaping into the air, soaring through the sky...]

SA: HEAT WAAAAAAAAAAVE!

[...and CRUSHES Lynch against the turnbuckles with a flying splash!]

SA: The Heat Wave connects... shoves him down to the mat... and we all know what comes next!

[With Lynch down on the mat, Supernova folds the legs over one another, stepping through...]

SA: SOLAR FLARE LOCKED IN!

[...and Supernova leans back, stretching the legs and spine of the challenger as the crowd ROARS with anticipation of the submission!]

SA: The Solar Flare is applied in the middle of the ring! Lynch has no way out!

[Lynch is clawing at the canvas, trying to hang on...]

SA: Supernova's got him right where he wants him and- HEY!

[...and the crowd reacts as someone in a white mask with a red circle with lines streaming off it hops on the apron. They're dressed in a red hoodie with black athletic pants.]

SA: Who the hell... some fan out here or something?!

CP: Wouldn't be the first time... hell, it wouldn't even be the first time tonight, Sal.

SA: Security is over here, trying to get this guy down...

[Supernova looks alarmed, letting go of the hold as he approaches the ropes where the fan has been pulled down to the floor by security. In the meantime, Lynch has crawled across the ring, rolling out to the ring apron...]

SA: ...I don't know what that was all about but-

[Supernova shakes his head, turning back towards James Lynch, stepping across the ring and reaching over the ropes to retrieve him...]

SA: The champion right back to the action, trying to not let that fan distract him as our security team is trying to get them out of here...

[...but as Nova makes a grab for Lynch, Lynch surges upwards, hooking his hands around the back of the head, dropping to a knee to snap the champion's throat down on the top rope!]

SA: ...OH! LYNCH CAUGHT HIM COMING IN!

[Supernova goes staggering backwards, gasping for air as Lynch straightens up, grabbing the top rope...]

SA: Wait, wait... we've seen this before!

[...and slingshots over the top rope into a somersault, landing on his feet, throwing his arm out for a clothesline...]

...but Supernova buries a boot into the midsection, cutting off Lynch's finishing attack!]

SA: BOOT! HOOKED!

[The World Champion snatches the front facelock, lifting with the offhand...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SPIKES him with an implant DDT!]

SA: CATTLEBUSTER! CATTLEBUSTER CONNECTS!

[With Lynch laid flat out, Supernova flips him onto his back, diving across, hooking a leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and the crowd ERUPTS at the bell!]

SA: Supernova retains the title! Supernova keeps the strap right here in Dodger Stadium at Memorial Day Mayhem with the CattleBuster DDT... and what a fight that was, Colt!

CP: James Lynch had him beat! He had the title won! This is all on Zharkov, Albano!

[Supernova climbs off the mat, accepting the title belt from the official, thrusting it overhead as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official...]

SA: Your winner of the match... and STILL the AWA WORLD CHAMPIONNNNNN...

...SUUUUUUPERRRRRNNOOOOOVAAAAAA!

[...and Supernova grins at the roars from his hometown crowd, pointing to them as he approaches the corner, climbing up on the midbuckle to salute the fans!]

SA: A big win tonight in Los Angeles for the hometown hero, Supernova, as he retains the title... Colt, I'm not even gonna dignify your claims that is somehow all President Zharkov's fault!

CP: No?! He took away his manager! He took away his partner!

SA: Are you saying James Lynch can't win a match on his own merit?!

CP: I'm saying he shouldn't have to! Of course he CAN... but he hired Westerly for a reason. They recruited Armstrong for a reason. And those reasons could've been the difference in James Lynch winning that World Title here tonight!

[Supernova walks across the ring, climbing up on the opposite corner, saluting the fans on the other side of the ring as he holds up the title belt for all to see...]

SA: Supernova celebrating with these fans, retaining the AWA World Title and-

[...and the crowd GROANS as James Lynch comes off the mat, assaulting Supernova from behind with a clubbing blow across the back!]

SA: OH! James Lynch from behind! This one's not over, Colt!

[Lynch yanks Supernova down, throwing him against the buckles as he laces boots into the midsection, leaving the champion reeling in the corner...]

SA: James Lynch with a sneak attack on the World Champion after the bell... this one's... Supernova got the win, Colt!

CP: He won the battle but James Lynch is aiming to win the war!

[Lynch lands a few big right hands as well, stunning the champion before grabbing him by the arm...]

SA: Irish whip, shoots him across!

[...Lynch mockingly tips his head back, cupping his hands to his mouth to let loose a howl...]

SA: This guy...

[...and then charges across the ring, leaping into the air...]

CP: HEAT WAAAAAAV-

[...but the crowd ROARS as Supernova pulls himself clear, causing Lynch to CRASH chestfirst into the corner!]

SA: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Supernova swiftly goes to the other side of the ring, charging in on Lynch who is still facefirst in the corner...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: BUT THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD DID NOT! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[...and having crushed Lynch against the corner, Supernova shoves Lynch backwards, stumbling before falling down to the mat in the middle of the ring...

...and with the Los Angeles crowd ROARING their approval, Supernova grabs the legs, looking out at them with a nod...]

SA: He's gonna do it! He's gonna lock it on!

[...and steps through, securing the Solar Flare as James Lynch cries out in pain!]

SA: HE'S GOT IT ON! SOLAR FLARE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

[Lynch is pounding the mat, tapping his hand repeatedly...]

CP: What kind of a hero is this guy, Albano?! Jumping the man after the match and-

SA: What?! Lynch jumped Supernova after the match! This is the World Champion defending himself!

[Supernova leans back in the hold, Lynch arching his back, crying out in pain...

...when suddenly, the masked “fan” from earlier slides into the ring!]

SA: Wait! That fan is in the ring! That fan is-

[And with a grip on his own throat, the masked “fan” spews green liquid from his mouth, spraying it right in the eyes of Supernova, causing him to break his grasp, falling to the mat and grabbing at his eyes as the crowd reacts in horror!]

SA: -WHAT IN THE...?!

CP: Mist! Green mist spewed in the eyes of the World Champion!

[James Lynch crawls away, grabbing at his back as we see the masked man go to work on Supernova, kicking and stomping the blinded champion!]

SA: That's no fan! That's-

[And he rips the mask off, tossing it aside...]

SA: THAT'S NENSHOU!

CP: WHAT?!

SA: Nenshou is back! Nenshou is in the ring and he's... what the hell is going on here, Colt?!

[James Lynch staggers up off the mat, pointing to Nenshou with a sadistic smile...

...and then joins the Silent Assassin in stomping and kicking Supernova.]

SA: Lynch knew! Lynch knew it was Nenshou and... now they're both putting a beating on the World Champion!

[A few more stomps land before Lynch steps out on the apron, grabbing the top rope as Nenshou pulls Supernova off the mat...]

SA: Nenshou returns to the AWA without any warning at all! We'd all heard he was a free agent again but-

[...and Lynch slingshots over the top rope in a somersault, BLASTING Supernova off his feet with a lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OHH! What a shot on the champion of the world!

[Lynch stomps Supernova a few more times... and then gestures Nenshou towards the ropes. The very first AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion climbs to the top in two mighty steps...]

SA: NENSHOU OFF THE TOP!

[...and HURLS himself backwards in a picture perfect moonsault, crashing down across Supernova's torso to big jeers from the Dodger Stadium crowd!]

SA: OHHHHH!

[Nenshou climbs off the mat, swinging his arms around in a lightning quick but incredibly graceful kata, taking a stance over the stunned World Champion as James Lynch sneers at the jeering crowd, snatching up the title belt...]

CP: There he is, Albano! There's your real World Champion!

[Lynch throws the belt down, marching over to Nenshou, lifting his arm into the air, pointing to him...]

SA: James Lynch and Nenshou... what a dastardly duo this is! We need to get some help out here for Supernova... the blinding mist... the attacks from Lynch and Nenshou... disgusting! Just disgusting! Fans, let's go... let's get out of here!

[...and as the rulebreaking duo celebrates, we fade from the ring to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of the AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Big Sal, I can't blame you one bit for that... Memorial Day Mayhem rocked to the core again with... Nenshou?! Who would have EVER predicted that tonight?! Nenshou returning to the AWA, apparently aligning himself with James Lynch and... maybe the rest of the Westerly Dynasty too? I have no idea about that! But what I do know is this dangerous duo did damage to the World Champion... hopefully not serious damage... but we'll bring you that update as soon as we have it.

[Blackwell shakes his head, his weary voice changing a bit - going low, measured, respectful...]

SLB: It's been an exciting night of action here in Dodger Stadium. Some big wins, some big losses... and some people whose nights definitely did NOT go the way they expected it to. For instance, Lauryn Rage... the first woman to wear the AWA Women's World Title... gave it everything she had in the Rumble tonight but came up short in the final moments. Lauryn, can you-

[Lauryn Rage storms into frame, eyes blazing, nostrils flaring. She yanks the mic out of Lou's hand like she owns it.]

LR: Don't even finish the sentence, Lou. I already know what you're gonna say. Tell us what it felt like out there? Let me tell you how it felt.

I lost.

[She lets that hang. Her jaw tightens.]

LR: I didn't get beat - I got ambushed. I got tossed when the whole damn pack of them swarmed. And you know why?

Because they know.

They know one-on-one they couldn't throw me out! Laura Davis tried the whole damn night. It took four women, Blackwell. If they didn't all team up against me, I'd be the one standin' tall right now not Harley Hamilton.

I'd be the one who was in that ring, soakin' up the chants. But instead... I'm back here, pissed off, and still dangerous.

[She glares dead into the camera.]

LR: I took their best shots. I weathered the storm. They had to ally themselves to stop me. And yeah, they got lucky at the end - but luck don't last.

Rage 24:7 does.

[Blackwell looks confused.]

LR: You hear that? Say it with me: Rage 24:7.

[Rage steers the mic in front of Lou.]

SLB: Rage 24:7. But what does that mean?

LR: It means I'm not gonna rest. I'm not gonna relax. I'm not gonna quit. I'm not gonna wait for my chance - I'm gonna take it. Rage 24:7 means I'm comin' at you non-stop, no breaks, full-speed all the damn time.

Rage 24:7 means I'm gonna wear your ass OUT.

[Sweet Lou's eyes pop in surprise.]

LR: Blackwell, my hunt for the title ain't over. Not by a long shot. Julie Somers might be holdin' that title now, but her clock's tickin'. Because I'm not done. I'm not gone.

I'm just gettin' started.

And the next time I step through those ropes, I'm not lookin' for redemption. I'm lookin' to dominate.

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

[She drops the mic like it's white hot and storms off down the corridor, the camera lingering on Sweet Lou, who looks like he just survived a hurricane as we fade to black...

...and fade up on a shot of a lit-up Dodger Stadium, the Memorial Day Mayhem 2018 logo flashing on the Dodger Vision screens with the lights full blast on an empty ring... an empty stadium... the sounds of "I Love LA" softly playing in the distance. A voiceover begins.]

"For Los Angeles, the game is over."

[And the video screens go black.

The lights go out. The music screeches to a stop.]

"But for my town, it's just getting started."

[A driving drumline is heard. A line of horns.]

#Oh, oh, oh... woke up today
Feeling the way, I always do#

[A closeup of sneakers walking the streets, pounding down the sidewalks of a city scene.]

#Oh, oh, oh... hungry for something that I can't eat
Then I hear that beat#

[A car rushes by, squealing tires. Kids playing jump rope on the street as we see from the presumed point of view of the owner of our sneakers.]

#That rhythm of town
Starts calling me down#

[The shot pans across a busy harbor.]

#It's like a message from high above#

[The shot whips around to show a closeup of a large brick building warehouse...]

#Oh, oh, oh... pulling me out
To the smiles and the streets that I love#

[...and then cuts to an overhead shot, showing off the venue for Memorial Day Mayhem 2019.]

#Good morning Baltimore#

[And as the song switches to an instrumental version, we cut to various shots of Camden Yards - the Kentucky Blue Grass on the outfield, the B&O Warehouse beyond the right field bleachers, Eulaw Street with its plaques marking home runs hit onto it, the statues celebrating Orioles legends...

...and we zoom in on the one celebrating the greatest Oriole player, Cal Ripken Jr., a man looking up at it...

...and then turning around to reveal a grinning Iron Man of baseball himself who looks at the camera.]

"Memorial Day Mayhem 2019... presented by Under Armour... May 27th next year...

Play ball."

[Ripken throws a ball towards the camera which turns into a CG ball that spins right into the lens with all the information about next year's kickoff to summer stitched upon it...

...and we fade through black to our Dodger Stadium crowd, cheering the big announcement.]

SA: May 27th, 2019... the AWA heads to Baltimore for the kickoff to summer, Colt!

CP: With all the baseball stadiums we're hitting, maybe we should call it summer's first pitch, Big Sal.

SA: Maybe we should. Memorial Day Mayhem presented by Under Armour is coming your way, Baltimore. More details on tickets in the months ahead but I can't wait for that one! And when you talk about things we can't wait for, Colt, it's just about time to stop waiting for tonight's Main Event!

CP: It's been a long night of action but it ain't over yet!

SA: Juan Vasquez. Raphael Rhodes. One more time. One more match. One final match for Vasquez and for Rhodes, one more shot at his greatest opponent. Earlier today, fans, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell caught up with the opponent in Juan Vasquez's final match, the man who has waited nine long years for another one-on-one chance at his hated rival. Let's hear what Raphael Rhodes had to say about tonight's final encounter.

[We cut to footage marked with "EARLIER TODAY", where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands beside a nervous-looking Dana Kaiser, and a stoic Raphael Rhodes. Kaiser is eagerly looking towards Blackwell, sticking with the baseball theme of the evening in a road grey Minnesota Twins jersey and grey leggings. Rhodes keeps his eyes fixed to the floor, opting for a stark look this evening - dressed all in black, in a hoodie, trunks, kneepads, shinpads, and boots.]

SLB: Folks, I am here with the man who will square up with Juan Vasquez, in Mr. Vasquez's retirement contest. Over the career of Juan Vasquez, and certainly throughout AWA history, you cannot deny this man is one of his greatest rivals, Raphael Rhodes.

[Rhodes remains both motionless and emotionless, eyes fixed to the floor. Blackwell notices the tension and quickly moves on.]

SLB: Of course, it was one year ago here at Memorial Day Mayhem that we got to meet his trainer and advisor, Dana Kaiser. Dana, many have said that since you've taken over this man's physical training goals, he is arguably the best version of himself. Is this version of Raphael Rhodes ready for tonight's task?

[Kaiser looks to her husband, who stands unmoved. She then turns back to Blackwell, putting on a weary smile.]

DK: It's been a long road to get here, Mr. Blackwell. Ever since Raph challenged Mr. Vasquez to this match, I've put him on a grueling schedule. We've wanted him to face both tough opponents and unexpected curveballs.

The training course he's been on has been the most ambitious I think anyone could ask for.

[Kaiser pauses for a breath, touching Rhodes' elbow as she exhales.]

DK: But if tonight ends with his hand raised, it will all be worth it.

[Blackwell raises his eyebrow.]

SLB: "If?" Are you not confident in his chances?

[Kaiser's eyes widen with concern, and as she is about to answer, Rhodes raises his hand. Not a single syllable exits from Kaiser, who looks somewhat relieved.]

SLB: You have something you'd like to say about that?

[As Blackwell moves the microphone over to Rhodes, Rhodes pulls back the hood from his head. His eyes focus on "Sweet" Lou with an icy stare.]

RR: The only person in this stadium who thinks I can beat Juan Vasquez on skill alone, aside from me...

[He points a finger at Kaiser.]

RR: ...is her. Ever since I told her I needed this match, she has told me every step of the way I can do it.

SLB: But still... "if you win".

[Rhodes' glare grows colder, and Blackwell's Adam's apple bobs in his throat.]

RR: You can be as confident as you like, but a good planner knows two things, mate.

[Rhodes thrusts his index finger inches from the tip of Blackwell's nose.]

RR: Juan Vasquez pulls more rabbits out of hats than a convention of magicians.

[He raises a second finger.]

RR: The way everyone but Dana and me wants this to end is with Juan Vasquez gettin' his hand raised.

[Rhodes retracts his hand, as Blackwell looks offended.]

SLB: Mr. Rhodes, with all due respect-

[Rhodes shouts out "BLEEDIN' HELL!", startling Blackwell. Rhodes motions for Blackwell to move the microphone in front of him, and he does so.]

RR: A few weeks ago, you asked me what I would do if I lost this match. I didn't answer you. I COULDN'T answer you.

[Rhodes raises his hand to wipe across his mouth, his posture loosening a bit.]

RR: I didn't want to admit to myself that I could lose this match. You wait nine years for somethin', you plan for nine years for it, you don't want to face what might happen if you end up with the same result as before.

[Rhodes puts his hands on his hips, frowning.]

RR: And deep down, I can't shake the feelin' that it ain't happenin' just because I want it that bad. Every time I look at the hype surroundin' it?

[Rhodes mimes a marquee with his hand.]

RR: It's "Juan Vasquez's Retirement Match".

[Back to a frown.]

RR: And what I've been through, my struggle, it didn't make a bloody bit of difference until Unfinished Business aired last night, because Juan Vasquez is on his big farewell tour, sayin' goodbye to everyone. Come say goodbye, come see your amigo one last time.

[Rhodes motions with his head.]

RR: And here we are, in his hometown, for the Hollywood endin' that I bloody well gave him, because in my own foolish sense of hubris, I thought I needed to make it happen here so he'd fight me one last time. You know the sayin' "desperate men do desperate things?"

[Blackwell nods.]

