



SHOWTIME

Saturday, June 2nd, 2018 from The Temple in Boyle Heights, California

Hour Two

[We fade up as a very grand and booming instrumental is heard - something that could've been composed by John Williams... and in fact WAS composed by John Williams as the Walt Disney Company spared no expense for its newest content provider. We get a shot of what appears to be a film strip on screen, the AWA World Title the first image... but others quickly flash by - Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright at SuperClash VI... Julie Somers moonsaulting onto Kurayami from SuperClash IX... Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez squaring off all the way back at SuperClash I... quicker shots of Marcus Broussard, City Jack, Calisto Dufresne giving way to Jack Lynch, Jordan Ohara, and Kerry Kendrick... a glimpse of Melissa Cannon fading to Michelle Bailey fading to Harley Hamilton... Jim Watkins battling Joe Petrow... Ron Houston using a Fade To Black on an opponent... Hannibal Carver diving off the video wall at Eternally Extreme 2... Ayako Fujiwara delivering a German Suplex to Lauryn Rage... Violence Unlimited brawling with the Lynch Brothers... Shadoe Rage jumping off the top of a massive steel cage... Jackson Hunter swinging a shovel... Derrick Williams catching Ohara with a Future Shock as Ohara dives from the top... Next Gen using a Doomsday Device on the Soldiers of Fortune... and on... and on... and on...

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

A voiceover.]

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

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[Back to black for a moment...

With a blackened screen only lit by a white spotlight, a song begins to play.

It is Panic At The Disco's new single "Say Amen (Saturday Night)"

And that black screen changes to show past highlights of AWA superstars in action - starting with a shot of Kimmy Bailey and Ayako Fujiwara delivering a sandwich lariat on a helpless foe...

...and we cut to a studio shot of Bailey, Fujiwara, and Molly Bell posing for the camera, Bell clawing at the air as Bailey strikes a double bicep pose and Fujiwara crosses her arms confidently.]

#And every mornin' when I wake up
I wanna be who I couldn't say I'd ever been#

[Cut to Omega being hurled off the top rope by Polemos in an assisted splash...

...and cut to a studio shot of Omega striking his signature pose as Polemos towers behind him, tugging a glove into place.]

#But it's so much more than I ever was
If every night I go to sleep knowin' #

[Cut to Harley Hamilton and Cinder hoisting the Women's World Tag Team Titles overhead as Casey Cash applauds in the background...

...and then to a studio shot of the threesome, smirks all around as Cash gleefully polishes the belts upon Seductive and Destructive's shoulders.]

#That I gave everything that I had to give
Then it's all I could've asked for#

[Shadov Rage comes soaring off the top rope, dropping a Death From Above double axehandle on a victim...

...and then a studio shot of Rage decked out to the nines, pointing to the camera, nodding his head confidently.]

#I've been standing up beside everything I've ever said, but
Oh, it's Saturday night, yeah#

[Cut to a quick montage of shots of AWA superstars in action: Atlas Armstrong applying the torture rack backbreaker... Odysseus Allah winning the Battle Royal at SuperClash... Sid Osborne diving off the apron into a cannonball... Trey Carson delivering a big boot to the mouth.]

#I pray for the wicked on the weekend
Mama, can I get another amen?#

[Victoria June lifting an opponent in the Scorpion Crosslock as Kayla Cristol soars off the top rope with a leg drop... Ricki Toughill driving her hind quarters into someone's face with a running hip attack... Laura Davis, Carolina Colton, and Trish Wallace standing over a fallen foe...]

#Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, it's Saturday night, yeah#

[Derrick Williams delivering a Future Shock... Odin Gunn planting a foe with a Death Valley Driver... Jackson Hunter waffling someone with a shovel... Jack Lynch locking the Iron Claw on an opponent.]

#Swear to God, I ain't ever gonna repent
Mama, can I get another amen?#

[The American Idols throwing a double superkick... Masks For Money mauling a victim in the corner... Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan using their assisted CattleBuster DDT... the Soldiers of Fortune cutting a promo as Meekly wildly waves the flag.]

#Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, it's Saturday night, yeah#

[Michelle Bailey flattens someone with a Britney Spear... Hannibal Carver drops someone with the Mind Eraser...]

#If I had one more day to wish
If I had one more day#

[Lauryn Rage unleashes a Perfect Punch... the Peach Pits pose at the top of the aisle... Kerry Kendrick drives home a running kneelift as Miss Sandra Hayes looks on... Raphael Rhodes smashes in a cheekbone with a forearm crossface.]

#To be better than I could have ever been
If I had one more day to wish#

[Jordan Ohara sails off the top with a Phoenix Flame... Next Gen drop someone with the Generation Gap... Julie Somers uncorks a top rope moonsault.]

#If I had one more day
I could be better, but, baby#

[James Lynch smashes someone with a steel chair... Ryan Martinez spikes someone with a Brainbuster...]

#Oh, it's Saturday night, yeah#

[...and as the final lyric echoes out, Supernova holds the World Title over his head...

...and we fade through black out into a helicopter shot over the streets of Los Angeles, starting at Dodger Stadium and moving along the freeway, cars lined up underneath, battling through traffic...

...into a shot of some suburban streets on the outskirts of Los Angeles proper.

This is Boyle Heights.

A voiceover begins.]

"Boyle Heights.

This area has always served as a sanctuary to its people. Refugees. Those who were unwelcome and unwanted elsewhere."

[Cut to a street level shot now, showing small business with residents out on the sidewalks conversing.]

"A place of belonging. Of pride and passion. Creativity and community."

[Quick still photos of musicians Herb Alpert and will.i.am.]

"A place that has gotten a little more... mysterious over the years."

[Cut to an external shot of what looks like an abandoned warehouse from the outside... but inside...]

"In an area filled with churches, one of its most famous landmarks has become...

...a temple."

[...and with a quick fade through black, we come back up on the inside of said warehouse - The Temple of Boyle Heights - a darkened building filled with rowdy fans jammed into bleachers surrounding the ring - a tan-colored ring canvas with a stylized AWA logo designed to look like a Dia De Los Muertos skull. The ring is encircled in black ropes with black ring aprons and black mats out covering the concrete floor.

With the unique structure of the building, we can see staircases, we can see areas of seating that are at totally different elevations, we can see wide open spots of empty floor and narrow cramped spots with the seating areas mere feet from the ring.

From an elevated spot off the floor, we can hear the ripping sounds of a band that is quickly identified by an on-screen graphic as SoCal punk/ska favorites - the Voodoo Glow Skulls shredding through their song "Shoot The Moon."

We whip pan from the "house band" over to an elevated walkway which is being treated as standing room for the roaring fans. Just beyond the rail for the walkway, we can see the flat roof over a section of building that juts out awkwardly, a window and door revealing what appears to be the interior of an office.

The whole venue is what one might call "gross and grimy" if you're being nasty about it and "rough around the edges" if you're a kind-hearted folk.

Call it what you want... but somehow it seems like home for professional wrestling.

We cut down to ringside where we find a small wooden table set up for our announce team - Lori Dane and Ben Waterson.]

LD: It's... SHOOOOWTIIIIIME!

[The crowd ROARS at that!]

LD: On Monday night, the world of professional wrestling said their goodbyes to the one and only Juan Vasquez at Memorial Day Mayhem... which means that tonight here on Showtime, the AWA and pro wrestling itself begin a whole new era - a world without a legend - and yet the spirit of Juan Vasquez lives on within these ropes, in these fans, and in this sport we all love so much.

BW: I'm not putting Vasquez over on his way out either, Dane, but I'll agree with you that a new era starts tonight... in this dirty little pit of lucha libre action.

LD: The occasional home of SoCal's own Lucha Eterna, we want to thank them for lending us The Temple of Boyle Heights here tonight for Showtime and we promise to give it back in one piece...

[She shrugs with a smirk.]

LD: ...probably. Ben, there's an electricity here in the air for this one.

BW: There's an energy for sure. These fans have been jammed in here after being out in the hot sun all afternoon waiting to get in. Space was limited for this one so

it's the most passionate, the most driven fans who made it through the doors to sit in this Temple and pay homage to the gods of professional wrestling here tonight!

LD: I couldn't have said it better... maybe a little less blasphemous... but hey, it's Showtime! It's ESPN! It's Ben and I on the call! For the very first time, it's COMMERCIAL FREE all night long thanks to our tremendous corporate friends like Under Armour... like Topps... like Subway... and so many more... and this show is LOADED with some of the best competitors on the planet so let's not waste any time in getting this brand new era started right-

[Lori gets cut off by the sounds of KISS' "God Of Thunder" tearing to life over the PA system, bringing the Boyle Heights' fans to their feet with a DEAFENING ROAR! Lori and Ben both have a look of shocked alarm on their faces as the camera promptly cuts to the stairway that is lined with fans where Max Magnum promptly appears, bathed in spotlight. Magnum is dressed in black workout pants and seems to be in the worst mood possible as he ignores the fans around him, stomping down the staircase towards the ring.]

BW: Well, Dane... it looks like we can toss the format out the damn window because this guy is right here... he does whatever the hell he wants and I should know.

LD: Max Magnum is in quite the foul mood to hear people talk about it after his shocking defeat to Atlas Armstrong at Memorial Day Mayhem, shattering his undefeated streak... and his post-match Bombshell on his longtime manager Stevie Scott, an AWA legend in his own right.

BW: Karma's one hell of a rough date, Hotshot.

LD: Of all the big names scheduled to be here tonight, we hadn't heard a thing about Max Magnum being here... and he might be the LAST person I expected to see here in the Temple, Ben.

BW: He might be the last person I WANTED to see here because when this guy is pissed off, he's a destructive force that I'm not sure anyone can stop. He might just tear this whole place down around him and there's not a damn way to stop him, Dane.

LD: We don't often hear from Magnum who seems to let others - like Stevie Scott and the man sitting next to me - speak for him... but he's got a mic in hand now and I'm guessing that means he's-

[Magnum interrupts by shouting.]

MM: HEY!

[Magnum's angry voice quiets the crowd as the Alpha Beast paces madly around the ring.]

MM: Five days.

For five days now, I've had to hear people talk about it... how the mighty Max Magnum's undefeated streak was broken, shattered, and left in rubble by that muscled-up FREAK, Atlas Armstrong on Monday night in Dodger Stadium...

[There are some cheers for that as Magnum shakes his head in disgust.]

MM: For five days, I've had to hear about how I spat in the face of everyone associated with this company when I took that leach Stevie Scott, put him up on my shoulders, and Bombshelled his ass straight to the unemployment line!

[Some cheers for that too!]

MM: For five days, I've had to listen to my name being used as a damn punchline by the fans... by the locker room... by the office...

[He glares into the camera.]

MM: TONIGHT! IT! STOPS!

[The crowd gets louder as Magnum slaps a strong arm across his beefy chest, pointing his finger at the camera...]

MM: An old trainer of mine once told me that the best way to get over a loss is to find the biggest dog in the yard and kick him in the damn mouth.

So, I'm looking into the camera talking right at the biggest dog in the AWA's yard...

[Dramatic pause.]

MM: ...SUPREME WRIGHT!

[The crowd ROARS with surprise at that name coming out of the Modern Day Man of Steel's mouth.]

MM: YOU! ME! IN THIS RING!

TONIGHT!

[And with that shouted challenge, Magnum SPIKES the mic into the canvas, the crowd ROARING at the idea that they might get an impromptu Dream Match in the Temple on Showtime tonight!]

LD: WHAAAAAT?!

BW: Did I just hear that right?!

LD: Max Magnum just laid down the challenge - he wants Supreme Wright one-on-one in this ring tonight!

[The Temple of Boyle Heights is still buzzing from Max Magnum's challenge...

...when "Power Slam" by Paradelous tears through the speakers, leading to a thunderous roar of boos.]

LD: Are you kidding me?! We're getting an answer to that challenge NOW?!

[The jeers only grow louder as Supreme Wright emerges from behind the curtains onto the entrance ramp. His face is a cold, unyielding mask of contempt. His movements are measured, betraying no hint of the toll from his recent war with Jack Lynch. Flanking him are Bret Grayson and Takeshi Mifune, his trusted lieutenants and Paris Crawford, his "weapon".]

LD: Ben, there's no way Supreme Wright's at 100% after that savage Towel Match with Jack Lynch at Memorial Day Mayhem, but at the same time, you know he's not going to back down from this challenge!

BW: Wright took one hell of a beating from that war with Lynch, but this man's a machine. Magnum's calling out the biggest dog, but Supreme Wright's not just a dog - he's a damn wolf, and he's got his wolfpack in Team Supreme backing him up!

[Wright stands there motionless, his piercing gaze locked on Max Magnum, who glares back, fists clenched, chest heaving. The boos cascade, but Supreme raises a hand with surgical precision, his lips curling into a faint, mocking smile as the crowd quiets. He brings the microphone to his lips, his voice low, measured, and chilling.]

SW: This is quite a tragic spectacle. Look at you, MAX MAGNUM...

[He says the full name with emphasis, his voice dripping with disdain.]

SW: ...The Alpha Beast, reduced to shouting and begging for a fight to heal his wounded pride.

[The crowd boos Wright, as Magnum is predictably riled by his words, his anger barely held in check.]

MM: YES OR NO, WRIGHT! Just answer the challenge!

[Wright smirks, ignoring Magnum's demand.]

SW: It was in the Combat Corner that I first saw you: a raw block of steel, filled with limitless and untamed potential. I offered you a place in Team Supreme, a chance to be forged into the strongest blade. You would have been a magnificent weapon, but I see now, you would have been a flawed one.

[He briefly turns his eyes to Paris Crawford, before turning them back to Magnum.]

SW: The weapon I wield now is perfect. You rejected my vision and chose to walk alone. And now, after Atlas Armstrong shattered your myth at Memorial Day Mayhem, you stand before me a broken husk, a shadow of the titan you once were.

[The crowd boos, chanting "MAG-NUM! MAG-NUM!" but Wright ignores them, unbothered by their reaction.]

MM: Enough with the history lesson, Wright! I'm not some ghost! I'm right here calling you out! Are you stepping up, or you gonna keep preaching about a man who's still standing?

[Wright sneers.]

SW: Still standing but hardly living, Max Magnum. I speak of you in the past tense because the man we revered, the Alpha Beast, the force to be feared... is gone.

[The Temple roars with boos.]

SW: What remains is a relic, broken by Armstrong's hands, unworthy of the future I am building.

I have never refused a challenge, Max Magnum, and tonight is no exception.

[The crowd ROARS at the challenge being accepted as Wright nods, raising a finger.]

SW: But I do not need to speak as if you are still among us, because after tonight, you will not be.

[Supreme steps closer towards the ring, his eyes glinting with menace.]

SW: In MY ring, I will dismantle what remains of you, and the AWA will march forward without you. You were strong, Max. I will remember you as long as I live.

[With a smirk, Supreme lowers the mic with deliberate slowness, his gaze unyielding. The crowd's boos intensify, but his mocking smile lingers. Magnum glares back, his fury palpable.]

LD: My oh my, Ben... Supreme Wright just accepted the challenge, but he's promising to erase Max Magnum from the AWA!

BW: Dane, Supreme's gotta be hurting, but with Team Supreme in his corner, he's more dangerous than ever before. Magnum will be fighting for his life tonight!

[The camera zooms in on the standoff, Supreme's icy stare meeting Magnum's fiery defiance as "Power Slam" kicks in...

...and after a moment, we fade to the backstage area... more specifically to the parking lot of the Temple of Boyle Heights where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing, fanning himself with a rolled up newspaper.]

SLB: AWA fans...

[Blackwell looks around with a chuckle.]

SLB: ...can you feel the heat? It is a sweltering day here in Boyle Heights and the heat is on here in Los Angeles. It's a jam-packed night here on ESPN and I don't know if it's hotter out here in the parking lot or inside the Temple right here.

[He jerks a thumb over his shoulder.]

SLB: Now... you're probably asking yourself why I'm out here in the parking lot instead of inside the Temple watching all the action... and the answer is... I'm waiting. Because I've been told that at some point tonight, the AWA World Champion is going to be here... and from what my sources are telling me, he plans to discuss who will be next to challenge for the World Title. And I want to break that story!

[Blackwell pulls out a handkerchief, mopping his sweat-covered brow, looking up with a squint at the sunny sky...]

SLB: It's just... so... damn... hot.

[He grimaces... and then looks back towards the building.]

SLB: Maybe I should just wait inside.

[Blackwell takes two steps towards the Temple when suddenly a car pulls up. A moment passes before the door pops open and...]

SLB: President Zharkov?!

[The Interim AWA President climbs out of the SUV with a scowl on his face...

...and a hard-to-miss spiderweb crack on his windshield.]

SLB: What are... sir, the show has already started.

[Zharkov snarls in Blackwell's direction.]

MZ: Your job is to tell us things we DON'T know.

[Zharkov slams the door behind him.]

SLB: What happened to your windshield? Is that why you're late?

[Zharkov curtly nods.]

MZ: The hotel claims no responsibility but made me fill out more paperwork than a standard AWA match contract.

[Zharkov stares at the window, an eyebrow raised as he looks at the damage.]

MZ: They say someone must've bumped into it with something or something fell on it because of the size but...

[Zharkov trails off.]

SLB: Mr. Zharkov, are you aware that Max Magnum has challenged Supreme Wright for tonight's Main Event... and that Wright has accepted?

[The Tsar's head whips back towards the interviewer.]

MZ: I... was not.

[He sighs.]

MZ: Good match though. Good. If you'll excuse me...

[Zharkov brushes past Blackwell, leaving the interviewer behind.]

SLB: The AWA President with a lot on his mind here tonight in Boyle Heights.

[Blackwell looks at the shattered windshield which almost looks like...]

SLB: Goodness.

[Shaking his head, we fade out on Blackwell...

...and back up on our announce team seated at ringside.]

LD: Never a dull moment at an AWA show... even in the parking lot! The AWA President Maxim Zharkov has arrived here at the Temple on what's already looking to be a wild night... and... Ben, have you been catching up on YouTube this week?

BW: A bunch of plebs telling us about things in their everyday life, neither of which matter to me? No, why would I ever care about that?

[Lori rubs her eyes.]

LD: In spite of my partner's curmudgeonly approach, there's a lot of you out there who have told us you've watched everything that Katrina Coleman does on her YouTube channel.

BW: Oh jeez... her?

LD: Yes, Ben. Her.

BW: I thought we left her back with the Dodgers.

LD: It's not like she's luggage. And I think you'll be surprised with what she has to show in the ring, so let's take it up to Megumi Sato for the introductions for her under-contract debut match right here on Showtime on ESPN!

[We cut up to the ring where Megumi Sato waits.]

MS: Tonight's opening match is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit!
Introducing first, from Caldera, Copiapó, Chile, weighing 144 pounds...
PAAAAAAAZ SEPUIUUUUULVEDA!

[There is applause from the more internet-savvy fans in the audience as a raven-haired woman in a black singlet, black kneepads, and black boots adjusts her wrists. She has dark eye makeup and red lips, looking indifferent to the instructions from the official, an unfamiliar woman with a tight ponytail.]

LD: Salvatore Albano is going to be jealous he's not here for this one, Ben. He has been watching matches featuring Paz Sepulveda and her tag team partner, Lux Espinoza, and raving about what they can do for a while now.

BW: Albano could say that the sun is going to come up tomorrow, and I'd still buy a flashlight. I think I'll confirm it for myself.

LD: You'll notice that we have a new referee in the ring here as well, that's Rebecca Daniels. She has been in AWA rings before, when she was helping out at Homecoming last year while she was part of P*WIN during our little - ahem - incident on the tarmac in Mexico last year. A special thank you to Shane Destiny and Misaki Ishikawa for sending Rebecca our way, and don't worry, we'll take care of her.

[After the inspection completes, Megumi Sato picks back up.]

MS: Her opponent! From Crystal River, Florida, weighing 138 pounds...

KATRIIIIIIIINAAAAAAA COLLLLLLLLLLEMAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNN!

[There is a surprising amount of recognition from the fans, mostly from the women in attendance, as "Hello Kitty Knife" by Peach Kelli Pop starts to play and the travel influencer skates her way out of the entrance on a longboard. Katrina Coleman is dressed in a two-piece outfit of a sports bra and shorts, in the print of palm trees on a beach in cool blue and pastel orange colors. She also wears white kneepads and boots, and the boots feature a dolphin on the outer side. Strapped to her chest is a portable GoPro camera.]

BW: Is it wrong that I hope she falls?

LD: Why are you so mean to this young woman, Ben?

BW: Because I can't stand people like this. She gets paid to go to theme parks, and she somehow turned that into becoming a wrestler. Now she's lucked her way into the AWA, way before more deserving wrestlers!

LD: I'll have you know, Ben, that she knows just how fortunate she is to be here. She told me after the tour of Dodger Stadium that she doesn't want to be known just for her YouTube career. She has been an AWA watcher since we first started airing in Florida, and she is a big fan of Women's Division originals like Melissa Cannon and Julie Somers.

BW: Oh, so it's okay when it's someone you like, but Casey Cash has to be lying about it.

LD: I never said Casey was lying, Ben. I'm just saying that Katrina is showing a lot more of a humble approach than Under Armour's favorite wrestler, especially considering the level of her fame away from wrestling. 2.5 million subscribers can't be all wrong, you know.

BW: I thought you said it was 2 million.

LD: Her channel's growing.

[As Waterson groans in disgust, Katrina kicks the longboard into her hands and turns it over to a ringside attendant. She then leaps up onto the apron, then immediately bounds to the turnbuckles, where we get an inset shot from her GoPro, Katrina, as she salutes the fans!]

LD: And look, there's the view from her perspective!

BW: Any wrestler can do this, Lori.

LD: You wait, Ben. There's a lot that Katrina can do that might be hard for other wrestlers to emulate.

[We cut back to a single shot of Coleman dropping off the turnbuckles as her music fades, unclipping her GoPro and handing it to the attendant. After that, she gets checked over by the referee, who then signals for the bell.]

LD: And here we go! The third time we've seen Katrina Coleman in action, but this is the first time since she's joined the roster.

[Coleman starts to clap, with most of the crowd clapping along, as Sepulveda rolls her eyes. Sepulveda goes to lock up, but Coleman dips around her and tries to capture her in a rear waistlock. Sepulveda grasps Coleman's wrist, then drops down to her hip, breaking Coleman's grasp and pulling Coleman over. Coleman immediately scrambles to her feet, a grin on her face, shouting "nice move!"]

BW: "Nice move"? Is she seriously complimenting someone for taking her down?

LD: Katrina Coleman is a very nice person, Ben. You should try it sometime. And Paz Sepulveda, from what Big Sal tells us, is quite the accomplished grappler, so Katrina clearly was looking to test her skills.

BW: That just shows how dumb she is. You don't attack an opponent's strengths, you attack their weaknesses.

[The two lock up again, and this time as Sepulveda grabs Coleman's wrist and tries to throw her, Coleman plants her hand on the mat and cartwheels to block the throw to the surprise of Sepulveda and the fans!]

LD: Good defensive maneuver by Katrina Coleman!

[Coleman, seeing Sepulveda off-guard, catches her on the shoulder with a dropkick. Sepulveda, caught off balance, stumbles and falls out of the ring through the second and bottom ropes. Coleman runs towards the turnbuckles, bouncing off the second buckle, then somersaulting over the top...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...right onto a rising Sepulveda on the floor!]

BW: Where did that come from?!

LD: A step up off the turnbuckles, then a somersault over the ropes and onto Paz Sepulveda! What a great move by Katrina Coleman!

BW: I had no idea she could do something like that, Dane!

LD: Katrina Coleman has a background in gymnastics, Ben! She's incredibly agile, but she didn't get much of a chance to show it in her previous outings! Even though Sepulveda has been touring lucha libre promotions with her teammate in the last few weeks, she still had to be taken off-guard by that!

[Coleman pushes Sepulveda into the ring, then goes to reach up for the ropes to pull herself into the ring. As she does so, Sepulveda rises to her feet and lunges through the ropes, driving her shoulder into Coleman's stomach.]

LD: Sepulveda is a four year pro, she has the experience edge on Coleman, and that experience edge just showed big time.

BW: And look at how she's pressing the advantage, Dane.

[Sepulveda grabs a fistful of Coleman's hair, pulling her through the ropes and kicking her across the chest, allowing her to fall back into the ring.]

BW: You see how she used the ropes to keep Coleman trapped, and there was barely any way she could have avoided that kick. Then it's either fall back into the ring or fall down to the floor. That's smart positioning by the luchadora.

LD: Katrina Coleman said she wanted to face the best, Paz Sepulveda wants to make her mark on the wrestling world, and you do that by competing here in the AWA!

[Sepulveda grabs Coleman by the waist and tries to pull her back up, lifting for a German suplex, but Coleman wriggles and fidgets to break loose from the grip. Coleman grabs Sepulveda by the wrist...]

LD: Could be a whip coming!

[...when suddenly, Coleman lifts her foot up to Sepulveda's jaw, dropping down to the mat and jamming her foot into Sepulveda's chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: What a move there! Sepulveda is rocked!

[Coleman quickly gets to her feet, seeing Sepulveda stumbling, and hits the ropes. As she rebounds, she aims at Sepulveda, leaping into the air and driving her leg across Sepulveda's chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...riding Sepulveda down to the mat, slamming hard onto the canvas! Coleman, sitting on Sepulveda's side with her leg still over Sepulveda's chest, quickly grabs Sepulveda's prone legs, pulling them closely to Sepulveda's shoulders as the referee drops into position!]

LD: A leg lariat, ridden down to the mat like a guillotine! She's holding for the cover! She's got one! She's got two! She's got three!

BW: What?!

[The bell sounds, as Coleman gets off Sepulveda's legs. She pumps her fist, then holds her hand up in a shaka sign, moving her leg off of Sepulveda's chest and getting to her feet as the crowd cheers!]

BW: How did she put that string of moves together?!

LD: She moves fast, Ben! You can't give her any kind of opening! She told me about that move, and that she thinks she can hit it from anywhere. She calls it the Point Break, and it gave her her first AWA win tonight here on Showtime!

[As Coleman offers Sepulveda a handshake and Sepulveda, dejected, reluctantly accepts to the applause from the crowd, we see a replay, first of the fake whip attempt that saw Coleman jam her foot into Sepulveda's chin...]

LD: This was another one she told me about, this whip fakeout. It's my understanding that she calls this the Dole Whip.

BW: The... what? Seriously?

LD: It's a whip with a surprise, Ben.

[As Waterson groans, we see the replay of Coleman following up with the leaping leg lariat guillotine known as the Point Break, freezing on Coleman celebrating with the shaka sign.]

LD: A big win as momentum starts to build for Katrina Coleman! She's standing by with Mariah Wolfe.

[We cut down to Katrina, smile a mile wide, practically bouncing on her feet as Mariah Wolfe stands beside her.]

MW: Katrina Coleman, congratulations on your first AWA win!

KC: Ohmygosh, thank youuuuu!

[Coleman points off-screen.]

KC: And thank you to Paz Sepulveda. That girl is tough, Mariah. I knew I was going to have to surprise her to beat her. I'm really lucky to have pulled that one off. In front of Sweet Daddy Williams, no less!

[Katrina waves to Williams, who beams from a few feet away and gives a thumbs up. Mariah smiles, nodding her head at Katrina's humble approach.]

MW: Now Katrina, we know you're a travel influencer, but you want to make your name here as a wrestler. Tell us what's next.

[Katrina firmly nods.]

KC: That's right, Mariah. I know I was very lucky to get here the way I did, walking down the roads that people like Melissa Cannon, Charisma Knight, Julie Somers, Lauryn Rage, Ricki Toughill, Ayako Fujiwara... they all paved those roads so I could be able to take these steps! To be able to walk alongside them now is truly an honor!

[Katrina's smile somehow grows as the crowd cheers, and she waves her hand to encourage them to get louder. After a few moments, she holds up her hands to let the crowd know she has something else to say, and they quiet down.]

KC: My goals, honestly, are to take it one day at a time. I know a lot of people talk about my YouTube channel, and I'm really flattered at how many watch it, but I want to be judged by my own merits. Everything I earn in that ring, I want it to be because I deserve it! So that means I hope to take my lumps, same as any other up-and-comer.

[She beams with excitement.]

KC: Because one day, like any other girl, anyone else on the AWA roster... I want to be in that ring, in the Main Event, at SuperClash. It doesn't mean anything if I don't earn it, and that's exactly what I hope to do in the years to come! Today is the first step of hundreds, maybe thousands to come, but you know what?

[Katrina motions around her.]

KC: With all of you with me, it's going to be one heck of a journey, so let's get traveling!

[Katrina gives another shaka symbol, walking out of frame to cheers from the crowd. Mariah's grin grows.]

MW: That is a refreshing take on things, and I'm glad to see her as part of the Women's Division! And speaking of Sweet Daddy Williams, come on in here, partner...

[The crowd cheers as the AWA veteran and ambassador steps into view in a golden Hawaiian shirt with purple flowers all over it. It's open a few buttons revealing pasty white flesh and a couple of gold chains as Williams waves to the welcoming crowd.]

MW: With all the chaos at the start of the show, we didn't get a chance to welcome the fans to Showtime so... welcome to Showtime!

[The crowd cheers again!]

MW: The Temple of Boyle Heights is rocking and rolling already, Sweet Daddy!

SDW: You better believe it, Miss Mariah! Southern California has been AWA Country for the past few weeks and this is the last stop in this sunny SoCal tour and there's not a single soul sittin' on their rear ends tonight, baby!

[The fans cheer as Sweet Daddy waves an arm at them.]

MW: Before we get too far into this show, I want to address a... situation... and a specific person that I've gotten a lot of questions about over the past few days. So...

[Mariah takes a deep breath.]

MW: ...Theresa Lynch...

[The crowd "oooooooohs" immediately.]

MW: I know that I'm lucky to be standing here with this mic in my hand... with this man by my side...

[She rests a hand on Sweet Daddy Williams' arm.]

MW: ...and in front of all these fans.

[The fans cheer as she grins.]

MW: I got this job as the host of this tremendous show because you stepped aside. And I am forever grateful for this opportunity.

[She sighs.]

MW: But you have made a decision to betray your family that I cannot understand... cannot begin to support. I don't know why... and judging from all my unanswered calls and texts this week, that's just the way you want it. And that's fine. You can live your new life.

And I can live mine as the host of this show. Forever grateful for the people who have gotten me where I am in my life and my career.

[She smiles again, draping her full arm around Sweet Daddy's neck.]

MW: And that's all I have to say about that. We've got all hands on deck here in Boyle Heights tonight so let's head out to the parking lot where I'm told Mark Stegglet is standing by. What's going on, Mark?

[We cut to the parking lot outside The Temple where we find Mark Stegglet with a microphone in hand.]

MS: Thanks, Mariah. A lot of the AWA's top stars are here tonight in Boyle Heights and it looks like we're about to be joined by a few more...

[He gestures to a car that's pulling into the parking lot and approaching the entranceway... the car in question is a 2018 Cadillac XTS.]

MS: And it looks like somebody is arriving in style here tonight... I wonder who this could be.

[The Cadillac comes to a stop and then we see the back door open. Carolina Colton of the Slam Sorority steps out. She is all cowgirl-chic, with her black cowboy hat and plaid shirt and designer jeans. The passenger front door opens next and out steps Trish Wallace. She looks like she stepped straight out of the gym, in black leggings and an athletic tank top, a leather fanny pack around her waist.]

MS: And the Slam Sorority has arrived... and I can only guess who is driving tonight.

[Indeed, "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis has stepped out from the driver's side. Davis is dressed in a red jacket over a white blouse and red pants. Her brown hair is pulled back behind her head.]

MS: I guess we can start with Carolina and Trish... I am curious to get your thoughts about how things went at the Memorial Day Rumble.

[That's all it takes for the proteges of the "All Around Athlete" to start bickering again, T-Bone surly, and Starkiller smug and snarkily.]

TW: She was supposed to help me.

CC: Every woman for herself, Colton.

TW: C'mon, you were bragging about tossing everyone over the top rope, and neither of us even made the top five for eliminations.

CC: Out of respect for your fragile ego, I tried to match your pace. I didn't want to run up the score on you. You wrestle like you drive, T-Bone: like an old lady.

TW: I am CAUTIOUS, Colton! That's why I get shotgun, and you have to ride in the back seat.

CC: Because when you're in the back seat, you're like, "take it slow, Hokey!"

TW: You do know that cars in America come with two pedals, right? The other one is called a "brake." Feel free to use it once in a while.

[By this point, Davis has walked around the front of the Cadillac and gestures toward her teammates, who instantly clam up and come to attention.]

LD: Now that's enough arguing... remember, we are a team and we need to act like one at all times. Just as Stephen Curry and the Golden State Warriors showed why they are a team and came back to win the Western Conference finals, then the first game of the NBA Finals.

[Stegglet chips in.]

MS: Well, Laura, there's certainly a lot of things that went down in the Memorial Day Rumble, and with you, I'm not sure where to start...

LD: I know exactly where to start, Stegglet - we can start with that-

[Davis is cut off as Mark Stegglet gets shoved aside by a rampaging interloper rushing onto the scene...

...who barrels right past Colton and Wallace, wrapping her arms around the body of Davis, and DRIVING her back into the side of the Cadillac as the voices of Lori Dane and Ben Waterson break back in!]

LD: OH! LAURYN RAGE IN THE PARKING LOT! RAGE 24:7!

[Rage bends Davis back over the hood of the car, raining down rights and lefts on the leader of the Slam Sorority before Colton and Wallace can react...

...but that doesn't last long as Colton and Wallace both hit her from behind, pull her off Davis, then take turns firing off punches and kicks, bringing Rage to her knees.]

LD: Lauryn Rage is outnumbered out in the parking lot!

BW: She brought it on herself! She ran headstrong and headlong into a three on one situation and NOW I'm supposed to feel bad for her?!

[Rage is struggling against Colton and Wallace as they each grab an arm, holding her in place as Rage screams and shouts, getting muted a few times by quick-triggered network censors...]

LD: It was on sight here in Boyle Heights for Lauryn Rage and she let her temper get the best of her!

[Davis removes her jacket, flinging it over Mark Stegglet's shoulder.]

LD: Make yourself useful, Stegglet. Get her up, ladies.

[Colton and Wallace drag the struggling Rage off the asphalt, feeding her into Davis and buries a few kicks into the midsection, doubling her over...]

LD: Hang on now! We need some help out here! We need-

[...and Davis hooks a front facelock, slinging the arm over her neck...]

LD: NO! NO!

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

[Rage cries out as Davis takes her over in a snap suplex, DRIVING the small of her back down onto the hood of the Cadillac!]

LD: OHH! A BRUTAL ASSAULT ON THE FORMER WOMEN’S CHAMPION!

[Rage rolls onto her hip, grabbing at her lower back in pain as Davis grabs her by the hair, smashing her forearm down into the face over and over and over...

...and then backs off, gesturing at her as Colton rushes in, delivering a double axehandle down across the chest! Wallace follows suit, dragging Rage by the hair off the now-dented hood, flinging her onto the asphalt again!]

LD: The Slam Sorority with a mugging out here in the parking lot!

[Davis sneers at the downed Rage, waving a hand at them as Colton drags Rage up the hair, pulling her towards the back of the vehicle where Trish Wallace meets her, shoving Rage towards the open door...]

LD: What are they... is this a kidnapping?!

[Colton holds Rage up, watching as Wallace grabs the door of the car...]

LD: NO!

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

[...and SWINGS the door shut on the back of Rage, smashing it into the upper back as Rage cries out again...

...and as she slumps down on the ground, we hear a swarm of AWA officials and security rushing onto the scene, screaming and shouting at the smirking Slam Sorority.]

LD: Get them out of there!

[Davis grabs a nearby Stegglet by the arm, jerking him closer...]

LD: You want to talk about the Memorial Day Rumble, Stegglet... I spent the whole match dealing with... HER...

[She jabs a finger at the downed Rage being tended to by Tommy Fierro and Kevin Slater on the parking lot asphalt.]

LD: ...to the point that I let it distract me from what mattered the most, and that's getting a shot at the Women's Title!

But let me tell you that I have had enough of her distracting me from that objective!

[Davis takes a step towards Rage like she’s going for more but Tommy Fierro jumps in her path, shaking his head...]

TF: Not a chance, Davis! All of you out of here!

[...but as security makes sure Colton and Wallace stay back, Davis gets up in Fierro’s face.]

LD: Hey, Fierro, don't you start with me! We just got here... and SHE chose to jump US!

[Davis shakes her head.]

LD: Well, I'm done with that! As of now, the Slam Sorority's first objective is take Lauryn Rage out for good!

She's been getting in the way of our objectives for too long and we are going to make sure it ends quickly for her!

[Davis snatches her jacket off Stegglet's shoulder.]

LD: And the same goes for anybody who gets in our way, whether it's for the Women's Title or the Women's Tag Team Titles... the latter of which Trish and Carolina have done more than enough to show that they should be getting a shot at those belts!

Anybody who thinks they are going to stop us, you can consider this your only warning... do NOT get in our way or we're going to do a lot more than what we just did to the woman who was foolish enough to try to take us on!

[With that, she casually puts her jacket back on, then gestures to Trish and Carolina.]

LD: Let's go... we have other business tonight.

[Davis looks disdainfully back at Rage before exiting the camera view. Wallace reaches inside her fanny pack and pulls out a hair tie to casually tie back her titanium blonde hair. Colton picks up her cowboy hat from beside where event security is tending to Lauryn Rage and adds a mocking...]

CC: LAAAAAA... RYNNNN... Jennnnnnkins!

[...with a loud snicker as she follows her Slam Sorority companions into the Temple. The camera holds on the laid out Lauryn Rage as AWA medical arrives on the scene...

...and we fade from the parking lot back into the Temple and the squared circle where we can see the referee and ring announcer, Megumi Sato.]

LD: Lauryn Rage being viciously assaulted out in the parking lot and... well, I'd wager AWA President Zharkov may have something to say about that at some point tonight. We've got medical working on the former champion now and...

BW: Dane, I'm still missing how I'm supposed to blame Laura Davis and the Slam Sorority for DEFENDING themselves against that out of control maniac! Lauryn Rage has been breaking every rule in sight for months trying to cross names off her damn list... and this time, she found someone who has got a pencil and a hell of a cross-off stroke of her own! You ask me, Rage deserves everything she got in that parking lot tonight and then some, Dane.

LD: Well, nobody asked you, Ben... and as I was saying, we'll give the fans an update on her condition as soon as one becomes available. But right now, let's head back to the ring for more action!

[Megumi Sato raises the mic.]

MS: The following contest on Showtime is a singles match set for one fall with a ten minute time limit!

Introducing first, already in the ring to my left, from Sacramento, California, and weighing 265 pounds... here is RAUUUUUUUL RODRIIIIIGUEZ!

[A muscular Latino with short black hair and a goatee, dressed in a green singlet, kneepads and wrestling boots, pumps his fist at the crowd.]

LD: Raul Rodriguez checking in from Northern California for action here tonight.

BW: Based on who his opponent is, it might've been a long trip for a short night of work, Dane.

["The Man" by The Killers then starts up over the PA system, drawing boos.]

MS: And his opponent... accompanied to the ring by his manager, "The Professional" Dave Cooper... he hails from Ann Arbor, Michigan, and weighs 325 pounds... he is known as "The Big Man on Campus"...

...TREEEYYY CAAARRRSOONNN!

[Dave Cooper is first to come out from the ground level entranceway. He is dressed in a light blue button-down shirt and a pair of brown slacks.]

Right behind him comes Trey Carson, who has dark brown hair cut into a flat top and a goatee. He wears a black singlet with the words "BIG MAN ON CAMPUS" in white lettering, black tights and wrestling boots. He also wears black, fingerless gloves on both hands. Carson also wears sunglasses.]

LD: Trey Carson remains undefeated in singles competition in AWA... although that winning streak may come to a sudden and hard end if they get their way, Ben, as they've been calling out Robert Donovan lately... and I'm not sure that's a smart thing to do.

BW: We've talked about this before, Dane. Robert Donovan has had a great career... he's proven to be one of the best big men to ever appear inside the ring. But after so many years in the business, how is he going to handle a young, hungry competitor like The Big Man on Campus?

[Cooper leads Carson towards the ring, the two taking a methodical pace. When the duo reaches the ring, Cooper ascends the ring steps and ducks between the ropes, while Carson grabs the top rope and uses it to pull himself up to the apron. He keeps his grasp on the top rope and steps over it.]

LD: It's not that I doubt the ability of Carson, but I question whether it was wise to set his sights on Donovan next... especially with the way that Cooper has questioned Donovan looking out for his son, Tony.

BW: I see it like this, Dane: When you have a potential blue chip prospect like The Big Man on Campus, you can't just be content with small fish in a big pond! You have to start going after the bigger fish at some point! And after so many have fallen before The Big Man, it seems only reasonable that he'd set his sights on the likes of Robert Donovan.

[Carson walks to the center of the ring and raises his right hand, curls into a fist, and extends his pointer, letting the crowd know who is number one. Cooper applauds Carson, who lowers his arm and turns to face his manager, then the two men bump fists. Carson then removes his sunglasses and hands them to Cooper.]

LD: Ben, this has gone beyond Carson simply wanting a bigger challenge. His manager has made this personal for Robert Donovan by questioning his relationship with his son, Tony... who I do believe should be a little more careful around somebody like Tiger Claw.

BW: Listen, Dane, Tiger Claw is a Hall of Famer and who better to get advice from than a man who has done it all! But more importantly, if Robert Donovan is going to let himself get distracted by Cooper questioning him, he could easily fall prey to The Big Man on Campus... and that would be a huge win for this youngster's promising career.

[Cooper steps between the ropes and heads down the ringsteps to the floor, as Carson turns to face Rodriguez.]

LD: I won't underestimate somebody like Carson, but I think you underestimate Donovan's ability to stay focused on an opponent even if somebody like Cooper is getting personal with him.

[The bell rings as Rodriguez steps forward and he and Carson quickly lock up.]

LD: Meanwhile, Raul Rodriguez, a California native, is quick to lock up with Trey Carson!

BW: Rodriguez has some size to him, but will it be enough to take on The Big Man?

[Rodriguez manages to gain some leverage and pushes Carson back a step, resulting in Carson disengaging as Rodriguez motions for him to try it again.]

LD: Well, on that lockup, Rodriguez actually was gaining the advantage! I don't think Carson expected that.

BW: I'll give Rodriguez his due there, but he's gotta do more than win a lockup!

[Carson scowls and approaches Rodriguez, the two locking up again.]

LD: And the two tied up collar and elbow again... and this time, it's Carson who is backing up Rodriguez!

[Carson manages to shove Rodriguez all the way back into the corner, with the referee calling for the break.]

LD: And Carson now backing off... do we get a clean break here?

[Carson starts to pull away while Rodriguez lifts his arm back.]

LD: It looks like we might and...

[But at the last second, Carson swings a forearm in Rodriguez's direction...

...only for Rodriguez to anticipate it, ducking out of the way.]

LD: Carson tried a cheap shot but Rodriguez avoids it! Now Rodriguez going to work!

[Rodriguez hammers Carson multiple times, then grabs the ropes and leans forward, driving his shoulder into the midsection.]

LD: And Rodriguez taking the fight to Carson!

BW: He's making this one interesting, I'll give him that!

[The referee orders Rodriguez to back off, who finally complies, but then reaches in to grab Carson by the arm.]

LD: Rodriguez gets the Irish whip to the opposite side!

[Rodriguez looks out to the crowd and pumps a fist.]

LD: Rodriguez charging in...

[But that's when Carson raises his right leg, catching Rodriguez with a foot to the face.]

LD: But a size 16 boot catches Rodriguez upside the head!

BW: Well, I'm sure it was fun for Rodriguez while it lasted! Now The Big Man is about to take control!

[Cooper shouts from outside the ring.

"SHOW 'EM HOW IT'S DONE, BIG MAN!"

Rodriguez staggers, before he turns toward Carson, who runs out of the corner.]

LD: BIG CLOTHESLINE! Look at the force behind that!

BW: As you would expect from a man of Carson's size!

[Rodriguez falls to the canvas, but Carson is quick to pull him back up.]

LD: Carson not wasting any time... and look at him pick up Rodriguez with ease!

[Carson drapes Rodriguez across his shoulder, then looks toward the corner of the ring, suddenly moving forward and tossing his opponent.]

BW: Rodriguez rolls the dice and gets... SNAKE EYES! And look at how The Big Man goes right back to work... no wasted effort!

[Carson drags Rodriguez up and shoves him into the corner, then spreads his arms and talks trash.

"YOU WANNA MESS WITH THE BIG MAN ON CAMPUS? HUH?"

And, with that, Carson hauls off and slaps Rodriguez upside the face.]

LD: Carson just taunting Rodriguez! No call for that!

BW: Then maybe Rodriguez should do something about it... but right now, The Big Man is in control.

[Indeed, Carson has now stretched his right leg up toward Rodriguez, shoving his boot into his opponent's face.]

LD: Carson with that size 16 right in Rodriguez's throat! The referee needs to get in there!

[The referee puts the count on Carson, who breaks off at four, then turns toward the referee and shouts at him.

"WORRY ABOUT YOUR REAL JOB... THAT'S THE THREE COUNT!"

LD: Carson had best watch it or the referee could disqualify him!

BW: For what, exactly? He had a count of five to stop and he complied! Or are you more concerned about the referee's feelings?

[Outside the ring, Cooper shouts directions to his charge.

"STAY ON TOP OF HIM, BIG MAN! THAT'S YOUR JOB!"

Carson glances at Cooper, nods, then goes back after Rodriguez.]

LD: Cooper wanting Carson to focus on his opponent... now Carson has Rodriguez... knee to the midsection doubles him over...

[Carson then hooks Rodriguez around the waist, lifting him up.]

LD: And a gutwrench suplex! Carson lifted up Rodriguez liked he weighed nothing!

BW: That's an impressive display of power. Rodriguez ain't exactly Omega in there.

[With Rodriguez sprawled across the canvas, Carson hits the ropes before dropping a leg down across the chest...]

BW: He's got some agility, too, Dane! If I'm Robert Donovan, I'm watching this match closely because I don't know if Donovan can handle someone with this much size... this much strength at this stage of his career.

LD: Donovan's been a champion all around the world, Ben. Don't take him lightly.

BW: Yeah, but what has he done for me lately? He hasn't been a champion since 2012 when he held the defunct AWA Longhorn Heritage Title. That title was all about nostalgia and so is what's left of Donovan's career. The big man should've hung 'em up a long time ago and since he won't do voluntarily, Trey Carson might be the man to end it all for him.

[Carson gets to his feet, then raises his right arm, extends his pointer and smirks.]

LD: Carson really looks proud of himself!

BW: And why shouldn't he be... Rodriguez might have had control for the first few seconds, but since then, The Big Man has been in total control!

[The fans boo as Carson goes back to Rodriguez, dragging him to his feet again.]

LD: LOOK AT THIS!

[Carson has managed to press Rodriguez overhead.]

LD: WHAT POWER BY TREY CARSON!

[Carson then takes Rodriguez and tosses him toward the ropes.]

LD: LOOK OUT! THROAT FIRST ACROSS THE TOP ROPE!

BW: Rodriguez is not a small man, Dane! That's an impressive display of strength!

[Outside the ring, Cooper gestures at his charge.

"HE'S HAD ENOUGH, BIG MAN! FINISH IT!"

LD: And Cooper wants Carson to end this...we may see The Bottom Line shortly!

[Carson drags Rodriguez up, his hands wrapped around his opponent's throat.]

LD: Rodriguez is at Carson's mercy...

BW: But he's not likely to get any!

[Carson then lifts Rodriguez off his feet, releasing him into a sidewalk slam position.]

LD: BOTTOM LINE INDEED!

BW: And this one is all over, Dane!

[After driving Rodriguez into the mat, Carson leans over his opponent, hooking the leg for good measure.]

LD: And the referee counts one... two... three... and this one is over!

[The bell rings and Carson gets to his feet, raising his right arm and extending his pointer again as the fans boo.]

MS: Here is your winner... "THE BIG MAN ON CAMPUS" TREEEYYY
CAAARRRSOOONNN!

[Cooper has ascended the ring steps and joins his charge in the ring. The referee tries to raise Carson's hand, but Carson pulls away, allowing his manager the honor instead.]

LD: Another win for Trey Carson and it remains to be seen if anyone can beat him, but I will say this: I won't bet against Robert Donovan!

BW: You might be prepared to lose your wager then, Dane. The Big Man has been on a tear and, as great a career as Donovan has had, it's The Big Man who is just getting his career started!

LD: Let's send it over to Mariah and Sweet Daddy!

[Carson and Cooper bumps fists, then the two turn toward the ropes, Cooper ducking between them while Carson steps over them. We then cut to Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams standing down at ringside.]

MW: Another win for the man who's called The Big Man on Campus, Trey Carson! Now let's see if we can get a few words from him!

[Cooper is the first one to approach Wolfe and Williams.]

MW: Dave Cooper, your man Trey Carson has been on a roll as of late. And it seems you and he have made it clear that you want Robert Donovan in that ring.

DC: Mariah, I know some people have been questioning what business I have with Donovan's relationship with his son. But I've said it before and I'll say it again, Tony Donovan should be able to make his own decisions!

SDW: Hey, Dave Cooper, I beg to differ... there's nothing wrong with a father giving his son advice! Especially when a father only wants what's best for his son!

DC: Here's the thing, Sweet Daddy: Tony Donovan is a grown man, but so is Robert Donovan... and it's Robert Donovan who is not only on my mind, but the mind of The Big Man right here!

[He gestures to Carson, who has now taken his place alongside his manager.]

DC: And if Robert Donovan thinks too much about his son, then he's not going to be focused on The Big Man, and when The Big Man has his sights set on you, you had better get yourself focused!

SDW: I gotta know this, Dave... you and Robert Donovan have a little bit of history! Does that have something to do with why Trey Carson wants him so badly?

[Cooper glares at Williams.]

DC: You don't have to remind me about my history with Robert Donovan, but I can assure you that it's not simply about that! It's about the fact that Robert Donovan likes to think of himself as the big man to beat around these parts, but now, there's a new one to beat, and he's right here!

[He then gestures at Carson, who smirks, then speaks.]

TC: There's been a lot of talk about what's gonna go down when I get Robert Donovan in that ring... well, the way I see it, I'm done with the talk! It's time to lay down the challenge... and Donovan, you are officially challenged to a fight!

[He points a gloved hand toward the camera.]

TC: You name the time and the place, Donovan, and I'll be there to show everyone exactly why your time is up and my time is now!

[With that, Carson walks away from Wolfe and Williams as Cooper smiles.]

DC: The Big Man may not have many words to say, but he doesn't need words... he does his talking in the ring and that... is the end of the discussion!

[Cooper then departs as well, leaving Mariah and Sweet Daddy behind.]

MW: Dave Cooper and Trey Carson making no secret of their desire to get Robert Donovan inside that ring in the very near future, Sweet Daddy.

SDW: The whole thing stinks if you ask me, Miss Mariah. Cooper's made this personal between him and Big Rob... and Trey Carson's looking to make a name for himself on top of Donovan's legacy. If the match gets signed, I'll be front row to see it... and I hope Big Rob's got enough left in him to break that streak.

MW: The request is now in the hands of President Zharkov... speaking of which...

[Wolfe gestures towards the small room sticking out into the Temple.]

MW: ...do you think he's in his office?

SDW: Only one way to find out.

[Wolfe smirks.]

MW: Maybe later. Right now, let's go backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by with...

[Wolfe grabs her earpiece.]

MW: Oh brother... poor Lou.

[Wolfe shakes her head as we fade to the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell looking annoyed... irritated... exasperated even. A lot of that is probably due to the presence of his interviewees.]

SLB: AWA fans, it's been an exciting night here in The Temple of Boyle Heights already... and this night's just getting started. Coming up in just a few moments will be tag team action when we see Nueva Generación Oscura taking on the American Idols.

[Chaz Wallace jerks a thumb at himself with a "that's us!" mouthed at the camera.]

SLB: Of course, I've got all four members of Generation Lost back here with me right now and... gentlemen, I've gotta say you seem a little more subdued than normal and I have to wonder if that has anything to do with your loss at-

[Blackwell is interrupted by Chet Wallace who throws up his hands angrily.]

CHET: OF COURSE IT DOES! We lost to Old Man Carver! We lost to those FREAKS, Omega and Polemos! And we lost to...

[Chet shakes his head.]

CHET: I can't even believe I have to say it out loud. I can't. I just can't. Someone else has to do it. It's too embarrassing to admit. It's just...

[He throws up his hands again, walking away as Jayden Jericho slides in front of the mic.]

JJ: Okay, bet. Lee Connors? You are going to regret the day you thought it was sound business to stick your nose in Gen Lost affairs! You think you're going to waltz in and then waltz out of this? Not a chance!

[Chaz Wallace leans in.]

CHAZ: Lee Connors wasn't the whole reason we were embarrassed last Monday night in Dodger Stadium, Leopold Blackwell!

[Lou mouths "Leopold" with a confused expression.]

CHAZ: Far be it from me to quote my father but the old man always said "never blame someone else when you can blame the man in the mirror for your failings." And believe me, we can blame the men in the mirror for our failing last Monday night, Lou-thor.

[Blackwell shakes his head in annoyance.]

SLB: What are you getting at?