RR: Well, this desperate man did a bleedin' daft thing, because the stands are goin' to be full of his friends and family, and people who saved up for months to see him off. Not only that, but I gave him enough time to wear down Shane Destiny to be the referee. Yeah, mate, Shane and I, we talked a lot in Japan, but Vasquez and Shane are practically brothers. And I agreed to it like a right numpty because I wanted Vasquez one last time.

[A pause.]

RR: Dana says "if" because I do, mate. Because I don't want to break a promise to myself, not any more than I have. Do you realize what I got in front of me? Go out there, in hostile territory, and do somethin' only a handful of people over the last 20 years have done - beat Juan Vasquez. It's somethin' people can barely do in normal circumstances. Add in that it's the Main Event of a bleedin' pay-per-view. The pressure in my head can make my eyes pop out the sockets.

[Another pause, this time for a sigh.]

RR: But I ain't sayin' it to make excuses. I'm sayin' it because if Shane's hand hits the mat for a third time, if Shane raises my hand, if the collective hearts of Los Angeles break tonight because I send the hometown boy packin' back to his mansion with a loss?

[Rhodes smirks.]

RR: I want you to know EXACTLY what kind of task I accomplished. Dana and me?

[Rhodes motions back and forth between Kaiser and himself.]

RR: We've waited years to do exactly what we want to do tonight. The only thing left to do now...

[Rhodes turns to look straight into the viewer's home.]

RR: Spoil the Hollywood endin'. Raphael Rhodes beats Juan Vasquez.

[And with Rhodes and Kaiser walking out of frame and Blackwell shaking his head...]

SLB: It's the stuff of a screenwriter's fantasy tonight in Dodger Stadium... but that man... that man right there... wants to spoil the ending for Juan Vasquez, his friends, his family, and his fans. Can he do it? We'll ALL know soon enough.

[...and as Blackwell looks pensive, we fade back to live action where a huge roar from the crowd can be heard as the camera opens on Juan Vasquez, standing in his dressing room. He is wearing a sleek, full-zip Adidas track jacket with a Dodger blue body and white sleeves. The iconic "LA" logo is embroidered in white on the left chest. His expression is reserved, almost serene, but there's a quiet intensity smoldering in his eyes. He takes a slow, deep breath, the weight of the moment settling over him, before he begins to speak.]

JV: I prepared myself for this as much as I could, but now that the moment's actually here...

[He exhales sharply.]

JV: ...damn.

[Juan shakes his head slightly, processing his reality.]

JV: This is it. Memorial Day Mayhem. Dodger Stadium. My hometown. My final match. Just me, Raph, Shane, and 60,000 of my closest amigos.

I could stand here and say my goodbyes, thank my family, my friends, the fans... but there's enough time for that later. Right now, I wanna live in this moment. Breathe it. Feel it. Own it. Because tonight ain't about the farewell. That's what the last three months were for. Tonight, it's about one last match, one last fight, and one last grudge.

Raphael Rhodes.

[His voice turns up the intensity ever so slightly.]

JV: You know, I never pictured it would end like this. Eighteen months ago, when I destroyed my back in the Woodshed against Ryan Martinez, that could've been it. A fitting end for a professional wrestler: ground up and spit out after giving up his body for the sport.

[A flicker of pain crosses his face at the memory.]

JV: What I'm trying to say is this sport doesn't usually let you walk away with dignity or glory. Most of the time, it chews you up, breaks you down, and tosses you aside. But miracles of miracles, here I am. Healthy. Breathing. Feeling more alive than I've ever have!

And that brings us to you, Raph.

[He pauses, a faint, bittersweet smile crossing his lips.]

JV: Honestly, you wouldn't have been my first choice for this. If I had a choice, I would've picked someone I loved and respected. But somehow, you're still the perfect ending. You've held onto that grudge ever since I left you laying in that steel cage in Greensboro, nine years ago... and settling this now in front of my city, my people, and my family? It's exactly how it should be.

[He rolls his shoulders as if loosening up for the fight.]

JV: Maybe this match ain't for a title or a trophy or even for a fabulous cash prize... but it's for something bigger. Something deeper. Something with actual meaning...

...and I ain't talking about your damn peace of mind.

It's for the biggest damn prize of all.

[A beat.]

JV: It's for the AWA.

[He points a finger to the camera.]

JV: I know what you're all thinking: "Juan, you silly, handsome bastard, you don't own the AWA!"

[He chuckles.]

JV: Well, maybe I'm overstating my importance just a little, but I dare anyone... ANYONE to tell me I don't got as much claim to the AWA as Todd Michaelson, Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet do. Hell, this company was built on MY back.

[A shrug.]

JV: On the backs of others too, sure, but tonight's MY night and 60,000 people are here to see ME... so right now they don't matter.

...Sorry, Stevie.

[A right bastardly grin.]

JV: For the last decade, the AWA's been mine. ALL MINE. Even when you thought it belonged to someone else, it was still mine. And tonight, Rhodes, I'm standing here, daring you to try and pry it out of my cold, dead hands.

[He clenches both fists, his posture growing more confrontational.]

JV: I'm not asking you to be Juan Vasquez, because let's face it... no one can be Juan Vasquez. But what I'm asking you, is if you can be the man you always thought you could be, and carry the AWA when I'm gone.

You want redemption?

You want validation?

Come and get it.

[A deep inhale.]

JV: But let me remind you what you're up against.

[A smirk.]

JV: Less than a month ago, I took Supernova - the World Champion, the very best in the world, a man at the peak of his powers - to his absolute limit. Step for step, blow for blow, even at the end of the line, I just love knowing I'm still at that level. But even being the best in the world ain't gonna be enough tonight, Raph.

[He shakes his head.]

JV: Because tonight, for me there really is no tomorrow. and I ain't planning to fade quietly into the night. You better believe I'm gonna rage, rage... RAGE against the dying of the light, until every last drop of fighting spirit has been wrung out of this body and there's nothing left.

[He stands now, his voice filling with passion, each word a challenge, a promise.]

JV: For you, nine years of torment can be wiped away by three seconds of redemption.

Well, sorry to break it to you, amigo, but you're not getting those three seconds.

Not in this lifetime, or the next.

[He steps closer to the camera, eyes locked with the lens.]

JV: I'm the biggest star this sport's ever seen. No hyperbole. No exaggeration. And tonight, I'm gonna burn brightest and hottest, and go out in the greatest blaze of glory a professional wrestler has ever had. For twenty-two years, I've taken all of you on the greatest damn thrill ride this sport's ever seen. Buy the ticket, take the ride. Let your amigo, Juan do it one last time.

[He closes his eyes, really feeling the moment now.]

JV: Ted Williams homered in his last at-bat. Derek Jeter knocked in the game-winning run. Kobe scored 60.

[A big roar from the crowd is heard at the mention of the LA legend as Juan grins to himself.]

JV: Vasquez defeats Rhodes.

[He nods to himself, hyping himself up, before he suddenly snaps to attention and his eyes open.]

JV: I'm ready.

[The camera holds on his face for a beat, the intensity in his eyes unyielding, then fades to black as the distant crowd's roar crescendos...

...and we fade back up, one more time, on the overhead shot.

The darkened sky. The swirling spotlights. The stadium lights blaring bright. The Dodger Vision screens heralding the Main Event: Vasquez versus Rhodes. The crowd buzzing with anticipation.]

SA: Colt... I find myself... speechless.

CP: Bad news for the bosses when we're about to call the Main Event, Albano.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: I'm sure when the bell rings, I will find my words. But in this moment, I wonder... what is possibly left to say? The hype. The shill. The stage-setting. We've done it all, haven't we? It's Juan Vasquez in his final match against one of his greatest rivals. If you can't hear those words and feel a chill down your spine, then maybe you should change the damn channel right now.

CP: I think you found your words already.

SA: Maybe I can find a few more... or maybe I can borrow a few more.

[We cut to ringside where Sal pulls a sheet of paper out of his pocket.]

SA: As some of you know, our old friend Gordon Myers wanted so badly to be here tonight for this. Hell, I wanted him in this chair... he **DESERVES** to be in this chair for this historic moment... but he's experiencing some health issues that prevented the trip for him. But he sends his love to all... he says he's here in spirit... and he asked me to say these words on his behalf.

[Sal clears his throat, shaking out the piece of paper.]

SA: "My life changed forever in early 2008 when Jon Stegglet came calling and offered me a job as the lead announcer for the American Wrestling Alliance... but I didn't know it at the time. Those first few months... we loved what we were doing but no one knew if it would keep going until the check cleared.

On August 30th, 2008... my life changed for good... and that's the day Juan Vasquez walked into it.

It changed for good because I knew that if Juan Vasquez was willing to give this place the time of day, it was the real deal... now, none of us knew that it would become what it became... but we did know that if Juan was involved, it stood a hell of a better chance. It changed for good because that was the first day I met him."

[Sal pauses, trying to shake down some emotion in his voice.]

SA: "I had heard of him, of course... who hadn't by that point... I had seen him wrestle... even live a few times... but I never met the man until that night. And that became a friendship that words cannot do justice... even the words of men like Juan and myself who got paid very well to say them.

Juan Vasquez is my friend in a business that doesn't allow for many of them.

From a business perspective, you can say Juan Vasquez was one of - maybe even **THE** - pillar the company was built on. Some might even say he's the reason you all are in Dodger Stadium tonight... why you're watching on Pay Per View... why next week's shows are on ESPN.

From a business perspective, there are a whole lot of people in the AWA offices tonight shedding tears that they'll never again see a house that Juan Vasquez drew.

From a personal perspective, this old timer will shed some tears tonight because I will never again get to see him do what he does best inside the ring again... and I will never again get the chance to pat my friend on the back after a show, buy him a beer, and say "looked good, Juan" in the way that always made him smile when everyone else was pouring praise on him.

That smile is what I'll miss. The wrestler, sure... but the man.

But I want him to know that I sit in my living room tonight so very proud of him... for all he's done... and for knowing when to say when... knowing when to step aside so he can be there every day for his biggest fans all along - his family. They deserve it... and he deserves it. I love you, amigo... now go out there and go out like only you can."

[Sal clears his throat again, tucking the paper carefully away.]

SA: Again... I find myself speechless, Colt.

[Colt tries to fire off a smart comment but comes up empty, shrugging.]

CP: I guess I do too.

[Sal grins.]

SA: For the final time in the career of Juan Vasquez... let's go to the ring.

[We cut back to a shot of the ring as Dodgers PA announcer Todd Leitz' voice booms over the PA system.]

"AWA fans, please welcome to the ring the Special Guest Ring Announcer for tonight's Main Event...

...Major League Baseball Hall of Famer... two-time World Series champion... Olympic gold medalist manager... one of the greatest of all time...

...TOMMY LASORDA!"

[The Dodger fans in the house ERUPT in one of the biggest reactions of the night as Tommy Lasorda comes up the ringsteps in a suit jacket and tie, waving to the fans wildly as he comes through the ropes, a huge smile on his face. He grins at the crowd's reaction... and then holds up a finger to Rebecca Ortiz who is waiting to take the mic.

He removes the suit jacket, tossing it over the ropes...

...and then yanks open his dress shirt, sending buttons flying to reveal a Dodgers #2 jersey underneath to a HUGE ROAR! Ever the showman,

Lasorda does a double bicep flex with a huge smile before he takes the offered mic from Rebecca.]

TL: I was made for this business!

[The crowd cheers again as Lasorda is handed a stack of index cards by Ortiz who stands nearby as needed.]

TL: Alright! Tonight's Main Event is one fall... no time limit!

[A big cheer rings out!]

TL: First, the Special Guest Referee...

[He consults the cards.]

TL: A former multiple-time World Champion... a former member of... Ego... MAX...

[He looks to Ortiz who nods, gesturing at the card.]

TL: ...and a self-proclaimed husband to an amazing wife and father to two great kids!

[Lasorda grins, shaking his head.]

TL: SHANE! DESTINYYYYYYYYYY!

[An organ version of "Light Will Keep Your Heart Beating In The Future" by Mike Doughty plays as Shane Destiny walks through the entrance, a smirk on his face. He is wearing a typical referee's outfit, albeit with the pants replaced by shorts as he sports a metal knee brace on both of his knees.]

SA: It wouldn't be a sports event in Los Angeles without Dieter Ruehle, the finest organist in the world and a cornerstone of Los Angeles sports since 2001, tickling the ivories here for Shane Destiny on the Dodger Stadium Roland Atelier organ.

CP: And we're wasting him on this guy?

SA: That's no way to talk about a former World Champion, Colt.

CP: Hey, I'm a former World Champion too, Albano, but I didn't get any organist to play me out here.

SA: Of course not, you would've wanted a symphony.

CP: I'm worthy of at least a full brass band.

[Destiny walks down to ringside where he greets his wife, Roxie Kujawa, and his two kids, Jessie and Mark Kujawa. Jessie's greeting to her father is typical disgruntled teenage fare - "don't mess it up, Dad" - but Roxie and

Mark wish Shane well before he climbs into the ring. As he enters, he can be heard thanking Lasorda and Ortiz for the addition to his introduction, then walks into a neutral corner...

...and as he settles in, the lights go completely out around Dodger Stadium, as "E5150" by Black Sabbath's eerie tones start to filter through the sound system. With each pulse of bass guitar, there is a wave of bright white light through the lighting of the entrance stage, with ripples of light going through around the stadium with each reverberation in the song. Then, with a riff of rhythm guitar, Ronnie James Dio's voice pierces through the darkness...]

OHHHHHHHHHHHHH COME ON!

[And with all the lights coming back to a blinding full brightness as the track switches to "The Mob Rules", from the entrance, followed closely by Dana Kaiser, storms Raphael Rhodes, eyes fixed on the ring from underneath the towel on his head. The crowd, normally on Rhodes' side, is decidedly booing him today, unquestionably due to his position as the man facing the hometown boy.]

TL: First... coming to the ring with his trainer and advisor, Dana Kaiser... he's from Ashton-in-Makerfield in the borough of Wigan, England... currently from Minneapolis, Minnesota... weighing 222 pounds...

[Lasorda takes a deep breath.]

TL: ...RAPHAELLLLL RHOOOOOOODESSSSSS!

[Rhodes stomps down the staging to more boos, dressed all in black - black trunks, black kneepads, black shinpads, black boots, with a black zip-up hoodie. Kaiser is in a road grey Minnesota Twins jersey and grey leggings, along with navy blue sneakers with red accents. There is nothing but sheer determination as Rhodes makes the walk to the ring, Kaiser following behind.]

SA: We don't expect much in the way of pageantry from this man, Colt, and we didn't get much today.

CP: Normally I decry that, Albano, but this guy is so results-driven that it would be a distraction to have him out here with a wild entrance.

SA: For nearly nine years, this man has waited for his shot at another one-on-one encounter at Juan Vasquez. Ever since the cage in Greensboro, Raphael Rhodes has wanted Juan Vasquez one-on-one. He got a measure of revenge when they were the last two left eight years ago at this very event, Memorial Day Mayhem, in that year's Rumble, and Rhodes came out on top, but Rhodes has said that's not enough.

CP: Throughout all my years in the sport, I've seen guys get sidetracked by grudges, but this might be the worst case of it. He lost his AWA career for more than five years because he got consumed by hate for Juan Vasquez. You don't become a legend when you're consumed by hate, you do it by

winning titles, and Rhodes' desire to finally beat Vasquez has cost him that year after year.

SA: Vasquez is retiring tonight as one of the most legendary figures specifically because he could let go of grudges en route to winning championships.

CP: Yeah, he could let go of those grudges because he always would come out on top. It's hard to hold a grudge when you never have anything to be bitter about. Just ask me someday.

[As Albano sighs, Rhodes removes his hoodie, then pops in his black mouthguard.]

SA: And look at the attire, Colt. All black. We've gotten used to seeing him in more colorful attire in recent months as he's become more popular.

CP: Yeah, I talked to Dana Kaiser about it, because Rhodes was completely silent. She said he ain't here to mourn Vasquez's career, he's here to bury it whether Vasquez wants to go or not.

SA: And you have to think, even though Kaiser has represented a major change in attitude and gameplan for Rhodes, that's all out the window when the man across the ring from him is Juan Vasquez.

CP: I think you'd say that about anyone's gameplan. Vasquez ain't the kind of guy you take a stock gameplan into the ring with.

[Rhodes finally climbs into the ring, rolling his shoulders and adjusting his neck as Shane Destiny walks over for inspection. The camera catches the dialogue between the two - or more specifically, Destiny saying "you're chipper, huh" and Rhodes grunting at him - as Destiny checks him over.]

SA: And of course, these two have their own history as well. Five years together as the primary gaijin talent for Rising Pro Wrestling in Japan, aside from when Destiny had an ACL injury in 2014.

CP: How many times do you think Rhodes has been to his house, though?

SA: For some reason, I don't think Raphael Rhodes goes out of his way to be a houseguest.

[Destiny steps back away from Rhodes as Rhodes glares up the aisle, watching as the stadium lights dim and the DodgerVision screens flare to life with a slow fade-in that reveals a gritty black-and-white shot of Los Angeles at dusk, the city skyline shimmering. "To Live and Die in LA" by Tupac Shakur begins to play as the screen bursts into color and highlights from Juan Vasquez's career:

Vasquez trading blows with the Southern Syndicate, spearing Stevie Scott through the wall of the WKIK Studio, executing a breathtaking moonsault off a steel cage onto The Gremlin, delivering a coast-to-coast dropkick to Chris

Courtade, barely registering a vicious chairshot to the head from a stunned Devon Case with a defiant glare, putting MAMMOTH Mitzusawa to sleep with the Assassin's Spike, posing proudly with his stablemates in Ego MAX, surviving a fiery explosion death match with Demon Boy Ishrinku in Japan, knocking out countless opponents with his devastating Right Cross - heads snapping back and bodies hitting the mat, crushing Luke Kinsey with a City of Angels off the top rope, a rapid-fire montage of Juan hoisting World Title belts in triumph after each victory, and finally, the montage crescendos with a shot of Juan standing in the back, his face set with determination, as the crowd's massive roar echoes. The screen then fades to black...

...and suddenly, the unforgettable beginning to "They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock & CL Smooth kicks in, as pyrotechnics explode in a cascading wall of fire along the stage ramp, painting the night sky in Dodger blue and white.

From the smoke, Juan Vasquez emerges for the last time as a professional wrestler to the kind of massive, deafening, once in a century, "blow the roof off Dodger Stadium if it actually had a roof" kind of pop that many a Mr. Match of the Mid-Year or Spiteful Superstar, or whatever other nomenclature they used to prop up their lack of actual popularity, could only dream of.

The man of the hour, day, week, month and year is wearing a letterman's jacket that looks like a walking mural of Los Angeles, with palm trees, skyscrapers and "Los Angeles" written on the chest in that signature Dodgers' Catchland cursive font. The white sleeves are stitched with patches up and down the arms - seven title belts on the right arm to commemorate every World Title he's ever won and the LA logo and a long list of names of his loved ones stitched on the left.

Underneath the jacket, he wears the same Dodgers themed zip-up track jacket we saw earlier. As for his actual wrestling gear, he wears full-length white tights with blue, white, and a hint of purple and gold flames running up and down the legs, along with matching boots. And the piece de resistance... on his left hand he wears a very familiar red glove.

Juan spins around - giving the camera a nice glimpse of the "VASQUEZ" graffitied on the back of his jacket - and points to the night sky, as the fireworks go off again...]

WHOOSH

"BOOM!"

WHOOSH

"BOOM!"

WHOOSH

"BOOM!"

WHOOSH

"BOOM!"

WHOOSH

"BOOM!"

WHOOSH

"BOOM!"

WHOOSH
"BOOM!"

[The crowd roars, as Juan spins back around and confetti cannons blast streams of blue, white, purple and gold into the air, before he strides forward, slapping hands with as many people as possible on his way down to the ring.]

SA: A walking love letter to this city right here. From the music, to the colors - representing the streets, the teams, the people of this great community... what a moment! What an entrance!

[Reaching ringside, Juan stops dead in his tracks, and places a hand over his heart, looking in absolute shock as he spots Miss Joey Potter. District Attorney Rachel Dawes. The First Daughter. Yes, it is Katie Holmes (Yes... THAT Katie Holmes), standing along the barricade.]

SA: Is that who I think it is? Juan Vasquez has had a...

CP: ...call it what it is, Sal! Juan Vasquez has an obsession with that woman for decades! Someone tell him he still has a retirement match to wrestle!

[The pull of the ring calls to Juan, who brushes fingers with his not-quite muse (the title is still safe with you, Michelle.) and he continues on his way to the ring. He makes his way around the ring, stopping to take a selfie with Clayton Kershaw and David Ortiz, before making his way to his familia: Marisol, Lorena, Mari, Kimmy and Michelle Bailey, Luke Kinsey, Edwin Lopez, Catalina Lopez, and even the long unseen Anna Garcia. Juan takes in a group hug, as Mari holds up a sign that reads "IF RAPH WINS WE COMPLAIN ONLINE"]

SA: The family... the friends of Juan Vasquez here tonight. And so many more who couldn't be here tonight watching at home I'm sure. Vasquez stopping to greet them all...

[Luke Kinsey moves over and whispers something in Juan's ear. Juan nods his head and Kinsey climbs over the barricade as the crowd roars with shock!]

SA: Wait, what's going on here!?

CP: Knowing Luke Kinsey, he probably wants to make this a three-way dance.

SA: He's been retired for years!

CP: Hey, just because you stop wrestling doesn't mean the bills stop coming in the mail.

[Luke and Juan enter the ring, where we see Kinsey discussing something with Rebecca Ortiz. Ortiz gestures to Lasorda who looks confused. Kinsey

puts his hands on his hips, looking at the Hall of Fame manager and steps closer to him, leaning over the mic.]

LK: Hey... you're Tommy Lasorda, right?

[Lasorda nods.]

LK: I hate Tommy Lasorda!

[The crowd boos lightheartedly as Kinsey feigns a punch, causing Tommy to cough up the mic. Kinsey catches it as a chuckling Rebecca Ortiz manages to get the Dodger manager to step aside for now.]

SA: Never change, Luke Kinsey.

[Kinsey clears his throat, tapping the top of the mic a few times before speaking.]

LK: Hey there folks, your REAL Special Guest Ring Announcer for this Main Event, professional wrestling Hall of Famer... Luke Kinsey!

[A massive cheer from the crowd! Luke takes some notecards out of his bowling shirt's chest pocket and begins to read off them.]

LK: *Ahem* In the corner to my right, he hails from right here in the City of Angels... Los Angeles, California...

[The roar from the crowd is literally shaking Dodger Stadium.]

LK: ...he weighs in at a lean, fit, ripped, cut, buff, but soon to be blown up to 250 in post-retirement much to the disappointment of Marisol...

JV: Hey!

[Cut to Marisol Vasquez hanging over the rail, cupping her hands over her mouth and shouting "Wooooooo! JUST MORE OF YOU TO LOVE, PAPI!" as Michelle Bailey tries to calm her down.]

LK: ...238 pounds...

[Some laughter from the crowd.]

LK: He is a former SWF World Heavyweight Champion, a former HIWF World Heavyweight Champion, a former RAW World Heavyweight Champion, the RCW World Heavyweight Champion FOREVER...

...wait, isn't that you, Shane?

[Luke and Juan both turn to Shane Destiny, who shrugs.]

SD: Eh. He's the one retiring... I'll allow it.

[More laughter, as Luke shrugs and goes back to reading off his notecards.]

LK: ...the GLCW World Heavyweight Champion FOREVER, the UWF World Heavyweight Champion FOREVER...

...wait, isn't that Youth Gone Wild?

[Juan smirks.]

JV: I have no idea what the hell you're talking about.

[Luke chuckles and goes back to reading.]

LK: ...and he should have been an EMWC World Champion, but they totally rigged that World Title tournament for Courtade and it's because of poor decisions like that, it went out of busin-

[Juan cuts him off.]

JV: Hey! Are you trying to get us sued?

LK: Don't blame me, broheim. Your wrestling historian of a daughter was the one that wrote these.

[We cut to Mari, who has grabbed her big sis's megaphone.]

"TELL ME WHERE THE LIE IS."

LK: Good luck raising her when she hits her teens.

JV: Why do you think I'm retiring?

[Laughter from the crowd, as Luke goes back to making his extremely lengthy intro.]

LK: And he is a former AWA Heavyweight champion of the Wooooooooooooorrrrrrrlllddd...

[The crowd laughs and groans, as Luke just tosses his first note card over his shoulder and starts listing off more things.]

LK: ...He is also known far and wide as The Blackheart, The Epitome of Evil, The Blood Angel, The Lone Wolf, The Madfox, The Spitfire, The Platinum Princess...

[The camera cuts to Michelle Bailey in the crowd, shaking her head.]

LK: ...The All-Around Athlete, The Natural Born Legend, The Fop, The Thug Angel, Wild Thing, The Cosmic Beauty Queen, Mister Maple Leaf, Armitage, The Last American Badass, Big Poppa Buyrat-

JV: HEY! I don't want that one.

CP: Maybe not... but I'm guessing Raphael Rhodes is less than amused.

[As Shane Destiny seems on the verge of signaling for the bell, a bark of protest from Raphael Rhodes gives him pause. Rhodes gestures across the ring, waving a hand...]

SA: It looks like Raphael Rhodes is telling Shane Destiny to search Juan Vasquez for weapons.

CP: That's part of his job. If this is any indication of the kind of referee that Shane Destiny's going to be, Albano, we're in for a rough Main Event.

SA: Well, Destiny is certainly not a trained referee... but he knows how it goes. Over there now to conduct a search and-

[Vasquez throws his hands up in disbelief.]

"You've known me for almost twenty years! You can trust me!"

[Destiny raises an eyebrow in suspicion and then begins his search, patting down the former World Champion and Hall of Famer...]

SA: Fans, we're just about set for this one to begin... the one we've all been waiting for. Juan Vasquez, setting out for one more historic night to cap off an incredible career. Former AWA National Champion. Former AWA World Champion. A World Champion, in fact, in practically every promotion he's been in... but tonight - in front of 60,000 fans in his hometown - would be the cherry on top if he could defeat one of his longest and toughest rivals.

[Rhodes glares across as Destiny instructs Vasquez to raise a boot. Vasquez grimaces as he does and we soon learn why as Destiny reaches into the top of the boot, finding a certain sharpened eating instrument...]

SA: His fork! We've seen him use that before, Colt.

CP: So has Raphael Rhodes!

[Vasquez shrugs.]

"Hey, you can't blame me for trying!"

[Rhodes sneers, shaking his head in disgust as Destiny tosses the fork aside, finishing his patdown.]

SA: Well... I suppose we're on even footing now.

[Destiny backs off to the middle of the ring...]

"Alright, boys... one more time... let's give these people a show, huh?"

[...and with the crowd buzzing with anticipation, Destiny signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[There's a sudden ROAR from the crowd, one of the loudest of the night as all the hype... all the anticipation... all the nervous energy... all the hometown love for a legend is released at once. The decibel level rises as high as our anxiety over this final showdown for the Hall of Famer who takes a moment to take it all in, a deep breath as he surveys the 60,000+ on hand, on their feet, showing him their adoration one more time...

...and with a nod, he circles out of the corner, Raphael Rhodes matching his movement. The British grappler ignores the reaction of the crowd, the overwhelming cheers for his opponent at a time when Rhodes is one of the most popular men in the locker room as well, edging closer and closer until...]

SA: LET'S DO THIS! ONE MORE ROUND!

[Rhodes lunges forward, clearing the distance to tangle in a collar and elbow but the superior grappling skills of Rhodes is quickly on display, twisting out of the tieup into a rear hammerlock. Vasquez is promptly on the hunt for an escape... to the ropes but Rhodes keeps him steady... to the elbow but Rhodes tucks his chin... to the leg but Rhodes keeps a wide stance...]

SA: Vasquez searching for a way out but there's nothing there... not yet at least...

[Vasquez grimaces as he grabs at his shoulder, still trying to find an exit to this simple but punishing hold...

...and then blindly reaches back, able to get Rhodes around the head and neck, leaping high into the air, and breaks free from the hold with a flying snapmare!]

SA: ...ohhh, how about that, Colt Patterson?

CP: It's still early, Albano... don't get yourself all worked up.

SA: I'm just saying, Colt... for Juan Vasquez, there is no tomorrow. This is it. So, I wouldn't be surprised to see him go a little harder than we've seen since last year at SuperClash inside of WarGames.

[Rhodes is quickly back up, rushing Vasquez without a second's pause, catching the Hall of Famer a little off-guard as he backpedals but uses his veteran's instinct to use Rhodes' own momentum against him, snatching a side headlock...]

SA: Vasquez into the headlock, trying to control Rhodes...

[...but Rhodes immediately lifts him off the back, looking to suplex his way out of the hold...]

SA: ...up he goes and...

[...but Vasquez tightens up, shifting his weight, and takes Rhodes over with a flying headlock takedown!]

SA: ...and down goes Rhodes! Oh yeah!

[Vasquez pops to his feet, a grin on his face as the crowd cheers - a handful breaking out in a teasing "YOU'VE STILL GOT IT!" chant as Vasquez chuckles, walking around the ring with pep in his step as Rhodes takes a knee, glaring up at him.]

SA: A little bit of confidence on the face of Juan Vasquez right now, happy with his early performance and... well, Raphael Rhodes is the exact opposite.

CP: He's angry, he's pissed off, he's bitter... and he's going to take all that out on Juan Vasquez here tonight. Nine years of resentment is about to wash all over the Hall of Famer on his way out the door.

[Rhodes surges off his feet, again catching a surprised Vasquez in a tieup, shoving him straight back into the ropes...]

SA: Rhodes on the attack...

[Winding up, Rhodes shifts to clubbing forearms across the chest...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

[...and then to hooking blows to the ribcage, causing Vasquez to jerk his arms down, trying to block the punches to the body...]

SA: Destiny's over there, calling for a break... kind of.

[The Special Guest Referee seems to be more... suggesting a break than ordering one. But he gets one... sort of... as Rhodes steps out, grabbing the arm to whip Vasquez across the ring...]

...but Vasquez hops up on the middle rope as Rhodes advances towards him. The veteran throws a headfake, causing Rhodes to duck down...]

SA: Nice fakeout by the Hall of Famer annnnnd...

[...and as Rhodes straightens up, he finds Vasquez standing on the middle rope, leaping off to snare Rhodes' head between his legs, taking him down with a rana! Rhodes promptly rolls from the ring as the crowd ROARS, Vasquez springing to his feet with his arms raised in celebration...]

SA: ...oho! It looks like Juan Vasquez may be feeling a little spring in his step here tonight in his hometown!

CP: Like we said, there's no next match for him, Sal... nothing to save for... nothing to keep in the tank... he can use every single remaining drop of wrestling life blood left in his body tonight... and I'm guessing that's exactly what he'll do. We may see a different Juan Vasquez than we've seen in a long, long time here tonight, Big Sal.

[Rhodes does a little pacing at ringside, Dana Kaiser by his side, talking quickly in his ear as Rhodes keeps his eyes on the ring where Vasquez is standing, a smirk on his face...

...which seems to enrage Rhodes who breaks away from Kaiser in mid-sentence, coming through the ropes, stomping across where he piefaces Vasquez backwards into the ropes... to overwhelming jeers.]

SA: Listen to the crowd response to that, Colt.

CP: There's no question who the fans are supporting tonight... that was NEVER going to be in question.

[Rhodes steps back, hands on his hips, looking around at the jeering crowd with a nod...]

SA: Rhodes realizing that... well, this is how it's going to be tonight. Much like Clayton Kershaw's legendary curveball, Raphael Rhodes is Public Enemy #1 in Dodger Stadium here tonight!

[Vasquez on the other hand grins at the reaction, waving his arms upwards, imploring them to get louder... and they quickly oblige as Vasquez points to them...]

"This is MY house... these are MY people!"

[...and Rhodes responds by diving at Vasquez, taking him down with a double leg, promptly snatching the mount with ease as he pounds down on his longtime rival...]

SA: And the feeling out process... if there even was one at all... appears to be over, Colt!

CP: This is how it always was gonna go. This is going to be a fight! It's going to be vicious, brutal, ugly at times... but damn, it's gonna be good!

[Rhodes' pummeling comes to an end as Vasquez reverses, getting the mount himself, raining down right hands on his rival's head as Dana Kaiser shouts advice from the floor and Vasquez' family shouts encouragement from their front row seats!]

SA: Both men with their families at ringside cheering them on... wait! Wait! Rhodes going for the Kimura! Rhodes going for an early submission!

[But Vasquez feels the hold coming, sliding out of the hold before it can be applied, taking a knee on the mat as Rhodes scrambled off the mat,

charging right back at him. Vasquez is barely up on his feet as Rhodes tackles him back into the corner...]

SA: OH! The intensity is through the roof in this one! Rhodes is all over him again, big shoulders into the ribs, breaking down the body of the Hall of Famer...

[...and again Destiny requests a break but this time, Rhodes has other ideas...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BURIES a knife edge chop across the torso of the former World Champion!]

SA: One of the hardest hitters in the locker room... in ANY locker room for that matter...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and he's not done, lighting up the chest of the hometown hero...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez reaches out, snatching a handful of hair, swinging Rhodes around so that his own back is against the buckles...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...ohhh, and Juan Vasquez returns the favor!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But just when things are going his way, Vasquez is grabbed by the hair, twisted back into the corner by his bitter - and we do mean bitter - rival...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who smashes an overhand chop down on Vasquez' chest!]

SA: A different chop but the same result, a red welt on the chest of the Hall of Famer and a whole lot of pain at the hands of Raphael Rhodes!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with Vasquez reeling against the buckles, Rhodes shifts his attack again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and goes upside the head of Vasquez with one of his signature open-handed blows across the side of the face, cracking against the ear as Vasquez drops down to a knee, the crowd jeering again as Destiny steps in, forcing Rhodes a few steps back as Vasquez grabs at his ear.]

SA: Juan Vasquez feeling the effects of that slap across the ear, Colt.

CP: Rhodes has busted eardrums with that before, Sal... and with what we've seen out of him already tonight, I wouldn't be surprised if he did it again.

SA: Vasquez down on a knee, reeling from the impact...

[The jeers seem to get under Rhodes' skin again as he angrily snatches Vasquez off his knee by the hair, dragging him to the middle of the ring where he hooks a front facelock...]

SA: ...and Rhodes perhaps looking for a suplex here.

[...but Rhodes' effort to take Vasquez up and over gets blocked by the Hall of Famer... and then reversed!]

SA: But it's Vasquez who scores with the vertical suplex instead! Nice counter but-

[Vasquez comes to his feet, grinning as he swipes his arms out wide, looking to the crowd who shout along with him.]

“NOTHING FANCY!”

[Vasquez chuckles at the 60,000+ fans shouting alongside him...

...but not so much as Rhodes angrily storms to his feet, shaking off the suplex, spinning Vasquez around...]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and absolutely JACKS HIS JAW with another slap across the face, knocking Vasquez off his feet and down onto his back as a fuming Rhodes stands over him.]