CHAZ: I'm saying the blame lies here... and that's not just because I REFUSE... I STEADFASTLY REFUSE... to give those four jerk-a-holics credit for beating us. It's because it's reality... and Generation Lost needs a reality check right now.

[Jericho raises an eyebrow as Gaines looks on with a furrowed brow.]

CHAZ: Boys, look... Chet and I talked it over... and I think we can all admit that ever since we put Carver on the injured list, things haven't worked out quite right for us... right? Right! But we... Chet and I... we have a solution!

See, Generation Lost needs a spark!

[He holds up a finger.]

CHAZ: Generation Lost needs something to kick us in the ass and get us going!

[Gaines crosses his arms across his chest, staring at the back of Chaz' head now as Chaz speaks into the camera.]

CHAZ: Generation Lost needs a new member - someone who can put the final piece in the puzzle!

Someone with intensity...

[Gaines is glaring hard... intensely one might say.]

CHAZ: Someone who is focused on our goals...

[Gaines is glaring harder... focused you might describe it.]

CHAZ: And don't worry, boys... they've got their daddy issues too.

[Gaines grabs Chaz by the shoulder, swinging him abruptly around.]

JG: They do? It sounds like you got someone in mind.

[Chaz grins, patting Gaines on the chest.]

CHAZ: Don't you worry your pretty little head, big man. Chet and I have got it under control... don't worry about it.

[A chuckling Chaz walks off camera, leaving Jericho and Gaines behind.]

JG: Any idea where this is going? Any at all?

[Jericho glares in the direction of the departed Idols.]

JJ: No, I have no clue. In this place? Could be anyone.

[Gaines nods.]

JG: Yeah, that's fair to say. You worried?

JJ: With them? Absolutely.

[And with that, Gaines and Jericho make their exit, leaving Sweet Lou behind looking curious...

...and the words "RECORDED EARLIER" appear on a new piece of footage as we open on a wide shot of Mariachi Plaza. The sky is starting to lighten; it is early enough in the day that the Plaza is fairly clear of people.

We close in on three particular individuals who appear to be doing cool-down stretches. They are dressed in identical black sweatpants, with two thin white stripes on the outside of each leg, and identical black T-shirts, with the words "LEGADO DE LUCHA" in green, white and red block lettering across the front. Only their masks are different – yes, three masked men just loitering on Mariachi Plaza at the start of day should not be suspicious at all.

The three individuals are positioned in some sort of semicircle. The one on the extreme left of the shot has on a red mask, with gold trim around the eye holes and mouth. The image of a four-pointed gold crown sits in the middle of his brow. On both sides of the mask, airbrushed in gold, are the symbols that have become synonymous with the name Rey Fuerza: a war hammer smashing a lightning bolt.

The one next to him has on a plain black mask, with a large opening around the mouth, exposing his chin. Smoke gray trim around the eye holes and mouth gives the mask a bit of texture.

The third individual wears a mask of silver, reminiscent of his great grandfather, the original El Vengador de Plata; with black trim around the eye holes and mouth, the opening around which exposes his chin as well. He is obviously aware of the camera and begins to speak.]

VV: Tonight, on Showtime, we fight on hallowed ground. The Temple has been witness to some of the greatest luchadors from around the world, who have shed tears, sweat and even blood upon the canvas and all over the arena. And we three have all had the honor of battling in The Temple.

GO: Unfortunately, tonight, we go to war not with the gods, not with the legends, nor the heroes of lucha libre... Instead, our opponents tonight are a couple of fake idols... False idols!

VV: Generation Lost? You are truly lost sons. In trying to break away from the names of your fathers, you just let them down. And you let yourselves down. These men?

[He gestures to Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro.]

VV: These brothers of mine? They are Nueva Generación Oscura... They are proud to carry the names of their fathers... And all three of us are proud to carry not only the legacies of our families, but also to carry on the traditions of lucha libre!

GO: The AWA Galaxy has seen Nueva Generación Oscura in action...

Tonight, on Showtime, in THE Temple of Lucha Libre, not far from where we are now, you get to witness, once more for some of you, Legado de Lucha!

[Guerrero Oscuro holds out his right fist in front of him. Rey Fuerza and "El Niño" Vengador V extend fists of their own to touch Guerrero Oscuro's before we cut back to The Temple, where a mariachi band now occupies the balcony overlooking the entranceway. They begin to play, led by the frenetic trumpets. About fifteen seconds in, some of the band members begin to sing.]

#Guadalajara, Guadalajara#
#Guadalajara, Guadalajara#

LD: A tribute to the city of Guadalajara, capital of the Mexican state of Jalisco from where our next competitors hail from...

#Tienes el alma de provinciana#
#Hueles a limpia rosa temprana#
#A verde jara fresca del rio#
#Son mil palomas tu caserio#
#Guadalajara, Guadalajara#
#Hueles a pura tierra mojada#

[Three men appear at the top of the steps leading down to the ringside area. In the center is "El Niño" Vengador V, who has on a silver mask with black trim around the

eye holes and mouth, a black dress shirt, black pants with silver pinstripe, and black boots, with black laces, soles and silver piping.

To his left is Rey Fuerza, who has on a red mask with gold trim, a red cape, with a high, pointed collar, and a gold chain clasped across the neck; red tights, with the image of a war hammer smashing a lightning bolt airbrushed in gold on the right thigh and the letters "RF" in a Medieval Gothic font, crowned with the same four point crown as on his mask, on the left thigh; black knee pads and black boots.

To Vengador V's right is Guerrero Oscuro, who has on a black mask with smoke gray trim, and plain black tights, knee pads and boots.]

MS: The next contest is a tag team match with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first... from Lagos de Moreno, Jalisco, Mexico, representing Legado de Lucha and weighing in at a combined weight of 412 pounds, they are...

¡EL RRREY FUERRRZA y GUERRRRRRRERRRO OSCURRRO!

¡LA NUUEEVAAA GENERACIÓN OSCUUURRRAAA!

[With a nod to Guerrero Oscuro and another nod to Rey Fuerza, Vengador V leads the way down the steps. On either side of him, and slightly behind, Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro reach out to high-five and slap hands with as many fans as they can.]

Ay ay ay ay! Tlaquepaque Pueblito. #
Tus olorosos jarritos #
Hacen mas fresco el dulce tepache #
Junto a la birria con el mariachi #
Que en los parianes y alfarerias #
Suena con triste melancolia.

[Reaching the ring, Guerrero Oscuro pulls himself onto the apron. He grabs hold of the top rope and slingshots himself into the ring, rolling to the center and posing on bended knee, his arms extended out to his sides, curling his fingers to invite cheers from the crowd.

Rey Fuerza, meanwhile, climbs the steps, onto the ring apron. He unclasps his cape, dropping it onto the apron, to be retrieved by a member of the ringside crew. Rey Fuerza steps onto the middle rope and, with one foot on the top turnbuckle, points to his cousin, who points back at him from the center of the ring, and the two thump their chest with a fist.

"El Niño" Vengador V stays on the outside, pointing to Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro, and applauding his fellow luchadors. As the music fades, Rey Fuerza climbs off the ropes, into the ring. He joins his cousin in the team's corner, where they discuss some last-minute strategy with Vengador V on the outside, as they await the arrival of their opponents.]

BW: Now what is this all about, Dane?!

LD: What?

BW: This guy on the outside! Is he their manager?

LD: Vengador V is their ally... their partner...

BW: That doesn't give him any right to be out here with them! The Idols are going to be outnumbered!

[Megumi Sato continues.]

MS: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The sounds of Calvin Harris' "This Is What You Came For" rings out over the PA system as the house lights start to flash in rhythm to the music creating a dance party atmosphere.]

MS: From the Shibuya area of Tokyo, Japan... at a total combined weight of 342 pounds... representing Generation Lost...

Chaz and Chet Wallace...

THE AMERRRRRRRICAN IIIIIIDOLLLLLLS!

[The Wallaces spring through the curtain in the same gear we saw them in moments ago, trading a leaping high five. They take a few steps towards the ring before coming to a halt...

...and then turn, pointing behind them...]

BW: Oho! Check this out, Dane!

[...and to a cascade of boos, Jayden Jericho and Justin Gaines come striding into view.]

BW: It's the rest of Generation Lost!

LD: Not so worried about who has the right to be at ringside now, are you?

BW: Well, if the luchadors are going to bring their running buddy, it's only fair that Jayden Jericho and Justin Gaines get to come out here too, isn't it?

LD: I don't know about that.

[There are high fives all around between the Generation Lost members as they head towards the ring, Gaines and Jericho staying on the floor as the Idols move up onto the ring apron, slingshotting in tandem over the top rope.]

LD: The World Tag Team Title scene here in the AWA has been heating up since the titles changed hands. With the former champions, Next Gen, sidelined due to injuries, the title picture is wide open and you can bet both these teams are looking to jump right into that scene with a win here tonight.

[The Wallace twins huddle up for a final bit of strategy before referee Scott Ezra moves over to tell them to get one man in and one man out of the ring...]

LD: We're just about set for action here tonight in Boyle Heights... and this should be a fast-paced, very exciting showdown for the fans.

[...and as Chet ducks to the apron, Ezra signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Chaz Wallace and Rey Fuerza circle for a few moments before coming together in a collar and elbow tieup...]

LD: Ben, you're the expert analyst around here, tell us something about Rey Fuerza.

BW: High flying luchador out of Lagos de Moreno, Jalisco, Mexico... 24 years old... these guys are actually cousins, Dane. Guerrero Oscuro's mother is the younger sister of Rey Fuerza's father... and all three of these guys are actually from historic families in the world of lucha libre... that Legado de Lucha they talk about.

[Chaz Wallace secures an armwringer while Ben does the talking.]

BW: I know all three of them were very excited about working here tonight in the Temple which has really taken on a bit of a famous position for lucha venues in the business.

LD: Fuerza with the reversal, turning that armwringer around...

[Chaz Wallace grimaces before snaking a hand up towards the back of Fuerza's head... and then shows panic as he grasps at the back of the mask to laughter.]

LD: ...and Wallace was looking to pull the hair there but no such luck!

[Fuerza has no problem though as he grabs Wallace's long hair, yanking him off his feet with a hairpull to cheers and laughs from the Boyle Heights crowd as Chaz hits the mat, immediately complaining to the official who reprimands the luchador for the hairpull.]

LD: Nicely done there by Rey Fuerza!

BW: "Nicely done?!" If Wallace had done it, you'd be throwing a fit right now!

LD: Wallace TRIED to do it but couldn't and-

[Chaz comes off the mat, rushing in fast as Fuerza sidesteps the charge, sending Chaz into the ropes. Rebounding back as Fuerza ducks down, Chaz twists and uses the doubled-over luchador to propel him into a backflip up and over the masked man...]

LD: -whoa! Nice exchange there...

[Fuerza spins around as Wallace throws a right hand that the luchador blocks... and a left that the luchador blocks with the other hand before using both hands to shove Wallace in the chest, sending him back into the ropes where he bounces back off...

...and Fuerza kicks the back of the legs, sending Chaz into the air where he sails feetfirst between the ropes to the outside!]

LD: Ohhh! A hard fall to the outside there for Chaz Wallace in the early moments of this one... and Rey Fuerza's already looking to take it to the sky!

[Sweeping an arm around in the air, getting the fans on their feet, Rey Fuerza dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back...

...but Chaz scrambles clear just before Fuerza throws himself into a handspring, bouncing off the ropes into a backflip, landing down on a knee and pointing at Chaz as the crowd cheers and Wallace throws a tantrum on the outside.]

LD: Rey Fuerza's athleticism on display early on in this one... and Chaz Wallace isn't happy about it.

[Jayden Jericho rushes over to Chaz Wallace, trying to calm his ally down as Fuerza rises, waving Chaz back inside the ring...

...and Chaz obliges, climbing up on the apron, pointing and shouting at Rey Fuerza, drawing the luchador towards him...]

LD: I think Fuerza's heard enough of this this...

[...but as he gets closer, Chaz hooks him around the head, dropping down to a knee to snap the throat over the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[Grabbing the middle rope, Chaz slingshots through into a slickly-applied schoolboy rollup, dragging Fuerza down to the mat...]

LD: CRADLE FOR ONE! FOR TWO! But that's all! Fuerza escapes and...

[Chaz slides up, reaching out...]

LD: ...and there's our first tag of the match for the American Idols, Chet Wallace coming in off the exchange.

[...and Chet comes in to help his brother, the Idols burying a pair of boots into Fuerza's midsection as he gets up off the mat.]

LD: Two boots downstairs... and they shoot him across...

[A double clothesline by the Idols is ducked by Fuerza as he bounces across the ring, hitting the far ropes...

...and connects with a split-legged dropkick, sending both Idols down to the mat to cheers!]

LD: ...down go the Idols and this crowd is rockin' for Nueva Generación Oscura!

[The Idols promptly roll from the ring, leaving Rey Fuerza all alone...

...but not for long as he rushes into the ropes, barreling back across...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throws himself into a suicide dive, wiping out Chaz Wallace on the outside!]

LD: REY FUERZA TAKES TO THE SKY!

[And he's not alone in that as Guerrero Oscuro, ignoring the referee's cries, goes to the top rope, spreads his arms for all...

...and HURLS himself off the top rope with a crossbody onto Chet Wallace, knocking him down as well to a HUGE ROAR!]

LD: PLANCHA TAKES DOWN CHET! THE LUCHADORS ARE ON A ROLL!

[The crowd is ROARING as Fuerza and Oscuro retake the ring, excitedly pumping their arms as Vengador fistpumps on the outside, waving his arms as the crowd starts chanting...]

"O-SCUR-A!"

"O-SCUR-A!"

"O-SCUR-A!"

[...and on the outside of the ring, we can see Jayden Jericho and Justin Gaines working on getting the Idols off the floor...]

LD: The fans saluting this duo from Mexico, putting on a show early on in this tag team showdown here on Showtime... and you better believe the top teams in the division are all looking on to see what'll happen in this battle with top contender ranking implications.

[Chet Wallace climbs up on the apron, shouting across at the luchadors as Oscuro steps out and takes a tag from his partner...]

LD: A tag on the other side now as well, bringing in Guerrero Oscuro for the first time...

BW: Legally. He's been in there cheating like crazy for several minutes now.

LD: ...that's quite the exaggeration there from Ben Waterson but-

[Oscuro rushes across, grabbing the top rope to slingshot Chet over the top in a somersault, crashing down on the canvas.]

LD: -ohhh, another hard landing for the Idols!

[Pulling Chet off the mat, Oscuro hammers home a pair of short forearms, backing him into the corner...]

...where Chet stabs a finger out, jabbing it into the eye of the masked man!]

LD: Ohh! Right to the eye!

BW: Can't wear a mask over that!

LD: Chet Wallace turning it around now - big chops in the corner!

[After a few chops, Chet turns and drives his elbow back into the jaw a few more times, leaving the masked man reeling...]

LD: Whips him across but coming in after him!

[...and as Chet leaps up, twisting for a flying back elbow, Oscuro front rolls out of the corner, causing Chet to smash into the turnbuckles!]

LD: Chet missed... Oscuro up annnnnnd...

[Oscuro charges back in, running up the turnbuckles...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ENZUGIRI! RIGHT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[Oscuro shoves him out by the back of the head, sending him rolling into a seated position as Oscuro leaps high in the air...]

LD: DROPKICK TO THE HEAD AS WELL! A pair of hard shots to the back of the melon of Chet Wallace... covers!

[A two count follows before Chet escapes in time.]

LD: Two count only off the quick-paced, high impact offense of Guerrero Oscuro... dragging Chet to the corner... and there's a tag to Rey Fuerza.

[Fuerza ducks in, grabbing the arm to help his partner double whip Chet across the ring...

...and they shove Chet into the air, sending him high before he faceplants down hard on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Fuerza and Oscuro back off, taking aim...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: DOUBLE LOW DROPKICK! RIGHT TO THE FACE!

[Oscuro ducks out as Fuerza watches Chet Wallace roll out to the apron, moving quickly in pursuit...]

LD: Fuerza trying to get Chet back inside...

BW: Chet wisely rolled out, trying to catch a breather.

LD: Chet's struggling against it, fighting going back in and-

[Now on the floor, Chet grabs both legs, yanking Fuerza off his feet!]

LD: -oh! Nice counter by Chet Wallace to avoid-

[Chaz suddenly leaps into the air from the apron, springing off the top in a somersault...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and drops a devastating leg across the torso!]

LD: SOMERSAULT LEGDROP BY CHAZ WALLACE! Totally illegal but-

BW: But completely effective!

LD: Absolutely!

[As Chaz rolls clear, getting an earful from Scott Ezra, Chet yanks Fuerza the rest of the way out of the ring, sitting out in a powerbomb on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: WOW! Devastating offense by the American Idols has COMPLETELY turned this match around!

[Chet is moving quickly now, trying to take advantage as he rolls Fuerza back inside the ring, scrambling up onto the apron...]

LD: SPRINGBOARD...

[...and leaps to the top rope, springing off...]

LD: ...SPLAAAAASH! COVER! GETS ONE! GETS TWO!

[...but the crowd cheers as Rey Fierza kicks out of the splash, breaking free before three.]

LD: Rey Fierza's out in time and this match will continue... Ben, we're only a little over five minutes into this and these two teams are unloading their arsenals at breakneck speeds.

BW: That's the lucha libre style at times and the Wallaces are well-accustomed to it having done their fair share of time in Mexico.

LD: Another tag bringing Chaz Wallace back in as Chet pulls Fierza off the mat and puts him into the corner with a whip...

[Chet goes charging in, throwing a dropkick to the masked jaw!]

LD: ...one dropkick...

[Chaz follows suit with a dropkick of his own, snapping Fierza's head back!]

LD: ...and make it a pair, taking him out of the corner now in tandem with a hiptoss...

[Fierza lands in a seated position on the mat as the two Wallaces front roll past him, coming up to their feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and POP him under the chin with a double superkick, putting Fierza back down as the official forces Chet out of the ring and Chaz dives into a cover.]

LD: Another cover... and again, Fierza is out at two.

[Chaz grimaces as he looks to the outside where Jayden Jericho is cheering him on. Justin Gaines is looking on silently, appraising the situation as Chaz lifts Fierza off the mat across his chest, bringing him down into a backbreaker before tagging out again...]

LD: Another tag off the backbreaker but-

[...but before he exits, Chaz leaps to the middle rope, springing off with a moonsault!]

"OHHHHHH!"

[Chet is right behind him, leaping to the top rope before diving off with a high impact frog splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Combination offense by the American Idols! Gets one! Gets two! And another kickout! Rey Fierza showing tremendous fight here in the Temple of Boyle Heights.

[As Chaz rolls out, Chet pulls Fierza right up to his feet, pushing him back into the Idols' corner where he lifts Fierza up, setting him up top...

...where he leaps high, scoring with a dropkick that sends Fierza falling off the buckles to a long, rough fall to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: CHET WALLACE SENDS HIM TO THE OUTSIDE!

BW: There was nothing soft about that landing, Dane. Rey Fuerza just took one hell of a fall to the outside and that could completely tilt this match in the favor of the Idols.

[Chet starts to go out after him but the referee steps in to block his path, sparking an argument between Chet Wallace and Scott Ezra...

...and argument perfectly staged and timed by Wallace to allow Jayden Jericho to pick Rey Fuerza up off the floor and...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: MY GOODNESS! THROWN RIGHT INTO THE WALL HERE IN THE TEMPLE!

BW: This venue is as unusual as they come, Dane. All sorts of walls and staircases and railing to get people in a bad spot. Fuerza went crashing into the wall and if he wasn't hurting from that fall to the floor, he's in tremendous pain right about now.

LD: And here comes Vengador!

[The infuriated ally of Rey Fuerza comes rushing to intervene...

...but the official slides out to block him, shaking his head, forcing him back as he protests loudly...

...which allows Justin Gaines to get involved, lifting Fuerza overhead in a gorilla press...]

LD: Justin Gaines has got him waaaaaay up high annnnnd... DOWWWWN on the exposed concrete over by the entranceway! Come on, referee! Do your job in there!

BW: He IS doing his job - keeping that Vengador in check! Keeping him from interfering!

LD: But by doing that, he's allowing Generation Lost to run roughshod over Rey Fuerza! Vengador is trying to get past our official but no luck... and look at Gaines, just tossing Fuerza back into the ring like a sack of garbage.

[Gaines sneers coldly as Chet dives on top of Fuerza, wrapping up the legs...]

LD: This could be all - onnnnnne.... twoooooo... noooo! Fuerza AGAIN gets the shoulder up...and listen to these Boyle Heights fans showing their support for Nueva Generación Oscura!

[The crowd is indeed in full-throated support, chanting...]

"FUER-ZA!"

clapclapclap

"FUER-ZA!"

clapclapclap

"FUER-ZA!"

clapclapclap

[...as the luchador struggles to get off the canvas before Chet drags him to his feet, pushing him back to the ropes where he tags Chaz back in.]

BW: You gotta love those quick tags from the Idols if you're a fan of tag team wrestling. Love them or hate them, Dane, the Idols are the prototypical tag team with all the skills to go straight to the top of this division.

LD: They're hoping to do exactly that with a win tonight over the luchadors - a wide open division right now with Next Gen on the shelf and new champions... a victory in this one would go a long way to securing a future title shot at Team Supreme.

[They hook Fuerza up before lifting and tossing him down in a double front layout suplex...]

LD: Ohhh! Another nice doubleteam by the Idols who-

[...but they're not done as Chet grabs the head, flipping through, pulling Fuerza's head back in a bridging chinlock of sorts...

...which leaves him wide open as Chaz gets a running start and DRIVES two feet into the masked man's face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Speaking of nice doubleteams! What's Spanish for "spinal adjustment," Dane?!

LD: I have no idea... cover by Chaz!

[A one count falls. A two count falls. And very nearly a three count before the hard-fighting Rey Fuerza kicks out yet again!]

LD: Rey Fuerza refusing to stay down as we near the ten minute mark of this exciting tag team contest here on Showtime. Commercial free all night long thanks to our friends at ESPN as well of some of our sponsors like Under Armour and Topps. Ben, have you checked out the new Topps Now cards from Memorial Day Mayhem?

BW: Checked out? I'm just wondering why I have to buy my own cards like the unwashed masses out there trying to get that special double autograph alternate of Kurayami and Ayako Fujiwara squaring off!

LD: We'll have more on that particular story later tonight as well but right now, all eyes are on the ring where we can see... another tag there as Chaz sends him into the neutral corner...

[With Fuerza in the corner, Chet charges across the ring towards Chaz who boosts him skyward, allowing Chet to get even more elevation on a dropkick!]

LD: Much like their brother, the Idols are the masters of the dropkick... they can hit that move in so many ways, Ben, and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lori is cut off by a double superkick jacking the jaw of Fuerza, depositing him down into a seated position on the canvas in the corner...]

BW: Sounded like a double barrel blasting off!

[...and the two twins back to the two corners adjacent to Fuerza before charging back in, leaping high...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: HESITATION DOUBLE DROPKICK IN THE CORNER!

[Chaz bails out as Chet drags him from the turnbuckles, flipping over into a double leg cradle on Fuerza!]

LD: Is that enough to get the onnnnne.... twoooooo.... thr- OHHH! A diving save by Guerrero Oscuro breaks up the count, saving the match for his squad!

[An annoyed Chaz comes rushing right back in, catching a rising Oscuro around the torso and driving him back into one corner as Chet pulls up Fuerza and does the same...]

LD: All four men in the ring now, the Idols teeing off in opposite corners...

[Each grabs an arm, looking to whip their respective luchador to center ring. Chaz is successful, sending Oscuro out of the corner but Chet is not as the resilient Rey Fuerza reverses, sending Chet towards Oscuro who leaps up, wiping out Chet Wallace with a leaping leg lariat to big cheers - especially from Vengador V on the outside!]

LD: ...and the luchadors reverse their fortunes for the moment! A big opportunity here to turn this around for him!

[Chaz stomps from the corner to confront the rising Oscuro, throwing a kick downstairs that Oscuro catches before using a back leg sweep to put Wallace down on the mat before Oscuro snaps off a standing moonsault that gets the crowd even louder!]

LD: OHH! MOONSAULT CONNECTS! No cover though as Oscuro isn't the legal man, being ushered out by the official... and that gives Rey Fuerza a chance to get his team back in this.

BW: He oughta be looking to tag out but right now, he looks like he might want a little payback on the Wallaces!

[As Chaz comes off the mat, Fuerza catches him with a thrust kick to the chest that stuns him. The luchador runs by, bouncing off the ropes behind him, leaping and grabbing a handful of hair...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: LEAPING FACESLAM BY FUERZA!

[On all fours, Fuerza crawls towards his corner, slapping his partner's hand to big cheers!]

LD: And THERE'S the tag, Ben!

BW: Not a moment too soon if you ask me - Guerrero Oscuro on his way in... or not, I guess.

[Instead of coming into the ring, Oscuro grabs the top rope as Fuereez climbs off the mat, moving over towards the still-downed Wallace...]

...and Oscuro slingshots over the top, rolling across, leaping up as his partner does the same...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ROARS to life as Fuerza lands a somersault legdrop in tandem with Oscuro's rolling senton!]

LD: WOW! YOU TALK ABOUT A DOUBLETEAM!

[Fuerza finally exits the ring as Oscuro makes the cover, hooking the leg...]

LD: Could that be all?! We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[...and the crowd reacts negatively as Justin Gaines drags Oscuro out of the cover from the outside, pulling the luchador all the way to the floor to big jeers!]

LD: -JUSTIN GAINES WITH THE ILLEGAL ASSIST TO SAVE THE IDOLS!

[The crowd is jeering, the official is looking puzzled, and Rey Fuerza and Vengador are SHOUTING at both Gaines and the referee!]

LD: This match might've been over right there, Ben, but Justin Gaines just got involved and cost the luchadors!

BW: Are you sure Oscuro didn't slide out there on his own?

LD: Very!

BW: Maybe he was trying to take a shot at Gaines and Gaines was just defending himself!

LD: How can you say... you're sitting right here! You saw it go down!

[Justin Gaines is defending himself to the questioning official, backing around the corner of the ring...

...which turns the ref's attention away from Oscuro as Jayden Jericho grabs him off the floor...]

LD: And now Jericho's getting involved too?! This is ridiculous!

[...but the distracted referee also doesn't see Vengador V climb inside the ring, pumping a fist a few times to the cheering crowd as he barrels into the ropes, sprinting across the ring...]

LD: LOOK OUT BELOOOOOOW!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SUICIDE DIIIIIVE TO THE OUTSIDE BY VENGADOR PUTS JERICH0 INTO THE WALL!

[Jericho crumples to the floor as a furious Justin Gaines breaks off his argument with the official, stomping around the corner to confront Vengador who is ready for the fight, trading big shots with the much-bigger competitor to the thrill of the Boyle Heights fans!]

LD: And now we've got a fight on the outside!

[With Vengador and Gaines throwing bombs, Oscuro slides back into the ring where he's greeted by both Idols cutting him off with kicks to the body before taking him over with a double suplex!]

LD: Oscuro right back into the lion's den...

[But as the Idols double kip up off the mat...]

LD: ...OHFFF! FUERZA TAKES THEM DOWN!

BW: Now HE'S illegally in the ring, Dane!

LD: Turnabout is fair play for sure in this one. A double clothesline by Fuerza, turning BOTH Idols inside out and... wow! What a match we're seeing here on Showtime as the tag team division continues to heat up!

[Helping his partner off the mat, Fuerza signals for something, ducking out of the ring as Oscuro grabs Chaz off the mat...]

LD: I've totally lost track of who is legal in this one now... Fuerza's not, we know that but...

BW: What's this now? What are they going for?

LD: I'm not sure.

[Oscuro picks Chaz Wallace up in a bearhug, lifting him high off the mat as Fuerza leaps to the top rope, springing off...]

"OHFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF!"

LD: THE IDOLS GETS A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE! SPRINGBOARD DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[Oscuro hangs onto the legs, flipping into a double leg cradle...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF!"

LD: A DIVING SAVE BY CHET WALLACE!

BW: Big time save there! This one was almost certainly over, Dane.

LD: It sure was and-

"OHFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF!"

[The crowd goes nuts as Fuerza charges across the ring, leaping up to snatch a headscissors, using a hurricanrana to toss Chet Wallace over the ropes and down to the outside!]

LD: -REY FUERZA TAKES OUT CHET!

[With the ring cleared of their partners, Guerrero Oscuro grabs Chaz, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

LD: And Ben, Guerrero Oscuro is well known for this crucifix powerbomb that he calls the Edge of Darkness!

[Lifting Chaz into the air, Oscuro walks around the ring to get into the proper position, showing off Wallace for all to see...]

[...and Fuerza scales the ropes, leaping off the top to connect with a flying dropkick as Oscuro THROWS Chaz Wallace down!]

LD: ...DARKNESS REIGNS!

[With Chaz laid out and his allies nowhere to be seen, Oscuro presses his palms down into the chest, Fuerza taking up a protective stance behind him as he counts along for the one... two... three!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Oscuro climbs off the mat, sharing a high five with his partner as the crowd cheers.]

MS: Your winners of the match... NUEVA GENERACION OSCURRRRRRRRRRRRA!

[Vengador V, a little worse for wear, climbs in to join the celebration with his partners as the crowd gets louder.]

LD: The fans in Boyle Heights are showing the love to this exciting trio who are looking to work their way up the ladder towards Team Supreme and those World Tag Team Titles... and for the American Idols, it's back to the drawing board after this one.

BW: Maybe the Idols are right... maybe Generation Lost DOES need a kick in the pants.

LD: From one set of Latino superstars to another... let's go backstage to Margarita Flores who is set to chat with our very own, Sweet Lou Blackwell!

BW: I wish Blackwell was wearing one of these masks.

[And we cut backstage where “Sweet” Lou Blackwell is standing by with the tall drink of Texas water herself, Margarita Flores, who is dressed in a white T-shirt. The sleeves - and then some - are cut off, to reveal a pair of muscular arms and a black bustier top underneath, as well as a pair of blue denim chaps over a pair of tight-fitting black shorts.

Across the front of the T-shirt is a greyscale photo of her own torso, clad in a dark bustier, her familiar bullrope draped across the back of her neck and hanging down the front of her chest. Printed in bold square letters above the photograph, black on a white rectangle, are the words “MAMI’S GONNA,” while below the photograph are printed - in the same font and colors - the words, “KNOCK YOU OUT.”

The same bullrope in the image on her shirt is draped across Flores’ neck. She also has on her beige cowboy hat.]

SLB: Less than a week after Memorial Day Mayhem where, despite your determination and effort, you were eliminated by none other than the winner herself, Harley Hami-

MF: I thought I was done with her, Sweet Lou... I thought I was done with Harley Hamilton! I thought I was done with Cinder! I thought I was done with Casey Cash! Yet somehow... Seductive and Destructive... E-Girl MAX... Whatever they want to call themselves... they continue to find ways to get under my skin... to be a thorn in my side...

Nearly a year ago, I beat Hamilton at Fright Night, and I made the mistake thinking that that was it... That I was done with her.

Instead, Harley's just won the Rumble, earning her a title shot at Girls to the Front... And Cinder holds the Steal the Spotlight contract...

[Flores shakes her head in disgust.]

MF: Meanwhile, I've been feeling lost since Fright Night... I've just been... drifting... And if I were being honest with myself, it isn't just E-Girl MAX that has gotten the better of me. Because it's not just them that has passed me by... The AWA Women's Division is gone of... if not THE best in the world today. It's stacked and it just keeps growing... We just had the second Women's Rumble at MDM... Girls To The Front, as I mentioned, comes to us in two months, and while all the girls are, indeed, headed to the front, I have no idea where I'm headed!

I could keep talking about laying out all the competition put in front of me, but words start ringing empty after a while... I could head back to the Combat Corner, tail tucked between my leg, but that's just letting THIS Women's Division pass me by some more! Heck, we've got these eight women in the Brass Ring tournament who are as hungry, if not hungrier than I am... who would probably see my heading off elsewhere as a spot that's up for grabs to th...

[Flores trails off, as her attention seems to be diverted to something off-camera. Something... or someone.]

And that someone turns out to be Catalina Lopez, whom the camera pans to, before pulling back, so that both women are in the shot.

Lopez's eyes scan Margarita Flores from head to toe, a slow, approving smirk curling her lips as if she likes what she sees. The air thickens with unspoken tension as the two women lock eyes, Catalina's 6'5" frame revealing the rare sight of another female wrestler actually towering over Flores.

After a deliberate moment, Catalina tilts her head slightly, her smirk widening, before moving past Flores and strutting off, her heels clicking confidently against the floor. The camera lingers on her departure, her low chuckle echoing faintly.

Without breaking her focus with Lopez, Flores leans over to the mic proffered by Blackwell.]

MF: I'm sorry to cut this short, Sweet Lou, but I have a match to get to... And, I guess, some reflection is in order as well. Thanks, I guess, for this time...

[Still with her eyes locked, presumably, on Lopez, she backs away, before turning around to exit the interview area, but not before casting one more look back...

...and we fade back to the ring where referee Scott Ezra stands by, while a lean, athletically-built woman, with light brown skin, and shoulder-length black hair permed into frizzy curls, hops from one foot to the other, while swinging her arms in circles, occasionally stopping to stretch them out. She has on a bright yellow catsuit, with full-length sleeves, a circular cut-out above her right hip, and the bottom of the left leg ending mid-thigh, higher than the other leg, which extends all the way under her plain black boots. She also has on bright yellow knee pads that match her catsuit.]

MS: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten-minute time limit! Introducing first, from right here in Boyle Heights, weighing in at 120 pounds...

DIANA "LA CAZADORRRRAA" NUÑEZ!

[Nuñez raises her right fist in the air and hops on both feet, turning slightly each time, in acknowledgement of the crowd, who give a smattering of cheers for the hometown competitor.]

MS: Annnnnnnnd her opponent...

[Santana's "Warrior" starts to play over The Temple speakers. About fifteen seconds in, Margarita Flores walks out through the entranceway, her familiar bullrope draped across the back of her neck. With the cowbell in her right hand, Flores winds her arm up and raises it in the air, yelling "YEEEEAAH!!!" as she does.]

MS: Hailing from La Feria, Texas... and weighing in at 176 pounds...

LA RRROSAAA NEGRRRRAAA DE TEJAS!

MARGARRRITAAA FLORRRES!

[Flores wastes little time striding towards the ring. Reaching the ring, she shrugs the bullrope off her shoulders, onto the floor and removes her hat before she places it on the apron. Quickly pulling herself onto the very same apron, Flores steps through the ropes and, as the music starts to fade, we hear her yell to the official...]

"RING THE BELL, REF!"

[As if reacting out of reflex, Scott Ezra motions to the timekeeper as Margarita Flores charges towards Diana Nuñez with her left arm extended to her side...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And catches Nuñez with a clothesline to the chest, sending her backfirst into the corner. Going in after her, Flores pulls Nuñez out of the corner, into a front facelock.]

LD: Margarita Flores caught Diana Nuñez by surprise... La Cazadora let her guard down and Flores took full advantage of it!

BW: She's got the hometown competitor up for the vertical suplex, but she's just holding her there, showing off her upper body strength...

LD: That's five... Six seconds... All the blood rushing to Nuñez's head... And Flores brings her crashing down to the mat!

BW: She might be feeling lost in the grand scheme of things, but right now, Margarita Flores looks completely locked in!

[Flores backs into the corner, taking a slightly crouched position. She motions for Nuñez to get up.]

LD: Slowly, but surely, Nuñez is trying to get to her feet. I'd call it a recovery, but I think Flores' aggressive offense has her thrown for a loop, Ben.

BW: Seems to me like the only explanation for why this young lady isn't just staying down... We all know what Margarita Flores has in store for Diana Nuñez... Except Nuñez herself.

[Still on wobbly legs, Nuñez tries to shake the cobwebs off. With her back to Flores, Nuñez looks a little confused, as she turns around, trying to find her opponent, which is the cue for the...]

LD: LAAARRRIIIAAATO!!!

BW: Good night and good flight as Diana Nuñez gets turned upside down and inside out with that huge clothesline!

LD: And Margarita covers... 1... 2...

"DING! DING! DING!"

MS: Your winner... MARGARRRITAAA FLORRRES!

[The Temple faithful break into cheers, with a smattering of boos mixed in, at the announcement, as Santana's "Warrior" starts to play. Without waiting for the official to raise her arm, Margarita Flores rolls off Nuñez, right to the outside. She picks her hat off the apron and replaces it on her head, then retrieves her bullrope, slinging it over her left shoulder. Flores heads straight for the entranceway, stopping in front of it to throw a look behind her. A slight look of annoyance flashes across her face when she hears some of The Temple faithful jeering, but she steels her jaw with a slight shake of her head, and steps through the curtains.]

LD: The fans here in the Temple giving Margarita Flores a little bit of a mixed reaction there... and I don't think she liked that too much, Ben.

BW: That's her first mistake. Never give a damn what these people think.

LD: I think with Margarita feeling like she's drifting... perhaps she's said some things and targeted some people in recent weeks that she normally wouldn't have if she was thinking straight. But that's a discussion for another time... because after all this time, Ben... it's just about Brass Ring time!

BW: About time!

LD: Sixteen of the best up and coming stars in the world - eight men and eight women - battling it out all summer long for an AWA contract as well as a future shot at championship gold. We've been hyping it up, we've been talking about it for weeks... and tonight, it finally begins. Let's go backstage to Mariah who has tracked down one of the competitors on the women's side of this Brass Ring Tournament who will be in action here in a few moments!

[We fade from ringside to a backstage corridor inside The Temple, where we see Mariah Wolfe, with microphone in hand, standing beside the towering Catalina Lopez, who's draped in a glittering, multicolored shawl, worn over a lavender/purple, sparkly, sequined corset-style top with a sweetheart neckline with a short, white tutu-like bottom piece. A sparkly wand with a star ornament at the end of it, dangles from her fingers, and a bedazzled hairpin shaped like a crescent moon glints in her long, luscious locks. She's twirling the scepter lazily, her smile wide and mischievous.]

MW: Thanks, Lori... ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with Southern California's own Catalina Lopez, just moments away from her first-round showdown in the Brass Ring tournament against the enigmatic AKANE.

[Mariah turns her attention towards Catalina, stretching her neck upwards to stare at the giantess.]

ML: Catalina...

CL: Call me "Cat"!

ML: ... Cat, everyone seems to be buzzing about AKANE's speed, fearlessness, and mysterious aura. Fans and pundits alike are captivated by what secrets she might be hiding. What's your mindset heading into this match?

[Catalina twirls the wand with a flourish, her voice light and teasing.]

CL: Oh, Mariah, isn't it just delightful how everyone's so enchanted by AKANE? The tiny neon sprite with the cat-ear headphones! "The One They Call The Witch"!

[She giggles, waving the scepter like she's casting a mock spell.]

CL: A witch! I imagine she wishes she really was a witch, because what she's facing now is something no spell could ever conjure and a force of nature that only the most forbidden of magic could ever hope to stop.

[She tosses the wand aside with a dramatic flick, her grin sharpening into something wicked.]

CL: AKANE's secrets? Her cryptic rants? Her "mysterious" aura?

[Catalina waves her hand dismissively.]

CL: Completely irrelevant. All I see is a very tiny, very soon-to-be victim, fluttering into my queendom of Los Angeles, thinking a little mystery will make up for the most massive of disadvantages.

[She scoffs.]

CL: I heard what Veronica Westerly had to say. Spinning her nonsense about AKANE's "hidden depths" and "things not being as they seem."

[She mocks Westerly's voice, rolling her eyes.]

CL: With shoddy takes like that, it's no wonder she can't lead a single one of her clients to championship gold. Things are not as they seem? Honey, it seems very real to me, that I'm about to crush your sparkly little speck of mystery into pixie dust.

[Catalina's shawl slips as she leans toward the camera, her whimsy fading into cold, predatory menace.]

MW: But, aren't you overlooking AKANE, just a little? Her chaotic style, her vicious kicks, her ring awareness... they say she's dangerous despite her size. You may be underestimating her.

CL: Underestimating her? Oh, Mariah, don't be ridiculous. I'm not underestimating AKANE one bit. I know she's fast, I know she's fearless, and I know she's got a cute little bag of tricks. But let's talk reality.

Six feet five.

[She straightens herself, rising to her full height and jabs a thumb at herself, towering over Mariah.]

CL: Five feet two.

[She gestures low.]

CL: That's fifteen inches of cold, hard truth that no amount of mystery or hidden depth can unravel. Unless her deep, dark secret is that I don't actually weigh a full

Betty Chang more than she does and that she doesn't require the assistance of a small stepladder to land one of her kicks on me, she's going to face a very painful reality check when I get my hands on her.

[Catalina tosses her hair, smirking.]

CL: And I WILL get my hands on her.

[Her expression softens slightly, but her voice still carries a taunting edge.]

CL: It's nothing personal. Believe me, I completely understand why AKANE has all this excitement and buzz surrounding her. It's the mystery, the intrigue... that exciting, amazing, thrilling journey into the unknown that is discovering what Miss Sorrell Clermont or whatever she calls herself, is all about. By presenting herself as a beautiful, unique snowflake, she is essentially a being of limitless potential.

[She bends down to get face to face with Mariah, lowering her voice as if she's sharing a secret.]

CL: But here is an inconvenient truth, Mariah. That seemingly limitless potential is very much LIMITED. Because no matter what AKANE may or may not be, no matter who she is or isn't, I can guarantee you that the payoff will not be as interesting, as special, as unique, as drop dead gorgeous or as physically devastating...

[Catalina places the palm of her hand in front of Mariah's face, revealing that her hand can almost envelope her entire head, before pulling back.]

CL: ...as what I already AM.

[She titters and stands back to up to her full height before strutting off, leaving a visibly rattled Mariah in her wake. She exhales shakily, watching Catalina walk off, before turning back to the camera.]

MW: Well, there you have it, folks... Catalina Lopez, is ready to dominate AKANE in the Brass Ring tournament. But I have a feeling AKANE will have a very different opinion of how things are going to shake out here tonight... our broadcast partner "Superstar" Steve Rogers is standing by with her right now. Steve?

[We fade to another part of the backstage area where Rogers is indeed standing.]

SSR: Well, I guess it's just my luck I'm stuck here in this warehouse interviewing some smug millennial. Is that what you are? Is that what they're calling you?

[Pan out to reveal probably the biggest splash of color in the ochre-tinted haze of The Temple, AKANE. At least, it's presumably AKANE, as she has her expressionless noh mask pulled over her face.]

SSR: Or is it "Generation Z?"

[AKANE's head and the expressionless mask tilt slightly, the only reply forthcoming.]

SSR: I dunno. They tell me that outfits like this can only be appreciated by someone with a heightened sense of fashion.

[No reply from AKANE.]

SSR: Heightened by a serious dose of mind-altering drugs, I'll bet. Anyway, we saw a fair bit of what you could do at Memorial Day Mayhem last week, but then Kurayami made her appearance. Take a look at this now...

[Replay of footage from Memorial Day Mayhem, now available on demand on ESPN+: Kurayami buries a boot in AKANE's midsection, powering her up into the air...]

SSR: Look at this – the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo makes her return to the AWA and you're her first victim. Welcome to the AWA. That was last week...

[...and THROWING her over the top rope with a crucifix powerbomb, causing AKANE to have a horrific landing on the floor. Fade from the replay footage to Rogers and AKANE. AKANE has opened her ring jacket and her midsection is heavily taped.]

SSR: So it turns out being in the Rumble was probably not the best omen for your prospects in the Brass Ring Tourn–

A: She'll pay later.

[The eerily flat voice from behind the mask seems to unnerve Rogers.]

A: That's what happens when you sign up for a subscription. Oh sure, they say "cancel any time," but if you could just find that cancellation button... Before you know it, you don't even have ownership over your own data, and you're wearing shackles made of small print, heavy as lead. I'll just say this to Kurayami: I don't know your schedule, and I don't care enough to know if you'll ever come back to the AWA. The sun shines the same on this side of the Pacific as it does on that side. And so...

...Rot in hell, kuso-ama.

[Rogers takes back the microphone, unsure of half of what AKANE just said.]

SSR: Okay, well... AKANE is also Daria Morgendorfer, I guess. But you gotta admit, Catalina Lopez... she's looking pretty unbeatable right now. Over a foot of height on you, and you're banged up after the Rumble. She's got the fan support, and her wrestling lineage–

A: Yes. Wrestling heritage does seem to be the hottest ticket in town in the AWA.

SSR: Well, we have the rumors about you... well, guesses... Theories.

[Once again, AKANE remains eerily quiet.]

SSR: Hunches, really.

[Silence. Rogers is getting annoyed.]

SSR: Y'know, you don't impress me, being all cryptic. Especially with all "Sweet" Lou found out about your Instant-gram and that Twitch thing you're on all the time. Who the heck sits and watches other people play boring Japanese video games anyway? You're not intimidating anyone.

[AKANE slowly raises the mask to her forehead, finally giving us a good look at her young, elfin face and dark eyes, a horizontal line painted from temple to temple across her nose.]

A: Why sir, if my flamethrower hadn't been held up at customs for the past week, I'd be tempted to use it right now. But I wouldn't, because free will is an illusion. What makes a girl like Catalina Lopez or myself become a professional wrestler? Well, first we have to be born with an intact nervous system, and receive proper

training – neither of us have any freedom there. And then to find oneself in a ring against another woman? The result, presumably, of wanting to become a wrestler.

[AKANE holds her finger upright.]

A: But where does that 'want' come from? Not from Catalina or I, but from an inexplicable combination of events and forces that neither of us will ever understand. Just as within a circuit an electron follows the path of least resistance, so too do human beings. Suppose that I was born into a wrestling family, like Catalina Lopez, and coped with the rejection of the world by convincing myself that I was better than everybody else. I've spent most of my formative years standing out because of my height, and so I've turned my whole identity into being a bellicose loudmouth attention seeker like my father before me in hopes that it would mask my fundamental insecurity. She would better explain why some people in my generation call attention to ourselves, so that our curated personalities are seen first, rather than the tormented 'shadow selves' we keep hidden.

[AKANE pulls the mask down over her face again, and adds,]

A: But not me. I just think I look cute.

[AKANE walks off camera, leaving "Superstar" with a bemused expression on his face, unclear whether he's been insulted or not...

...and we fade from backstage into the warehouse's main room as the lights in The Temple, as the dramatic boss battle theme from 'Octopath Traveller,' "Decisive Battle II" by Yasunori Nishiki, begins to play.]

MS: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is a first round match in the 2018 Brass Ring Tournament!

[The crowd looks to the balcony, when they see AKANE sassily stepping above them in her noh theater mask and sparkling red ringmaster jacket, with its long tails trailing behind her as she swaggers and skips her way down the stairs to the ring. She stops halfway down the stairs as the traditional noh mask looks with unsettling blankness at the Temple faithful on either side of her, golden blonde locks with blue highlights the only indicator of her identity..]

MS: Frrrrrrrom SEN-DAI!.... at a weight of one hundred twenty-seven pounds... the ONE... they CALL... the WIIIIITCH...

AAAA... KAAAAAA... NEEEEEE!

[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 bright orange boots with neon green kick pads. Her bare midriff is heavily taped up after the events of Memorial Day Mayhem. She perches on the top and middle ropes to face out to the audience and slowly removes the noh mask. In normal circumstances, her half-asian, half-caucasian face 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.]

LD: There's been a lot of chatter and speculation about some of the mystique surrounding this young lady... but I'd prefer to focus on her success so far. The winner of that Battle Royal in Reseda which cashed her ticket to compete at Dodger Stadium on the big stage in the Rumble...

BW: Where she promptly got squashed like a bug when confronted with real competition.

LD: I don't know if I'd go that far. She did have a rough elimination from the Rumble at the hands of the former Women's World Champion Kurayami... but she's hardly alone in that. I credit her for being willing to get into the face of the Queen of Kaiju because there aren't a lot of people who would be... as we well know from Kurayami's time as champion here. She'll need all that courage and conviction here tonight though as she faces a competitor with a whole lot more size than she has in Catalina Lopez.

[The lights dim inside The Temple, and a pulsating beat fills the air as "Hung Up" by Madonna kicks in, igniting the crowd into a wild frenzy for the hometown heroine. The fans in Boyle Heights erupt, as Catalina Lopez emerges from behind the curtain, her towering 6'5 frame commanding the space. She's draped in a glittering, multicolored shawl over a lavender/purple, sparkly, sequined corset-style top with a sweetheart neckline, paired with a short, white tutu-like bottom piece. A bedazzled hairpin shaped like a crescent moon glints in her long, luscious raven locks.]

LD: What a reception for Catalina Lopez, the hometown girl! You can feel the love pouring out for her as she steps into the Brass Ring tournament.

[As Catalina strides down the ramp, the shawl flows like a cape. Her eyes scan the front row, and a bright smile breaks through as she spots a stunning 6'4" blonde with a radiant presence and lets out an excited shriek. Catalina bounces over to the railing, leaning over the barricade to exchange la bise air kisses with the blonde.]

LD: And look at that, Ben. She's greeting Parker Bellamy, her former teammate from Stanford and a former US national volleyball star. Bellamy's an outstanding athlete in her own right!

BW: You've got two top-shelf women right there, Dane. Lopez isn't just a giant, she's got an elite athlete pedigree and now she's bringing that same elite athleticism into the ring.

[Catalina continues her march to the ring, her stride filled with purpose and confidence. She climbs the steps with grace, tossing her shawl into the crowd where eager hands snatch it up, and then slips through the ropes. Raising her right arm high into the air in the sign of the choke slam, she soaks in the adulation, her overwhelming physical presence obvious to all, as the music fades out.]

LD: These two are just about set to make their singles match debuts here in the AWA now... and they're not alone in that as we've got a brand new official joining us for this one as the AWA continues to expand. Jennifer Leask joins the officiating corps... a former independent wrestler - had a cup of coffee in the UWF and BattleDream but she's fully transitioned to the world of refereeing, Ben.

BW: Look at her, Dane. What? Four foot ten? 95 pounds soaking wet? She's really going to step in there between a monster like Catalina Lopez and-

[With Lopez' back turned on the ring to address a ringside fan, AKANE sprints across, charging past a shocked Jennifer Leask, leaping into the air and throwing her full bodyweight into a forearm to the back of the head!]

LD: OH! AKANE attacks before the bell! And Jennifer Leask, welcome to the world of being an AWA official!

[Leask quickly signals for the bell...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...which does not faze AKANE who is all over the much-larger opponent with stinging kicks to the back of the legs, driving them into the thighs and the back of the knees, trying to chop her down!]

BW: And this is EXACTLY what AKANE has gotta do if she wants to stand a chance in there against Lopez. She's gotta bring down that big ol' redwood because once she's on the mat, all that size and strength won't help her.

LD: The 2018 Brass Ring Tournament is underway with the first of eight women battling it out for an AWA contract AND a future title shot. As we mentioned, we saw AKANE win that Battle Royal in Reseda to earn her shot at competing in the Rumble... and she wants to continue that momentum here tonight down the road in Boyle Heights.

[Lopez pushes out of the corner, letting loose a roar and a swing but AKANE sidesteps, ducking to avoid it before snapping off two more kicks to the back of the knee, hammering a palm strike into the ribs... then the side of the ear, knocking Lopez for a loop against the ropes.]

LD: AKANE with the stiff, targeted striking out of the gate... and the fans are stunned, Ben!

BW: Lopez came out here the big fan favorite... and the big favorite period due to her size... but AKANE's doing her best Yoda impression to let Lopez know that size matters not.

[Lopez sinks down to a knee after a well-aimed kick to the side of the knee, grimacing as AKANE moves towards her...]

BW: Gotta stay out of reach though!

[...and Lopez reaches out from her knee, shoving AKANE across the ring, sending her flipping backwards!]

BW: Rookie mistake there for AKANE, Lopez powering her off...

[But AKANE is right back on the charge, throwing a Japanese-style dropkick to the chest, knocking Lopez back into the turnbuckles...]

LD: AKANE is all over her still! What tenacity on the part of this mysterious woman from Japan!

[AKANE is raining kicks and palm strikes all over Lopez, ignoring the shouts from the AWA's newest official trying to get her to back off...]

LD: AKANE's gotta be careful there, risking a disqualification if she keeps this up...

[...and AKANE trades words with the referee, jabbing an angry finger at her as she steps backwards...]

LD: ...look out here!

[...which gives Lopez a window to step out of the corner, grabbing AKANE under the armpits, lifting her high into the air and HURLING her into the turnbuckles!]

LD: OH! Lopez turning it around!

[Grabbing the arm, Lopez whips AKANE across the ring, sending her smaller frame crashing into the turnbuckles...]

...and then the SoCal native barrels across the ring, swinging her long leg up!]

LD: BIG BOOOOOT!

[But AKANE ducks down, front rolling across the canvas, causing Lopez to whiff on the big boot, her leg extending over the ropes...]

LD: OH! SHE'S CAUGHT! SHE'S CAUGHT!

[Lopez cries out as she grabs at her leg, trying to get loose from the ropes as she awkwardly tries to keep her balance.]

LD: AKANE trying to take advantage of it, going back to work with those kicks!

[A trio of kicks has Lopez wobbling off-balance...

...and then AKANE leaps up, landing a low dropkick to the back of the knee, chopping Lopez down to size!]

LD: AKANE brings her down! She fells the mighty oak and-

[AKANE keeps moving, charging to the ropes, leaping up onto the second where she blindly springs backwards into a legdrop across the torso!]

LD: -wow! AKANE's a blur of motion in there, Ben!