SA: Juan Vasquez has been mocking Rhodes with that Nothing Fancy taunt for months now... and Raphael Rhodes has heard enough of it.

CP: Remember, Sal... these two haven't touched in the entire lead-up to this match. No brawling... no tag matches... none of the stuff we often see on the road to a big Pay Per View match. So all of Vasquez' antics have just been stuck there in the mind of Rhodes, making him madder and madder every week and tonight, it's boiling over and I love it!

[Vasquez sits up off the mat, glaring at Rhodes who stands over him, glaring down on him. The former World Champion gets to his feet... and promptly spits blood on the canvas, showing off a split lip...]

SA: Oh, we've got our first blood of the match... but I'd bet maybe not our last.

[Vasquez runs a hand across his mouth, leaving a bloody smear across his cheek as he nods his head at Rhodes...

...and then extends his hand into the air, wiggling his fingers...]

SA: A test of strength?! I can't say that was on my Bingo card for this one, Colt.

CP: Mine either. Watch out for a trap.

SA: A trap?!

CP: Oh, don't act like Vasquez is above it. There's a reason he's been considered the dirtiest player in the game at different times during his career, Albano.

[Rhodes doesn't even hesitate, interlocking the fingers on one hand with Vasquez and then quickly adding the second when the Hall of Famer does...

...and then instantly lunges forward, clashing skulls with Vasquez!]

SA: OHH! HEADBUTT!

CP: And these two used to trade headbutts back in the day like they were two big nasty mountain goats, Big Sal... and I don't know that anyone could tell you who had a better headbutt.

SA: Is there any such thing as a better headbutt? Skull meeting skull almost always does damage to both!

[Vasquez staggers but does not fall, smashing his own head into Rhodes'!]

SA: This is hard to watch... my oh my...

[Rhodes stumbles but stays standing, returning the favor...]

SA: Back and forth, headbutt for headbutt, cracked skull for cracked skull!

[...a few more back and forth land before, without warning, at an unspoken signal, both men lunge at each other, crashing their heads together! The knucklelock is broken, the two men falling apart as Vasquez goes down to the mat. Rhodes stays standing... barely... stumbling into the ropes for support as a trickle of blood appears on his forehead.]

SA: Look at that! Raphael Rhodes busted himself open right there! He's bleeding... Vasquez is down... those headbutts doing serious damage to both men, Colt.

CP: Vasquez is rolling to the floor now, trying to get a little recovery time in...

[We cut to Juan's family at ringside, obvious concern on their faces as Vasquez rubs at his forehead on the mat...

...and Raphael Rhodes decides to interrupt that recovery time, ducking through the ropes in pursuit.]

SA: Uh oh... and this match may be about to level up, Colt. It's heading to the outside and...

[Rhodes walks over to the downed Vasquez, drawing him to his feet by the hair, smashing his face into the ring apron...]

SA: ...bouncing the former World Champion off the apron, trying to make sure he's seeing even more stars than he already was off that headbutt...

[...and then leads him over towards the timekeeper's table...]

SA: ...better get clear, Rebecca!

[The ring announcer scampers out of the way as Rhodes rifles Vasquez' head down onto the wooden table...]

SA: Raphael Rhodes going head-hunting on his rival, repeated shots to the melon to try to do some damage...

[Rhodes suddenly seems inspired, waving an arm at Ortiz and the timekeeper, clearing them out of the area...]

SA: Rhodes directing traffic on the outside, making room to work and...

[...and snatches a front facelock, the crowd buzzing as he does...]

SA: ...what is he...?

[...and lifts Vasquez for a suplex, throwing him down onto the timekeeper's table to a big shocked response!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A SUPLEX ON THE TABLE! Sweet San Angelo... a direct assault on the surgically-repaired back of Juan Vasquez!

CP: It's gotta be Vasquez' greatest weakness, Big Sal... and Rhodes wouldn't have to review a single piece of tape to know it. It's no secret. Vasquez missed almost all of 2017 with that injured back that he's battled for years but really put over the edge at SuperClash back in 2016 when he leapt off the Woodshed against Ryan Martinez and went through a table much like that one right there.

SA: That wooden table didn't break... but something inside of Juan Vasquez might have. The back... you have to believe the back is a big part of the physical breakdown of Vasquez over the years that has led to his decision to hang them up.

CP: Vasquez trying to get out while he can still walk on his own two feet... but Raphael Rhodes may have other ideas in his farewell match.

[Rhodes pushes Vasquez down onto the table, holding him in place...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and CLUBS down across the chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and with Vasquez immobilized on the table, Rhodes steps up onto it.]

SA: Uh oh... I don't like the looks of this at all, Colt. Both men on the table now... and that is NOT the biggest table on the block!

[Rhodes drags Vasquez off the table, pulling him into a front facelock...]

SA: What in the...?

[...and lifts him into the air for another vertical suplex...]

...and twists to fall off the table, both men CRASHING down on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SUPLEX ON THE FLOOOOOOOOR!

[The crowd is awed by the devastating attack, Rhodes sacrificing his own body to put Vasquez through physical hell...]

...and we cut to Juan's family at ringside, Kimmy Bailey with a comforting hand on the shoulders of her sisters as Juan's wife, Marisol, looks on with concern.]

SA: Raphael Rhodes with a brutal assault on the back, trying to do major damage here in Vasquez' final match... and you mentioned Juan being able to walk on his own two feet. Look, that is a legitimate concern for a lot of professional wrestlers as they near the end of their career, Colt.

CP: The pockets of surgeons all over the world are well-lined with the hard-earned money of professional wrestlers who found themselves needing major work done when their days in the ring were over. New knees... new hips... spinal fusion surgery... you name it, guys like me have paid for it. And even then, it's sometimes still not enough. The people from my era, Sal... we competed at a high pace... we pushed our bodies to the limits and beyond. We heard Caleb Temple out here earlier talking about his days in the ring... his struggles with painkillers are no secret. Think about the guys in their glory days in that era... men like Devon Case... like Chris Courtade... like Steve Spector. Broken bodies. Clinging to the chance to still compete. Juan Vasquez has been in this business a very long time... and if he walks out of this in one piece, he should consider himself a very, VERY lucky man, Big Sal.

[Rhodes slowly gets to his feet, grabbing his own back as Dana Kaiser looks on with anxious concern, her jaw clenched as Rhodes turns his focus back onto Vasquez...]

SA: Dana Kaiser looking on with a nervous expression as well. We talked about Vasquez not having to worry about tomorrow... well, Raphael Rhodes DOES need to worry about tomorrow. Dana Kaiser needs to worry about tomorrow. And if Rhodes breaks himself to beat Vasquez, what was it all for?

CP: Sal, I'm pretty sure Rhodes would say it's all worth it.

SA: Perhaps you're right... bringing Vasquez off the mat now... Vasquez can barely stand as... what is he doing now?! Another suplex?!

[It IS another suplex... just not how anyone would have anticipated as Rhodes lifts Vasquez into the air, bringing him down so that the small of his back SMASHES violently into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SUPLEX INTO THE APRON! SWEET SANTA MARIA!

[Vasquez falls to the floor, screaming in pain as Rhodes sits up on the ground, looking dead ahead and nodding his head approvingly.]

SA: Raphael Rhodes going right back after the back again... targeting the back of Juan Vasquez... in one of the most violent ways imaginable!

[Vasquez is twisted into an awkward position on the floor, grabbing at his back as Rhodes sneers at the jeering crowd...]

SA: Rhodes has taken control of this match and has done so to the brutal detriment of Juan Vasquez whose final night, looking for that big finish, is going very differently than he had planned.

CP: And you have to wonder about the preparation going into this match, Sal.

SA: What do you mean?

CP: Well, for the past few months, Raphael Rhodes has been focused on the matter at home... he's been competing against the best in the world... he's been studying tape... he's been developing a gameplan... he's been sharpened to a blood-drawing edge... and Vasquez has been going to ribbon cuttings and press events and seeing the world with his punk kids. That's not how you stay sharp for the final match of your career... and maybe THAT'S what we're seeing right now - the difference in preparation.

[...and we cut to a few different fans at ringside, showing shocked and horrified faces at the punishment their hero has taken so far.]

SA: Now, remember fans... there is no time limit in this match... however, we'll keep you informed on the time elapsed throughout the match and we're just over ten minutes into this one which has turned into an absolutely brutal battle already.

[Rhodes hauls a barely-moving Vasquez off the floor, tossing him under the ropes and back inside the ring...]

SA: Rhodes putting him back in - we know he doesn't want a countout.

CP: I don't think there's much of a risk of that, Sal. Shane Destiny didn't even get to a one count there with them outside the ring.

[Sal chuckles as Rhodes rolls back in, climbing to his feet where he's immediately on the attack with a leaping stomp to the lower back of Vasquez...]

SA: Right back to work on the lower back of Vasquez, stomping him down to the mat...

[...and pushes right back up, dropping all his weight down in a kneedrop on the lower back!]

SA: ...ohhh! Even more damage being done to the back there... and Juan Vasquez has gotta find a way to get back into this one in a hurry. Rhodes is on a roll and in control of this - the final match in the legendary career of Juan Vasquez.

CP: You look at the list of people who Vasquez has faced throughout his career - including right here in the AWA... men with names like Martinez, Kinsey, Destiny, Scott, Dufresne... and the list goes on. It's gotta be a tremendous honor for Raphael Rhodes to be the final one... even if it's buried deep down because he wants to send Vasquez out of here on a stretcher tonight.

SA: Rhodes pulling him off the mat...

[Rhodes whips him the distance of the ring, falling to his knees as he puts a little extra something on the toss, sending Vasquez CRASHING into the corner where his body slams violently into the turnbuckles before collapsing down on all fours on the mat, slumping down to his chest.]

SA: ...the ring nearly shook on that one, Colt!

CP: I think it did! Rhodes put everything he had into that whip and Juan Vasquez - or his back at least - continues to pay the price... and if you're one of the sixty thousand plus who jammed themselves into Chavez Ravine hoping to see Vasquez get that storybook finish, you may be regretting your decision right now because I think Raphael Rhodes has got this old-timer's number...

[Rhodes gets up off the mat, the surly Brit taking his time as he approaches Vasquez who has pushed back up onto all fours.]

SA: Rhodes shouting at Vasquez, demanding that he get up...

[Rhodes bellow down at him again, glaring onto his rival...

...who makes a quick move to reach out as Rhodes gets too close, yanking his legs out from under him...]

SA: OH! Vasquez strikes quick and hard!

[...and very quickly executes a catapult before Rhodes can get back on track, launching him through the air and sending him crashing into the turnbuckles!]

SA: Juan Vasquez moving swiftly here... maybe realizing Rhodes has him in trouble and he needs to strike a little quicker. Maybe realizing that this is not the Juan Vasquez who routinely would go through long distance matches earlier in his career...

[With Rhodes reeling in the corner, Vasquez swings him around, throwing a stiff forearm shot... and another... and another...]

SA: Vasquez opening up on Rhodes!

[...and as Rhodes starts to slump down, the blows turn into clubbing forearms, smashing down across the neck and shoulder of the British grappler...]

SA: Hammering him down!

[...and as Rhodes reeling slumps over, Vasquez grabs the top rope, swinging his knee into the chest once... twice... three times, putting Rhodes down in a seated position against the turnbuckles as referee Shane Destiny shouts for Vasquez to "back off and let him up!"]

SA: Vasquez is all over him!

[Vasquez lands a few more knees, this time to the face of the seated Rhodes before he tears off backwards, hobbling across the ring to the far side as Destiny steps clear...]

SA: HERE! HE! COMMMMMMMES!

[...and Vasquez tears back in, looking for his signature running knee...

...but Rhodes proves he's nowhere near done yet, surging to his feet, sprinting from the corner...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES the bottom of his boot into the jaw of Vasquez, flipping him inside out and dumping him in a heap on the canvas!]

SA: BIG BOOT BY RHODES! HE WIPES HIM OUT!

[Rhodes dives into a lateral press, snatching a leg tightly...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...but Vasquez kicks out, breaking free of Rhodes' grasp...]

SA: Early two count for Raphael Rhodes, probably knowing he wasn't going to get the Hall of Famer there but wanting a quick status check to see how much Vasquez has left in him.

CP: By that knockout, I'd say he's got quite a bit, Sal. Remember, there's no day but today for Juan Vasquez. This is his last shot to make a memory that'll last forever and you better believe he's going to do everything in his power to do exactly that.

[...and Vasquez promptly rolling over onto his stomach as he tries to relieve the pressure on his back... a move that proves to be a mistake as Rhodes scrambles up off the mat, dropping an elbow down into the small of the back!]

SA: Ohhh - elbowdrop to the base of the spine!

[Rhodes repeats the process, repeatedly scrambling off the mat to drop a short but impactful elbow into the lower back over and over and over...]

SA: Just brutalizing the back of the former World Champion and-

[...and with a knee planted in the lower back, Rhodes sinks his fingers into the corner of Vasquez' mouth, pulling him into a painful stretch as he rips and tears at the face of the Hall of Famer!]

SA: -not exactly a traditional type of submission hold but no one can argue that it's not effective as Rhodes rips at the face of Vasquez and tries to bend him backwards at the same time.

[Shane Destiny frowns at the fish hook, waving his hands at Rhodes...]

"Come on, Raph... let's break this thing... let's go..."

[...and a very slow count starts, allowing Rhodes to sink in several more seconds in the hold before letting go as Vasquez flops facefirst over onto the mat.]

SA: Rhodes finally lets it go...

CP: I don't know why. With how slow Destiny was counting, Rhodes could've kept that on for a half hour.

SA: About fifteen minutes in the bank on this one... and we knew it going in... Shane Destiny was going to rely on his discretion quite a bit in this match. It's not No Disqualification... it's not No Countout... but perhaps it is both of those things in a de facto nature. I do NOT see a scenario where Destiny will disqualify either man. I do NOT see a scenario where he will count out either man. Shane Destiny wants to see a true, undisputed winner as much as they do... as much as we do... as much as sixty thousand fans here in Chavez Ravine and perhaps millions watching at home around the world do.

CP: And I gotta respect that... and I gotta respect the AWA for letting this happen when they had to know that would be Destiny's approach.

SA: Colt, I gotta imagine the front office wants it as much as any of us.

CP: You may be right about that.

[Rhodes comes off the mat, walking a circle around Vasquez as he tries to crawl across the ring away from his attacker...]

SA: Raphael Rhodes with a typically methodical pace to his match, taking his time... making sure every single blow he lands and every single hold he applies does maximum damage.

[...before hauling Vasquez off the mat to his feet, pushing him back into the turnbuckles with a disrespectful pieface, followed up with a taunting paintbrush slap before grabbing the arm...]

SA: Whips him across, hard into the buckles again!

[Vasquez loops his arms over the top rope, desperately trying to stay on his feet...]

SA: Vasquez taking a jolt up and down his spine from that...

[Rhodes slowly walks in, grabbing the arm again...]

SA: Shoots him back the othe- no, reversed!

[...and the reversal sends Rhodes crashing into the corner with Vasquez wasting no time in charging in behind him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: YAAAKUUUUZAAAA! TAKING A PAGE OUT OF THE RYAN MARTINEZ PLAYBOOK!

[The blow snaps Rhodes' head back as Vasquez bounces backwards out of the corner, grabbing at the small of his back as Rhodes stumbles out into a boot to the gut...]

SA: Vasquez measures his man annnnnd...

[...and then Vasquez charges back in, swinging his leg up in an impactful kneelift that sends Rhodes flying backwards, spilling through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: AND AN ERIC PRESTON DREAM MACHINE FOR GOOD MEASURE! A little taste of some of the most influential people in Juan's AWA career... both friend and foe...

CP: That kneelift did significant damage, Albano, knocking Rhodes right out of the ring, falling to the outside... and Dana Kaiser did NOT like the looks of that. She was immediately right over there to check on him...

[Vasquez walks to the far ropes, falling back against them as he takes a breather...]

SA: Kaiser on the floor, kneeling next to Rhodes, trying to get him back on his feet as Vasquez waits for him inside the ring. He's in no hurry to get back out there on the floor with Raphael Rhodes...

[...and as Kaiser helps Rhodes get to his feet, Vasquez proves Big Sal very, very wrong.]

SA: WHAAAAAT?!

[A sprinting Juan Vasquez clears the ring, hurling himself between the ropes, crashing into Rhodes and sending both men down onto the floor as Dana Kaiser bails out of the way to avoid the flying Vasquez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: JUAN VASQUEZ TURNING HIMSELF INTO A HUMAN MISSILE JUST WIPED OUT RAPHAEL RHODES ON THE FLOOOOOOOR!

CP: No day but today! Leave it all on the field! There's no tomorrow!

SA: Vasquez putting his body on the line in ways we haven't seen in a long time...

[Vasquez pushes off the floor, grinning at the crowd's reaction to his highlight reel dive. He points to his beaming family, giving a thumbs up with a "I'm good!"]

SA: The Hall of Famer letting his family know he's okay after that dive... pulling Rhodes off the ringside mats now...

[The former World Champion walks Rhodes towards the ring before SMASHING his face down into the ring apron!]

SA: ...and BOUNCES his face off the apron! Vasquez taking the fight to the outside and-

[Grabbing the arm, Vasquez takes aim...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and WHIPS him into the steel steps, Rhodes twisting and taking the full brunt of the impact across his back!]

SA: And now it's Rhodes taking a big shot to the back, Vasquez trying to return the favor here in Los Angeles...

[We cut to an overhead shot, showing the action from high above as Vasquez grabs Rhodes, pulling him back to his feet...]

SA: The Eye in the Sky giving us a bird's eye view there as Vasquez walks Rhodes across the ringside area, putting him back... or not!

[...and as we cut back to a ringside camera, Vasquez lifts Rhodes up like he's going for a belly to back, letting loose an anguished grunt of exertion before DUMPING Rhodes down across the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: You talk about a jolt to the spine, Colt - that was it!

CP: Vasquez' own back is pretty banged up at this point so he couldn't get a lot of lift on that but he got enough, dropping Rhodes down on the hardest part of the ring... and Rhodes has gotta be in tremendous pain after those two hard shots to his own back.

SA: And I personally do NOT like the looks of this, Colt!

[The crowd starts to buzz again as Vasquez climbs the ringsteps, using the post for support as he reaches the apron...

...and keeps on climbing!]

SA: You've gotta be kidding me!

CP: Juan Vasquez is heading into high risk territory... and in a match like this, Albano, a mistake up here could mean heading into retirement with one big ol' "L" in the loss column!

SA: Vasquez putting it all on the line, slowly climbing the corner... trying to get up to the top rope...

[With Rhodes lying prone on the apron, Vasquez plants one foot on the top rope, looking down on his rival as the crowd ROARS with anticipation...]

SA: ...what's he going to do, Colt?!

CP: I don't know but this could be a turning point in the match - one way or the other!

[...and Vasquez hurls himself into the air, tucking his arms and legs...]

SA: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ROARS as Vasquez CRASHES down onto the laid out Rhodes, sandwiching the British grappler between Vasquez' body weight and the hardest part of the ring!]

SA: HE PUT IT ALL ON THE LINE, COLT, AND IT CAME UP SUNSHINE AND ROSES FOR THE HALL OF FAMER!

[Rhodes is definitely hurting after the big dive off the top but Vasquez looks to be in even more pain, rolling off the apron to his hands and knees on the floor, grimacing in pain...

...and we cut back to his concerned family, wincing in sympathy for yet another spine-jolting shot to the back!]

CP: The surgically-repaired back of Juan Vasquez takes another blow... and Big Sal, I gotta wonder if that senton was worth it. Yeah, Rhodes is hurt... but Vasquez may be hurt worse. We keep saying that he can't hold anything back... that he doesn't NEED to hold anything back for tomorrow but that risk-taking may have just caused Juan Vasquez to make a crucial mistake... a potentially match-ending... and in this case, career-ending mistake.

SA: Both men down after that... and you can see Juan's wife and his girls looking incredibly concerned right now, perhaps thinking the same thing that you are, Colt... wondering if Juan Vasquez may have just gone a step too far in trying to get that big finish.

[Rhodes rolls from the apron back inside the ring, grimacing as he grabs at his sternum. Dana Kaiser slaps the mat to get his attention, trying to have a conversation about his current condition as Vasquez continues to recover on the outside, breathing hard as Shane Destiny takes a look with a "come on, Juan... back inside..."]

SA: No count from Shane Destiny... just telling the former World Champion to get back in the ring... and it looks like Vasquez is trying to do exactly that, dragging himself off the floor with the aid of the apron...

[Climbing off the mat, Vasquez looks across where Rhodes has managed to push up to all fours, telling Dana that he's okay to keep going. The Hall of Famer crosses the ring, stepping around Rhodes and up onto the middle rope...]

SA: Are you kidding me?! After that dive off the top rope onto the apron, Vasquez is-

[...and LEAPS into the air, dropping his weight down in a second senton onto Rhodes who was up on all fours, getting broken down and driven into the canvas under Vasquez' weight!]

SA: TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT POUNDS CRUSHING RHODES DOWN!

[Shoving Rhodes onto his back, Vasquez dives across, hooking a leg...]

SA: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[The crowd groans as Rhodes lifts the shoulder, breaking out of the lateral press in time.]

SA: Vasquez can't believe it! He thought that would be enough! At about the twenty-two minute mark of this match, Juan Vasquez thought he had it won...

[Pushing off the mat, shaking his head in disbelief, Vasquez looks down at Rhodes who is crawling to the ropes, trying to drag himself off the mat...

...and slowly raises his right hand above his head, closing his fingers into a fist...]

SA: ...and now he's calling for the Right Cross! Now he's REALLY looking to finish this!

CP: Think of all the people he's laid out with that... how many matches he's won... how many titles he's won... how many life-threatening illnesses he's cured...

SA: Colt!

CP: A TV in Toronto just got kicked in for that one, Big Sal!

SA: Might be a couple backstage that suffered the same fate... but nevertheless, Raphael Rhodes is rising and he doesn't have a clue what's waiting for him when he gets there. Could this be it? Could we be about to witness the final blow struck in the legendary career of Juan Vasquez?

[Dana Kaiser is SCREAMING at Raphael Rhodes from the floor, trying to warn him of what awaits him, earning a hard glare from Vasquez who is lying in wait for her man...

...and the shouts combined with the glare gives Rhodes a window of a chance to escape, ducking and diving, sweeping the legs out from under Vasquez with a double leg takedown, promptly leaping into the air, feet drawn back...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DOUBLE STOMP! RIGHT TO THE MIDSECTION!

[Rhodes twists around, leaping up a second time...]

SA: MAKE IT FOUR FEET TO THE FUNDUS!

[...and with Vasquez gasping for air on the mat, Rhodes rushes to the ropes, rebounding off, throwing himself into the air...]

SA: And now it's Rhodes crashing down with a senton on the former World Champion!

[The British grappler flips over, snatching a leg as he rolls into a back press!]

SA: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[But Vasquez kicks out, breaking free of the pin attempt to big cheers from the sixty thousand partisan fans...]

SA: Not enough to keep him down - not on this night especially.

[Rhodes rolls to his knees, clubbing his forearm down across the midsection once... twice... three times...

...and then gets off the mat, dragging Vasquez with him to shove him back into the corner...]

SA: Raphael Rhodes seems like he's hit a second wind, a whole new burst of energy... big knees to the body, hammering that midsection... continuing to work the core after inflicting so much damage to the back throughout the match so far...

[...and then whips Vasquez across the ring, sending him crashing into the buckles, staggering back out as Rhodes stands center ring, arm cocked...]

SA: CLOTHESLI-

[...but Rhodes has telegraphed the standing lariat attempt, allowing Vasquez to duck down to avoid it...

...which is exactly what the smirking Rhodes was hoping for, snatching the doubled-over Vasquez in a front facelock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KANSAS CITY SHUFFLE DOING HIS LATE UNCLE JEREMY PROUD!

[Rhodes flips Vasquez onto his back, diving into another pin attempt...

...but Vasquez keeps rolling, escaping out from under Rhodes and ending up out on the floor, grabbing the back of his neck as Rhodes gets off the canvas, glaring out at him...]

SA: Vasquez wisely escapes to the outside, trying to catch a breath and-

CP: I don't think so, Big Sal!

[...and then breaks to the far ropes, rebounding back at high speed...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and WIPES OUT Vasquez at even higher impact, flattening the SoCal native with a suicide dive to the floor!]

SA: HIGH SPEED, HIGH IMPACT, AND HIGH DANGER FOR JUAN VASQUEZ AFTER THAT DIVE TO THE OUTSIIIIIIIDE!

[Dana Kaiser looks on with concern towards her client and husband as Rhodes struggles to his feet, holding up a clenched fist in her direction as she nods with a smile, clapping for the big move...]

SA: Raphael Rhodes letting Dana know that he's okay... but Juan Vasquez can't say the same because they're on the outside and Rhodes is looking to turn his momentum into a game-changing moment!

[Rhodes hauls a limp Vasquez to his feet, blasting him with a European uppercut that sends the former World Champion falling into the ring apron, grabbing hold of the ropes to stay on his feet...]

SA: Vasquez is barely able to stand at this point... and Rhodes grabs the arm, sending him across...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...RIGHT INTO THE STEEL BARRICADE!

CP: I hope they reinforced that thing. If one more of these Los Angelenos come from the crowd, I'm headed for the door, Albano.

SA: The fans aren't coming to us... but...

[Rhodes goes tearing towards his rival, looking for a clothesline for real this time, connecting hard as the two men go tumbling over the railing and into the crowd!]

SA: ...RHODES AND VASQUEZ ARE HEADING TO THEM! THEY'RE IN THE CROWD AS THEY PUT THE MAYHEM IN THIS MEMORIAL DAY!

[The crowd is buzzing, rushing to surround the duo as many in the ringside area see their final chance to get a brush with the greatness that is Juan Vasquez...]

SA: We've got fans surrounding the action... we may need to get some more security out here, guys. If you can hear me in the back, I think we need some more security and-

[We cut to a slightly elevated shot, maybe from the ring apron where we can see Rhodes on his feet, hammering Vasquez with chops and short forearms as they go a little deeper into the crowd. Dana Kaiser has climbed up on the apron, trying to catch a glimpse as she looks on with concern before protesting to referee Shane Destiny...]

"Bad knees. I'm not chasing them."

[Kaiser protests again but Destiny shakes his head.]

"They'll come back. They always come back."

[We cut to a camera shot in the crowd where Rhodes and Vasquez are tangled up, throwing short fists from the lockup, doing little damage but still fighting as the fans ROAR all around them...]

CP: Let me get this right, Albano... 'cause you said it earlier. We came to a baseball stadium to call a wrestling show... and a hockey fight just broke out!

[Sal chuckles as Vasquez shoves Rhodes backwards, falling into a row of seats where Vasquez gets a sloppy mount, hammering away on his rival as we get an earful of fans shouting things like...

"THIS IS YOUR NIGHT, JUAN!"

"GET HIM A BODYBAAAAAG! YEAAAAAH!"

"HEY, THAT WAS MY BEER, VASQUEZ! YOU OWE ME!"

Uh huh. That last one might've been from Hannibal Carver who has made his way out to sit amongst the people to watch the action unfold.

We also catch a glimpse of former AWA World Champion Calisto Dufresne who is watching with interest, very casually sitting in the crowd trying to not be noticed. A few seats further away, we spot a few more names from the AWA history books - Ben Waterson... Louis Matsui with MAMMOTH Mizusawa by his side... Hamilton Graham... "Big" Jim Watkins...

Eventually, Vasquez goes flying backwards as Rhodes kicks him off, climbing up on the seats of the chairs as the fans continue to roar for the action unfolding in their laps...

...and with a short run, Rhodes HURLS himself off the chairs, diving onto Vasquez with a flying forearm that knocks both men down onto the outfield grass!]

SA: OHH! And the hockey fight has turned into a bar room brawl!

CP: With Carver out there, you better believe it!

[Rhodes drags Vasquez off the ground, turning back towards the ring where he HURLS Vasquez over the railing back into the ringside area!]

SA: Oh! Rough landing there for the former World Champion... Rhodes climbing over after him...

[He immediately pulls Vasquez back to his feet, lighting him up with a European uppercut that knocks him back against the apron...

...and lands a second... and a third...]

SA: Rhodes teeing off on the outside!

[A defiant Vasquez waves his arms, calling for more as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: Juan Vasquez saying he's not done yet!

[An agitated Rhodes shifts his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BIG CHOP!

CP: You could hear that one down on Sunset, jack!

[Rhodes winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But Vasquez is still fired up, throwing a big right hand... and another... and another to the ROAR of the sixty thousand plus on hand...]

SA: Vasquez firing back! Juan Vasquez looking to get back into-

[...but Rhodes responds by lowering his shoulder, driving into the midsection of Vasquez, and SLAMMING his lower back into the edge of the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: But Rhodes returns fire himself... and another blow to the back immediately stops Juan Vasquez in his tracks, Colt.

CP: The back wasn't in the best of condition going in tonight... and Rhodes has made it significantly worse, inflicting damage over and over on it throughout this match.

SA: He's about to inflict some more damage on it, looking for a whip into those steel steps!

[But as Rhodes goes for the whip, Vasquez manages to reverse it...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Rhodes goes crashing into the steps, his legs going out from under him as he hits his shoulder on the staircase, slumping down to sit against it!]

SA: Vasquez with a big time counter there, reversing the whip and buying himself some much-needed time to recover...

[Vasquez hobbles across the ringside area, planting his hands on the top of steel steps...]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES his knee into Rhodes' face...]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a third time, leaving Rhodes' head back against the steel, unmoving as Vasquez backs away, ignoring Shane Destiny's request to "get it back in here, Juan! Right now!"]

SA: Wait, wait... he went for this earlier and missed out but on the outside, he's going to do it again!

[Vasquez does indeed go charging forward, looking to put Rhodes' head THROUGH the steel steps...

...but Rhodes dives clear at the last moment...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Vasquez' knee SLAMS into the steel, causing him to flip forward, over the steps and down hard on the ringside mats!]

SA: VASQUEZ' COUNTER WAS GOOD BUT RHODES' COUNTER WAS BETTER!

CP: And Juan Vasquez doesn't exactly have great knees these days either, Sal!

SA: Even if he did, he wouldn't have after that hard knee-first smash into the steel. Twice, he's gone for that move and twice, Raphael Rhodes has had a way to avoid it that caused major issues for the Hall of Famer!

[Rhodes pushes up off the mats onto his knees, looking across at Vasquez who clutches his own knee, grimacing in pain as the fans buzz with concern for their hometown hero...]

SA: We are just shy of the thirty minute mark in what has - to no surprise - turned into an out-and-out WAR between Juan Vasquez and Raphael Rhodes. The final time they will meet inside the squared circle. The final time Juan Vasquez will meet ANYONE inside the squared circle.

[Rhodes drags Vasquez off the floor by the hair, tossing him under the ropes into the ring...

...and actually gets distracted for a moment, turning to bark an insult at a particularly rabid Vasquez fan in the front row before Dana Kaiser gets him back on track.]

CP: Rhodes losing focus there a bit but Kaiser's right there to put him back in the right mindset. That's one of the signs of a good manager, Big Sal.

SA: We talked earlier about the struggles James Lynch might have without his manager with him... but Raphael Rhodes seems to be excelling with his manager in his corner.

[Rhodes shakes his head at the fan's shouting as he climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes. He steps towards the kneeling Vasquez...

...who suddenly surges upwards, lifting Rhodes over a shoulder!]

SA: VASQUEZ OUT OF NOWHERE! GETS HIM UP!

[And with the crowd ROARING, Vasquez manages to shift Rhodes into position for the City of Angels!]

SA: HE'S GOT HIM IN POSITION! VICTORY WITHIN HIS GRASP!

[But a struggling Rhodes manages to escape from the physically-impaired Vasquez, sliding down the back to drag the former World Champion down in a sunset flip!]

SA: RHODES WITH THE REVERSAL! IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT I-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -VASQUEZ JUST BARELY ESCAPES IN TIIIIIIIME!

CP: That was a close call for Vasquez! The whole thing almost came crashing down on him right there, Big Sal!

SA: Too close for Vasquez, his friends, his family, his fans... in this stadium and all over the world! If the air got thin in your neck of the world there for a moment, it might've been the collective gasp from those people who thought Vasquez had lost it all right there.

[Vasquez moves a little slow getting to his feet and finds Rhodes waiting for him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BIG CHOP BY RHODES!

[The blow stuns Vasquez but he manages to keep his feet, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: VASQUEZ FIRES BACK!

[Rhodes sets his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RHODES!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: VASQUEZ!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RHODES!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: VASQUEZ!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RHODES!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RHODES!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OHHH, HOLY... WHAT A CHOP BY RHODES!

[The skin-blistering blow leaves Vasquez staggers as Rhodes drops his head, charging to the ropes behind him, bouncing back off towards the stunned Vasquez...]

...who somehow manages to catch him coming in, lifting, twisting...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: POWERSLAAAAAAM! VASQUEZ DRIVES HIM DOWN! THE FANS ON THEIR FEET! LETTING HIM FEEL THE LOVE!

[Climbing off the mat, Vasquez looks out at the crowd with a grin...

...and then points down to a particular section of the crowd, nodding his head as he drops back into the ropes, bouncing off...]

SA: Vasquez off the ropes...

[...and with a clenched jaw and a faceful of determination, he hurls himself into a front somersault...]

SA: ...LEGDROP CONNECTS!

[...and as he climbs off the mat, he throws up the “W” looking out at 60,000+ doing the exact same thing...]

“WESSSSSSTSIIIIIIIIIIDE!”

[...and we cut to ringside to show Ice Cube swinging that “W” back and forth with a huge grin...

...and then back to the ring where Vasquez collapses on top of Rhodes, reaching back to hook a leg!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! T-

[But Rhodes’ shoulder comes flying up off the mat, breaking up the pin!]

SA: -NOOOOOO! Out at two and change! Over a half hour of action here in Chavez Ravine and... listen to these fans!

[With Rhodes and Vasquez both down on the mat for the moment, we can hear an overwhelming ovation aimed at the ring for the historic battle they’re witnessing...]

SA: We’ve said it for months! One more match, one last time! Tonight, you can add “one more round...” and “one more fight!” to the hype because that’s what this is, Colt. A fight!

CP: This is two men at the top of their game putting everything they’ve got on the line to make history... to be the answer to a trivia question... to be the one on the poster... on the highlight reel... to be the one on the Topps Now card tomorrow morning that’s honoring this night!

[Vasquez drags himself off the mat, pushing up to a seated position, breathing heavily as he looks down at Rhodes who is unmoving on the mat. Vasquez nods a few times, grimacing as he gets to his feet, immediately grabbing at his lower back...]

SA: Vasquez on his feet... perhaps thinking about what he can do to keep Rhodes down for three.