BW: Non-stop action and non-stop impact! AKANE's showing that anyone who took her lightly made a huge mistake!

[AKANE scrambles over, diving across the downed Lopez!]

LD: Quick cover gets one! Gets two!

[But the power of Lopez is her biggest weapon, shoving the much-smaller AKANE out of the press, into the sky, and hurling her a few feet away!]

LD: WOW! What a kickout! Pure power on the part of Catalina Lopez!

[Coming right back to her feet, AKANE charges back in as Lopez tries to get to a knee, looking to get off the mat...]

LD: AKANE's all over her again! More kicks to the legs... now to the ribs...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

LD: ...oh! Big shot to the back!

[Lopez is trying to absorb the blows, powering her way off the mat as AKANE switches to palm strikes, battering the rising Lopez...]

LD: Lopez is trying to get up! She's taking all these blows and she's still coming!

[With Lopez rising to her feet, AKANE charges to the ropes, rebounding back, leaping into the air...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Lopez SWATS her out of the sky with a thunderously loud full swing open handed slap to the chest, battering AKANE down to the mat!]

LD: MY! OH! MY!

BW: She calls that the King Kong Palm, smacking down AKANE like that big gorilla did all those airplanes back in the way!

[The mighty blow leaves AKANE a wrecked mess on the mat as Lopez steadies herself, a determined expression on her face as she winces at putting her weight on the injured knee...]

LD: Lopez favoring the knee as she looks to take advantage of that mighty blow... pulling AKANE off the mat...

[She promptly hoists her up in a bearhug... and then kinda falling lunges into the buckles, smashing her 235 pounds into AKANE's 127 pound frame!]

LD: ...big smash into the corner! Just leaning on her now, making AKANE push that weight to even take a breath...

[Lopez backs off a bit, shaking out the leg as the referee warns her, telling her to let AKANE out of the corner...

...and then lumbers back in, throwing a high impact clothesline that shakes AKANE from head to toe, dropping her into a seated position in the corner!]

LD: Ohhh! Lopez throwing that heavy clothesline... and with just two or three big blows, she's right back in this!

[Lopez breaks away again, grimacing as she charges back in on the hurting leg to DRIVE her foot into AKANE's face!]

LD: Oho! Taking a page out of Juan Vasquez' playbook there with that facewash in the corner!

[Holding onto the top rope, Lopez pushes AKANE's body between the ropes with a boot choke, earning a count from the official before AKANE slips out of the ring, falling to the outside...]

LD: Lopez drives her to the outside!

[With AKANE spilled out on the floor of the Temple, Lopez steps to the apron...

...where the tenacious AKANE grabs the legs again, trying to wrench the knee as Lopez struggles against her!]

LD: Look at this! AKANE like a rabid dog with a bone, hanging on for dear life and-

[A big kick from Lopez' free leg sends AKANE falling away, freeing Lopez from her grasp as she hops off the apron to the floor...]

LD: Both women on the outside here... in this unusual, unique, and potentially dangerous Temple! We saw what Vengador was able to do outside the ring a little earlier tonight... and I'm sure AKANE was watching as well. Keep an eye on that unpredictable individual out here on the floor...

[AKANE rushes forward again, throwing overhead chops... switching to big overhead palm strikes...

...all of which seem to have no effect on Catalina Lopez who is absorbing the blows from her smaller opponent.]

LD: Uh oh!

BW: AKANE's gotta find a different attack plan and quick, Dane!

[Lopez snaps her arm out, snatching AKANE around the throat...]

LD: She's got her hooked! A chokeslam on the floor?!

BW: That's one way to end it!

[Lopez lifts her off the floor with devastating intentions...

...but AKANE shows off her agility and athleticism, backflipping out of the chokeslam attempt, landing on her feet as the fans "oooooh" at the counter!]

LD: AKANE flips to her feet...

[Sensing imminent danger in her future, AKANE makes a break towards the ring, diving under the bottom rope...

...and a hot-on-her-heels Lopez grabs her by the legs, preventing the escape!]

LD: AKANE trying to get in, Lopez trying to keep at her!

[AKANE rolls to her back, swinging a leg down to smash her foot between the eyes of Lopez, sending her staggering backwards...]

LD: AKANE kicks her off, returning the favor from earlier...

[...and with AKANE up on the apron, she leaps off, twisting around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...SPINNING LEG LARIAT OFF THE APRON!

[The big kick fells Lopez again, knocking her down on the outside as AKANE scrambles up, looking at the ring where the official has started a ten count...]

LD: AKANE trying to figure out her next move... I don't think that's enough for her to get a countout but...

BW: But can she actually get Lopez back inside the ring?

LD: We're about to find out!

[Opting to try to take advantage of the high impact strike, AKANE drags her by the arms, pulling the larger opponent towards the ring...]

LD: Dragging her across the floor, pulling her towards the ring apron...

[She ducks down, tucking her head under Lopez' armpit, trying to get her off the floor...]

LD: ...trying to muscle her up with all she's got... over a hundred pounds in weight difference...

[...grunting and groaning as she tries to power Lopez off the floor, the six foot fight Los Angeles native slipping her legs under her as AKANE shoves her under the bottom rope.]

LD: ...she got her in! Now she's gotta take advantage of it!

[AKANE quickly climbs up on the apron, quickly stepping to the corner where she starts climbing...]

LD: She's going up top!

BW: She better hurry! Lopez is getting up!

LD: AKANE to the second rope... to the top...

[...and as Lopez regains her unsteady feet, AKANE steps to the top, pointing both fingers at Lopez before leaping off...]

LD: ...FROM THE TOP!

[...and lands on the shoulders, legs around the head, whipping backwards to take her down with a rana...]

LD: HEADSCISSORS FROM THE... UH! OH!

[...and Lopez refuses to go down, shaking her head as she holds her ground, slowly lifting a surprised AKANE back up onto her shoulders!]

LD: Whoa! Whoa! Picks her back up and...

[Lopez steps towards the corner, tossing AKANE into the buckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...BUCKLE BOMB ON AKANE!

[Lopez snatches her back out of the corner into the standing headscissors, lifting her up, spinning around...]

LD: SHE CALLS THIS...

[...and sits out, DRIVING AKANE down into the canvas with a powerbomb!]

LD: ...THE CATASTROPHE! And it may prove catastrophic for AKANE's chances of winning this Brass Ring Tournament with the one... two... three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: She got it! Catalina Lopez is moving on to the Women's Semifinals of the 2018 Brass Ring Tournament! Who will she face there? That remains to be seen but we can now say that Catalina Lopez will be in action on either July 21st in Winnipeg or August 4th in the Mall of America as she attempts to make it to the Finals which will go down on September 1st in the Hammerstein Ballroom in New York City for One More For The Road!

[Lopez grins as she gets to her feet, lifting her arms high overhead to celebrate her win with her people as AKANE is checked on by the referee.]

LD: AKANE put in a heck of a fight, Ben.

BW: She did. More than I would've thought possible for her... but in the end, size matters and Catalina Lopez had all the size that counts in this one.

LD: Catalina stays alive in the quest for a guaranteed AWA contract... but remember, the AWA has now made it possible for all of these Brass Ring competitors to appear on AWA shows leading up to New York City... and even in defeat, it becomes important to keep on showing up... keep on showing the people what you're capable of... try to make an impact because who knows who ends up on the roster when it's all said and done.

[The referee helps AKANE to her feet, the enigma nearly falling over as she grabs the ropes for support. She looks across the ring, shaking her head as Lopez raises a hand to a different part of the Temple, nodding at their cheers.]

LD: The fans sure wanted to see Lopez advance... and they got what they were looking for with a big opening round victory.

[Surprisingly, AKANE pushes off the ropes, stumbling across the ring with her hand outstretched...]

LD: Well, I can't say I expected that, Ben, but I'm happy to see it. A little show of sportsmanship from AKANE even in defeat.

[Lopez looks at AKANE for a moment before nodding her head, raising her hand up to meet AKANE's...]

LD: There's the handshake and-

[...only to have AKANE yank her forward, spewing mist into the face of Lopez!]

LD: AHHH! WHAT WAS THAT?!

[Lopez drops to the mat, screaming in pain as she vigorously rubs at her eyes. AKANE backs off, falling to a knee as pink liquid dribbles down her chin onto her throat as she rolls from the ring...]

BW: What... what is that smell?!

LD: She sprayed some kind of vile mist into the eyes... and Ben, I'm well-researched on the effects of the different colors of mist but... PINK?!

BW: Oh god... it smells like ammonia and cotton candy! I'm gonna be sick, Dane!

[The referee is frantically waving for help from the back as a white towel gets soiled with streaks of pink as ringside officials try to wipe the spray from Lopez' eyes.]

LD: The official calling for medical assistance... and look at AKANE! She's loving this!

BW: Well, you talked about making an impact even after you're eliminated... I'd say she just did exactly that, Dane.

LD: This... this is not what I meant, Ben... not at all. Fans, while Catalina Lopez is being tended to out here, let's... what do we have?

[There's a moment's pause.]

LD: Okay, right... let's go to ACCESS.

[We get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo before we cut to the interior of what appears to be the temporary office of Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov. Zharkov is staring at his clipboard, jotting something down with his handy pencil - an intense look on his face...]

...and with a knock on the door, Zharkov welcomes them in. Dr. Bob Ponavitch walks into view.]

MZ: Doctor.

[Ponavitch nods.]

DBP: You asked to see me?

[Zharkov sighs.]

MZ: Lauryn Rage. What's the damage?

[Ponavitch shakes his head.]

DBP: Not as bad as it could have been... should have been probably. Not as bad as the Slam Sorority intended at least. It's not great and I'm going to put her on the injured list for the next show but... she got lucky.

MZ: Again.

DBP: Yeah, again. I told her too. What the hell was she even thinking charging them in the parking lot like that?

MZ: She wasn't.

DBP: Yeah, well... you can say that again. I don't know how many times since SuperClash I've told her to change her approach. She can't keep doing this, Max. She's going to end up back on a surgeon's table... or worse.

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: Is she still here?

[Ponavitch shakes his head.]

DBP: Nah, I put her on "no contact" for the rest of the night... had Tommy and Adam send her back to the hotel. Max, I've tried talking to her... she's not listening to me.

[A solemn nod.]

MZ: Maybe she'll listen to me.

[And with that, we cut from the ACCESS footage to pre-recorded footage on a city street - a busy city street, the kind of city street you find in the biggest cities in the world. Tall buildings. Tons of traffic. People walking everywhere you can see. The chyron tells us where we are.]

"THE BRONX, NEW YORK CITY"

[We cut to a shot of some young kids playing in a broken fire hydrant spray on a summer day. To another of some older kids - young men this time - on the stoop of an apartment building, one of them slapping a baseball into a glove as another mimes throwing some big punches. To an old man manning a hot dog stand, smiling as he hands off lunch to a loyal customer. A voice is heard - a New Yorker from the accent.]

"I grew up here in the Bronx, ya know?"

[We get an aerial shot of the neighborhood from a trusty drone camera.]

"New York City... the playwrights call it the center of the universe but a lot of people look down on the Bronx, think it's lower class or something... but there are good people here.

Good people... but tough people. Because life on these streets is tough."

[Cut to a shuttered store front covered in graffiti.]

"I didn't have it easy growing up. Never knew my father. My mother was what the suit and tie people might call a... 'cautionary tale.' Teenage pregnancy... father out of the picture... ya know the drill."

[Cut to a young family making their way down the street - a mother and her kid hand in hand walking past a small grocery store.]

"I didn't know it growing up but my Mom... she had a drug problem. We bounced around from home to home, her from job to job, me from school to school. She was hurting but... she never let me see it. She was just Mom to me. I guess she was... she was doing what she could to raise me right... to get by..."

[There's emotion evident in her voice now as we get a shot of an ambulance on the city streets, lights flashing in silence.]

"They say she fell in with the wrong crowd. First, she was selling... then she was using..."

[A pause as we cut to a shot of a newspaper article, the headline screaming "YOUNG MOTHER FOUND DEATH FROM OVERDOSE" before cutting a blurry shot of a rainy day in a cemetery, a family in mourning as a casket rests graveside.]

"She died from an OD when I was eight... but I was already gone. She gave me off to my grandparents when I was five. Left me. Said it was to give me a better life."

[A humorless chuckle.]

"They tried. But it wasn't easy. I was wild. They were tough. It wasn't a good mix."

[Cut to a shot of a city park that has seen better days, with the older playground equipment and a basketball court.]

"Grandpa always told me, 'Don't go flappin' your yap, actin' like ya know everything.' Didn't always get it. And maybe he and Grandma wondered if I was a lost cause..."

...and then I found what I needed."

[We then cut to a shot of a four-sided ring inside what appears to be an old warehouse.]

"I found boxing... but that was just the start."

[Then the camera pans around and we see a young woman with dirty blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail. She's dressed in a gray hoodie, black shorts and tennis shoes. Her fists are heavily taped.]

"My name is Kelly Woods... that's The Knockout to ya... and I've got more of my story to tell."

[We get a graphic promoting the arrival of Kelly Woods, the Knockout, to the AWA...

...and then fade back to the interior of the Temple where we see Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams standing at ringside.]

MW: Kelly Woods made her arrival to the AWA at Memorial Day Mayhem during the Rumble but she'll be making her singles debut right here on Showtime in the very near future, fans... and when she says she's got more of her story to tell, she means it. Later tonight, we'll hear a little bit more about Kelly Woods and her background as the Knockout prepares to arrive in the hottest division in wrestling, Sweet Daddy.

SDW: Kelly Woods got right up in there with all them women and starting throwing those fists and showing what kind of a fighter she is, Miss Mariah. I can't wait to see what she can do on a regular basis... and like you said, that division keeps on gettin' hotter and hotter.

MW: With Memorial Day Mayhem in the books, we've got our fair share of big events coming our way but the next time we'll be on Pay Per View is on August 18th in Madison Square Garden at Girls To The Front where that division will be on full display for the world to see... and we already know our Main Event for that night, Sweet Daddy.

SDW: Julie Somers, baby, the Spitfire herself... will be defending the Women's World Title against the winner of the Rumble - and one-half the Women's Tag Team Champions too - Harley Hamilton! It's gonna be a hot one in the Big Apple!

MW: And I think I'd be remiss if I didn't point out that Julie Somers still has about two and a half months to get to that point. Harley Hamilton's got her spot... she won the Rumble... she's in. But the Spitfire's gotta keep the title around her waist if she wants to Main Event that historic night. And there are a whole lot of people with their eyes on that particular prize.

SDW: Absolutely. You gotta think Michelle Bailey's going to be looking for a rematch after that controversial ending in Los Angeles. We got top contenders like Laura Davis... like Lauryn Rage... like Ricki Toughill...

MW: And don't forget the Steal The Spotlight contract holder, Cinder. The Spitfire's got her work cut out for her to walk into the Mecca of Sports and Entertainment to be a part of that Main Event. But that's a few months down the road and-

["Juno" by Tesseract blares to life through the Temple as a young man emerges and approaches the ring. He has a toned, muscular physique with stringy dirty blonde hair to just past his shoulders and a stubble beard. The man who calls himself "The Foundation," Kerry Kendrick, in a denim jacket and boot cut jeans contemptuously looks around at the faithful. Beside him, Miss Sandra Hayes looks smugly at her man, possessively holding the new National Title belt across her chest.]

BW: Look who's joining us, Lori Dane! It's our new AWA National Champion, and, let's just say, he looks like a welcome addition to the championship FAMILY, doesn't he?

LD: Well, my apologies to Mariah for getting cut off there but... I... I believe it's in the best interest of everyone on the business side of our sport if I refrain from commenting on the individuals about to join us.

BW: Oh, well in that case, you don't have to ask me twice to pick up the slack! Look at the King of Spades, fans of the AWA, and despair! If you were to build the ideal

wrestler for the year 2018 and beyond you would have that man right there, 28 years old, an elite caliber athlete, a ten year veteran of the squared circle, and last week he pulled off what was – in this broadcaster's opinion – one of the greatest tactical moves the AWA has ever seen to claim the AWA National Championship.

[Kerry Kendrick looks on into the ring, and turns to Hayes, softly planting a kiss on each other's lips. Kendrick takes the title belt from Hayes and ascends the steps. The Self Made Man turns to face the fans from the ring apron, and spreads his arms overhead, holding the glittering eagle-styled new belt aloft before stepping through the ropes and taking a microphone.]

BW: And I'm sure if my broadcast colleague had not recused herself, she would tell us all about how poetic it is that the first competitor in AWA history is now the man to hold the first title sanctioned by the AWA on the tenth anniversary of its creation.

[Kendrick shoulders the title belt, smirking as he raises the mic as Hayes stands nearby, a huge grin on her face as she strikes a pose that you might see in your favorite's Instagram girl's feed.]

KK: Let me explain to you what happened after the past few months of being a good soldier. After the Tenth Anniversary, I heard all sorts of promises. When I lost to Juan Vasquez last month on his last official match on Saturday Night Wrestling, I quickly learned that the AWA was more interested in just reliving history, rather than making it.

So yeah, I was going to quit – no subterfuge there. But then, my manager...

[Kendrick and Hayes make revolting goo-goo eyes at each other as he adjusts the belt resting over his shoulder.]

KK: ...the greatest mind for pro wrestling in this business... She quite rightly talked me out of it. See, you can dismiss her... you can belittle her... but the sad fact of life is that she keeps track of every detail, and she knew about Jordan Ohara and his open challenges. She knew that the National Title was on the books to be contested in an open challenge... She knew Jordan Ohara better than he knew himself.

[The ever-humble Miss Sandra Hayes purses her lips and nods.]

KK: And you can call how I won the belt controversial. Everything the Self Made Man does is controversial. But better a controversial win... than a clean loss.

[Kendrick takes a moment to bask in delivering what he thinks is a devastating one-liner.]

KK: And I think the time of Jordan Ohara and his "Phoenix Rising Open Challenges" is over. We have a list of contenders decided by the AWA office: I'll take the contenders the office decides to send my way. Ever since my lovely manager lost oversight of the AWA National Championship the first time around a few years back, it felt like every rando with a wrestling license could get a shot at the gold. Every title change came with an asterisk it seemed.

[Kendrick gazes down at the main plate of the National Championship belt over his shoulder, the great bird embossed there inspiring him.]

KK: Stability and dignity are coming back to the National Championship title scene. It's the belt of my mentor, the San Jose Shark himself, Marcus Broussard – a decade ago, the first AWA National Champion. He's given me his blessing to be the greatest National Champion of all. No more randos challenging for the title. If you're an underdog, don't dare to dream! Because now, you're the ones who have to prove to me your worth – not the other way around any more!

This is a belt for champions, who put in the work to be champions, not for anyone who just wants it enough. And if you want to beat me for this belt, we'll see who mobilizes first.

[Kendrick smirks as Miss Sandra Hayes mimes whispering in his ear.]

KK: Oh, you're right, Gumdrops! It's me! I've been here before everyone, and I guess I got a head start. Let me just conclude by saying...

The next ten years are going to be very long for the rest of you.

[With an off-mic cackle, Kendrick slaps the face of the title belt as his music kicks in again. Hayes wraps an arm around his neck, hanging off her man as the Temple fans let the AWA's power couple have it loudly and passionately...]

BW: Is Kerry Kendrick going to make the AWA National Title great again?

LD: Oh, for the love of...

[Dane sighs.]

LD: No, no... I won't talk about it. Can we... do we have something else cued up? Anything. Please.

BW: Come on, Dane. Let's talk about your lovely daughter being the greatest mind in-

[Waterson is cut off as we abruptly cut from the scene...]

The camera opens in soft focus. Sunlight streams through gauzy curtains, lighting up a delicate orchid arrangement. The sounds of a string quartet drift faintly through the air.

The camera pulls back to reveal Lady Rebecca Falkingham seated upright in an ornate Victorian chair. A silver tea service glimmers on the table beside her. She wears a high-collared ivory lace blouse, adorned with a brooch of her family crest. Her face - broad and handsome - evokes a young Diana Rigg: expressive cheekbones, curious dark eyes, and that unmistakable, aristocratic sharpness. Her bouffant auburn hair curls at the ends, styled like a high-society heroine out of time. Her hands flutter uselessly at her sides, palms upward, framing her in flustered elegance as she speaks.]

LRF: Dearest viewers... citizens... subjects.

[She raises her hands slightly - they flutter then fall again gently to her lap.]

LRF: I find myself in a state of grave reflection. For mere days ago, I stepped onto the grand stage of Memorial Day Mayhem, poised to deliver to the American wrestling public a performance of dignity, control, and superior British technique.

[She leans forward a touch, helplessly expressive.]

LRF: Instead... I was reduced to the status of a scullery maid at a tavern brawl!

[She sniffs. An attendant, unseen until now comes into frame to gently dab at her temples with a lace kerchief and then retreats back out of frame.]

LRF: The scene was barbaric and vulgar. A chaotic melee of flailing limbs and shrieking vulgarity. I entered the fray prepared for competition - and what I encountered was sheer bedlam. Bloodlust!

And before I could compose myself... before I could remind the masses of what civility looks like beneath the ropes... I was waylaid. Launched into ignominy by Ayako Fujiwara - a brute of such unconscionable aggression that the very memory causes me to clutch my pearls.

[She does not have pearls, but her hand rises to her throat all the same.]

LRF: A gentlelady - and I use that word most generously - who thinks nothing of committing violent acts in broad daylight.

[She straightens, regaining some poise.]

LRF: Eliminated third. A humiliation beyond measure.

[A long pause. Then a sharp, cutting glance to the camera. Her face tightens.]

LRF: We are not amused.

[Beat. The camera lingers. She allows the phrase to hang in the air like a threat.]

LRF: But do not mistake this moment of melancholy for defeat. No. For while I may have lost a battle... the war, as they say, is yet to come.

[She lifts both hands again, fingertips fluttering briefly before she folds them together in her lap.]

LRF: On June 16, 2018, I shall return to the ring not as the frazzled debutante thrown to the earth but as the Lady I was born and bred to be. Graceful. Deadly. Technical. And unrelentingly well-bred.

[She turns her gaze upward, speaking with renewed purpose.]

LRF: Let this be a notice to the division: I shall show you what wrestling looks like when it is refined. When it is executed with intellect, not instinct. When it is practiced with discipline, not desperation."

And to Fujiwara - yes, you, my tempestuous assassin - should fate ever place us together again, I beg you remember one thing...

[Her eyes narrow - a slight sneer curling her lip. A slight raise of the chin. She rises from her chair with composure, one hand lingering in the air, fluttering briefly - and then with quiet grace, she walks out of frame. The camera lingers on the steam rising from her untouched cup of Earl Grey, her voice ringing out from off-camera.]

LRF: We. Are. Not. Amused.

[And we fade from the pre-recorded footage to a sweeping shot of The Temple. The crowd is jammed in shoulder-to-shoulder, railings lined with fans holding handmade signs: "I AM SUPREME!" "SHRUG ME, ATLAS" "FRECKLES ARE COOL!" amongst others. The fans stomp their feet on the bleachers, creating a low rumble that rolls under the excited chatter.]

LD: Lady Rebecca Falkingham letting the world know that her singles debut is fast approaching as well. So much going on in the AWA lately, Ben.

BW: It seems like the whole world is debuting lately.

[Lori chuckles.]

LD: It certainly does... and my partner here is right on cue because as we come to you live here from the Temple in beautiful Boyle Heights, California, as part of a jam-packed AWA night, we're about to see a little international flavor in our Women's Tag Team Division.

[Waterson chuckles this time.]

BW: You expect me to believe you've done your research on this team? Why don't you sit back and let me do MY job and tell the people about this duo - the Agojie - Askari and Nubia. They are about as far from your typical tag team as you can get. Straight out of Africa, Askari's from Kigali, Rwanda and Nubia is from Ghana, West Africa. They're not just wrestlers, they're trained fighters with backgrounds in striking, grappling, and even traditional Rwandan martial arts. And they've got this aura - this warrior presence - that you can't really teach. You either have it or you don't. Back in the day they would have been perfect clients for the Agent to the Stars.

LD: I'm sure they wouldn't be perfect, Ben. They can read a contract.

BW: Oh ha ha, Dane. The hilarity.

LD: You're right that they do have presence, though. And they've got it in spades. They debuted the first Showtime after SuperClash, going toe-to-toe with the Country Punks in a losing effort, but they left fans buzzing with that combination of Askari's precision striking and Nubia's sheer, overwhelming strength. Tonight they're up against a debuting duo - and to be honest, Ben, the Vixens are... well, you'll see. Let's go up to Megumi!

[We cut inside the ring where Megumi Sato stands poised, mic in hand. Referee Sandy Dixon, barely 5'3" and clearly the smallest person in the ring area, is doing a few big arm stretches, stealing a glance toward the hard camera before giving the crowd an exaggerated little finger-wiggle wave.]

MS: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit!

Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 255 pounds... from Palm Springs, California... the team of TIFFANY DREAM AND CHARDONNAY BLISS...

...THE VELVET... VIXENS!

[Tiffany Dream cartwheels around the ring and lands with a finger pointing to the ceiling then checks herself in a compact mirror pulled from her waistband. She wears her hair teased into a hairspray monument, matching her glitter-pink leotard over white tights.

Chardonnay Bliss stays in their corner to the right of the screen, sauntering in leopard print leggings and an off-the-shoulder crop top, rhinestone sunglasses still on, sipping from a champagne flute with a straw. She waves dramatically to the crowd, who is already booing with a hint of laughter.]

LD: Well, I promised you'd see what I meant, folks. Tiffany Dream and Chardonnay Bliss - they call themselves the Velvet Vixens - more style than substance if you ask me.

BW: I'll give 'em credit, Dane. They're committed to the act. But commitment doesn't help much when you're staring across the ring at a pair of trained fighters

who've faced far tougher opponents than a Palm Springs socialite and her aerobics instructor friend. The Agojie model themselves after the women warriors of African history not Peg Bundy and Jane Fonda!

[Chardonnay passes her champagne flute to Sandy Dixon, wagging her finger to say "don't spill it." Sandy awkwardly hands it to the timekeeper, then gives a dramatic nod toward the hard camera.]

MS: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The lights in The Temple dim to an amber glow. A deep, resonant drumbeat rolls through the air, joined by rhythmic claps.]

MS: ...at a total combined weight of 350 pounds...from Kigali, Rwanda and Accra, Ghana ... ASKARI! NUBIA!

Together... THE AGOOOOOOOOOJIIIIIIIIIE!

[The curtain parts - Askari and Nubia emerge together, wearing crimson and gold Dora Milaje-inspired wrestling gear, forearm bracers gleaming under the lights.]

Askari moves with the smooth, predatory grace of a panther; Nubia follows with squared shoulders, head held high, her muscular frame radiating controlled power. The crowd reaction is instant and loud - cheers, clapping, the front row stomping and slapping the guardrail.]

LD: Listen to that reception, Ben! Boyle Heights remembers these two from their debut.

BW: And how could they not? The movie Black Panther just debuted and went on to gross over a billion dollars! To paraphrase the film... these two Grace Jones looking chicks are impressive.

LD: That was in a losing effort that night, but they obviously made some fans that night as well. You can see it here - the respect from the crowd.

[Askari slides under the bottom rope and pops to her feet with a spinning flourish that makes the crowd cheer louder. Nubia takes the steel steps, steps over the middle rope, and heads straight to the corner to raise a clenched fist to the fans. Both women turn toward their opponents - and pause. The Velvet Vixens are "voguing" toward them, Chardonnay doing a slow pivot while Tiffany mimes applying lipstick. Askari and Nubia exchange a side-eyed glance, brows furrowing.]

LD: That's the first sign of culture shock right there, Ben.

BW: Yeah - back home, that kind of posturing before a fight just doesn't happen. The Agojie are here to compete. The Vixens? They're here for... whatever this is.

[Referee Sandy Dixon steps between the teams, giving the rules with big theatrical arm sweeps. She points dramatically to each corner, then points to the timekeeper and signals for the bell with a little hop.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Askari starts for the Agojie. Tiffany Dream starts for the Vixens, still chewing gum and flipping her hair between fingers. They circle. Tiffany extends a hand for a handshake, palm down like royalty - then yanks it back at the last second to push her hair behind her ear. Askari tilts her head slightly, unimpressed.]

LD: Tiffany Dream already trying to play mind games.

BW: That's a dangerous choice with someone like Askari. She's a striker - she's looking for an opening, and that little fake-out...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: ...just created one!

[Askari stepped in lightning-fast to deliver a low kick into Tiffany's lead thigh, the sound echoing throughout the Temple as Tiffany yelps, hopping on one foot, clutching her leg as Askari waits, unnaturally calm.]

LD: Well, if this was a point system, Askari would be ahead in the opening seconds - such clean, perfect technique in landing that blow.

[The opposite of "clean and perfect technique" comes when Tiffany swings a wild forearm at her foe, Askari ducking underneath it to sweep out the standing leg, sending Tiffany crashing down to the canvas flat on her back with a surprised squeal.]

LD: Clinical precision from Askari. No wasted movement.

BW: And that sweep - that's years of martial arts discipline right there.

[But Askari isn't done yet, staying on the attack with sharp kicks to the ribs, punctuating each with a loud "AYE!" that the crowd quickly catches on to, joining in on the last blow...]

LD: Tiffany is down and in trouble early in this one... and she needs to find a way to turn this one around in a hurry as Askari takes the mount, just pummeling away at her with those open palm strikes!

[Sandy Dixon leans in, warning Askari about "closed fists" despite her clearly using open palms and shins. Askari turns her head toward Sandy for just a moment, looking annoyed.]

LD: That's that rookie referee inexperience - she's so busy making herself look like the authority that she's missing the finer points of the technique.

BW: And you can see Askari's reaction - she's thinking, "Why is the ref in my face for legal strikes?"

LD: Several new officials with us for the first time on TV tonight and... well, it'll take some time for them all to get in where they fit in as they say. But I'm sure Shari Miranda, recently promoted to one of our Lead Official positions, will get them in line soon enough.

[Askari tags in Nubia as Tiffany scrambles up, still shaking her leg.]

LD: There's the tag... and there's the whip, sending Tiffany across...

[The rebounding Tiffany gets absolutely wrecked by a shoulder block that sends her spinning sideways in the air before crashing down. The crowd gasps, then cheers.]

LD: My oh my! Tiffany Dream just got steamrolled!

BW: And Nubia didn't even take a step back.

[The powerful Nubia stands still for a moment, soaking up the cheers of the crowd as they honor the moment...]

...and then moves in on the attack, hauling Tiffany up on the air, scooping her up over her shoulder before taking a slow lap around the ring...]

LD: Tiffany's in a bad spot right here annnnnd...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...DOWN with the powerslam!

BW: Tiffany bounced off the mat! A whole of impact!

[From the corner, Chardonnay bellows "she pulled the hair" as the official turns to ask Nubia about it...]

LD: Are you kidding me with this? She pulled the hair.. on a powerslam?! That's just ridiculous!

[...and as Nubia is forced to defend herself to the rookie official, it allows Tiffany to drag herself off the mat, looking to move across the ring. But Nubia makes another tag before she can.]

LD: There's the tag again... The Agojie on the attack...

[A double whip sends Tiffany across the ring, Nubia pressing her overhead on the rebound...]

LD: ...MILITARY PRESS!

[...and with a show of precise timing, Nubia drops her down into a leaping knee strike by Askari!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: This one might be over right there! That'll knock the wind right out of you!

BW: That's seamless tag-team offense. The Agojie move like they've been wrestling together for a decade.

LD: Which, in training terms, they practically have. These two met in youth sport programs in Africa, both excelling in track and combat sports, and eventually transitioned to professional wrestling together.

[Askari reaches down to pull Tiffany up, but Tiffany suddenly throws herself backward, letting out a dramatic "OHHHH MY LEG!" while clutching her thigh. Sandy Dixon is instantly there, waving her arms and calling for space, acting as if Tiffany's career might be in jeopardy. Askari steps back, confusion etched across her face. She glances to Nubia, who shrugs in return.]

LD: There it is again - Sandy Dixon putting herself in the middle of things and halting the action for what looks like a very questionable injury claim.

BW: Yeah, Tiffany Dream's acting here would win a Golden Raspberry. You can almost see her winking at Chardonnay.

[Sure enough, as Sandy leans in to "check the leg," Tiffany suddenly rolls forward and sticks her thumb in the eye of Askari!]

BW: Suckering her right in again! These two might not have the athleticism of the Agojie but the Vixens are no pushovers in their own right, Dane.

LD: Apparently not... Askari trying to clear her vision... and it also looks like the official didn't even see it! And that's all the opening Tiffany Dream needs to make the tag.

[Chardonnay Bliss steps in, sauntering, wagging a finger under Askari's nose before slapping her across the cheek...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Bliss' actions are immediately questionable as Askari's eyes go wide - not from pain, but from disbelief.]

LD: I don't think Chardonnay realizes what she's just done.

[With Bliss still quite proud of herself, Askari buries a spinning back kick into the midsection, doubling her over as she falls backwards into the corner, making a tag.]

LD: Wait... what? Tiffany tagged back in? She was only outside the ring for a few seconds!

[Tiffany looks a little puzzled as she comes back through the ropes, still reeling from the attacks she suffered earlier. Askari makes a lunge towards her...

...but Tiffany wheels her around, using her own momentum to toss her into the Vixens' corner...

...and the still-doubled up Chardonnay Bliss barrels in with a tackle to the body, holding her in place as Tiffany follows it in with a clothesline!]

LD: Well, the Vixens with some doubleteaming of their own here... and... where is Sandy Dixon now?

[Dixon is on the far side of the ring, making a big show of telling Nubia to stay in the corner, complete with wagging her finger in her face...]

LD: You've gotta be kidding me. I've got a feeling this first match for Sandy Dixon will also be her last match, Ben.

BW: That could be very true.

[With Bliss back on the apron, Dream puts a boot in the throat of Askari, choking while posing like a pin-up model, earning jeers from the crowd... and after too much time, a slow count from the official...]

LD: Askari being subjected to this choke for far too long!

[...and finally, just before five, Tiffany backs off, blowing a kiss directly into the camera to boos from the Boyle Heights crowd.]

LD: Tiffany taking her out of the corner with a snapmare, planting a knee in between the shoulderblades and cranking back on the arms... a modified surfboard here... and this is an effective hold, Ben.

BW: It's probably not enough to get a submission but it's enough to floor Askari, take the power game down a notch, wear her down a little...

[Tiffany is jawing with the crowd as the official checks for a submission...]

LD: But the power of Askari is too much, fighting right up to her feet...

[Still in the modified surfboard, Askari pauses a moment... and then reverses it into a surfboard of her own, the crowd cheering the turnaround. She quickly lets go, shoving Tiffany into the ropes and setting for a backdrop...]

...but Tiffany pops up and over with a leapfrog, hitting the brakes and primping her hair...]

LD: Well, it was a nice move by Tiffany but...

[...and being totally unaware as Askari hits the ropes, bouncing back, and leaps into a jumping kick on the temple!]

LD: Ohhh! What a shot that was! She might've turned her lights out right there... and Askari heading to the corner... TAG! Here comes the powerhouse from Accra! And you can see how dense her muscle is, Ben, as she sprints into the ring. Like a sprinter and a powerlifter combined into one.

[Nubia runs full force over the incoming Bliss with a clothesline, putting her down!]

LD: Bliss tried to get involved but that's not happening!

[Wheeling around, she grabs the rising Tiffany, lifting her up high...]

...and TOSSES her onto the rising Bliss to another big cheer!]

LD: NUBIA'S TAKING ON THE VIXENS HERSELF! Exactly what these fans were hoping to see!

[Nubia pumps her arms, giving a loud shout that has the fans on their feet as Askari comes in to join her...]

LD: Both of the Agojie back inside now... this one's breaking down and heavens knows that Sandy Dixon can't keep any control of it...

[A double whip sends Bliss across the ring where Nubia catches her, lifting, and planting her down with a spinebuster...]

...and Askari makes sure she stays down with a leaping kneedrop!]

LD: OHH!

BW: I think Chardonnay Bliss is out of the picture in this one!

[Tiffany Dream comes charging back into the mix but eats a spinning heel kick from Askari, leaving her staggered and out on her feet...]

LD: This is breaking down fast for the Vixens!

[...where Nubia yanks her right up into a vertical suplex, holding her high and strong as the crowd starts to count for the delay while Askari climbs the corner...]

LD: The Agojie setting up for something here...

[...and with both in position, Nubia turns her vertical suplex into a sitout powerbomb as Askari skies off the top with an impactful double stomp down into the torso of Dream!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: There is is! The powerbomb! The double stomp!

[Referee Sandy Dixon slides in for a big exaggerated count, slapping the mat with Flair...]

LD: THAT'S ONE! THAT'S TWO! THAT'S THREEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Agojie climb off the mat, raising their arms to the cheering fans before exchanging a forearm clasp in the center of the ring. As Megumi Sato makes it official, a few enthusiastic fans start up a "A-GO-JIE!" chant as they nod approvingly.]

LD: That's the kind of performance the Agojie needed tonight. They had some early bumps in the road, but once they got going, there was no stopping them. And for Tiffany Dream and Chardonnay Bliss - maybe a little less posing and a little more wrestling next time.

BW: The singles side of the Women's Division is the hottest in wrestling... and The Agojie have arrived to make sure the tag team side holds up its share of the deal as well. They're not here to make up the numbers. They're here to win.

[Askari and Nubia take a final moment to bow respectfully to the crowd before heading back to the locker room, slapping hands with fans on both sides. The camera lingers on their confident, united stride...]

...and then we cut to Lori and Ben at ringside.]

LD: Speaking of the tag team side of the Women's Division, later on tonight, Seductive and Destructive will defend their Women's World Tag Team Titles against The Peach Pits. Of course, where you see one or two members of E-Girl MAX, the rest are lurking close by. Mariah Wolfe is standing by with the "Charm City Cutie", Casey Cash, who requested some time on our program.

BW: Requested, or did Under Armour acquire it for her?

[A sigh and a hand movement from Lori Dane as we transition to the backstage area via an Under Armour logo, as Melody and Harmony Thompson tinker and adjust an Under Armour hat on Mariah Wolfe's head. Behind the camera, we can hear the click of a camera lens, meaning that Under Armour's Head of Pro Wrestling Marketing, Riley Campbell, is taking pictures of the "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash. Casey wears a purple Under Armour T-shirt and black leggings, along with Under Armour sneakers, and the Thompsons sport identical attire of pink Under Armour shirts and black leggings.]

MW: Fans, this is a segment brought to you by our friends at Under Armour.

[Mariah looks at Casey with a fair bit of side-eye.]

MW: Clearly.

[Melody adjusts the hat so the brim is in Mariah's eyes, causing the interviewer to frown.]

CC: There's no need to be rude, Mariah. We could get along really well if you relaxed a little.

[Mariah bites the inside of her bottom lip, trying not to lash out, as Harmony lifts the hat out of Mariah's eyes and coos with delight.]

HT: I like your eyes!

MT: They're pretty when you're angry!

HT: Riley, what do you think?

MT: Yeah, Riley! You've got a good eye for this!

[The camera swings around to Riley Campbell, who looks from behind the viewfinder of her SLR. She squints and says "Fierce", as the camera swings back to Casey, Mariah, and the Thompsons, with Mariah shaking her head as everyone else nods.]

MW: Look, Casey, you arranged for this time. You're not scheduled to compete here tonight, so is it fair to assume you're here to get involved in Seductive and Destructive's title defense?

[Casey laughs, waving her hand in dismissal.]

CC: Get involved? Me? Top level athletes like Harley Hamilton and Cinder don't need my help to be successful! You saw how well they performed just a few days ago at Memorial Day Mayhem, didn't you?

[Mariah starts to protest, but an Under Armour T-shirt is flung over her head by the Thompsons, who try to wrangle it on her as Mariah tries to wriggle out of their grasp.]

MW: Hey!

CC: Stop squirming, you'll look good in that shirt. Anyway, there's three of those Peach Pits, so if Harley and Cindy want me to be there so there's no blatant illegal interference from the one that's not wrestling, I will be. That's just what good friends do for each other.

[Casey gives a glance over to the camera.]

CC: You hear that, Michelle Bailey? What good friends do for each other.

[She sighs, rolling her eyes as Mariah keeps struggling against the Thompsons, who have pulled the shirt completely over her and are smoothing out the wrinkles.]

CC: I was really disappointed in how Michelle acted at the end of the Rumble, Mariah. We wanted to all be there in the end together. Sure, Ricki Toughill ruined Melody's chance to get there, but Ricki Toughill's used to ruining things. Just look at her life!

[As the twins back away from Mariah to admire the shirt, Mariah looks aghast.]

MW: How could you say that about Ricki Toughill? She's one of the most popular women on the roster!

CC: The popularity of Ricki Toughill is directly correlated to the amount of AWA viewers who drive a truck for a living. Will you let me finish?

[As Mariah motions for Casey to continue, the twins decide they don't like the shirt on Mariah and start to pull it over her head. Casey carries on.]

CC: Anyway, we thought Michelle would have appreciated what we were trying to do. She cares deeply about understanding others, and friendship, and wanting to mend fences, right?

[Casey waits for an answer, and Mariah would speak were the Thompsons not holding the shirt over her mouth. Casey nods, moving on.]

CC: Right. But she showed her true colors when we got to the end, by throwing Cindy out and acting surprised Harley was upset about it. True colors that showed up at #30 in the Rumble, no less, when we opened the doors from the retirement home and Stephanie Harper creaked out!

[The Thompsons turn their attention to Casey for vocal backup.]

MT: That smelly old hag!

HT: Pack it in, granny!

[The distraction gives Mariah time to escape from both the shirt and the Thompsons' grasp, as she takes the microphone and moves to Casey's side, pointing a warning finger at the Thompsons before asking a question to the "Charm City Cutie".]

MW: Don't you just have sour grapes because she eliminated you?

[Casey rolls her eyes again.]

CC: Is it sour grapes because she ruined our plan?

[Mariah stares blankly at Casey.]

MW: Kinda, yeah.

[Casey throws up her hands.]

CC: So what! Here's what I see. I see a bunch of jealous women who can't understand that this isn't their AWA anymore! I see a bunch of people who are in their 30s-

MT: Ew!

HT: Gross!

CC: Or even their 40s-

MT: Gasp!

HT: Barf!

CC: Drag their dusty butts down to the ring and try to outshine the whole reason the spotlight is on the Women's Division!

[Casey points her finger at the camera.]

CC: I know you're watching, Stephanie Harper, and I know you think you're a real big deal because you tossed me out of the Rumble. Let's see how big of a deal you really are. Let's see what you can do when we can see you coming, when I can prepare for you. When it's just you and me, one on one.

[Mariah holds up a hand.]

MW: Casey, she's been retired for years. She's not even on the roster. Are you seriously challenging her to a match?

[Casey turns her head and glares at Mariah.]

CC: Funny, she didn't seem all that retired to me when she was ruining my night.

[Casey turns back to the camera.]

CC: Make your move, "Superstar".

[And as Casey walks out of frame with Harmony waving goodbye, Melody pitches the T-shirt to Mariah, who gives a glance to the camera and a frown. And we cut back out to the ring where Megumi Sato awaits.]

MS: This contest here on Showtime is a Women's Division singles match set for one fall! Introducing first, in the ring at this time, from San Bernardino, California, and weighing 144 pounds... here is DANICA SANNNNNNDERS!

[A brown-haired woman with an athletic build, dressed in a royal blue halter top with matching Spandex shorts and white wrestling boots, pumps her fist to the crowd.]

The opening notes of the instrumental version of Two Steps From Hell's "Victory" then cue up over the PA system.]

MS: And her opponent... she hails from Cincinnati, Ohio, and weighs 110 pounds... she is one of the participants in the Brass Ring Women's Tournament... here is...

"DIAMOND" LILY DRIIIISSSSCOOOOLLLLL!

[That's when "Diamond" Lily Driscoll walks out at the ground level entranceway, then stops to stand about halfway to the ring, her head bowed down. Driscoll is dressed in a gold and purple singlet with a diamond across the chest, white kneepads and wrestling boots.]

LD: And tonight we get our first look at Lily Driscoll, who will be waiting several weeks before she faces Felicia Love in the first round of the women's Brass Ring Tournament. Now, Ben, we know about Lily's brother - Rob - and given his falling out with the AWA, I have to admit I'm a little surprised that Lily would want to even be here.

BW: Why, Dane, if I didn't know any better, I'd say you have it in for this woman! The way I see it, Lily wouldn't be in Combat Corner and wouldn't be here tonight if she didn't really want to be here! Why not give her a chance to show she will be loyal to the AWA?

[Driscoll remains standing, her head bowed down, until about 30 seconds into the instrumental when the tempo picks up. Driscoll then raises her head up and lifts her arms above her head, pointing skyward, a smug smile forming on her face. After a few seconds, she lowers her arms and then struts down to the ring, that smug smile still present.]

LD: When it comes to Lily's brother, Ben, it goes beyond him not wanting to be here, but the way that he butted heads with so many people backstage. And looking at the way she's behaving right now, I have to wonder if we can expect the same thing with Lily Driscoll.

BW: So you are already judging Lily Driscoll when she's barely had the chance to prove herself? If I didn't know any better, Dane, I'd say you want her to not only be out in the first round of the Brass Ring, but be out of the AWA entirely!

[Driscoll reaches the ring and pulls herself onto the apron, then turns with her back to the ring, the smug look still on her face. She then hooks the top rope and backflips over it, landing on her feet, then she spins on her heels, raises her arms and struts across the ring.]

LD: I'm more than willing to give Lily a chance to prove herself, Ben, but I'm only saying that she may have a lot of work to do after what happened with her brother, plus the fact that her uncle Paul has had his own issues with AWA, means that Lily might have a lot more to prove than some of the other competitors in the Brass Ring.

BW: If I were you, Dane, I'd quit talking about her family members, even if they were talented in their own right, and talk more about what Lily Driscoll can do! The fact that she's been willing to stick with in CCW despite what happened with her family members tells me she really wants to be part of the hottest division in the AWA, perhaps in all of wrestling!

LD: Well, we're about to find out what Lily Driscoll can do, as the bell has rung, and she'll get to face Danica Sanders, who has the definite size advantage.

[Driscoll turns to face Sanders, that smug smile still on her face, and Sanders shakes her head, gesturing toward Driscoll to step forward.]

LD: And Sanders wanting to lock up with Driscoll...

[Driscoll approaches Sanders, who then lunges toward the smaller woman.

But Driscoll ducks underneath, then turns quickly and delivers several kicks to the back of Sanders' left knee.]

LD: Driscoll avoids the lockup and goes right after the knee!

BW: And that's smart wrestling, Dane... Driscoll knows not to lock up with a larger opponent as that's not to her advantage!

LD: Driscoll still kicking the knee... Sanders turning around and trying to get at her...

[But as Sanders turns, Driscoll is quick to grab Sanders' head, pull it into hers, then drop down to her knees.]

LD: But a jawbreaker by Driscoll has Sanders stunned!

[As Sanders staggers, Driscoll quickly get to her feet and leaps into the air, extending her legs.]

LD: And now a standing dropkick by Driscoll... and then another! And a third!

BW: And she's got Sanders reeling! Sanders is getting out of there!

[After the third dropkick, Sanders rolls underneath the ropes, stopping to catch her breath...

...but meanwhile, Driscoll is right on the move.]

LD: Driscoll running into the ropes... comes right back and... WATCH OUT!

[Driscoll slides down to the mat, extending her legs and catching Sanders in the face.]

LD: Baseball slide dropkick by Driscoll!

BW: And look at this, Dane... she's grabbing the middle rope! Look at her pull herself back into the ring!

LD: What in the world could Driscoll be setting up...

[Driscoll then quickly grabs the top rope, leaps onto it, then launches herself into the air.]

LD: LOOK OUT BELOW!

[Driscoll then dives down and crashes onto Sanders, sending both women sprawling to the floor as the crowd roars for the high spot.]

LD: I can't believe the height that Lily Driscoll got on that dive outside the ring!

BW: You almost sound impressed, Dane!

LD: I am certainly impressed, Ben! What a display by "Diamond" Lily Driscoll!

[Driscoll is the first to get to her feet, that smug smile back on her face. She takes a moment to taunt the crowd.]

"YOU _WISH_ YOU COULD BE ME!"

LD: And there's that arrogance that her family is known for!

BW: After a move like that, Dane, I'd say she has every right to brag about it!

[Driscoll then pulls Sanders off the floor and tosses her back into the ring.]

LD: Driscoll now up on the apron... she's heading to the corner...

[Driscoll scales the ropes, then as Sanders rises to her feet, Driscoll leaps off, extending her right arm.]

LD: FLYING CLOTHESLINE! Sanders goes down again!

[Driscoll then spreads her arms to the sides, smiles and struts across the ring.]

LD: And, once again, Driscoll displaying that arrogance!

BW: I'd say she has a right to remind people just how good she is, Dane!

LD: The one thing I'd be concerned about there is not letting Sanders have a chance to get back into this match!

BW: But you see Driscoll isn't doing that... she's right back on top of Sanders!

[Sanders has gotten to her knees, but Driscoll is there to pull her up, backing her into the corner, where she delivers a pair of kicks to the midsection.]

LD: Driscoll grabbing Sanders by the arm... sends her into the opposite corner.

[Driscoll then takes a step back, spins around, then executes a handspring and flies toward Sanders in the corner.]

LD: HANDSPRING ELBOW!

BW: And Lily's not done yet!

[Indeed, Driscoll has now leapt to the second rope while grabbing Sanders behind her head, then leaps toward the mat.]

LD: Face first goes Sanders, right into the canvas!

BW: Now that's an impressive way to follow up on a handspring elbow! I have to say, Dane, that Lily Driscoll is winning me over right now!

LD: i have to give her credit, Ben... and Driscoll is now pulling Sanders up.

[Driscoll takes a moment to gesture the camera.

"Hey, Rob, this one's dedicated to you!"]

LD: What is that all about... Driscoll now knees Sanders in the midsection and...

[Driscoll then grabs Sanders head with her right arm and falls straight down to the mat.]

LD: SINGLE-ARM DDT!

BW: That move looks pretty familiar, Dane!

LD: I'll say... her brother was known for that DDT and it looks like Lily wants to make that move her own!

[Driscoll then kips up to her feet, laughing arrogantly, then pointing to the corner.]

LD: Now what does Driscoll have planned... she's going to the second ropes... sits on the top...

[Sanders struggles to her feet and, as she gets there, Driscoll leaps from the second rope and somersaults in midair.]

LD: SOMERSAULT NECKBREAKER!

BW: I heard she calls that the Ace of Diamonds!

LD: And she's got the cover... hooks the leg... this one is over!

[The referee delivers the three count and Driscoll sits up, a look of satisfaction on her face as she gets to her feet.]

MS: Here is your winner... "DIAMOND" LILY DRIIISSSSCOOOOLLLLLL!

[Driscoll allows the referee to raise her hand, that smug smile etched on her face.]

LD: I will say that Lily Driscoll looked quite impressive here tonight, but the question will be how she fares against Felicia Love on July 7.

BW: If tonight's performance is any indication, Dane, then the question could be how Felicia Love fares against her!

LD: We'll see about that when those two finally meet, but right now, I understand that Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams are going to try to get a few words from Lily Driscoll.

[Cut to the ringside position where Wolfe and Williams are standing.]

MW: Fans, it's truly exciting to see the Brass Ring competitors in action tonight... such as Lily Driscoll... come on over here!

[Driscoll approaches Wolfe and Williams, the smug smile ever so present.]

MW: Lily Driscoll, that was quite a performance from you tonight. It seems like you couldn't wait to have the chance to impress the AWA and the fans!

[Driscoll's smug smile is gone for the moment and she has an incredulous look on her face.]

LD: And just what are you implying, Mariah? [Gestures to Williams.] Don't tell me you believe what he said about me being at a disadvantage because my Brass Ring match isn't the first one up?

SDW: Now hold on, Lily... all I was saying is that you can get those butterflies in the belly, get those nerves worked up a bit, and the waiting might get to you if you aren't careful!

LD: [shaking her head] Sweet Daddy, you don't have to worry about nerves when it comes to me! The fact is, I didn't come here to Boyle Heights just so I could deal with the things you like to talk about.... I came here to Boyle Heights to demonstrate exactly why I'm destined to be the winner of the Brass Ring!

SDW: Well, I hope you aren't looking past your first-round opponent, because a gal like Felicia Love can't be taken lightly, even if she may be the smallest competitor in the Brass Ring!

LD: First of all, Sweet Daddy, don't ever suggest that I take anybody lightly! If Felicia Love wasn't a talented wrestler, she wouldn't be in the Brass Ring! But as good as she may be, as much as people say that she's bad luck for anyone who faces her, the fact is I'm the one who has the drive and the determination to win the whole thing! Because if I was willing to throw myself right at somebody like Catalina Lopez without a second thought, just imagine what I will do against Felicia Love when we meet in Regina, Saskatchewan!

MW: Can we expect to see more of you in the weeks to come, Lily, before the AWA heads to Regina?

LD: Mariah, you can most certainly expect to see more of me... because I'm going to show everyone exactly why I deserve to be a part of the AWA! But it's not just going to be about proving I deserve a contract... it's going to be about proving why I am going to EARN that contract! And the best way to do that is to win the Brass Ring, just like my brother before me, and not only earn that contract, but earn a shot at championship gold!

[The smug smile returns as she laughs for a bit.]