CP: He knows what he needs to do... what he needs to TRY and do at least. We've seen him look for the Right Cross... we've seen him look for the City of Angels... both came up empty but that's the first step. You gotta hit those first...

SA: And if Rhodes kicks out of those?

CP: Then you improvise. Juan Vasquez has been in this business for a long damn time, Big Sal... you better believe he's got weapons in the arsenal we haven't seen for years... if EVER!

[Vasquez slowly approaches the corner, throwing a look over his shoulder...]

SA: You've gotta be kidding me! Juan, the ribs... the back... you can't!

[...and Vasquez springs off the bottom rope, not getting much lift but getting enough to get around on a low impact moonsault!]

SA: We've seen this so many times throughout the legendary career of Vasquez - the Moonsault Trilogy. One on each rope... to the second now...

[With better spring and height off the middle rope, there's more impact as Vasquez crashes down across the torso of Rhodes, pushing right up off the mat, stumbling towards the corner...]

SA: ...and it's not over yet! One more to go!

[...and grabs the top rope, breathing heavily before stepping to the middle rope... then to the top...]

SA: HE'S UP TOP! VASQUEZ UP TOP!

[...and throws himself into a moonsault, flipping backwards towards his foe...

...who spins on his back on the canvas, suddenly shifting so that he's not longer in position for the moonsault...

...and swings his legs up as Vasquez comes down...]

SA: OH! OH! TRIANGLE CHOKE! RHODES WITH THE TRIANGLE CHOKE!

[...and Rhodes snares Vasquez' head and neck between his legs to counter the moonsault attempt! A shocked Vasquez pounds the canvas, trying to extract himself before Rhodes can fully get the hold locked in!]

CP: He's in trouble, Albano! If there's an area in the ring that Rhodes easily excels in over Vasquez, it's his submission skills... and he's looking to lock in that triangle choke and end Vasquez' legendary career with a tapout! What a way to go!

SA: Vasquez fighting it, trying to get free... you know he doesn't want to quit! You know he doesn't want that to be the final nail in the coffin for his career!

[Vasquez pushes to his knees as Destiny slides into position, checking to make sure the Hall of Famer isn't looking to submit...]

SA: Destiny's right there in perfect position, Colt!

CP: He's asking Vasquez!

SA: Could the Juan Vasquez Retirement Party be held in Tapout City?!

[...and reaches down, grasping Rhodes around the upper thighs, grimacing as he tries to muscle him up...]

SA: This is one way out! He's looking to powerbomb his way out of this!

CP: We've seen this escape before - in pro wrestling AND in MMA... if he can get it, he might slip free but...

SA: Oh! He couldn't do it! He couldn't do it! The back gave out and he puts Rhodes right back down on the mat!

[Tightening up the hold, Rhodes takes aim, smashing an elbow down on Vasquez' trapped head...]

SA: Elbows from the bottom now by Rhodes, adding even more punishment to this vice-like submission hold!

[The elbow lands over and over and over as Vasquez struggles to avoid passing out, trying to find a way out, falling back to his chest, stretching his limbs out annnnnnnnd...]

SA: FOOT ON THE ROPES! HE GOT A FOOT ON THE ROPES!

[...but Rhodes doesn't seem about to break the hold, cinching it in tighter and landing a few more elbows before Shane Destiny actually pries the hold apart, shoving Vasquez clear!]

SA: Ohhh! How about that, Colt?!

CP: Well, if he ain't gonna count, I suppose it's the only way he can get Rhodes to let go!

[Rhodes pushes up off the mat, throwing a glare at the official, jabbing a finger at him, warning him to "not touch me!"]

SA: Rhodes letting our official - Shane Destiny - know that he didn't appreciate being manhandled like that to break the hold... but Destiny doesn't seem concerned about it. The Wigan native back in there, pulling Vasquez off the mat by the back of the tights and... ohh! Short forearm to the lower back... make it two...

[And with Vasquez reeling, Rhodes muscles him up into the air...]

SA: Belly to ba- JUAN FLIPS UP AND OVER!

[Landing on his feet behind Rhodes, Vasquez steadies himself, pointing out to his family at ringside before Rhodes turns and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: LARI-

[And a loud voice from ringside bellows it out - "LARIAAAAATOOOOOOOOO!" Sal chuckles at being cut off.]

SA: What she said.

[And we cut to Kimmy Bailey at ringside, fired up and pounding her fists into her thighs, shouting her support to her father inside the ring who collapses after landing the blow!]

SA: Rhodes is down after the lariat but Vasquez is as well! Both men laid out after an absolutely brutal blow landed by the Hall of Famer! Vasquez is exhausted at this point, Colt.

CP: It sure seems that way. With a bad back, it's tough to get around in there. Every movement shoots pain up and down your body and fills you with torment. It's physically draining. It's emotionally draining... and when you consider Vasquez' emotional state going into this, he's gotta be barely hanging on at this point.

SA: And likewise, Raphael Rhodes is battered... but perhaps not broken. The man has spent nine years dreaming of this night... of this match... and it's finally arrived. This is his moment to shine and he can NOT let it pass him by because it'll never come back. One last shot... one last match... and these two are letting it all hang out!

[Vasquez pushes to his hands and knees, his forehead pressed into the canvas, breathing heavily as he tries to recover...]

SA: Vasquez trying to get to his feet, living as The Police - pain all over his face with every breath he takes and every move he makes...

[The former World Champion leans down, grabbing two hands full of hair, hauling Rhodes to a knee...]

...and Rhodes pushes upwards, driving his head into the midsection!]

SA: Oh! Right in the gut!

[Grabbing Vasquez by the hair, Rhodes winds up...]

SA: OHH! HEADBUTT!

[...a second headbutt lands, leaving Vasquez with starry eyes as he falls down to all fours, Rhodes pushing off the mat, swinging a leg over in a straddle, yanking Vasquez' head back by the hair...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CROSSFACE!

[Rhodes swings his arm across the cheekbone again, smashing into the face of the Hall of Famer...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Going to town on Vasquez, hammering away!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Vasquez getting pummeled! His arms are down! Totally defenseless!

[Destiny steps closer, looking concerned as Rhodes lands another blow.. .and another...]

SA: Destiny taking a long look, checking in on Vasquez who-

[...but one more blow whiffs as Vasquez jerks backwards, sliding between the legs, coming to his feet where he snatches a half nelson with one arm, sliding the other around the waist as he looks out on the crowd with a grin...]

SA: Wait a second! Is that...?!

[...and lifts Rhodes into the air...]

SA: BIG CITY DRIV-

[...but Vasquez' back gives out before he can deliver his best friend's signature move, Rhodes getting momentum going back the other way, rolling through into a cradle, hooking both legs!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: NOOOOO! VASQUEZ KICKS OUT! VASQUEZ LIVES TO FIGHT ON!

[Both men are in a mad scramble, trying to get to their feet before the other...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Vasquez SNAPS Rhodes' head back with a superkick up under the chin!]

SA: HEATSEEKER! TAKING ONE FROM HIS OL' PAL THE HOTSHOT!

[The superkick sends Rhodes falling backwards, collapsing through the ropes, landing on the apron. Dana Kaiser is almost instantly by his side, talking quickly to him, encouraging him to get back to his feet...]

SA: Vasquez caught him good... and Rhodes has gotta be seeing stars right about now!

[Vasquez is kneeling on the mat three-quarters of the way across the ring as Rhodes rubs at his chin, listening to the words of support from Dana Kaiser...]

SA: Rhodes trying to get up... trying to get back on his feet...

[With the aid of the ropes, Rhodes drags himself to his feet, barely able to stand, hanging onto the ropes for dear life as Vasquez pushes off the mat, dropping back into the ropes, sprinting across the ring...]

SA: WHAT IS HEEEEEEEE...?!

[...and THROWS himself into a spear tackle between the ropes, snatching Rhodes around the torso and DRIVING him down to the floor as both men go crashing down onto the barely-covered infield dirt!]

SA: ...OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! SWEEEEET SAN ANGELOOOOOO!

[The crowd is ROARING, on their feet to salute the action as Juan Vasquez and Raphael Rhodes are spilled out across the ringside area. Shane Destiny throws up his arms, shaking his head as he approaches the ropes, looking down where Dana Kaiser has quickly taken a knee next to Raphael Rhodes, checking on him again...]

SA: Let the bodies hit the floor in Chavez Ravine! We've got Vasquez down! We've got Rhodes down! Dana Kaiser's checking on her man and Shane Destiny's overlooking at all - a concerned look on his face.

CP: We've talked about it all night - there's no tomorrow for Juan Vasquez! Do whatever it takes! Lay it all on the line! Vasquez just threw himself between the ropes, crashing to the floor all to take out Raphael Rhodes... and

that's the kind of killer instinct that puts a man on top of a sport for twenty years, Big Sal!

SA: This match is going beyond my expectations! Back and forth it goes, neither man willing to give in... and after that big crash to the floor, I'm sitting here wonder what in the world is next, Colt!

CP: I'm right there with you. We're... what is it? Just shy of FORTY minutes now and with the condition we've seen Juan Vasquez in since SuperClash VIII, I thought there was no chance in hell that Vasquez was going this deep into the ocean here tonight. He's swimming with a Great White though and he better not forget it. The slightest mistake... the smallest of errors... and Raphael Rhodes will pounce, punish, and prevail here tonight in Los Angeles!

[With Kaiser still tending to Rhodes, lightly slapping his cheek, Juan Vasquez rolls over onto his chest, dragging himself towards the ring...]

SA: The Hall of Famer on the move, literally on his hands and knees, crawling towards the ring... trying to get back inside and find a way to finish this once and for all. A nine year war coming to an end here tonight... a career coming to an end here tonight... and sixty thousand plus waiting to see it happen...

[Vasquez reaches the ring, on his knees as he reaches up to grab the apron, dragging himself to his feet where he grabs the ropes for support... and then climbs the rest of the way up onto the apron...]

SA: Vasquez on the apron... Rhodes still down on the floor... Dana Kaiser still checking on him...

[Shane Destiny comes over to the ropes, making sure Vasquez is okay to continue. Getting a nod, Destiny backs off, watching as Vasquez leans against the ropes, breathing heavily as Raphael Rhodes moves for the first time since the spear, rolling to a hip as Dana Kaiser rubs his shoulder, encouraging him...]

SA: Rhodes starting to stir on the outside...

CP: He ain't the only one stirring! What the hell is Vasquez doing?!

[...and the crowd starts to buzz loudly as Vasquez starts to climb the corner from the outside...]

SA: Where is he going, Colt?!

CP: Ain't that obvious, Albano?! He's going up top!

SA: Juan Vasquez risking it all, heading to the top rope... the entirety of Dodger Stadium's crowd is on their feet, waiting to see just what in the world the Hall of Famer has in mind this time!

[Vasquez steps to the second rope, the crowd getting louder as Rhodes gets to a knee, Kaiser stepping away as Rhodes gets to his feet...

...and Vasquez steps to the top rope, arms held high above to steady his footing...]

SA: VASQUEZ IS UP TOP! VASQUEZ ON THE VERY TOP ROPE!

[...and Vasquez blindly leaps into the air, corkscrewing around, and WIPES OUT Rhodes with a moonsault!]

SA: CORKSCREW MOOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLLT TO THE FLOOOOOOOR!

[The crowd is ROARING for the death-defying move by the Hall of Famer as Kaiser clutches her hands over her face, looking on in shock at Vasquez and Rhodes laid out on the ringside mats yet again...]

SA: If my notes are right, Colt... he hasn't done that - Juan Vasquez has NOT used that move right there since 2006! It's been over a decade since he hurled himself from the top rope with that stunning corkscrew moonsault... but with one match left, the time to dust it off is apparently now!

CP: It was a big risk... and for the moment, it seems to have paid off... but this ain't over yet and it remains to be seen if he can use that moonsault to get the win.

SA: Both men down again... Dana Kaiser right there again, checking on Rhodes as Shane Destiny looks down from inside the ring. You gotta wonder what Shane Destiny thinks of all this, Colt. A peer of Vasquez from back in the first decade of the 2000s... retired himself... and now watching Vasquez turn back the clock, push the sun back up into the sky for one more night of glory.

CP: Destiny's back... and neck... and knees are probably aching just watching it. I know mine are.

SA: In a sport where not a lot of people can write their own ticket on the way out, Juan Vasquez has done exactly that - the opponent of his choice, the night of his choice, the venue of his choice... he's spent months saying goodbye to his fans, taking on old friends and rivals, really letting it all sink in for everyone that tonight's the night. Tonight is truly the end of the road for Juan Vasquez... and there's a whole lot of people who can't let go, Colt!

CP: It's truly rare to be able to have a night like this. Most careers end in an injury you can't come back from like mine... or in a release after you've worn out your welcome... or an expiring contract and an offer to work backstage... Juan Vasquez is having a night that fits his career... legendary.

SA: The corkscrew moonsault pays off... but how much more can Vasquez possibly have left as he puts Rhodes back in... and rolls himself back in as well...

[Rhodes promptly crawls across the ring, trying to create some distance from Vasquez, ending up using the ropes to drag himself to his feet...]

SA: Rhodes hanging onto the ropes, trying to keep his feet under him and-

[Vasquez lumbers across, grimacing as he makes impact on a clothesline. He stumbles backwards out of the corner, grabbing at his lower back as Rhodes staggers towards him...]

SA: Vasquez still feeling the effects of all that punishment his back has taken tonight... and for the past couple of decades...

[...and the former World Champion leans over, lifting Rhodes up over his head in a waterwheel position...]

SA: He's got Rhodes up! He's got him in position for..

[...and Vasquez storms forward again, whipping Rhodes back over, and sending him CRASHING into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the crash into the corner causes Rhodes' legs to go out from under him, slumping into a seated position in the corner...]

SA: Oh! Third time's a charm?!

[...and this time, Vasquez is determined to keep him there, planting his foot on his rival's face and RAKING it across the flesh!]

SA: FACEWASH IN THE CORNER!

[A second facewash has Rhodes' head leaning against the turnbuckles and a third keeps it there as Vasquez backs off, a determined expression on his face as he moves to mid-ring...]

...and charges back in!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RUNNING KNEE CONNECTS! FINALLY!

[Rhodes' head violently whips back on the impact... and Vasquez backs up to mid-ring again, taking aim...]

SA: RUN IT BACK!

[...and DRIVES the running knee into the skull a second time! Vasquez leans over the ropes, looking out on the crowd as a chant slowly builds...]

"ONE MORE TIME!"

"ONE MORE TIME!"

"ONE MORE TIME!"

[...and for the sixty thousand family and friends in the building tonight, Vasquez backs all the way across the ring, measuring his man one more time...]

SA: HERE HE COMES!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MAKE IT THREEEEEEEEEE!

[Vasquez sweeps his arms apart, declaring that it's over before dragging Rhodes out of the corner, leaning down, stacking up the legs in a jackknife cradle...]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...RHODES IS OUT IN TIIIIIIIME!

[The crowd is going wild for the knockout, Vasquez looking up in shock at Shane Destiny who chuckles, holding up two fingers with a shrug.]

SA: Unbelievable! Three big running knees to the face and Raphael Rhodes STILL kicked out!

CP: We keep talking about a storybook ending for Vasquez, Big Sal... but it's a potential storybook ending for Raphael Rhodes too! After all these years of anger... of bitterness... years spent in exile wasting valuable moments of his career... after all the darkness, there's a chance to shine one hell of a light center ring tonight and declare on the night we said goodbye to a legend, we said "welcome back" to a man we ALL thought was a future World Champion!

SA: Neither man willing to surrender! Neither man willing to stay down! And these sixty thousand in the house and the millions watching around the world are loving every damn second of it!

[Still shaking his head in disbelief, Vasquez pushes himself off the mat...

...and again holds up the right hand, wiggling his fingers as he clenches them into a fist...]

SA: Here we go! Vasquez looking to end this! Looking to finish this like he has so many matches over the years! We are rapidly approaching the forty-five minute mark of this instant classic... but Raphael Rhodes, his time may be up, Colt!

CP: The Right Cross is locked in and ready to be deployed! Perhaps the most devastating single strike in wrestling history... although there's a certain Blackheart who might show up in Portland looking for me for saying that.

SA: Vasquez... look at him! Look at the fire in his eyes! The burning in his belly! He's been heating up all night long and he's about to boil over!

[Rhodes pushes up off the mat, Dana Kaiser with extreme emotion in her voice as she screams at Rhodes to warn him of what's coming...]

SA: Rhodes is up! He's on his feet! But not for long!

[...and as Rhodes staggers in a circle, Vasquez lunges at him, right hand flying fast towards his exposed jaw...]

SA: RIGHT CROSS!

[...but Rhodes has been warned, ducking down to avoid it, sending Vasquez flying off-balance past him. Rhodes doesn't let him go far though, hooking the tights, yanking him backwards...]

SA: BIG SWING! BIG MISS!

[...and pulls him right into a torture rack, lifting him off the canvas...]

SA: What in the...?!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DUMPS Vasquez on the head and neck with a Burning Hammer!]

SA: BURNING HAMMER! BURNING HAMMER!

CP: No, no... that's the Kismet Driver! One of Shane Destiny's signature moves!

[Destiny chuckles, shaking his head as Rhodes scrambles into a cover, dropping to his braced knees to count...]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OH, SWEET MOTHER MERCY! HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP! JUAN VASQUEZ GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

CP: Unbelievable!

SA: It was a heartbeat away from being over! Raphael Rhodes broke out a move that Juan Vasquez was NEVER expecting to see from him... and in

doing so, he almost did it! He almost... how did Juan put it? Nine years of torment can be wiped away by three seconds of redemption... and that just about happened.

CP: It did... but what about Juan Vasquez?!

SA: The man will NOT stay down! His family, his friends, these 60,000 fans in Dodger Stadium! They will NOT let him lose this match! This is one of the loudest crowds I've EVER heard and... they've been like this all night, Colt!

CP: Juan Vasquez has been a hero to the people of Los Angeles for a long, long time now, Big Sal... why would tonight be any different?

SA: Amen to that.

[And this time, it's Rhodes' turn to bury his face in his hands in disbelief.]

SA: Raphael Rhodes thought he had him, Colt.

CP: He did... and now, Dana Kaiser is SCREAMING at him, begging him to keep his head in the game and don't let his doubts get the better of him.

[Rhodes again slaps himself across the face, determination in his eyes as he gets off the mat.]

SA: The man from Wigan with a huge opportunity here. Vasquez kicked out of that Burning Hammer - that Kismet Driver - but avoiding a three count is one thing. Getting back up and continuing the fight after getting hit with something like that is something else entirely!

[We cut to ringside where the Vasquez clan is looking on with concern, strong emotions present on all their faces.]

SA: The family... just dripping with emotion. Anxiety. Stress. Nervousness. Fear. The thrill of the moment. They're going through it all... just like Juan Vasquez is... just like all these people are. They've been with this man since he was a punk kid on the EMWC ring crew, begging to get to work the dark match. They were with him in St. Louis... they were with him in Toronto... they've been with him every step of the way until he landed in Dallas and made the AWA his home while helping MAKE the AWA what it is today. This is an emotional night for us all.

[Rhodes drags a barely-moving Vasquez off the mat, whipping him into the turnbuckles to another jolt to the back before lowering his head, letting loose a determined roar, and charging in after him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: JUAN MOVES! JUAN MOVES AND RHODES HITS THE CORNER!

[Vasquez shakes his head, grabbing at his back, getting fired up again as the crowd tries to drive him over the finish line. He reaches down, yanking Rhodes' legs out from under him into a wheelbarrow hold...]

SA: LIFTS!

[...and in mid-lift, he switches to a German Suplex, BOUNCING the back of Rhodes' head off the canvas! Shane Destiny literally laughs out loud, pointing at the action with pride.]

SA: The Griffin Suplex - a trademark of Shane Destiny!

[Rhodes is rolling around on the mat, grabbing at the back of his head as Vasquez backs into the corner, barely able to stand as he hangs onto the ropes, nodding his head, gesturing for Rhodes to get off the canvas...]

SA: Rhodes trying to get up, he's shaken up from that suplex though!

[...but as he pushes up, Rhodes staggers around to find Vasquez bearing down on him...]

SA: SPEAAAAAAAAAAR!

[...and almost cuts him in half with a devastating Spear that looks quite familiar to fans of a certain Platinum Princess! We cut to a reaction shot in the crowd with a beaming Michelle Bailey clapping wildly...]

SA: BRITNEY SPEAR BY VASQUEZ! HE'S BREAKING OUT ALL THE OLD HITS!

[...and then back to the ring where Destiny prepares to make a count but Vasquez waves him off, snatching a dazed Rhodes off the mat, pulling him into an inverted facelock, backing to the corner, climbing up to sit on the top turnbuckle as Rhodes weakly tries to escape...]

CP: He's not done yet!

[...and kicks off the buckles, twisting around to DRIVE the back of Rhodes' head into the canvas with an inverted tornado DDT!]

SA: HE JUST SAID UP YOURS, BABY! THE EGO TRIP!

[We cut to Luke Kinsey in the crowd shouting "HEY! THAT'S MY MOVE!" as Vasquez climbs up off the mat, again waving his arms apart as he ducks through the ropes and starts climbing...]

SA: Juan Vasquez taking us on a trip down Memory Lane, paying homage to the people who were his closest friends during his time in this business... and as he heads up top, I think we all know what's coming next!

[...and steps to the top rope, looking out on sixty thousand strong, pointing to his friend Luke Kinsey in the crowd...]

...and leaps into the air, pumping his arms and legs!]

SA: MAGIC CARPET RIIIIIIIIIDE!

[He CRASHES down onto the prone Rhodes with the frog splash, pushing up, hooking the leg, nodding along with the count as the crowd counts along with Shane Destiny!]

“ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!”

“TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

“THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE- OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SWEET MOTHER, HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUUUUUT!

CP: The ghosts of Ego MAX cannot defeat Raphael Rhodes tonight, jack!

SA: He hit the Griffin Suplex! He hit the Britney Spear! He hit the Ego Trip AND the Magic Carpet Ride! And still Raphael Rhodes is able to kick out JUST in the nick of time! Incredible!

[Vasquez lies on the mat, staring up at the starlit Los Angeles sky for several moments as the crowd buzzes over the near fall they just witnessed.]

SA: This is... amazing, Colt.

CP: It's everything we hyped it would be and then some.

SA: You mean “hoped.”

CP: That too.

[Sal chuckles as Shane Destiny nudges both men with his boot with a “come on, boys... no one bought a ticket to watch you two lay down on the job.”]

SA: Some inspiring words there from Shane Destiny... we're creeping closer to an astonishing fifty minutes of action, Colt... and is the end in sight?

CP: Hell if I know, Big Sal... I thought it was over several times already and-

SA: Uh oh.

CP: Well, it may be over now!

[Vasquez' face has changed a bit - a darker expression on it as he pulls Rhodes to a kneeling position...

...and then slips Rhodes' head between his legs in a standing headscissors.]

SA: For over two years, this was one of the most dangerous... most feared maneuvers in all of wrestling as Juan Vasquez used the piledriver to devastating impact on everyone he met. Ask Hannibal Carver! Ask Ryan Martinez!

CP: This is the point of no return for him, Big Sal. He's avoided this move since he... saw the light... at SuperClash last year but if he uses it now, yes he gets the win but...

SA: But at what cost? Listen to these fans.

[The mere sight of Vasquez considering using the piledriver has brought some boo birds out from the sold out hometown crowd, causing Vasquez to frown as he looks around at the crowd...]

SA: The fans don't want this! And deep down, I don't think Juan Vasquez wants it either! He doesn't want to win this way... he doesn't want to put a man in a hospital bed or worse to win this farewell match, Colt.

CP: I think you're right. I don't know if I agree with it but I think you're-

[And while Vasquez is having a crisis of conscience, Rhodes stands up, reaching back to hook the head...]

SA: WHAT?!

[...and DRIVES Vasquez down to the mat with his own City of Angels!]

CP: HE WHO HESITATES LOSES THE BIG ONE!

SA: That's not how that goes! Rhodes with the cover, hooks the legs! ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -AND IT'S VASQUEZ WHO KICKS OUT JUST IN TIIIIIME!

CP: I'm exhausted watching this damn thing, Albano!

SA: Rhodes with the nearest of escapes! Vasquez with the nearest of escapes! What's left?! What do these two men have left in their bodies as they battle for the final time?!

CP: Their bodies may be done but their hearts... their drive... their fighting spirit, that lives on.

SA: How can you not be romantic about professional wrestling?

[Rhodes is on the move now, forcing himself off the mat, pulling Vasquez up with him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lays into him with a brutal knife edge chop, sending Vasquez collapsing backwards into the corner...]

SA: A hellacious chop connects! Vasquez barely able to stay on his feet in the buckles...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rhodes lays in three heavy chops, Vasquez looping his arms over the ropes to stay standing as Rhodes piefaces him backwards...]

"YOU DONE?! IS THIS IT?!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAPS him viciously across the face, snapping Vasquez' head to the side...]

...and as Rhodes steps back, a defiant Vasquez waves him forward, slapping his own face and asking for more...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Vasquez is begging for more now, waving him on...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: JUAN VASQUEZ WANTS EVERYTHING RHODES HAS LEFT!

[Vasquez steps out of the corner, shouting...]

"COME ON, YOU SON OF A BITCH! HIT ME!"

[...and Rhodes digs waaaaaay down deep for a power slap aimed at knocking Vasquez into Santa Barbara County...]

...just what Vasquez wanted, ducking under, shoving Rhodes back into the ropes where he bounces off...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: RIIIIIGHT CROSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[The biggest haymaker in the game connects FLUSH on the jaw of the off-balance Rhodes, knocking him backwards...]

CP: IT’S OVER!

[...but Rhodes falls through the ropes, Vasquez making a diving lunge to keep him in but coming up empty as Rhodes ends up on the apron!]

SA: OHH! A horrible break right there for Juan Vasquez! At long last, he hits the Right Cross... but the impact of it carried Raphael Rhodes OUT of the ring! He couldn’t take advantage... couldn’t make the cover... and couldn’t pick up the win after... where are we at on time?

CP: Just a hair over fifty minutes.

SA: What a battle... what a war...

CP: And it ain’t over yet, jack!

[Vasquez shoves off the disappointment at the shouted encouragement from his family, advancing on Rhodes, leaning over the ropes to pull him up to a knee...]

SA: Dragging Rhodes up...

CP: He can’t even stand!

SA: ...he sure can’t but Vasquez is still trying to-

[...and Rhodes lashes out with a desperation tackle through the ropes, connecting with enough impact to double over Vasquez...]

SA: Rhodes strikes from the outside!

[...and with a slingshot, Rhodes goes over the top, dragging him down in a sunset flip!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[Vasquez kicks out, breaking free in the nick of time! Both men are on the move, trying to scramble up but Rhodes is still feeling the effects of the Right Cross and is slow to rise...

...but as Vasquez grabs him, Rhodes plucks him into a small package!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR- HE KICKS OUT AGAIN!

[Coming off the mat, Vasquez is frustrated and pissed off as he grabs Rhodes by the hair, tossing him into the ropes, doubling over for a backdrop...

...but the returning Rhodes leaps over, pulling him down into a sunset flip again...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR- CRADLE!
CRADLE!

[Vasquez rolls back the other way, hooking both legs as he sits on the chest!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: Rhodes escapes!

[Vasquez comes off the mat, racing to the ropes, rebounding off towards Rhodes who is struggling to get to his feet...]

SA: SLEEPER!

[...and the Hall of Famer runs right into a sleeperhold locked in by Raphael Rhodes out of nowhere! The crowd ERUPTS with surprise, concern apparent for all fans of Vasquez!]

CP: This is one of the best weapons in Rhodes’ arsenal! He’s beaten a lot of people with this hold, Albano, and with how exhausted Vasquez has gotta be, I don’t know if he’s got enough to escape this thing!

SA: He’s damn sure gonna try though!

[Vasquez plants his feet, driving Rhodes backwards...]

SA: INTO THE CORNER!

[...but Rhodes hangs on, forcing Vasquez to drag his body weight as the Hall of Famer walks back out of the corner, getting more room for momentum, and drives backwards again!]

SA: Vasquez puts him into the buckles a second time!

CP: But Rhodes won’t let go! This might be it, Big Sal! It might be over!

[Rhodes shakes his head, clinging to Vasquez like a pitbull with a meat bone in its grasp...]

SA: Rhodes hanging on, Vasquez’ arms are starting to slow! He’s starting to fade! You could be right, Colt - this could very well be the end!

[Vasquez drives him backwards a third time, a little more pep behind it this time, jolting Rhodes good...]

...and the slightest gap in the grasp is enough for Vasquez to twist slightly, relieving the pressure as he reaches out and down...]

SA: Vasquez looking for a way out!

[...and somehow hoists Rhodes off his feet, breaking the sleeper as he slides his rival into a torture rack, causing the crowd to EXPLODE into the mother of all anticipatory buzzing reactions...]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?! Colt, he's not! He's not gonna do it!

CP: If he does, what are we gonna call it?!

[...and steps out towards the middle of the ring, hesitating a moment before he swings Rhodes around, sitting out into a piledriver position...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE SPIKES HIM! HE SPIKED HIM ON HIS HEAD!

[...and DROPS Rhodes down on the mat... a little more angled than the move once known as the Dirty Sanchez used to be delivered, putting Rhodes down on the back of the head and neck instead of right on top of his skull! Vasquez slumps backwards after delivering it, having jolted his own spine with the sitout... both men lying motionless as the crowd goes nuts!]

CP: Not quite, Albano! Did you see it? At the last possible second, it seemed like Vasquez adjusted the delivery of it! Rhodes got a good jolt for sure... but he didn't get dropped on top of his head like he would've back in the early 2000s!

SA: A move from a different era with a name from a different era and tonight, we'll call it Absolutely Devastating!

CP: I'm gonna call it the end of Juan Vasquez.

SA: The end of... what?!

CP: That right there was Juan Vasquez... the killer known as Juan Vasquez... saying goodbye for good. He had his chance to spike him and end this thing but he couldn't do it! He didn't WANT to do it! He didn't want Raphael Rhodes ending up on an operating table under a surgeon's knife on his conscience as he rides off into the sunset!

SA: Can you blame him?

CP: Hell yes, I can! You only get one final match... and Juan Vasquez going soft may have just cost him that match!

SA: In the meantime, Colt... that move just took perhaps everything these two had left out of both of them! They're both down! Juan can't cover! Rhodes isn't moving! Dana's beside herself! Juan's family is in shock... maybe horrified shock! Shane Destiny's checking on them both and... this match might be over.

CP: No, no, no... it can't be. Don't let this match end like that! Don't do it!

[Destiny is nudging them both as we can hear a "COUNT 'EM OUT!" from a familiar voice in the crowd and a "SHUT UP, UNCLE LUKE!" from the Vasquez kids.]

SA: Shane Destiny encouraging them both to get up and keep fighting... and so are these fans! Sixty thousand fans on their feet, cheering BOTH of these men on... begging them to get up, keep going, and don't let this match end like this! Please!

[Destiny gingerly takes a knee alongside Rhodes, giving him a shake... and then does the same to Vasquez, trying to revive the two competitors enough to keep going...]

SA: Shane Destiny again trying to stir some life into... he does!

[Vasquez weakly raises an arm off the mat, flopping over onto his chest as the crowd begins cheering even louder...]

SA: Vasquez is the first to move... trying to push his way off the mat...

[...and with a struggle, he pushes up to his knees as Rhodes rolls onto a hip nearby...]

SA: ...and now it's Rhodes who is stirring off the canvas as well. Both men on the move now, let's see who can get to their feet first!

CP: I can't believe they're getting to their feet at all!

SA: Vasquez on his knees... Rhodes on his hands and knees now...

[...and it's the Hall of Famer who climbs to his feet first, immediately falling back into the turnbuckles, almost collapsing back down on the canvas as he reaches his feet...]

SA: Vasquez is up... and barely standing!

[...and across the ring, Rhodes drags himself up with the aid of the ropes, Dana Kaiser cheering him on as he falls into the turnbuckles as well, glaring across at his enemy...]

SA: Both men are barely able to keep their feet and-

[...when with a roar, Rhodes sprints across the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Vasquez with a running European uppercut, snapping his head back!]

SA: OHH! VASQUEZ GETS ROCKED!

[Vasquez almost collapses out of the corner but Rhodes pushes him back, keeping him standing before leaning over, boosting him up...]

SA: He's got him up top! Raphael Rhodes feeling the fighting spirit flowing through him, driving him forward!

[...and steps up on the middle rope, snatching a front facelock as the crowd begins to buzz loudly!]

SA: Wait a second! Fire up the Flux Capacitor because we're heading back to No Escape! September 7th, 2009 - Greensboro, North Carolina - the first steel cage match in AWA history when Rhodes hit the superplex... he hit Nothing Fancy... and a whole lot of people thought he had it won but before the three count came down, he pulled him up! He pulled Vasquez up at two and that decision has HAUNTED him for nine years, Colt!

CP: He might be a few moments away from exorcising the demons, Big Sal!

SA: Rhodes has him hooked... and he's stepping to the top! Stepping all the way up to the High Rent district!

[Rhodes sets his feet, breathing deeply...

...and with a shout, he hoists Vasquez up into the air, sending him sailing through the sky...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE GOT IT! HE HIT IT! FLOATS OVER! HOOKS THE LEG LIKE HIS LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!

[Destiny drops down to count, the crowd counting along in anticipation...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: HE KICKED OUT, ALBANO! THE NEAREST OF NEAR FALLS BUT IT AIN'T ENOUGH!

SA: INCREEEEEEDIBLLLLLE!

[Rhodes kneels on the canvas, the look on his face saying it all. Shock. Horror. The cold chill of reality climbing up his spine.]

SA: For nine years, Raphael Rhodes has absolutely TORTURED himself for picking Juan Vasquez up at two inside that cage, costing himself the match... or so he thought! For nine years, he's believed that if he didn't lift him up, the match was over. For nine years, he's believed that he beat HIMSELF inside that cage. This time, he does things the right way... and Vasquez kicks out?!

CP: Vasquez said it earlier tonight... "nine years of torment can be wiped away by three seconds of redemption..." but tonight, Big Sal... Juan Vasquez REFUSES to let Raphael Rhodes have those three seconds!

[Rhodes seems to have checked out, a vacant expression on his face as he stares down at Vasquez who has rolled onto his hip...]

SA: Does Raphael Rhodes have anything left, Colt? Does he have anything physically... and after that knockout, does he have anything left MENTALLY?

CP: The lights are on but no one's home right now. Raphael Rhodes just had a nine year old belief SHATTERED at the hands of the man who has haunted him the most during his career.. the man he has pledged to defeat on the way out the door tonight, Juan Vasquez.

SA: Dana Kaiser over here by us, shouting at Rhodes... screaming at Rhodes... she's seen this before and she needs to snap him out of it before it's too late.

CP: It may already be too late.

[But Kaiser's shouted pleas seems to break through, Rhodes blinking in her direction a few times...