LD: Now just imagine if a Driscoll repeats history by winning the Brass Ring, then winning a title, in quick fashion!

[She then waves a dismissive hand at Wolfe and Williams.]

LD: Until then, it was your pleasure!

[She then chuckles and walks off.]

MW: Sweet Daddy, that's a woman who is overflowing with confidence... and maybe she deserves to be. We'll find out in the weeks ahead as the Brass Ring Tournament continues. And speaking of big opportunities, the tag team known as the Country Punks had a big opportunity earlier this week in Dodger Stadium when they met Seductive and Destructive with the Women's World Tag Team Titles on the line... and that opportunity... well, they came up short in it.

SDW: So close, Miss Mariah... they were so close to walkin' out with the gold but they came up a little bit short. But if I was a bettin' man, I'd say they ain't done with Hamilton and Cinder - no, no, no they're not.

MW: I'd have to agree... in fact, I KNOW I agree because I spoke to the Afro Punk and the Pistol earlier tonight and here's what they had to say...

[We flash to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where we see Mariah Wolfe standing in a backstage hallway of The Temple. Industrial lights buzz faintly overhead. Gear crates and ring crew pass behind her. She stands between the two members of the Country Punks: Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol in a sleeveless denim vest and brass knuckles belt buckle, and the furious Afro-Punk Victoria June, arms crossed, gold nose chain gleaming, dark freckles stark against her stormy albino skin.]

MW: Mariah Wolfe here with two women who always shoot straight and never play pretty - the Country Punks. Kayla Cristol. Victoria June. Ladies... tonight, you've got the Serpentes in tag team action. But before we get to that, Victoria... Memorial Day Mayhem. You and Kayla came up short against Seductive & Destructive in a hard-fought war. Where's your head at tonight?

[Victoria June glares at Mariah. Her jaw clenches. She steps in close, towering slightly over the reporter. When she speaks, her Southern drawl is sharp and bitter like glass in sweet tea.]

VJ:(spitting fire) Mah head? Mah head's where it always is, Mariah - on the fight. We lost at Mayhem, yeah. We didn't get the straps. You think ah'm over it? Ah ain't. Ah've been chewing on that loss like gristle in mah molars. Every time ah blink, ah see Harley and Cinder's smug little faces holding our belts. And mah whole body? It itches to set something on fire.

[She steps closer to the camera, locking eyes with the lens.]

VJ: (growling) So tonight, the Serpentes get to feel what Seductive & Destructive escaped. Pain. Rage. Me. You asked about mah ankle? It's healthy. For now. But ah expect it to be broken tonight.

[Mariah raises a curious eyebrow.]

MW: ...Wait. You expect it to be broken?

[Victoria grins wide.]

VJ: That's right. 'Cause ah'm about to break mah foot off in the Serpentes' asses.

[She storms off in a blur of combat boots and punk-rock rage, leaving Mariah and Kayla behind. Mariah, slightly stunned, turns to Kayla who just gives her a wry, calm smile.]

KC: (coolly) That's Victoria these days. She's got a fire no hose can douse. Me? I'm a little more surgical.

[Kayla adjusts her gloves and leans against the wall, thoughtful but focused.]

KC: The Serpentine and us? We go way back. There's receipts on both sides. Blood. Beatings. Betrayals. This ain't just another match, Mariah. This is another step. A chance to earn a second shot at the titles. A second chance to make it right.

[Mariah nods. Kayla leans forward slightly, locking eyes with her.]

KC: And if the Serpentine think we're still licking our wounds from Mayhem? They better think again.

[Kayla sucks her tooth and walks off in the opposite direction of Victoria, casual but coiled with intent.]

[Mariah Wolfe turns to the camera, eyes wide.]

MW: (to camera) The Country Punks are fired up, focused... and, if you ask me, just a little bit dangerous tonight.

[And we fade to another piece of backstage footage - a dimly lit alcove backstage at the Temple, flanked by screens painted with serpentine murals and flickering neon. Standing in front of the black mesh backdrop with coiled golden snakes emblazoned across it are The Serpentine - The Mamba in her white-themed wrestling gear, eyes smoldering behind mirrored shades, and Copperhead, clad in black-themed wrestling gear, dramatically hobbling forward on one foot. Copperhead drags her left leg, grimacing exaggeratedly as she "limps" toward the camera, holding her ankle and mock-sobbing in theatrical fashion.]

C: (whining) Ohhh nooo... My ankle! I kicked a ring post because I was stupid and now I'm hurt! Somebody call a doctor! Call a therapist! Call a babysitter!

[She suddenly drops the act, stands tall, and smirks viciously into the camera.]

C:(venomously) Are you serious, chica? You took _yourself_ out of the match at Memorial Day Mayhem against Seductive & Destructive. Once again that temper of yours blew up in your face, huh? Nobody had to beat you... You beat yourself like you always do. All we saw was a fragile little tantrum in combat boots.

[Mamba chuckles coldly, tilting her head to the side.]

M: The Country Punks walked into Mayhem running their mouths like always ... And left with their tails between their legs. AGAIN! They thought they were gonna ride into the big show, lasso up the gold, and kick everybody's heads off. But all they did was choke. AGAIN!

[She steps forward and jabs a finger toward the lens.]

M: And now, what? We're supposed to be scared of their little comeback tour? PUH-lease.

C: (mocking) "Oh, it's a long rivalry! We've fought so many times!" Yeah. Chicas, all you do is lose when it counts. Pendejos, we gonna put you in a world of hurt again. You've been given everything. A title shot ... entry into the Rumble. And donde estamos? Watching and laughing at your flop show again.

[Copperhead grins wickedly, lifting her hands in claws like a rattlesnake about to strike.]

C: Tonight, we keep your losing streak alive, baby birds. Another L. Another set of boots to your freakin' faces.

Another night you crawl out of here looking up at the lights.

[Mamba slowly removes her shades, locking her sharp eyes on the camera.]

M: (subtly insidious) And everybody knows why. See, Kayla Cristol? She gets it. She's the one with the brains. The one who keeps her cool. If we ever see gold in that team's future? It's because of her. Not Victoria June. Not the one dragging you down with broken ankles and broken pride and broken minds. You might want to get a better partner soon, Pistol.

[She lets it hang for a beat, then slowly puts her glasses back on.]

M: Just something to think about.

[Copperhead steps back in with a twisted grin.]

C: Now come get this work. Hope you got good dental, chicas, because we're kickin' your stinkin' teeth in!

[The Serpentes strike a fanged pose - tongues out - as the screen flickers and transitions to a Showtime On ESPN logo for a moment before going back out to the live shot of The Temple crowd as we hear the Voodoo Glow Skulls ripping through another fast-paced song - this one identifiable as "Fire In The Dancehall"... as a makeshift mosh pit breaks out in one of the raised walkways in the Temple.]

LD: Our thanks to the Voodoo Glow Skulls serving as our own personal "house band" here tonight... and helping to provide the soundtrack for this unique night of action here in Boyle Heights. We're fresh off of hearing from both the Country Punks and the Serpentes who are moments away from doing battle in the ring, Ben... but before they do, what are your thoughts on the AWA Women's Tag Team scene right now?

BW: Well, we saw the Agojie making their official debut a few moments ago... but when you talk about this division, you gotta talk about all the great challengers lining up to get their shot at Cinder and Hamilton. The Peach Pits later tonight... the Punks and the Serps... we saw the Slam Sorority putting the scene on notice earlier. It's going to be a fight to take those titles off of Seductive and Destructive but the teams are in the house to get 'em. We'll see if they can get the job done though... UNLIKE June and Cristol.

LD: The Country Punks feel like they should be the World Tag Team Champions right now... and I'm not sure they'll stop coming until those titles are around their waists. Megumi, let's find out if the Punks have enough in the tank after last week's action to take on the rough and tumble Serpentes!

[We cut to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing as the sounds of The Lox's "Money, Power, Respect" is still playing in the background.]

MS: The following tag team contest is set for one fall in the AWA Women's Division with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 340 pounds... MAMBA... COPPERHEAD...

...THE SERRRRPENTIIIIINES!

[Copperhead mounts the midbuckle, pointing and shouting angrily at a group of fans as Mamba bounces in place, swinging her arms across her torso to stay loose...

...and as the music fades, it is replaced as the speakers growl to life with "Blood on the Bluegrass" by Legendary Shack Shakers exploding from the PA, all stomping bass, slide guitar, and manic hillbilly menace. The fans erupt in cheers for one of the AWA's most popular tag teams.]

MS: At a total combined weight of 310 pounds...

...KAYLA "THE PISTOL" CRISTOL...

..."THE AFRO PUNK" VICTORIA JUNE...

...THE COUNTRYYYYYYYYYY PUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNKS!

[June comes bursting onto the scene like a heat-seeking missile, already halfway down the stairs before her partner joins her on the staircase. The duo is dressed as we saw them in the "earlier today" interview as Cristol grabs her partner by the shoulder, whispering into her ear as the Afropunk nods a few times...

...and with their music leading them forward, a determined Victoria June and Kayla Cristol make short work of the distance between the bottom of the staircase and the ring, diving under the bottom rope and charging across the ring as the referee signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: Whoa! Here we go!

[Cristol and June duck under a double clothesline attempt by Copperhead, hitting the ropes to rebound with a double dropkick that sends her bouncing across the ring, falling to the outside...]

LD: DOUBLE DROPKICK SENDS COPPERHEAD TO THE FLOOR!

[A fired up Kayla Cristol fires off some finger pistols to the cheering crowd before getting a running start...

...and HURLS herself between the ropes, wiping out Copperhead on the outside!]

LD: AND CRISTOL THROWS HERSELF ONTO COPPERHEAD!

[Cristol gets up, pumping a fist before diving on top of Copperhead, raining down rights and lefts on her as Victoria June and Mamba trade heavy haymakers inside the ring...]

LD: We've got a fight on our hands, Ben!

BW: The Country Punks think they should be the World Tag Team Champions right now and they're not - so they're trying to take out that frustration on the Serpentes who seem a little overwhelmed at their aggression, Dane.

LD: June hammers her back to the corner - look at the ferocity!

[June switches to kicks to the body, breaking down Mamba long enough to whip her across the ring, charging in after to leap...]

LD: MOSH SPLASH IN THE CORNER!

[June bounces out, going into a little slam dance action before scooping the staggered Mamba up across her torso...]

LD: Wait a second! She's got her up annnnnnd...

[...and DRIVES her down with a ring-shaking front powerslam!]

LD: ...DOWWWWWWN WITH THAT SIGNATURE SLAM!

[With Cristol on the move, she quickly scales the turnbuckles, June moving over with a nod...]

LD: Cristol's up top! June's got her annnnnnd...

[June HURLS her partner off the top rope, sending her crashing down on top of a prone Mamba!]

LD: ...ROCKET LAUNCHER MAKES IMPACT!

[Cristol hooks the leg, June standing guard as the referee delivers a one... two... three!]

LD: Wow! An overwhelming victory on the part of the Country Punks, running right over the Serpentes like a freight train! And you talk about a team determined to show the office that no matter who walks out of Boyle Heights later tonight as the World Tag Team Champions, the Country Punks are waiting for 'em!

BW: No doubt about that... but if it's Hamilton and Cinder waiting for THEM, why would the result be any different at all?

LD: On any given night, my friend... on any given night, the fates can be on anyone's side when they step foot inside that squared circle and I do believe that if June and Cinder - with this focus, with this intensity - can get one more shot at the champions, we will be singing a much different tune when that one is over. Those World Tag Team Titles will be on the line later tonight when Cinder and Hamilton defend against the Peach Pits... back at full strength and looking forward to their own rematch from the Finals of the tournament that crowned Seductive and Destructive as the first champions earlier this year. But that's later. Right now, we're going backstage to an exclusive interview being conducted by the newest member of our AWA announce team... welcome aboard!

[We cut to the backstage area where we find a young redheaded woman in a stylish white dress with a gold chain around her waist grinning into the camera.]

?: Thanks, Lori! It's five nights after the AWA's kickoff to summer - Memorial Day Mayhem - and oh, what a night it was in Los Angeles! What a couple of weeks it's been in Los Angeles in fact... the absolute perfect time to join the promotion! I'm Lucy St. Clair, the newest backstage reporter here in the AWA and right here on ESPN as well! And when they talk about being thrown into the deep end...

[She smirks playfully.]

LSC: ...I guess this is what they mean.

[The camera shot pulls back to reveal a familiar face... the tangled, nasty, grizzly beard wrapped around a face that tells a thousand stories of bloodshed and carnage, King Kong Hogan. Hogan is... pensive. He's got a legal pad in hand, a pencil in the other and is jotting madly at the paper.]

LSC: King Kong Hogan, allow me to be the first to welcome you back to the AWA.

[Hogan nods absentmindedly, still jotting something down.]

LSC: Did I... catch you at a bad time?

[Hogan swings the pencil up quickly and madly, causing a yelp from the rookie interviewer.]

KKH: Don't be afraid, little one. I'm not here to hurt ya.

[Lucy breathes a sigh of relief.]

LSC: Thank heavens for that... but since you mention it, why ARE you here? The last time we saw you before you showed up in Reseda, you were working for the Korugun Corporation AGAINST the AWA!

[Hogan waves a dismissive hand.]

KKH: The past is the past, burning to embers as the days go by... but you raise a good point, little one. Why AM I here? It's a good question... and it deserves a good answer.

But before we get there... do you, by chance, know what size boots Odin Gunn wears?

[Lucy St. Clair furrows her brow, shaking her head.]

LSC: What size boots?! Why... why would I know that? Better question - why in the world do you even want to know that?

[Hogan nods.]

KKH: Because I need to order him a new pair of boots.

[She still looks puzzled at the wild brawler.]

LSC: Why are you...?

[Hogan interrupts.]

KKH: Because when I'm done with him, he'll need a new pair because the ones he wears will be filled to the top with his own blood!

[The interviewer clutches her chest.]

LSC: A powerful - and terrifying - image. I gotta know though - what on God's Green Earth did Odin Gunn ever do to you?

[Hogan throws the legal pad aside, reaching up to stroke his matted, disgusting beard.]

KKH: He... exists.

[Hogan smiles, his head tilting slightly.]

KKH: Little one, have you ever felt a true calling in life? A purpose? This...

[He gestures to himself.]

KKH: This is MY calling... MY purpose. To be King Kong Hogan... a man whose name sends chills down the spines of wrestlers from coast to coast and sea to shining sea. A man who has drawn more blood and more crowds than most people can dare to dream of. Unstoppable. Unmerciful. Undeniable. A man... no, no, no... a monster that makes men weak and women weep.

There is a pile of broken bodies around my feet and a trail of tears everyone I've been.

When you think of the most dangerous men in this world, little one...

I am that man.

[Hogan pauses.]

KKH: Or... was.

They speak in whispers of another. Another man... no, no... another monster. He who breaks bodies. He who steals souls. He who ends careers.

Undefeated... hm.

Unbeaten.

[Hogan's wild eyes are enough to give a shiver.]

KKH: And when a man... a monster looks to take your place, you must meet that moment, little one.

Even Freddy met Jason once upon a time.

[He smiles, a twisted and sadistic grin.]

LSC: So... is it the undefeated streak? The title?

[Hogan turns a questioning eye on the new interviewer.]

KKH: Are you listening to me at all?

[And with that, Hogan simply walks away, leaving Lucy St. Clair behind.]

LSC: Was it something I said?

[She shrugs as we fade to another part of the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing next to the AWA Women's World Champion, "The Spitfire" Julie Somers. She is dressed in a white T-shirt with the words "LIVE THE DREAM" in pink lettering and blue jeans with slits and tears in them. Her wavy brown hair hangs freely down her shoulders and the AWA Women's World Title is strapped around her waist.]

SLB: Joining me at this time is a VERY special guest - the AWA Women's World Champion, "The Spitfire" Julie Somers. Now, Julie, first of all... congratulations on your win earlier this week in Dodger Stadium... but I imagine that you've had the chance to watch your match against Michelle Bailey at Memorial Day Mayhem again and you now know what happened at the end. I am curious to know, Julie, what your reaction is to the way that match ended.

[Somers bites her lip.]

JS: I did watch it again and I know what happened and, right now, I've got conflicting emotions. I had just hoped that Michelle and I could have a competitive match... and we did have that but... just the way things ended...

[She purses her lips for a moment.]

JS: I guess I'm not surprised that Cinder would get involved and I can't say I blame Melissa for coming out to deal with her. I wish none of that had happened, but it did and I can't go back and change it.

[She stares down at the title belt around her waist.]

JS: You know, I want to defend this belt with pride and honor, and while I'm not happy about how things ended, I do know that's not the way I wanted it to end. And as easy as it would be for me to just blame Cinder for everything...

[She sighs.]

JS: I can't do that.

SLB: I guess the question then would be, Julie... what is next for you?

JS: First of all, I really need to talk to a couple of people before I say anything about what's next. I mean... yeah, there's Girls To The Front, but that's almost three months from now and I'm not just going to sit back and wait to face Harley Hamilton at that time. I need to keep defending this belt until that date, but before I do that, I need to get some things settled with those who I consider my friends.

[She nods her head.]

JS: I'm sorry I can't say more than that, but I owe it to them to say what I have to say directly to them. Sorry, Lou, but I don't have much else to add.

SLB: Well, I appreciate you taking some time to address what happened... and hopefully you do get things straightened out. Fans, let's go back to ringside to Lori and Ben!

[We fade back to the aforementioned announce duo.]

LD: Thanks, Lou... Julie Somers certainly seems to have a lot on her mind these days, Ben.

BW: Sure she does. She's probably watching old tape after tape... watching the greats like Brian Lau... like Eddie Van Gibson... like Stevie Scott...

LD: Why those people?

BW: She's only got a few months before Girls To The Front to figure out a new way to screw over Harley Hamilton and make sure she keeps the title.

LD: Oh, come on! It's obvious she's very upset about how things went down in Dodger Stadium, Ben.

BW: Heartbroken, I'm sure. Crushed to be standing there with Blackwell as the Women's World Champion.

[Lori sighs.]

LD: Hopefully we can hear more about Julie's future plans for her title reign after she's had those private conversations she referred to... but right now, we're

dramatically shifting gears and talking about a man who - much like King Kong Hogan - is a brawler for hire. But at our untelevised live arena events over the last few weeks, Smasher Salazar has been wrestling with what can be described as a "harder edge".

BW: He already had a pretty hard edge to start with, Dane, but his problem is that he hasn't been focused. He could make a lot of money with the way he fights, but he keeps taking these side gigs that distract him.

LD: Well, I think you'll be surprised by what you'll see here, Ben. He's up next here on Showtime, and let's go to Megumi Sato for the introductions.

[We cut to center ring, where Megumi Sato stands by with a waiting opponent.]

MS: Our next match on Showtime is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring, from Ogden, Utah, weighing 221 pounds...
DORIAN GROSS!

[Polite applause for the Caucasian man, approximately in his mid-20s, in good athletic shape and sporting a pair of blue leg-length tights with white wrestling boots. He acknowledges the crowd with a simple wave and stands in the corner.]

MS: His opponent, hailing from Cut and Shoot, Texas, weighing 273 pounds...

SMAAAAAAAAAASHERRRRRRR SALAZARRRRRRRRRRRR!

[And as "Keep It In The Family" by Anthrax grinds over the sound system, Smasher Salazar calmly walks from the entrance. Salazar looks different than prior appearances, wearing a simple black leg-length singlet and black cowboy boots, with a black bandana over his mouth. He has a noose around his neck and a taped-up bottle of Dr Pepper in his hand, with his stringy black hair hanging in his eyes.]

BW: I didn't think this guy owned any actual wrestling gear, Dane. I always saw him in filthy jeans and a T-shirt he got for free.

LD: I didn't think he did either, Ben. And you notice, he's five or six pounds lighter than his last television appearance. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell's sources told us that Salazar's been trying to trim down.

BW: That tends to happen when you cut back on the triple meat Whataburgers.

LD: Around these parts, I'd imagine he's been trying to stay away from the Double Doubles and Animal Style Fries, Ben.

[Salazar walks up the steps, taking the noose and hanging it from the ringpost, and leaving his spit bottle on top of the post. He pulls his bandana down around his neck as he steps in the ring as Dorian Gross runs across the ring...]

LD: Watch out!

[...where Salazar grabs him at the armpits, lifting him into the air and shoving him several feet across the ring! As Gross lands, Salazar charges, driving a boot right into the hinge of the jaw!]

LD: What a boot to the face by Salazar!

BW: You can't get much of a jump on an alley fighter like Smasher Salazar, Dane! That kid was going to need to jump him coming through the ropes, not as he entered the ring!

LD: Referee Andy Dawson has called for the bell here to get things started, and from what we've heard, we may not be waiting long to hear the bell again. Salazar's average match on our arena events is running approximately two minutes.

BW: This one might not even go that long.

[Salazar grabs Gross by the throat, hoisting the Utah native up to a crouched position, then drives a boot into his forehead. As Gross falls to the mat, Salazar gets a gleam in his eye, though his face otherwise remains stoic.]

LD: Smasher Salazar displaying very little wrestling aptitude, as usual, but showing you absolutely don't want to brawl with this tough Texan.

BW: Well, do you need wrestling aptitude? Someone who hits as hard as he does, if you can't get close to him to grapple him, you have to hope you can strike it out, and he's got a lot of power in his hands and feet, plus a good amount of reach to use it.

[As Gross stumbles to his feet, Salazar grabs Gross by the side.]

LD: Is this a belly-to-back suplex, maybe?

[Salazar lifts...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

[...and turns Gross into the air, driving him down onto his knee! As Gross screams out in pain, Salazar shoves the young wrestler onto his back, then leaps into the air, kicking his legs out...]

"THUDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: And there's that senton backsplash he likes using!

BW: Normally he likes to go for it off the ropes, but I don't think he needs to waste the energy here.

[Salazar stays on top of the flattened Gross, laying back-first on the prone opponent and motioning for the ref to come over and count.]

LD: And a cocky cover here, as Andy Dawson counts one... two... and three.

BW: It isn't cocky if you can back it up, Dane. The way this guy has been racking up wins at the arenas, it's just a matter of time before he works himself into contention.

[Dawson goes to raise Salazar's hand, but the roughneck rips his hand away, going to reclaim his spit bottle and noose as he leaves the ring. As he does so, a replay airs.]

LD: Look at that backbreaker, Ben. Right out of the back suplex lift.

BW: I think there's more to this guy than he lets on, he's just waiting for the right moment to show just how good he can be.

LD: And no wasted motion, not even a moment of hesitation between the backbreaker and the senton. I think you might be right, Ben. A few more wins like this and he'll enter the rankings.

BW: As long as he stays focused. He could use a good manager.

LD: Are you volunteering?

BW: He probably wouldn't be willing to give me the cut I deserve.

[Dane chuckles.]

LD: Smasher Salazar is standing by with Mariah Wolfe. Mariah?

[We cut to Mariah Wolfe, who is joined by a calm Smasher Salazar, positioning the noose back around his neck.]

MW: Congratulations are in order for you, Smasher Salazar, on a quick win here at Showtime.

[Salazar nods.]

SS: I s'pose they're in order for you, too.

[Mariah looks surprised.]

MW: For me? Why's that?

[Salazar grins, his teeth more tobacco-stained than ever.]

SS: Your job's permanent now, ain't it? Little Reese Lynch done ran off down lover's lane.

[Mariah scowls.]

MW: As I said earlier, that wasn't how I was hoping for things to go down.

[Salazar shrugs.]

SS: There's a lot of things that ain't goin' to go the way people want 'em to go, sweetpea. Might as well look on the bright side of things. Reese found the shrimp for her grits, and you got a job out of it. Good for her, good for you.

[Salazar spits into his bottle as Mariah looks disgusted.]

SS: Just like how I've had some life changes lately. See, I decided to be a little more selective with my bounty huntin'. I ain't the kind of man who likes competin' for jobs. I'll pick up work for an ol' pal of mine from time to time, but otherwise, I'm goin' to be lookin' out for numero uno.

[Salazar points a finger at Mariah.]

SS: Now you tell all these people that Smasher Salazar's got his eyes on different prizes, y'hear?

[Mariah motions to the camera.]

MW: You're live, pal.

[Salazar's eyes narrow.]

SS: I'm aware. I ain't a rube fresh off the turnip truck. I want you to confirm what I said.

[Salazar spits in the bottle again.]

SS: Lordy. You're as sharp as a sackful of soup. Maybe Reeseey'll watch this and realize the world needs one of her more than ten of you.

[Salazar pulls his bandana up over his face and walks out of frame, as Mariah frowns.]

MW: Charming. Smasher Salazar says he might be a little more picky the next time he takes a fighter for hire gig... but someone who has employed his services in the past is Curly Bill Webb. Now, Curly Bill's been leading his Desperados since arriving here in the AWA... to mixed results some might say. Yes, he managed the World Television Champion... the undefeated World Television Champion... the unbeaten World Television Champion, Odin Gunn. Yes, he helped engineer the collapse of the Dogs of War. But there are whispers in the air about Pedro Perez... about the Texas Ranger... and about Curly Bill having done very little for their careers since signing on with the Desperados. Tonight is about the World Television Title... but one has to wonder if Curly Bill can avoid that chatter much longer. We're just about set for that World Television Title showdown though - our Hour One Main Event with Odin Gunn putting his title and his streak on the line against the man who earned this title chance waaaaay back at SuperClash in a Battle Royal, Odysseus Allah. Let's hear from both men right now!

[The screen flickers to life in gritty handheld cam fashion. We're backstage in one of the backrooms of the converted warehouse known as the Temple. The lighting is harsh, overhead, buzzing faintly. A single AWA logo banner hangs behind Odysseus Allah, who sits on a stack of gear crates in his black wrestling pants and boots. He's bare-chested, the African-inspired tattoos running across his back and down both arms are clear. His shearling coat sits in his lap. Allah's eyes burn into the lens - focused, unblinking. He speaks low and deliberate, but there is a passion in his voice - controlled but charged. There is writing spraypainted on the wall behind him ODIN = GOD and a yellow line has been sprayed over the words.]

OA: For two hundred and forty-six days, Odin Gunn been walkin' around like a myth. Like a giant. Like he can't be touched. Like... a GOD. The whole locker room's been guessin' - tryin' to solve the riddle of Odin Gunn. Tryin' to figure out what makes him bleed. But for one hundred and ninety-three days - since I won this title shot at SuperClash, I been watchin'.

Studyin'.
Calculatin'.
Breakin' him down like an equation.

[Allah's eyes are staring and wild with a feral intelligence.]

OA: I know how he moves when he thinks he's ahead. I know how he grits his teeth when he's hurtin'. I know how Pedro Perez buys him time. How the Texas Ranger guards his body. How Curly Bill orchestrates the whole damn show. That's a lot to beat in ten minutes. Good thing is I know how to do it.

I know how to beat Odin Gunn in ten minutes.

I've always known.

But I wanted to wait.

I wanted to do it when it mattered more. Closer to that record. Closer to that sweet little line in the history books where everybody start sayin' "Damn... maybe

Odin Gunn was the greatest." That's when I wanted to snatch it right outta his hands. Make it hurt.

[Footsteps echo off-screen. Slurred laughter. A figure stumbles into frame, half-lit by the hanging bulb. Unique Allah, shirt hanging open, sunglasses on indoors, bottle in hand.]

DDUA: WOOOO! That's my seed right there! Y'all know what this is? That's history, baby! That's the bloodline! Odysseus came out the womb flexin'! I was holdin' tag gold in the IIWF when this boy was teething on steel chairs!

[The son of the 90s superstar frowns, throwing a dismissive wave at his father.]

OA: Not now, Pops. Ten minutes. Ten minutes and this myth turns back into a man. Ten minutes and Odin Gunn ain't a chapter in no storybook - He's a footnote in my legacy.

[He stares cold into the camera. Then... a flash of madness flickers in his eyes. He smiles wide. That gold fang glints in the light like a dagger.]

OA: You think he's your champion?

Naw. I'm your champion.

[The father interjects again.]

DDUA: Yeah, you gon' be just like me when I won the EMWC United States title back in 97! You gon' create a classic like the Seven Tables of Fear! They don't know! That ain't a flex, that's a fact!

[Odysseus doesn't move. Doesn't blink. Just stares into the camera.]

DDUA: This boy? He mine. He me, evolved. Odin Gunn don't want none o' that. Ain't no cattlemen ever survived the projects, baby! Odin soft! He ain't me! He damn sure ain't us.

[Odysseus exhales through his nose. His shoulders drop. He looks at his father, then at the camera again.]

OA: They get it, Pops.

[Odysseus turns towards the door, his father set to follow him...

...until Odysseus extends an arm to block his path.]

OA: Nah... I got this.

[And with an insistent glare, Allah keeps his father in check, leaving him behind as he walks out of the room - the camera holding on the spray-painted wall behind them as they walk out of frame...

...and then we fade to another park of backstage - a dark corridor lit by weak fluorescent lights. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by, holding a microphone, ready to conduct the interview. Beside him is "Curly" Bill Webb, his black Stetson casting a menacing shadow over his face. Looming behind is Odin Gunn, his massive frame dominating the scene and the AWA World Television Title on his shoulder. There is palpable tension in the air, as Blackwell begins.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight, the AWA World Television Champion, Odin Gunn, defends his title against the second-generation star, Odysseus Allah! I'm

joined by the champion and his manager, the ever-outspoken "Curly" Bill Webb - Excuse me, sir!

[Curly Bill snatches the microphone from Sweet Lou.]

CBW: Sweet Lou, you're standin' in the presence of a storm, and you don't even know it's about to rain!

[He points a finger at the camera.]

CBW: Let's talk about that vulture, King Kong Hogan. That low-down snake had the nerve to jump my man Odin Gunn, when he was at his weakest... bloodied, battered, and barely standin' after a war with Wade Walker! Hogan thought he'd make his name by kickin' a man when he's down. But I should've expected it, Lou. That's how a coward like Hogan operates!

[He paces around, as Gunn remains motionless, his eyes locked forward with unnerving intensity.]

CBW: And now we got Odysseus Allah and his daddy. At SuperClash, Odysseus earned a shot at this title, but didn't hear a dang peep outta' him about cashin' in on it until now, knowing full well Odin Gunn would be at the most vulnerable he's ever been. He and his daddy must've thought, "Now's our chance!"

Cowardly.

[A beat. He chuckles.]

CBW: Cowardly... but smart.

[His chuckle turns into a maniacal cackle.]

CBW: HAHAHA! REAL SMART! But here's the problem... they're assuming Odin Gunn is just a man. They assume he is even CAPABLE of being vulnerable! Nah boys, what he is, is inevitable. The inevitability. A runaway train. An unstoppable force that don't bend, don't break, and don't ever stop!

[Sweet Lou interjects.]

SLB: Now hold on, Curly Bill! You're calling out the Allahs' strategy, but Odysseus is a second-generation star with his father's legacy behind him. Are you saying Odin Gunn is 100% and completely ready to defend the Television title one week after going life and death in Reseda against Wade Walker?

[Curly Bill leans in close, his voice a low growl.]

CWB: He's not just ready to defend that title... he's ready to crush and bury the whole dang Allah family! And tonight, in The Temple, he's gonna run through Odysseus Allah like a twister!

[He steps back, smirking, as Odin Gunn raises the Television Title slightly, his silence deafening.]

CWB: And Hogan...

[Curly Bill's grin turns sinister.]

CWB: ...I know you're here tonight, lurking in some dark corner, watchin' and waitin' like the scavenger you are. Don't bother. Once Odin's finished carvin' up

Odysseus Allah, we're comin' for you. So sit tight, big man. Keep that seat warm. 'Cause there ain't no running from what's comin' to you.

[Curly Bill shoves the mic back to Lou, who looks flustered but excited.]

SLB: Well, folks, there you have it! Curly Bill Webb and Odin Gunn are ready for another war tonight! Back to you at ringside!

[The camera lingers on Odin Gunn's stoic face, staring straight into the camera and our souls, as the shot fades back out to the ringside area where Lori Dane and Ben Waterson are seated...]

LD: Now THIS is a Main Event, Ben.

BW: We've just been through two of the best weeks in AWA history with Showtime in Reseda and Memorial Day Mayhem... and on the first show after all that, we're talking about one of our Main Events being Odin Gunn defending the World Television Title against Odysseus Allah and THIS is next level. I've been waitin' on pins and needles for this one ever since it was announced.

LD: You mentioned Reseda so it's as good a time as any to talk about Gunn's last challenger - Wade Walker. The former Dog of War took Gunn to WAR in Reseda two weeks ago in one of the most brutal battles we've ever seen. Now, Odin Gunn may be hurt... Curly Bill sure won't admit it if he is... but we DO know that Wade Walker is hurt. Wade Walker suffered some undisclosed injuries during that title encounter and as a result, he's going to be out of action for at least another month. We wish Wade Walker the quickest of recoveries and I can't wait to see him back in action very, very soon...

BW: Yesterday's news though, Dane. He's the past and right now, Odysseus Allah is the present and he would sure love to be the future as well.

LD: To do it, he's gotta do the unthinkable and break the unbroken - the undefeated streak of Odin Gunn. It CAN be done.

BW: Just ask Atlas Armstrong.

LD: But Odysseus Allah will need to be at his very best to do it. The World Television Title on the line as Odin Gunn continues to creep towards the upper echelon of people who've held that title for a very long period of time. Will that climb continue or will it come to an abrupt end? There are a lot of competitors in the locker room looking for that answer including the man who will be joining us as our special guest commentator here tonight...

BW: What?! I didn't approve this!

[Lori chuckles as we pause...

...and the AWA faithful ROAR as "You're The Best" begins to play over the PA system. After a few moments, "Cannonball" Lee Connors emerges from the entranceway dressed in street clothes of an t-shirt promoting the 1984 All Valley Karate tournament as well as a white pair of workout pants. He sports a headband with a burning red sun on it as he walks into view, grinning at the cheering crowd and slapping every offered hand as he works his way towards the ringside announce table. Upon his arrival, he shakes Lori's hand with a bow... and then offers his hand to Waterson who reluctantly shakes out and then rips it away.]

LD: Welcome to ringside here on Showtime, Lee!

LC: Thanks, Lori... it's a pleasure to be here to join you two for this one.

BW: Seems like a questionable decision by the boss to me. You've got a history with Odysseus Allah... and I think you're just looking for a chance to cost him the title.

LC: On the contrary, Ben... I'd LOVE to see Odysseus Allah take the title here tonight... because I'd LOVE to be the one to take it off him.

BW: And you know you can't take it off Odin Gunn?

LC: I believe that anyone can beat anyone on any given night, Ben. Heck, that explains the wins on your record, doesn't it?

[Waterson fumes as Lori chuckles.]

LD: Ahh, this is going to be a fun one... Megumi Sato, my friend, take me away!

[The ring announcer takes center stage, mic in hand.]

MS: This is your Hour One Main Event for SHOOOOOWTIIIIIME!

[A big cheer rings out!]

MS: It is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONSHIIIIIIIP!

[A bigger cheer rings out!]

MS: Introducing first, he is the challenger...

[Some creepy ass hissing comes over the PA system a moment before the opening bars of Ol' Dirty Bastard's "Snakes" screech across the PA.]

MS: ...from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 225 pounds...

...OOOOOODYSSSEUSSSSSS ALLLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Odysseus steps out on the top of the entrance staircase, rolling his neck like he just woke up angry. He wears a shearling-lined trucker jacket, combat pants, and boots. He glares out over the crowd, chewing his lip like he's already bored with them. A manic grin creeps over his face as he rubs his palms together and slashes his finger across his throat.]

LD: The Number Three contender to the World Television Title... all of 21 years old... looking to add his own pages to the Allah family section of the pro wrestling history books.

BW: If he knocks off Odin Gunn to win the World Television Title, he's going to need his own chapter.

LD: Allah cashing in that title match he won last year at SuperClash... and Ben, while many have questioned Allah's courage... his willingness to face Odin Gunn for waiting so long to cash in, we've heard Allah claim he did it so he had more time to scout... more time to watch... more time to prime Gunn for the biggest loss of his career. What do you believe?

BW: I'd imagine the truth is somewhere in the middle, Dane. Courage is overrated if it means you get steamrolled. So, I don't doubt he was hoping for easier prey... but I also believe that once he decided Gunn would be his opponent, he wanted every second to watch and learn... watch and learn...

[With cold precision, he stalks to the ring, climbs the steps, and slips through the ropes. He shrugs off his jacket, mounts the top turnbuckle, and scans the arena like a snake sizing up prey...

...and as one song fades, another begins with "The Man With The Harmonica" by Ennio Morricone begins to play, as a hulking mass of humanity makes its way through the curtains.]

MS: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... being accompanied down the aisle by his manager "Curly" Bill Webb and The Texas Ranger... weighing in at 330 pounds... he the unbeaten... unbroken... and UNDEFEATED WORRRRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMPIONNNNNNNNN...

...OOOOOOOOOOODINNNNNNNNNN GUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[Standing six feet two inches, weighing in the neighborhood of three hundred and thirty pounds, Gunn is an intimidating sight in his brown poncho with Southwestern design, beige cowboy hat, and a completely stoic, weather-beaten, sun dried face completely devoid of any emotion. A grinning "Curly" Bill is by his side, nodding his head approvingly as The Texas Ranger brings up the rear, his Texas bullrope draped around his neck.]

LD: Let's run it down for the people at home, boys. Odin Gunn has held the World Television Title since September 30, 2017 when he defeated Whaitiri on the Power Hour to capture the title...

BW: Defeated who? Never heard of that guy.

LD: ...which means he's held the title now for 246 days. The World Television Title's history began on October 6th, 2012 when Dave Bryant defeated Glenn Hudson at Homecoming to win the then-Longhorn Heritage Title which would be renamed the World Television Title shortly after. Since its debut, there have been seventeen champions with fourteen different men holding the title. At 246 days, Odin Gunn has the fourth longest reign with that title. Ahead of him? The current AWA World Champion Supernova at 248 days. The former AWA World Champion Dave Bryant at 295 days. And lastly, Shadoc Rage at 365 days - one full year.

BW: And in case that isn't clear, if Odin Gunn retains the title here tonight, he will move into third place on that list, passing Supernova... so there's even more at stake in this one than you might imagine.

[Dragging the title behind him, Gunn scales the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes as the Ranger takes up a spot on the floor and Curly Bill climbs up on the apron, waving Gunn over to give some final thoughts...]

LD: Ben, you've been a manager... you know what it's like to lead a potentially-injured superstar into a big match... do YOU believe Odin Gunn is one hundred percent?

BW: I don't. I truly don't. And I give Curly Bill all the credit in the world for spinning that story and trying to sell it but there's simply no way someone can go through the war they went through in Reseda and be fully functional to defend the title again tonight. Odysseus Allah... whether he wanted the match tonight or not, may have stepped into the biggest opportunity of his young career here in Boyle Heights.

[Webb steps off the apron, the referee moving to talk to both competitors.]

LD: And here we go, fans. Ten minute time limit for the World Television Title starts...

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: ...now!

[Odin Gunn lumbers out of the corner, slowly approaching Odysseus Allah who dances to the side, forcing Gunn to mirror him...]

BW: Immediately, you see what Allah's got in mind here. Using the speed, using the quickness, using the athleticism... making Gunn work to get to him at all. We may not see that A-L-L-A-H approach tonight because he'd have to get too close to get his hands on him. Gotta keep his distance in this one.

[Allah forces Gunn to chase him, moving in a circle as Gunn shifts his feet...]

LC: Ben, I think something important to mention again... we have no idea how recovered Odin Gunn is from his defense against Wade Walker. That thing was wild, it was brutal, and if Wade Walker's still on the shelf, I can't imagine Gunn's at one hundred percent. That's only going to help Allah as he tries to make history here tonight.

LD: A great point, Lee.

BW: He was agreeing with me!

[Gunn tries to close the distance, cutting off Allah's sidestep...

...and Allah drops down onto his back, pulling his legs up.]

LD: And a martial artist like yourself should recognize that, Lee.

LC: Pulling guard. A little surprising to see him make himself prone with that monster standing over him but let's see what he's got in mind.

[From his back, Allah lashes out at the nearby Gunn, striking a blow to the leg with his foot...]

LD: Leg kicks from the back - we've seen this strategy employed in the past in some pretty famous fights, Ben.

BW: To great effect.

LD: Allah again kicking away... and Curly Bill Webb shouting at Gunn, telling him to back up out of range.

[Gunn steps back, looking frustrated as Webb talks to him, trying to get him going. The Texas Ranger angrily smashes his arms into the mat.]

LD: If the goal was to frustrate the Desperadoes, Allah's doing a good job of that right now.

[Gunn nods to Webb before stepping back in, moving a little quicker...

...but still gets peppered with a pair of leg kicks, forcing him to back off again.]

LC: This is a fascinating attack plan, Lori. Very unpredictable.

LD: Would you have thought to try something like this on Odin Gunn if it was you getting the title challenge tonight?

LC: I'd like to say yes but I'm not sure. Allah surprised me with this one too.

LD: Odysseus Allah comes from a family with unpredictable offense... his legendary father Dirt Dog Unique Allah of Seven Tables of Fear fame.

[Gunn rushes in again, this time even quicker as he leans down to make a grab at Allah...

...who kips up off the mat, snatching his legs around the head and neck of the World Television Champion!]

LD: Whoa! Kip up right into... TRIANGLE! TRIANGLE!

[The crowd ERUPTS in surprise at Allah securing the submission hold on the undefeated World Television Champion...]

LD: An unusual way into that submission hold and Gunn finds himself in a dangerous spot here, Ben!

BW: He sure does! The title is suddenly in serious danger!

[At shouted instructions from Webb, Gunn powers Allah up, lifting him into the air...]

BW: Looking for the powerbomb to get out of it!

[...but at the peak of the lift, Allah starts raining elbows down on the skull of the champion!]

LD: Allah's trying to avoid the powerbomb...

[The impact of the blows has Gunn staggered, stumbling towards the ropes where Allah leans back, turning the triangle into a rana that sends both champion and challenger spilling over the ropes to the outside to a BIG CHEER!]

LD: ...BOTH MEN OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

[With Gunn laid out on the floor, Allah scrambles up, rolling back inside the ring, shouting "MOVE IT!" at the nearby official as Allah grabs the ropes, waiting for the unbeaten champion to get back to his feet, leaping into the air...]

LD: HE CAME IN LIKE A WRECKING BALLLLLL! TWO FEET TO THE FACE!

[Allah ducks through the ropes, taking aim, and throws himself into a somersault, knocking Gunn flat on the floor again to some surprising cheers!]

LD: The fans are split for this one, disliking both of these competitors, Lee.

LC: Sometimes you gotta pick the lesser of two evils.

LD: Which one is that?

LC: I have no idea.

[With Gunn down, Allah keeps up the high-paced attack, scrambling back up on the apron, leaping off...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ARABIAN FACEBUSTER ON THE FLOOOOOR!

[Allah grabs at his tailbone and lower back, pushing off the floor, slipping under the ropes...]

LD: Allah rolls in, breaking the count right there...

[The challenger gets off the mat, waving an arm at the official as he waits for a staggered Gunn to get off the mat...]

LD: Odin Gunn perhaps showing ill effects from that brutal war with Wade Walker a couple of weeks ago... the champion maybe coming back to action a little too soon, Ben.

BW: Are you questioning Curly Bill?

LD: I'm questioning if Curly Bill can control this monster at all when he sets his mind on something.

LC: Don't forget, folks. It wasn't just Wade Walker who beat the hell out of Odin Gunn a couple of weeks ago... it was King Kong Hogan too!

LD: Curly Bill over there talking to Gunn as he gets up... moving to the ring...

[Allah ducks through the ropes, looking to grab the champion but Gunn yanks him through the ropes, shoving him against the apron...]

"THUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CLUBS him across the sternum with a forearm!]

LD: You called it, Ben. Got a little too close, got within reach and-

"THUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"THUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"THUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[After a few forearm smashes, Gunn hooks him around the head and under the arm...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him through the air, sending him splatting down on the exposed concrete floor!]

LD: HE TOSSED HIM TEN FEET THROUGH THE AIR! MY OH MY!

LC: Allah won't be getting out of bed too well in the morning. That was a whole lot of bad impact on the back... the hip... the leg. He's hurting right now for sure.

[Gunn retrieves Allah off the mat, slinging him over his shoulder into a powerslam position as Webb slaps the ringpost with a bellow of "BUST HIM UP, CHAMP!"]

LD: Uh oh. Allah in trouble on the outside now... how quickly things turn around!

[Gunn stampedes towards the ringpost, looking to smash his challenger's skull into solid steel...

...but Allah slips out, delivering a two-handed shove to the back.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: AND IT'S GUNN WHO HITS THE STEEL!

[With Gunn leaning against the ringpost, Webb in shock, and the crowd ROARING, Allah slides around the post, grabbing the champion by the wrists...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and YANKS Gunn into the post repeatedly, leaving the champion with glassy eyes as Allah rolls back into the ring, breaking the referee's ten count.]

LD: Allah is a blur of motion out there, Ben.

BW: He's breaking counts, he's doing damage, and right now he's closing in on becoming the World Television Champion and doing the unthinkable!

LC: Hey, we saw Max Magnum's undefeated streak crash and burn last Monday night. Like I said, anyone can be beat on any given night.

LD: Curly Bill looks VERY concerned right now. Odysseus Allah waited and bided his time since winning this guaranteed title shot last November at SuperClash - it took him SIX months before he finally cashed it in... and that cash-in came from his father, not from him. But right now, it's looking like he might be the right man at the right place at the right time. Odin Gunn is looking like he's not fully recovered from that total war with Wade Walker two weeks ago and-

BW: How could he be, Dane? That was one of the most brutal matches in AWA history. Wade Walker's on the shelf and by the looks of things, I'm guessing Odin Gunn should be as well.

[Pushing off the post, Gunn slumps over onto the apron, kneeling on it as Allah measures him...]

LD: What is he...?

[...and then slingshots over the top rope, snatching a front facelock...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES Gunn's skull into the ring apron with a DDT!]

LD: MY OH MYYYYYY! That might do it! That might be enough!

[Allah, who landed on his feet on the outside, ignores the roaring crowd, putting all his weight into shoving Gunn under the ropes into the ring...]

LD: Allah puts him in! Allah looking to cover!

[...and DIVES through the ropes into a lateral press!]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! WE'VE GOT A NEW-

[But Gunn powers out, narrowly squeaking his shoulder off the mat to save his title in time!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: GUNN GETS THE SHOULDER UP IN TIIIIIIIME!

[Allah claps his hands together in frustration, grabbing at his head in disbelief...]

LD: We’ve passed the halfway point in this one! Allah thought he had the title won!

BW: Gotta stay on him.

[Allah grabs the ropes, stomping... stomping... stomping, driving the champion down before Allah steps to the outside, looking to climb the ropes...]

LD: Allah’s heading up top! Allah looking to end this! Allah can feel the title between his fingers, fans!

[But as Allah approaches the corner, the Texas Ranger climbs up on the apron on the other side of the ring, drawing the referee’s attention...]

...which allows Curly Bill to grab the leg of Allah, preventing the challenger’s climb!]

LC: Ahhh, I hate to see this. I may not be a big fan of Odysseus Allah but I AM a huge fan of fair play and this is dirty right here. This is Curly Bill trying to save his man’s title and Allah deserves a fair shot at winning it.

BW: Sounds like someone who can talk a big game about beating anyone on any given night but knows deep down that Odin Gunn would turn him into road kill.

LD: Ben, try to be nice to our guest.

LC: It’s alright, Mrs. Dane. I knew what I was signing on for coming out here.

[A struggling Allah kicks Webb off, starting his climb again...]

LD: Allah kicks free, heading up top but-

[...but the crowd groans as Gunn lumbers into the corner, grabbing the climbing Allah by the throat!]

LD: -he gets caught! Gunn caught him thanks to Curly Bill and...

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: ..BIG SLAM OFF THE TOOOOOP!

[Allah cries out, having been slammed off the top rope by the undefeated World Television Champion who collapses back into the corner...]

LD: Allah goes down hard from that slam... and Odin Gunn’s looking to do even more damage as he tries to finish him off, keep that undefeated streak intact, and keep that World Television Title around his waist. Odysseus Allah has put up a stiff challenge to take that title but-

[Suddenly, a voice - strained and slurring - rings out.]

LD: -oh brother.

[The camera cuts to show Dirt Dog Unique Allah emerging from the entrance above the staircase, shouting towards the ring...]

LD: Dirt Dog Unique Allah out here, letting Curly Bill hear it...

BW: He stayed back there for as long as he could, Dane... but if Curly Bill's going to get involved, so is Dirt Dog Unique Allah.

LD: Whether his son likes it or not?

[DDUA is struggling to get down the stairs safely, his footing failing him a few times as he staggers...]

LD: Can someone help him please? He's going to break his neck on those stairs!

[...but he finally gets to the floor, still shouting as he walks towards the ring where Odin Gunn is throwing a death glare in his direction.]

LD: Look at that. If looks could kill.

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

LD: You can hear the call there. Seven minutes gone in this ten minute time limit and only three to go and- LOOK OUT!

[Reaching ringside, Dirt Dog Unique Allah throws himself at Curly Bill, wrapping his hands around the throat of the manager to the laughter and joy of the fans!]

LD: We've got a fight on the outside!

[Inside the ring, Odin Gunn rams Odysseus Allah into the corner, hammering his chest with heavy blows again...

...and the crowd "oooooooohs!" as Dirt Dog shoves Webb down on the floor!]

LD: Two former wrestlers going at it on the floor... and Dirt Dog gets the edge for the moment as he-

[Full of fighting spirits, Dirt Dog climbs up on the apron, shouting at Odin Gunn...

...who rushes forward, swinging a leg up and BOOTING Allah off the apron to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: So much for that.

[But with Gunn glaring down at Dirt Dog, Odysseus strikes hard, DRIVING his shoulder into the back of the Samoan Cowboy's knee...]

LD: HE CLIPS HIM! CLIPPED GUNN FROM BEHIND!

LC: Time is ticking and Odysseus knows it!

[...and drags him down into an awkward-looking schoolboy, waiting until the official goes down to count to swing his legs up to rest on the middle rope for leverage!]

LC: FEET ON THE ROPES!

LD: HE'S GOT ONE! HE'S GOT TWO! HE'S GOT THE TI-

[But just before the three count lands, Curly Bill makes his way up and shoves the feet off the ropes to break the pin!]

LD: CURLY BILL SAVES THE TITLE!

[A pissed off Odysseus gets up, diving through the ropes and getting right up in the face of Curly Bill who doesn't back down, giving the verbal abuse as well as he's getting it...

...which brings the Texas Ranger into the mix, looking to intervene...]

LD: A little over two minutes left in this and Allah's gotta get back in-

[...and Allah whips around to SMASH a right hand into the jaw of the masked Ranger, knocking him backwards...]

LD: -OHH! What a shot on the Ranger and-

[Grabbing the Ranger by the mask, Allah whips him around and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...HURLS the masked man into the announce area, sending him crashing right into "Cannonball" Lee Connors who falls out of his chair, his headset dropping off his head with a "CLUNK!"]

LD: Lee! Lee! Are you okay?!

[A sneering Allah backs away, walking right past his laid out father to climb up on the ring apron...]

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

[...but before he can get back in, his kneeling father reaches up to grab him by the leg.]

LD: What is he..?! He's got his son by the leg!

[A shouted "LET GO!" from Odysseus falls on deaf ears as Dirt Dog uses his grip to drag himself back to his feet shouting "YOU GOT THIS, SON! YOU GOT THIS MUHFUH DEAD TO RIGHTS!" The younger Allah again shouts "LET GO OF ME!" at his father who finally obliges...

...an instant too late as Odin Gunn rushes his challenger from the blind side, connecting with a running tackle that sends Odysseus sailing off the apron, crashing down on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: DOWN GOES ODYSSEUS ON THE OUTSIDE!

BW: His own father caused that one, Dane.

LD: He sure did... and finally, we can see Lee Connors getting back to his feet over here. He was shaken up by that crash and-

[Dirt Dog Unique Allah drags his son off the floor, shouting and slurring an apology as an angry Lee Connors approaches...]

LD: Uh oh... we've got a problem here.

[...and then DDUU pushes past his son, shouting "I GOT THIS!" and confronts Connors by shoving him!]

LD: Oh, come on!

[Connors angrily steps back, fuming...]

LD: HIGH KICK!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the high kick whiffs as Allah slumps down, the foot SMASHING into the temple of Odysseus Allah!]

LD: OHH! HE KICKED HIM FLUSH! HE DIDN'T MEAN TO BUT-

BW: WHY THE HELL DOES THAT MATTER?! HE INTERFERED IN A TITLE MATCH! HE SHOULD BE SUSPENDED!

[Odysseus staggers backwards, spinning to slump over the apron which is Odin Gunn's cue to reach over the ropes...]

LD: Wait, wait, wait...

BW: This is Connors' fault! I told you, Dane! I told you he was out here to cause trouble!

LD: Gunn dragging Allah off the floor... lifting him over up on his shoulders...

[With Allah in a fireman's carry, Gunn steps away from the ropes to center ring...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: SAAAAAMOAN CATTLEBUSTERRRRRR!

[Gunn rolls over, taking the lateral press...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and a weary Gunn rolls off of a defeated Allah, having successfully survived yet another title challenge.]

LD: Odin Gunn retains... and the streak continues!

BW: Look, I'm a big Odin Gunn fan, Dane... but even I gotta admit this one stinks. Connors got involved. The old man Allah got involved. Odin Gunn retains the title and he won't lose any sleep over how it happened but this has gotta be absolutely crushing for Odysseus Allah.

[Connors looks up at the ring, a disappointed expression on his face.]

LD: Lee Connors looking in there... knowing him, he's upset over how all this went down as-

BW: Oh, cry me a river, Dane! Connors is upset?! This was his fault! Odysseus Allah could make one hell of a case that he had the title in serious jeopardy until Connors got involved!

LD: Allah GOT Connors involved! He threw the Ranger into him! This is on him as well, Ben! This whole thing is...

[Odin Gunn rolls from the ring, joining a celebrating Curly Bill and Texas Ranger on the outside...]

LD: The champ retains, the streak lives on... and I suppose that's the headline coming out of this one but the saga between Connors and the Allahs is far from over as well.

BW: And don't forget that Odin Gunn just locked it in that by the end of the weekend, he'll be in third place in that TV Title reign history list.

LD: Fans, it's been an exciting night of action here in Hour One on Showtime on ESPN and we've still got a whole lot more to go... and don't forget, we are commercial free ALL... NIGHT... LONG... thanks to all of the AWA's great sponsors like Topps, like Subway, like Under Armour and so many more... and right now, we're going to step back to the locker room area for a moment and hear from a couple more AWA competitors as Hour Two starts...

[Dramatic pause.]

LD: ...right now!

[We fade from the inside of the warehouse arena to pre-recorded footage of a dimly lit alleyway, rain dripping from fire escapes. A black cat slinks across the screen before Felicia Love steps into the shot. Her white hair cascades over her shoulders, her black catsuit clinging like a second skin, the fur-lined collar framing her smug, mischievous smirk. Her cat-like black eyes glint, but there's no warmth - only danger.]

FL: Lily Driscoll... let me see if I understand this correctly. You're afraid. You're terrified that the AWA is going to mistreat you because of your brother but you make sure to use the Driscoll name?

[Felicia's lips curve into a slow, mocking smile. Her eyes widen, eyebrows arching as if she's just heard something ridiculous.]

FL: How... tragic.

[She shakes her head, exhaling sharply, amusement flickering into something colder. Her arms unfold, and she takes a step forward.]

FL: Do you know what it's like to be ignored? To be overlooked day after day, match after match? To fight and claw your way to the top, only for people to pretend you don't exist?

[Felicia suddenly snaps her fingers, the sound echoing in the empty space. She leans in slightly, her eyes narrowing.]

FL: I do.

[She lets that hang in the air, her expression hardening, the smirk gone.]

FL: I have always been ignored, undervalued, and abused. Overlooked because I was too small. In P*WIN, I was treated like I was nothing. In the AWA, I was

overlooked while lesser competitors got chance after chance. In CCW, they pretended like I had no experience. I have spent too long waiting for my moment.

[Felicia straightens up, her chest rising as she takes a breath. The smirk returns, this time sharper, more dangerous.]

FL: But I am done waiting. And Lily, I have no mercy for you. No time for your whining.

[Felicia lifts her gloved hand, flexing her fingers like claws, her voice turning to a soft, venomous purr.]

FL: You are stepping into the ring with a woman who has everything to prove and nothing to lose. You are stepping into the ring with the Black Cat. And I am going to claw your face off, take the Brass Ring, and make sure that from this moment on...

[She flashes her signature grin, her dark eyes gleaming.]

FL: The only name anyone remembers is Felicia Love.

[She turns on her heel, flipping her hair over her shoulder as she struts off-camera. The screen fades to black as the words appear in bold, white letters:
"THE BLACK CAT IS COMING. SORRY FOR YOUR BAD LUCK."

And we fade back to live action backstage where we find new AWA interviewer Lucy St. Clair standing.]

LSC: It's been an exciting night here for my debut edition of Showtime on ESPN and it promises to only get better because later tonight, the Women's World Tag Team Titles will be on the line when Harley Hamilton and Cinder - the duo known as Seductive and Destructive - defend against my guests at this time - the Peach Pits!

[The camera shot pulls back a bit as a focused Shannon Walsh and a practically giddy Kelly Taylor come into view. Taylor is bouncing with excitement as Walsh rolls her neck, staying stoic. Lucy St. Clair grins at the duo... and then looks around with a little confusion.]

LSC: Welcome ladies... but aren't we short one? I was told-

[Kelly holds up a hand with a smile to cut her off.]

KT: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... BOYS AND GIRLS... AWA FANS OF ALL AGES... PLEASE WELCOME... IN HER SHOWTIME RETURN... THE ONE... THE ONLY...

IT'S... DONNNNNNAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[And with that stellar introduction, Donna Martinelli comes tearing into view, a mile-wide smile on her face as she dives into an embrace with a giggling Kelly Taylor... and then wraps up an unwilling Shannon Walsh in a hug as well before turning back to the interviewer.]

DM: New Mariah? Or... new Theresa? Whatever, I can't be bothered with it all. Because I'm baaaaaaaaack!

[St. Clair nods.]

LSC: And a giant "welcome back" to you, Donna. Returning from an injury to that arm...

[Martinelli glances at the brace wrapped around her arm with a nod.]

LSC: ...but also fresh off what must have been a huge moment for you in the Rumble when you eliminated your mentor, Laura Davis!

[Martinelli smirks as she holds up a finger to her lips.]

DM: Maybe not so much with that. I haven't talked to Laura since Monday and... uhhh... I am NOT looking forward to that conversation. But what I AM looking forward to is tonight, New Theresa. I am looking forward to being back out here with my girls... and I am looking forward to getting another crack at the tag team titles.

LSC: You have to admit though - the momentum is ALL on the side of the champions. The 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner. The 2018 Rumble winner. The woman who will now walk into MSG and challenge for the World Title.

[Donna nods.]

DM: Hey... you gotta give 'em credit. They've been on a roll lately. Pretty much since last year at SuperClash. But so have we... and if it wasn't for this busted up arm of mine, it might be US standing here holding the titles right now.

[Kelly grins, nodding big.]

DM: And if we had the titles, maybe it would be Shannon who would've gone the distance and won the Rumble instead of getting eliminated right away when the match had barely gotten started!

[Walsh turns slightly, glaring at her outspoken partner.]

DM: But none of that matters now, Mini-Mariah. What matters now is that I'm back, we're back, and we're coming for those titles tonight. So sorry, Harley and Cindy... but all good things must come to an end...

[She points at the camera with a flourish.]

DM: ...for you!

[With a giggle, she beckons her partners into a group hug, fully enveloping Kelly Taylor... and just barely getting her fingertips on a reluctant Shannon Walsh.]

LSC: Together again and we wouldn't miss it when the Peach Pits challenge for the World Tag Team Titles later tonight! Let's go back down to ringside right here on Showtime on ESPN to our good friends Lori Dane and Ben Waterson!

[We fade from the backstage area to ringside as promised where Dane and Waterson await.]

LD: Thanks, Lucy... and welcome aboard! Ben, up next, we have a match with a bit of mystery around it. It's scheduled to be the Lariatos in action, but as we saw a few days ago at Memorial Day Mayhem, Ayako Fujiwara was mauled by Kurayami.

BW: In the ring and out. I haven't seen a beating like that in a long time, it was great!

LD: "Great" is hardly the word I'd use to describe it... never the less, Ayako was taken to the hospital on a stretcher, and we have not heard any word on her status since then. This match was scheduled prior to Memorial Day Mayhem and what happened during the Rumble, and we understand that Kimmy Bailey insisted that it happen as scheduled.

BW: And because she's Juan Vasquez and Michelle Bailey's kid, we buckled like a belt to her whims, didn't we?

LD: I have not received word from the truck about a change, and we have two opponents in the ring waiting, so... I don't know, Ben. I do know that Ayako is not here today.

BW: You don't think the brat's stupid enough to try and wrestle by herself, do you?

LD: There's only one way to find out the answer to your inflammatory question. Megumi, take it away!

[We cut to the inside of the ring, where Megumi Sato stands in the center. Standing behind her is referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller, along with two women dressed in head-to-toe ninja outfits, one in pink, one in white.]

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

Introducing first, both hailing from Iga in Mie Prefecture in Japan, at a total combined weight of 258 pounds... PINK! WHITE! THE KUNOICHI!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[The female ninja both strike elaborate poses, with paper kabuki streamer coils shooting from their fingers to mild surprise from the audience. As they clean up their streamers, we can see Megumi roll her eyes at the faux ninjas, then she touches the IFB in her ear. After a few moments of her nodding her head, she brings the microphone to her mouth once more.]

MS: Their opponents!

First, hailing from Pinehurst, North Carolina, weighing 191 pounds...

KIMMYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAILEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[Megumi touches the IFB in her ear once again, a rare look of confusion on the ring announcer's face, but the fuzzy riffs of "Only Shallow" by My Bloody Valentine start over the sound system and the Temple audience immediately roars with recognition as the rookie sensation storms out from the entrance. Dressed in a pink and black zebra striped singlet, along with a black sports bra, black kneepads, and black boots, Kimmy also wears a black headband around her forehead, the length of which blends in with her long ponytail.]

BW: Just like I expected! She really is dumb!

LD: You can see on Megumi's face, though, and I can hear the discussion in my own headset, Ben! She is not supposed to be out here without a partner! This is a tag team match!

BW: How can you get these conversations but I can't?

LD: You've shown you can't be trusted with vital information.

[As she makes her way to ringside, we see a frantic Katrina Coleman running behind her, still wearing her ring gear from earlier in the evening. As Kimmy walks up the ring steps, Katrina leaps onto the ring apron to meet Kimmy, motioning and saying she'll be Kimmy's partner. Kimmy arches an eyebrow, then takes hold of the tag rope in the corner and hands it to Katrina, as the ringside microphones can hear her saying "hold this and don't move". Megumi sees the confirmation and relays it to the audience.]

MS: Her partner, substituting for the injured Ayako Fujiwara, from Crystal River, Florida, weighing 138 pounds...

KATRIIIIIIIINAAAAAAA COLLLLLLLLLLEMAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNN!

[As Coleman, clutching the tag rope, waves to the audience and Megumi Sato leaves the ring, we see Bailey cracking her knuckles and glaring at her opponents while the music fades. Bailey appears to be muttering to herself, and as she talks, the look on Coleman's face gets progressively more horrified.]

BW: What did I do to deserve a double dip of this dork?

LD: I was getting the full story from the truck, Ben. It seems that the Lariatos kept Ayako Fujiwara's status a mystery because Kimmy Bailey wanted to blow off some steam after what happened in the Rumble and didn't think the front office would approve giving her a handicap match. I'm also being told that she made a request of Interim President Maxim Zharkov to air... something... and that footage is being processed to show after this match. There's some conflicting information about how that unfolded.

BW: So are we going to see some fines or suspensions for that deliberate act of subterfuge?

LD: I understand she can consider herself warned.

BW: That's low, Dane.

["Blue Shoes" calls for the bell after Kunoichi White leaves the ring, and as soon as the bell sounds, Kimmy Bailey stampedes across the ring with a roar, clobbering Kunoichi Pink with a boot right to the jaw!]

LD: Good heavens! Kimmy Bailey with a kick right to Kunoichi Pink's face!

BW: Did I hear Megumi right? She's 191 pounds now?

LD: She had been bulking up in recent weeks for the Rumble, looking to pack even more muscle onto that already powerful frame. It's my understanding that her next goal is 200 pounds.

BW: She has to be careful, she doesn't want to get too bulky.

[As Bailey grabs Pink by the throat and hoists her into the air with a military press, she raises and lowers the ninja for five reps before slamming her to the mat with a resounding thud!]

LD: Somehow I think she'll manage.

BW: I'm serious, Dane. There are a lot of wrestlers who try to go solely on power and they become too one-dimensional.

[Bailey grabs Pink by the waistband of her outfit, hoisting her to her feet and shoving her into the corner, where she makes the tag to Kunoichi White. White leaps into the ring, trying for a springboard dropkick...]

LD: CAUGHT!

[...but Bailey takes a couple of steps in, catching White across her shoulder, then spinning around and spiking her to the mat with a bodyslam!]

LD: Ben, I think a lot of criticism about Kimmy Bailey's ability and being too power-focused was valid BEFORE her Rumble performance. But she lasted over 45 minutes and tied Harley Hamilton for the most eliminations in the match. Considering 30 of those 45 minutes were spent in emotional distress after Kurayami's attack on Ayako Fujiwara - and considering she even eliminated Kurayami herself! - that showed us a lot of grit.

BW: You may not want to hear this, but that's just one performance. It's going to take a lot of convincing followup before that moves from "fluke" to "legitimate starmaking performance."

[As Katrina Coleman remains frozen in the corner, clutching the tag rope as instructed by Kimmy Bailey, Bailey grabs Kunoichi White by the collar and brings her to her feet. She then pats the side of the ninja's face, audibly saying "bless your heart", before...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"LARIATOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...DRILLING her with a short-range lariat, sending her spiraling through the air and landing on her face! We get a zoom shot of Coleman, eyes as wide as saucers, in the corner, as Bailey glares at the fallen Kunoichi at her feet.]

LD: My oh my! That might be a knockout shot!

BW: You're not going to scream out the name of the move?

LD: The audience just did it for me, Ben! Imagine if she had built up a head of steam and caught her with that!

[Bailey drags White to the Kunoichi corner and grabs the wrist of Pink, making the two ninjas tag each other. She then pulls Pink into the ring, dragging her with a half-nelson, before suddenly lifting her up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: HALF NELSON SUPLEX! SHADES OF HER FATHER!

BW: I don't think she's done yet either, Dane...

[Bailey grabs Pink by the arms, pulling her up until she can hoist the ninja up by her armpits, then bends at the knees and hoists Pink into the air...]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

LD: Air Kunoichi!

[Bailey lifts Pink as though she were going for a backdrop suplex, but spins the ninja in mid-air and drops her with a powerbomb, hitting the mat with a sickening crash!]

LD: That's Pegasus Wings! We've seen her use that move in the past!

[Instead of holding for the pin, though, Bailey storms over to the Kunoichi corner, grabbing the barely-conscious Kunoichi White, lifting her over her head and holding her by her armpits, walking her over onto her partner...]

"THUDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where Bailey slams White onto Pink with a crucifix powerbomb!]

LD: DEATH MOUNTAIN!

BW: And Dane, Kurayami powerbombed Fujiwara onto her during the Rumble! You think...

LD: You better believe she's sending a message to Kurayami!

[Bailey holds up her index finger, then places it on top of the stacked bodies of Kunoichi White and Pink. As Pete Miller drops down to count, Bailey looks at the shocked Katrina Coleman, still holding the tag rope in the corner, and says "thanks babe." Coleman just nods her head and can be seen mouthing "you're welcome".]

LD: One finger covering two ninjas, and that will get the three-count here in this utterly dominant win for Kimmy Bailey!

BW: I was about to say, you better not credit Katrina Coleman at all. She never tagged in!

LD: She never needed to! Kimmy Bailey was absolutely dominant from the moment this match started!

[We see a replay of the short-range lariat.]

LD: Take another look at this lariat. She didn't run. She didn't even take a step. From a standing position, just swinging her arm, look at what she does to Kunoichi White.

[As Bailey is about to connect, we see the replay go slow-motion, and White gets utterly obliterated by the lariat, the momentum of the strike forcing White to spiral through the air and land on her face and chest.]

LD: I know you can't stand Juan Vasquez and naturally that means Kimmy Bailey is on your bad side, but Ben, you have to admit, that's impressive.

BW: I don't have to admit anything. She came in outweighing these women by about 60 pounds each, she better be able to overpower them too.

LD: Then of course, she hits Kunoichi Pink with Pegasus Wings, then Kunoichi White with that Death Mountain crucifix powerbomb, and she pins them both with one finger.

BW: I don't get how someone that cocky is able to get this kind of response from the fans.

LD: The real question, though... where is Ayako Fujiwara, and what's her condition? Kimmy Bailey has a microphone, let's see if she can shed some light on the subject.

[We cut from the replays back to the ring, where Kimmy Bailey waves to a departing Katrina Coleman. She then points around the building.]

KB: Every place we go to has got cameras in every little nook and cranny, so I know y'all caught me havin' my chat with the Interim Boss. I want everyone to see it, and I got somethin' I wanna say about it. Come on. Let's roll it.

[Kimmy motions with her hand, and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we cut to footage marked with "MOMENTS AGO", inside of the office of Interim President Maxim Zharkov. The door opens and Kimmy Bailey walks in.]

MZ: Please, take seat.

[Kimmy shakes her head.]

KB: Standin' is fine.

[Zharkov gives a slight nod.]

MZ: I understand you have request to make.

KB: Yeah. You know what happened at the Rumble, so I don't think I gotta ask you for what I want.

[Another slight nod from Zharkov.]

MZ: You will not like the answer.

[Kimmy glares at Zharkov, her hands balling into fists.]

MZ: Kurayami was on one match deal. She has gone back to Japan, and you have obligations here.

[Kimmy's fists start to tremble with anger, as Zharkov looks past Kimmy.]

MZ: Though obligations were for Lariatos. One Lariato is injured.

[Kimmy's hands stop trembling, realizing what the Interim President is saying, as Zharkov takes the pencil from behind his ear and starts writing on his clipboard.]

MZ: "Card subject to change", da?

[Kimmy steps forward, holding her hand out.]

KB: May I?

[Zharkov hands her the clipboard and pencil, and Kimmy writes something down. She hands it back to Zharkov, and a smirk comes across the Interim President's face.]

MZ: Good idea. You get a partner for tonight and wrestle, I will make this call.

[Kimmy spins on her heel and walks out of the room. With another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we are back to live action Kimmy staring at the hard camera, seething, before she shouts out in anger.]

KB: KURAYAMI! YOU AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A COWARD!

[The crowd roars at the rookie's outburst, as she motions with her hand for the audience to calm down.]

KB: You think you can show up, attack Ayako, send her to the hospital, and just walk away clean? Well, this show's gonna air in Japan. I know you're gonna sit in your home, bein' as ugly as homemade sin, and you're gonna watch. You're gonna listen to my words, and you're gonna laugh and think it's just some cocky rookie shootin' her mouth off about somethin' she can't back up. In the back of your head, though, I want you to hold this in your memory, I want you to look in these...

[Kimmy points at her eyes.]

KB: ...and you better know I'm goin' to back up every word I'm sayin'. You don't want to come to me? I ain't worth your time to board a plane? Fine, I'll come to you. I'll come to Japan, I'll kick down the door to your home, and I'll make you choke on every single laugh you had at Ayako Fujiwara's expense. My mama said an eye for an eye don't do nothin' but make the whole world blind, so Kurayami, I ain't comin' for your eye.

[Kimmy points her finger back at the hard camera.]

KB: I'm comin' to break your legs.

[The crowd gasps in shock at the frankness of Kimmy's threat, as she drops the microphone and leaves the ring. On her way out, she shouts "LARIATOS!", and the crowd responds back in kind, giving her a loud "LARIATOS!" back.]

LD: Fans, I think it's clear that Kimmy Bailey wants Kurayami in the worst way!

BW: Dane, we've seen what Kurayami can do. Hell, that brat saw what Kurayami can do up close! The smart thing to do is forget Kurayami, forget any beef in Japan, keep your nose out of this, and stay healthy!

LD: You know full well she's not going to do that!

BW: That's why she's not going to celebrate the one year anniversary of her career starting, Dane. This is a suicide mission if she wants to chase Kurayami.

LD: It's my understanding that, until Ayako Fujiwara recovers and is cleared by the medical staff, Interim President Zharkov will let Kimmy Bailey wrestle as a single, and is going to try and get her that match against Kurayami. Fans, we'll keep you posted on that, but up next... our cameras caught up with Allahs just moments after Odysseus' failed attempt to break the undefeated streak of Odin Gunn and capture the World Television Title. Let's hear from father and son in the aftermath of that defeat...

[We fade to previously recorded footage backstage in the warehouse known as the Temple of Boyle Heights. It is far less glamorous than one might expect from the backstage area at a major televised event on ESPN for the world's grandest professional wrestling company but so it goes.]

Odysseus Allah storms into frame, pushing past the cameras as he comes through the curtains. The cameraman rushes to keep up with Allah's determined pace, causing the camera image to be shaky. Allah makes a beeline directly for Mariah Wolfe, sweat still pouring off him, hair wild and his face red with rage. Before Wolfe can even ask her first question, Odysseus Allah snatches the mic out of her hand. Behind him, his father, Dirt Dog Unique Allah rushes into the picture, pacing like a caged animal, shouting at anyone within earshot.]

"They robbed my boy tonight! They robbed him! Lee Connors - you kicked my son in the face like a dog! Odin Gunn, you're still breathing because they kept me out of that ring! This ain't over, not by a long shot! You hear me, Boyle Heights? You hear me, AWA? You hear me, world?!

[Odysseus turns, glaring at his father. The camera zooms in on him as his breathing slows, the wild energy melting into something sharper - colder.]

OA: That's enough, Pops. I got this. You want revenge? Me too. You raised me on revenge, remember. But tonight... tonight was personal.

I had Odin Gunn dead to rights. That World Television Title should be mine right now. I had him all mapped out. But then - like the vulture he is - Lee Connors

swoops in and sticks his boot in my face. You think I'll forget about that? You think because you buried the blade in my back that we buried the hatchet? Nah, dog. We just sharpened it.

[He steps closer to the camera, the intensity building.]

OA: Two weeks. Portland. IIWF Coliseum. We gon' run this fade. In fact, Cannonball, since we're in Portland let's reach back into the wayback machine. Let's give them the match that built empires.

Seven Tables of Fear.

[Dirt Dog leans over the mic, steering it sloppily towards him.]

DDUA: Oh yeah! Seven Tables of Fear!

[Odysseus snatches it back.]

OA: Allah versus Connors. Just me, you, and seven ways to end a man's career.

[Unique Allah starts shouting into the mic.]

DDUA: Tell 'em, son! Break him in half! Show 'em what Allahs do!

OA: (deadly calm) Lee... when I see you in Portland, it's about ending the problem.

Seven Tables of Fear isn't just a match - it's a blueprint.

A complete view of how to defeat you.

[Odysseus drops the mic to the concrete floor with a hard clatter. Unique Allah is still shouting, but Odysseus walks off, eyes forward, deadly calm. The camera lingers on Mariah Wolfe, stunned, as the scene drops back to live action where it's Sweet Daddy Williams standing on the arena floor. The crowd cheers upon seeing the AWA ambassador who gives a grin and a wave.]

SDW: Lemme hear ya, Boyle Heights!

[A big cheer goes up this time!]

SDW: Well, allllllriiiiiight! Mariah ran off to take care of some business which left me to take care of some too. And I'm out here to talk about Tiger Claw.

[The crowd jeers the mention of the wrestler-turned-trainer-turned-manager.]

SDW: That's right, I feel the same way. Ever since that no good polecat stabbed his best friend in the back last year at SuperClash... ever since he showed his true colors and hung his star student out to dry... ever since he let the world know what kind of man he REALLY is by going against the wishes of men he stood by and bled with in Robert Donovan and Bobby Taylor.. I ain't had much time for the likes of Tiger Claw. But it turns out, I ain't alone in that. See, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan real recently stood up for themselves and they let President Zharkov know that Claw didn't speak for them... that they want their title shot... and I'm hearin' they're gonna get it real soon.

[There's a good crowd reaction for the idea of Taylor/Donovan versus Team Supreme for the tag titles.]

SDW: You know it. But see, that done put a horn under the bonnet of ol' Tiger Claw. He sent us this video and... well, I ain't one for doin' the man's press, so just watch it for yourself.

[We fade from the popular Williams live in the Temple...

...to a small, nicely furnished room. The design of some of the seats and the windows along two facing walls give the impression that this is the interior of a private plane. The carpeting is dark, with beige walls and ceiling. There's a bank of the aforementioned flight seats to the left, and on the right is a more comfortable looking seat behind a table. In that chair, in his black suit, sits Tiger Claw. He looks out one of the windows as he speaks...]

TC: I'm told it's ironic for me to have been betrayed by Taylor and Donovan. Isn't that what everyone's saying? After I betrayed my best friend in the business... one of the biggest betrayals in our sport... maybe it's fitting that my trust is exploited, hmm? Perhaps I'm getting what's coming to me.

[Claw turns his head to face the camera]

TC: Trust me, a pair of whelps with overprotective fathers is nothing compared to what I have coming to me.

[Claw stares into the camera for a moment like he's about to burn a hole into the lens. Suddenly, he shrugs.]

TC: Do what you have to, Donovan. You and your tag team partner go ahead and forge your own path. In all honesty, I wish you the best. The mistake made in this situation was mine. It was my mistake in thinking that you two had the strength of purpose to follow my lead. I'll admit, not everyone can. I'm not going to hold that against you.

What I offered was a quick path to the top, boys. With me at your side, you could have reached heights you couldn't imagine. Instead, you allowed your mediocre fathers to keep you stuck in a rut. I understand the difficulty in turning from people so important to you. You were placed in a difficult position, and in difficult positions, people make unwise decisions. Maybe with enough time, you'd both realize that.

[Claw stretches his neck a bit.]

TC: Unfortunately, I'm not willing to sit idly by and wait for the two of you to realize what's right. I have my plans, and I guess at this point, they'll no longer involve Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor. I now have to decide who I am going to approach, and that's why I'm currently flying on this plane.

I'm heading out on a trip to a number of countries to scout talent. I'm looking for diamonds in the rough out there, athletes who can be guided, and haven't been corrupted by out of date mindsets. I'm traveling the world to bring a greater challenge to the AWA roster and foster in a new age of combat.

[Claw smirks faintly, steepling his fingers together on the table in front of him.]

TC: When I step off this plane, the countdown begins. Every handshake I make, every signature I secure... it brings me closer to building an army that this company will not be able to contain.

Donovan. Taylor. Walking away from me will not spare you. When I return, we can resolve our business differences. Be warned, though, I will not be alone.

[Claw sits back again, calm, collected, almost amused.]

TC: That said, to the rest of the AWA, enjoy my time away. Things will be much more intense when I return...

[Claw turns his head back toward the window. The camera lingers on his cold expression reflected in the glass before fading to black...

...and then back up to the Temple where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell backstage.]

SLB: From east to west, he knows ya already know his name... Tiger Claw out on a little world tour scouting to figure out who he wants to sign to the Claw Fight Team after his recent troubles with Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan who seem to have shunned Mr. Claw's managerial services... and speaking of former Tiger Claw associates... back at Memorial Day Mayhem, we saw quite the brutal attack unfold at the conclusion of the six man tag team match between Team Supreme's Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad and the team of Brian James, Shadoe Rage, and Jackson Hunter. Let's take a look at that... and when we come back, we'll have a medical update from our own Doc Ponavitch.

[We fade to footage marked "MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM" where we see Paris Crawford scaling the turnbuckles as Cain Jackson forces Brian James down on the mat, spreading his arm across 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 fade from one set of pre-recorded footage to another where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell sitting alongside Dr. Bob Ponavitch, an x-ray of an arm up on the board behind them.]

SLB: Dr. Ponavitch, we've seen - once again - the brutal attack on Brian James at the hands of Team Supreme... and I've asked you to join me here today to give the fans an update on Mr. James' medical condition.

[The AWA's resident head physician nods.]

DP: Unfortunately, Lou... the damage was just as bad as I feared that night... perhaps worse. We're dealing with a badly fractured wrist as you can see from the film...

[Ponavitch jerks a thumb back at the x-ray, indicating something that most of us can't decipher.]

DP: Now, while Mr. James was lucky enough to be able to have surgery almost immediately to address the injury, he will NOT be lucky enough to avoid a lengthy absence away from the ring.

[Blackwell reacts.]

SLB: Lengthy, huh? What are we talking here, Doc?

[Ponavitch shakes his head thoughtfully.]

DP: I'd say he'll be lucky to be back in... six to eight weeks... at minimum.

[Blackwell grimaces.]

SLB: All thanks to Team Supreme.

[Ponavitch nods as we slowly fade to yet another pre-recorded piece of footage where we see Mariah Wolfe standing backstage at an undisclosed AWA event. Wolfe looks quite alarmed as Shadoe Rage is back there, dressed all in black, pacing with black Air Force energy. His intense amber eyes are wild. His violence leaps off the screen. He's cranked up to 15 already. But mostly what keeps Mariah quiet, tense, and terrified is the steel chair in Rage's hands. Rage glares at Wolfe and then at the microphone in hand. Nervously, Wolfe extends it so Rage's ragged voice can be heard loudly and clearly as he never stops pacing with that chair clutched in both hands.]

SR: Oh yeah! Team Supreme! You think you're supreme? You think you're strutting around here like the cocks of the walk because you broke Brian James'

wrist. Think that makes you tough? Think that makes you untouchable? Nah nah nah, it makes you marked men, dig it! Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, and...

[Rage's voice takes on a mocking tone.]

SR: ...the perfect weapon, Paris Crawford... the pain you gave out at Memorial Day Mayhem is comin' back tenfold, yeah! You tried to take away James' career? You tried to destroy the Engine of Destruction? You tried to cripple us? What you did was light a fire! And now it's burnin' hotter than ever before! Freak out, man! It's burning outta control!

"SMACK!" "SMACK!" "SMACK!"

[Rage dents the chair with his forehead by headbutting it repeatedly. Wolfe jerks her arm back causing Rage to lean closer as he speaks again.]

SR: Revenge, oh it's SOOO sweet, yeah! So sweet my tooth is throbbing. Because I'm gonna get revenge on all three of you. I'm gonna break your pride, I'm gonna break your unity, I'm gonna break your so-called supremacy, YEAH! Cain Jackson-

[Jackson Hunter steps into frame, pulling Shadoe by the arm, talking straight into camera in a strangely dad-coded tone of voice.]

JH: Hold up - that's a perfectly good chair you're wrecking there, Shadoe. See, I didn't care for Brian James, and near as I could tell, the feeling was mutual. But we respected one another. Especially when he had my back like no one else did. Dirty Old Workhorses like Shadoe and I... we have a code, Team Supreme. That code is: you send one of ours to the hospital, we send one of yours to the morgue. Total Retaliation.

[Shadoe echoes loudly in the background.]

SR: TOTAL RETALIATION!

JH: ...Because the past cannot be changed, the future must be protected. We can't undo Team Supreme's Tag Title victory, but if they think they can line up challengers and snort them at their leisure to pad their record... then it is time for a swift dose of reality upside their head.

[Rage is packing in the background, echoing Hunter with a "UPSIDE THEIR HEAD!"]

JH: And Supreme, speaking to the toxic alpha who would rule the AWA in order to fill the daddy-shaped hole in his soul. Myself and Shadoe both shared the ring with "Fast" Freddie Wright... sir. And while you have all of Roosevelt's skills, you have none of Freddie's guile!

[Shadoe steps back in, pointing at the camera, his voice thunderous.]

SR: NONE OF FREDDIE'S GUILLE! I'm freaking out in my mind, man. This man right here?

[Rage jabs his finger into Hunter's chest.]

SR: I just learned to like him! This man right here?

[Another jab of the finger.]

SR: I just learned to trust him! This man right here?

[Hunter steps back from the third incoming poke.]

SR: He's a hundred percent right. WE'RE DOING THIS FOR THE ENGINE! REVENGE IS GONNA TASTE SO SWEET!

You're going straight to Rage Country, Team Supreme, and WATCH OUT because I'm mad, he's dangerous and Cain... you're just big... Martinez... you're just slow and Crawford... you're just an annoying little-

[Hunter cuts Rage off before he says something to get them yanked offstage.]

JH: Let's just say that we hate Team Supreme... a lot. We hate them as much as all the members of Team Supreme that aren't Supreme Wright presumably hate themselves. And in the event that Mx. Crawford, or Cain Jackson, or AJ try to get cute with either of us, I have an insurance policy in place. Because if myself, or Shadoe Rage find our careers cut short for any reason other than voluntary retirement...

Let's just say I know someone who is ready, willing, even eager to be set loose on someone very close to you.

[Wolfe is about to interject with a question, but looks over her shoulder, as even Rage muttering, "can't stop here... Rage Country..." is nerve-wracking enough.]

JH: Ah, there I go again, getting ahead of myself, setting up a Dead Man's Switch. Of course, I'm getting off topic, which is, of course, culturejamming Supreme Wright and Team Supreme. Shadoe and I despair, because it seems that the big corporate multinational behemoth that is Team Supreme seems to want to impose their vision of cheap, disposable, fast fashion brand of wrestling on genuine craftsmen like us. Supreme has deemed that all belts that Team Supreme obtain belong to him.

[Hunter pops the woolen collar on his black denim jean jacket and says into the camera, with a hint of arrogant irony.]

JH: What kind of lowlife backdoors their way into AWA Championship gold, anyway, Supreme? Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter are ARTISTS, Team Supreme. We, respectively, are auteurs of chaos and misery. And I think our artistic manifesto against Supreme Wright and everything he stands for would look best written across the AWA World Tag Team titles, written in the blood of KAMS.

[Rage jumps back into the shot, fit to be tied as he shouts into the mic.]

SR: THIS IS THE TWILIGHT ZONE! THIS IS THE DANGER ZONE!! THIS IS RAGE COUNTRY!!! Population you and us! You and us! And we're about to expel you from our borders! I'm gonna kill two birds with one stone. I'm gonna wear gold in 2018 and I'm gonna take your souls.

[Hunter points his finger to the camera and whispers his icy best Cary Hiroyuki Tagawa impression in the background.]

JH: Your soul is OURS.

[Rage nods madly, echoing his ally.]

SR: YOUR SOUL IS OURS! Ooooooh yeah! The gold is ours for the takin'! And Team Supreme, you better believe, when we walk out with those AWA World Tag Team Titles - you'll know what it means when we say nobody, and I mean NOBODY, does it better!

[Rage storms off as Hunter gives a shrug, shaking his head at his wild-eyed partner...]

...and we fade away from the pre-taped footage over to live footage of Sweet Lou Blackwell backstage at the Temple.]

SLB: Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter making their intentions known... and I'm sure Team Supreme heard that loud and clear as those two grizzled veterans are looking to cash in an opportunity and score AWA championship gold in 2018... and speaking of opportunities, fans... Tonight is the night! We've seen one match in the Brass Ring Tournament already with Catalina Lopez putting down AKANE to advance to the Semifinals... and now it's time for our second first round matchup of the night with the uberathletic charisma machine, Armani Avery, taking on the big bruiser of Shipwreck Bay, Bodhi Li. You talk about a clash of styles and this one's it, fans. Both of these men are moments away from taking their first steps towards greatness... so let's hear what's on their mind before this big, big matchup!

[We fade from Sweet Lou to what appears to be a high-end, sleek-looking locker room... at the Temple?! Crazy.]

The locker room is too nice for an ordinary Brass Ring contestant, but the occupant is no ordinary Combat Corner hopeful. No, the occupant is none other than the suave, brash youngster Armani Avery looking wedding fresh in a custom-tailored suit - deep burgundy, so sharp it could cut glass.

He undoes his rose gold cufflinks, checking himself out, looking like a man who's always five steps ahead. He turns toward the camera, flashing that million-dollar smile - but there's a glint of mischief in his eyes.]

AA: A'ight, a'ight, let's get right to it, people. Everybody talkin' about the AWA Brass Ring Tournament - biggest opportunity in the game right now, namtalmabout. And me, Armani Avery? I'm feelin' real good, feelin' real blessed, feelin' real confident ... at least I was. Have y'all seen my first-round opponent?

[Avery shrugs out of his suit jacket and strips off his shirt to show his chiseled physique.]

AA: Yo. Show that man!

[The shot cuts to a still photo of Bodhi Li. The man is a monster made flesh. The shot cuts back to Avery, giving the camera a side eye and a long, slow blink.]

AA: See what I mean, yo? Like, what did I do to deserve this match up right off the bat?! Did I forget to tip the ring announcer? Sorry, Megumi. Did I take the last protein shake from catering? Sorry, Colt. Damn. Somebody, tell me somethin'! 'Cause what I do to have to go one-on-one with Godzilla's cheat meal?!

[He holds his hands up, backs up a little, pretending to rethink his whole life. We see that Avery's suit pants are comically around his ankles and his chiseled football physique is on full display. Avery checks himself out in the mirror, unable to help but bounce his pecs.]

AA: Damn I look good, don't I?

[Avery kicks off his pants and grabs his tights from over the back of a chair. He pulls them on, cinching up the belt.]

AA: Is ya boi just look too fly? Is they mad? Bodhi Li, big fella, I ain't even gon' lie - you's a problem. You 400 pounds or so of pure devastation. You look like you hit

like a freight train, you look like you move like a tank, and you got that “I eat fly brothas like Armani Avery for breakfast” energy. Namtalmbout?

[He nods seriously... before smirking, shaking his head. His gaze returns to himself in the mirror.]

AA: But bro... are we sure you in the right sport? You could be a helluva defensive lineman. I'd hate to hit the hole against you.

[Avery snaps his fingers.]

AA: Nah, nah, got it. You more built for sumo wrestling, my guy! I swear, you could rock one of them big fancy diapers!"

[Avery slips into his expensive silver wrestling boots. He laces them up and starts wrapping tape around them as if they were football cleats. Once finished he straightens up, laughing, but then his tone shifts - sharp, focused.]

AA: Bodhi, bruh I may got jokes, but I ain't stupid. In all seriousness I know what's comin'. Everybody steppin' in that ring with you? They get folded up like a cheap suit. They get run through like a stop sign in Grand Theft Auto. They get stomped like they're a vat of grapes, namean? But here's where the script flips, big man - I'm Armani Avery. _I'm different._

[We see the jokester slip aside and the serious wrestler that made his name in the Combat Corner comes out. The kid that was a promising NFL wide receiver has shown up.]

AA: Yeah, you big. Yeah, you strong. But I'm strong too. You fast for your size, but I'm fast for real. I'm smooth. And most importantly... I'm _dangerous._

[He points at himself, eyes locked in.]

AA: Since I'm on this sports analogies let me get one more in. I don't know if you ever been to Spain and seen one of them bullfights, but you know what happens when a matador meets a bull?

[He pauses dramatically.]

AA: It ain't good for the bull. And that's me, Bodhi. I'm the matador. I ain't gonna try and push you around and I ain't gonna try and match your power - I'ma make you miss. I'ma make you chase me. I'm gonna wear you out, big man. And when you get desperate and make that mad rush? Boom! That's when I strike you with the fatal blow and turn your lights out.

[He fake-punches the camera with a "POW!" and then grins again, his million-dollar smile lighting up the screen. Avery picks up a brush and starts working on his Caesar cut, making sure every last little hair is in place and crispy. The half moon part in the front is sharp. The kid is a million bucks. He looks like money. He talks like money. He moves like money. He slips on his ring jacket, a red, black and silver sequined affair in the style of a motorcycle jacket.]

AA: End of the night, Bodhi? I win. You fall. And the midwest gets to see me. I'm going all the way from Boyle Heights, California to New York, New York!

[He leans into the camera, holds that perfect, cocky grin... and then - DING! A literal tooth gleam sound effect plays as he winks.)

AA: See y'all at the ring, twin.

[He adjusts his jacket, gives himself some last looks and then dons a single sequined glove on his right hand before he struts out the door...

...and ends up in the parking lot as we pull back to reveal Avery's been dressing in his own luxury RV. He gives the camera a wink as he stands in front of it like he just knows he's got this in the bag. As was said before he looks like money. He moves like money. He's about to go make some money.

And from there, we cut backstage inside the warehouse known as the Temple of Boyle Heights where we find the "Kiwi Kingpin" Bodhi Li as he strides through the hallway as only a 6-foot-2, 310 pound former surfer and street fighter can. He is dressed in an open navy frock coat, with golden buttons, over a black singlet, with an illustration of a Chinese junk cresting a massive wave, while a great white shark leaps towards it, mouth wide open, airbrushed across the front; black knee pads and black boots.

Li is aware of the camera, as he begins to speak, never breaking his stride.]

BL: My opponent tonight needed to be told that wrestling is nothing like football... No way, bro...

For one thing, you haven't got yards to run, Armani... to get away from the king of Shipwreck Bay!

This isn't the gridiron, brother, and the contrast between football and wrestling won't be any more starker than when you step into the ring with ME!

NO PADS!

[Li smacks his barrel chest with a meaty hand, releasing a loud...]

"SMACK!"

BL: NO MASKS!

NO HELMETS!

And you know damn well, Avery, that I hit much, much harder than any defense you've had to run through!

[Bodhi Li slaps his chest once more for emphasis.]

"SMACK!"

BL: And your fancy schmancy footwork won't help you when I've got you laid out and primed for wrecking! Like I said, brother, you haven't got yards to run... You WON'T get yards to run... Not tonight... Not out there... Not in MY ring...

So, raise the anchors, Shipwrecker Crew... Hoist the colors... Because we're about to set sail...

AND CONQUER!!!

[As if on cue, Alestorm's "Set Sail and Conquer" starts to play as Bodhi Li walks past the camera, which stays on him as he approaches a curtained doorway. Li pushes past the black curtains and the camera follows him, to show that he is on the second level of The Temple, overlooking the ring...

...and we quick cut to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The following contest is a FIRST ROUND match in the 2018 Brass Ring Tournament set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

[As Bodhi Li takes his position at the top of the stairs leading down to the ring, the shot cuts to one from the front, from a lower angle, making him appear more imposing, as he shrugs off his captain's coat. He slaps his chest, then throws up his right hand, fingers curled to resemble claws, and lets out a loud roar.]

MS: Hailing from Shipwrecker Bay, New Zealand, weighing in at 310 pounds, he is the "Kiwi Kingpin"...

...BOOOOOOOODHIIIIIIII LIIIIIIIIIII!

[Li wastes little time, descending the steps, reaching out to fist bump, or slap an outstretched hand of the fans on either side.]

LD: Bodhi Li, the Kiwi Kingpin himself, has quite the story, Ben.

BW: Former surf bum. Former street fighter. Former Toughman fighter too. And now he's come to the AWA to get paid GOOD money for smack people in the mouth. My kind of guy.

LD: You look at the size... you look at the intensity... and it's hard to not imagine that this is a man who could quite easily fit into the AWA roster and enjoy immediate success.

BW: This is the kind of competitor that you watch in action and wonder where he's been... and now he's got the opportunity to show the world exactly what he's all about right here on ESPN.

LD: But his opponent may prove to be a tough test for the King of Shipwreck Bay.

[Reaching the ring, he climbs the ring steps, onto the apron, where he wipes his boots on the canvas, before stepping between the middle and top ropes, into the ring. As the music fades, Li heads over to his corner, to await the arrival of his opponent...]

MS: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The houselights drop as "Smile" by Lil Duval hits the speakers and a single spotlight snaps onto the stage, revealing Armani Avery standing with his back to the audience, arms stretched wide, head tilted back. The crowd cheers as they drink in his sculpted silhouette - broad back, narrow waist, and his signature swagger.]

MS: ...from Atlanta, Georgia... weighing in at 268 pounds...

...ARMAAAAAAAAAANIIIIIIII AAAAAAVERYYYYYYYYYY!

[Avery is dressed as we saw him moments ago and with a dramatic flair, he spins on his heel, flashing his MILLION DOLLAR SMILE. He hits the crowd with a smooth MJ-inspired dance sequence - moonwalk, spin, point - before marching down the staircase to the ringside floor. The spotlight never leaves him. He flips the fedora to the timekeeper and casually tosses the glove onto the announce desk.]

LD: A lot of times we talk about second and third and even fourth generation professional wrestlers in these rings... well, Armani Avery is a second generation elite level athlete, Ben.

BW: His father Anthony was an NFL tight end and a Georgia Bulldogs legend and that DNA don't lie, Armani got that skill too. A two-sport standout in high school... a full ride to University of Georgia where he was an incredible wide receiver. Two time All-American... seven round draft pick by the Falcons... this guy is the real deal.

LD: Discovered by former World Champion Tommy Fierro and trained for the ring in our very own Combat Corner... this guy has been labeled as a future star from the moment he arrived on the scene. Incredible athleticism. Intense work ethic that he's dubbed the Alpha Acumen... a Mamba Mentality-type approach to what he does in and out of the ring.

[At ringside, Armani vaults onto the apron and springboards into the center of the ring. He two-steps side to side and dabs gently on each turn before dropping to one knee in a charismatic kneel, bowing his head. The house lights return just as he looks up again - full of purpose, full of style...

...and locks eyes with a waiting - but notably impatient - Bodhi Li.]

LD: I've been looking forward to this one since the brackets were announced. The power, size, and striking of Bodhi Li against the speed, agility, and razzle dazzle of Armani Avery. This should be an excellent test for both of these promising competitors.

[Referee Shari Miranda eyeballs both competitors for a moment...

...and then signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Bodhi Li rushes out of the corner like an unleashed animal, charging hard towards Armani Avery whose eyes flash in terror for a moment at the stampeding beast who throws a right hook that Avery ducks under... a left hook that Avery avoids as well before snapping off a backflip out of Li's reach, wagging a finger at the big man...]

LD: Wow! A hot start to this one!

[...but Li closes the distance again, making a grab for Avery who sidesteps, shoving Li chestfirst into the corner. As Li steps backwards, Avery rushes forward, leaping to the middle rope, springing back into a crossbody that puts Li down as he promptly rolls Avery off him!]

LD: Listen to these fans in the Temple!

[Spirits are high in the Temple of Boyle Heights, showing the love to the action at the outset of this one as Avery pops up off the mat, rushing into a leaping forearm smash on Li followed by another quick forearm and another...]

LD: A flurry of forearms out of Armani Avery has Li stunned...

[...and then drops back into the ropes, charging hard at the stunned Kiwi Kingpin...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who scoops, spins, and SMASHES Avery into the canvas with a spinning scoop powerslam! Avery hits the mat hard and Li tries to seize the day, hooking the leg tightly as Shari Miranda delivers a count...]

LD: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! NOOOOO! Avery kicks out as Bodhi Li tries to secure a quick victory and a just-as-quick spot in the Semifinals of the 2018 Brass Ring Tournament!

[As Li gets to his knees, Avery promptly rolls under the ropes to the outside, taking a knee on the floor as he grabs at his lower back. The six foot two, 310 pounder from New Zealand takes his feet, eyeballing Avery... then looking out on the cheering crowd...

...and then lumbers into the ropes, rebounding back strong...]

LD: LOOK OUT BELOOOOOOW!

[...and HURLS his massive frame between the ropes, crashing into a surprised Avery who gets flattened by the big man!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: BODHI LI PUTTING HIS BODY ON THE LINE RIGHT THERE, BEN!

BW: The King of Shipwreck Bay letting Armani Avery know he ain't the only one with some athleticism to show off, Dane.

LD: Bodhi Li wasting no time on the outside, dragging Avery off the floor and tossing him right back in. He's looking to take advantage of this quick start, climbing up on the apron...

[But as he gets on the apron, Avery regains his feet, grabbing his ribs as he rushes the ropes, grabbing the top to swing his leg up and bounce a foot between the eyes of the big man!]

LD: OHH! What a shot!

[The kick stuns Li long enough for Avery to sprint across the ring, bouncing back towards Li as he tumbles into a handspring elbow...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and sends Li flying off the apron, crashing down on the floor!]

LD: Armani Avery turning things around in a hurry! And now it's the uber-athletic Avery who is getting ready to take to the sky.

BW: Someone call the tower at LAX and clear the runways!

[Avery gets another big running start, across the ring twice before he HURLS himself over the top rope, wiping out Bodhi Li with a somersault plancha to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: THE LUCHA GODS ARE SMILING DOWN UPON ARMANI AVERY AS HE GOES AIRBORNE IN THE TEMPLE!

[And now it's Avery moving quickly, pulling Li off the floor and shoving him back under the ropes, rolling him inside before pulling himself up on the apron. Avery scales the turnbuckles in two big steps, getting to the top rope...]

LD: Armani Avery looking to fly high once more... and he... WHAAAAAT?!

[...and the crowd ROARS as Avery takes a handful of steps down the top rope itself before LEAPING HIGH and coming down HARD on the torso of Li with a flying splash!]

LD: DID YOU SEE THAT?!

BW: Of course I saw it... I just don't believe it!

[A two count follows before Li powers out again. Avery claps his hands together, grinning at the roaring crowd as he pulls Li off the mat, whipping him into the corner. He charges in after, leaving his feet to throw a tackle into the torso of Li...]

LD: Big shoulder drive in the corner... another... another...

[A backflip takes him back towards the middle of the ring strung into a cartwheel that takes him to the far corner. He grins again before charging back in, leaping into the air...

...where he gets snatched out of the sky...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVEN down into the mat with a uranage slam!]

BW: CANCEL THE PEANUTS, STEWARDESS - THIS FLIGHT IS GROUNDED!

[With the crowd still buzzing over the impactful slam, Li yanks Avery right up by the hair... and shoves him skyward in a gorilla press!]

LD: Big press! Avery way up high and-

[Stepping out to mid-ring, Li steps out, letting Avery crash down on the mat as Li rushes to the ropes, bouncing back off...

...and drops 310 pounds across the back of Avery with a senton!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: He calls that the Shipwrecker senton, Ben!

BW: Right now, it's the spinewrecker senton if you ask me!

LD: Flips him over, makes the cover... onnnnnne... twooooooo...

[Avery kicks out and Li promptly snatches the mount, swinging down with big heavy blows onto a trapped Avery who immediately starts looking for a way out!]

LD: Avery's got trouble! Li hammering him down! Li looking to finish him!

[But Avery manages to wriggle free from the sloppy mount, battling to his feet as Li meets him near the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: My oh my, what a chop by Li!

BW: The Kiwis back home heard that one, Dane!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The chops have Avery reeling, hanging onto the ropes to stay on his feet as Li grabs him by the other arm, shooting him across the ring...]

LD: Irish whip... backdrop!

[...but Avery twists on the rebound, using the doubled-over Li to propel himself into a backflip, landing on his feet behind Li who quickly spins around, turning right into an impressively-high standing dropkick!]

LD: OHH! CHECK OUT THE VERTICAL ON THAT ONE!

[The dropkick on the chin sends Li staggering backwards into the ropes as Avery gets a running start on him...]

...but Li ducks down, lifting him up and over, depositing him out on the apron...]

LD: Avery on the outside and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Li connects with a knife edge chop that turns Avery INSIDE OUT and dumps him facefirst on the Temple floor!]

LD: WHAAAAAT A CHOP! BODHI LI NEARLY CHOPPED HIM OUT OF HIS SHOES!

BW: Armani Avery nearly got sent down the 5 freeway and woke up on It's A Small World! Bodhi Li bringing the pain in Boyle Heights... and these fans are loving it!

[The fans are on their feet, showing Bodhi Li the love and respect as he stands by the ropes, glaring down at Avery, seething with intensity...]

LD: Bodhi Li is one heck of a monster... a machine of brutality and intensity here in the Brass Ring Tournament.

BW: We're not even five minutes in this, Dane. This has been a sprint of impressive proportions on the part of BOTH competitors who are really showing the whole wrestling world what they're capable of here on Showtime on ESPN tonight.

LD: It's almost a shame to see either man have to exit this tournament but there can be only one.

[Li drops to his back, rolling under the ropes to the outside where he drags Avery's crumpled body off the floor, shoving him back against the ring apron...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: More chops by the big man... and I think Avery's chest just caved in on a couple of those.

BW: I can't believe he's even standing right now. Bodhi Li's hitting him harder than he EVER got hit on the gridiron, Dane... that's for sure.

LD: Armani Avery might be looking to go long right about now to stop this assault on the outside.

[Squaring up, Li starts hammering the body, rocking the ribcage of Armani Avery with rights and lefts...]

LD: That streetfighting background, that Toughman competitor shining through here as Li puts the fists to work on Avery.

[A fleeing Avery tosses himself under the ropes, trying to create some space as Li climbs up on the apron...

...but Avery lunges at him, trying to regain the advantage, tangling up with Li as he tries to come through the ropes...]

LD: OHH! Headbutt by Li stuns him!

[Grabbing Avery by the hair, Li runs down the length of the apron, SMASHING Avery's head into the top turnbuckle, sending him stumbling backwards and falling down on the mat as Li slaps the buckle a few times and starts climbing...]

LD: And now the 310 pound big man is headed up top - perhaps looking for that big Kiwi Crush splash off the top!

BW: If he hits that, it's going to be the end to a tough night for Armani Avery, Dane.

LD: Bodhi Li on the move, climbing on up and...

[...but the crowd cheers as Avery snaps off a kip up, coming quickly towards the corner, leaping high...]

LD: DROPKICK!

[...and scores with a leaping dropkick even higher than the one before...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which knocks Li off his perch, crotching him up top!]

LD: An uncomfortable landing for Bodhi Li thanks to another high flying dropkick by the uberathletic Armani Avery... and Avery's not done yet, Ben.

BW: Taking it to the high risk!

LD: High risk can yield high rewards, Ben.

BW: Yeah, but it can also yield low paychecks when it doesn't pay off, Dane.

[Avery steps to the middle rope alongside Bodhi Li who lashes out with an elbow...]

LD: And I wonder if Armani Avery is thinking about that top rope Natural Selection we've seen him use at times in CCW, Ben.

BW: That's a long way down for him and for a 310 pounder he's gotta get over to do it.

LD: We've talked about the speed of Armani Avery... the athleticism... but now we may be talking about the power...

BW: Right now, I'm talking about Bodhi Li trying to fight his way out!

[A flurry of elbow and fists has Avery reeling as Li piefaces him off the top rope, throwing him back down on the canvas...]