...and that vacant look is soon overtaken by something else. Anger. Focus. Determination. Focus. Fire. Focus.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Rhodes goes upside his own head, trying to slap some life into his mind and body...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and Rhodes blinks his eyes, nodding his head...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and then climbs off the mat, full of sudden energy as he pulls the downed Vasquez to his feet, whipping him towards the corner where Vasquez SLAMS

into the turnbuckles. Again, he staggers forward but again Rhodes shoves him back into the corner...]

SA: He's going for it again! Raphael Rhodes sets him up top!

[Rhodes nods his head, stepping up to the middle rope, reaching out to grab at his rival...]

...who buries a right hand into the ribs... and another... and another!]

SA: Vasquez firing away! Vasquez knows if Rhodes hits this again, it's over, and he's fighting for his damn life, Colt!

CP: Hammering away at the body!

[Rhodes brings his arms down, shielding his ribcage as Vasquez reaches out, grabbing him by the hair...]

SA: HEAAAAADBUTT!

[...and with the skull-cracking blow leaving Rhodes with starry eyes and a stagger, Vasquez yanks him closer...]

SA: What is...?

[...and lifts Rhodes up over his shoulder!]

SA: OH! HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT-

[The ROARING crowd somehow gets louder as Vasquez steps up to the top rope, sliding his arm back to cradle the head of his rival...]

SA: OFF THE TOP?! ARE YOU KIDDING...?!

[...and LEAPS OFF FOR THE MOTHER OF ALL CITY OF ANGELS!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez DRIVES the back of Rhodes' head into the canvas, flattening out beside him for a moment as the EARSPLITTING REACTION cheers him on, begging him to make the cover...]

SA: Vasquez flat on his back! Can he take advantage...?! Can he...

[...and Vasquez flops over, his arm across the chest!]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Rhodes' shoulder comes SQUEAKING up off the mat just in time, breaking the pin count before it can land!]

SA: OHHHH! SWEET SANTA MARIA! RHODES KICKS OUT! RHODES KICKS OUT OF THE AVALANCHE CITY OF ANGELS! WHAT ARE EVEN WITNESSING HERE TONIGHT, COLT?!

CP: The ultimate battle of wills! THIS is what happens when two men leave it all on the canvas and absolutely refuse to go down! They're risking everything here tonight... and it's all worth it in their minds, Big Sal.

SA: And now it's Vasquez who can't believe it!

[Vasquez sits up off the mat, his gaze blank as he looks down at the mat...]

SA: Juan Vasquez has used the City of Angels... he's used the Right Cross... and this man will NOT stay down. In his final night in professional wrestling, Juan Vasquez is wondering what in the world it will possibly take to put down one of his greatest rivals for the final time!

CP: Sal, that look on his face... that may be the look of a guy who has nothing left! Nothing left in the tank! No weapons left in the arsenal! Nothing left to give!

SA: We are mere seconds away from the one hour mark! One hour of action as Juan Vasquez does battle for the final time! Juan Vasquez has given us everything in his mind and body for twenty-two years so he's only fitting he does it one more time here tonight! For an hour, he's given us his body... his mind... his soul... every bit of him that he has left to give to this industry... but is it enough? Because what DOES he have left? What does-

[Sal's words are cut off by a voice crying out from the crowd.]

"PAPI! DO THE PHOENIX SPLASH!"

[And suddenly, Vasquez snaps out of his daze, looking out into the front row and locking eyes with his daughter Lorena...

...looks up at the top turnbuckle...

...then back at Lorena who nods to her father...

...and Juan returns the nod, climbing quickly to his feet, moving with a speed not seen in a while as he moves towards the corner...]

SA: You have GOT to be kidding me!

CP: A Phoenix Splash?! He might as well go for a damn Starsault Press!

SA: VASQUEZ IS CLIMBING! VASQUEZ DOING IT FOR HIS FRIENDS! HIS FANS! HIS FAMILY! AND FOR HIS DAUGHTER IN THE CROWD WHO HAS

BEEN ASKING FOR THIS FOR MONTHS! IT HAS BEEN FIFTEEN YEARS SINCE JUAN VASQUEZ HAS ATTEMPTED THIS...

CP: And it'll be fifteen more until he can walk again after he misses it!

[Vasquez steps to the top rope, poised, breathing deeply, head bowed as sixty thousand plus take to their feet, a hush almost falling over the sold out stadium as Vasquez takes one final deep breath...]

SA: TO THE SKY!

[...and LEAPS into the air, corkscrewing around like he did as a young man...]

SA: PHOENIX...

[...but Raphael Rhodes, himself driven towards victory, rolls out of the way...]

SA: ...NOOOOOO!

[...but Vasquez somehow manages to get his feet under him, rolling through to avoid a disaster!]

SA: VASQUEZ... OH! HE SAVES HIMSELF!

[Rhodes comes off the mat as Vasquez does the same, turning to face one another from across the ring, staring at each other from opposite corners...

...and at an unspoken word, they charge!]

SA: MEET IN THE MIDDLE!

[Vasquez rears back, swinging for one final Right Cross... and when we say "final"... we mean it... maybe... until the comeback...

Vasquez swinging for the fences in the house of Karros, Green, Piazza, Guerrero, Snider, Kemp, Ethier, Gibson and so many more...

...but Raphael Rhodes leaps into the air, quicker on the draw than his rival, launching himself headfirst...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ANNIHILATES Vasquez with a flying headbutt!]

SA: RHODES WINS THE QUICK DRAW! THE HEADBUTT CONNECTS AND...

[Rhodes scrambles up, weary but determined as he snatches Vasquez in a double knucklelock, dragging him to his feet...]

SA: Vasquez can barely stand!

CP: Look at the eyes! That headbutt may have rang his bell!

[Rhodes stares in those same eyes...

...and then YANKS Vasquez towards him...]

"CRUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SKULL! MEETS! SKULL!

[He lets go of the knucklelock, allowing Vasquez to collapse unmoving to the canvas. Rhodes staggers backwards, grabbing his own forehead.]

CP: That was one of the damndest headbutts I've ever seen, Sal!

SA: Vasquez might be out... but Rhodes isn't done!

[Rhodes shakes the cobwebs, ducking through the ropes, heading to the apron...]

SA: And now it's the man from Wigan climbing!

[...to the bottom rope... Dana Kaiser nodding excitedly, pounding the canvas...]

SA: Rhodes is going for it all! Vasquez isn't moving!

[...to the middle rope, the fans getting louder, shouting themselves hoarse as they encourage Vasquez to get the hell out of the way for what's coming next... and I think you know what comes next...]

SA: RHODES ON TOP OF THE WORLD, LOOKING OUT ON THIS MAMMOTH CROWD!

[...and Rhodes spreads his arms, standing high for all to see as the fans are ROARING with all their lungs will allow, sucking the wind out of all of Southern California...]

SA: SWAAANNNNNDIIIIIVE!

[...and Rhodes hurls himself into the air, floating through the sky, arms spread wide...

...and CRASHES down, skull meeting skull one more time as he BOUNCES off the canvas, grabbing at his head for a split second before making a desperate lunge, wrapping up both legs as tight as his sore and weary muscles can manage!]

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

[Shane Destiny slaps the canvas for the final time, a metaphorical explosion ringing out throughout Dodger Stadium...]

SA: ...over?

[There's a momentary MASSIVE roar from the crowd...

...that quickly fades as sixty thousand plus realize what just happened... what they just saw... what they were just historical witnesses to...]

SA: It's over.

[Rhodes sits up off the mat, Dana Kaiser's hands clutched to her face, looking on in disbelief as a shocked Rhodes looks to Shane Destiny, a pleading expression on his face...

...and Destiny nods his head, holding up three fingers as an exhausted Rhodes flops backwards on the mat!]

SA: "Nine years of torment have been wiped away by three seconds of redemption." You better believe it.

[We cut from the ring for a moment... a montage of shots to take in the significant of the moment.

The father and son twinning in "Vasquez Forever" t-shirts, tears streaking down the child's face and more than a hint of some in the father's eyes.

A group of teenagers, shock on their faces as they stand in white t-shirt - each with a letter to spell out "V-A-S-Q-U-E-Z!" The Z utters a loud "DAMN IT!" as he flops down in his seat.

A pair of middle aged women in their old school Ego MAX t-shirts from waaaaaay back in the day, embracing one another as they full body sob at the end of it all.

Alex Martinez and Selena Gomez in their luxury box, the former shaking in his in disbelief at what he saw as Gomez rubs his back to comfort him. Emotion is evident on the big man's face as he witnesses the end of an era.

Ringside where Salvatore Albano, Colt Patterson, and Rebecca Ortiz are on their feet, looking on in disbelief that it's over.

The top of the entrance stage where we can see some more familiar faces as the AWA locker room and backstage area has emptied out to see the end. The White Knight himself, Ryan Martinez, is at the front of the ramp, looking down at his former rival, an entire stage full of people behind him paying tribute in their own way...

...until Martinez starts clapping.

And as he does, the near-silence starts to crack as the roar of 60,000 fans reverberates throughout Dodger Stadium, showing their appreciation for the grueling, historic battle they just witnessed. The ring is a battlefield, strewn

with the remnants of blood, sweat, and struggle. Juan Vasquez and Raphael Rhodes lie sprawled on the canvas, barely conscious, their chests heaving from the toll of their war. The crowd's cheers morph again into a respectful hush, sensing the weight of the moment as the realization that this is the end of the line for Juan Vasquez.]

SA: Folks, I... I don't even know where to begin. That was a fight for the ages. Raphael Rhodes has just pinned Juan Vasquez, but look at them. Both men gave everything they had. This is what the AWA and professional wrestling is all about.

CP: For once, Sal, I'm with you. I've seen a lot in this sport, but this... this was something else. Vasquez went out swinging, but Rhodes... man, he dug deep tonight.

[The ringside barrier parts as Juan's family and friends, seated in the front row, rush toward the ring, their faces a mix of concern and pride. Juan's wife, Marisol, leads the charge, followed by his daughters. Close behind are Michelle Bailey, Luke Kinsey, Roxie and her children, and the rest of the gang. At the same time, Dana Kaiser, climbs through the ropes, her expression tense as she hurries to her husband's side.

In the ring, the scene is chaotic yet intimate. Dana kneels beside Rhodes, gently cradling his head as he struggles to sit up, his face bruised and his breathing labored. She whispers something to him, and with her support, Rhodes slowly rises to a seated position, his eyes glassy but focused, locked on the man across from him.

On the other side of the ring, Luke Kinsey and Shane Destiny, kneel beside Vasquez, Ego MAX reunited one last time inside a wrestling ring. Luke grips Juan's shoulder, his voice audible through all the noise.]

"Hey Juan, man, you okay? Talk to me."

[Juan, his face etched with pain, mutters hoarsely with a chuckle.]

"It appears... that I'm unable to stand up."

[Shane exchanges a glance with Luke, and together, they gently hoist Juan to a seated position. Juan's head hangs for a moment, but he forces himself to lift it and gets on his knees, his gaze meeting Rhodes' as he crawls to his rival. The two warriors, battered and broken, kneel face-to-face, their eyes telling a story of respect, rivalry, and redemption. The crowd begins to chant...]

"VAS-QUEZ! RHODES!"

"VAS-QUEZ! RHODES!"

"VAS-QUEZ! RHODES!"

"VAS-QUEZ! RHODES!"

"VAS-QUEZ! RHODES!"

"VAS-QUEZ! RHODES!"

SA: Listen to this crowd! Sixty thousand strong, on their feet for these two gladiators.

CP: I gotta hand it to them, Sal. They left it all in the ring. And look at that staredown... there's history in those eyes.

[Dana hands Rhodes a microphone, her hand steadying him as he takes it. He wipes sweat from his brow, his chest still heaving, and raises the mic to his lips, his gaze never leaving Juan. The crowd quiets, hanging on his next words...]

RR: I...

[His head drops, shaking as he looks to his knees. Kaiser fans her husband with her towel, stopping for a brief moment to rub his back, before Rhodes starts to speak again.]

RR: I always said... I couldn't be great unless I beat you. Thinkin' beatin' you could make me the best.

[A pause, a sigh.]

RR: But I ain't.

[Rhodes looks back up, in the eyes of his longtime rival.]

RR: Because you're the best wrestler that's ever bleedin' lived.

[The crowd roars with cheers, as Rhodes rolls the microphone over to Kaiser, looking away from Vasquez. Dana puts a towel over her husband's head, as she offers the microphone to Juan, who takes it from her hand. The crowd quiets down once more, waiting for their hometown hero to speak.]

JV: I... I'm speechless.

[He pauses, a faint smirk creeping across his bruised face.]

JV: Because honestly, I only prepared a victory speech for tonight.

[The heavy atmosphere cracks, as a wave of laughter ripples through the ring and the stadium. Marisol, standing beside him, playfully slaps his shoulder, shaking her head.]

"You're worse than the kids... be serious for once!"

[We see that even Rhodes has cracked a small smile beneath his towel. Juan raises a hand, as if to say "Alright, I will!" and takes a deep breath, his tone shifting to one of sincerity.]

JV: You know, all these months leading up to tonight, I kept wondering... what's the AWA gonna be without me? Who's gonna carry this company, when I'm gone? Sometimes I lay awake at night, thinking about it. But tonight...

[He looks directly at Rhodes, his voice filled with nothing but respect.]

JV: Tonight, Raph, you proved you're the man who can carry the AWA on your back. You fought like a warrior, like a champion, like someone who's ready to take this company into the future. I don't have to wonder anymore. I'm leaving the AWA to you.

[The crowd erupts in cheers, a mix of gratitude for Juan and respect for Rhodes. Sal Albano's voice cuts through the noise.]

SA: What a moment! Juan Vasquez passing the torch to Raphael Rhodes... can you feel the history being made here tonight?

CP: I'll be damned, Sal. That's about as real as it gets. Rhodes earned it and Vasquez knows it.

[Juan and Rhodes, still kneeling, lock eyes. In a sudden, unspoken moment of mutual respect, both men extend their right hands for a handshake at the exact same time. Their hands freeze mid-air, and a flash of annoyance crosses their faces.]

JV: Are you kidding me?

RR: For cryin' outloud...

[The crowd laughs, but Marisol and Dana quickly step in, each placing a hand on their respective husband's shoulder.]

DK: Come on, not now.

MV: Grow up!

[The group in the ring chuckles, easing the moment. Juan, with a wry grin, lowers his hand first, then almost immediately extends it again toward Rhodes, palm open. Rhodes hesitates, his jaw tight, but then his expression softens. He reaches out and firmly shakes Juan's hand, their grip lingering as the crowd roars in approval, the nine-year grudge finally buried.]

SA: There it is! The handshake that ends a rivalry and begins a new chapter for the AWA! What a sight!

CP: I never thought I'd see the day, but Rhodes and Vasquez just put it all to rest.

[With help from Luke and Shane, Juan slowly rises to his feet, wincing but standing tall. Marisol stays close, her arm around him, while his daughters beam with pride. Well, two of them anyway... Kimmy Bailey is bawling her eyes out. Juan raises the mic again, his voice steady despite the pain he's in.]

JV: Twenty-two years. For twenty-two years, you fans, my family, my friends... all of you made every second of this ride possible. It's been a hell of a good time, but this is where my journey with you ends. But this isn't goodbye... just see you later.

"THANK YOU, JUAN!"

"THANK YOU, JUAN!"

"THANK YOU, JUAN!"

"THANK YOU, JUAN!"

"THANK YOU, JUAN!"

"THANK YOU, JUAN!"

[As the crowd chants, Juan pauses, soaking it all in. He glances at his family, then back at the sea of fans.]

JV: You know, Todd Michaelson told me that in Japan, when a wrestler retires, they give `em a ten-bell salute. Tradition says you stand alone in the ring for it. But me? I want the people who mean the most to me right here with me.

[He gestures to his family, friends, and even Rhodes and Dana, who nod in acknowledgment. The lights in Dodger Stadium dim, and a solemn silence falls over the crowd. The bell rings out ten times, each clang echoing through the stadium.]

"DING"

"DING"

"DING"

"DING"

"DING"

"DING"

"DING"

"DING"

"DING"

"DING"

[As the final bell fades, we see Juan's eyes glisten, tears welling as he stands surrounded by his loved ones, Marisol squeezing his hand tightly.]

SA: A ten-bell salute for Juan Vasquez. I've got chills, folks. This is a moment we'll remember forever.

CP: Say what you want about the guy, but nobody's done it like Juan. Nobody.

[Juan raises the mic one last time, a mischievous grin breaking through the emotion.]

JV: I love you all. But I got Wheel of Fortune and In-N-Out waiting for me at home. Cholo out.

[Juan kisses his index and middle fingers, before pointing them to the sky as the crowd bursts into laughter and applause and Randy Newman's "I Love L.A." begins to blare over the PA system, the perfect anthem for the hometown hero.

Juan raises his arms, soaking in the love, as Marisol, Lorena, Mari, Kimmy and Michelle, Luke, Shane, and the others surround him, some laughing, some crying. Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser stand nearby, clapping respectfully.]

SA: Juan Vasquez, the heart and soul of the AWA. We'll see you later, amigo.

[The camera pans out, capturing the sea of fans on their feet, before cutting to the image of Juan Vasquez, standing tall inside the wrestling ring one last time. The crowds chants thunder throughout Dodger Stadium...]

"THANK YOU, JUAN!"

"THANK YOU, JUAN!"

"THANK YOU, JUAN!"

"THANK YOU, JUAN!"

"THANK YOU, JUAN!"

"THANK YOU, JUAN!"

[...and we fade to black.]