LD: Ohhh! And Li succeeds at doing exactly that, sending Avery down on the mat...

[But Avery scrambles right back up, tearing across the ring, leaping high as Li steps on the middle rope...]

LD: ...WHAT THE...?!

[...and snares Li's head between his legs, flipping backwards off the top rope!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...OHHHH! BODHI LI WITH A HARD FALL THANKS TO A TOP ROPE RANA BY ARMANI AVERY! COULD THAT BE ENOUGH?!

[A crawling Avery throws himself across the torso of Bodhi Li, wrapping up a leg...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: BODHI LI ESCAPES IN TIIIIIME!

[Avery smashes his hands into the canvas a few times, letting loose a frustrated shout as he climbs off the mat, grabbing at his ribs...]

LD: Armani Avery showing some signs of frustration at being unable to finish off big, bad Bodhi Li... but he's still coming, he's still going for it...

[Avery drags Li up off the mat, standing side by side as he grabs him in a uranage position...]

LD: Here it is, Ben! Natural Selection!

[...but Li is ready for it, throwing a hard elbow to the ear of Avery once... twice... three times to break free...]

BW: Not so fast, Dane! Bodhi Li's obviously done his homework too!

[...and turns to dash to the ropes, lumbering back towards Avery who leaps into the air...]

LD: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS TAKES HIM DOWN!

[...and then pops to his feet, snapping off a standing moonsault!]

LD: OHHH! WHAT A COMBINATION! HOOKS THE LEG!

[Miranda hits the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: OUT! AT! TWO!

[Kneeling on the canvas, Avery buries his face in his hands in disbelief, shaking his head as Shari Miranda confirms the two count...]

...and then hops up to his feet, stomping across the ring where he slingshots over the top to the apron and starts climbing...]

LD: Armani Avery looking to go high risk again, climbing those turnbuckles as Bodhi Li struggles to get to his feet...

[Avery steps to the top rope as Li gets up off the mat... and the Kiwi Kingpin surges forward, rifling a right hand into the midsection of Avery...]

LD: ...Li goes downstairs, cutting off whatever Avery had in mind there...

[...and then lifts Avery off the top turnbuckle, holding him high above in another gorilla press, walking away from the corner towards the middle of the ring as Avery struggles to escape the clutches of the King of Shipwreck Bay...]

LD: ...taking him out to the middle of the ring... way up high...

[...and Avery wriggles loose, dropping down behind Li, catching him in a crucifix on the way down, using his momentum to SNAP Li over, driving him down on the back of his head and neck!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: ...CRUCIFX DRIVER!

[Holding Li down in the pinning position after the shocking impact, Avery hangs on for dear life as Shari Miranda counts...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

LD: AVERY ADVANCES!

[Armani Avery lies on his back on the canvas for several seconds as the crowd cheers and Megumi Sato makes it official.]

LD: Armani Avery with a very hard-fought victory here on Showtime and that sends him on to the second round of the tournament...

BW: Considering the size, the strength, the toughness of Bodhi Li, I gotta call this one a bit of an upset, Dane.

LD: You could be right about that... but upset or not, Armani Avery is moving on into the semifinals of this Brass Ring Tournament with an impressive win right here on ESPN.

[Avery finally gets back to his feet, raising his arms as the crowd cheers the win...]

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we cut to footage marked "BACKSTAGE AT MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM" where we find the Westerly Dynasty... or most of them... huddled up in the hallway of Dodger Stadium. We can see Veronica Westerly holding court, a grin on her face as she's speaking softly (and unheard by the mic) to James Lynch. The Silent Assassin, Nenshou, is nearby, his face still stained by the mist he spewed into the eyes of the AWA World Champion, Supernova, earlier in the night. Lynch starts laughing loudly, throwing his arms up in the air as he does, truly enjoying the moment...

...until a hulking mass of humanity comes stomping into view, shouting as he approaches. This mass of humanity is Atlas Armstrong.]

AA: HEY! WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

[Lynch is the first to turn, starting to step towards intercepting the Almighty Atlas but Veronica steps in front of him, shaking her head.]

AA: What's going on here?! A little welcoming party, huh?

[He gestures towards Nenshou.]

AA: Why wasn't I told about this? This guy right here... a surprise for everyone... or maybe just me - is that right?

[Westerly again shakes her head, starting to speak but Atlas cuts her off again.]

AA: I don't like that the two of you are doing business behind my back!

[He points an accusing finger at James Lynch...]

AA: You sure didn't seem surprised though.

[Veronica again starts to speak up.]

VW: Atlas, it's not like that. We were working on-

[Armstrong again cuts her off, glaring at Nenshou.]

AA: Dude, it's nothing personal... but I'm a big part of this group and it just don't sit right with me that I didn't know about this deal at all.

[Finally, Veronica makes herself heard.]

VW: Atlas, listen to me for a second... this whole thing...

[She gestures at Nenshou.]

VW: It was a last minute deal... I wasn't even sure if it would all come together in time... I didn't see any reason to-

[Armstrong points a finger at her.]

AA: You could have told me, Veronica! You could've come to me and told me this was in the works.

[Westerly shakes her head.]

VW: It wasn't-

AA: HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE?! A quick call! A text! "Hey Atlas, we're thinking of bringing in Nenshou - you got any problems with that?"

[Westerly slips a hand on her hip, an edge to her voice.]

VW: Well... do you?

[Armstrong glares down at her... taking a calming breath or two before replying.]

AA: My only problem, Veronica, is being kept out of the loop. This is either a partnership with all of us... or it's not. And maybe you oughta make THAT decision on your own.

[James Lynch has finally heard enough and speaks up from behind Veronica.]

JL: Enough...

[Atlas' eyes go to the middle Lynch brother, both men staring at each other.]

JL: I've been listening, and I hope you've got it out of your system. Because now, it's time for you to remember why we're here.

Because we belong at the top. And because we haven't made it there yet.

We were missing something, and now, we're not missing it anymore. Veronica is right, things move fast, and if you're feeling sore that no one told you about it?

Well, congratulations, you've officially reached the moment in your life when it's time to get over it.

Because let me assure you of something, big man.

[The Demon Cowboy continues to stare straight ahead at Armstrong.]

JL: Nenshou is the missing ingredient to what we need.

With Nenshou... we get the World Heavyweight title.

And isn't that more important than your hurt feelings?

[Armstrong looks at Nenshou... then over to a nodding Veronica... and then back to the Black Sheep of the Lynch family.]

AA: Let me assure you... the only thing WE need to secure the World Title...

[Armstrong smirks at Lynch.]

AA: ...is ME getting a clean shot at Supernova. I'll get the job done.

[Lynch winces for a moment... and then steps closer to the big man.]

JL: Why don't you say what you're really thinking? Go ahead...

[Armstrong is not about to back down though, closing the distance between the two.]

AA: I said it already.

I'll get the job done that you couldn't...

[Lynch starts to angrily reply as Nenshou strikes a martial arts pose, ready to intervene as the two men are now nose to nose, voices raising into a din...

...until Westerly pushes her way between them.]

VW: You both need to stop this right now.

[The voices lower for a moment, all listening to their manager.]

VW: This is what they want. This is what they expect. You mark my words, when people hear about this, they're going to use it against us.

Snakes in the grass like Ryan Martinez. He'll see this, and use it to push his own agenda.

[She slaps the chest of Armstrong and then Lynch.]

VW: We all want the World Title where it belongs, with us, with the Westerly Dynasty. Don't forget that!

[She manages to get Armstrong to back up a pair of steps.]

VW: Atlas... I should've told you. You're right.

[Armstrong grins at Lynch.]

VW: But James is right too. It's done now.

Atlas, it won't happen again, I promise.

[Armstrong slowly nods at her.]

VW: But can we all agree that bringing the World Title to the Dynasty is the most important thing?

[Lynch nods. Armstrong nods. Even Nenshou nods...]

VW: Good.

[...but none of them seem happy about it, Armstrong and Lynch sharing a glare with one another as we fade back to the ringside area of the Temple where Lori Dane and Ben Waterson are seated.]

LD: Some definite tensions in the air in the Westerly Dynasty who gained a new member at Memorial Day Mayhem in the form of Nenshou... in a move that was a surprise to more than just the fans and us it appears, Ben.

BW: Speaking from experience, managing all those egos inside a successful faction like that isn't an easy thing for ANY manager... let alone someone who has been gone from the managerial scene for years now. Veronica's got her work cut out for her with that trio... but if she can keep them together, that's a group that can take on anyone in this business.

LD: Especially with their newest member. Former AWA champion. Former Tiger Paw Pro champion on multiple occasions. Nenshou is one of the most athletic and most talented competitors in our sport... and standing alongside James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong makes the Westerly Dynasty more dangerous than ever. But shifting gears here, let's talk about another former AWA competitor who made her return to the American Wrestling Alliance at Memorial Day Mayhem... and I'm talking about my old friend Melissa Cannon.

BW: I shoulda known you'd get her booked tonight.

LD: I did no such thing. The people are overjoyed to see Melissa back in action... and I'm told President Zharkov wanted her back in the ring as soon as possible... and that's tonight, Ben. Melissa Cannon making her singles match return here on Showtime... Megumi, take it away!

[We cut to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit in the AWA WOMEN'S DIVISION!

[The cheers go up.]

MS: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from San Diego, California by way of Tocola, Mexico... weighing in at 113 pounds... DUUUUUUUROOOOOOOO
BOOOOOOMBBOOOOOOOON!

[There's a decent crowd reception for the colorfully-attired luchadora, giving a fist pump and a bow of gratitude for the cheers.]

MS: Annnnnnnnd her opponent...

[The lights go down as we hear the opening panflute to Zamfir's "The Lonely Shepherd"...

...and as a yellow and black lighting pattern hits the entranceway, we get a shift to "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity."]

MS: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 145 pounds...

...MELISSSSSSAAAAA CANNONNNNNNNNNNN!

[The cheers are loud and boisterous as we cut to the top of the staircase, revealing a grinning Melissa Cannon standing up there in a black top with yellow trim, a yellow slash cutting across her torso and extending partially down over her ribcage. The rest of her midsection is exposed, showing off some more muscle tone than we've seen in the past. She's wearing matching black trunks with yellow trim and a pair of boots and kickpads with the same color scheme filling out the ensemble. Cannon is quickly down the stairs, reaching out to slap all the offered hands.]

LD: Welcome home, my friend... and listen to the reaction here in Los Angeles for the hometown girl!

[Cannon is all smiles as she embraces a young fan wearing the latest Melissa Cannon t-shirt and wristbands - now available at AWAShop.com - before diving under the ropes into the ring.]

LD: And she couldn't wait to get into the ring for this one. That's how excited she is to be back in an AWA ring! That's how excited she is to be home in Los Angeles and home in the AWA, Ben.

BW: Oh, I'm getting nauseous.

[Lori sighs as Cannon settles into the corner, getting a quick patdown from the official.]

LD: Just about set to go here annnnnnnnd...

“DING! DING! DING!”

LD: And here we go... old friend Melissa Cannon back in the AWA in her first singles encounter since her surprising return-

BW: Oh, give it a rest, Dane. Do you really expect us to believe your girl Cannon didn't tip you off that she was coming back? You knew! You had to know! And you didn't tell anyone else. So much for journalistic integrity. Between this and the business with your daughter, maybe you've got too many conflicts of interest to be in that chair.

LD: You looking for a promotion?

BW: I can call this show solo any day of the week... and you'd do well to remember that.

LD: Nonetheless, the job is mine for now... so let's just try to call this match, shall we?

[The two competitors tie up off the bat, jockeying for position for a moment before Cannon secures a side headlock on Duro Bombón, wrenching the masked woman's head and neck.]

LD: Duro Bombón is a favorite around these parts having worked a lot of shows for Lucha Eterna in the past, Ben.

BW: She's got the highflying style... and she can street fight if she needs to. She's been in some of the most hardcore matches in recent lucha libre history and if Cannon tries to get rough with her, she can give it back and then some.

[The luchadora tries to shove Cannon off, looking to escape the hold but the stronger Cannon hangs on...]

LD: That may be true, Ben, but if Duro Bombón is looking to outmuscle Melissa Cannon, she's in for a shock.

[But the Tocola, Mexico native spins out of the headlock, holding the wrist into an armwringer...]

LD: Countered by the luchadora...

[...but Cannon turns it back around into an armwringer of her own.]

LD: ...reversed by Cannon!

[Cannon clenches her jaw, cranking on the arm as the luchadora cries out...

...and then dashes towards the corner, running right up the turnbuckles, leaping high into the air, twisting around in mid-flight, and yanks Cannon down to the mat with an armdrag!]

LD: Wow! Impressive move there by Duro Bombón! She's got the aerial tactics to keep an opponent completely out of sorts, Ben.

BW: One of the top high flyers on the independent lucha scene at the moment.

[Bombón makes her way into the ropes, bouncing back hard and fast as Cannon comes up to her feet for a back elbow - a move the luchadora avoids with a slide, coming to her feet to leap into the air and snare a rana, dragging Cannon back down to the mat...]

LD: The luchadora is all over the place in there, tossing Cannon around at will for the moment, Ben.

BW: That's right. Maybe a little bit of ring rust... maybe even some nerves at being back in action on her home soil... or maybe Melissa Cannon's just not as good as you remember her being, Dane.

LD: That seems unlikely. Melissa's enjoyed great success during her time away from the AWA, working primarily in Japan but also here in the States, in Mexico, in Europe, in Australia... she's really spread her wings to try to learn and experience as much as she could in the ring while she was gone.

BW: We'll see if all that experience does her any good when she climbs into the ring with E-Girl MAX, Dane.

LD: Melissa's made it no secret to anyone who will listen... in person, online, on social media... she wants E-Girl MAX in that ring and right now, she's got her sights set on Cinder who she was involved with in that controversial ending to the World Title Match at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: The Steal The Spotlight sister may be a little busy to waste her time with her. She's got bigger fish to fry.

[While the announcers discuss matters, Duro Bombón grabs a side headlock of her own but is only able to sustain it for a few moments before Cannon shoves her off to the ropes... but the luchadora pulls up short, jumping up on the middle rope, springing off with a twist for a somersault senton...]

...but Cannon flattens out on the mat, causing Bombón to crash down hard on her back on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: That's why they call it high risk offense, Ben!

BW: High risk and this time, low reward as Cannon proves to not be as inept as I thought.

LD: Oh, come on, Ben.

[Pulling the masked woman off the mat, Cannon hooks a Muay Thai clinch, burying knees to the body, forcing her back into the ropes as the referee calls for a break. Cannon obliges, whipping Bombón across the ring where she uses a rope swing feint to go through the ropes and come back facing the other way, charging a surprised Cannon and flooring her with a front dropkick, sending Cannon rolling to the outside...]

LD: Melissa to the outside, looking to regroup after that exchange did NOT go her way... the speed and quickness of Duro Bombón seems to give Melissa Cannon some issues in her first singles match back in the AWA right here on Showtime on ESPN, Ben.

BW: This great story of a Cannon return may come to a crashing halt if she doesn't find a way to shut down this high flying, high speed offense and do it fast.

[Bombón slingshots over the top rope, landing on the middle rope in the corner...]

...and then snaps off a high-arcing moonsault onto a stunned Cannon!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: What a moonsault on the outside! And Ben, I'm starting to wonder if you're right.

BW: About your obvious bias? I know I'm-

LD: About the ring rust. Or maybe even the nerves. Melissa Cannon does not look focused... she does not look like she's on her game so far tonight. Maybe all this business with Julie Somers, Michelle Bailey, and EGM is getting in her head. I know it's been weighing heavy on her mind this week and... look out here!

[With Cannon tossed back in, Duro Bombón waits on the apron, hands on the top rope, waving for the AWA Women's Division veteran to get back to her feet...]

LD: The luchadora lying in wait and...

[...and as Cannon forces her way back to her feet, Bombón steps onto the middle rope, springing off the top...]

LD: ...SPRINGBOARD...

[...snaring Cannon's head between her legs...]

LD: ...RAN- NO! CANNON BLOCKS IT! MELISSA BLOCKS THE RANA! SHE CAUGHT HER ON THE SHOULDER ANNNNNND...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SIT! OUT! POWERBOMMMMMB!

[Holding the legs, Cannon hangs on as the referee dives down...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: OUT! AT! TWOOOOO!

BW: A big move from Cannon, a BIGGER kickout by Bombón to stay in this thing, Dane! The luchadora is showing us something here tonight in the Temple of Boyle Heights!

LD: She certainly is and... Cannon takes the mount!

[Cannon slides into mount position, laying in heavy, diving forearms to the masked head of Bombón!]

LD: Trying to knock her out! Trying to finish her off with a KO!

[A half dozen heavy shots land but Cannon can't finish the job, grimacing as she regains her feet, dragging the luchadora up with her to whip her hard into the corner. Bombón comes staggering out of the buckles into a boot to the midsection!]

LD: Cannon goes downstairs...

[Cannon swings around, snatching a rear waistlock...]

LD: ...looking for the German!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SHE GOT IT! RIGHT DOWN ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[Hanging on, Cannon rolls back to her feet, the waistlock still locked in...]

LD: She's going for it again, Ben!

BW: Bombón letting Cannon use that power advantage - she's gotta break out of this if she wants to stand a chance!

[Cannon lifts again but as she does, she switches to a release German which proves to be a mistake as Bombón's athleticism allows her to backflip through the air, using the suplex's momentum to land on her feet near the corner...]

LD: OH! Bombón flipped out of it! On her feet near the buckles!

[Coming off the mat, Cannon charges towards her opponent who leans back, kicking her legs into the air to catch the incoming Cannon under the chin...]

LD: OH! And Cannon gets caught! She was perhaps too aggressive there and it cost her!

[...and Bombón hops up on the middle rope, giving the crowd a salute as Cannon stumbles and staggers in front of her...]

LD: Off the second rope!

[...and Bombón leaps off, looking for another rana!]

LD: MIDDLE ROPE RAN- NO!

[This time, Cannon counters again, stopping the momentum from taking her over and squatting down into a Boston Crab!]

LD: REVERSAL! INTO THE SUBMISSION HOLD, INTO THE CRAB!

[The referee drops down to the mat, checking to see if the luchadora wants to submit...]

BW: Cannon leaning back, wrenching the back in that perfectly-executed hold! Can Bombón hang on?!

LD: She's fighting it, Ben! She's trying to get to the ropes to break this and-

[Cannon pivots, sliding into a half Crab so she can lift the leg, stomping the back of Bombón's head repeatedly, preventing the escape attempt!]

LD: Cannon stomping away, over and over, trying to end this!

[And with Bombón settling limp on the canvas, Cannon twists the leg, switching into an STF!]

LD: CANNON CINCHES IN THE STF! BOMBÓN'S IN TROUBLE!

[The luchadora doesn't last long in the painful hold that Cannon has cinched in tight before she's slapping the canvas and the referee is calling for the bell...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: And that's it! Melissa picks up the win by submission in her return to action! What a win!

BW: Alright, good win, good win... but as good as Duro Bombón is... she's not Harley Hamilton... she's not Cinder... she's not Casey Cash... and if Melissa Cannon is looking to tangle with E-Girl MAX, she's going to need to be a whole lot better than what I saw tonight.

LD: Ben's so-called "expert" analysis aside, fans... let's go down to ringside where Mariah and Sweet Daddy are standing by waiting to talk to a victorious Melissa Cannon!

[We cut to a shot showing that exact thing as Mariah Wolfe raises the mic.]

MW: Fresh off a victory in her return to singles competition here on Showtime on ESPN, Melissa Cannon... come on in here...

[Cannon steps into view, wiping her brow as she grins at Wolfe... and then quickly shares an embrace with Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: Missed you 'round these parts, girl. Damn good to have you home.

[Cannon pats Williams on the back before breaking the hug.]

MC: Damn good to BE home, sir.

MW: An emotional moment here between two longtime friends and... Melissa, speaking of longtime friends, I think that's where we need to start.

[Cannon nods.]

MW: It was on this very show in Reseda a couple of weeks ago when you made a surprise return to the AWA, saving your good friend Julie Somers from E-Girl MAX and more specifically, an impromptu challenge and cashing in Steal The Spotlight from Cinder.

[The crowd cheers as Cannon acknowledges them with a wave.]

MC: Two weeks ago, Mariah... I was sitting in that locker room... I was waiting to talk to the suits... I was waiting to put ink to paper so I could make my big return at Memorial Day Mayhem in the Rumble... and I hear someone running down the hall shouting that Julie's in trouble.

Julie Somers. My friend. One of my best friends in fact.

[Cannon shrugs.]

MC: Whether the suits liked it or not, I wasn't about to sit back there and let that happen... and when I realized it was Cinder... it was Hamilton... it was Cash... all trying to injure Julie... all trying to steal her title... yeah, you're damn right it put a fire in my belly.

[Wolfe raises a hand to pause her.]

MW: I don't think anyone would blame you for that.

MC: Good. And I hope everyone feels the same way when I get Little Miss Steal The Spotlight in that ring in the VERY near future because after what happened over the past few weeks, that's coming and it's coming soon.

[The crowd cheers the idea of that as Mariah speaks up.]

MW: I'm sure we'd all love to see that match. But... Melissa... what about Michelle Bailey?

[Cannon sighs, biting at her bottom lip.]

MC: Look... Michelle and I have known each other... from a distance... for a long time. Our paths have crossed from time to time and we've always been friendly with one another. Hell, when I got exiled to Japan, hers was one of the first calls I got. Because she knows how that feels. She knows how it feels for the people you thought were your friends... were your family... to say that they don't have a place for you anymore.

Deep down, Mariah... I know Michelle Bailey wasn't trying to hurt Julie... but in the moment...

[Sweet Daddy Williams interjects.]

SDW: Like Miss Mariah says, I don't think anyone would blame ya for something you did in the heat of the moment... but... then there's Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Cannon chuckles but there's no humor there.]

MC: I've heard it all week, old friend. From the people in the back... from the fans on the Internet... go ahead... pile on. Let me have it. Tell me all the reasons I was wrong to do what I did in Dodger Stadium...

[But as Melissa trails off, the crowd ERUPT at the sight of someone coming to ringside...

That someone would be "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, who is dressed in a white T-shirt with the words "LIVE THE DREAM" in pink lettering and blue jeans with slits and tears in them. The AWA Women's World title is strapped around her waist.]

MW: And we have the other half of the Superfriends, the AWA Women's World Champion Julie Somers joining us!

[Somers approaches the trio and looks at Cannon for a moment, before Somers embraces her.]

JS: Good to see you back where you belong.

[After a moment, the two pull apart and Somers smiles at her friend.]

JS: Let me say that nobody could be happier that you're back, Melissa, than me! And let me make it clear that I thought the way those who ran the AWA in 2017, the way they treated you, the way they cut ties with you simply because you spoke your mind... that was wrong!

[Cannon nods and you can see her say "thank you" to Somers.]

JS: I want to say that I will always appreciate you having my back and I will always have yours! But a lot has gone down here in AWA since you were last here and we've got a lot to catch up on.

[She gestures to Wolfe and Williams.]

JS: And no offense to either one of you, but some of the things that I need to talk to Melissa about... I'd rather do that in private. I hope you both understand.

[She then turns to Cannon.]

JS: And I hope you understand as well, OK?

[Cannon nods and gives Sweet Daddy a pat on the shoulder before exiting the scene with the World Champion, the crowd buzzing at the abrupt exit.]

MW: Well, it's good to see the Superfriends back together again... even if it was just for a moment. Fans, earlier tonight, we saw Part One of a very special look at another competitor making their AWA singles match debut in the very near future and now it's time for Part Two. Let's get to know Kelly Woods a little better, shall we?

[We fade through black to a ring, the camera panning around it, until it circles toward the young woman standing near the ring. She's dressed in a gray hoodie, black shorts and tennis shoes, her fists heavily taped, her dirty blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail. As she stands there, we hear her voice.]

"My name is Kelly Woods... and I never had it easy growing up."

[She then pulls off the hoodie, revealing a white, sleeveless T-shirt underneath.]

"But then, when I turned 11, I discovered boxing... and it gave me exactly what I needed."

[We see Woods stare at the ring, then walk over to an area off to the side. There, we see a heavy bag and a speed bag set up.]

"Gave me an outlet for my anger... my frustration... my aggression... but it also gave me something else. Something I really needed."

[She approaches the heavy bag.]

"Discipline."

[Then, she starts to punch the bag several times over, as we hear her voice again.]

"Didn't just learn how to fight... learned how to be focused. How to set goals, how to channel my anger into something productive."

[After delivering multiple blows, she unleashes one final, hard shot, then stares at the bag. You can see sweat droplets on her forehead.]

"They had several boxing clubs, but not a lot of other gals involved. Opportunities were few and far between. I loved boxing, the work, the adrenaline rush, but realized that a career might not be in the cards."

"But I discovered something else... the UWF... the Women's Division."

[We cut to a series of rapid clips of women's wrestlers from the UWF.]

"They had the best women in the world. Loved them all... then one day, they had this ad that one of the women was teaching young gals about the business.... the woman was somebody I idolized."

[We then cut to a shot of the woman in question as Woods say her name.]

"Stephanie Harper."

[We cut back to Woods, who is now sizing up the speed bag.]

"I told my grandparents I wanted to be a wrestler. Wondered if they would think it was some wild and crazy idea... but maybe they saw how serious I was, because the next thing I knew, they got me a car and some money. I was off to Texas."

[Cut to a shot of an older car making its way down a highway.]

"The car got me where I needed to go but there was one problem... I wasn't good with money. Blew too much of it on the way, and after the first day of learning about wrestling, I thought I'd have to sleep in the car overnight."

[We then cut to a shot of the same car, parked in a parking lot. As the camera comes closer, there appears to be somebody lying down in the back seat.]

"Then Stephanie walked by, saw me, knocked on the window, asked me what's the deal."

[A hand reaches out to knock on the window.]

"I told her all about it, that I didn't have much money left, and the next thing I know, she's telling me to come home with her and I could stay there."

[We hear emotion in her voice.]

"Never expected that... and it turned out, I needed that gesture."

[We then cut to Woods before the speed bag. She starts throwing rapid punches at it.]

"But she never took it easy on me. Made me work my tail off... threw me right into the fire in an Angels and Amazons Rumble... then did it again a year later. Have to admit, at that first Rumble, I was a nervous wreck."

[Woods stops throwing punches at the bag and we can see her take a breath, sweat glistening on her face, before she continues some more.]

"But I needed it... because I learned what it meant to not just act tough, but to be tough... by being focused, disciplined, working toward a goal."

[We then cut to a shot of Kelly Woods making her debut at the Memorial Day Rumble.]

"And I reached my goal... the AWA Women's Division. There's a reason I wanted to be in the Memorial Day Rumble. Wanted the world to know that I'm not afraid to throw myself into the fire... not just because of where I grew up, but because of what I learned along the way."

[We cut back to Woods in the warehouse, staring up at the ring, a towel draped around her neck, a water bottle in her hand.]

"I never had it easy but, now I know, I never want it to be easy. And I can promise ya I won't make it easy for all these gals who are flappin' their yaps about what they're gonna do. But I guarantee ya, they're gonna find out the hard way how many of them will go down for the count when they face the Knockout."

[She takes a swig of water from the bottle, dabs her forehead with the towel, then stares at the camera, an intense look in her eyes.]

"Ya get me?"

[We then cut back to Woods at the speed bag, at which she takes a hard final swing and the shot goes black. We then see these words in white lettering:

"THE KNOCKOUT" KELLY WOODS
COMING TO SHOWTIME JUNE 16.

And then back to Lori and Ben at ringside.]

LD: The Women's Division continues to get bigger with the arrival of the Knockout, Kelly Woods, on the scene... but it's not just the singles side of the division that continues to get bigger and better... but the tag team side of the Women's Division has really been heating up as well, with teams coming in left and right to try and challenge the inaugural World Tag Team Champions, Harley Hamilton and Cinder, better known as Seductive and Destructive.

BW: Considering Cinder has the Steal the Spotlight contract and Hamilton is going to Main Event Girls To The Front against Julie Somers, now's the best time to go after them. Get them while they're distracted.

LD: One team who wants to eventually challenge for the titles, but is currently unranked and is very unhappy about it, is Cassie and Sophie Rhodes, The Rhodes Dynasty.

BW: I think they have a pretty persuasive argument, considering The Flapper Doodles got put in at #5 after the Serpentes dropped out, but The Rhodes Dynasty has been more active as a team since Betty Chang has been dealing with Casey Cash throughout the spring.

LD: I suppose we better prepare ourselves to hear all about it and see what havoc they'll try to unleash, as they're up next. Megumi, let's get it going!

[We cut to the ring, where Megumi Sato stands, with Andy Dawson in the background along with two young women discussing strategy.]

MS: Our next contest is in the Women's Division and it is a tag team match, set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring, both hailing from La Verne, California, at a total combined weight of 263 pounds...
HEATHER VILLANEUVA AND CHRISTINA QUESADA!

[Loud cheers for the two locals, both appearing to be of mixed Latina/Caucasian heritage, dressed in matching blue outfits with white boots, each with their first name printed on their hip.]

LD: I understand these two are best friends dating all the way back to elementary school, trained together, debuted together, and have been really working their way up through the Southern California independent scene.

BW: Pity about who they drew tonight then, huh?

[There is a slight groan of concern from Lori, as Megumi Sato's voice takes over once more.]

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

"THE WIGAN WILDCAT" CASSIE RHODES!

"THE SNAKEPIT SWEETHEART" SOPHIE RHODES!

They are... THE RHOOOOOOOOOOODES DYYYYYYYYYYYYNASTY!

[The crowd boos as the voice of Ren Aldridge screams out over the sound system, and Sato immediately starts to leave the ring.]

WE WILL DISTURB THE FALSE PEACE!

[And to the sounds of "False Peace" by Petrol Girls, the mother/daughter duo of Cassie and Sophie Rhodes emerge from the entrance, wearing outfits in matching print of black with a line of white chevrons down the leg. Cassie is in leg-length tights, with a Memorial Day Mayhem T-shirt with the sleeves cut off, while Sophie is in a matching halter crop top and shorts, along with black kneepads. Cassie wears well-worn black boots, and Sophie has black leather shinpads over her newer black boots.

The two storm to the ring, with Cassie sliding in head-first, then springing to her feet and running at the surprised opponents while Sophie calmly climbs the steps.]

LD: Megumi Sato got out of Dodge, and I don't blame her one bit!

BW: Look at how there's no urgency at all in Sophie Rhodes! That's confidence in your partner!

LD: Not just a partner, of course, Cassie is Sophie Rhodes' mother. These two trust each other implicitly!

BW: In tag team wrestling, that is the kind of team that is successful, Dane! You have to act as one, think as one! As wild as Cassie Rhodes acts, you know Sophie Rhodes believes in everything her mother does!

[As Sophie joins her mother, Cassie throws Quesada towards Sophie, and Sophie catches Quesada in the stomach with a shin kick that doubles her over.]

LD: Sophie Rhodes now looking for a set of strikes on Christina Quesada, and...

"THUNKKKKKKKKK!"

LD: Out to the floor goes Heather Villaneuva, courtesy of Cassie Rhodes!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

LD: Oh my goodness, what a brutal kick! Sophie Rhodes had Quesada doubled over and she kicked this young woman right in the face!

BW: You think these two might be motivated, Dane? Cassie's brother, Sophie's uncle, Raphael Rhodes, he finally beat Juan Vasquez just a few days ago. He's riding a professional high, he did it without taking their advice, and these two are unranked.

LD: I think they're treading the fine line between family pride and professional jealousy, yes. Andy Dawson is trying to get one of the members of the Rhodes Dynasty out of the ring to officially start this match, and maybe give Heather Villaneuva and Christina Quesada a fair shot at fighting back.

BW: Yeah, good luck with that.

[Cassie wraps her hands around Quesada's throat as Sophie puts her hand on the official's shoulder, insisting that nothing they've done can be illegal as the match hasn't started yet. As Dawson tries to get around Sophie, Sophie keeps stepping into his path as her mother chokes away.]

LD: This is ridiculous, Ben! This is just a straight-up mugging, and neither of these two seem to give a damn about the rules!

BW: I bet Andy Dawson knows not to disqualify them, though. It'd be like pouring gas onto a raging fire.

[Dawson can't get around Sophie, but out of the corner of Cassie's eye, she sees Villaneuva climbing onto the apron. Cassie breaks the choke on Quesada, storming over to Villaneuva, and wraps her forearm around Villaneuva's throat, climbing over the ropes so she can get onto the apron. Sophie, meanwhile, points out that her mother has left the ring so the match can begin, and Dawson calls for the bell.]

BW: There, you see? Now the match has begun and I'm sure all the tactics from here will be on the level.

LD: On the level? Christina Quesada just got choked for the better part of 30 seconds! Cassie Rhodes is beating the daylights out of Heather Villaneuva on the floor! This can't possibly be on the level because The Rhodes Dynasty tilted the playing field before the match even started!

[As Quesada wearily gets to her knees, Sophie raises her leg high into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...before DRIVING her heel into the back of Quesada's head with an axe kick, causing Quesada to flop to the mat! In the background, Cassie Rhodes can be seen throwing Villaneuva so hard into the ringpost that her body practically wraps around the post, and she leaves her feet, falling to the ground hard.]

LD: Oh my God.

BW: Dane, that might have been the most sickening axe kick I think I've ever seen.

LD: Andy Dawson is checking Christina Quesada, and I don't think she's conscious, Ben. I think she might have been knocked out cold. She had no way to defend herself after Cassie Rhodes choked her, and then before she can even get to her feet to start the match, Sophie Rhodes knocks her out with an axe kick!

[Dawson looks out to Megumi Sato, shaking his head, and the bell sounds to a confused murmur from the audience. Cassie Rhodes jumps into the ring and points a finger at Dawson, who holds up his hands and can be heard shouting "wait a minute!"]

LD: Andy Dawson has stopped this, fans, but we don't know what the decision is.

BW: What decision could it be? Sophie Rhodes knocked out Christina Quesada, this is a Rhodes Dynasty knockout win.

LD: Christina Quesada was never on her feet to start the match, Ben. This should be a no-contest at the very least.

BW: Hey, Dawson called for the bell to start it, you have to defend yourself at all times, and Quesada didn't. This is a knockout.

[As Sophie gently pulls her mother away from Andy Dawson, he confers with Megumi Sato. A camera closes in and catches the tail end of the conversation... "by knockout".]

LD: Seriously?!

[And the voice of Megumi Sato confirms it.]

MS: Referee Andy Dawson has ruled that Christina Quesada is unable to continue, therefore your winner as the result of a knockout... CASSIE RHODES AND SOPHIE RHODES... THE RHOOOOOOOOOOOOODES DYYYYYYYYYYYYNASTY!

[The crowd loudly boos the result as Sophie puts both her hands under her chin in a grace face, fluttering her eyelashes and kissing the air, while Cassie sees a rising Heather Villaneuva and kicks her in the head from the ring.]

BW: You may not like it, Dane, but that's the right call. Any professional wrestler knows that even before the bell rings, you have to protect yourself. These two-

LD: These two haven't wrestled a fair match since they got here to the AWA, Ben. They want to know why they're not ranked? This is why. Because they jump people before the bell and they win matches like this.

BW: Hey, their paychecks are going to have the winner's share of the purse tonight, and they didn't even break a sweat. It's not their fault that the local heroines can't take a kick to the head.

LD: I-

....

BW: You better watch what you say next, Dane.

[The crowd murmurs as Cassie and Sophie leave the ring, walking over to the broadcast table, where Sophie hops up onto the table and leans back in a pose, while Cassie can be heard shouting at Lori Dane, but her exact words can't be heard because the audio keeps cutting out due to the presumed profanity. Lori takes a couple of moments of Cassie's shouting before she points towards the locker room.]

LD: Take it up with Zharkov! We don't handle the rankings!

[Lori points to Sophie.]

LD: And what is it with people like you and Paris Crawford sitting on our table?! Get out of here!

[Sophie rolls her eyes as she gets down from the table, her mother barking more curses as the audio cuts out. The two announcers watch security lead the Rhodes Dynasty from the broadcast area, and Lori lets out a sigh.]

BW: You know, if you're going to antagonize the wrestl-

LD: They came over here and yelled at me over something I have no control over! Am I supposed to just sit here and not say anything? I can't fix the problem they're having, I told them where to go.

BW: I'm just saying, don't make a bad situation worse.

LD: They keep acting like this and someone will handle the problem for us. It's really easy to make enemies here in the AWA and with attitudes like that, they're going to make them quickly.

[Dane shakes her head, glaring after the Rhodes clan...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we get a shot of what we can assume is the parking lot of the Temple.

The camera shot cuts toward the back of the lot where a sleek, black 2018 Cadillac Escalade idling under a flickering overhead light. The tinted driver's window is cracked just enough to see the shadowed figure of Dirt Dog Unique Allah, sitting casually in the passenger's seat. He's talking animatedly on his cell phone.

The back door to the warehouse bangs open. There is a sharp chirp and the Escalade's driver's door opens automatically. Odysseus Allah steps out of the building, gym bag slung over his shoulder, dressed down in black sweats and a long cardigan over his bare upper body. He's calm, collected, no longer rattled by the night's chaos. He's talking on his Samsung Galaxy S9 (what a heel!), the screen glowing faintly in the dim lot as he speaks low and steady into it.]

OA: Yeah, you're right. I got it.

[Pause.]

OA: Got no choice, do I?

[Again.]

OA: Yeah, I know what to do.

[Once more.]

OA: Don't worry, I can do it! One.

[He ends the call, sliding the phone into his pocket as he approaches the SUV. He pauses, throwing a glance up, seemingly looking directly into the ACCESS camera peering down on him - calm but with an edge, like he's letting the production truck know they've seen enough.]

OA: Not tonight.

[The young Allah gets in. The Escalade's headlights flare to life, engine rumbling deeper. Without another word, the SUV glides out of the lot - the implication hanging heavy: whatever's coming, father and son are on it...

...and we fade back down to the arena floor where we find the newest member of the AWA broadcast team - Lucy St. Clair - who is still all smiles but seems a little overwhelmed as she looks around at the rabid crowd.]

LSC: Is it always this crazy?

[She grins as the crowd cheers.]

LSC: Alright! It's been an wild and exciting night here for my debut coming on the heels of the epic night down the road at Chavez Ravine last Monday night - Memorial Day Mayhem. Now, earlier tonight, we heard from the brand new AWA National Champion Kerry Kendrick... but my social media is BLOWING UP tonight with people who want to hear from the other half of that title change, the former champion Jordan Ohara.

Well, you heard it here first, fans - the Phoenix will be in the house in San Jose next weekend for Saturday Night Wrestling to address the title change... and just what

comes next for Jordan Ohara in this new era of AWA wrestling. But in addition to that-

[The lights suddenly go out in The Temple of Boyle Heights and we then hear the opening horns from Van Halen's "Runnin' With the Devil," which sends the crowd into a frenzy.

Then you hear the strums of the guitar as a red light blinks throughout The Temple in time with them.

And as you hear the tapping of the cymbal, the sound of fingers running over a keyboard, and the guitar riff kicking in, you see a single spotlight hit the main balcony.

The AWA World Heavweight Champion makes his way along the balcony. He is dressed in a black trenchcoat with the image of a yellow and orange, exploding star on the back. Supernova also wears a black T-shirt, blue jeans and cowboy boots. He also wears a pair of shades.]

LD: The AWA World Champion is here at The Temple, fresh off a successful title defense against James Lynch!

BW: Yes, but at what cost, Dane? It turns out that Veronica Westerly had an ace up her sleeve, as we saw Nenshou come out and assist James Lynch in laying out the World Champion!

[Supernova walks toward the main staircase and stands atop it, the spotlight shining down upon him. He stands there for a moment, then raises his arms up and spreads them to the sides, showing off the World Title belt strapped around his waist, the fans cheering loudly.]

LD: Nenshou was certainly an unexpected arrival, but the result stands, in which Supernova successfully defended his World Title, a title he certainly deserved after devoting nearly seven years to climbing the ladder here in the AWA!

BW: But the thing is, how much longer can he hold on? Not only would Nenshou like a shot at the World Title, but don't forget Atlas Armstrong had a big win at Memorial Day Mayhem and holds a win over Supernova! And I'm sure James Lynch would want another shot! The way I see it, Dane, Supernova may have won the battle at Memorial Day Mayhem but the Westerly Dynasty is looking to win the war!

[Supernova comes down the stairs and makes his way around ringside, then to the ring steps. He ascends the steps and the lights come back up. Supernova then stands at the top of the steps, turning to face the crowd, then spreads his arms once more, the fans going nuts.]

LD: I don't doubt that Veronica Westerly would like any of her men to get another shot at the World Title and they may not be the only ones! But one thing is certain, I'm sure Supernova will be up to the challenge, as he has shown many times over despite the odds he faces!

BW: The thing is, Dane, is that it's not easy to hold onto a World Title when you have so many challengers lining up! And it's not just the Westerly Dynasty Supernova may have to worry about... don't forget that Supreme Wright is a former two-time World Champion and would love to hold that title again!

[Supernova ducks between the ropes and, once more, spreads his arms to the sides, the World Title belt around his waist for all to see. He then turns toward the ringside area and motions to ringside, retrieving a mic.

The World Champion then walks to the center of the ring as his music fades.]

S: Boyle Heights, how are we doing?!

[The roar from the crowd would indicate they're doing great.]

S: It looks like you all get to have your hometown hero around for one more night!

[And the roar from the crowd indicates they are quite happy about that.]

S: At Memorial Day Mayhem, I walked out with this title still in my possession...

[He gestures to the title belt around his waist.]

S: Only it turns out I've still got unfinished business with the Westerly Dynasty!

[The fans boo at the mention of the Dynasty.]

S: I can only guess that, once Veronica Westerly was told Atlas Armstrong was not allowed at ringside, she was gonna find any way she could to stack the deck. And it turns out, she brought out somebody from my past... Nenshou.

You see, I may have been younger and needing to learn a lot about this business the last time I faced Nenshou one on one, but I remember it well... a chance to become the Longhorn Heritage Champion was lost because Nenshou had to go into his bag of tricks to beat me!

[He paces around the ring as he continues.]

S: Now, if Nenshou wants to dig up old wounds, he's going to find out the hard way that I'm not the same man I was when we met nearly seven years ago! I mean, look at me, Nenshou!

[He gestures to himself.]

S: I ditched most of the color, I went with a darker shade, I even got a little meaner, a little nastier. But one thing hasn't changed, Nenshou...

[He then pulls off his shades, revealing his eyes with the flames painted around them.]

S: The fire still burns bright! And any time you want to face me again, I promise you that fire will burn you!

[The fans cheer as Supernova puts his shades back on.]

S: And I know that Atlas Armstrong is waiting as well... I know he wants the title... I know he wants to build off his momentum from Memorial Day Mayhem! I'm sure James Lynch would love nothing more than to have a second chance at the title!

And I know they aren't the only ones who want their shot at the franchise of the AWA!

[He pats the belt around his waist.]

S: For anyone who does want their shot, don't expect it be easy for you, because I can promise you I've got a lot more of that fire in me!

[He lowers the mic and appears to be ready to leave when there comes the familiar sound of synth music leading into the sound of a drumbeat. A drumbeat which bleeds into the sound of thousands of stomping feet.]

LD: Oh my goodness!!

BW: What?! I can't hear you!

[And there's a reason why. Every congregant in the Temple is on their feet. Screaming, stomping, clapping, and singing along...]

#This is a call to arms...
Gather soldiers!
Time to go to war!

LD: My oh my! This building is shaking!

#This is a battle song...
Brothers and sisters...

[The song builds to a crescendo, as the fans scream out]

#TIME TO GO TO WAR!

[And with those words, out steps the two-time former World Heavyweight Champion]

LD: RYAN MARTINEZ IS HERE!

BW: Boyle Heights isn't quite the Los Angeles of Ryan Martinez, but its close enough to be his backyard, and these fans are welcoming him home!

[The AWA's White Knight is wearing a pair of blue jeans, and a white t-shirt with the AWA logo on it, along with a black leather jacket with silver studs on the shoulders.]

LD: Ryan Martinez paying a bit of homage to his father tonight...

BW: Time was that the younger Martinez tried to keep comparisons with his father as far away as possible.

LD: In the beginning yes, but it's fair to say that Ryan Martinez has made his own name, and cemented a legacy all his own.

[Martinez looks focused, but nonetheless stops to slap the outstretched hands of the screaming fans as he strides to the ring. Finally making his way into the ring, Martinez takes the microphone and looks the World Champion dead in the eyes.]

RM: Supernova... champ...

[Martinez inclines his head in deference.]

RM: Good to see you. And good to see that on you...

[Martinez points to the World Title belt.]

RM: Now listen, you know full well how much I respect you, 'Nova. And you know I consider you a friend. You and I? We've gone to war together more than once. And I expect that it won't be long before we go to war together again.

But for right now...

[The camera catches Martinez staring intently at the World Title.]

RM: Well, I don't want to talk about a war where we're both on the same side...

[The fans roar in understanding. They know what Martinez is alluding to.]

RM: Now, before Memorial Day Mayhem, you and I made some plans and some promises. And at Memorial Day Mayhem, I showed Williams that his time hasn't quite come yet, and you put a stop to James Lynch.

And all respect to Nenshou and Armstrong... but I want to be the first man in the AWA to be World Champion three times.

[The crowd likes the sound of that too!]

RM: So what do you say we take those plans and turn them into a date?

[And with the question asked, the crowd erupts.]

S: You and me? Well, Ryan, as far as I am concerned, you are MY Number One Contender, and I'll be happy to give you that shot.

[The crowd ROARS at that!]

S: And though I know I'm ready to do it tonight, and I know you're ready to do it tonight... I think we owe the AWA the chance to build some hype, don't you?

[After a moment of thought, Martinez nods his head... which gets some playful boos from the Boyle Heights crowd, getting a grin from the White Knight as Supernova raises the mic again.]

S: So next week... you and me... San Jose, for the World Title!

What do you say?

[Martinez pauses for a moment before grinning with a nod.]

RM: I'll be there.

And that fire you talked you talked about earlier?

Expect the same from me.

Now, there's only one thing left to do.

[Martinez extends his hand. And without hesitation, Supernova shakes it. And with that, let the hype begin!]

LD: MY OH MY! IT'S OFFICIAL! SEVEN DAYS FROM NOW, SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING IN SAN JOSE IS GOING TO BE "MUST SEE TV!" WHEN SUPERNOVA DEFENDS THE WORLD TITLE AGAINST THE WHITE KNIGHT, RYAN MARTINEZ, LIVE ON ESPN!

BW: Even I'm excited for that one, Dane! Let's do this!

[Martinez exits the ring, heading back towards the locker room as Supernova stands in the ring, saluting the crowd with the World Title held over his head...]

...and we fade down to Lori and Ben at ringside.]

LD: This night continues to get better and better... and these fans are loving every second of it! We're not done yet. We've still got the Women's World Tag Team Titles on the line.

BW: We've still got Max Magnum versus Supreme Wright in perhaps the biggest Main Event in Showtime history!

LD: And on a night like this, who the heck knows what else is coming our way?!

[And on cue, we get the opening notes to "Dukes" by Repartee, sending the AWA faithful into a huge roar!]

LD: Oh yeah! Welcome back, Dream Girl!

[As Supernova steps from the ring with a smile, slapping hands at ringside, the voice of Megumi Sato booms out.]

MS: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first... making her way to the ring... from Montreal, Quebec, Canada... weighing in at 125 pounds... she is the Canadian Dream Girl...

...SKYYYYYYYYLAAAAAAR SWIIIIIIIIIIIFT!

[The cheers get louder as Skylar Swift bursts into view sporting a smile that would light up the cover of a magazine as she salutes the cheering crowd.]

LD: It's been almost four months since we've seen Skylar Swift head down the aisle for a singles match here in the AWA, Ben.

BW: Her knee all banged up at the hands of the Slam Sorority and... what's this now?

[Swift pauses to share a high five with the AWA World Champion Supernova as he makes his way to back. `Nova utters a "good luck out there!" as Swift heads to slap the hands of as many fans as possible.]

LD: A welcome back from the champ... and that's gotta feel good for the Dream Girl, Ben.

BW: What's NOT going to feel good for her is when the Slam Sorority gets their hands on her for what she did to them at Memorial Day Mayhem. That's going to make what they did to her in February feel like a walk in the park, I'd bet.

LD: You can see the red and white brace on the knee of Skylar Swift - a little extra support and protection as she recovers from that injury inflicted by Trish Wallace and her buddies. But with Skylar back in action, you better believe that collision with the Slam Sorority is coming real, real soon.

[Swift reaches the ring, turning to salute the cheering crowd with a smile before ducking through the ropes...]

MS: And her opponent... already in the ring at this time... from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 160 pounds... SHELLEYYYYY SLAAAAAATE!

[The rough and tumble looking Slate pumps a fist towards the crowd but gets little reaction as the fans are solidly behind the Dream Girl's return to action.]

LD: Shelley Slate, rocking the kind of makeup that might make Cinder jealous...

BW: Is that a piercing in her eyebrow?

LD: It sure is.

BW: If I was Swift, I'd rip that right out at the bell. If your opponent's going to do something stupid, you might as well take advantage of it.

LD: Words to live by... if you're Ben Waterson at least. And this one's just about set to get started...

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Temple crowd gives a good-sized cheer to officially welcome back Skylar Swift to the AWA ring as she circles around once before diving into a collar and elbow tieup with Los Angeles native Shelley Slate...

...and promptly takes her right off her feet with an armdrag.]

LD: The Canadian Dream Girl wasting no time in taking Shelley Slate right down with that armdrag... and it's great to see her back in the ring here on Showtime, Ben.

BW: It's great to see her back but frankly, Dane, I gotta wonder if she's coming back too soon. She had that knee injury at the hands of Trish Wallace and... if the Rumble is any indication, that's exactly who she has in her sights right now too. If that knee is anything less than one hundred percent, the Slam Sorority is gonna end this comeback in a hurry.

LD: We'll see about that. I spoke to Skylar before the show - side headlock here - and she let me know how excited she is to be back in action and even more excited that she made it back before the AWA hits her home country of Canada coming up this summer...

[Swift runs up the ropes, kicking off while still holding the headlock, dragging her opponent down in a headlock takeover...]

LD: ...impressive offense there by Swift who certainly looks early on like she hasn't missed a beat, Ben.

BW: Like you said... we'll see about that. Because Shelley Slate is no Trish Wallace... she's no Carolina Colton... and she's damn sure no Laura Davis.

LD: Swift hanging onto the headlock... no, rolled over! One! Two!

[Swift kicks out, letting go of the hold as both women scramble quickly up off the mat. Slate is a step quicker, throwing a right hand that Swift ducks under, balling up her fists to throw rapid rights and lefts to the body, getting the crowd going before she dashes to the ropes...]

LD: Swift on the move again, testing that knee early on...

[...and leaves her feet, snatching the head between her legs as she goes round and round and round...]

LD: Disneyland may be down the 5 freeway but Skylar Swift is taking Shelley Slate for a trip on the merry-go-round right now! Whirlybird headscissors annnnnd... down to the mat she goes!

[Both women attempt to scramble up again but this time, it's Swift who gets there first, throwing a dropkick that sends Slate down to the mat and rolling to the outside.]

LD: Slate looking for a breather but Skylar Swift is taking no quarter in her return to action tonight, going out on the apron after her... and a flying forearm, right in the mush, off the apron!

[Swift grins at the cheering crowd, saluting them and getting them even more fired up before she tosses Slate back inside.]

LD: The Canadian Dream Girl putting Slate back in... and whenever I see Skylar Swift in action, Ben, I can't help but think about last summer when she came oh-so-close to taking the Women's World Title off Kurayami in her native Canada at the Battle of Saskatchewan. The odds were against her that night but she nearly won the big gold... and perhaps the odds are against her again taking on Slam Sorority but never count this young lady out.

BW: Just like she was outsized last summer, she's outnumbered this time and the best she can hope for is oh-so-close.

[Swift pumps a fist to the fans one more time before coming up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Oh! She got caught! Shelley Slate caught her on the way in with that kneelift... Slate's a relative newcomer on the SoCal indy scene but she's made a little buzz for herself crossing over from Roller Derby to the professional wrestling ranks as well as some modeling she's done on the side... something she's got in common with the Dream Girl.

[With Swift hanging over the middle rope, Slate rushes the corner, leaping to the second rope, springing backwards with a twist to drop a leg across the upper back and shoulders...]

LD: Ohhh! Heavy attack there for Slate and now it's Skylar Swift who is in trouble here... cover by Slate!

[A two count follows before Swift kicks out to the relief of the Boyle Heights fans.]

LD: Slate giving the referee a little grief there after that two count... but she's staying right on top of the former Olympic level gymnast... former Fitness competitor... and of course, eventual student of the legendary Colton family.

BW: Shelley Slate's got some words for the crowd too - I don't like that. You've got Swift down, take advantage of it and do it quickly.

LD: Scoop slam, right down in the middle... ohhh! DOUBLE STOMP! RIGHT IN THE GUT!

[Slate flips over, applying a lateral press...]

LD: Slate's got one! She's got two! But Swift kicks out again... showing that fighting heart and soul, keeping herself in this match - her return to AWA action after being out since mid-February... about three months and change on the shelf for her but after making her return at Memorial Day Mayhem during the Rumble, Skylar's got her sights set on a big 2018.

[Slate drags her off the mat again, whipping her across the ring, crashing into the corner before the former Roller Derby gal comes rushing in, crushing her with a clothesline against the turnbuckles...

...and then steps out before throwing a standing clothesline as well, shaking up the Canadian Dream Girl who staggers out towards mid-ring, somehow keeping her feet as Slate swings her arm around, calling for a running lariat!]

LD: Swift's out on her feet, Ben, and she's got no idea what's waiting behind her!

BW: She's about to find out the hard way!

[As Swift staggers in a circle, Slate comes charging from the corner towards her with a loud shout...

...but Swift dips backwards, arching her back into a bridge to avoid Slater's wild charge!]

LD: OH! BIG MISS!

[Swift pushes back up, twisting around and swinging a high kick up in one motion...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: HEAD KICK!

[Slate's eyelids flutter as she staggers backwards from the kick, Swift charging past her to hop up on the middle rope...]

LD: Swift's up... she's ready...

[...and then leaps off, snatching a front facelock, twisting through the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: TORNADO DDT! THE BROKEN DREAMS DDT!

BW: That might be well-named, Dane, because Shelley Slate's dreams of shocking the world may have just gone up in smoke.

LD: Swift's on her feet, letting these fans know how much she's missed them and the feeling is likewise for sure!

[Slate is slow to stir, pushing off the canvas as Swift comes charging out, leaping up, twisting around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: BEAUTIFUL DREAMER CONNECTS! SHE HITS IT ALL!

[Slate goes down hard, Swift diving across, hooking a leg...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Swift gets to her feet, a huge smile on her face with both arms raised over her head as the fans pay tribute to her triumphant return.]

LD: Alright! Welcome back, Skylar Swift... and fans, don't go anywhere because Mariah is making her way inside the ring right now to get some words from the Dream Girl!

[We see Mariah Wolfe doing exactly that, stepping through the ropes with the mic in hand as she approaches Skylar.]

MW: Thanks, Lori... and Skylar, thanks for giving me some time to chat right here. First off, congratulations on your return from injury! Big win here tonight!

[Swift grins, rubbing the back of her neck a little.]

SS: That's girl is a tough customer, Mariah! Any time she wants to go again, I'm up for it. A win over her sure is a nice way to come back... but if I'm being honest, it wasn't quite as good as last Monday in the Rumble!

[The crowd cheers her Rumble appearance.]

MW: It had to feel great to hear 60,000 fans cheering for your return.

SS: Absolutely... and I'll tell you, it felt just as good to finally get my hands on the Slam Sorority. I sat on the sidelines for four months, Mariah... four months of rehabbing these knee, thinking of all the different ways I could get just a little bit of payback on Trish... on Colton... and on that guttersnake Laura Davis!

MW: Wow. So much disdain for the leader of the Slam Sorority.

SS: You got it, Mariah... because no matter how much Trish wants to act all big and tough now, we all know that it was Laura Davis who engineered what went down in February. It was Laura Davis who convinced Trish that she'd be better off with the Slam Sorority than as my partner. It was a huge mistake for Trish... because I truly believe that if Trish had stuck by my side, we'd be tag team champions right now... and believe me, championship gold is still on my radar... but right now, this isn't business... it's personal.

I want Trish Wallace in the ring and-

[Skylar's cut off by the arrival of Trish Wallace on the entrance staircase, standing where all can see.]

MW: Ask and ye shall receive, I suppose, Skylar.

[Swift nods, pointing at Wallace.]

SS: Okay, sure... I already had a match but I'm up for it if you are! Come on! Get yourself down here and let's do this right now! COME ON!

[Wallace smirks at Swift, flexing her arms in a double bicep.]

SS: I'm not here to talk about your muscles - I'm here to whoop your-

[But with Swift's focus up on the entranceway, she's wide open when Laura Davis and Carolina Colton hit the ring from behind her, Colton running her over with a clothesline to the back of the head, shouting "LARIATO!" as she delivers it. Davis stands back and watches with a smile as Colton puts the boots to Swift...]

LD: The Slam Sorority attacks form behind and... well, I suppose that plot was obvious in hindsight.

BW: Not to Skylar Swift! Here comes Trish Wallace now too and... we're about to get a three on one!

[Trish joins her allies in the ring, gesturing for Swift to get on her feet and Colton quickly obliges, shoving her towards Wallace who lifts, pivots, and DRIVES her down in a thunderous powerslam!]

LD: OHHH! Skylar Swift gets planted on the canvas... and this is a very bad situation for the Dream Girl!

BW: Fresh off the injured list and about to end up right back on it.

[Swift is helpless as Colton and Wallace take turns stomping her, Davis still looking on... and then points to the kneebrace.]

LD: Laura Davis pointing to the leg... pointing to that injured knee... directing traffic and... what is Wallace doing?

BW: She's trying to take the brace off! They're going to finish the job they started in February!

[But as Wallace is working on the brace, the crowd ROARS as the entranceway is suddenly overflowing with women racing towards the ring...]

LD: Betty Chang! Charity Rockwell on the scene as well!

[...and they keep on coming...]

LD: Pink Cashmere! Moxy Hart! Hey, Katrina Coleman's back out here as well!

[And suddenly outnumbered, the Slam Sorority bails from the ring, leaving Swift laid out with her kneebrace just barely still on her leg as Pink Cashmere shouts at them over the ropes...]

LD: The cavalry arrives just in the nick of time to save Skylar Swift from serious injury and...

[Swift is helped up by Chang and Coleman, shaking her head at the departing Trish Wallace who mockingly waves at her.]

LD: ...and this isn't over, Ben - not by a long shot.

BW: I'm sure you're right... but maybe Swift should take this as a sign and look for weaker competition.

LD: I don't see that happening... and as the Slam Sorority slithers out of Boyle Heights, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou! Lou?

[We fade from the ring to backstage.]

SLB: Thanks, Lori! Once again, a wild scene out there at ringside here in The Temple with half the damn Women's Division getting involved!

[Lou shakes his head.]

SLB: Look, I think everyone acknowledges this place can get pretty crazy at times but lately... whew. Right now, I'm supposed to be giving an update on Jack Lynch after Memorial Day Mayhem. And I don't even have an update to give.

He's hurt, sure. Physically hurt. Mentally and emotionally hurt worse, I believe.

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: He's going to be out for some time. How long? Nobody knows. He's not talking. No one in the family is talking. Theresa Lynch is damn sure not talking either. But I'm talking right now... so let's talk. Let's talk about what happened in that Towel Match last Monday night.

[He sighs, shaking his head in disgust.]

SLB: You had the Iron Cowboy fighting for his family's honor... for his sister! He was taking on his former friend Supreme Wright in a rematch of one of the most brutal matches in AWA history and somehow this one might've even been MORE brutal! And just when it looks... just when you think Jack Lynch is going to score one for the good guys...

[Blackwell jerks a hand wildly.]

SLB: ...the rug gets yanked right out from under him. And it's not bad enough that he lost, mind you... not bad enough that no-good... that Supreme Wright and Team Supreme pulled one over on him... but his SISTER... his own flesh and blood... Theresa Lynch of all people... one of the kindest, sweetest, nicest, most intelligent young ladies I've ever met... she betrays him. She buries the knife in his back and stands beside Supreme Wright?! What is going on around here these days for the love of God?!

[And on cue...]

"Shame on you, Blackwell."

[Blackwell pauses, and is visibly and immediately even more upset as he's joined by Bobby O'Connor. O'Connor is followed by Jason Whittaker and Dustin Sanderson. O'Connor gets face to face with Blackwell as the Blackjacks flank their mentor.]

BOC: Everyone knows too well that the heavenly father doesn't love anyone with the last name Lynch.

[Blackwell's face curls up in disgust.]

SLB: Even you can't be happy with what's happened!

[O'Connor and Sanderson immediately start laughing, complete with Sanderson slapping Blackwell on the shoulder while shaking his head side to side. Whittaker on the other hand, maintains his usual silent and intense demeanor.]

DS: And here I thought you didn't have a sense of humor. Damn, that was good.

[Blackwell grumbles inarticulately as O'Connor steps in.]

BOC: If this were any other family, I'd find it very distasteful that you're choosing this time to try out your stand up material, Blackwell. As it is, I can't find time to laugh.

[Blackwell blinks.]

SLB: You can't? Well, maybe there's hope for you after--

BOC: I can't find time to laugh because I'm too busy rejoicing. I'd admit to being wrong about Theresa Lynch, but here's the thing.

[O'Connor shakes his head.]

BOC: I was never wrong about Theresa Lynch. Theresa Wright however...

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: ...that's another story after all. And I'd like to take this time to not just thank her, but welcome her into the golden healing light of those that walk on a righteous path.

[Blackwell looks at Whittaker.]

SLB: At least you aren't joining in on this disgusting display. What do you have to say about the continued attacks by your manager and partner here?

[Whittaker glares at Blackwell.]

SLB: I, uh...

[Sanderson points a finger at Blackwell.]

DS: Have some class! Jason is asking a vow of silence while the sin of the Lynches continuing to exist continues. Have a heart, man!

[Blackwell shakes his head as the view slightly switches to farther down the hall where Omega and Polemos are mobbed by half-a-dozen younger fans. Omega is taking selfies with a kid with blue facepaint in the shape of his mask. Polemos tries to hang back, looking ominous, but his stubbled, square chin cracks into a slight smile on one side.]

SLB: At least someone's having fun back here!

[Sanderson shakes his head, looking at Blackwell with disgust.]

DS: That looks like fun to you, Blackwell? What's wrong with you?!

[O'Connor shakes his head remorsefully.]

BOC: It's what's wrong with this Godless world as a whole these days. Instead of raising up the good and the pure... fools hiding behind masks and claiming to having powers not unlike the almighty are given a spotlight.

[The three men give each other a chilly look and nod. Sanderson looks directly at the camera.]

DS: But maybe that's something that we can do something about. Maybe that's something we're going to put to an end real soon.

[The three men stalk away, nearly pushing Blackwell aside.]

SLB: Why, I never! Lori, Ben... back to-

[But before we can cut back to ringside, we hear a loud scream and a crash that makes Lou jump. He looks wide-eyed as the camera pans to reveal a pink afro'd

young lady standing amidst a tipped over table, sports drinks now scattered all over the floor around here.]

SLB: Pink Cashmere, what has gotten into you?!

[Cashmere steps forward quickly, forcing Lou to bump into the wall behind him, holding up the mic.]

PC: I'm sick of it all, Mr. Blackwell. I'm sick of good people getting attacked out there time after time. I'm sick of spending more time on the injured list than on the card. And I'm sick of the Slam Sorority getting away with all of it.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I know what you're saying. I'm pretty sick of it myself but... what are YOU going to do about it?

[Cashmere quickly whips her head back and forth anxiously.]

PC: No! NO! I know EXACTLY what I'm gonna do, Mr. Blackwell. I'm going to walk down there to the medical office and I'm going to tell Skylar Swift that if she needs a partner against those three bullies... she's got one!

[She turns, walking off out of view.]

SLB: Wow! Pink Cashmere making a stand here tonight! And I love it! Lori, how about you?

[We crossfade back to ringside to a grinning Lori Dane.]

LD: I love it too, Lou. And I hope Skylar takes Pink Cashmere up on that offer in the very near future. Now, it's just about time to head back to Megumi because we're about to see the return to in-ring action of-

BW: -the little boy that daddy didn't want! Wah, wah, wah, cry me a river. Tumblr from eight years ago called, it wants its daddy issues back.

LD: I... wow. Megumi?

[Fade to the ring where our ring announcer is standing at the ready.]

MS: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first...

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

MS: From Black River Falls, Wisconsin... weighing in at 213 pounds...

He is "THE BAAAAAAD SEEEEEEEEEEEEED"...

DAAAAAAAAMIAN....

DEVILLLLLLLLLLLLLLE!

DEUS

[DeVile steps out from behind the curtain and into the aisle, his face utterly devoid of emotion. His long black hair, shaved at both sides, is pulled and tied back. His lean, muscular upper body is a portfolio of dark tattoo work, befitting of a young

man who once fronted a black metal band. He wears plain black fight shorts, knee pads and boots, and a sleeveless black leather jacket.]

DEUS DIABOLUS INVERSUS

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

LD: This is one dangerous young man, Ben.

BW: He's dangerous, sure, but he's also completely directionless. The kid seems more focused on his personal grudges than on actual competition.

LD: Wouldn't you be, Ben? He's had to deal with so much already, and now, just as he's reconciling with his father after years apart, it all seems to be falling apart again... and Veronica is pulling all the strings.

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

MS: And his opponent, already in the ring, hailing from Dayton, Ohio, and weighing in at 199 pounds... Marcus Bartlett!

[Bartlett is a fairly unimpressive specimen. A solid four out of ten on a good day.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: And we are underway - Damian DeVille, the so-called "Bad Seed," returning to action here tonight against young Marcus Bartlett.

BW: Action, Dane? This is an impromptu funeral. Poor Bartlett doesn't even get a coffin - he's the sacrificial lamb, and DeVille is the wolf.

[DeVille circles aggressively, snapping a stiff kick to Bartlett's thigh before shoving him into the corner. He unleashes a brutal combination: Muay Thai knees to the ribs, followed by a sharp elbow across the jaw. Bartlett stumbles out, clutching his midsection.]

LD: DeVille wasting no time with those kickboxing strikes. Marcus Bartlett hasn't even gotten out of the blocks here.

BW: Of course he hasn't. Damian DeVille isn't here to wrestle, he's here to hurt people - and maybe prove a point to Daddy Dearest watching from his ivory tower and the wicked stepmother trying to get under his skin behind the scenes.

LD: Ben, will you stop?

[DeVille hauls Bartlett up by the hair, smirking at the booing crowd, then hits a devastating snap suplex. He floats over for a nonchalant cover - one hand pressed lazily on Bartlett's chest. Bartlett kicks out weakly at two.]

LD: That arrogance almost cost him.

BW: No, no, that was Damian sending a message: "I can end this whenever I want." Not that his father would approve - oh no, the great legend doesn't like his son being mean. He'd rather Damian smile, shake hands, and play nice.

LD: It's not about playing nice, Ben, it's about Caleb Temple trying to prevent his son from making the same mistakes and going down the same dark path that he did.

[In the ring, DeVille blasts Bartlett with a series of stiff leg kicks, each one louder than the last. Bartlett crumples to one knee. DeVille taunts the crowd with the "metal horns" hand sign, then smashes a soccer kick into Bartlett's chest, sending him sprawling to the ropes.]

LD: My word! That kick nearly caved his chest in!

BW: That's what years of black metal vocals will do, Dane. The lungs of a demon, the legs of a killer.

[Bartlett struggles to his feet, trying to mount some offense with wild punches, but DeVille blocks them easily. He counters with a vicious spinning backfist that drops Bartlett flat.]

LD: That could've knocked him out right there!

BW: And I wish it had - because the longer this goes, the more Damian is going to use Marcus Bartlett as a therapy session for his family drama.

[DeVille drags Bartlett up, hooks both arms, and delivers a brutal double-underhook backbreaker. He doesn't even go for the pin - instead, he kneels over Bartlett, snarling, screaming inaudibly at the hard camera.]

LD: This is uncomfortable to watch. Damian DeVille is making a statement, yes, but Marcus Bartlett is being utterly dismantled.

BW: And Damian's father should be watching closely. This is the son he abandoned. This is the monster he created when he walked away.

[DeVille backs into the corner, crouching low, waiting. Bartlett somehow staggers to his feet, glassy-eyed.]

LD: He's measuring him - don't do it, Damian!

[DeVille explodes forward and smashes Bartlett in the face with The Omen, his running knee strike. Bartlett collapses like a marionette with its strings cut. DeVille kneels beside him, placing a single finger on his chest for the cover.

One-two-three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: And just like that, mercifully, it's over.

BW: The Omen has spoken, Dane. Damian DeVille just knocked this kid out cold.

[DeVille stands, glaring into the hard camera, mouthing something about "bloodlines" and "betrayal." The crowd boos loudly.]

LD: Damian DeVille with a dominant - maybe too dominant - victory here tonight. I can't condone his methods, but his impact can't be denied.

BW: Condone, deny, who cares? His father turned his back, his stepmother poisoned the well, and Damian DeVille has only one family left - the pain he dishes out.

LD: That's enough, Ben. Let's hear from the "Bad Seed," who is ringside with Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams.

[Damian DeVille, still sweaty and breathing heavy after his dominant victory, looms in front of the camera. Mariah Wolfe holds the mic, with Sweet Daddy Williams standing at her side, arms crossed, watching closely.]

MW: Damian DeVille, congratulations on your win tonight - though it was a dominating, some might say brutal performance. The obvious question on everyone's mind: where do you go from here?

[Damian yanks the mic toward himself, sneering.]

DD: Where do I go from here? I go forward. Always forward. I don't need pats on the back. I don't need guidance. And I sure as hell don't need a family that doesn't want me.

[He paces a step, glaring into the camera.]

DD: My father - your precious legend, your King of the Death Match - made it clear he has no interest in managing me, mentoring me, or even standing in my corner. That's fine. He walked away. He made his choice. And Veronica? Don't even start with me. That woman thinks she can sink her claws into me, use me as a weapon to hurt the man who gave up on me. Newsflash - nobody uses Damian DeVille. Nobody.

[Sweet Daddy Williams raises an eyebrow, leaning toward the mic.]

SDW: So what you're saying is... no father in your corner, no stepmother pulling the strings - you're out here on your own?

DD: Exactly. I'll go it alone like I always have. There's only two places I've ever been honest, ever belonged. On the stage... and in that ring. I don't need bloodlines. I don't need family. I am my own storm, my own army, my own executioner.

[He stares coldly into the camera, voice dropping lower.]

DD: And if anyone - anyone - thinks they can stop me, they'll end up like the clown in the ring... or like my father. Broken. Forgotten. Done.

[DeVile shoves the mic back at Mariah and storms off, leaving her and Sweet Daddy Williams exchanging uneasy glances.]

MW: Strong words from Damian DeVille.

SDW: Strong? That's a man with a grudge and no leash, Mariah. And that makes him real dangerous.

MW: Let's go backstage to Sweet Lou!

[We fade from the ringside area to the backstage portion of the Temple where Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Thanks, Mariah! Showtime On ESPN has quickly become must-see TV for professional wrestling fans all over the world. This week was no exception and you better believe it'll be no exception two weeks from tonight in...

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: ...and I can't believe I'm saying this but... the old IIWF Coliseum in Portland, Oregon! Professional wrestling hallowed ground where titans of this business like James, Claw, Kowalski, Thunder, and Hardin once walked will see pro wrestling once

more as we present Showtime: Ring Wars! Many of the AWA's top stars grew up idolizing the people and the happenings of the Double Eye and you know they'll be looking to show out in the ol' Coliseum two weeks from now so let's take a look at some what we're expecting to see that night.

[A graphic comes up.]

SLB: You talk about the IIWF, you gotta talk about Seven Tables of Fear - the match made famous by Joe Petrow and Dirt Dog Unique Allah back on March 22, 1997 in the Skydome of Toronto. Well, twenty-one years later, the son of Dirt Dog - Odysseus Allah - has demanded to face "Cannonball" Lee Connors in the very same match his father made famous and the Karate Kid himself has accepted the challenge! Allah. Connors. Seven Tables of Fear, you do NOT want to miss that!

[The graphic shifts.]

SLB: The tag team division of the AWA is wide open in recent weeks and in two weeks, we'll see the Soldiers of Fortune back in action... the Charlie Stephens/Mr. Stars and Stripes version anyways. Still no sign of Joe Flint and believe me, I'm going to do my best to get to the bottom of that situation in two weeks as well.

[Another change.]

SLB: Speaking of tag teams, we saw this one develop earlier tonight and now it's official! Pink Cashmere and Skylar Swift will do battle with the Slam Sorority in what should be a very intense and personal matchup.

[And then back to Blackwell.]

SLB: Three big matches and you just know there will be a whole lot more announced in the days ahead! It's Showtime: Ring Wars coming to you live on ESPN from the IIWF Coliseum in Portland and it's two weeks away! But that's two weeks from now... not tonight... but tonight's not over yet and one of the big matches remaining is the clash for the Women's Tag Team Titles between Seductive and Destructive meeting the Peach Pits! Lucy St. Clair has caught up with the champions to get their thoughts moments before their tag title showdown! Lucy?

[The camera fades to another part of the dimly lit backstage area of The Temple. There, we see Lucy St. Clair standing next to the AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions, Seductive & Destructive - the team of Cinder and Harley Hamilton.

Hamilton is dressed in a shimmering, form-fitting, two-piece electric blue outfit: a cropped, halter-style top with a deep V-neckline and floral accents that hug her curves, paired with high-cut shorts. Sheer, flowing blue sleeves drape from the top like ethereal wisps, adding a touch of airy elegance.

Cinder is dressed similarly, but her outfit is colored in her trademark scarlet red. Their AWA Women's World Tag Team belts gleam under the fluorescent lights, slung casually over their shoulders. Both women are all smiles, Harley grinning big, while Cinder's laugh echoes through the halls.

St. Clair, the fresh-faced backstage interviewer, lets her inexperience show as her voice pitches up nervously.]

LSC: Uh, Harley Hamilton... Cinder... Seductive and Destructive! The reigning and defending AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions. Tonight, you defend those titles against The Peach Pits in a rematch from that epic tournament final months back.

[Harley's eyes light up as she takes notice of St. Clair.]

HH: Well, well, well... who do we have here? Hey Cindy, check out the shiny new toy.

C: Aye, a splash o' color in this place that seems perpetually tinted the color of a filthy toilet.

[Lucy blushes, making an awkward laugh to hide her discomfort.]

HH: Oh, don't mind Cindy. She doesn't bite. Not unless you give her a reason to.

LSC: I'll... be sure not to.

[Cinder seems disappointed.]

C: Aw.

LSC: Okay, okay... let's get back on track, shall we? Harley Hamilton, that Rumble win at Memorial Day Mayhem was outstanding. And Cinder, with the Steal the Spotlight contract in your pocket? The two of you stand alone at the top of the rankings. I daresay, Julie Somers' title reign has never been in more danger than it is at this moment. And you two have accomplished all this while remaining dominant atop the tag team division. Between the two of you, we're basically looking at the single most dominant duo the AWA Women's Division has ever seen. But, what's the vibe heading into tonight's title defense?

[A look of surprise appears on Harley's face as Lucy forces a nervous smile.]

HH: Are you kidding me? Did you just say the words that came out of your mouth?

LSC: ... Yes?

HH: Where have you been all this time!?

[Harley turns to Cinder.]

HH: My gosh, Cindy, can you believe it? The AWA finally hired someone who has half a clue!

C: Aye, isn't she. Nice to not run into an inveterate bollock-talkin' reprobate.

LSC: I'm just stating the facts.

HH: Which is a far greater thing than the likes of Mariah Wolfe or Mark Stegglet have ever done! But enough about your dishonest, lying, reality-distorting colleagues, let's focus our attention back on an infinitely more beautiful and interesting subject.

Seductive & Destructive.

[Without prompting, as if they are two minds moving as one, Harley and Cinder both raise their tag team title belts into the air.]

HH: This is day 245 of the greatest title reign the world of professional wrestling will ever have the privilege of witnessing!

LSR: But that's not possible. You two only just won the titles back in March.

HH: That was merely the day we gained possession of these belts, Lucy St. Clair...

C: ... but we've held the title of the greatest TAGteamCHAMPIONSoftheUNIVERRRRRrrrrse, since the day of our formation, by the way!

[With the AWA titles still raised high above their heads, Harley and Cinder, simultaneously lean back ever so slightly to give more prominence to their unrecognized and unsanctioned "World Tag Team Champions of the Universe" title belts that are worn around their waists.]

HH: You like spitting indisputable facts, Lucille...

[Lucy mouths, "Lucille?" to herself.]

HH: ...well, here is an indisputable fact: Seductive & Destructive has already faced The Peach Pits in a high stakes, do or die situation with these very title belts that we hold in our hands on the line and we passed that test with flying colors! And ever since then, we have only continued to pass every single test the AWA throws in our way with flying colors! As our stars continue to rise and our popularity continues to grow, now all our doubters and haters are faced with a horrifying truth.

C: The truth is shaped like itself by the way - it's a total-allergy. The legend has become fact. And we're pure dead brilliant!

HH: Let me ask a simple question. Do you believe in the 77 days since we defeated The Peach Pits, that they have grown in any meaningful or significant way to overcome the massive gap in talent, skill, intelligence, hygiene, smell...

[Harley pauses, as she and Cinder both toss their hair in unison.]

HH: ...and overall good looks that already presented itself in our original match?

C: Nay, and ever since then, the gap has only continued to grow wider.

HH: The last time we faced each other, Donna Martinelli, was left shattered and broken, screaming in pain from my Ude Sasori-gatame.

LSC: Your what?

[Harley turns to Lucy with a disapproving look, annoyed at being interrupted.]

HH: "Arm Scorpion Lock"... download Duolingo and try learning Japanese sometime.

[Harley shakes her head with disdain.]

HH: But the point is, while Cindy and I have only continued to grow stronger and more formidable, while we stand at the cusp of complete rule over the AWA Women's Division, The Peach Pits, completely stagnated while they waited for Donna's arm to recover from the catastrophic damage we did to it. With all the facts laid bare, the result of tonight's match should be as obvious as the botox in Melissa Cannon's face.

C: The never-ending, eternal forever reign of your undefeated, unpinned, unsubmitted, UNDISPUTED AWA Women's Tag Team champions rolls on!

[Lucy nods and turns to the camera.]

LSC: Confidence. Absolute and overwhelming confidence from the champions going into tonight's title defense. But hey, quick curveball... what about down the line?

Word is, The Country Punks have been sniffing around for another shot at those titles after that wild match at Memorial Day Mayhe-

[The air shifts as the smug smile on Harley's face flatlines into a hard stare, her eyes narrowing. Cinder's face twists into a scowl.]

HH: You just had to ruin a good thing, didn't you? We're done here.

LSC: But...

C: Ye got cotton swabs in ye ears? We're done!

[The duo storms off-frame, with Cinder muttering curses under her breath. Lucy St. Clair stands there, stunned, mouthing a silent "Whoops..." to the camera as it cuts out to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP! Introducing first... they are the challengers...

[The lighting in the area takes on a very strong peach-colored tone to... cheers? Will wonders never cease.]

MS: From Beverly Hills... weighing in at 272 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by Kelly Taylor...

SHANNON WALSH...

DONNA MARTINELLI...

...THE PEEEEEEAAAAAACH PIIIIIIIIIIITS!

[As Carly Rae Jepsen's "Cut To The Feeling" starts to fill the crowd with poppy energy, Kelly Taylor bursts into view. She too is in her ring gear of a peach-colored singlet high cut on the hips. She wears a satin windbreaker style jacket over the top with "PEACH PITS" written in scripty font across the back. Shannon Walsh is the next one through, focused and ready for a fight with her hair tightly pulled back as she stands in MMA style shorts and a sportsbra style top. Donna Martinelli is the last one on the scene going with the same singlet style gear as Kelly but with the midriff completely exposed while her back remains covered.]

LD: The Peach Pits on the scene, the Number One Contenders to the Women's World Tag Team Titles... finally back together for the first time since March. The arm is healed, the team is together, and the Peach Pits are ready to challenge for those titles, Ben.

BW: And you better believe the champs are ready to defend 'em.

[The Peach Pits hit the ring: Walsh all business as a practically giddy Taylor and Martinelli play to the fans on their way to the aisle and through the ropes. They both mount midbuckles to salute the crowd as Walsh dances around the ring, shadowboxing all the while as Megumi Sato steps up and the opening beats of "E.V.O.L" by Marina and the Diamonds blast through the speakers.

The familiar wave of high-pitched cheers from the scattered clusters of teenage girls in the audience echo through the Temple, but are quickly drowned out by a thunderous wave of boos from the rest of the crowd.]

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 the 2018 Rumble winner... 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 ring gear. The duo pauses at the top of the entrance staircase, 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...

...and Casey Cash charges out under the arch of humanity, pointing at the ring with both hands.]

LD: Well... it looks like Seductive and Destructive decided to counter Kelly Taylor being at ringside, Ben.

BW: As they should. When in doubt, have the numbers edge... if you can't, at least make it even.

[The trio makes their way to the ring, the boos overtaking any attempted cheers from the young female demographic. Hamilton climbs up on the apron, threatening Donna Martinelli with a mimed breaking of an arm. Cinder cackles, leaning over the ropes as Cash applauds, taking her spot at ringside.]

LD: Hamilton and Cinder retained the titles last Monday night with a win over the Country Punks... who have made it clear they're looking for another shot at the titles.

BW: Nuh uh... back of the line, chumps.

LD: Luckily for us all, you don't get to make that decision. The referee checking on both teams now, getting ready for this big, big title matchup.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Cinder lets loose a wild shriek, rushing across to dive into an aggressive tieup with Donna Martinelli, shoving her back towards the ropes... but they bounce right off, spinning out to center ring...

...where Cinder slyly reaches up, yanking Martinelli's lengthy locks to put her down on the mat to jeers!]

LD: Cinder not wasting a moment before breaking the rules, Ben.

[Waterson just chuckles.]

LD: Something funny?

BW: Don't look now, Dane, but your disdain for E-Girl MAX is showing.

[Cinder stands over Martinelli, shouting at her as the returning Peach Pit comes off the mat, shaking her head...]

LD: Martinelli right back up though. Not backing down. This is a different Donna Martinelli than we saw before the injury, Ben.

BW: It IS a different Martinelli. More aggressive. More confident in her skills... and deservedly so. The Peach Pits have come a long way since their debut and as much as 2018 has been all about E-Girl MAX, Hamilton and Cinder have to be careful in this one or we could see the titles change hands tonight in Boyle Heights.

LD: Another tieup... fighting for position... trying to get-

[But before Martinelli can get an edge, Cinder uses a handful of hair to yank her down a second time...]

LD: Oh, come on!

[Cinder is again in Taunt Mode, laughing hysterically as she walks to her corner, embracing her partner as Casey Cash gleefully laughs on the outside.]

LD: E-Girl MAX having a good time here in Boyle Heights early on in this one... and Ben, I've gotta say that Casey Cash and Kelly Taylor being out here adds a layer of uneasiness in the air. They could get involved at any moment and that's bad news for anyone looking for a straight up match for the Women's Tag Team Titles.

[Martinelli shakes her head as she gets up again, Kelly Taylor shouting encouragement on the outside for her friend...]

LD: Here we go again, back to the lockup and-

[...and this time, it's Martinelli who goes to the hair, yanking Cinder off her feet to a HUGE CHEER from the Temple crowd...]

...and the Peach Pit pounces on the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner, clubbing her with wild rights and lefts as Cinder tries to cover up, shrieking as she tries to protect herself!]

LD: MARTINELLI'S GOT HER DOWN! MARTINELLI'S POUNDING AWAY!

[Coming off the mat, Martinelli drags Cinder to her feet, rushing the corner...]

LD: FACEFIRST IN THE CORNER!

[...and then spins around, charging back the other way, ramming Cinder's head into the turnbuckles again!]

LD: And again in the opposite corner!

[With two hands full of hair, Martinelli swings Cinder up into the air, sending her spinning out of the corner before flopping facefirst into the mat!]

LD: Martinelli going old school! Shades of some of the greats in women's wrestling from the 80s!

[Cinder is down on the mat reeling but just as Martinelli is set to advance, she pauses...]

"LET'S GO DON-NA!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO DON-NA!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO DON-NA!"
clap clap clapclapclap

[...and Martinelli stops in her tracks, a surprised smile on her face as she looks out on the chanting crowd.]

"YOU LIKE ME! YOU REALLY LIKE ME!"

[The crowd cheers for Martinelli... and Cinder lowers the boom on her from behind, a running forearm to the back of the head, knocking Martinelli flat on the canvas!]

LD: Sneak attack by Cinder! One of her favorite moves right there... and look at her go to work, stomping down on Martinelli over and over, driving her right under the ropes to the outside...

[Referee Shari Miranda steps in, shielding Martinelli from further attack and ordering Cinder to back off...]

LD: ...Martinelli out on the floor, Cinder being backed away by Shari Miranda... Cinder, of course, made headlines over the past couple of weeks by attempting to cash in that Steal The Spotlight contract on Julie Somers.

BW: And she would've gotten away with it too if it wasn't for that meddling Melissa Cannon!

LD: That remains to be seen but the Women's World Champion certainly has to be on high alert about BOTH members of Seductive and Destructive these days as Somers has a date with Harley Hamilton at Girls To The Front in August for-

[Cinder shoves past the referee, moving towards the ropes where Martinelli reaches under the ropes, pulling Cinder's feet out from under her, dragging her right out to the floor..

...and starts flailing at her, hammering her with rights and lefts as the crowd goes wild again and Cinder tries to cover up again!]

LD: Martinelli pulls her to the outside and-

[Grabbing Cinder around the head, looping an arm under...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS Cinder into the air, tossing her horizontally into the wall of the office jutting out onto the makeshift "arena" floor!]

LD: MARTINELLI PUTS HER INTO THE WALL!

[Casey Cash comes charging into view, reading Martinelli the riot act as Kelly Taylor cheers her friend on proudly...]

LD: What a hard crash into the wall that was for Cinder, Ben.

BW: Cinder got rocked there... like I said, the champs need to be careful. 2018 is obviously the Year of E-Girl MAX but-

LD: The... what?

BW: The Year of E-Girl MAX. Look, we came into 2018 with Cinder holding the Steal The Spotlight contract, right?

LD: Of course.

BW: And since then, we've seen Cinder and Hamilton become the FIRST Women's World Tag Team Champions, yes?

LD: Uh huh.

BW: We've seen Casey Cash go nearly an hour in the Rumble, one of the longest stints of the entire match, correct?

[Lori sighs.]

BW: I'll take your silence as agreement. And then Harley Hamilton wins the Rumble! 2018 is the Year of E-Girl MAX and it ain't even close if you ask me!

[Martinelli is playing to the ringside fans, trading words with Casey Cash on the outside before finally dragging a wrecked Cinder off the exposed concrete, dragging her across the ringside area and tossing her under the ropes.]

LD: Cinder's back in... and Martinelli just barely back in before the count herself!

BW: Martinelli needs to watch herself, Dane. Her newfound popularity's got her all wrapped up with these Boyle Heights Bums and she almost cost her team their shot at the tag titles.

LD: This is a rematch of the Finals of the tournament that crowned the first Women's Tag Team Champions... a match that Hamilton and Cinder won by absolutely brutalizing the already-injured arm of Donna Martinelli... and I just wonder what happens tonight with a completely fresh Peach Pits.

[With Martinelli still coming off the mat, Cinder crawls across the ring, kneeling to tag her partner and embrace her lower half as the crowd jeers.]

LD: Well, there's a tag to Harley Hamilton, the 2018 Rumble winner...

[Hamilton soothingly returns the embrace of her friend before coming inside the ring to replace her. She's glaring a hole through Martinelli as she gestures at her, waving her into a lockup...]

LD: Hamilton ties her up... and right into the armtwist, immediately going after the arm that put Donna Martinelli out of action for months...

[...and Martinelli promptly shoves her back into the ropes, desperately looking for an escape. The referee's count reaches four before Hamilton lets go, shoving Martinelli backwards to more boos from the Boyle Heights crowd.]

LD: ...what a bully Hamilton and all of these girls are.

[A smirking Hamilton eases out to mid-ring where they tie up again, fighting for position... but Hamilton twists the arm around again before bringing an elbow down across the trapped limb...]

LD: Oh! Going after the arm again!

[Martinelli goes down to a knee, grimacing as she grabs at her trapped arm, Hamilton maintaining the wristlock as Shannon Walsh shouts at her partner from across the ring, encouraging her to make the tag...]

LD: Shannon Walsh wants that tag but Hamilton keeps Martinelli away from her corner for now... but Martinelli reverses into an armwringer of her own... and takes her down with an armdrag!

[Martinelli quickly grabs the arm, checking the condition as Hamilton comes off the mat. The Peach Pit races forward, twisting around in a spinning back kick that sends Hamilton spilling through the ropes to the outside!]

LD: Ohh! What a kick by Martinelli, Hamilton out there... Casey Cash right there with her...

[Martinelli makes her way to the corner, slapping her partner's hand. Shannon Walsh ducks through the ropes, falling to all fours near the ropes as Martinelli charges across, stepping up onto her partner's back...]

LD: ...LOOK OUUUUUUT!

[...and dives over the ropes with a crossbody that knocks both Hamilton and Cash down on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: BIG DOUBLETEAM BY THE PEACH PITS! AND THE CHALLENGERS TAKE EARLY CONTROL OF THIS ONE!

[Martinelli wastes no time this time, pulling Hamilton off the floor, tossing her back in to a waiting Shannon Walsh who pulls the 2018 Rumble winner up, shoving her straight back into the corner...]

LD: Walsh is a little hot under the collar after a poor showing in the Rumble, rights and lefts to the ribs of Hamilton...

[Ignoring the protesting official, Walsh grabs a Thai clinch, burying her knee up into the ribs of Hamilton as she drags her out of the corner a few steps before whipping her across the ring...]

LD: Corner to corner and... KNEEEEE TO THE JAW! Stepping up on the middle rope to jack the jaw of Hamilton!

BW: She might be seeing stars after that one, Dane. Walsh's MMA background has made her a dangerous striker inside the squared circle and...

LD: BULLDOG OFF THE SECOND ROPE! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE!

[Walsh flips Hamilton over, diving across, hooking a leg...]

LD: Covers for one! Covers for two! Cov- nooooo! Hamilton's out at two!

[...and Hamilton is immediately on the move, crawling across the ring towards her corner where Cinder is waiting, hand outstretched...]

LD: And there's the tag to Cinder.

[Shannon Walsh glares across the ring, staring at Cinder as she comes back into the ring. Walsh rolls her neck, swinging her arms across her torso, balling up her fists to strike a fighting stance as Cinder looks more than a little unsettled at this.]

LD: Cinder tags in... and she looks a little concerned about Walsh being ready to throw down.

BW: Those are closed fists! If Walsh wants to fight, go back to the Hexagon! Cinder's here to wrestle - like her mother... like her father... like she's been since she was 13 years old! She's an Empress Cup winner! She's the Steal The Spotlight contract holder! She's one-half of the World Tag Team Champions! She ain't afraid of Shannon Walsh, I promise you that.

LD: What in the... did you sign on as Cinder's publicist or something?! Is the Agent To The Stars making a comeback?

[Cinder throws a look outside the ring where Casey Cash climbs up on the apron, shouting at Walsh who turns with a furrowed brow...

...and Cinder throws herself at Walsh, diving to drive her shoulder into the back of Walsh's knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Grabbing Walsh's foot, Cinder starts viciously stomping the knee as Walsh tries to drag her foot away...]

LD: Cinder with a cheapshot... and going right to work on the leg, stomping the knee...

[Holding the leg, Cinder twists into a spinning toehold, jumping up and dropping down on the knee as Walsh cries out, sitting up...

...and Cinder grabs her by the hair, repeatedly driving short forearms into the jaw before Walsh slumps back down on the mat.]

LD: Cinder's back up, right back into the toehold... and again!

[Wrenching the knee, Cinder leans over with a "Yer goin' home in an ambulance, girlie!" before Walsh lashes out with the free leg, smashing her foot into the mouth of Cinder, sending her staggering backwards across the ring...]

LD: Walsh breaks free, creating some distance to recover and-

[...but as Walsh tries to get up, Cinder charges back in and kicks the back of the knee, sweeping the leg out from under her, knocking Walsh back down on the mat as Cinder pounces on her, earning a quick two count.]

LD: Seductive and Destructive seems even more aggressive than usual tonight, Ben.

BW: I think they realize that the Peach Pits are a legitimate threat to those tag titles and they're not about to let that happen. If this is going to be the Year of E-Girl MAX-

LD: If they lose the titles here tonight, can we stop with that whole press campaign?

BW: That was about to be my point... before I was so rudely interrupted.

[Cinder, on her feet, slaps her partner's hand to bring her back in. They each grab a leg on Walsh, giving them a yank in an old fashioned wishbone double team...]

BW: I haven't seen one of those in a while but that'll certainly stretch out the muscles, the ligaments...

[Staying on her, Hamilton pins the ankle down on the mat before dropping straight down with her knee on Walsh's knee...]

LD: Ohhh! Knee on knee contact there... and Hamilton grinds that kneecap on the injured limb...

BW: Seeing her do that reminds you that she IS her father's daughter for sure, Dane.

LD: No doubt about that.

[Hamilton gets off the leg, arms spread wide for the jeering Boyle Heights crowd as Walsh starts crawling across the ring, looking towards her partner who is waiting for her...]

LD: Walsh looking to tag out to Martinelli... and from the smirk on the face of Harley Hamilton, I'm guessing that's not about to happen.

[Hamilton walks slowly towards Walsh, looking to cut her off as Martinelli leans over the ropes, shouting "COME ON, SHANNON!" as Kelly Taylor expresses a similar sentiment on the outside, slapping the ring apron...]

...and Hamilton suddenly surges forward, throwing a big boot to the side of Martinelli's head, sending her spinning off the apron and falling to the floor!]

LD: OHH! Cheap shot by Hamilton on Martinelli... and that's one way to prevent Shannon Walsh from making the tag.

BW: This is what they do, Dane. Cut the ring in half, keep the weaker opponent in, get under the skin of the person on the outside to cause them to make mistakes.

[With Martinelli out of the way, Hamilton grabs the ankle to drag Walsh back across the ring towards her corner before dropping an elbow down into Walsh's injured knee...]

LD: Continuing to target the leg... we came into this expecting them to go after Martinelli's arm but instead, it's the knee of Shannon Walsh getting brutalized by the tag team champions... and somewhere in the locker room, you have to imagine the Country Punks are looking on. We know they want another shot at the titles.

BW: They're hardly alone in that though, Dane. What about the Slam Sorority? What about the Rhodes Dynasty? The Lariatos? What makes June and Cristol worthy of another shot more than those teams?

LD: They're still the Number One Contenders, Ben.

BW: They lost their shot!

[While the announcers bicker, Hamilton drapes the foot over the bottom rope, looking to bounce down onto it. Hamilton steps up on the middle rope with one foot for some spring...]

...but Walsh boots her in the butt, sending her over the ropes, crashing down hard on the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: A timely counter by Shannon Walsh buys her a chance! Buys her some time to get across the ring and make that tag! The San Francisco native has gotta be looking forward to our Bay Area return next weekend and you better believe she'd love to come home wearing one of those World Tag Team Title belts around her waist.

[Walsh is crawling across the ring as a disgruntled Martinelli climbs back up on the apron, slapping the top turnbuckle, stomping her foot, encouraging her partner to make the tag...]

LD: Walsh trying to get across the ring - Martinelli is waiting for her! Can she get there?

[But as Martinelli stretches out her arm, Harley Hamilton comes charging around the apron, reaching up to yank Martinelli down to the floor...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SHOVES her backwards into the steel steps, her spine crashing into the staircase as Martinelli collapses to the floor!]

LD: HAMILTON CUTS OFF THE TAG!

BW: What a brilliant move, Dane! She saw the tag coming... she knew she couldn't get in there to stop Walsh from making it... so she stopped Martinelli from accepting it! Hah!

LD: Kelly Taylor shouting at Hamilton... Casey Cash yelling at Taylor now... the referee trying to keep them both under control out there...

[Hamilton climbs the steps, ignoring the referee as she stands on the apron, sticking her arm over the ropes with a "COME ON, SHANNON! COME ON!"]

LD: What is she...?

[Walsh lunges towards her corner, slapping the waiting hand as Harley Hamilton comes in...]

BW: She's a house of fire in there!

LD: Ben, this isn't funny at all!

[Hamilton plays to the crowd...]

...and then STOMPS Walsh between the eyes once, twice, three times...]

LD: Harley Hamilton all over Shannon Walsh, dragging her to her feet...

[Tucking the leg, Hamilton lifts Walsh up, bringing her down in a shinbreaker...]

...and then straightens up, flattening Walsh with a standing clothesline!]

LD: Did Cinder just yell "Lariato?!"

BW: In her own special way.

[A smirking Hamilton grabs the foot, twisting the leg...

...but before she can apply a figure four leglock, Walsh makes a desperation lunge to the ropes, grabbing hold of them!]

LD: Walsh is in the ropes! The referee calling for a break and-

[Hamilton shows immediate annoyance at herself for not getting far enough away from the ropes, promptly leaping up to bring all her weight down across the injured leg in a kneedrop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[As Walsh cries out in pain on the mat, writhing back and forth, Hamilton drags her across and slaps the hand...]

LD: Tag to Cinder...

[The duo lifts Walsh off the mat, whipping her across and greeting her on the rebound with a double chop across the chest...

...and then a quick double kick to the back of the legs, forcing Walsh down onto her knees as they break towards the ropes that Walsh is facing, rebounding back...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connect with a running double boot to the mush!]

LD: Nice doubleteam... and now Cinder looking to finish this with a lateral press, hooking the leg... and Walsh is out at two. A little over ten minutes into this World Tag Team Title battle here in Boyle Heights as Hamilton, Cinder, Martinelli, and Walsh collide for the gold. Plenty of time remaining.

[Cinder drops down to her knees, driving the point of her elbow into Walsh's knee... and then stays on it, grinding her elbow back and forth into the injured leg, causing Walsh to scream in pain.]

LD: Just a physical dissection on display by Cinder and Hamilton, punishing the knee of Shannon Walsh!

BW: Listen to those screams, Dane. We don't hear that often from Walsh - she's a tough competitor but right now, she's at the mercy of Seductive and Destructive and that mercy left town a long, long time ago.

[Flipping Walsh onto her back, Cinder laces up the leg, reaching out to snatch the braid of Walsh's hair, yanking back on it...]

LD: A hairpull STF of sorts - blatantly illegal and the referee's demanding a break of this hold... and she gets it... at four and then some as Cinder milks every single second she can of that, doing more damage to that injured knee.

[Walsh is flat on her face on the mat as Cinder climbs to her feet, grabbing the leg again...]

LD: Right into a half Crab, bending and torquing the knee some more... and Donna Martinelli is in absolute misery watching her friend and partner go through this. She knows what it's like. She's been on the other side of this during their tournament final earlier this year... and she's seen enough!

[With Walsh fighting the hold, Martinelli steps in to intervene... but a quick-acting Shari Miranda obstructs her path, refusing to let her in...

...which allows Harley Hamilton to duck in, moving swiftly to drop a leg across the back of the struggling Walsh's head!]

LD: Ohhh! Illegal attack from the outside by Hamil-

BW: A direct response to Martinelli trying to get involved!

LD: You've got an answer for everything, Ben.

[Hamilton promptly rolls from the ring to avoid referee detection... and rolls right into a verbal tongue-lashing from Kelly Taylor who is pointing out the illegal activities... right up until Casey Cash comes and gets in HER face, words flying in all directions on the outside.]

LD: Cash and Taylor continue to trade words on the outside... and you have to wonder if fists are far behind, Ben.

BW: Oh, I don't think Kelly Taylor wants any part of that.

[Donna Martinelli is forced from the ring by Shari Miranda as Cinder drags Walsh back to the corner, wrapping her leg around the middle rope before tagging Harley Hamilton back into the match...

...who makes a big impact by slingshotting over the top rope into a dropkick to the knee of Walsh who cries out again in pain!]

LD: Impressive slingshot dropkick there by the 2018 Rumble winner... dragging Walsh out of the corner now... and going for that figure four again!

[But as she spins, Walsh boots her off again, sending her crashing into Cinder who just got on the apron. Cinder falls to the floor as Walsh grabs the staggered Hamilton, dragging her down...]

LD: ROLLUP! ROLLUP! FOR THE TITLES!

[...but two and change is all Walsh is able to get before Hamilton escapes!]

LD: Hamilton's out in time but Walsh has an opening! She's got an opening! Crawling across the ring, trying to get to Donna Martinelli!

[The crowd is roaring as Donna jumps up and down enthusiastically, cheering her partner on...]

LD: Walsh is on the move! Walsh is trying to get across the ring!

[...but before she can get there, Hamilton hooks the ankle, hanging on for dear life as she shouts to Cinder who is instantly through the ropes, charging hard across the ring to cut off the tag...

...and barrels into Martinelli, knocking her off the apron again!]

LD: Oh, come on! Again, they attack Martinelli to prevent the tag and-

[But Cinder's not done there, wheeling madly around to stomp the back of Walsh's head before dropping to her knees to rub Walsh's face into the canvas to big jeers from the Boyle Heights crowd!]

LD: Shari, get her out of there!

[The referee orders her out... and then is quick to have to cut off Donna Martinelli's charge into the ring as well!]

LD: It's a two on one in there and Donna Martinelli is being stopped from getting involved!

BW: If she can't control herself, Dane, Miranda's gonna have to throw this out!

LD: You'd like that, wouldn't you? E-Girl MAX would like it too no doubt.

[Harley Hamilton, despite Martinelli's protests, joins Cinder in pulling Walsh off the mat, pushing her back against the ropes...]

LD: Double whip behind the official's back and-

[...and as the tag team champions attempt a doubleteam...]

LD: BACKDROP!

[...Walsh somehow manages to reverse it, hooking both women's heads in a front facelock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: DOUBLE DDT! DOUBLE DDT WIPES OUT THE CHAMPIONS!

[The crowd is ROARING for the big time counter as Martinelli slaps the buckle, exiting the ring and shouting for her partner to tag her in...]

LD: Walsh on her hands and knees, belly-crawling across the canvas towards her corner! This is her shot to make that tag, bring in the fresh Donna Martinelli, and turn this title matchup in the Peach Pits' favor!

[Kelly Taylor is frantically smashing her hands into the mat over and over, cheering Walsh on...]

LD: The Peach Pits are behind her! The fans are behind her! Shannon Walsh is crawling, inching close to Martinelli who is stretching as far as she can... looking for a...

[But JUST before she reaches the corner, Casey Cash slides behind Martinelli, grabbing her by the ankles and yanking her down off the apron!]

LD: OH! RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE OFFICIAL!

[Shari Miranda storms the corner, shouting at Casey Cash from the ring. Cash tries to plead innocent but no one's buying it...

...especially Kelly Taylor who THROWS HERSELF off the ring apron in a somersault, wiping out Miss Baltimore Crabs on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: KELLY TAYLOR HAS SEEN ENOUGH, BEN!

BW: It's breaking down now! The referee's trying to keep them apart but-

LD: Look at this! Look at this!

[With Martinelli struggling to get back on the apron, Hamilton and Cinder drag Walsh back to the corner, openly ignoring the rules as they take turns battering the body of the former MMA fighter in the champions' corner!]

LD: They're teeing off on Walsh! Martinelli trying to get in there but the referee's not allowing it!

[Cinder drags Walsh from the corner, holding her arms behind her as Hamilton rears back, landing a pair of big forearms to the jaw before dashing towards the ropes for extra impact...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: MARTINELLI PULLS DOWN THE ROPES!

BW: That oughta be a disqualification, Dane!

[The crowd ROARS as Hamilton tumbles over the ropes, crashing down HARD on the Temple floor as Martinelli pumps a fist, laying the badmouth on Hamilton as a shocked Cinder lets go of Walsh's arms, allowing the striker to spin, leap...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: LEAPING KNEE! RIGHT ON THE CHIN!

[Cinder crumples on the canvas as Walsh falls to all fours, turning towards her corner where Martinelli is eagerly waiting for the much-anticipated tag...]

LD: Walsh is on the move! Both of the champions are down and-

[The cameras cut to a shot of Casey Cash and Kelly Taylor brawling their way up the staircase, spilling into the rabid crowd going wild for a fight right in front of them!]

LD: There goes Cash and Taylor! That one's fully ignited now as well!

[Martinelli waits... and waits...]

LD: Almooooooooost there annnnnnnnnnd...

[BIG CHEER!]

LD: ...TAG!

[Martinelli pumps both arms excitedly, twisting around and taking aim as Hamilton stirs on the outside...]

LD: FLYING CLOTHESLINE OFF THE APRON! MY OH MY!

BW: It's a smart move by Martinelli - Hamilton is still the legal competitor by my count!

[Dragging the 2018 Rumble winner off the floor, Martinelli takes aim...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and WHIPS Hamilton into the steel steps, her knees crashing into the metal, causing her to completely somersault over the staircase to crash down hard on the barely-covered floor!]

LD: Hamilton down on the floor, grabbing her own knees in pain... and things are breaking down for the champions right now, Ben!

BW: Shari Miranda's totally lost control of this!

[Martinelli pulls Hamilton off the floor, shoving her under the bottom rope before climbing through the ropes herself...]

LD: Martinelli and Hamilton in the ring, everyone else on the outside... and look at this!

[The crowd reacts as Hamilton rolls up to her knees, begging for mercy as Martinelli stands over her...]

LD: Hamilton trying to get a break in here but Martinelli's not having it, these fans imploring her to finish the job and walk out of Boyle Heights as the new World Tag Team Champions!

[Martinelli points to Hamilton, playing to the ground who cheer her on...]

BW: She's wasting valuable time here, Dane, and-

[...and seizing the opportunity, Hamilton snatches a handful of tights, yanking her forward and sending her flying through the ropes to the outside where she somehow lands on her feet!]

LD: Hamilton sends her flying and-

[Cinder takes a few steps towards Martinelli but gets DROPPED with a clothesline on the floor!]

LD: OH! Cinder gets rocked by Martinelli!

[An aggressive Hamilton leans through the ropes, grabbing Martinelli by the long hair...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets POPPED upside the head by Martinelli who sends her staggering back through the ropes with a big slap!]

LD: What a right hand! Martinelli sensing she's got Hamilton and Cinder in trouble, back on the apron now...

[With a slingshot, Martinelli grabs Hamilton by the shoulders...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SLINGSHOT LUNGBLOWER! TAKE MY BREATH AWAY, DONNA MARTINELLI!

[The Beverly Hills Brat dives across Hamilton, wrapping up the legs!]

LD: FOR THE TITLES! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hamilton's shoulder comes popping up off the mat in time as Martinelli glares with frustration at the official who holds up two fingers.]

LD: Hamilton kicks out to save the titles... and-

[Martinelli claps her hands together as she gets to her feet, pulling up Hamilton into a series of hard kicks to the back of the knee to hobble her before lifting and dropping her in a shinbreaker...]

LD: OHH!

[...and then SNAPS her back in a Russian legsweep to complete the combo...]

LD: OHHHHH!

[...adding in a floatover to secure another pinning predicament!]

LD: SHE GETS ONE! SHE GETS TWO! SHE GETS- OHHH! HAMILTON KICKS OUT AGAIN!

[Climbing off the canvas, Martinelli grabs the leg...]

LD: Wait a second!

BW: That's not her move!

[...and the crowd ROARS in recognition as Martinelli appears to be looking for the submission hold of an old friend...]

LD: SHE'S GOING FOR THE HEEL HOOK! SHE'S GOING FOR LAURA DAVIS' SIGNATURE SUBMISSION HOLD!

[...but Hamilton feels it coming, making a mad scramble and lunge into the ropes to prevent it from being locked in to a grumble of disappointment from the Boyle Heights crowd!]

BW: No, no, no, NO! No heel hook! Not today!

[With Hamilton struggling to get loose, Martinelli hangs onto the legs as Hamilton grabs the top rope with both hands...]

...and Martinelli steps back, lifting the fighting Hamilton off the mat, holding her parallel to the canvas as the crowd buzzes...]

LD: Bad spot for Hamilton annnnnnd... DOWN ON THE MAT!

[With Hamilton grabbing the back of her head, Martinelli lets go of the legs, using a handful of hair to pull the second generation star to her feet, pulling her forward into a familiar grasp...]

LD: She's looking for the Mic Check!

[...and as Cinder comes rushing in to make the save...]

LD: SHE'S GOT CINDER TOO! SHE'S GOT 'EM BOTH!

[But before she can faceplant both of the World Tag Team Champions, Cinder digs her fingernails into the eyes, raking across and breaking her and her partner free of Martinelli's clutches...]

LD: Oh! To the eyes goes Cinder... and the champions regain control for the moment...

[A double whip sends the blinded Martinelli into the ropes, rebounding back where she ducks low to avoid a double clothesline...]

LD: Missed the clothesline, Martinell off the far side and...

[...and the Beverly Hills Brat leaps into the air, connecting a leaping double clothesline of her own to the ROAR of the Boyle Heights crowd!]

LD: ...SHE TAKES 'EM BOTH DOWN! And listen to these fans go crazy for Donna Martinelli if you can possibly believe it!

BW: I sure can't.

[Cinder rolls to the outside as Martinelli plays to the fans, getting them even louder as Hamilton struggles to get up off the mat, staggering towards a waiting Martinelli...]

LD: HOOKED! CHECK ONE-TWO...

[...and Martinelli jerks her backwards into a faceplant!]

LD: ...MIC CHECK! SHE GOT IT!

BW: No, no! Somebody's gotta do something!

LD: MARTINELLI COVERS! WE'VE GOT NEW CHAMPIONS! ONNNNNNNNNE!
TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

[The crowd groans as the referee gets RIPPED from the ring, ending up standing on the floor face to face with Cinder!]

LD: SHARI MIRANDA GETS PULLED OUT BY CINDER! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!
CINDER SAVES THE TITLES!

BW: Look at Cash, Dane!

LD: Where the heck did SHE come from?!

[Back up on the apron, title belt in hand, Casey Cash is trying to get Harley Hamilton's attention...

...but she gets Donna Martinelli's instead as Donna grabs Cash by the hair, jerking her back and forth as Cash lobbs the title belt into the ring near the barely-moving Hamilton!]

LD: Cash threw the title into the ring! She's trying to steal this one from the Peach Pits!

[Hamilton rolls over onto her knees, clutching the title belt as she fights to her feet while the referee is tied up with Cinder...]

LD: Hamilton's got the belt! She's got the- NO SHE DOESN'T!

[The crowd ROARS as Shannon Walsh comes in, ripping the belt out of Hamilton's hands...

[With the crowd STILL on its feet and ROARING, a shocked Donna Martinelli rushes to the side of the motionless Kelly Taylor, diving to the mat to check on her friend...]

LD: Martinelli's checking on Taylor... Cash just rolled to the outside, I don't have a clue how she's even MOVING, Ben! Martinelli is in shock... just like the rest of us as Kelly Taylor came flying from out of no-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Harley Hamilton rushes in, springing off the back of the on-all-fours Martinelli, DOUBLE STOMPING her skull into the canvas!]

LD: HAIL TO THE QUEEN! THAT NO GOOD-

BW: What a brilliant move! Martinelli was distracted, Hamilton takes advantage of it!

[Hamilton drags the limp Martinelli up by the hair, lifting her into a torture rack...]

LD: You've gotta be-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and flips her over into a kneelift on the jaw on the way down!]

LD: CHAINSAW BREAKFAST!

[Hamilton shoves the motionless Kelly Taylor aside, diving on top of the equally-motionless Martinelli as Shannon Walsh dives through the ropes...

...but is held just out of reach by Cinder, keeping a struggling Walsh at bay as the referee counts one... two...]

LD: This is...

[...and three!]

LD: ...gaaaaah. It's over.

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: The champs retain!

[Cinder embraces the kneeling Hamilton, practically giddy over their victory as Casey Cash lies motionless on the outside.]

LD: Seductive and Destructive - with a little help from their friend Casey Cash - retains the titles indeed... but what a valiant effort put on by the Peach Pits, Ben.

BW: They took them to the limit and beyond... but it wasn't enough.

LD: Donna Martinelli took her eye off the ball for a moment... just a moment... to check on her friend Kelly Taylor... and... well, let's just take a look back at the replay, fans.... Ben?

BW: Alright, roll it!

[We get the requested replay, starting with...]

BW: Okay, you can see Casey Cash in the ring, getting ready to hit Martinelli over the back of the head with the title belt and...

[Cue the slow motion shot of Kelly Taylor HURLING herself off the roof of the in-arena office, soaring through the sky, and wiping out Casey Cash with the damndest crossbody you may ever see...]

LD: Incredible.

BW: The very definition of a suicide dive by Kelly Taylor, putting it all on the line to help her friends and partners, taking Casey Cash out of the equation - she's STILL not up on her feet but Hamilton and Cinder are outside tending to her now...

[We cut to Martinelli checking on Taylor as a staggered Harley Hamilton rushes into the frame, stepping off the back of Martinelli to DRIVE her facefirst into the mat with a double stomp...]

BW: WHAMMO! Hail To The Queen had Martinelli seeing stars...

LD: It might've been enough right there.

BW: It might but Harley Hamilton wasn't done quite yet.

[...and then one final cut shows Hamilton lifting Martinelli into a torture rack before flipping her over into an impactful kneestrike, snapping her head back...]

BW: Look at the whiplash-like effect hitting the knee! Knee to the jaw, head snaps back and it's academic from there with the one... two... three. Still your World Tag Team Champions, Harley Hamilton and Cinder!

[We cut back to live action where Hamilton and Cinder are down on the floor, title belts over their shoulders as a pair of ringside medics tend to Casey Cash on the Temple's cold, unforgiving concrete...]

...and without warning, a mob of AWA security and officials appear at the top of the entrance staircase, forming a human wall...]

LD: What's this all about now?

[...and a moment later, Kayla Cristol and a shouting Victoria June step into view, the latter of which is determined to tear down that wall!]

LD: It's the Country Punks! The Punks have arrived on the scene here in the Temple and... they want a piece of the champions!

[June is bellowing over the shoulder of the security at Hamilton and Cinder as Tommy Fierro and Adam Rogers make an effort to keep 'em separated.]

LD: We've got officials out here! We've got security out here! The Country Punks want another shot at the titles and right now, they seem determined to get it!

[With Hamilton tending to Casey Cash and Cinder angrily shouting back at June, we fade to the backstage area where we find Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams waiting.]

MW: It's been an exciting night of action here in Boyle Heights, Sweet Daddy, but the action doesn't stop here as one week from tonight the train that is known as Saturday Night Wrestling will be rolling into the SAP Center in San Jose, California for yet another edition of our flagship show right here on ESPN!

SDW: Preach it, sister! San Jose will be rockin' and the AWA will be rollin'!

MW: Let's take a look at what's already shaping up to be a jam-packed lineup going down in San Jose!

[A graphic comes up promoting the night's Main Event.]

MW: Can you believe it? A dream match for fans all over the world as two-time AWA World Champion Ryan Martinez looks to make history when he battles Supernova for the World Title right here on ESPN!

SDW: It's going to be a hot one! Supernova and Ryan Martinez, two of the AWA's most popular superstars set to fight it out for the big, big gold... can't wait for that one, Miss Mariah.

[The graphic changes.]

MW: How about this one, fans? Hall of Famer Stephanie Harper will be on the show with a special interview recorded from her home to address her appearance at Memorial Day Mayhem and the comments here tonight from Casey Cash!

SDW: It's always a big night when you got a Hall of Famer in the house... even if it's by satellite!

[Mariah chuckles at that as the graphic shifts again.]

MW: After the total war he went through in a victory against Juan Vasquez last Monday night, Raphael Rhodes is NOT physically cleared to compete right now... but he WILL be on hand to let us know what's next for him after vanquishing his rival.

[And again.]

MW: Michelle Bailey will also sit down LIVE with... me! I'll be talking with Michelle about her loss at Memorial Day Mayhem and if she'll be looking for a rematch in the near future plus a few other topics on my mind.

[And then back to our hosting duo.]

MW: We've got all of that plus Jordan Ohara in the house... Paris Crawford in action... the Westerly Dynasty will be in the building... Sid Osborne speaks... and so much more! It's going to be a hot one in San Jose that you will NOT want to miss! And with Memorial Day Mayhem in the rear view, Sweet Daddy, the whole world is waiting to see what's next for the AWA.

SDW: It's a hot, hot summer with big events on both shows... North Dakota, Portland, the Mall of America, the big Canada shows.

MW: It's non-stop action for the stars of the AWA... of course, a lot of fans are excited about the long-awaited return of Opportunity Knocks coming up on the 4th of July at the KeyArena in Seattle - a very unpredictable night of AWA action which invites the entire locker room to step up to the plate and seize their moment. Looking forward to that. Not to mention Girls To The Front coming up in August at Madison Square Garden - the Mecca of sports and entertainment - where Harley Hamilton will challenge for the AWA Women's World Title. It's a big summer of events for the AWA so check the schedule right now to find out when we'll be in your area because you do NOT want to miss it when the AWA comes to your town. With all that said, Sweet Daddy, it's Main Event time here on this special zero commercial Showtime on ESPN... we want to again thank all of our tremendous sponsors who helped make this happen... Under Armour... Subway... Topps... and of course, our partners at ESPN itself. It's been a wonderful night and we've got one more match to go!

SDW: Max Magnum! Supreme Wright! When we got here tonight, we had no idea this one was comin' but now that it's here, you better batten down the hatches because this is gonna knock your socks right off your feet.

MW: Let's go down to Megumi for the introductions!

[We fade back down to the ring for the night's Main Event.]

MS: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[A massive cheer goes up!]

MS: Introducing first...

[Cue the sounds of "Power Slam" by Paradelous tearing through the speakers, leading to a thunderous roar of boos.]

MS: Making his way to the ring, weighing in at 228 pounds... hailing from Sherwood Forest, Baton Rouge, Louisiana... he is... "The White Knight"...

...SUPREEEEEEEEMMMMMEEEEEE WRRRRRIIIIIIGGGGGHHHHHHTTTTT!!!

[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...]

LD: There he is, fans... perhaps the AWA's most hated man. A man who has betrayed allies... friends... who has engineered shocking moments, brutal assaults, and championship seizures. A man who somehow got Theresa Lynch - a woman we thought we all knew and loved - betray her own flesh and blood. Max Magnum may not be popular, Ben... but I'm betting the house that these fans would LOVE to see Magnum destroy Wright here tonight.

BW: I'm sure you're right about that, Dane... but what I'm noticing right now is that we know Bret Grayson is here... we know Takeshi Mifune is here... and we know the weapon, Paris Crawford is here... yet none of them are out here with Supreme right now. He's out to prove a point - he can do this alone. And that makes him even more dangerous in my book.

[As Wright makes his way down the aisle, he ignores the jeering fans, giving them no satisfaction that he even hears their boos and shouted exclamations of anger and disappointment. The two-time World Champion reaches ringside, climbing the ringsteps...]

LD: And don't take away the fact that he had to sit in the locker room and hear the news that Supernova's next title challenger will be Ryan Martinez.

BW: Can you blame Wright for being upset about that? Think about his last six months or so. Wins over King Kong Hogan... over Jeff Matthews... over Jack Lynch... and passed over for a chance to become a three-time World Champion - the first EVER three-time World Champion - again. I'd be ready to take someone out too.

LD: Is that "someone" Max Magnum right here tonight in Boyle Heights... right here on Showtime on ESPN? We're about to-

[Lori is cut off by the heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" blaring out into the open air. You know what that means.]

MS: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent... from Mountain Iron, Minnesota... weighing in at 295 pounds...

...MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAX! MAAAAAAAAAAAAAGNUUUUUUUM!

[Max Magnum strides out of the entrance tunnel, looking up at the ring as he stands all alone on the floor.]

LD: No Stevie Scott. No Ben Waterson. This is a Max Magnum who walks alone as he looks to wash the taste of his first ever defeat out of his mouth.

[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. 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

BW: AWA 2K18 may come out this fall but Max Magnum is the epitome of the perfect professional wrestler that one might make in that Create-A-Wrestler mode. He's big, he's bad, he's strong, he's sudden, he's quick, he's explosive... there are simply not enough adjectives to describe this monster inside the ring. And this may be a tougher test than even Supreme Wright is expecting.

LD: AND HERE COMES THE ALPHA BEAST!

[Max Magnum wastes no time in clearing the distance from the staircase to the ring, diving under the ropes as referee Scott Ezra frantically signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Magnum lowers his shoulder, lifting the former World Champion into the air with ease and driving him down to the canvas with a double leg takedown that Magnum quickly turns into a mount, hammering fists down onto a stunned Wright who raises his arms in an effort to defend himself!]

LD: MAGNUM STORMS THE GATES AND WRIGHT FINDS HIMSELF ON DEFENSE IMMEDIATELY!

BW: Max Magnum walked into this building after the worst night of his life and said "I want to face the toughest challenge I can!" And he's got it! And you better believe... I know this man better than anyone else and I know he'll do ANYTHING to avoid losing this match. Anything.

LD: Magnum's overwhelming Wright in the early moments of-

[But never one to be outwrestled, Supreme Wright kicks his legs off the mat, swinging them up to snatch a triangle choke!]

LD: OH! CHOKE! CHOKE! WRIGHT LOCKS IT IN!

[Magnum is instantly put from offense to defense, frantically trying to get out of the submission hold before Wright can cinch it in fully...]

LD: Magnum's trying to escape! Magnum wants out NOW!

[...and he does exactly that, using his overwhelming power to lift Wright into the air, hoisting him into powerbomb position...]

LD: WOW! LOOK AT THE POWER!

[...and HURLS Wright into the turnbuckles, sending a jolt up and down the spine!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: POWERBOMB INTO THE BUCKLES...

[Wright staggers out of the corner into Magnum’s massive arms...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and gets HURLED three-quarters of the way across the ring by the powerful Modern Day Man of Steel!]

LD: OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY! MAGNUM RAGDOLLING THE TWO-TIME WORLD CHAMPION ALL OVER THE TEMPLE!

[Magnum is fired up, stomping around the ring, playing to the crowd as Wright struggles to get off the mat, using the ropes for support...

...which is when Magnum tears across the ring, connecting with a big clothesline that flips Wright over the ropes, dumping him out on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: Supreme Wright sent to the outside... and Ben, I don’t know if we’ve EVER seen Supreme Wright dominated like this!

BW: It’s a hard sight to see if you’re a Supreme Wright fan.

LD: Not sure there’s too many of those left after his actions so far in 2018... but to his credit, there’s no sign of Team Supreme out here with him... yet... which means Max Magnum can come on out to the floor... like he’s just about to do!

[The crowd is roaring as Magnum steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor where he stalks after Wright who is trying to crawl away from him.]

LD: Magnum’s on the outside, coming for Wright... and Wright looks like he’d rather be anywhere else right about now. Supreme Wright accepted this match without hesitation earlier... and he may be regretting that decision.

BW: I don’t know if Supreme Wright EVER regrets a decision he makes when it comes to accepting challenges inside this ring. This man is arguably... and I say arguably so some geek on the Internet doesn’t get in my DMs with a “well, actually...” but he’s arguably the greatest in-ring professional wrestler on the damn planet, Dane... and he doesn’t back down from a soul. Not even this monster.

[Magnum easily catches up to Wright, hauling him off the floor and yanking him into his powerful arms yet again...]

LD: Wait, wait... WAIT!

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and HURLS him overhead, dumping him bodily down on unprotected concrete on the floor of the Temple with a second overhead belly to belly!]

LD: MY OH MYYYYYY! THE CONCRETE HAS NO FORGIVENESS FOR THE SPINE OF SUPREME WRIGHT TONIGHT IN BOYLE HEIGHTS, BABY!

[Magnum retrieves Wright off the cold, hard concrete on the Temple floor, revealing a nasty and bloody scrape on the back of Wright before tossing him back inside the ring...]

LD: The Alpha Beast puts him back in, looking to change the narrative around him - no longer the man who lost to Atlas Armstrong... no longer the man who is without a manager for the first time in his professional career... but instead, the man who defeated Supreme Wright. Now THAT'S a statement, Ben.

BW: It is... if he can make it happen. And without Stevie Scott... or an even more talented manager... in his corner, I'm not sure he can.

[Magnum deadleaps off the floor to the apron, sneering at Wright as the crowd watches him come through the ropes.]

LD: Magnum pulling Wright off the mat... uh oh!

[The crowd buzzes as Magnum lifts Wright up in the fireman's carry...]

LD: Looking for the Bombshell early on in this one and-

[...but Wright is ready for it, slipping out of his grasp, snaring a waistlock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and uses it to take Magnum up and over, dumping him on the back of his head with a released German Suplex!]

LD: BIG SU... WHAT?!

[And the crowd ERUPTS as Max Magnum gets right back up off the canvas, staring a shocked Wright dead in the eye...]

LD: Magnum gets up?! You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Absorbed every single bit of that released German Suplex and got RIGHT! BACK! UP! The Modern Day Man of Steel is showing the entire world what he's made of right here tonight! This isn't the man who lost to Atlas Armstrong - this is the man who dominated this company for over a year!

[Wright looks around in confusion as Magnum storms towards him, throwing his arm out...]

LD: Clothesline ducked... WAISTLOCK!

[...and Wright throws Magnum up and over, dropping him on the back of his head with a second released German Suplex!]

LD: GERMAN! HE PLANTS HIM WITH IT!

[Wright gets up, laying the badmouth on Magnum for a moment...]

...until the Alpha Beast gets up again, rolling his neck and glaring a burning hole through the leader of Team Supreme!]

LD: You have GOT to be kidding me! Two German Suplexes and Max Magnum is acting like he's out for a walk in the park!

BW: Supreme Wright is stunned! He's in a state of shock, Dane, and who the hell can blame him?!

[Magnum lowers his shoulder, charging in to lift Wright off the mat, driving him back into the turnbuckles where he repeatedly slams the shoulder into the torso... then switches to clubbing forearms across the chest... hooking blows to the head...]

LD: The referee SCREAMING at Magnum to let Wright out of the corner!

[...and Magnum takes one step back, glaring at Scott Ezra before BLASTING Wright with a standing clothesline!]

LD: OHHH!

[Magnum grabs the arm, whipping Wright across the ring, stampeding in after him to hit another massive clothesline!]

LD: Supreme Wright's in trouble, fans!

BW: That might be an understatement, Dane!

[Magnum steps back, waving Wright forward as the former World Champion staggers out towards him...

...and gets lifted up onto his broad shoulders in a fireman's carry!]

LD: UH OH! MAGNUM LOOKING TO END IT WITH THE BOMBSHELL!

[Magnum steps out to mid-ring, holding the former champion aloft...]

LD: If he hits this, it's over and it's over in shocking fashion, Ben!

[...but before Magnum can break into the airplane spin, Wright slips out again, hooking a waistlock...]

LD: Going for it again!

[...but Magnum reverses with ease, snatching a waistlock of his own...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: BIG GERMAN BY THE ALPHA BEAAAAAST!

[Wright hits the mat hard, landing on the back of his head and neck and immediately rolling under the ropes to the outside...]

LD: Wright gets dumped like Ben Waterson on a Friday night and-

BW: HEY!

[Dane chuckles as Wright kneels on the floor, grabbing the back of his neck as Magnum comes out to the floor after him again...]

LD: Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide for Supreme Wright as... OH! Magnum jerks his legs out from under him!

[Wright is down on his back, trying to wriggle free as Magnum drags him across the ringside area...]

LD: What's he...?

[...and he lifts Wright off the floor, going into a Giant Swing...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and swings Wright's head and upper body into the side of the office jutting out into the Temple!]

LD: OHHH! THE SWING COMES TO A CRASHING HALT, RIGHT UP AGAINST THE WALL OF THAT OFFICE!

BW: Knock knock, Zharkov!

[Magnum again pulls Wright off the concrete, tossing him back inside the ring before coming right after him...]

BW: Max Magnum with zero hesitation tonight, no mercy... no mercy.

LD: We were in Reseda a couple of weeks ago but Max Magnum may be forming his own branch of Cobra Kai here tonight. Wright's on his feet...

[But he backpedals into the corner, trying to get away from Magnum as the Modern Day Man of Steel advances on him...]

...and then ducks through the ropes, shouting "REF! REF!" as Scott Ezra dives in front of the advancing Magnum to jeers from the Temple crowd!]

LD: Wow! Look at Supreme Wright using the referee to protect himself there... not the kind of fight we're used to seeing out of Wright but-

BW: But this is not the kind of fighter we're used to seeing Wright against. Jack Lynch took Wright to his limit in that Towel Match last Monday night... and maybe... just maybe... Supreme Wright made a bad call in taking a match tonight against a monster like Max Magnum.

LD: The referee trying to keep Magnum back and-

[Momentarily shielded, Wright comes back through the ropes, swinging his leg around the official to catch Magnum on the side of the knee...]

LD: -leg kick by Wright!

[Magnum again tries to reach over Ezra, allowing Wright to pepper him with a pair of leg kicks to the side of the knee area...]

BW: Wright thinking about taking the big man down a notch, going after the legs with those precision kicks...

[Wright spins out of the corner as a furious Magnum pursues, throwing a big right hand that Wright avoids while landing another leg kick...]

LD: Wright trying to stick and move here, landing those leg kicks while dancing away from the heavy artillery...

[...and avoids a lunging attempt to tie him up, landing two more leg kicks, gaining some confidence as he strikes a fighting stance, waving Magnum towards him.]

BW: We often talk about Supreme Wright being one of the best strikers in the business, Dane, but even he should be reluctant to trade shots with Max Magnum.

LD: Wright continuing to stick the leg, land those kicks...

[Magnum roars as he rushes at Wright, trying to wrap him up but Wright ducks low, spinning as he does...]

LD: ...OH! Wright sweeps the leg out from under him!

BW: Maybe it's Wright joining Cobra Kai! If he does, look out John Kreese because Supreme Wright is taking that thing over!

[Magnum is down on a knee as Wright comes up, grabbing the head...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: KNEESTRIKE!

[He hangs on, delivering knee after knee to the jaw of Magnum until the big man's forced to put a hand down on the mat to keep from falling over...]

...and then as Wright goes to grab him again, Magnum surges upwards with a roar, shoving Wright into the air and tossing him a few feet away to a cheer from the crowd!]

LD: MAGNUM ROARS BACK INTO IT!

[But Wright doesn't back down, charging right back in, swarming Magnum - who we can now see with a clearly bloody nose and mouth from the kneestrikes - with elbow after elbow, driving the big man backwards into the turnbuckles...]

...where Magnum shoves him off again, sending Wright flipping backwards across the mat, rolling right to his feet where he comes charging back in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a picture perfect running European uppercut that SNAPS Magnum's head back!]

LD: WHAT A SHOT!

[Wright spins away, shouting at the jeering crowd, pointing at Magnum in the corner...]

LD: Supreme Wright letting these people know he believes he's the best in the world... and you have to imagine there's a little extra fire in the belly of Wright here tonight after learning that Supernova will be defending the World Title against Wright's former good friend Ryan Martinez next Saturday night in San Jose, Ben.

BW: It's no secret that Wright believes he should be the next challenger for the title... it's no secret that Wright wants to be the first three time World Champion in AWA history... and yeah, I'm guessing seeing the alleged White Knight get that shot before him has gotta stick in his craw a little.

[Wright spins away from the crowd, fire in his eyes...

...and gets RUN DOWN with a massive clothesline from Magnum!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: MAGNUM WITH THE CLOTHESLIINE!

BW: An unusual mistake there by Supreme Wright, allowing himself to lose focus on his opponent while he yelled at the fans who are all over him... but he doesn't usually care. And I wonder how much of that is based on what we were just talking about, his desire to take the title off Supernova and his feeling that he's been overlooked for a title shot for far too long.

[Magnum looks out on the crowd with a roar, throwing his arms back before peeling Wright off the mat, holding him by the hair as he stares into his eyes...]

LD: Magnum's got Wright up - now what's he gonna do with him?

[...and rears back with the free arm for another clothesline...

...but before he can throw it, Wright peppers three stiff leg kicks into the side of the knee, causing a grimace from Magnum before...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: MAGNUM WRECKS HIM WITH THE CLOTHESLINE!

[And with the slightest of limps hampering him, Magnum drops into a lateral press, wrapping up the leg...]

LD: Could this do it?! Scott Ezra with the count annnnnnd...

[The crowd grumbles as Wright kicks out at two. Magnum pushes up to his feet, glaring at the official as he shakes out her leg...]

LD: A few words there for Scott Ezra on the count and-

[...and as Magnum turns back towards Wright, the former two-time World Champion JAMS his heel into the kneecap with a kick from his back, sending Magnum hobbling away, grimacing badly as Wright struggles to get off the canvas.]

LD: -what an intense, hard-hitting battle this is so far in this one as we're just shy of ten minutes into this sixty minute time limit. Obviously, we do NOT have sixty minutes remaining in this broadcast so if the match is still going when we go off the air, I invite you to tune in to the AWA YouTube channel immediately after the show to catch the conclusion.

[On his feet, Wright is slow-moving as Magnum lumbers back towards him, also moving slowly on the attacked knee...

...and Wright ducks down, letting loose a roar of effort as he muscles the near 300 pound Magnum up onto his shoulders!]

LD: He's got him up! He's got him up! Fat Tuesday on the way!

[But this time, it's Magnum who slips out of his opponent's grasp, landing on his feet behind him...]

LD: WAISTLOCK!

[...and bringing Wright over in an impactful German Suplex!]

LD: He lands the German... but he's hanging on! Keeping the waistlock applied, rolling Wright back up to his feet...

[Magnum switches his grip to a double chickenwing before...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: TIGER SUPLEX THIS TIME! Again, right down on the back of the head! And Supreme Wright might be seeing stars, Ben Waterson!

BW: Two down, one to go... back on his feet again...

[The crowd buzzes as Magnum switches his clutch to a full nelson, stepping to center ring before...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: DRAGON SUPLEX RIGHT ON _TOP_ OF HIS HEAD! THE CHIMERA SUPLEX TRIO COMES TO AN END IN DEVASTATING FASHION... AND SO MIGHT THIS MATCH RIGHT NOW! COVER!

[Ezra dives down to count.]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd deflates in loud fashion as Supreme Wright's leg lifts, depositing itself on the bottom rope!]

BW: FOOT ON THE ROPES! FOOT ON THE ROPES SAVES SUPREME!

LD: And Ben, I've gotta think - if Stevie Scott was here at ringside as Magnum's manager, that NEVER would've happened to make the cover that close to the ropes!

BW: If Ben Waterson was at ringside as Magnum's manager, the loss to Atlas Armstrong NEVER would've happened... but that's a different story for a different night. The story for THIS night is that Max Magnum is physically HANDLING Supreme Wright in a way that most of us never dreamed possible as Magnum looks to wash the stain of Memorial Day Mayhem from his record and his mind with one of the biggest victories possible in professional wrestling - a win over Supreme Wright!

[Magnum pulls Wright off the mat but Wright slips out of his grasp, falling back into the corner...]

LD: Look at Wright - he's out on his feet, Ben!

BW: The momentum towards an industry-shaking win seems to be growing, building with every moment...

[Magnum steps into the corner, grabbing Wright by the head and neck...

...but Wright is still fighting, slamming his own knee into the kneecap of Magnum, over and over and over at close proximity...]

LD: Wright's not backing down, not giving up quite yet!

[And a furious Magnum steps back, wrapping his hands around the throat, hoisting Wright into the air in a double choke...]

LD: OH MY!

[...but he can only hold it for a few moments before flinging Wright down to the mat, wincing as he steadies his footing on the mat.]

LD: The leg starting to give Magnum some trouble...

[Magnum grabs the rising Wright, yanking him into a standing headscissors...]

LD: Uh oh! Magnum looking for a powerbomb and-

[...but as he lifts him up, he stumbles, allowing Wright to slip out of his grasp, landing on his feet behind him where he blindly lashes out backwards, stabbing the sole of his boot into the back of Magnum's knee, putting him back down on one knee on the mat!]

LD: -Wright goes after the knee again - perfect precision on that kick!

[With Magnum kneeling, Wright circles around him, measuring his man and...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and FLATTENS the Modern Day Man of Steel with a roundhouse kick to the head that puts him down!]

LD: WHAT A KICK! MAGNUM MIGHT BE OUT!

[Wright dives on top of Magnum in a lateral press, waving for the official to count...]

LD: We've got one! We've- WHAT THE HELL?!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Magnum PRESSES Wright off him, tossing him through the air at the one count...]

LD: HE KICKED OUT AT ONE?! HE KICKED OUT AT ONE, FANS! MAX MAGNUM KICKS OUT OF THE ROUNDHOUSE TO THE HEAD AT THE COUNT OF ONE... AND IMPRESSIVE FASHION NO LESS!

BW: Incredible. This is the Max Magnum I managed in CCW. This is the Max Magnum that was recruited to Team Supreme before he'd ever stepped foot in an AWA ring. This is the Max Magnum who dominated everyone he faced in the Crockett Coliseum! This is the Max Magnum I've been waiting to see for over a year!

[Wright kneels on the canvas, a look of total disbelief on his face as Magnum rolls to a hip, struggling to get off the mat...]

BW: Wright doesn't have time to waste! He's gotta stay on him! He can't let Magnum up!

[...and so Wright does, springing into motion as Magnum reaches a knee, sliding in behind him and...]

LD: What is he... can he do it?! Can he get him up?!

[...and the Boyle Heights crowd goes WILD as Wright somehow powers the Alpha Beast up into a torture rack!]

LD: Reign Supreme! Reign Supreme is coming! Wright trying to keep him in position and-

[But the weight allows Magnum to slip out, landing behind Wright...

...who he promptly picks up in his own torture rack!]

LD: MAGNUM REVERSES! MAGNUM'S GOT HIM UP ANNNNNNNND...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Magnum pitches to the side and DRIVES Wright down on top of his head with a Burning Hammer!]

BW: MY GOD IN HEAVEN, DANE! THAT WAS HIS OLD FINISHER BACK IN CCW! THE MOVE THE AWA SAID WAS TOO VIOLENT FOR TV! THE MOVE THE AWA SAID COULD NOT BE NAMED ON TV! MAX MAGNUM IS SHOWING THE WORLD TONIGHT THAT HE DOES NOT GIVE A DAMN!

LD: Right on top of Supreme Wright's head! His neck compressed at a horrific angle - no wonder the AWA said the move was too violent for TV, Ben!

[A barely-moving Wright has enough presence of mind to roll to the side...

...and roll right under the ropes to the (relative) safety of the ring apron.]

LD: He escapes! Wright gets under the ropes and-

[Magnum cuts off Dane by SLAMMING his fists down into the canvas in frustration!]

LD: Max Magnum ENRAGED inside that ring, Ben.

BW: Of course he is! He hit the Burning Hammer - he had the match won! He's GOT the match won! He just needs to pull Wright back in there and finish him off!

[Magnum approaches the ropes, reaching over to haul Wright up off the mat. Wright can barely stand as Magnum props him up against the ropes, reaching to secure a front facelock...]

LD: Supreme Wright is barely able to keep his feet and Magnum's going to bring him in the hard way!

[...and as Magnum lifts him straight up into the air, Wright desperately throws his knee, bouncing it off the skull of Magnum once... twice... three times, forcing the Alpha Beast to set him back down on the apron!]

LD: Wright gets loose!

[Holding the top rope, Wright leans back, swinging his leg up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ROUNDHOUSE CONNECTS!

[Magnum staggers back, his eyelids flutter from the head kick as Wright ducks through the ropes, throwing himself into a dropkick to the knee!]

LD: OHH! Right on the kneecap again! Magnum barely keeps his feet!

[Wright surges forward, snatching the dazed and hobbled Magnum, lifting him up off the mat...]

LD: He's got him up! He's got him up!

[...but as he steps to the center of the ring, he gives Magnum enough recovery time to SMASH his elbow into the side of Wright's head once... twice... and then slips out, snatching a waistlock...]

LD: WAISTLOCK!

[...but Wright jerks his own elbow backwards a few times, breaking free of Magnum's powerful grasp, charging to the ropes, rebounding back towards the Modern Day Man of Steel...]

...who plucks Wright right up off the mat into a fireman's carry, sending a roar of anticipation through the Temple crowd!]

LD: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT WRIGHT UP!

[Wright struggles to break free but not this time as Magnum goes into a spin...]

LD: SETTING UP FOR THE BOMBSHELL! LOOKING TO END THIS!

[...but after two spins, Magnum's knee buckles, causing him to fall to a knee as Wright slips out, hitting the ropes, rebounding back towards a rising Magnum...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: EXCALIBUR!

[The crowd boos loudly for the apparent thievery of one of Ryan Martinez' signature moves, a flying one-legged kick that ROCKS Magnum, leaving him staggered but still on his feet...]

LD: MAGNUM WON'T GO DOWN!

[Wright looks surprised, shaking his head as he hits the ropes again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: THAT'S TWO! TWO EXCALIBURS! THAT ONE PUTS MAGNUM DOWN ON A KNEE AND-

[Wright is determined now, hitting the ropes not once for momentum but twice, rebounding back hard towards the kneeling Magnum...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: THIRD TIME'S A CHARM! DOWN GOES MAGNUM! DOWN GOES MAGNUM!

[Wright scrambles into a cover, hooking a massive leg...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP! HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP! THIS MAN IS NOT REAL, BEN WATERSON!

BW: Oh, he’s real... and he’s spectacular!

[Wright sits up on the canvas, burying his head in his hands for a moment as the crowd buzzes for the near fall...]

LD: I can’t believe it! Three Excaliburs and Max Magnum somehow got that shoulder up!

[Wright shakes off the frustration, regaining his feet to grab a barely-moving Magnum by the arm, whipping him hard into the turnbuckles...]

LD: Ohhh!

[...and chases him right down, connecting with a running European uppercut!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Staying in the corner, Wright tees off...]

LD: ELBOW! REPEATED ELBOWS, BATTERING MAGNUM DOWN!

[...and then steps back just long enough to snap off a front flip, his heel catching Magnum in the chest!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: KOPPO KICK IN THE CORNER!

[Magnum seems about to slump down but Wright stops him, boosting him up to sit on the top turnbuckle with a grunt of exertion...]

LD: Wright muscles him up on that top turnbuckle...

BW: And we may be seeing some desperation on the part of Wright to end this thing quickly, Dane. We rarely see Wright involved with any type of move on the turnbuckles and...

LD: He’s climbing up there with him!

[Standing on the middle rope facing Magnum, Wright leans over, trying to lift him into a fireman’s carry...]

LD: Ohhh! You can hear the fans react here in the Temple! They just realized that Supreme Wright is looking for a top rope Fat Tuesday! And you could be right, Ben - this might be desperation! Wright doesn’t want to risk another kickout - he wants this over right now before he has to take any more offense from the Modern Day Man of Steel!

[...but as he’s lifted onto his feet, Magnum starts rifling big elbows down into the ear of Wright!]

LD: Magnum’s fighting it! Magnum trying to fight his way free!

[He does exactly that... with both men now standing on the middle rope, Magnum taking his turn to lean over...]

LD: Oh no! He's got Wright up! Could we see a Bombshell off the middle rope?!

BW: If we do, it's over!

LD: Magnum's got him up! Got him in position annnnnnd...

[...but this time, it's Wright who starts driving the point of his elbow into the ear of the Alpha Beast!]

LD: ...and now it's Wright fighting it! Wright trying to break loose of Magnum's Mountain Iron grip!

[And he does exactly that as Magnum's knee buckles, Wright slipping out to stand on the middle rope...

...and somehow muscles Magnum up onto his shoulders again, wasting no time this time as he steps off, swinging his legs up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: FAT TUESDAY! FAT TUESDAY OFF THE SECOND ROPE!

[Wright flails about on the mat, grabbing at his lower back and then his knees as Magnum falls to all fours on the mat, clutching his ribcage in agony.]

LD: It took a lot out of both men! Both men down... both men hurting!

BW: Can either one of 'em take advantage of this though?!

[And suddenly, the crowd begins to boo as we see Bret Grayson, Takeshi Mifune, and Paris Crawford arriving at ringside...]

LD: And now we've got Team Supreme out here and- what is Mifune yelling at him?! Mifune SCREAMING at Wright in Japanese and... I guess this is his version of a peptalk?

[Wright climbs off the mat, determination in his eyes as Magnum pushes up onto his knees, barely able to lift his head to look up at the two-time former World Champion who takes aim...

...and with a horrific shout, he whips around as fast as he can, SMASHING his backhand into the cheekbone of Magnum with a spinning backfist!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the blow puts Magnum on his back with Wright collapsing on top him, reaching back to barely hook a leg...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: What a victory for Supreme Wright!

BW: Tell me that's not the Number One Contender, Dane! Tell me!

LD: It would be hard to argue against that as Wright adds yet another impressive win to his recent record book... handing Max Magnum his second shocking defeat in a matter of a week.

BW: Max Magnum is now experiencing what a losing streak feels like... and I'm betting he doesn't like the taste of it one bit.

[The crowd buzzes with a mix of boos and stunned silence following the absolute war that they just witnessed. The ring is a battlefield, marked by the intensity of the bout, with Max Magnum sprawled near the center. In a corner, Bret Grayson and Paris Crawford hoist Supreme Wright to his feet, his white attire stained with blood and sweat, but his expression remains cold and unyielding. Takeshi Mifune stands nearby, his eyes narrowed, smirking with approval at Wright's performance.]

LD: What a war we just witnessed, Ben! That match between Supreme Wright and Max Magnum was an absolute slugfest—back-and-forth action that pushed both men to their breaking points. Wright came out on top, but my goodness, what a toll it took!

BW: You said it, Dane! That was the brutal, no-holds-barred match that we all expected. Max threw everything he had at Wright, but in the end, Supreme's experience and precision proved too much.

[In the ring, Max Magnum begins to stir, his eyes blazing with fury as he staggers to unsteady feet, the realization of his loss sinking in. With a guttural roar, he charges toward the corner where Team Supreme stands.

Suddenly, Paris Crawford flicks their wrist, and a collapsible baton extends with a sharp "Shhhhhikt!" sound. Max's eyes widen in shock as Paris swings, cracking the baton against his skull.]

"OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Jesus!

[Magnum crumples to the mat, as Supreme glances down at him with a look of utter disdain, as if Magnum is beneath his notice. Without a word, Supreme steps back, leaving Magnum to the wolves... or rather, a Shadow Wolf.]

LD: MIFUNE!

[Takeshi Mifune pounces, locking a vicious Japanese Stranglehold around Magnum's unconscious neck as Paris Crawford admires their reflection in the baton's polished surface, casually fluffing their hair with a smug grin, unbothered by the violence. Bret Grayson smirks, wiping his feet on the canvas at Magnum's prone form, before raising his leg and mimicking a dog marking its territory, the cruel taunt drawing massive boos from the crowd.]

LD: This is beyond brutal, Ben! Mifune's chokehold could cause permanent damage! And look at Grayson... this is despicable! ... Ben?

[Ben Waterson has seemingly been stunned into silence, unable to form words at what is happening to his former client that he thought to be unstoppable. Mifune tightens the hold on Magnum's body limp, as the crowd's boos reach a fever pitch.]

LD: This is sickening! Permanent damage is a real risk here... someone needs to stop this! Where are the officials?!

[Ben Waterson finds his voice, his tone low and shaken.]

BW: Do you think that's what they did to Johnny Detson?

[Finally, Mifune releases the hold, a sick grin spreading on his face as he looks down at Magnum's unconscious form. As the chaos subsides, Supreme Wright, flanked by Grayson, Mifune, and Crawford, begins to exit the ring. They pass the announcers' table, and Wright pauses, turning to face Lori and Ben. His voice cuts through the noise, cold and precise.]

SW: My weapon is perfect.

[And with that, he turns and strides off, leaving Max Magnum motionless as the camera zooms in on his crumpled form before we fade down to ringside.]

LD: Supreme Wright commenting for those who couldn't hear him... "my weapon is perfect"... and that's hard to argue when you look at Max Magnum in there... now being tended to by ringside medics. This is a tough scene to look at for fans of Max Magnum and... Ben, this has got to be tough for you as well. I know you two are estranged these days but... you helped this young man get into this business... you helped prepare him for his AWA career and... I know there's a bond there that exists beyond the business side of things.

BW: Supreme Wright may have made more than one enemy here tonight. That's all I'll say about that, Lori.

LD: ...you just called me "Lori."

BW: That's your name, isn't it?

[Dane sits in stunned silence for a moment as Waterson can't take his eyes off the ring where Magnum is being helped.]

LD: We... we can't tell from here what the injury is to Max Magnum. We know the knee was targeted throughout the match... we know he took the Fat Tuesday... the spinning backflst... that god-awful baton shot to the head from Crawford... the Japanese Stranglehold... Magnum is down and he is NOT moving on the mat, fans, and- hang on... hang on... we've got something going on backstage... we've got- go, go!

[We cut to the backstage area to an alarmed-looking Sweet Lou Blackwell who obviously thought his night was over. His suit coat is off and slung over a nearby chair, his tie is untied.]

SLB: Are we... we're live? Okay, okay... hang on... over there... put it over there!

[The camera rapidly pans to reveal King Kong Hogan leaning his massive frame against a stack of equipment cases. His arms are crossed, a smug grin on his face as he stares across the production area as a recently-arrived-on-scene Curly Bill Webb and the AWA World Television Champion, the undefeated Odin Gunn.

The crowd ERUPTS as the two titans lock eyes.

Curly Bill points at him, his voice filled with anger.]

CWB: There you are, you yellow-bellied snake! There ain't no runnin' from this! Tonight, your reckonin's come!

[Hogan steps forward, towering and unafraid.]

KKH: You gonna tell me that hell's comin' with ya, Webb? We both know that'd be a lie because hell is waitin' right here for you... and your boy.

[Gunn's eyes actually flash at the "boy," Webb shouting...]

CWB: You smug son of a...

[Bill suddenly turns to Gunn.]

CWB: GET HIM! GET HIM!

[With that, Odin Gunn drops the title belt to the floor and he charges at Hogan. The crowd ROARS as the two collide, fists flying in a blur! The voice of Lori Dane cuts back in.]

LD: Fans, we thought our night was over but Odin Gunn and King Kong Hogan had other plans! We've got a fight going on backstage here in the Temple and-

BW: I hope Lucha Eterna forgives us 'cause this whole place might be comin' down!

[Hogan lands a heavy right hand...]

LD: OH!

[...but Gunn absorbs it, slamming Hogan into a steel equipment case with a thud that echoes through the corridor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: They're tearing each other apart! This is chaos!

[Hogan goes falling backwards, staggering off the case as Gunn lowers his head again, charging the wild-eyed brawler...]

LD: LOOK OUT!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The big running spear sends Hogan flying backwards into a door, the two men crashing through it out of sight...]

LD: WHAT THE-?!

BW: THEY'RE OUT HERE! THEY'RE OVER THERE!

[A quick cut back inside the Temple shows a chaotic scene as Max Magnum is still being tended to inside the ring but King Kong Hogan and Odin Gunn are sprawled out on the arena's concrete, having spilled through an unmarked emergency door!]

LD: We've got bodies all over the place here in Boyle Heights!

[Curly Bill follows them through, stepping through the now broken door which is hanging off its hinges as he smirks at the carnage...]

LD: The door is broken and-

BW: Dane, that door opened out from inside the arena. That means that Gunn hit Hogan with enough force... with enough weight... for them to break a door down going the wrong way through it!

LD: The door may not be the only thing broken after that!

[The crowd surges forward to catch a glimpse of the action as Gunn climbs off the floor, dragging Hogan up as well. He wraps his arms around the body, charging forward again...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS him into one of the railings lining a stairway to the seating area of the Temple! Gunn grabs Hogan by his tangled, greasy hair, smashing his head into the steel...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Odin Gunn barely survived a total war with Wade Walker in Reseda a couple of weeks ago... and now he's in another one?! This guy is unstoppable!

[Gunn grabs the beard of Hogan, yanking his face into a headbutt that sends Hogan sprawling backwards, falling halfway over the railing...]

LD: We may need more security out here to break this up. This match-

BW: This isn't a match, Lori... this is a fight! They're gonna destroy The Temple!

[...but while hanging over the railing, Hogan reaches out and when Gunn pulls him back into reach...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BASHES Gunn across the shoulder with the chair!]

LD: Holy...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A second shot is square across the back, sending Gunn staggering across the concrete floor towards the main entrance staircase. Hogan sneers, shaking his head and pointing the chair threateningly at Curly Bill who wisely backs off, leaving room for Gunn and Hogan to continue their fight...]

LD: Hogan's still got that chair, keeping Curly Bill away...

[...and Hogan approaches the reeling Gunn, winding up again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Gunn ducks, and the chair smashes into a support beam with a deafening clang.]

LD: OH! That'll send a jolt right up your hands and arms!

[Gunn grabs Hogan by the hair as the chair goes clattering across the floor, flinging him into the entrance stairway...]

LD: Right up on the stairs now...

[...and he takes a mount on the stairs, hammering his fist down into Hogan's face over and over and over...]

BW: He's gonna beat him to a bloody pulp, Dane!

[...but Hogan reaches up, digging his thumbs into Gunn's eyes until the champion recoils backwards, stumbling to a knee as he wipes his vision clear.]

LD: Hogan went to the eyes - no match, no rules... this is the same as if it was on the streets outside the building.

BW: Don't give 'em any ideas!

[From his back, Hogan raises a leg and SMASHES a bare foot into the mouth of Gunn, knocking him backwards where he splatters on the exposed concrete!]

LD: OH! So close to cracking the back of his head on the floor there. This is so dangerous, Ben.

BW: Hogan's on his feet... look at this... dragging him up the stairs by the hair, bouncing his body off each and every step...

[Up on the entrance level, Hogan SMASHES Gunn's face into the door frame!]

LD: OHHH!

[Hogan gives the doorway a look as if thinking about putting him through it... but instead, he turns and starts walking up another flight of stairs, dragging Gunn with him as the fight is surrounded by the screaming fans, beer cups flying as Gunn and Hogan continue to trade blows...]

LD: They're fighting up on the stairs, heading up into the second level of seating here in the Temple and...

[Reaching the next level, Hogan SMASHES Gunn's face into a nearby railing, sending some fans jumping backwards and some leaning forward, relishing their close contact experience...]

LD: ...my goodness, did we not have any security to break this up or does no one back there give a damn?!

[...and Hogan pushes Gunn's face into the steel, trying to drive his face THROUGH a steel bar...]

LD: OH! Gunn just tossed a cup of... was that beer?

BW: Man, I hope so.

LD: Right into the face of Hogan and-

[The crowd gasps as Gunn lunges forward, wrapping his hands around Hogan's throat, tipping him backwards over the railing that hangs over the floor...]

LD: No, no, no! That's a long fall from up there!

[Hogan again goes to the eyes before burying a knee in the gut to break free, reaching down to remove the belt from his jeans...]

LD: He just took off his belt, that leather belt in...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: OHHH! RIGHT ACROSS THE BACK!

[Gunn continues to stagger away, shoving through the fans jammed onto the elevated walkway...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: AGAIN!

[...and this time, Hogan loops the belt around the throat of Gunn, strangling him with it as the fans go wild all around them!]

LD: They're not stopping! Someone's got to get control of this!

[At this point, the camera is struggling to keep up as Gunn and Hogan continue to battle their way across the walkway into areas of the Temple rarely seen. Hogan uses the belt to drag Gunn along the elevated path, up near the catwalks and rafters of the converted warehouse. The crowd below looks up, phones out, capturing the madness...]

LD: Where are they...?

[...and actually start battling up a narrow staircase closed to public access, the belt getting snatched off Gunn's throat as the two behemoths grapple on a rickety catwalk high above the Temple floor, the metal creaking under their weight.]

BW: They're up in the rafters, Lori! This is insane!

[Gunn lands a headbutt that staggers Hogan, but Hogan grabs a loose two by four off the catwalk and swings it, catching Gunn across the chest.]

LD: They're hitting each other with anything not nailed down and-

[Curly Bill follows below, shouting up at Gunn.]

"FINISH HIM! BREAK THAT COWARD IN HALF!"

[Gunn shoves Hogan backwards, going back down another staircase, ending up back on the elevated walkway. The fans are there, craning their necks for a better view...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and they get a real good view as Gunn swings Hogan around by the hair, knocking down a teenage fan swinging a "TAG ME IN!" sign.]

LD: Oh! That fan went down up there... he went down and-

[There's only a moment to be concerned though as Hogan gets hurled over a railing, the fight spilling onto the roof of the office structure built into The Temple!]

LD: Oh, I don't like this one bit!

BW: They're right up there! We can see them clear as day from our announce spot!

[Gunn comes over the railing as well, joining Hogan on the roof of the office, putting the boots to him, preventing Hogan from regaining his feet...]

LD: Can we get help out here NOW?! This is out of control!

[More officials break into view, Kevin Slater rushing over near the office, arms extended as he shouts at Gunn to "STOP IT! STOP IT RIGHT NOW!" and Tommy Fierro rushes over to Curly Bill, trying to reason with the longtime pro wrestling veteran...]

LD: Curly Bill can stop this, Ben!

BW: Right now, I'm not sure if all the Marines at Camp Pendelton can stop this!

[Gunn pulls Hogan off the roof of the office, pulling him into a standing headscissors near the edge - the crowd's roar reaching a fever pitch as they rightly assume Gunn's thinking of powerbombing Hogan onto the concrete floor from up there...]

LD: No, no, no! If Gunn hits this powerbomb, Hogan's career could be over!

BW: Not just his career! He may never walk again!

[A desperate Hogan fights back, standing tall...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...delivering a backdrop that sends Gunn crashing onto the roof with a sickening thud!]

LD: My anxiety is through the roof just WATCHING this!

[The door to the office swings open as Interim President Zharkov comes rushing out onto the arena floor, looking up at the brawl ongoing above where he was working moments ago.

The crowd gasps at the action far too far off the concrete floor to be safe as the punch-drunk Hogan pulls Gunn off the roof...

...and tugs him into a front facelock!]

LD: HE'S GOING FOR A DDT! HE'S GOING FOR A DDT ON THE ROOF!

[But Gunn wraps his powerful arms around Hogan's torso, lifting him into the air in what looks like a modified bearhug, holding him for all to see...

...but Hogan sinks his teeth into the flesh near the eyesocket of Gunn!]

LD: AHHHHHH!

[...and with a primal roar and still in the air, Hogan DRIVES Gunn downward for that DDT...]

LD: DD- AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[illegible]

The crowd loses it, screaming as dust billows from the wreckage.]

[illegible]

[The camera zooms in on the wreckage as Curly Bill stands on the arena floor, his face a mix of panic and rage as he SCREAMS to anyone who will listen around him!

"MEDIC! GET A DAMN MEDIC IN THERE! DAMN YOU, HOGAN!"

[Already out in the area, officials and medics rush to the scene, pushing through the chaos. The camera lingers on the shattered roof, debris still falling, as Curly Bill kneels beside the wreckage outside the office, shouting for Gunn to rise.]

LD: Folks, we've NEVER seen anything like this in the AWA! We desperately need medical assistance in that office and we need it now! Odin Gunn and King Kong Hogan may be seriously hurt!

BW: Odin Gunn and King Kong Hogan may have just sent each other... TO HELL!

[And on that chaotic note... we fade to black.]